

STUDENT MAGAZINE OF NENE COLLEGE.

## Social Club rules - O.K?

Northampton  
College of Education  
Social Club  
TEMPORARY  
MEMBER  
REGISTRATION No.

scuffles

police

### So You Forgot Your Social Club Card?

Unlike last year, when the majority of people attending College discos were students, this term has seen an increase in the number of so-called 'outsiders' attending Nene College events. The freshers events at the beginning of term went off quietly enough (perhaps too quietly) but, mid-way through October, the troubles began. Scuffles involving both outsiders and our own students occurred at two discos in October, but they were not too serious and were soon forgotten. Only when a large number of leather-clad members of the motor-cycling fraternity arrived at the 'Emancipation' disco, to be turned away by half the social committee, Bill Nowhray and Dr. Ogilvie, was a crisis-point

reached. Dave Cooke, the bar steward, was not particularly pleased that night, especially since there was the usual confusion about 'signing-in' non-members (most of the social committee were, at that time, themselves unclear about signing in procedure). Not long after this event, Dave appealed to the social committee to exercise tighter control over the number of outsiders gaining access to College functions.

Events came to a head on the 28th October at Martin Hayward's disco. After a number of scuffles which both Dave Cooke and I attempted to 'cool down', and a glass incident (the details of which are still unknown), I spotted a youth transferring a lethal switchblade from his rear pocket to the middle of his jeans. I alerted Dave Cowburn, the social secretary, and we both followed

the cretin outside. Dave had already notified the police due to the tension brewing inside, and they arrived just in time. The youth was arrested (I very much doubt that he has been charged) and attempts were made to restore tranquillity back to the disco. Once again, outsiders had caused trouble, and on this particular occasion, I must admit that the evening would have been more peaceful if all those present had been students.

Unfortunately, the vast majority of regular outsiders who come to our events have had to suffer because of the tiny few. What has happened since could hardly have been avoided. At the moment, non-students are actively discouraged from coming to social events by the rigid signing in procedure. Whereas beforehand each social club member had been allowed to sign-



# Social Club cont.

## EDITORIAL

### EDITORIAL

QUILL is dead. You may have noticed that there is no Quill supplement in Link; this is due to the apathy of the whole Society, one member of which could not even be bothered to submit their budget in time.

Despite all this we will continue to have a literary supplement so long as there are enough articles to warrant one.

May we take this opportunity as egotistical editors of wishing all our readers a Merry Christmas and remind you that Biffo the Bear and Dennis the Menace will be back next year.

The TWO ANDY'S

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Thanks to Mike Wilcox for photography in last issue.

LAY OUT: Andy's

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in 3 guests, members are now only to sign-in one. The social committee supported Dave Cooke when he announced tighter controls over people using the bar, by forcing them to produce their social-club cards. When I asked Dave why he had introduced this system he said that it was a 'combination of things' -

'Students were stopping away from discos because of the number of outsiders coming to events.'

Dave felt that 'The whole atmosphere of discos' had changed. Personally I am inclined to disagree with him, being of the opinion that there are just as many hooligans within the College as there are outside, but Dave has a job to do and he obviously does not want any harm to come to his staff. (Dave also quoted the case of one club recently being fined £700.00 for allowing non-members to use its facilities.)

As I mentioned earlier, the social club changed signing-in procedure and from now on the one guest allowed per member has to be a bona fide guest (when I spoke to Dave about this he said that he hoped to prevent non-members, 'Hanging around outside waiting for people to sign them in'. I am not certain as to whether this sudden change of rules is constitutional, and I personally am not in favour of it, as I think it will do a lot of harm not only to S.U. profits but our relations with those peaceful regular outsiders. (Dave Cowburn did however point out to me that it was the duty of the social committee to provide social functions for its STUDENTS only).

When I interviewed Dave Cooke in order to get the correct facts about why students now have to show their social club cards he informed me of the rules and regulations of the club as a whole. It suddenly occurred to me that most students know very little about them, and that it was time someone did some explaining.

Unlike the bar at Avenue, the Park Campus Bar is not run by S.U., but by the Social Club of Nene College. N.C.S.U. has little control over the bar and, to be frank, this is a great pity. I think that a Union Bar at Park would solve a lot of problems. N.C.S.U. therefore does not receive any bar profits (I'd like to know who does) despite the fact that it is the students of this College, not the Staff, who pour their money into the bar in the first place. Membership of the social club and consequently access to the bar at Park is limited (it is not at Avenue). The following people are eligible for membership of the social club:-

- 1) Park Campus Students.
- 2) Nene College Staff.
- 3) Avenue Students, who are Associate Members and can be served at the bar on production of their N.U.S. card, but who cannot sign anyone in.
- 4) College of Agriculture, and Corby Annexe Students, who are in the same position as Avenue Students.

(The College of Further Education is nothing to do with Nene College and students there are not entitled to use the bar at all unless signed-in by a member).

No-one can buy a drink at the bar unless they are a social club member (if you are a guest you must get the person who signed you in to obtain your drink for you).



(3)

The bar management committee which controls the running of the bar, consists of both staff and students. Dave Cooke insisted that if anyone had a grouse, or a word of praise, then they should approach either the committee or himself. A lot of students have probably the same opinions about the bar management committee as I do; that is, that they are a somewhat aloof organisation, unwilling to disclose their operations (especially in the area of finance). However, for your information, the following people sit on the Committee, and it is to them that you should go if you wish to make any enquiries of your own.

Dennis Barnes - Treasurer.

Wendy Smith - Secretary.

M. Bloxham - Chairman.

Dr. Ogilvie - President.

Andy Limb ) - Student Repres-  
Tom Moran ) entatives, along  
with J. Allin  
& J. Hickman.

Jean Moore - (Drama Lecturer)

Dave Cowburn - as Social  
Secretary.

Dave Cooke - as bar steward.

Tom Kaby. (ex bar steward)

Legally, the social club itself should take care of signing in guests but according to Dave Cooke, the social committee agreed to help with this during social events (this agreement was reached a few years ago). I find it incomprehensible that the social club should bend the law by allowing the social committee to undertake one of the clubs major tasks, and then, tongue in cheek, collect all the profits from social events (during which more drinking is done than at any other time in the week. The social committee has often reasoned that if

the club were to lose its licence over this, then students would suffer. Surely if anything like this did happen, then the Union would take over the running of the bar?\*

In conclusion, I believe that the majority of students would agree, after hearing the facts that having to show social club cards at the bar is a necessity for the time being anyway. I also believe however that if the bar management committee actually met a little more often, and welcomed student observers, then a better relationship might develop between the club and its members. It is YOUR money which keeps the bar open, so don't kid yourself social club, nobody else really uses the bar do they?

Andy Hill.

\* Social Club take note.

#### Social Events.

The following social events have been provisionally arranged for next time (none are absolutely definite yet).

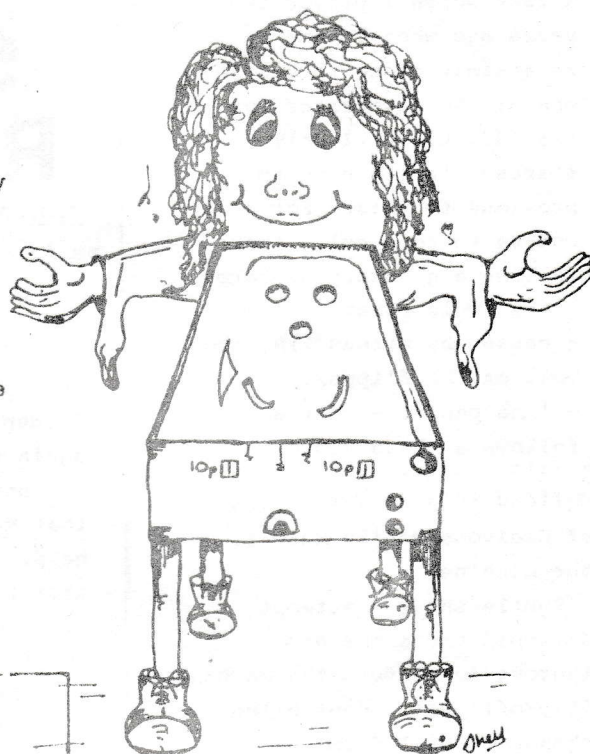
Monday, 9th January, Free Disco

Friday, 13th " Ceilidh.

Saturday, 14th " 'Working mens club night' - it is hoped that we will be able to hire a local comedian. Also available could be bingo, mushy peas and pies. Ian Bagshaw has agreed to compere for us if it comes off.

Wednesday, 18th January -  
Folk Night.

## PINBALL BLIZZARD



#### The Coming of the Pinball.

Many years ago, when most of us were elsewhere, (except a few people who were here), the SU Coffee Bar was an apology for a room. Then, Lo! One day, two pin-tables arrived from the East. The Coffee Bar was at once alive with religious incantations such as 'Christ!' as yet another ball was lost to eternity. To get one over on the sociologists, a new jargon grew up almost overnight.

Terms such as the "cold sweat" the "bye - bye" "thrutch" and "engender" came into being. Times (and machines) have changed since then and after two months of badgering we now have two fairly reputable machines.

Consequently, it is my aim to organise a knock-out pinball competition and possibly a pinball league.



There will be no entry fee and therefore no prize except the aura of being Nene College Pinball Wizard for 1977 - 8.

No one is too young join in. Even beginners have their chance of glory (even Tommy had to start somewhere!) - a fact which I proved two years ago when I came remarkably close to beating one of the favourites for the 1975 title, I only started playing a month previous to this. For new comers to this cult, there follows a glossary of terms.

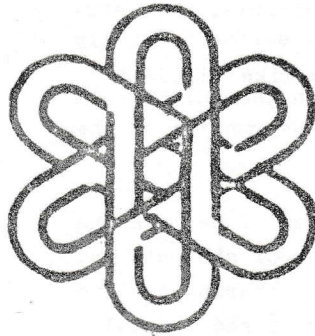
- the 'cold sweat'
- caused by mishandling the ball on the flipper.
- 'the panic' - that which follows a close score.
- Tilt - the great M.P.W. defined this as the result of Greivous Bodily Harm to the machine.

- Subtle shove - attempt to avoid the above and thoroughly confuse the machine.
- 'Lay-off' calm, controlled change of ball from one flipper to the other
- sign of masters
- 'Double Flip' - muffed - up attempt to acheive above
- sign of beginners.
- 'Bye Bye' - the ability to predict 30 seconds before-hand that the ball is heading straight for the gap between the flippers.

'The Coin Box Slam' or the 'Glass Smash' futile attempt to teach the machine who is the master. The celebrated T.R.P.W. (Tim Record - Pinball Wizard) has discovered that it takes 12 of the above administered in quick succession, to render the coin-mech. utterly useless and only one of the latter to create a hole 3 inches square in the glass. Back to the competition - all competitors will be expected to pay for their

!! and for any damage as detailed above. Tim Record.

(with much plagiarism from MPW).



## S.U. REPORT

S.U. REPORT - Steve Austin  
 • (Chairman of Park Council)

Once again the Park Campus Council organized a Crèche for the children of Mature Students at half term and once again very few Mature Students (or any other Students for that matter) turned up to help. They obviously think that the post of councillor is a sabbatical one and that we have nothing better to do than organize and run Crèches. Next time please don't just bring your kids to us in the morning and leave them, you all have at least one free day a week so why not help, after all they're your children. Thanks, however, must go to Jeff Carpenter for getting the Crèche off the ground and to all those who helped.

During the last week of term, the last Wednesday in fact, we shall be holding an Old Peoples Party (again Jeff is organizing it) for needy people from local homes. Please come and help put a smile on their faces. If you would like to volunteer please see either Jeff or myself. It's interesting that at the last G.U.M., 258 people stuck their hands in the air in favour of action over the Education Cuts but when an action meeting was called only six people turned up. Ah well, c'est la vie, see you all in the dole queue.

Congratulations must go to our new record-breaking councillor Jon Grose. As far as I know no other councillor has received more than 122 votes and certainly no one has ever won a post by a margin of 92 before. Richard Bergin and Richard Chaplin have also taken up council posts recently. You may remember in the last issue of "Link" I pointed out that some lecturers were using rooms in halls of residence as offices. Now, it seems, that they are in fact going to be moved out and the rooms given to students again. By the time this issue comes out this should have been completed. Let's hope it doesn't happen again.

Steve Austin.

## Santa's blues.

The Sluts of St. Nicholas.

I really don't understand it. There was a time far back in the romantic past when I could enjoy this annual round, despite the icy temperatures. It was a pleasure to see the people so full of joy in the middle of winter even when cold winds were howling all around and the fuel store was getting low in the barn.

The fires could be roaring in the grates and merriment and mirth would flow among people like a bubbling mountain brook. I enjoyed sliding down sooty chimneys to deliver gifts I knew would bring sincere happiness into the lives of so many.

Now all that's changed. Parents want to be realistic - they tell their kids I don't exist. Things are getting



so bad I may have to sign on at the Arctic Branch of the Department of Employment. Even when I do get letters from children, its not so much a pleasant request, its more like an ultimatum,

Santa,

If I don't get a six million dollar man this Christmas from Bob and Sheila, I shan't leave any Sainsbury's mince pies for you.

Tragic, don't you think!  
(By the way, its trendy to call Mummy and Daddy by their first names nowadays.)

Now when I fly across the crystal sky on Christmas Eve no-ones looking out for me. They are all inside glued to the goggle-box watching such seasonal films as "Confessions of a Window-Cleaner", and squabbling about who's turn it is to have the turkey leg tomorrow - its no fun, you know, when you have to squeeze through hot air flues of central heating systems and the only reward at the other end is an artificial Christmas tree with a model representation of me slued out of my mind.

Talking about drink, the demands I get for booze nowadays. People used to ask for nice clothes and shaving kits - now its a list of alcohol that would supply any self-respecting drunkard for a year. Last year I was accosted by a pick ed Policeman who accused me of being in drag.

All the fun's gone out of Christmas - now its all tinsel, tummy aches "two black coffees for the hang-over please". Sometimes a faint memory stirs in the recesses of my mind, that Christmas used to be about a guy who was born in a shed while some farmers heard songs in the air about "Glad tidings of joy to all Mankind". Perhaps they'd hit the bottle too hard themselves.

Jeff Carpenter.

# BIRD'S EYE VIEW



guest writer:  
**Dr Garnett.**

and age, and this particular moment in time. And so what is there left to say? I leave Northampton for Australia, a country sensitive to criticisms of its rough manners, but also a country steeped in British tradition and affiliation (witness Prince Charles playing polo in Australia, an Indian game sponsored by the British Raj): a country disparaging of Pommies and the British Disease of treating work as the boring gap between pay days. Was it the iconoclastic Dave Allen who said an Aussie always seems well balanced as he sports a chip on each shoulder?

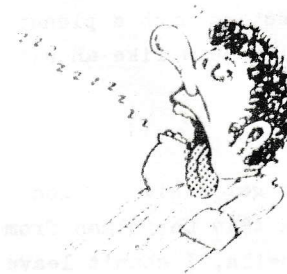
If I had to leave a message in a bottle, what would it contain apart from a plea for help and an admission of inadequacy? And would anyone want to rescue an educationist anyway? Education is politically sullied and suspect. The manpower planners and the elitists constantly fall out and try to cloak their platitudes as profundities. Education is no longer thought of as a Good Buy and yet no one can assess it convincingly on a cost-benefit basis, certainly not its effects on society as a whole. Perhaps we ought more clearly to distinguish between worth and price and realise that education is merely an organised form of learning and although we tend to associate education with the young, youth is not really a time of life, it is a state of mind. And so

It is difficult to compose farewells that avoid sentimentality but remain genuine .. anyone who has watched the insensitivities of TV 'This is Your Life' where the master of ceremonies exposes what should be private, even intimate emotions before an audience of millions of viewers will know what I mean. And so my last words will neither be akin to those of the dying George V who, implored by the royal physician to seek the recuperative airs of a certain south coast resort often graced by the King during his prime, muttered "Bugger Bognor" and thus released himself from the protocol of always remaining royally impartial. Nor will my farewell be couched in historical analogies: it will not be entitled Episode 3 of the Entire History of the Whole Second World in 136 parts with Big Gaps so that When It's Sold to America It Can Have Commercials. And I will not use my platform to storm over some moral scruple or homily so minute as to escape the notice even of those academics who are instinctive admirers of the futile gesture. I will also want to avoid all references to grass roots, ground rules, nitty gritty, this day



my message would be "Carry on learning. Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul". Lionel Robbins said somewhere that the world is run by good seconds: the first is a gift of God.

N'en shall I grieve  
my parture  
Albion, Exeunt.  
Dr. RG. Garnett.



# STUDENT ALCHOLISM

## THESIS ON THE LIQUID FUEL INTAKE OF STUDENTS

Owing to the enormous success of my last questionnaire, and the subsequent rocket in sales of 'Link' (since when Andy Hill and Andy Limb have been seen in the bar even more than usual - if that is at all humanly possible) I have carried out another one. It took at least four and a half seconds to think of a subject that was of great interest to students, close to their hearts (and livers) and generally common to all - sleeping! NO. Well that as well, but mainly consuming alcoholic beverages (boozing to you). So I set off to find a selection of average students who are to be found lingering around pub doors at 4.30 in the afternoon or on floors, under tables at eleven o'clock at night, to obtain their views on this strange phenomenon. I generally asked them a similar set of impertinent questions like, 'why do you drink?' 'How do you drink?' and, 'Why are your eyes all red?' Some of them asked me questions too, like why are you asking me these impertinent questions? and where are you? Any way this is what happened.

Alison (1st. year, second name withheld, as forgotten) drinks to be sociable, because she likes it and it's a sort of habit'. (definite alcoholic here I'd say!) She prefers to drink dry Martini and lemonade but when she mixes these with lager and lime she gets slightly drunk (her friend here interrupted and said, 'You not supposed to give things like that away!') However she only does this on special occasions, like Wednesdays, and only to get 'merry' not 'paralytic'.

I next aimed my enquiries at a group of people well known for their bar-room habits, but not much else - the rugby team (with whom I deny any connections whatsoever). I found part of this advisable organisation, namely Chris Cartwright and Neil Brewen in the dining hall, taking plates full of food in their hands, forcing the entire mess into their mouths, chewing and spitting out the food (sorry cook). I posed my question "What are your drinking habits" Chris exclaimed in wide eyed amazement "You mean you haven't noticed!" Neil went on to explain that we

- I mean they; can be seen doing much of their training in the bar in the form of strenuous operations like constantly lifting heavy weights with one arm, falling off stools and singing disgusting songs (he didn't say it like this by the way). He explained that the club's performances often suffer on a Wednesday afternoon by dint of having done too much hard training the previous night. As I was leaving the room, being careful not to step on the pieces of broken plate, Chris informed me that "We don't drink shorts!" I don't think I can add much to that.

Another person who doesn't drink shorts is Les Green (1st. year) not unless he's so drunk (he didn't say that) he can't tell them from pints Les says he drinks because he is thirsty but he has special occasions for getting drunk, these are between six and ten p.m. or twelve and two a.m. Seven days a week.

He enjoys drinking Real Ale or 'a nice pint of Guinness' He also feels that drinking goes together with certain pastimes, like table football, darts and water-fights (What is a water fight any way?)



(7)

Brian Mills (3rd. year) has a strange reason for drinking "I like beer" I don't drink to get drunk, merry but not really inebriated (he didn't say that either) Because I don't like throwing-up. Mind you he feels he doesn't drink enough because he can't afford it. Brian likes Tetleys, Theakstones, Ruddles, Charles Wells and 'My own it is cheaper' (I've tried it - it's electric soup) This either makes him a connoisseur or a right alkie.

Angie and Heather wouldn't give me their second names either, mind you the state they're in most nights they can't speak anyway.

Heather said that she normally drinks lager unless she's just been to the bank and then it's vodka and lime (pints). But she drinks more when she goes home at the weekend than at college (her father has an illegal still).

Angie mainly drinks bitter shandy but prefers baccardi and coke. an interesting exercise in self-denial - must be a Massochist. However she hasn't been very keen on the latter since her birthday when she drank thirteen of them. Must be a Massochist!

Phil Robinson.

of the age of Aquarius' but more the Apathetic 1984. On some tracks the lyrics are complimented by the music and give an overall coherent expression while on one or two the lyrics are confusing and the overall effect is not wholly successful.

#### Genesis Seconds Out

Those that said that Genesis wouldn't survive the departure of Gabriel have been proved wrong, especially with the release of this long awaited live album and recent accolades that have been bestowed on 'em. Admittedly 'Wind (farts) and wuthering was a bleak bald success. I 'spose it heralded the departure of yet another member, Steve Hackett and shows Genesis as the quickest diminishing band.

There is no misleading title stickers, receipts or paper hats included just a live album, 'caught in the act' incelluloid on the cover. Those of you sceptics wondrin' where the critical analysis is can forget it Genesis are so impeccable anyway my lovlies; only fact I'd draw your attention to, Phil Collins can't sing the Gabriel songs as well as he can, but that only a mere trifling opinion.

#### Wishbone Ash Front Page News

The Album suffers lyric deprivation as emphasis is on the lovely coo coo croon love song 'oooh ah, with a languishing first half. Nevertheless the music retains a dreamy quality enhanced by the double guitar lead playing, unmistakably Ash with careful arrangement.

The second half begins with a more traditional rock rhythm Ash pace. The album is definitely easier listening with emphasis on the instrumental, the lyrics are inaudible; just as well I 'spose.

#### Graham Parker and the Rumour. Stick home.

'Having given' the album a spin I can see why without a doubt (such conviction) why as Melody Maker put it 'Parker Glows the U.S. apart! Melodramatic stuff 'ay. Anyway listening to such carefully produced album with powerful songs complete with punchy lyrics sung by Parker in his idiosyncratic manner, I can see their point. If this is the album wots the live set like?

#### Queen News of the World

Royalty does show bad taste sometimes especially Queen's new crappy Album cover. Their single is jaded follow up to Bohemian Rupture. The lyrics are so tedious i.e. 'We are the Champions' n' 'It's been no bed of Roses, no Pleasure Cruise' I mean wot a life Bohemian Freddie leads now poor soul he can't make up his mind wot to wear, judging from his Fops de Flops appearance not much either. I'm sure Mohamed Ali will adopt the sing as his own anthem.

Queen have tried to sound raunchier avoiding elaboration associated themselves with the 'New Wave' but the nat'l varnish and cosmetics are still omnipresent; especially the million vocal overdubs. Anyway I can't help feeling Freddie's sufferin' from Megalomania which seems to be the overall theme of the Album; Queen went too big too fast oooh... oooh.

#### Vandalism

The auditors have asked that the bill for vandalism be brought to the attention of the student body. It cost YOU £261, burglaries - £246!

Just remember that this money has to come from somewhere, £500 is difficult to find.

# REVIEWS

#### Jam This is the Modern World

Although they sound a little unoriginal and reminiscent of the sixties the Jam are the first to admit to their roots. The Album is no eulogy to the Nations complacency and city life, not quite the 'dawning



- AND FURTHERMORE  
COMRADES -

DOUG SHEARING ARTICLE.

To accompany this caricature of Mr. Doug Shearing there was to be a humorous, slightly irreverent look at the Lecturer himself. However, after reading the article he found it offensive and asked the writer, Mr. Andrew Hill to withdraw it from publication. This he agreed to do, although with a number of reservations. Therefore the following column is blank.

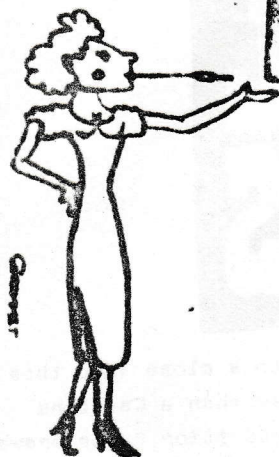
THE EDITORS.



**CENSORSHIP**

**APPLIES HERE!**





# BITCH ABOUT TOWN

BY  
BIG OT.



## Educational Priority Area.

'Moss Bros' share index has risen quite dramatically over the past 2 months, due to the vast numbers of teaching garments being leased out to the T.P. fraternity. You may have noticed that the more mundane members of this nervous club have appeared in rather garish apparel. Perhaps they need to hide their anaemic personalities behind this tasteless facade.

Brown corduroy trousers seemed to have been a popular choice among the more neurotic students. I am certain that next year's job queues will appreciate being bored to death (as I already have been) by their staff-room anecdotes.

## Middle School Subject.

The royal family has already received its Xmas pressy from dear old Santa, I do not refer to the infant cretin emitted from Princess Anne's equestrian vagina, but to the £290,000 bonus donated by the British taxpayer. Assuredly, the Royal family in this its Jew-bully year has richly deserved this gift for the exhausting task of devouring gargantuan feasts, along with international dignitaries.

By the way, for your information, the Salvation Army

soup kitchens will still be open on Xmas eve for those less deserving patriots of our society. Bring back the birch.

Talking of Xmas the Rugby Club will not be getting a present this year due to the internal prejudices of the A.U. towards the basketball and soccer clubs. The Rugby Club has recently had its budget slashed from £430 to £137. Although it may delight the female majority within College, turning-out naked may alarm the more naive of our College pupils.

## Teachers are Boring.

Revue organisers will doubtless be gratified to learn that the A.U. Executive has recently been attempting impersonations of war-time autocrats (e.g. Franco, Mussolini). Alan Hitler, along with his brown shirted comrades has assumed the role of dictator by suspending regenerates, such as the volleyball secretary - although the said person's ignominious fate may have been avoided if he had made a teeny-weeny effort at actually joining the A.U.

## 'Tables at Playtime'

Would those members of staff who are parasitically squatting in students' rooms have a little more consideration for those who want to use them as living accommodation. A good new-year resolution might be the establishing of a fund

in order that the terrible plight of staff (plus families and pets) may be recognised. The fund would be used to erect a skyscraper block of penthouses and flats for the more needy staff.

## Dinner-Duty.

My hot line has been ringing ferociously these past few days with enquiries regarding places for the next N.U.S. conference. I regret to have to inform you that only 45 students have been registered for the future conference for students with terminal Acne.

## School Assembly.

Festive tidings must go to Sonja Christina (of 'Carved Hair' fame) for pulling out of the Snowball at the last minute.

Despite this minor set-back the Social Committee has pulled out all the stops yet again in booking 3 internationally known bands (only 3 of which have been here before). Their imagination seems to have surpassed that of an autistic 2 year old.

I hope all members of the Social Committee enjoy

themselves at the Snowball .....  
... no-one else will.

## Arabs are really quite nice....

New year greetings also to President Sad-rat of Egypt. It has only taken him 7 years to sample a 'shalom' from Goldwyn-Majer.

Thanks a Christian Bunch.



p.s. If you cast your inebriated minds back to the last issue you may remember my slight inferences on our Social Sickretary's drinking habits (re - the free Sherry evening at Avenue). During one of his rare sober moments, Mr. Cowburn penned this trivial epistle to our ill-humoured editors:-

Dear Bigot,

As a second class citizen who is often seen rolling in various litter-filled gutters, I feel it is my duty to destroy the malicious rumours concerning our two decent, upright editors with regard to the now legendary sherry evening.

It is totally untrue that a certain Andy was offending the underside of Avenue Campus tables with his alcoholic presence, and the nasty character who suggested that Andrew's breath removed varnish from those same tables when he was prostrate under them was simply being malicious.

It was also most distressing to my ears when I was told, quite untruthfully, that the other Andrew emptied the contents of his stomach over his nearest and dearest's sleeping form soon after the event. What rubbish!

I'm sure we all know that the two gentlemen only ventured to Avenue that evening to stand around inconspicuously hoping for some snippets of information with which to delight readers of Link.

The sherry was rotten anyway.

Yours,

Dave(Orson Wells) Cowburn.

# MENETIL EXPRESS

## DAVID BOWIE - HEROES

Bowie needs no make-up now that Ziggy Stardust's folded up in the cupboard, the aura cosmetique mystique has come off with the face pack. Bowie has now projected the mood of a modern world although a pessemistic view with much more sincerity and commitment as he has stressed this in recent interviews.

Side two has an introverted mood particularly on the co-produced tracks with Eno, with a depiction of isolation of a Turkish minority group (Nuekoin) in West Berlin where he has been living recently. This album is not disposable and if you're wonderin' as to how I came to such a conclusion read the interviews and listen to the Album.

## Sex Pistols Never Mind the Bullocks Here's the Sex Pistols

L'Enfant Terrible and his merry rabble have caught the eye of the censors with a particularly indiscreet leitmotiv for their new and first 'collection of sing songs'. All the singles are included on the Album for posterity which is a bit dissapointing as more new material was expected. Although not a historic musical achievement legible for a grant from the arts council along with the 'New Wave' and 'Blow Wave' it brings the era of Dinosaur Rock

Music to a close (God this is worse than a Caroline Coon definition Punks answer to A.J.P. Taylor .

Although an album with pure adrenalin gutsy songs where Johnny sings in toon sometimes (bless 'im) it does get a wee bit monotonous. Whether the Pistols become obsolete Museum pieces remains to be seen and wot will follow the turgid turbulent music scene, gaspo?!!

The songs deal with touchy topics and the disaffected youth syndrone (Gawd I'm old) the statements are sometimes inconclusive and uncommitted. Hopefully a Jubilee festive bumper year won't make them bloatingly content. Anyway wot will their final contribution be to Western civilisation, Armageddon or will NATO find a use for 'em cos

Mr. Brezhnev is not enchanted wiv 'em.

## Santana Moonflower

My only criticism of this exquisite offering is that I can't tell which tracks are live and which are studio. Anyway it is Santan for Excellence; (quite good to you lot) It's so rythmic n' tangible I had to put the furniture back in place and the sound quality and muscianship were beyond criticism, breathlessly, executed ... gaspo he expires; Partiality rules this time O.K.

The D, alias D mytro Morykit.

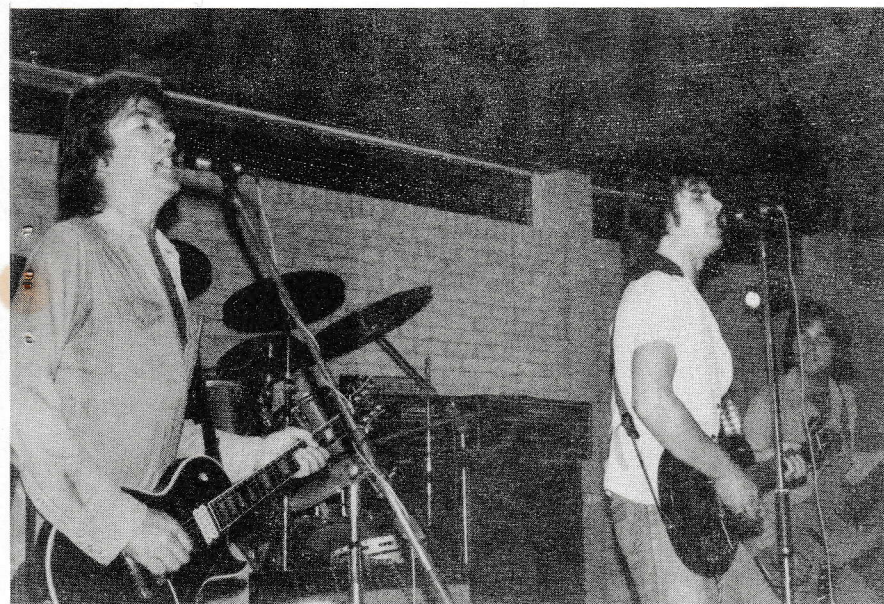
S P I N A D I S C



# FRESHER'S BALL



## *Trapeze*





# UNITE TO FIGHT THE CUTS

## The M.P.'s View of the Education Cuts.

On Monday, 21st November, my husband and I (to be read as if you were Royalty - I bet the new Royal baby will not be affected by the cuts!) were fortunate (!!) enough to luncheon (more of the Royal influence!) with Arthur Jones, M.P. for Daventry. So whilst trying to digest College pork chops and lumpy mashed potato we touched tenderly (something had to be tender - the chops were not!) on such topics as Tory housing policy and the cuts in education.

As one would expect from a True Blue Tory, he thought they were necessary and blamed the wicked Socialist (!??!) Government. Unfortunately he was more interested in the colour we were painting our bedroom (I showed him the paint under my fingernails!!) than talking about the cuts.

However, some things became evident:-

1. that he viewed cuts in public expenditure as necessary and indeed, desirable.
2. that in no way was he going to do anything about them.
3. that if he was in power, he would cut further.

## lobby

On Wednesday, 23rd November, Joy Hollow, Sara Boulos-Hanna, Kevin Lamb, Richard Bergin, Mike Wilcox, Paul Lee and I set off to the House of Commons (not Royal) to Lobby the five Northants M.P.s I had

previously sent a letter to them to which I had three replies - a verbal "yes" from Arthur Jones, saying he would see us, a written yes from Michael Morris, and a written no from Sir Geoffrey de Freitas saying he was in Brussels. No replies were received from Peter Fry or Maureen Colquhoun.

To cut a long (and boring) story short, we met Michael Morris who felt that the Health Service was more important. He did agree that the cuts in Education were wrong, but when I asked him if in that case he would and did vote against the cuts - he said no, as cuts were necessary.

The fact is, the Tories may agree that the cuts are wrong, dangerous and short-sighted, but they would implement further cuts.

He also thought that Mature Students were not really important! Mature Students take note and join those students already active in the fight against the cuts.

Arthur Jones made a brief appearance on his way to a Committee Meeting but only stopped as he asked if I had finished the decorating!

Maureen Colquhoun was more helpful, however. She took us for tea and a walk on the Terrace. (Royalty again!)

Maureen was one of the 37 left-wing M.P.s who voted against the cuts and she will continue to do so. She did feel that we should continue to try to stop the cuts. We must all join together, regardless of politics, in the fight against the cuts.

It was valuable talking to the M.P.s as they are now aware of our views and they know that they are being watched.

As we did not meet Peter Fry or Geoffrey de Freitas it may be possible to invite them to College to answer questions on their view of the cuts. Please let me know your view on that idea.

## facts

1. There is a £3,055,000 cut in the Education Budget for Northamptonshire.
2. Children approaching their 5th birthday (rising 5's) who need to be starting school will now be excluded until after their 5th birthday.
3. Nursery Education and Adult Education is to be cut.
4. Money available for paper and books to be cut by a quarter.
5. Many other cuts including a reduction in staffing.

These cuts will make Northants one of the worst off areas for education in Britain.

The story is the same for Social Services, (charging for home helps and holidays for the elderly and disabled) Public Health (closure of hospitals) and Transport (fare increases and services cut completely).

These affect YOU. Nene College has had its budget cut drastically. Courses will no longer be run, repairs will no longer be done, the library will not have as many books.

Your Students Services Unit, struggling to get off the ground is to get NO MONEY. This means that if you or your friend need help or advice of any sort you might not get it.

These are the cuts - they DO affect you. This is what "the unacceptable face of capitalism" does to you - cuts your living standard.



There is no need for the cuts. The Government chooses to cut public expenditure so that it can help private industry. Yes, PRIVATE industry - where you get none of the profits.

An example (from last year). The exemption level at which the planned development land tax will begin to be levied is to be raised from £5,000 to £10,000, and until March 1979, the first £150,000 of development value realised above that limit will be charged at 66½ per cent instead of the 80 per cent planned.

This has meant less revenue for the Exchequer and so cuts in housing subsidies, education and various other public services.

We must try to reverse this policy now before it is too late.

Julie Rounthwaite.

## STORY— TIME

Are you sitting comfortably?  
Good! Then I will begin.

Today's story is about two children, Jane and Peter. These two children are just ordinary children, just like you are, but they have been treated very badly by wicked Uncle Politician.

Wicked Uncle Politician has made them very unhappy. Jane and Peter used to catch a big red bus to school every morning on their way to school. Now poor Peter and Jane cannot afford to travel by bus any more because wicked Uncle Politician has increased their fares. They arrive at school footsore and weary and in no frame of mind to learn their lessons well. They feel very sorry for their friends who have further to walk because buses do not run to their houses any more.

When Peter and Jane get to school they have to risk crossing a busy main road all on their own because their friendly Uncle Lollipop Man has been given the sack from his job. I hope Peter, Jane and all the little girls and boys know their Green Cross Code or else there will be no little girls or boys for teacher to teach - Surely Uncle Politician is not that dastardly!

The Teacher, Miss, called the register, which took a long time because there are lots of children in her class. Poor Miss she is unhappy too as there are not enough teachers to help her with all those children. When Miss had done that, she gave out the books for the lesson, but the children were all on different pages and that made life very difficult as the

children had to share one book between three. I do hope Peter and Jane manage to learn how to read and write even if wicked Uncle Politician is being bad.

Peter and Jane have a little Brother and Sister who are almost five but they are not allowed to go to school yet. They have to wait until after their fifth birthday before they can go to school.

By Julie Rounthwaite  
Next issue: The Saga of Wicked Uncle Politician Versus Meals on Wheels.

## A.G.M.

I would like to make several remarks about the A.G.M. held on Monday, 21st November. To begin with it was not quorate. There are several reasons for this. The third year teaching students were out on Teaching Practice. Some Lectures were not cancelled, but the most telling reason why students were

not present can be summed up in a remark made at the Dean's meeting this week. I complained that some full-time lectures were not cancelled and it was agreed lecturers should encourage and educate students to go. But it was pointed out that some students prefer to go to lectures and even request they continue.

This meeting was important as the N.C.S.U. had to receive the auditors report, and approve the Master Budget for the year. The inquorate meeting recommended that that be so. Having agreed to the Budget, under any other business there was great discussion about the money budgeted for for conferences. As was explained, most of the money is for travelling, meals and overnight stays. The actual registration fee for conferences is usually about £3.50 for each person. The training conferences are often very helpful, particularly the Sabbaticals training conference. However, I must admit that after the fuss made

at the A.G.M. it does seem that this Union has its priorities wrong. We sent 3 people to the Social Secretaries Conference, and though I know they found it useful, it seems ridiculous not to send more delegates to something as major as National Conference, especially as the day is 16 hours long.

The

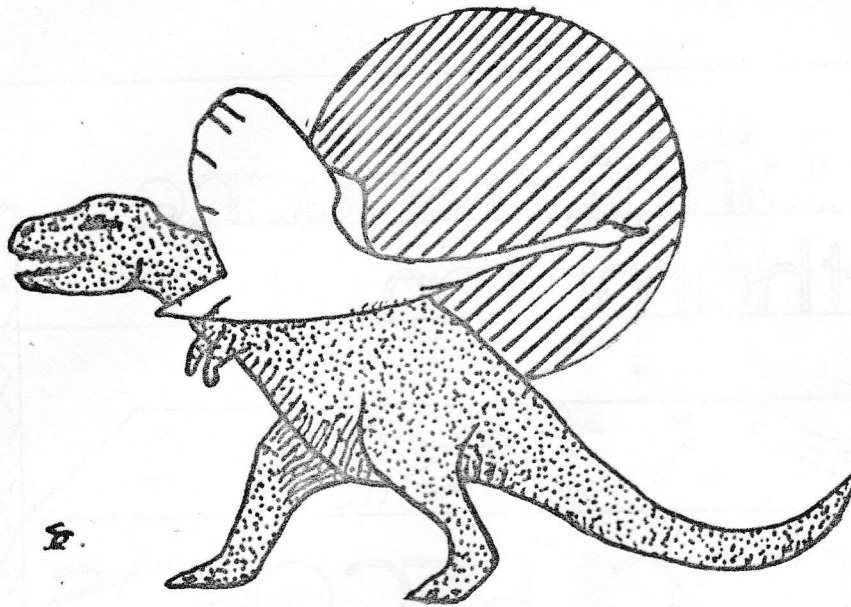
General Meetings are the supreme governing body of the N.C.S.U. The Executive are answerable to quorate General Meetings. In Chairing such meetings, the Chairperson has to be impartial. He or she can give information i.e., facts. There is a whole list of procedural motions but come to the Union and ask to see it.

Now, please, if you have any queries see me or any other member of the Executive.

Thanks.

Joy Hollow.





# Bolan — obituary.

## Along the Beltane Walk.

Whilst Elvis was being venerated as a God and the media was revelling in the subtle nuances of Punk Rock the death of Marc Bolan was deemed a minor event. It seems that Bolan (Bopping Imp, National Elf, etc.) may be destined in death to be as little understood and just as underrated as he was in life, both by the music critics and by Britain's army of 'ELP/Yes/Pink Floyd/Dear Fluff/I voted in the NM Poll' addicts and the like.

Certainly many critics had it in for Bolan (although it must be said he had a few allies). Few understood him or the music and this applies equally to Tyrannosaurus Rex or T. Rex. They loathed him when he sat cross-legged and sang songs that didn't make the charts, and when he made records with more obvious lyrics they hated him because he did make the charts. Bolan retaliated often by making various extraordinary egotistical assertions about himself, sometimes serious, often humorous, simply for the sheer hell of it. Sadly the music press and their readers seemed to lack the imagination to laugh at Marc's more flamboyant remarks as he did himself!

And the music. Most people and this includes the music critics, paid little attention to anything other than the 'A' sides of the singles from 'Ride a White Swan' onwards. Most concert reviews were done from amidst hordes of knicker throwing pubescents and it was details like this that tended to be the mainstay of the reviewer. Those who saw Bolan in a quarter filled hall or packed College Union will know that he had a special quality and was a fine electric guitarist and an excellent acoustic guitarist and singer. The music itself can't easily be pigeon-holed and though admittedly some traditional rock riffs would crop up the music is quite unique. The vocals especially on the earlier albums are not even remotely like anyone else's.

The lyrics often proved a stumbling block for the intellectually constrained critics who described them as pretentious basically because they misunderstood them or attempted to look for Moody Blues-type explanations on the significance of the Universe that were never intended to be there anyway.

Of course, some mistakes were made - he issued some bum singles; got over-exposed; and failed to conquer America. Even Radio One seemed to neglect him over the last couple of years.

Sooner or later pre-conceived opinions about Marc Bolan will fade and the music alone will stand to give him the respect he deserves.

Meanwhile, look out for the Nudes of the World feature on Bolan's sexual extravagancies whilst on the road .....

Steve Cogta.

## FILM NIGHT

The following films have been booked for next term.

12th Jan. 1978 - 'Monty Python and the Holy Grail' - A  
Starring John Cleese.

19th Jan. 1978 - 'Far from the Madding Crowd'

Starring Julie Christie.

26th. Jan. 1978 - 'Stardust'

2nd. Feb. 1978. - 'Hoffman'

4th Feb. 1978 - 'Frogs'

9th Feb. 1978 'Quatarmass and the Pit'

18th Feb. 1978 'The Wild Angels'.

2nd. March 1978 - 'Swallows and Amazons'.

8th March 1978 - 'Pictures at an Exhibition'.

9th March 1978 - 'Alfie Darling'.



10A Abington Square  
Northampton.

SPINADISC RECORDS

TEL 31144

What does the above mean? In reality it stands for another enterprising College body - namely a group. The group (formerly known as 'The Banned') consists of five 'artists' and 'associated groupies' in the words of one of the group. It has only recently been formed and their efforts at the present are still very experimental - but I believe (having heard them) that 'Q' possesses a great future.

The group is composed of: Stephanie Rock (vocals), Richard Bealing (acoustic guitar), Nick Bradford (lead guitar), Dymitro Morykita (keyboards) and Adrian James (drums). In former times, Timothy Carter was a member ... but for academic reasons he had to leave .... The equipment (for those interested) - which is borrowed - is:- 2 Elco ranger twelve string guitars, a CSL twin neck guitar, an Arp Odyssey Synthesizer, a Yamaha electric organ, a Lancy 100 W. amplifier/speaker, a Peavey 120 W. amplifier/

speaker stacks.  
a drum kit,  
+ mics. and effects.

Their music is somewhat diverse, this reflecting the background of influences to be found within the group. Nick's main influence is the 'blues', Richard's 'folk', Adrian's being hard rock (he's a former hard rock drummer) and Dymitro's being classical (before now, he was a classical pianist). Their work is all original - it is thus difficult to classify it. The music is written by Richard and Nick: the songs by Adrian, Dymitro and Stephanie.

If you would like to hear them rehearsing (they aren't yet up to performance level), then come along to the drama theatre or drama studio\* (\*usually this one) every Tuesday night. They start approximately at 7.p.m. and go on until late. Towards the end of rehearsals, they usually perform more well known pieces (e.g. Status Quo, Procul Hareum etc.).

Asking Nick about the future of the group, he replied that the group will be performing (hopefully) at College some time in the New Year and possibly at Bletchley. In the distant future, they will be trying to get onto the College circuit - furthering the name of Nene - and would eventually like to turn professional.

I hope that this short article has given you some insight into the group and their goings-on ... but why not judge for yourself?

Timothy Chambers.

#### Vice-President's bid Student Services.

At last, the Student Services unit is getting off the ground. The unit is an effort to give students a complete welfare service, be it careers information, advice on personal problems, or financial advice. Eventually the college hopes to employ a full time member of staff to run this unit but for the time being it is being run voluntarily, ('cos we aint got no money, man!)



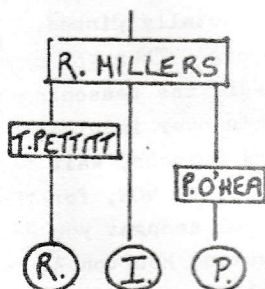
# SPORT

## A.U. INFORMATION SPOT

LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL-  
PAY YOUR POUND OR ..

YOU SHOULD  
HAVE PAID YOUR  
A.U. FEES,  
MR. VAUGHAN.

LAW  
ADOLF NEILD  
FOR  
PRESIDENT



## FOOTBALL

This season has seen the emergence of a team that is interested in winning and playing. A regular first team squad has been formed and already it shows great promise. It has got off to a fine start only losing once in six games. The team has got through to the second round of the Sunday Cup and proved itself a team to reckon with. The first years have proved a valuable asset ready to turn out when called upon. The old brigade are still there i.e. 'Grandad' Allin who can still last five minutes of a game without collapsing. Fitness this year is excellent and nobody smokes more than 20 cigs before the kick off. If the early start is a shape of things to come then Nene College F.C. will once again establish itself in the Northampton Town Football Association League.

D. Macfarlane.  
Secretary.

## HOCKEY

### WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The club had a good start to their season with a 5-0 win against Kettering Ladies. However, there has been a notable decline in support since the beginning of term; what happened to all those prospective players who turned up at the General Meeting? Contrary to rumours we don't have a 'fixed' team that plays week after week; already one match has been cancelled due to a lack of players.

A reminder that players of all abilities are welcome at practices on Wednesdays at 3pm., with coaching.

We have two Wednesday afternoon fixtures this term - 16th and 30th November - why not come along and give us some support?

Sabina Davies  
(Secretary)

### Mixed Hockey - A Story of Progress

So far this season, the mixed hockey club has not won any games - but this disguises the all-too obvious, namely that the Club has had several good results:-

DUSTON	LOST	1 - 5
OWLS	LOST	0 - 8
CAMPION	LOST	1 - 5
OVERSTONE	DRAW	0 - 0
AMATEURS	DRAW	0 - 0
VALIANT	LOST	1 - 6
MASCOT 'A'	DRAW	2 - 2

The above chart gives one the reason why the article is thus entitled. The Club has



# SPORTS

progressed from being a totally (?) disunified conglomeration to being a Club possessing much talent, including such 'stars' as Mike Bull (an excellent keeper - keep sliding!) Rob Millars, Andy Stephenson, Marcus McDonald, Beverley Calvert, Sue Dean, Alison Oxley ... the list could almost go on for ever. The confidence now evident in the team (?) has continued to grow so that it can now be said that if we were to re-play some of our earlier matches the results would have been different. The season continues till April .. matches on Saturdays and Sundays - any support welcome.

Timothy Chambers.

## RUGBY

### Rugby Club Secretary Found HANGED

Police to-day found Nene College Rugby Secretary, Chris Cartwright dead in the changing rooms of Nene College, hanged by his own bootlaces.

A suicide note was later found and a police spokesman said it contained references to the fact that the Rugby Club Budget had been cut from £430 to £137 by the Union Finance Committee. This meant that a new set of shirts which were ordered will have to be cancelled and Mr. Cartwright wrote "he was fed-up with turning out for his College looking like a tramp, in a torn shirt which was a different colour from the ten shirts the Rugby Club owned." An official from the Rugby Union tells us there are 15 players, hence 15 shirts of the same colour are required by a rugby team. An inquest will be held at 6.30 p.m. in the bar some time after Christmas.

No flowers at the request of relatives but any donations should be sent to the Nene College Rugby Club.

C.C.

### RUGBY CLUB

Well, well, well, at first it appeared that I was wrong, after we had lost our first three games, conceding, well ... a lot of points and ..... not scoring many ourselves. However, the more observant drinkers amongst you may have noticed members of the Rugby Club in a state known locally as totally pissed. You did? Good. Then you may have heard the reasoning behind this over indulgence in Smiths and Guinness, wait for it .... WE WON, for the statistical amongst you 28 - 13 against Moulton Agricultural College.

The game was certainly eventful, the most exciting moment being when the lights went out in the showers. On a more serious note scorers were Mick Bloxham (Two Tries) Colin Vose (Two Tries, 4 Conversions) Nic Robinson (Try). This leaves Colin Vose the top scorer with 20 pts this season.

I am pleased to report that we now have a full fixture list until the season ends and that all home games will be refereed by society refs. For the non-playing Rugby fanatics WE NEED MORE SUPPORT. Oh yes, and a tour to Bournemouth is being arranged.

Please note: Martin Powell has got a black SILK JOCKSTRAP (very nice it is too).

Chris Cartwright.

### Volleyball

Despite Rob Millars apparent lack of secretarial abilities and Steve Whitehead's obnoxious gut, the Volleyball Club has made (in College terms) a reasonable start this season.

We have had support from the first years and with their help we have managed to produce a potentially reasonable side which has already managed to win a couple of games which is incredible since we had Mark 'pasty' ("my ankle hurts") playing. Unfortunately we have lost a couple of games, the main reason for this was Rob Millars appalling eyesight (his contact lenses went down some young ladies plughole) and Steve Whiteheads personal hygiene problems.

Although it is impossible for everyone to play for the team I would still appreciate a little more people to come to training, so if you happen to be festering away in your room on a Wednesday evening why not fester in the Sports Hall from 8 p.m. playing volleyball.

Glen Cockcroft,  
Captain.

p.s. I hope Mr. President Neild is aware of the atrocious state of our volleyball net.

## CRICKET

### NENE COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB

To all great sportsmen. We start practicing for our great game straight after Christmas so anyone who wants to practice bring your whites back with you. We are using Northants County nets which will cost about 20p. per session to pay for the hire of them on Monday nights 6.00p.m. - 7.00 p.m.

Ian Bagshaw (Captain)



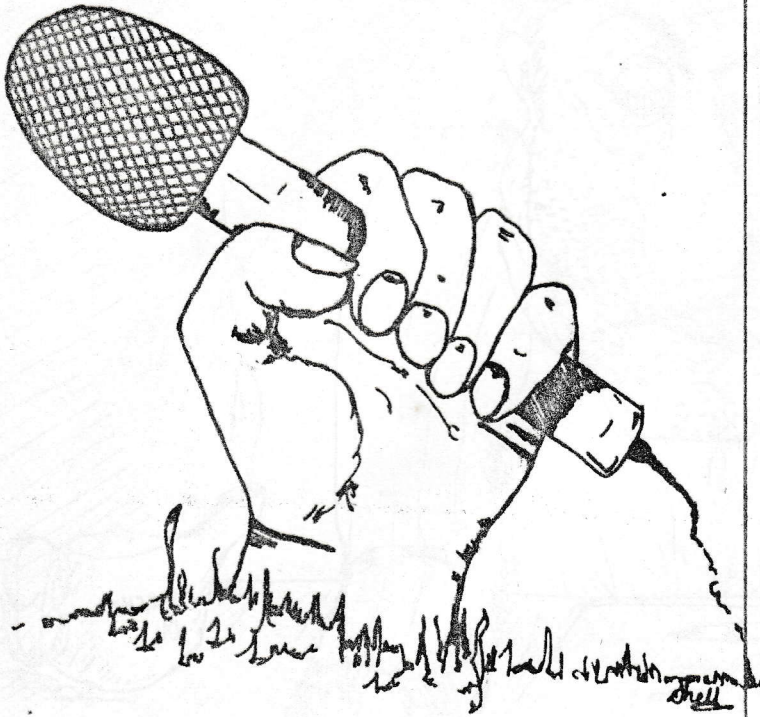


# THE OFFICIAL LINK

Literary Supplement



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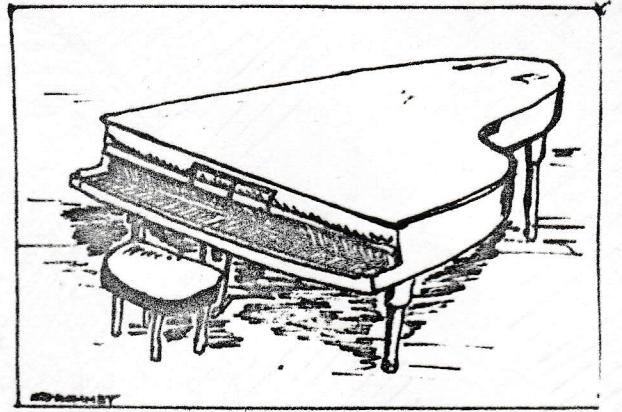


Damp billboard mourns in the rain;  
Dyslexic headlines mutter in vain -  
Pop Star - Pop Star - The King is Dead,  
Interviews with whom he went to bed.  
Nubile starlets reveal erotic past  
Of rock n' roll sex that could never last.

Overweight but under-rated  
Now revered by those who hated -  
selling their souls by cover stores -  
False obituaries wrapped in wire gauze  
Glossy posters of the King in style  
As they rub their hands along the Golden Mile  
Bringing back memories of blackened tinge  
Forget the pills and hyperdermic syringe.

Grasping men with greenish hands  
Nail their faith to the funeral bands  
Sobbing fans in morbid queues  
Wait for a glimpse of blue suede shoes  
On the obese King in fitted suit  
Who can't acknowledge the police salute  
As the hearse crawls past this grand affair  
Another greaser brylcreams his hair.

Andy Limb.



## The Piano Player.

The annual ritual was progressing impressively, being no better nor worse than previous years. The ladies appeared divine in their long gowns and artificial jewellery. The men appeared almost noble in their proverbial emulation of the directors. The hall was large and the decor magnificent. Cardelabras and bottles of champagne stood upon the immaculate, well-spread dining table. Velvet curtains hung gracefully from each wall, sheltering the clique from reality. Judicious, house-trained waiters distributed wine strategically and courteously fully aware that the size of the inevitable tip depended not upon generosity but rather on how important they could make the guests feel. It was a scene of embellished splendour, of elaborate richness, of grandeur. The very atmosphere of the place generated a mutual awareness of well-being and felicity.

The men had spent the earlier part of the evening engaged in desperate scrambles to supply the Chairman with large brandies and congratulate him on his speech. The

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enthusiasm they showed in parting with money astonished no-one for they all shared the same aspirations. They shared a solidarity based on avarice. Tonight money was no more than a stepping-stone to temporary hedonism. The rule of the night was enjoyment. It was a time for much rejoicing and much good cheer .....

The one exception to this rule was the insignificant little man who sat alone in the darkest corner of the room, like a chameleon simulating its surroundings, neither affecting nor affected by the conglomeration of his virile young comrades. No-one appeared disturbed by this state of affairs for it was far from anomalous. A few interpreted the little man's reticence as misanthropic. One or two judged him to be a shy old man who needed company, yet they did not volunteer it. The great majority of the superficial assembly, however, had no such profound thoughts. They simply accepted the situation. It just was. It always had been.

Thus the little man sat alone, contributing nothing to the phatic conversations of his colleagues, separated from the world by a vast void of indifference. After fifteen years at the office he had inevitably come to accept the situation. There seemed no way out.

The day that had passed at the office could have been Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday. The day did not matter - the motions were the same - the same desk, same chair, same pen, same cup of lukewarm, nauseous vending-machine coffee, the same ostentatious conversations centred around the 'lucky bird' of the previous night, the same people going through the same unconscious motions

of listening. The little man's complete lack of enthusiasm in monotony had prevented him from attaining any form of promotion and so he morosely awaited destination sixty-five and the paltry pension that would accompany it .....

The formalities over, the directors had retired to the bar next door, declining the spurious appeals for them to stay. Accordingly the ritual had begun in a spontaneous fusion of music and kaleidoscopic lights. Bow-ties were quickly disposed of and genteel wine-glasses replaced by great mugs of brown ale. Pacific refinement gave way to anarchic chaos as noise and movement, the ultimate panaceas on such occasions, reached an almost unprecedented level.

Thus the evening progressed in its familiar regularity. The ladies played 'hard to get' with the men responding as patronizingly as they could. A sense of security prevailed for they all knew their roles and what was expected.

It is of little wonder then that every member of the coterie was equally astonished when the insignificant little man began to play the piano. There was no immediate response for this was outside of the script. They stood and stared - like great puppets suddenly released from their strings. After a period of uncertainty they began to shuffle toward the piano where the little man played in a dignified and determined manner. Five minutes later and they were dancing and shouting their appreciation as the little man began to play fast and furious - ragtime, jazz and henky-tonk, his entire body

and mind alive with pleasure and excitement. His very soul seemed to cry out: LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN TO ME! He was a joyful and glorious sight. He leapt on top of the piano, stretching down to the keyboard and thumping his feet on the wooden top. He danced on the keyboard, playing it with his feet, his knees, his head. He lay underneath the piano, stretching up to the keys. He jumped inside the piano, running his fingers along the strings, all to the great delight of the puppets. It was the performance of a lifetime and the audience was totally captivated by this suddenly pre-eminent being. The little man ran along the keyboard, completely obsessed by his own importance until finally he collapsed onto the floor.

Once more the puppets stood transfixed until a familiar, strained voice rescued them: "Follow me into my mind. Can you really remain so blind. A heart so cold A mind so full of nothing."

Shouts of approval arose as they recognised the latest No. 1 hit by Oggy Pip and the Morons.

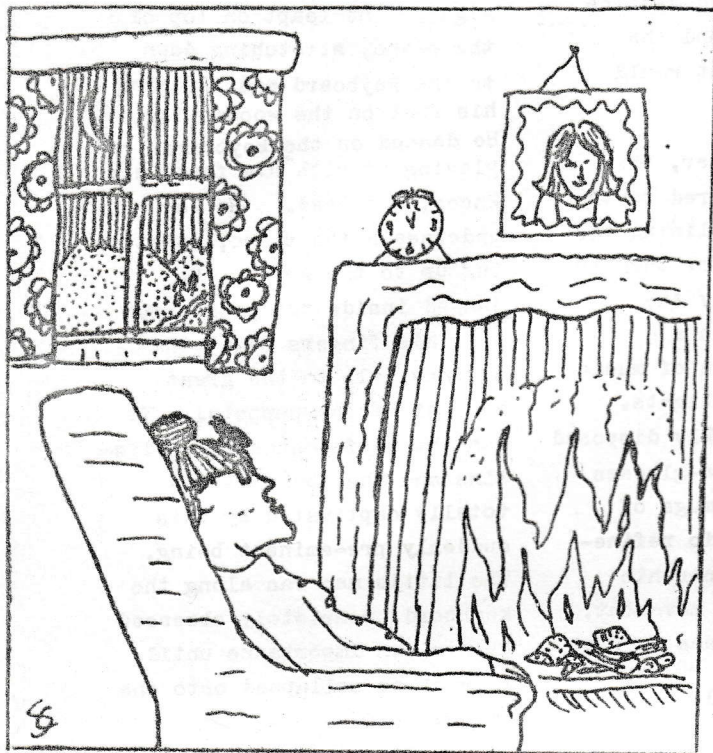
The mindless ritual began again and no-one noticed the insignificant little man being carried from the centrally heated palace out into the cold of the December night where an ambulance awaited, doors open like a great hungry beast.....

The world span on.

Stan Owens.



# The Black Calliper



## Chapter Three: Billy has a problem.

Passing venerable Judas's farmhouse I noticed he'd taken his wife down from her favourite branch. After all it was very windy and the rain seemed as relentless as the lashings I'd received at school earlier on in the day; (when I was punished for retrieving my pen). I suppose I needn't have put all of my arm down Porky Smith's throat in order to get it back.

Oh the winter! At this same moorland site in the summer we'd had so much fun; me, Olaf and Nambimbo. Catching dragonflies with our mouths; feeding toadstools to infants; running through the long, green grass and trampling on Arthur and Bessie who were at it; building castles out of cow-pats.

But now the hillside was grey and the stream twisted rapidly down beside our stone cottage with its flickering orange light.

At last I was home. Soon my tea was on the table and when I saw what it was, so was lunch. After having eaten I settled to peel the scabs off my kneecaps. I noticed that Mother was chewing the cat again. Festering piccalilly slithered down Jeremiah's throat whilst Granny chanted

a Hindu lovesong to Bonto our beloved legless newt. "You anal sphincter" she crooned romantically (We knew that one well). She always sang it at Aunt Jessie's funeral. Did Aunt Jessie really play hide and seek on her own? Joey was still dead. I could hear him calling out "dumplings and stew, dumplings and stew...."

## THE FINAL CHEF d'OEUVRE OF THE CABINET MAKER

As a young man I was apprenticed to a dying art. This final cabinet is all that remains to be done, A last testament to my skills.

There's no demand for craftsmanship these days -  
The expert hands, the caring eye  
The feeling for wood, the time and love,  
The art  
Today its all do-it-yourself  
That could be done by anyone else  
And real plastic tops.

My work was always for others,  
Hand-made dressers, cabinets, tables and chairs.  
The desk in the lord mayor's chamber  
was a personal commission;  
Oak, with hand tooled fittings and gold-in laid,  
leather covered top.  
But this last cabinet  
Is for my own use.  
This last cabinet is of a simple, functional  
design,  
In a fine-grained pine  
With simple, brass fittings.

When this last cabinet is done  
My life's work will be complete.  
When this cabinet is full  
My deaths work will have only just begun.  
Cabinet making is a dying art.

Dave Johns.

"Get a dog" I shouted to Mam. A tear rolled down my cheek and mingled with the cat's on the hearth. The candle flickered, the fire crackled, and the silken moon shone down onto the glistening back of the cockroach which had settled on Granny's forehead. Dear Helen's photograph looked at me fondly from above the fireplace. "F - k off" it seemed to say. I was glad to be alive.

The Black Calliper by Steve Costa.



# My ex-mates a dustmen

Week 2

After my first tortuous week of emptying the putrescent dustbins of the North my fear of entering the depot gradually developed into a sado-masochistic desire to show my fellow workers that my weak body could empty just as many bins as they could. However, this idiotic longing subsided after the first hour's worth of bins had disgorged their festering contents into the back of the wagon which belched contentedly after every mouthful. My knees weakened, my willing spirit threw in the towel and my exhausted lungs cowered behind a council house fence whispering futile demands that they never belonged to my body anyway.

Foolishly I discounted these sobbing pleas from my metabolism and soldiered on, the sun offering no assistance to my pain; like a manic oven it covered me in tinfoil and roasted my fragile frame at regulo 5. Sweating ferociously I attempted to lift my weary spirit from the ground by croaking patriotic war songs but only managed a tuneless rendition of "I don't wanna be a bin man momma, I don't wanna die."

Estate after estate stretched menacingly before me - the piles on the anus of the earth, but still I crawled on, the blisters on my feet squelching eloquently on the boiling pavements. They came to a halt outside a newly creosoted gate bearing an ominous sign - BEWARE OF THE DOG. I hardly had time to take my anti-rabies jab before a muscled canine monster, white froth from its mouth glistening in the sunlight decided that naive dustmen work better with a red gash in their leg. I had numerous doubts about this canine conception and leapt into the wagon where I carefully wiped the fear off my trousers.



The other lads, no doubt used to such vicious attacks, kicked it, laughed and carried on whilst I had visions of employing a psychopathic vivisectionist as bodyguard on my next shift. That night I wrote a long letter of application to the Royal Society for the Prolongation of Cruelty to Animals (R.S.P.C.A.) sprinkled copious amounts of salt and vinegar on my open wound and sweated myself to sleep.

Andy Limb.

Easter?  
Huh!





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