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 talk 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 recognize the importance of students’ safety was kicked off 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 ensured. As a result of this action we had many of our demands answered: spyholes installed in doors, free attack alarms provided, the late night minibuses, 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 realize 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 environment.

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.

SNAP!! In Eliot College last week

Accommodation Crisis Worsen's

by Tashin 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. West 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. Travelling to University every day is not only costly money, but valuable time. Students living on campus can work and study outside of University hours.

Contrary to popular belief students are only allowed one year of off-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 a University 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. 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 last Wednesday, it was discovered that not everyone realised 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 - those people have an excuse. Those 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 nearest 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.

NOTICEROARD

Access Society Social

Wednesday 14th October

12pm - 2pm
Wine, Sandwiches & Conversation
Rutherford Upper Senior Common Room

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!!

ASIAN SOCIETY
"Tribal Trance" (garage rave)
Thursday, 15th October
7.30 - 12.00
Venue: Keynes JCR
£1 members/£1.50 non-members

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!!

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

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

Kredsstudent

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 women and educating men. 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)

19th - 23rd

No Means No Week

Kredits

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Assistant Editor Belinda Harrison
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Features Editor Karen Leadbetter
Music Editor Martin Coward
Sports Editor To be arranged
Deputy Sports Editor To be arranged
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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 obvi¬ously detector the medium: why else would she offer work as unpardonably execrable as "A League Of Their Own"? The film follows two sisters, Dotlie (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. Shifting the film's swampy proceedings, though, and tensions reach their rub 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 nostalgial, 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's "Paul's Trashed Kitch. But the film's spaza, and its sheepish dependence on dimestore laughter, dictates an atmosphere of creative redundance. The past here is too easy, too selectively arstistic, like the time¬dampened melancholy of a dull sonnet.

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 girls find love - in the arms of her geezy male counterpart. The performances are about as much fun as ingrowing toe¬ nails, although Tom Hanks does allow the agony intermittently by appearing to have a ball. Finally, his buoyancy is sadly counterproductive: you end up wishing you could have a ball too.

Nostalgia has always been a commodity and Marshall is a slowed pedestrian to be sure. Along with brother Gerry and co-star Ron Howard, she began her career working on the American television hit "Happy Days" and now they have formed a truly triumvirate amongst the Hollywood hierarchy. Every movie which this trio have spawned - from Gerry 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 worrying bland cinema of indifference, its head buried up its own ass, rationalistically recreating a past that never was. Crucially, their films just do not matter, and that is the greatest crime.

Back-chat

Dear Crid,

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

As a B.A. student myself I find it well amusing to be told that I don't understand how to work grammar or talk proper or find it hard to... to... to say the things 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 mennis for my after dinner oratory [and I got that from a bloke called Collin]. So props some of The Little Dorrit appreciation society would like to come round one night and see my hilarious impression of olden rat superlative and my uncanny rendishion of 'Amerindorstein Pet' in accents s-g-o.

from Dame Judy Dench, host. B.A.

Alias The Comedy Club, Rebecca Lammin and Cheryl Clarmons

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 unpropossing sight from the sea with the high, slightly greyish buildings that line the waterfront, starkly contrasting with the flat, uninteresting Belgian 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 cafes 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 cafes.

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, 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 Niteline, then give us a ring
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 the ridiculous names (Sin Fain's 'Paddy O'Neil' and the aristocrat Geoffrey Watkins), offensive music (pipes, whistles and 'Chimes'), makes the so-called 'showdown' more entertaining than 'Dead Calm' ever was. 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 'her brother's throne') is just about to be assassinated when in walks Harrison Ford's Jack Ryan, last seen looking suspiciously like Alec Baldwin in 'The Hunt for Red October.' to foil the plot. In so doing, he kills the brother of a surviving terrorist (Sean Bean) and the incur the wrath of Mr Bean. (Sorry, no Rowan Atkinson, although Loby from 'EastEnders' does pop up...) Thus begins a series of highly implausible plot twists and chilling scenes 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 spoons you when one 'viewers', observing the carnage, claims to have coffee and calmly says 'Now, THAT'S a kill...'. Frightening and generally gives the film more than it deserves. Still, without his direction, Ford's credible, but hardly outstanding, performance, 'Patriot Games' really could have been a whole lot worse. Exciting, if undemanding, pad.

by Matthew Grainger

Most the Indians 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 Servicelink, 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, purely the most tedious nerd ever to be paid a record-breaking fee for his next novel. It's also a sequel to sorts to John McN tier'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 Bla- tuck 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 - 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 ter- rorists in the US, may have held the attention of audiences State-side, but it certainly doesn't translate well to Brit- ish screens. Two Irish pipes accompanying James Horner's re-hash of his 'Al- leluia' soundtrack are only beginning to grate worse from there. Amidst the Dubliners-esque folk bands in the Bel- fast pub and the odd decide- dly dodgy accent, one almost wishes it was just a big-budget past-take: 'Carry on Clancy' or something like that. 'Patriot Games' Ireland is definitely the one which Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman led 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 the US 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 expla- in 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 han- dles the action effortlessly, no mean feat considering that his last movie was the slow-motion 'Dead Calm' and the not-partic- ularly original thrills and spills come thick and fast. And yet the film's main character is, quite frankly, not convinc- ing as the ex-CIA family man, he's not a remotely interesting action hero (maybe they'll give him a fema for 'Clear and Present Danger' and he's explicitly presented as bumbling, unfashionable 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.

by Nat High

I n twenty years time our kids will be whingeing because 'Unforgiven' is on the bloody bloody- well... again. It's one of those films - you know, the one that Clint Eastwood's film.

This is as near to a modern day classic as I have seen in a long while, so facile, so timeles... I guess we have no choice for thinking that the picture Eastwood wested of the Wild West is Pure fiction, for it is markedly different from anything that we have seen before. But it is inaccuracy, however, merely keen to de- romanticise it. Western and life is like... Thus we have the discom°* ort of sleeping under the stars, the cowardice of killing a defenceless men and the realities of what hap- pen to crack marksmen when their killing days are over, (in

by Matthew Grainger

Eastwood's case, he is now a farmer whose swine all have fever). The contrasts between the myth and reality are high- lighted by the arrival of Eng- lish Bob (Richard Harris) in town. He is a hired gun, who travels with his own biogra- pher. Bob tells the writer a version of his past, while the Sheriff (Gene Hackman, on performance brilliantly throughout, 'Unforgiven') will clean up at the Oscars in March and de- servedly 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 immor- tal 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 gate, the squint, and the atmosphere of those earlier performances. Every aspect of Eastwood's latest directorial effort is saturated with anticipa- tion of violence to come, from the ominous building of the storm in the background to the character of William Munny, a man whose infam- ously bloody past gave him the potential for destruction. Yet even through all of 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 satisfied. The humour here is spot-on; there is neither too little nor too much. On top of this, the scenery and cinema- graphy are absolutely su- perb, without hitting the audi- ence about the head with gran- diosity in the manner common to many big-budget Holly- wood epics.

So many themes run through "Unforgiven" that by the end of the film, the central plot involving the disfigure- ment of a prostitute by a cow- boy seems to be of far less concern than the beginning. This is a movie about the value of legend and reputation, and of how legendary heroes and glory are not necessarily linked. In Eastwood's Old West, priority brings noth- ing but death and destruction 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 par- ticular as Big Whiskey's Sher- iff, and Richard Harris as the assassin English Bob is abso- lutely brilliant. And yet none of them come close to equal- ling the screen presence of the film's star: watching Eastwood act out his most fa- mous role again produces a feeling of awesome familiar- ity - its like watching some timeless monumen. &quot;Unforgiven." undoubtedly proves one thing: Clint Eastwood is a bona fide living legend, and "Unforgiven" is his masterpiece.
THE NEW LOOK!

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.

Shows not to miss

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.

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
By Martin Coward

Cell:Fall

New on City Slang, Cell are archetypal US garage rockers and surely, Thurston Moore's interest in their early career (a debut on Ecstatic Peace) has failed to sour off band. There is little discord, little tension, just trustworthy workhorse chords. "Fall!" has a good feel to it, though it's guitar's 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 off-key attacks as a springboard for meltdowns of gargantuan proportions, Cell are stackers 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 overwhelmed writers. However, 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 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 think 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落户 it's not a grind, sticking to a decent pace throughout. The extension of "Icon" on the B-side is far better than the A-side allowing the guitars to make a later appearance with much greater effect. Finally, with menacing lonely guitar the singer's "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.

By Neil Harrison

Radiohead:Creep

EP.

N owadays, small guitar bands need to be slightly above the pedestrian norm to cut the mustard (readly 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 whining dirge of self-examination (until the guitar crashes like a bulldozer through your speakers, only to lie back like a wounded animal. Not an immediate classic, but a very promising effort, excellent vocals, well written lyrics and slick (perhaps over) production.

"Lounge" 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 near-perfect pastiche of Teenage Fanclub, which is unfortunately, is as bit as every bit as its inspiration, just slightly stagnated 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.

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 shudder from Bark Psychosis, it has to be said that this time the listener is left somewhat unfulfilled where the previous "ManMak" left them elevated. The eventual fade and decay is a let-down where an exploration 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 British music right now.

The Sundays:

Goodbye

T ime was when The Sunday days were at the cutting edge, way back before the advent of Nirvana et al. These, the first offering from them in several years, is a decadently 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 Gaviria is wasted in this context, reigned by the fragility of Harriet Wheeler's voice which, it must be said, never seems to be on top with the track. It's shame really because with the demise of the House of Love it looks as though the "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic" was released like The Sundays might be able to take on the mantle of The Argent-Riddon-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 Stooges' 'Wild Horses' is flickering shot at an almost brilliant re-reading which never makes past Wheeler's C-strings. Like I said, it's a shame.

Kredmusic

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 Front Bottoms, Things, Carter, Frank and Walters, suede and more. Beatwax Promotions is offering a white label, ultra rare, tri-fold 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, Southern 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 - send in your NME from 10th October off the price. As all proceeds go to the Spastics Society it can't be bad, huh?

Albums

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 Meta metal ramblings. There is some brilliance in this very varied affair yet those tracks which are worth their vinyl nearly always back in Superfuzz Bigmuff and the storming brilliance of "In N Out of Grace" or "Mudride". It seems that Mudhoney have succumbed to the face that awaits all their hairily: lack of ability to adapt. Mudhoney are stuck with two speeds: breakneck, sk*skicking fast and slow, bowl-wrenching anihilation. Now I'm not suggesting that this mean Mudhoney are no good at all. The only real ride of "No End in Sight" is a fine opener just as "Thirteenth Floor Opening" is a ride through that strip of flesh with its acidic guitar. It's there that 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 purile child's fantasy that would be more at home on The Young Ones. That Mark Arm has been reduced to infantile mouth fits due to signing a major deal is really sad in every sense of the word.

However, enough gushing. "Techno", the only decent "instrumental", is just that: a mental portrait of the vapid anthem of a new dawn. "You Die" 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, "Kerone", is a warm welcome addition allowing Mudhoney to appreciate silence, although Mark's vocal line here is wandering whether this is a picturesque ballad, a tongue in cheek fake. Eventually, I decide it's genuine and I could even be touched.

In the end, this is an album that offers six of 'em, ten of the other; good and bad respectively. It may just be that Mudhoney were never more than a 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.

SNAP! Review

Next week

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries

The Cranberries
Kredmusic

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 would have been good to have been cut off by 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. Both her statues both and flailing arms, she looks like Thunderbird or Stingray extra, and yet, beneath that ‘comedy exterior’, she drives a hard bargain. On GFT, that’s simple, the rest of the band do in WP with WAY more than their twopenceworth. Joke? We got ‘em. An air of shamby worder? Here it is. Oh, there’s also plenty of room for twist song malarky. These are not normal people. Lucky, too, probably else they’d be horribly crap. As they’re not, however, we can all brush the east end. The 3-minute track 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 worn up to nuggets like ‘Box’, ‘Turtle’ and ‘Can’t Stop the Tide’. Fun, energy, a healthy streak of self-deprecating humour and more support for other bands than they possibly could have had. Still, 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 journalist-warhorse from the battlefields of Rock advised me that I shouldn’t even attempt to review it. “What about my journalistic integrity?” I, feitily declined, a question his cynical war-weariness couldn’t comprehend. “You’re acting like a first day gressie, 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 merit of live performance. Did he know what it was I got the hell out. It’s true that I was preparing my reviews before the concert, as advertised, and remembering Oscar Wilde quote: “One always suspects he has a secret in his teeth. Rather than play accompanie to her blush, I played the wag. With quickstep waltz I pulled a killer sash, and the wag on which met with a resounding flop. “David Ike”, I said, well-like. “Don’t be silly,” he replied. I said, she, ignoring my joke. Her music is what Everett True might describe as ‘Post-foccuro-loi’, I kept like, an easy. “I don’t like your subfusc. I’ve seen at least the last Pannien gig.” Great Marcus or Lester Bangs, educated bastards that are. A week ago, McGeClis Cvasaistives, pre-baggy sound. But me, I’d say never mention Sigve Sigur Spathnik lest we remember Strawberry Switchblade. 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.

Exposed

The Cranberries: Exposed, The Penny Theatre, Canterbury

By Martin Coward

It’s almost painful at times to see such fragility, such nakedness, such genuine emotion, and all the intimating mistrusts Delores throws into the audience betray a band truly unselfconscious about their power and their presence. Delores’s voice of great women, Kristin Hersh (who Delores reminds me of the most tonight), Sinéad 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 a strong rhythm section to that of Throwing Muses, such soft, often indecipherable lyrics to the scarred, harsh sound of The Cranes, such deep guitar to that of The Sundays’ Galvanir. 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 voiced.

Tonight’s high points are many: perhaps it’s the fast paced, gauzy “Not So R”. Or Delores’s voice of love, of “Dreams” with its tough, primal drum rhythm and low vocals.

Review

Reading Festival 30th August

By Hamish Ironside

Hullabaloo Magazine

Hearing Madonna’s “Erotica” for the first time, digging Enya’s “On My Own” 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 again that this life is absurd. In the face of this banal revelation, Hullabaloo suffers from my sudden disenchantment with its “It’s 30, right? What can you get in the library basement for 30p these days? ‘That’s not the point’, you say. That’s ex- actly 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 most of the sandwich, if you’ll excuse the nauseating turn of phrase, and there’s no reason why you should, is in the epigrammatic nature of the handwritings within. Mostly by Laurence Remilla, Hulla- balloo’s metaphoric editor, the variety material bewilder, the chocolate bar survey, superb literary juvenilia, reflections on angst, the films of Yoko Ono, a film of an autobiographical novel, a colour photo essay, superb red light district. Other things by other people. Humble in the long shadows cast by Lester Bangs and Jean-Paul Sartre, yet cut the weight of all your variegated concerns, which is, I guess, why it’s good. Get it for 30p: from 31 to 65. My copy reads “Psychotic builds a castle; a nervous life in it” - Yoko Ono, ‘O’ San’. “Considerably better than ‘Ezra Pound, ‘Mr Nixon’.”

Nevermind

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 in the noisier and swooned to the beats of a band who didn’t need something to warm my cocky (as Frankie would have said) and, I was disappointed? Yes. A camped up from tentative fan to ‘Teenage aesthetic year, I was fearful of the worst. We did hate it when our friends became successful, so I could only hope that cultural recognition had tainted a promising act. Play as a way of being is totally different. A contest of folk 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 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, phlegging it’s way through the three singles, a long chunk of ‘Nevermind’ and a liberal splashing from ‘Bleach’; condensed to something more like ‘Teen Spirit’ 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- literate Great Gig In Lisbon led 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 drugs of their repertoire. Did the band really last longer than the main set, or was it just my recurring nightmare? To cap it all, we were treated to an extension of ‘R之声 of the Star Spangled Banner’ and the destruction of instruments; pay-lease... do Nirvana really have to get dariate Hendrix and Townsends music statements? Saturday night had certainly been a special night. I was proud of the band without a guitar, 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 impo- nent performance by the Seattle trio. There was no raw power in a show that was so torturedly yel- ling as a Notas County striker, and which, at the blink of an eye, could quite easily have been a one-man band in front of the crown princes of hardcore. "Nevermind", ehh?
Promising Start in League

Soccer

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 Sports’ “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 falling now to find any real form and missing Wes 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.

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.


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

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Kred's Premier League Blackout

John Porter, one of the goal scorers 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 Folkstone Invicta. Bromley Green were defeated by 4 goals to nil, featuring a hat-trick from Dave Fulton, and a hat-trick from Thoron and a brace of goals by Noble and Knatchbull.

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