

NENE SCENE

The Magazine of Nene College Students' Union

Volume 11. Issue 1.

September/October, 1990.

**Welcome
to 1990/91 at
Nene
College !**

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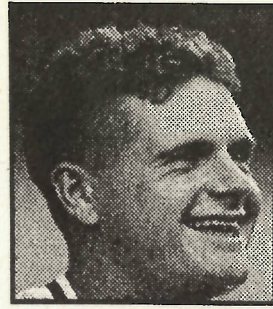
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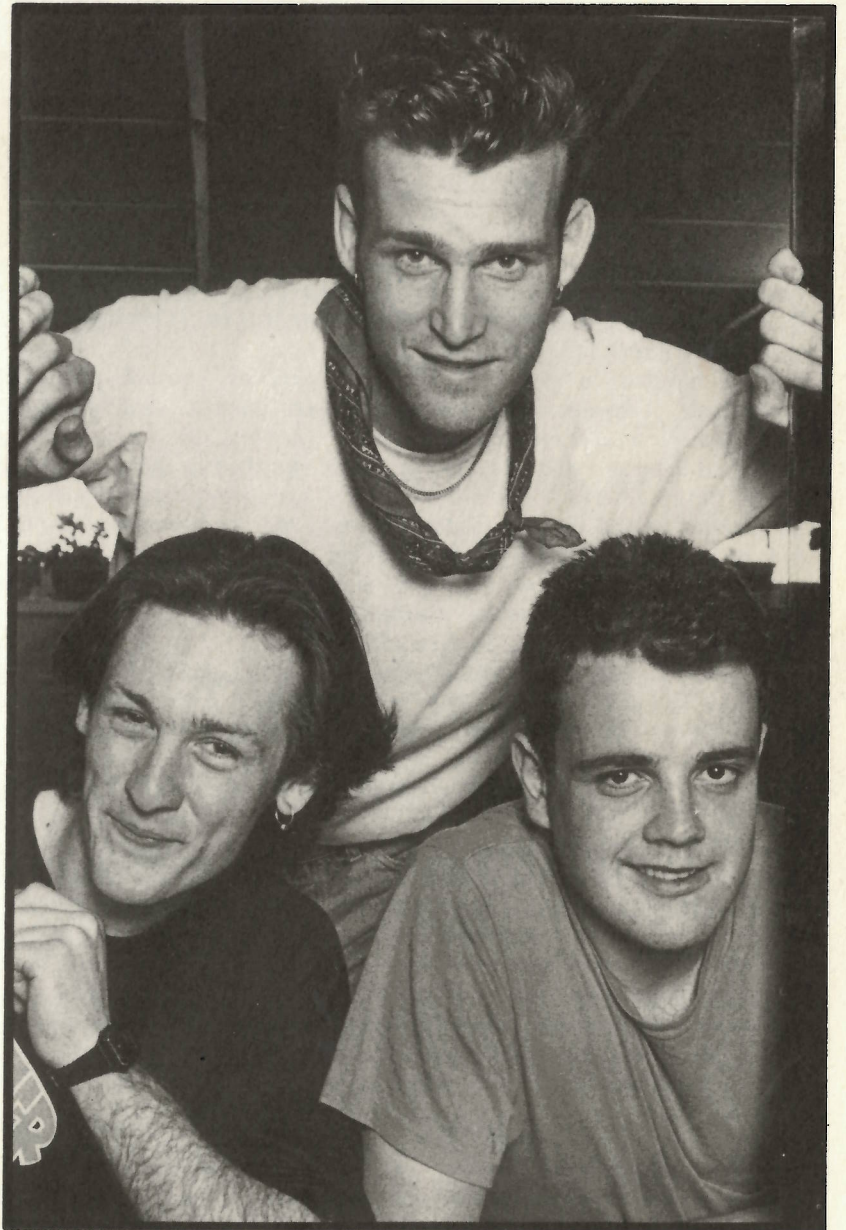
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Clubs & Societies.

NENE SCENE
World Exclusive
inside:



**Absolutely
Fuck All
Mention of
GAZZA**

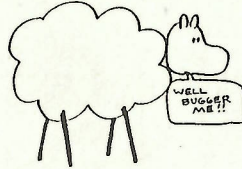


FREE

Inside:

'Entertainment 1990' Supplement
including A3 Pull-out Poster of FRESHERS' WEEK Ents.
and : The N.C.S.U. Guide to NENE, the UNIVERSE
and EVERYTHING. A 12-page manual for life at Nene College.

S.R.C.:



The *Occasional* Bleat.

"What's this then?" I hear you wonder... "A farming article?" Well, actually, it's one of those mundane pieces which tries to shed light on the workings of the Students' Union. The fact that it is important should at least mean that a few eager Freshers will be reading this with interest. (A word of warning: those of you who say you couldn't care less usually end up being the ones who find themselves needing the S.U.)

The S.R.C., apart from being one of those annoying abbreviations which the Students' Union seems to take delight in using is otherwise known as the 'Students' Representative Council'; sounds impressive, huh?

The committee is made of students, such as yourself, who represent, respectively, fellow-students from each year, within each faculty. There isn't usually a representative for each *subject*, as such, but there is always someone who represents *you*. In theory, there should be an S.R.C. based at each campus, to better look after the particular interests of students based on the respective sites, but there remains an apparent lack of interest in forming a committee at Avenue. The post of **Academic Affairs Officer (Avenue)** - who is responsible for chairing the S.R.C., and liaising with the Executive Committee - also remains **vacant** at time of writing.

The S.R.C. deals with **your** academic welfare, in conjunction with the Academic Affairs Officer. This is a matter of practicality; as Academic Affairs Officer (Park), **Jevon R. Corbett**, puts it: "One person cannot know and represent such a large and varied amount of courses and students." So the S.R.C. is there to help you with any academic problems. **But how?**

Firstly, the representatives have input into the 'College side' of the academic structure, through their attendance at **Faculty Meetings**. The representatives then meet regularly with the Academic Affairs Officer, and other Executive members, in order to ensure total co-operation, communication, and representation. **Everyone** is welcome to attend these meetings. The final, and often the most important factor is that the representatives are all **students**; they're in exactly the same boat, and have exactly the same problems as the people they represent, and they are there for to be talked to, to be moaned at, and to help generally.

As if this wasn't enough (and it sometimes is) the S.R.C. also deals with the constitutional running of the **Students' Union**. It aids the Executive, and the Executive aids the S.R.C.; a bit like the House of Commons and Parliament, but a lot more successful.

So there you are, though this has probably still left you wondering why the S.R.C.'s logo is a sheep. Well, to put it bluntly, it's meant to capture the idea that those students, such as S.R.C. representatives, who put something into the S.U., don't follow the rest of the flock.

You don't have to be a sheep. There are still a lot of vacant S.R.C. rep' positions.

GET INVOLVED.

V. P. I. in NAKED MUD- WRESTLING ORGY SHOCKER !!

Yes, it's true! N.C.S.U.'s Vice-President (Internal), **Scott Parker**, was indeed 'shocked' *not* to have been invited to that particular party.

Readers can console themselves with the thought, however, that his fellow Sabbaticals, **David Arthern** and **Wayne Baxter**, reportedly had a 'great' time. This would seem to be confirmed by a number of... '*interesting*' photographs which have just come into **NENE SCENE's** possession, and which will feature in an **EXCLUSIVE** article to be published in the magazine's November issue (unless David and Wayne quickly give lots of money to the Editor).

Fifty per cent of any proceeds from this piece of blatant blackmail will be donated to W.W.F.'s *Rainforests Campaign*.

NENE SCENE Editor
Chris. Munsey

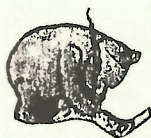
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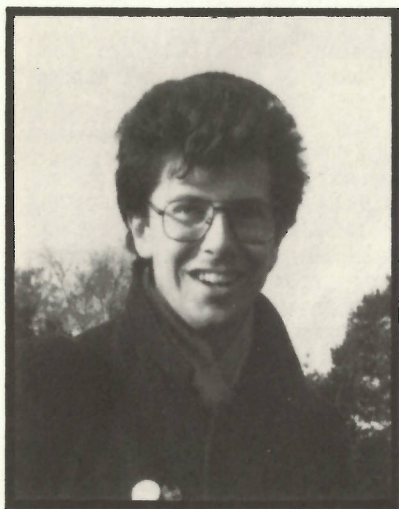
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EDITORIAL
CHRIS.
MUNSEY

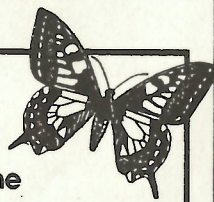


When you've read this opening paragraph, sit up, close your eyes, and imagine *that's It...*

You've just *left* College. Your course is finished, and student life is now a memory.

What sort of memory will it be? What sort of memory would you take with you, if *this* were it? Will your memories be ones of regret, for all the things you didn't do... for all the things you *nearly* did? Only *you* truly know the answer to these questions. It doesn't matter whether you're a Fresher or a Fourth Year B.Ed., the questions remain applicable. What you do in response to them is up to you...

poetry



to you... from me

lost somewhere and sunrise
two golden hours each set
with sixty diamond minutes.
no reward is offered for them
for they are lost forever.

NENE SCENE

Deadline
Dates

November 1990 edition
Friday, October 19th., 1990.

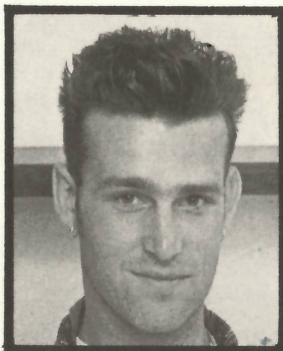
December 1990 edition
Friday, November 16th., 1990.

January/February 1991 edition
Friday, January 25th., 1991.

March/April 1991 edition
Friday, February 22nd., 1991.

June 1991 edition
Wednesday, June 5th., 1991.

From the
President's
Chair.



N.C.S.U. President, **David Arthern**, marks the start of a new academic year, and offers a special greeting to a new intake of Freshers:

Traditionally this is the really naff section where 'El Pres' flaunts his/her wit and literary sophistication, much to the reader's a) amusement, b) annoyance, or c) indifference. Fortunately, as you'll soon be sick of hearing, *this year's gonna be different.*

Me? I'm based in a cramped and chaotic office in the main building at Park Campus, along with the 'Ugly Sisters', "Dot" Parker and "Biddy" Baxter, the two Union Vice-Presidents.

As for my aims, I think each incoming Sabbatical officer wants to have a more successful year than his/her predecessors, and this year is no exception. Scott, Wayne and myself want to bring about positive changes throughout all the Union's activities, and improving the quality of student life at Nene as a result.

It's very important that there is good communication between the Sabbaticals, the Executive Committee, and the student body as a whole, so please feel free to come in and talk to any of us. Finally, and perhaps more importantly, **get involved** in the running of your Union.

Are You
Apathetic?

*Living as if there is no reason,
Taking note of each passing
season,
But not caring whether it will
rain or shine,
That's fine!*

*Don't worry about the
economic spiral,
And the cost of your next Giro
When they take the cash away,
Just sit back and pay.
Fighting is too much of an
effort,
For the contemptible
apathetic.*

*Watch the demonstrations on
T.V.,
Throw the informative leaflets
away.
Rubbish for the dustbin,
Like the lives of the working.*

*Settle down, there is no true
threat.
When they butcher your
children,
Should you be upset?
And as they take your life
away,*

*You sit back and say
"Go ahead, that's fine by me."*

*When they cover your body
with dirt,
Not concerned if you've been
hurt.*

*You are silent, feeling
mystified;
Not believing that they lied.*

*What were you doing when it
all went wrong
Listening to the latest number
one song?*

*Or laughing at the weary
sit-coms,
That have gone on far too long.*

*Engrossed in your favourite
soap,
Ignoring that you've lost your
only hope.*

*Because fighting is too much
of an effort,
If you're a contemptible
apathetic.*

POLL TAX

(Or: Why Mrs. Thatcher has put Class Struggle firmly back on the Agenda.)

The 'Poll Tax', as it has been popularly christened, and which is known officially as the 'Community Charge', is a tax system introduced introduced by the Government to replace Household Rates as a source of revenue for local authorities. It has been dubbed the Poll Tax because of its affinity with the tax of that name which was administered under the feudal regimes of the 14th. Century, (and which was one of the causes of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381). Some of us peasants simply haven't stopped revolting.

It was introduced in Scotland in 1989 and subsequently made law in England and Wales on April 1st., 1990 - quite an appropriate date really! Since then, it's all history, and the tax, with each fresh development in its ongoing story, has never been far either from the news or everyday conversation.

Its single most offensive stance is its flat rate, whereby rich and poor pay the same level of charge, with no account made of the ability to pay. No one doubts the anomalies that existed under the previous Rates system, but the Poll Tax remains a controversial option in its unreserved attack on the working classes.

The idea of the tax originated from the Adam Smith Institute, a right wing think-tank devoted to *laissez-faire* economics. The tax represents part of the wider tendency of Mrs. Thatcher's break with consensus politics, a reversal that incorporates a return to the

social and economic doctrines of the 18th. Century, in an attempt to re-create capitalism's 'golden hour'. We can of course question whether this ever really was, for as accounts of early capitalism unfold, a cruel picture of harsh realities emerges, from a period when industry ran aggressively rampant. Domestic strife and poverty predominated, with the noticeable absence of any statutory welfare provision. This cruel Dickensian model serves as the high ideal of the Tory Party, with its open embrace of aristocratic tradition in a system of unrelenting exploitation.

Many subsequent governments of the 19th. & 20th. Centuries have recognised this precarious position, with the realisation that if reform was not introduced from above, much more radical changes could be expected from grass roots level. Hence gradual concessions have pacified various sections of the community, and class struggle has been contained. Now, however, the whole dynamic of consensus politics has now been shattered, and once again we have been drawn back towards the perils of the 'free' market and its inherently monopolistic tendencies.

The lately-departed Nicholas Ridley, one of the chief architects of the tax, summed up its brutal logic by asking, "Why shouldn't a dustman pay the same as a duke?" The answer for most of us, I would assume to be self-evident.

Northampton: the Story So Far...

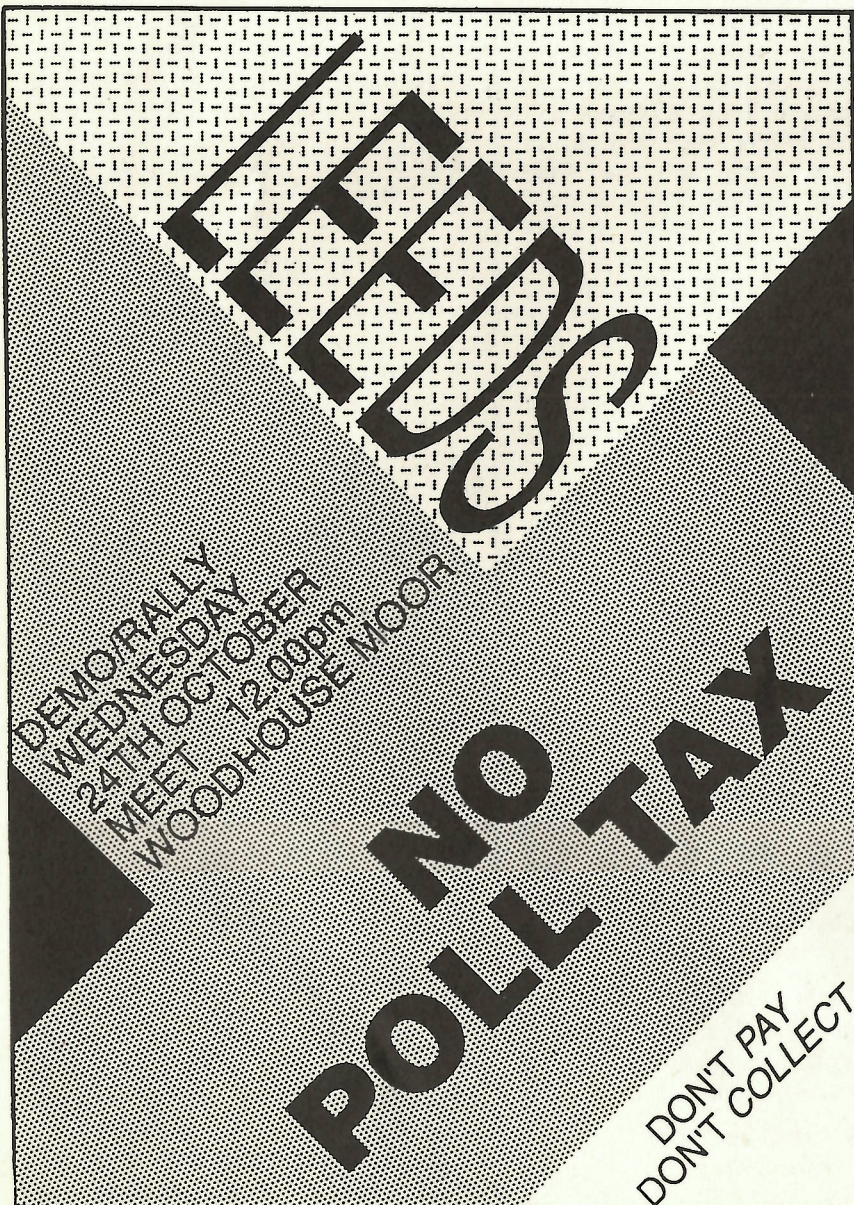
Under the 'Local Government (Finance) Act 1988' (perhaps they should've called it the 'Shitting on Poor People Act 1988?'), various local authorities were empowered to decide upon a budget in the run-up to the administration of the Community Charge. Generally, this began throughout England and Wales from February/March of this year. At the time, there were a number of demonstrations, which became increasingly sensationalised, with figures clad as 'Robin Hood' spraying local councillors with foam, and often escalating into near-riot situations, marked by a heavy police presence.

Northampton was one of the earliest councils to set a budget (Chronicle & Echo 27.2.90.). Council leader Alwyn Hargrave gave a 30 minute speech about the workings of the Poll Tax and how the budget had been calculated. Hundreds of protestors from all walks of life descended upon the Guildhall to make their presence felt. So many arrived that the meeting was forced to move from the council chamber to the main hall. Shouting and chanting drowned much of the debate, whereby after 5 hours of commotion, members of the council confirmed the town bill as £349.

In the run-up to April, local groups began to organise, whilst the rather insular political environment at College remained somewhat aloof. Then both I, and fellow student Alan Hill, noticed that Michael Morris, Northampton's Conservative M.P. for the southern district was coming to Park Campus as part of a debate/project organised by a group of business students. A time indeed for organisation; and within a day or so we were prepared to give Mr. Morris a warm reception.

When the day arrived, the number of students who participated was heartening, as Mr. Morris arrived to jibes and taunts of "Oxfordshire!" (where the public had witnessed the mass resignation of Tory councillors). With the possibility to take this further, we decided to tap the potential for a College-based anti-Poll Tax group, inviting along a number of speakers from local groups (such as 'St. Crispins Residents Against the Poll Tax' [S.C.R.A.P.] and the 'Anti-Poll Tax Federation'- both local and national).

Eventually we pooled our efforts with S.C.R.A.P., which seemed to be the dominant group in town. When Russell Burrows, driver for a local printing firm, refused to take an order of poll tax leaflets to the Council offices, he was sacked. In turn, he became the leader of S.C.R.A.P. and something of a celebrity. Following on from this, Northampton's two Tory M.P.s had their



surgeries picketed and local debates were set up to allow discussion on the best way to oppose the tax.

Nene students managed to organise a protest to greet Spitting Image's 'Human Slug' - Conservative Party Chairman Kenneth Baker. He angrily denied the unpopularity of the Prime Minister, or even that the Poll Tax protestors had a genuine grievance. He was quoted in the Chronicle & Echo as follows: "It is not an issue. She (Maggie) should not go, and the Party won't be rattled into doing anything silly...She's been an excellent leader and will lead the Party to victory at the next election." At this point, one is reminded of Baker's comments concerning the Conservative candidate at the Mid-Staffordshire by-election; "We will win." (Whoops, Mr.Baker, try again!).

As for students, Baker said, "The students will get rebate, as will one-in-four Community Charge payers." This rebate equals 80% of £349; a total of £69.80, is to be deducted from (frozen) grants. Some rebate! It smacks more of a penalty, rather akin to the Tory attitude that cold showers are good for you.

Obviously, one of the main ways of registering a protest is by non-payment. At the beginning of June, it was revealed that one-in-five people in Northampton had not paid. The council consequently faces a shortfall of up to £9 million in revenue if these 26,000 people do not pay. Alan Maskell, the town Treasurer, expressed confidence that this situation could be reversed. Initially the council would be forced to borrow, but at some stage action was to be contemplated. This began with a hit list of targeted opponents summoned to the Magistrates' Court. The Council envisages taking over 100 people a month to court, whether simply to encourage payment, or by securing liability orders, to permit the deduction of the charge from wages/benefits etc. There are however a number of pitfalls to this scheme, largely as a result of the council's own bureaucratic bungles.

The difficulties of extracting Poll Tax from wages mean that such tactics are time-consuming, expensive and impractical. In practice, a policy of civil disobedience and non-co-operation certainly makes the whole business of Poll Tax collection painstakingly unrewarding. It's all a matter of refusing to co-operate... of putting a spanner in the works at several different levels. In this sense, organisation is the key to defeat; there is only so much each of us can do on our own.

Bailiffs.

This represents the latest and most coercive tactics of the Council, which has come to fruition during the summer vacation. Madagans, the local bailiffs, began in early July to chase up non-payers.

The use of bailiffs carries with it many popular associations, and as such, it can prove particularly intimidating. It's most important to remember, however, that bailiffs' powers are limited, and that they do their job largely through bluff. If they come to your house they are not entitled to enter unless you let them in. They may however gain entry to your house in your absence if you leave any doors or windows open. Their main purpose is to intimidate, often by peering in through windows and listing down various 'saleable goods' in your possession. Using bully-boy tactics into frightening people into paying an unjust tax is the latest strategy of an utterly corrupt Government, both at national and local level.

If you are prepared to make a stand, the wisest course is to keep your ear to the ground, join the local groups and choose some form of protest to register your contempt. Learning from the Scottish experience, it has also been possible to form anti-bailiff groups to 'counter-attack' the intimidatory tactics of 'Thatcher's thugs', as they set about doing her dirty work. When it comes to the crunch, only by being active and engaging in the struggle are we liable to defeat such an erroneous tax on the one hand, and the government who dared to introduce such a piece of legislation on the other.

For support, and further information, ring :
Northampton Anti-Poll Tax Union.
(0604) 24080.

10 Ways to Fuck the Poll Tax

1. **Become Queen.** Not easy, especially as you're probably 40,283,242nd in line to the throne. Anyway, I'm before you.
2. **Become under 18.** Not as easy as it sounds. Drawbacks: school dinners, homework and detention.
3. **Declare your house the official embassy of some long lost state.** You'll also be able to park anywhere you like, especially on double yellow lines, and the diplomatic bag will come in handy for duty frees.
4. **Divorce and re-marry every month.** This will involve you filling in a Poll Tax form every month, but it'll totally confuse the Poll Tax Inspector and s/he will leave you alone.
5. **Move house every two weeks.**
The council will never know where you are. Putting your house on wheels may be easier. One drawback: if they do catch up with you, they may make you have your very own live-in Inspector.
6. **Retire to a tax-haven.** Fairly easy if you're a rich, toffee-nosed bastard. One drawback: your only friends will be rich, toffee-nosed bastards and their families.
7. **Organise your own coup.** Take over the country and abolish the Poll Tax. You will need to take control of the army, the police, the media, Parliament, and the Post Office, so you'll need a few friends. Don't take over the Post Office on Tuesday, as this is pension day and the queue will be enormous.
8. **Paint yourself green and brown and pretend to be a tree.** Drawbacks: dogs, and the fact that your hair will fall out in the Autumn.
9. **Claim to be a Soviet spy.** Even in the age of Glasnost, you'll probably find yourself on the next flight to Moscow, with a one-way ticket. Drawbacks: it can be very cold in Moscow, and Thatcher will invariably be making another state visit there soon.
10. **Die.** A bit drastic, but then there is a principle at stake here.

You haven't got a house or a car, with their expenses. Can't you subsidise yourself to be poor?



A rich Tory Bastard.

The NENE SCENE Guide to Students

As you stand around at Freshers' Fayre, trying not to look as if you've got a hangover (although the sunglasses, and the visible wincing every time the Rock Soc' puts on a record are a dead giveaway) you might find yourself glancing casually around, and wondering what courses everyone else is taking, writes **Jevon R. Corbett**. Here is *the* at-a-glance guide to your fellow students, and how to identify them:

The HND-er: the 'Have-No-Degree-er' is quite a common sight at Nene. These students tend to spend a great deal of time in the bar, and are regular visitors to Ritzzy. Able to drink large quantities of alcohol, the HND-er is often heard talking about "assignments", "market management", and other strange things. The 'typical' HND-er seems capable of dressing to a higher standard than most students. The HND-er is only dangerous when s/he has an overdue assignment, which is about every two weeks.

The Psychology Student (or 'Psyche'): Psychology Students are always dangerous, as a direct result of the kinds of things which they study (yes, students *do* study). Quite often, the Psyche may actually know more about you than you do, and can be observed constantly applying his/her psychological knowledge. On top of this, they periodically conduct strange experiments, for which they drag in helpless human 'guinea pigs'.

The B.Ed: of all the students you will ever meet at Nene, one is bound to be a B.Ed; some B.Eds are the most out-going students around. Quite often they can be found speaking their own peculiar dialect, full of unfamiliar phrases such as "Mini-Block", or "the 1944 Act", as well as a multitude of other complex utterances. In addition, B.Eds are invariably prepared for every eventuality; you want glue they've got glue... paper, scissors, sellotape, blu-tac, rulers, etc. (and *that's* just during a night-out at Ritzzy). It has been suggested that B.Eds generally get on well with other students as a result of the fact that they're trained to deal with children.

The Earth Science/Geography Student (or 'E.S.G.'): an E.S.G. can immediately be identified by his/her attire, probably the scruffiest on either campus. The E.S.G. is also the heaviest drinker, although s/he tends to reserve the best nights for field trips, well away from other students. Most E.S.G.s are environmentally-aware, so watch your step (or better still, clean up your act).

The Law Student: law students are so diverse, that they can only be readily identified by their use of language; this is composed of phrases like "contractual agreement" and "the first party versus the party of the second part". Alternatively, their habit of scouring the library for "cases" is another sure sign.

The Sociology Student: often scruffy in appearance, but still not in the same league as the E.S.G. Superficially, the Sociology Student is easily confused with the Psyche, but closer examination will allow a distinction to be made. More likely to be left-wing than the Psyche, the Sociology Student tends to present a more human face towards his/her 'guinea pigs'. Additionally, s/he has a habit of making sweeping generalisations (usually involving 'class', Marx, and some bloke called Weber).

The Business Student: there are *three* types of 'Business Student' at Park; the HND-er (as described above), the **Eurobusiness Student**, and the '**straight**' **Business Student**.

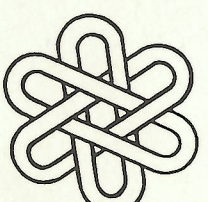
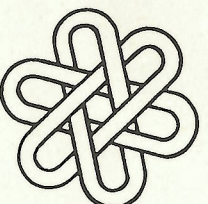
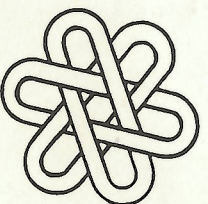
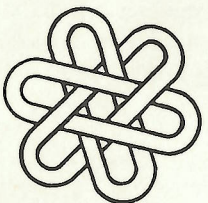
Eurobusiness Students use their knowledge of foreign languages to annoy lesser mortals. They also take part in foreign exchange visits, and can frequently be seen in the company of their foreign friends. Quite what sort of quantities of duty-free goods these students get through each year remains undetermined.

'Straights' are amazingly similar to their HND counterparts, though invariably less smart in appearance. The Business Student tends, however, to be more stressed than the HND-er due to the existence of the mysterious "Info Analysis" factor. S/he can be most easily identified when 'business presentations' are taking place; this is when the usually nondescript Business Student dresses up and pretends to be a business executive.

The Bar Student: this is the student whom everyone gets to know. Every night, the Bar Student can be found sitting in the bar, and is guaranteed to be seen drinking (though despite popular superstition, it's not always alcohol). Bar Students never seems to do any work, and are always talking about the multitude of essays which they still have outstanding, but despite all of this, they *never* seem to get thrown out of college. Watch out for these people, especially the abusive one with the big stick.

The Editor and the Author accept no responsibility at all for this article. The Editor claims to have been blackmailed into printing it... something about a stick of (organically-grown) celery, a Cadbury's Flake and a bumper carton of natural yoghurt. The Author's excuse is that he is under the control of an alien life-form from Betelgeuse, called Zaphod... (two heads are better than one, after all).

Any reference to any person, living, dead, or dead drunk, is purely coincidental, unless intended.



Help Wanted

Anyone interested in **Babysitting ?**

Contact
Mature Students' Officer
Jane Towers
via the Students' Union
Office at *either* campus.

Have You a spare Morning or Afternoon?

Why not help out in
Kingsthorpe's **OXFAM**
Shop.

Either pop in and ask for
Sheila Gray,
or 'phone
712113
for details.

•OXFAM•

F.O.E.

meets every
THIRD Tuesday
of the month

at 8pm.

in St. Giles'
Church Rooms,
St. Giles' Terrace.
(Down from
Fagin's Bookshop,
Abington Street)



We Only Borrow the Earth from Our Children...



Simply by existing, we have an impact upon our environment. But there's 'impact' and there's *impact*, writes **Chris. Munsey**:

David Attenborough summed it all up suitably in his "Life on Earth" series, when he suggested that we should think of the history of life on this planet as having lasted for *one year* so far; on that scale, each day of this year represents ten million years. On or shortly after January 1st., pioneering, bacteria-like organisms made their first appearance, and the dinosaurs were flourishing in the last few shopping days before Christmas. We arrived on the scene at about a *quarter-to-midnight* on New Year's Eve... and haven't we made our presence felt. In the space of a couple of hundred years within that absurdly small period of time, we've managed to bugger things up on a scale which might seem fantastic if it wasn't staring us in the face.

In a previous article, I likened our collective behaviour to that of someone who, presented with a new sofa, proceeds to shit all over it, because s/he can't be bothered to make the effort to go to the loo (and loo paper is such an expense, after all).

After the first couple of days, the sofa's beginning to pong a bit, and all the flies are getting a bit bothersome, but it's still nothing that a little soap and water couldn't cope with. A few weeks later, it's a different story... Not only has the sofa begun, quite literally, to rot, but the person who's sitting in it (and shitting on regardless), is now very sick.

I don't need to spell out the similarities between this bizarre little fantasy, and what's happening to all of us... **now**. We're killing the planet, and ourselves, and, whether we realise it or not, *we're watching ourselves do it*.

Part of the problem, as with many things, is size; you expect a pair of

jeans (or a sofa) to wear out. But rivers don't wear out, forests don't simply pop their socks, and seas don't suddenly give up the ghost a day-and-a-half after the warranty expires... *do they?* Our environment is just so **big**, that it's hard to imagine it packing up on us, maybe because to do so would make it very hard to sleep at night... What can you count on, after all, if you can't even be sure that the planet will still be in working order when you wake up in the morning!?

My eyes fill with tears for the unborn children. My mind tells me that it's already too late for them, but my heart refuses to follow suit.

The tears? Tears are all very well, but they won't save the planet. All the sadness and all the regrets in the world might strengthen our resolve, but in themselves they won't, and can't, undo things that have already happened, nor can they change things for the better. Like Michael Jackson's "Man in the Mirror", we have to act... we have to **make** the change, first and foremost in ourselves. This isn't necessarily easy.

We've all grown up as part of a system which has brought the planet to its knees; we've taken on board its values, and in most cases they're buried so deep that much of what we do, we do without really thinking about the consequences... because we've all been 'programmed' into taking it for granted that certain things are done in a certain way. In my own experience, 'trying to do the right thing' as far as the environment is concerned, whether you're buying a box of washing powder or you're deciding if you should use the car to nip round and see a friend, seems to be a continual process of *keeping yourself in line...* of questioning your own actions and trying not simply to let your brain slide back into neutral. We all let slip once in a while, because we're all part of the system, and we're all human. The trick is not to allow that to become an excuse for apathy, but to *try...* to strive to do your best.

Yes, our existence on this planet constitutes, by definition, an *impact* on the global environment; that's something which is unavoidable. What we must all do is **think...** think about our actions, make distinctions between what we want and what we need, and at the same time minimise any impact which we do have.

Late September claimed the small West Midlands town of Micksbridge. Most people there were busy returning from work, or already shut away at home. The pubs were not yet open and there was little in the way of nightlife at this early hour.

Graham, a 'goodnature'd sixteen-year-old, with a badger haircut and wearing an 'Acid House' hooded top, half sprinted out of the house where he had been taking piano lessons. He was late for his tea, but his tutor, Mrs. Blakesworth, had delayed him, by her insistence that he should repeat, over and over, part of a difficult exercise.

Just outside the gate, he spotted two people some yards ahead of him. One was an erstwhile schoolfriend, to whom he had not spoken for some time, and the other... the other had his back turned to Graham.

Graham approached his friend, to greet him, and noticed, in so doing, that his appearance was pale, and that he seemed oddly nervous.

Undeterred, Graham continued to walk, and shouted out: "Oi! Ullo there!" Graham's friend heard the words and glanced quickly towards him, recognising him, but not returning any greeting. Instead, he suddenly backed away from his companion and sprinted around a nearby corner.

Given time, Graham might have wondered as to the meaning of this desperate act, but the stranger now turned around.

The first notable thing about him was his squat stature, which made him resemble the archetypal circus midget. What struck Graham then, was the man's facial appearance; he had a mop of reddish curled hair, matched by a freckled skin. His eyes were small, yet for all their weakness, somehow insolent; an impression reinforced by his pert, downturned fish-like mouth. His general look was that of a fairly stupid, unscrupulous and friendless sort of person.

On seeing Graham, the stranger immediately addressed him: "You'll walk home with me then, won't you?" he barked scathingly. "I live down Kingsville way near the railway bridge. You'll come with me won't you? - There's a lad."

The slight flushing of his face as he spoke implied the manner of an habitual bully.

He was already late for tea - his mother would be waiting impatiently at home - and hungry; his parents had been on the warpath about his comings and goings ever since he had returned from a recent party at half-past-one.

Graham stammered out a polite refusal to the 'squat-man' (as he now mentally termed the stranger), and then turned to continue homeward. As he did so, he was pulled back by that same voice, this time a notch more intense.

"Oh, but I insist now," the 'squat-man' jeered. "After all, we are friends aren't we? Walk home with me, mate, walk home with me!"

Graham faced the 'squat-man' with a new-found assertiveness.

"Look, I've told you," he said. "I'm not going that way, alright? You don't need me to hold your hand for you, do you?"

The 'squat-man's rudeness had aroused Graham, but he was not prepared when the obviously deranged nature of the stranger became apparent.

The 'squat-man' began to growl. It was a long, animalistic noise which increased in volume and pitch. Then he began to charge forwards, his icy eyes fixed onto Graham's.

Graham was not too shaken to raise his hand and fend the stranger off. The 'squat-man', however, leapt up, and gripped Graham's hand in his jaws. There was a short interval of ghastly confusion as the thing, still growling, kept Graham's hand in his mouth and the latter tried to tug himself free.

Then it was all over - even the growling, but it was as well that the 'squat-man' spoke first, for Graham had little to say.

"Have you changed your mind then?" said the 'squat-man'. "Let me ask you one more time - are you going to walk home with me?"

Graham sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and made his decision known.

Shadows grew longer and Micksbridge submerged into twilight as Graham and his companion set off together in an easterly direction away from the town centre, and some way too, from Graham's home.

Graham had sensed that he was dealing with somebody abnormal, who could not be reasoned with, only humoured. There was no serious discomfort involved in walking this oddbod back to whatever nut-house he was being kept in, Graham told himself.

After ten minutes of strolling along with him, Graham noticed that the 'squat-man' was fiddling with something in his pocket, whilst chattering to himself under his breath. Eventually he removed it. Graham, watching the road ahead of him, caught a sideways glance of something metallic and rectangular. Was it a harmonica?

He then heard a click, and a swishing sound and the 'squat-man' say: "There!"

Graham looked round, and a cold pain of helpless self-pity stung him; the man was carrying a knife... a flick-knife.

"You think I'm too small, don't you? Don't you?" said the 'squat-man' with ineffable resentment. "Why don't you call me 'shorty'? Go on, call me 'shorty'!"

Graham, transfixed by the flickknife, also noticed that the thumb of the 'squat-man's right hand had been amputated - or severed - in the past.

"Christ! Stop waving that fucking thing about will you?" Graham said, putting on a show of good-humoured reasonableness. "It's not a toy you know!"

It was as though he were reprimanding a wayward friend, but the quavering note in his voice gave his terror away.

The 'squat-man' seemed to be emboldened by this, like a dog, upon smelling adrenaline.

"You're calling me a toy now are you? I don't like being called a toy now, do I? Haha! Little boy now have knife!" he carped, jabbing it to and fro with his mutilated hand. "Big boy surprised! Big boy gets slashed!"

He spoke as if now beyond all restraint, his voice moronic and childlike; a sinister ventriloquist's dummy... a malevolent parrot.

"Me mince big boy's face," he continued. "You didn't expect that did you? You thought I'd be soft! Haha!"

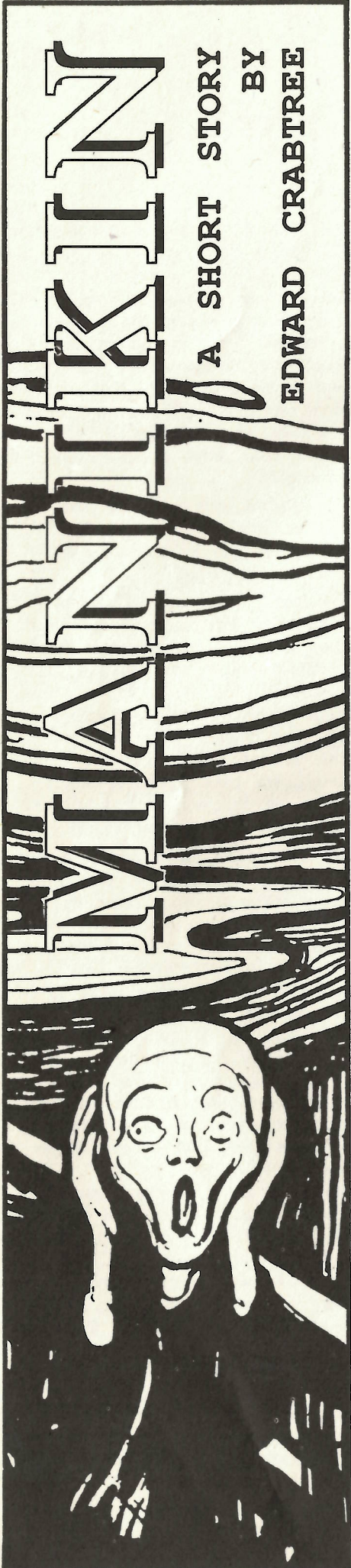
He motioned as if he were cutting Graham's face, accompanied by sound effects. It was reminiscent of a boxer doing a warm-up on a punch-bag, before taking on his opponent.

"Just stop it, will you?" Graham finally quailed, his eyes dampening, his fear now overt. "I never thought you were short - not all that short!"

The 'squat-man' responded like an imp who'd found a gold nugget. Ecstatically, he began to chant: "Stabynabbywoo! Stabynabbywoo! Stab-stab-stab. Stabbyabbyaaba! Slashmashgash!" he intoned, wagging the blade dangerously close to Graham, sometimes actually pricking his skin.

As they progressed along a small suburban street lined with old houses, Graham thought of escaping.

Could he run to the front door of the nearest house? All the houses had lenthly gardens at the front, and their residents would be now having tea. The 'squat-man' would get him even before he reached the doorbell; even if Graham got to the bell in time, before the residents had even stirred themselves to answer the door. Then there were the passing vehicles. Once in a while a Porsche or a Cortina, say, would glide past, typically containing a late-working office clerk on his way home. Most had switched their front lights on now such was the visibility level. They could only be alerted, Graham realised, if he were to plunge himself directly into their path. If this in itself did not



WALKING

A SHORT STORY BY EDWARD CRABTREE

The N.C.S.U. Guide to

NENE SCENE

1990
/91



NENE, the
UNIVERSITY
EVERYTHING
AND

Introduction

N.C.S.U.'s Handbook died out a number of years ago. It was, and remains, an *ex-Handbook*; it is no more. The idea of an **Alternative Prospectus** has since been talked about, but failed to materialise, although enough material to at least make a start on one has been kicking around for maybe a year or so.

Certainly as far as the case of the missing Handbook is concerned, the Freshers' edition of **NENE SCENE** has traditionally tried to plug the gap. This year though, it's *2 for the price of 1*. There's **NENE SCENE** proper, on the one hand, and this Guide on the other.

As a kind of hybrid Handbook-cum-A.P., the latter falls a long way short of perfect, and constraints of space and time have made it fall further foul. Having said that, it ain't so bad, and I think (and hope) you'll find it useful. The fact that something now exists where nothing did before, means that we now have something to *work on*. What *exists* can be *improved upon* to produce something better next year.

Get in touch, and let's work on it together.

Chris. Munsey.
Editor.

Guide Editor
Chris. Munsey

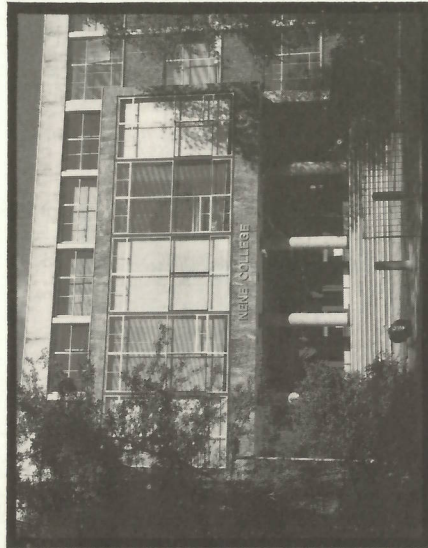
Production Team
Jo Hodgson, Chris. Munsey,
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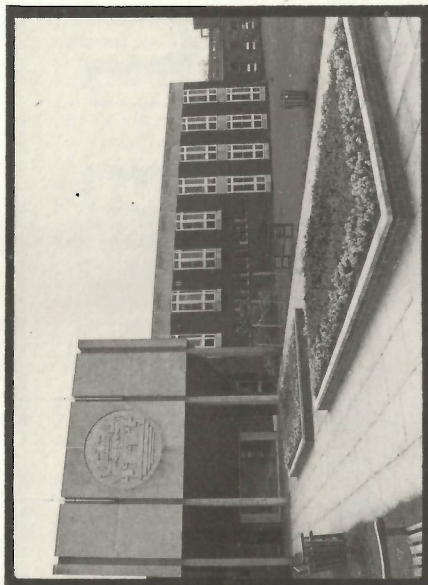
Disclaimer
The views and opinions expressed in The N.C.S.U. Guide to NENE, the UNIVERSE and EVERYTHING are not necessarily those of the Editor or of N.C.S.U. Reasonable care has been taken to ensure the accuracy of the information provided in the Guide, but no responsibility can be accepted for any errors which may have occurred, nor for any liability arising as a result of such errors.

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Avenue Campus.



Park Campus.

Two Campuses.

Nene College is made up of two campuses.

The first of these occupies a 24-acre site on St. George's Avenue, conveniently close to the town centre. At first glance, the Avenue main building can tend to remind you of a public toilet, but then appearance isn't everything! Generally-speaking, Avenue is responsible for the College's Further Education courses, taking in anything from HND Graphic Design, to YTS day-release courses.

As well as being a quick walk from town, Avenue Campus overlooks a large park known as The Racecourse. This might sound idyllic enough, but the ground tends to undulate quite dramatically, with the result that you can disappear out of sight as you walk across from one side to the other. People have been attacked in the past, even during daylight, so if possible, stay with friends, and at the very least, keep your wits about you. Avenue is also fairly near to a few student haunts such as the Kingsley Park Tavern, and obviously, many Students' Union social events are held in the on-campus 'Mandela' Building.

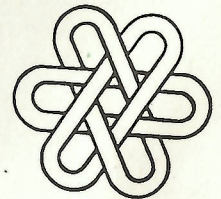
Situated about 2 miles away in the semi-rural surroundings of Moulton Park, lies (you guessed it) Park Campus, opened in 1975 by our beloved Mrs. Thatcher. Despite this setback, the Park site does have the distinction of being the 12th. most well-known college of Higher Education among 6th. Form students... (somewhere). It's here that Degree-level courses are centred, as well as a number of others, including part-time courses in Health-Visiting, and evening Management courses.

Park is also renowned for its attractive grounds, where more money must be spent on re-planting the flower-beds every other week than most Third World nations have to cough up in debt repayments to the West.

One setback in having a two-campus college, is that students at Park have tended not to have the opportunity, academically at least, to mix with their counterparts at Avenue. This situation looks set to change, in part, for the better, with the transfer of Art & Design teaching on the Combined Studies Degree from Park to Avenue, at the beginning of this academic year.

Likewise, the Students' Union has always tried to involve all students at both campuses, when organising social events, meetings and various campaigning activities.

N.C.S.U. GENERAL MEETINGS 1990 - 91



O.G.M.

Tuesday October 30th. 11 am. Avenue Campus, Main Hall

A.G.M.

Thursday November 29th. 11 am. Park Campus, Large Lecture Theatre

O.G.M.

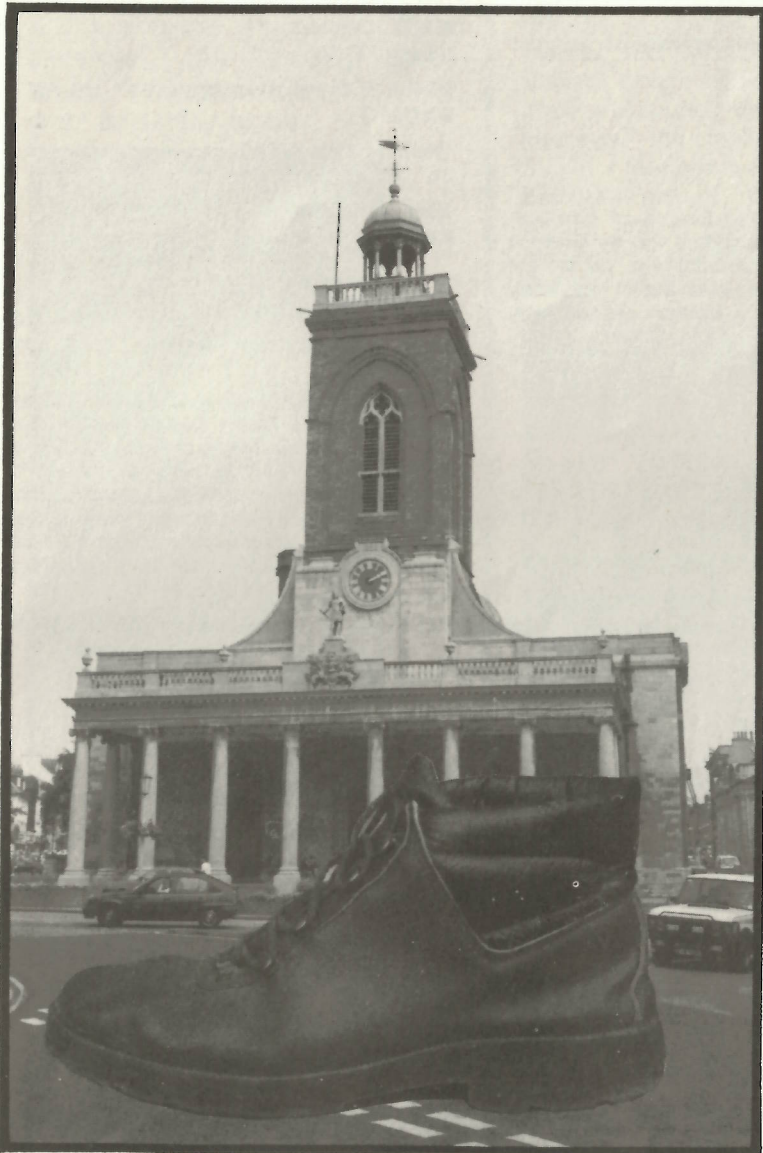
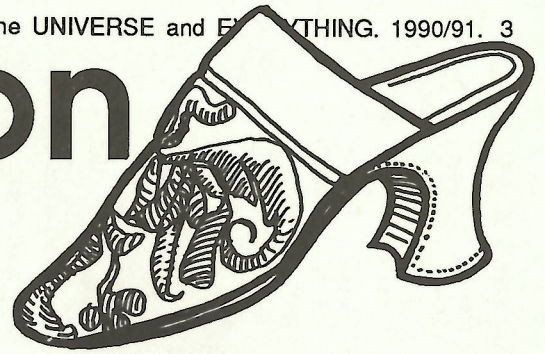
Tuesday March 5th. 11 am. Avenue Campus, Main Hall

O.G.M.

Tuesday June 4th. 11 am. Park Campus, Large Lecture Theatre

Northampton

Home of the Shoe.



All Saints' Church, Northampton.

Well, what is **Northampton** actually *famous* for? Apparently, it was home to one of the biggest boot and shoe manufacturing industries in England, but don't let that put you off.

Architecturally, it has some interesting buildings, such as the Guildhall, on St. Giles Square, in the town centre. It also has a characteristic market square, or did have, until the old cobblestones were ripped out and replaced with paving bricks. This yuppification has continued with the arrival of the Peacock Place shopping centre on Abington Street, and the ongoing re-furbishment of the nearby Grosvenor Centre, as well as the emergence of a number of continental wine bars seemingly from nowhere. All in all though, Northampton remains a pleasant market town, small enough so that you don't get lost, but diverse enough to cater for most tastes.

Northampton town centre is a good size, and the shops are fairly varied. A bus will take you to Greyfriars Bus Station, which has, in turn, direct access to the Grosvenor Centre shopping area. Grosvenor Centre has a Sainsbury store, which is reasonably easy on the pocket and handy for the bus home with your groceries. The Centre also has top-name fashion shops such as Burtons, C & A, Miss Selfridge, River Island, and Top Shop. Grosvenor provides access both to the Market Square and to the main shopping street, Abington Street, a pedestrian shopping area (in more senses than one). It's here that the likes of Woolworth, the Co-Op, Our Price, H. Samuels and Marks & Spencer, as well as an alarming number of shoe shops, are to be found.

It's where you'll also find the town's Central Library, which has a good reference section and helpful staff, both useful as a supplement to the library facilities offered by the College.

The Peacock Place shopping centre, like Grosvenor Centre, opens out onto Abington Street and the Market Square. Peacock Place is home to the more exclusive names, such as Benetton, Body Shop and Laura Ashley.

The major banks are situated near the Market Square, and there's a convenient taxi-rank on Mercer's Row, at the Market Square end of Abington Street.

For culture-vultures, there's Derrigate, a theatre which hosts anything from studio productions, to lunchtime jazz sessions on a Sunday.

Northampton Arts Centre, situated at Booth Lane College, a quick bus-ride from town centre, puts on cabaret, theatre and poetry-reading of a very high quality, and there are concessions for students.

Spinney Hill Hall also surprises the locals every now and then by putting on well-known bands and folk-singers.

Until recent financial problems, the Roadmender Centre, on Lady's Lane, near the Bus Station, was a mecca for band-seekers, having been host to Carmel, Tom Robinson, Thomas Dolby and Inspiral Carpets, to name but a few. At time of writing, its future is still unclear, but we hope Roadmender will be back in business by the time you read this. Failing that, Northampton pubs, such as The King Billy or The Black Lion, regularly put on a stream of local bands, which are a hit in the town anyway!

For insatiable night-clubbers, there are the likes of Ritz, Knights, Top of the Town, and various wine bars, which double up as discos, with the result that you can never get to know anyone in there because of the noise of the music. In my experience, night-clubs are generally a haunt for the locals, and students tend to go for the 'Student Night' at Ritz, or to Sinatra's (formerly the Regent Club), which is slightly more 'alternative'.

If you like eating out (and you will, despite the fact that you're living on a grant), Northampton has some great restaurants, which, generally, are not over-pricey. Anything from American to Cantonese, to Indian, to Jamaican... a whole range of different tastes are catered for.

Moving out of the town itself, there are some wonderful pubs and restaurants situated around the county, especially along the route of the Grand Union Canal (try the Crossroads at Weedon!)

Overall, Northampton is still very much a pub-not-club sort of place, with the advantage of being only an hour on the train to Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Stratford and London, and a mere half-hour away from Milton Keynes and its trendy multi-screen cinema.

Despite all of this, of course, you may find that much of your social life is centred on College, where Union events can offer the ideal opportunity to meet fellow students, and tend to be a lot cheaper into the bargain.

The Students' Union.

As a full- or part-time student at Nene, you're automatically a member of **Nene College Students' Union (N.C.S.U.)**.

The Students' Union acts to defend and promote the rights of students both within the College, and externally. Whilst it would be wrong to underestimate the importance of the Student Union's role in representing students' interests, it's in other areas that most people come into contact with their Union, when they attend social events, become involved in Clubs and Societies, or use the Welfare services which it provides.

To be recognised as a member, you'll need to obtain a Students' Union card. This will entitle you to attend S.U. social events, and to vote at Union General Meetings and Elections, as well as being a useful way of confirming the fact that you are what you say you are, when you're trying to wangle a student discount. To get your S.U. card, you simply need to go to the Students' Union Office at either campus, with a couple of passport-sized photos,

and your registration slip (or some other proof that you're attending a course at Nene).

Union Structure.

Three elected 'Sabbatical' Officers are paid to work full-time to ensure the efficient day-to-day running of the Students' Union. This year, they are:

President...

David Arthern.

Vice-President (Entertainments)...

Wayne Baxter.

Vice-President (Internal)...

Scott Parker.

In addition to the Sabbs., there is an 'Executive Committee', made up of students who are elected to their positions whilst continuing their studies, and who have taken on a particular area of responsibility within Union affairs, on a voluntary part-time basis. This year, they are:

Academic Affairs Officer (Avenue)...

VACANT.

Academic Affairs Officer (Park)...

Jevon R. Corbett.

Campaigns Officer...

Claire Douglas.

Clubs & Societies Officer...

Kenan Osborne.

Internal Publicity Officer (Avenue)...
VACANT.

Internal Publicity Officers (Park)...
Lottie Davis and Helly Worsdal.

Mature Students' Officer...
Jane Towers.

NENE SCENE Editor...
Chris. Munsey.

N.U.S. Officer...
Steve Kelly.

Welfare Officer (Avenue)...
VACANT.

Welfare Officer (Park)...
Jo Hodgson.

Women's Officer...
Kathryn Lee.

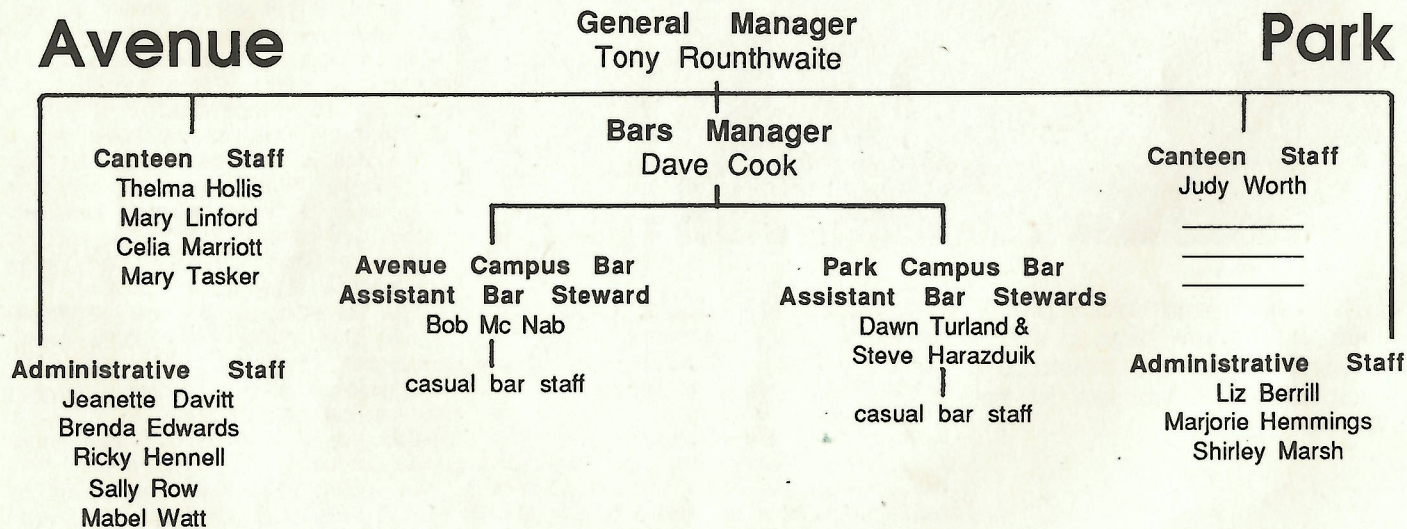
If you're new to Nene, you'll be introduced to this motley crew, and you'll hopefully find them both friendly and approachable. *Remember, they're here to help you.*

If you need to contact any Exec. member, s/he can usually be reached via the Students' Union Office, either in the Mandela Building at Avenue Campus, or in the College main building at Park. The Sabbaticals often have meetings to attend, and the part-time Exec. members do have course commitments, so you may not catch them the first time. But leave a message, and they'll get back to you.

Students' Union Staff and Services.

N.C.S.U.

Staff Structure



To assist in providing services and information, the Students' Union employs about 22 permanent staff and a number of casual employees. They are directly responsible to **Tony Rounthwaite**, who has been the Students' Union General Manager for the last 14 years. The running of the Union's services is the responsibility of the Management Committee, which consists of 3 staff members, including Tony, and the 3 student Sabbaticals.

The Students' Union serves both campuses. At Avenue, it operates from the Mandela Building where there is a bar, a canteen, a disco hall, a print room and a finance office; Mandela also houses the General Manager's office. At Park, the Students' Union Office is located on the first floor of the main building, near the foyer staircase. This is where the 3 Sabbaticals have their permanent offices. In this area on the first floor, the Students' Union provides photocopying facilities, a T.V. lounge and canteen, and a games room; on the ground floor,

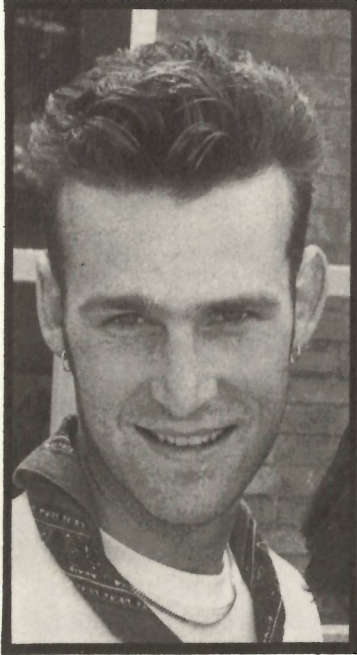
adjacent the Junior Common Room, you'll find the Students' Union bar.

The Students' Union office staff at both campuses are a mine of information, but many of them only work for 25 hours a week, so try and fit in with the office hours if you want to catch them.

Remember, whether you treat yourself to lunch in the S.U. canteen, or just nip into the bar for a quick drink, any profits are ploughed back into the Students' Union to maintain and improve services.

President: David Arthern.

For those lucky people who don't know me, I take on the role of **President**, having been the S.U.'s Internal Publicity Officer (Avenue), that sweaty place where everyone 'bops 'til they drop' on Friday nights.



Perhaps, in part, because of that, I have a fairly good idea of the Union's workings. In addition, I've spent a lot of time reading all of the associated literature, so I can probably recite some of the more relevant material by heart, if you've nothing better to listen to.

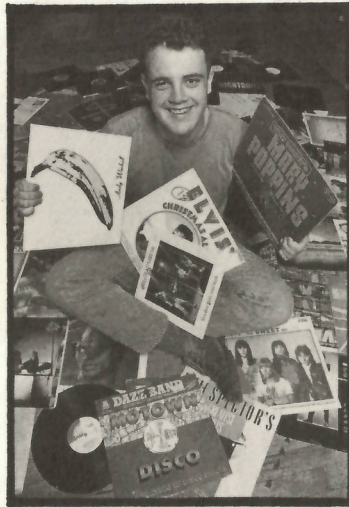
I'm *your* representative at meetings with the Directorate, and at meetings of the Academic Board, and the Board of Governors. I also spend time attending training courses (organised respectively, by N.A.C.N.U.S. and N.U.S.), which often turn out to be very useful. One good example is the "Promoting your Union" course which I attended at Birmingham University during the Summer.

Sitting here, the list of requirements which my job as President has, seems endless, but it all boils down to the responsibility of trying to ensure that *you*, as students, get the *best* deal. In an official sense, I'm the Union's mouthpiece, and it's my job to promote its ideas, as well as acting on its decisions.

Together with Wayne, Scott and the rest of the Executive Committee, I hope I'll be able to do this effectively.

Vice-President (Entertainments): Wayne Baxter.

My role as **Vice-President (Entertainments)** means in effect, that I'm in charge of all the social events that take place inside the College, though my responsibilities also involve attending various committee meetings, the main one being the S.U.'s Management Committee. Basically though, I see my role as centred around providing - along with *your* help - entertainments events for students at Nene.



I'd like to thank my predecessor, Simon Dolan, who was extremely helpful in showing me the ropes before he left last term.

Entertainments Committee.

Having spent three years here now, I've seen a great deal of good - and bad - events take place. During the elections last year, I babbled on about setting up some form of 'Entertainments Council', so that every student had a proper chance to voice their opinions about what should be done with entertainments.

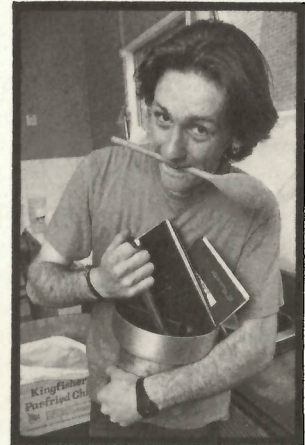
Last term, I held the first meeting on a very informal basis in the bar, and the response was very good. Those that turned up offered good ideas for improving ents, and I've taken these on board in organising social events for this term.

Since I've been the only person around (apart from David, Scott, and a handful of other Exec' members), I've had to arrange events for this term *without* direct consultation with students at large. This term, however, there will be regular meetings to discuss the planning of events at College.

On this point, I'd like to encourage *all* students (both new and old) to attend the meetings, and tell everybody exactly what they feel! Remember, I'm more likely - and more able - to respond to a *direct* criticism than to a 'rumour on the grapevine'. So look out for news of the first meeting, and *come along!*

Vice-President (Internal): Scott Parker.

So, I'm expected to come up with a witty resume of myself and the position of **Vice-President (Internal)**? Well, apart from innuendo about my *title*... - Finbarr Saunders has nothing on me - ...the facts look something like this:



I'm the weird Geordie guy who has to say everything three times before anyone understands (not to be confused with our Campaigns officer, **Claire Douglas**, who has to say things *twice* and goes a bit redder than me doing it). I've managed to get through three years at Nene and by some strange twist of fate I gained a B.Sc. Degree, majoring in Psychology.

As V.P.I., I've so far found that things are never as easy as they seem, *but that is what life at Nene is all about* ... you get out what you put in. My job basically covers two areas - Finance and Welfare.

The first involves controlling the budgets and expenditure of Clubs & Societies, aided by Clubs and Societies Officer, **Kenan Osbourne**. If you want to join a Club or Society, come along to one of the Freshers' Fayres (26th. September at Park Campus, and 27th. September at Avenue). If you want to set up a new Club or Society, all you have to do is come and see either Kenan, or myself, with the names of 15 interested students and we can try and help you get it off the ground.

On the Welfare side, my responsibilities include looking after *your* well-being. This covers areas like housing, banking, academic and personal problems. Thankfully I'm helped in this by our Welfare Officer (Park), **Jo Hodgson**. If you have any problems, don't hesitate to contact either Jo, or myself, via one of the Students' Union Offices. I'm pretty shy myself so don't worry about being embarrassed or feeling uneasy... *leave that to me!!!*

Apart from all of that, I'm responsible for the bits 'in between' the responsibilities of David and Wayne. I hope you enjoy your time at Nene, and that you'll come and talk to the other 'Sabbos' and myself. This is *your* Union, after all...

Mature Students' Officer: Jane Towers.



Hi there! As **Mature Students' Officer**, I'm *your* representative on the Students' Union Executive Committee. My job is to represent the voices/ opinions /needs of mature students to the Students' Union, and via the Union, in turn, to the College.

I expect most of you are feeling rather bewildered, and possibly not a little confused; I know I did when I was a Fresher! Hopefully, you'll be comforted to know that Nene has a lot of mature students on both full-time, and part-time, courses, so you're not alone.

I'll be around specifically to meet you in Freshers' Week, and thereafter I'll be starting my second year on Combined Studies. So how do you get in touch with me once term is in full swing?

Well, you can walk up to me and introduce yourself, whether at the mature students' meetings that I'll arrange over the course of the year. Alternatively, you can leave me a message via the pigeon-holes in the Dining Hall at Park Campus, (under 'T' for Towers), or in either Students' Union Office. **Don't hesitate** to contact me if you need to - I can't guarantee I'll know the answer but I know a man who can... *sorry, a slip of the pen!* Seriously, if I can't help, I'll be able to contact someone who *can*, or point you in the right direction in some other way.

We've all been through the trial of Freshers' Week so we know what it's like!

I hope to see you all at meetings and social events (yes, there is a *social* side to College life as well as work). Good Luck with your studies!

M.S.U.

MATURE STUDENTS' UNION

Information Service
(081) 863 3675

Mature Students

at Nene.

So, *what's it like* to be a 'mature student' at Nene? The answer depends on what level you look. Some people would argue that you're lucky to be in Higher Education at all, whilst others would perhaps concede that not enough is done to alleviate the extra pressures which mature students, who may have to shoulder the additional burden of family responsibilities, homes etc., outside College.

Mature students are encouraged by the College, and we now make up about 40% of its total student population - very good for an H.E. establishment. Having lured us here though, does the College come up with the goods?

From the beginning of this academic year, the College will be providing a full-time childcare facility for children aged 2 1/2 to 5 years, available to all students Monday-Friday during term-time. The cost will be £2.60 for each session (ie. 'morning' or 'afternoon') and there will be 16 places available per session.

"*But what about half-term?* When the perishers at school don't have any school to go to!?" Well, the College comes to the rescue here too - with a creche facility, again run on a morning /afternoon basis, from 9am-5 pm. Be warned though; the emphasis is on keeping them amused, rather than stimulating them.

Not too bad so far, then. But how else does Nene make allowances for its mature students? To be frank, it doesn't seem to do a lot else at all. The timetable runs from 9am-5pm, so if you have problems with children, it's up to the goodwill of individual lecturers to determine how much of a nuisance this becomes - this means you lose teaching time. and of course, even if you reach an agreement, it probably means that you lose out on teaching time.

Finally, exams (we're here to pass them, after all) invariably seem to be timetabled so that they conflict with local schools' *Baker days*. Students with children who attend school, or nursery units attached to schools, or playgroups, have the added stress of making alternative arrangements if they're unlucky enough.

Despite all the above, I continue to enjoy my time here at Nene, but to some extent I think it's *in spite of*, not *because of*, the 'welcome' extended to mature students by the 'powers that be'.

Academic Affairs Officer (Park): Jevon R. Corbett.



An artist's impression of Jevon

I break away from the latest on the Gulf situation, to introduce myself officially, and to offer a special welcome to all Freshers. As your **Academic Affairs Officer (Park)**, I'm here to help you with any *academic* problems which you might have. Like my other Exec. buddies (cough, cough) I'm always available to talk about anything, so don't be afraid to collar me at any time.

Meanwhile, on the moon, one of the Clangers decided to pop by and see the Soup Dragon.

Part of my job involves chairing the S.R.C. (Students' Representative Council). This is *your* committee. We desperately need people to stand for election to fill vacant S.R.C. positions. There should be an article elsewhere in NENE SCENE, as well as a separate pamphlet, describing the S.R.C. in detail. **Get involved!**

As Robert Smith put on his lipstick, Godzilla decided enough was enough, turned off the 'Hitchhikers' tape, and picked up his Monty Python book. He started to read 'the Parrot Sketch'.

In closing, I want to wish everyone a bit of Freshers' Week, a great academic year 1990/91, and a generally all-round scrumptious time. I'll see you in the bar or at one of the *excellent* Hip Hedgehog discos. **'Don't Worry, Be Happy'**.

The Editor has been asked to apologise for Jevon's weirdness; it seems that he's simply lost touch with reality. His condition has been worsened by the onset of withdrawal symptoms as a result of spending so long away from the S.U. Bar, and having salad rolls (without tomatoes).

Before he goes crazy trying to book Status Quo to play in the men's toilets at Avenue Campus during Fresher's Week (for twenty quid), **Wayne Baxter**, says a big "Aye-up and welcome" to everyone arriving at Nene College:

In my position as N.C.S.U.'s Vice-President (Entertainments), I'm ultimately responsible for social events at Nene. I work mainly at Park, upstairs, in the S.U. Office, but I can obviously be reached via the Union Office at either campus... Please don't feel threatened by the place like I used to. If you've got any comments, questions or advice, like telling me what you want to see, or where to stick my new stamping system (!), then feel free to come along and tell me.

So what's happening as far as this term is concerned? Well, to save you racking your brains trying to remember what's on in **Freshers' Week**, a pull-out A3 poster listing the week's events forms the centre-spread of this issue of NENE SCENE, just over the page. Tickets for all events are available from the S.U. Offices at both campuses, and remember, most tickets are cheaper if you buy them in advance. In addition, don't forget that **Ritzy**, a local nightclub, puts on a 'Student Night' every **Tuesday** evening (apart from Freshers' Week). Entry is something like a quid, and a couple of double-decker buses run there and back via both campuses. Every **Friday** night, there's the usual Students' Union-organised piss-up in the Mandela Building at Avenue. This will have changed for the better this year, following a complete refurbishment of the building's interior, including the installation of a brand-new disco' console and lighting, along with improved security provisions on the night. Prices remain unchanged and the surcharges for late entry are due to be altered at the next Management Committee Meeting.

Skimming quickly through the events lined up for Freshers' Week, we have the traditional "**Cheese and Wine Evening**" on 'travelling day', which actually has no cheese, or wine, but the bar is open and there's a really trendy disco in the Park Dining Room... and it's **free**.

Events really start on the second night, with two of the best local bands, **Serious Thrush** and **Tough at the Top**, playing in the Dining Hall at Park. They're not to be missed! Hopefully, there'll be a late bar, so the whole thing should end up being a great night. Tuesday night sees the appearance of a brilliant steel-band called **Kalso**, performing in the Mandela Building. On Wednesday, we have the hypnotist, **Eddie Burke**, making his umpteenth appearance here; I'd especially recommend this to Freshers, as he is one of the best and funniest hypnotists around, and he isn't over-the-top on embarrassing folk. Buy your tickets quick, because he always sells out! Thursday night sees three variety acts in the Large Lecture Theatre at Park Campus. **Stompy** is a lunatic who will tackle the 'fire hoop of death', turn pints into trifle and stick torches down his trousers(!). **Jeff Green** is one of the best stand-up comedians around, and has received rave reviews over the last few years. **John Thompson** is a superb impressionist/stand-up, and together with the other two will provide a great night's entertainment.

The final night of Freshers' week is at Park and is the one and only **Nene College Drag Night!** Basically, you dress up in whatever you can find, and walk round the College looking very stupid, with a mega-fab prize going to the best/worst dressed! In the Dining Room, there will be a great new band from London called **The Coffee Machine**, who basically do loads of old Sixties songs in their first set. After a break, they provide a live karaoke; this is *your* chance to get up on stage and sing anything you fancy! Again, there will be a fab prize to the best act on the night.

So, that's Freshers' week! Put in the effort, and you'll have a **great** time. There will be a disco' every night, on top of the main events, so you can always boogie the night away if the tickets for everything else sell out before you get the chance to buy one.

Meanwhile, the rest of term goes something like this:

- Wed. October 3rd. **Jinski** - a solo act in the J.C.R. (Park)
 Sat. October 6th. **The Nene College Rave** - the Dining Hall (Park)
 Mon. October 8th. **Fancy Dress Three-Legged Pub Crawl**
 Sat. October 13th. **The Freshers' Ball** - starring **The International Beat** (Park)
 Sat. October 27th. **The Mock Turtles** - the last night of a national tour
 Thu. November 1st. **The Milltown Brothers** - part of a national tour
 Sat. November 17th. **Henry Normal** - a comedian with his own T.V. show from October
 Sat. December 1st. **The Snow Ball** - starring **Bad Manners** (Park)

PLEASE NOTE that this is only a *provisional* list of events, which I was forced into by **Chris Munsey**, the NENE SCENE Editor, who burst into the office the other day raving something about 'copy deadlines'. So keep your eyes on the noticeboards at both campuses, since things will inevitably change! All I can say for definite is that there will be an event on every **Thursday, Friday and Saturday** without fail. Whatever else, enjoy the start of term, and try and get along to as many ents. as you can... you'll have a **bloody good time**.

Entertainment

