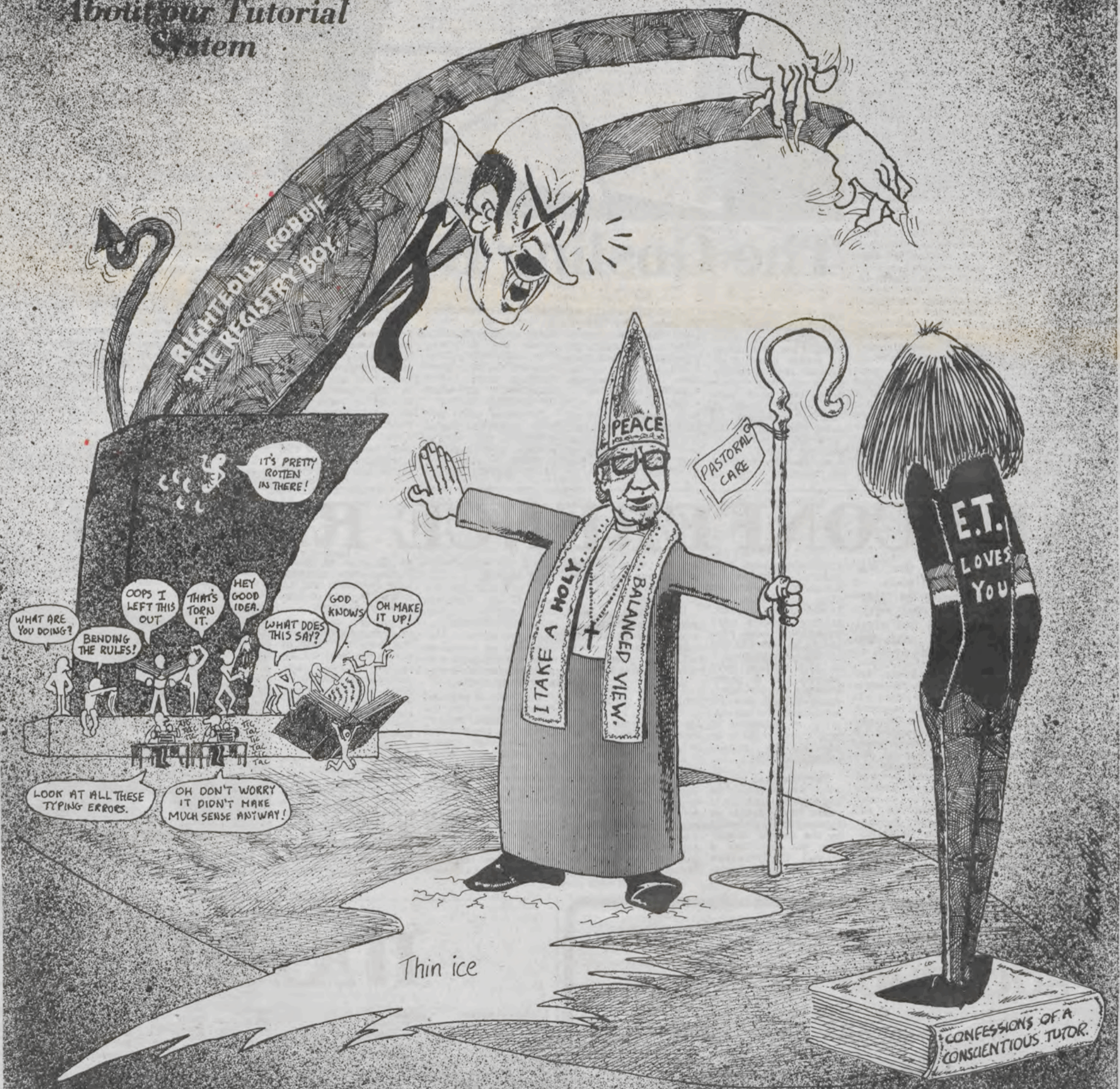


MOOAH

THE SECOND COMING

*The Gosling Case and
the Questions it Raises
About our Tutorial
System*



INCANT NEWS

EDITORIAL

Incant has taken on an entirely new role as a university publication, which I hope will make it more exciting and worthwhile. What, in fact, I questioned when I became editor, was the entire role of Incant as a newspaper given the circumstances we faced. Incant is largely at the mercy of its printers the Kentish Gazette, as

a result we had to accept a restriction in the number of issues and often a delay of two weeks between the last date copy had to be handed in and the printing of the paper. Furthermore, as the newspaper only came out a maximum of three times a term, what little news there was on campus was often out of date by the

time "copy-night" arrived. The staff of Incant were merely practising their skills of journalism, but achieving very little for themselves or the university.

The point I am making is that, given this situation, Incant would be better to change its concept from a newspaper to that of a magazine. I hope the

changes we have made have gone some way to rectifying the criticisms I had of Incant. Henceforth, I hope that Incant becomes a focus of debate, where students can give their opinions in an articulate and well structured way and that Incant's potential to serve both its staff and students alike is fully realised.

Any doubt that Sir Keith Joseph's position is totally inimical to the interests of students and colleges has finally been removed by the leakage of the news that the Tories intend to introduce a system of loans to cover half the grant if, as looks likely, they are re-elected at the next general election. As Sir Keith intends to introduce the scheme by 1985 it will obviously af-

fect many students at this university. No wonder that there is a feeling of growing pessimism among students at Kent.

Indeed, the general standards of student life are coming under attack on an unprecedented scale, whether this be in the form of the ever increasing cuts in the educational facilities offered by this univer-

sity, the ever decreasing real value of our grants, or the graduate unemployment rate now around 15 per cent.

Seen against the background of the sweeping cuts made by this government, it is absolutely crucial that any "floating-voter" at this university cast their vote at the next general election for the Labour Party, as the only party that can of-

fer a realistic alternative to this carnage on the campus.

A vote for any other party would be tantamount to aiding and abetting the Tories in their determined efforts to create an educational system where there will be one rule for the children of the privileged sections of our society and quite a different rule for the rest of us.

SIMON GOSLING, the theology student who was told to leave the University last January, is back at UKC - after the authorities decided to reinstate him and allow him to continue his studies.

Despite the fact that Simon passed his first year resits, he was asked to leave UKC by the then senior assistant registrar Mr R. Robson in January, 1982. It was this that caused the Students' Union to take up Simon's defence and demand that he be reinstated. Nick Wells, SU president, felt that the authorities had breached their regulations and acted vindictively.

He told Incant: "If the University's going to have regulations they should be clear - you can't run a university on 'guidelines'."

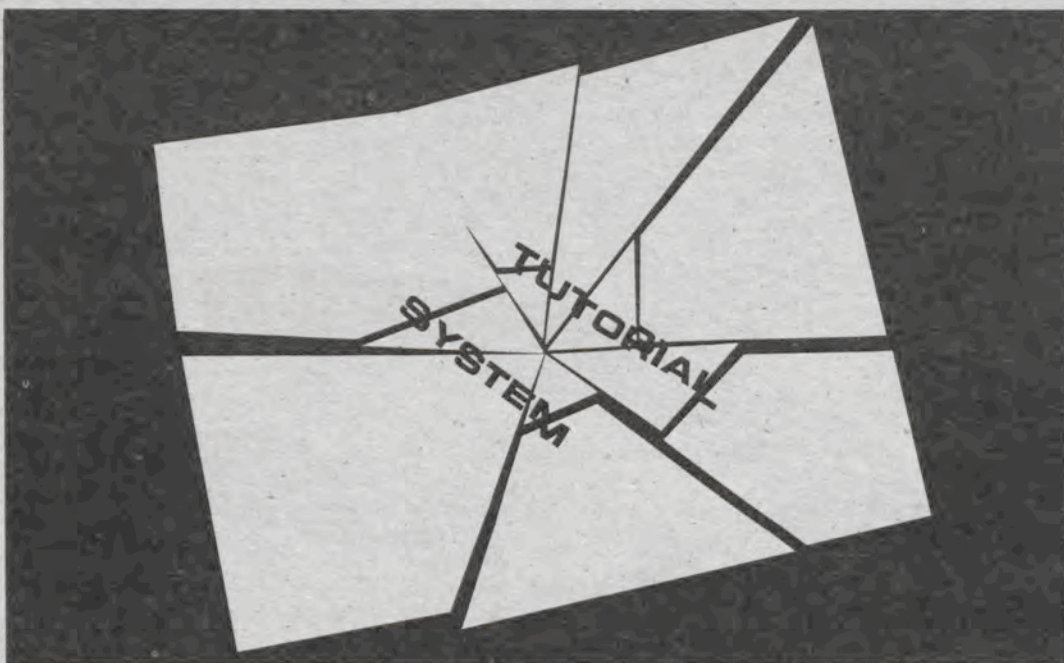
"In the Gosling case the tutorial system was shown to be a farce - the University acted pretty vindictively;

why else would they have pursued this case so far when such obvious mistakes had been made in the tutorial system?"

In terms of mistakes, both the SU and the authorities agree that the tutor-student relationship had been far from satisfactory in the Gosling case. Dennis Linfoot, the present University registrar, told us that during the first term of Simon's second year, Simon had spent a considerable time in Devon. However, when he was asked whether any attempts were made to contact Simon during that term, Mr Linfoot admitted: "Not that I'm aware of."

The case itself sheds light on the tutorial system as a whole and is evidence of many people's fears that students are often getting little, if any, guidance and help from their tutors. David Ingram, the vice-chancellor, told Incant that whilst the University believed very much in the tutorial system, the University does have to "make use of the limited manpower available" and he added: "Being a tutor is a particular kind of gift - you have to use what staff have to the optimum."

Nick Wells feels that the Archbishop came down very much on the



The Gosling Report

side of the SU, reading between the lines, and he commented: "We thought the Archbishop as visitor couldn't go against the university - in his report he's done the next best thing. The report is clearly designed to save the face of the University, but allow Gosling back in. It is clear that he rejected the appeals - but on

the slenderest of grounds. The whole point about this case is that the University had procedures which they could treat as guidelines, in effect they did what they wanted to."

Indeed, Dennis Linfoot, registrar, told us that the "regulations" were far from binding and he commented that: "One uses words like 'rules' but it's true

that what are described as rules and procedures are merely documents for guidance. The Faculty of Humanities have gone further than other faculties in providing this sort of guidance."

It seems that problem cases like Simon Gosling's are almost always a humanities problem - something David Ingram agreed

with. "It's true that the problem cases do tend to come up in humanities," he said, and he added that the University are hoping to introduce "more simplified rules that will apply across campus."

Nick Wells, SU president, believes that the University will review the evident faults in the

tutorial system that the Gosling case has revealed, and he added: "We need actual guarantees for what is going to happen. Students who are going to be tried should know what they're being tried on. We need much better 'pastoral care', as the Archbishop put it in his report."

The University claim they were under no compulsion to reinstate Gosling - David Ingram even said: "Some people felt we shouldn't have taken him back," and he claims it was "compassion" that persuaded the authorities to reinstate.

"We felt that as the Archbishop had appealed to us on the grounds of compassion that we should respond to it" - a view that leaves Nick Wells flabbergasted.

"How can they talk of compassion after dragging this case out over a whole year of appeals?" he said.

"If they had truly meant to be compassionate they'd have reacted to the Council Sub-committee's confidential findings which stated the exact same reasons that are given in the Archbishop's report and taken by the University as an instruction to reinstate."

The actual case had received an enormous

amount of publicity by the time it had reached the Archbishop as visitor - and Radio 4, The Times, Daily Telegraph and The Guardian all reported the Gosling saga.

David Ingram told Incant that in terms of publicity: "One is always embarrassed by it - publicity is always a bad thing but we were pleased at the way the national papers handled the case."

Mr Linfoot, registrar, had slightly different feelings on this matter and commented: "I think in practise the University would have found it difficult to do anything other than readmit him here."

Mr Wells added that in his view: "The University would have been highly embarrassed if they'd have ignored the 'Primate of All England, the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Archbishop of Canterbury'."

So finally the case has finished - in as far as Simon Gosling is concerned. The long term implications are yet to be solved - a reconsideration of the tutorial system and its faults, and a regulation of academic procedures.

ROSS WOODWARD FOR INCANT.

NUS CONFERENCE REPORT

"IN 'Oliver Twist,' Fagin had a method of getting children to steal from adults. It was called picking pockets. In 1982 Sir Keith Joseph has found a way of getting students to steal money from their parents. It is called parental contribution."

This observation by Neil Stewart, National President of NUS, emphasised the theme of his opening speech to the Annual Confer-

ence of the National Union of Students in Margate. He summarised the aims of NUS with the slogan:

"Independence for all young people and a fair grant for all students!" In response to his call the 700 delegates representing 1.2 million members passed a motion on the Grants Campaign reflecting this demand and it has been decided that a token 24-hour occupation in all Higher and Further Education establishments throughout the country should be held.

The four-day Annual

Conference also considered motions on Education, Education Cuts, and Peace and Disarmament. The Executive Reports were presented and proposals to save £220,000 on the average budget of £1.4 million were passed. In a move towards greater democracy it will now be compulsory for the majority of delegates at NUS Conferences to be elected by cross-campus ballots.

Debating was generally predictable in argument and outcome. In the debate on Education, a proposal by the Oxford delegation to establish a Royal Commission with the aim of chang-

ing the entrance procedure was well received. As one speaker put it:

"If UCCA is good enough for us, it is good enough for them!" Opposition to the cuts in all fields of education was reaffirmed.

The Peace and Disarmament debate was preceded by guest speakers from Greenham Common. Not surprisingly they received a standing ovation. To put it mildly, the debate was very one sided with only token opposition from a handful of delegates. Resistance to nuclear weapons and support for the Peace Movement formed the main thrust of the motion

and it was overwhelmingly passed.

In contrast to our own Union meetings the Conference was very well organised.

Intimidation of speakers by delegates was severely dealt with and the agenda allowed a strict timetable.

Attempts at political "carve-ups" with the party political "whips" trying to ensure that members were towing the political line seemed to be a common occurrence. However, as the result of the majority of ballots was clear-cut it would appear that everyone was carving the same way.

Kent made its mark with Andrew Hornsby-Smith making a speech

on the case of Simon Gosling (now successfully resolved) and an indicative vote of support was carried.

Contrary to certain idle rumours, the weekend wasn't a time of relaxation and intoxication. Unlike many delegations those from Kent did not receive any expenses but stoically attended all the sessions of Conference. Often we were in attendance from 9 am until midnight, with only 2 hours break.

Much of it was very boring, but I came away with the impression that our National Executive, although prone to inflated egos, were on the whole making a valuable contri-

bution to students' needs and that the National Union of Students is an effective

and necessary part of student representation.

Robin Britton.



The exhaustion shows at NUS Conference.

ALBION BOOKSHOP

"There is no one thing to be found in books which it is a disgrace not to know."

Sir Walter Raleigh

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PLUS finally we should like to thank the staff of the Kent Messenger offices, in particular the typesetters and the paste-up artists, to whom we are gratefully indebted.

INCANT INTERVIEW

'For a woman to succeed in politics she has got to be a bitch'

Cyril Smith talks to Incant



CYRIL SMITH, Liberal MP for Rochdale, is one of Parliament's best-known personalities, not just because of his striking figure but also for his frank, outspoken attitude to political life. He graciously granted Incant an interview in the Liberal Chief Whip's office at the House of Commons. He told Parliament just after entering it in 1973 that he thought it was the longest running farce in the West End. Since then he has slightly amended his view and in his autobiography Big Cyril he referred to it as the longest running tragedy. Incant asked Mr Smith if he still held that view?

"Yes, very much. My criticism is not of the existence of the place but of the way it is organised. I mean it is a farce, it is a farce in this sense; we meet at 2.30 pm and then got on to the debate at 3.30 pm and we debate until 10 o'clock at night. You could take the vote at 2.31 pm and you would get exactly the same result to one vote that you get at 10 o'clock at night when you've been talking about it for 6½ hours. In other words debate doesn't influence one single vote in this place. The whole thing is organised by the whips and manipulated by the whips and if 50 Labour MPs can't vote well, 50 Tories don't vote and vice versa. So that's what I mean by saying it's a farce."

You were Chief Whip of the Liberal Party for a time, yet you speak of the whip system as being "the enemy of democracy." What did you mean by this?

"Yes, I was Chief Whip for a period. I never issued a whip in the sense of the other two parties. I never put pressure on an MP to vote if he didn't want to vote and all that sort of rubbish. The whipping system is the enemy of democracy, democracy in the sense of people being free to vote according to their conscience and to represent the best interest of their constituents, which is not always the best interests of the party you represent in the House of Commons."

You have also said that the two-party system is the most serious fault in Parliament. Do you still adhere to that view?

"Yes, certainly, I think there's a great deal to be said for more than two parties being represented here and I hope I will always hold that view even if my own party were in the ascendancy as it were. I think there is a need for more than two parties to be represented here because I really don't believe that the country can be polarised into two points of view. And since this place should reflect the views of the people reasonably accurately (I say should do, I don't believe it always does) I don't believe it can do that effectively under a two-party system."

"The British Press is prostituted by the Tory Party."

"Even if you take the Liberal Party at its lowest ebb over the last 20 years it would have polled 10 per cent-12 per cent, which is a substantial number of people that are entitled to some kind of representation in this House."

You also talk about the "cynical hypocrisy" of the House of

Commons that in your view is eating away at democracy. What do you mean by that?

"I see and hear members of Parliament stand up in this House, and particularly does one get this in the committee stage, stand up and speak in favour of an amendment and then vote against it. Now that is pure hypocrisy for me. I had the situation where I moved an amendment in committee to Prior's 1980 Employment Bill. I moved to make the closed shop illegal. I'm not arguing in this interview the merit of the closed shop, I'm making a point. John Gorse, the Tory MP, seconded it. There were at least six Tory MPs spoke in support of my amendment. There was only me and John Gorse voted for it, there was only two voted for it in the end. All these Tories which were against the closed shop, they weren't prepared to vote to make it illegal. They were prepared to make speeches but not vote for it! Now that's what I mean by hypocrisy, and that's the sort of hypocrisy which persuades people that politics and government are not for them and as soon as more and more people decide it's not for them it eats away at democracy itself. The greatest danger to democracy is apathy."

What is your opinion of the pomp and ceremony in the House of Commons?

"Ceremony I wouldn't say I totally disliked. I do believe in a certain amount of history being preserved. But pomp, a lot of the pomp is nonsense, it is really quite ridiculous. For example, if I am referring to a speech by another MP I have to call him the 'honourable member', but if he is a member of the legal profession I have to call him the 'honourable and learned member'. That to me is absolute bloody nonsense, and in the same way if a member has been in the forces and has

reached the rank of corporal (but not less), I have to call him the 'honourable and gallant member.' Well, I mean it really is nonsense."

How has the establishment of the Alliance affected your working day?

"Fairly considerably because there are so many more meetings to attend. Whatever we do now I don't only have to satisfy myself I have to satisfy another group of people. That means I have more meetings and committees, so there's a lot more fiddling and messing about. It is not as direct as it was."

What were your initial feelings about the SDP?

"The SDP... I thought they should be strangled at birth."

"I'm sure you know I said on Robin Day's Question Time that I thought they should be strangled at birth, and if the party had any sense that is what it would do. I'm still not satisfied that I was wrong at the time. That's not a criticism of the SDP, it is a criticism of my own party. My view at the time was that what we ought to do was go all out to get them into the Liberal Party. Now let me be quite clear, first of all I admire the courage of these people and I mean that absolutely sincerely. They have laid their political future on the line for a principle. I admire them very much for that. My doubt was whether we were right to encourage them to form another party."

I've no doubt though about the need for an alliance once they were formed, and I must say we are getting on very well with them.

What did you think of the media coverage of the SDP launch?

"It was to be expected. It was news, and in any case they were a threat to the Labour Party. Now anybody that's a threat to the Labour Party will get tremendous attention from the media. The only time the media turns on you is when they realise you're also a threat to the Tory Party, and that's exactly what happened with SDP publicity. Once the Tory Press barons had split them from the Labour Party by encouraging them through the media they were no further use. So then they've got to start knocking them down because they don't want them to be a threat to the Tory Party."

All this nonsense about a 'free Press' is absolute nonsense. We have a Press that is free from Government interference, that's not the same as a 'free Press' at all. The British Press is prostituted by the Tory Party.

Who do you see as leading the Alliance at the next General Election?

"There has been no agreement about this. My own view is it should be Roy Jenkins. My own view is it will be Roy Jenkins. But there are very powerful arguments against that and in favour of David Steel."

Did you find it difficult to get on with Roy Jenkins because he is from a completely different background than yourself?

"Totally different background, he's just not in the same stable as I am. He's blood stock and I'm maybe carthorse. At first I did but he really is a charming fellow, full of good manners and very able. But he doesn't come across to the public, that's his great problem."

What is your opinion of Michael Foot, Leader of the Labour Party?

"Well, the remarkable thing about Michael Foot is that he

is now considered a moderate in Labour Party terms, it really is absolute nonsense. He really isn't a moderate at all, he's left of centre and always has been and he's pushed the Labour Party that way as well. He's aided and abetted the march of the left in the Labour Party."

He's a man of ability, there's no doubt about that - a first class speaker, good brain and so on. But I don't really believe there is any possibility of him being Prime Minister of this country.

"David Steel... gets his own way in the end."

You have talked about the "killer instinct" being necessary in politicians aiming for the top, but you excluded Shirley Williams and David Steel from this category. Are you suggesting that to survive in the House of Commons you need to be like a shark in a pool of sharks?

"Well, first of all I've revised my view about

David Steel in that respect. He's never yet been defeated by the Liberal Party on anything that he's asked for. He's a devious little sod and he gets his own way in the end. To that extent he's got the 'killer instinct' I didn't give him credit for."

"A few years ago I was talking to Vic Feather of the TUC about women in politics. I was saying I'd like to see Shirley Williams as Leader of the Labour Party someday. Vic Feather said to me: 'She'll never get there, Cyril,' so I said 'Why?' He said: 'For a woman to succeed in politics she's got to be a bitch.' Now that's what he said to me and that's what I mean by the 'killer instinct.' Shirley Williams is a very charming person and she hasn't got the 'killer instinct.' She won't go for the jugular vein. I think David would now, but he wouldn't let you see the knife. He's a clever little sod is David and if he wanted to cut your throat he'd cut it, but you wouldn't see the knife."

Can we take that inference about women in politics and ask what are your views of Mrs Thatcher?

"Well, as I said, Vic Feather said to me for a woman to succeed in

politics she's got to be a bitch. I don't think any further comment is necessary."

Surprisingly, Cyril Smith became an MP almost by accident. Jeremy Thorpe persuaded him to stand when he was Mayor of Rochdale. Previously he had stood unsuccessfully as a Labour candidate. He is now 55 years old and looks forward to a further five years in Parliament before he retires to his springs factory in Rochdale.

In the meanwhile if his own views continue to coincide with the Liberal Party then all well and good. But if differences should arise one gets the impression that it would be the party that had to compromise, not Cyril.

ROBIN BRITTON, ROSS WOODWARD.

UNION PRESIDENT

backs in education are being felt both on campus and in Canterbury it is important that we give a lead in our fight-back against the cuts and present viable, genuine alternatives. As a lobbying sector education has very little power or influence so it is essential for us to persuade the public that our assessment of the effects is the correct one. In our concern for campus issues we must stress that these cuts are being made in the context of a general

devaluation of education which affects every parent and student in Canterbury. We have to avoid the terrible errors that are at present being made - money is becoming the criterion for educational opportunity, not ability, as plainly should be the case. Quite clearly though if we are to be effective in our campaigning on this issue we have to be aware of the anti-student prejudices that do exist. The impression that we glue our-

selves to the top of the hill is often rather painfully apt and we must try to change this.

Quite frankly we need a massive PR job and a consistent one at that. We have to show the value of the university and its set-up, its facilities; we have to show the diversity of the culture and knowledge that is concentrated on the 300 acres that we call UKC. The Music Society and the Madrigal Group

regularly achieve this with their concerts, performed both at the University and in town. The Bernard Porter Lecture, organised by Rutherford Junior Common Room and Cllr Porter, is always a well attended event.

Last year's spectacular Malam Malaysia in the Gulbenkian Theatre was also highly successful in bringing Canterbury into the University. This sort of activity though is isolated and uncoordinated in the light of what I have been saying. We need

to expand, to disseminate the whole range of knowledge and culture within the student body; after all where else could you find a Buddhist, a Methodist, a Moslem, a Maoist, a Catholic, a Communist and a hard-bitten atheist, all in the same room? The Women's Group, the Literary Society, Art and Painting can be made attractive to local people (including students from other colleges) as well as the usual run of bands and discos. The tremendous energy of last year's Student Community

Action Group must also be revived, the mentally and physically handicapped people who were helped then are still in need of such assistance. Rag is certainly crucial as well - raising money in a way that involves both local traders and students alike, just laughing and talking together, working for the same cause.

This is an appeal then, an appeal to, and for, us all. The Students' Union will be making greater use of Press releases, not just for the local newspapers but to specialist magazines and the na-

tionals. If you or your society are organising an event on or off campus that you feel would be of interest to anyone outside the University, then please contact me or any of the elected officers. It is important, it is urgent, we really have to show the value of an institution like ours. A simple PR exercise can so easily be forgotten but we've reached a stage when we literally cannot afford to forget. We have to fight back now, and in every possible way.



It is becoming increasingly important for the students of this University and others to generate greater links with the local community. This isn't just for purely altruistic reasons, for in the present economic climate where cut-

INCANT FEATURES

Exchange and Mart

WHEN Fourth Year students returned to the University in October, very little was heard about their experiences abroad. In the college bars general comments were made like, "Really fantastic... I was so lonely... I didn't want to come back... I really got into the way of life over there... I just don't want to think about the exams..."

But what actually happened in that year away from Canterbury?

Dymphna Flynn was in Pontoise, a suburb of Paris. She taught English to 11-15 year olds at the Collège Chabanne, and actually lived in a room at the school. "I often wondered what the dogs were barking about at night," she told me. She then discovered that the dark building next to the school was a prison. A few years earlier a prisoner had escaped and had hidden in Dymphna's room for two weeks. "Whenever I heard the dogs barking after that, I just buried my head in the blankets, hoping it wasn't another one getting out..."

Some students were lucky enough to win an American Exchange Scholarship to the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Teaching was good in the States, but the professors maintained quite a formal relationship between themselves and students. Joanna Fortnum, who, as part of the American Studies course went to Indiana University, endorsed this. Colin Bell, however, "did lots of surfing" at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He found that teaching was enthusiastic. He had to take three courses each term, two of which had to be in his major subject at UKC. At Massachusetts there were even courses in frisbee and skiing —

and you could get academic credits for them.

Travelling in the States was cheap and easy, whether by air, train or Greyhound bus. An unlimited one month's travel ticket on the latter cost \$380 last year. Students who went to the States came back with 100s of amusing stories ("They even drink Coke for breakfast!"). However, some UKC students felt such a difference between themselves and their American counterparts that they devised a series of categories in order to distinguish them:

1. **THE PREPPIES:** Already a famous group whose main features are "alligators" and pink clothing.

2. **THE JAPS:** Nothing to do with Japan. Their main features are NY City number plates, gold jewellery and designer clothes.

3. **THE POLYESTERS:** Distinguishing marks are training shoes, flared trousers and back to front baseball caps.

4. **THE EARTHY CRUNCHIES:** Their main features are climbing boots and Indian skirts. Many are "non-smokers with cats," (as seen in advertisements in the "Valley Advocate," the local Amherst paper).

Back in France, Nick Tooze-Hobson was often to be found wan-

dering down the Champs-Elysée as UKC students reading Law with French were rushing off to Friday evening seminars at the Seaux! Nick, who is reading French, was at the Université de Paris Sorbonne, Paris IV, living in college accommodation.

At the Italian universities the main problem was registration. The following is a tip from Loretta Mutti, who was in Florence, to students going to Italy this year: "When you go to Italy, you have to bear in mind that you will have bureaucratic hassles. It's unavoidable in Italy. Once you accept that it doesn't bother you so much!"

Most people managed to struggle through the first, and hardest, months without too many problems.

Relationships between professors and students in Italy were very formal, but courses, called "corsi singoli," were interesting and varied. The food in Italy was "fantastic." In the university canteens, or "mense," food was good and cheap. A three course meal with wine cost about 500 Lire, or 25p! However, no-one in Italy actually lived in college accommodation. Flats were found by Italian friends or by just asking around when the students arrived. Some of

us lived in small villages miles from anywhere, and in some cases this was a lonely and scary experience.

Eve Niewiarowska, however, was right in the centre of Paris teaching at the Lycée la Martine and living in an enormous, plush flat on the Avenue Montaigne. Most of the building was taken up by a famous fashion designer. Eve rented from the woman downstairs, a wealthy, elegant landowner. Nevertheless, with a view of the Eiffel Tower, her own library and gold taps in the bathroom, it needs to be stressed that Eve's accommodation was not typical of the type of flats others managed to find in France or Italy.

Also to be mentioned are Helen Argyropoulos and Tim Hallett who were teaching in Grenoble. In her first lesson, Helen shared waffles with her pupils; she also went regularly in the evening to the Club Franco-Allemand in Lyons.

Don Perretta was at Grenoble University and is an example to anyone who thought that they might have had a rough time during their 12 months away. Don fell into disaster after disaster, and yet he was still able to say when he returned, "... but I had a really great time!"

AMANDA JONES

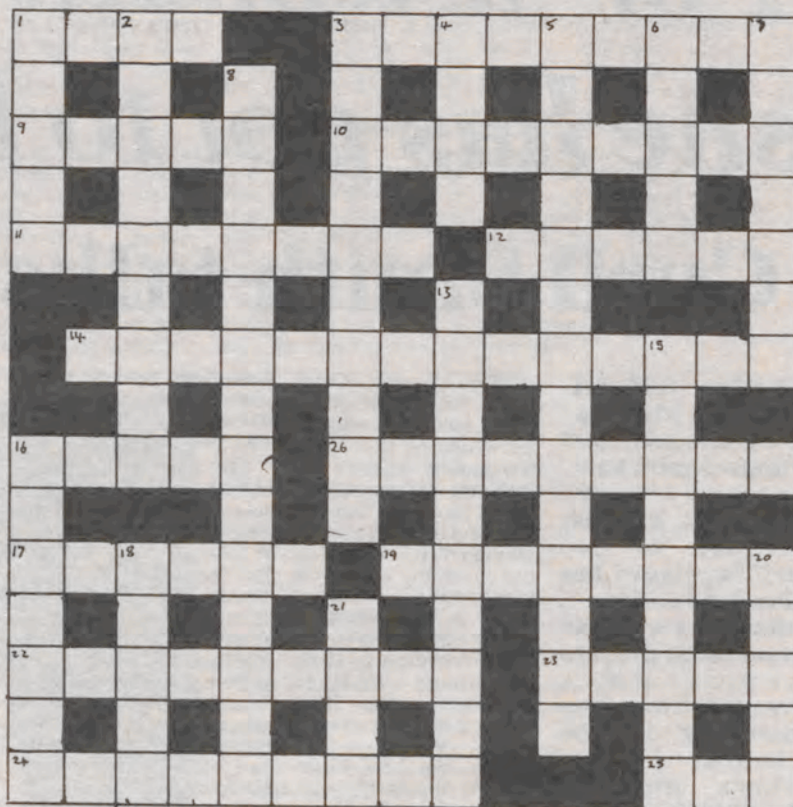
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Conservative tale lacks joyous ending (4).
- Arab cried wildly — 'The rampart' (9).
- Man, pronounced fit, returns to madness (5).
- Deciding not to use, and throwing out, after second try (9).
- Cancerous? Malaria is a disease of this type (8).
- Half ichthyological creature in a former manatee (6).
- Buchan story in almost forty stages (6-4, 5).
- Error in righting — there's one here (8, 7).
- If not, not more after round middle and centre (6).
- Resorting, without one, to becoming more powerful (8).
- Reconnaissance group who were in charge, guarded the area (9).
- Wrecked back part of Cadillac (purple coloured) (5).
- Necessarily soon (9).
- Look in one's crystal (4).

DOWN

- Try; try at less... (5).
- ... or maidens confuse; confuse (9).



- Haggling over the price without making a profit (10).
- Open up an Indian chief (4).
- Accelerate but gradually, and awkwardly: see, I only crawls (8, 6).
- Established principle — cut down one

- moment, rising afterwards (5).
- Driving machines and seeing badly about Jan 3rd (7).
- Does an astronomer use it to listen to the top forty? (5-9).
- Livelyish creature eats Edward, followed by Yvonne's head (10).

- Faithful protestant, half evil, and innocent (9).
- Pay out money when part of wicket is removed (5, 2).
- Tiler drunk about one and three-quarter pints (5).
- Very hard film (5).
- Level a home (4).

R.T.

Fair Exchange?

"KENT University should be prepared to accept more responsibility for the students it sends abroad than it appears to be doing at the moment."

This criticism was recently addressed to the Vice-Chancellor by eight of the 140 students from UKC currently studying overseas on an exchange basis. The students at Indiana University, USA, outlined in their letter specific grievances about the inaccuracy of the information they were given about housing, course registration procedures, employment prospects and even arrival dates. Their position highlights the problems that other exchange students may face.

The most pressing difficulties that may affect students are financial ones. The current policy of the Department of Education and Science allows students on exchange courses the London maintenance grant of £1,900 pa, paid in three instalments and subject to a parental means test. Local Education Authorities exercise a discretion over payments to cover the vacations and travelling expenses. This amount is usually adequate for students in Europe, but those on the American Studies course are at present in serious difficulties as Sterling exchange rates drop to around \$1.50. Essential expenditure for students in the United States is already high without the additional problem of losing a proportion of their income when it is converted to dollars. Before Christmas, the

Vice-Chancellor and academic staff from the handful of universities involved in American exchange study programmes made representations to the DES in order to change this allocation to reflect the current economic situation. The proposals are currently under ministerial consideration although in a climate of government cuts a favourable outcome is by no means certain.

As a temporary measure the university has granted loans of a current total of around £10,000 to students at present in the United States. Professor Vile, the Deputy Vice-Chancellor, who has overall responsibility for the exchange programmes, stressed the unsatisfactory nature of this solution and explained that other ways of helping the students were being investigated. The students themselves, whilst obviously grateful for these interest free loans which have enabled them to continue their courses, have however been critical of the way the loans were administered. Payments had been made in Sterling cheques, leading to delays of up to six weeks for receipt of the money. The original time limit for repayment of September, 1983, was also, the students considered, unrealistic; this has, however, now been extended. Mr Flaherty the Assistant Registrar

responsible for the administration of the American exchange, whilst believing that "the university has played very fair with the students" has, however, noted that in the future, alternative arrangements would be more appropriate.

"The Registry is very bad at communicating with people..."

Professor Vile and Mr Flaherty both emphasised that the main difficulty facing exchange students was one of money, related to government economic policy and thus outside their control; the Student Union President, however, analyses things rather differently. Nick Wells sees the main problem for UKC's students abroad as one of "misinformation." Whilst foreign universities are largely responsible for providing our exchange students with information, Nick emphasised that many difficulties could be avoided if more detailed and more accurate information were to be made available before students leave Canterbury.

The letter from Indiana contained specific instances of "misinformation" that the students felt they had been given. For example, three different dates for arrival had been given, with the distressing result that those who chose the earliest date arrived to find their halls of residence closed, and that temporary accommodation had to be found and paid for. These and other problems the stu-

dents considered could have been alleviated by more effective communication between the parties involved. In relation to these problems the Assistant Registrar stressed that the students themselves had responsibilities and contended that "the buck stops further up the tree." Nick Wells however noted that a lot of mistakes have been made directly from the Registry, and suggested that Mr Flaherty should not be misleading people and should do as he is told.

The problems experienced in Indiana are clearly particular to one university in one country, however they do serve to highlight more general difficulties with the exchange programme. The exchanges, which are a source of prestige for the university are also a common source of problems. Inevitably a year's study in an "alien" education system can be something of a strain. The albeit limited support of a personal tutor and a Student Union that is provided here at UKC may be completely absent in a foreign university. Preparation for a year abroad is frequently of a somewhat haphazard and informal nature. The Students Union and the university authorities are currently examining the obvious inadequacies of the present system and it is hoped that the misunderstandings and misinformation which currently mar the exchange programme can be avoided in the future.

S.L.K.

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INCANT FEATURES

INCANT POLL: RESULTS



Nick Wells: Most boring politician?



Amanda Jones

A DISAPPOINTINGLY low vote in the Incant Poll confirms Robin Britton's suspicions, voiced in the last issue, that apathy is on the up at UKC. Next time Incant attempts to gauge popular opinion on campus in this light-hearted way, please - a few more votes!

In reverse order the nominations for Most Attractive Female Student are Oonagh Rees-Davies, Mandy Coxon and Amanda Jones. Congratulations and good luck to Amanda, a Finalist, who can be seen gracing the corridors of Elliot. But where is the male talent? This question, posed by many exasperated students, topped the poll in the search for Most Attractive Male Student, a category in which the elusive Ken Trag and Paul Gerrard scored quite heavily.

With nearly 50% of the vote Jonathan Davies again tops the poll as Biggest Slob. A long way behind, and hardly slob at all, were John Elliot and Simon Elwell. Jonathan Davies also heads another category, that of Favourite Campus Politician, this time jointly with Barry Lane. Most Boring Politician...? Yes, you guessed, our unloved President, Nick Wells.

The Favourite Lecturer is The One Who Doesn't Turn Up, which must be a dig at David Blair, whose attendance at lectures is

somewhat erratic. The only lecturer to earn serious approval was Dr Cannon, whilst your attention was wavering in lectures given by Gay Raines and Bernard Sharratt (jointly Most Boring Lecturer, and anybody who has had the misfortune to sit through lectures given by this deadly duo cannot be surprised at the result). Your eyes may have chanced upon Lyndsay Wilkinson, a second year American Studies student. Lyndsay, in a close contest, is UKC's Best Dressed Person. Paul Fagan (who has taken leg warmers to their logical end - his thighs) and Martin Hunt, with his suave suits and bow ties earned themselves places in the reckoning, but it is Lyndsay's collection of appealingly chic outfits that win her the position.

There is wide disagreement in who you would like to liven up your Maths seminar (Most Boring Subject). Votes were evenly spread between Trotsky, A Mature Student, ET, Margaret Thatcher, Boy George and Princess Di, but it is

Simon Gosling and Marilyn Monroe who jointly (!!) top the poll.

Surprising results in Favourite Local Pub category. The Seven Stars takes third place, with Ye Olde Beverlie (how? has it got a new landlord??) second, and just scraping into first place is The Ken-tish Cricketers.

The choices for Favourite Restaurant were predictable: Caesar's just beating Sweeney's with the Enterprise Cafe languishing in third place, as well it might. More adventurous palates nominated the Greek Taverna and Tuo e Mio.

Rutherford has the dubious distinction of being Worst College. Receiving least votes here was Elliot. Hottest Spot On Campus though is the Boller Room, closely followed by Mandy Coxon's office in the Union Building. And anyone looking for a "warm" could try Keynes A 3-12, B 3-10, Elliot S4-S3, Dar-

win S1-3, I 4-8, R 1-2 - all these rooms promise something hot and spicy.

Many entrants gave up on the question in search of UKC's Most Valuable Asset. The VC rubs shoulders with Keynes Duck Pond, but most of those votes which were cast fell largely to Conrad Hills, "Mandy Coxon's Gob," with Darwin Tower just coming out on top.

Of Best Campus Newspaper there can be no doubt - though very few people voted in this category. I wonder why?

And the Favourite Student Pastime? Comments range from "Well it certainly isn't essays" to a mildly obscene "aaah..." But in joint top place came boozing, bitching, bonking, sleeping and taking drugs. Results compiled by Kathryn Everett and Paul Arrowsmith. Article by Paul Arrowsmith.



Best dressed person on campus is Lindsay Wilkinson.

SMALLS

"I'm not talking about vanity, I'm talking about pain!" UKC Radio DJ.

Julia Read - Please behave yourself, I have to live here.

A2 Keynes - When's the next pyjama party? Invite Derek this time!

Thanks to everyone who came to my birthday party and special thanks to anyone who cleared up.

To Mags: It must be love, love, love Dave. Happy Valentine's Day - D3 Keynes.

Mandy - Forget him, come back to me - Nick.

Annie: Happy birthday in a fantastic way. Mary (and Linnie).

Barry we love you. Keep on jumping. Bunny. Love Graham.

DIARY


Wednesday, February 9:
 Film Society - Only Angels Have Wings, dir Howard Hawks (USA, 1939), starring Cary Grant, Rita Hayworth. Colt 7.30 pm.
 Charlie D - Food bar, Darwin missing link, 7.30 pm.
 Thursday, February 10:
 Cinema 3 - Root of all Evil, dir Brock Williams (GB, 1946), 7.30 pm. Colt.
 Yeoman of the Guard, by Gilbert and Sullivan, performed by the Canterbury Amateur Operatic Society, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm, £2.
 Friday, February 11:
 SU Film - Chariots of Fire. Colt, 7.30 pm.
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Saturday, February 12:
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Rag Week 12-19. See page 10.
 Sunday, February 13:
 SU Film - Stardust. Colt, 7.30 pm (In aid of Rag).
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Monday, February 14:
 As above.
 Tuesday, February 15:
 Cinema 3 - Outside In, dir Steve Dwoshin (UK/Holland, 1981), 7.30 pm. Colt. Double Indemnity, dir Billy Wilder (USA, 1944), 10 pm. Colt.
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Wednesday, February 16:
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Film Society - Richard III, dir Lawrence Olivier (GB, 1956), 7.30 pm. Colt, 80p.
 Charlie D - Food bar, Darwin missing link, 7.30 pm.
 Thursday, February 17:
 Cinema 3 - La Signora Di Tutti, dir Max Ophuls (France, 1934), 7.30 pm. Colt. £1.40.
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Rag week, February 12-19.
 Friday, February 18:
 SU Film - Jubilee (GB, 1978). Colt. 60p.
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Saturday, February 19:
 Yeoman of the Guard, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm, £2.25.
 Sunday, February 20:
 SU Film - West Side Story (USA, 1961).
 Monday, February 21:
 Music - Roddy Radiation and the Tearjerkers, Keynes JCR.
 SU Film - West Side Story (USA, 1961). Colt. 60p.
 Tuesday, February 22:
 Cinema 3 - Cutler's Way, dir I. Passer (USA, 1981), 7.30 pm. Colt.
 Charles et Lucie, dir N. Maplan (France, 1979), 10 pm. Colt.
 Music, Emotional Play. Rutherford JCR.
 Wednesday, February 23:
 Film Society Double Bill. 7.30 pm. Colt. 60p. Persona, dir I. Bergman (Sweden, 1966), a clinical study of character identification. La Jete (France, 1962).
 Charlie D - Food bar, Darwin missing link, 7.30 pm.
 Thursday, February 24:
 The Tempest, performed by UKC Dramatics, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Cinema 3 - Doa (USA, 1949), a dying business man tracks down his murderer. Detour (USA, 1945), 7.30 pm. Colt. £1.40.
 Friday, February 25:
 SU Film - To Have and Have Not (USA, 1945). Colt. 60p.
 The Tempest, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Saturday, February 26:
 The Tempest, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Sunday, February 27:
 SU Film - Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (USA, 1958), starring Paul Newman, Elizabeth Taylor.
 Monday, February 28:
 Music. And Also The Trees, Keynes JCR.
 SU Film - Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. Colt. 7.30 pm.

Tuesday, March 1:
 Cinema 3 - Circle of Deceit, dir V. Schlöndorff (West Germany/France, 1982), the life of a West German reporter in Beirut. 7.30 pm. Colt. The Postman Always Rings Twice, dir Tay Garnett (USA, 1946), 10 pm. Colt.
 Wednesday, March 2:
 Charlie D - Food bar, Darwin missing link, 7.30 pm.
 Thursday, March 3:
 Cinema 3 - Night-shift, dir Rollina Rose (GB, 1981).
 One Way Pendulum, by N. F. Simpson, performed by the University Players, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Film Society - It Came From Outer Space (in 3-D), dir Jack Arnold (USA, 1953).
 Friday, March 4:
 SU Film - East of Eden, 7.30 pm. Colt.
 One Way Pendulum, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Saturday, March 5:
 One Way Pendulum, Gulbenkian Theatre, 8 pm.
 Sunday, March 6:
 SU Film - Taming of the Shrew, 7.30 pm. Colt.
 Monday, March 7:
 SU Film - Taming of the Shrew.
 Tuesday, March 8:
 Music. Flock of Seagulls, Eliot Dining Hall. £2.50.
 Cinema 3 - My Dinner with Andre, dir Louis Malle (USA, 1981). Colt. 7.30 pm.



Favourite restaurant - Caesar's.

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INCANT MUSIC

BESTIAL NOCTURNES

"LADIES and gentlemen! Introducing Animal Nightlife, featuring Andy Polaris and the Animalettes as well as the fabulous Sharp Brothers: the limited corporation who believe in the limitless incorporation of the cerebral delights of a sultry jazz and the slick flourish of a sleazy funk. Not forgetting the bare essentials of that all important swing. Now go to it, Animals!"

And they do. Boys point their horns skyward with a flourish and blow real hard, girls walk tall with a strut and a swagger, keeping those cutesy little dance routines faultless, while everyone (audience included) flounders in a cold sweat. Things were just a shade too relaxed.

Animal Nightlife might prosper in the night surroundings; somewhere warm and intimate round about midnight; a secluded cocktails bar in the black 'n' white Soho world of the late '50s perhaps. But a cold, cavernous Keynes dining hall, with more wallflowers than your average youth club hop. Well, it's a bit like taking the Cabaret Voltaire's slides 'n' lasers shows to a Butlins saga knees-up.

But their quibblings are only first impressions borne out of a sense of ritual frustration with the band at the somewhat absurd situation they find

themselves in, rather than anything else. For Animal Nightlife are not to be underestimated.

Tonight they prove themselves to be adept at cajoling and persuading a seemingly disinterested audience on to the yawning void that is the dance floor.

Indeed their whole set could be contrived as a brief lesson in the art of seduction, and I might suggest that such a supposedly thoroughbred romanticist as Mr Martin Fry could learn a thing or two from this troupe, particularly in terms of presentation.

Because tonight Animal Nightlife give a smooth and measured performance as the most accomplished of lounge lizards.

They modestly introduce themselves with some lazy, languid jazz - saxophone predominates here - mellifluous but happily restrained as well; sidle up to you with a gentle "croon" in your ear. Very Tony Bennett, very pleasant. Then for the *coup de grace*, they gently tickle your feet with a deft feather-weight funk.

Nothing dirty or over the top. No one was blowing whistles and hitting tin lids, but they did whoop it up ever so slightly.

A beautiful relationship in the offing? No, you can't really take ANL (*the Anti-Nazi League? ed.*) to your heart.

I hate to be petty, but there are a shade too many imperfections. Animalettes, I'm not sure just how strong those voices are...? You're fine as a dual back up, but individually I have my doubts.



Animal Nightlife performing in Keynes Dining Hall.

Similarly, crooner Andy Polaris seems to suffer from the same malaise. Sometimes his delivery is just a little too casual when a more full-throated brassy vocal is what's required (most noticeably on *Love is the Great Pretender*). What's more, understandably considering their lack of experience, ANL do not have a wealth of material to draw upon, which perhaps explains why there was no second encore tonight when the audience was well-nigh ready to dance their socks off.

Still, while the emergence of these cliché clublanders from their Soho watering hole has often been in the past nothing more than a

marriage of commercial convenience is response to the evergrowing shift towards the dance floor; (notably in the case of the atrocious *Blue Rondo a la Turk*) and in this instance it has to be said that ANL are as guilty as the next man in the baggy trousers

and slicked back hair of taking the fashion short cut down the road to instantaneous face notoriety.

They have at least done so without compromising values or the complete mutation/regurgitation of every discernible influence in sight.

Hipsters of the month they may be and on the evidence of their press hand-out, quite prepared to drop more names or spout more pretentious garbage than even, say, Boy George, if it can get them noticed. Could it be it was this admittedly dire piece of hack

work (*Do you mean this article? ed*) which was a shame because ANL are a modest (*see pics! ed*) new talent who are at the very worst infinitely preferable to the likes of seasoned old college circuit troupers such as the near obsolete Q-Tips.

SCOOP BAILEY

MISTY

Misty in Roots, to give them their full name, are a nine-piece reggae band from North-West London who, in the time since 1979 when they turned professional, have been steadily building-up a good reputation and a strong following. Although they have not as yet had any real commercial success, they have toured extensively in many weird and wonderful places, such as Zambia and Zimbabwe, as well as the standard European University gig circuit. They have also played a big part in supporting Rock Against Racism concerts in the last few years.

They play a kind of

moody, brassy reggae that you move to rather than think about, that is typified by the first number they played on the night, *Earth*. The next couple of tunes were pretty unremarkable, they started well but tended to get overly self-indulgent. After about five songs though, Misty got into their groove and pumped out a succession of rhythmic, impressive songs. Worthy of special mention was the guitar work of Lawrence Crossfield and the saxophone solos from Noi Norty.

There was a good turn-out, and the crowd who, as usual, had been kept waiting until 9.45

pm for the end of the sound-check, gave Misty a good reception. The great thing about reggae bands is the audience they attract - always lots of people and always a wide cross-section, you get the feeling when you are there of not just having come to see a band but to have a sort of cultural experience, and that can only be a good thing.

I cannot finish this article without my usual griping about the time it takes to set up a band, and the appalling quality of the sound in Dining Halls which is due entirely to the way the PA is set up (technical services

take note...)

Despite this the audience certainly liked the band, and the people I asked afterwards said that they had enjoyed it. For my own part, I found that their material later in the set was the best, but there was too little of it. The early songs, apart from *Earth*, were too long and far too repetitive for my taste, but nevertheless seemed to go down well with the audience. That suggests to me that you have to actually be into reggae to fully enjoy Misty, and if you are not, then Misty are not the band that are going to convert you to the cause.

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BARBICAN

Contrary to rumour the Barbican is not difficult to find. Whether it is worth finding is a question that cannot be answered unequivocally. In terms of architecture and design definitely not - the Concert Hall is expensive and has so far proved not perfectly suited to recitals, chamber music and opera performances, though the LSO seem at home. But the Barbican Theatre is a significant gain on the theatrical map, and whilst the RSC may be encountering backstage problems, for instance the dressing rooms and Green Room are below street level, hence are windowless and are not air-conditioned, audience figures reveal that many people think it worth the trek out to EC2.

The production of *Henry IV* reveals the RSC in fine form and the theatre itself to good effect. The stalls are steeply raked without intersecting aisles. Rather each row has its own entrance

from the foyer and leg room is plentiful. Three shallow balconies "paper" the walls and throughout sight-lines are excellent. Obviously the theatre is well-equipped and the acoustics good, though the performances in *Henry IV* were underplayed, not really filling the theatre.

The play is directed by Trevor Nunn and designed in a similar style to the company's *Nicholas Nickleby*, by John Napier. Massive, movable wooden towers dominate the stage and these provide a suitable background for the tavern scenes but are inappropriate for the scenes at court. In general, the world of Falstaff came off better than that of *Henry IV*.

Patrick Stewart was a weak *Henry*, often vocally indistinct. As Hal, Gerard Murphy was exuberantly loutish and as his rival, Hotspur, Hugh Quarshire was suitably choleric, but lacked sufficient variety of tone. Gemma Jones

was a quite awful *Lady Mortimer*, and as *Lady Percy* Harriet Walter revealed a similar inability to manage the verse as she did in *All's Well*. Miriam Karlin was a rather pinched *Mistress Quickly*. Joss Ackland is an amusing *Falstaff* but with greater finesse would be even funnier.

The aural effects perfectly complemented the tone of the production and it was clear from the performance that the RSC are obviously enjoying the luxury of working in the Barbican. As the cramped conditions of the Aldwych. With excellent productions of *Much Ado*, *Shrew* and *Tempest*, together with a perverse *King Lear*, the new season, starting in April, promises well.

With both theatres, the Concert Hall, cinema, gallery and foyer events (including *Punch and Judy*) in full swing the Barbican, after a long gestation period, is now fully alive and established.

PAUL ARROWSMITH.

UKC PROMS

The Prom Concert on Saturday, March 5, is one of the most popular musical events on campus. Begun in 1979, the concerts have been a resounding success in the past - every year has been a sell-out - and this year looks set to follow in the same tradition. The concert aims to emulate the "last night of the proms," concentrating on popular classical music and encouraging audience participation - such as communal singing of old favourites like *Land of Hope and Glory*.

Soloists are Carol McBride, who sings solo soprano in Poulenc's *Gloria*, and Michael Daines, who plays solo piano in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, he is an ex-student who has toured Europe playing piano and has become a regular at these events.

JANE HOWARTH.

POP PICKING

WHILE browsing through a certain second-hand record store in Nottingham Gate last January, I noticed a single by a band called Men At Work for 2½p.

I bought it along with 60 others and after a good sort it did stand out.

Last February, a follow-up single, Down Under, was released and played on UKC Radio, but seemingly nowhere else. In the early summer the band started to gain American successes with Who Can It Be Now? and their album Business As Usual.

The single finally scraped as high as 42 in the UK charts. Since then their story is well known as both single, Down Under, and album are number one

on BOTH sides of the Atlantic and can claim to have sold more records worldwide in the last six months than any other artist; some going for Australians.

U2 have come a long way since they played in Rutherford JCR in October, 1980. Their brand of powerfully glorious rock has finally been picked up by the UK mass market as their latest single hits the top ten.

I have never seen a band that can equal them in concert. Bono, their lead vocalist, has an ability to manipulate the audience into a continual sway of total motion.

Their new album, War, comes out soon and seems destined to be one of the best offerings of 1983. If you get

a chance to see them live, don't miss it. U2 are a band with a real message of hope in 1983, listen and enjoy.

Another band with an amazing live act is Mari Wilson and her Wilsations. Her debut album comes out shortly and will be a compact mixture of 60s and 80s styles, great dance music. If you look behind the gimmick here, you find a real talent, particularly in her songwriter, Teddy Jones (mmm... ed).

Strangely, the newest disco chart act don't come from Philadelphia, Los Angeles or New York, but Bushey, near Watford! Wham, who have now cut a couple of classic singles, are a band who have proved it's not

what you know, it's who you know.

They gave a tape to a friend who, without any trouble, got them a record deal. A new single will be released as soon as Wham Rap! finishes its chart run, don't be surprised to see it hit the top ten almost instantly.

My predictions for 1983 are as follows: Duran Duran will have

a number one single, David Bowie will pack out large venues (never, ed), and the Alarm smaller ones, The Farmer's Boys will sell lots of singles and Mavillion lots of albums, the new Haircut 100 will flop and hopefully the awful Haysi Fantaysi will drop out of the music scene... completely!

PAUL HOLLAND



Scoop Bailey in thought.

Drinking

NOW is the time for drinking, Now the time to beat the earth with unfettered foot.

HORACE

Two Incant reporters articulate the problems encountered by intoxication.

Okay, I admit it was my fault, but honestly anybody could have made the mistake. I thought he told me to get down to some serious drinking, not go and see Serious Drinking. Stupid name for a band anyway.

Actually, serious drinking and Serious Drinking go together very well; not that you have to be inebriated to enjoy them, it's just that you'll enjoy their music more if you're prepared to lose some of your inhibitions and get up (and fall down) on the floor. I won't even bother to give you any pretentious twaddle about the "sardonic extremes of their lyrical mood combinations" or whatever because that's not what Serious Drinking's about - it's about having fun (remember fun?) and hitting your head against a wall, and bopping till you drop, etc, etc.

Just good old "no nonsense mindless boogie" really, so next time you get a chance to sample the delights (?) of Serious Drinking, why not go along and really let your hair down?

VICKY BURMAN

Vocalist Eugene admitted it was "the height of his career" as Serious Drinking hit

Darwin JCR on January 21. Verging on cult status, the group are best known for their "near hits," Love on the Terraces and Bobby Moore is Innocent, which they rendered with intoxicating (and intoxicating?) energy in their short but enjoyable set.

Perhaps because of the price - a mere 50p with an Offbeat disco in support - or because of the severe lack of ents during the first week of term, Serious Drinking drew a fairly large and largely energetic audience, the first few tiers getting a faceful of beer for nothing into the bargain.

This was a group to listen to after consuming vast quantities of bitter. The only unhappy members of the audience were the sober ones.

After an encore (of Love on the Terraces and Yours, Mine) I attempted an interview with the group, but all I could get out of them was the question "Where can we get any drink at this time of night?" Serious Drinking certainly lived up to their name...

K.E.E.

Appeal

IF you are interested in contributing any writing or photographs for Incant Music, then please contact Graham Elliott (D).



"Come off it, Scoop!"

ATILLA THE FILLER

TOWARDS the end of the evening as Atilla's thankfully brief act degenerated into a perfunctory digging-over of the cocktails versus bombs debate; a needless revival of such familiar hackneyed targets as the Mr Clean Commuter and general demonstrations that his humour works via the principle that the lowest common denominator is best; I became rapidly convinced that the swift elevation of the Ranter to cult status has to be based on what I call the Yosser Hughes theory. Example: A Ranter? I could do that. Anybody could. It's easy.

It does seem that it is just as easy for Atilla. For much of his act is as admirable as that legendary Yosser-built-brick-wall; ill-conceived, clumsy, rushed work.

There's scarcely any evidence of dedication to his craft, just the messy shambles that usually ensues when something is knocked up in half an hour or so.

Could it be that a Ranter is just a romantic misnomer for a second-rate poet?

For, and make no mistake, Atilla lags behind those other understandably more popular

figures who tour the college circuit with little red exercise books in hand; Cooper-Clarke and Kwesi Johnson.

Atilla lacks the latter's simple narrative skills and the appreciation of what can be achieved by variation of rhythms within language which combined to make Sonny's Lettah such a compelling drama.

However, perhaps a comparison with the former is more appropriate, and here Atilla's humour seems desperately in need of a dash of Cooper-Clarke's acid bite.

Actually I am quite sorry to have say all this. See, to paraphrase Serious Drinking, I very much like the fact that he's an angry bastard, his affirmation that there are more important topics for discussion in this country than the colour of Nick Heywood's leg-warmers.

Wherein the problem lies for though, Atilla directs his fast-firing, fast-polemical verbal machine gun at all the legitimate targets, ie Thatcher, Steve Wright, the tabloid press; rather than successfully annihilating them as a more accomplished Ranter-comic might, he merely makes a

clumsy lunge at them armed only with such potent weapons as a relatively tame sarcasm and an endless barrage of innuendo.

In other words about as powerful a condemnation of "the system" as a marxist infiltration of the Paul Hogan Show.

Of course, Atilla being a Ranter has a word to say to everyone and that includes the music biz. The Harlow Hipster proceeds to obtain staturary guffaws from an obliging audience as he runs through the whole of Smash Hits sponsored pop-bands, comforting and massaging the tired old prejudice that the Newtown Neurotics are worthier than Simple Minds because they're more dedicated (*like Spit the Dog, ed*).

Atilla's a huge disappointment. He might make you smile occasionally at the absurdity of certain contrived situations, he presents to you, ie the Russians at the Henley Regatta, but to be frank, he makes me laugh less than any other politico-comic since Mike Yarwood.

File Atilla under mediocre and him the nearest available portable soap box.

SCOOP BAILEY

Help Folk Find Feet

FOLK and country music is alive at this university but not quite kicking, and it needs your help.

Singers, musicians, poets, listeners and those simply curious are all welcome. At the

moment the venue is, unfortunately the amazing Darwin Missing Link, "missing" referring obviously to the "atmosphere".

Changing this is an issue which hopefully will be raised at the

AGM on February 14, and to which everyone is welcome, but getting a better place essentially depends on more enthusiasm and support for the club, which is at present sadly lacking.

JANE ELLISON

MUTANTS

The Mutant Strangers gig at Alberry's, on Thursday, January 20, was an exhilarating performance by the newly styled three-piece. The low roofed cellar was packed for the occasion - the perfect setting for the intense Mutant vision. They have developed a sharp jazz-funk edge, compressed into punchy, snappy songs. New bass man Guy Higgins joined with drummer Struan Clay to lay down stone hard rhythms, underpinning Ian Smart's fierce yet lyrical guitar playing and venomous vocals. Old songs have been re-energised and new works prove their creative development.

They launched into Mutant Stranger Song (a popular choice)

which has a new funk pulse beat combining rumbling bass tones with crisp drumming. An old favourite Get Us Before We Get You, set everyone dancing happily. Mutant Dance no 10 is a brittle funk instrumental - hard and fast. The Mutant sound is rugged and tight - sending tremors through the stone floor. Ian Smart, in black, has a compelling stage presence - like an angry puppet with crossed wires. The frantic pace slackened for No Place to Go then surged into an energetic climax. Detonator closed the first set, rocking along in thrilling style, featuring handsome bass slapping from Guy.

Sharks opened the second half, built on Ian's choppy guitar chord-

ing. I Want You sparkled in a crazed jazz pattern of flying sound splinters. A highpoint was Twisted Pictures with a Costello style snarling vocal line. Judgement Day continued the excitement and the dancers responded eagerly to its helter-skelter rhythms. A new song Stranger than Fiction underlined the group's new strength - taut vocals stretched over a massive back beat.

The crowd demanded an encore and were treated to a furious version of Too Bad - the band burning out on a mighty funk riff.

The Mutant Strangers guarantee high energy entertainment - everyone had a fine time.

BRIAN DALDORPH.



Slade in the Sports Hall, last term.

INCANT ARTS



THEATRE

FEN

Between opening with a Japanese businessman keen on Fen investment and closing with a hazy impression of an agricultural labourer's after-life, Caryl Churchill's new play for Joint Stock, Fen, achieved only moments of distinction.

Confined only to those parts where author and actors conspired to create something memorable with sharp short-hand accounts of the tensions of individual relationships, these moments could not elevate this otherwise low-key production. Presenting social and economic tensions among the workers, and trying to give some overall shape and significance to this Fenland experience achieved nothing like the same effect. The only flashes of real power were those particularly human moments when the calculatingly sadistic step-mother tortures her step-daughter and when the

piece's heroine, Val, persuades her lover to kill her.

The rest, the exposition of the factors causing a wholesale take-over by absentee, multi-national landowners, the pressures on the lives of farm-workers created by low wages, poor conditions and the nearly feudal relationship between farmer and worker, is presented with earthly accuracy by actors adept at accent and gesture on a set of perfect utility. A potato field of ploughed furrows is walled on three sides and furnished to be kitchen and sitting room, becoming each place through the accuracy and discipline of the acting.

At the play's heart lies the tragedy of Val, the tragedy of a woman who breaks the repressive tradition of the Fens by leaving her husband, her job and her children, and who is broken by the social and economic power of this tradition. The tradition's past is em-



phasised by the aged witnesses, and its future confirmed by the sung ambitions of the little girls.

Restricting the power of Val's story is the play's attempt to capture the general reality of Fen life. The climax doesn't really come off with its misty symbolism, except for the acid portrait of a woman ironing the furrows in the field.

The play's sadness is only highlighted in those moments in which we see the sadness of Val's life. Love has failed as a redemptive force, and violence has triumphed as the only escape from repression. But in-falling somewhere between the general and the particular, and in the end achieving no successful relationship between the two, the play fails to become the sum of its promising parts.

NICK MOTTRAM.

Tortoises

D. H. Lawrence's set of poems, *Tortoises*, has been published for the first time in this country in the sequence he intended by Peter Brown of the English Board, *Yorick Books*, the publishing imprint, was set up by Dr Brown to publish books by subscription and many UKC staff have helped in the project. Certainly the poems achieve greater coherence read as a whole. Lawrence provides an acute description of the baby tortoise, "a tiny, fragile, half-animate bean" through to the "reptilian persistence" of the copulating tortoises in *Tortoise Shout*. Whilst not great poetry, *Tortoises* does reveal that Lawrence's battle of the sexes was not confined to his novels, and as such is an interesting facet of his art.

PAUL ARROWSMITH.

To take arms against a sea of troubles

For better or worse, the demise of Canterbury's Marlowe Theatre has robbed East Kent of one of its most important pivots of theatrical activity. Prior to its demolition, the Marlowe's merits had long been the subject of debate. Some of its final productions such as *Casanova's Last Stand* and *Come Into My Bed* could hardly be said to have appealed to the area's popular tastes. In these days of dramatic stagnation and appallingly low Arts Council grants, how are we to arm ourselves against purely exploitative commercial theatre, while still preventing the bull dozer or bingo-caller from moving in first?

The centre of attention has now shifted to our very own Gulbenkian Theatre — once Canterbury's Other Place. The promotion of the Gulbenkian is of con-

siderable significance not only to the theatre-going public, but also to those involved in dramatic activity here on campus.

Those with an interest in some aspect of theatre have an ideal opportunity to become part of a production, or merely to be able to explore the unresolved mysteries of the lighting console, or to discover what really dwells beneath the stage door! There are chances which can — and must — be seized, especially since few theatres today allow such accessibility.

Charges have often been levelled against the university's central theatrical organisation — *UKC Dramatics* — claiming that it is a clique of drama students

with dyed hair and obscene ear-decorations, who turn their noses up at anything that faintly resembles anything but "art." This is a myth which could easily(?) be dispelled by active participation in the wide range of activities now open to everyone on campus.

Last year, the society's aim to move away from purely Gulbenkian-based productions, included plays and revues in ELTI; a student-written play; street theatre etc, culminating in an enormously successful visit to Rheims with Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*.

This year's plans are even more ambitious; a return visit to Rheims

is possible; an Italian theatre festival at Arezzo is still negotiable; while, nearer to home, Edinburgh and Whitstable, are proposed venues. A double-bill of plays and a musical revue are in preparation for ELTI presentation; workshops are being run — aiming at productions — an abstract experimental theatre, and street theatre, featuring the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* both of which anyone can join in. All this, excluding two Gulbenkian shows, describe the delights in store for anyone interested in theatre.

This clearly illustrates that UKC Dramatics, with a little encouragement, participation and constructive criticism, can arm itself well in these days of theatrical "troubles" — and, who knows — we may, "by opposing, end them?"

Paul Fagan.

Love among the artists

Stoppard's latest play *The Real Thing* at the Strand Theatre, London, might be subtitled *Love Among the Artists*. As in earlier plays Stoppard discusses the nature of Art, but also, perhaps surprisingly, the nature of Love is brought under scrutiny. The play charts the relationship of Henry, a playwright, and an actress Annie, who leave their respective partners and set up house together — is their passion the real thing? In the play Stoppard offers a serious and unsentimental view of middle class adultery.

Not that the play is devoid of the wit and structural surprises that characterise Stoppard's earlier work. In the opening sequence an architect exposes his wife's infidelity by revealing, as she sup-

posedly returns from Switzerland, that she has taken everything but her passport. A familiar situation and predictable enough till we realise this is a play within a play, written by Henry. His relationship with Annie is revealed in a series of scenes from plays in which she is appearing — *Tis Pity She's a Whore* and a piece of agitprop written by Brodie, a political prisoner whose cause Annie champions. We are never sure whether Annie had an affair with the actor playing opposite her in these plays, but Henry's jealousy is palpably real.

However, Annie remains an unbelievable character even though she explains herself at length. Having supported Brodie and his play (a piece of awfully

written leftist rhetoric) throughout, criticising rather the sophisticated gloss of Henry's plays, she suddenly about-turns, thrusts a cheese dip in Brodie's face and returns to Henry — their love is after all the "real thing." The argument between the literate Henry and the politically raw Brodie is not subtle enough to convince. Stoppard, like Henry, assumes political concern is incompatible with good drama. It is compatible, as Stoppard himself revealed in *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* and *Professional Foul*.

A very clever play, if not a witty one. It is constructed like a series of Chinese boxes — the criticisms voiced by the actors appearing in the play within the

play comment also on the weaknesses of *The Real Thing* and hence forestall criticism. Indeed, Henry's daughter Debbie (a good performance by Suzanna Hamilton) herself voices a common response to *The Real Thing* — who's bothered about infidelity anymore? Who cares? Why write another play about it? The rather indulgent theatricalness (as opposed to theatricality) of the characters, structure and dialogue of *The Real Thing* is off-putting. The very cleverness of the play, with its reworking of *Private Lives* and other literary and artistic references, make *The Real Thing* an ultimately unengaging play.

PAUL ARROWSMITH.

The eye of the needle

She sat alone, at a rickety table in a wretched room. The whole place reeked of poverty and misery. Damp ran down the walls, the discoloured wallpaper hung off in large, drooping flaps; other places were bare where previous inhabitants had scratched it off. Whatever colour or pattern it once had was gone — it was now a dirty brown, grimy where it was not damp. There was a high ceiling, hinting at a more gracious, spacious past, but plaster hung off it now, the old pattern disappearing abruptly into the wall, showing where space-greedy landlords had partitioned the larger rooms of the past into the present day cells.

Grimy lino covered the floor, itself covered with rubbish — empty cans, sweet-wrappers, marked with sinister-looking stains. Spots of rusty red indicated the users of the room to be ... users, of course, as was the present occupant.

She opened a small paper packet and shook the contents, a greyish white powder, onto a bent and tarnished spoon. She added some water and stirred the mixture with the end of a match. She then struck the match and held it under the spoon, stirring all the while with a needle case. The mixture began to bubble and she continued stirring until the powder was nearly all dissolved.

She picked up a 2ml syringe lying on the table, and drew the mixture up into it. When she was sure she had not missed a drop she clipped a spike onto the syringe and pushed the plunger in until a drop appeared on the end of the spike. She licked it clean, undid the leather belt round her waist and slipped one end of it through the buckle, making a loop which she slid her arm through. Positioning the tourniquet around her

upper arm, she drew it tight until the flesh bulged out around it. She made a fist and pumped her arm back and forth until the veins appeared, nosing their way through the bruised flesh like worms blindly seeking air.

She tucked the belt tightly between her arm and body so that it stayed constricting, and deftly fingered the emerging veins. Her touch was soft and surer than a doctor's. She found a vein on the surface that was not too bruised and with no lumps or abscesses and swiftly picked up the works. She plunged the spike into her arm. The walls of her veins were hardened from use and she had to force the spike physically through the mass of scar tissue.

The spike creaked, and the metal bent a bit, but ... click! it was through and she pulled the plunger back. She feared for a moment that the vein had packed up, that blood no longer flowed, but a second later the vacuum in the syringe was filled ... blood exploded in the works like an atom bomb mushrooming, bursting into the liquid like a flower into bloom and the murky grey liquid fused with and became the red of her blood.

She sighed with relief, happiness, anticipation and moved her arm to release the tourniquet. She pulled back to check once more — blood continued to enter the works, and she pushed the plunger in slightly. A few drops entered her vein and she waited for a few seconds to find out if what she was shooting was in reality strychnine or arsenic, talc, washing powder, or the real article ... smack. A lot of people didn't bother checking, and a lot of people were dead. Once she had been sold pure strychnine by a nutter whose sister had died a junkie, and who had decided to take revenge on all junkies, but luckily she had checked a few drops of it first. Strychnine poisoning was no joke — she'd felt like a sledgehammer had wrapped itself round her head, begging someone to kill her. All in all it was an experience she'd rather not repeat, but it was better than death.

No pain — obviously this was OK. Trembling slightly she pushed the plunger in all the way, then back to fill the barrel with blood, for a flush.

Bam! The smack hit her like a hammer, like a blow to the kidneys, like an orgasm. She exhaled, and quickly pushed the plunger to get the flush inside her. Flush again, and again, and ... out! The spike left her flesh with a slight sucking sound and she quickly filled the works with water from the cracked cup. She shook them, then squirted the bloody water onto the floor. Another rusty stain on the lino ... She repeated this twice, as she liked to be as clean as possible, and then threw the works onto the table top.

She leaned back in the rickety chair, stretched once, then slumped back to enjoy the rush. Her eyes began to close, her head nodded and slowly the room around her became transformed. She suddenly saw what a beautiful place it really was and as the music swelled she got to her feet and danced for joy around the wonderful palace in which she was lucky enough to live ...

"Fiona."



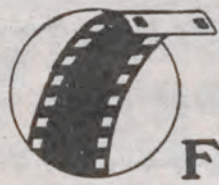
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INCANT ARTS



FILMS FILM STRIP

With all the middle of the year's work piling up, why not see a film? Most of those being shown on campus at present are oldies, with even the SU spicing up their ordinarily bland programme. Though *West Side Story* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* are stagey, the action-drama *To Have and to Have Not* features director Hawks, Bogey, Bacall and especially Walter Brennan all in splendid form. Don't be allured by the superficially modern appeal of *Jubilee*. It is a look at UK anarchy, but so pretentious and flat-footed that it belies its subject. Cinema 3 has also been looking back, if with a more practised eye, at two great genres, both of which reveal life's darker side. The film, *Double Indemnity*, is famed for both its acting and its bleakness, as is the melodrama *La Signora Di Tutti*. The more modern offerings pale by comparison, but keep an eye out for the imaginative double bill of *DOA* and *Detour*, two movies which really show the spots of post-war depression and neurosis.

However, the Film Society's *Only Angels Have Wings* is a spectacle of the cinema at its most accomplished with all the assets of a sturdy plot, ice-cool dialogue, Cary Grant, and a pervasive wit. *Richard III* needs no introduction, especially

given its recent mass coverage, and nor does *Persona*, which is far and away Bergman's best film. Its supporting short *La Jefe* is one of those pictures that you see once, want to see again, and never can. It will haunt you.

Fleapit, meanwhile, are selling out to the more up to date audience — ironic given their restricted screening facilities. They have not produced a full programme at the time of writing, but I'm told that *Being There* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman* are among their wise choices.

The Film Studies Department's presentations (which are free of charge most afternoons) are at the moment dominated by Fritz Lang. The films are too good to be singled out, but above all don't miss *Rancho Notorious* and *Beyond a Reasonable Doubt*. Another featured director is Jean-Luc Godard, and in particular it would be a shame to miss his recent *Sauve qui Peut-La Vie*.

Details of all the screenings are available from the Film Studies noticeboard in Rutherford extension, or from me, Dale Overton, in Darwin, or my preview programme for UKC Radio, Mondays and Wednesdays 5.30 pm to 6 pm. You might also wish to keep a lookout for the special midnight showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* at the ABC, which was arranged in conjunction with the Film Society after the film was banned from campus thanks to strange behaviour from the audience. Happy viewing.

DALE
OVERTON.

Fruit Jungle

Amongst the plethora of feminist literature which has emerged within the last 10 years, the work of Rita Mae Brown has been outstanding for its hard hitting originality. It is a sad fact that *Tubby Fruit Sundae*, although published 10 years ago by Daughters Publishing Company Inc, a small company publishing only books by women, remains in many ways still relevant to the struggles of women for liberation today. Rita Mae Brown was a founding member of both the gay and women's movements, and this book is primarily concerned with lack of tolerance and understanding of

gay people — a narrow mindedness which, 10 years later, is still a major flaw in our society.

The book tells the story of Molly Bolt, a young Southerner who first experiences a lesbian relationship at a very early age, loses her virginity to a girlfriend in the sixth grade and remains unashamedly gay for the rest of her life. Although feminist the book is by no means anti-men and Molly has heterosexual experiences too.

It is not just the prejudice against lesbianism that Ms Brown deplores, but that against male homosexuality as well. The

one person in the book, apart from Leroy, that Molly can relate to is Calvin, a gay prostitute she meets when on the streets of New York when seeking shelter for a night in an abandoned car.

She refuses to bow to convention and holds the banner of her sexuality high despite the problems it creates — the discovery of her lesbian affair at college and her determination to remain true to her feelings cause her expulsion. By holding down a full-time job to finance herself at college, Molly achieves her ambition — a degree in film studies — and although the book ends on a note of frustration and failure, nonetheless a feeling of achievement remains.

Although the style of the book — the bad language and explicit sex scenes — creates the impression of yet another trashy American novel, this is not the case, and the style fits in with the uninhibited character of Molly and the ideas the book communicates.

JANE HOWARTH.

Our Song.

I cried a tear
I wiped it dry
eventually.
Red rawness with
rough tissue dabbing.
Seep once more,
and I find, a well
of emotion
in an arid life.

Boughed on rough
seas
My heart
clamours in the
swell
he hears the cry
but heeds the war-
ning bell.

ELEANOR
BROWNE.

GANDHI

SIR RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH'S first film *In Which We Serve* was released in the same year, 1942, as the British Government imposed a ban on all cinematic representations of Mahatma Gandhi. His most recent film is the result of a career long preoccupation with the Indian leader, who, he said, "did more than any one man to bring about the end of the British Empire." Its script first appeared in 1963 and by the time that Attenborough had come to UKC to receive an honorary degree in 1979, he had mortgaged his house to pay for the project.

Such dedication and the obvious fruits of it in the film's richness and scope have coloured much serious appraisal of *Ghandi*: "Richard Attenborough's courageous attempt to film what many in the industry considered impossible, a three hour long, carefully constructed and sumptuously photographed life of the Mahatma" (*The Times*). Even given the considerable achievement of its production and Ben Kingsley's central performance, which has already passed into screen history, Indian response to the film has preferred to highlight the misgivings which survive even this sensual deluge.

There is without doubt something amiss in a \$20 million Hollywood-style epic about a man who lived for simplicity, restraint, humility and the cultural identity of the East. This discrepancy is dramatised, as in the scene in which Gandhi tries in vain to explain his mystic philosophy to a well meaning Martin Sheen. It is brought



out more potently, however, in the status of the latter as a (gratuitous) Hollywood star commodity. This commercialism even goes so far as to sacrifice the film's much-vaunted surface "realism" to the attractions of Candice Bergman, always more the fashion model than the roving reporter. The effect of the British stars is more subtle, and even more contradictory of the film's claims. For all the Empire-bashing of their scripts, Gielgud, Mills, Howard, Hordon signify in themselves a golden era of British acting (around 1942) and in so doing allow the audience to fall back, after all, on the laurels of this England.

On a directly political level too *Ghandi* is compromised. On the one hand it makes no attempt to come to terms with the Mahatma's mysticism (except in a token sequence omitted from all but the Indian version, in which he is portrayed in meditation). On the other it does not face the underlying political motives of his statesmanship or the contradictions within

both his political and personal life, dwelling instead on the safe ground of his pacifism, and that in relation to the heart of the man. This pragmatic approach, spelled out in the opening dedication is similar to that of *Reds* or David Lean's *Laurence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago* (and it is no surprise that he was also to attempt a Gandhi bio-epic). While it allows sufficient simplicity for the biography to be related in full, it weakens the story's ability to raise enough questions to sustain interest. We are left, then, with a series of scenes from a life which while being as watchable as the massive resources of acting and money can buy, ultimately lack punch. For all the experience of it all, the audience is finally glad to get up and go.

Cinema 3 have so far been unable to ensure a performance of *Ghandi* before next autumn, but it is hoped that Sir Richard Attenborough and his film may be induced to visit the campus before then.

DALE
OVERTON

Library Graffiti

Bitching in the ladies,
Bitching in the loo,
Up on the wall is,
"I hate you."

Swearing at my sisters,
Isn't the only way,
Never let a last word stay.

Graffiti in the library,
You should see the walls!
The one I like best,
Is about Picasso's balls.

But I wish the scrawlers,
Wouldn't be so terse —
Less of the patronising, please,
And let's have some silly verse.
ELEANOR BROWNE

WORK began last month on the £2.5 million plan to convert the former Odeon into Canterbury's new civic theatre, despite protests from several councillors, and rumours that the conversion would take two years to complete. These rumours have been denied and an opening date of spring, 1984, has been set, six months later than the date originally announced.

The Odeon is being completely refurbished: Backstage and dressing-room facilities are being improved and the pit enlarged. The auditorium will have a capacity of about 1,000, and with an

ODEON

enlarged stage the new Odeon should become a venue for professional touring companies as well as local amateur groups, offering drama, opera, musicals and dance. It is hoped that the Odeon will again become a venue for union promoted rock concerts.

The conversion plan has been welcomed by such groups as Kent Opera, who are currently without a Canterbury home since the close of the Marlowe Theatre. Hence when the Odeon reopens a greater range of entertainment should be brought to the city. As such the plan is to be welcomed. It has, however, been attacked by several council members, in-

cluding Cllr Burrett. Pointing to previous fitful support of the now demolished Marlowe and declining audiences at the Gulbenkian as the recession deepens, Cllr Burrett doubts that the Odeon can ever make a profit. His fears are not without foundation. The council's investment can surely only be recouped by greatly increased admission charges — a point on which the council has been significantly silent. Seen in this light the proposed plan to establish a new arts centre and library in Canterbury looks over-optimistic and it is doubtful whether it will materialise.

Paul
Arrowsmith.

Off the peg

The Alison Marchant Exhibition is being held on the third floor of the University Library. This exhibition is a varied collection of highly controversial work by the artist. Much of the work consists of clothing encased in fibre glass and decaying organic matter. Each piece is accompanied with several sketches and either a piece of poetry or prose.

Her attempt to shock the viewer into changing accepted concepts of art fails and in fact culminates in visual revulsion from the viewer. This shock element actually detracts from the works of value such as *Found Jumper*, which is a warm and fairly witty piece.

The sketches are of importance as they give insight into what the artist intended to express by the sculptures, but the poetry and prose was for much of the time irrelevant. The documentation was for much of the

time, therefore, the artist's self-gratification, and baffled the viewer.

Generally I feel this exhibition is an "ego trip" for this supposedly fine artist. For while Picasso was a founder

member of the cubists, Alison Marchant is a founder member of the mouldy bread movement.

SARAH JANE
HUGHES.



GULBENKIAN THEATRE

University of Kent at Canterbury
Music and Drama

Thursday, February 24
to Saturday 26, 8 pm

UKC DRAMATICS

THE TEMPEST
by William Shakespeare

Thursday, March 3
to Saturday 5, 8 pm

UNIVERSITY PLAYERS
ONE WAY PENDULUM

A FARCE IN A
LOWER DIMENSION

by N. F. Simpson

INCANT FEATURES

KEN TRAG SPEAKS!

A massive amount of hard work goes into organising Rag events, and to find out how it all happens I spoke to John ("since then it's got worse") Emanuelli, Rag president, in the Rag office deep in the bowels of Rutherford College. (Very appropriate as a sewage pipe runs through the office.)

The main events of Rag Week are, of course, the Procession and the Rag Ball. "This year's procession is going to be bigger and better than last year's," said John. Working in conjunction with the other colleges in Canterbury there promises to be many and varied floats, but Rag still needs as many people as possible to go along, enjoy them-

elves and snake a tin in aid of MENCAP: "The more tins we can get in people's hands, the more money we can get for the children," said John. "All we can do is pray for good weather."

It's the day when students take over Canterbury, so dress up your car, bike, roller skates and yourselves and come along - you can't really claim to be

a university student unless you've been initiated through a Rag event!

When John joined Rag it was for pure enjoyment: "I didn't give that much thought to raising money for charity, but now I've gone the other way, I concentrate so much on raising money that I miss out on all the fun!"

The charity chosen this year is MENCAP, and also several other local charities. Already this term Rag events have led to a £300 cheque being given to MENCAP, and at the time of writing Rag



was "not far off" having £1,000 in the bank. "Anything over £3,500 would be nice," said Clive ("Sod the degree, I'm drinking") Charwood. Last year Christ Church and UKC raised an impressive £2,250.

The grand finale to Rag Week, of course, is the RAG BALL, and anyone who is anyone will be there. If you went last year (and of course you all did) you can't fail to remember the magical transformation that had happened to Eliot Grand Hall with a futuristic light show beaming down from the top of scaffolding, and below a mass of humanity really letting themselves go and having a fantastic time.

"This year will be totally different to last year and completely unique. You won't see anything like it on campus ever again," said John. "There will be a new stage set with the famous Rag roof featuring heavily." (A dazzling affair in silver). There will be a bar inside the hall, with an extension until 11.30 pm, and the disco won't finish until late. Definitely very much after 12 midnight, you sceptics! There will also be a modern dance floor show from students at Nonington College of Performing Arts and your ticket gives you free entry to a raffle in which the first prize is a stereo radio cassette. Tickets cost £2.50 (all proceeds to MENCAP) and are available at College or Union shops. But do hurry because last year 350 people had to be turned away and missed the event of the year.

Looking at Astrology

In this issue of Incant, I want to discuss some of the functions of modern day astrology. In the past, Kings and Rulers always had their astrologers by their side and even as late as the Second World War, a Hungarian Astrologer, Louis De Wohl, was quietly employed by the British War Office. Similarly, Adolf Hitler had several astrologers, the chief one being Karl Krafft, a Swiss, whom de Wohl knew well and had worked with in the past, in fact he knew all the other five astrologers advising Hitler and was able to tell the British War Office what advice they were likely to be supplying to the Fuhrer!

The Kremlin too, has its official astrologer. First to Stalin, then Bulganin and Krushchev. These astrologers work on the charts of the birth of

their countries together with the chart of the president or ruling body, and they predict not only the outcome of wars but history, stockmarket fluctuations, events of the country and the span of election for government parties. This is called Mundane Astrology or more commonly political or national astrology. Mundane Astrology, however, is not only used for countries, each town and city also has its "birthday" and charts can be drawn up for any community where the relevant details are known.

Astrologers are sometimes asked to choose a favourable time for actions to be taken, eg, the formulation of a company, the starting of a club, this is known as Electional Astrology.

whether I plan my life with the help of astrology the answer is always "no," although it is true that occasionally, before a planned event occurs, I will consult my chart to consider whether the event will be successful or not - but only after I've already made up my mind whether or not to go ahead! More frequently I consult my chart in retrospect - to see why I felt or acted in a certain way - or perhaps more interestingly to see whether or not an encounter with a stranger will develop into a relationship! For this, of course, it is helpful to have the stranger's charts as well for comparison with one's own. Comparison of any two charts, whether those of friends, lovers or a married couple is called Synastry.

be some who have never been sure exactly which sun-sign they come under. These people are "cuspal," that is born on the day on which the sun changes its sign.

For example, if you were born on April 20 you could be either Aries or Taurus depending on which year and at what time you were born. If you are unsure of your sun-sign, please drop me a line at the Incant office, with your date, place and time of birth, if known, and I will confirm which sun-sign you come under. Some of you may be in for a shock - especially those born between the 19th and 24th of any month as newspapers are frequently contradictory and often wrong altogether!

I am often asked among the students at UKC there may well

Ruth Brinkman.



Rag procession stopping traffic last year.

Rag wouldn't be Rag without a magazine and this year's features a cover designed by our very own SU president, Mr Nick Wells: "It is possibly the most constructive piece of work he's done this year, and he didn't even colour it in!" said John and Clive. This will be on sale for a nominal 30p and is "approved" as well as recommended!

John agrees that so far this year all events have been well attended. Rag itself consists of a "hard core" of about 45 people for whom Rag Week is the culmination of months of hard work. Part of their success is due to the fact they "use every possible way of getting things done." They are on very good terms with the authorities, cultivated by a conscious effort to be nice to them. Rag is especially grateful for the help of UKC Radio, Rutherford porters and Mr Dan Taylor, whose enthusiasm for the Rag Ball is very encouraging - as long as the flower beds remain intact! "We must be the only university in the country that has to insure the flower beds around the college



On your bike - Rag style!

before the Rag Ball!" said John.

Rag is the great tradition of students and gives the rest of the community a chance to see how much fun we have. John said: "I think they like to see the students doing something constructive for a change."

So if you want some fun and enjoyment in life watch out for the posters and give Rag all the support you can by both participating

and attending their events. Where else can you get the chance to bid for autographed photos of Thatcher, Foot and Williams, autographed books from Tony Benn and Roy Jenkins? Rag even offers "the original alternative to college food" with Charlie D serving food every Wednesday at 7 pm in Darwin Missing Link (proceeds to MENCAP) and of course all the very best dressed people will be attending

these events in their Rag sweatshirts (£5) and T-shirts (£2.50) available from the Rag office (which is at the bottom of the stairs which lie between Rutherford Dining Hall and Bar) or on stalls outside each dining hall!

Don't forget to support all the events and have a fantastic time doing so. Thanks Rag and good luck.

SUEWARD.



the Committee!

RAG DIARY OF EVENTS

Saturday, February 12:

Collecting in town all day. 1.30 pm PROCESSION (starting Market car park). Films: 10 and Arthur. Darwin missing link. 8.0p, 7-11 pm.

Sunday, February 13:

Wellie Whanging, 2 pm, Senate Lawn. Films: 10 and Arthur. DML. 2-6 pm and 7-11 pm. 8.0p. SU Film: Stardust. 6.0p. Colt. 7.30 pm. Pub crawl in Canterbury (meet 7.30 pm Eliot Causeway).

Monday, February 14:

Croquet, Senate Lawn, afternoon. St Valentine's Day Massacre Disco, Eliot JCR, 7.30 pm.

Tuesday, February 15:

Pancake race, balloon race, central campus. Videos, Rutherford E1-S, 5.0p, 2.30 pm.

Wednesday, February 16:

Silly sports, central campus, afternoon. Grudge

Football Match vs UKC Radio, Giles Lane pitch, afternoon. Films: Long Good Friday and Life of Brian, 2-6 pm and 7-11 pm, DML, 8.0p. Mega Charlie D, DML, 7 pm. Revue, Darwin JCR, 5.0p, 9.30 pm.

Thursday, February 17:

Auction, Rutherford JCR, lunchtime. Videos, Rutherford E1-S, 5.0p, 2.30 pm. Revue, Darwin JCR, 5.0p, 9.30 pm.

Friday, February 18:

Trolley race, central campus, lunchtime. Films: Time Bandits and Elephant Man, DML, 2-6 pm and 7-11 pm, 8.0p. Yard of Ale contest, 8 pm.

Saturday, February 19:

GRAND RAG BALL, £2.50. 8 pm. The 'Pie Squad' "operate" all week delivering pies to their victims. They will also deliver flowers and chocolates on Valentine's Day (Monday). See notice board for details.

INCANT SPORT

VIEW FROM THE CREASE

All rounder Graham Johnson is one of Kent Cricket Club's most experienced players. His career as a cricketer reaches back to 1965, when he first played for the Kent side, and since then he has got a degree from the London School of Economics, been 'blacklisted' for South African sporting connections, but has never been selected for the England squad. He talked to Incant about his life as a county player.

Graham began his interest in the game early in life — "My dad coached me; he probably wanted to be a professional cricketer himself" — and was spotted by Kent Cricket Club talent scouts at pre-season checks at his school. This resulted in his playing for the Kent first team in 1965.

"I had the opportunity of going to University, or playing cricket," Graham Johnson told me, and he decided to go to University while he had the chance. He attended the London School of Economics from 1967-9. "I wanted a degree as insurance policy, so I didn't get stuck with boring jobs later," he explained. In fact, he saw the notorious series of events that resulted in open revolt at the LSE in 1969, just when he was taking his final exams. "The students took over the administrative block, and a porter collapsed and died of a heart attack," he said. "It started as

an argument about student representation and ended as 'smash the system.' A lot of us got disillusioned." However, despite all this, Graham still achieved a 2:1 grade for his degree.

In 1970, Graham Johnson batted at the number 3 position under Colin Cowdrey. "We were at the bottom of the league in July, but we ended up winning the championship," he said. "It was the height of my career, playing in the best Kent team ever."

He was appointed vice-captain of Kent Cricket team in 1977, "when Asif Iqbal took over the captaincy after Packer." However, a cartilage operation put him out of the team for some time.

"I'm blacklisted," admitted Graham, for his involvements in South African cricket. For the last few years he has managed the Barclay's coaching fund in Johannesburg. "I see myself as doing

something constructive in the country to try and amend the situation there. I don't agree with apartheid; I'd like to see a non-violent way of changing it," and that is what he is trying to do. "The blacklist is a joke," he said; "so many people are left off..."

His training schedule is quite strenuous, even through the winter. Jogging and gym work three times a week, plus squash, football, golf, and even hockey — he played in a charity match recently — and so on.

As a career, he thinks that cricket has "much

more going for it now," with higher salaries, but it is obviously still a lot of hard work. Graham admits that it is a funny job. "You end at an awkward age — what do you do for the rest of your life?"

Although he realises that his career is drawing to a close now, Graham Johnson still has two aims: to play for England and to captain Kent Cricket Team. With the disastrous performance of the England team in Australia, perhaps his country needs him!

Interview: Kathryn Everett.



Graham Johnson. 1983 is his benefit year.

SILVER FOR STRIDERS

The UKC Striders running club, in conjunction with the Sports Centre, is organising an Inter-College Relay Race on Wednesday, March 2. One mixed team from each college will participate but numbers are not strictly limited and competitors from all sports are welcome to run the course of 1½ miles per leg. Details of entry can be found on the noticeboards in the foyer of the Sports Centre.

Last term, the Striders performed well in a number of events, notably the cross-country meetings at Reading University and Osterley Park. The club usually enters two men's teams and one ladies' team in each competition and these achieved their greatest success of the season so far in the Surrey University Road Relay. The ladies' team of four won silver medals for gaining second position in their race while the

men finished in the bronze medal position. Heather Beasley recorded the fastest time for a woman.

On Saturday, February 5, the Striders sent a ladies team to Stirling University for the National Students Cross-Country Championships.

There were also two individual entrants from the club in the men's championships. The major event of this term is the prestigious

Hyde Park relay to be run over a course of three miles on Saturday, February 19. Universities from all over Great Britain and Europe are invited to this meeting and the UKC Striders are entering one ladies' and two men's teams.

The running club train from Monday to Thursday in the evenings, starting from the Sports Centre at 5 pm, and new members are encouraged.

PAUL McANLIFFE.

Contributions

If anyone wishes to contribute to Incant sports pages please contact Andrew Mann (D) or Alan Hanaway (D) or come to meetings in Eliot SR 8 on Tuesdays at 7 pm. All articles will be considered.

THE SLADEST

FOR many parents the name Noddy Holder will evoke nothing but bad memories of their troublesome kids turning up the television to hear that raucous bunch of yobboes from Wolverhampton, Slade, belt out their latest number one hit on "Top of The Pops."

Those days have of course gone — Slade, however, haven't — They have remained throughout the good and the bad times and have currently been enjoying massively successful UK tours. Old Nod hasn't quietened down much either — even if it's a new audience of mainly heavy-metal fans instead of screaming girls;



Billed as "a madcap, breathtaking odyssey through Star Trek territory," "They Came From Somewhere Else" was the ultimate science fiction soap opera send up. Set in the normal town of Middleford, it told of what happened to normal people, who watched Crossroads and Star Trek, when they discovered the truth about their existence. Suddenly worries over girlfriends, parking tickets, the role of the Americans in Europe and Norman Tebbit seemed irrelevant when there was a heatwave in the middle of winter, when goldfish, shrimps, and rubber plants attacked people, it rained liver, a sofa swallowed a traffic warden and you discovered that the earth was made of "something similar to formica, but less expensive."

A hilarious, sometimes rowdy and brilliantly conceived production delighted the capacity audience. Novel and interesting use was made of the stage, which was split into two rooms (one decorated with Flash Gordon wallpaper) where all the action occurred — often simultaneously. Full use was also made of lighting effects. With the regulatory flashes of light when spacemen were beamed down (using special gold plated underpants) to earth.

Although not as polished as the classic science fiction take off *The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy*, the writers, who were also the entire cast, are very talented, and provided an extremely funny evening's entertainment.

M. A. C.

that doesn't stop him prowling around the stage in a vicar's outfit yelling "Lock up your daughters" down the microphone in that inimitable husky voice of his.

Surprisingly, when he's off stage Mr Noddy Holder is a quietly-spoken, well-mannered, decent sort of chap — which came as a shock but a great relief to Ross Woodward and Sarah Kendall who decided to take their lives in their hands and interview Slade. The New LP is a live set called "Slade on stage" recorded one wild and riotous night in Newcastle.

We began the interview by asking Noddy why they'd chosen Newcastle City Hall to record this, the third live Slade LP at.

"It wasn't a particularly special show but we just wanted to record one gig and keep everything as spontaneous as possible. We've never recorded at Newcastle before but we picked it and it worked."

Do you find that touring helps record sales?

"Sometimes it does but you can't guarantee it. We still tour because we enjoy it and we want to show people the new songs."

Your set opener, "Rock 'n' roll preacher" sees you dressed up as a vicar yelling "Hallelujah." Has this offended anyone?

"Not really — we've been doing the Hallelujah preaching business for a long time in the act, so we decided to write a song based around it. We've had no complaints — everyone's taken it in good fun."

Other songs have lyrics that might offend feminists — "Lock up your daughters," or "That was no lady, that was my wife..."

"We do get feminists reacting to a lot of our songs but we don't take any notice. I mean if they take the songs that seriously that's their lookout!"

You're implying that Slade don't take themselves seriously?

"Not at all, no."

In your old days, you used to be called The Inbetweens and cover Beatles numbers.

"Yes, we did a lot of Tamla — but in a rock way. We never played stuff that other bands were playing — we were always original in our style. We used to do 'Reach out and I'll be there' as a rock number! The Four Tops with guitars, and very heavy too."

Do you look back and wish that the heyday of Slade returned?

"The 70s was the heyday in terms of popularity and record sales, obviously at the moment we don't sell as many albums as we did back in those days... but we can still go out and pack halls. We're still having hits — not number ones — but we're still selling. We'd like to have the

success back but we don't get sleepless nights because we haven't got it any more. A lot of people have said all our records sound alike but it's not true if you look down the list of our hits. Out of 25 odd hits, there's probably only been about 10 that have been real rockers. Our first number one — 'Coz I luv you' featured an electric violin and of course 'How does it feel' was a keyboard number."

What sort of audience are you getting now?

"We still get a lot of the old fans but it's largely a new audience — a lot of metal fans — at Christmas we like to play several universities — we used to dislike student audiences when we were having big hits but we regret it now. When we came back from the States we did a gig in Germany — we enjoyed it but we couldn't go out and do a UK concert tour. So we told the agencies to see what they could book us and the first gig was Reading University — it was great. We regret that."

It was at the Reading Rock Festival that you made your "comeback." How did that come about, because at that time it seems most of Britain had forgotten that Slade still existed...

"Just before we did Reading we were at our lowest ebb career-wise, we couldn't get any radio airplay and the media were totally ignoring us. We'd tried to get on Reading the year before and they'd said 'No we're not having Slade — they're finished.' We knew we only needed a festival to prove our worth. Three or four days before, Ozzy Osbourne's Blizzard of Oz dropped out and they were really stuck for a band to fill in. At their last resort they took us and we were booked in for the Sunday afternoon. The crowd went wild when they were told that Slade were going to appear and when we went on

stage it was crazy from the off — we went a storm and the media took notice then. It was no more of a different show than we'd been doing in universities and clubs — it's just the media noticed us!"

Do people make you sick when they demand that you play the same old songs?

"No — we always do what the audience wants — if they want to hear something, we'll play it. The only time we actually play 'Merry Christmas' ourselves is at Christmas."

Did you ever envisage that "Merry Christmas Everybody" would become a song that is a festive anthem year after year?

"Well it was a planned thing to bring it out. It was recorded in New York in the August of 1973 when it was a boiling hot muggy day! It was a pre-planned idea we'd got — 1973 was a very big year for us — 'Cum on feel the noise' went straight to number one first day of release, 'Skweeze me pleeze me' did the same thing and nobody, not even The Beatles had done that! It felt great, and we wanted to do it a third time so we recorded 'Merry Christmas' for our third release. In the meantime back in the UK Polydor brought out 'My friend Stan' which only went in at number three."

You're always up there but nobody stays up there forever — every band eventually has to go through a bad patch — a time when you become unfashionable. But you can't expect to be fashionable all the time.

And with that the well-mannered Mr Holder sauntered out to put on his Jekyll and Hyde outfit to transform himself, so that when Slade hit UKC they'd bring the house down.

By Ross Woodward and Sarah Kendall

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INCANT SPORT

OFF TO THE USSR

Some members of the UKC soccer club are to embark on an unusual two-week summer tour this year, for it is not one of the popular Mediterranean countries that they go but to the Soviet Union.

Leaving on a flight from Gatwick in late August the group will spend the next fortnight touring Western Russia, stopping in four cities. Beginning in Leningrad, they move onto Taltinie, a holiday

resort on the Baltic Coast; a few more days will be spent in Kallinin before reaching the final destination — capital of the Eastern Bloc, Moscow.

At each city the team will play at least one football match, there will also be the opportunity to go on optional "cultural visits." The accommodation is in youth hotels, apparently these are basic.

The holiday is open to

non-members of the soccer club and there are several places still available. The price for the complete package is £349, this includes all food and air fare (return — hopefully).

The 1st XI is currently leading the Premier Division of the Canterbury and District League, but are being challenged by Nonington College. All three teams were knocked out of the UAU championship last

term, a markedly less successful run than in the previous season's event.

For further information on the summer holiday to the USSR, please contact Mike Wilkins in the Sports Centre.

A.M.



The UKC 1st XI soccer team — league leaders.

Clubs

UKC Judo Club meets Mondays 7 pm-4 pm, Wednesdays 2 pm-4 pm.

UKC Ladies' Cricket Club — Saturdays 11.45 pm, net prac-

tice, UAU team and local matches, contact J. Langan (E).

UKC Riding Club — lessons and trips to equestrian events, £3 per

year. Meet Keynes JCR III Mondays, 1 pm-1.30 pm.

U K C Underground — February 11-13, potholing, North York-

shire. March 2, Dover tunnels. March 11-13, caving, Mendips. Meet Thursday, Darwin Bar, 7.15 pm. Contact R. Austin (R), V. Bannister (D).

After an absence of three years from the university sports scene, the Ski Club has now been revived. A group of keen skiers led by Simon Eldridge took it upon themselves to arrange a meeting — the posters went up and the response according to Simon was good: "I was really pleasantly surprised by the number of people who turned up. There are obviously quite a few skiers around. Their reaction was pretty enthusiastic and if this is kept up, then the Ski Club should really take off — if you see what I mean!"

A fair quota of people who had not skied before came along, reflecting the increasing popularity of skiing

amongst Brits. At the meeting it was made clear that non-skiers and beginners would be welcome, in addition to more experienced skiers.

As a direct result of the meeting, the Ski Club has already arranged for weekly trips down to the Folkestone dry ski slope — on Monday nights for the advanced classes and Thursdays for beginners. There is a standard charge of £13 for a minimum group of 10 people... so the more people who show, the less it costs. These trips

run from Eliot causeway at 8 o'clock sharp, to be in Folkestone in time to be kitted up and ready for the slope by 9. (Incidentally, the price includes the hire of boots, skis and batons).

Further meetings will be held in the very near future with a view to expanding club activities, such as trips to the better dry slopes at Tunbridge Wells and Hillingdon, plus arranging some kind of social function — so keep an eye out for further announcements if you're interested.

If you fancy becoming a member, contact Ski Club via the notice board in Eliot.

More powder to your elbow!
DON PERRETT.

SKI UKC



Ski club gets off the ground.

COLLEGE SOCCER

With a few games remaining, the situation in the college championship is very tight, although Eliot can perhaps be counted out. They have yet to gain a league point, so it is fast developing into a three-horse race between the other colleges.

Darwin are the team to beat at the moment, unbeaten to date; but in their last two games they have showed signs of faltering. They only just survived an onslaught by Keynes in a 1-1 draw, and despite an enormous amount of possession they took their time in disposing of Eliot in a scrappy game. Darwin's principal asset appears to be the spirit that runs

throughout the team, a willingness to help each other out when the going gets tough.

Keynes have come good of late, and have looked a highly efficient and well-organised team. The recent acquisition of a new goalkeeper has given the whole team, and particularly the defence, a lot more confidence. The team can pour forward more easily now in the knowledge that it will take a good goal to beat their 'keeper. The next few games will be important if Keynes hope to top the league.

Rutherford have suffered only one defeat to date, and could prove the biggest threat to

Darwin, in view of their victory over Keynes. Perhaps not as disciplined as their two main rivals defensively, Rutherford nevertheless are a strong attacking force, with some notable individuals in their midfield and attack. Every game played involving them is guaranteed to be a hard struggle, hard but fair.

The form of Eliot has fluctuated between their 8-1 drubbing at the hands of Keynes to their narrow defeat by Darwin, which could so easily have finished in a goalless draw. The reason, perhaps, for their inconsistency is the occasional inclusion of two university team players, boosting

their form when playing, and leaving them a little exposed in midfield when on university duty. However, it seems unlikely that they can climb to the top of the league, not having yet clocked up a point.

Whoever wins the intra-mural championship, the games have all been well contested, all played in a good spirit, with little controversy to speak of. Although games are played on a league basis, this tends not to enter into the minds of the players, merely the fact that they are ensured a keenly contested game of football each week.

A. HANNAWAY.

HOCKEY REPORT

The first XI's record (won 13, drawn one, lost three) of last term probably makes them the most successful team in the University. This is a surprise considering that five of the six new players were first years. However, a fixed squad and a marked lack of injuries contributed to their success. Having noted this, it is true to say that the three matches lost were probably the

most important, indeed it was a great pity to get to the last 16 of the UAU competition and then be convincingly beaten by Reading University. Lack of consistently good opposition was definitely a major cause of this defeat, but looking on the brighter side the team is top of their league and stand a good chance of being promoted at the end of the season. A more ex-

perienced team next year should hope to do even better. On a personal note it was good to see Alistair Hamer-Phillip get through the UAU trials to represent England U-21 indoors.

Although the seconds have had a mixed season, they also succeeded in getting to the final 16 of their UAU competition. At the beginning of this term they were beaten 3-0 by a very strong Durham team. This year the men's hockey club now numbers 42, which has meant that they have been able to field a regular 3rd XI, usually meaning that anyone who wants a game can get one. There is also an indoor side that plays in competitions every two or three weeks. It has done very well considering that the opposition has often been some of the top London clubs.

This year's AGM saw the election of a new 3rd XI captain and the creation of a new post on the committee, a mixed hockey club captain. Under the auspices of social secretary Alistair Hamer-Phillip, two discos were organised last term, to the Abbot's Barton Hotel and Grove Ferry, coaches being hired for the latter and 110 tickets being sold.

This term the club is running a mixed indoor tournament, an inter-collegiate competition and a 12-hour game in the sports hall to raise money for charity. At the beginning of the summer term there is the annual four-day tour to Utrecht, to round off quite an eventful year for the hockey club.

BRET SAVILLE.

ukc radio

300 Metres Medium Wave



Tournaments

THERE are two important events in the world of racquet sports coming up soon. The annual UKC badminton tournament takes place in the sports centre on Saturday, February 12, while last week of the month sees the squash tournament, open to all university members and users' card holders. The qualifying mat-

ches are on February 21, 22, 25, 26, the semi-finals and finals take place on Sunday, February 27, at 11.30 am and 2.30 pm.

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