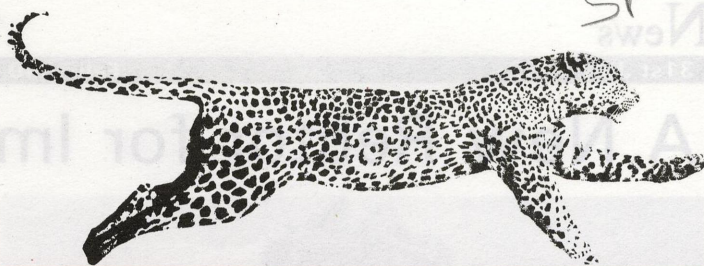


FELIX

The Student Newspaper of Imperial College



Stanhope in trouble as Furse bid fails

One of the companies connected with members of the Imperial College Board of Governors is reported to be in severe financial difficulties as a result of the crash of Olympia and York, (O&Y), the Canary Wharf developers.

Stuart Lipton, a member of the Board of Governors, Chairman of the Estates Committee, and a member of the Board of Directors, is also the Chief Executive of Stanhope Properties. Mr Lipton refused to comment to *iCNN* on the reports that shares in Stanhope were used as security by O&Y to guarantee the repayment of O&Y's loans.

The share dealing was first reported in the *Independent on Sunday* on the 5th July. According to business correspondent, Gail Counsel, Olympia and York purchased 32.6% of Stanhope's shares in 1988, at a cost of £137 million. When Olympia & York filed for bankruptcy in May of this year, these shares only had a projected value of £9.2 million.

The *Independent* also reported that Stanhope's bankers are looking at possible ways of restructuring the company's finances and that Stanhope may face 'concerted action' from the banks.

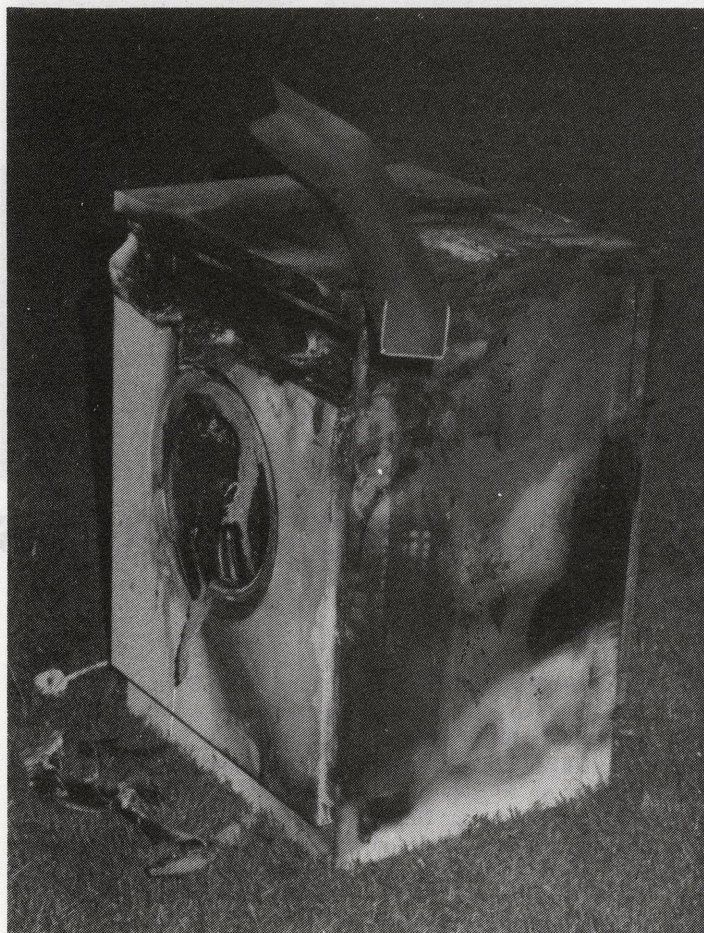
Mr Lipton was also one of several governors considering the purchase of Furse House, on Queen's Gate Terrace, a property owned by Stanhope Properties. *iCNN* has learned that the College has decided not to purchase the former Ministry of Defense Hostel, which could have housed up to 200 students. The plan to purchase Furse House has been seen to be closely linked to the soon to be retiring Rector, Sir Eric Ash.

Speaking to *iCNN* in June, Sir Eric said that he 'would give his Party. The first draft of the report, published last term, was roundly criticised, with several pages of corrections and errata submitted in response. In particular the response of wardens to the report angered the Rector, who said that he was 'cold with fury'. The rector has himself caused consternation with his letter to Felix in issue 939, denying that he used that particular phrase. Sir Eric's denial has been flatly contradicted by three independent sources, who told *iCNN* that they heard the Rector use this phrase when referring to the warden's response to the Working Party report. The Rector is now believed to be restoring relations with College Managing Director, Angus Fraser, and Estates Director, Gordon Marshall. The relationship between these three senior College administrators was damaged by the recent management rows over the Working Party report, and the plans to buy Furse House.

right arm' to 'buy the hostel, though he did add that the deficit on the Estates account could not be extended beyond its current two million pound level. Sir Eric recently hosted a reception for college alumni, who were being targeted for donations towards the cost of the property. Estates sources said that the College would have had to have raised three million pounds to pay for the hostel.

The decision not to buy Furse House has given the Estates Division time to further contemplate the report from the Residences Strategy Working

Fire in Clayponds



The Creda washing machine that caught fire in Clayponds. Every house in the estate has the benefit of one.

A fire broke out in a washing machine in Imperial College's Clayponds estate at the end of term. The Creda washing machine is the second on the Estate to have burst into flames this summer.

The occupants of the house woke to find the house filled with 'thick black smoke'. As there are no

internal phones in Clayponds the fire brigade had to be called from a nearby phone box. A neighbour, Richard Evers put the electrical fire out with the water fire extinguisher that was present in the house as there were no foam fire extinguishers present in the building.

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8 Local Sports Centres
9,10,11 Arts Roundup

A New Rector for Imperial College



Professor Sir Ronald Oxburgh was appointed Rector of Imperial College on 17th July 1992. The appointment was formally accepted at a meeting of the Governing Body held on the same day.

An announcement on the appointment of the new Rector had been expected on 26th June, but was delayed without explanation until during the Summer vacation. It has been generally rumoured that the delay was caused by the reluctance of Sir Ronald to take up the position.

The post of Rector officially becomes vacant on 1st September 1993, when Sir Eric Ash, the present Rector, retires. This allows Sir Ronald time to prepare for the responsibilities of the Rectorship of Imperial College.

Born on 2nd November 1934, Professor Sir Ronald Oxburgh is married with three children. He has distinguished himself on both the academic and administrative sides of science and education, being a Geology graduate from University College, Oxford, and elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1978.

In 1978 Professor Oxburgh was awarded the Professorship of

Mineralogy and Petrology at Cambridge University and went on to become Head of the Department of Earth Sciences in 1980. During the 1980s, Ronald Oxburgh became President of Queens College, Cambridge, and received a visiting Professorship of Cornell University in 1986.

A major change in direction of Professor Oxburgh's career took place in 1988, when he was appointed Chief Scientific Advisor to the Ministry of Defence. Since then, he has held numerous administrative posts including membership of the Science and Engineering Research Council and Assessor to the Advisory Board for the Research Councils and the Advisory Council for Science and Technology.

The Chairman of the Governors Sir Frank Cooper, retired Defence Chief of Staff, said 'Imperial College is delighted that Sir Ronald Oxburgh will become the new Rector'. This view is reflected by members of the college's academic staff who are optimistic that Sir Ronald will provide the balance between academic and financial concerns.

DFE Appointments Students move into Europe

John Patten, the Secretary of State for Education, has made two appointments at the Department for Education (DFE). These changes will take place on 10 August:

John Vereker, Head of the DFE's Further and Higher Education Command, becomes Head of the School's Command in succession to Nick Stuart. Stuart is moving to the

Employment Department Group where he will be Deputy Secretary.

The Deputy Secretary Head of the Training, Enterprise and Education Directorate in the Employment Department Group, Roger Dawe is to be Head of the Further and Higher Education Command in the DFE.

Mr Nigel Forman, the Further and Higher Education Minister, speaking at the annual conference of the UK Council for Overseas Student Affairs, said that Higher Education should become more international. He continued by saying that he expected the number of students coming to the UK to study to continue to increase, particularly European Community students. Mr Forman hoped to see more students travelling abroad to

study. He also expressed his desire that student mobility schemes within the European Community would continue to prosper.

The UK is highly involved in the Erasmus scheme, the EC's foremost student mobility programme. Imperial College itself has participants in the scheme in almost every department. In 1990-1991, movement into and out of the UK accounted for 40% of all the Erasmus budget.

Loan rates Down

The indexation rate or interest rate charged on student loans for the coming year has been set at 3.9 per cent. This is the lowest rate since student loans began, and represents a charge of £32 a year on repayment any full student loan taken out in 1992/93.

In 1991 when the student loan scheme started the Indexation rate has been as high as 9.8%. Because the rate is linked to inflation the Indexation rate has been fallen to its lowest point this year.

On 9th July, a quarter of a million students had taken out student

loans, with a total of over £132 million. This compares with around 180,000 students who took out loans worth £70 million during the 1992/93.

The maximum value of student loans taken out this year has also been announced. For students studying in London next year, they are as follows:

Students away from home:	
Full Year	£830
Final Year	£605
Students at Home:	
Full Year	£570
Final Year	£415

BBC create Education Director

Dr Eurfran Jones is to fill the newly established position of Directorate of Education at the BBC.

Dr Jones has been the BBC's Controller of Educational Broadcasting since 1987 and she has been with the BBC since 1959, when she joined as a general trainee.

The BBC's Director General, Sir

Michael Checkland announced the new Directorate at the Radio Academy Festival in Birmingham at the beginning of July. Sir Michael said the creation of the new position was in line with the BBC's policy to 'support and encourage ... a learning society' by the continued provision of formal educational and informal educative programming.

Editorial

As Felix Editor, it is traditional to spend most of my time criticising others. In particular, the antics of my fellow sabbaticals come under the most severe criticism. Unfortunately this issue of Felix will come to you with the help of the Union office laser printer, so it would be a little hypocritical to be too unpleasant.

Even so, this rather delayed copy of Felix contains some information that the Union Office would rather it didn't. Here, I believe lies the traditional antagonism between Felix and the Union. We both represent students, but in such a way that our goals often collide.

I really believe that this year is different. Having been on more management and training courses with the Union sabbats, than it is right for a human to endure, my attitude to the Union Office has changed. I now regard 'them upstairs' as comrades in arms in a harsh world where the future of student union is under threat. In

return, those high up in the Union also have a respect for, what I do and the right I have to do it, without any interference.

Unfortunately this newfound spirit of cooperation has a down side. The events at Wye College during the ULU training, put me in the position of reporting events, that criticised people, I had been trying to build a working relationship with. Upon showing reluctance to spread these revelations in 6ft high letters across the front page of Felix, my position was put under extreme pressure and I haven't even started the job yet!

Today, Adam Harrington last years Felix Editor will be leaving for the rest of the world. All the Office wish him the best of luck for the however much of his life he has left. He warned me about this job, but I didn't listen, may he be left in a corner to cackle in peace.

This issue of Felix was brought to

you by Shiva the god of general underhandedness and bad luck. A combination of circumstances has meant that everything that could go wrong, has done. Thanks to all the wonderful people below, who have brought this issue into the world kicking and screaming. I sincerely thank all of them for putting up with my lack of knowledge, short temper and disorganisation.

Credits

Adam, James, Beccy, Chris, Emma, Rose and Andy (Have a good holiday!), Steve N, Jeremy, Chris Riley (sorry you didn't quite make it!), Steff, David, Toby, Catherine, Sam, Mel, Declan, Curry Ace Reporter, Tricky Dicky, Chris Davidson, Dom and last but not least, the wonderful typesetting machine, for generally making my life more interesting. May it be dropped from a very great height on to extremely bumpy ground.

The next issue of Felix will come out on the 3rd of September. Your contribution gratefully accepted.

Stream of Consciousness

Lard. What does lard suggest to you? As one half of the half-fat to flour relationship of Shortcrust Pastry, lard is at the hub of the U.K.'s pie construction activities, but to such figures as Harry Enfield, Vic Reeves and large female funster, Jo Brand, lard is the last cornerstone of the great British comedy icon.

It's been a long time since Ben Elton's humour was funny, depending as it did on a tongue-in-cheek appraisal of the 70's sitcom, with lots of 'whoops! Mrs Scatology, my underpants have fallen in the vicar's tea', and other such gems. Besides, he'd always

cloak his humour with some 'serious message', which, for a comedian, is an entirely stupid thing to do. Great idea, Ben, poke fun at the human condition, say 'our expectations are too high; let's be honest', and make yourself redundant in the process. What a star. Even his great student Anarcho-Icons 'the Young Ones', and the rubbery, histrionic histories of 'Blackadder' relied too much on the 'spoof', you see. No-one laughs at the toilet anymore, the fart has wafted away with a whimper, and bottoms have lost their cheekiness. There's still much mirth in the willy, but this won't

last indefinitely. Roll on the Restoration revival, await and applaud the Absurd. Happy days are here again!

But for lard, the future looks bleak; in five years' time, humour theorists will be quipping over their Cabernet Sauvignon: 'I can't believe that huge congealed lumps of animal fat brought so much pleasure, let alone, be regarded as the apex of La Comedie Surreal. Pass the spliff, Tarquin'. Lard is the epitome of all that is thick, fat, dour and tasteless, and thus symbolises the most loathsome elements of humanity, or every one's favourite joke figure. Plus,

when pushed through strategically-positioned holes in your cereal packet, it looks like that dreadful kid's toy with the plasticine hair that you pushed to make it grow. There will always be those people who will suggest that it's humour exists in the fact that it is completely unfunny, but they're wankers, and not worth the time of day, which on our New Lard Clock is accurate at least twice a day. However, the day will come when lard is a mere substance to be utilised for great big fry-ups and general food preparation, and I for one will mourn it's passing; while it's still with us, let's celebrate lard!

Beit Back

Another Union year comes to an end, another starts. This year's sabbaticals have spent July winding down. Supposedly they have been training up their successors in how to do their jobs. Potentially a difficult task, when some of them only found out quite recently what they were supposed to be doing.

Zoë, one of this year's more visible sabbaticals is on her new white bike and off to find a job. Adam, leaves the Felix Office for

the last time and heads off around the world. Meanwhile Steve and Jonathan return to the real world where they carry on with their degrees.

So what of next years sabbaticals? They have already got off to an impressive start. Their ULU training at Wye college lasted less than 24 hours before they were kicked out. Why? Well, after a free bar all Friday evening the drinking and singing continued late into the night. The high spirits continued, with doors being kicked and people woken up until 2am when the shenanigans finally ended.

By 4am a smouldering toilet roll in the tampon incinerator had set off the fire alarms, which in their alcohol induced sleep, several of our sabbaticals slept through. The warden decided that she didn't want

people who slept through fire alarms in the hall, and they were asked to leave.

The ensuing cover up was quite impressive. The basic skills of team building, networking and media communication interfacing, that the course was going to teach, seemed to have already been learnt by all the sabbaticals. When they next appeared in the Union Bar, the general 'no comment' that might be used to cover these situations was replaced with 'sorry its a personnel matter and I can't talk about it'. It took over a week before the wall started to crumble, and even then it remained an obstacle.

Have the incoming sabbaticals learnt anything from this unfortunate incident? Hopefully yes. ICU needs a year of strong leadership coupled with all the

student officers and staff working as a team. At the moment they seem to be providing a lot of the former, and only a little of the latter, but admittedly this is hard to build over the summer. The fact that there are fresh ideas coming out of the Union Office is good, but these ideas should be discussed, rather than being implemented over the summer. But at least there are new ideas.

It seems as though the four sabbaticals are working well together, although they have very different responsibilities and duties. Hopefully this will continue and we will have a storming year.

Views expressed in this article are not necessarily shared or supported by the editorial staff of Felix or Imperial College Union.

Rick's Bit A Sober Thought

Well, since we four incoming sabbaticals began the handover period, I think I speak for us all when I say that we have been made to feel very much at home by the friendliness—and patience!—of the Union staff, and outgoing sabbaticals. I personally have spent most of my time during the last three weeks familiarising myself with as many aspects of the job as possible. This has included meeting most of the college staff I will be liaising with, as well as some of the governors. We have also had some formal training sessions involving team-building exercises and the like.

I have already begun negotiations with regard to the issue of Union cards next term. Initially, it was proposed to combine Union and library cards with the new college security pass. After discussions with Keith Reynolds, Head of Security, Peter Mee, the Registrar and other interested parties this was deemed unfeasible. I shall endeavour to explain the reason. The current Union card includes a grid of punchable spaces numbered 1 to 6 so Union officials may punch a given number and thereby know whether the holder has voted in an election or received a particular freebie. The security pass lasts the duration of the student's stay at College. The proposed combined card would therefore require up to twenty-four holes. This would leave the final year student with a card resembling something like a colander! To resolve this problem, I shall be liaising with Keith Reynolds throughout the year and I hope to have an *electronic* 'punching' system ready for the 1993 intake.

Remember—the Union office is open throughout the summer, so don't hesitate to pop in if you think we can help you with anything!

See you next time.

Rick.

Small ads

● ACCOMMODATION

WANTED: Looking for somewhere to live? (Near IC.) I need to find somewhere for £50 to £60 pw. Can you help? Please contact Richard at the Conference Office.

● **HOLIDAY COTTAGE** to let. Sleeps three. North Yorkshire coast 2 miles. Moors 4 miles. National Park 1 mile. Term time £80, vacation £120 for one week. Reduced rates for extra weeks and weekends. 071-263 3516.

As you read this I will be enjoying the last day of training I will get before the buck stops with me rather than with Zoë. This said, I would like to thank Zoë for training me to become the type of mental wreck that the job demands. In all seriousness, I am inheriting a very healthy ship which I look forward to steering through the minefield of

the year ahead, I only hope that I can do as good a job as my predecessor has.

To the business in hand. Hello to the postgrads reading this—I just want to assure you that I have been devoting a bit of time to finding a Postgraduate Affairs Officer who will be able to inject some drive and conscientiousness into what is a

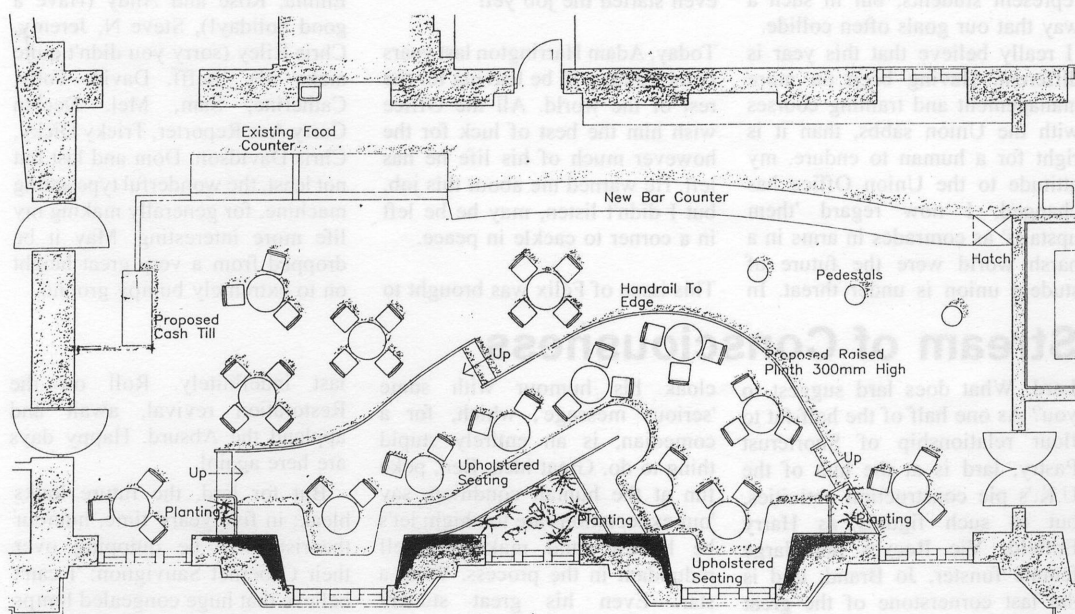
very difficult job, no names yet, but watch this space.

Finally I would like to remind you that my door is always open and that you are my boss, so please come in and see me with any suggestions, criticisms or problems that you might have.

Cheers,

Chris.

The New-look Union Snack Bar



By the beginning of next term the facelift of the Union Snack Bar and Ents lounge will be complete. Pictured above are the plans for the new Snack Bar. The Ents. Lounge is being redesigned to look 'more like a night club' in the words of incoming Deputy President Rick Bilby.

Dominic's Fairytale

Once upon a time there was a bar. Now not many people seemed to know about it and it didn't have many friends but nonetheless it was quite a happy little thing, in its own shoe-boxy sort of a way.

But even so the bar couldn't help feeling a little bit sad and left out and lonely in its little leafy corner. You see, the bar was funny looking. This wasn't the bar's fault, oh no, it just seemed to have grown up that way.

Cruel, nasty, unkind boys and girls who didn't understand about Bars would come up to it and laugh and say wicked things.

'You've only got a widgey little serving area', they would say.

'You're a real rectangle'.

'Eugh, just look at the state of your yucky blue tables and chairs'.

You can imagine how unwanted and dejected the bar felt. People only seemed to be interested in it

when they could bump into its furniture or dance around in its friend the disco until two o'clock in the morning.

Then one day some kind, special people who could see beyond the bar's ugly exterior into its warm and loving heart said to it, 'Here's lots of money, go and get yourself a serious face-lift, because all the clever bars know that if you're not attractive, curvaceous and desirable then no-one will want to use you'.

Now the bar knew that deep down it was special anyway but could see from reading its bar magazines that if it didn't look good it would never be really popular. Sad, but that's a consumerist society for you.

So in the end, after several weeks work with a chisel and a screwdriver when nobody was looking, the Bar transformed itself from a dull stone into a shining

jewel and was really popular and everything else...

This isn't a complete fairytale because over the next few weeks the Union Lounge Bar is about to be transformed with the installation of a new 70 foot bar, a raised dais, an extended serving area etc that will make the bar as it is, unrecognisable.

In conjunction with a full weekly Union events programme and a general publicity campaign to increase its awareness, the Students' Union will hopefully become the centre of student social life within Imperial as it rightfully should be.

If anyone has any comments or suggestions about the bar, events or anything else then please come and see me. You will be made all the more welcome if you also have some cigarettes with you.

Tatty bye.

Dominic.

Southern Ireland is again in turmoil, after the rapist of a 17 year old girl escapes punishment. Declan Curry reports on the victims story.

Does Rape really pay?

In the early hours of 1st January, 1992, Lavinia Kerwick was raped. Her rapist was her boyfriend, William Conry. Both were 17 years old, and Conry was walking Lavinia home after a New Year's Eve disco. In July, Conry pleaded guilty to rape at Dublin's Central Criminal Court. He was released by the judge, who imposed a one year suspended sentence.

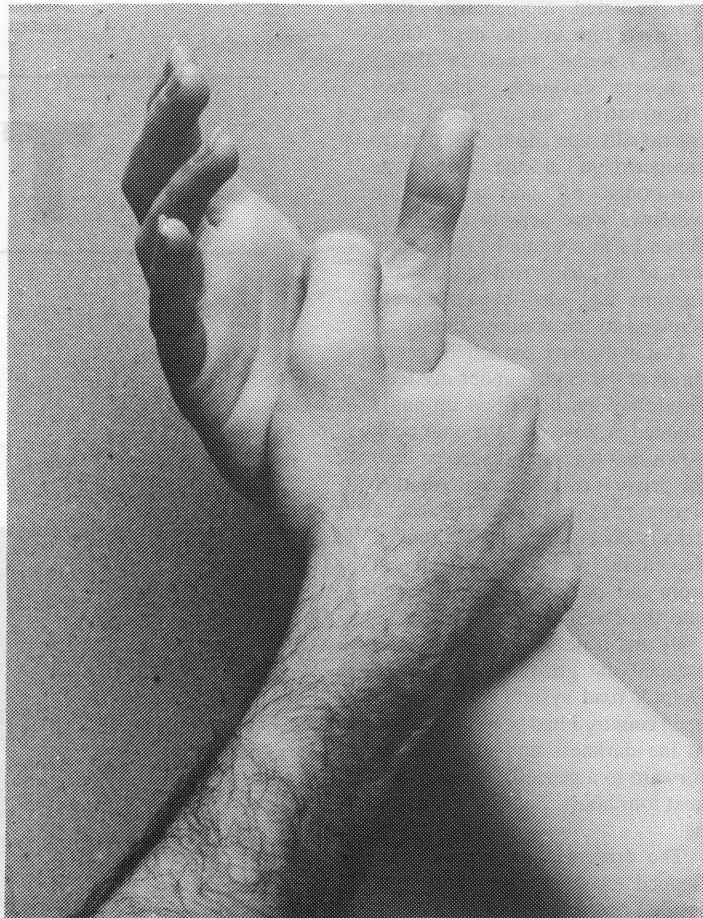
Lavinia Kerwick had been described as a 'happy go lucky' teenager. In employment since leaving school, she was interested in sport, and excelled in martial arts. A judo certificate hangs from a wall in her house. 'I was right up to one level below the black belt,' she says. She also had a 'steady' boyfriend. She and William Conry had been going out together for five months before he raped her.

She met Conry at the disco, and he insisted on walking her home afterwards. At the trial, defense counsel said that Conry, who had been drinking, took Kerwick past a disused mill beside the River Nore in County Kilkenny. Conry then placed his jacket on the ground for what counsel called a 'good court', that is physical intercourse. Conry then went on to rape Kerwick, disregarding her screams.

After the crime, Lavinia went to visit a doctor. 'When she examined me, she found bruises everywhere, on my back, on my face, on my private parts,' Lavinia says. She also says that Conry tried to dissuade her from reporting the crime. Conry beat her, and said he wanted rights to see the baby if she became pregnant as a result of the rape. Conry then changed his mind, and said he wanted Lavinia to go to England for an abortion.

'My life was totally turned upside down,' Lavinia says. 'On New Year's Eve, I lost my virginity and everything else that I valued.'

Since she was raped, Lavinia Kerwick lost three and a half stone in weight. She has difficulty sleeping, and when she does sleep she has recurring nightmares about her experiences. 'My life was shattered to pieces,' she said. 'I am still a prisoner in my own house



She has not gone outside the door of her home since January. 'When I had to go to the doctor the other day, a ban garda (Irish woman police constable) had to come and collect me and bring me home afterwards.'

'I took an overdose at the end of January. I just felt that nothing was going to be done and I just felt so dirty and so guilty that I just couldn't go on with life anymore. He (Conry) said that if I brought the case to court, he would walk free.'

Local gardai (Irish police) predicted that Conry 'would be put away for 10 to 15 years.' A police superintendent, shocked by the case, visited Lavinia at home and said Conry would be jailed for at least 15 years, possibly 20. 'The thing that kept me going during the last seven months was the knowledge that he would be

sentenced to jail', she said.

The case came to court on 15th July. Conry was represented by defense counsel Michael McDowell. Lavinia Kerwick was represented by the state, with Michael Feehan prosecuting.

Sergeant John Tuohy, of Kilkenny Gardai, told Mr Feehan that Lavinia Kerwick's mother complained to the Gardai about the rape. Sergeant Tuohy then visited Conry, who readily admitted the rape and made a statement.

The sergeant described Conry, an apprentice carpenter, as a member of a very respectable farming family. He added that Conry's 'only fault was that he had been drinking too much at times.'

The rapist's father told the court that he and his family were 'shocked and horrified' by what had happened. The defense counsel, Mr

McDowell, pleaded for 'as much mercy as the law allows,' and apologised on Conry's behalf, for an 'atrocious, inexcusable and unjustified attack.' Mr McDowell said that Conry had 'given in to his strong sexual impulse without any forethought. He knew almost immediately he had done her a very grave wrong.'

Ironically, Mr McDowell described the rapist in the same terms as Lavinia Kerwick had earlier been described, as a 'happy go lucky' teenager. Mr McDowell said that Conry was an immature 17 year old at the time of the offence. 'He had been scarcely more than a boy'.

In summing up, the judge, Mr Feargus Flood, told Conry that he was giving him a chance as 'a human being', and was adjourning sentence for one year. The judge warned Conry that if he transgressed in any way, even by 'simple drunkenness' or disorderly behaviour, Conry would be jailed for 10 years.

Conry was also ordered to report regularly to the probation service and to abide by the directions of his psychiatrist. Conry was warned to keep away from Lavinia Kerwick, and then walked free from court.

Lavinia Kerwick was in court throughout the hearing, flanked by her mother and a police officer. During the judge's summing up, she broke down and wept bitterly. She was assisted from the court, and repeatedly screamed, 'he got away with it, he got away with it.' The following day, she revealed her identity and told the Irish nation of her story on a radio phone-in programme.

'I went public to try and get some justice for myself and to make sure that something like this never happens again,' she said after the programme. 'I felt that after coming so far and being let down by the whole justice system that I should never have reported it in the first place. If one of my friends was raped, I would say she would be wasting her time reporting it. The man who raped her could easily get away.'

I stepped out from the gaudy auto rickshaw onto the steps of Delhi Inter State Bus Terminal. The midday sun filtered down through the dusty sky and played rather gingerly over the abrupt grey angles of the station building. It towered above me, an enthusiastically huge piece of concrete cubism, around which people, rickshaws and cows swirled in an endless tumbling sea of colour and noise.

The rickshaw driver thoughtfully kicked my bags out onto the floor where they landed with a satisfyingly dusty 'wumph'. He then proceeded to ask for twice the fare that we had agreed back at my hotel. When I protested he explained that this was an extra charge because we had stopped along the way. I was taken aback.

The only reason we had stopped was because he ran somebody over. The driver seemed convinced that I should pay more for this extra service despite the fact that, through no fault of his own, an old man somewhere between Connaught Place and New Delhi now bore an indelible impression of the front of our auto rickshaw on his buttocks.

I gave him the original fare and walked off with my bags, leaving him yelling on the steps.

The inside of the bus terminal was much less crowded than outside. Despite the cavernous interior there was something about it that suggested people were an unwelcome intrusion.

The walls were lined with little ticket booths where bored ticket sellers sat drinking tea. A few blue plastic chairs were scattered over the dusty concrete floor as a kind of absent minded concession to the fact that this building was actually meant to be used by human beings.

I followed the signs down a curling concrete ramp to the buses themselves. The main concourse was crowded with food stalls. I

The man...next to me threw up quite matter of factly.

bought some samosas in a little disposable bowl made from pressed leaves and elbowed my way towards the buses.

My bus was waiting with the engine running. It was a relaxing sky blue colour with several deep silver wheels running down the left hand side. The word 'luxury' had been painted in red above the windscreen.

The driver's mate painstakingly stowed my luggage in the boot and gave me a little red tab so that I could reclaim it at the end of my journey.

I walked around the side of the bus to board and had just reached up to turn the door handle when the door whipped open by itself. A thin man in a tight brown suit fell heavily out of the bus and landed on his back in front of me. For a second we looked at each other but before I could say or do anything he leapt up, brushed himself down and climbed back onto the bus.

I hesitated momentarily then followed him up the steps. Once inside I found myself in almost complete darkness. The only illumination came from the fractionally open door. The drivers compartment at the front was partitioned off and all of the windows were heavily curtained. When I had eventually groped my way to my seat I realised that the curtains had also been securely screwed to the window frames.

I sat in the dark and felt the gentle throb of the engine under my feet. Gradually the bus filled up and I counted at least seven people walk down the aisle and disappear into the driver's compartment. Another five minutes passed and I heard the drivers door slam shut. He revved the engine and we reversed out from our parking bay and nosed into the Delhi afternoon traffic.

By the time we had eventually escaped the grasping clutches of Delhi's road system and were in open country I had begun to nod off in the darkness and was looking forward to a peaceful sleep for the next four hours. Sadly it was not to be.

The drivers compartment door flapped open intermittently and inside I could see compact mass of people engaged in what appeared to be a party. A crate of beer was partially visible behind the door which the little fat man abruptly disappeared through when he had finished his fiddling. It slammed and locked behind him and the strange bacchanalian world which seemed to have developed in the driver's cab disappeared from view.

With a flash it dawned on me what he had been doing. The realisation ran through me accompanied by a wave of cold sweat. I considered hurling myself out into the traffic to forestall the inevitable torture. I was on a video bus.

The two words 'video bus' are enough to instil at least a sense of foreboding into even the most hardened traveller on the sub continent. The main reason for this is that all Indian stereotypes and videos can seemingly only be played at maximum volume and maximum

From Kathmandu to Madras, India holds no more hideous experience. An innocent IC student is caught up the subcontinent's most horrific nightmare. A journey on what is only spoken of in hushed voices, that which is...

The Video Bus



treble. The result of this is the aural equivalent of having kitting needles pushed into your ears. Prolonged exposure can cause deafness, bleeding from the ears and, on very long journeys, I am sure death is a possibility, if not a merciful release.

I searched frantically through my day pack for my ear plugs until I remembered wrapping them up in my socks which were neatly packed away in the boot. I sat back and resigned myself to my fate.

The screen blinked alive and the film began. I thanked the powers above that the speaker over my seat wasn't working but my attention was drawn irresistibly towards the screen.

The film was in Hindi but despite my total lack of knowledge of the language it was pretty obvious that the story was set somewhere deep in the 1970s.

A handsome Indian college student (whose name could only have been the Hindi equivalent of Kevin) sporting a wonderful polyester safari suit falls in love with a beautiful Indian girl in blue hot pants. They begin the perfect romance. There follows much running about in the snow, walking hand in hand through delightful forest glades and disappearing into golden sunsets in a fluster of Cuban heels and cheesecloth shirts.

They get married and appear to have the perfect marriage as well and still have plenty of time to run about in the snow etc. Eventually though for some reason things turn sour and the wife returns to her parents and tries to shoot herself. Her father grabs the gun and she collapses into a faint.

The next scene shows her parents sitting facing a doctor in his surgery. He is wearing a white coat and has a stethoscope in his ears for no apparent reason. He removes it for dramatic effect and the music moves up a gear. He gives them some apparently shocking news and there follows several minutes of rapid close ups of the parents shocked faces. I think their daughter was pregnant.

A little later Kevin pays them a visit to apologise and ask for his wife back as he has no one to iron his flared trousers. He is told that she is dead. Extremely dramatic music fills the bus and we are treated to a bonanza of close ups of shocked faces, some of which don't appear to have anything to do with the film.

Kevin goes mad and runs away. Time passes and we see him wandering about with a dirty beard and wearing tattered flares and a grubby old trench coat.

More passing years are signified by all of the actors, even the children, having grey streaks in their hair and eventually Kevin goes

back home. He gets severely beaten up by the new owner of his house who is understandably distressed at finding a tramp in his living room.

After a fashion he is recognised and told that his wife didn't really die. The ensuing flood of dramatic music was too much. The man sitting next to me threw up quite matter of factly into a paper bag and

The music transcends human capacity for drama.

carried on watching.

The camera goes mad and dramatically zooms in on everything, anguished faces, old black and white wedding photos, bookshelves, tables and the doctor taking the stethoscope out of his ears.

It transpires that his wife had a daughter by him and this daughter is coincidentally getting married that very night.

We cut to an Indian wedding scene of bright lights and dancing people. Kevin is hiding in the bushes and catches a glimpse of his wife. The music by now had got so dramatic that the woman across the aisle from me was crying.

Suddenly fire breaks out in the wedding tents and people run around in panic. Kevin sees his wife about to be flattened by a falling beam and makes the supreme sacrifice of pushing her out of the way and getting flattened himself.

The fires are extinguished and the wedding guests gather in a hushed circle around the motionless Kevin. His eyes half open and it is clear that he is on his last legs. In that instant his wife recognises him and gasps in astonishment. Kevin reaches towards her with imploring fingers and with his dying breath says something so moving that the accompanying music transcends the human capacity for drama. As Kevin's limp arm falls to the ground, the film ends.

The man sitting next to me looked across.

'You liked the film?'

Uncertain of what to say I said 'Yes, it was very good.'

He didn't have time to reply before he was forced to turn back to his sick bag and throw up again.

The rest of the journey was rather an anticlimax. In fact, the rest of my life probably will be.

Local Sports Centres

If you're wondering where to work-out during the IC Sports Centre closure from August 16th, try one of the following. Some centres offer reduced rates as long as you are in possession of a valid student card.

VENUE	TEL. NO	FACILITIES	TRANSPORT
Balham Leisure Centre Elmfield Rd SW17	081-871 7196	Weights, pool, squash, classes	Tube: Balham
Chelsea Sports Centre Chelsea, Manor St SW3	071-352 0366	Weights, squash, pool, classes, health suite	Tube: Sloane Square
Jubilee Sports Centre Caird St W10	081-960 9629	Weights, pool, squash	Tube: Queens Park
Kensington Sports Centre Walmer Road W11	071-727 9747	Weights, squash, pool, health suite	Tube: Latymer Road
Kings College Campden Hill Road W8	071-333 4268	2 squash courts and changing	Tube: Kensington High Street
Latchmere Leisure Centre Burns Road SW11	081-871 7470	Squash, weights, pool, classes	Tube: Sloane Square, Clapham Common, Clapham South
Marshall St Leisure Centre Marshall St W1	071-287 1022	Squash, weights, pool, classes	Tube: Oxford Circus
Porchester Centre 225 Queensway W2	071-792 1372	Squash, pool, health suite, weights	Tube: Queensway
Portobello Green Fitness & Snooker Centre 3-5 Thorpe Close W10	081-960 2221 Contact: Paul Taylor	Squash, weights, health suite, snooker	Tube: Ladbroke Grove
Putney Leisure Centre Dryburgh Road SW15	081-871 7072	Weights, pool	Tube: Putney
Queen Mother Sports Centre 223 Vauxhall Bridge Road SW1	071-798 2125	Weights, pool, squash	Tube: Victoria
Roehampton Recreation Centre , Laverstoke Gdns SW15	081-871 7672	Classes	Tube: East Putney
St Mary's Hospital Medical School Norfolk Place W2	071-723 8921 Contact: Bob Webb, or Carolyn Osner on x8663	Limited use of weights, squash and swimming	Tube: Paddington
Seymour Leisure Centre Bryanston Place W1	071-798 1421	Weights: pool, squash, snooker	Tube: Edgware Road
Tooting Leisure Centre Greaves Place, off Garrett Lane, Tooting Broadway SW17	081-871 7176	Weights, pool, health suite	Tube: Tooting Broadway
University of London Malet Street WC1	071-580 9551	Weights, pool, squash, classes, health suite	Tube: Russell Square, Goodge Street
Wandle Recreation Centre Mapleton Road SW18	081-871 7674	Classes, weights, sunbeds	Tube: Wandsworth Town

Theatre

Guys & Dolls

'Guys and Dolls' is the latest musical production by The Young Vic Youth Theatre. Being partial to musicals I found the entertainment most enjoyable.

An age old play, portraying the gamblers and their molls of the 1930's Broadway as light-hearted and good-natured, underneath their rough, streetwise exterior. This is convenient for the story who's underlying theme tries to prove that the forces of good, in the guise of the Salvation Army, can lead these guys and dolls back to the straight and narrow. All this hinges on a bet.

The characters Nathan Detroit (Gary Moynihan), the gambling racketeer and his doll, Miss Adelaide (Juliet Aghion), were played with verve and both

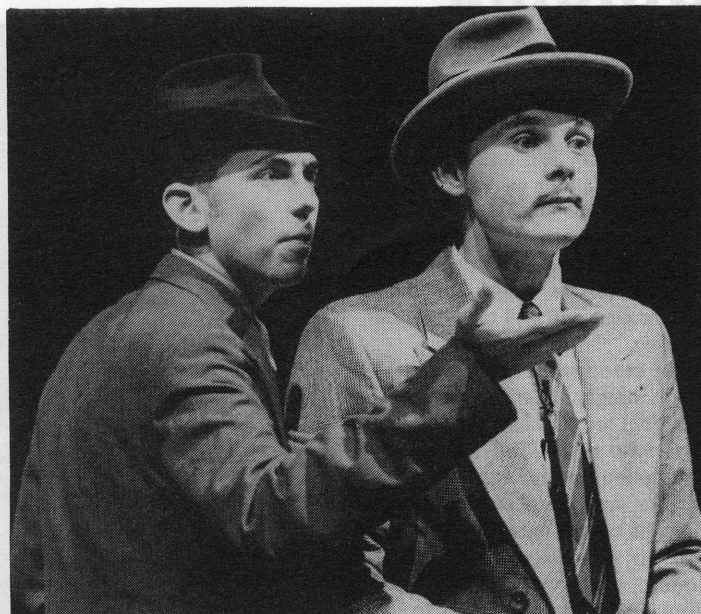
managed extremely good Brooklyn accents. On the other hand, the two other leads, Ben Caplan, (a moralising gambler), and Nicole Kingston, (the Salvation Army Sergeant), did not seem at ease with their roles to the same degree.

The effort put in by the cast as a whole paid off tremendously, with the ensemble pieces being the high-point of most scenes. The singing and dancing were executed with professionalism and looked a great deal of fun.

Don't miss out on this version of this classic musical.

AGA

●The last performance is tomorrow night, with a matinee at 2.30. Telephone The Young Vic Theatre on 071 928 6363 for details and for information on coming productions.



Ben Caplan and Gary Moynihan in 'Guys and Dolls'



A headbanging moment from 'A Jack to a King'

Christopher Street Columbus

If you want to see a 'wickedly funny' musical parody of American history, don't go and see Christopher Street Columbus. Let me explain.

The story centres around a carnival celebrating the quincentenary of Columbus' voyage. But the Mayor hasn't found

a suitable Columbus. Cue Christopher, a narcotics-chewing, Harlem-drawling black out-of-work actor, who just happens to have had a gay affair with the Mayor. This skeletal storyline rapidly becomes an excuse for in-jokes ('Oops, I dropped the gerbil'), innuendoes and musical quips about the trials and traumas of being anything other than white, middle class and hetero

in America. Oh dear.

The result is a despairingly bad exercise in social awareness which makes you feel more like a voyeur at a freak show than a theatregoer. The first half was dragged back from the brink of crassness by Regina, the red-sequined drag queen. But the whole production would have been much more palatable crammed into a five-

From a Jack to a King

From a Jack to a King is written and performed by the team that brought *Return to the Forbidden Planet* to the world. It is a raucous, loud, musical about the rise and fall of musician Eric Glamis (Stage name Thane Cawdor) whose ambition o'erleaps itself and soon leads to the murder of the lead singer by sabotage of his motorbike. He is brought to justice by the police who, as we all know are not of woman born.

The musical is very fast and smooth, and the performers all proficient in a wide variety of instruments and musical styles. The one line jokes, mostly shakespearian and always fast, keep the audience laughing and the visual gags are hilarious. It is a tale full of sound and fury, and it most definitely does signify nothing, but those telling it are certainly not idiots. *From a Jack to a King* is a fairground ride. It is most enjoyable at the time, too shallow to have any lasting impact, but leave you wanting to return and re-experience it.

Stef

From a Jack to a King is showing at the Ambassadors Theatre, West Street. Box Office 071 836 6111 and 071 836 1171.

minute sketch on the Arsenio Hall show. In fact, the most amazing thing about the cast was their stamina. I never made it back after the interval.

Anj.

●*Christopher Street Columbus* is on at the Drill Hall Arts Centre, Chenies St, WC1.

Cinema

My Cousin Vinny

If you've just been arrested for murder in Alabama, you want a top attorney to save you from a hair raising shock. Bill and Stan, two students on a tour of America, get Vinny. Vinny (Joe Pesci) hasn't actually taken a case to court before. In fact he's only been in the business for six weeks, but he's Bill's cousin and will take the case for free.

The case against Bill and Stan is frighteningly secure. After a shooting in a grocery store, two boys who match Bill and Stan's description are seen racing off in a car that matches theirs perfectly. Only the murder weapon is missing, but that won't stop Trotter (Lane Smith), the prosecuting attorney from sending the two boys to the chair.

Vinny's struggle with courtroom procedures and his quest to get a decent night's sleep is very funny and captivating. Good fun.

Toby Jones

● *My Cousin Vinny* is out now on general release.

Beauty and the Beast

One does not expect depth in an animated Disney film, and following the tenet that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, I managed to expect nothing but schmaltzy tears and predictable morals, and thus I did enjoy it. The film conforms to all the Disney formulae - facile and effective characterisation, immediately placing the Goodies, the Baddies, the Amusing Incidental Characters and the Tragic Figure. All set in an over-the-top rustic Bavarian countryside. The expected and appealingly slapdash visual humour is there as well as the subtler jokes for the grownups like, for instance, the rather bittersweet advice given to the wooing Beast of the title on how to win a woman; 'give her things like flowers, chocolates, promises you don't intend to keep....'

A truly stunning piece of animation is a computer-generated swoop around a circular ballroom during a particularly smoochy bit of romanticism. If you want a superficially amusing and attractive way to spend some time, this is for you. We all know what Disney films are like - don't convince yourself of anything different and you will enjoy this film. It's one of Disney's better and it's great fun.

Adam Harrington.

● *Beauty and the Beast* is released on October 9th.



Catwoman: they shall have nought but these my work clothes..

Batman Returns

So finally, The Bat Returns, and with him he brings The Cat and The Penguin. Michael Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer and Danny DeVito star, as if you didn't know. I got what I expected with this movie: Moody Blue gothic sets, atmospheric music, action filled scenes containing a modicum of violence and cartoon characters in the flesh; Batman and his gadgetry, Catwoman and her 'charisma' and Penguin with his villainy, - mind you, I didn't expect such vileness to go along with it. So why do I

think it's crap? Well, here goes.

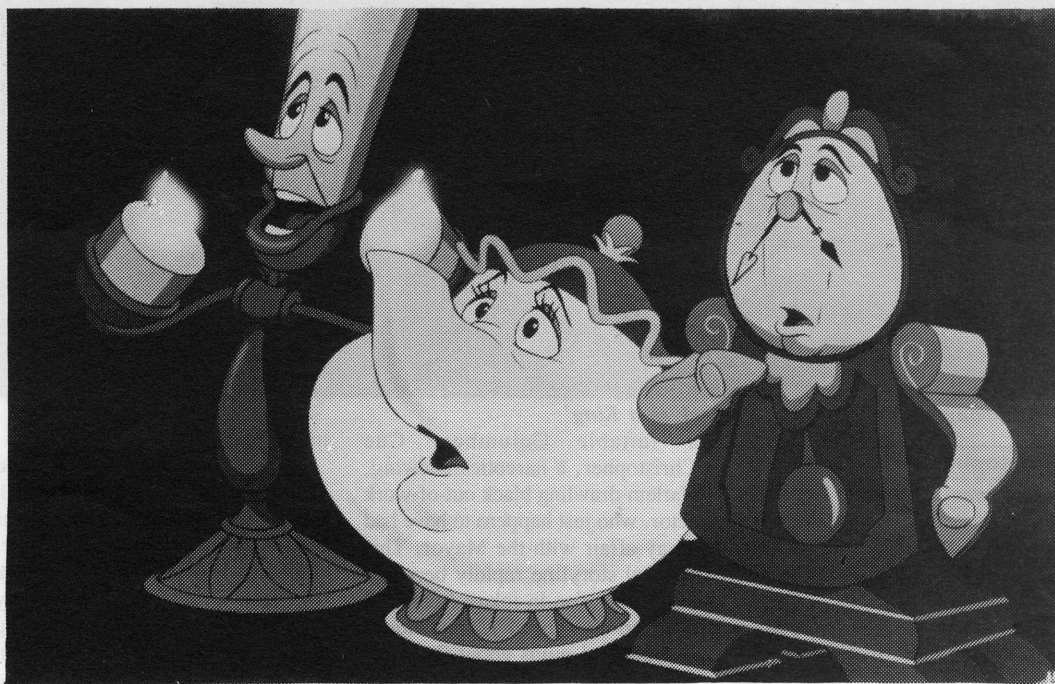
Somehow, though I didn't think it such a hard task, the makers of this film did not manage to characterize, explore or give any emotive impact to the three lead characters. The token storyline jolts along with dodgy motivations for all three. Batman seemed rather insignificant against Catwoman's 'S+M'- style retribution for her past life of plainness, drudgery and oppression. Why, I ask myself, do they bother getting an actor for the part of Penguin, let alone a 'name'? Danny DeVito was so plasticised and distorted in his part that it

would be near impossible for you to get a taste of his talent. The script was tacky and banal, The Cat; 'Life's a bitch, now so am I'. Pass the sick bag says I. How can so much money be spent on a film with the final cut having such bad sound quality? All these questions remain. Any answers welcomed, on the back of a

Still, if I were you reading this, I'd go to see it anyway, cos I love the hype, I love the look and I fancy Batman and Pfeiffer.

Darwen

● *Batman Returns* is showing just about everywhere.



A candlestick, a teapot and a clock. Can you guess what they're looking at readers?

Patriot Games

Whilst on a holiday in England, ex CIA agent Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford) witnesses an assassination attempt on the Royal Family. His quick actions thwart the terrorists but his family becomes the next target for the breakaway sect of the IRA.

What follows is a mixture of violence, suspense and a web of shifting alliances that held me enthralled. There have been some reviewers that have derided this film for its portrayal of the IRA and its stereotyping of the Irish, but I feel that the use of a breakaway section distances the film from such criticism.

Toby Jones

● *Patriot Games* is released on September 20th.

Power of One

What am I doing watching a film about a boxer, by the director of *Rocky* and *The Karate Kid*? I'm the sort of film buff that goes out to see art films that will never get anywhere; beautiful films that few will ever see. Most importantly, I'm a pacifist whose stomach turns every time he sees a blow land in a fight.

The press release said that *The Power of One* was 'An exhilarating epic of a triumph of the heart' and concerned itself with the struggle against apartheid at its inception.



The Power of One; the one on the left is the boxer.

This it did, and did so beautifully. PK (a white boy, and the hero of the piece) is seen as a messiah by the blacks, and it is this influence over the populus that enables this particular one to have so much power. His torment over whether his life belongs to himself, or those who need him is explored in great depth.

Unfortunately, the film is also about boxing. PK is a talented boxer, and the film found it difficult the reconcile the facts that he lived his life by violence yet was a peaceful man. Perhaps this is a quandary that the film is attempting to explore. If this is so then I feel that it has failed. *The Power of One* is a film that stands between two

stools. It concentrates too much on the drama and emotion to grip as an action film and too much on action and violence to make it as a drama. None the less, a near miss.

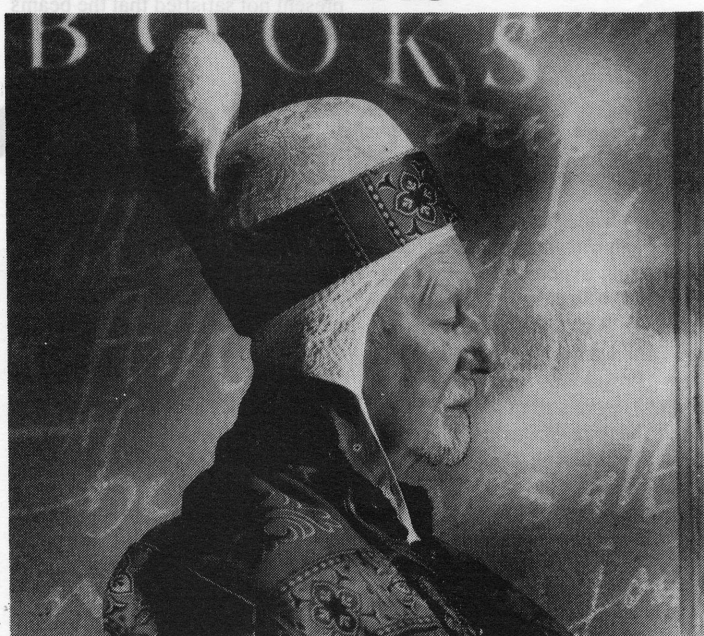
Stef.

● *The Power of One* is on national release from September 4th

Next week at the electric

In an unorthodox bid to fill some space, and to gain some free tickets, an unscrupulous and panicking hack gets worked up over this week's wonderful world of cinema. Me, in fact. If you were to wendle your way down Portobello Rd this monday, I prithee, imbibe two greats from the genius that is Peter Greenaway, namely, *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*, and *Prospero's Books*, his marvellous vision of *The Tempest*. That's monday and tuesday for you. On the same days (how can you stand it?) *Diva* (which speaks for itself) and Luc Besson's *Subway* with pre-Highlander Christophe Lambert and Isabelle Adjani. How many more lines have I to fill?

Ha! Start a new paragraph, that's always a good way to kill a line or two... wednesday/thursday sees once more the fake nose of Gerard Depardieu, worn like a natural in *Cyrano De Bergerac*, and Annette Bening in Milos Forman's adaptation of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Valmont. The



Mambo Kings plays on the same days, but don't be put off; I'm not. Especially as I haven't seen the *Mambo Kings*, and am keen to avoid making rash predictions. It might be good. Conceivably. New

York. New York is also on, with the classic double act, De Niro and Scorsese, oh, and a Minelli thrown in for good measure. Life, I'm told, is a cabaret, ol' chum. Kick yo' heels and put on a happy face.

friday, or Frigga's Day, as us Northerners call it, plays host to Daniel Day Lewis, son of Cecil and quite a 'damn fine actor, not as good as your Ironsies, but better than your Branaghs', in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, quite literally, a lovely film of a beautiful book. Same day is *Last Tango in Paris*, a vicious, orgiastic film by Bertolucci, and starring Marlon Brando and a few tarty types for Brando to sleep with. Lads! Lads! it's a porn film! If that was not enough, Saturday features Pedro Almodovar's debut, *Pepi, Luci, Bom and all the other girls*, which basically exists to explore the prejudices and taboos of Spain, and another Almodovar flick, *Dark Habits*, about a junkie. Curiously enough, the same day runs a promotion on a certain Spanish beer - free samples!! - whose name I will not promote, but if there's another Spanish beer aside from this one, then I don't know about it. 'Byeeee. (Fanfares) (Curtains close) (FIN) Husband, to wife: *Dahling! What a perfectwy dweadful sowiwoquy!*

Students Charter Proposals

Due to the current governments wish to formalise the position of Student Unions, a *Student's Charter* is being drafted. Several versions are being suggested, but as yet, the only available is that produced by the *Adam Smith Institute*, a well known right wing organisation. The report states that the powers of Trade Unions have been severely curtailed in the past ten years and, assuming that this was 'no bad thing', uses this assumption to suggest the same thing occur with respect to student unions.

Commenting that although the document was only one of many possible drafts, Chris Davidson, ICU President, said 'A lot of things I found interesting and a lot of things made my blood boil'. He highlighted two possibilities

mentioned in the document, and how they affected Imperial College Union. Firstly he feared that the Union's Outlets; the bookstore, bar and snack bar would be taken from Union control, and given over to college. This, he said, would be a bad financial move for all concerned, declaring his belief that the Union could run the bar and snack bar far better.

The second question of a possible voluntary membership, the President dismissed, commenting that, given the three years he estimated it would take the government to prepare the charter would be sufficient time to prepare. He ended saying, 'I think that with college's help and with the help of industry... we could survive it'

Union Snack Bar to change name?

The name of the Union Snack Bar may be changed to Leonardo's. The proposals were put forward as part of the refurbishment of the Bar taking place over the summer. Chris Davidson ICU President

said that the new-look Bar needed a name and that Leonardo's was one of the suggestions. Any further suggestions should be submitted to Rick Bilby, ICU Deputy President.

Imperial in the year 2000

In August 1991, Sir Norman Foster and Partners were appointed as consultant architects to Imperial College. They were asked to prepare a plan which would serve as a basis for a College Estates Development Plan. This Masterplan concentrates on three areas of the College: the academic site (bounded by Queensgate, Exhibition Road, Prince Consort Road and the Science Museum), Beit Quadrangle and Princes Gardens.

Foster's 'Masterplan' highlights problem areas around College and

puts forward a number of proposals which can be built on, to provide a physical environment suitable for Imperial College's needs. The main aims are to give a more pleasing appearance, with more open spaces and lower effective building heights; to improve the pedestrian access by relocating cars below constructed pedestrian walkways and to utilise the facilities and space available to its maximum potential, allowing for expansion of the College in future years.

Concert Hall plans under threat

The summer redevelopment of the Concert Hall to include raked seating has been put in doubt, following concerns about the strength of the sprung floor.

The floor in the Concert Hall is supported by steel beams that run across the building. Following uncertainty over their strength and size, another survey will have to be taken to establish whether the floor can support the raked seating. Consulting engineers, recommended by College, are at present not satisfied that the beams

are strong enough.

The more detailed survey will result in the Union Concert Hall being closed for at least a week, and will establish whether the Concert Hall will be able to hold the seating and the cost of any restructuring that may be needed.

Chris Davidson ICU President said that there was 'no way that the Concert Hall would be ready for the beginning of term'. Mr Davidson hoped that the seating could be installed during the first few weeks of term.

Sabbaticals asked to leave

Three Imperial College Union elected representatives were banned from the University of London Union (ULU) training course at Wye College on Saturday 18th of July. The ban was enforced because the three, Chris Davidson (ICU President), Rick Bilby (ICU Deputy President) and Marc Swan (St Mary's President) failed to evacuate the building they were staying in during a fire alarm.

The ULU training course is organised annually for all new senior officers of ULU constituent colleges. Two other ICU officers also attended the course: Dominic Wilkinson (Honorary Secretary) and Jonty Beavan (Felix Editor) who decided to leave with their colleagues.

At 4 am on the Saturday morning the fire alarm was activated and the building evacuated. Following a roll call, it was found that Chris Davidson, Rick Bilby, Marc Swan and Tarn Lamb (last year's ULU Vice President. Finance and Welfare), were still in the building. When the Fire Brigade arrived to search the building, they found the missing sabbaticals asleep in their rooms.

The following morning, Kate Steele, ULU Research and Training Manager, told Chris Davidson, Rick Bilby and Marc Swan, that they had to leave the Wye College accommodation. The Warden of the accommodation, Mrs Simmons, later stated that 'anyone who failed to leave the building for a fire alarm was asked

to leave.' The four sabbaticals had agreed earlier that morning that if one of them were banned they would all leave. This they promptly did.

During the night damage had also occurred in the Hall of residence. Mrs Simmons, commented that during the evening a condom machine and a table had been broken. Also a toilet roll had been forced into a tampon incinerator which had subsequently triggered the fire alarms.

Mrs Simmons continued that 'ULU courses would not be held at Wye College again'. Mark Samuels (ULU President) did not comment on this but emphasised that 'IC sabbaticals have not been banned from future courses' and that he personally found the course

'excellent'.

Commenting earlier this week, Chris Davidson said that he was a very 'heavy sleeper'. However, other course delegates reported that the alarm was 'bloody loud'. The course cost IC Union £90 for each sabbatical. Last year all of the Union office sabbaticals went on the course. Zoe Hellinger, outgoing ICU President who went on the course last year, said that 'it was very useful for networking'. Kate Steele and Mrs Simmons could not be reached yesterday to explain why Tarn Lamb, who also failed to leave the building during the fire alarm, was not asked to leave the course.