

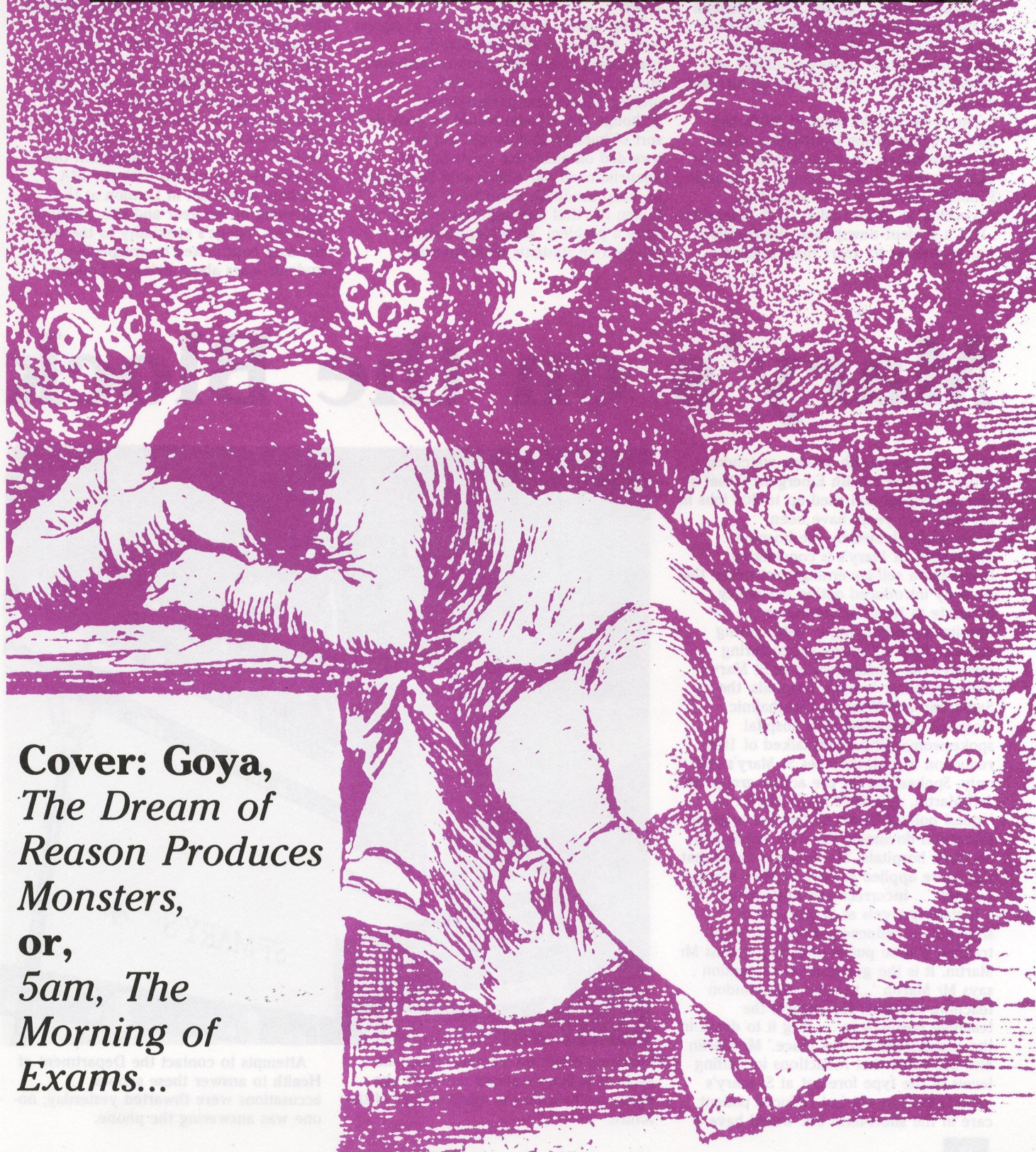
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31 May 1991

Issue Number 906

# Felix



**Cover: Goya,**  
*The Dream of*  
*Reason Produces*  
*Monsters,*  
**or,**  
*5am, The*  
*Morning of*  
*Exams...*





# Access Bill

Imperial College in common with other institutions is awaiting government confirmation of next year's Access Fund grant. The finance department at UCL has already made some approximate calculations based on information within the parliamentary publication, Hansard. Mr Phibb's, in charge of UCL access fund predicts a 0.05% reduction from 324,800 to approximately 307,800. The reduction in funds awarded to institutes of further education reflects the governmental decision to award money to places of higher education with no overall increase in funds.

The projected decrease in funds has further inflamed the controversy about their distribution to students. Lead by the vice-provost UCL has decided to set aside £100,000 purely for post graduates. According to Anna Laslett of Pi magazine, UCL's student newspaper, the decision was motivated by fears that research

places would not be taken up and thus further funds from the University Funding Council (UFC) would be lost. The financial burden of research students is shared by the research councils (SEC and NARC) who pay the students themselves and by the UFC that pay for teachers and facilities. Broadly if research places are not filled individual departments lose UFC funds.

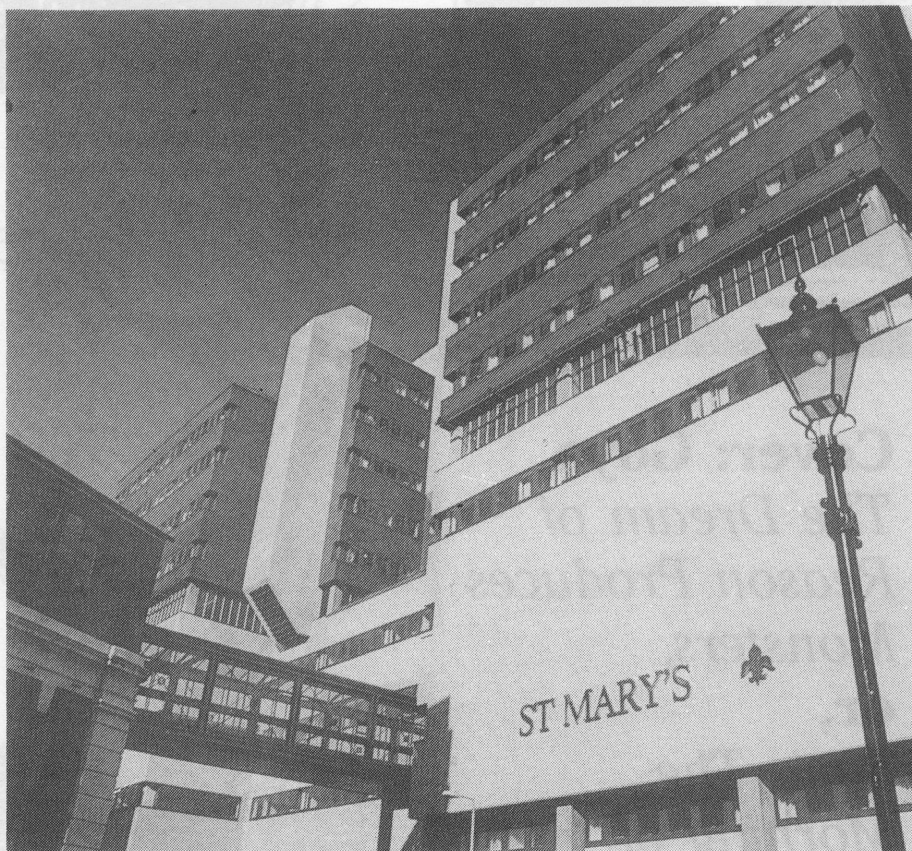
Tony Cullen, in charge of the IC access fund, confirmed that Imperial is considering earmarking some funds for students new to Imperial; both undergraduate and postgraduate. Although the scheme would be seen as a sort of bursary they would not be awarded on academic merit but on financial need. Mr Cullen said he wanted to 'keep academic record out of it.' Mr Cullen felt that although Imperial did not have a problem 'attracting students' prospective students with financial

worries would find additional financial assistance attractive. Financial assistance on top of the standard grant is not a new phenomenon. Industrial sponsorship for mechanical engineers is of course common place. A newer development is Geology's undertaking to award 30 bursaries of £600 each to next year's undergraduate intake. Professor Richard Selley, head of the Geology department, said that the bursaries are being funded by oil companies and privately by members of staff. Although applications were up on last year take up of places was down. This pattern has also been seen in other departments and its cause is as yet unclear. There is some suggestion that interviewing coincided with the IRA bombing campaign in London at the beginning of the year and this combined with the college's proximity to the Iraqi embassy contributed to prospective students fears about living in London.

## Mary's on the Block

Claims by the health service watchdog group 'London Health Emergency' that St Mary's hospital will shed up to 400 jobs in the next five years have been vehemently denied by the hospital authorities. St Mary's is considering becoming a self-governing trust under the recently introduced opting out policy. Separate to these deliberations the hospital is undergoing a restructuring process. Phase 2 of the restructuring involves the amalgamation of St Mary's with two other London hospitals; the Samaritan and Western Ophthalmic Hospitals. According to a hospital spokeswoman the much talked of 10% reduction in staff involves St Mary's staff only. Spokesman for the action group, Mr Jeff Martin, described by St Mary's as '...quasi political', said that in the original discussion document the 10% applied to all three hospitals. The hospital claim that the figure applied to only St Mary's was, he said, '... incorrect and misleading.'

If staffing levels at St Mary's are significantly reduced patient care and training will be put in jeopardy, claims Mr Martin. It is the government's intention, says Mr Martin '...to close one London teaching hospital'. He expects the teaching hospitals to '... slog it to death in the commercial market place.' Mr Martin also predicted that reductions in staffing levels of the type forecast at St Mary's would result in not just reduced patient care in the short-term but would have a



knock-on effect on training. Hospitals such as St Mary's would not have the resources to train the medical staff of the future.

Attempts to contact the Department of Health to answer these serious accusations were thwarted yesterday; no-one was answering the phone.



# Rent – a – Fiasco



Dissatisfaction over the levels of next year's rent levels for the college halls of residence has reached unprecedented levels. The sabbaticals of Imperial college Union, Paul Shanley, Ben Turner and Murray Williamson have arranged a number of meetings to discuss the situation.

So far meetings have been held in Linstead, Beit, Southwell, Willis Jackson, Holbein House and Bernard Sunley House. They were all reported to have been well attended and residents were urged to contact their academic or personal tutors, or the Rector Sir Eric Ash, in order to register their unhappiness about rent levels next year. In Linstead the meeting dwelled on the increase in the number of weeks for which rent must be paid. Next year residents must pay 34 weeks rent regardless of how long they actually intend to stay, in comparison with the present 31 weeks. It is also compulsory to purchase a minimum of three evening meals a week in Linstead, so next year's rent would approximately be £60 for the majority of residents.

In Holbein House and Southwell Hall some residents complained about the quality of accommodation for which they had to pay £40 per week. During the meetings the possibility of a rent strike was mentioned. IC Union President Paul Shanley was reported as saying that he would no longer wish to be a first year at this college and that you could 'stuff the academic reputation'.

Members of the academic staff are believed to be anxious about the current accommodation problems, and they may take the unprecedented step of raising the issue at the Academic Heads of Department meeting next week. Union officers will visit the other halls of residence - Southside halls, Garden, Weeks and Fisher halls over the coming week.

The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths has donated £250,000 to Imperial College in order to provide new accommodation for up to eight students. The house will be within 'reasonable travelling distance of South Kensington' and will contain eight single study bedrooms.

The students selected to live in this house will receive a Goldsmiths' scholarship to lower their rent level. They will be considered to be amongst the college's 'more outstanding students'. The awards will be given mainly to second and third year undergraduates and possibly a postgraduate on the basis of academic merit.

It is unlikely that the awards will be for any one particular subject, and the selection of the recipient students has not yet been made. Dr Jill Pellew, IC's director of development, told Felix that the Goldsmiths will 'substantially help towards the cost of rent for the



*A scenic view of Southside and Linstead Halls through a large bunch of daffodils*

accommodation' according, though the precise value of the scholarships have not yet been finalised.

Further attempts at alleviating the ever growing accommodation problem are being made by the college finance office. One option under consideration is for the college to establish a company under the Business Expansion Scheme (BES). The BES is a government initiated scheme whereby private investors are encouraged to invest upto £40,000 with a five year tax-free period on the investment.

The money raised by the new company could be used to buy accommodation from the college, or to buy new accommodation for students. The company dividend would be derived from rent paid by students. Investors in the company are expected to be staff and friends of IC, not professional businessmen.

The scheme has been adopted by Cambridge University under the aegis of the Cambridge Colleges Fund raising

£60,000,000 to date. Although the scheme at Imperial is only in the consultative stages it is seen by many as an ideal way of securing accommodation for students in the coming years.

## **Example rents for single rooms for the next academic year with the obligatory number of weeks:**

Beit, Old Hostel	£40	51
Beit, New Hostel	£43	51
Southside PG	£52	51
Southside UG	£52	34/38
Garden	£41	51
Linstead	£52	34
Weeks	£52	34
Bernard Sunley	£40	38
Robert Pryor	£43	38
Holbein	£40	34
Fisher	£52	51
Southwell	£40	34
Willis Jackson	£40	34
Olave	£52	38/51
Clayponds	£48	38/51





ARTS

# Graveyard Shift

**F** Graveyard Shift is the second Stephen King adaptation to reach the big screen this month and inevitably some comparisons will be made with Misery. I'd have to say that any such comparisons aren't really fair because the two films are very different; Misery is a psychological thriller and Graveyard Shift is more of a straight creature feature.

This film is basically about a Gaussian probability distribution. What it goes like is this: There's a mill (cutely named the Bachman Mill, for those of you up on your King) which uses good ol' bone-crushing nineteenth century machinery to spin yarn. Said mill has a bit of a rat infestation problem. Which is where the bell curve comes in. See, there's a few small rats, down at the low probability end (rats aren't so generous to the smaller members of their population); there's a LOT of middlish kind of rats at the bit where the curve swells upwards, then the curve tails off again, where the really big rats are ..

The owner of the mill is an unpleasant gentleman with a kind of twisted Elmer Fudd accent who gets his employees working from eleven p.m. through to the



morning (the 'graveyard shift' of the title). Unfortunately, one by one, they start to disappear which necessitates a bit of hasty cover-up, but not to worry, a taciturn stranger who's a mean shot with a catapult has just arrived.

You can pretty much guess the rest, from the secretary who Finds Out Too Much to the part the mill machinery plays in the film's climax. The script (a first-time effort that doesn't say a great deal for the writer's future) is derived

from a King short story, and it shows. There's just not enough ideas to make a film from (and this is still a short one) and the direction doesn't exactly give those that there are a biting edge. Graveyard Shift is a competent but seriously unoriginal monster movie.

Hey, I've just had an idea. How about a film at the other end of the curve? You know, really titchy rats. They could, like, gang up or something ..

**The Flying Rat**

## Misery

**F** Misery is a fairly faithful adaptation of Stephen King's book of the same name. The story is pretty simple; an author, Paul Sheldon (James Caan), is rescued from his crashed car by his 'number one fan', Annie Wilkes (Kathy Bates, who won the 'Best Actress' Oscar for this performance). She traps him in her remote house and tends him halfway back to health, at which point she takes a high dive off a low plank and introduces him to her pet pig.

Things only get worse for Paul after this point, but to say too much would be to spoil the film. Annie gradually reveals herself to be in possession of so few of her marbles that it's a wonder she hasn't been committed earlier. In fact, as it turns out, she has, after some rather nasty incidents at a maternity ward..

Misery is directed by Rob Reiner, the same gentleman responsible for the much applauded King adaptation 'Stand By Me' to the screen. Here he does an equally skillful job for a difficult project; the majority of the film is based around only two characters and one set, but both the top-notch performances (Bates was truly deserving of her Oscar) and the excellent direction made sure my attention barely



flagged for the two hours.

The unfolding of the painful strategy games Paul and Annie play is executed with a surprising amount of humour and the shocks, when they come, come hard. You don't have to be a King fan or a horror freak for this one; it's a damn fine film.

**The Flying Gerbil**

## Video Winners

The winners of last week's video competition are:

1. **Stephen J. Brewster (Maths I)**
2. **Michael Spielle (Chem I)**
3. **John Furlong**

All three receive copies of *Dead Calm* and *Clara's Heart* courtesy of Warner Bros.

Please collect your prizes from the Felix office by next Friday.

## **F** —Film

## **T** —Theatre



# The Silence of the Lambs



ARTS



**F** *Silence of the Lambs* comes from the serial killer/psycho school of films. The point of these films tends to be 'grab the audience by the balls and don't let go'. Jonathan Demme's film grabs your balls.

Starring the excellent Jodie Foster as Clarice Starling, the 'bird' trying to escape the clutches of Hannibal Lecter, an ice-cool role played superbly by Anthony

Hopkins. 'Hannibal the Cannibal' (so named because he ate all his victims) is serving a life sentence in a modern-day 'dungeon' where his intellect is subjected (among other things) to the torture of listening to evangelists on TV. Hannibal happens to hold the key to the whereabouts of a killer roaming the streets whose hallmark is to skin his victims (nicknamed Buffalo Bill because

he 'likes to skin his humps'!!). Detective Starling is sent to probe the mind of Dr Hannibal Lecter, in order to track down his ex-patient, Buffalo Bill.

In the film Jonathan Demme very cleverly plays on our fears of (and voyeuristic urges for) mutilated bodies (which usually remain off-screen), insects, nasty looking psychos, etc. One of the most effective aspects of the film is the strong presence of the character Hannibal Lecter in all his scenes. Despite being behind bars, the viewer never doubts the power he commands, the danger he poses to Starling. And this I think is the driving force behind the film; Demme is able to create great tension with the help of Anthony Hopkins' performance, but never quite satisfies, leaving the audience salivating for the climax.

However, the film does fail when it starts to wander into the realm of psychobabble, trying to come to terms with Hannibal's psyche. The filmmakers seem to have some pretensions to this effect, but produce nothing coherent.

If you do go to see this film, however, there won't be many others in town offering as many thrills per second.

I.H.

# The Wind in the Willows



**T** "At infant school there were them and us. They read Winnie the Pooh; we read *The Wind in the Willows*. We won," says Brian Redhead (whoever he is). We can only grant you that he's telling the truth. The National Theatre is staging Alan Bennett's adaption of that old childhood classic *The Wind in the Willows*, and for all Toad and Moley-fans out there: This the chance to relive childhood, to go back to that wonderful

atmosphere of sun sets, plat and ice-cream (and for all you Winnie the Pooh-fans; this goes for you too! Don't let defeat get you down-you can always buy your Winnie postcards in the interval...(?))

They're all there, David Bamber as Mole, Michael Bryant as Badger, Richard Briers as Ratty and Griff Rhys Jones as Toad, each giving the performance of his life.

Exaggerated? Well, perhaps, but really, this was fun! Forgetting the world behind the Big Woods ("we avoid talking about it ...), the world of exams and other worries, the audience was captured by the magic (no kidding!) of the lighting, the costumes, the sounds, and last but not least: the scenery, every change of which brought on a round of spontaneous applause. Special credit to Jane Gibson for directing *Movements* - the animal characters are worked out brilliantly, and you are entertained just by the way they move around the stage.

How can we describe it? It's another world. It's fantastic (in the true sense of the word...) It's, oh why not go and see for yourselves! Bring your gran - and don't forget the ice-cream interval!

Rumpelstilze and Siao

# In Bed With Madonna

**F** Madonna has *FUCK ME* written all over her forehead. She is witty, crude, sexual and a bitch.

Filmed during her 'Blonde Ambition' tour of 1990, the documentary tries to show Madonna as you have never seen her before; human.

The filming is excellent, the stage scenes shot in glorious technicolor, back stage taken in 16mm black and white. It shows everything that goes on back stage on a world tour without making it look like an extended pop video. As a good documentary always should, it leaves you wondering whether or not it was all one big set up.

The hype regarding how sexual she was all the way through the film was somewhat exaggerated, after all she only touched her crotch a few times on stage—most of the time her dancers did it for her.

Her parents thought a few acts were a little over the top and so would yours. Not the kind of film you'd take your mother to see but all in all good fun.

Sam





CLUBS

# Howe Cup Shooting Champs

For the fourth year in succession, we have won the Howe Cup for long-range pistol shooting. This competition is open to all universities, but only Oxford were brave enough to challenge us. As it turned out, they wasted their time again. James Hurr started well with a storming 42/50 at 100 yards and achieved a total score of 105/150, equalling the college record. Simon Taylor and Tony Menzies shot on the following day and were hampered by strong winds and low cloud. So their scores of 92/150 and 73/150 respectively, were very good considering the bull at 300 yards is only 12" in diameter.

Cloud cover became progressively thicker on Oxford's side of the firing line. This could be the reason for their captain being unable to find the firing point within the allotted time.

The gravitational attraction of their coach is also believed to have adversely affected the trajectories of their bullets, although this would still fail to explain the random placing of their shots. In fairness to Oxford, IC does have the advantage of a better firing range and working facilities for pre-match preparation. Unfortunately, the future of

the facilities of the club are under serious threat of closure from the 'powers that be' in Sheffield. For future details contact James Hurr, Mech Eng III.

NB We would like to point out that the article in 'City Limit' entitled 'Women With Guns' was largely factually incorrect on several of the major points and deliberately misleading.

## BCCF

This year the British Students Federation held the Orienteering UAU finals at Sheffield. The particularly hilly region surrounding Sheffield, together with the seasonal Easter weather (driving rain) made the event even more arousing than last years, held in the New Forest with its flat open countryside and warm tropical weather. However this did not hold ICOC back, as both old (some quite old indeed) and new members got some very good times and positions.

Our best position was second in the Men's C course, achieved by Shaun Dore from a field of 17, with a very good time of

54.44 minutes thus ending an excellent first season with the club. We were most consistent in the Men's B, with 6th, 10th and 13th positions for Andy Fazakerly, Ian Richardson and Jeremy Tongue out of a total of 57 runners. Tone Nystrom, in the Woman's A did remarkably well getting a time of 86 minutes giving her 33rd position from a field of 56. And finally Rob Haddock came 46th out of 110 in the Men's A race.

Everyone who went had a wonderful time, even better when they had more beer. With the tour to Switzerland in 6 weeks, a few first places have to be possible, if only in the string course !!!

## Science Fiction

The Science Fiction Club Chairman, Steven Newhouse, would like to tell all the member of the club, that 'All the library books are NOW overdue. They should be returned to the library any lunchtime between 12.30-1.30pm before the 3rd June, 1991. After this date bills will be issued as it will be assumed that the books are going to be purchased.'





# IC Chart 90—91



Well if you have just crawled out of your shell after finishing all your exams, and still don't know that IC has it's own radio station, then you are in need of a psychiatrist. However, those of you who listen to IC radio will know that it broadcasts on 999 AM, 24 hours a day. IC radio is the country's only student radio station broadcasting in a built up area. They have a variety of music programmes daily to suit the tastes of everybody, together with an excellent news service with regular bulletins. You lot out there are even given the chance to phone in with your own requests so that they may be played on the airwaves, and make the rest of us suffer in torment. With this in mind, IC Radio together with FELIX, are going to try to find out what are the most popular songs among the IC students. All we ask of you is to fill out the form below (simply tell us what your favourite 3 singles are) and hand it in to either the FELIX office or directly to IC Radio. Hopefully, the DJ's at IC Radio will try to play as many of the entries as possible, with the compiled chart being played on IC Radio as well as being published in the end-of-year summer issue of FELIX. And a draw will be made from all the entries allowing one lucky person a chance to win a CD/LP/Tape of his/her own choice.



## Imperial College Music Chart 90—91

Artist

Single

1.....

2.....

3.....

Name ..... Department .....





## Fatima Mansions

—ULU 16.5.91

Hands up, all those familiar, who thought Cathal Coughlan was a maniac. Really? That many? Oh well, I suppose there was enough evidence; He swings and struts in churches, shrieks commands of 'Get these dead bodies off my racetrack', and spews forth other examples of downright obscure fruitcakery in the lyrics department. Yup. Mad as a beanpole.

So, after a charming but nevertheless bland set by *The Popinjays*, it's a small surprise to find a true devil of rock 'n' roll inhabiting the stage, Elvis, Iggy, Lucifer and Jesus: they're all there, embodied within the, ahem, 'demonic' persona of Cathal Coughlan. 'Valley of the dead cars', 'only losers take the bus' et al, bitch and steam like the driving poptunes they are; *Big Madness* sees him anguished and forlorn, a disappointed God saddened by the behaviour of the little monkey creatures (no solution?) and, like a good showman, saves all his best 'asskicks' for last. So snarls 'Viva dead ponies'.

It's hard to see them existing within the democracy of 'the band' ethos, really. A water-tight, excellent medium though they are, they are never anything more than that. Now that's fine if they're content to be simply Cathal Coughlan's band, but it gives me sod all to say about them. So, no complaints for this mere mention in passing, eh!

Hmmm. Cathal. What does he do for an encore? Well, children, the new single *You're a Rose* is given an airing, and finally, the 'never-to-be-left-out-of-the-set' *Blues for Ceausescu*. This is rock at its finest, rock to make even Iggy call it a day. *The Fatima Mansions*, coming soon to a church near you. And remember, children, keep music evil. Please.

Sonic Euph.

## Eskimos & Eygpt

—G'n'R That's What U Want? 12"

Nice try here lads. Using the guitar loop from *Sweet Child of Mine* the Eskimos spokesman raps, sounding like the guy from *Jesus Jones*, about homophobia, sexism etc to a well-worn beat and it ends up sounding like bad *Pop Will Eat Itself* and is actually a total waste of my time, your time and their time. Nice idea, after all G'n'R's social politics leave a lot to be desired, but stick to the day jobs for the time being. Sounds nothing like the MC5.

Dominic.

## Beat Happening

—Dreaming LP

An amateur looking and sounding threesome using the same, moderately successful format throughout; jangly tuneful guitar and nice thumping drums are a backdrop for pleasingly atonal vocals which trundle endlessly about sex and possibly other unrelated subjects.

The male voice has a wonderful (out of tune) booming bass growl. This record has very little production and if you play it loud enough through big speakers its attitude alone will put you in a stoopid mood.

Seb



## The Rockingbirds Rolling Revue

—Borderline 21.5.91

Howdy brothers and sisters and today I just gotta tell you that the country rock revival has already started and you've all missed the wagon. However you need not worry, as pretty soon it'll be coming to you and it's a-chooglin' that way BIG TIME. This is only the second time I've seen them but I can tell you, hey! pay attention, that they are the sure finest, smoulderin' band treading the boards at this moment. Their music, whilst paying homage—as we all do—to Gram Parsons, the Burritos, Johnathan Richman and the MC5 has instilled in it the true spirit of freedom, the soaring heights of a buzzard floating on the thermals high above the desert, the heights we only ever achieve on a few special times in our life. These are the heights this band, and tonight their guest singers but more of that later, achieve so calmly, so casually. When song after song, hell I don't know the song names and frankly I don't care when a band is this good words are useless anyway, sends a shiver down our spine you don't care for names.

Country rock is both at once so contemporary and so retro that though these boys may get blasted for being retro, whoever does the blasting is missing the whole point. They're keeping the spirit alive and with this kind of music it is the spirit it is played in that is all important. Now don't get me wrong, these boys are not rednecks or the like, in fact three of them come from Norwich and both the bassist and the Charlie Watts lookalike drummer used to be in *The Weather Prophets*, but somehow the true essence that is Nashville-meets-the Byrds-meets-E Emmy Lou Harris-meets, oh! what the heck I'm missing the point now but let it suffice to say the spirit is willing and the spirit is living and it's in these boys. They play 'Johnathan' and it's even better then when they supported the man himself a few weeks back 'Hanging out with Gram' they sing. It's just a shame Jojo himself isn't here to witness it. The yee-hahs after every song are testament to the band's devoted following and thwne one of their guests, who was wearing a blue shirt with white speckles

all over and looked like a cross between David Sylvian and Tim Burgess, comes on and they cover the velvets' *I'm Set Free*, well at first I faint and wake up in Nirvana. It's soooooo good. The best cover of a *Velvet Underground* song ever. It's just like the velvets gone country with John Cale on fiddle and not viola. Later I discover that the singer is Joss Cope, Julian's brother. Coooolness in extremis.

They have lots of foxy babes who come on and sing all sorts of eloquent interpretations of old standards whose names I either never knew or I've forgotten. The knee length boots, the long locks, the spangly waistcoats and the ubiquitous bottle of beer in hand are not de rigueur but they make everything flow just that little bit more. Another guest of theirs looking like a cross between Dr Scrote and Jools Holland is so far gone he can't even remember the 'la-la-la-la-la's' when they do Norwegina Wood. The spirit of the open plains, the hard tales which lead men to the bottle and the forlorn love songs which melt your heart upon first hearing rolls on and there's no stoppin' 'em yet. Andy the guitarist still looks like he's either my mate Paddy or he's in Free circa (don't you just love that word circa?? Goddamn it it's so middle-aged.) 1973 with his blond locks all kinda curled 'n' crimped. This is why there is still hope for music yet. This is why you can take all yoru Chapterhouses and Slowdives and all those others and shove em right up your narrow-minded self-centred oppressive ass. You can burn all my records, tear out all my hair and throw darts at my eyes, but this band are the business. This band have reformed not only my love of music, but also the joy of living, the joy of breathing, the joy of having a good time which has been so lacking in all those dour, introspective, let's-stare-at-our-feet school of music bands. Well you'd all better watch out, 'cos *The Rockinbirds* are comin' for your daughters. After the show the tambourine player tells me they've just signed a deal with Heavenly. Everything fits, everything is perfect, I am alive, so is the world, so just keep on a-chooglin'.

Dominic



# Elvis Costello

## -Mighty Like a Rose LP

Thirteen albums on and yes, he's still angry, still tearing at the guts of society with that unique brand of gleeful ruthlessness, still spitting venom at the villains while tenderly mourning their victims. And yes, he's still good. *Mighty Like A Rose* boasts no less than fourteen of those unfashionable things called songs that scream with the McManus genius for writing in every conceivable musical style. One minutes he's taking the *Beatles* on a magical mystery tour of Costello-land (Harpies Bizzare), the next he's coming on like Bob Dylan jamming with Tom Waits (Hurry down Doomsday).

Then there's the lyrics, a welcome antidote to the wilful vacuity of the pseudo blissed-out acid crowd. Take 'Invasion of the Hit Parade', where the collapse of dictatorship hails the messianic invasion of all the horrors of the west: "The liberation forces make movies of their own/ playing their Doors records and pretending to be stoned/ ...pursued by a TV crew and coming after them/ a limousine of singing stars and their brotherhood anthem." Meanwhile 'The Other Side Of Summer' contrasts an infectuous mock-*Beach Boys* tune with a lyric that describes not good vibrations, but "the foaming breakers of the poisonous surf/ ...the burning forests in the hills of the astroturf." Something tells me you won't be seeing Elvis on the Groovy Train—Thank God! Instead he'll be glaring from the LP sleeve with a doomy expression, waiting for the end of the world and refusing to be saved.

Paddy Void, Chairman of the MC5 appreciation society

# Fat Lady Sings

## -Twist LP

This lot should get their libidos under control. Eleven 'she's great, fantastic, etc. but she thinks I'm a prat' songs don't make a good album. They make a crap one.

Apart for the single, *Arclight*, nothing climbs higher than your shins, a good job really, most tracks content to slide around on the floor looking for a victim. They sound like a mixture of *Deacon Blue* with some of the early *Hothouse Flowers* stuff. Well the tunes do but the words, oh what a shame. All this she's so wonderful crap gets right up my nose. With this sort of attitude they're as likely to score as Gazza.

There are far more interesting (and important?) things to write songs about than your lower regions and their urges. You've got talent enough to produce

# The Real People

-ULU 9.5.91

Eight months ago *The Real People* played the ICA to an audience if counted on fingers and toes would leave your thumbs free. They were notably angered by all this, playing a set of passion that can only be associated with several years of struggle culminating with having the door marked fame and fortune resoundingly slammed in your face. If this wasn't their invitation to eat humble pie then the flop of their first single *Window Pane* must have been the second helping.

Eight months on and the times they are a changing. Lauded as post baggy champions and the new merriahs of the Liverpool 'scene' *The Real People* have no one to impress anymore, they always knew they were great and they've come for some acknowledgement.

'Nice one' says Tony Griffiths between each and every song, and nice ones they were too but too nice. Gone the fear of rejection, the frustrated work-outs and shouts of 'notice me'.

This is forty-five minutes of take it or leave it, clear blemishless playing, their rough edges and poc marks far too easily concealed. But some things you can't hide *Window Pane* is still a classic experience in melody and tune (where are they now?) *Come On* remains as seminal a Hendrix thrash as ever and, well, and then there's *The Truth*, their third single and it's as staining as the worse wet fart. This is where the *Real People* compromise, lose their identity and homogenise into *The La's* slush of jangle and insipidness.

*The Real People* will be the great people but only as long as they remain *The Real People*.

Marjorie Strobes.

the fat lady sings



twist

good melodies, so how about it lads, some decent words?

Pebbles

# LOOP



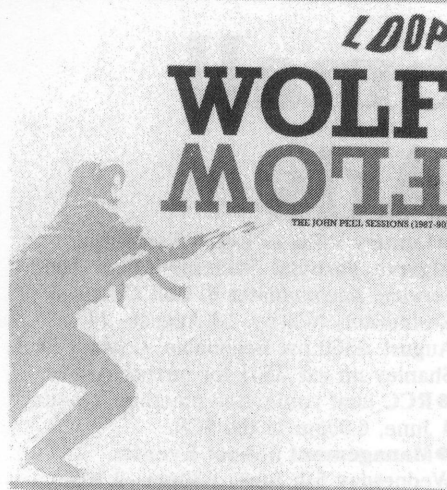
MUSIC

## -Wolf Flow LP

*Loop*, where the guitar overload of the *MC5* meets the intense, incessant pulse of *Suicide*. *Loop*, where the diet is hypnosis. 'Soundhead' is faster, rawer than the original, all tracer like guitar phasing from speaker to speaker. 'Rocket USA', a cover of a *Suicide* track, sounds just like the original with an added buzzing guitar which buzzes at just the right frequency to induce foaming at the mouth. This, combined with the minimalist pulse of the keyboards, ensures you pay attention.

Throughout the album the swirling guitars mesh in the centre of your head, hypnotizing and repetitive, battling with the vocals to form a wraparound sound which entrances and envelopes you. Sometimes overbearing, never subdued *Loop* are loud whatever volume you play them at. Aside from 'Rocket USA' and the closing epic track 'Sunburst' the songs are all variations on the same theme; 'Pulse' has shimmering tremolo; 'Collision' which is truly the sounds of planets crunching together in your head. Alas *Loop* have now imploded, but this remains an evolutionary testament of their unique brand of drone-rock.

Dominic



# Competition

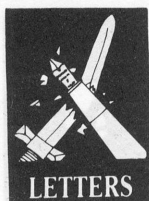
Just answer the following easy-peasy questions:

(1) Who is lead singer with the U.K. Subs?

(2) What is Loop spelt backwards?

Answers on an orange postcard to FELIX and the first three correct answers picked out of the black hole next Tuesday (4th June) win a copy. You don't know how lucky you are, you lucky people!





# Scribbler's Corner

## Friendly Accommodation Flat Segregation

Accommodation in London can be a real bind sometimes. Even if you find a place, it is not always very welcoming. Consequently, one of our aims as Chaplains is to encourage community. We run several student houses where students don't just have four walls to go home to, but a community to live in. This is forged by a weekly meeting to discuss relationships and any day to day matters, like shopping and rent payment. Houses agree to eat their main evening meal together each day (more or less). Each house goes away on a weekend early in the new term to forge better relationships.

There are two ways in which this might interest you. Firstly, we have one or two places left, and you may wish to apply. Secondly, you may already be in a flat with friends and want to explore the idea of community for yourselves, but want advice. Either way, we hope that your student days will be enhanced. The opportunity is there for the taking.

**Paul Brice (Chaplain) IC Office ext 8633, Home 071-229 5089**

Dear FELIX,

In the debate about changes in administering the residences one aspect seems in danger of being lost amongst the more immediate issue of increased rent. I refer to the matter of re-grouping room allocations according to length of stay, thus effectively splitting student population groups up even more. In the long term I suspect that this will have a broader impact on college life as a whole than any other of the proposals.

This seems a very peculiar approach to take when so many staff at the college do their utmost to try and integrate the community, from the tutorial group at an academic level, through to HUB and Union activities at a social level. This, too, at the very time in life that it is beneficial for students to broaden their experience and contact with a wide variety of people, so fitting them better for employment. Also, hearing so much talk about Europe and how the college is rightly adapting to it's challenge, how can it at the same time be doing the opposite

and narrowing cross-cultural contact, simply out of administrative convenience. I'm sure that it would be administratively more convenient if students and staff stayed in bed and didn't clutter up so many labs, canteens and other facilities.

Imperial College does not have a good name for its community feel and balanced social mix and, as I've already pointed out, many staff and students go beyond the call of duty to counteract this. However, to have such positive attempts sabotaged at such a fundamental level as in residence administration, which is the one social aspect the college does have control over, raises real questions about the overall integration of college policies.

I would urge everyone to reconsider what social conditions we already have, how we can enhance them within the constraints we are given, and not to let this matter rest.

The Revd. Paul Brice, West London Chaplaincy.

## Small Ads

● **Luxury Villa to Let.** Villamoura, Algarve, Portugal. Swimming Pool. Maid Service. Accomadates 6. Golf Course & Restaurants Nearby. 10 August-24 August. £350 pw negotiable. Contact Paul Shanley on ext 3501 for further details.

● **RCC joint committee meeting:** Tuesday 4 June, 6.00pm in the SCR.

● **Management School Events:** Wednesday 5th June, 1.30pm-2.30pm, PG202.


Simon Phillips from consultants Newchurch & Co. will be speaking about using an MBA qualification in real life situations.

Thursday 6th June, 6.00pm-7.30pm, PG202.

Bob Garratt from the Institute of Directors, will be speaking about 'Learning Organisations'.

● **Poetry Readings:** Martyn Crucefix reads and discusses poetry from his book *Beneath Tremendous Rain* on Thursday 13 June at 4.45pm in the Haldane Library.

**Mend-a-Bike**  
PETER THOMAS



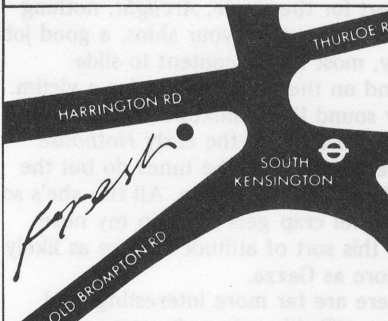
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# Editorial



The imminence of exams has finally begun to take its toll on the peace of mind of this fair Editor, and so this and the next issue of Felix are largely under the control of my ever vigilant Production Manager Chris. In the mean time I'm going to be working at passing this year (!), and doing as much as I can for the extra-special-super-doooper-and-very-large SUMMER SPECIAL!!!! (the crowd goes wild...)

The extra-special, etc, SUMMER SPECIAL!!!

Yes, it's getting close to that time of year when every Felix Editor since time began goes a little bit more crazy than usual, and decides to go out in a blaze of glory. I'm a little different to the usual Editor, in the sense that I'll still be here next year, and thus will have to live with the

results!

So, Chris and I have, in our eminent and joint insanity, decided to attempt the largest ever issue of Felix, complete with a special type of binding, and lots of essential summer stuff. However, it's all top secret, so I'm not going to say any more. Unless you want to help by writing something for it, or otherwise giving us a hand, in which case you too could become one of the select group of people who are 'in the know'. What an incentive...

Moving swiftly along, but not much further, if you lazy slobs are going to miss out on the end of term and all the parties by leaving early, you're going to miss the Extra Special Summer Issue. So, if you don't want to miss out you better drop us a line together with a cheque or postal order for £1 made payable to the

ICU Print Unit to cover postage (yes it's very heavy!).

#### **Credits:**

**Printing and Typesetting:** Andy and Chris

**News Editor:** Anna

**Arts Editors:** Sumit and Matt

**Music Editor:** Dominic

**Books Editor:** Michael

**Clubs Editor:** Khurrum

**Photo Editor:** Dick

**The Team:** Ian, Adam H, Jonty, Nigel and all the reviewers.

**The Collators:** We need them!

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**SUMMER SPECIAL!!**  
**ARTICLES WANTED**  
**Serious, Funny, Mad, or**  
**Down Right Outrageous –**  
**We'll Take 'Em All!**  
**And If You Haven't Got**  
**Any Ideas, Come In And**  
**See Us, Because We Have!**



# **Rector's Question Time**

**Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> June**

**5.30 pm**

**Mech Eng 220**



The Rector, Sir Eric Ash, will be answering questions on any topics raised by an audience of students and staff. Questions will be taken from the floor, but can also be submitted in advance.

In the chair: Paul Shanley, ICU President

-A unique opportunity to ask the man at the top about current issues.

**Questions may be submitted to the IC Union office, Beit Quad, or by telephone (x3500).**