



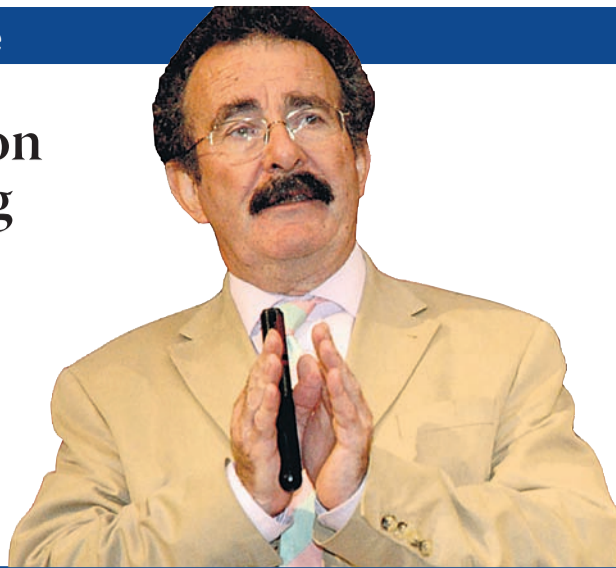
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Feature

I am Bob!
No, I'm Bob!

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felix

The student newspaper
of Imperial College

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felixonline.co.uk

Guildsheet impounded

The NUS referendum descends into farce, with *Guildsheet* impounded and talk of conspiracy on campus

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

On Wednesday morning, the Returning Officer for the NUS referendum, Jon Matthews, took the unusual step of impounding a student publication after a complaint by the Yes campaign.

The complaint, submitted by Alex Guite, leader of the Yes campaign, concerned *Guildsheet*, the City & Guilds College Union newspaper. The No campaign had approached the editor, Tristan Sherliker, and asked to place an advert in the November issue. The Yes campaign did not. Mr Sherliker duly charged the campaign for the advert, and published it in the issue he distributed around campus on Tuesday evening.

The Yes campaign, on seeing the newspaper, submitted a complaint, the gist of which was that Mr Sherliker hadn't approached them to place an advert, knowing that the No campaign already had an advert. Mr Matthews' response was to tour the campus with *Felix's* distribution trolley and seize all the available copies of *Guildsheet*, stopping short of taking it from people's hands.

Mr Sherliker responded to the complaint by pointing out that one of the prominent members of the Yes campaign, John Collins (who is also Union President, though acting in a personal capacity for this referendum), was a previous *Guildsheet* editor, and therefore should have known that advertising in the newspaper was possible.

Mr Collins responded in kind by saying that if he was *Guildsheet* editor, he'd have approached the Yes campaign in the hope of making more money from their advert.

The move to impound *Guildsheet* met with widespread criticism from the No campaign, and guarded skepticism from the Yes camp. Stephen Brown, a well-known figurehead for the No camp, said: "The rules say that both sides of the argument must have equal ac-

cess to media, whether or not they choose to take advantage of it is entirely up to them. It's a bit like A-NUS complaining that the Yes campaign have posters up everywhere, but we can't be arsed making any so we'd like the returning officer to order the removal of all theirs."

Alex Guite, who made the initial complaint, commented regarding the impounding: "No part of this situation pleases me. I made a complaint because I felt we hadn't been offered fair access to student media." Mr Guite does have a good record on freedom of the press; as Physical Science Union President, he was the first to make *Broadsheet*, the PSU newspaper, editorially independent and increased its budget, and he stood by Matthew Hartfield, its editor last year, when attempts were made to reverse these changes.

Mr Matthews spoke to *Felix* about the impounding, saying: "This was an unfortunate event, but I took the steps necessary to protect the referendum." He also raised the alarming possibility of votes cast during the period that *Guildsheet* was available being discounted if analysis of voting times showed that these votes changed the outcome of the referendum. This was met with outrage by Stephen Brown, a well-known No campaigner, who pointed out that during the evening *Guildsheet* was available, the size of the "No NUS" group on Facebook more than tripled, and that some of these people may have voted during that evening, completely unrelated to *Guildsheet* advert, and that these voters would be disenfranchised.

Mr Matthews referred to precedent when defending his decision; apparently, ex-President Mustafa Arif had interpreted an election regulation concerning student media interviewing candidates or publishing debates requiring three days notice to all candidates as applying to advertising as well.

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Above: Returning Officer for the referendum, Jon Matthews, collecting copies of *Guildsheet* from around campus, using the *Felix* trolley. Below: the impounded copies in Mr Matthews' office

Council swayed by award

The much-maligned ex-*Felix* Editor, Rupert Neate, has been granted life membership of the Union after winning Journalist of the Year at the Guardian Student Media Awards

On Tuesday, Union Council voted 22-6, with 12 abstentions, to award ex-*Felix* Editor, Rupert Neate, honorary life membership of the Union. Mr. Neate was denied this membership, often granted to any sabb that doesn't disgrace themselves during their term, at the end of last year by the previous Union Council.

The proposal to give Mr. Neate life membership was put forward by long-time *Felix* contributor, Stephen Brown, on the back of Mr. Neate's success at the Guardian Student Media Awards, where he won 'Journalist of the Year'. *Felix* was also named 'Student Newspaper of the Year'.

The paper argued that the decision taken not to award life membership last year had been "petty, vindictive, and reflected poorly on ICU Council," and that "this decision sets an alarming precedent as it compromises *Felix's* editorial independence if awards are seen to be linked to how 'nice' you are to

Union officers."

As could be expected with any Council debate involving Mr. Neate, the debate became rather furious. Many present had been treated badly by Mr. Neate or *Felix* at some point, and were loathe to let this paper pass.

Various amendments to the paper were proposed, mainly striking the sections that criticised Council. John Collins, Union President, said: "We have to think carefully before making this Union policy if it contains this kind of criticism." He proposed striking all the points that criticised Council, as "the end result would be the same anyway." Mr. Brown put up a passionate fight to try to save the measures, but Council voted to strike them.

In the end, after almost half an hour of debate, Council finally moved to a vote and passed the paper with a sizeable majority, to the obvious disdain of some of those present.



The award, now safely ensconced within the confines of the *Felix* office

NUS farce continues

Mr. Arif, when contacted by *Live!*, said that he did no such thing, and that Mr. Matthews' interpretation is "very creative".

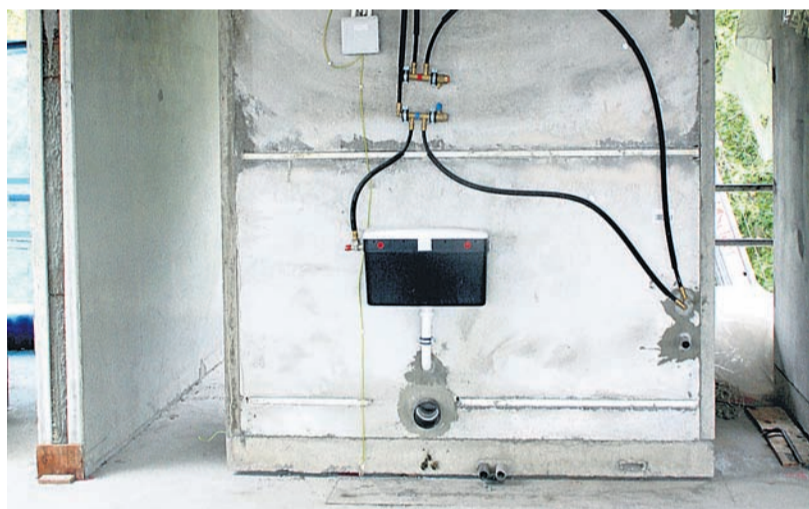
The precedent that Mr. Matthews is referring to is likely to be the impounding of *Felix* during the sabb elections three years ago. In that case, one candidate had placed an advert in the paper, and the other candidates complained. The sabbs then impounded the paper, going as far as to tear it from people's hands. After a confrontation with a rather angry Alex Coby, *Felix* Editor at the time, who declared the action "absolutely outrageous, completely out of order and quite possibly illegal," the newspaper was swiftly re-released. When questioned by this reporter, Mr. Matthews stated that he was well aware of this precedent, but that this was an entirely separate situation.

He confirmed that he had been approached by the 'Yes' campaign with concerns over conspiracy in the ranks of the 'No' campaign; *Guildsheet* is the CGCU newspaper, and the leader of the 'No' campaign is the CGCU President, James Fok. Additionally, the publication shares an office with Mr. Fok. Mr. Matthews also commented on the fact that *Guildsheet* had no set publication date, and that he'd heard the paper was "rushed to completion".

Ashley Brown, editor of *Live!*, refuted these accusations: "*Guildsheet* comes out monthly, and has done for years. The papers were supposed to be delivered on Saturday [a month since the last issue], but a technical failure at the printers meant they were delivered on Tuesday." He also stated that there is very little contact between Mr. Fok and the editor of *Guildsheet*, as "all of the editing on *Guildsheet* is done within the editor's Beit Hall room," and that he rarely if ever enters the CGCU office.

Mr. Matthews has said that *Guildsheet* will be released on Friday, once the referendum result is announced. Whether that will be enough to save this somewhat farcical referendum remains to be seen.

New Southside twin rooms 'too small'



One of the new double rooms, complete with prefab toilet block

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

The double rooms in Southside are "too small," according to a report submitted to Council by Ben 'Fluffy' Harris, Deputy President (Education & Welfare).

Up until now, the project has been running well; almost suspiciously well for a College building project. It has come in on budget, on time and has been so successful that College are considering plans to demolish and rebuild Eastside (Linstead Halls) and rebuild it in the same fashion, using off-site fabrication techniques to reduce noise on-site. A number of dignitaries from the Union, including *Felix*, were invited

to go see the official "topping out" ceremony.

In a report to Council, Mr. Fluffy revealed that the twin rooms in Southside were too small for their original purpose, and the College is likely to convert them to single rooms.

The Rector initially applauded Southside's design, as it has more rooms than the monstrosity that preceded it, but the possibility of the twins being converted to doubles seems likely to reduce this benefit. The new building contains roughly an equal number of twins and singles.

The Eastside plans have been modified to correct this error, according to Mr. Harris.

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Drugs scandal

"Corporate scandal is not hard to come by in the media and the pharmaceutical industry certainly takes its fair share of the limelight. How ethical is it for companies at the very core of public health to be driven by their share-holders, profiting from sickness?"

PAGE 9

Listen Keane-ly

"The audience participation, the musical quality, and overall the almost-tangible bond Keane seemed to have with the crowd was indescribable."

PAGE 15

Royal Academy of Art

"These world-renowned Chola bronzes were produced by the prominent Chola dynasty."

PAGE 16



Massive bazookas

"There's something in the Tomb Raider franchise that keeps Lara floating at the top of the Pop Culture sea, and has done since her inception way back in 1996. And yes, okay, it's the titties."

PAGE 23

Restaurant review

Yes, I hear most of you cry, we might not know a couchant du mere if it fell into our bowl of tautet sur vin, but we thought we could learn this as we went along.

PAGE 25

Goin' wakeboarding

"Whilst waiting their turn the newbies were treated to an awesome display of riding by a number of local pros who laid down some huge inverted tricks, predominantly from flat water."

PAGE 28

Row, row your boat

"Mention rowing and most people immediately think of either pottering along the Serpentine in Hyde Park, or a bunch of lycra clad nutters."

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Pictures of CGCU at the 691st Lord Mayor's show

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New clubs wait two months to form

Delays in organising a new clubs committee has prevented the formation of any new clubs and societies

Richard Villabos

A number of prospective clubs are becoming increasingly frustrated by the inability of the sabbs to organise a new clubs committee. The approval of this committee is required before clubs can start taking membership money and plan events or trips. There are currently more than 20 club applications awaiting approval, some of which have been waiting for almost two months.

James Millen, SCC Chair, approached *Felix* with concerns. Mr Millen has been in constant contact with the prospective clubs and their possible members, providing them with advice while they await approval from the as yet unformed NCC. Having clubs approved by the NCC was a new measure introduced last year, over concerns that the previous method was unsuitable. Prior to the NCC, clubs would go to the appropriate CSC chair (ACC, RCC, or SCC) and ask to form. The club committee would meet and vote on whether to accept the club – often the SCC would accept the club, as no-one wanted to be the one to deny them, whereas the ACC's often money-hungry clubs would vote to reject the club to prevent money being spread across more clubs. The NCC was supposed to alleviate this partisan nature, and is chaired

by the Deputy President (Finance & Services).

Mr Millen told *Felix* that the new clubs were becoming irritated with the lack of action on the matter, and that he was "fed up with waiting," adding that he was not the only CSC who felt this way. Last year, the NCC had no problem meeting, and the clubs would be dealt with in groups of 4-6 committee members. Kirsty Patterson, who is proposing the formation of a Fair Trade Society, told *Felix* that she was "getting rather angry" at the lack of action, and commented that Mr Matthews, who as DPFS will be chairing the committee, had told her that the NCC would meet two weeks ago. She also made the point that her application has been waiting for almost two months, having been submitted at the start of this term.

The matter was raised at Council by Mr Millen and others, who questioned the motives behind the delay of forming the NCC. It is known that neither John Collins (Union President) or Jon Matthews are particularly fond of the NCC, and some at Council suggested that the delay was an attempt to make the NCC look 'faulty', allowing the two sabbs to push approval of clubs back to the CSC chairs, who are opposed to such a change for the partisanship it would bring.



Left: Jon Matthews, DPFS. Right: the backgammon society is one of the clubs waiting to form

Mr Matthews defended these accusations, arguing that referendum business had prevented him from forming the committee. He promised those present that the committee would meet as soon as possible after the announcement of the referendum result. Mr Millen, however, did not seem convinced. "There's been no time" is just an excuse, possibly a valid excuse, but not a reason or a fault in the process.

The new method works."

The RCC Chair, Mark Flower, agreed with Mr Millen that the NCC works well, and was again skeptical of the reason given for not forming a new NCC: "I honestly don't understand why we haven't been able to meet yet." He also raised concerns over the role of a Deputy President in the chair of the NCC, saying: "Why can't we meet with a CSC chair or FU president in the chair,

given that the Deputy Presidents don't seem able to provide us with their time?"

Commenting over the effect of the long delay on the new clubs themselves, Mr Flower said: "I don't rate their chances at doing well this year. No one is going to be interested in joining new clubs so late in the year.

We should have met before term started."

UK universities invest £15.5m in arms firms

Andy Sykes

UK universities hold more than £15.5m in shares of arms companies, and University of London colleges significantly contributing to this figure, according to a report released this week by the Campaign Against Arms Trade (CAAT).

CAAT asked UK institutions to disclose any holdings they had in firms that produce weapons, and specifically those that have supplied weapons to regimes they classify as oppressive. 45 universities replied saying they held shares in companies such as BAE Systems, Rolls Royce, and Cobham. 33 universities refused to reply, meaning the true figure of arms holdings by UK universities could be even higher.

The university that has the largest holdings in arms companies, of those that replied, is University College London, with £1.5m invested in the firms listed by CAAT. Other institutions listed in the top ten were King's College, with almost £1m invested, and a number of Oxford and Cambridge colleges. The Uni-

versity of Manchester, which has recently seen the students' union refuse to speak to the Vice Chancellor over allegations concerning arms dealing, invests £500,000 in arms companies.

Although Imperial College does not feature in the top ten, requests answered under the Freedom of Information Act (FoI) show that the College has more than £350,000 invested in arms firms, including those on CAAT's list. These shares are not direct holdings of the College, but part of a 'pooled fund' managed by external financial companies. The majority of the money is invested into the Rolls Royce Group, which has been implicated in the selling of arms to countries where human rights abuses are taking place.

The FoI response also shows a small investment in Halliburton of £250, the company who won a contract to provide rebuilding security in Iraq, and of which Dick Cheney, Vice President of the USA, was once a director. Halliburton has been heavily criticised by the

world press for possible misuse of rebuilding money, and nepotism in obtaining the contract. FoI requests have also shown that Imperial has received research grants totalling more than £8.5m from arms manufacturing companies.

King's College, which ranks as the second biggest investor in London, has faced flack from their student body over the College's shares. Last year, when it was revealed by CAAT that the College held a large number of BAE Systems shares, King's College London Students' Union (KCLSU) actively lobbied the College to adopt an ethical investment policy. The College subsequently sold its shares, but took pains to point out that this was a purely commercial decision, and that they have no policy against holding shares in 'defence companies'. The College has also come under fire for holding shares in GKN and the Smiths Group, who have sold arms to Libya and noted human rights abuser Saudi Arabia.

LSE has drawn ire from its student body for refusing to reveal its investments, saying that these are managed in an external 'pooled fund' and therefore cannot be obtained; however, this has failed to wash with LSE Students' Union, as many other universities, including Imperial, invest using the same kind of fund, and have been able to reveal their investments. The union recently adopted an ethical investment policy, and has resolved to lobby the School to do the same. LSESU Environment & Ethics Officer, Aled Fisher, speaking to London Student, commented: "To receive money from companies that



A US helicopter firing a Hellfire missile, manufactured by some of the companies that UK universities hold shares in

are responsible for killing innocent civilians and prolonging conflict across the world is unacceptable for a university that prides itself as a pioneer of research into social justice, human rights and the development of peaceful international relations."

This opposition to London universities holding shares in arms companies was not confined to King's College; SOAS, the School

for African and Oriental Studies, sold its shares after CAAT's report of 2005 mobilised student opinion against the practice. Goldsmith's College has moved away from its fund manager, CCLA, which held arms shares, in order to move to an ethical investment policy. Imperial College does not currently have an ethical investment policy, and as yet no plans have been announced to adopt one.

Rank	Name of institution	Investment
1	University College, London (UCL)	£1,591,627
2	Trinity Hall, Cambridge	£1,252,000
3	University of Liverpool	£1,215,000
4	Nuffield College, Oxford	£920,000
5	King's College, London	£903,550
6	New College, Oxford	£850,670
7	St Hilda's College, Oxford	£823,555
8	University of Hull	£745,192
9	University of York	£618,923
10	University of Manchester	£575,640

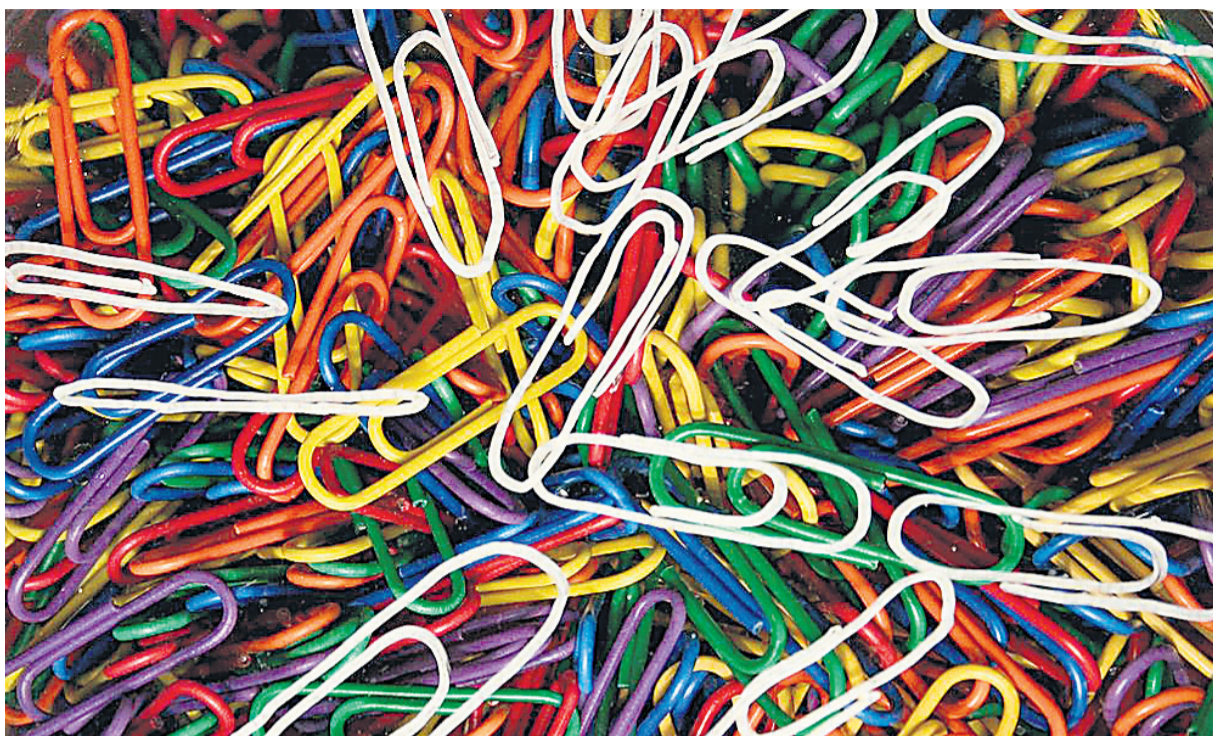
What can you do with a paper clip?

Jayraj Choksi
Business Correspondent

These are the words that sparked off the creative energy of those present at the first team building event on Tuesday evening of SparkACompany, an interuniversity business competition run by Imperial Entrepreneurs and LSE Entrepreneurs which intends to help accelerate 6 student start ups by March 2007. The night played host to some of the top entrepreneurs in the country as both societies aimed to ignite the entrepreneurial scene at Imperial by getting students to actively start building companies.

The first in a series of events saw the members primed for entrepreneurial and creative thought by actively engaging with the impressive guest list of entrepreneurs present, including a famous alumnus of Imperial, Paul Birch who founded bebo.com and Birthday Alarm. Also present on the night were James Murray Wells, UK Entrepreneur of the year 2005 and founder of glassdirect.co.uk, Walid Al Saqqaf and Sokratis Papafloratos, founders of trustedplaces.com and recent Imperial Graduate Sachin Duggal, a millionaire at the age of 18.

The evening kicked off with a little bit of light networking over some drinks and pizza, and an introduction by Imperial Entrepreneurs President Sumon Sadhu.



Imperial and LSE entrepreneurs hosted an event where audience members were asked what they could do using a paper clip. Some of the crazier ideas included solving global warming and curing AIDS

“There are many students at Imperial who have amazing business ideas, but are afraid to go out and just do it because of a lack of support, SparkACompany provides just that, we’ve secured the business services of companies like Ernst & Young (accounting), Olswang (law)

and WPP (marketing) to get all our young start ups off the ground”, said SparkACompany head Jayraj Chokshi. Sumon Sadhu, a serial entrepreneur at the age of 23, said “London is probably the best place in Europe to start a company and Imperial offers the largest con-

centration of technically minded students to create billion dollar companies like Google, EBay and Amazon”.

Much of the rest of the evening featured brainstorming and the attendees on the night spent the length of the event bouncing ideas

off each other. Walid and Socratis, provided the most engaging question of the night when they asked the audience “What can you do with a paperclip?” and started off a wave of crazy, imaginative and some down right off the wall ideas!

It seemed to have worked though, some genuinely intriguing and wacky ideas were brought up, including the suggestion of curing AIDS with a paperclip! By painting it red and giving it to U2’s frontman Bono to launch a new charitable effort, “Red clips for AIDS campaign!”. There was also an airline idea where passengers are carried in sleeping capsules (which apparently can be ejected and parachuted to safety in the event of a crash!) and a more down to earth proposal which focused around low-fare London travel on buses with no seats.

The evening closed off with a Dragon’s Den style public pitching of ideas. All the entrepreneurs present on the night were called up to the front with each of the teams pitching their idea to them. The idea was then developed further by everyone brainstorming it up to a more marketable proposition, which gave a unique insight into how real entrepreneurs turn a crazy concept into scaleable reality.

The competition now moves into its next phase on 22 November at the LSE where the actual team building process will gather pace and new companies will be formed.

More mergers and markets

Paul Estruch
Business Correspondent

Companies are always looking for ways to improve profitability and make more money. To do this, a company may try merging with another or buying and acquiring another company. This can improve the business’s economies of scale, improve synergy and can increase market share. It is this last point which regulators are interested in.

In the UK, a merger cannot go ahead if it will “result in a substantial lessening of competition in a UK market” according to the Office of Fair Trading (OFT) under the Enterprise Act 2002. The OFT will refer any merger that will result in a turnover above a certain threshold, or will result in the company having over 25% of a market to the Competition Commission (CC), which is an independent body, for investigation. The OFT wants to encourage a fair market where there is not a monopoly and normal market forces apply to protect the consumer. If these rules were not employed, monopolies would be formed with supply being manipulated and prices increasing dramatically.

In the year 2000, Time Warner and AOL planned to merge in what would create a company worth \$245 billion. With both being huge multinational companies, the takeover would be heavily scrutinised to make sure there was not a decrease in competition and that a monopoly was not formed. Of particular concern was the links between Time Warner with EMI and Bertelsmann. It was worried that

AOL would be able to use EMI and Bertelsmann to dominate the then merging online music industry. To avoid a monopoly in this area, it was agreed that Time Warner would not merge with EMI as had been earlier planned, and that all ties with Bertelsmann would be severed. With these promises, the EU gave the go ahead for the merger, and with some negotiations in America with US regulators, AOL Time Warner was formed.

Merger control regimes are there to help protect the consumer by

making sure competition in a market continues. Companies have to abide by their rulings but can often be proactive in making sure that they are not substantially affecting competition. Companies can agree to sell off parts of their business to make sure that they do not get an unfair advantage from a subsidiary or do not have a monopoly in a geographical area. With these rules followed, normal market forces will allow businesses to run healthily and consumers experience competitive prices.



It was agreed that Time Warner would not merge with EMI

Monopoly power

“Go straight to jail, do not pass go, do not collect £200”, a particularly harsh punishment for someone attempting to create a monopoly of all the hotels in London. Whilst just a board game, it does reflect parts of the business world.

A monopoly occurs when there is just one company providing a good to the market. This total dominance means that the monopoly is in total control of supply and can therefore control prices.

Monopolies can happen when a government creates or gives the rights for one to be created usually with regards to a public service. It also occurs more naturally, when a company takes control of the market through economies of scale or having the sole rights to a resource or idea.

For years, the Royal Mail has been a government owned monopoly. If you had wanted to send a letter, you had to do it via the Royal Mail. However, it is carefully regulated by Postcomm. This regulation ensures that Royal Mail provides a good service at a reasonable price for the customers, so its monopoly was not taken advantage of. Although still dominant, the market has been opened up to competition with other carriers being allowed to deliver post. This should help keep prices and services competitive.

Microsoft’s Windows runs on 90% of all desktop computers. They achieved this through the peoples want for Windows as an operating system, particularly in the corporate market, along with a lot of hard work. However many people believe that Microsoft intimidates other companies either intention-

ally by trying to squeeze them out of the market with their own products or unintentionally by scaring them from rivalling such a large company. The EU agrees with this and has demanded that Microsoft opens up codes to rivals to allow them to develop compatible programmes, with Microsoft facing fines of \$2 million a day.

Sometimes monopolies are sensible, in particular when dealing with a public service, such as water or electricity, where it would be far too expensive for every company to have their own pipes or wires going in to your house. In such instances, it is important that such monopolies are carefully regulated to protect the consumer. However, other times monopolies occur through other means. Because this is not illegal it is important to make sure that monopolies do not abuse their powers with regulators protecting consumers, or consumers protecting themselves by taking their money elsewhere.



Microsoft defied European monopoly rulings in 2004

Britain loses students to US

Omar Hashmi
Politics Editor

Last week, Princeton University reported a 65 per cent rise in applications over the past year from British students. Janet Rapelye, the Dean of admissions, said numbers were expected to grow further as Britain's top-up fees meant that students could obtain better financial support from a US university than from one in the UK.

This announcement has prompted fears that young people are becoming increasingly disenchanted with British universities after the introduction of top up fees. Ivy League institutions are increasingly targeting British schools as they look to boost their international intake. Around 8,400 British students are studying at US universities, two-thirds as undergraduates.

Janet Rapelye told a conference at the £24,000-a-year Wellington College in Berkshire, that 100 British youngsters applied to Princeton this year, compared to 61 last year. Ms Rapelye said the benefits of US universities were "overwhelming" with better teaching, facilities, accommodation and extra-curricular activities. In addition, she stated that the financial support available from the top US institutions such as Princeton, Yale and Harvard were second to none. Anthony Seldon, master of Wellington, who organized the conference on UK students studying at US universities, said: "British schools are beginning to lose faith in UK universities. Unfamiliarity is no excuse for dismissing the option of a US university educa-



ICU President John Collins debating education fees Last Thursday in a NUS Hustings debate

tion. I encourage all my pupils to consider US universities alongside UK ones. It does take determination and courage to break away from the crowd but British students are as able as those from any other nation." This represents a dangerous trend for academic life in the UK and is eroding the idea of the UK being a haven for the world's students. With the introduction of top-up fees, average student debt has reached £13,000 a year. However, most students are actually leaving university with debt of over £22,000. Comparing the costs of studying at Princeton relative to the UK, an undergraduate in the US would be billed £24 000.. A vast array of extra

curricular activities are available in the US from interstate baseball competitions, football and even cheerleading tournaments. Princeton also offers childcare facilities and disability services, has one of the best campus universities in the world and collections include more than 6.2 million books, and holdings of rare books, prints and archives.

A UK education will cost £1500 a year in tuition fees. Added to this is the cost of accommodation, living materials and (perhaps) the odd night on the town. This can take the costs of studying anything up to £8000 a year, resulting in total debts after graduation being between £20,000 to £30,000. The NUS

has been campaigning for the abolishment of tuition fees due to their effects at deterring students from higher education. At their recent demonstration on the 29th October NUS president Gemma Tumelty said: "We really believe that debt will be a huge deterrent on students entering education. This year there were 15,000 fewer students - that's a huge concern to us, particularly when government is trying to widen participation."

With increasing demand to increase resources available for students in higher education institutions it appears unlikely that tensions will resolve in the near future.

Welcome

A warm welcome back to you all from a resurrected Felix Politics! Yes, you thought that we all died and were to spend an eternity banished from the Felix underworld office, but we're back! And before you know it, we have a new mystery writer. Old man Warsaw will be keeping you up to date with his (slightly warped) view of the world. However, I don't think that anyone will have too many objections to this week's view - no one really likes Saddam, no one really likes the Republicans!

What will be interesting to note is the link that a change in strategy in US Foreign Policy will make to the so called "global war against terror." Will this give hope to those who have seen the current foreign policy fail miserably, or will it feed into the "ideological war?" What even is this war? And how are we going to react when searching for terror suspects with such a high level of paranoia? Thankfully, Imperial has a habit of being cool-headed.

Student fees are an everlasting problem. Its not surprising people will use their money elsewhere when they find a better deal. But, I don't care how we do it, students need to have better resources. If we are to face higher fees or to look at other factors, then we have to make the hard decisions. Education is more than just a monetary asset, but idealic principles calling for no fees at all, devoid of all reality, simply cannot work in today's climate.

MI5 intelligence discussion

Dame evaluates Islam and the role of the security services

Yahya Khan

Last week the Director General of the MI5, Dame Eliza Manningham-Buller, gave a speech at Queen Mary College, London in which she warned of the continuing threat of terrorism to Great Britain and described how the Security Service agencies were combating it.

Pointing out that the current threat began well before 9/11, Dame Eliza cited a range of factors that were motivating acts of terrorism, such as perceived injustices against Muslims around the world, extreme interpretations of Islam and aspects of UK foreign policy. Dame Eliza noted that the threat has increased steadily since 9/11 and currently the Security Service and police were aware of dozens of plots to kill people and damage the British economy, with 200 networks and over 1,600 individuals currently under investigation.

She was addressing an invited audience of academics, students and journalists as a guest of Professor Peter Hennessy. The Group is an arm of the Mile End Institute for the Study of British Government, Intelligence and Society.

The Security Service is currently expanding to meet the threat, but Dame Eliza warned that even when it reaches its projected target of 3,500 staff by 2008, it would not be

able to prevent every terror attack.

During her speech, Dame Eliza elaborated on classical objections to such reports that simply "stir up fear". Although other threats such as climate change and road accidents may appear to be more harmful to the country at present, she put forward the view that another terrorist attack would be disastrous for the global economy.

This news couples along with other reports that Islamic extremists have infiltrated at least four Brit-

Universities have been infiltrated by radical elements that host events

ish universities in order to radicalise Muslim students. According to Sheikh Musa Admani, Brunel University in west London, Bedfordshire University, Luton, Sheffield Hallam University and Manchester Metropolitan University have all been infiltrated by radical elements that host events and lectures with external speakers which allegedly bring other Muslims towards more extreme outlooks.

However, a study for the Joseph Rowntree Reform Trust said ministers must stop using "misleading and disproportionate" language on terrorism, which "allows terrorists to assume the dignity of being soldiers or combatants instead of the criminals that they are".

It says the only way of successfully tackling terrorism is to win the trust and cooperation of Muslim communities in the UK, in particular those young people who provide the tacit support that allows terrorism to survive.

There has been much speculation about what motivates young men and women to carry out acts of terrorism in the UK. Muslim groups, such as the Muslim Council of Britain, have previously voiced their concern that the Government has not recognised the link between foreign policy in the Muslim world causing widespread and deep frustration in Muslims in Britain.

A press release on the 18th August 2006 stated that "it cannot be said enough that there can never be any justification for the deliberate killing of civilians. However, the Government needs to acknowledge that extremist groups have taken advantage of Britain's role in the wars against Afghanistan and Iraq and Washington's longstanding blind support for Israel as an opportunity to recruit more Muslims".

Warsaw's week

Warsaw

Justice. Go on; say it again, in front of the mirror, whilst you're shaving. It's a lovely word isn't it? We all love it when justice gets done; just the last week the politicians of Capitol Hill celebrated when they passed sentence (and by 'they' I obviously mean Iraqi judges, no ambiguity intended, oh no) on Saddam Hussein, putting this evil scum-bag to death and ending the era of lawlessness in Iraq. I think. Anyway, justice leaves you warm and fuzzy inside, doesn't it? (Well, not for Saddam, he'll be dead. But that's by the bye.)

At least there was one genuine case of justice being done last week in the US mid-term elections. No, don't turn over; I know I read the Guardian and hence I'm incredibly bitter about the whole world, but that doesn't mean that this column will descend into another "George Bush is an eejid" piece. Anyway a bit of politics on Friday will make you sleep better. And not because it's boring.

Last week the Democrats won a landslide vote which helped them win a majority in the US Senate. The seat which tipped the balance here was Virginia, previously held by Republican George Allen, with a strong majority.

So what went wrong? Whilst on the campaign trail, George Allen turned to a man videoing his speech and suddenly referenced

him: "This feller over here in the yellow shirt, Macaca or whatever his name is..." and asked the crowd to give a "Warm welcome to Macaca here".

After the initial confusion and speculation over whether he was hitting the crack-pipe at all, it was then pointed out that the person he was referring to, Mr. S.R. Sidarth, was of Indian descent, and Macaca is an obscure racial slur, as it equates people to monkeys of the Macaca genus. Oops.

Mr. Allen tried to apologise afterwards, but matters were not helped when it came out that he has a history of showing off the Confederate flag; by wearing it as a pin badge and putting it up in his living room, and when recounting the Civil War he did not mention (never mind denounce) slavery at all. Double Oops.

This incident caused Mr. Allen to lose his majority on the area, and he lost his seat (and thus the Republican hold on the Senate) by 7,000 votes. Not only that but with this incident marring his political career there's little chance of him successfully standing as the Republican presidential candidate for the 2008 election. Big oops.

Southern-fried justice; tasty. Better still, history has shown us that there's no chance that a politician with a history of racial insensitivity forming his own splinter party to gain power, is there, Robert Kilroy-Silk? My oops.

Combining science with business

Toby Ferenczi

Why are scientists paid so poorly? Before going any further, I'd like to make clear that I have no intention of moaning about how equally qualified and wonderful scientists are in comparison with their suited counterparts in a certain quadrilateral region of the capital. Financial institutions make large profits. Research departments do not. The people who work in them, myself included, cannot expect the taxpayer to fork out large salaries just because "you could be working for Citigroup if you wanted to". The point I would like to make is this. If you look at the fastest growing industry sectors in the world today, the vast majority will have some kind of technological innovation behind them. If you trace this innovation back to its origin, you will eventually come face to face with a scientist or an engineer. Therefore, science provides a huge driving force for the growth of industry and the creation of wealth. It is in many ways ultimately responsible for the success of the large companies from which the financial institutions derive their wealth.

Why, then, are scientists so bad at retaining any of this wealth they have created for themselves? The root cause may be the very culture surrounding scientific research itself. Understandably, scientists want to get on with science, but there is also a rather unhelpful attitude held by a few whereby any involvement with money is somehow

seen as undignified and a sign of moral inferiority.

Thankfully, all traces of this mindset are disappearing fast. Universities like Imperial are becoming hot beds for entrepreneurial activity and Gordon Brown himself has declared: "The new Britain will be built on skills, science and enterprise... these are the best means to raising our national game and driving forward productivity and prosperity."

Last week, I had the pleasure of meeting William Bains, one of the country's leading bioscience entrepreneurs and visiting professor at Imperial. Over the last twenty years, Professor Bains has been heavily involved in the commercialisation of new biotechnology. He has founded three companies and been involved in countless others. For several years he worked for an investment fund called Merlin Bioscience, which specialises in investing in and helping to steer bio-tech start-up companies toward financial success. During this time he sorted through thousands of new business ideas, picking out those with the most potential. He has even managed to condense his knowledge into several books and a lecture course as part of Cambridge University's Bioscience Enterprise course.

The pharmaceuticals industry is so attractive because it has consistently been the most profitable worldwide for over thirty years. Not only can you save lives, you can also become obscenely wealthy at



William Bains, a leading entrepreneur and visiting professor

the same time. Recently, however, the cost of discovering and developing a new drug has increased dramatically. The simple drugs have already been discovered, and finding new ones is taking ever longer. It now costs an average of around \$800 million to get a new drug onto the shelves, and this figure runs into billions if you consider the cost of all the failed attempts. Professor Bains' latest business, Delta G, is currently leading a quiet revolution in the drugs discovery industry. Delta G is based on research into mitochondrial bioenergetics. Using an understanding of how mitochondria fail as we age, they are working to develop novel pharmaceuticals to treat a variety of cancers. Already several patents have been filed, and they hope to be able to license their technology to larger pharmaceutical companies who will help deliver the drug to the marketplace.

On Wednesday 21 November, Professor Bains is coming to Imperial where he will be talking not only about his new business, but also about entrepreneurship in general. He will be offering his accumulated insight and wisdom on how best to launch your own start-up. So if you're interested in science, business, or possibly even both, this might be an evening well spent.

William Bains will be speaking as part of an event hosted by IC Entrepreneurs on 21 November at 6.30pm in the Tanaka Business School. The event is open to both staff and students.



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Robert Winston and playing God

Imperial's most famous 'celebrity scientist' speaks about the age-old conflict between science and religion

Imperial College played host to Lord Robert Winston in a lecture organized by the chaplaincy. The lecture, entitled 'Playing God,' explored the relationship between science and religion from Lord Winston's perspective. Its aim was to stimulate further reflection on the matter and encourage further discourse.

Lord Winston's talk took us on a fascinating historical journey, beginning with Pieter Brueghel's 1563 painting *The Tower of Babel*. Depicting the construction of the tower, the painting is believed to be a comment on mankind's failed attempt to be like God. Winston used this painting as the starting point for his first question of the evening, "Do we have so much information that we do not need God?"

Winston argued that, whether we are spiritual or not, history has shown a strong desire for spiritualism. He presented photographs of stenciled hand outlines in the Pyrenean Grotte de Gaga. These dark, damp, inhabitable caves are said to be mankind's first cathedrals. Around 250 hands are painted there, many of them with missing fingers. These missing fingers were initially believed to be caused by mutilation, either due to ritual or the cold of the Ice Age. However, skeletons found nearby the caves and in the surrounding area show no evidence of digits missing. Therefore, it is believed that the hands were stenciled with the fingers deliberately curled, similar to hunting signals, in an attempt to reach the transcendental through the walls of the caves. In a similar vein, Winston considered Stonehenge: the passion, dedication and sacrifice required in moving those monumental stones. Drawing also on Christianity (the thousands of people, some of them non-spiritual, who turned up to see Pope John Paul II last Easter) and Islam (the painstakingly exquisite designs of their temples), Winston concluded that mankind has made numerous attempts to reach the transcendental.

Next, Winston explored the scientific, asking whether there is a genetic tendency towards spirituality. Much experimental work has been carried out on human spirituality, given that all cultures display it in one form or another. Dr Dean Hamer, a geneticist and author of the book *The God Gene: How Faith Is Hardwired into Our Genes* found that there are particular configurations of a dopamine-like neuro-transmitter in spiritual people. Tom Bouchard, a psychologist, traced twins who had been separated at birth and compared monozygotic and dizygotic twins. He found that, irrespective of environment, monozygotic twins showed similar attitudes in intrinsic religiosity. Both studies seem to indicate that in many cases there is a genetic predisposition to spirituality and we are hard-wired to search for something deeper and transcendental.

There is also evidence that spirituality may have helped humanity. For example, in general, the people who survived Auschwitz were those who displayed some form of spirituality. Winston did not provide much evidence for this, but used the story

EMERSON VIGOUREUX



While most of Robert Winston's speech was a thoughtful overview of the science/religion conflict, he still had time for a little disco dancing

of Auschwitz-survivor Viktor Frankl to help illustrate his point. Frankl found spirituality to be a comfort to him throughout his troubles, and experienced three modes of thought during his ordeal. The first was sheer terror and disbelief, the second was a survival-of-the-fittest type mentality, and the third was a belief that there was someone (be it a deity or a deceased family member) looking down on them; a belief that they shouldn't lose hope.

After an exhilarating, occasionally disjointed journey, Winston moved onto the core of his talk; the notion of 'playing God'. He asked whether one can view the human embryo as a human being and discussed Nicholas Harsoeker, who examined seminal fluid under a microscope and believed he could see a tiny man within each sperm. This discovery led Rabbi Pinhar Elijah bon Meir to state that wasted sperm is like murder. Winston points out that, whilst the ethics behind this are sound, they are

wrong as we now know that there is no person inside sperm. This shows that our ethics can only be as good as our knowledge (in this case scientific). The two go hand-in-hand, so it is impossible to ignore the science. For this reason, Winston disagrees with the Catholic view that life begins at conception. For a biologist, there is no conception – it is a continuation. Take for example the mouse that was pathogenically induced in Japan. In that particular case, conception never took place, yet life was produced.

For the final part of his talk, Winston addressed the use of gene modification to eradicate diseases. Winston discussed his own work, which involves inserting gene constructs into the testes of a baby mouse, and asked why we shouldn't use methods such as this in humans to enhance their quality of life. Consider the plight of Sardinia where every sixth inhabitant carries the beta-thalassemia gene. Surely we should do all we can to eradicate this gene from future generations. But this is playing God – and is it right?

Winston himself believes that there is nothing wrong with playing God. In fact, it is "desirable" as

we use what we've been given to promote life. However, the problem arises when we try to supplant God. Additionally, the consequences of enhancing humans are not certain – we do not understand the full effects. In Winston's view, "Man may be unique, but he is insignificant." Like it or not, there are things that cannot be explained, for example, the Boxing Day tsunami, and it bothers Winston when scientists think they have all the answers.

Certainly, we cannot prove the existence of God – but nor can we prove the non-existence of God. In Winston's view, phrases such as "God delusion" are dangerous and do not promote social cohesion, whereas religion itself has been shown to be a cohesive force in society. Throughout the talk, Winston disapproved of Richard Dawkins' fundamentalist denigration of people having religious beliefs, which he believes to be an attitude unhealthy for society.

Lord Winston's final point was that science and religion are both about uncertainty – both are at their most dangerous when they become certain.

One disappointment for me in

particular was that the talk didn't really explore the ways in which a scientist can incorporate their faith into their work or indeed whether Winston thought this was possible. While it is known that Lord Winston has a deep, long-held interest in Judaism, he, perhaps wisely, chose to keep the details of his religious stance private, insisting that it is personal (much to the chagrin of the gentleman seated behind me).

Additionally, the talk merely highlighted the uncertainty of science and religion (and the need for mutual respect between the two), and, in contrast to my prior expectations, did not bring anything particularly provocative to the table.

However, it was made clear at the beginning that this was not the aim of the talk. The aim was to stimulate further discourse and, judging by the questions at the end, this was achieved. Overall, I found Lord Winston's talk to be enjoyable and thought-provoking. He drew on interesting historical aspects to illustrate his points and the overall result was a measured and thoughtful take on the science-religion relationship.

Naomi Antony

Spotted a mistake?

Felix needs pedants to ensure we maintain a high grammatical standard.

To ensure you are suitably pedantic, here's a few little tests. Pass all of them, and you can too can become part of the elite Felix grammar crew. We're fun.

A) Where do apostrophes go in these sentences?

- 1) The kittens coats were soaking wet.
- 2) I dont know where its gone.
- 3) Ive got a morons brain.
- 4) The childrens faces were glowing.

B) Describe two distinct situations where you would use a semicolon. "In the newspaper" and "in an essay" are not what we're looking for here.

C) Choose options below to make the sentences read correctly.

- 1) Smoking can ____ your health.
 - a) effect
 - b) affect
- 2) The College ____ very good at science.
 - a) was
 - b) were
- 3) That's an interesting _____.
 - a) color
 - b) colour
- 4) I didn't ____ you with that hat.
 - a) recognise
 - b) recognize

Send your answers to felix@imperial.ac.uk, with the subject "I'm a massive pedant".

felix



The world's largest drugs scandal

Radha Gadhok asks is it acceptable that health companies are driven to make a profit from peoples' sickness?

Corporate scandal is not hard to come by in the media and the pharmaceutical industry certainly takes its fair share of the limelight. In a climate where private corporations need to be seen fulfilling their social responsibilities and becoming conscientious enterprises the pharmaceutical industry has made many moves to improve its public image. Yet it is questionable how much drug companies will actually change as long as they remain driven by profit. How ethical is it for companies at the very core of public health to be driven by their shareholders, profiting from sickness?

For many years there has been much talk around the so-called 90-10 gap, by which only ten percent of the global health research budget of \$50 – 60 billion is spent on the diseases that affect 90 percent of the world's population. Forty-six times more money is reportedly spent on development of Viagra than on new tuberculosis drugs. The Pharmaceutical industry however argues the problem of treating disease in the developing world lies in the hands of improved drug distribution and health infrastructure and seemingly believes that their role may be fulfilled by drug donation. Yet there is only so much that limited handouts of a small number of drugs can do. What might seriously help developing countries to overcome disease is access to cheaper generic versions of patented medicines, something that the World Health Organisation's rules on Intellectual Property Rights (TRIPS) should support but which is being fought heavily by pharmaceutical companies.

In India Novartis continue to seek to prevent the sale of generic versions of cancer drug Gilvec, carrying out its threats to withdraw previously offered free treatment to patients if the market remained open. Meanwhile Pfizer are suing the Philippine government over the import of drug Norvasc (a treatment for high blood pressure) from surrounding countries including Thailand and Indonesia where the drug is considerably more affordable. Pfizer insists that neither will it reduce the cost of the drug of the Philippines, nor allow the testing of cheaper imports now nor the purchase of imports when the patent on Norvasc expires.

The WHO estimate that 74% of AIDS medicines are still under monopoly with forces such as the United States putting further pressure on the developing world to seek stricter intellectual property rights.

Clearly despite the buzzwords, the "public-private partnerships" and "corporate citizenship", drug monopolies and thus a monopoly on health still remain.

The notion of profits before health is not restricted to the developing world. In 2002 GlaxoSmithKline were at the heart of much debate as their widely used antidepressant drug Seroxat (paroxetine) was allegedly misrepresented in studies, disguising its reduced effectiveness and higher suicide risk in adolescent patients. It might be fair to argue that since drug trialing in children is impossible it is inevitable that these scenarios might occur. However in the court cases



Are international pharmaceutical companies so high on their desires for profit that the world is suffering as a consequence?

that followed GSK refused to discuss it's out of court settlements. It is easy to understand that no company would willingly give up such a profitable drug to bad publicity; however such moves will hardly go far in satisfying the transparency and accountability being demanded by consumer groups.

When in September 2004 Merck & Co withdrew Rofecoxib, an anti-inflammatory drug used in osteoarthritis and pain control due to its significant side effects it was the most widely prescribed drug to ever be withdrawn. Discussion and debate continues to surround this drug. These are merely examples that might lead us to question how

much trust healthcare professionals can place in the pharmaceutical industry. One might further question trust in clinical practice. Consumers International claims that some sixty billion dollars are spent annually by the pharmaceutical industry on drug promotion, the details of which are rarely made public. Much of this presumably goes on the gifts and "perks" bestowed upon doctors by drug companies in the promotion of new (often more costly) drug- clearly a questionable practice. A more far reaching influence could come in the form of "Drug-to-Consumer" advertising permitted in the US but not currently in the EU. whilst Pharma

continues to push for relaxation of these restrictions in the EU Health Action International (a non-profit organisation representing consumer interests) continues to state that the pharmaceutical industry is not nearly as unbiased, reliable and as comparative as it needs to be.

One consumer's group reports that between 2002 and 2005 there were 972 breaches of the Association of British Pharmaceutical Industry ethical drug practice guidelines. 35% of these were on the grounds of misleading drug information.

The discussion is clearly complicated and made of many parts. It is not simply a question of "cor-

poration bashing". There are real and difficult problems with having a profit driven Pharmaceutical Industry. This article is merely a brief introduction; however on Tuesday 21st November six experts in this field including Dr Michael Borowitz of the UK Department for International Development and Professor Trevor Jones CBE, Former Director-General of the Association of British Pharmaceutical Industry will be debating such issues. It should be fantastic debate and all are welcome.

For further details please see www.union.ic.ac.uk/medic/medsin

Comment & Opinion



The fresco *The Siege of Constantinople* in the church of the Annunciation at Moldovita depicts Christians routing the infidel with arrows and cannons and miraculous icons

Islam, violence, and the empires

Samuel Lynas asks some unsettling questions about the articles on Imperial Islamic Society's website

"The Islamic Society is happy to post articles which celebrate the unprovoked Muslim conquests of non-Muslims... inspired by the founder of their religion and... accompanied by the slaughter, rape, pillage, and enslavement of the defeated peoples"

Browsing the website of the Imperial Islamic Society the other day, I happened upon an article entitled "The Light of Islam in Constantinople". Penned by Ibn Munir, the article starts out by telling us that "the city of Constantinople (commonly known today as Istanbul) was enlightened and blessed with Islam on 855 Hijri (1453 AD)". The desire on the part of the Ottoman Turks to conquer what had been Christendom's leading city for over a thousand years was, we are told, founded on a saying of Muhammad, in which he proclaimed that "Constantinople will be conquered at the hands of a man, so blessed be the leader of that conquest and blessed be that army!"

According to Mr Munir, Muhammad decided that Constantinople, a city nearly 1,500 miles from Mecca, was to be conquered by Muslim force of arms. Despite the passage of over 800 years, the force of this exhortation inspired the Ottoman Turks, a people originally from Turkestan in Central Asia whose ancestors were themselves conquered by the Arabs, to bring the "light of Islam" to Constantinople. This was a great "blessing" for the city, we are told. What, one wonders,

did this "blessing" consist of?

Mr Munir's article is rather sketchy on the details, so we must look elsewhere for them. Steven Runciman, in his book *The Fall of Constantinople*, describes how, on breaching the walls, Muslim soldiers "slew everyone that they met in the streets, men, women, and children without discrimination. The blood ran in rivers down the steep streets from the heights of Petra toward the Golden Horn. But soon the lust for slaughter was assuaged. The soldiers realized that captives [i.e., slaves] and precious objects would bring them greater profit." For those unfamiliar with the history, this was but the climactic battle after centuries of such warfare against the Byzantine Empire.

It is not my intention here to claim that the Turkish conquest of Constantinople was any more brutal than similar horrors carried out by other medieval armies, including, of course, European armies. But it is essential to point out, however obvious it may seem, that all this medieval brutality was indeed medieval in nature, and it is for precisely this reason that decent people in the 21st century are shocked and disgusted by the violence perpetrated by their ancestors.

No Englishman today celebrates

the horrendous violence inflicted on the Scottish, Irish or Welsh populations of the British Isles, and no sane American looks back on the 1864 Sand Creek Massacre with a sense of fond nostalgia. In contrast, the Islamic Society is happy to post articles which celebrate the unprovoked Muslim conquests of non-Muslims, conquests which were inspired by the founder of their religion, and which were accompanied by the slaughter, rape, pillage and enslavement of the defeated peoples.

As the debates about Islam's role in world conflict continue to rage around us, we have been assured repeatedly that Osama bin Laden and his ilk constitute nothing more than Islam's lunatic fringe. In this interpretation, far from being the psychotic death-cult that it impersonates so well, Islam is in fact a religion of peace and tolerance. Yet the Islamic Society openly gloats over the brutality of its coreligionists, brutality many orders of magnitude greater than that of the 9/11 attacks, and, just as importantly, brutality which has no conceivable justification in terms of self-defence, American forces stationed in Saudi Arabia, unusual celestial activity, or anything else.

Let us conduct a brief thought experiment, in which a group of Impe-

rial students establishes a British Empire Society. On its Union-provided website, it puts up an article celebrating the way in which the British Empire offered millions of Africans, at no charge, the opportunity to start a new life in the Americas, working on a tobacco or sugar plantation. This and other endeavours on the part of said empire, the article claims, are what brought the light of civilization to Africans. Such a development would clearly be inconceivable, and utterly farcical were it in fact to occur. Yet the Islamic equivalent sits happily on the website of the Islamic Society, whose members presumably consider it to be objective history rather than the deluded and self-congratulatory propaganda it so manifestly is.

The lazy imprecision of the distinction so regularly drawn between 'moderate' and 'extremist' Muslims has always bothered me, but, given how widespread it has become, let us adopt it here. I assume that the members of the Islamic Society will not self-identify as extremists. If, however, they consider themselves 'moderates', is it unreasonable to ask what the material on their website tells us about 'moderate' Islam? I admit that it is unsettling to ask these questions. But it is suicidal not to ask them.

Wielding the mighty organ



Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

I am really, really sick of the NUS debate. I'm sick of yellow shirts, I'm sick of the external campaigners and their enforced cheerfulness, and I'm sick of crusading No campaigners. In short, fuck the referendum. Before I shut up about it forever, there's something I want to get off my chest about it.

Unsurprisingly for an IC democratic event, the whole thing has descended into near farce, if not forty-clowns-in-car farce. The ridiculous recall of Guildsheet is merely the final straw in a referendum that's been characterised by name-calling, petty complaints, accusations of bias and downright lying. Somewhere in between we forgot we were supposed to be having a referendum to decide the future affiliations of this Union, and that maybe, just maybe, we should think carefully about the issues involved, as well as presenting these issues in an unobfuscated and honest way. The little spat over the NUS affiliation fee cost (which may or may not have reached the student body), and the subsequent carefulness of the President involving the subject, was appalling to see. In no way has the President been dishonest, but it is one thing to be honest and entirely another to represent the facts accurately and clearly. I don't even want to touch the Yes campaign's "Anti-NUS myths" flyers, as they discuss things like beer prices, Kit Kats and other silly fallacies that the No campaign know will not be an issue.

The above does in no way align me with the No campaign, for they have equally to blame for the farce that the referendum became. They have banged on endlessly about the affiliation fee, and the possibility of money being drawn away from clubs to pay for it, despite (reasonably trustworthy) assurances from Beit Towers that this will not be the case.

There were a few valid points raised in this farcical disaster. The Yes campaign's argument that we need a voice is valid and relevant. The NUS wields huge power, even though it may be a somewhat damaged organisation. The No campaign are right to focus on the joke that is the National Conference, and the sometimes irrelevant nature of the NUS's campaigns. These points were lost under a shitstorm of pointless point-scoring and needless personal attacks.

I'm so very disappointed in the whole process. As I'd never had any involvement with the whole Union process before becoming editor, I'd always assumed that things weren't as bad as the general student population makes out. It turns out that, for the most part, they were right all along. By now, of course, the referendum is over, and we're stuck with whatever choice was made for a year. I hope you at least thought before you voted, rather than letting someone else do the thinking for you.

Letters and emails

Ex-president acted reasonably

Dear Andy,

I'm writing regarding the front page article accusing the ex-President of disregarding the constitution. I was disappointed to see this issue being blown out of proportion, especially as the incident happened over 6 months ago.

We all know that sometimes timings for decisions have to be tight because of other restrictions (elections timings in this case), and as for Sameena saying that she'd make decisions herself without consulting the committee - well its clear that this was just an angry outburst once she'd realised that the trust of the committee had been broken, and nothing more "scandalous" than that. As Simon Matthews (last year's DPCS) said, it was all "well-intentioned".

I worked with the Sabb team last year when I ran the Hockey Club and so I know the hard work Sameena and her team of Sabbs, Simon, Tim, etc. put in last year for the good of the Union.

Rich Bacon

Dear Andy,

I sat on executive last year and just wanted to present my view of what happened when, as it has been suggested Sameena "disregarded the constitution".

I'm unwilling to go into specifics of what happened, it was after all closed session, however my view is that it was something of a last minute problem. With last minute problems like these there is no easy solution. It is never easy to convince an emergency exec with little notice, especially since at least one member was a medical

student, who (I believe) was not then based in south kensington.

My view is that the correct, indeed only possible, action was taken.

Some time later I was approached by a close associate of the current president and asked something along the lines of "what's this I hear about the DPGS elections?". (S)he was not a member of the executive. Since this was a closed session meeting I refused to comment, and took my concerns to Sameena.

A senior and long serving union manager then mentioned, in an attempt to offer their advice, that the leaking of closed session items has previously had some very serious consequences to the union. I believe this.

As a consequence Sameena told exec that she would not be bringing further similar closed session items to exec. This is not to say that she would have acted upon them on her own. The one thing about Sameena was that she was very good at seeking advice and turning to others when problems were occurring, or if she didn't believe that she had the ability to complete something.

If you don't believe this then I suggest you examine who were the returning officers in last years (post council) elections.

One of the questions I feel obliged to ask is why this is coming out now, some six months after the event, with the DPGS settled into position. It is fair to say that exec was somewhat divided last year, with two senior members not seeing eye to eye.

Finally I would ask that no body should overlook the high level work which Sameena did for the union over at least two years.

Regards,
Mark Flower

Centrefold

Dear Andy,

Whatever happened to my favourite section of our beloved *Felix* - the centrefold. The centrefold was more than just an article for so many of us. It made us laugh when we were down, it gave us hope before exams and suspense as we rifled through the pages on a thursday morning.

Was it a concious decision to withdraw this wonderful piece of journalistic gold or was it simply that there was a lack of volunteers. If it was the latter, then we, the civil engineering department, would like to volunteer our services for upcoming issues to revive the centrefold. The first years have a right to experience the wonders of the felix centrefold.

Yours sincerely,
Stanislaw

Andy Sykes writes:

Lots of you wrote in about this, and initially I'd planned to remove the nudity. However, I've reconsidered, and now I have a superb photographer ready to snap you all in your unmentionables. It'll be back at the start of next term; honest.

Guardian awards

Dear Felix,

Just wanted to say well done for winning best paper. It's nice to see someone different win it (if not us again!) Keep up the good work guys.

Will Dean
(ex-*Quencher* editor)

The history of bonfire night



Hugh Mansfield

Two weeks ago saw the anniversary of a successful foiling of a terrorist act by religious fundamentalists, an event which we celebrate this day by burning in effigy one of the perpetrators. According to the Metropolitan Police, however, the burning of effigies is an incitement to violence and unacceptable in their eyes, even in the abstract form of a flag.

But to what extent does the catholic community suffer reprisals from mobs hungry for blood after being stirred into a rage after the family-friendly ceremony depicting the violent and spontaneous destruction of the nation's heads of state and government, symbolised by a few brightly-coloured fireworks and

the less obliquely symbolic burning of an enemy combatant on pyres across the country? And, come to that, why is it that this is still considered acceptable four centuries after the attempted act was aborted? It be seen as terribly blood-thirsty that we indoctrinate our children into such behaviour.

There is a school of thought which claims that this is not, in itself, an anti-catholic celebration (or, if you prefer, commemoration) and that Fawkes's cabal of plotters should not be taken to be representative of Catholicism. However, given that their actions were inspired by a bias against their religion by the state which can be seen in retrospect to be considerably more perceived than real, they cannot help but be seen as ambassadors for Catholicism, despite such extremists being a minority. Consequently, their actions stirred up anti-Catholic sentiment which had, mostly, been dormant up until that point.

So, given that it can be argued that burning an effigy of a catholic terrorist is not an incitement to violence against Catholics, would it be as acceptable to burn effigies of perpetrators of more recent atrocities committed due to perceived religious slights? Certainly, the Metropolitan Police wouldn't think so, although their current stance on Fawkes is not a matter of public record.

But since the stated aim of celebrating the failure of the gunpowder plot is

to keep it in the public's eye as an example to all who would do likewise, surely other such examples would be worthwhile? Though perhaps the fact that there would be a need for such further examples shows that the inherent message has lost some of its potency somewhere in the past four hundred years. Should it then, be replaced?

Certainly, there is nothing comparable in the case of the attacks of the 11th of September - a memorial service at ground zero is considerably less of an undertaking than bonfire night across even so small a country as our own. Much of the memorial comes in the form of glib soundbites, such as the constant use of the term "9/11" to refer to the events - even "the gunpowder plot" is a less lazy shorthand than trivialising the date to such an extreme. Even when referred to by date, it is in the full form of "the fifth of November" or even in a rhyming mnemonic, rather than "5/11" or somesuch. Apparently the similarity between "9/11" and the telephone number 911 makes this especially catchy, which makes it little better than a pun, which is no way to treat such a monumental tragedy.

The risk of offending religious minorities seems to be holding western nations back from properly remembering such atrocities, though it appears to come more from fear of retribution than from any moral standpoint.

felix

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IC Centenary Lord Mayor's show

City & Guilds College Union took to the streets for the 691st Lord Mayor's show, with a centenary flavour





MUSIC

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We're live and in your face

Four live reviews for your ocular consumption should make you all happy bunnies

live reviews



We Are Scientists
Brixton Academy

Love and Squalor was a cracking debut album. We Are Scientists managed to balance catchy songs and high production value with wit and charm. As with most American bands in the same vein there always appears to be an underlying driving force coming from the label, polishing their sound into a very Radio 1 friendly hook. This was very noticeable at their gig at Brixton Academy, the first in a two night mini-residency.

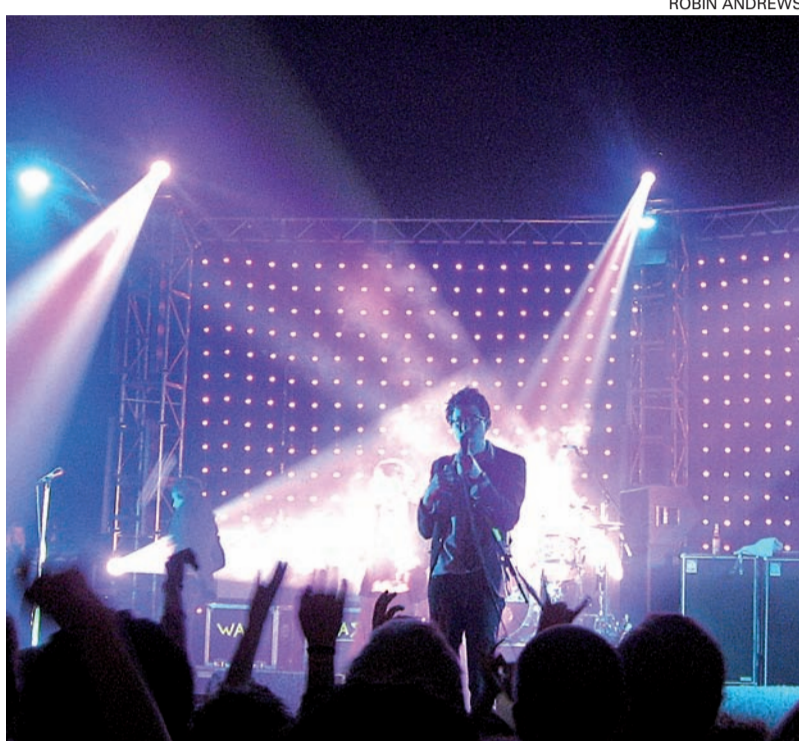
Crikey, the gig had so many good aspects, so lets start with the best. The lighting; yep that was pretty good. They had this nice ambient sodium yellow lighting coming in at waist level in between songs which basked them in a vintage aura. Then they had these nets of LEDs which acted a bit like screens. By the sides of those they had these towers of lights, akin to something Massive Attack play in front of. All-

in-all it was clear there had been a lot of money spent on making each song have it's own little lighting display, something to identify it by, like a generic pop song.

What else was there? Oh yes, the witty jokes between songs, they were great! About as funny as my left big toe, well it is between that and a hot meal – these guys were really on fire. Oh, and how could I forget, the bassist was also moustachioed. Apparently now popular, it obviously gets the kids to buy the records! So what do we have then? Great lights, check! Jokes between songs, with a huge dollop of arrogance? Definitely there! Fashion trend regalia, including a 'retro' moustache? Oh yes, I double checked that one!

But hold on one cotton picking moment, this is starting to sound very much like a big pop act, not some guitar wielding music kids who had a startlingly good debut album! So what was the performance like? Well it was like a big pop act, dry, lifeless, tired, dull. The only thing which was electric was most certainly their guitars. I was so utterly disappointed – if it wasn't for the really rather good lighting I would have gone home early and that wasn't to beat the queues for a T-shirt.

Admittedly the band did warm up



ROBIN ANDREWS

We Are Scientists: The man, the moustache and a lot of pink

by the end of the set, finishing on their hit, *The Great Escape*, it was a bit rousing, but then they did have some guy from the Editors do a guest appearance and play the guitar – the only man on the stage who

could that night. The highlight of the evening was them opening with some Celine Dion song, very eighties, but sadly the rest just wasn't that much cop.

Nick Simpson



Matty Hoban
Music Editor

Buenos dias my home-boys and home-girls to another music column. So, music, well, erm, yeah I don't know. I'm sure some of it is good and some of it is rubbish.

Apologies for a few errors in *Femm* last week, I hope you were clever enough to realise the little hiccups. Thanks for everyone's positive words about *Femm*. I am responsible for it so if there is a problem with it then Andy Sykes can just pass the buck to me. So if you have complaints then e-mail music.felix@imperial.ac.uk and I'll take your abuse like some sort of masochistic dart-board.

One thing that I have been asking various people lately and have been interested in is the effect that downloading music has on the aesthetic of music. By this I mean the sleeve artwork and music being a cohesive vision as a product. This has led to an increase in people purchasing vinyl. Music has become slightly more disposable because it has become more readily available. So more people seem to be reacting to that and buying into an aesthetic.

I do love the joy of getting a new album and popping the CD in the player and flicking through the album liner. It makes everything feel like a genuine artistic product and not something for consumption. Vinyl does just look nice and I agree that it sounds better providing you have a good amp.

However, music is not all about the medium and the 'product', it is also partly about being able to 'sell' yourself through your performance. On the stage is where a band tightens up the screws by hammering away at the same songs every night. A record can last for life but a gig is a one-off. An album works outside of time, whereas a show is about the moment. This is why live performances will always be important; bands are exposed for what they are, they become the human form of all those well-produced pits on your CD.

So here we have two pages of live reviews for delectation. Go out, and love live music. There is a Jazz and Rock night tonight (Friday 17th) where you can do this. It is free to get in before 9pm, £3 after. Why don't you go and support live music at your uni for free!

Get intimate with a band of villains



Vincent Vincent and the Villains
93 Feet East

This is my first gig review for *Felixa*, an exciting prospect I believe, particularly as I was going to review The Automatic at the fabulous Astoria. But, a last minute change meant I was now going to the curry house known as Brick Lane to go see Vincent Vincent and the Villains at the venue called 93 Feet East. After being told these details, I was then informed that Vincent Vincent is possibly the next big thing and that the Venue is really great – nice and small.

So off I head to Whitechapel. After many different contradicting directions from a whole gaggle of people I finally found my way to Truman's Brewery, which unfortunately is a whole lot bigger than just one building. So I spent 15 minutes walking around the vast lots until finally being directed to where I wanted to go.

I walk in and my first thought is: interesting. There's a BBQ out back and a lounge bar with a picnic ta-

ble courtyard. I was a bit confused so I asked some other bystanders who just so happened to be reporters from the University of Suffolk's paper, who were 3 hours late for an interview with the band.

It was then time for the gig to start and a friendly bouncer told us we were on the wrong side of the building after waiting 30 minutes

in the courtyard. Inside, the venue is very intimate, with a capacity of only between one and two hundred with couches lining the sides and no barriers to the stage.

The first performance was a very lovely girl called Hafdis Huld with sweet, simple melodic beats – perfect for playing while attempting to court your date – touring for her

new album, *Dirty Paper Cups*. After interviewing her I still believed she had the most talent out of the three performances that night and I discovered she was the Icelandic former Gus Gus singer and has also toured with FC Kahuna.

The second set was a four-piece called The Metros. Who, though lacking in talent greatly made up for it with their confidence. They were basically four Londoner kids getting kicks from drinking beer and attacking their screaming instruments.

The headlining act were then on and, though, not to my particular liking, what with them going with the new fad of keeping there indistinguishable accents and strumming the guitar high up on their chests not unlike the Kooks, were never the less quite catchy. The drummer deserves all dues, with him having a hernia operation the next day and still ripping up the skins. The act carried on and the riffs got louder. After multiple spontaneous on-stage dancing bouts by the audience and an exciting encore, the show was over and the crowd quickly dispersed.

Overall I believe that with a band that you like, playing at 93 Feet East; it could be one of the best performances you've ever seen.

Thomas Post



Vincent Vincent and the Villains looking, erm, villainous

Everybody's changing; Keane don't

Keane wow the audience at Alexandra Palace with their typical blend of boyishness, ballads and *Bedshaped*

live reviews



Keane
Alexandra Palace

"The choir of the city of London, he we go!" Blared Tom Chaplin, the front-man of the piano-driven three-piece known as Keane. Already into the chorus of *Somewhere Only We Know*, the eight-thousand strong crowd, bristling with energy, responded, screaming out into the night. We provided the backing vocals for Keane as the brilliant vocals of Tom, the symphonic genius of pianist Tim Rice-Oxley and the eclectic drumming of Richard Hughes gave London what it came to hear: sheer musical magnificence.

The opening act, Captain, provided the crowd with a bizarre but mesmerizing sound-scape whose guitar and synthesising performance kept the audience's attention, but they were soon eclipsed by the main act. Keane blew us all away right from the start with the opening instrumental *Iron Sea*, and cheers exploded towards the stage as each of the trio individually made their journey onto the stage at the glorious Alexandra Palace.

During each and every song, the audience participation was astounding. Everyone knew every word and it pleased Keane no doubt that they were standing above us all watching us in unison sing along to the likes of *Leaving So Soon*, *Try*

Again and *Everybody's Changing*. The latter of which caused hands to simultaneously reach towards the ceiling in such an amazing display it can only be described as epic.

The stage itself was incredible; the lightning effects were, honestly, second-to-none, and the plasma screens provided images relevant to each song. *A Bad Dream*, a very atmospheric song about war was accompanied by images of people trying to evade the bombings and frantically put on their gas masks, and it helped provide a sense of awe I haven't experienced since the likes of Radiohead.

Of course, Keane are a piano-led three-piece, but that didn't stop Tom bringing out an acoustic guitar for a very rare acoustic version of *Your Eyes Open*, much to everyone's delight. He claimed not to be able to play it very well but it was pretty hard to tell as it could barely be heard over the audience's roaring collective voice.

One of the many highlights of the gig was *Hamburg Song*, essentially their version of Coldplay's *The Scientist*, (apologies for the obvious comparison), which filled the venue with heartfelt emotion and it seemed to really touch the audience. Written by the primary composer of Keane, Tim, it was, in Tom's own words, "A request for me to become the person I was instead of the person I became".

Tom's banter with the crowd was the best I have heard. Poking fun at himself about his recent rehabilitation, referring to the audience as their 'choir' and 'the most beautiful people of London' and playfully referring to the venue as Ally Pally. It reached a brilliant and sudden



Up close and far too personal with the boyish Tom, fresh and rosy-cheeked from hockey practice

climax when he jumped into the crowd, singing to specific people and causing thousands to swarm around him.

The encore was suitably atmospheric, with *Atlantic* producing a very dark, brooding mood which was suddenly shattered as *Crystal Ball's* upbeat lyrics reigned down upon the thousands of fans. *Bedshaped* was, as usual, chosen as the closing song, and proved to be the best conclusion to a gig in recent memory. As the thousands sang along, Tom clearly showed some signs of faltering as the true emotion of the gig overwhelmed him, and the beauty of the song itself

was clear to see and to hear.

From the thunderous pseudo-guitar track *Is It Any Wonder* to the calming, saddening *We Might As Well Be Strangers*, Keane showcased their entire second album and the best of their first with undeniable skill.

The audience participation, the musical quality, and overall the almost-tangible bond Keane seemed to have with the crowd was indescribable, but I've given it my best shot, and I'm afraid that will have to suffice. To truly appreciate Keane, as you would any band, you have to go see them for yourselves. I could hardly recommend this band any-

more than this.

One thousand lucky members of the audience received copies of this gig recorded to CD, and if you listen carefully you can hear someone shout out "Imperial" during one of the quieter moments. In comparison to Keane's contribution to the lives of thousands of music fans, my attempted advertisement of this fine institution seems pretty meagre. Nevertheless, it does prove that I was there, and that is what truly matters to me and many others; we were there to experience something incredibly difficult to put down in words.

Robin Andrews

Les Incompetents extremely competent last gig



Les Incompetents
100 Club

Les Incompetents, like The Surfaris and Dire Straits, had me intrigued on the basis of a catchy name. Me? Easy to please? Yes, yes I am thank you, thank you very much.

I was pre-warned that they were also pretty big news in London and arriving at the 100 Club into a hot, sweaty basement crammed like a pack of sardines - that is, sardines wearing trilbies and cravats - I realised how right that was. I sigh as I make my way through the crowds, and reluctantly hand over £1.30 for half a can of diet coke. The music better be good.

Les Incompetents start setting up on-stage, and unfortunately, with me being a meagre 5'3", my view is not spectacular. I see glimpses of suits, waistcoats and silver sequined head bands. The singer looks like a mutant hybrid of Rivers Cuomo and Jarvis Cocker, assembled in the underground sewers of London per-

haps. His girlfriend Peaches walks past me, and I live up to my reputation of being a little slow when I realise the old guy behind her is her dad. What's his name? Bob Geldof! The bewilderment is then replaced by a great huge stabbing pain when he steps on my foot.

Sounds starts to fill the air; loud bursts of energetic sound that hit your face with a whack. They are really pulling out all the stops tonight. I hear jangly melodies around ska-beats and tweaky guitars. The words Babyshambles, The Libertines and a smidgen of Reel Big Fish come to mind, but there's also a form of innocence and fun that makes Les Incompetents stand out. They play a full back catalogue of songs including crowd-pleasers *How It Went Wrong*, the clappy guitar explosion *Reunion*, that is sung so close to being out of tune it works, and *Much Too Much*. They look a wreck on-stage and the dry asides are plentiful and sarcastic, but the sound is tight, passionate and if you listen carefully, you can hear technical brilliance. The crowd is gratuitously loyal, shouting out requests, singing to their heart's content and starting what looks like a monster mash-up in front. Dancing becomes infectious with symptoms ranging from the head-bob, to a fever of jazz

hands and then the acute flinging of one's legs.

Ironically, a new song is played, which is almost too much of a cocktease for the crowd. The audience lap up a pretty shoddy cover of the White Stripes, but at this point they'd jump for glee if the band threw human faeces, or even marbles at them. Which they did. The marbles I mean.

The hour long set goes by quickly, mainly due to restarting *Much*

Too Much five times as a dig to the redundant previous bassist Ollie Rose (a quick check on Wikipedia quotes that he was forced to leave the band when his guitar was 'stolen by a gypsy'). Although I do like the sound of Billy's voice (a twang of drunken slurring and that cliché London accent; better than your Irish/South African/Klingon one Luke of The Kooks) his interludes of random heckling and antics did grow a bit tiresome.

The music stops and I come up for air and a quick run to the tube station. I'm sat waiting for Cockfosters (the tube) and it hits me that the beautiful mess of sound I've just heard won't ever be performed on-stage again. Why the band are splitting up I'm not sure; irreconcilable differences, new projects or maybe they really are just incompetent. But at least Geldof stood on my foot.

Lia Han



Les Incompetents...proof that opening umbrellas indoors isn't unlucky if you want to put on a good show

Rejoicing in physical beauty

Review

Sacred Indian bronzes are on display for the very first time in the Royal Academy

Chola: Sacred Bronzes of Southern India
Royal Academy of Arts
Until 25 February 2007

In anticipation of the 60th anniversary of Indian Independence the Royal Academy of Art is holding an exhibition of some of the finest Indian sculptural art ever made.

These world-renowned Chola bronzes were produced by the prominent Chola dynasty that ruled the South Indian territory of Tamil Nadu from the 9th to the 13th century. These bronzes depict the sacred Hindu deities and their saints and were used for sacred worship.

The Chola dynasty revolutionised the deity image and due to the *lost-wax* technique each bronze is totally unique. For the first time ever deities were carried out of the temple, the bronzes representing a wave of devout Hinduism which swept India at the time and showing the development of a new artistic expression.

Hinduism was described by the curator of this exhibition, Professor Dehijia, as a 'diamond with many facets,' as each facet is represented by a different deity. Indeed multiplicity is very important in the Hindu religion and deities depicted by the Chola bronzes fulfil a multitude of roles from demon slaying to child-rearing. In fact their characteristic multiple arms represent their ability to carry out many different tasks.

Shiva is the key deity to Chola

worship and perhaps the most renowned and powerful image of this deity is 'Shiva as Nataraja' or Lord of the dance.

In the centre of a fiery



circle stands Shiva, his nubile frame twists to the endless dance of time, and as he beats a drum of creation and holds forth

Shiva as Nataraja

a flame of destruction, he smiles knowingly perhaps as he holds the secrets of the universe. This was in my opin-

ion the most impressive piece of the exhibition.

Another lovely piece is that of the 'Krishna danc-

ing on Kaliya,' this playful piece depicts a triumphant Krishna who has tamed the demon Kaliya. This strange creature has a long serpent tail but from the waist up resembles a child, Krishna holds the tail up proudly and the subdued demon smiles placidly from underneath Krishna's feet. This piece was my favourite representation of Vishnu.

Part of sacred worship of all deities is acknowledgement and appreciation of the highly sexual image of The Divine. The Chola images rejoice in the physical beauty of the body and of nature, and embrace sexuality. 'Uma as Durga' is a highly sensual piece where the Goddess stands proudly half-naked displaying her full voluptuous figure.

Like other Chola pieces the inspiration came from the raw power and beauty of nature. As the exhibition curator describes 'her thighs are shown to be as sturdy as banana stalks, her arms as flexible as bamboo, and her lips should have the fullness of a ripe mango fruit.'

These exquisite bronzes were and still are the inspiration for sacred worship, devout faith and expression of sexuality. With Greek mythology being such an influence in western painting it was refreshing to be inspired by something different. Multiple arms drew me in, and I would recommend spicing up your gallery visit with some hot Chola bronzes!

Natasha Ehsanullah

Stones In His Pockets
Duchess Theatre
Tickets from £20

This comedy can only be described as a virtuoso performance by the two actors Hugh Lee and Simon Delaney. They start by playing the main characters, local Irish lads Jake Quinn and Charlie Conlon and go on to play thirteen other characters, revolving throughout the play.

The plot: a major Hollywood studio descends on rural Co. Kerry, Ireland to make a film. The locals are employed as extras get paid a good £40 for a day's filming.

Through the presence of the film company filming in the village, we see Jake and Charlie's desires, hopes and fears unroll. The tragic death of one of Jake's family members Sean, gives the play its name. Throughout the play, Charlie has a dream to write and produce a script, and despite his recent failures eventually transcribes a story about him and Jake, two extras in a film trying to make it big.

The transition from one character to the next is seamless: body posture, facial expressions and voice are all timed to perfection. Lee and Delaney are hilarious as they hold the stage for nearly two hours.

Especially funny and well acted is the assistant director Ashley, who can only be described as juvenile, extremely pushy and pouting. The energy of the two actors never falters, the greatest moment being when they perform an Irish dance.

The play is somewhat confusing at the start, but once you get your head around the character changes, it is highly entertaining. Witty jokes and phrases, attempted Irish accents and mild swearing make this production a joy to watch.

Roger Chan

Mamma Mia! It is not quite what you'd expect

We warn patrons of a nervous disposition that platform boots and white lycra feature in this production

Emily Lines
Arts Editor

I'm not an ABBA fan. I'm also not, in general, a fan of musicals, except those from before about 1940, and even then I don't like many. So it was with some foreboding that I agreed to review *Mamma Mia!* the 1990s musical constructed around the ABBA back catalogue.

If you love ABBA, you can't go wrong with this show. It includes practically every hit (except *Fernando*, according to a disgruntled woman in the row behind me), plus some of their more exciting costumes, and piles of their cheesiness.

Written by Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus (the brains behind ABBA), the musical follows the story of a Sophie, daughter of Greek taverna owner and ex-club singer Donna, as she is about to be married. Sophie doesn't know who her father is, and Donna won't tell her, so Sophie steals her diaries and using some basic maths narrows the field down to three.

Without telling her mother, Sophie invites the three men to her wedding, assuming she will be able to recognise her father.

Unfortunately for Sophie, this doesn't happen, and when all three guess what has happened and agree to walk her down the aisle, Sophie is forced to tell her mother what she did.

Pretty unadventurous stuff, and this production could easily have leant on the fact that it sings ABBA in order to sell tickets, but it doesn't. Despite the young leads (Sophie and her fiancé Sky) being practically completely one-dimensional, the show entertains throughout thanks to the older cast of Donna's friends and exes.

Particularly noteworthy were Tanya (played by the understudy) the gold-digging divorcée, and Bill (also the understudy), the eccentric jungle explorer.

Comic highlights came when Bill was serenaded by Rosie (Joanna Monro) with *Take a Chance on Me*, and the high-kicks of Sky's friends whilst wearing flip-flops. I also enjoyed the production's penchant for eye-catching codpieces.

Despite some very tenuous links into songs and an annoyingly soppy ending, I really did enjoy this production. It doesn't make the mistake of taking itself seriously, and I laughed all the way through.



Ridiculously stereotypical gay pick-up activity #27: Singing ABBA songs whilst splaying your legs

Ode to the old humble Tee

Sarah Skeete asks what does the humble T-shirt reveal about the psyche of its wearer?

Nowadays the T-shirt is a basic in most people's wardrobe, although it started off as strictly an item of underwear. Much in the way the vest became the vest top; perhaps in the future, people will walk around in just bras. Although probably only women, not men walking around in bras. Though the morbidly obese would be a special case. There's nothing worse than droopy man boobs.

The modern T-shirt was developed by Jockey International as inexpensive athletic wear for the University of Southern California football team. T-shirts have gone the same way as trainers, from athletic wear to being worn mainly as leisure wear. When the university started stencilling "Property Of USC" to stop other students stealing the football team's T-shirts, they ironically became even more popular.

The T-shirt was also popularised by the media coverage of WWII, showing soldiers in their standard issue T-shirts. The iconic image of James Dean in a white T-shirt in *Rebel Without a Cause*, spawned a wave of teenagers trying to emulate his style.

From the controversial, T-shirts are now accepted as mundane. There are thousands of T-shirt brands, and every big label has a T-shirt with its logo plastered across the front. It's the ultimate high-margin good for labels. Cheap to make, and a price easily marked up to absurd levels just for printing a brand across the front.

Although, there is something quite democratic about T-shirts. They can be bought from anywhere by everyone, and can easily be printed with anything. Some use T-shirts to express their personality, or to substitute for. Or to show support for political beliefs. Who hasn't owned a Che T-shirt at some point in their life? T-shirts can say a lot about people's beliefs or self image.

I'm not saying you can judge people by what their T-shirt. However you can make wildly exaggerated comments that generally prove shockingly accurate. Here is a selection of widely worn T-shirts, and wholly unbiased description of its typical wearer.



The Band Tee

A huge fan of The Sex Pistols/The Pixies/The Clash, despite the fact they are now dead/octogenarians. Thinks wearing an allegiance to them on his T-shirt is in some way original. The Clash? Who are they? Oh wait, I think they were mentioned in *Bring It On*.



The Nerdy Internet Purchased Tee

Quite funny in a sarcastic way. Self-involved and slightly neurotic. Owns too many DVDs. Knew War Of Warcraft intimately, before it was featured on *South Park*.



The Nathan Barley-esque Tee

Sees his T-shirt as symbolic of his superior cultural nous. Reads I-D. Owns skinny-jeans which are either unflattering on his fat thighs or perfect on his drug-emaciated frame. Probably owns a guitar that he doesn't know how to play.



The D&G Branded Tee

Thinks wearing D&G across his chest is some sort of sartorially suave statement. Also thinks expensive trainers are the epitome of style. Wears too much gel in his hair. Thinks Chinawhites is a good night out. Will die alone.



The Generic "Urban" Tee

Chav. Also falling into the category: Nike T-shirts. Why can't you just go to a nice charity shop and get one?



The Vintage Tee

Thinks he is above such things as fashion. Aiming for understated cool. Ironically, hunting through a vintage store for a T-shirt that isn't sweat-stained or reek of sweat is almost the direct opposite of this.

COOL

Falke Wool Tights

Or if paying £19 for a pair of tights makes you choke, Levante for £5.95. If you decide to go for style rather than being sane and wearing trousers, then go for wool tights to wear with winter skirts/shorts. Wearing sheer tights is just trashy.

Wool Coats

A wool coat is the best outerwear for the anti-boho look. Those disgusting parkas will probably keep you warmer than cheaply made, thinly lined, high street wool coats. Don't get anything less than 80% wool.

FCUK

FCUK has delusions of being in some sort of stratosphere between high-street and designer. Apparently this means they can charge £150 for a dress. If you want a pretty dress, go to Oxford Street Topshop, there's a great selection under £150.

Roland Mouret for Gap

His collection for Gap looks surprisingly shit, even on Lily Cole. Not that will stop fashionistas blindly buying it anyway, thinking it gives them some sort of fashion kudos. Just because people bought the Galaxy dress, does not mean everything he creates is gold.

Shoes That Seem To Be Made Of Foil

Available from Office for £39.99. For when you need to protect your feet from Alien mind control rays. If you see someone wearing these, you can be sure they suffer from mental problems. Most probably schizophrenia.

LAME

Felix Fashion's top five T-shirts. In stores now



Navy Striped T-Shirt, £12
Topman



Batman Tee, £28
Urban Outfitters



Adidas Originals Trefoil, £22.50
www.urbanindustry.co.uk



Junkfunk X Box Tee, £28
Urban Outfitters



Fine Jersey Short Sleeve, £10
American Apparel



Spartacus who? I am Bob more like

Tom Roberts writes about his experiences as a runner on the location of the short film starring Bob Geldof

Oh dear. The voices in my ear have just announced that Brian's teeth have been put in the bin. Six hundred quid I'm told. Six hundred! I wonder how much Goldie paid to have his iconic jaw lined with shiny pegs. That's by the way, we're shooting immediately! We need those teeth!

"Tom to Patrick, can we confirm that the teeth have been binned and bagged?" I've been Jack Bauered up; collar microphone, twisted telephone cord earpiece and all. My static-ridden earphone comes to life: "This is Patrick. Yeah, we can't find the black sack on set. It must've been taken to the trailers." Dear, oh dear. Patrick finishes: "the teeth are wrapped in some white tissue paper."

We've been black bagging waste for the previous three days, not forgetting the working men's club as well. Even more unfortunate, the grubbily soiled fluorescent bin men said they'd come back tomorrow since the car park was brim to capacity. Three trailers worth of beer bottles, stale ale, cigarette stubs, saturated tea bags, and rotting food from over-indulgent people with eyes too big for their bellies are over spilling. Glitzy and glamorous colourful wasps have begun intruding on the flies' old stomping and vomiting grounds. They're here for the short haul, probably until the next filming location is discovered.

I manage to identify the most recently dumped bags easily enough. Opening the sacks is less straightforward. There isn't time to faff about though; people are likely on

the end of a verbal battering from the fiery Irish assistant director. Probably runners. Stupidly I don't have any gloves. Ripping the sacks open appeals to the destructive nature in me, but the satisfaction is soon washed away by the stagnant coffee and fag ash confetti caking my hands.

Cracked polystyrene cups tumble across the car park whilst used serviettes flutter in the air like bacteria ridden pollen. The contents of three or four sacks lay strewn in front of the trailers. Several more will need re-bagging. Standing with grimy arms at my side, moist fingers outstretched and separated, there is no sign of the tissue cocoon. A delivery man strides past curling his nose up. Following him from round the corner, Patrick appears. He quickens towards me, glancing over the mess: "Oh mate, the teeth were in the bin on stage all along."

It was the last day of August when I got the call. I was lying in bed back at home in sleepy Suffolk, stroking my beautiful white cat Pauline and watching *Extras*, funnily enough, when my mum pushed the door open and thrust the telephone in front of my face with a puzzled look on her face. "Hello?" I curiously inquired. "Hi Tom, this is..." I'm terrible for remembering people's names when they introduce themselves over the phone. "I'm location manager for Clockwork Pictures. I believe you sent us your CV." He was probably correct, but I didn't actually know which company was which since I'd blanket bombed so many different



The Queen relaxes with pint and cigarette after a hard day tending to her Corgis' needs

companies with my life summary. "We're filming a short film next week called 'I Am Bob' starring Bob Geldof and I was wondering whether you'd like to be a runner for us?" I was taken aback. My stomach was doing my brain's work for it – digesting all the information, whilst trying to figure out who'd actually given me this invitation to the cinematic kitchen. Brain engaged, I willingly accepted. "OK, John I'll see you on Monday". The voice on

the end of the phone corrected me: "It's Jean, like the French for John – J. E. A. N."

I actually started on Saturday, two days after the phone conversation. Now residing in Earl's Court, Jean asked if I could help out setting up before the main shoot began on Monday. I made my way to Hammersmith Working Men's Club. Jean met me outside the entrance to the car park of the club. Dressed in surfer branded casual

gear, with shades and a half baseball-half army officer flat cap, we shook hands and he walked me to location. His wispy blonde beard and tall beanpole stature led me to believe he was a pirate.

The location was dilapidated to say the least. The car park's black gate was rusted, dried paint shards flaking from jutting spears with no possibility of swinging shut ever again. Faint parking bay lines boxed in rust bucket Fiestas and plumbers' small car derived vans. Weeds struggled through tarmac cracks and the red brickwork crumbled easily. A large marquee was being constructed as a base behind the scenes alongside an area for make-up, wardrobe, and catering lorries.

Jean led me to the main dancehall of the club. Having read the script a few nights beforehand, I could immediately feel the short film being played out. Bob Geldof becomes stranded at a small motel without a penny or mobile phone. He sets out to find some way of getting to Glasgow where he's required for a *Make Poverty History* gig.

Inside the hall was a huge empty faux-wooden floor, surrounded by small seating bays lay in front of a big stage. The stage instantly brought to mind *The Full Monty* complete with a tacky shimmering backdrop of long gold, silver, and magenta ribbons. Each bay housed a sturdy oak table, a dusty burgundy patterned seating row and blue waiting room chairs; the latter of which were clearly a new addition in such a nostalgic dancehall. There was even a solitary disco ball in the centre of the ceiling, completely dwarfed by the scale of everything else. Immediate thoughts conjured up images of senior ballroom classes or Punch & Judy shows on stage, playing to children in the audience whilst parents breast fed their toddlers in the bays, twittering about how Big Steve will be released from prison in six months.

I woke up at 6am on Monday and made my way to the location. So far, I'd met the director, Donald, a very serene and placid character >>



Above, filming is about to commence. Left, Sir Bob Geldof and David Bamber starring as none other than Bob Geldof in short film *I Am Bob*

Artists

Sir Bob Geldof
Sir Bob Geldof
David Bamber

Compere
Brian Conley

Marilyn Monroe
Maxine Peake

Sir Elton John
Ray Johnson

Ghandi
Calvin Cowen

Mother Theresa
Hannah Dea Warner

Elvis Presley
Paul Richie

Victoria Beckham
Gill Penny

David Beckham
Karolie Morris

Superman
Robert Dearle

Saddam Hussein
Nayaf

Osama Bin Laden
Krishnan Tateri

Yasser Arafat
John Townsend

Mikhail Gorbachev
Graham Strugnell

Sir Winston Churchill
Ian Beyts

Conan the Barbarian
Steve Bick

Margaret Thatcher
Caroline Bernstein

Michael Jackson
Ronnie Behari

Mick Jagger
Steve Elson

Pope John Paul II
Trevor Cooper

Mr Spock
Scott Campell

George Michael
Ben Skeyv

Sherlock Holmes
Humphrey Ker

Tina Turner
Alicia Alaine

Pamela Anderson
Joanne Reading

Scary Spice
Alicia Banton

Ginger Spice
Oxana Anikana

Madonna
Melita Morgan

The Queen
Ninette Finch

Audrey Hepburn
Sabrina Barlow

Drunk
Gareth Cork

as well as the production manager, Mary, and her assistant, Jacqueline. Everyone was friendly and it became apparent to me that they were extremely focused on the task at hand; a personal trait that I would really become aware of once the fifteen-hour day had finished. Arriving at the men's club, everything was in place: the catering van, Winnebago, and make-up lorry. I was drawn towards a small argument that was within the main marquee. A wavy-haired Irish man was disputing something with a security guard. I introduced myself and questioned: "What's going on?", rather feebly thinking I could help. "Are you 'locations'?" asked Paul, the Irish '1st AD' or 'First Assistant Director'. At this point, I was stumped by industry buzzwords. Prior to working on *I Am Bob*, I'd never worked on a short film and my other experiences were at a television production company and a film distributor. Although these taught me a lot about the media industry, I was in a whole new world.

My initial impression of Paul wasn't entirely positive; he felt needlessly aggressive to me, but ultimately it stemmed from his focused attitude. As the '1st AD', or effectively the director's right hand man, he needed to whip people into shape, for example, by getting actors on set pronto or shots filmed as quickly and efficiently as possible. He was certainly capable of doing this and I respected him for it.

Jean arrived late but leisurely. My role as location runner would begin in earnest. Jean was 'unit manager', and it was our duty to ensure that everything ran smoothly; by maintaining safety such as making sure wires are gaffer taped down, keeping the nearby residents, as well as club members and owners, happy, and also keeping working conditions pleasant. Although I was assigned to be Jean's gimp, I tried to chip in wherever help was required.

By 8am, the location was buzzing. There was a hive of activity as people rushed around preparing for the day's filming to begin. I met Patrick,



Maxine Peake as Marilyn Monroe



The entrants and hosts of the 14th annual Long Marston look-alike contest

who was essentially the chief runner. Having worked with Paul many times before, he was an old hand. Patrick spoke in a hushed voice, giving little indication of his vast running experience. He seemed very timid to me initially and as time progressed his manner didn't change. However, this just endeared him to me since he was clearly without a swollen ego. One extra I spoke to claimed fame by reminding us he was one of the soldiers in the *Gladiator* battle scenes. In some senses he was wrong though; he was probably thousands of people in *Gladiator*, replicated over and over via the wonders of CGI! If Patrick was the Alfred Hitchcock of the running world, then I'm Eli Roth, bursting onto the scene.

Gradually the other runners turned up. Whilst my experience was minuscule compared to Patrick's, I met Will who was a painter living in Notting Hill. The boot was on the other foot since he'd never worked in film or television before. Whilst competition in the film industry is infamously fierce, team spirit on set was always high; nowhere more so than between the runners. Runners don't have careers and egos to flaunt, so conversation was light-hearted and jovial. Similarly to those trepidatious first days at university discussing your A-Levels with fellow freshers, inevitable discussion concerning previous industry experience abounds. This is not a problem until you begin probing more experienced crew members about their past work. Naturally, you want

to make a good impression with the prospect of opening doors in the industry. But, whilst I talked to Jean for instance, a slightly slimy 'sucking-up' sensation would creep over me. Tact is the order of the day in this industry.

The set was dressed and filming would be taking place shortly. Walking through the dancehall, carefully hopping over the endless camera and lighting cables, it began to dawn on me that this was something special I had managed to become involved with. Attention to detail on set was astounding, right down to notice boards with fake taxi companies and sleazy fliers demonstrating multi talented young ladies' services. The art department was very talented, whilst consisting of merely three members.

Sir Bob Geldof, or 'Bob' as I may of course refer to him, arrived. Heads turned, fingers pointed and jaws temporarily stopped chatting. Then it was back to all hands on deck. After relaxing briefly in the hired Winnebago, make-up and wardrobe had their way with him and he was escorted straight to set.

The time had come to begin filming. The script had been nurtured and the pregnancy was over. Four days of labour were about to be braved. The short film was born in front of my eyes – it was exciting and inspiring viewing. The finest attention to detail is observed at all times. Lighting, sound, art,

acting, and direction are combined to produce something entertaining and, in this case, extremely funny. As the hard work comes to fruition, satisfaction cascades, building with each successful camera set up. I believe it's for this reason that people genuinely love working in the industry. Aside from the potential of a luxurious lifestyle, endeavouring to produce something that will impress and entertain people is incredibly rewarding. There are few media better for doing this than in cinema.

The realisation that *I Am Bob* was a rather large 'short feature' began to set in once I witnessed the scale of professionalism. Patrick had never worked on anything of this scale and Jean reminded me that plenty of shorts are filmed in a bedroom with perhaps a cameraman, director and an actor. I felt very fortunate.

Filming continued throughout the day. Extra after extra appeared from the wardrobe department's magic lorry, dressed with varying degrees of spoof-dom. Personal favourites included Mother Theresa played by a frail and stubborn eighty-something, Sir Elton John imitated by a London cabbie driver and Audrey Hepburn who looked simply gorgeous. Less convincing, but equally hilarious was an overweight Superman, a hulking Conan the Barbarian and none other than America's most wanted: Osama Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein. However David Bamber stole the show for me: imitating none other



Yours truly with that hideously pretentious pose

than Bob himself whilst adding a hilariously camp twist to the Live 8 organiser's personality.

"That's a wrap", announced Paul over the walkie-talkies. The day had been a success. Nobody broke an ankle tripping over cabling and we hadn't overrun, which Patrick informed me was very common. Twenty-hour days not unheard of on shoots that he had worked on. I stepped onto the tube train and sat down; until this point I had been fresh as a daisy. Fatigue struck every muscle in my body, my brain disengaged, and the unwinding process began. I was unaware at the time, but I had been so focused to help out and make a good impression I hadn't given much thought to anything else. Each night I would stumble into bed for much valued rest and recovery time.

As the rest of the week passed, plenty of challenges would have to be dealt with, including a nearby resident who began exclaiming: "I'm furious" because "those two bloody cars have been taking up three spaces all day!" (In order to let out the Winnebago). Another incident concerned an extra who was sacked for dawdling on set was calmly dealt with by Mary, the production manager, before she confessed: "I thought he was going to hit me or something." And of course there was the aforementioned search for Brian Conley's clay false teeth.

However, this was another of the industry's greatest rewards – each day was a new adventure. It's not often you get to see the Queen drawing on a cigarette, Clark Kent bursting out of his black suit or Bob Geldof doing doughnuts on a moped with Mother Theresa riding pillion.

So, how was Sir Bob, I can hear the gossip inside you ask. Well, he requested Earl Grey tea, refused to talk the press on one occasion, and even went as far as asking me to retrieve his mobile phone for him! Is that enough to sate your celebrity-thirsty appetite? Seriously, I truly believe he was very good hu-



Hu Wei and Kash Halford prepare the camera for the next shot

moured, even improving the script by adding to the already extensive list of reasons why he was submitted to rehab.

When I told people that I studied physics, the news was often greeted with a look of surprise. I enjoy my degree, but I would like to follow a more dynamic career. One that doesn't entail me bean-counting or staring at

spreadsheets.

The difficulties of finding your way into film or television industry are well documented. Because of this I was hesitant to pull my finger out and gain some experience. For any budding filmmakers reading, my main piece of advice would be to ensure your manner is as friendly as possible when contacting companies, whilst maintaining your sense of professionalism. This is not the financial sector, so relax, be honest, make sure you are motivated, and remove that wretched tie.

Now that I've opened the first few cinematic gateways, I feel far more confident that I can return to the industry. Getting over the first hurdle certainly requires patience. Prepare to be ignored!

The cast and crew were friendly folk, the experience was fantastic, and the catering fully filled my vacuous stomach. *I Am Bob* is currently undergoing the post-production process. Expect to see Bob Geldof fending off an army of look-alikes in a few months time on a television screen near you.

Crew

Director and Writer
Donald Rice

Producer
Teun Hilde

Director of Photography
Steven Priovolos

Assistant Directors
Paul Murphy
Fionn Groeger
Emily Perowne

Camera Assistants
Kash Halford
Hu Wei

Steadicam Operators
Ben Spence
Leo Bund

Script Supervisor
Kriss Landin

Sound Recordist
Kieron Teather

Play Back
Alex Ashcroft

Boom Operator
Andrew Turner

Gaffer
Chris Georgas

Best Boy
Paul Starkey

Sparks
Tunji Akinsehina
Ben Enebi

Editor
James Devlin

Music Supervisor
Pete Briquette

Art Department
Johanna Wise
Amy Spicer
Danielle Brooke

Costume Department
Jane Robinson
Amy Brown
Gemma Jessop
Georgina Sparrow

Hair and Make-up
Carol Follett
Sarah O'Keefe
Candis Glenton
Alice Cridlamd
Ellie Proctor

Stills Photographer
Pank Sethi

Unit Managers
Jean Crous
Claire Kendall-Price

Location Runner
Tom Roberts

Production Manager
Mary Henely Magill

Production Assistants
Jacqueline Goldenstein
Rachel Lilley
Laura Lunt

Runners
Patrick Chadwick
Will Stanton
Rachel Hannah
Angus Walls
Rheya Brigden
Hayley Reynolds



From left to right... You must be kidding. The cast and crew of *I Am Bob* having just wrapped after months of hard work

I, Gamer



Michael Cook Games Editor

It's amazing, really, that we're still taken in by it all. Every few years it's the same old story - promises that can't be kept, bizarre marketing campaigns, and just when you're sure that everything will go wrong, it gets released and the same number of people buy it again. Yes, it's that time in the product cycle - a new console is upon us.

And though it might be a few months away for us backward fools in Europe, America and Japan are now receiving their (albeit reduced) shipments of Playstation 3s already, and are playing the next stage of Sony's dream. It's been a long year, but finally the Xbox 360 has a next-gen competitor - the next few weeks will be crucial in seeing how the balance shifts, not forgetting the imminent release of Nintendo's most anticipated console in almost two decades.

Sometimes I wonder who actually worries about this though, since the average gamer is likely to save up and purchase any console he likes the look of (Gender-restricted gamer stereotype? Oh no he *didn't!*)

The Wii looks fantastic, and I want one; the Playstation 3 has secured a good deal of important franchises; and the Xbox 360 is a curvaceous beauty with *Halo 3*. Who wouldn't want to get a hold of and play all three of them? And no, we can't afford all three of them. And no, nor can most. But I wouldn't say any of us were biting our nails at the prospect of there only being two consoles in the next-next-generation race.

The fact that a lot of the industry, the media, and half of the blogosphere seem to miss, is that gaming is not something that can actually be torn apart by something as petty as market forces. If Sony finally pay for taking one risk too many, then SquareEnix and Konami will just move on to other platforms. If Bungie suddenly go under, the first-person shooter genre will soldier on without them. Take a glance online and you'll see the comics, the machinima, and the bedroom coding scene still bubbling over, still continuing to work and develop regardless.

Still, it's fun to watch companies throw thousands of pounds away on post-modern marketing schemes, before deciding to just paint the thing pink and re-release it, right?

The third time's the charm

Felix Games asks if it's three-in-a-row for Sony, or strike one for the Industry giant

Michael Cook

I remember the Playstation. I remember saving up a considerable sum of money and buying one, around the time that *Final Fantasy VII* made its debut - though at the time, the only games I were interested in involved pretty simple platforming. The Playstation had been out for some time, but the feel of

getting a new console is the same each and every time. It feels like the future.

Well, the Playstation 3 has one thing in common with that: it is the future for you reading this now. Surprisingly for Sony, who were the earliest entrant into the last generation (excluding the Dreamcast which, let's face it, failed), Europe won't see the new console until

March 2007. In fact, at the time of going to press Phil Harrison, Sony's development chief in Europe, refused to promise even March as a confirmed release date.

Whatever the fate of Sony's console in Europe, however, it has hit more distant shores - and all eyes are on the battle between Microsoft and the newcomer to see the future of console gaming. Why not Wii? Put

simply, Nintendo is playing its own game. The Xbox team knows it. Phil Harrison knows it. The media know it. The Wii - which launches in just a few weeks time, worldwide - is a completely different kind of competitor in the next-gen. For Sony and Microsoft, however, the town may finally not be big enough for the two of them. Has the third 'Station got what it takes?

On the paper

Next-generation means you need to be seen to do something differently. For the Playstation 3, this means a few things, and most of them could be described as 'experimental'.

DVDs are out. Blu-Ray and HD-DVDs are the two competitors for the future of data storage. Microsoft put their money one way, and Sony went the other. The Blu-Ray disc currently holds 50Gb of data, more than the 15Gb capacity of an HD-DVD, but the technology is markedly more expensive - reportedly costing Sony in the region of \$100 for each console using one of the drives.

The Cell architecture is also something that Sony pushed when selling their console to the media. The technology, which came at a huge price to develop, outstrips the theoretical performance of the Xbox 360 by double - but the memory differences between the two have led most development companies to declare the consoles more or less equal.

But what of the third contender - The Wii? Playstation 3 and Xbox 360 will compete on raw power alone for the foreseeable future, and it looks like another even battle. But that's also a huge problem for them both. The controller, the console, and even the games released this week all hark back to five years ago. The one thing both consoles seem to have forgotten is the one thing the Wii has in droves - change. And funny urine jokes.



It runs Blu-Ray. It runs Linux. It runs the internet, wirelessly. It seems like the only place the PlayStation 3 doesn't run is Europe...

In the box

Processor - 3.2 GHz Cell microprocessor. The Cell technology was developed with IBM and Toshiba in a project costing around \$400million.

Graphics - NVIDIA G70 256Mb GPU.

Inputs - Flash, USB 2.0, Bluetooth 2.0, GigaBit Ethernet.

Outputs - HDTV compatible. 7.1 digital audio support.

In your hand

The Sixaxis controller is a wireless adaptation of the classic Playstation controller. Its battery life is approximately 40 hours, and though some internet websites claim to have replaced the batteries inside themselves, Sony have promised to replace expired wireless batteries free of charge.

In the news

The Playstation 3 launch has been a trial for Sony. Blu-Ray technology (see left) was the cause of multiple delays, there was a furore once the shelf life of the Sixaxis controller was announced, and the media giant recently came under fire for a legal battle against import website Lik Sang, which soon forced the site to cease trading. Despite that, the forecast is for Playstation 3 to bring Sony's market share to 53% by 2010 - and economists always beat PR execs.

Ridge Racer 7

It just wouldn't be a Sony console launch without very shiny cars, or *that* girl in lycra.

This time, it's fair to say that *Ridge Racer 7* goes beyond merely 'shiny' - the game runs at a solid 60 frame per second in full high-definition quality. Forget the claim about 200,000 ways of customising the cars, forget the 14-player online option - this game is unbelievable to watch in action. Namco's reputation for slick, fluid racing remains.

20 tracks, all playable in reverse too, and the ability to slash loading times by installing a chunk of the game onto the PS3's hard drive.

"I want to make something where you feel as though you're in a space where you're always connected to other players without an online connection," Hideo Teramoto told *Famitsu*, the Japanese magazine, "It has a refreshing sense of speed."

Refreshing is the word. *Ridge Racer 7*, by the time it hits the UK, will be one of the PS3's most prominent online racers.

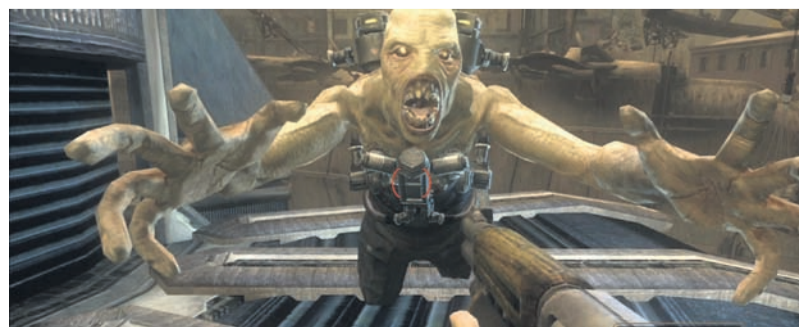
Resistance: The Fall of Man

Guns and zombies. It's always guns and zombies. And we like guns and zombies. Guns, zombies, and alternate histories where World War 2 never happened. It's like the plot to every great B-Movie ever, rolled into one.

R:TFoM is a first-person shooter from the creators of the surreal platformer *Ratchet & Clank*. It's sci-fi colliding with the creative minds behind one of the most tongue-in-cheek adventure games on the Playstation 2, and it shows.

The game is definitely intense, action-wise, but it also displays a satisfying playability. The weapons, whether they fire bullets that burrow through walls or dual-wielded pistols that - for the first time - can *actually be dual-wielded*, are incredibly weighty and feel good to use. Not surprising, from the developers that brought us the Suck Cannon and the Sheep Ray.

Xbox 360 is still waiting for its killer app, asserts IGN, but "PlayStation 3 users get theirs on day one."



Things turn nasty at the WalMart PlayStation 3 launch night

Genji - DOB

Or *Days Of The Blade*, as the subtitle reads. *GDOB* is a sequel to *Genji: Dawn of the Samurai*, and it once again loosely based on an epic tale from Japanese history.

Loosely being the key word, of course, since the game quickly became famous for featuring "Giant Enemy Crab" as one of its challenging bosses.

The camera work might be a bit off, and yes, it's true to question the historical accuracy of Giant Enemy Crab and his weak spot which was reputedly able to be 'attacked for massive damage!'. But *Days of the Blade* is a healthy replacement for the absent *Onimusha*, and offers some visually impressive hacking and slashing.

As with *Ridge Racer 7*, the game can be partially installed to reduce loading times. But even with a large hard drive, it's not clear whether most gamers will want to sacrifice up to a quarter of it just to wait a little less for a level to load.

Genji won't break any records, but it's a simple and fun launch title.

You've come a long, long way, darling

Movies, manors, and mammaries - Tony Plana looks back on ten years of Lara

Lara Croft, Countess of Abingdon, is a bit of a grey area when it comes to character branding. Now Mario, Mario is one of those universal characters. Everyone loves Mario, like that bumbling uncle or strange lecturer that, whilst you don't always understand them, are never anything less than adorable.

The problem with Lara is that she's changed so much over the last decade that, at some point in the past, the chances are you couldn't stand her. But, by the same token, there's something in the *Tomb Raider* franchise that keeps Lara floating at the top of the Pop Culture sea, and has done since her inception way back in 1996.

And yes, okay, it's the titties.

Ten years, two movies, and seven games, though, is no mean feat for a woman that, despite not existing (sorry, chaps), has had quite a fraught history.

Lara - or Laura, until marketing informed them that Americans



would mispronounce it - fell into a gaming industry populated with *Duke Nukem*, the *Quake* marine and butch Raccoon City cops. The guns were still there, and so were the goons. But the player was suddenly in less familiar territory. For one thing, they had really tight shorts on.

Was it pandering to the lady-deprived gamer stereotype? Lara's sexuality has gone through various stages of exploitation over the years. Although Eidos frequently fought to keep Lara's clothes firmly

on; to the point of firing the fourth model to play Lara after she posed nude in a *Playboy* shoot, as well as shutting down the notorious Nud-eRaider.com website; her original creator, Toby Gard, left Core Design shortly after the release of the first game, unhappy with the way Lara was being portrayed.

"She confounds all the sexist clichés" he told *The Face* shortly after the games release, but admitted that marketing realised the most obvious way to promote the game.

After reaching a high point with

The Last Revelation, the series went into a decline, and even an attempt to rejuvenate the game on the Playstation 2 fell somewhat short. The latest release however - *Tomb Raider: Legend* - sees the return of Toby Gard to the franchise, even if only in an advisory role.

And the critical response *did* improve. Mario, Sonic, Crash Bandicoot - they have a particular image, partly helped by being open to children - that can't be shattered by the quality of the games they feature in. But the challenge of keeping a more adult brand alive is that adults are generally much more easily turned off.

Lara's tenth birthday is a remarkable milestone for a woman who simultaneously represents gaming's most mature and immature moments from the last few generations of console. Whether she outlasts a feisty plumber with a pipe fetish remains to be seen. Happy birthday, mi'lady.



Pixellated to picture-perfect - Lara Croft's change from *Tomb Raider* on the Playstation through to the present-day *Legend* on next-gen

Talking 'bout my (next) generation...

Where do consoles go to die? James Willock grieves for the casualties of war

Does a games console ever really "die"? Traditionally speaking, previous generation consoles have a remarkably positive history for staying alive when succeeded by their newer brothers and sisters. Indeed, one can walk into most high-street video game outlets and still purchase original Playstation titles and consoles - the pre-owned market allows extended life to the obsolete hardware in some senses, but when does a console fade into history and become a relic? When the manufacturer stops producing units? When the developers stop making games?

The consumer and producer's view of when a console is dead differ vastly. To Sony, for example, it seems clear cut. When they stop receiving license fees from game publishers and their big Playstation factories cease emitting smoke, that console is gone. To some consumers, it's only just begun. Late adopters can pick up pre-owned or discontinued stock for pocket change, and start out on the adventures many took up years ago, at a fraction of the cost. This is, however, a repeat process. Eventually these people will be in possession of even newer consoles, which play the older games, and then - surely - those older consoles must be obsolete, useless? Perhaps not in the case of the Microsoft Xbox. The



With little possibility for modding, and the Wii (above) replacing the need for a console to play old games, is the Gamecube doomed to fail

Xbox's genius is in its simplicity: it's a PC. In a box. As such, very clever EULA-breaking people have figured out ways to make it do other things beside play games. At home, I can stream media over my network directly onto the Xbox and then onto my very cheap telly. My friend can access his over the Inter-

net at work. Some people even use them as web servers. Why not?

The same cannot be said for the Playstation 2, which is - at best - a very expensive DVD player. When the world's richest buy their new Sony toy on launch day, they're not going to keep their number twos on standby - not when the newer

consoles are backwards-compatible. The same is not true for the Xbox - when, or if, I buy one of Microsoft's newer consoles, the Xbox won't end up in the attic or on eBay. It'll be hooked up to an older TV in another room in the house. As far as I'm concerned, it fills the roll of a piece of hardware several times its cost. It won't die until it does literally. And then I'll probably buy another, at a fraction of a fraction of the original cost.

Increasingly, we're seeing the recycling of older hardware for newer purposes. Old PCs in the boots of cars hooked up to tiny TFT screens. Hand-held consoles being used as controllers and peripherals for their bigger brothers (a la Gamecube & Gameboy Advance). Consoles reaching outside their remit of playing video games will be an important factor in future endeavours in the market.

Indeed, a sizeable slice of the Xbox pie is made up of people who wish to do more advanced operations - why buy a consoles *and* a media centre?

With the increased interest in multiple-use machines, in order to retain customers and effectively fight Microsoft's offering, Sony and to some extent, Nintendo, must up their games - and do more than just put faster graphics processors in bigger, blacker consoles.

Out now

Killing is one of those things that never gets old, and this week there are a few new methods of killing that are worth looking into. The first - *Gears Of War* - is a co-operative killing spree dressed up in the shiny *Unreal 3* engine. The AI is an improvement on the last generation, but you'll find the entire experience a lot more fun if you've got some humans playing with you - either through the LIVE online system, or within punching distance in the room.



Gears of War: Killin' stuff proper

But guns are boring unless you're wearing a cape, so *Final Fantasy* fans will be pleased (unless you're a purist) to know that Vincent Valentine is returning this week in *Dirge Of Cerberus*; an enjoyable - if confusing - romp exploring Vince's past as a moody bastard with problematic social skills.

If you want something more hands-on, then *IL-2 Sturmovik*, the World War 2 flight simulator, finally makes a return to the PC. Reality whores will be pleased to know that the aircraft repertoire has expanded even further since last time, and the rest of you will be pleased to know that, yes, there are more things to blow up this time.



TH - Project 8: Illin' stuff proper

Skateboarding, whilst not having the universal appeal of killing things, still seems to be keeping popular. *Tony Hawk's Downhill Jam* last week is followed up by the release of *Project 8* on the other consoles - a return to more traditional roots for the series, with some improved physics that unfortunately do little more than help you wince more when you bail (and you will, frequently). If you loved *Tony Hawk's* in the past, though, and were turned off by *American Wasteland* or *Underground*, then it might be time to return to the series.

And finally, if you're feeling bored with *Neverwinter Nights 2* already and want a decent single-player romp, *Dungeon Siege 2* is now in budget, and can be snapped up for just £17.99. Alternatively, pick up every *Baldur's Gate* game ever released on the PC, as well as the original *Neverwinter Nights* collection, in a new compilation pack, for just £24.99.

"Morning, Mr. Freeman. Looks like you're running late?" - Barney, *Half-Life*

at the union

nov 17th - 30th

▶ Wednesday 22nd & 29th

▶ Thursday 23rd

SPORTS NIGHT

22nd November - Pirates Foam Party
Special offers for those in Pirates fancy dress - see website for details

29th November - 18-30 Holiday Reps
Hookah Cafe and chill out in the Union Dining Hall

Every Wednesday At The Union!
Carlsberg, Tetley's & Blackthorn only
£1.30 a pint



Free entry before 9pm, £1 thereafter



Oculo Garden

Raven beats Crow
Hexicon
Lynch Rider Lulu
Bear Holland

▶ Friday 17th

▶ Friday 24th



THE BIG GIG

Friday 17th November
dB's
Free before 9pm

Junction 77
the deltarays
Luca Tarrain
CIRCUS PENGUIN
ROCK AND INDIE DJ'S

Imperial College
Jazz & Rock
old No. 7
Crew

Play an Instrument
Want to be in a band?
The Jazz and Rock Society is here for you.
We have a fully equipped practise room,
host regular jam and gig nights where
you can showcase your musical muscle
www.jazzandrock.co.uk

the mingle

DJ Sami Sanchez, DJ Rimmi and the DMC Scratch Champion, Blakey, are all returning with the best RnB and hip hop tunes around.

Vodka and draught mixer will be £1.25 all night in all bars.

Free entry before 9pm, £3 after.

▶ Also on this fortnight

- | | |
|----------|-----------------------------------|
| Fri 17th | Jazz & Rock Band Showcase |
| Tue 21st | Da Vinci's - Quiz Night |
| Wed 22nd | Sports Night - Pirates Foam Party |
| Thu 23rd | Oculo Garden |
| Fri 24th | The Mingle |
| Tue 28th | Da Vinci's - Quiz Night |
| Wed 29th | Sports Night - 18-30 Holiday Reps |
| Thu 30th | Salsa World Music |

Domestic bliss



Hannah Theodorou Food Editor

Coming to university will mean most of you will be away from home, fending for yourself, for the first time. Some struggle with the washing machine and iron, most ignore the cleaning, but cooking is the most daunting task of them all. Over the course of your university career you will have to feed yourself over 2000 meals. Some will cope with the usual quota of beans on toast, ready meals, and sandwiches, but some will want to venture out to the ready meal isles and into the fresh meat or pulses section. Well, help is at hand with my (fairly) regular page of domestic bliss! I'll be providing you with some easy recipes and ideas for cooking the cheapest ingredients around.

Eggs: we really love them

Fry, poach, bake or boil 'em, eggs can provide a tasty meal to the student in a hurry

Hannah Theodorou

Eggs are something that can be kept in the fridge for a couple of weeks and can save you in an emergency. You can boil, fry, poach or bake them or whip up a meal in the form of an omelette.

Boiled eggs

One of the most basic ways to serve up an egg, but also often messed up. Soft boil them and serve with buttered soldiers, or boil them a little longer for a hard yolk and use in salads and other dishes. There are a few rules to follow if you want your egg perfectly boiled. Very cold eggs are likely to crack if you put them in boiling water, so try not to take them straight from the fridge. A small egg in a large pan is likely to bump around and result in a cracked egg too. An accurate timer is also essential; guessing timings is the perfect way to ruin a boiled egg.

For an infallible method do as follows:

Place your eggs in a small pan and cover with cold water so that it is at least 1cm above the top of the egg. Bring the water up to the boil and then reduce the heat so the water is simmering and use the following timings:

3 minutes if you want your yolk very runny and a wobbly white.

4 minutes if you want a yolk that is creamy and a white that is set.

5 minutes for a yolk that is set



A surely delicious egg pancake, commonly referred to as an omelette, as created by our very own Hannah

but squidgy in the centre and a set white.

7 minutes if you want a hard boiled egg. In this case you must run the egg under cold water after cooking to avoid a black ring forming around the yolk.

Omelette

Omelettes are a meal in themselves. One person will need 2-3 eggs, depending on the egg and stomach size. Omelettes can be jazzed up easily with a few chopped herbs, some cooked bacon, grated cheese, or anything else you fancy.

Beat your eggs lightly in a bowl

until the yolks and whites are mixed. Season with salt and pepper. This is the stage at which to add any extras as well, but make sure they have been cooked already as the eggs take around a minute to cook.

On a hob: heat a medium sized frying pan containing a teaspoon of half oil and half butter to as high a heat as you can. Swirl the fat around so that it covers the base and the base of the sides of the pan.

Pour the egg mixture in and leave for a few seconds to set. After this time a bubbly film should form around the edge of the pan.

Tilt the pan and draw the edge of the omelette into the middle so that the runny egg in the middle runs out and fills the space. Now tilt the pan in the other direction and repeat the same thing a couple more times. By this time there should be a little bit of runny egg on the surface- your omelette is ready to be folded. Tilt the pan again and fold the omelette in half and turn onto a plate. It will keep cooking on the plate, so it is essential that the egg is slightly soft on the top, or the omelette will go tough. It should be nice and fluffy in the middle and golden around the edges.

Chelsea's little Italy is reasonable and rustic

Riccardo's
126 Fulham Road
0207 370 6656
★★★★☆

This summer, a rather funny thing happened; we woke up with splitting headaches after an exceptionally heavy night at Boujis and decided we wanted some food. Free food to be precise, and so decided henceforth that though our current positions as *Felix* nightlife reviewers provided us with free alcohol, man cannot live on champagne and the occasional canapé alone, and the time had come to masquerade as food critics.

Yes, I hear most of you cry, we might not know a couchant du mere if it fell into our bowl of tautet sur vin, but we thought we could learn this as we went along. On that particular morning, we both had a penchant for pizza, so we set off through the streets of Chelsea in search of a suitable establishment. The Hut was too common, Express told us to 'piss off' and as for Organic - let's not go there. After an exhaustive search, we chanced upon a cosy Italian restaurant on the Fulham Road, located conveniently around the corner from Evelyn Gardens called Riccardo's

Upon entering, we instantly felt at home with the rustic Italian décor and promptly took a seat in the conservatory area that projected onto the street; proving an ideal van-



Riccardo's: provides an ideal vantage point for viewing the hoards of shoppers, sloaney ponies and anorexic-chiwawa-sporting-yummy-mummies bustling down the Fulham Road

tage point for viewing the hoards of shoppers, sloaney ponies and anorexic, chiwawa-sporting yummy-mummies bustling past.

After a brief chat with the cheerful (and genuinely Italian) staff, we were introduced to the eponymous owner Senor Riccardo Marriti, a charming middle aged Florentine with a faint hint of Rupert Everett about him. After quizzing him

in our pidgin Italian, we found out he spoke flawless English and he proceeded to tell us of his desire to introduce traditional family Florentine recipes to a wider audience.

To start, we sampled a large tomato and mozzarella salad, liberally drenched in olive oil. Simple but delicious. An established food critic, a silver tongued courtesan of the courses, might have highlight-

ed that the avocado accentuated the textual variation of the dish, whilst wonderfully complementing the beefy tomatoes and the firm, mature mozzarella - very much reminiscent of our early childhood in the hills of Tuscany... However we prefer to honour it with the epithet of: "f**king tasty".

The main course proved another carnival of delights. One of us sam-

pled a Margherita Pizza (nice and simple- strong hint of oregano), the other a special pasta compiled by the chef (a unique and novel combination). The home-made Italian dairy ice-cream, served with excellent coffee, proved a wonderful end to a fabulous meal, and the accompanying house-white was crisp, dry and complemented the courses perfectly. The restaurant has a busy atmosphere, with everyone chatting to everyone else, whilst Riccardo flits between tables. One of us happened to mention knife-throwing in the conversation and, before we could stop him, Riccardo had drawn one of his wooden shutters, and was brandishing a steak-knife.

In conclusion, Riccardo's is a fabulously social slice of Italy in the chic surroundings of Chelsea, and the surprisingly cheap prices led to it being ideal date material... Bon appetito!

Conor Mosli Lynch
& Michael Lowley

Fancy some food for free? Email food.felix@imperial.ac.uk and we'll sort it out for you.

Do you have good taste in arse?



Sergeant Sargent

Two weeks ago in Coffee Break's 2006-07 debut, Sergeant Hartman managed to forget to display the maximum score attainable for that round, and as a result nobody really knows. Since the error was discovered, the idiot has been relieved of his duties and shipped off to Iraq, and in the process of "fighting for freedom", has subsequently perished following a tragic incident involving a fun loving fellow sol-

dier and a rock which was thrown at his head - another sad victim of "friendly fire". Being the boot camp's resident reporter, I'll be a lot more informative than that cocky bastard ever was, and I have most of the insider knowledge on current events that he never did. The rest of the dorm always thought he was damned tosser anyway, and his replacement at boot camp as a much sexier arse. He'll be sorely missed. By someone. Possibly.

On to business...by the time you all read this, the NUS circus (both of them) will have been in and out of campus and hopefully not coming back, since voting closed on Thursday night. Thank fucking God - I really cannot stand hearing another word about why my vote counts, firstly by the actual NUS staff on the main walkway (because they're fucking sad enough that they didn't manage to get many students campaigning for them) and then by the same idiot on the opposite end of the spectrum who thinks that if I vote no, the chess club will get another three thousand pounds a year to spend in the union bar.

Anyway, Lieutenant Sykes is prowling around boot camp this week when he isn't being lectured

to by those asshole NUS types telling him to vote yes or no to some sort of referendum about whether he'll have the privilege of buying a discount card that he never needed in the first place, which means that the troops are training particularly hard to work up those sweat beads on our backsides so that he gives us a bit of a favourable eye when inspection time comes around - and believe me, he knows a good arse when he sees one, just like us - more teenage underage girls, anyone? But here's the question - do you know arse as well as we do? This week's FUCWIT is your chance to find out, as we go back to basics with a good old Arse or Elbow quiz. I'm also feeling generous enough (and believe me that's a rarity) to re-publish our first quiz in case some of you thick, lazy lot missed it. Name the building, NOT the department(s) that uses it, although you could do that for a consolation point. As for Arse or Elbow, the answer is self-explanatory. Get cracking, as at the end of the year the top teams will win lots of booze and prizes! Mail your answers as usual to coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk and while you're at it, do more push ups, you could use them.

Answers

Name the building
Maximum points: 20

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6
- 7
- 8
- 9

Answers

Arse or Elbow?
Maximum points: 18

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6
- 7
- 8
- 9

Round 1 - Where is Sarge?

Maximum of 20 points
Name the building Sarge is visiting. Two points for a correct answer and one for a department only. There are two mystery spit-shined bonus marks available for this one.



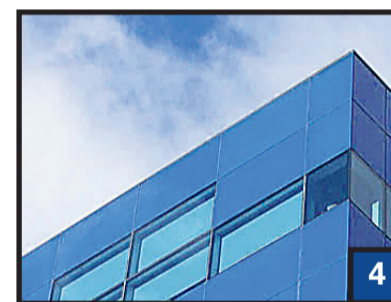
1 Let's start off easy because I don't want anyone to have no points. That would make you sad.



2 This building is mainly here to annoy us with constant chiming on special occasions.



3 Welcome to Nerd Central. The stench of curry from last year's exam season still fills the air.



4 The Sarge pauses near the building that whistles on windy days. What's this place called?



5 Plenty of Imperial students have many stories to tell about this place, but currently the entrance is blocked off.



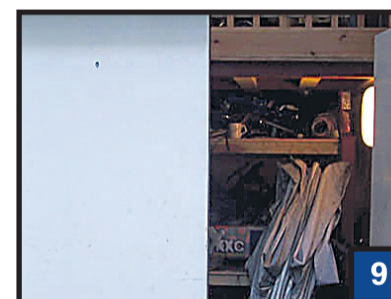
6 Sarge pauses to take a look at the home of its slightly more drunken, lower class citizens. He makes a hasty getaway.



7 Welcome to the Biomedical Engineer's project for restoring to the blind. You can be excused for not wanting to know why.



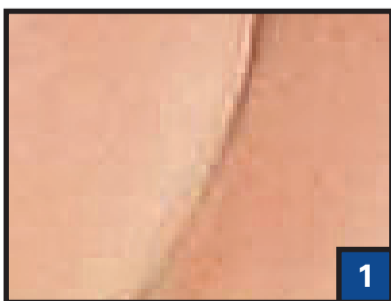
8 The only place at Imperial College you'll ever see a naked lady. Where is the Sarge currently jacking off?



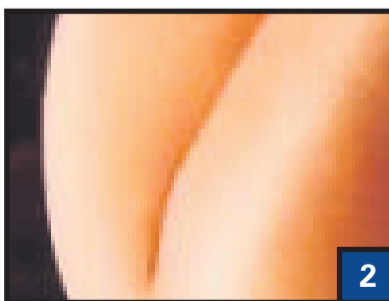
9 One final extra hard bonus question. What's the name of this building, and what lies beyond these double doors?

Round 2 - Arse or Elbow?

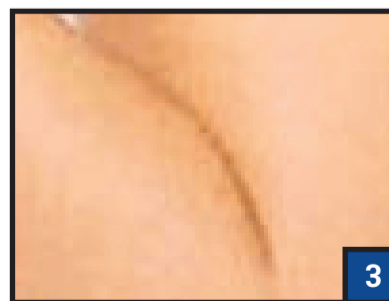
Maximum of 18 points
Do you seriously need a bloody explanation of how to answer this one? No bonus marks here because that would be wrong. That, and all extra arse tends to come my way.



1



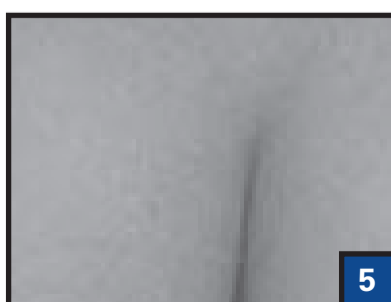
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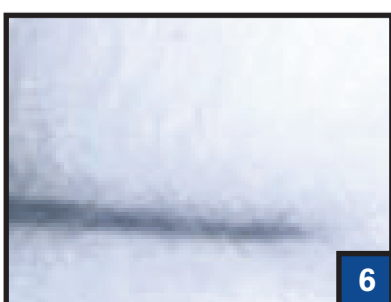
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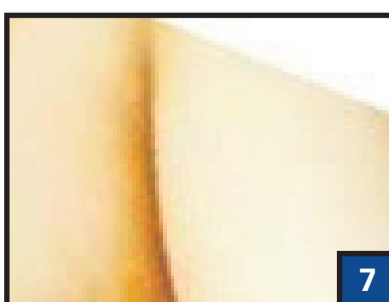
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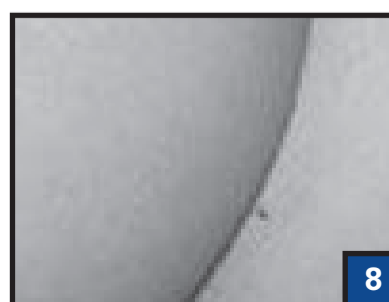
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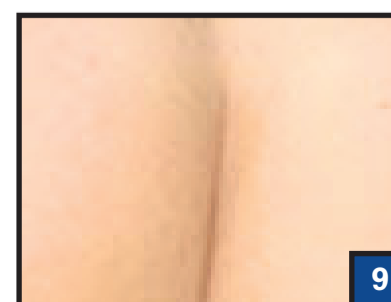
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7



8



9

Clubs & Societies

Wake me up before you go boarding

Newbies and experienced riders get the chance to board together at IC Wakeboarding's beach party

Samuel Murphy

October brings the beginning of a new academic year, but more importantly the annual IC Wakeboarding beach party. This year 53 IC students, with varying board riding experience, braved daunting weather conditions for a taste of the fastest growing extreme sport on the planet. For the uninitiated, wakeboarding is to water skiing what snowboarding is to skiing. Snowboard regulars will notice the similarities whilst recognising the very distinct differences.

This year's beach party started in very auspicious style in Beit Quad. Thunder could be heard whilst rain hammered down. Should conditions have stayed as such the entire afternoon's riding would have had to be cancelled. Despite the appalling conditions, which were not conducive to wakeboarding, the coach was full to bursting with people eager to get on the water.

The coach was bound for JBwaterski, adjacent to Thorpe Park, where the club rides every Wednesday afternoon. At JB's the newbies were introduced to the concept of cable riding. Cable riding is a new concept in wakeboarding where, instead of being pulled along by a boat, a cable is suspended in a rectangle above a lake and used to pull riders along the water. To many people this may suggest that is not possible to get any "air" as there is no wake to launch from; however cable riding has developed into a completely new form of wakeboarding.

The first hurdle for our would-be wakeboarders was to master the



Ah, the newbies. Eager students patiently wait in line at the annual IC Wakeboarding beach party

art of kneeboarding. Kneeboarding is a simple skill, where a person is knelt down on a board made of foam which is then towed behind the cable. Kneeboarding is an essential step in understanding how the cable works and mastering those tricky corners. When a corner is reached the rider must aim to be wide outside the corner to avoid the rope going slack, resulting in a short swim. Despite a few early hiccups at both

the dock and first corner most IC riders completed several circuits on kneeboards and were ready to try to wakeboard itself.

Standing up on a wakeboard for the first time can be very challenging, and it normally takes a few faceplants before new riders work-out how. The clubs more experienced riders were on hand to offer instruction and handy hints while the new riders waited for their

turn. There were many false starts as riders failed to get up and away; however, loud cheers went up whenever a new rider managed to stand up and stay up. The atmosphere at the dock was amazing as more people managed to find their way up. Once up, many people failed to negotiate the first corner. Despite this their first experience of riding had them hooked and they couldn't wait to try again. By the end of the day

most new riders had managed to stand up and many had progressed enough to manage a complete circuit, which is impressive for a first day. Whilst waiting their turn the newbies were treated to an awesome display of riding by a number of local pros who laid down some huge inverted tricks, predominantly from flat water. Huge "air" can be achieved from a technique known as "loading the line". This works as the cable is suspended high above the water; by going onto a hard heel edge the rider can build tension in the line which when released pulls the rider into the air.

As the days riding drew to a close the smell of barbecued food drifted towards the dock, which tempted many tired riders to call it a day. There was a small number of hardcore riders who simply refused to stop riding and managed to miss all the food. On the journey home a completely non-independent survey revealed that everyone had enjoyed their day.

For those of you inspired by this tale and interested in giving it a shot then get in contact with us, using the e-mail addresses below, and we'll get you out on the water. We ride every Wednesday afternoon all throughout the winter and are organising some weekend tours to other lakes across the land. Finally we would like to thank Alliance Wakeboard magazine and Relentless energy drinks for their support and everyone who turned up to make it the great day it was.

For more information email jenifer.isherwood@imperial.ac.uk

Timidly venturing out with her fellow Greeks

Danai Balfoussia

Yes, maybe they stick together, maybe they sit together in the MDH and maybe the stereotype of Marlboros and nice fashionable clothes are not completely unfair; but I will give the Greeks this much: they sure know how to have a hell of a time.

I showed up at the "Annual Greek party" on Saturday night in the MDH. It took me a lot of effort to get there. OK, so I live in Beit, which is practically across the road, so distance was not exactly the limiting factor. Courage though, definitely was. For some reason, I have always had a minor Greekophobia and although I am Greek, born and raised in Athens, I only know a handful of Greeks at Imperial. It took a bit of pep-talk to get me to walk out my front door and when I showed up half an hour late and there were only twenty people there it took even more effort to not turn around and go home.

The night started off with a lovely glass of wine and a nice souvlaki. Since both Greeks I knew were planning to make a Greek entrance, aka majorly fashionably late, just like

everyone else planning to attend, I started talking to a random second year. Maybe not the best start to the night and it got worse when we ran out of topics and ended up talking about World War II. Yeah, I know, boredom central. At that point I was absolutely ready to leave. But then part two followed.

This made the previous suffering worth it. It was all about the music, the dancing and having a great time. The music ranged from Sean Paul to all-time Greek favorites. Being half-Greek and having been to an international high school I sometimes feel I cannot quite relate to people from home. However, when the music started playing that completely changed. Everyone was so friendly and approachable that I put my old phobias behind me and decided to give everyone a second chance. It was definitely worth it. I was impressed by the music, the dancing, the sense of rhythm and also the culture. For those that think Greek partying is about smashing plates, they should attend some future events to clear up that misconception.

The crowd was multi-cultural



Boys and girls at the annual Greek party extravaganza

consisting mostly of Greeks but also with many Cypriots and other nationalities. Unfortunately the event coincided with bonfire night so there was not as great a turnout

as initially expected. Furthermore, Imperial's unreasonable price increase for the hall rental and wine provision contributed to the slightly steep twelve pound entrance fee

for non-members. I definitely look forward to attending more Greek events. Mediterranean night and International night are certainly sounding very tempting right now.

Meet the IC clubs and mugs

Introducing the latest addition to the reinvigorated *Felix Sports*; this section will include photos of various social events. This week, say hello to the IC Football teams

Twat of the week



Nickname:
Sergeant Freedman

Club:
Snowsports

Best feature:
His enormous package, as pictured above

Best quote:
"I'm going up to my bunk to play with my Willy"

Match Results

Football

IC Men's 1st	4
LSE Men's 2nd	0
IC Men's 2nd	3
Queen Mary Men's 1st	0
IC Men's 3rd	1
LSE Men's 3rd	1
IC Men's 4th	0
RUMS Men's 2nd	4
IC Men's 6th	1
RUMS Men's 4th	0
IC Men's 7th	3
KCL Medics Men's 5th	2
IC Women's 1st	0
UCL Women's 2nd	0

Hockey (BUSA)

IC Men's 2nd	10
Essex Men's 2nd	1
IC Women's 1st	1
Brighton Women's 1st	9
IC Men's 4th	1
RUMS Men's 2nd	3

Rugby (BUSA)

IC Men's 1st	26
South Bank 1st	26
IC Men's 2nd	3
Kingston Men's 1st	8
IC Men's 3rd	19
Sussex Men's 2nd	25

Badminton

Imperial College London		vs	Royal Holloway		
Singles			Doubles		
1st	Thomas Lau (Captain)		1st	Alvin Chan/ Che Fai Yeong	
2nd	Wayne Li		2nd	Michael Yap/Weerapong Prasongchean	
Singles			Doubles		
1 v 2	22-20, 23-21	IC	1 v 2	21-12, 21-7	IC
2 v 1	14-21, 7-21	RH	2 v 1	11-21, 16-21	RH
1 v 1	11-21, 11-21	RH	1 v 1	19-21, 19-21	RH
Overall	Imperial College	4	4	Royal Holloway	

Won a fixture and you'd like to brag to the rest of the college? Send photos, match reports, results, and any comments to: sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk before 5pm on Monday evening

IC Rugby 1sts can't quite pull it off

Mens Rugby



ICURFC 1st XV 26
South Bank University 26

Jovan Nedic

Today was an important day for the 1st team in terms of position in the league, by winning we would secure the top spot in the league, and our opponents today were a team that had not won a game so far.

Preparation for the game went smoothly, although with 45 minutes 'till kick off, there was neither an opposition nor a referee. Both eventually did arrive and the game got underway. IC started the first half with all guns blazing, and even the forwards had something to shout about as they won a lineout and drove it over the line, to give Alex Baines-Buffery his first try this season. The second try for IC came fairly quickly after that, with James Fletcher intercepting a pass from their fly-half but the conversion was missed.

Things were going well with movement general yet again working perfectly, but then 20 minutes in, the game turned with the referee awarding a controversial penalty try to South Bank, even though they'd already passed the try line. Their second try was yet another penalty try as Rob Phillipps held back the runner on his way to the try line, and IC could have conceded a third as Baines-Buffery tackled a guy 5 meters from our line, without the guy actually having the ball. Half time score was 14-12 to South Bank.

Things had to change in the sec-



Scandal at Harlington as some Rugby players were left able to stand following post match celebrations

ond half, and they did with several substitutions. First was Jov, who still hasn't managed to finish a full game, with a suspected broken thumb; then eventually Jo Brown who just woke up of the pitch, not too sure how he got there. But on the pitch, things weren't going well; with South Bank getting a further two tries through some quick hands in the backs. IC were

not having the best of days, with balls being dropped at crucial moments and the forwards being a bit hesitant in the rucks, meant that none of our opportunities were ever finished. But after South Bank scored their two tries, things fell into place with a try from Flannan (finally) in the corner, where Fletch managed to drop kick the conversion and then some good phases

from the forwards to allow Hixxy over the line under the posts, which Fletch converted easily.

The game finished after that final conversion, but with neither side sure of who'd won. No one was sure whether it was 28-26 to South Bank or 26-24 to IC since everyone seemed to have lost track of the conversions. In the end, the referee decided it was a draw at 26 all, to

which both teams were surprised yet no complaints were made. Special mentions go to Luke Taylor a.k.a. ACC Chair, a.k.a. Sanders mark II, a.k.a. Leadership Taylor, a.k.a. 'Twat of the Match' (for not getting on the pitch after 3 weeks off), and to Alex 'I'm better than Luke' Johnstone for a great performance as hooker which earned him 'Man of the Match'.

IC Rowers all at BUSA

Jonty McNuff

Mention rowing and most people immediately think of either pottering along the Serpentine in Hyde Park, or a bunch of lycra clad nutters getting up ridiculously early to train for an even more ridiculous length of time. Love it or loath it most people will have heard of, or been too (especially if you were schooled at a fee paying institution) a lovely part of the world called Henley-upon-Thames. This is the highlight of the rowing calendar, and a win there in the summer makes all the ridiculous training worth it.

In July, Henley is the finishing line at the end of a gruelling obstacle course of competitive rowing races. No obstacle course is easy, but in order to reach the finish you have to complete all the challenges along the way.

This time of year involves the long slog 'head' races, including the four an a quarter mile Head of the River Race, and also more welcome trips to Amsterdam for the Heineken Cup. Last weekend however saw the completion of BUSA small boats head, the boggy marsh on the assault course. It was an unrequited necessity in search of BUSA points to secure further funding for Imperial rowing and sport in general. This event is notoriously badly

run, with that 'no one really knows' kind of work ethic to the marshals running it.

But luckily through a combination of talent and the silly training, Imperial rowers tend to be the commanders on the assault course. Out of the 12 small boat categories, for both men and women, Imperial took 9 golds and 2 silvers, medalling in every category they entered and taking home three times as many BUSA points as any other University. This is an even more impressive achievement due to the high standard of the top end entries. Congrats

to the men's team of Will Laughton, Adam Freeman-Pask, Olly Moore, Ben Smith and Ole Tiertz, and the ladies team of Mathilda Pauls, Cynthia Mynhardt, Helen Ellison, outgoing women's captain Rachael 'chewy' Davies, Kay Jacks and Clarice Chung. This result firmly places IC at the pinnacle of student rowing in the country.

Interested in coxing for the IC rowing team? No previous experience required. Contact simon.hislop@imperial.ac.uk for information



Some rowing types splashing around at Henley

1sts extra time win

Basketball

Imperial 1sts	85
Westminster 1sts	74

One Wednesday in November, 12 warriors travelled from South Ken to the depths of North West London anticipating one of the fiercest battles ever.

From the tip off Imperial were in control, looking like champions, but in skin tight kit. Every offence was sexy and Westminster couldn't cope. We were playing perfect basketball, setting screens, rolling, cutting, working hard on defence, maxing and relaxing.

By the end of the first quarter Imperial were dominating 28-6, the only criticism being that they were allowed to score 6.

Words of encouragement issued going into the second quarter were "these guys are big, but very stupid". Imperial restarted impressively with Rob scoring from outside and Naaman working the inside well.

Midway through the second quarter with Imperial running the show, Westminster began to press, forcing turnovers and fouls. Imperial struggled to pass out of the press, turning over the ball and dropping baskets.

Westminster began to find their rhythm offensively. A poor 2nd quarter and some questionable score-keeping reduced Imperial's lead to 8 at the half, 36-28.

Imperial tried to resume earlier form, and Westminster tried to close the gap. Exchanging baskets for most of the quarter Imperial looked solid.

Then came the trademark 'minute of madness': inability to catch and run are general symptoms. Imperial conceded easy baskets, and trailed by 2 going into the 4th, 50-52.

In the final quarter, G. Kyriakides and J. Gardiner came out strong, scoring important points on the fast break. Imperial trailed by three for most of the quarter but began to look strong when faced with defeat.

We scored important points by breaking their zone with good outside shooting, but were still leaking baskets on defence. When it mattered, with minutes left on the clock and Westminster in team foul trouble, Imperial drove hard to the hoop drawing fouls. A. Ponjavic converted 3 from 4 at the line to tie the game 69-69.

The game went into extra time with Imperial continuing to put points up. Hitting shots from outside and drawing fouls to go to the line, Imperial ran away with the win, 85-74.

Anonymous RSM hockey player tells *Felix*: “We’re going to dick on everyone in our league”

RSM Mens Hockey

RSM 1sts	5
Queen Mary 2nds	1

Tim Harford-Cross

First up, I'd like to offer a big Scrubs-style “Mistaaaaake!” to whoever thought Miss Rowlands would make a good Sports Editor.

Anyway, a surprisingly sober team arrived at Mile End for the first mens match of the season, and the game started at a lightning pace. The aggressive RSM team sent wave after wave of intimidating strikes into the heart of the QM defence. The inevitable goal, however, was provided by a horrific foul by the keeper resulting in a penalty flick. Mikey stood up to take one for the team, and this time his match nerves didn't let him down. He got up faster than the Hoff on heat, into the top left corner: well in my son.

After that the pace increased, but without any further goals up to half-time. After an awe-inspiring team talk by skipper Tim about using the wings and passing more, Tom took the ball from push back through all ten outfield players before planting it in the net, all by himself – that's fucking teamwork. Leon and Sam L both created chances which Tom, predictably, failed to convert, although he did go on to score a couple more from his 100-or-so open goal opportunities. Mikey also scored again off a selfless assist from Kwesi. Yung took Man of the Match for his continuous and unrelenting attacks from right half, making the opposition shake with terror when faced with such odds.

Mikey took Thanks for Coming for being green carded for his consistently shit tackles, on the edge of his own D (we didn't need his goals ei-



RSM mens hockey, and some women who choose to play with them occasionally since: “Womens hockey is just pointless – infact it's full of negative points!” (the beer is a figment of your imagination)

ther). Special mention to Simon for clearing up after everyone's mistakes in central defence and making several crucial tackles, many in a 2-on-1 situation, because the rest of the team was trying to get some action at the other end of the pitch.

There were good all-round performances from Joe, Anthony, Sam P and John, who had to deal with a number of QM counter-attacks that the midfield were too plain lazy

to bother with. Last but not least, cheers to Ade for his efforts in goal; Player of the Season is in the mail!

Alice Rowlands' response:

An anonymous team member upset that they “never get their arse licked in these reports”, was keen to point out that “Tom [Diaper] is not a selfish player and happily passes the ball, or would if Mikey were fit enough to keep up.”

It was also suggested that, not only are “Queen Mary's dog shit” but infact, “they're all shite. It will be easy!”, but also RSM will “dick on everyone in their league.”

Recalling most of the match proved difficult but, “Mikey's second goal was probably quite good” (the first being a penalty flick won by Tom Diaper). The only other memorable events were some fabulous solo (but unselfish)

runs from Tom Diaper; a couple of which resulted in a goal.

Where man of the match was concerned, the person in question thought that having Mikey as man of the match was appalling due to his general shitness. Pikey should have been a contender for good running and hitting, although awarding it to Tom Diaper would also have been a fair result.

Rugby 3rds romp their way to glorious victory

Mens Rugby



Surrey	15
ICURFC 3rd XV	26

Borja Sordo

IC 3rds XV reached Surrey's pitch in the mood to return to their winning streak. After a demolishing start to the season, with 86-0 and 17-12 victories BUSA got more complicated with an 87-5 defeat against Portsmouth last week.

Spirits were high as the starting XV positioned themselves to receive the kick-off. Outside centre Charlie (Lock-Up) Davidson was looking very eager to prove his might in the backs.

The match started as a clash of forwards, with Surrey never standing a chance. The 3rds strongest pack of forwards so far, led by the power of Sach (the brown bullet), had control of every scrum.

It did not take long for, captain, Ben (Pork Chop) Thompson to break away. After a succession of excellent handling skills, winger,

Jerome took the ball to score under the posts; converted by his fellow Frenchman Antoine.

Surrey sprang back to life and, after an unlucky bounce from the scrum-half's chip he collected his own kick to run it under the posts, the un-converted try tightening the score.

IC, never allowing their grasp of the game to evade them, picked up their game and pushed harder than ever allowing Pork Chop to show his immense skill and footwork in scoring the second try; thus sending the teams to half-time with a score of 12-5.

The start of the second half was enlightened by the appearance of Sacho (the mean menace) Relaxo and his team of mighty forwards; deciding it was time to show Surrey what they were made of. Surrey felt the wrath of the IC players; who turned around every scrum into the first 20 minutes.

Winger Borja (Oompa-Loompa) Sordo, picked up a ball which he elegantly ran forward, dodging the oppositions full-back, giving way for Ben Thompson to perform a gymnastic, Superman dive to score



Imperial 3rds enjoying the rough and tumble of Rugby

another try; again converted by Antoine.

IC never gave up in their ambition to put more points up on the board, their perseverance was rewarded

with inside centre Tom Bury running the ball from 3 yards out to score another converted try.

Surrey's last un-converted try left the IC 3rds victorious; the fi-

nal score being 26-15. Man of the Match was Tom Bury and Twat of the Match was Borja Sordo for his fashion faux-pas; wearing luminous orange long sleeves under his kit.

IC 2nds enjoy a taste of goal pie!

Ladies Hockey	
St Barts & RL 3rds	0
IC 2nds	12
IC 2nds	2
St Barts & RL 2nds	0

Our first encounter with St Barts had a stressful lead up to the match as both pitch venue and push back time were changed with less than 24 hours notice. We were also without a goalie until RSM kindly lent us Sammy at the last minute. Thankfully, not only did we have a goal-keeper but also 3 substitutes, somewhat unheard of for ladies hockey.

IC got off to a great start with Amanda scoring within the first couple of minutes, closely followed by her lovely little sister, Melissa, adding another - all within the first five minutes!

Encouragement from the sidelines spurred us on and the opposition were beginning to tire visibly. There were fantastic runs up the wings from Jenny on the right and Trish and Laura on the left. The ball rarely left the St Barts half, leaving Sammy a little bored in goal. IC's 8th goal went in and luckily, for St Barts, the half time whistle followed and oranges were consumed.

At this point Fi introduced another incentive (as if winning was not enough). If 17 or more goals were scored, beating last seasons record (a 16-0 win by the mens 4s), she would buy an a round for the entire team. Knowing certain alcoholics amongst them, it would include the most expensive drinks available, leaving our poor captain penniless for the rest of term. With the stakes raised IC went out with even more vigour than usual and started the pressure again. Mala was fantastic as centre half and Shirley, on the left wing, created even more chances for goal scoring opportunities.

The defence were working just as hard pushing up and intercepting any stray balls. They were on



These young ladies are definitely hockey players. I'm sure this time; the sticks are a dead giveaway. I won't make that mistake again, honest

good form with Izzy, Bella and Han getting stuck in. Sheena and her housemate, Alice (two Alices, both ginger; very confusing) worked well as a double act!

The quality of the hockey degraded slightly as Barts continued to give away short corners, the last play of the match was another IC goal from a short corner.

The final goal count was as follows; Amanda 5 (more than she scored all of last season), Mala 3 (not bad for her first match for IC), Melissa 2 (obviously learning from her big sis) Jenny 1 (another fantastic IC debut) Shirley 1 (hopefully the first of many) and Fi 1 (undoubtedly the only one of the season!). To top of a great match, teas were

provided and Laura stepped up as a very strict fines master; Alice was working too hard, before heading back for the usual shenanigans at the union!

Only a couple of weeks after crushing the 3rd team the IC ladies were once again optimistic about their chances against St Barts 2nds.

Despite the wintry weather, we burst onto the pitch full of energy and eager to get ourselves some goal pie! It was clear from the start that making an appearance at training does help, as we saw a dramatic improvement in our ball control and hockey skills.

This meant that IC dominated the game from the early stages, playing a very solid, attacking game with

great support from Izzy, Shirley and Bella pushing up from defence all the time.

Marla, taking the critical central role provided an awesome link between defence and the forwards the ball almost always reached the stick of a striker. Dasha, Melissa and Amanda worked hard upfront, especially in the 'D', shooting at every opportunity.

Short corners were hardly scarce and yet IC found themselves in a goal-less situation. As half time approached, frustration set in and it was time for another inspiring team talk from Fi.

The second half started much in the same way as it did in the first, with St Barts surviving on their

scrappy but effective defence. However, IC persevered and were awarded another short corner. Amanda received the ball and sent a high speed cross to Marla, by the goal post, amidst the mess of defenders she was able to get a stick to it and deliver it across the goal line.

The second goal followed shortly, this time originating from a long corner. Bella planted a strong final touch to give IC a healthy lead.

The result barely reflected the dominance of IC's game, but a third win in a row was, without doubt, cause for celebration! Let's hope there will be many more to come!

Fiona Jamieson
& Amanda Cheung

AdLib

by Tevong You

