

# Kredstudent

Templeman Library  
UKC Collection

Box 121

The weekly newspaper of UKC Students' Union

Tuesday 13th October 1992

No. 184

Inside

page 2  
Noticebord

page 3  
Back-Chat

page 4  
Patriot Games &  
Unforgiven

page 5  
UKC Radio  
Timetable

page 6



The Cranberries

Back page  
Sport

Kred is 100%  
recycled

## Woman Attacked in Eliot College

by Clair Wilcox,  
Women's Officer

Most of us take our own, personal safety for granted. We walk where we choose, at whatever time of day or night we want - 'most of us' will probably include more men than women. Safety is, by and large, not an issue over which sleepless nights are lost or which occupies the mind in the pub, at home, on campus, or on the bus. To completely ignore its importance, however, is to lull yourself into a false sense of security.

On Saturday night (Oct 3rd) a woman was attacked in Eliot College. She was verbally and physically abused in an incredibly disturbing manner. Fortunately, the physical assault was slight, though vicious. The incident impressed upon those of us who dealt with it, the continuing relevance of our campaigns for safety precautions.

This Students' Union has probably one of the strongest and most persistent safety campaigns in the country. It is a sad fact that our fight to force the University to realise the importance of students' safety was kick-started by the rape of a woman, in her own room on campus, and an attempted rape on the same night. These incidents threw floodlights on the University's inadequacies as regards

safety and an occupation of the Registry ensued. As a result of this action we had many of our demands answered: spyholes installed in doors, free attack alarms provided, the late night minibus, the escort service established etc.

Three years later, however, the University has steadily eroded our achievements. Every time they think we're not looking they surreptitiously dispose of another security guard or night porter.

The incident on Saturday should make you realise that safety issues are vital to every single person on this campus. Women will not stop being attacked until the whole basis of our society is changed, until men are no longer in such a position of power that they can abuse it. In the meantime women need to be aware of safety risks. Think sensibly about how you're going to get home, is your residence safe and secure, etc. Men need to acknowledge the fact that women face different safety risks than themselves, shoulder some of the responsibility of safety and help us in the struggle for a safer campus.

Most importantly, don't panic or be scared - just be aware.

Come and see Clair in the Union Building to report any incidents or if you have any problems or queries or worries.

### NUS Cards

Over 1500 of these have been issued at Registration. If you have not yet collected yours, they are available from the Union Building reception. Everyone is entitled to one!!



SNAP!! In Eliot College last week

## Accommodation Crisis Worsen's

by Tahsin Guner (D)

The numbers of students living off-campus has shown a dramatic increase this year, with almost half of all students forced to find accommodation outside of UKC. Even 216 extra places in Park Wood could not keep up with the increase in students, due to government policy ensuring that more and more students enrol in Further Education. Worst of all, many first year students are denied on-campus accommodation. For these students, their first experience of University life is the hassle of finding suitable digs at the right place and location.

But the burden to off-campus students goes beyond

the first few weeks. Traveling to University every day not only costs money, but valuable time better spent studying, drinking in the bar, sleeping, and so on. For first year students it can be harder to make friends, cliques of students living along the same corridor having already formed after the first day. Students living on campus are surrounded by friends from day one.

Contrary to popular belief students are only allowed one year of on-campus accommodation. This year this has led to problems with third year Computer Science students whose heavy lab work necessitates proximity to the University. According to the Master's Secretary at Darwin, this one-year limit is Univer-

sity policy decided by the Registry and the Pro Vice Chancellors.

So what needs to be done? Rita Wale of the Accommodation Office says: 'There needs to be a change in University policy.' The argument posed by Masters and Admissions is that a mix of 1st, 2nd and 3rd year students living on-campus enriches University life. Maybe so, but with so many students living off-campus, many are denied sharing fully in this life.

In some Universities, for example Norwich, on-campus accommodation is guaranteed to ALL first year students, with the likelihood of returning in the third year. If it can be done there, why not so at UKC?

# Fire Alarms Mean Get Out!!!

by Margot Raggett

When the fire alarms were set off in Eliot after the SNAP! gig last Wednesday, it was discovered that not everyone realises exactly what the alarms mean.

When the fire alarm sounds you must get out of the

college, and as quickly and quietly as possible. The only exception to this rule is the weekly alarm practice in each college, which should be well advertised before hand. At all other times GET OUT! Last Wednesday some people were simply unaware that the Loud Bells were a fire alarm - these people have an excuse. Those

people who knew it was a fire alarm but presumed it was a hoax - do not. NEVER disregard the alarms because they are designed to warn about real danger.

The advice of Porters is to stay calm, quickly put something warm on (including on your feet) and proceed out of the college through the near-

est fire exit. All fire exits automatically unlock when the alarms are sounded. Take the time to find out where the nearest exit is to your room so you can get there quickly in an emergency. Be warned - if you are found to be remaining in your room when the alarms are sounded - you could be fined.

## NOTICEBOARD

### Access Society Social

Wednesday 14th October

12pm - 2pm

Wine, Sandwiches & Conversation

Rutherford Upper Senior Common Room

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Welcome to the best Society on Campus!!

Our first meeting is Wednesday, 14th Oct.  
(Time and place will be on our posters around your College)

If you've already joined or wish to do so  
Please Come Along  
See you there!!

### OXFAM SOCIETY SORRY!

Due to unforeseen circumstances the first Oxfam Meeting has been changed to  
**Thursday, 15th October, 7.30 p.m.**  
in Keynes Lecture Theatre 2.  
See you there!!

Societies -  
send your notices to Kred at the  
Mandela Building and mark them  
for the Societies Noticeboard

### ASIAN SOCIETY "Tribal Trance" (garage rave)

Thursday, 15th October  
7.30 - 12.00

Venue: Keynes JCR  
£1 members/£1.50 non-members

### ASIAN SOCIETY "Intro Meeting"

Tuesday, 13th October, 7.30 p.m.  
Venue: Keynes Lecture Theatre One

# Students' Union BOOKSHOP

Now Open!!!!

Situated between Endsleigh  
and STA

Open Mon - Fri

Books sold 60% cover price

Books bought 40% cover price



## NO MEANS NO



NO MEANS NO is a campaign which has steadily grown in Britain since it was 'imported' from America. It's all about challenging the myths of rape, empowering the women and educating men.

Rape is not committed by mad strangers in dark alleyways. According to Diana Scully in the Guardian (18/12/90) no more than 5% of men are psychotic at the time of their crimes.

DID YOU KNOW?

1 in 4 women experience rape or attempted rape at some time in their lives.  
84% know their assailant.  
57% happened on dates.

(Ms survey - Mary P Koss)

## No Means No Week October 19th - 23rd

## Kredits

Editor Margot Raggett  
Assistant Editor Belinda Harrison  
News Editor Matthew Mostyn  
Features Editor Karen Leadbetter  
Music Editor Martin Coward  
Sports Editor To be arranged  
Deputy Sport Editor To be arranged  
Graphics Editor Vicki Moon

### Teams:-

**News:** Karen Webster, Tony Pope  
**Features:** Speedy, Keith Rundle, Jeffrey Hudson, Yasmin Al-Toqmatchi, Charlotte Simpson, Nat High, Jane Mills, Ciaran C. Taylor, Tristan Macdonell, Karen Leadbetter, Tara Conlan, Matthew Mostyn, Robert Elliston, Clare Fellas, Andrew Gosling, Darren Bennett, Frank Marcus, Chris Groves, Kay Bridger, Giovanna Dunmall, Julia Mlambo, Vicki Moon, Mary Murphy  
**Campus News:** Rachel Potter, Paul Wright  
**What's On?:** Jenni Dixon  
**Sport:** Phil Rowley, Simon Kelly, Dave Wade, Tony Murphy, Clare Smith, Melissa Bartlett  
**Music:** Hamish Ironside, Fabian Ironside, Laurence Remila, Nat High, Adam Palmer, Stuart Coddling, Clare Fellas, dMathew Grainger  
**Photos:** William Chalk  
**Production:** Margot (The Editor)  
**Admin. Manager** Tony Pope  
**Typesetting** Di, Lee & Fiona  
**Lay-out Consultant** Trish  
**Kred**, Students' Union, Mandela Building, University of Kent, Canterbury, Kent.  
Tel. (0227) 765224; Fax. (0227) 464625  
**Kred** is published by the Students' Union of the University of Kent at Canterbury, and printed by Pyramid Press, Bristol.

# Kents Review

Your weekly pullout guide to the arts

## Little League

by Ryan Gilbey

Since her fluffy comedy "Big" was released in 1988, director Penny Marshall has given no indication as to what keeps her in the movie business. I'd love to know because she obviously detests the medium: why else would she offer work as unpardonably execrable as "A League Of Their Own"?

The film follows two sisters, Dottie [Geena Davis] and Kit [Lori Petty], who are plucked from rural obscurity to help comprise a female league to keep baseball in action whilst the men fight World War II. Their team is managed by ex-baseball superstar Jimmy Duggan [Tom Hanks] whose fight against the alcoholism which destroyed his career provides a distracting sub-plot. Sibling rivalry swamps proceedings, though, and tensions reach their nub when the sisters find themselves on opposing teams at the women's baseball World series.

Promotion of "A League ..." has centred around Madonna's role but the film doesn't need her: she is merely its most adjunctive point. The real star is nostalgia; for a more inspired treatment of America's recent past though, Marshall should have referred back to the affectionate objectivity of Barry Levinson's "Diner" or John Waters' mondo-trasho kitsch. But the film's apathy, and its sheepish dependence on dimestore laughs, dictates an atmosphere of creative redundancy. The past here is too rosy, too selec-



tively amnesiac, like the time-dampened anecdotes of a dull aunt.

Beyond the sheen, there are no characters to care about. As with all high-concept pictures "A League ..." was conceived on a graph. Consequently, the dialogue and emotional shifts are so clumsy that they rattle the teeth in your head. Any feminist possibilities collapse as each woman is pigeonholed according to her beauty. Why, even the ugly girl finds love - in the arms of her geeky male counterpart. The performances are about as much fun as ingrowing toenails, although Tom Hanks does alleviate the agony intermittently by appearing to have a ball. Finally, his buoyancy is sadly counter-productive: you end up wishing you could have a ball too.

Nostalgia has always been

a commodity and Marshall is a shrewd peddler to be sure. Along with brother Garry and co-star Ron Howard, she began her career working on the American television hit "Happy Days" and now they have formed a treacly triumvirate amongst the Hollywood hierarchy. Every movie which this trio have spawned - from Garry Marshall's "Pretty Woman" to Howard's "Parenthood" - has been symptomatic of all which is lame and disheartening in popular cinema. Their films are T.V.-pilots stretched to 90-minute breaking point. They themselves are the figureheads of a worryingly bland cinema of indifference, its head buried up its own arse, nationalistically recreating a past that never was. Crucially, their films just do not matter, and that is the greatest crime.

## Back-chat : the kids get narky over literacy shocker claim.

### Deer Crid,

I am writing to complain about the article in the Freshers' edition of your old rag that told of the Queen's English Societys view that the standard of english has gone down among degree students. As if!

As a B.A. student meself I find it well annoying to be told that I can't understand how to work grammar or talk proper or find it hard to...to...to say the things wot I mean in words. Who says we can't spell or

talk wiv a big vocabulary [there's a big one for starters] and communicate good. Probably a crusty old man wiv a handlebar pistashio, I mean mustache, who mumbles and makes noises in his throat wen he wants someone to pass the port. I am well famous wiv me frends for my after dinner oratory [and I got that from a bloke called Collin]. So praps some of The Little Dorrit appreciation society would like to come round one night and see my hilarious impression of roland rat superstar and my

uncanny rendishon of 'Aufriendersehn Pet' in accents a-go-go.

from Dame Judy Dench, hon. B.A.

Alias The Comedy Club, Rebecca Lammin and Cheryl Clemons

Watch this space for more details

## Kred Travel

# OSTEND

The recommended starter menu for Europe

by Michael Griffiths

The start of the University term is perhaps not the best of times to encourage foreign travel, especially when for some, only just arrived, it will not bear consideration. But rest assured that for many dreams of adventure, harking back to the summer months, are only just beginning.

If you wish to approach Europe from Germany, Czechoslovakia or Hungary and work down the Continent then it is likely that Ostend, with its large ferry terminal and railway station will be the first port of call.

And if you find time before the train departs, or wish to spend the night, then Ostend is not a bad place to find your continental bearings

A largely unprepossessing

sight from the the sea with the high, slightly greyish buildings that line the waterfront, starkly contrasting with the flat, featureless Belgium coast, Ostend, nevertheless, has much more to offer the visitor than its outer face appears to indicate.

The long, narrow streets constantly crossed by other similarly proportioned thoroughfares and bordered by tall, narrow buildings, exude a faintly Parisian air which is enhanced by dozens of cafés and restaurants. Many of these specialize, it is noticeable, in fish menus - for the town also has a large fishing port and yacht harbour.

At odd times during the day you will probably come across groups of peripatetic musicians playing Dutch jazz

to the beer or coffee drinking patrons of these cafés.

Come dusk a larger band will play in the central square to the people sipping their drinks and smoking cigarettes. Whilst a little to the south, following those out for an evening stroll, there ar bars catering for others with specific musical tastes. If you are a heavy metal fan there is even one for you; where no one is without a T-shirt emblazoned with the name of their favourite band - weird.

Ostend is not a place for culture. Though that depends on how you define the term. Certainly this street theatre is the only one available. For an evening, it's all that's needed; remaining a pleasant appetizer before beginning the European main course.

## NITELINE

Niteline is a confidential, anonymous organisation run by students for you.

We're here to listen if you're lonely, depressed or anxious, or perhaps you may just want information (e.g. the number of the nearest Pizza Hut) or a friendly chat.

Whatever your problem, if you feel you can't talk to friends or parents, then contact us; we take our confidentiality and anonymity seriously, so we can be trusted.

If you never need to contact Niteline, that's great, but if you ever find yourself in a situation where you need someone, and have no-one, Niteline will be there.

Phone us on Internal 7633

or External 454868

or call in through Keynes Lecture Theatre 2

We're here from 8.00 p.m. - 8.00 a.m.

JOIN US!

If you feel you could have something to offer as a Niteliner, then give us a ring

## Film Review

## Patriot Games

by Nat High

"Who are we looking for? The IRA or an ultra-violent splinter group of the IRA?" asks Harrison Ford during 'Patriot Games'. "Ultra-violent"? This is obviously to distinguish them from the splinter group of the IRA that specialises in flower pressing and knitting. This, coupled with absurdly stereotypical names (Sinn Fein's 'Paddy O'Neil' and the aristocrat Geoffrey Watkins), offensive music (pipes, whistles and 'Clannad' throughout) and the reduction of the war against terrorism to 'two men on a speedboat', is typical of 'Patriot Games' outlook on the world in which we live.

The Queen Mum's cousin (originally 'heir to the throne') is just about to be assassinated when in rolls Harrison Ford's Jack Ryan, last seen looking suspiciously like Alec Baldwin in 'The Hunt for Red October' to foil the plot. In doing so, he kills the brother of a surviving terrorist (Sean Bean) and this incurs the wrath of Mr Bean. (Sorry, no Rowan Atkinson, although Lofty from 'EastEnders' does pop up...) Thus begins a series of highly implausible plot twists and

cardboard cut-out characters, until the oh-so-inevitable climactic showdown (the aforementioned speedboat episode).

Along the way, Australian director Phillip Noyce (last seen helming the superb 'Dead Calm') throws in some highly effective moments (a car chase and a

chilling scene where Ford & Co. watch the SAS wipe out a Libyan training camp 3000 miles away via satellite. With wars live on TV, the scene really spooks you when one 'viewer', observing the carnage, sips his coffee and calmly says 'Now, THAT is a kill ...' Frightening) and generally gives the film more than it deserves. Still, without his direction or Ford's credible, but hardly outstanding, performance, 'Patriot Games' really could have been a whole lot worse. Exciting, if undemanding, pap.



by Matthew Grainger

Meet the Indiana Jones for the 90's: he's decidedly wrinkly-looking, he's married to a surgeon and has an apparently computer-programmed child, he's bad-tempered, about as witty as a NatWest Servicetill, only occasionally violent, and is generally as boring as Eliot dining hall's dinner menu. And he's not a field operative - he's an analyst. Doesn't this all just send thrills through every part of your body?

'Patriot Games' is the first

of a trilogy of films to be based on the books of Tom Clancy, surely the most tedious nerd ever to be paid a record-breaking fee for his next novel. It's also a sequel of sorts to John McTiernan's 'The Hunt for Red October', in which the role of CIA analyst Jack Ryan was played with all of the expression of a lump of Blu-Tack by Alec Baldwin, taking second-billing to Sean Connery's Scottish accented Russian. Baldwin refused the offered \$3 million to reprise the role, and the producers turned to all-round action hero Harrison Ford to save the day.

Ford asked for \$9 million - but Paramount gave him the role anyway.

The resulting action movie about Ryan's foiling of an Irish terrorist attack on a member of the Royal Family and his subsequent pursuit by the terrorists in the US, may have held the attention of audiences Stateside, but it certainly doesn't translate well to British screens. Twee Irish pipes accompanying James Horner's re-hash of his 'Aliens' soundtrack are only the beginning - it gets worse from there. Amidst the Dubliner-esque folk bands in the Belfast pubs and the odd decidedly dodgy accent, one almost wishes it was all just a big-budget piss-take: 'Carry on Clancy' or something like that. 'Patriot Games' Ireland is definitely the one which Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman left for America in 'Far and Away'.

The plot also seems a little over-simplified. I hate to get really picky, but here we go: for a start, Clancy's book made the terrorists' attacks on American soil seem all the more important by stressing the fact that there had never been an Irish terrorist incident in America before. Here, though, it is as though it is the most natural thing in the world

for Ryan and his family to be pursued even after their return to the States. And who are these terrorists, anyway? Richard Harris pops up occasionally to remind CNN that the IRA are not responsible for this violence, but the film never really attempts to explain just what their motivation is. Again, folks, read the novel instead.

But the main reason why 'Patriot Games' doesn't work is the Jack Ryan character. Director, Phillip Noyce handles the action effortlessly, no mean feat considering that his last movie was the small-scale 'Dead Calm' and the not-particularly-original thrills and spills come thick and fast. And yet the film's main character is, quite frankly, not convincing as the ex-CIA family man, he's not a remotely interesting action hero (maybe they'll give him a fedora for 'Clear and Present Danger' and he's explicitly presented as bumbling, unfathomable and yet, of course, brilliant at his new CIA position. This isn't helped by a frankly absurd ending which goes from 'Silence of the Lambs' to 'Cape Fear' to 'Dead Again' - maybe it shouldn't have been re-shot after all. Then again, maybe they shouldn't have made 'Patriot Games' in the first place.

## UNFORGIVEN

by Nat High

In twenty years time our kids will be whinging because 'Unforgiven' is on the bloody telly again. It's one of those films. It's also Clint Eastwood's film.

This is as near to a modern day classic as I have seen in a long while, so faultless, so timeless is it. You could be forgiven for thinking that the picture Eastwood paints of the Wild West is pure fiction, for it is markedly different from anything that we have seen before. It is not inaccurate, however, merely keen to de-romanticise the Western and life on the frontier. Thus we have the discomfort of sleeping under the stars, the cowardice of killing a defenceless man and the realities of what happens to crack marksmen when their killing days are over, (in

Eastwood's case, he is now a farmer whose swine all have fever).

The contrasts between myth and reality are highlighted by the arrival of English Bob (Richard Harris) in town. He is a hired gun, who travels with his own biographer. Bob tells the writer one version of his past, while the Sheriff (Gene Hackman, on superb form) recounts how it really was...

Eastwood is an ex-killer, now back in the game only for much needed money. He is off to kill two men who cut up a prostitute. (OK, so she laughed at the size of his manhood, but hey...). Hackman merely fines the men, so the whores club-up and offer their own reward, (a rare example of strong, positive female characters) which Eastwood rides up to claim, along with his old partner Morgan Freeman and

a young killer known only as the Schofield kid. Killing for money eventually takes a back seat as Eastwood takes it upon himself to rid the town of Big Whiskey and its bad elements. All of this while casually rubbishing all you thought you knew about the life of a cowboy.

Avidly and faultlessly directed by Eastwood and performed brilliantly throughout, 'Unforgiven' will clean up at the Oscars in March and deservedly so. Entertaining, gritty, funny, violent and highly realistic, 'Unforgiven' would be a perfect final western for Clint, for little will match this for MANY years to come. Superb.

by Matthew Grainger

For many people, the lonely sound of the Western will always

be embodied by Ennio Morricone's short but immortal theme for Sergio Leone's 1967 spaghetti Western 'The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly', and you can almost hear it on the wind when you see Clint Eastwood back in the saddle in 'Unforgiven', so perfectly has he recaptured the gait, the squint, and the atmosphere of those earlier performances.

Every aspect of Eastwood's latest directorial effort is saturated with anticipation of violence to come, from the ominous building of the storm in the background to the character of William Munny, a man whose infamously bloody past gives him the potential for destruction. Yet even though throughout the film we know what must come to pass in the finale, 'Unforgiven' never becomes unpleasant to watch due to the way in which David Webb

Peoples' screenplay seems to be at great pains to ensure that all of our emotions are stimulated. The humour here is spot-on; there is neither too little nor too much. On top of this, the scenery and cinematography are absolutely superb, without hitting the audience about the head with grandeur in the manner common to many big-budget Hollywood epics.

So many themes run through 'Unforgiven' that by the end of the film, the central plot involving the disfigurement of a prostitute by a cowboy seems to be of far less concern than at the beginning. This is a movie about the value of legend and reputation, and of how legendary heroics and glory are not necessarily linked. In Eastwood's Old West, notoriety brings nothing but death and disillusion to those who seek to prove its

truth.

To help him bring his last Western to life, Clint Eastwood has enlisted the help of a first-rate cast: Gene Hackman is brilliant in particular as Big Whiskey's Sheriff, and Richard Harris as the assassin English Bob is absolutely brilliant. And yet none of them come close to equaling the screen presence of the film's star: watching Eastwood act out his most famous role again produces a feeling of awesome familiarity - its like watching some timeless monument act. And 'Unforgiven' undoubtedly proves one thing: Clint Eastwood is a bona fide living legend, and 'Unforgiven' is his masterpiece.

**THE NEW LOOK!**

**Shows not to miss**

Welcome to the new look UKC Radio - broadcasting 24 hours a day as ever on 999kHz AM.

This year is our 25th anniversary, as UKCR is the oldest student station in the country. While looking back, we are also looking forward, with the hope of FM broadcasting later in the year.

If you would like to join UKCR, just pop down to our studio's in Eliot N2, where you can see what's going on!

During the next couple of weeks you may find Radio Luxembourg on 999kHz for a few hours during the day, this is to free our studio's so we can train all the new recruits, but stay tuned because our own home produced show's will be just around the corner.

7.30 to 9.30 - UKC TODAY-Breakfast Edition  
Your daily early morning dose of News and Music.

6pm - UKC TODAY  
The news programme to tune to, with Campus news and features, and a full what's on guide.

9.30 - UKC TODAY - Late night round-up  
The late version, for those who missed the 6 o'clock programme.

Tuesday  
10pm - Wash n GO  
Slick n Si with Comedy and Music

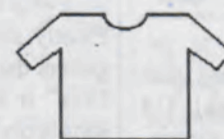
Thursday  
7pm - Nat n Matt's Movie Show  
10pm - The Triple Nine Burger Bar

Friday  
5.30 - The Weekend Express  
Music, Travel and UKCR's 6pm News

**T-SHIRT**

Available now from our studios in Eliot, featuring the '25 years of UKC Radio' logo.

Priced at just £6 !



**UGM Coverage**

Join UKCRadio for live coverage and comment on the next Union General meeting, which takes place in Rutherford Dining Hall on Tuesday 20th October.



**STA TRAVEL**

**WARNING**

Flights over the Christmas break are already extremely full (some flights are over booked)

**SO**

If you want to fly home for Christmas you must

**BOOK NOW**

**£45 deposit guarantees your seat**

**-don't delay**

*The*

**Amsterdam Long Weekend**

19th to 22nd November from £89

Campus to Campus travel

Depart from University at 7.30pm Thursday  
Return to University at 9am Monday

Call in at STA Travel in the Union Building for details

Book by 24 October for your £10 **EARLY BOOKING DISCOUNT**

## A Competition

"Ruby Trax", a forty track, triple CD or double cassette compilation put together by NME and Radio One, is a collection of covers by such acts as The Jesus and Mary Chain, The Wonderstuff, Senseless Things, Carter, Frank and Walters, Suede and more. Beatwax Promotions is offering a white label, ultra rare, triple vinyl version as a prize in a nationwide competition. All you have to do is answer the following question:

Who originally performed "Brass In Pocket"? (covered by Suede on Ruby Trax).

All answers by 31 October to: Beatwax, Unit 8a, Southam Street, Ladbroke Grove, London W10 5PH  
(Not to KredStudent).

## ... And an Offer

If you don't happen to win you can take advantage of a really decent offer. If you cut out this article from KredStudent and use it when ordering the album by sending a coupon from NME (currently the album is only available by mail - see details in NME from 3/10 onwards), you get £1 off the price. As all proceeds go to the Spastics Society it can't be bad, huh?

## Albums

By Martin Coward

## Mudhoney: Piece of Cake



This is a real sign of the times album in which Mudhoney descend from their position of Sub Pop flag bearers to the level of sub-Nirvana metal ramblings. There is some brilliance in this very varied affair yet those tracks which are worth their vinyl nearly always hark back to Superfuzzbigmuff and the storming brilliance of "In 'N' Out of Grace" or "Mudride". It seems that Mudhoney have succumbed to the fate that awaits all of their hairy breed: lack of ability to adapt. Mudhoney are stuck with two speeds: breakneck, sh\*\*kicking fast and slow, bowel-wrenching annihilation. Now I'm not suggesting that this means Mudhoney are no good; the nitro induced ride of "No end in Sight" is a fine opener just as "Thirteenth Floor Opening" is a ride through trauma that strips flesh with its acidic guitar. It's just that there is a danger of it all becoming repetitive. Mudhoney's answer to this problem is the introduction of four, witty "instrumentals" into the proceedings. While this may have been a side-splitting studio joke between the four of them it really is a case where "you had to be there". The self-explanatory "Fartz" is a puerile child's fantasy that would be more at home on The Young Ones. That Mark Arm has been reduced to infantile mouth farts due to signing a major deal is really sad in every sense of the word. However, enough moaning. "Techno", the only decent "instrumental", is just that: a mental portrayal of the vapid spawn of Altern 8. "Suck You Dry" is Ministry meets "Touch Me I'm Sick" in classic style. Fuzzed and muted guitars keep a merciless beat while Mark screams through distortion. The final track, "Acetone", is a welcome addition showing that Mudhoney can appreciate silence, although Mark's nasal whine has me wondering whether this is a pastiche ballad, a tongue in cheek fake. Eventually, I decide it's genuine and it could even be touching. In the end, this is an album that offers six of one, ten of the other; good and bad respectively. It may just be that Mudhoney were never more than a good metal band. The next album will be decisive if they are not to become the Iron Maiden of Seattle. Meanwhile, the verdict is [narrowly] open.

## 45's

By Martin Coward

## Cell: Fall

New on City Slang, Cell are archetypal US grunge rockers and, surprisingly, Thurston Moore's interest in their early career (a debut on Ecstatic Peace) has failed to rub off on them. There is little discord, little tension, just trustworthy workhorse chords. "Fall" has a good finale though, it's guitars working through an oddly disjointed stop/start refrain to a crescendo which descends into obligatory feedback. However, the feedback lacks menace and is just a substitute for the old fade out. Where Nirvana have raw tension, anger and a potent sense of the here and now, and Sonic Youth use their offkey attacks as a springboard for meltdowns of gargantuan proportions, Cell are slackers on a bandwagon. It'll take more than a good rock-out to make a real dent.

## Anna: Icon

As a college publication we often suffer a deluge of absolute garbage, sent by every hopeful record company that believes all students have no taste and form the minority known as "those who search for the most unknown band." However, it's a real pleasure to find the new Anna EP lurking in the mail. As you'll know if you saw them in Eliot, Anna are a rocket fuelled, self propelled guitar outfit. Vaguely reminiscent of Sonic Youth in a jam with the Pixies all being reworked by Nirvana, it's excellent stuff. And it feels British, which is even better. "Icon" is a little weak and I still think Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" comments on Elvis are better than Anna's rather obvious "Elvis Presley was a rock 'n' roll star" lyric. However, "Turn Back the Tide" is a speed freak rock-out with lashings of feedback and a good chunky bass-line. Whilst it's loud it's not grunge, sticking to a decent pace throughout. The extension of "Icon" on the b-side is far better than the a-side allowing the chiming guitars to make a later appear-

ance with much greater effect. Finally, with menacing lonely guitars the slower "All That I Ever" is a fitting end. The song broods with studied feedback below the vocals giving it a contemplative feel. Keep your ears to the ground.

## Big Mouth: Shut It

Big Mouth are more typical of the run-of-the-mill stuff. Billed as being bluesy and Red Hot Chili Pepperish (though why anyone would want to be the latter I don't know), they actually turn out to be a lightweight type "indie" band. "Indie" in the kind of sense that only major record companies understand. OK, so the rhythms are punchy and the singer can hit his notes. There's even feedback but it's like Muzak compared to the ferocity associated with top acts these days (check out Medecine's "Anica"). Anyway, there are a few "Oh Yeahs" and James style whoops thrown in alongside a fuzzed up guitar but in the end it's too lightweight to convince me that Big Mouth actually (c)are about anything (even a good time). They even produce the line "Beatles and Stones" in their rock eulogy "Poplife" and yet fail to realise that it was the aching teen angst of the House Of Love which excused their contrite lyrics, here I just want out. Shut it.

## Cranberries: Dreams

A pure gem this one. Not since the stunning "Can't be Sure" debut of the Sundays has a voice soared over such sympathetic swirls of sound. At times Delores' voice borders on the Harriet Wheeler sound, yet never slips into the annoying baby talk she has adopted. "Dreams" swirls round, a tempestuous storm of velvet guitar around the vocals, a golden eye of clarity in the midst of the track. Tales of uncertainty and apprehension in love are seldom told in such an evocative style. There's all of the fear mixed with the excitement and joy of romance. The breakdown in the centre allows Delores to spin into the heavens. On the

flip side the fare is more standard yet still there is room for the stunningly calm "What you were" featuring Bickers/Marr guitar, and the upbeat "Liar" which boasts powerful drumming and beautiful vocal inflections. The Cranberries are fragile and sensuous in a way that glam like Suede will never even approach. Glam is surface, The Cranberries are stripped to the bone. The debut lp is due soon, so prepare to surrender to this beauty.

By Neil Harrison

## Radiohead: Creep

## E.P.

Nowadays, 'indie guitar' bands need to be slightly above the pedestrian norm to cut the mustard (usually to be helped along by terminal hype from the music press). Sadly, this 4 track EP isn't going to catapult Radiohead into the limelight alongside Suede, the Manics and Teenage Fanclub, although it is a sturdy platform for the future.

The title track is the pick of the bunch, pretending to be whinging dirge of self-examinatory pity until the guitars crash like a bulldozer through your speakers, only to die back like a wounded animal. Not an immediate classic, but a very promising effort, excellent vocals, well written lyrics and slick (perhaps over) production.

'Lurgee' is like Slowdive with a vocalist, whilst 'Inside My Head' is an altogether rockier number, losing all the accumulated atmosphere, distinguished only in its borrowing of a Carter lyric. 'Million Dollar Question' is a near-perfect pastiche of Teenage Fanclub, which is unfortunate, as it is every bit as competent as its inspiration, just sadly stigmatized with unoriginality. The future? Touring with the Frank and Walters should teach them about potentially difficult audiences, but I'm sure they'll benefit from the exposure.



The Cranberries

SNAP!

Review

Next week

By Martin Coward

## Bark Psychosis: Scum

Second release of the year for the previously silent Bark Psychosis sees them clocking in an epic 20 minutes of avant-garde mutterings. The patient listener is rewarded with a patchy yet evocative affair. The sound is added to with ambient noise [from the streets around the church where it was recorded] that murmurs beneath the surface, occasionally breaking through. However, despite the potential brilliance that is detected in every sonic shuffle from Bark Psychosis, it has to be said that this time the listener is left somewhat unfulfilled where the previous "ManMan" left them elevated. The eventual fade and decay is a let-down where an explosion may have been more effective; or perhaps that's the point... cunning! Despite this, "Scum" is a reminder that Bark Psychosis remain perhaps the only challenging band in Britain right now.

## The Sundays: Goodbye

Time was when The Sundays were at the cutting edge, way back before the advent of Nirvana et al. This, the first offering from them in several years, is a decidedly weak affair that only manages to raise itself from an insipid depth to a vaguely tepid pace with a charming riff near the very end. David Gavurin is wasted in this context, restrained by the fragility of Harriet Wheeler's voice which, it must be said, never seems to be at one with the track. It's a shame really because with the demise of the House of Love it looked [when "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic" was released] like The Sundays might be able to take on the mantle of The Angst-Ridden-Guitar handed down through the ages from The Only Ones via The Smiths. Now they seem to have lost any coherence. Their cover of The Stones "Wild Horses" is a flickering shot at an almost brilliant re-reading which never makes it past Wheeler's simperings. Like I said, it's a shame really.

# Intro-week gig highs & lows

## Family GoTown, Keynes JCR

By Nat High

Considering that it was the VERY first day of term and that everyone SHOULD have been in the bar asking each other about their A-level results, it really could have gone very horribly wrong for Family Go Town. Luckily it didn't.

Two singles into their career, FGT are carving a happy little niche for themselves as purveyors of Hammond Organ Genius. This is thanks to Kath Ludlow. I think Kath Ludlow is ace. Oh yes. With her static body and flailing arms, she looks like a 'Thunderbird' or 'Stingray' extra, and yet, beneath that 'comedy' exterior, she drives this band. No Kath, no FGT, it's that simple. That said, the rest of the band do chip in with WAY more than

their twopennorth. Jokes? We got 'em. An air of shambolic wonder? It's here. Oh, there's also plenty of room for 'twixt song malarkey. These are not normal people. Lucky, too, really, or else they'd be horribly crap. As they're not, however, we can all breathe easier.

The 3-minute pop gem fused with more energy than is humanly possible is what Family Go Town are about. When their inevitable chart glory appears, rejoice, for the rest of the world will have woken up to nuggets like 'Box', 'Turtle' and 'Can't Stop the Tide'. Fun, energy, a healthy streak of self-deprecating humour and more supports for other bands than anyone else. Oh, and then there's ... enough!

They'll be back. The rest of you should come along next time.

## The Popinjays, Eliot JCR

By Fabian G Ironside

The opinions of others should be treated with suspicion, always. An embittered old journalistic warhorse from the battlefields of Rock advised me that I needn't even turn up at the concert to review it. "What about my journalistic integrity?", I icily demanded, a question his cynical war-ravaged mind couldn't comprehend. "You're acting like a first day greenie, son. Wait until you've been in a few fights and show me integrity then", he might as well have said. Another associate seemed to be arguing two diametrically opposed theories on the merits of live performance, simultaneously, and worse, so was I. I got the hell out. It's true that I was preparing my review before the concert, as advised, and I remembered the Oscar Wilde quote: "One always suspects he has a secret

vice... or worse, he hasn't!". The Popinjays would probably be as bad as I expected.

The support band were atrocious. In a moment of journalistic articulation I might say, "They were as bad musically as I am at writing reviews. The right people will know what I mean, the wrong ones will miss the point. Ciao now, baby". I was accused of lack of Teen Spirit during their set, when I complained of losing my seat. "Pussy", sneered a couple of headbangers. "What's a seat?" Anyone who'd headbang to a Popinjays support band would headbang to their mother singing in the bath.

I fell into an impromptu conversation with the Popinjays lead singer before they went on. For a bottle of beer, she said, we would have to name the son of God. Rather than

play accomplice to her blasphemy, I played the wag. With quicksilver wit I pulled a killer reply out of my funny bag which met with a resounding flop. "David Icke", I said, wild-like. "Don't be silly, don't you know? It's Jesus", she said, ignoring my joke. Their music is what Everett True might describe as 'Pre-post-foxcore-lo-fi, I wept like I hadn't since I was a child. Or at least the last Pavement gig!'. Greil Marcus or Lester Bangs, educated bastards that they are, might call it 'Post-Alan McGee C86 revivalists, pre-baggysound'. But me, I'd say never mention Sique Sique Sputnik lest we remember Strawberry Switchblade too. You know what they say about stones and greenhouses. We all remember the 80's with a vengeance and we can only grit our teeth and pretend it never happened.

## Eskimos and Egypt, Rutherford JCR

By Martin Coward

What a catastrophe. Just as E 'n' E sounds are about to reach orbit and simultaneously fry all our brains they storm off into the distance; the culprit, a glass or two (plastic, of course). Then after we've coaxed them out of early retirement the fire alarm goes off, for a moment it's the perfect accompaniment, then we have to leave, utterly unsatisfied. Me, I'd have rather burnt alive in a frenzy of guitar driven hardcore.

E 'n' E sound is most neatly summed up by their extravert, energetic frontman as "What happens when hardcore meets guitar". Unfortunately, the hybrid is really only a new form of hardcore, not the razor sharp ton of lead sound that the likes of Ministry have developed. And, also unfortunately, the whole enterprise is limited to a few twisted samples, beats and riffs. If you've heard "Welcome to the Future" you've heard it all.

Don't get me wrong, this was a stormer of a gig, but hardcore isn't really varied, is it? The E 'n' E experience is a dance moment: it's when you shut your eyes and lock into the trance like groove. Then it's sublime. And there's a white boy rapping, and not doing it too badly either. So E 'n' E must be doing something right. Tonight is difficult to assess due to aforementioned disasters, but it's plain to see that the Eskimos are powerful and deserved better.

turn of phrase, and there's no reason why you should, is in the epistolary nature of the handwritings within. Mostly by Laurence Remila, Hullabaloo's metamorphic editor, the variety of material bewilders: a chocolate bar survey, superb literary juvenilia, reflections on angst, the films of Yoko Ono, a film of an autopsy, rock 'n' rollin' in Paris' red light district. Other things by other people. Humble in the long shadows cast by Lester Bangs and Jean-Paul Sartre, Remila yet covers all your variegated concerns; which is, I guess, why it's good. Get it for 30p. from 31 Bishop's Way, Canterbury. "Psychotic builds a castle; a neurotic lives in it" - Yoko Ono, 'O Sanity'. "Consider carefully the reviewer" - Ezra Pound, "Mr Nixon".

# Exposed

## The Cranberries: Exposé, The Penny Theatre, Canterbury

By Martin Coward

It's almost painful at times to see such fragility, such naked emotion. The hesitant and almost mistrusting glances Delores throws into the audience betray a band truly uncertain about the depths which it can display. It's as if they fear their beautiful, raw compositions will be bragged about by the audience, taken away from them and abused by those who listen. It's like a tentative lover, scared their secrets are not wholly safe. This fragile

tension is the over-riding feature of their set tonight. Between-song changes are hurried, intros mumbled, thank yous a shy whisper. Where Delores should ooze sensuality she becomes a dissipated presence by virtue of her hesitant non-communication with the audience. All that is left is that sturning voice and the feelings it evokes. At times The Cranberries are so introspective that their mid-song breaks are lost in their own decay of emotion. Where the break in "Dreams" soars

on vinyl it is shy and faltering tonight. All this makes The Cranberries so much more beautiful and meaningful.

And I'm reminded of four great women, Kristin Hersh (who Delores reminds me of the most tonight), Sinead O'Connor (her voice mostly), Alison Shaw (of The Cranes) and Harriet Wheeler. The Cranberries aren't a hybrid: they're their own entity. But one can't help comparing such a strong rhythm section to that of Throwing Muses, such soft, often indecipherable lyrics to

the scarred, lush sound of The Cranes, such clear guitar to that of The Sundays' Gavurin. But mostly I'm just lost for words. As the earth spins I feel myself wanting to say "Yes I feel that too". The articulation of uncertainty and trepidation is like nothing anyone else has ever achieved.

Tonight's high points are many: perhaps it's the fast paced, gutsy "Not Sorry". Or perhaps it's the number after "Dreams" with its tough, primal drum rhythm and low vocals. Although I think it's

probably the encore which sees an acoustic guitar alone with Delores' voice followed by a fuzzed up race through "Liar". I leave knowing that there are still those who can strip away their flesh to show their skeletons; those who don't need to hide their inadequacies and fears in the bluster and grunge of metal. Tonight was a fragile and truly precious moment.

# Nevermind

Reading Festival 30th August

By Neil Harrison

Still reeling from the brilliance of Mudhoney and the indifference of Nick Cave, I lined up with a mere 40,000 others to await the phenomenon that is Nirvana. Coated to the knees in mud and soaked to the bone, I really needed something to warm my cockles (as Frankie would have said), and was I disappointed? Yes...

Catapulted from tentative fan to 'Teen'-hype sceptic last year, I was fearful of the worst. We do hate it when our friends become successful, so I could only hope that commercial recognition had tainted a most promising act. Playing as a way of life is a totally different kettle of fish to playing for real money and to say that nothing short of an A-bomb

could have lifted the event is not an exaggeration. It's a sad, sad sight to see a band going through the motions, dollar signs glinting in their eyes, still riding on the crest of a year old album.

Musically, the performance was competent enough, ploughing it's way through the three singles, a large chunk of 'Nevermind' and a liberal splashing from 'Bleach'; condemned to something more like 'Tepid Urine' in this case. One false start and a totally incompetent rendition of 'Teen Spirit' almost made me want to get up on stage and give Kurt a push; instead, I popped off for a coffee ("50p!! You must be joking..."). A short set, and a more than half-reasonable Greatest Hits selection was followed by a lengthy interval and an encore

from hell.

The band returned on stage just as the sympathy shouts of "More!" had died down and unleashed the utter dregs of their repertoire. Did the encore really last longer than the main set, or was it just my recurring nightmare? To cap it all, we were treated to 10 minutes of feedback, a rendition of 'The Star Spangled Banner' and the destruction of instruments; pur-lease... do Nirvana really have to plagiarise Hendrix and Townsend to make a musical statement? Saturday night had already seen the Manic Street Preachers bashing-up guitars, as is borne witness by a security guard, 16 stitches and a possible law suit.

Maybe I'm going a little over the top; Nirvana were good for 40 minutes and recent go-

ing-ons on the family front and sense of occasion may have contributed to an impotent performance by the Seattle trio. There was no raw power in a show that was as threatening as a Notts County striker, and which, at the blink of an eye, could quite easily have been Bon Jovi rather than the crown princes of hardcore. "Nevermind", eh!?



Nirvana - Tepid?

## Review

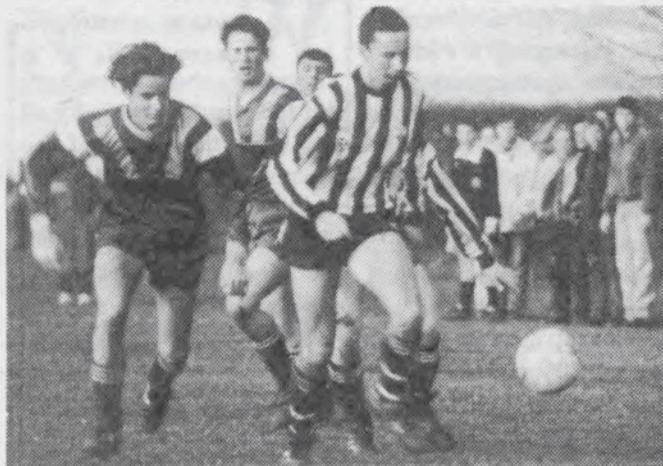
By Hamish Ironside

### Hullabaloo Magazine

Hearing Madonna's "Erotica" for the first time, digging Ezra Pound's "Mr Nixon" for epigrams and simultaneously burdened with the desire to express the merits of Hullabaloo magazine for all you crazy Kred addicts, I'm forced to admit once again that life is absurd. In the face of this banal revelation, Hullabaloo suffers from my sudden urge to call it "bijou". It's 30p, right? What can you get in the library basement for 30p these days? "That's not the point", you say. That's exactly the point. Thank you. Getting more specific, Hullabaloo opens with the face of Yoko Ono, black and orange. It closes with a crap cartoon. The meat of the sandwich, if you'll excuse the nauseating

## Promising Start in League

### Soccer



John Porter, one of the goalscorers against Knatchbull.

Despite a desperate search for players the University Football Club had a promising start to the new season in the FCN County League. The Reserves opened with a 2-1 defeat at the hands of Lydd, but then followed it up with impressive victories over Bromley Green and Folkestone Invicta. Bromley Green were defeated by 4 goals to nil, featuring a hat-trick from Dave Fulton, and a hat-trick from Thorton and a brace of goals by Noble

highlighted the 7-0 win over Folkestone.

The First Eleven to date have only played in one league match but began convincingly by defeating Knatchbull by 4 goals to nil. Goals scored by Wood (2), Porter and Verrier.

However, the club is still looking for new talent to continue their winning ways.

First team XI: Robson, Lewis, Tutt, Verrier, Bradley, Porter, Humber, Wood, Fulton, Thorton, Noble; sub, Devon.

### Kent's Premier League Blackout

by Adam Thorpe

Teddy Sheringham, a man now given the job of filling Gary Lineker's shirt at Spurs, was the first man to score a goal on Sky Sport's "Super Sunday". The first live televised goal of the new Premier League.

It wasn't a bad goal either. He cut inside his marker and planted his shot wide of David James in the Liverpool goal. Of course, on that day he was playing for Nottingham Forest, a club failing now to find any real form and missing Des Walker in defence. From the moment that goal hit the back of the net the fans were assured that the Premier League was here to stay.

As Taylor Report deadlines loom closer the trend is for reduced capacity grounds and, therefore, fewer people seeing their teams play live. Television rights have gone to BSB. Audience figures are usually under two million and the frustration of all fans without a dish is tapered only partially by the return of Match Of The Day.

Heavy advertising would have cost BSB dearly and yet so far with only a limited return. They have recently claimed to be running at an operating profit and whether this continues will undoubtedly depend upon the success

of their sport coverage. They aim to convert millions of football fans into long-term customers.

So with so much emphasis on the Premier League can it really be claimed to be "a whole new ball game"? Well, as far as the game goes there are a few rule changes to brighten early matches. By far the most documented of these being the new back-pass rule. When first introduced, in the German League, defenders were going on to bended knees and heading the ball back along the ground. The rule was then quickly adjusted but many more farcical situations have since arisen. Often brilliant defending is punished and a free kick in the six yard box with a goalkeeper running out to block a shot and defenders lining up in the goal behind may well be "a whole new ball game" but doesn't seem much like football. If the rule is a benefit to football then so far I am yet to be convinced.

Of course, whether the rule is so strictly applied after the first season is another matter. Who, for instance, enforces the four step rule or the rule limiting the Keeper to ten seconds in control of the ball? The English game is often criticised for being too frenetic and lacking skill and quality. The back-pass rule increases

these problems and all the time good defending is punished I think there will be pressure to drop it.

And so to Sky Sports, which from September 1st became a subscription channel. The charges will, no doubt, have been a result of the huge price tag the Premier League came with. However, £3.99 per month for two games per week is not a bad price to pay (although the charge is higher for non-movie subscribers). At eight games a month it works out at 50 pence per game. Standing admission at Brighton is £6, so it sounds a snip.

Managing to pad out a 90 minute football match into a five hour show is quite some feat but Sky try it every Sunday. Naturally in five hours there is some complete crap but on the whole it's not bad coverage. Martin Tyler is an experienced commentator who won't hold back. He gave Graham Taylor a torrid time in a brilliant interview after the England clash with Spain. He is backed by a variety of other commentators as well as Richard "ape-man" Keyes in the Studio and guest analysts such as John Salako and Chris Waddle. But for me the star of the show is Andy Gray. Gray is a man with a harsh Scottish accent and a very shrewd footballing brain. On occa-

sions he can get a little over-enthusiastic but he is a great character who is infinitely more interesting to listen to than David Pleat, Bobby Charlton, Trevor Brooking and co. on conventional TV.

The Monday football coverage is shorter, starting at 7 o'clock with kick-off no later than 45 minutes later. For Monday we are treated to dancing girls and firework displays. Both are often greeted with shouts of derision from fans more used to kick-about and cups of coffee as pre-match entertainment. The packaging is different but the product remains the same. British football, for all its faults, is what the fans love to see. This year the only place to see the Premier League on a regular basis is with Sky.

In recognition of this fact pubs, clubs, polytechnics and universities are installing dishes and subscribing to Sky. Kent University is hardly renowned as a leader in its field as new students I am afraid will soon find out. We regularly miss out on big name bands and big name celebrities. This year we are set to miss out on the Premier League too.

So for now a plea goes out to "the powers that be" and to the VC to please, please, please get us our own BSB dish. It doesn't cost much for all the pleasure it can bring.

Could you be Sports Editor???

We need a Sports Editor with connections....

Come and see Margot in the Kred Office or give your name to Ross Walker

V  
O  
I  
E  
U  
T  
I  
O  
N

garage, techno, rave, hardcore, UV lights, strobes, smoke FX

Darwin JCR  
14th October  
8pm - 12am

£1, or free(!) with an ents card

# the K.C. creative

with Family Construction & Fat Alberts Gang on the mix

Friday 16th October  
Eliot Dining Hall

Tickets:

£5 (door) £4 (advance)

£1 off with an ents card

Tickets available from the SU shop or the Social Sec

Lou Dagleish

Rutherford JCR  
Sat 17th OcToBeR

Tickets: £2.50

£1 with an ents card!

Doors Open 9pm