

Kredstudent

The weekly newspaper of UKC Students' Union

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Kred is 100%
recycled

Woman Attacked in Eliot College

by Clair Wilcox,
Women's Officer

Most of us take our own, personal safety for granted. We walk where we choose, at whatever time of day or night we want - 'most of us' will probably include more men than women. Safety is, by and large, not an issue over which sleepless nights are lost or which occupies the mind in the pub, at home, on campus, or on the bus. To completely ignore its importance, however, is to lull yourself into a false sense of security.

On Saturday night (Oct 3rd) a woman was attacked in Eliot College. She was verbally and physically abused in an incredibly disturbing manner. Fortunately, the physical assault was slight, though vicious. The incident impressed upon those of us who dealt with it, the continuing relevance of our campaigns for safety precautions.

This Students' Union has probably one of the strongest and most persistent safety campaigns in the country. It is a sad fact that our fight to force the University to realise the importance of students' safety was kick-started by the rape of a woman, in her own room on campus, and an attempted rape on the same night. These incidents threw floodlights on the University's inadequacies as regards

safety and an occupation of the Registry ensued. As a result of this action we had many of our demands answered: spyholes installed in doors, free attack alarms provided, the late night minibus, the escort service established etc.

Three years later, however, the University has steadily eroded our achievements. Every time they think we're not looking they surreptitiously dispose of another security guard or night porter.

The incident on Saturday should make you realise that safety issues are vital to every single person on this campus. Women will not stop being attacked until the whole basis of our society is changed, until men are no longer in such a position of power that they can abuse it. In the meantime women need to be aware of safety risks. Think sensibly about how you're going to get home, is your residence safe and secure, etc. Men need to acknowledge the fact that women face different safety risks than themselves, shoulder some of the responsibility of safety and help us in the struggle for a safer campus.

Most importantly, don't panic or be scared - just be aware.

Come and see Clair in the Union Building to report any incidents or if you have any problems or queries or worries.

NUS Cards

Over 1500 of these have been issued at Registration. If you have not yet collected yours, they are available from the Union Building reception. Everyone is entitled to one!!



SNAP!! In Eliot College last week

Accommodation Crisis Worsen's

by Tahsin Guner (D)

The numbers of students living off-campus has shown a dramatic increase this year, with almost half of all students forced to find accommodation outside of UKC. Even 216 extra places in Park Wood could not keep up with the increase in students, due to government policy ensuring that more and more students enrol in Further Education. Worst of all, many first year students are denied on-campus accommodation. For these students, their first experience of University life is the hassle of finding suitable digs at the right place and location.

But the burden to off-campus students goes beyond

the first few weeks. Traveling to University every day not only costs money, but valuable time better spent studying, drinking in the bar, sleeping, and so on. For first year students it can be harder to make friends, cliques of students living along the same corridor having already formed after the first day. Students living on campus are surrounded by friends from day one.

Contrary to popular belief students are only allowed one year of on-campus accommodation. This year this has led to problems with third year Computer Science students whose heavy lab work necessitates proximity to the University. According to the Master's Secretary at Darwin, this one-year limit is Univer-

sity policy decided by the Registry and the Pro Vice Chancellors.

So what needs to be done? Rita Wale of the Accommodation Office says: 'There needs to be a change in University policy.' The argument posed by Masters and Admissions is that a mix of 1st, 2nd and 3rd year students living on-campus enriches University life. Maybe so, but with so many students living off-campus, many are denied sharing fully in this life.

In some Universities, for example Norwich, on-campus accommodation is guaranteed to ALL first year students, with the likelihood of returning in the third year. If it can be done there, why not so at UKC?

45's

By Martin Coward
Cell: Fall
 New on City Slang, Cell are archetypal US grunge rockers and, surprisingly, Thurston Moore's interest in their early career (a debut on Ecstatic Peace) has failed to rub off on them. There is little discord, little tension, just trustworthy workhorse chords. "Fall" has a good finale though, it's guitars working through an oddly disjointed stop/start refrain to a crescendo which descends into obligatory feedback. However, the feedback lacks menace and is just a substitute for the old fade out. Where Nirvana have raw tension, anger and a potent sense of the here and now, and Sonic Youth use their offkey attacks as a springboard for meltdowns of gargantuan proportions, Cell are slackers on a bandwagon. It'll take more than a good rock-out to make a real dent.

Anna: Icon
 As a college publication we often suffer a deluge of absolute garbage, sent by every hopeful record company that believes all students have no taste and form the minority known as "those who search for the most unknown band." However, it's a real pleasure to find the new Anna EP lurking in the mail. As you'll know if you saw them in Eliot, Anna are a rocket fuelled, self propelled guitar outfit. Vaguely reminiscent of Sonic Youth in a jam with the Pixies all being reworked by Nirvana, it's excellent stuff. And it feels British, which is even better. "Icon" is a little weak and I still think Public Enemy's "Fight the Power" comments on Elvis are better than Anna's rather obvious "Elvis Presley was a rock 'n' roll star" lyric. However, "Turn Back the Tide" is a speed freak rock-out with lashings of feedback and a good chunky bass-line. Whilst it's loud it's not grunge, sticking to a decent pace throughout. The extension of "Icon" on the b-side is far better than the a-side allowing the chiming guitars to make a later appear-

ance with much greater effect. Finally, with menacing lonely guitars the slower "All That I Ever" is a fitting end. The song broods with studied feedback below the vocals giving it a contemplative feel. Keep your ears to the ground.

Big Mouth: Shut It
 Big Mouth are more typical of the run-of-the-mill stuff. Billed as being bluesy and Red Hot Chili Pepperish (though why anyone would want to be the latter I don't know), they actually turn out to be a lightweight type "indie" band. "Indie" in the kind of sense that only major record companies understand. OK, so the rhythms are punchy and the singer can hit his notes. There's even feedback but it's like Muzak compared to the ferocity associated with top acts these days (check out Medecine's "Anica"). Anyway, there are a few "Oh Yeas" and James style whoops thrown in alongside a fuzzed up guitar but in the end it's too lightweight to convince me that Big Mouth actually (c)are about anything (even a good time). They even produce the line "Beatles and Stones" in their rock eulogy "Poplife" and yet fail to realise that it was the aching teen angst of the House Of Love which excused their contrite lyrics, here I just want out. Shut it.

Radiohead: Creep
 E.P.
 Nowadays, 'indie guitar' bands need to be slightly above the pedestrian norm to cut the mustard (usually to be helped along by terminal hype from the radio and the press). Sadly, this 4 track EP isn't going to catapult Radiohead into the limelight alongside Suede, the Manics and Teenage Fanclub, although it is a sturdy platform for the future.

The title track is the pick of the bunch, pretending to be whining dirge of self-examinatory pity until the guitars crash like a bulldozer through your speakers, only to die back like a wounded animal. Not an immediate classic, but a very promising effort, excellent vocals, well written lyrics and slick (perhaps over) production.

"Lurge" is like Slowdive with a vocalist, whilst 'Inside My Head' is an altogether rockier number, losing all the accumulated atmosphere, distinguished only in its borrowing of a Carter lyric. "Million Dollar Question" is a near-perfect pastiche of Teenage Fanclub, which is unfortunate, as it is every bit as competent as its inspiration, just sadly stigmatized with originality. The future? Touring with the Frank and Walters should teach them about potentially difficult audiences, but I'm sure they'll benefit from the exposure.

Catapulted from tentative fan to 'Teen'-hype sceptic last year, I was fearful of the worst. We do hate it when our friends become successful, so I could only hope that commercial recognition had tainted a most promising act. Playing as a way of life is a totally different kettle of fish to playing for real money and to say that nothing short of an A-bomb

A Competition

"R"uby Trax", a forty track, triple CD or double cassette compilation put together by NME and Radio One, is a collection of covers by The Jesus and Mary Chain, The Wonderstuff, Senseless Things, Carter, Frank and Walters, Suede and more. Beatwax Promotions is offering a white label, ultra rare, triple vinyl version as a prize in a nationwide competition. All you have to do is answer the following question:

Who originally performed "Brass In Pocket"? (covered by Suede on Ruby Trax).

All answers by 31 October to: Beatwax, Unit 8a, Southam Street, Ladbroke Grove, London W10 5PH (Not to KredStudent).

And an Offer

If you don't happen to win you can take advantage of a really decent offer. If you cut out this article from KredStudent and use it when ordering the album by sending a coupon from NME (currently the album is only available by mail - see details in NME from 3/10 onwards), you get £1 off the price. As all proceeds go to the Spastics Society it can't be bad, huh?

Albums

By Martin Coward

Mudhoney: Piece of Cake



This is a real sign of the times album in which Mudhoney descend from their position of Sub Pop flag bearers to the level of sub-Nirvana metal ramblings. There is some brilliance in this very varied affair yet those tracks which are worth their vinyl nearly always hark back to Superfuzzbigmuff and the storming brilliance of "In 'N' Out of Grace" or "Mudride". It seems that Mudhoney have succumbed to the fate that awaits all of their hairy breed: lack of ability to adapt. Mudhoney are stuck with two speeds: breakneck, sh**kicking fast and slow, bowel-wrenching annihilation. Now I'm not suggesting that this means Mudhoney are no good; the nitro induced ride of "No end in Sight" is a fine opener just as "Thirteenth Floor Opening" is a ride through trauma that strips flesh with its acidic guitar. It's just that there is a danger of it all becoming repetitive.

Mudhoney's answer to this problem is the introduction of four, witty "instrumentals" into the proceedings. While this may have been a side-splitting studio joke between the four of them it really is a case where "you had to be there". The self-explanatory "Fartz" is a puerile child's fantasy that would be more at home on The Young Ones. That to Mark Arm has been reduced to infantile mouth farts due to signing a major deal is really sad in every sense of the word. However, enough moaning. "Techno", the only decent "instrumental", is just that: a mental portrayal of the vapid spawn of Altern 8. "Suck You Dry" is Ministry meets "Touch Me I'm Sick" in classic style. Fuzzed and muted guitars keep a merciless beat while Mark screams through distortion. The final track, "Acetone", is a welcome addition showing that Mudhoney can appreciate silence, although Mark's nasal whine has me wondering whether this is a pastiche ballad, a tongue in cheek fake. Eventually, I decide it's genuine and it could even be touching. In the end, this is an album that offers six of one, ten of the other; good and bad respectively. It may just be that Mudhoney were never more than a good metal band. The next album will be decisive if they are not to become the Iron Maiden of Seattle. Meanwhile, the verdict is [nar- rowly] open.

SNAP!
 Review
 Next week



The Cranberries

Intro-week gig highs & lows

Family GoTown, Keynes JCR

By Nat High

Considering that it was the VERY first day of term and that everyone SHOULD have been in the bar asking each other about their A-level results, it really could have gone very horribly wrong for Family Go Town. Luckily it didn't.

Two singles into their career, FGT are carving a happy little niche for themselves as purveyors of Hammond Organ Genius. This is thanks to Kath Ludlow. I think Kath Ludlow is ace. Oh yes. With her static body and flailing arms, she looks like a 'Thunderbird' or 'Sting-ray' extra, and yet, beneath that 'comedy' exterior, she drives this band. No Kath, no FGT, it's that simple. That said, the rest of the band do chip in with WAY more than

their two-pennorth. Jokes? We got 'em. An air of shambolic wonder? It's here. Oh, there's also plenty of room for 'twist song malarkey. These are not normal people. Lucky, too, really, or else they'd be horribly crap. As they're not, however, we can all breathe easier.

The 3-minute pop gem fused with more energy than is humanly possible is what Family Go Town are about. When their inevitable chart glory appears, rejoice, for the rest of the world will have woken up to nuggets like 'Box', 'Turtle' and 'Can't Stop the Tide'. Fun, energy, a healthy streak of self-deprecating humour and more support for other bands than anyone else. Oh, and then there's ... enough!

They'll be back. The rest of you should come along next time.

The Popinjays, Eliot JCR

By Fabian G Ironside

The opinions of others should be treated with suspicion, always. An embittered old journalistic warhorse from the battlefields of Rock advised me that I needn't even turn up at the concert to review it. "What about my journalistic integrity?", I icily demanded, a question his cynical war-ravaged mind couldn't comprehend. "You're acting like a first day greenie, son. Wait until you've been in a few fights and show me integrity then", he might as well have said. Another associate seemed to be arguing two diametrically opposed theories on the merits of live performance, simultaneously, and worse, so was I. I got the hell out. It's true that I was preparing my review before the concert, as advised, and I remembered the Oscar Wilde quote: "One always suspects he has a secret

vice... or worse, he hasn't!". The Popinjays would probably be as bad as I expected.

The support band were atrocious. In a moment of journalistic articulation I might say, "They were as bad musically as I am at writing reviews. The right people will know what I mean, the wrong ones will miss the point. Ciao now, baby". I was accused of lack of Teen Spirit during their set, when I complained of losing my seat. "Pussy", sneered a couple of headbangers. "What's a seat?" Anyone who'd headbang to a Popinjays support band would headbang to their mother singing in the bath.

I fell into an impromptu conversation with the Popinjays lead singer before they went on. For a bottle of beer, she said, we would have to name the son of God. Rather than

Eskimos and Egypt, Rutherford JCR

By Martin Coward

What a catastrophe. Just as E 'n' E sounds are about to reach orbit and simultaneously fry all our brains they storm off into the distance; the culprit, a glass or two (plastic, of course). Then after we've coaxed them out of early retirement the fire alarm goes off, for a moment it's the perfect accompaniment, then we have to leave, utterly unsatisfied. Me, I'd have rather burnt alive in a frenzy of guitar driven hardcore.

E 'n' E sound is most neatly summed up by their extravert, energetic frontman as "What happens when hardcore meets guitar". Unfortunately, the hybrid is really only a new form of hardcore, not the razor sharp ton of lead sound that the likes of Ministry have developed. And, also unfortunately, the whole enterprise is limited to a few twisted samples, beats and riffs. If you've heard "Welcome to the Future" you've heard it all.

Don't get me wrong, this was a stormer of a gig, but hardcore isn't really varied, is it? The E 'n' E experience is a dance moment: it's when you shut your eyes and lock into the trance like groove. Then it's sublime. And there's a white boy rapping, and not doing it too badly either. So E 'n' E must be doing something right. Tonight is difficult to assess due to aforementioned disasters, but it's plain to see that the Eskimos are powerful and deserved better.

Exposed

The Cranberries: Exposé, The Penny Theatre, Canterbury

By Martin Coward

It's almost painful at times to see such fragility, such naked emotion. The hesitant and almost mistrusting glances Delores throws into the audience betray a band truly uncertain about the depths which it can display. It's as if they fear their beautiful, raw compositions will be bragged about by the audience, taken away from them and abused by those who listen. It's like a tentative lover, scared their secrets are not wholly safe. This fragile

tension is the over-riding feature of their set tonight. Between-song changes are hurried, intros mumbled, thank yous a shy whisper. Where Delores should ooze sensuality she becomes a disappreciated presence by virtue of her hesitant non-communication with the audience. All that is left is that stunning voice and the feelings it evokes. At times The Cranberries are so introspective that their mid-song breaks are lost in their own decay of emotion. Where the break in "Dreams" soars

on vinyl it is shy and faltering tonight. All this makes The Cranberries so much more beautiful and meaningful. And I'm reminded of four great women, Kristin Hersh (who Delores reminds me of the most tonight), Sinead O'Connor (her voice mostly), Alison Shaw (of The Cranberries) and Harriet Wheeler. The Cranberries aren't a hybrid: they're their own entity. But one can't help comparing such a strong rhythm section to that of Throwing Muses, such soft, often indecipherable lyrics to

the scarred, lush sound of The Cranes, such clear guitar to that of The Sundays' Gavurin. But mostly I'm just lost for words. As the earth spins I feel myself wanting to say "Yes I feel that too". The articulation of uncertainty and trepidation is like nothing anyone else has ever achieved.

Tonight's high points are many: perhaps it's the fast paced, gutsy "Not Sorry". Or perhaps it's the number after "Dreams" with its tough, primal drum rhythm and low vocals. Although I think it's

probably the encore which sees an acoustic guitar alone with Delores' voice followed by a fuzzed up race through "Liar". I leave knowing that there are still those who can strip away their flesh to show their skeletons; those who don't need to hide their inadequacies and fears in the bluster and grunge of metal. Tonight was a fragile and truly precious moment.

Nevermind

Reading Festival 30th August

By Neil Harrison

Still reeling from the brilliance of Mudhoney and the indifference of Nick Cave, I lined up with a mere 40,000 others to await the phenomenon that is Nirvana. Coated to the knees in mud and soaked to the bone, I really needed something to warm my cockles (as Frankie would have said), and was I disappointed? Yes... Catapulted from tentative fan to 'Teen'-hype sceptic last year, I was fearful of the worst. We do hate it when our friends become successful, so I could only hope that commercial recognition had tainted a most promising act. Playing as a way of life is a totally different kettle of fish to playing for real money and to say that nothing short of an A-bomb

could have lifted the event is not an exaggeration. It's a sad, sad sight to see a band going through the motions, dollar signs glinting in their eyes, still riding on the crest of a year old album. Musically, the performance was competent enough, ploughing its way through the three singles, a large chunk of 'Nevermind' and a liberal splashing from 'Bleach'; condemned to something more like 'Tepid Urine' in this case. One false start and a totally incompetent rendition of 'Teen Spirit' almost made me want to get up on stage and give Kurt a push; instead, I popped off for a coffee ("50p!! You must be joking..."). A short set, and a more than half-reasonable Greatest Hits selection was followed by a lengthy interval and an encore

from hell. The band returned on stage just as the sympathy shouts of "More!" had died down and unleashed the utter dregs of their repertoire. Did the encore really last longer than the main set, or was it just my recurring nightmare? To cap it all, we were treated to 10 minutes of feedback, a rendition of 'The Star Spangled Banner' and the destruction of instruments; pur-lease... do Nirvana really have to plagiarise Hendrix and Townsend to make a musical statement? Saturday night had already seen the Manic Street Preachers bashing-up guitars, as is borne witness by a security guard, 16 stitches and a possible law suit. Maybe I'm going a little over the top; Nirvana were good for 40 minutes and recent go-

Review

By Hamish Ironside
Hullabaloo Magazine

Hearing Madonna's "Erotica" for the first time, digging Ezra Pound's "Mr Nixon" for epigrams and simultaneously burdened with the desire to express the merits of Hullabaloo magazine for all your crazy Kred addicts, I'm forced to admit once again that life is absurd. In the face of this banal revelation, Hullabaloo suffers from my sudden urge to call it "bijou". It's 30p, right? What can you get in the library basement for 30p these days? "That's not the point", you say. That's exactly the point. Thank you. Getting more specific, Hullabaloo opens with the face of Yoko Ono, black and orange. It closes with a crap cartoon. The meat of the sandwich, if you'll excuse the nauseating



Nirvana - Tepid?

turn of phrase, and there's no reason why you should, is in the epistolary nature of the handwritings within. Mostly by Laurence Remila, Hullabaloo's metamorphic editor, the variety of material bewilders: a chocolate bar survey, superb literary juvenilia, reflections on angst, the films of Yoko Ono, a film of an autopsy, rock 'n' rollin' in Paris' red light district. Other things by other people. Humble in the long shadows cast by Lester Bangs and Jean-Paul Sartre, Remila yet covers all your variegated concerns; which is, I guess, why it's good. Get it for 30p. From 31 Bishop's Way, Canterbury. "Psychotic lives a castle; a neurotic lives in it" - Yoko Ono, 'O Sanity'. "Consider carefully the reviewer" - Ezra Pound, "Mr Nixon".