

ART-LANGUAGE

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Get through
UCAS,
then enter

Go through the gatehouse

Into the celebrated modern campus,

the revolving doors
of the
contemporary
University

And there they are, the would-be well known,

Pampered bellies behind buttoned suits,

The managers of the minds of others,

managers
managing
excellence,
making
robust decisions
for the
bottom line

Men without brothers and proud of it,

Squeezing out smiles, unhandsome and unfit,

And pinched women with strident voices

Talking of pine trees and Italian wines;

And leisured men making refined choices

Between perspectives on unleisured lives;

Men of conscience saying, 'I'm not having that,'

And having it sure enough but elsewhere;

And the marble-faced men snuffing rarified air;

Mean-minded but fat enough in the purse

From being free of the taint of commerce;

And well-fed legions of the second-rate,

Pleased to have got so far and still be safe,

Who earn their leisure by implanting

In others' leisure hours the aspiration

To join the side they did not start on,

Seab shamans preaching scab rejuvenation

Men with goods but without landscapes, ever

ready to move house for opportunity's sake,

Having no strong attachments to sever,

No friendships to unmake;

Men with address-books but no neighbours,

teachers
applying for
in-work
benefits

Professors
clustered
around
the
REF

the admin
clerks
crunching
data

Students
with
debts
but
without
careers