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vol.1 no.6 Mar 99



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University of Kent at Canterbury Students' Union
1999

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Cover pic by Mark Biddle

kreditorial

And now, the end is near...

There comes a time when you have to take stock of what you're doing, you have to stand back, take a look at what you've achieved.

What have we done with KRED? Well, we've turned it from a worthy fortnightly newspaper that very few students read to a monthly magazine that is widely read across campus. KRED is now something that UKC students look forward to reading. We've managed to create a popular magazine that can hold its own against most of the student mags around the country. KRED has become a platform for opinion, with a news section that deals with both controversial campus news and stories from further afield. We've also created a music and leisure section that is (by and large) comprehensive, entertaining and informative.

What else have we done? Well, we've managed to create a cracking team of journalists, photographers, advertising salespeople and designers who are dedicated and hard-working, people who will stick their necks out to sniff out a good story or grab an exciting (and often exclusive) interview, to take a good picture, to pull out the stops to make sure we get enough ads, to put the stuff on the page in new and exciting ways. As editor, it gives me a very warm feeling indeed to acknowledge that we have done this incredible thing, that we work together so well, that we have created something that we can all be proud of. Thank you, every one of you.

Of course there has been a downside to this little success story. Mass resignations, people taking great offence at little jokes (witness this month's letters page), censorship, general bitching... All these things were bound to happen as the magazine became more popular, held up to closer scrutiny.

If sometimes we have let our ambition overreach our balance, if we have sometimes got a little carried away in our excitement, if we have not always covered the things you wanted covering, then all I can say is, we have done our best. We have covered the stories that we thought mattered, interviewed the people that we thought were interesting, (p)reviewed the events that we thought would be interesting to you, the student. But we can't get it right every time. If we haven't succeeded every time, you have written to us and let us know. Which is good, because it means that we have opened a dialogue with our readers.

It's time to take stock. We're coming to the end of the middle term, we all have essays and revision to do, and I know that nearly all of us are behind with our degree work. That's what we're here for. We all sometimes forget that. I know I do. Sometimes we get so bound up with the things we think matter that we forget what really matters. I have certainly been guilty of that over the past few months. And now, for me, at least, it has got to stop.

This editorial is a sort of goodbye. I'm resigning as Editor of KRED, not because of all the problems we've had with the SU (which really don't amount to a hill of beans in the grand scheme of things), not because I don't want to do it anymore (I do, believe me I do), but because I have to catch up with my coursework, before it's too late.

But worry not. There will be more KREDs next term (just because I'm resigning doesn't mean that the machinery we've put into place will grind to a halt) it just means that you won't have to look at my ugly mug on page three anymore, and read about whatever's got up my nose this month. There'll be someone else's picture there instead, someone else's opinions. Whoever takes over, I wish you luck and good health.

And as for you lot, you readers, those of you who have buttonholed me in the bars, for those of you who have emailed me with suggestions, reviews, messages of encouragement and criticism, thank you. KRED wouldn't be KRED without you.

Kurley



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This cover produced by Sexy Lexy and his Lexington productions. Thanks Lex, you've been absolutely amazing.



Goldsmiths Occupation.

After months of much speculation and gesticulation, shoddy student protests and half arsed pop star involvement, Goldsmiths College London was the first University to take the anti fees plunge. Hundreds of students were involved in an eight-day occupation of the Whitehead building in the centre of campus.

The protest emerged when Goldsmiths sent out letters to four students who had not paid fees, asking them to leave. Subsequently, students with support from their union occupied their building, producing a set of four demands.

These were:

- 1) The immediate withdrawal of letters of termination – to be replaced with letters explaining support available.
- 2) No student should be excluded due to an inability to pay fees.
- 3) The Student Union should be contacted immediately should any student be on the verge of receiving a ten day warning.
- 4) For the college to call on the government to increase funding for further and higher education.



Perfectly reasonable demands you might think, but students met complete opposition in the form of the college officials. However, they gained support from many other areas, some more surprising than others; for perhaps the first time, the NUS came out in full support of the event, with Andrew Pakes, President of the students national body. Speaking on the sixth day of the protest, Andrew claimed 'I was one of a large number of people who voted Labour...

with what Labour are doing over education and maintenance fees, they can not expect our further support' a claim which prompted cries from the audience of 'Labour monkey!' Andrew continued on, saying 'you can't play politics with students' lives... I will support those occupations that are democratic and supported by the student body... this is a question about what is right and what is wrong. Other support came in the form of NUS Scotland and Sweden and Greece divisions of Students. Support also arrived with letters of solidarity from various universities around the country, including Oxford.

Perhaps the

most notable support came in the form of Ken Livingstone MP saying 'This is the tip of the iceberg. The government has simply shifted the burden of funding from the government to the tax payers'. He then put forward a motion to parliament asking for the government to support the demands of Goldsmiths' second point.

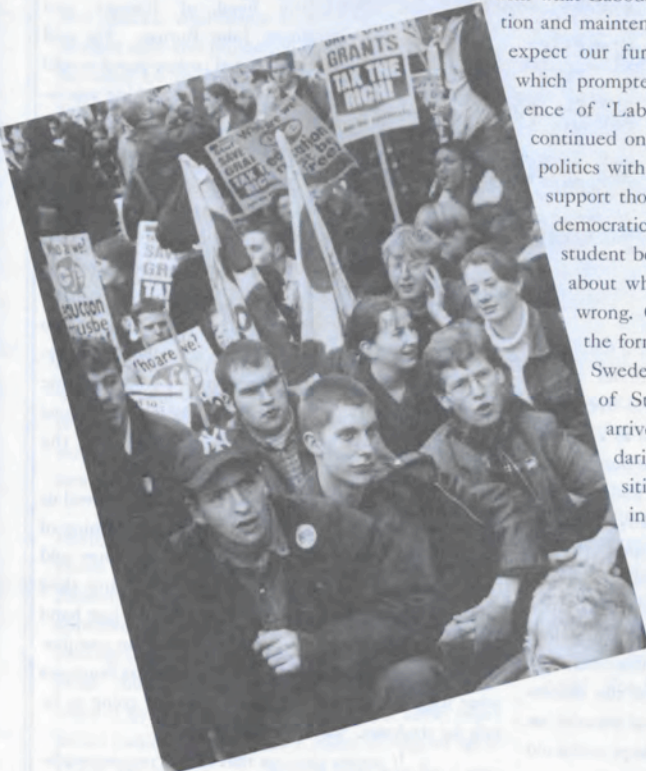
Despite diminishing protests and activity from the students, the situation has not gone away, actually reaching a critical point. As Jennifer Aniston would say, here's the science, concentrate: 20% of students dropped out last year because of financial hardships, and that was before fees were introduced. Since then UCAS has noted an 11% drop in applicants for universities this year, and enrolment applications for prospective students over 25 has dropped by 30%. Worrying indeed. Of those who do enrol this year, at least 20% of students will drop out, 10% will not be able to afford to pay accommodation, and 25% will live below the poverty line.

The occupation finally ended after the eight day when Goldsmiths won a court order for the students to be removed, and the occupiers left peacefully. UCL held a meeting last week to consider similar actions for the same reasons, and other actions are mooted to happen over the next few weeks up and down the country.

The question is? What are you going to do about it? Or more importantly, what can the University, and especially the Students' Union do about it? Wait and see. And wait. And wait...

Gareth Dobson

It Only Takes One Match...



Oh, Mr Porter!



Near tragedy outside The Venue

Car-razy!

You probably won't have seen anything, but there was nearly a major catastrophe on the Eliot roundabout on Tuesday 23rd of February. A drunk driver ploughed his car into one of the bollards. He seemed to like it there, as he continued driving; oblivious to a small fire underneath his car. Students and venue staff struggled to drag him from the vehicle, all fearing that there may be an explosion at any minute. They attempted to keep vehicles and students clear from the area, but as this is the bus route, and the major thoroughfare through campus, there was not much that could be done. The fire brigade were called, but the fire was extinguished by a member of UKC security before it got out of hand. The driver, obviously realising he was in quite a bit of trouble, kept trying to leave discreetly before the police arrived. When they did he spectacularly failed a breath test and was taken away in a much better controlled vehicle than the one that got him there. The following day he was taken to hospital, although we can't confirm that this was related to either his 'accident' or the state of his liver. So far this man has scared the shit out of a lot of students and staff who feared for their own safety, with a complete lack of 'due care and attention', wasted the time of the fire brigade and taken up space in a crowded hospital. Who is this irresponsible burden on society? None other than the General Manager of Chaucer College. All of those irritated by the constant barrage of abuse students receive from a large portion of Canterbury society, including poster 'hate' campaigns, will appreciate the irony.



In a recent Estates Review commissioned

by the university, it has been announced that the university will be 're-evaluating' security on campus as well as seeking 'economically viable' alternatives and alterations. This has an immediate and disastrous consequence to everyone on campus - the end of porters.

Everyone has an instance where they can say that a porter has been invaluable and gone out of their way to help them. How many times have porters sought out students to deliver important phone messages, or helped with minor but seemingly life saving maintenance, or have simply been their to provide a smiling face and a reassuring presence? The 'alternative' currently under discussion is the replacing of porters with nine-to-five receptionists. The fact is that porters are just as vital during non-office hours, if not more so. The porters have an intricate knowledge of the colleges and can help people in a moment. They are, to many, an indispensable part of student support on campus.

If the Estates Review 'recommendations' made by an outside company, Hornagold and Hills, are passed by the university, the porters are rumoured not to be the only victims of university bureaucracy.

With the end of the porters, the recommendations suggest the centralisation of security on campus. All the college keys would be kept in the old

SU shop. What kind of chaos is that going to create come October when four thousand odd freshers attempt to get their keys and sign in? As the system stands at the moment, the keys for each individual college are kept in the porter's lodge, which is essentially a building within a building and therefore secure. The report suggests that keeping all the keys in one centralised office would improve security, but there are so many obvious loop holes. The ignorance of the writers of this report is staggering. Also mentioned are the replacing of the vital escort service with CCTV surveillance (prosecution rather than prevention?). This presents considerable questions in this university's dedication to student security.

Access to all campus buildings will be controlled by card keys which has already presented major problems and surely presents a numerous fire safety hazards. The system would have to monitor and control approximately fifteen thousand card key holders, twenty four hours a day. What type of pressure would each hour bring to the system as students and staff change rooms and colleges for lectures and seminars?

Porters don't just hand out keys. They are the face of security on campus.

The porters were themselves alerted to the review two years ago by the head of Estates and Buildings, John Burton. He said that an external review panel would be interviewing and making assessments based on those interviews. It transpires that these 'interviews' were no more than a couple of dozen questionnaires, not the seventy five detailed interviews that were supposed to have occurred. 'It seems that these assessors have been told where to go and who to talk to.' The fact is that few have actually heard anything from this external body. 'Are they going to come in on night shifts to see what we do?' The Summs report four or five years ago was on the side of the porters.

'They worked all the shifts and followed us around to see how important we are to the running of the colleges and the safety of the students. They told the university that we were understaffed, but they threw those suggestions out.' Porters don't just hand out keys. They are the face of security on campus. 'It's getting to the stage where we need to be bouncers what with the Venue now open. It's not going to be safe for students. We are a deterrent.'

It seems obvious that these 'recommenda-



tions' have been made by people who have no connection with the college system or even have any knowledge of the workings of the university. Porters are not an expendable luxury, but a necessity. As the problems of security on campus have been highlighted over the last term with increased muggings and attacks, confidence in student care and protection provided by the university is wearing thin. The porters are essential to security within the colleges and UKC. Their removal will seriously undermine the faith that students have in the executive.

Over the final weeks of term and next term, events and petitions will be organised around campus by the SU and the porters themselves. Please give your support and show the executives of this university that there is more to life than cost cutting.

The 'Recommendations' put forward by Hornagold and Hill are seen to be 'providing a future vision for the Estates Department, enabling strategic personnel decisions to be made, such as new appointments, regradings, and voluntary redundancy packages.' The report seeks to 'streamline management' through, among other things, 'the appointment of new staff on lower grades and at lower salary points [which] should attract initial savings of up to £100K per annum.' Sufficient to pay for a new

manager even.

In regard to portering, 'there is a high level of non-valued added activities associated with portering. The portering service should be gradually withdrawn. It is recommended that the management of college porters transfer to UKCH. The college portering role should be phased out. The role should be replaced by day time receptionists at peak times and during conference periods. We consider the library porters' duties should be absorbed by a combination of cleaning, security and existing library clerical staff.'

As to security, the report suggests that 'the

University should aim to move towards a whole campus approach to keys and card access arrangements.'

According to the appendices attached to this report, these plans are thought to be being implemented as early as July. The implementation of the final action in regards to the porters is to be taken as early as December of this year. What is concerning is that the writers of this report rather worryingly call it 'The Masterplan'. What next? The Final Solution?

Charlotte McKinley

Your Name's Not On The List...

Of late, there has been a creeping paralysis of procedures that are meant to enable overseas students to renew their visas so that they can continue their studies in the UK. Mounting delays have occurred during the last 12 months when overseas students have sent application forms and essential documents to the Home Office at the aptly named 'Lunar House' in Croydon and naively expected a response. Any response would have been appreciated!

One gets the impression that Lunar House would have worked a lot more smoothly if it was not for all these people making a pain of themselves needing to renew their visas. However we thought that there was a glimmer of hope last year when a streamlined procedure was implemented to speed up student visa renewals. Which was stopped by November.

Actually, the Home Office was implementing a new computer system to speed up the processing of visa renewals. The project was hampered in part by the company, who were implementing it pulling out last year and no one had the common sense to delay the deadlines. Instead the Immigration Minister, Mike O'Brien, said there would be 'considerable upheaval between December (1998) and February (one assumes 1999) as computers were upgraded, staff moved and officials were trained in new working methods'. The Home Office now admit that the problems will continue until at least Easter and things will get worse in the short term.

To keep the politicians happy, it appears that most new applications are being dealt with ahead of some earlier ones which have been boxed up and stored in a car park somewhere in Croydon. The point being that the staff can say, for example, that 18,900 cases were dealt with in December 1998 which looks good. But the number of applications in December wasn't stated - and those submitted from April 1998 onwards that appear to be still languishing in boxes in Croydon. Perhaps some one should point out to the Home Secretary that overseas students with their higher fees paid to UK universities could well be put off by the horror stories leaking back to their own countries. And overseas students won't be able to get back into their own country to pass on tales of woe because their passports will still be in Croydon!

Anyway, everything will be much better now because Jack Straw visited the offices in Croydon last week and, as an ex NUS president, he fully understands how such treatment affects students.....

Geoff Orton
Advice Services Manager



Alexander Hunter

the voice of the silent majority

The recent anti-fees fuelled occupation of Goldsmiths College acutely demonstrates the unfortunate trotskyite Bolshevik tendencies that are so prevalent in today's student body – one has only to look at NUS president Pakes who has stepped in so heroically to back these little Lenins. Pakes? Pinko more like. Anyway, this occupation doubtless caused a great deal of distress to many hundreds of undergraduates (who were disturbed by the numerous bands and comedians brought in by the occupiers – some people never know when to keep the noise down). Still, even this risks disguising the wider significance to this irresponsible action – for it does have significance beyond the payment, or non-payment of fees.

Although the £1,000 many students now have to find is a definite blow to the purse strings, the simple fact is that the financial burden placed on an already overstretched government has to be eased by students accepting a degree (pardon the pun) of monetary responsibility for their own studies. I'm sure no reasonable person could begrudge the government the £750 million being spent on the millennium dome (or the £4 billion for Trident missiles to blow up the fuckers who take the piss out of said Dome) so students will have to fend for themselves.

Controversial though this viewpoint may seem given my student status it is surely not unreasonable. For is it not the student himself and not the taxpayer who benefits from all university has to offer. Communitarians (or should that be Communists?) may argue that society as a whole benefits due to a greater number of educated citizens, it is an undisputed fact those graduates have access to the better paid echelons of society. OK, so our last Prime Minister was a local-boy-made-good without so many as three O-levels to his name, but hey.

So the problem remains for this, and every government. How should Higher Education be funded? To be honest, I believe (as does Blair) that the current system threatens to devalue the undergraduate degree. Let's face it, we can't have every Tom, Dick or Vladimir getting a B.A. (Hons) in carrier bag science – it's not the done thing. And while the likes of Slobton Poly insists on doling out such awards like they're going out of fashion, the only way of preventing the world and his dog being as qualified as your average French teacher is to stop them going to



University in the first place by charging through every orifice. That way only those born into vast sums of money, and therefore of inherently noble disposition, or the hardworking loveable cockney boot black supplementing his meagre income between seminars by scrumping for apples, will get a place. And I'm sure you all agree in the righteousness of that policy.

So Labour will reduce the number of university applicants, and increase funding for those who can afford it in the first place. Elitist? Yeah, well... the motivation is honourable, it's just put in to practice badly...

So how about a sliding scale of fees payable after graduation (directly after? Hand your gown back and a cheque for £7,500? We'll have to see about that) with cheaper costs for those achieving 1st class honours and higher fees for those under-achieving? I can hear the Fabian Society salivating already... Elitist? Yeah, well...

Let's take some responsibility for our own education people! I have to go now, as the doctor says it's time for a stroll round the yard. Where's that jacket with the joiny-uppy arms?

I like Darwin Ents

What happens when you let the Darwin JCC out of their cages and give them a budget? Some would say a Time Ball, and who am I to argue? The Darwin Ball Committee and JCC had the not particularly envious task of following Rutherford's Bond Ball, and they certainly must have had fun and sleepless nights trying to better it. The first give away that something was going on was one huge set of lights outside the college that could be seen, I have been reliably informed, from five miles away. The theme, in case the title didn't give it away, was Time. There was Dimension X, the Spinning Tardis and the Cryogenics Lab for those who were feeling futuristic, and the Canned Heat Blues Bar, Woodstock Waterhole and Club Tropicana for those feeling retrospective. Entertainment included a casino, the Spinning Tardis for those who really wanted to lose their stomach linings (the proceeds of which went to charity), a bouncy castle (never a good idea in short dresses...) and fighting kangaroos (!?!) among other things. The live music was provided from the ever popular Swervin' G & His Funk Orchestra, the Beach Boys (don't mention the shorts - it's unkind) and Madness, proving that the 80s were not a musical abyss after all. Apart from the obvious problems with only having one bar, and the somewhat claustrophobic dining hall being the venue for the live acts, my tux and I thoroughly enjoyed the Time Ball.

Charlotte Mckinley



Millenium - Arse!



D'OHME!

It's just as well that we British have perfected the art of laughing at own misfortunes. With what other attitude could we collectively greet the impending arrival of the beloved Millennium Dome? The public should now have become resigned to its presence, rather than excited by it, for the sad truth is that the Money Pit is here to stay (it has already cost £758,000,000) and no amount of cynicism is going to induce the government into abandoning the whole wretched project.

Over Christmas there was certainly no danger of ever becoming optimistic as to the Dome's potential, especially in the light of the most recent Dome-related humiliation to plague the reassuringly blunder-prone Labour government. It so transpires that DERA (the Defence Evaluation and Research Agency) have been recruited in order to rectify a severe acoustics problem with the roof. Apparently the £35 million covering to quote Sunday's Independent 'suffers violent sound distortions leaving noiseless 'dead' zones. Great. So the 12 million expected visitors may as well be as deaf as they are stupid. I don't know what DERA exactly intend to do to improve the acoustics of the place, but if their solution involves vast quantities of TNT, then I'm right behind them. Incidentally, this isn't the first complication to hit the covering of the Dome, in late 1997 Peter Mandelson (remember him?) switched the £25m roofing contract from a German firm to an American one, subsequently provoking a six figure compensation settlement for the former. Further to this roofing debacle, it has since been revealed that the roof itself is not expected to last very long. It has transpired that given 'normal' wind and rain exposure, the roof would be very lucky to survive past 2025. Since wind and rain in Britain could at no point be deemed 'normal' I give it a life expectancy of about a fortnight.

As if that wasn't bad enough, embattled Dome chief Lord Falconer ought to make the most of his peerage while he still can - especially since he's just admitted that the vital London Underground Jubilee Line Extension, due to carry around half of all the visitors to the Dome, may not be ready in time for the celebrations. You better get digging mate.

To finish on a more light-hearted note, I turn to the

subject of mass suicides in and around the Dome on 31st December. No I'm not talking about potentially drastic actions of Millennium Experience officials when their brainchild still resembles a bombsite on New Year's Eve. Instead, I'm referring to Greenwich Health Authority's somewhat gloomy prediction that the Dome will be the destination for numerous insane Doomsday Cults that are hell-bent on spreading the word of universal Armageddon. They'll be even more suicidal when they realise just how much they have been charged to get in.

Simon Brook

I'm The Daddy Now

Just over 3 weeks ago now you might have noticed a phenomena known as 'elections', suddenly lots of people you probably hadn't seen before or had seen but never spoken to suddenly started treating you firstly like their best friend and then on election day bullied you into voting...

Every year is the same, a manic group of candidates and their teams do the rounds, canvassing, shouting, sticking manifestos and posters everywhere and grinning almost constantly for 2 weeks up to election day...gets quite annoying after a while. But its an important issue - the election of the union sabbaticals; these are full-time, paid posts held for a year from August to July. The Union sabbatical officers direct the day-to-day organising of the Union and all its services.

This year, like most years, was the usual round of alleged dirty tricks, whinges about one-upmanship, unruly campaign teams, alliances and other propaganda stunts. By and large it went quite smoothly, certainly election day itself was one of the least aggressive in years. The advertising for the election was described by many candidates as 'too little, too late' especially with regard to the Kred election special which took ages at the printers. As a result of 'objective' election publicity and little explanation of what it all meant there was a turn-out of just over a thousand- about 10% of the student body - as disgusting as this might be the returning officer assured us that that is one of the highest rates in the country...not sure whether to be proud or further

disgusted.

This year 15 candidates stood for 6 posts. Emma Foy stood unopposed for the position of Women's Officer and duly she won it, the same happened for Gavin Hayes who stood unopposed for Education and Welfare Officer. Despite a rumour of a strong campaign to re-open the nominations Gavin was

elected by 70% of the voters.

The battle for Treasurer was between Dan Marchant and Liz Murray, despite starting late Liz managed a sizeable 45% of the vote, however Dan got 52% and was duly elected Treasurer. Communications Officer was another opposed election; James Galloway, Dave Jarman and Paul Rodgers in a 3-way fight. In the end however the result was decisive, Galloway got 11%, Rodgers 26% and Jarman 61%. Dave was duly elected as Communications officer. President was a very interesting 3-way fight between 3 quite distinct non-union experienced candidates: James 'Fez' Ferrin, Geoff Medniuk and Stuart Mercer, in the final count Mercer made little difference to the head-on between Fez and Geoff, however after the transfer of Stuart's votes to their second choice of either Fez or Geoff it was won by Geoff by 50% to 45% - close indeed.

But, not as close as the Sports Sabbatical election...contested by 5 candidates it was always going to be close. It quite obviously went to transfers, whereby the lowest scoring candidate is removed at each stage and their votes distributed to the voter's second choices. This process is repeated until someone reaches the quota or there are only 2 candidates left; the latter happened. First to go was Brian Jones, then Melanie Giles, then Lee Stuart Evans leaving it between Alex Law and Ben Maher. After at least 4 re-counts the result was confirmed as a win to Ben Maher by a mere 6 votes.

All the candidates got a bottle of wine to celebrate with or drown their sorrows but obviously only 6 came away with the job. Kred would like to wish them the best of luck next year and hopes they'll leave us alone! We hope to talk to the new team at some point and quiz them about next year. But the elections are over for yet another year...

Phil Ateme



Get Spirituallised!

The Spiritual Enlightenment Society is a new society this year. Their objective is to promote spiritual enlightenment (strangely enough...) They promote spiritual awareness by means of alternative therapies and healing arts. They also hope to raise funds for a meditation garden on campus.

They hold regular meditation and social meetings. They also have regular speakers. They meet on alternate tuesdays in the Peter Brown room (missing link) for meditation between 12 and 2. The other tuesdays they meet for a social in Keynes Bar at 12:30.

So if you're intrigued by the idea of enlightenment then go along or alternatively contact Cathy Deihim on ce3.

Dave Jarman

Let Me Entertain You...If Only...

Introweek. The only time that most students are even aware the union exists, certainly the only time that you might recognise your union officers. Introweek. Practically entertainment every night in the colleges in addition to the Venue. As soon as that initial period of activity the union seems (in the eyes of your average student) to run away and hide in the Mandela building.

Many years ago the JCCs would run ents practically every night, now our first years in particular have no concept of the infamous JCR discos, the beach parties, the traffic light parties and events like 'Bop'. No-one would go to a JCR event now, where the bar closes at 11 and everything turns off at 12, especially when they can go to a purpose-built night-club where they can drink and dance to 2am. But, as is frequently pointed out the Venue doesn't cater for all tastes. The JCCs are anonymous in their activities and the colleges are generally regarded as rather dull. The staff at the Venue were supposed to be running college ents alongside the programme of events at the

Venue, this hasn't happened yet, it might eventually but can we wait until that time as the college bar trade continues to decline? If a group of interested parties were to put on events of an alternative variety to the Venue's, like comedy and live music and the JCCs were to steward them on a regular basis we could endeavour to inject some vitality into college life. As much as what the union does is represent the students to the university and fight for your welfare and educational rights it needs a face, you need to be able to see it. And, in all honesty most students here in the past and at other universities regard the union as a provider of entertainment, not this year, the union officers themselves have been conspicuously absent from college life and the entertainment scene. There is the expertise out there and the talent to be tapped. Its about time we took some action to improve life at UKC that the students will actually SEE!

Dave Jarman

Social Societies

The Sports Federation have long regarded themselves as a collective unit and have worked together on events and activities. Why do our non-sporting clubs not do this? The SU are looking to change all that by throwing the first Inter-Society social event. The Sabbatical team and Eliot JCC are organising a societies dinner for early next term in Eliot Great Hall. This will include a buffet and then a comedian and cabaret featuring turns from the many union societies. This is being planned by Laura Arends

the SU Communications Officer and Eliot JCC. For more information, particularly if you have ideas and helpful suggestions contact Laura in the Mandela building, email union-comms or phone internal 3296 and ask for Laura. Hopefully this could be the start of greater inter-society activity and it will give members of those societies that aren't strictly social to have a social event and possibly show the other societies exactly what it is they do.

Dave Jarman

Why do we need a Women's Officer?

...because 54% of women suffer workplace harassment, women make up just 12% of the Police Force, and still earn only 70% of men's wages. Isn't this the usual answer shouted out by the Women's Officer at a UGM when the position is threatened? All shocking statistics, but what relevance does this have for students at UKC?

How does sexism in society justify a Women's Officer when 54% of our students are female?

While the student body is predominantly female, the management structure certainly isn't. Despite 2 female college Masters the university and union management structures are still largely male. Without a Women's Officer who would express the concerns of the 54% majority within the University and Union? The Women's Officer is there specifically to be a voice for women at University and Union meetings, a focus through which women can express their concerns to the powers that be.

What does a Women's Officer do for men?

There are men that choose to see the Women's Officer with certain issues as they prefer to confide in a woman. Also, many men have girlfriends, sisters, female friends... whom, in a case of pregnancy, assault etc. would have someone to turn to. Case work is confidential so I can't go into specific examples here, but everyone that sees the Women's Officer does so because they choose to talk to a woman. The very title 'Women's Officer' ensures that someone is always on hand - there are times when a woman simply needs to talk to a woman.

Why not an Equal Opportunities Officer?

In a sense, that is exactly what a Women's Officer is. However, a Women's Officer campaigns for equality through women's issues. This means tackling racial discrimination, homophobia etc. from a women's perspective. Being focused is more effective than trying to cover all issues in a more general way. A Women's Officer, by virtue of her sex and the fact that having chosen to run for the position is likely to have faced some form of discrimination, is in the best place to understand oppression. Could a white, heterosexual, able bodied male in all honesty fully understand what it is to be oppressed? Some may but most wouldn't. A Women's Officer also deals with female welfare which does not come under the umbrella of equal opportunities.

But won't the Women's Officer's role be unnecessary with the introduction of a Welfare Sabbatical?

The Women's Officer and Welfare and Education sabbatical should compliment and not contradict one another. The Welfare sabbatical will tackle non-gender specific issues such as hardship, housing and meningitis. The Women's Officer will continue with issues such as PMS, breast awareness... But what about testicular cancer? Hasn't that been the main argument for a Men's Officer? Well, the Welfare sabbatical will be able to campaign on welfare issues specific to men. Consider the case with only a Welfare sabbatical. There wouldn't be time to cover everything, so a Welfare sabbatical would most likely concentrate on general non-gender specific issues. By having a Women's Officer to campaign for women's welfare, the Welfare sabbatical is, to an extent, under pressure to run campaigns specific to men to redress the balance. Testicular cancer will most certainly be covered

simply because the Women's Officer has kept up the profile of women's issues and there is a void to be filled. The Women's Officer and Welfare sabbatical together help provide a healthy balance covering all issues.

Will we always need a Women's Officer?

One day the world will be an equal place where sexism, homophobia, racism and other forms of discrimination no longer exist. Until that time, Women's Officers are necessary. Women's Officers are here to make things change for the better within their own institutions, and by linking up with other Women's Officers nationally and internationally. How much easier this would be if people would stop attacking the position and instead pull together to fight for what we all believe in - EQUALITY.

At the heart of NUS and every Students' Union should not be commercial services or union hacks, but liberation - our liberation campaigns give students something to believe in, something to be passionate about and something to really feel a part of. The Women's Officer is at the forefront of these campaigns - support her and be an integral part of YOUR Union!

Tracey Cleminson (SU Women's Officer)



This article was actually almost twice this size but we edited it to fit on the page. For more information contact Tracey in the Mandela building.

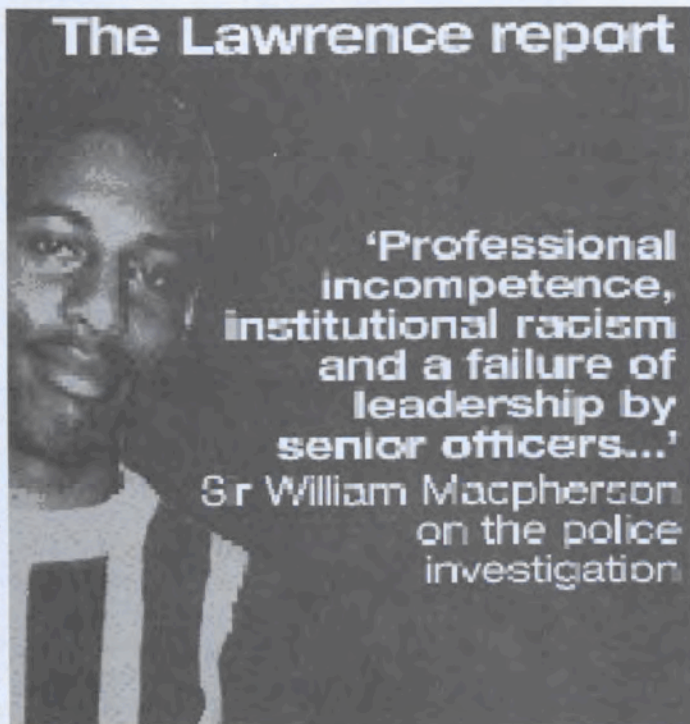


After the Aftermath

Just over a week ago, the most eagerly awaited report into race relations, in this country since the Scarman Report in 1981, was published. It has taken the murder of Stephen Lawrence and nearly six years since to tell us what many of us already knew - the police are racist. Now at last the Government has to face up to the fact that 'institutional racism' exists within the police force and other organisations in public life. This acceptance of racism in our society could not have been achieved without the commitment, courage and determination of Stephen's parents, Neville and Doreen. Their six year search for justice may have not got Stephen's murderers convicted, but it has made the establishment and the rest of the country face up to the reality of racism.

The Macpherson Report was a scathing attack on the police force and other institutions and it was well received by many supporters of the Lawrence family. Strangely, however, the national press was not so kind to Sir William Macpherson. These were the same newspapers who had leaked the report days before it was scheduled for publication and applauded his 'institutional racism' tag on the police force. Maybe, it was because after reading the report, it said that all organisations, including the press, were racist. They clearly would not like to be tagged along with the police.

This whole saga has made people more aware of racism, whether it be in the playground or at work, it can affect all walks of life from any culture. We are told how this report was a step in the right direction and that the issues could now be properly addressed. Instead, white paint was daubed over Stephen Lawrence's memorial within hours of the publication, so clearly the report had an impact on some and their reaction showed how far we have to go before we can honestly say that we are tackling the problem. To rub salt into the wound, the police camera that was erected to catch persistent racists who had constantly tried to deface Stephen's memorial had no film in it. The police had already got a single conviction directly as a consequence of the camera being there. So, obviously one conviction was enough for them to remove the film and make the camera redundant, they had done their bit to tackle racism! If the police are to be believed that they are making a concerted effort to change then they will have to stop making gaffes such as this and try to get the ethnic minorities in this country back on their side. They lost respect after the 1981 riots and Sir Paul, to his credit, did much to rebuild race relations. Now, once again we are at



The Lawrence report

'Professional incompetence, institutional racism and a failure of leadership by senior officers...'

Sir William Macpherson on the police investigation

pivotal point and something has to change if we are to stride forward.

Sir Paul, has been at the centre of this story ever since it began. He has promised change and reform time and time again, but he and the Metropolitan police have delivered very little. He has admitted that the police were negligent in their duties in the investigation into Stephen's murder. Sir Paul has to shoulder some of the responsibility for this as he is the head of the Met and he has said that he has

It has taken the murder of Stephen Lawrence and nearly six years since to tell us what many of us already knew - the police are racist. Now at last the Government has to face up to the fact that "institutional racism" exists within the police force and other organisations

taken a personal interest in the case. The buck stops with Condon, and it is a rather large buck. There have been calls for his resignation due to his failure to bring the killers to justice and for the way the Lawrence family have been treated and for the way in which the investigations had been handled. Sir Paul, in all likelihood, will not resign or be sacked and he will try to carry out the rest of his contract which expires with the new millenium. If he is to rebuild the trust and respect back into the Met then he and the rest of the force has to be seen to be making efforts to tackle race crimes with positive results.

So where do we go from here? Well, it is hard to say. This report has brought the whole issue of race to a head and this time it has to be tackled head on. We can all do something positive. We can try to understand other faiths and cultures as racism lies with ignorance and stereotype. We should all see this report in a positive light, see it as constructive criticism not as a swipe at British life and culture. Let's hope that this time this whole tragic episode has a positive effect on all of us and hopefully we will all learn. Don't let the hard work of

Neville and Doreen Lawrence go to waste.

Sanjay Mistry





Dear Kred,

What a childish response to an important criticism of the KRED magazine. I am referring to the reply from Gareth Dobson to the letter by Adam Brace. There are inaccuracies in this reply which try and make a mockery of the University of Kent's Sports Federation. The Sport's Sabbatical never said that he did not want a report printed in KRED. In fact he went as far as actually inviting a member of the reporting team to go down and watch the fixture against Exeter in order to ensure that there was a report. The pathetic snub "does the name Exeter mean anything to you? (or 75-5)?" shows a complete lack of the knowledge as to the details the game. The standard of rugby particularly high against a professional team including five members of the England student side. The fact that the Rugby team managed to get into the top thirty two universities alone deserves much praise. Okay, so maybe you just didn't want to talk about rugby.

Well then, how about the other University of Kent sports teams that have excelled this season. In particular, I refer to the successes of the two volleyball teams, the basketball team and hockey team, all of which have reached the national finals this season. Playing for your University is a very proud moment for most people. You are wearing a crest on your chest that gives you the will to win, to show that the University of Kent is amongst the best in the country. I think that this is such an important part in university life...just look at the prestige attached to gaining a blue at Oxbridge.

Dear KRED,

I was deeply angered by your response to Adam Brace's letter. His letter was not only very well thought out but also served to highlight the failings in your research, and showed up the slap-dash reporting that you seem more than willing to print. The letter may have been a bit harsh, but it was based on solid facts and all of his points were justified, unlike the childish and unnecessarily antagonistic reply.

Your reply did not answer any of the points raised in Adam's letter and your comments about the rugby club were only supported by lies about our sports sabbatical. The reply in general merely showed everyone at UKC that KRED is run by a creaky bunch of self-centred

people, with nothing better to do with their time than try and make other people look small.

As for the match against Exeter, which you seem to really want to talk about, it is true that losing to Exeter brought an early end to our involvement with BUSA this season. However, it might interest you to know that Exeter have a full time coach, a club doctor, and two professional physiotherapists. On top of these Extra resources, each player receives a £1500 bursary, has his halls paid for, and gets a brand new rover. They are also all on professional contracts and their team boasts one Scottish and four English internationals, so it is not very surprising we lost. If you had been there to see the great effort, determination and sheer heart that our boys put into the match I am sure that you would be giving them the praise that they deserve, rather than making silly misguided comments in a vain attempt to look clever.

Yours sincerely,

Robbie Hicks.

P.S. Exeter beat Christchurch poly 150-0 when they played.

Dear KRED,

We have been inspired to get up off our collective arses and reply to the letter entitled "constructive criticism"

We remember the old KRED that used to occasionally appear around campus and wasn't much use except for replacing the lovely pink bog roll (which all of those who live on campus will be only too familiar with) and therefore we wel-

come any improvements.

KRED as it is now actually informs us about some of the issues that are important to us. It's nice to be able to find out what the S.U. and UKC Hospitality are up to, instead of finding out when you discover another facility has been shut. It is refreshing to read about the SU's failings (and of course their achievements). We should have a forum through which to voice our opinions and dare we say it, be able to criticise the poor job the SU appears to be doing.

Maybe not everyone will want to read or appreciate all the articles, but is there any magazine which manages to do this?

I'm sure that we all realise that there are people who don't attend the university and wider issues affecting all of us, but why write about in KRED which is essentially a magazine written by students for students. If we want to know what's going on in the outside world we're perfectly capable of buying a newspaper or turning on the TV.

Keep up the good job.

Yours,

Robert Simpson,

Nicola Rotundo,

Kim Shephard.

Dear KRED

If you go down to Parkwood today, you're sure of a big surprise...Anyone who lives in Parkwood will have noticed the coppicing work that has been carried out as you enter the area. Deemed, ignorantly, as "deforestation" by members of the Parkwood committee recently in the area's newsletter "Parklife",

this necessary arboriculturalism has been misconstrued as some sort of barbaric act towards the local environment. "Parklife's" emotive and ill-informed appraisal asserts that the "Huge scale logging" (hardly) of the entrance area to Parkwood has resulted in "destroying all the beautiful trees, shrubs, rabbits, squirrels view of the scenario, more akin to the Cadbury's Caramel adverts than to any serious eco-friendly agenda. Having spent some time in the occupation of tree surgery, I have no hesitation in condoning the work as an environmentally friendly and necessary undertaking. Let's look at the whole picture. For four years I have been passing the area in question and have noticed in it areas of urgent attention:

- There were quite an alarming amount of trees that had suffered acute and serious wind damage.

- Because of fairly inevitable, natural phenomena i.e. Natural germination and pollination, the area was intensely overcrowded, the soil structure weakened and effectively the trees were entering a state of terminal asphyxiation due to their density.

The trees biologically and aesthetically (perhaps a more relevant consideration to the Parkwood Committee) were suffering. The land will now be allowed to regenerate its complex fertile structures and in doing so will provide a greatly improved haven for those "rabbits, squirrels and birds" who, incidentally, are thriving in Parkwood. Nowadays, it is all too easy, I admit with good reason at times, to jump on the (unleaded) environmentally friendly bandwagon with a myopicism that is ultimately harmful to ecological matters as a whole. Knowledge is power, yet it is only informed and non-reactionary intelligence that possesses a relevant and sustained power. Perhaps a more pertinent environmental consideration would be the amount of rubbish generated by the flyers and posters on the Parkwood path, not to mention the damage inflicted on the tree-bark by stapling these articles on. Let's have more notice boards, possibly constructed from the felled trees in question?

Yours,

Tom Quinn

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Fat's Entertainment

Robbie Williams - Wembley Arena

Back at Wembley, definitely a place I thought I had left in my teeny bopper past. But five years after my Take That escapades I find myself waiting outside the Arena to see Mr Robert Peter Williams who is also several life times away from his "could it be magic" days. Before the cynics roll over in laughter and assume that Robbie is still a teeny boper icon and that the crowds are all prepubescent, let me ensure you the exact opposite is true. In fact I have never seen a more diverse crowd. Of course you still have the remnants of the ex-"Take That" fans, myself included, but this audience includes people from all walks of life so no sweeping generalisations can be easily made. After enduring the delights of the Supernaturals and the Divine Comedy it was time for the man himself. He trotted on stage dressed as a caretaker, and burst into a fabulous rendition of "Let Me Entertain You" sporting what looked like a synthetic pregnant belly but turned out to be the most astonishing beer gut. So began the rollacoster ride of tunes from his multi platinum selling albums: "Life Through a Lens" and "I've Been Expecting You". The 25-year-old performer not only managed to put new life into his old songs, including turning "lazy days" into "Hey Jude", but he also managed to turn this vacuum of a venue into a homely affair by constantly making humorous observations about his audience. It doesn't end there (oh no), totally out of the blue Robbie took centre stage on an electric toilet and preceded to bear his soul about his relationship with nic "All Saint", which turned out to be an obviously rehearsed neat link into his rock version of "Back For Good". This concert was a real kaleidoscope of melodies from the mind blowing sure fire hit " karma killer" to the cult classic "Angels", which mirroring Glastonbury was sung to Robbie by the audience. All in all it was a phenomenal evening giving the entertainer scope to do what he does best. Entertain.



Nirvana



Lager, Lager, Oops!

Astoria is the kind of place you want your living room to be like, if you had that many friends. On the top balcony is a sea of glowing globes and chilled people. Even the bouncer in the ladies stopped and had a chat to me. The crowd piled in and threatened the usual crushing atmosphere you can expect at the front of a stage in a big-name concert as Underworld showed their cheeky grins for the first time. Apart from a few beer boys it didn't happen. The gig started off slowly and while I was a little dubious that it might get a bit tedious it soon became clear that the 'world were just being gentle with us. It was all reasonable warm and fluffy for the first half-hour or so, giving the crowd time to take in the overhead visuals flashing between slogans and stage shots and fuzzy scenes of other stuff. Once we'd all got to know each other the boys stopped messing around and hit the crowd with the ever jumpy "Born Slippy". The sound was super-smooth and the vocals kept the pace high. It was a huge sound with lashings of tinkly bits, not so much "happy house" as "slightly sarcastic house". The terraces were disappointingly still, but on the floor not a single elbow resisted the odd wiggle. Where I was standing there was enough room for some full blown bouncing, and it was very much appreciated. As they came back for the encore, they did themselves a world of good by going straight into "Bruce Lee", the almost "House of Pain" style break proving that these boys will stop at nothing. It confused the crowd for a minute or too, but they soon got the hang of it, and were rewarded with a hard and fastpaced finale with the thundering "Moaner". The best thing about the gig was the smile on every face (yes, I realise that!). Not so much a headline gig, as a bunch of people having a bounce. We all want to be loved. Underworld loved us, and we loved them right back. Now there is just one thing left: facing the long monotonous drive back to slow monotonous Canterbury.



Peasants, Prigs and Jazz Club sorts

Kula Shaker – 100 Club, 5th March 1999.

Oxford Street's 100 Club must have been one of the best places to see Kula Shaker's final live performance before the release of their album *Peasants Pigs and Astronauts*. Why? Because the place hasn't changed much worth a damn since it opened just after the second world war, and with the usual guest-list, jazz-club clientele sauntering about the place trying to look young it was fairly easy to believe that this was 1967 all over again.

Anyroad up, the mystical machine-



gunners are played on with a selection of sixties favourites including the theme from 'The Italian Job' – which promotes some speculation that Michael Caine will burst in proclaiming 'You're only supposed to rip the bloody Doors off!' – which would have been good if it happened. Eschewing the chance to test reactions to the pretentiously titled second album, the purveyors of much fake Sanskrit clap-trap storm onto the set with a typically gutsy performance of old-faithful *Hey Dude*, which gets everyone jumping, at least. This sets the tone for the evening in fact, as the band take us on a trip through most of the crowd pleasers. *Tattva* and *Hollow Man* are performed with increasing relish, leading into a rendition of *Sound of Drums* which elevates leather-jacketed jazz-o-phile saddos and irony-bypassed adolescent Crispian-teenies alike to a level of – well, enlightenment nirvana I guess. With a small 'n', naturally.

And this is the point about Kula Shaker. Once you cut out the pretension, the pseudo-mystical jos-stick ramblings, and songs entitled *Temple of Everlasting Light* (Oh Jesus, I cringe to even write it), this band is something special. Four guys, guitars, drums and bass. No sitar. No

'Everybody stay calm!'. Not much Sanskrit. 'You rock, Crispian!' shouts one guy next to me (by day a more-or-less respectable sales assistant from Beckenham called Craig). And he's right, damn it. The Knights On The Town relax and just play, bloody well. The songs might be created with the aid of a musical time machine (hey, there's the next single!) but it's a pretty good time machine. And the versions they play aren't the stilted, been there, done it ones you'd expect. *Tattva* was embellished by an instrumental digression that was pure, heartstopping funk, and the opening number was indulged with an instrumental intro that must have run to a couple of minutes of *ravva* magic. Even though his mum was in 'The Parent Trap', Crispian's in his element. Somehow, you wouldn't question his sincerity if you saw him belting out how 'the truth may come in strange disguises' and wielding that Fender like the ghost of Hendrix. And it's easier for the three members who don't have floppy-moppy blond hair to come into their own at a gig such as this, notably Alonza Bevan's bass plucking heroics and voice admirably providing some notes behind the roaring Mills. Class.

Then it was time for the interesting stuff. 'We'd like to play a new song, if that's alright' meekly intoned John Mills' grandson. Of course dear. Sure enough, it's one of the tracks off the new album called *S.O.S.* which the crowd take to, with its footstomping *Mission Impossible* riff. A couple of new tracks later, including the band getting all H.G. Wells on us with the inevitable *Mystical Machine Gun*, we're back to the staples and *Deep Purple* cover *Hush*. And it's time for me to go, but this has been an experience which is... well, enlightening. KS are a band which it's easy not to take seriously – and they should be. If they hadn't lost their way somewhere and got marked as a bunch of pretentious art students from Cambridge, and if their tunes weren't quite so self consciously retro, (and maybe, just maybe Crispian had kept his gob shut) then perhaps people would see them for who they are – damn fine musicians. It's taken *Blur* since '95 to shake of the 'ironic' tag. Will it take KS another four years to lose the 'twats' badge?

Matt Willis

Blag that Stash!

Kred, in conjunction with Sony Music are offering one of you fair readers to win a large lump of Kula Shaker stuff, including:

- A KS T-Shirt (medium)
- A copy of the new album *Peasants, Pigs and Astronauts*
- Some Stickers
- Some Posters
- a KS video

Not bad if I may say so myself

All you have to fo is answer the following question and e-mail the answer to me, Gaz, at GD11:

What is the name of Crispian Mills' actress mother?

If you don't knowthe answer to that, you shouldn't be entering te competition recally.

closing date is 27th March 199. ie end of term.



Funki Porcini - The Ultimately Empty Million Pounds

Since the straightforward early dreamy days of 'Hed Phone Sex', Mr Porcini has taken his perverse music further and further into the realm's of weirdness. However, 'the Ultimately Empty Million Pounds' sees Porcini returning to the more melodic side of town - to bring you his version of 'rock 'n' soul'. 'Rockit Soul' (the single) is exactly that, a hyper mixture of 'rockin' break-beat and flowing bass. Elsewhere, Porcini calms it down nicely with 'Wilson's Millions' and it's ebbing rythm. With 'Tiers of Joy' Porcini brings out the sax in the way that only he can, over delicately scuffed-up beats and layers of ambience, before kissing you goodbye on 'River'. This is perhaps Funki Porcini's best offering yet.

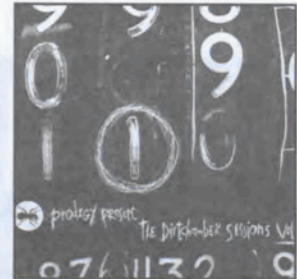
Chris Stickland



Underworld - Beaucoup Fish

The 'lager, lager, lager' went to Karl Hyde's head. It's not surprising. 'Born Slippy' launched an unsuspecting band into the limelight, increasing expectations and interest on the third album, during the making of which they almost split up, and vocalist Hyde became an alcoholic. Strange, then, that they sound all the better for it. 'Beaucoup Fish', however, is more expansive in the moods and sounds than the previous two efforts: there's the skanky disco of 'King Of Snake', and the industrial breakbeat funk of 'Bruce Lee'. 'Jumbo' is probably the most deliriously uplifting track Underworld have done so far, building up to a funky electro climax; while 'Skym' harkens back to the urban monologues of their previous album. Intoxicating stuff.

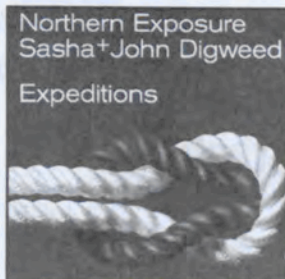
MBiddle



Prodigy Presents: The Dirtchamber Sessions Volume One

The Dirtchamber sessions is basically a rework of Liam's Mary Anne Hobbes set. It is basically a brief walk through Mr Howlett's extensive record collection. Liam refuses to submit to musical boundaries, throwing in the likes of Jane's Addiction and the Sex Pistols into the world of hip-hop, break-beat, and more or less whatever else he feels like. In the vastly swamped world of the mix album, Liam manages to direct his work more towards the likes of the JDJ Coldcut session, than Mr O'Riordan's 'oh look I've done another house mix' pit of Hell. Dirtchamber does not bore, it shows real ability, and sees the Prodigy retreating from their pop fame, with Liam letting the music do the talking this time, not Keith. Still it would have been better with Sgt. Pepper... Cheers George, Ringo and Yoko.

Chris Stickland



Northern Exposure - Expeditions

Sasha and Digweed pull another classic out of the Northern Exposure (or Renaissance) production line, with this heavily atmospheric dance album. Apparently they were a bit too cheesy on the 1997 release, but it bloody had me dancing by the end (but maybe that was something else). As a result, this album is more underground, which means less singing and more subliminal beats. The good thing is, it works. While the end product is a more serious piece of work than the previous one, what you get is a very stylish album, well put together by two DJs who are leaders in their field of hypnotic trance/techno. There is also a bit of a journey along the way (to say the least) definitely the theme that we are used to. To those who are fans already, this album will more than satisfy. To those who aren't, you're missing out.

Nick Turner-Samuels



Everlast - Whitey Ford Sings The Blues

What do you do if you suffer a near fatal heart attack? Well if you are Eric Schrody, former leader of House of Pain, you write an album. Not just any old album though, one that carefully blends acoustic inflections with hip-hop nous. After a couple of years of caning the nicotine and weed, Everlast's heart almost gave in, and the convalescence period provided him with the impetus to record one of the freshest albums of the year. Coming across like an urban streetwise Beck, it's not going to impress the hip-hop purists out there, but it comes across with a genuine passion and honesty. This is none more obvious in the fantastic track and current single 'What It's Like', a mellow acoustic number with a cool lyrical delivery. Sometimes the odd bit of hip hop braggadocio creeps in, but it beats the shit out of any House of Pain record.

Gareth Dobson



Breaks 2 - "The Urban Funk Philosophies"

After the rather disappointing Botchit Breaks I wasn't expecting much from this compilation but was thankfully proved wrong. There are a number of very nice tunes on the album, which has got considerably phatter than part one. Basically it's a breakbeat, drum and bass and submissive funk mix, incorporating the likes of Cosmic Jerk, Orange Kush, Freq Nasty and Jason Sparks. One has to say that even on the club circuit we aren't talking very well known names here, but if anyone heard FreqAzoid - Freq Nasty's last single, you'll appreciate that they are pretty damn good, as is everything on this album. There is a rash of these sorts of compilations about at the moment, and this is definitely one of the better ones. Frankly, it's fantastic to stroll around to, the bass is exceptionally rude, and its certainly worth a listen

Tim Oxford



Kula Shaker - Peasants Pigs and Astronauts

'If we stand here together/ We can laugh at what we've done' – well, you said it Crispian, not me. A quick scan down the song titles of 'Peasants, Pigs and Astronauts' reveals only a couple in Sanskrit, which bodes well. Unfortunately, the reality offers as much fake Eastern mumbo-jumbo as the first album, 'K'. Still, the band are widening their musical horizons – or at least the stuff they nick/sample. But the album definitely has its moments. Indeed, once you get into the album, there are some gems, like dubiously titled ballad Shower your Love and the Beach Boys-a-like 108 Battles which mark a bit of a departure from the earlier material. You never know, if they ditch their baggage (and it must be getting heavy) KS might turn into the great band they have the potential to be.

Willis



Stereophonics Performance and Cocktails

It's easily argued that the Stereophonics have a distinctive formula and sound. Therefore, upon listening to the first couple of tracks of their latest offering, I was starting to worry that I was in for 13 'Word Gets Around' style anthems but the second half of 'Performance and Cocktails' is refreshingly different. Tracks like 'I Wouldn't Believe Your Radio' and 'A Minute Longer' show a less frantic side to the band, and one which makes the rockier songs, such as 'The Bartender And The Thief', all the more enjoyable. 'She Takes Her Clothes Off' and 'Plastic California' are twangier and funkier than songs like the rhythmic 'Just Looking', but equally as good. The final track of the album, 'I Stopped To Fill My Car Up' confirms my belief that although the Stereophonics have retained their wild spirit, they have also learnt how to tame it.

Maddy Lewis



Beth Orton - Central Reservation

Christened the 'Comedown Queen', Beth Orton has taken a bit of time on her follow up to 1996's critically acclaimed 'Trailer Park'. It has been a while, but 'Central Reservation' is finally here. I must admit that I had been awaiting this with great trepidation. However, I must admit that this LP fails to hit the sweetspot that it's predecessor did. Beginning with the single 'Stolen Car' and it's faintly rock feel, it trawls on through the annals of folkly-guitar stuff until it finally seems to left off with the trippy 'Stars Seem To Weep'. At last you think. But, alas, it's back to faintly Joni Mitchell stuff from there on. Notably good melodies include the title track and the instantly catchy 'Feel To Believe'. Overall though, this is a bit of a let down from the Queen of come-down.

Phil Miles



Deus The Ideal Crash

So it's art rock you want eh? Can't abide by these two bit Jonny-come-lately indie bands trying to go 'a bit weird' to look trendy? Well then Deus are for you. The original European oddballs, this is the bands third album of post rock bliss. Buzzsaw guitars mixed with loose funky rhythms make this a thoroughly agreeable album. Best songs being opening track 'Put the freaks up front' and the acoustic smoke out of 'One advice, Space' Whilst it seems that everyone is moving sonically left field, this is actually Deus' most composed and straightforward album, a lot more polished and streamlined than previous releases, perhaps something to do with their signing to major label Island. Still pretty fantastic though, and still defiantly different.

Gareth Dobson



Blur - 13

Woo, and indeed Hoo. There's something deeply ironic in the fact that Blur's previous album was created to shy themselves away from the mainstream, yet in doing that, and releasing that song, they became arguably the biggest band on the continent. Hell, even America got them, although it was through the dumbest two and a half minutes of music they ever recorded. Much the same way as 'Modern Life...' was the precursor to 'Parklife', '13' follows on in a similar vein to 'Blur'. It's a distinctly Lo-Fi effort; see the rumbling bassline on Song 2-meets-Bowie number 'Bugman' and the expansive, lolloping rhythm sections typified on 'TrailerPark' and 'Battle' (or 'Bowel' in Albarn cockney-speak) but it's also the first album where the band has truly gone out on a musical limb. 'Blur' at times seemed a tad artificial, a bit forced; but the band appears to be enjoying a new lease of creative life. Part of this can be attributed to them discarding previous Blur 'fifth member' producer Stephen Street and bringing in William Orbit, the man who resurrected the career of Madonna. Preceding single 'Tender' was a musical curveball, but lyrically it fits in with a refreshing new approach. For the first time, Damon has decided to write with a degree of previously absent honesty. His split with long term girlfriend Justine Frischman has been well documented, and is the albums obvious touchstone. Its effect on the singer is none more apparent than on the heartbreaking penultimate track 'No Distance Left To Run', probably the best thing they've ever recorded. To hear Damon uttering the fragile and exposed lines 'It's over, you don't need to tell me. I hope you're with someone who makes you feel safe in your sleep' is almost revelatory. Elsewhere Gramms guitar is once again allowed to run sonically riot, and there's still a few headrush moments like 'B.L.U.R. E.M.I.' that doffs its musical cap at 'Song 2'. Yet it's the Coxon penned and sung tune 'Coffee and TV' that most resemble old style Blur. A strange anomaly perhaps, but it is refreshing to hear when there are times on the album where they sound like they have over stretched themselves a bit. Regardless, I doubt you will hear an album quite as distinct as this over the next nine months, and in such a stoney grey musical environment we currently exist in, we are once again thankful for Blur.

The Beautiful South – How Long's A Tear Take To Dry

This is a typical Beautiful South song. The tune is upbeat, but the lyrics are a real downer. It's more of the unlucky in love theme, the usual stuff. Basically, if you like the Beautiful South, then you'll like this. If you don't, why are you reading this?

Steve Pearce

The John Spencer Blues Explosion: Talk About the Blues

The latest single to be taken off the excellent "ACME" album, this is essentially more of the usual fare from the JSBX; Driving rhythm, scratchy rawk'n'roll guitars and completely indecipherable vocals.

However, it is just not a good single. Guaranteed to be emptying a dance floor at an indie disco near you soon.

Tom Hawker

Beth Orton: Stolen Car (Heavenly)

Beth Orton has taken a fair amount of time to come up with something new. So, at last, we have the single 'Stolen Car'. The song moves into a form of rock-jazz fusion helped, in no small way, by the influence of Terry Callier. The song rocks for sure, but it lacks the bite of the 'Trailer Park' tracks of three years ago.

Phil Smells

Sheryl Crow – Anything But Down

This is a simple pop song which does not bring about the despair which one might imagine from the title.

Regardless of whether you are a fan, this song is unlikely to impress, the B-Sides though, offer her usual smattering of live recordings which, this time, are acoustic based and really rather good.

John Humphreys

Reef: I've Got Something to Say.

Gary Stringer's rough vocals and noises are augmented on this great (if not outstanding) track by a laid-back drum stomp. Reef are back, probably too early – this would be a great summer track. Good stuff. First single from new album 'Rides'.

Dave Jarman.

Stereophonics: Just Looking.

This generally easy-going track builds up expectantly to an awesomely anthemic chorus. This will be fantastic live, especially come festival time. You must have heard this on the radio, you ought to go and buy it! Easily one of Stereophonics best tracks to date...

Dave Jarman.

Sizzla, Rain Showers.

I expected good things from this single, and I was a little disappointed. Nice enough, its an upbeat reggae track, plenty of spangly effects and slurry lyrics, but it doesn't really pack any punches. Make a great addition to a nice cheesy summer tape, for driving along in the sunshine. You get the picture.

Luna: Superfreaky Memories

This is a fuzzy guitar, big synthesiser, left-field indie rock. It's tempting to call it mid-paced when a bit plodding would probably be more accurate. The big chorus just isn't that big but it is very melodic and catchy in a bizarre Mercury Rev sort of way. Interesting but not brilliant.

Tom Hawker

Add N to DJ Metal Fingers In My Body

Taken from their forthcoming second album 'Avant Hard', 'Metal Fingers' sees the band create their usual inspired fare of methodical madness. A funky dirge that sounds like Air's evil mute counterparts builds and builds into a glorious cacophonous crescendo. I can only implore you to buy this.

Roddy Frame - Sister Shadow (Independiente)

Years ago, Roddy Frame used to be in a band called Aztec Camera. Elvis Costello said he was the future of popular music. He was wrong. What he should have said is that he is the future of sub-country, sub-Radio 2 blandness. This is a very dull record indeed. Avoid.

Kurley

Jimi Tenor - Year of the Apocalypse

I've always thought that there just aren't enough songs celebrating the forthcoming judgement day. Mr Tenor has thankfully appeared me, with his care-free jazz-electro composition. What with the retro-disco feel of the track, it could provide Mr Blair with the ideal soundtrack to his inevitable dance into the fires of eternal damnation this December.

Chris Stickland

DJ Krush feat. Esthero - Final Home

Final Home sees Esthero prompting Krush to depart from his hardcore lazy-hop background, to bring you an altogether more accessible dreamy vocal track. Although it is perhaps, the last thing you'd expect him to release, the quality is still there. You're on the floor embracing smoky backgrounds in a dark lit room with only Esthero's delicate lull to keep you safe.

Chris Stickland

Aphex Twin - Window Licker

It would be no great surprise if this track was to showcase the sort of lunatic break-beat mish-mash we know Mr James is capable of. Instead he's opted for this, a melodic upbeat electro track, with layers of mumbled groaning vocal samples over the top. Of course he saved the lunatic breakbeat mish-mash for the b-side. I wouldn't have it any other way.

Chris Stickland



Rae & Christian feat. Veba - All I Ask

The "genius" that is Rae and Christian may finally get the recognition they deserve with this stunningly smooth sample of their Northern Sulphuric Soul. Veba covers R&C's laidback hip-hop beats and bass grooves with honesty and elegance, giving 'All I Ask' a pure and soulful feel without wandering too far into R'n'B land. On the flip-side the instrumental build up of 'Premonition' has that retro, 'Starsky & Hutch', cool-without-trying feel. They can do no wrong.

Chris Stickland

Dot Allison - Mo' Pop

Unsatisfying A-side from the singer of the now-defunct One Dove. It's Dubstar meets The Corrs via a Ford Mondeo advert. So skip the first track; the B-sides are far more interesting. The lo-fi, electro-dub of 'Melt' and the down-trodden, melancholic folk of 'Blind' both sound like better homes for Dot's personal, emotive voice.

Mark Biddle

Gus Gus - (Ladyshave) Icd21

The Icelandic masters may surprise with this, a chart friendly, bouncy, vocal tune with lots of nice moog bits. You won't find 'four on the floor' here. But perhaps the true star is the dubbed up 'fully bearded mix', with its stuttered, trance like organ sample, making it very uplifting indeed.

Chris Stickland

Block Rockin' Beats

Brandon Block was one of the founding House DJs in this country, alongside the likes of Jeremy Healy, Danny Rampling and Paul Oakenfold. His success has taken him around the world including Hong Kong, South America, and of course Ibiza. We asked him why Canterbury and his reply was; "because they asked me to."

This man knew how he had made it to the big time and is still willing to play the smaller gigs.

After his particularly crowd-baiting set we went up to the Lighthouse to interview him and no sooner had we sat down when a steward tried to eject us from our seats. Such is the price of fame!

Blocko was clearly tired from a long journey and over ten years of late nights were catching up with him, but he still had time for us to talk to him afterwards.

KRED: Firstly, we would like to congratulate you on your chart success.

BLOCKO: Thankyou very much.

KRED: But, do you think House is becoming too commercial?

BLOCKO: I don't think House is; Dance music's commercial. House's not necessarily Dance. House can be one type of Dance music. There's all sorts of Dance music, innit? Fatboy Slim's not House, is it? Norman [Cook] used to make House, all those, err... y'know, it's a very wide thing now. You can't keep it from the masses 'cause no-one's ever... they like... that's what Dance music's all about, innit? There's Underground clubs. You can still go Underground Clubs, but y'know some of 'em stay underground, innit? Otherwise, Universities as such would never hear it, would they? No, no. I don't think so.

KRED: You didn't play your tune today? ('You Should Be..')

BLOCKO: Don't play it anymore.. (K:Why?) It's done its stuff, innit? It's

done its thing. It's done its err.. whatever. Gotta keep it upfront, ain't ya? Err.. sometimes I play it. Occasionally, in an ideal situation. A lot of students like it harder at the moment, y'know, that's the stuff they're into.

KRED: So, are you gonna do anymore.. ?

BLOCKO: Well, we've got an album comin' and there's a new single..

KRED: What's it gonna be like?

BLOCKO: Very similar to the other one. Erm... but the one after that is going to be totally different. The album's comin' out in September.

KRED: What about the album?



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KRED: What about the album?

BLOCKO: We're gonna go straight across the board to be honest, we're gonna use hip-hop and everything. We came from that sort of background, funk, soul, hip-hop whatever.

KRED: He said funk... he said the F word. (My co-interviewer, Mo', now goes into delirium!) Being one of the founding DJs in Ibiza, has it damaged the Dance scene?

BLOCKO: Nah, not really. Ibiza's changed though, the people are getting younger. It's only a matter of simple revolution, the clubs are the same and the people go

there and have a mad time which is the same. (K: Only the price has changed!) Yeah, it's very expensive now.

KRED: What's your all time favourite dance tune?

BLOCKO: I don't know there's loads. Probably one of my favourite dance records is something like Alison Limerick's "Where love lives".

KRED: Best tune around now?

BLOCKO: Erm... I don't know, that DJ Sakin quite's good ain't he? He's quite sharp that sort of thing. Nah, he's terrible! (K burst into hysterics).

KRED: Why is Garage only popular in London?

BLOCKO: I don't know, I think it gonna take... well I don't know maybe it's a London thing.

KRED: The best night you've played, the weirdest, and the worst?

BLOCKO: The best night probably Colville, The weirdest and I suppose the most wonderfulest are one in the same playing at Aqualand in Ibiza 8 years ago on top of the changing room while the water slides are going everywhere. I played at the handover party in Hong Kong that was... one of the best party's I've played at. (K: The worst?) I don't think any gigs are bad, I think it's probably that I'm bad. But, the worst was probably Chaos in Ibiza. I was just out of me nut.

KRED: Who are the best DJs and are there any rivals?

BLOCKO: I don't have rivals it's not like that. The best DJ I reckon is Danny Rampling. And Sasha, Oakey.

Time was getting on and the steward was again looking over at us and it was clear that Blocko was now very tired. We found out

that was definitely a Londoner as he thought the South was better. He liked the eighties and thinks Spurs are going to win the league. Obviously, he was under the influence of something! We asked him about strange house mates and replied by telling us a story about what he did to a drunk housemate with a banana...

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Mo' Funk and Sun-J

The Brit Awards; the ultimate sign of acceptance for commercial success from the record industry. One of the most anticipated awards is Best British Newcomer, hot favourites in the Radio 1 listeners Poll are Pete Dinklage inspired Quintet Steps, hotly behind them are 5ive and Billie. But up to accept the award went a relatively unheard of Scottish folk-pop octet. National outrage (or at least The Sun's) followed, prompting the question;



isn't scared

Who the hell are... Belle and Sebastian?

'Think of it this way You either could be successful or be us, with our winning smiles, and us with our catchy tunes, and us Now we're photogenic You know, we don't stand a chance'.

- Get me away from here, I'm dying

'This is just a modern rock song This is just a sorry lament We are four boys in our corduroys we're not terrific but we're competent'

- This is just a modern rock song

Simplistically, Belle & Sebastian are a Scottish eight piece who have recorded three albums and do a terrific line in bittersweet whimsical folk songs. But to merely label them a 'whimsical folk band' would be doing an injustice to the most elegantly empathetic artists since the Smiths. According to myth and legend (much of it happily perpetuated by the band) the whole thing started when 'Sebastian' (singer and songwriter Stuart Murdoch) Met 'Belle' (his then girlfriend and band inspiration) at Hillhead Underground Station in Glasgow. Four of the other band members were subsequently recruited at a small café where Stuart approached people "if they looked cool". What then followed was the sort of thing urban myth is made of. Debut album 'Tiger Milk' was then produced and promoted as part of a project for students at a nearby business college. Unfortunately it was done very badly and barely made the shelves of the local record shops. Much of the 1,000 only vinyl pressing was left in boxes under various member's beds. Gradually through word of mouth, the records began to eke away,

and eventually some appeared in London. A record company and music press avalanche of interest besieged Stuart Murdoch, who told them that unfortunately they had sold all the copies, and no, they weren't going to press any more up.

Over the next three years, Belle & Sebastian released 4 EP's and Two more albums, 'If You're Feeling Sinister' and 'The Boy With The Arab Strap'. Despite steadfastly refusing to do interviews or TV appearances, and with only a handful of gigs behind them, the band had reached acclaimed status on the back of their recordings alone. Obviously the reason for this is largely down to the quality and strength of their records, tales of love and society written from a wonderfully twisted viewpoint that mixes arab straps and infatuation with horses, with churches, Majors and foxes in the snow. Stuart's lyrics so far are largely unanalysed and occasionally baffling, but always compelling. The ambiguity of the band as well as the insightful nature of the music has drawn in many fans as well as comparisons to the previously mentioned Smiths. If not musically, then other factors make it clear as to why this is so. At a base level, the music so often appeals to the disaffected and outsiders 'Anthony walked to his death because he thought he'd never feel this way again... and if there is something else beyond then he

because It's bound to be less boring than today, bound to be less boring than tomorrow.' But there is something else, the uncomprehending mist around them or the unique utterly charming style. Sexual ambiguity also brings comparisons with Stuart Murdoch and Morrissey; 'My brother had confessed that he was gay It took the heat off me for a while'. The Belle & Sebastian singer also uses the clever trick of using asexual references, leaving suggestions and ideas floating in the air. Or perhaps whatever they have is something special that you can't quite put your finger on. Whatever, word of mouth has brought them kicking and screaming out in to the open, and it appears that everybody wants a piece. It has been enough to dishearten some poor souls, leading them to announce that they can no longer have any faith in the band that safeguards the little people, but they have still got enough fans to sell out the Shepherd Bush Empire in under a day with little or no advertising. Belle and Sebastian are a musical phenomenon that seems to of already booked it's place in the annals of rock 'n' roll fame. With the re-release of their debut album in May (originals worth £750.00 thank you) and a new album and EP scheduled for the summer months, the band can only get more famous. I hope it all goes well.



TRAGEDY!

Arguably the biggest pop band in Britain at this moment in time are Steps. Pipped at the post by Brit Winners Belle and Sebastian, Pete Waterman, svengali and creator of the five some was furious.

Nirvana has a word with Steps.

About 18 months ago in response to the so called line dancing craze that was apparently swept the nation (I must have blinked and missed it) emerged a line dancing group strutting their stuff to thoughts of cowboys and rodeo Romeo. Immediately they were dismissed as a no hope manufactured band, So 5678 was filed in room 101 and soon forgotten. Or so everyone thought.

Then after what Faye describes a strenuous sometimes 24 hr schedule in March 1998 "last thing on my mind" was released and being a classic cheesy uplifting light hearted waterman trademark immediately went soaring into the charts and so began the county's obsession (whether you want to admit it or not) with STEPS.

Steps is comprised of Faye, Claire, Lisa, Lee and H. Who as usual hail from a dancing background and have no doubt been singing into their ruskis and dancing before they were crawling. But unlike other wannabes, who use this to suggest that they are "serious" artists, Steps have openly admitted that their music is just meant to be fun. They are not trying to compare themselves to the Manics they are just providing a neiche of cringeworthy loveable music.

Needles to say there is an ABBA resemblance, something Faye says happened in production after they had set the vocals. This resemblance isn't a bad thing however; in fact it is arguably what makes it work, catchy music that even if you think it's absolute tosh you have to admit it's addictive and it'll get you dancing in the clubs.

In the last year when other bands have been dropping



babies everywhere Steps have been given a window of opportunity and have become the biggest pop band around. Their latest single taken off their platinum selling album "Better Best Forgotten" is destined for the top spot in hot pursuit of their last single a double a side "heartbeat" and the bee gee classic "Tragedy" which went to number one and has sold 1.2 million copies in the UK to date and is still in the charts.

It was during the height of Heartbeat/tragedies success that I managed to interview Faye and ask her a few probing questions.

Like Banarama and Rick Asley most of waterman's greats have relied on the superficial synthesised melodies to guarantee a smash record. However, unlike waterman's previous creations steps pulled "heartbeat" off their album, an uncharacteristic Ballard. Faye believes that heart beat gave the steps the opportunity to show that they have great voices and they are proud of their album. But it was arguably tragedy that caused

the skyrocketing sales of this disc.

Even though Steps are currently on tour and are going to embark on an arena tour in the autumn, they still do regular shows at the venues they started in. In fact they had done a gig at G.A.Y the night before the interview. As well as their main stream fans Steps also have a huge gay following. Which could possibly attributed to their good looks, matching out fits and dance routines. Their songs unite the audience in an attempt to mimic their dance routines to create an amazing atmosphere, which is what Faye accounts as one of the reasons for their continual returns to familiar venues.

It has been suggested that steps are merely selling sex to the under the under eights. That their songs are just mindless garbage

and generally their only use is to take the piss out of. Well after speaking to Faye, I think it is blatantly obvious that they are only out to have a bit of fun. Obviously steps are never going to win any mercury music awards but the tragedy dance routine will always unify the dance floor. And as for them selling sex to the under 8 year olds I think of far worse things than a five piece band singing "take a chance on a happy ending, lets turn the page and stop pretending". So I say through away those inhibitions, stop being so boring and judgmental, put your hands in the air and strut that funky stuff.



Mickey Finn

'AVIN IT LARGE

No doubt everyone knew Grooverider had been billed to play 'The Venue' last month. Unfortunately the man himself couldn't make it. So, at short notice, Mickey Finn graciously agreed to 'fill in'. Judging however, from the numbers on the night, it seems that very few people had heard that this was the case. Despite that, Mickey pulled off a brilliant set, with support from, among others, a certain ex-UKC student named Adam Reeks.

When the music was over, Mickey Finn still seemed remarkably lively, what with it being some time after 2AM, and agreed to talk to us. He came across as your sort of everyday bloke, who despite his success, had kept a pretty level head - it may sound like a small achievement, but it's not something that everyone is able to boast of...

KRED: What do you think of the set up here?

Mickey: I really like it, it's a really beautiful club, and we was walkin' round earlier and I was sayin', I do a lot of universities, but I've not seen this in a university... y'know that's a night club... it's a brilliant idea...

KRED: Were you apprehensive at all about replacing Grooverider?

Mickey: [confidently] Nah... We do it to each other all the time... y'know if one of us can't make it...

KRED: What did you think of his album?

Mickey: I like it... Groove's got a lot of bottle, and there's a lot of sheep out there... they'll all just get out and follow who's in front... There's a lot of people y'know wouldn't take the risks of what he took on this album... y'know why he's not here right?

KRED: Yeah, he's gone off to America to remix Cypress Hill...

Mickey: One of the tracks off the album... he's gone out there to do that with them.

KRED: How did Urban Takeover come about?

Mickey: Sittin there doin a mix one day, when obviously we owned Urban Shakedown. Urban Shakedown is basically a label that... never sampled anyone... Nothing that we could ever get in trouble for... And then... one day... we went... fuck it why don't we join everyone else... As you'll notice the stuff that comes out on Urban Takeover's got big sam-

ples in 'em, so we just went fuck it, let's name a new label... and just start releasing some stuff, and stop bein' so cut clean image y'know...

KRED: Could you chose a proudest moment on that label?

Mickey: Baddass is still the biggest seller on the label... even though it's going on two years old, we still press it up... it's a good achievement. From what we've done y'know in two years, to where we are now, and just mastered the actual album of the DAT that I lost at New Years Eve, we've now brought that album together... that's gonna be coming out maybe April, end of April...

KRED: Can you tell us anything about the Wild West by the Untouchables?

Mickey: The Untouchables basically just another two artists, Pugwash... and Special K... They came up with it... [Pauses, changing the subject] I wanna change on the label, me personally...

KRED: What do you wanna change?

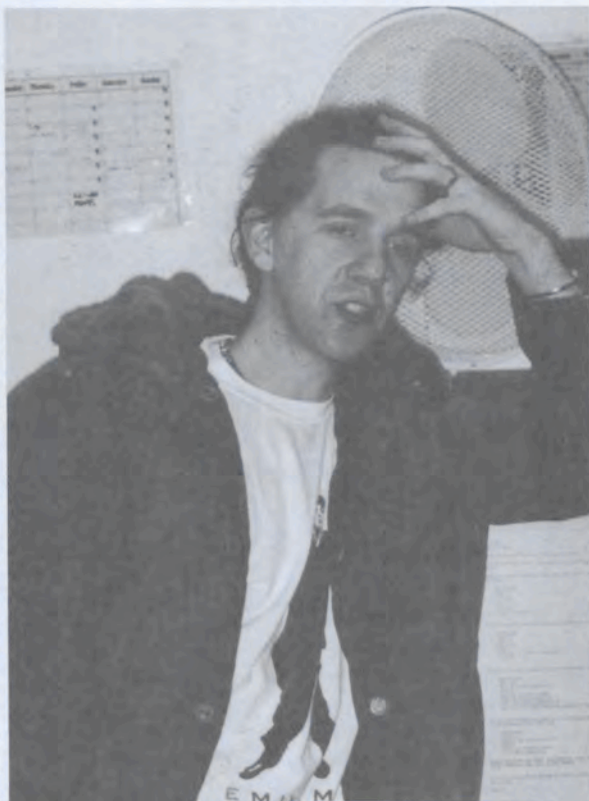
Mickey: When you're a British label, and you come from a British scene... there ain't a lot of British people playing our stuff, [frankly] and I want British people playing our stuff, we do brilliant export, and that is where most of our stuff's sold... [perhaps disappointedly] to other countries which... I [honestly] like that, I'm not against that, but I want stuff sold in this country as well, so I think we're gonna come up with a plan where maybe, we may have the stuff that's coming out on Urban Takeover now... as Urban Takeover international, and then we're gonna have an Urban Takeover UK which would have stuff a bit along the lines of Ram and Bad Company, y'know a bit more along the lines of... what I was playing tonight. It needs a change, it's gettin' a bit stale for me, I'm goin' off it a bit.

KRED: You've done a fair bit of remixing in your time, what was it like working with Jon Carter [Monkey Mafia] and Moby?

Mickey: If you know about studio stuff, you never meet people.

KRED: Really?

Mickey: Nah, you never meet the people, you basically get given a reel or... a DAT, it's got all their pieces on it, and you're in the studio... I've met Jon Carter, but not through actually doin' that remix, I've



met Moby but...

KRED: Is Moby back to doing his dance stuff now?

Mickey: Moby's flipped mate. He's... [searching for the right word] flipped...being with him for five minutes you'd think that he was someone else that writes Southpark or something, it's like: 'Hold on where did that come from?'... He's a nice fella, but he's just... he's a Christian... he's just a bit... he's a lovely fella, but since he done 'Go' and stuff like that... We never met Yazz, we never met the Jungle Brothers, we met the Jungle Brothers after we done the remix out in Miami...

KRED: So you haven't met the Beasties then?

Mickey: Nah. I've met them before, but...y'know, we had offers from the Jungle Brothers to fly us out to their studio in Jamaica, and you gotta start bending to someone else's way of working when we don't wanna... we wanna work the way that we work. We don't wanna be in somewhere like Jamaica and sittin' around in the studio till they feel like turning up... I'm not sayin' the Jungle Brothers are like that... some people get drunk, and they smoke and they get

Mickey Finn



that. Some places over here, people are too spoilt... They can go and get it any day of the week, so come the weekend, if you go to somewhere like America, where they can't even get it every weekend... they're gagging for it...

KRED: Do you feel that as a DJ you have to play a certain sort of music?

Mickey: You've got so much time... you can only do so many bookings, and you get pigeon holed. Y'know it's like: 'He's a drum 'n' bass DJ', so you get booked for drum 'n' bass things... it's just what happens with the media... the only place where they know that I'll play [house] is Ibiza... I love house, I love hip-hop. It's where we come from. People go: [adopts whinny voice] 'Oh you like that fucking cheesy shit'... That cheesy shit is what made us. Y'know, maybe cheesy shit now, but go back to 1987, that's what started 'Rider off, that's what started me off, it's what started Fabio, Frost. Anyone who was there from the beginning was into house, you had to be cos that's what we were there for... It started all from house. People see you standing in a record shop buying house...

hop cos I love hip-hop... I'll walk out of this club, I'll get in the car and I'll put a play on, most probably, on Radio 4 or something. People just get in your car and think you're gonna trash their ears with jungle, like ya get home, it's like they'll wanna hear jungle... I do that every weekend, y'know, I'll go up there when I have to, y'know, when I feel like it, when I got to practice... but apart from that, I would put a hip hop album on, or a Marvin Gaye album... or fuckin' Sex Pistols. I go way, right across the spectrum of all different kinds of music that I like.

KRED: Have you ever had a Mickey Finn?

Mickey: [bluntly] No. I didn't even know what a Mickey Finn was until it was too late... basically my sister used to run the Tunnel club... just before you go into the Blackwall Tunnel on the right it's now a place called Dorrington's... When I first started DJing... I wasn't... 'I'm DJing now so I've gotta give myself a name', I never ever thought of that... So me sister just went: look y'know, you're gonna get missed, I'm gonna give you a name. You're a skinny bastard so she called me Mickey Thin... So I just wanted to be different and changed it to Finn, and then about three years later someone went to me: 'Y'know a Mickey Finn's drugs, right?' And I was like: 'no...' And he started going to me: 'Have you ever had one?' And... I didn't know what he was talkin' about.

stoned... We could end up goin' out there stayin' there for two days, and gettin' on a plane and coming home... You do the remix and they send it back to ya.

KRED: Is it done by invitation...

Mickey: If they want you to work they'll find ya.

KRED: You've played more or less all over the world. I read that you'd played places like Israel. What was that like?

Mickey: A lot of people are very sceptical about a country that's war torn... I love Israel. Sometimes you gotta say, y'know the money's not brilliant, but you go into a country that is war torn... all the things that you've heard about it stops people going out there, so to me that makes it more of a challenge.

KRED: What are the clubs like out there?

Mickey: Just like here... Israel's a modern country, they've got everything that we've got... It's beautiful.

KRED: Have you got a favourite place you've played?

Mickey: There's a lot of countries that are really gettin' into drum and bass at the moment. The States are really into drum and bass at the moment, they can't get enough of it. I love goin' to countries like

we'll I've always fuckin' bought it why should I stop? Cos I play drum 'n' bass? I'm not gonna stop. I still go out and buy it cos I like it, I still go out and buy hip-

Words Chris Stickland interview
Jason Dobson and Chris Stickland



someone went to me: 'Y'know

a Mickey Finn's drugs, right?'

And I was like: 'no...'



HOUSE OF

Yes, It's that time again. You have to go and look for a house. It's an incredibly daunting prospect, but help is at hand. Isabelle Schoumaker gives out some pointers.

On March 15, the Accommodation Office will issue the list of returning students who have secured a place on campus for next year. Whether you missed the deadline, your name doesn't appear, or you simply didn't fancy living on campus, you are about to start house-hunting. Don't panic and don't despair. Your first task is to offend as many people as possible by explaining you do not wish to live with them because they eat their toenails / smoke a pipe / are not exactly friends of yours. When you have brought together a group of reasonable candidates to share a year of cleaning toilets and paying bills with, you should sit down together and work on a list of basic expectations you have. For example you want a house with four real bedrooms (none of that partition cheating), lounge and central heating for about £200 per month within 2 miles of university. You should have a clear idea of what you want before you start looking at properties and stick with it!

After Easter, the Accommodation Office will publish a list of properties that live up to Health and Safety standards. Alternatively, you may wish to obtain lists from letting agents. Do not pay anything for the list. Read through and select those houses that fit your needs and requirements and make appointments to visit, preferably many, at a time convenient to all. And brace yourself.

Student houses can be really grim. This is often due to years of neglect by the landlord and/or students but there is no need for you to assume that there is nothing else out there. All too often house-hunting students lower their standards and sign contracts for a year in a dump because they get the impression that there is nothing better and that time is running out.

Or they just get tired of looking.

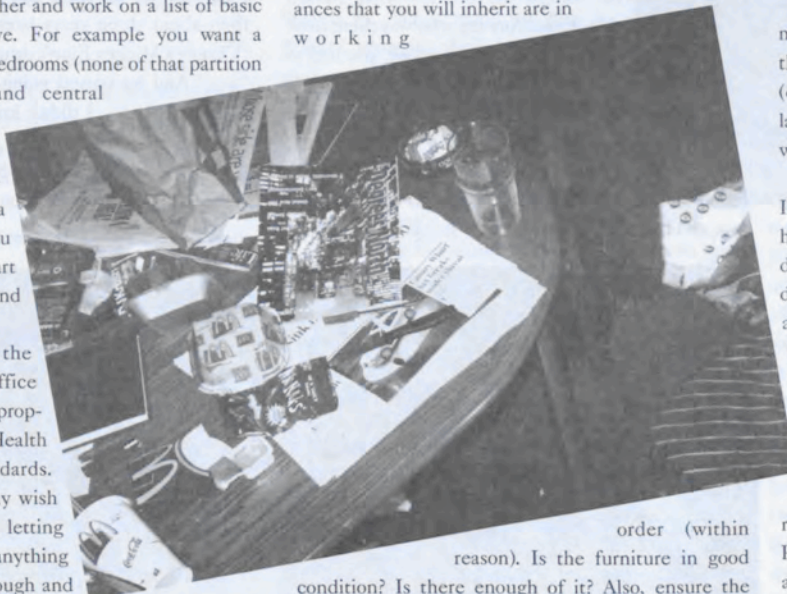
Visiting Properties.

Your first impression will be of the outside of the house. If you are made to wait while another batch of students is visiting, have a closer look. Is the woodwork sound? Are the windows double-glazed? Have the gutters been converted into flower pots? Does the roof look sound? Where can you park your car/bicycle? Have you tied your shoe laces?

Then the landlord or letting agent appears and says he's all yours and would you like to come in. While he feeds you his lines about the wonderful carpet and the aluminium kitchen sink remember: he is not your friend. His interest is to squeeze money off you, not to build you a conservatory and Jacuzzi. However, most houses will have tenants. If they are in, do speak to them, they are your best bet at an honest opinion. Ask them if they have had any problems and how the landlord or letting agent dealt with them. And keep your eyes peeled.

Are the cooker and boiler in good working condition? Is the heating adequate? Are all the rooms heated? Try all the taps, check for hot water and flush the toilets. Check with the landlord or agent if the furniture and appliances (washing machine, kettle) in the house belong to the tenants. Check that those appliances that you will inherit are in

working



order (within reason). Is the furniture in good condition? Is there enough of it? Also, ensure the kitchen and fridge hold sufficient space to prepare and store food.

Check the windows and doors for drafts and check their locks. Check the size of every bedroom. There may only be one tiny bedroom out of five but one of you will have to live with that for a year. Would you? Finally check the safety of the house: is there a fire blanket, a smoke alarm and does it work although there is no need to set the house on fire to test it. Are the beds and chairs fire resistant?

During the visit, the landlord or agent will blabber on about how good the house is or how much better it will be once everything has been fixed. Don't believe him. Should you decide to rent that property, insist on having the refurbishment promises in writing. Not all landlords are untrustworthy, but students are an easy target as they make their first step on the

Sharing a house can easily become a bone of contention: an open battle field where the dirtiest and most rancid tricks appear. The enemy is so close, his possessions within hand reach, waiting to be vandalised. I've seen it all in night-time fridge abuse. This particular place I lived at saw the fridge ending up being more a laboratory specimen cabinet than anything else. These two blokes hated each other to the point that at night time they would sneak in the fridge and piss in the other one's orange juice, or alternatively spit in the milk. The worst thing I saw was one of them sticking his knob in the other guy's butter. I moved out before the obvious next step (having a crap in someone's free-flow frozen mince) came about.

Mario Pisani

market and have little idea what to expect. Talk to the landlord as you visit. Ask him who pays the bills (e.g. water, gas, electricity). Ask what services the landlord or letting agent provides. For example, ask who does the gardening.

If you like what you see, get more information. Ask how much the rent is, and how it is to be paid (dates due and methods of payment). Ask how much the deposit is and what it covers. Ask when the house is available. Ask if you have to pay full rent during summer and if you can sublet.

Then tell the landlord that you like the house and would prefer to take some time to think it over and/or discuss it together (and visit others). Ask for the landlord's full details. If you are renting through a letting agent, ask who is responsible for repairs (one letting agent I had dealings with had a PO box address and a phone line plugged into an answer phone). Don't give in to pressure to sign on the spot and do not pay any money until you have signed the agreement. What's more, if you are using

Picture it, you're sitting in your lounge, watching a holiday programme on the TV, then your suspected 'nutter' housemate sits down, starts watching, and then says "I was supposed to go there once, but that was the year I got certified ... (mad)". As if this was a common experience to be banged up for not being entirely in possession of one's marbles... Nice.

PAIN



the services of a letting agent, avoid paying a premium at all cost. It's a waste of money.

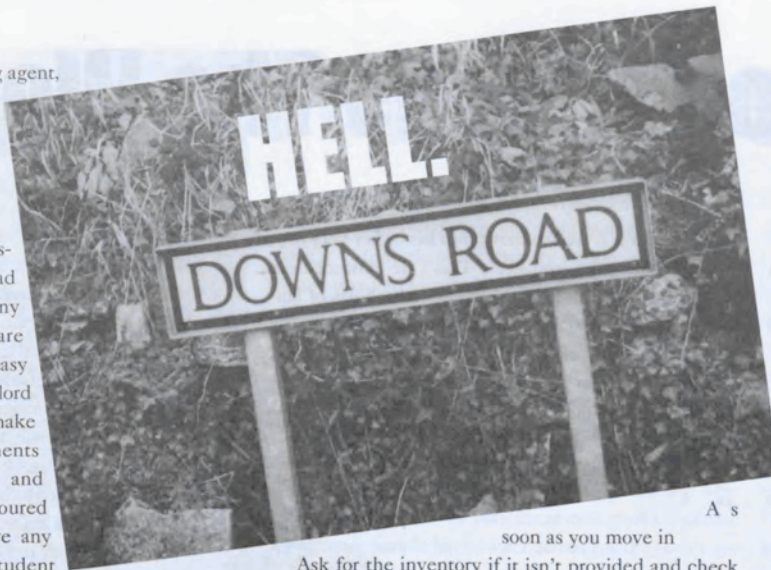
The contract

Once you are in possession of the contract, read it carefully, discuss any matters that you are unhappy with or uneasy about with your landlord before signing and make sure verbal agreements relating to repairs and improvements are honoured in writing. If you have any doubt contact the Student Union Advice Service. Make sure you know what type of agreement you are signing and what it implies (liability, notice to quit, rent increase, etc.)

When you are perfectly happy, sign the papers and get a receipt for your deposit, especially if you pay cash.

All students who are moving in together should be aware (or rather 'beware') of the 'blagging other-half' that one of their housemates may slowly incorporate into the household. When someone's boy/girlfriend becomes part of the furniture and they start to use your soap for their sex-games in the shower you will undoubtedly get rather annoyed. Of all the people in your house, it is guaranteed that it will be this parasite that uses up all the hot water and cultivates both a distinctive-smelling foot fungus and copious amounts of ganja whilst he/she 'just crashes the night' for one more time. Were you to voice any disapproval at the situation then they would either be protected by their mollycoddling other half with the excuse that they are 'very sensitive' or they would come up with the argument that you are the product of a materialistic, consumerist age who does not understand the importance of companionship and it's a 'post-modern thing' -using up all the hot water; very post-fucking-modern!!! The most audacious of crimes though, would be that of Sylvester. Whilst on a Valentines weekend's blagging at his girlfriend's house Sylvester was pleasuring his girlfriend with Mr Hand and his five burly sons. Once finished, it was time for some post-nookie grub. Sly lovingly cooked-up some chicken nuggets, chips and salad for himself, his girlfriend and another housemate, Ferris. The meal was evidently a great success, it was only afterwards that Sly remembered that he had not yet washed his hands!

John Humphries



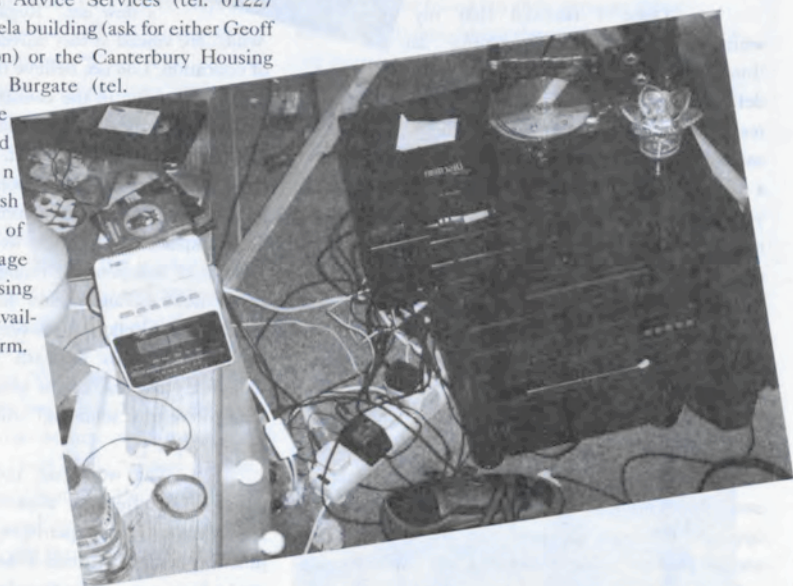
As soon as you move in Ask for the inventory if it isn't provided and check carefully before signing. Read the gas and electricity meters and make a note of their values - these will be useful when the first bills start rolling in. If you have key meters, ensure they are not in deficit. Check if the house is clean and if there are any repairs needed. If the answer to either or both is yes, inform the landlord in writing. Then relax, enjoy.

In conclusion

As you race people for the perfect house, remember all those stories you've heard. Leaking roofs, unheated flats, flooded rooms, rotting woodwork, lack of hot water, house on fire, unreturned deposits, landlady reclaiming sofa are but a few that I know to be true. Not all the landlords are scoundrels but assume they are and then you'll be prepared. And should you have any problems or enquiries, don't hesitate to contact the Student Union Advice Services (tel. 01227 765224) in the Mandela building (ask for either Geoff Orton or Jane Bolton) or the Canterbury Housing Advice Centre on Burgate (tel. 01227 762605). The Student Union and Accommodation Office will also publish a revised edition of Kredlet, an 8 page advice paper on housing matters. It will be available by the end of term.

On moving into a new house the instant reaction of anyone, perhaps with the exception of Mary Whitehouse, is to have the wildest party possible -the type where, beforehand, you have to take the curtains down and the doors off the hinges -'just in case'. Tony Blair had one, Noel Gallagher had one, and last year it was the turn of Arnold (-a la Dagnet, the names have been changed to protect the innocent, or rather in this case, the VERY guilty.) Arnold had left finding a house too late in the year, and as a result he ended up moving into a house with three girls, two of whom he did not know. When Arnold (who we shall soon know well enough to call 'Arnie') found out that one of the girls (who shall be known as Beryl) had done a bit of modelling he thought he had fallen on his feet -however, it soon transpired that he had actually fallen on his knees, with his trousers round his ankles! After one of their many evenings of hard drinking, the entire household passed out in the living room together. They no doubt expected the next thing they saw to be a rather hazy, hung-over morning. However, in the early hours, Beryl awoke to find a very drunk Arnie -to put it blatantly-wanking over her. As a result, Arnie spent the rest of that year only entering the house very early in the morning to pay his bills and collect his things before returning to the sofa in his mate's house which became his home for the rest of the year.

John Humphries





Post Uni Trauma

Me And You Versus The World

This summer a lot of students will pick a lot of fruit. This summer quite a few students will earn quite a bit of money. This summer a large amount of students will be having it large on small islands like Ibiza and Tenerife... 'massive'.

Some of us though, will not be so lucky. For many students, the start of this summer shall be, in effect, the start of their lives. After graduation, finally the chance arises to leave ones mark on the big ball of mud, water and rock that we live on. Before we are allowed to enter the world at large, various institutionalised rights of passage are inflicted upon us: firstly, senior school; then sixth form; onto university. Finally then, when push-comes-to-shove, we are thrust into the world of work; hard graft, early mornings but, best of all, a larger credit limit. Once students have finally emancipated themselves from parentally affixed shackles, they are (within reason) free to make of their lives what they wish; lawyer, accountant, teacher, brain-surgeon (from UKC?), astronaut, Formula One driver, butcher, baker or candlestick maker -incidentally, has anyone out there ever actually known someone who is a candle stick maker?

Once I realised that my whimsical ideas of becoming an 'International Playboy, moonlighting as a debonair Secret-Agent' were dissolved by my parents' realism (and by one look at my overdraft), I began an earnest quest to find work-experience and, ultimately, a job. Although this was at some time in my second year which I do not recall, many people spend the majority of their time in education adding to their CV's so that one day they can get a decent job (-and you thought that the SU Sabs did it for the power, phones and matching rugby shirts!)

To many students job-hunting is a daunting prospect, which their education has undoubtedly provided them with little experience of. I will be honest; I got lucky, I got a job which, although selection was based solely on my merits, was gained with relative ease. Many students are not so lucky -see the piece opposite. But even for those who are in a fortunate enough position to know that they will not be serving coffee well into the next millennium, the future is still a daunting prospect.

What then, does the big wide world hold for graduates? Whilst many suppose that, once gradu-

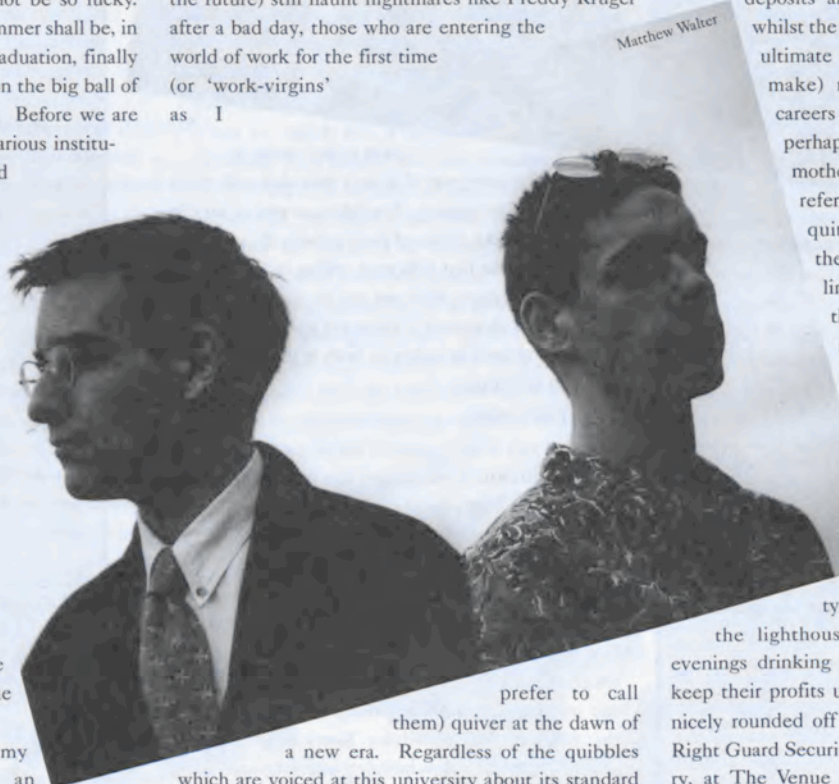
ated, a person is free to move into his or her very own Shallow Grave flat, and live a 'This Life existence the reality is really rather different. 'As the ghosts of student loans and overdrafts (created in the past yet, still very much in the present and guaranteed to be there in the future) still haunt nightmares like Freddy Kruger after a bad day, those who are entering the world of work for the first time (or 'work-virgins' as I

of debt and the theft of the occasional sign or three is seen as normal behaviour, but any attempt to re-enact such nostalgic predilections could result in some serious consequences once one has entered the real world. The responsibilities on the modern graduate are vast: deposits and (re)payments loom overhead, whilst the concept of the 'mortgage' (and the ultimate sense that getting one seems to make) must be faced sooner or later; careers are to be chosen and pursued; and perhaps scariest of all, mothers, grandmothers and copious amounts of people referred to as aunts (despite no-one quite knowing quite what relation they really are) are talking about the lining of drawers, settling down and the patter of tiny feet. The mind is sent into a whirlwind of love and money -being a Himalayan hermit never looked so good.

After a relatively short time in the workplace, work-virgin will long to return to the lifecycle of an average UKC student: skip lectures and seminars whilst catching up on beauty sleep, endless Feast-Burgers at the lighthouse for tea, followed by a solid evenings drinking in Origins (just so that they can keep their profits up you understand) all of which is nicely rounded off by a quick bit of molestation by Right Guard Security employees, and a night of revelry, at The Venue -now that's life in the fast lane! Work-virgin is confused; despite having already left university, work-virgin is still in stasis between it, and the next stage, which at some point in time will, no doubt, involve either 'dinner-parties' or 'boxed-wines at a barbecue' -ouch! Work-virgin has graduated, and is soon to buy previously unfeasible amounts of smart clothes and start to go (and pay) for drinks with people who he despises in a vain attempt to make friends and not be the butt of endless, but 'hilarious', office-jokes. Work-virgin, cries.

Is the post-university world that awaits us with baited breath that I have depicted, really such a hazardous place? The truth is, a cliché. 'The world is what you make it.' Those of you who have spent you lives at UKC living apathetic existences will, most probably, go on to mundane futures. Those of you who have found (or in many cases, have made) more to life than these sycophants-to-the-system, shall hopefully go on to face similar challenges in life with such gusto, and with luck reap the rewards -good luck.

John Humphries



prefer to call them) quiver at the dawn of a new era. Regardless of the quibbles which are voiced at this university about its standard of education, I do not believe that there is any form of higher education in the country which can prepare a work-virgin in dealing with the battlefield that is, the modern working environment. Be it a staff-room, an open-plan office or a shop-floor; gossip, bitchiness and lethargy are just a few of the problems which are rife in the workplace. Enter then: work-virgin -keen, clean, capable of independent thought and complete with brand new monogrammed handkerchief and vinyl briefcase set. Fellow employees greet you with friendly beaming grins beneath which linger sinister thoughts: 'Just one bright idea...and you'll be filing until you're fifty, scumbag!' -All for one, and one for all then? Nope.

The workplace though, is not the only potential minefield for work-virgin, the world offers many more, equally petrifying experiences; in conjunction with the heart-wrenching departure that work-virgin must make from both Richard -and Judy- in order to attend work, the positively terrifying prospective also on the horizon is that of ultimate responsibility. As a student, the odd few-grand-worth



Pearce d'resistance

Some of you may have seen Radio 1's finest drive time DJ play a surprisingly energetic, and dare I say, 'uplifting' trance and techno set at the venue last month. We thought he'd be interesting, so we hung around the DJ booth with those girls that are always there, and waited. The nice Mr Pearce, cross fading for the last time, decided the night was still young enough to indulge in a bit of verbal jiggery pokery. Hold tight... Here we go!!!!

KRED: Do you prefer DJing in a club, or on the radio?

Dave: They're two really different things... I love going out to clubs... It's very weird doing a station like Radio One which is national... It would be easy if you didn't go out, to completely lose... touch with reality [laughs]... Cos all you're doing is... working with people you work with every day... and it takes on a false sense... of everything. So I really enjoy going out and doing clubs, and just seeing what people are into, and gettin' a vibe off a that...

KRED: What was radio Jackie about?

Dave: That was a pirate radio station... When I was at school there were no radio stations playing the music that I wanted... so... well that pirate... station was already going, so I joined that... and then I set up my own one, and they were precursors to Kiss and all that, y'know right back in the day... It did involve quite a lot of... well, running away from the police [laughs, again] but it was the only places you could hear it... That was actually before even Radio One had Jack Young running, I mean it really was bleak in those days...

KRED: How much of a say do you get in what you play on Radio One?

Dave: Well... During the day the station's pretty much play listed... You do get... invited to give your opinion... I put my input into... dance and R 'n' B...

and you get records that you can make your record of the week, so I always try and champion a record with that... I think that play-lists are important, but I still think it would be nice if radio stations would give the presenters a bit more opportunity to play what they wanna... Having said that, on Sunday I get two hours... to play what I want, although I always have to bear in mind that it's actually quite a peak time for the station, and if I screw it up... [pause] then I get fired, so you use your mind wisely... If you play a hit next to a really new cool track, people will hear the new cool track, but if you play three cool tracks together half those people have switched out cos they can't get it...

KRED: You used to be an A&R director for Polydor, what do you think is the reason for the current demise in the music industry?

Dave: I think people are still listening to music, but they're accessing it in different ways... like the Internet and things like that...

KRED: Do you think it makes a big difference?

Dave: I think it's beginning to... I think the other thing is that people are growing up with other technology and other interests, like when I was a kid, you didn't have like computer games and all that, and music like... it was music and fashion and... shagging basically, and now there's a lot more things that you can do...

KRED: You did 'Behind the Beat' didn't you?

Dave: Yeah...

KRED: There's only one main music show on TV. What do you think that says about the whole scene?

Dave: I think music on TV's pretty crap... All the radio and TV stations are all run by... people... that have all grown up on rock 'n' roll, and they don't understand dance music... they don't understand black music and culture, and they just don't get it... Having said that I think what MTV is doing at the moment is quite good. They seem to have got the hang of it... When we did 'Behind the Beat' it was like, a mixture of hip-hop and the early days of dance music, pre-house music really... but it actually rated pretty well. My high point for that was getting them to film a Public Enemy concert... The department was run by Janet Street Porter who was the very fierce boss, and she was like 'Why are we recording this fucking concert, no-one's ever heard of it', anyway by the time we did it... they became really famous, and then she went in the Daily Mail... saying y'know... 'What's your favourite group?', 'Public Enemy'... [sarcastically] Thank you Janet. But that's kinda what it's about. But having said that if you go in there you can change things.

KRED: You seem to play quite a few styles. Would you have preferred to stick to one style or...

Dave: Not really, I mean I'm really into my hip-

hop... particularly the beginnings of it, every track that came along was so different... and then... When I started playing hip-hop it was literally, Def Jam was being run out of a college bedroom, and all these people were like you or me. People like Mantronik was working in a record shop... No-one ever thought that you'd get a major label signing a rap act... MTV wouldn't play rap, y'know... then it just really changed... and I think it lost the way... House music came along and I got really into that... and that was exciting cos it was new again... I don't like just having one sound.

KRED: A&R men aren't traditionally very popular, what was it like for you?

Dave: Well it's difficult because... When I joined Polydor,

er... you don't have to sign anything for a year, and then I found out that the secret is not to sign anything. Because... if it doesn't work you're history, so there's a terrible pressure to... be successful, and I think that what's weird in an A&R capacity is people like... very famous people ring you up everyday... I remember the first day at Polydor, and Paul Weller done an album with the Style Council which was absolute crap, and then it got released, and the head bloke said: 'Dave you know about all this... what do you think?' and I said it's crap... then he rang Paul Weller while I was in the office and said 'our new dance bloke says your albums crap' and I was like 'Jesus Christ!' y'know... It is weird, and you make a lot of enemies obviously but, then a lot of people wanna be your friend cos they want get a deal...

KRED: Talking about slagging people off, what's the situation with you and Chris Moyles?

Dave: It's a kind of joke really, but we sort of play it along. I think it's quite funny really...

KRED: It's only banter then?

Dave: Yeah... We've known each other for a few years... and we just sort of rip the piss out of each other... which seems to go down quite well...



Words Chris Stickland interview
Jason Dobson and Chris Stickland



Huggy Bear

GRIN AND BEAR IT

The recent Starsky and Hutch night at 'The Venue' included an appearance by 'Huggy Bear' himself. He did a song, and a bit of a dance, and otherwise just generally stood looking like 'the man'. He accepted, if somewhat begrudgingly, our invitation for an interview, but was good enough to hang around whilst a certain VERY popular member and apparent commander of the 'Venue Police' embarked on a five minute power-trip. But I must be grateful, for if things like that never happened, I could eventually find myself in a position where I just forgot what it's like to be an irresponsible untrustworthy delinquent at school. Once I had appeased



the man in question, basically by agreeing to the fact that he was the all-powerful man in charge (I think we've all been there), I was kindly permitted to carry on with my plans for the interview.

'Huggy' looked tired but not drained, and appeared less than happy for the first half of the interview, but essentially he's got a lot of charm, and he does look very good for his age. Slumping in a chair, Huggy hinted that he was kinda hoping to leave soon, so we began;

KRED: What do you think of our Venue?

Huggy: Well, I think the Venue, you know, in any city, would be just as busy as it is here. It's laid out real cool, and you got a great system... it's really cool. You should be commended to have a place where people can get down, get funky, and get loose right on campus, so you don't have to go... nowhere to get a groove.

KRED: How long has the tour been going?

Huggy: [confused] What tour?

KRED: I thought...

Huggy: No, no, no, no [as if he's been through this a million times]... I met the guys from Starsky and Hutch about three years ago, and I did the Big Breakfast, and I found out about the Starsky and Hutch club scene that they started here in London, and we've been friends ever since... So whenever they have a venue, or something they wanna do, and y'know I'm in town, I come and hang out with them. It's just an ongoing thing that's just got bigger, you know there's a venue in Cyprus, there's a venue in Dublin, there's four venues in London, y'know and it's growin'.

KRED: Do you come over here quite a lot then?

Huggy: Yeah... y'know I've been working on different projects, in London, and coming over also to hang with these guys, and I have a film I'm meant to be doing in September, October... This year... It's called 'Danny' and [irritably] I don't wanna talk any more about it than that, but... I'm currently here, in London and the UK... Because I'm opening a play with David Soul called 'The Dead Monkey' at the Fridge in Brixton, and what's unique is it's kinda a happening, cos we are also doing a concert after every show, so I'm working on some of my music in the show and David's doing his... we're working with a local artist in Brixton with a backing band called Religion... very talented musicians, so it's like a real theatre happening... Which opens on the 25th March, and our last performance is April 8th...

KRED: So do you enjoy the music you play at

You should be commended to have a place where people can get down, get funky, and get loose right on campus, so you don't have to go nowhere to get a groove.

these gigs?

Huggy: Well you know, I mean the show was born in the Seventies, you know I was at an age where I really appreciated the music of the Seventies, y'know when it was happening, and er... so I'm not surprised that this whole seventies thing has taken off, in terms of the music, and also in terms of the people who enjoy the show that we did in the Seventies.

KRED: When you did the pilot for Starsky and Hutch, did you think it was gonna be as big as it was?

Huggy: I've been asked

that question a lot...

KRED: Sorry...

Huggy: No no, that's not a problem, in hindsight it's twenty-twenty. But when you do it y'know, for an actor you're only as good as you're last job, y'know I did a pilot... great, y'know the pilot sold - great. The pilot series went for four years - great. And when it was finished we went on to other things, nobody knew y'know, you're creating y'know, iconic kinda characters or personas. When you do something, y'know if I had a crystal ball then I could make a lot of money but... No, we had no idea what it was gonna be like, but it's certainly nice to be around to be able to appreciate, and be appreciated by the Nineties, and the Seventies and the Eighties.

KRED: Before everything took off, did you have y'know a belief in what was going to happen?

Huggy: No, I mean it's just like, y'know... I live a day at a time, a year at a time, sometimes an hour at a time, sometimes a minute at a time, so y'know... I guess I've gained a philosophy through experience, but y'know, I love this business... I got into acting not to be a star, not to make a lot of money per say, I got into this business because I love the craft of acting, and if you get a chance to work at it enough, y'know money comes and y'know even stardom and longevity. So... I tell people that if you are in this business of going in this business to be a star, you're probably gonna be disappointed.

KRED: You've been in quite a few films, which would you say is your favourite?

Huggy: You know, being a character actor, I don't

Huggy Bear



Antonio Fargas

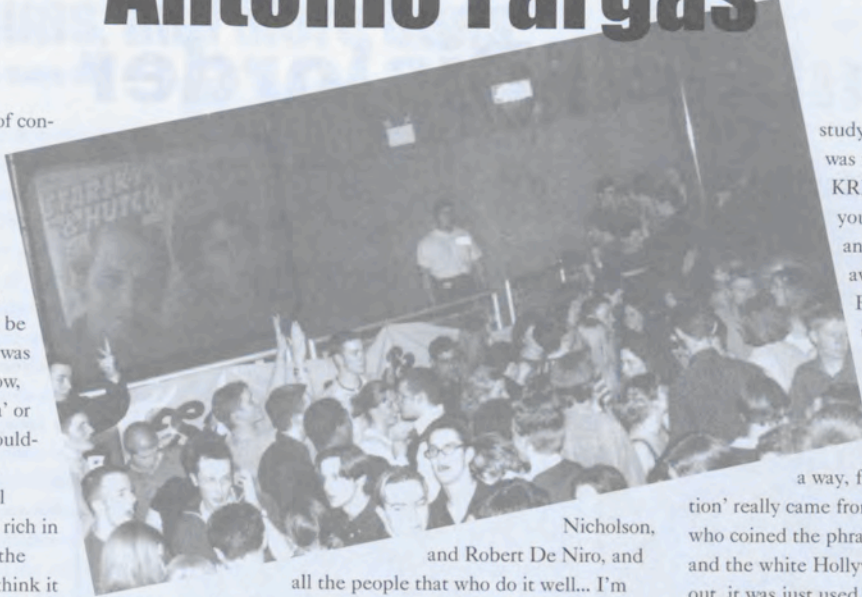
influence... the whole stream of consciousness of films, but I do particular segments in films that come alive centred around my character. So, you know, I've put a lot of equal weight on everything I do... in terms of what I thought might be interesting might not be what was most popular, so if I said y'know, like 'I'm Gonna Git You Sucka' or 'Starsky and Hutch'... That wouldn't be particularly true for me, because there were other small moments that I feel were very rich in films that might not have had the same kind of notoriety, so... I think it was something special about a film I did with Brook Shields, which is eleven or twelve years old, it's called 'Pretty Baby' by Louis Mall, a French director... and... 'Carwash' is fine... and a film I did called 'Across 110th Street', which happened to be directed by the guy who directed the pilot for 'Starsky and Hutch'... So it was because of him that I got the role in 'Starsky and Hutch'.

KRED: Who would you say is the best director you've worked with?

Huggy: Well... [seems slightly uninterested and unlikely to answer]

KRED: What actors would you like to work with in the future?

Huggy: All those questions are in a sense... hypothetical, there's people that I enjoy their work, and y'know I think within the realm of possibilities that I might be able to work with them, but again, I try not to put too many expectations on those kinds of things... I could say that a buddy of mine, and a fellow actor, and y'know, who I really enjoy is... Samuel L. Jackson, of course I like Jack



Nicholson, and Robert De Niro, and

all the people that who do it well... I'm just happy that... on the 25th Anniversary of 'Starsky and Hutch' that I'm working with David Soul again. I think he's a brilliant actor, a very compassionate person, and y'know when you have a relationship with people, it's nice to be able to seamlessly come together again, y'know after so many years, you still find that you care and... You have something to talk about, and you have something to share.

KRED: When you started out in your acting career, did you have any idols?

Huggy: No... The first thing that I did in the business was a film called 'The Cool World', and I... My thing was that... blew me away, was the fact that I was gonna be able to go to the movies, and sit in the movie theatre, and look up at the screen, and see myself up there where I saw people like John Wayne, y'know and Cary Grant... all the people that came before me in the sixties, and so forth... So that was like a traumatic kind of wonderful experience, and that really wetted my appetite for the business. That was where we didn't have

many blacks... in film, y'know cos there were really no jobs, in the main stream of Hollywood, very few anyway. But for a young black actor to be in a film, right of the streets so to speak, y'know because I hadn't studied before that, I started

studying after I got that role, when I was fourteen years old.

KRED: Finally, when you were doing films like 'Shaft', and 'Foxy Brown', were you aware of the movement, the Blaxploitation movement, and the effect that that would have?

Huggy: Well... During that period if we'd been aware of the controversy... in

a way, factually, the word 'blaxploitation' really came from black groups such as AACP, who coined the phrase and then it was picked up and the white Hollywood commercial system put it out, it was just used by them. But it was the awareness group saying, y'know this is blaxploitation of y'know, of our people in film. But again it was weird just coming out of the civil rights movement, y'know like in the fifties... and we were feeling a sense of empowerment that we could go to the movies and see ourselves, even if the images

I live a day at a time, a year at a time, sometimes an hour at a time, sometimes a minute at a time

weren't totally representative of the community, and a bit exploitative of the community. It was a start, and I think it was a necessary part of the process to evolve to where we are today, but there's still a lot of work to do.

Words Chris Stickland interview Nick Turner-Samuels and Chris Stickland





Public (Dis)order

brought to you in
association with



Information access at UKC is restricted by guidelines set out by a international organisation called JANET. In addition, students have to follow the rules of the local Computing department. When taking these two organisations into account, your right to see and read what you want, as well as your right to Free Speech are both severely limited.

The guidelines of both JANET and the local computing policy at UKC are overly strict, vague and ambiguous, and treat students like they are children with fragile minds in need of protection.

Furthermore, because of the ambiguity in the way the guidelines are phrased, they are open to enormous abuse by anyone who wishes to silence your opinion or stop you looking at certain material. This is made possible by the fact that the criteria in which 'acceptable' and 'unacceptable' material to be written or seen is judged is entirely subjective. Specifically, both JANET and the UKC computing guidelines forbid the transmission of any material that is "Offensive, obscene or indecent" and material that "is designed or likely to cause annoyance, inconvenience or needless anxiety". So Freedom of Speech, according to JANET, means being able to say what you want, so long as it doesn't "annoy" anyone for example; This, in effect, restricts the set of allowable topics of discussion and viewable material to the lowest common denominator of what could never cause anyone any offence or anxiety. It follows, if one were to follow the guidelines verbatim, that only opinions which agree with the common consensus are allowed.

The premise for setting up these rules is the belief that if students look at 'obscene' or 'indecent' text or images or if they are offended by somebody else's opinion, then they will somehow be damaged- much in the same way that a six-year-old child is thought to be psychologically scarred by witnessing a traumatic event.

'University' is derived from 'universal', meaning that all ideas need to be taken up and discussed. Presumably, this is why Students attend University in the first place: to be challenged by new ideas and experiences which may or may not offend and to reach a closer approximation to the truth- not to memorise facts from a book. This can only be achieved through a 'dialectical' clash of ideas. If University cannot or will not provide an environment where this can occur, it may as well not exist because it is not achieving its purpose: to Educate.

Phil Cattani

I'm going to get straight to the point here, since I don't have much space... I'm no thought-police collaborating fascist (despite what some people might think!), but I believe that the restrictions posed on us are fair, and serve a useful purpose. Those few we have aren't so much restricting what you do, but how you do it.

Those who might protest about the restrictions on our quotas and restrictions on email size are merely being selfish. Space taken up on Bodiam by your 1gigabyte porn collection is taking up space belonging to someone else - so you're welcome to store porn, just less than 5meg, OK? IMHO, those guidelines are fair and acceptable.

Perhaps the most controversial guidelines are those for news posting. Where should I start? There's a fairly restricted news feed coming into UKC (a measly 7000 groups, I'm led to believe), but the 'low' numbers are not censorship. The restriction on the feed is to make it easier for the administrators to administrate the system, and there is no ISP that doesn't restrict news feed.

There's nothing stopping you going to RemarQ or DejaNews and reading all the groups you want.

As for the news guidelines... Always a source of controversy, it's the form of news postings that's subject to the most restriction. And probably the biggest bugbear is a ban on swearing in both local and international news groups.

This I'm still in two minds about. For a start - this is an adult institution, and we should all be adult enough to handle swear words. But if we're adult enough to brush them off, doesn't that also mean we should be adult enough (and eloquent enough) not to use them? Don't get me wrong - in real life I can swear like a trooper, but if you're posting a news article, replies like "Fuck off you wanker" aren't going to get you much credit.

All in all, we should be grateful that we have free 'net access - a lot of us won't have it again. If the restrictions placed on you by JANET and UKCNET are more than you can handle, there's nothing stopping you from joining another ISP. But you'll probably find they have just as many, different, restrictions. It's a shame that the Internet is subject to guidelines/restrictions at all, but I think that is something we're going to have to put up with, at least for the time being. If you want totally free access, set up your own ISP - and can I subscribe to it?

Laura Porter

Guns, Guns, and More Guns

The Thin Red Line dir. Terrence Malick 1999

The first film by Terrence Malick in 20 years, this is a highly philosophical war film and is in no way conventional, especially when inevitably compared to 'Saving Private Ryan'. Despite the glossy cameos (Clooney, Travolta, et al) this story is mostly told through the eyes of a few relatively unknown actors, using a scattershot narrative device as they land and fight to capture a South Pacific island. Through the rambling and often poetic narration, the film focuses on the private tragedy of war, as the participants ponder their actions and meditate on their place in the higher schemes of things. These different internal voices often blur into one which does make it confusing in places. However, it is undoubtedly a directorial masterwork, with some of the most luscious camera work ever to be put on film and some scenes of expertly crafted tension. It's also gifted with some wonderful performances by Sean Penn and newcomer Jim Caviezel. A very challenging but ultimately rewarding film.



Tom Hawker

MECH, n. 1: very big robot with a pilot; 2: bloody stupid idea. In battle, screams "Target!" to anybody within two miles. Tactically only any use if your opponent is enough of a pillock to field them as well...Welcome to Heavy Gear II. Gameplay is an engaging mix of sneaking and blasting. Yes, you do have to sneak - one good shot can cripple your mech (or Gear as they are known in this game), therefore much duggery of skul is required. More than any other first person shooter I've played, HG2 is like a game of Lazer Tag - the same balance between sniping, running around randomly, and swearing profusely as an enemy you can't see picks you off. You are provided with computer-controlled allies with humorous accents, and you have to direct formations and similar without pausing the game - this helps to maintain some tension. Heavy Gear II won't set the world alight, but if you're prepared to give it a go and get used to the (Quake-style) controls, it's actually quite a laugh. Oh, and you'll need a 3d card. Quelle surprise.

Dan McMahon



Fifa 99 is based on the same template as the fantastic Fifa 98. Many of the options and the editing screens are the same. What has been improved is the graphics and the action now runs a lot smoother and faster. All the players (apart for Ronaldo, whose been replaced by Calcio (???)) are here. One of the new options is the in-game tactics. However, these are frustratingly hard to use. Whenever the offside trap is operated it never works and the opponent races past and scores. Another annoying thing is that sometimes the action moves too fast and the camera can't catch up, so you can't see what is happening. Fifa 99 really excels in 2 player mode. It is the simple desire to beat the opponents team which makes it so compelling. If you own Fifa 98 I'd think twice before spending, if you don't and have a regular opponent to play then this is highly recommended.

Wan

Stanley Kubrick:

1928-1999

Stanley Kubrick, the reclusive and often impossible director, died on Sunday 7th March at his home in Hertfordshire. He was seventy.

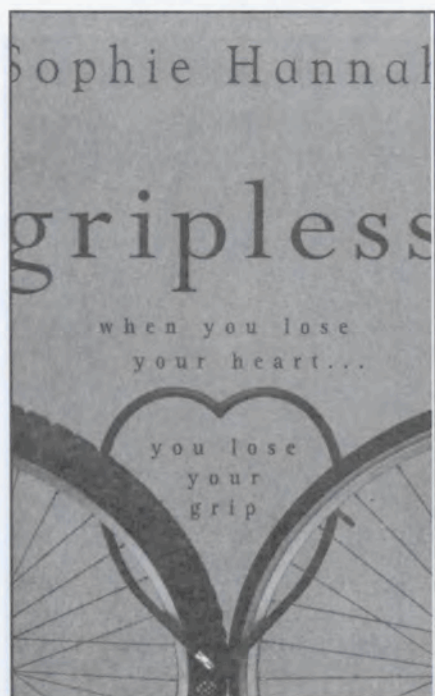
Stanley Kubrick first established himself as a director of significance in 1957 with Paths of Glory, about the French Army during the First World War. In nearly thirty one years of film making, he produced just ten feature films which earned eight Oscars and fourteen nominations.

The son of a doctor, he took up photography at his father's suggestion, leaving school at sixteen to work at Look magazine. He had always had a deep fascination with the cinema, and in 1950, moved from photography to films when he directed a sixteen minute documentary about a boxer, Day of the Fight, which he sold to RKO. In 1956, he got the backing of United Artists for The Killing, which rewrote the common robbery gone wrong story and has been copied by many directors since. Paths of Glory was released the following year. It was a critical success, but did little business. Kubrick had to wait two years before he was to make his next film, Spartacus.

In 1961, Kubrick moved to Britain in an attempt to moved away from the studio system and gain more independence. His first film in Britain, was Lolita (1962), an adaptation of the Vladimir Nabokov novel. He combined the macabre and irony with the manic Peter Sellers in his next film, Doctor Strangelove: Or How I Learnt to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb. Sellers famously played three parts, the American president, an RAF officer, and the mad Doctor Strangelove of the title who's hand is still loyal to the Nazis. 2001: A Space Odyssey followed. Kubrick called in a énon verbal experience. In fact, not a word is spoken for the first half an hour. It traces the journey of a group of astronauts heading towards Jupiter.

In 1971, Kubrick made his most controversial film, A Clockwork Orange. However, in 1973, Kubrick banned his own film in Britain due to a series of copy cat attacks. His death has brought about questions of a review of the ban.

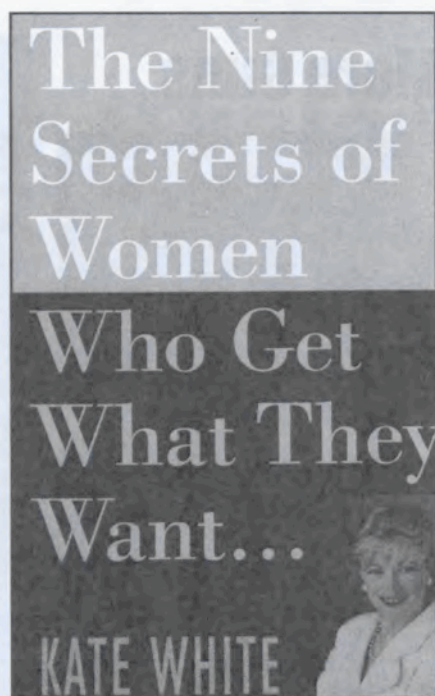
Technically, the last film Kubrick made was Full Metal Jacket in 1987. He had been editing Eyes Wide Shut, a film with Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise, before he died. The film, which boasted one of the longest shoots in history, has been shrouded in mystery, and now it seems we will never see the director's true vision. Kubrick will be remembered as a genius within cinema's short but never the less prolific history. He may not have been the easiest person to work with (Harvey Keitel left Eyes Wide Shut, and the ever pure Jean Simmons is famously reported to have asked Tony Curtis on the set of Spartacus, 'who do I have to fuck to get off this picture?') but there is no denying the extent of his legacy



Gripless
Sophie Hannah

Gripless is the story of (and narrated by) Belinda, creative writing teacher at an achingly trendy drama school, the staff and students of which are working over the holiday to produce the annual play. Novelty and diversion from the work involved are provided by the arrival of Tony, the sexy and silent outsider whose social worker insists that he will benefit from involvement in the project, and with whom Belinda and her adolescent students fall madly in love. In an attempt to cope with her obsession with Tony, Belinda, (who lives with her long-term boyfriend) begins an affair with 17 year old Carl, the leading man. Gripless has the ingredients of classic farce. Hannah's prose style, however, is not as fluent as it could, or should be, and the result is that the writing can be awkward and frustrating to read. Her tone is smug and knowing: - 'If you don't like my...manner of narration, get over it...This [book] isn't about great literature, it's about Tony Lamb', and while this is a witty and cynical stance, it doesn't really pay off because her writing is not quite up to it. You can sense her irony but you have to wonder whether she is making a virtue out of necessity. However Gripless can be amusing and is razor sharp in places, so it's probably worth a read if you can put up with often-clumsy writing, and a messy structure.

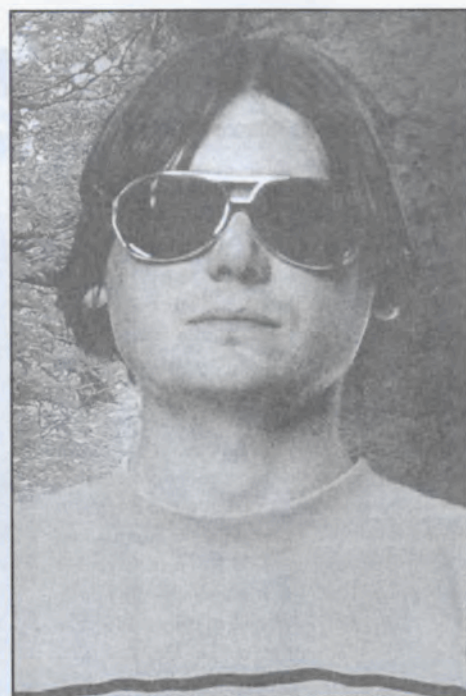
Loukia Michael



The nine secrets of women who get what they want...
Kate White

This self-help style book aims to help women get what they want, even if they don't know what is that they want yet. The author of this book is Kate White who is also the author of why good girls don't get ahead...but gutsy girls do. Kate is currently the editor-in-chief of cosmopolitan magazine in America, which about says it all really. Kate attempts to take us through her nine not very secret, secrets. With chapters which include "biting off more than you can chew" and "never mind your own business", American stomach wrenching at times. Kate says after reading this book your friends will wonder at the new you, where in fact their more likely to wonder why you wasted your beer money on a book with little new in it. Reading this was a strain; it made my course work seem alluring. Unfortunately I really did not like this book. The most annoying thing was the way the obvious was stated far too often. This included sad phrases such as "you know you're on to a good thing when you can't stop thinking about it?" Do I really need a book to tell me this, no and neither do

Emma Greig.



Virgin Encyclopedia of Rock
Stephen Davis

Slam dunking in at a hefty seven pounds and ten oz. comes the latest delivery from the depths of Colin Larkin, the guru of all that is pop. Colin's pedigree as the definitive oracle of the rock 'n' roll world is outstanding. Progenitor of the Encyclopedia of Popular Music (of which this mighty five hundred and twelve page tome is merely one volume) he has successfully managed to attain divinity in the eyes of anyone involved in the music industry. The Encyclopedia of Heavy Rock is now in its third edition. In Larkin's own words "I divorced Guinness two years ago and decided that the term heavy Metal was a bit old hat. I wanted to include hardcore, grunge and good old fashioned prog-bluesrock, hence the title." And too right. From A Foot In Coldwater at the top to ZZ Top at the bottom this book covers over a thousand bands. The entries are pretty straightforward and have most of the information you'd expect from a reference as essential as this. There is a short, if occasionally acerbic, bio of the band Following this there's a list of Albums, EPs, films, stage musicals, videos and any other effluence they have issued. All the latter are also rated on a one to five star rating based on the artist in question's work. So its perfect, then? Well not quite. After leafing through it and looking up the various entries with respect to my own record collection I found that it doesn't stand alone very well. Ideally you'd have at least five of the other eleven volumes in this series. And while it may be value for money (sliding in at a cool £16.99 hard-back) it does mean you might feel a tad incomplete. After all it only covers heavy rock. But tell you what, pop pickers - it does it mighty fine, alright!?

Naveed Moeed

Days out in Canterbury no.9:

Easy, Tiger

Had god taken a couple of tabs of the finest acid when he designed the elephant?

Lifestyle attempts to find out with a day at the zoo.

Reaching Port Lympne Wild Animal Park was truly going to be quite a mission, but at the same time a worthwhile one. Clambering aboard the bus to Folkestone we immediately knew that a good day was in prospect as on the upper deck, sitting in brown Argyle socks, muddy brown trousers and anorak was a bus spotter. Yes indeed, this guy was ticking off bus stops as we passed, comparing watch to timetable and making small notes on the quirks of the journey. If ever anyone needed a night at a club followed by a bloody good shagging it was this man.

Reaching Folkestone we had enough time to grab a dodgy bacon butty from the street vendor before hopping on a second bus directly to the Wildlife Park. Being still before midday we alas didn't quite have our wits about us and actually drove through the park and a good couple of miles down the road before realising that we should have alighted five minutes earlier. Oh Bugger!

Retracing the bus route we eventually reached Port Lympne where we were met with a choice of routes. Basically you can drive around on the safari tractor or walk around the park following arrows depending on which route you fancy. Being a pleasant day we decided on taking the longer path (about 4 miles) which takes you between the various animal enclosures as well as through the house and gardens.

The house itself is quite small and you are restricted as to what you can see. In saying that it contains some mad shit such as a case full of monkey heads with seized by customs stamped upon the glass. I believe the euphemism used is eccentric.

Realistically though, we wanted to see live animals and so off we trekked, passing firstly some wolves who were tearing apart a rabbit for dinner (with a particularly satisfying rip of bone and sinew) before moving up to the rhino and elephant cages.

The great thing about safari animals is that they don't have to do anything to be funny. Their very ridiculousness of shape and size is funny on its own, particularly when you consider that their predecessors chilled with the dinosaurs. Which was nice.

What though for me was the star of the zoo was actu-



ally next to the elephants, the renowned and feared Honey Badger. Now correct me if I'm wrong but aren't badgers supposed to be nocturnal and if so has any visitor ever seen one of these things? Perhaps a night of Honey Badger spotting could be arranged if anyone is interested.

Continuing further we passed pen after pen of hunting dogs, hundreds of the bloody things, who had clearly been bought from Kenya in some sort of two for one offer. I really want to write something great about this plethora of animals, but to be frank they're rather dull and the best thing about them is the fact that they live near the lions, (which is pretty cool).

'Cat' is a very loose term for the size of animal that we came across down in the lion cage as you really wouldn't want one of these coming through the flap of your back door. You forget on TV how massive lions and tigers are, but in the flesh, as they sit rudely tearing up animal carcasses you realise that to fuck with them would be a great mistake.

What though, is the coolest thing about any zoo is the monkeys.

Feeding time at the gorilla house is something that shouldn't be missed. Monkeys are mad as fuck at the best of times, but when fed their silliness takes on a new level.

Hearing food they come piling out of the heated interior of the cage, which is somewhat like a Helter Skelter and then swing, jump and take the slide to the floor. Searching for the food in the thick base of hay they next proceeded to start wanging it at each other, making comedy noises as they tore after each other around the bars, throwing themselves gracefully from rope swing to cage.

Although there was a sad lack of gods most messed up creature the giraffe (that neck has got to be some higher form's idea of taking the piss), the wildlife park is excellent, just for the chance to walk around in the country and relive some of that school trip excitement. If only the rhinos had been having a shag...

With thanks to Port Lympne
Wild Animal Park nr Hythe.
Admission £7.99

Blazing Saddles



Desperate to escape Canterbury as usual last summer, I decided to go for a surf in South Africa. It was all going fine until I met some guys who were going to Mozambique. I checked my map and realised that with 12 hours on a very squashed minibus I could get there. Mozambique runs the length of the South Eastern coast of Africa and borders South Africa. I'd never dreamed of going there. Now I dream about it all the time.

The bus took us to Maputo, the capital. Mozambique is still pulling its socks up after a bloody civil war and the city is in tatters still. All the streets are named after communist leaders and the once elegant colonial buildings are neglected as the minds of the people are elsewhere. I had no map, no money and no idea what I was doing there. I got the impression that none of the inhabitants of Maputo were 100% sure what they were doing there, except getting by as best they can. Maputo is not a nice place, so I left.

Getting out of Maputo was a predictable nightmare involving a lot of hiking around town with full battle kit, shouting slowly in English at taxi drivers and pedestrians and ending up nowhere. After waving some cash at an Indian taxi driver we finally arrived at a dust bowl on the outskirts of town which was the bus station. Swamped by the kind of salesmen who would do well in double glazing we pushed our way through onto the old skool bus (no, I mean old school bus). We were there for another three hours while the driver and his henchmen herded people on and off, and young boys flogged us toothpaste and coca-cola. The journey took ten excruciating hours. Joe had wrestled with a pickpocket, Jamie and Paul had been attacked by drunks, and I had been fed chicken and beer by the driver. We had swerved off the road three times, chugged through umpteen reed hut villages and lazy towns, and lost a tyre (not a problem, the driver just moved us all to the other side of the bus.) Tired, and a little bit grouchy I stole the boys' tent and headed for a campsite when we arrived in Maxixe. I'd pitched the tent in the dark, but in the hazy sun of the morning I found I was right on the beach and directly opposite the

town of Inhambane. The white dome of the church was crowning the view from across the rippling crystal bay, and closer to home a few dhows were bobbing on the tide as their fishermen washed in the bay. I think I laughed solidly for about five minutes until my unknown neighbours offered me a cup of coffee.

They (who?) call this the town of the friendly people. To get to the backpackers you take a dhow across the bay and turn left to walk along the prom-



enade. If you miss it (Okay, I'm blonde) you just keep walking along the wide palm fringed avenues, past the children in the schoolyard and the low whitewashed walls until a small boy with a football finds you. His name is Pedro and he'll put you back where you belong. Then his brother will take you to the market and you'll meet his wife, sister, aunty, and two children.. We joined in the local school's basketball game, went out for a drink with the boys and a young man carried my sleeping bag all round town and nearly cried when I left. I was there for three days. I think 'they' must mean anyone whose ever been there.

It would have been very easy to stay and bask a while in the tranquility of Inhambane, but I hadn't quite reached the edge. I hitched a lift out on the back of someone's truck and with the wind in my hair as we whisked past coconut groves and reed villages, I waved cheerily at the locals on foot. They waved cheerily back. This was to be my last

fling before heading back to the street lights and sidewalks of the city, they just had another cocunut to shell, or freshly caught fish to scale, before watching the sunset on the rolling Indian Ocean. Lucky buggers. The closest I could get to paradise was a flea infested bunkbed at Barra Lodge. It's a commercial hotel for snooty South African tourists, but they provide some backpacker facilities and the place is built on the beach. It wasn't so difficult to swallow my pride as I put my feet up on the porch and swilled yet another beer. They say that some people come to Mozambique for the beer alone (DosM) and they'd have a point. As fresh prawns sizzled on the BBQ I contemplated the 500yd stroll that would take me past the mangroves to a deserted patch of white sandy beach, but hey!, whats the rush?

Bits you should know:

In Mozambique it is essential to carry your documents (passport and visa) with you at all times - you will be checked. Border and security guards will try to get bribes. If you're concerned, cigarettes or Coca-Cola will often do. Never offer cash and try to avoid getting sucked in. The local currency is the Metical and the national language is Portuguese. It is a malaria area (don't you love saying that) so get your jabs done and take a mozzzy net.

Best sight of the trip:

Seeing a goat tied to the top of a passing bus. Those buggers just won't fall off will they?

The Facts:

Flights to SA from	£260
Minibus taxi Durban (Swaziland R80)	£8
Visa for Mozambique from R45	£4.50
Minibus taxi Swaziland (Maputo R40)	£2
Bus to Maputo(Maxixe 80,000Mt)	£4
Dhow Maxixe (Inhambane 4,000Mt)	£0.20
Average accomodation per night R40	£4

The Bare Facts

The moment you have all been waiting for! The dirt has been dished on the events preceding the slave sale, although I'm sure certain incidents have been hushed up. Steve and Dom were bought by the ladies hockey team and by all reports seem to have had a wild night. The boys set out on their fun-filled night on Monday 1st February, dressed in drag. Dom sported a lovely blue little number, complete with suspenders and cleavage to be proud of! Shame about the hairy chest! Steve was clothed in a striking gold dress and heels. The lads began the night, strutting their stuff



down town. Needless to say they attracted a fair amount of attention. Marlowes' was the first stop, followed by the Three C's. The girls were having a fantastic time, showing off their catch and lauding their power over these innocent victims! The boys provoked varying reactions from the locals. Wolf whistles and laughter was the common response. The climax of the evening was the trip up to the venue. Let's just say, this completed the ultimate embarrassment factor. The podium dancing was

definitely a highlight and a sight to be seen. Drag this year seems to have been a recurring theme. Paul was bought by the netball team and was instructed to dress in kit. Complete with wig and make up (inflicted by the girls), he held a striking resemblance to ginger spice! He enthusiastically supported the matches from the sidelines. The opposition seemed unsure of what to make of the alternative cheerleader. Following the match, a trip to Woodys' was inevitable, again prolonging the humiliation. A fun night was definitely had by all.

Finally, little Dave was bought by the LGB society and was spotted in Darwin bar wearing his boxer shorts, a cape and a feather bower and with Slave written across his chest. His evening was also topped off, by a visit to the venue.

Interestingly, this years slaves performed very different tasks to the previous year. Last year there was a tendency towards the more menial and domestic tasks. Cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing were popular jobs.

However, there was one instance this year, where a

slave had to clean an entire house for £5 - what a bargain! It is difficult to decide which is preferable; public humiliation or private torture? Respect must clearly be given to the guys, who were great sports and completely entered into the spirit of everything they were asked to do. I'm sure many pictures will be used in the future for bribery purposes.

Outstanding sporting individuals at UKC

Gayle Sanders
TRAMPOLINE

Came second in BUSA Individual Intermediate Tournament at Bath in March this year.

Owen Sweet
SWIMMING

England Disabled Sports, 2 gold, 2 silver and 2 bronzes. Senior Disabled Sportsman of the year, Canterbury and District Sports Council

Mark Kontopoulos
VOLLEYBALL

Played in Greece for England Junior Men's Volleyball. Among 17 Players invited to training camp in Oxford, 12 of whom will be Selected to play in the PanEuropean Tournament at Huddersfield, West Yorkshire versus Scotland, Genoa and Nice.

Malcolm Campbell
CAVING

Discovery of Amy Chamber in Singing River, Mendips.

Darren Olivera
HOCKEY

European Under 21 Tournament for Gibraltar in Italy and Hockey Men BUSA South. Captain of 1st XI - BUSA Shield finalists.

Matt Webb
CRICKET

Cricket bursary with Kent Cricket Club. Played for Middlesex.



Darren Olivera



Owen Sweet

Bring Your Own Timber & Nails!

That's the usual gag-cum-battlecry of that sport known as fencing. Yes, the noble art has now for many years been classed as a sport and is rarely used as a form of combat (nowadays most people prefer guns). Members of the UKC fencing club on the other hand obviously have not kept up with the times and many have the battle scars to prove it. It is often compared to a game of chess where the size and build of a person doesn't matter, fencing is a great 'leveller' sport and favours quick, agile, left-handed females. The number of times I have been beaten by left-handed females are too numerous to count. I don't know what it is but it seems guys just can't really bring themselves to stick a long pointy thing into the girls for fear that they may hurt them I guess... The UKC fencing machine has recently come back from a tour of Dublin against University College Dublin and various other European clubs. Much drinking of the world famous black liquid gold they call Guinness was done with a bit of fencing thrown in for good measure. Watching our revered men's team captain Tom 'bunch of flowers' Coles and several other fencers attempting to play 'Twister' whilst totally greased on whisky was highly amusing. Notable results were from Geoff (3rd place men's sabre), Sarah G (3rd place women's



sabre) and Martina (3rd place women's foil). The 4-weapon tournament was held last week in Broadstairs with UKC impressively fielding 3 teams. UKC A came a respectable 3rd whilst the B and C teams came 5th and 9th respectively. A fencing drag pub-crawl for Comic Relief this Friday starts off at 6pm from Woodies. The guys have used this excuse to dress-up as schoolgirls whilst the girls will be sporting playboy bunny costumes and very little else (I can almost hear the sigh of dismay coming from

the feminist camp). All there is left to say is that our Parisian rivals Science-Po will be joining us some time next term to try to wrestle the Science-Po - Kent trophy from our grasp which we won in Paris last year. We are also hoping to go to Amsterdam during the Easter break. So if you fancy yourself as the next Zorro or Catherine Zeta Jones then pop along to the fencing training sessions on Tuesday's 8-9:30pm or Wednesday's 5-7pm in the Sports Centre. Now, where did my hammer go....

Yeah, it is a sport. Played five against five where the objective of the game is to lose - no, well, that's what it turns out to be, but anyhow. Right, the actual objective of the game, apart from trying not to make a fool of oneself, is to score in your opponents basket. Easy, huh? Very well known in England too, which is probably why there is no English person in our team and only a small minority in the guys. Actually, our teams seem to be invaded by Germans - which can be quite useful in matches when discussing secret plays, breath-taking moves and such (except if, like me, you have no idea of the language and end-up running one way when you were supposed to run the other - not that I don't do that normally..).



Anyhow, basketball! Why do I get so highly strung-up when I hear that word? (why do I indeed you must be asking). Team spirit, want of surpassing oneself - don't laugh, it's true! This year we were quite lucky and able to structure our team, relatively speaking, around four or five who were here last year. Next season there is only one person staying on (that's a very indirect hint - calling out all first and second years). We've played in the BUSA shield, (knocked-out; the boys are in the final), East Kent cup, (Knocked out; the boys are in the final) and in the East Kent League, (no chance; the boys are tied in first position). Oh well, at least we tried - we did Martin! (OK, our coach sometimes gets quite frustrated with us). It's worth it though, as we do have a good time hang-

ing out at Woody's and the getting pissed at the venue, (we're got our dear Germans as experts considering they actually managed to play when absolutely legged). And I suppose you do get a high from winning, even though it ends up coming more from watching the guys play (by the way, calling all girls, come and check them out, even it it's only for the pure physical side of them).

Er, by the way, just in case you were wondering, we

don't spend all our time missing baskets. We reached the quarter-finals of the Shield (before travelling four hours to Nottingham, losing and coming back at five in the morning, after waiting

for two hours on the road for someone to come as the van had broken down, or had we simply run out of petrol Martin?). This means that we were in the final eight - hey you're actually supposed to be impressed! Anyhow, don't be too put off by this, the sport's great, the team's not that bad - sounds like a recipe for having a good time, no? Ps - Sunday evening, 7th March, we've just come back from the BUSA finals at Loughborough and I've got to force the words out of my mouth to say, congratulations guys! They've won the shield.

Kris Holliday

Net Result



Blonde Ambition

As Norman Cook once wrote:- "We've come a long, long way together; through the hard times and the good." No song could be a more appropriate anthem for this season with the UKC Men's Hockey First XI. A mildly disappointing start to the BUSA season put us into the Shield rather than the Cup, with only 3 wins out of 5 (including a 3-1 loss to Christchurch). After last year's exceptional effort in the cup (losing eventually to Edinburgh Uni. in the quarter-finals), the team had hoped for greater things and getting into the Shield was an unexpected let-down. However, after the first couple of rounds gave us comfortable victories, confidence within the team itself began to grow and the performances produced really began to do the team proud. By the quarter-finals, the usual happened, with UKC pulling the very long 'short straw' of a trip to Plymouth. Although on the back foot for most of the game, UKC played like a team inspired and held on 'til extra-time, where a last minute flick ended an emotional and nerve-jangling encounter which the Boys were relieved to have won 2-1.

When the results of the other quarters were discov-

ered, the team realised it now faced a team of potentially the same calibre as Plymouth, Nottingham Uni. (away. Again.). Although, on the face of it, Nottingham should have been as good as Plymouth, the UKC team defended superbly as a single unit, never giving the opposition room to run or pass, and the counter attacks were quickly executed and devastating. Surely the best team performance of the season put us through to the final with a sensational 5-1 victory, which on the day could have seen us beat virtually anyone in the entire championship. So, ever onwards and upwards (in a geographical sense as well), as the Lads exploded into Wednesday's final in Leeds against Reading Uni. The team drove up the night before in the minibus (which by now we all knew intimately), unfortunately missing last orders in the local by about 20 minutes. On the day, the team was calm (but nervous) and an unintentional trip around Leeds city centre didn't ease either our moods or our legs. We finally arrived to watch the second half of the Third XI final and the first half of the Second XI final. With an hour and a half to go, everybody was beginning to feel the pressure

and we all needed to get away from it all, which was lucky, because we also needed a run to stretch our legs and begin to focus in on it all. Eventually, the time arrived and the whistle started one of the most important matches that many of us had played in. Reading started well and scored an early goal. Credibly, our heads didn't go down and a sensational strike from Martin put us back on top. The match was fast and controlled from both teams, and the support from the sidelines was tremendous in both directions. Another goal early in the second half from Reading seemed to inspire UKC as we began to dominate more and more. Martin scored a second from a short corner with 15 minutes to go, to set up a dramatic end to the 70. Although getting caught on the break from time to time, the defence held superbly and it really looked as if we could do it. Half chances, which on another day would have torn the net open, went begging and the final whistle left it undecided at 2-2. With the rules laid out before the start, seven and a half minutes of extra time were to be played, with a golden goal deciding the winner. The entire remaining 6 or so minutes went by in a flash, with equal opportunity for both sides due to tiring legs and arms. The crushing blow was dealt in the last minute, with a stray winger rounding up a loose ball and firing it under the outstretched Nigel.

I can't explain the feelings of loosing a final. Suffice to say I wasn't at all happy and some of us had a tear in our eye I'm sure. Although gutted and tired, we can be oh so happy with our entire performance, not just at Leeds, but throughout the whole Championship. Special thanks from the team to Dom for driving us there and back and also to everyone who made the trip to watch us on the day. An excellent performance by all concerned, this season's result bodes well for the future.

Ben Pike.

UKC LADIES HOCKEY 1ST XI

What a season it has been for the 1st Ladies Hockey team for once without the influence of Fran & Rachel (older members will remember them!!). Last term they proved to be the best in the area by coming top of their section which meant that they were in the last 32 teams who made it through to the shield & this is the best the 1st team have done for a while. The draw meant an over-night stay in Plymouth to play Marjohnis Sports College but despite everyone playing really well and with good saves from the Keeper Adabella Van Der Zand, the UKC ladies lost 0-3. Unfortunately this means they are out of the running now but still have friendlies to play; so keep an eye on the notice boards and when they are at home go and offer your support & they are the team to watch!!

Louise Howdle

UKC LADIES HOCKEY 2ND XI

The UKC 2nd XI have had a mixed season with many highs and a couple of lows; least said about Cambridge the better!! But overall it was good play by the ladies who often had more determination than luck. In their league they also went through to the shield and drew away to Portsmouth; which was one of the best games ever played by the ladies and the result was heart breaking at 0-3 to the opposition. The first goal came early in the 1st half when the UKC ladies were still sorting themselves after a long gap of not playing together over Christmas. Then they dominated the rest of the half and the majority of the second half until a second goal came after the referee failed to spot a bit of nifty footwork from the opposition's scorer. A third goal followed with the UKC girls disheartened. The only conclusion I can add to this is that 'They gave us a bloody good hiding, but WE drank all the beer!! Well played EVERYONE and better luck next season.

BUSA Halifax Round Up

Sport	Opponents	H/A	Own Score	Opp. Score
Basketball Men	LSE	H	56	52
Basketball Men	Brunel	A	92	72
Basketball Men	Coventry	A	58	54
Basketball Women	Nottingham	A	Defeated	
Hockey Men 1	Reading	A	2	3
Rugby Union Men 2	Kings	A	7	27
Volleyball Men	Portsmouth	A	3	1
Volleyball Women	Birmingham	A	3	1

Strike it Lucky



Bowling may not be an extreme sport and it may have the reputation of a boring bank holiday I've got nothing better to do' sport. But I assure you this is not true. To be good at bowling you need skill and finesse. It's an easy game to get into, but a difficult game to master. It is for precisely this reason that the game is instantly fun and yet rewarding over the long term. If you join the UKC bowling society you are under no pressure to play well straight away. The game focuses on individual skills, so you can only be disappointed in yourself. Having said that the games can also become competitive as players try to out score each other (and the occasional pint is placed as a bet). This is an excellent and fun sport to play precisely because some people take it very seriously whilst others just play casually.

We have quite a few members now but need more. We meet every Wednesday at 2:00 PM by Rutherford car park (under the causeway). From there we get transport in a mini bus, by car or failing that by public transport and go down to

Whitstable bowling alley. For £5 you get 3 games of bowling, which if you've ever been bowling before, you will realise is excellent value.

The society is open ended, you can come along as much or as little as you want. What's more, you can come along for your first time without paying to join. So if you're unsure you can come along and bowl for just £5 without becoming a member. If, after this first time you are interested in joining this excellent society then you can join for £5 for the rest of this year.

We are even involved in the BUSA Halifax league. This means that every fortnight or so we get to play against people from other universities. Again, don't worry if you don't think your good enough, normally we need more people to come along to these league matches. All you need is a desire to go and to be available for the odd weekend.

So come along and enjoy yourself, if nothing else the beer in Whitstable bowling alley is cheap

Sticky Wickets

After losing several key players this year due to graduation, there was a general feeling of 'this is going to be a bad season'. This may prove to be true when the outdoor season comes at the start of Lent(?) term, but we have started our indoor season in fine style by winning the south-east BUSA indoor tournament earlier this year down in arses to the walls Brighton. Mikey Bynoe was the star of the day scoring a hat full of runs.

The national finals will be played at Guildford on March 13. We should do respectively well there, I hope. Still, should be a good day out. The first matches are being played on the first Monday of next term (firsts v seconds and thirds v ladies), with the first of BUSA-HALIFAX matches on the Wednesday. We also have three games lined up for our three day tour to the Isle of Wight (was it really captured by the Nazis in

WWII Mr Murphy) which takes place over Easter. Hopefully it won't be a wash out like last year. Anyone wishing to play cricket in the summer at any standard (1's, 2's or 3's), ladies or gentlemen, should contact Mr Chairman Sir on bms1.

Batters (a.k.a. Matt Ballantyne).



WYCHPUB? WYCHPLACE? WYCHWOOD!!

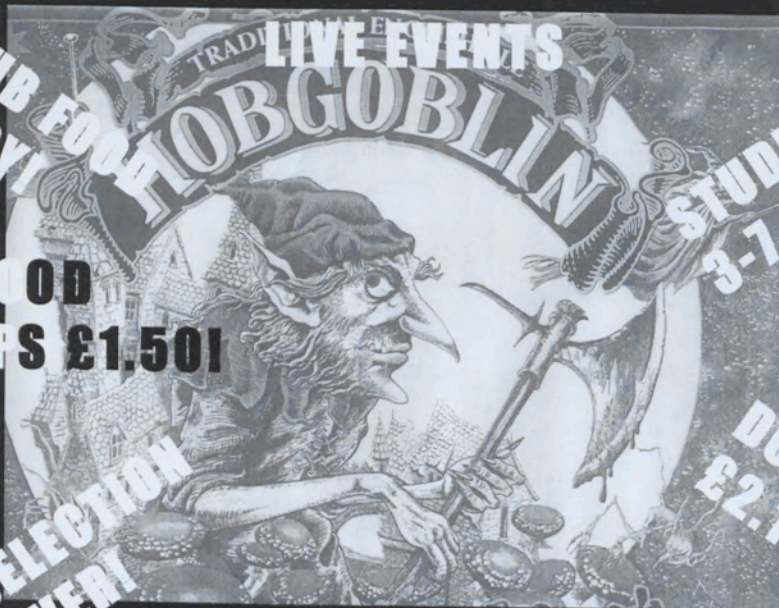
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