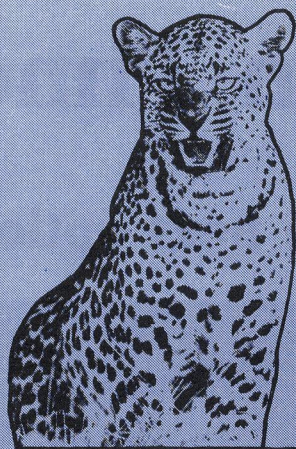
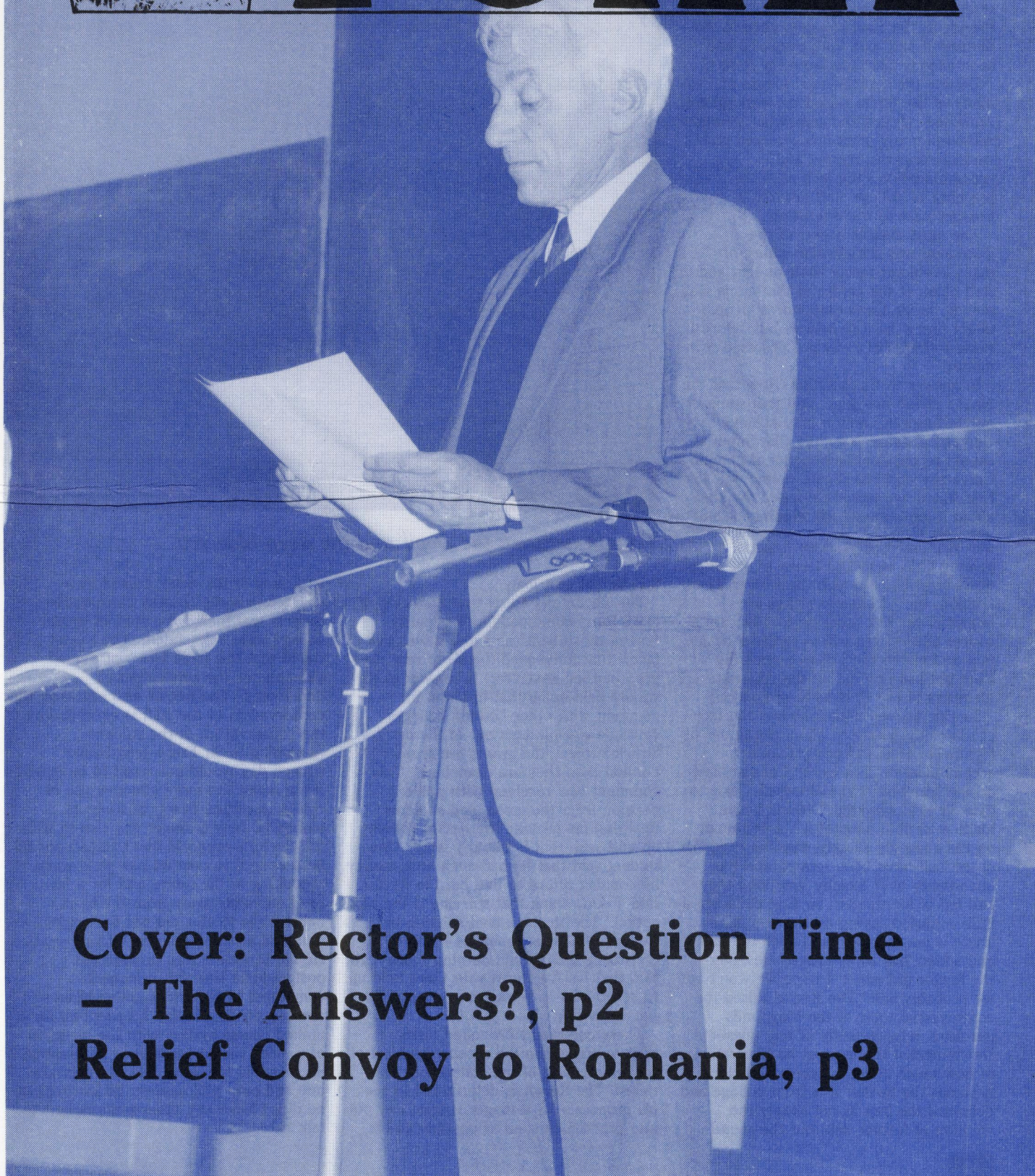


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7 May 1991 Issue Number 907

Felix



**Cover: Rector's Question Time
- The Answers?, p2
Relief Convoy to Romania, p3**



Rector's Question Time:

'I don't think that starving is the next option'

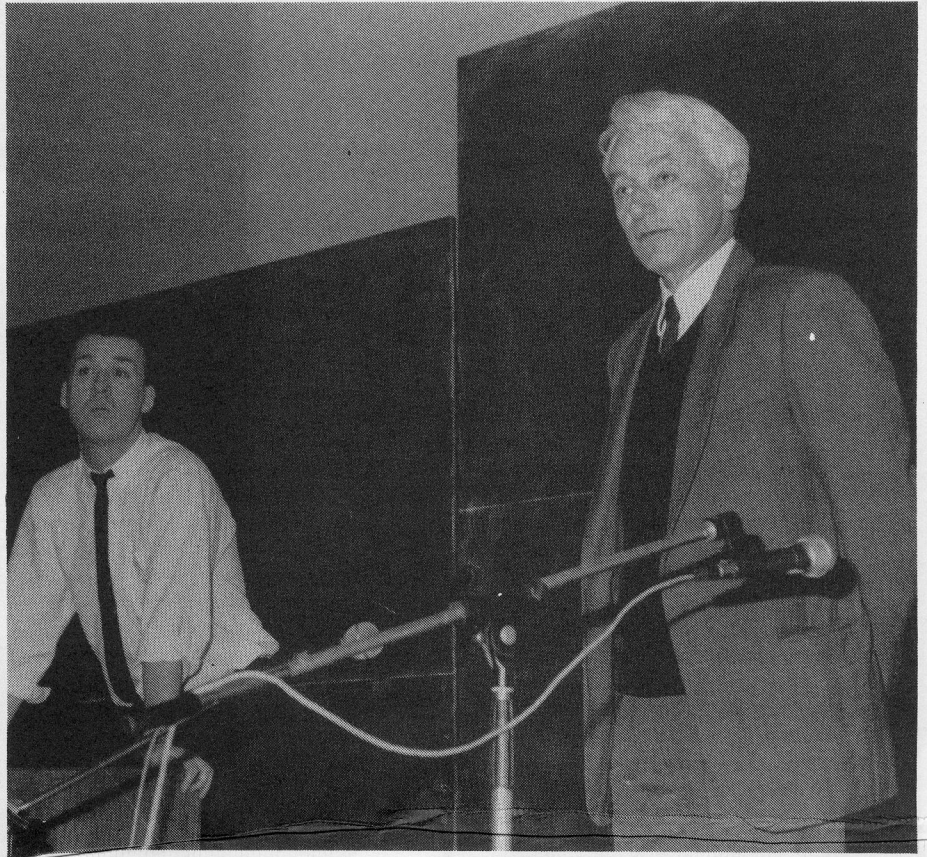
Sir Eric Ash, Rector of Imperial College, took part in a question and answer session on Monday evening. Over a hundred students listened as Sir Eric fielded questions on a wide range of student and non student issues. Union President, Mr Paul Shanley, chaired the discussion and took both prepared and spontaneous questions from the floor.

Despite the controversial nature of many of the topics raised the atmosphere remained relaxed and somewhat informal. Although many questions centered on student concerns, money and accommodation - the lack of it, the presence of college staff ensured a broader base to the discussion.

The most notable aspect of the discussion was the circular nature of many problems facing both student and staff alike; at the centre of that circle was money. In Sir Eric's own words 'people might find it hard to believe but before I came to Imperial I was not obsessed with money.'

In answer to the question 'Now that the binary divide has gone, and that some polytechnics in London may achieve University status, is it time that Imperial should reconsider the benefits of London University and investigate opting out?' Sir Eric stated 'we haven't stopped thinking about it (opting out)'. He continued that although Imperial was big enough to run our own (university), with Imperial gaining little benefit in terms of cut price deals organised through the University of London, the academic 'riches are fantastic.' Sir Eric went on to advocate a course unit system where students could mix and match their degree choosing from not just one but all the collegiate members of the University of London.

Sir Eric proved unflappable in the face of searching questions about the future of Montpellier Hall and postgraduate accommodation in general. Commenting on the handling of the Montpellier sale to date Sir Eric admitted 'I think we've made a terrible mess of it', a comment on the allegedly shoddy way the residents of the hall have been treated and the uncertainty over exactly how long they had left in Montpellier. Sir Eric did seem a little confused saying on the one hand 'there is no definite plan to sell the hall' and added 'but we're broke.' However the Rector did admit 'I hope we won't but we probably will.' The Rector raised the controversial topic of the Claypolds purchase independently of any question. He connected the issue as an illustration of how much cheaper accommodation becomes the further it is from college and defended the buy as not simply the creation of further debt but the sound



Caught between the Devil and the deep blue sea

investment of a loan.

The Rector did admit that financing of loans for accommodation was partly funded by student rents and it was this factor that influenced the steep rent rises proposed for next year. In answer to the widely held belief that Imperial in common with other London colleges could be pricing itself out of the market Sir Eric replied 'the grants are greater in London than they are elsewhere'. This comment was received with polite derision from the assembled students. Realising his mistake the Rector sobered up and said 'rent is the key issue'. One student said that he had such little money he couldn't afford to live but the Rector said 'I don't think that starving is the next option.' The Rector's dual solution to student's financial problems involved borrowing money and earning money. He said that his American wife Clare held up to seven jobs to work her way through her university.

These comments provoked further controversy when the sensitive subject of the lengthening of the college day was raised. The Rector is determined to see his proposals for a longer college day put into practice as soon as possible and is

frustrated at the delay caused by a characteristically lengthy consultative process that included a student union, college wide referendum. The Rector stated that this issue was 'not a good example for the application of democracy.' The Rector also said that 'the conservatism of the staff is exceeded by the conservatism of the students.' According to Sir Eric a lengthened college day would not result in increased lectures but the more effective use of college facilities. Sceptical students wondered how a longer day tied in with the Rector's proposal that students should be prepared to take on part-time work.

Looking to the future and for a few brief moments away from the bank balance the Rector did not see student numbers increasing in the coming years. He did foresee a turn 'toward the postgraduate side' but remained committed to Imperial's undergraduate courses. Sir Eric linked his proposal for a unified course system with the inclusion of a more varied humanities programme. Sir Eric told the sorry tale of Imperial's one and only philosopher; he left because he didn't have any other philosophers to talk to.

ULU's aid to Romania



Members of the Royal College of Science Union (RCSU) are taking part in a relief operation to Romania this summer. Martin Heighway, a postgraduate student, of the RCSU is co-ordinating the mobilisation of twelve helpers to Zvoristia Moldavia. These volunteers will work in an orphanage for mentally handicapped children which is over crowded and contains many children with the AIDS virus.

The aid organisation 'Romania Aid UK' contacted the RCSU through a St Johns ambulance group from University of London Union which requested fifteen volunteers, but to date almost thirty people have come forward. Mr Heighway intends to take up to twelve volunteers to Romania using union mini-buses. The group will set out late on the evening of Friday 12th July and the itself will take up to three days covering two thousand miles each way. The group plans to take one rest day before starting work in the orphanage and the drivers will return to London within a week, leaving the remaining volunteers in Romania for up to several weeks.

Mr Heighway stressed that the purpose of the operation was not to take in supplies but to actually work in the orphanage. The minibuses will be carrying paint and cuddly toys in addition to people and their belongings. The paint is to improve the internal environment of

the buildings and the toys will help in the care of the children as the main aim of the operation is to improve the environment of the orphanage and add a little humanity to lives of the children in them.

Relief in the guise of supplies is of no use to Romania's orphans said Mr Heighway, and he told of a recent convoy from the German section of St Johns ambulance which was packed with provisions that was refused entry at the Romanian border. He said that there were incidences of relief supplies ending up on the Romanian black market, as had been widely reported in the national press.

Apart from helping in the orphanage, which is the main objective of the trip, the group also plans to make contact with the local universities. They hope to encourage university members to play a more active role in the care of children in the orphanage.

Part of Mr Heighway's responsibilities as transport officer is to search for sponsorship to contribute to the trip's considerable travel costs. The operation has already received £1000 sponsorship from IC Rag. On behalf of the RCSU, Mr Heighway said 'we're very grateful'. Potential sponsors should contact Mr Heighway through the RCSU, office on 071 225 8675.

In Brief

●Beit Theft

A student living on the second floor of the New Hostel, Beit Hall, was burgled last Friday afternoon. The student left his room unlocked while he cooked in the kitchen at the end of second floor corridor. His wallet was removed from his room and its contents emptied out on the floor of the men's toilets nearby, the money being taken. College security said that they knew nothing of the incident.

●Promotion

Dr Anne Dell, a reader in the biochemistry department, has been made a professor. Dr Dell studied for her first degree in chemistry at the University of Western Australia and continued with a Phd. at Cambridge. Speaking yesterday, Dr Dell said she was 'very happy' with her appointment, which will take effect from October.

Dr Dell's research is funded by the Medical Research Council and recent work on tissue plasminogen activator has resulted in its successful use in the treatment of heart attacks.

●BOC New Deal?

Mr Ian Greaves, the purchasing manager at IC, is examining new proposals for the payment of IC's annual gas bill. Until recently Imperial was part of a blanket agreement made between BOC and British universities. According to Mr Greaves this contract meant that 'big guys propped up little guys', so that major users such as Imperial and University College paid slightly more for their gas and thereby subsidised smaller scale customers.

BOC has presented restructuring proposals that still keep the universities under one umbrella, although the larger subscribers have their costs reduced at the expense of the smaller ones. Mr Greaves said that he would have to make a 'more comprehensive evaluation' of the plan before he decided whether to accept it or not.

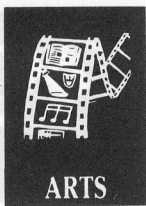
●MBA Fees Up

The Management School's MSc course in Management has been retitled the MBA in Management. Mr Roger Betts, the course director, said that the change in title was not related to the increase in course fees from £3,500 to £4,500. He said that the decision to raise the fees was made last October while the retitling was only confirmed within the last six weeks.

Mr Betts said that the current fee level was on a par with other MBA courses. He added that the term 'MBA' was a 'better title' for the course, reflecting its broad-based nature as opposed to the more specialised nature of MSc courses.



The driving force behind the relief operation



LSO

Taming of the Shrew

C London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir George Solti
Mozart Symphony no 35 'Haffner'
Mahler Symphony no 5 Barbican Hall, May 9th

The LSO gave a fine interpretation of the Haffner; crisply performed, accurate and surefooted. In fact, the orchestra galloped through it with such immense ease and proficiency that it was clear this was an easy warm up for the main piece of the evening. Whilst it is understandable that lesser orchestras would want to save themselves for the more demanding grandeur of Mahler's fifth, it is disappointing that an orchestra of the LSO's capabilities felt it had to give itself such an easy ride.

Carping aside, on to the Mahler. This is a performance that the audience in the Barbican were privileged to hear. From the perfection of the opening trumpet fanfare (Maurice Murphy) to the final resounding chord, this was an interpretation and execution to be treasured.

Solti added new twists and to what is a well-loved and, dare one say it, well worn piece. The effect was achieved in several ways: through fine ensemble playing and first class performances by the soloists; through unusual shifts of emphasis and balance between sections of the orchestra (a characteristic also heard in the Mozart, where dominant brass crisped traditionally soggy passages); and through control of the acoustics so that both the loudest and quietest passages filled the hall without distortion.

The effect was particularly noticeable in the Scherzo, normally a tiresome experience for the audience, which bubbled with irony and excitement. The first movement was simply stunning: frightening, moving and truly compelling. The brilliance was temporarily mislaid in the Adagietto in the final movement, but recaptured in the rondo finale for a stirring finish.

Liz W

F —Film

T —Theatre

C —Concert

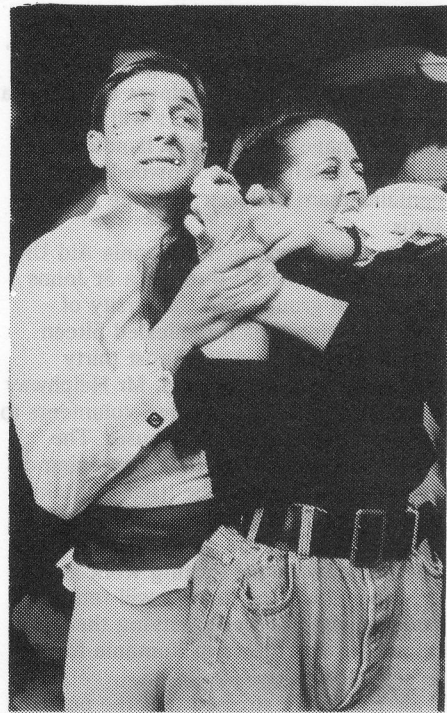
T "The trouble with some women is they get all worked up about nothing and then they marry him." Cher.

The play is advertised as being SEXIST! "They have a right to work wherever they want to - as long as they have dinner ready when you get home." - John Wayne. But it wasn't!

The play was performed at a tiny little theatre above the Rose pub on the Fulham Road. It's cheap, friendly and the beer's good. The Rose Theatre Club was founded by the American Robin Brockman, who plays Petrucio (the numero uno sexist). The Theatre Club believes that Shakespeare was a nom de plume of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. But no matter what your views on the writer are the performance was excellent and well worth the trip to the pub.

The use of women as the servants allowed an interesting relationship to develop between themselves and their "masters" which, when coupled with the size of the auditorium, led to a very intimate performance.

The play was described as "a comedy on the art of training a wife". However the impression given was that Katherina (Caroline Lawrie) was actually using Petrucio for her own gain, thus altering the original sexist concept of the play. The play is running until the 15th June



(excluding Mondays), start 7.30 pm and costs £4 to students and a fiver to other bods. It's a good play and we really liked it, so get your arses down there, if only for the beer.

Totty

Sibling Rivalry

F Appreciation of this film will depend on the audience's level of taste. If its bad you'll like it. For example, the height of humour in this film revolves around the removal of the last used condom from a long term stiff (no pun intended)(honest guy).

The ale itself is of a sexually repressed girl, married to a boring man who has an orgasmic fling with her husband's brother, who (inevitably) croaks. Along with a salesman who feels equally guilty for a reason I can't remember, she desperately tries to hide the body before her husband's tight knit family discover. The consequences, as the synopsis inevitably tells us, are hilarious.

Nothing special is the best way I can describe this film. It is a mediocre comedy that won't excite anyone to much, but will probably do quite well on video. It also goes to prove that Kirstie Alley should stay in *Cheers*, and that Carrie Fisher's film career has been in a steady spiral since *Star Wars*. I'm glad that she's having better luck with the writing.

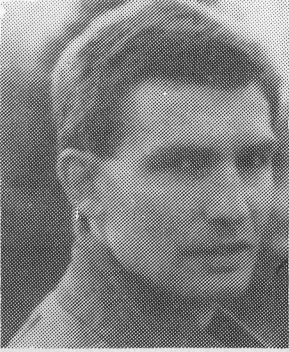
Pendragon

Mend-a-Bike
PETER THOMAS



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One tired, deranged pomegranate opens the floodgates...



Beneath Tremendous Rain

– Martyn Crucefix will be reading from his book of poetry, 'Beneath Tremendous Rain', on Thursday 13th June at 4:45 pm, in the Haldane Library. Come and celebrate words.

MARTYN CRUCEFIX: BENEATH TREMENDOUS RAIN

I love my brother. Regardless of what He is, what He may become, He exists forever in my favourite memories. "Blackcurrant wine" opens this collection of poems; so beautifully evocative a collage of sensations and memories, I recall the parallel development, I drink of the wine. My mother said I would never have a better friend, even when I could not contemplate wanting to hurt anyone more.

I want to meet this man. "Drowned Shelley" leaps from the page with the sort of malice that reminds me of one of my poems, "In Calmer Waters". In respect of theme and imagery, it was quite disconcerting to alight to. The most annoying thing is that this man used the same idea as myself, that of representing the death of an aesthete aesthetically. Okay, so I, ahem, borrowed the idea from "Adonais" and "Dorian Gray", but that's poetic licence. And only two poems discussed.

Bugger. I wanted to laud and rant about "A Cat", "A Woman of Kokoschka's", "Drunk" and so on. Poignant honesty... ..vitriolic wit... a sometimes exquisite sense of the clumsiness of humanity (both concept and species), blah blah blah. I could go on and on. Bastard Editor. This volume is crammed with gems, "Jeremy Round"

When did the hieroglyphic die?
At what last click of which chisel,
what scratch of stylus or dousing
of which inky brush did old Egypt
begin her dumb millennium?
In the echoing of that small moment

imagine Pharaoh's voice mouthing
ever more obscurely *another remedy*
for preventing coming out a snake

its hole, another remedy preventing
and being buried under a dull
pyramid. Where is the quail chick?

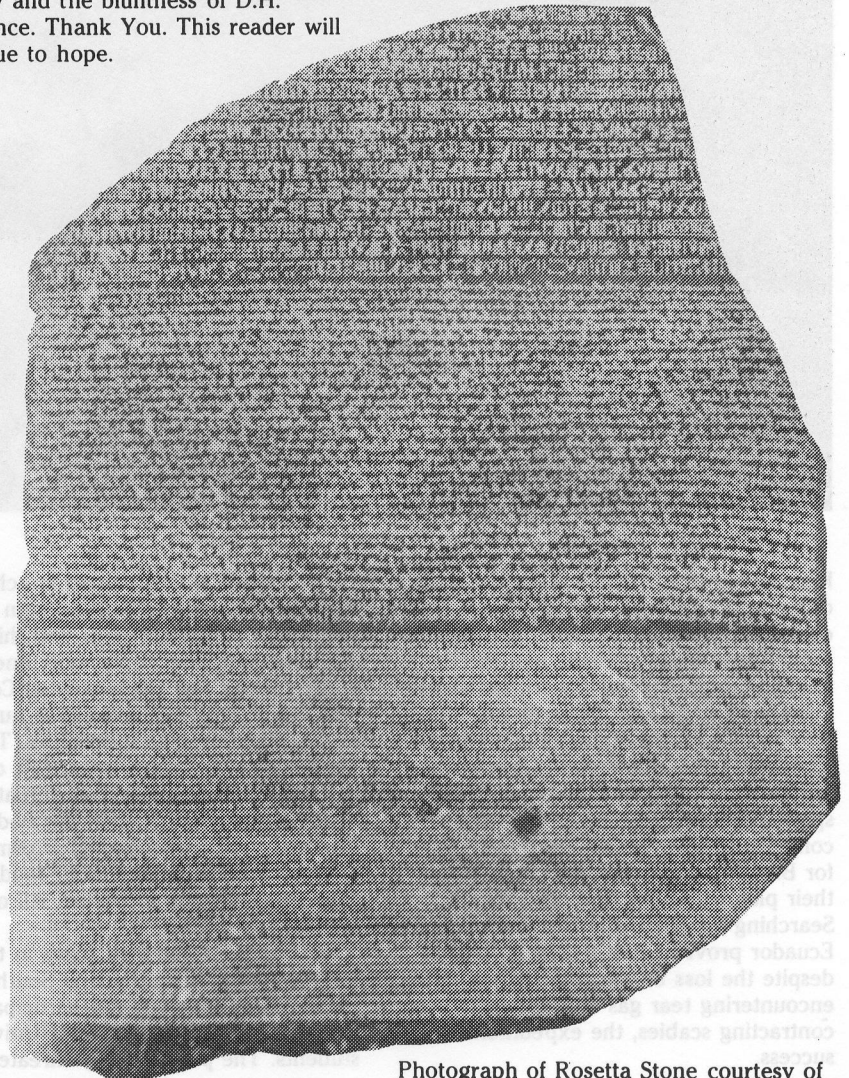
Where the folded cloth? Where the owl,
the wick of twisted flax, where the hill?
Gone under, sealed up, quite still.

and "Héloïse" two such, appropriately enough, crammed with rich, gorgeous images. Yes. I will eat the whole peach. "Barkbrod" is deathly, cancerous, a malignant fear; it does not waste time with threats, there is no "when". It attacks, and it's attack is terminal.

The true god ode herein, though, is "Rosetta". There are few things I loathe more than bullshit masquerading as poetry, and I delighted in a poem of some fairly awesome significance emerging from the contemporary world. It's metaphor is Woman, mistreated by man through his lack of sensitivity and understanding. Language appears as patient victim in a state so realistic as to be truly appalling. Well, I have a peach and a pomegranate. The romance of Shelley and the bluntness of D.H. Lawrence. Thank You. This reader will continue to hope.
Euph.

Book Editorial:

Are we so hide-bound by language that to substitute one scrawled stone for another is the height of our ingenuity? That's one quote. It is more from carelessness of questioning than intentionally misleading that there is so much evil in the world. And another. Maybe you'd like to consider these.

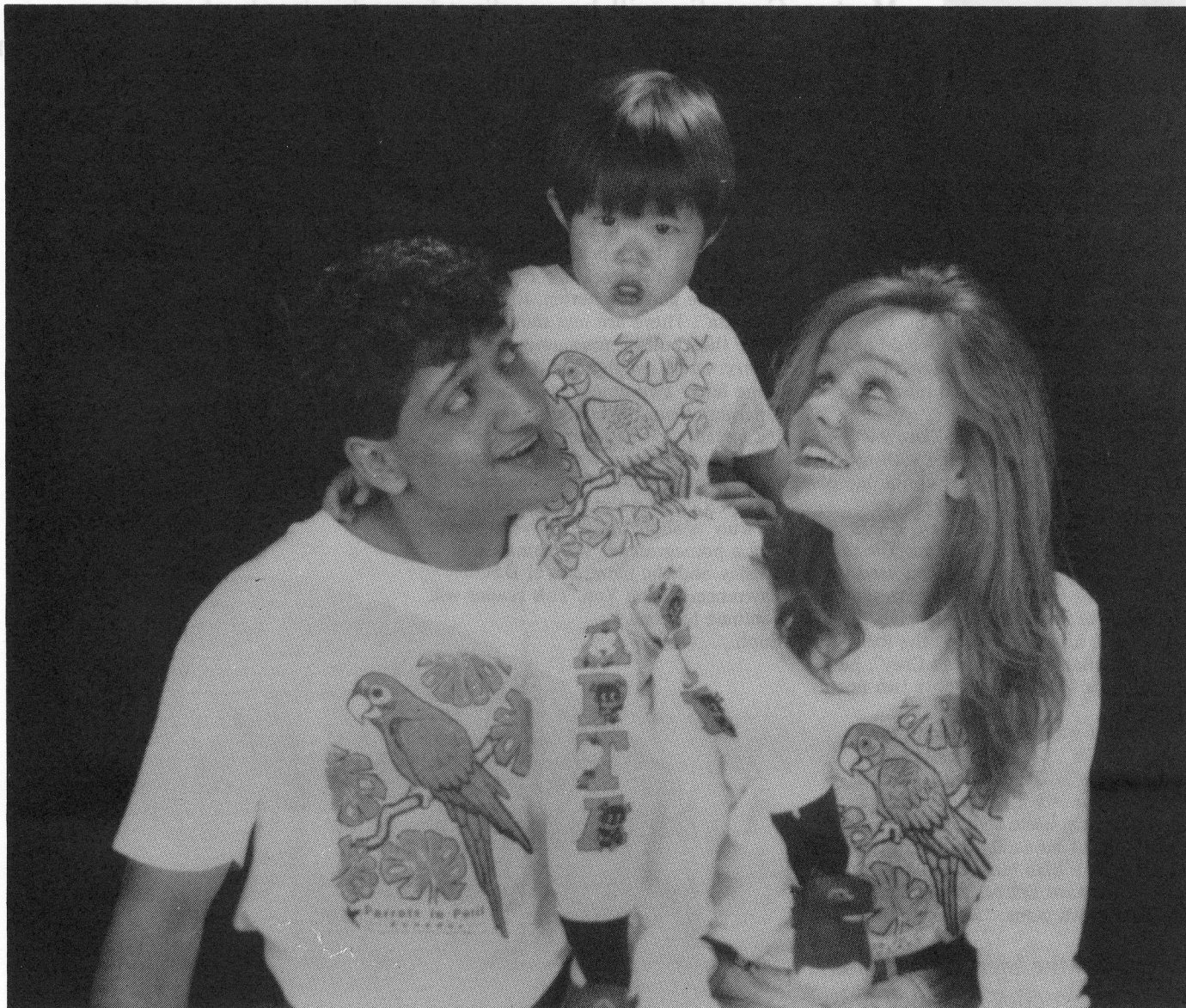


Photograph of Rosetta Stone courtesy of the British Museum. Photograph of Martin Crucefix, and extract of 'Rosetta', courtesy of Enitharmon Press.



FEATURES

Parrot Fashion



Rare endangered parrots were the subject of study for an Imperial College expedition, "Parrots in Peril". The team of four British based students and three Ecuadorian counterparts were led by Paul Toyne of the Biology Department. Information on the status of and current threats to parrots is urgently needed as one in thirteen of all threatened bird species are parrots. The work was in conjunction with the International Council for Bird Preservation (ICBP) as part of their plan for South American parrots. Searching for parrots in the forests of Ecuador proved to be a difficult task, despite the loss of valuable equipment, encountering tear gas attacks and contracting scabies, the expedition was a success.

The expedition succeeded in achieving its aims and collected information for the protection of natural areas and their associated wildlife. Sadly, only one of the study species, the White-necked Conure was found, which is thought to number less than a thousand individuals. The expedition was able to record its calls and vocalizations, observed immatures, indicating breeding within the Podocarpus National Park and collected information on their feeding ecology. Four food sources have been identified. All of this information is new.

Most of the work took place in the Podocarpus National Park in Southern Ecuador and involved the participation and training of three Ecuador University students. The park is sadly threatened by

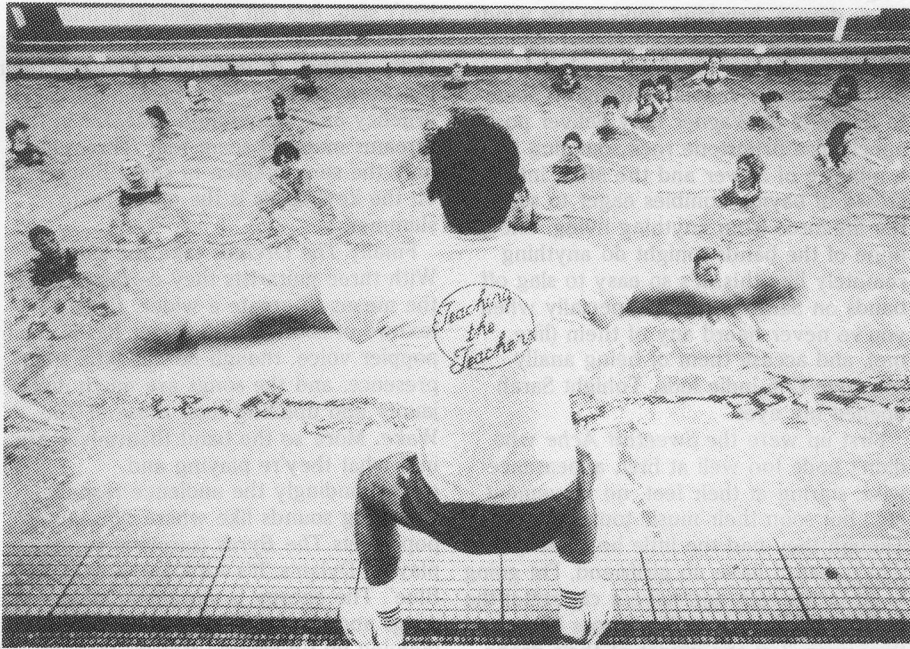
mining, illegal settlement leading to deforestation and cattle ranching. The expedition's results are important as they add both to the limited knowledge of the park's wildlife and the growing concern of the park's destruction.

The team plans to return to continue the work in 1992 and are currently fund raising. Attractive 'Parrots in Peril' T-shirts are available. Choose from three colours; dark or light green or blue, all on white cotton shirts (in all sizes).

Prices: Short-Sleeved @ £8 waged, £7 student. Long-Sleeved - add £2 extra

Anyone interested should contact either Paul on extension 7461 or Sachin on 081-570-7934(eves).

Aquacise



Now that most of you have finished your exams, its about time you lost some of the pounds that have been put on since sitting on your backsides revising. Acquacise is a new way of keeping fit, which has just come to IC. This is basically aerobics in a swimming pool with the similar stretching and toning exercises that are done in gymnasiums. However, they claim that this is a much more relaxing and refreshing way of getting into shape than the stress associated with jogging and aerobics. Classes are held every Wednesdays at the Imperial Sports Centre, with students being charged £1 and everybody else £2. Non swimmers are welcome as it is completely safe as well as being lots of fun, plus they are taught how to swim. The centre also offers free nutritional advice. So if you are interested, why not pop along to one of their sessions, and try to loose some of those excess pounds in an easy and effective way.

IC Radio

The breakfast crew are here every weekday morning from 8-10 with two

hours of the best music around, plus Ten at Ten, The Stars and competitions. So getup and get down on London's only student radio station, IC Radio, on 999 kHz AM, and on speakers around the campus.

And for those of you who haven't bothered to hand in their top three all time favourite singles (which means the vast majotiy of inept IC students) you

have another chance this week. Simply fill in the form below and hand it in to either the FELIX office or directly to IC radio. If this is too difficult a task, you can also e-mail your selections to khs@doc. A draw will be made (if enough of u bother to fill out the forms below) and the lucky person will be able to win a CD/LP/tape of his/her choice from the current charts.

Imperial College Music Chart 90-91

Artist

Single

1.....

2.....

3.....

Name Department



MUSIC

Dr Phibes

—Camden Underworld

31/5/91

This is weird shit, weird shit for weird people. The kind of people that think bugging a Rhino with a ten foot pole is fun. Not the kind of people that go to concerts and stand rocklike in a swirling mass of people.

State of Grace were good, though not that good, she sounded like the singer from Throwing Muses. Kingmaker were better, three men, two guitars and a drummer from Hull. A good drummer from Hull.

Dr. Phibes came on stage and began. Well, they didn't really begin, more like they happened. He looked out, out past the crowd to somewhere I can only guess. What he saw I cannot say, what I saw I can and will.

They played for an hour, each song (if such a conventional word can be used) bleeding into the next. The hiss and scream of the previous numbers death growing into the giant cacophony of the next momentous creation.

Each number was more like a feeling, the melody changing subtly throughout its glorious life, moving from the height of exultation to the mellow depths of contemplation.

Sugerblast, the only recognisable 'song', captured the entire set in five minutes. The slow intro hiding the more vagarious middle and the positively manic ending.

This is brilliant weird shit, and anybody that knows me knows I'm weird too.

Pebbles

Pixies

—Planet of Sound 12"

Where *Pixies* go ape-shit heavy metal in the old garage indowntown New Yawk where the old *Sonic Youth* used to jam. Powerchords a-go-go throb and even though they've become mad metal muthas y'know it's still *Pixies* due to the discordant noises which keep popping up. Kerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrunch!! Melodies remain, subtleties do not. Rat-a-tat-tat. *Pixies* rock you like you're gonna die tomorrow and I wish it could be 1965 again! Summer! Sea! 1966 it's Eight Miles High. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, *Pixies* are cool. I wanna be in AC/DC! No I don't, blah, blah, blah, yeah, yeah, yeah. The other three songs on the record are very nice too. One is sung in Spanish. *Pixies*, where it ain't heavy to be hard.

Dominic

The Sarah Jamboree Night Out

—Camden Underworld 27/5/91

Spitting fire and venom the band take the stage dressed to the nines in red and black drapes, brushing good to the winds and throwing freshly decapitated babies into the audience for them to abuse in post-gig satanic rituals. Coming on stage to the tune of *Wagner* they deliver post-apocalypse brimstone rock, sounding like a mixture of *Slayer* and the *MC5*, into a crowd of baying zombies eager to suck the life-force from anything living. Except none of the bands tonight do anything remotely like this. It's so easy to slag off bands on Sarah records, especially when you've never heard any of them (like me), and accuse them of being anally retentive C86 indie kids. Tonight Sarah opened my eyes.

First up were the *Sweetest Ache* who didn't bode too well at first, appearance wise, staring at their feet, no movement etc.. but soon their music took over. Though they had the little boy lost lyrics (I'm so sad, I have no girlfriend, I'm going to sit in the rain and have a cigarette) the music came head on like across between *Spacemen 3* at the height of their drone-rock phase meeting *A.R.Kane's* '69' in blissful oceanic splendour. Most definitely head music for bright, sun-blenched dopers.

Unfortunately *The Wake*, who followed, were not good. They produced a murky blend of indie-pop meets the farfasa organ-for-a-change- and ended up sounding like a bad *House Of Love* (believe me its possible). This is the sort

of music *The Pastels* did a million times better five years ago. The singer, who can't sing, lets out occasional primal screams to no effect. The whole set-up lacks urgency or insistency. Only on their last song, where they rock-out, are the urgency and desperation inherent in the screams made to seem real. Throughout only the sexy maiden in shiny black PVC on the keyboards is the only one to shimmer.

Finally *The Orchids* take the stage. With three guitarists they certainly have the means to create a wider, richer texture of sounds. The singer has a much poppier voice, though he has little stage presence, and the songs are much more jaunty and uplifting than those of *The Wake*. More so the band themselves are into what they're playing and correspondingly the audience respond. One song sounds like where 90's guitar pop meets *The Byrds* (surprise! surprise!) playing Dylan's 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue'. The energy is vibrant in all the songs and there is a cool piano sound popping up on several tracks. The band is unafraid to rock-out and are convincing every time they do, either in short staccato-sharp bursts or for more sustained periods coming over all *Mudhoney*-like on us (though a bit cleaner; we're on Sarah we are!). As someone semi-famous once said: "Two out of three ain't bad". Tonight I entered a heretic and left a convert.

Dominic

Black —Black LP

Close your eyes, at the end of the sentence natch, pick a number between 1 and 3, open your eyes and see which review you have.

- (1) I don't normally judge a record by its sleeve, but this sleeve is so bad I never actually bothered to play the record.
- (2) They really are complete bollocks aren't they? Not that I actually listened to the record.
- (3) My pet iguana shat all over the record before I could play it.

Dominic



Jefferson Airhead

—Scrap Happy 7"

Why?

Why what?

Why do the record companies send us stuff like this piece of sixties quiche, er, kitchen, er, kitsch from a band with its head so far up some hippy's arse it's beyond hope?

Why don't they send us something good like New Kids On The Block's new single or something?

Why do they sign bands like this, given the fact that they are paid not to have a large piece of edam in their ears?

Why did our esteemed ents chairman decide that this excuse for a band should be deemed fit to play on the ONLY band night this term?

Why don't Jefferson Airhead just leave us alone?

Answers on a cuttlefish to the Felix office. The first correct answer out of the budgie cage will win this single, if you want it.

Scrap Happy? Crap Crappy more like. Go away you annoying band.

Lise Yates

The Trip

Drinking tequilla, and quaffing highly illegal and dangerous narcotics like the world is going to end tomorrow we took the Marakesh Express from Croydon to Sarf Ken, weaving through the streets the driver flat-out fucked going a billion miles an hour we took our lives in our sweaty palms and hoped Ulysees would forgive us for we were offending the great god himself but at this point we were too far gone to care about some poxy Greek idiot and were looking forward to a multitude of stars playing in the Union Lounge, unfortunately as the driver took the corner of Freke Road and Clapham High Street we entered a multi-faceted crystal which sent us spinning hopelessly lost in the realms of time and space, when we arrived we found ourselves outside the Detroit Grande Ballroom on the night of October 30th 1968 and who should be playing but the MC5, forcing our way in brandishing our T.Rex autographed nuclear powered super-duper cosmic jiving bazookas we strode down to the front of the hall and witnessed a rock'n'roll extravaganza unsurpassed in terms of sheer in yer face intensity, we shot lots of people there who did not look like fellow space travellers, had a beer with Iggy Pop and the members of SRC and pressed the buttons on our special wristwatches and flew back down the space-time continuum to the fair country of Albania in the year 509, and as luck would have it King Zog's ancient ancestor King Zaggazzaxsjk was on the throne and was attending a special concert in his honour by Spinal Tap, fellow time travellers, joining them onstage we ran through a couple of new numbers with them killed the King, ate his children and pressed the button on our watches again, we materialized somewhere in the Andromeda galaxy, where exactly we were unsure since some bastard had nicked all the signposts, lost and dying for some rock'n'roll, the gods really were smiling as on the nearest asteroid (WE had special space-suit things so we could travel in space and breath etc....) were The Beatles and Jason Donovan, Jason is our hero so we killed The Beatles and appointed Jason our leader, however Jason is thick as pig-shit and we ended up in the future-techno-death-metal-prison of Tghftguhjfdtyrut (pronounced 'too fucked to write'), which was unfortunate as they do not like time travellers, unfortunate for them, not us, so we killed them and left Mr.Donovan to be their president, no fear of them attacking Earth in their state, their economy will crumble etc.... We pressed the magic button again and found ourselves in the Union Lounge having missed all the bands, fuck'em we thought we're true rock'n'roll kids though no-one believed us, these adventures will be documented in future episodes of the Time Tunnel (Thursdays at 6pm on Channel 4).

**The inevitable exploding orange
Ongar wah-wah express machine**

Catherine Wheel

-Something EP

The essential word here is 'cascading'. Sums it up really. *Catherine Wheel* cascade. Their guitars cascade. The stage cascades. Its hard to escape the ever growing post-Valentine tag, and granted it applies here, but *Catherine Wheel* stride confidently ahead of their over-exposed neighbours *Moose* and *Ride*, to whom they draw the closest comparison. The EP is a fiery gem that wanders through as many dimensions as it wishes, leaving (here's the poetic bit) naught but trace of sweetness on my lips. When *Catherine Wheel* play, *Ride* wet themselves.

Brian the Orange.

Wolfgang Press

-Mama 12"

Earth has it's fair quota of wankers; Manuel Noriega, Simon Bates, Maxwell/Murdoch, Bush, Swaggart etc. These are at the top of God's great chain. Then there's the sad people. The people, poor, deluded fools all, who miss the point. These are at the bottom. So it is with something approaching alarm that I write to tell you that I think I fall into the latter category.

I have surmised this from the following evidence;

1. I spent fifteen minutes listening to this record.
2. I fully intended to write about said record.

With this now at the forefront of My mind, I pray to that vindictive god, don't give Me an *E.M.F.* record next time. Oh, and add the *Wolfgang Press* to the above list. Total, total shit.

Sonic Euph.

Glasshammers

-Yellowbrain 12"

I felt my palms sweat when considering the prospect of a *Jethro Tull* revival. No! it couldn't be! NO FLUTE. But there is violin, mandolin, guitar and bass. Oh, and a drum machine. Sounds familiar? A grooved-up *All About Eve*? Nah. It's better than that. In fact, if you ignore the atrocious vocal, it's actually quite sweet. Oh yeah, sure, the voice IS distinctive. Like Fish, *Supertramp*, *The Moody Blues*. Every whining, fragile note driven anew with anaemic frailty. By comparison, Kurt Ralske sounds like Lemmy. The music is also a picnic to pigeonhole. Slightly groovy, lightly Gothic, not a million miles away from *MDMA*, but not half as cool. The promotional release that came with this record tells me it is their re-released debut, and that it was "made to be played". Wouldn't it be simply awful if it failed to achieve this objective?.

Sonic Euph.

The Orb



-Perpetual Dawn 12"

When not creating wispy ambient music for the E generation, Dr. Alex Patterson - for in essence he is *The Orb* - is the creator of dance music that is time itself. For Dr. Alex Patterson produces that rare type of music that is as much at home on your hi-fi as it is blasting out your ears at a top nitespot.

'Perpetual Dawn', with its skanking ska underbelly and particually laid-back rasta rapping, floats over you with Dr. Alex Patterson's intuitive knack for soothing oceanic, nay womb-like sounds floating in and out of the mix. This record flows through you, relaxing yet uplifting, soothing the spirit yet freeing the soul. When the skanking stops the female vocalist oozes in, like honey falling off a spoon, praying for a perpetual dawn. This record is the aural equivalent of being frozen in time on a South Pacific island at 5am with a bowl of mangoes. Alas it ends and you realise it will never be, but it remains a truly gorgeous record which would be No. 1 all summer in a perfect world.

Dominic

Poppy Factory

-Stars 12"

This review was based on the premise: invent the last line and then construct the rest of the review around it. I hope you like it. "Slick- all you need for that glossy finish" it says in large letters. Large acid letters have been burned into the pink metal undercoat of the tins inside a transcontinental supermarket situated on the side of a dusty road, downtown New York. There are rows of tins, all open, all sticky with the prints of grubby hands. The glutinous mucus glides around the edge of this metal curtain, to reveal a clean white corridor. A huge long passage with a hazy end. Walking down this giant causeway, banked by high white-washed walls, it is apparent that the corridor is not endless. In fact the whole purpose of the passage is its end. One enormous, clinical, evenly lit toilet. It must be 30 feet high. Yes, the *Poppy Fields* are the Armitage Shanks of the transcontinental supermarket.

Brian the Orange



Scribbler's Corner

Dodgy Dealing in Cheapskate Denied

Dear Andy,

In January the Union purchased a new minibus and sold our oldest one. Despite the old one being accepted in part exchange for the new one. I would like to make it clear that the two were in no way related, despite minutes to the contrary.

The purchase of the new van would probably have gone ahead anyway, even without the sale of the old one. Having said this, we were extremely disappointed that our mechanic gave us a duff quote on the van. I thought £2 million was very reasonable for a bashed old transit.

The Union Transport Manager thought so aswell, at least he did before we

brought him in on his day off and sacked him. It's funny, but his idea to upgrade the transit to a caravan seemed like a good idea.

In any case, everyone has forgotten about it now. The first lot of passengers have ridden in the new van, and now that they've got used to it, we're going to up the hire charge.

Finally, Andy, don't blame me for this mess, I wasn't employed by the Union at the time. The fact that I sat on the Transport Committee that discussed this is purely coincidental.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Milon.

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We have a fantastic offer for all you students, a cut wash and blowdry by our top stylist (which normally costs around £21) For only £11 Men £12 Women
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June is normally the month the Queen's Lawn becomes the stage for the Summer Fair. This year it's strictly for the birds!

So Here's the event for everyone - stylish and elegant, but with a sense of carnival that will...

"KEEP YOU OFF THE GRASS!"

midsummer

6.30 to 8.30 - **Sip and Stroll** Sip Pimms with 'strawberries', or choose Spritzer, Punch or beer from one of the Tower bars. Stroll around the International Pavement cafes, sample the hors d'oeuvres see your name in Chinese, and watch the jugglers.

7.15 - **Listen to Mozart** as the IC Wind Ensemble play "Gran Partita for 13 Wind Instruments in B flat Major".

8.30 - **Dine alfresco** by candlelight and enjoy culinary triumphs created by our resident team, while you anticipate the £200 STA Travel voucher your dinner ticket gives you a chance to win!

9.30 - **Tap your Toes** to the Dixieland Jazz Band.

At Dusk - **Festive Sparklers**. Plus a firework to mark the end of the longest day.

Dinner Tickets £7.50

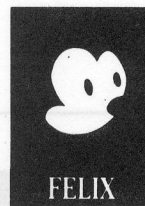


Tickets: Hub Office, ICU Bookstore, Departmental Superintendants

Tense Nervous Headache ? Don't Take Anadin

If your headaches or eyestrain are caused by flourescent lighting then please phone Steve Dakim on extension 6705.

Editorial



Due to the impending presence of big bad exams, lack of sleep, and the fact that there is absolutely nothing to write about, there will be no editorial this week...

So the management would like to take this opportunity to remind all people thinking of contributing to the...

SUMMER SPECIAL

...that the provisional deadline for all submissions is this evening!

Anything handed in after this time cannot be guaranteed a place in the forthcoming literary extravaganza, and thus it's author cannot be guaranteed his/her/it's name in lights. Or at least in print.

We would like to remind people that anything will be considered, although only written or drawn contributions will be printed...

Credits: Printing and Typesetting; Andy and Chris, **News Editor;** Anna, **Arts Editor;** Sumit and Matt, **Books Editor;** David, **Music Editor;** Dominic, **The Team;** Stef, Adam H, Adam T, Ian, Jonty, Louise, Frank, and all the reviewers, **The Collators;** All of the above and hopefully some more (Kate), **The Distributor for the last three weeks;** Adam, **Holiday Editor;** Rose (what postcard) Atkins. **Editor:** Who, What, Where, Fat!

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Summer Print Work

Anybody requiring print work to be carried out over the summer recess should consult Chris Stapleton, Print Unit Manager, before the end of term. Availability will be allocated on a first come first served basis as production time is limited. This includes membership cards, posters and other clubs publicity required for Freshers Week, as well as any private work.

Come and book work in at the Felix Office in Beit Quad.

THURSDAY 13th JUNE

ICU EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

BY-LAW CHANGES

SECOND READING

UNION LOUNGE 1.00pm

UNION BAR

LÖWENBRÄU EVENING

LÖWENBRÄU 85p PER PINT

ALL EVENING

(WHILE PROMOTIONAL STOCKS LAST)

DISCO UNTIL MIDNIGHT