

Fashion

Oddness

page 10



Clubs and Societies

On top of the Lake District

page 20



felix

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year

The student newspaper of Imperial College

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No confidence in sabb

A no confidence motion may be submitted against the Deputy President (Graduate Students) next week

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

Felix has learnt that a no confidence motion is likely to be submitted against Shama Rahman, Deputy President (Graduate Students), alleging that the sabb has misled Union Council, failed to work the hours required by her contract among other failings, and that her position "has become untenable".

Felix has obtained a leaked copy of the draft paper, complete with highlights, that shows that almost all of the Union's Executive Committee (excluding the sabbs themselves) have seconded the motion, including all of the Faculty Union Presidents, a number of CSCs and other senior Union officers. The Executive Committee is the second most important body in the Union, and is superseded only by the Council.

The document obtained by this reporter is 34 pages long, and contains numerous allegations of misconduct, incompetence, and breaches of Union regulations. The paper was written by Jon Matthews, Deputy President (Finance & Services).

Should the motion succeed, Ms Rahman will be suspended on full pay for one month, then dismissed with a severance package of another month's pay.

The allegations presented in the paper are backed up with a substantial appendix, and total more than 40 individual points. For example, the paper claims Ms Rahman has only managed to get in at 10am three times during her term so far, and occasionally arriving as late as 1.30pm; sabbs are required by contract to keep office hours of 10am to 4pm. This has been observed by several sources in the Union and this reporter. She has also missed at least one meeting with high-level College officials, and missed more than four Management & Planning Group meetings, which are between Union staff and the sabbs to discuss confidential issues and strategy. More serious are the allegations

made about her failure to handle the welfare issues of PhD students that had approached her; these cases had to be handled by other sabbs. It also describes her lack of understanding of the issues facing the various types of postgraduates, such as PhD students, taught masters students, and research masters students. In one case, documented by emails that were copied to Mr Matthews by the student in question, a query by a student about the number of hours a week a non-EU PhD student could legally work remained unanswered for a month before a staff member raised it with Mr Matthews.

There are also numerous allegations of lying to or misleading either her colleagues or Council, backed up with documentation. *Felix* has seen emails, provided by an anonymous source, that suggest Ms Rahman may have 'pulled a sickie' in order to take Friday off. This email was sent only ten days after the President, John Collins, sent Ms Rahman a written formal warning concerning her attendance and office hours, among other things.

Miss Rahman is also accused of badly handling the budget for the GSA Christmas Ball, initially saying she had secured more than £2000 from a senior College figure. Mr Matthews signed off on the budget in good faith; however, it transpired that the staff member had not promised the money, and the event was cancelled and hastily rescheduled by the sabbs after it became clear it would make a substantial loss even if attendance exceeded expectation. Ms Rahman, when questioned, said that she was obtaining written evidence from the staff member in question that shows the money was promised then rescinded. The organisation of the "3 Colleges" night is also criticised, accusing her of leaving the takings in an insecure location for a week, paying the bands directly from the takings (forbidden under Union rules), not keeping adequate track of the attendance, and selling

tickets on credit without authorisation (also forbidden under Union rules).

The paper describes how she told Council she could not attend QUARC (an important College meeting for discussing education quality issues) on 8 December because she was too busy rearranging the venue for the Ball. However, this reporter has seen an invoice for payment from the new venue, which was signed off by a senior Union staff member on the 6 December, confirming the new venue. Ms Rahman says that she was still confirming other details to do with the venue change, and that a second invoice exists which shows that she had changed the booking.

She is also accused of misleading Council over a visit to Clayponds. She claims she went personally; however, the paper contains an email from the warden at Clayponds that describes his dissatisfaction with a late-notice cancellation by Ms. Rahman, and her choice of replacement.

There are many other accusations relating to the points above, and it is not yet clear how much will make it to the final report. Ms Rahman was contacted by *Felix* to provide comment: "In my defence, I had a steep learning curve as I wasn't given sufficient training and under pressured circumstances given the poor handover. I wanted to do it right, so followed often misleading or incomplete advice from the team, especially Jon. I didn't receive much in the way of support and guidance, and didn't get forewarned about some of the pitfalls. I always had to prise information out of an unhelpful and dismissive man. This in addition to my own and my father's health problems, which the President knew about, causing me lots of stress. I'm still weighing my decision as to what to do next."

It is likely the motion, if submitted, will be referred to the newly inaugurated Union Court to discuss the evidence, before being passed back to Council.



Shama Rahman, Deputy President (Graduate Students)

Sport partnership looking shaky

Sabbs concerned that the new sports partnership will lead to a “takeover” of sports clubs by the College

At a meeting of the Union Executive this week, Eric Lai (Deputy President for Clubs & Societies) cast doubt on the sports partnership between the College’s “Sport Imperial” department and the Union.

Sport Imperial is responsible for all of the College’s sports facilities, including Ethos and the training grounds at Harlington. The Union is responsible for running the sports clubs, through the Athletic Clubs Committee (ACC). The partnership is ostensibly to be responsible for directing “sports strategy”, the argument being that sabbs are only in place for a year and get bogged down in operational matters, and therefore aren’t able to think long-term about sport at the College; the partnership, featuring high-level College staff, should provide some continuity. The proposal for the partnership was floated last year, but was rejected as it was felt by many to be an attempt by the College to take over the sports teams.

This year, however, the partnership was approved, with enthusiastic backing from Mr Lai (DPCS), and a member of staff was employed jointly by the Union and College to oversee it. At the meeting, however, Mr Lai spoke frankly about concerns he had about Sport Imperial attempting to take over events that had previously been under the Union’s remit.

Mr Lai gave a couple of examples. The annual ACC dinner, where awards are given to the sports teams, has drawn the attention of Sport Imperial, who are looking to make it a “Sports Partnership” dinner. As a result, they plan to charge £50 a ticket, and it currently stands to run during the exam period, and very close to the Summer Ball (which has a similar ticket price). As such, Mr Lai said, there were concerns over how many students would attend. He also complained that the ACC Chair, Luke Taylor, had “offered it [the dinner] on a plate” to the College.

Secondly, a Sports Festival that was being organised by a student as a “Centenary Event” (to raise money for the Beit Masterplan or the Student Opportunities Fund) is now being run by Sport Imperial. According to the College, this event will now not make a profit, and therefore no money will end up in the Union’s coffers; this is despite the fact that event would charge £50 a team, with teams drawn from four sports, participation from over ten universities, and the possibility of corporate sponsorship. Felix’s magical calculator reckons this to be “a heck of a lot of money”, without even considering the huge amount of money to be made from the bar (given the relationship between sports teams and alcohol).

Mr Taylor refuted a number of these points on Live!, calling Mr Lai “an example of a particularly deceitful breed of small minded politician I have always feared he may be.” He says that the tickets for the ACC dinner (rebranded as the Sports Partnership dinner) will cost £40, and that Sport Imperial’s involvement will consist only of a table of their representatives. He also said that the statement about the Sports Festival making no profit were “back of the envelope calculations” and that the department had assured him any profits would get back to the Student Opportunity Fund. How true this is remains to be seen, as a source within the Union has referred to Sport Imperial as “almost Machiavellian at times.”

Mr Lai has previously been strongly in favour of the partnership, but appears that recent events have made him reconsider his position.

So far, Sport Imperial have provided clubs with sports kit (totaling £45,000 worth) and instructors (nearly £30,000).

However, many clubs found the kit unsatisfactory, with no consultation of clubs prior to the kit being made.



Members of ACC Rugby club with their strips, clearly featuring the Sport Imperial logo

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Friday 12.1.07

Mime artist fashion

“However looking past the endless variations of the same neon skin-tight 80’s dress, there are some interestingly structured dresses which play on the theme of volume, which is a common thread through many of the catwalk shows. Also common through the shows is a monochrome colour theme with muted greys, contrasting with bursts of neon brights.”

PAGE 10

Cinema moan

“I am frequently subjected to a microcosm of human inconsideration in the form of people chatting away during the film, rustling packets of sweets and eating popcorn loudly, or simply kicking the seats in front when rearranging their feet.”

PAGE 11



Word association

PAGES 12 & 13

Gaming goodness

“Hopefully everyone had enjoyable holidays and spent plenty of time queuing outside Virgin for Wii consoles, harassing the managers at various branches of Game, and generally trying to find one of the bastard things that seem to be everywhere except the stores you were visiting.”

PAGE 15

Debating Society

“The final was incredibly entertaining and totally awesome. With a large, eager audience dressed up in black tie the debate took on a more theatrical character, with wit and passion demonstrated in equal measure. There were two teams from Yale, an Oxford and an Irish team.”

PAGE 21



MASSIVE COCK

What you (didn't) miss, part 94

Our intrepid reporter *Phil Space* brings you up to speed with everything that you missed while you (and the editor) were enjoying Festivus, consuming alcohol, and pretending to be friends with your old friends

Another try at banning two year sabbatical positions

Two year sabbs, eh? Those foolish folk that enjoy their year as veritable kings of the Union so much that they want to have another crack at it?

Apparently this year's team have had enough already, and don't want to stand next year, as a paper was put to Council that would ban two year sabbaticals (or only allow them in certain cases, for example from Deputy President to President).

It seems the Council wasn't having this, and voted it down after a great deal of general hand-wringing and pontification.

This is despite the horrible reputation of notable two year sabbs from recent years (c.f. Mustafa "it's not illegal if the President does it" Arif, and Sen "the unremarkable" Ganesh).

Sameena was a two year sabb, moving up from Deputy President



Mustafa Arif, seen here fellating a microphone (we think)

(Finance & Services) to President, and she did a pretty good job. I also remember a certain Will Dugdale, who was Felix Editor two years in

a row, but apparently that's not a proper sabb. Whatever. The topic is dead, at least until next year's sabbs bring it up.

Furniture finally arrives in da Vinci's

Alert the internets! The long-lost furniture for the Hospital Cafe... sorry, Da Vinci's. It's made out of wood and everything. With chairs. Awesome, I say.

The tables with benches are ideal for huge drinking parties, creating that wonderful Viking-esque drinking environment (long tables, sticky

beer everywhere, quaffing, no girls). The bar has seemed incredibly full over the last few nights, with even your intrepid, well-known and admired reporter failing to secure for himself a chair, such is the joy of the student populace at finally being able to sit down comfortably and drink beer.



Before (above) and after (below). Still an awful colour, though

Pillow fight on Queen's Lawn claims five victims



Surprisingly, no-one was arrested on terrorism charges

Imperial's first ever flashmob on campus took place on a cold December lunchtime. Wielding suspiciously bulky bags, the mobbers could have been taken for something more sinister. However, at the pre-decided time, the bags were dropped to unveil pillows. The mobbers then proceed to beat the living shit out of each other (on Queen's Lawn) with said bed appliances before melting away into the Sherfield building and environs before the very eyes of the group of bemused onlookers in the JCR, SCR and Queen's Lawn.

Unfortunately, your intrepid reporter managed to sleep in that morning, and was therefore unable to show of his pillow-fighting skills, honed during a dangerous two month tour at Ikea.

Christmas Carnival completely sells out



Reversing a somewhat dismal trend for Union events at the moment, the end-of-term Christmas Carnival completely sold out, and by all accounts was a massive success. Kudos, I say. The bars took

more than £12,000 and the crowd of more than 950 people stayed until the wee hours of the morning, keeping the Union bar open for an additional 90 minutes to cope with the huge demand.

Returning Officer's report out; no-one surprised

Jon Matthews, returning officer for the NUS referendum, submitted his report to Council. Among the shock-horror results, it seems the medics were heavily in favour of affiliation, with 68% of those that voted voting yes. The other faculties were split roughly 50/50, showing how close the referendum was in the end. It seems that the medic vote, plus the non-faculty voters (sabbs, Tanaka folk) was enough to secure the yes vote.

No-one was surprised, as the Medic President was known to be strongly in favour of affiliation.

Really, this story was just an excuse to use the fabulous picture to the right. Hahaha.



Fabien Spacca
Money Broker, Interest Rate Options

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Comment & Opinion

Geeks, war and chronic flatulence

An irreverent take on the past, present and future from our estwhile and outspoken Comment Editor



Stephen Brown
Comment Editor

"Their idea of a sex life is an empty Pringles tube that has been filled with pigs liver and given 5 minutes on full power"

Happy 2007 everyone. I hope you all had a relaxing/merry/drunken holiday and have successfully managed to scrape yourselves out of bed and back into College. This is going to be a bit of a non-column as nothing really happens over the Christmas period so I'll just share my thoughts on a few unrelated topics.

2006 is now behind us but I would like to give you all a piece of advice in light of a diabolical night out I had recently. If someone ever offers to entertain you in Stirling, politely decline. I had the misfortune of enduring an evening there and I wouldn't want any of you to be put through the same ordeal. Basically, nightlife in Stirling is just shit. It is one of these parochial places that is large enough to have the odd nightclub but too small to have any meaningful competition between establishments for your custom. You end up getting overcharged for spending 3 hours standing on a floor covered with random sticky patches whilst surrounded by people whose prerogative for a night out is to dance like no-one's watching, sing like no-one's listening and fart like the Scottish Executive hasn't implemented a ban on smoking. In short, give it a miss.

On that note it is nice to be back at Imperial but every good thing comes with a downside, sort of like 21st birthdays for boys. Ini-

tially they are pleased that they are "coming of age" but at the same time disappointed that their willies aren't going to get any bigger. My complaint is related to a topic that has become cliché but what is with some of the students here? Not that I am wanting Felix to start another "hate campaign" in the fashion of last year's editor but the argument needs to be re-stated, if only for the benefit of the freshers. It is not the majority who are unnecessarily geeky but there really is a hardcore who seem to be hell bent on destroying what is left of Imperial's social reputation by devoting large sections of their free time to online gaming. I overheard a conversation the other day (between two individuals who were clearly whipped up into some pre-orgasmic frenzy over the release of.... wait for it.... **AN EXPANSION PACK FOR AN ONLINE COMPUTER GAME!** (You know the type of person I am referring to, greasy hair, strange body odour and the woeful dress sense that suggests their idea of a sex life is an empty Pringles tube that has been filled with pigs liver and given 5 minutes on full power.) I mean come on guys, a computer game? Getting excited over one is all very well and good, if you are 13. Break free from your self-imposed electronic shackles and do something a bit less anti-social. Im not having a go at all computer games, some are quite good fun for about

an hour or so but I really don't see how some people can spend days and weeks living live in a "virtual world" and only talking to faceless "online friends." Having experimented with internet games my philosophy on the subject is as follows. I see online gaming as being sort of an electronic equivalent to the Special Olympics as even if you win you are still "Special." If you are unable to stop totally, at least make an attempt to ration yourself.

Moving on, unlike columnists in the "proper" newspapers I've owned up to the fact that I don't really have that much to say at the minute. But what would a new years column be without some predictions for 2007. Predicting the future is a mugs game. If I get it right, I'll be a smug "I told you so" arsehole and if I get things wrong I'll look stupid so I'll try and just stick to the more unlikely thoughts I have had for the year ahead. Here goes.

World Peace!

Following mass protests outside parliament by all the major churches at the extension of homosexual rights, a new solution will be proposed to solve sectarian conflicts from Belfast to Baghdad. It was touching seeing how distaste for the gays has the power to unite hardline Protestants, Catholics, Muslims and Jews who would otherwise be irreconcilable so lets just re-route some Gay Pride marches through the worlds sectarian trou-

blespots. Withdraw the soldiers and send in the gays. Problem solved.

Revolution!

Closer to home, a victory for the extreme left sees Student Respect candidates sweep the board in the ICU sabbatical elections. Students return in October to find that Monopoly has been banned on campus on the grounds that the game is part of a capitalist conspiracy to brainwash young people. Also, those attending freshers fayre will find themselves conscripted into the newly formed ICU Revolutionary Guard as our Union is now at war with the state of Texas.

New Rector announced!

Jeremy Clarkson is appointed as the new Rector. College grinds to a halt as Greenpeace mount a sit in protest in the faculty building.

Big Brother Shock!

Saddam's execution has turned out to be pure fabrication. He is currently being held at a secret location by Channel 4 and will suddenly appear in the Celebrity Big Brother house within the next few weeks. This will in turn provoke international outrage from human rights organisations. They will protest that no human being deserves to be imprisoned in an enclosed space with Jade Goody and family, however evil their crimes.

Anyway, that's me finished now. And I was worried I wouldn't be able to fill half a page with whatever crap came into my head.

A delightful letter to the Editor

There are good bands at Imperial, apparently

Dear Sir,

I am writing to proverbially take off my glove and slap James Millen around the face and state that I demand satisfaction in response to his comments about the Jazz and Rock Society in fem last week. In his article he says "Future Corpses, Imperial's only decent band (you heard me Jazz&Rock, what ya gonna do about it eh?).". In reaction to the first part, I think that Future Corpses are great, they are hauntingly original and great to watch live, if only because of the sex faces that Matty makes whilst playing the drums, but there are plenty of decent bands at Imperial. Take White Elephant, they play some damn fine Blues-Rock covers, 40 Acres, Telemark, Freddy Freeloader, Reality Cheques, Luca Laraia, alumni What The Funk, EmberDaze, Cielo Azul and Carlos "The One Man Band" Keery-Fisher

(although I had better not mention Imperial's longest running, and officially most dangerous band DonkeyBox because I am an ex-member). And for completeness I think a certain 'royal' band could be mentioned... I think the 'what makes a great band' argument has too many opinionated facets to be deemed an argument, if a band puts on a good show then that is good enough for me, it doesn't matter what style of music they are. There seems to be an epidemic in the number of obnoxious alternative music snobs, who feel that unless the band is so unbelievably unheard of then it is nothing but aural diarrhoea. My personal opinion is that this is a very pretentious view, particularly because indy is really the current 'pop', and a lot of indy bands sound like they really want to play rock, but they also want to please their indy-loving chums, and so buy telecasters and rarely take their amps above 3, let alone 11. I do like The Killers though.

The Jazz and Rock society is for lovers and purveyors of live music, whatever the genre. We have a practise room, which may I add is frequented by Future Corpses, and we host gig and jam night that Future Corpses have played at, so wouldn't that make them a Jazz and

Rock band? Admittedly we aren't as alternative as AMS, a lot of the time the only two songs played at jam nights are Master of Puppets and Hey Joe, but we like, we may be making tits of ourselves on-stage, but it's all in the name of fun.

As for what are Jazz and Rock going to do, well James Millen, I challenge you to a Rock-Off.

Aaron Oliver-Taylor
Jazz & Rock Chairman

Andy Sykes replies,

Aaron, my dear friend, I am in said band (Future Corpses). How do you expect me to reply?

I'm a little offended at your rather blasé dismissal of telecasters. Eat your words, sir, for they've proven to be a far more worthwhile guitar than the iconic stratocaster (just have a look at the varieties of tele available). Incidentally, I play a tele, you insensitive clod.

However, I'm going to be a little serious, and say that it's a bit disappointing that out of all the 11,000 or so students we have here, we have very few bands, and even fewer decent ones. Covers are fine and dandy, and fun to play, but it's all a little worthless. Surely you'd

much rather go and see a band play their own, original, new stuff than simply covering a Led Zep song (as I've unfortunately witnessed far too many times in my many years in Jazz & Rock).

It's not about snobbery; it's about being creative and so and so forth. In fact, the snobs tend to make the worst music and worst bands. Most of the great bands I've met have been very open-minded, friendly folk - it's an attitude thing.

We are, of course, very grateful

for the use of the practice room. That's why it's so shocking there are so few good bands, when you can practice in a decent room with a decent (if horribly bashed up) drum kit for what amounts to a pittance.

Good luck finding anywhere else in London to practice at that price; I know, I've tried.

I'm not sure why you're challenging Mr Millen to, as you put it, a "rock-off". Surely you should challenge us?

Want to get something off your chest?

Write to:

felix@imperial.ac.uk

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Phoenix

The arts magazine of Imperial College

Phoenix is the arts magazine companion to Felix. It has existed for more than ninety years, and was originally edited by H. G. Wells.

This year, we're looking to re-establish Phoenix as a regular (termly) magazine, along with an editorial team independent from Felix. If you're interested in contributing work, designing the magazine, or helping out in any way, contact the editor of Phoenix (hugh.stickley-mansfield@imperial.ac.uk), or the Felix editor (felix@imperial.ac.uk).



at the union jan 12th - jan 17th

WEDNESDAY 17TH



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FRIDAY 12TH DECEMBER - UNION BAR - 17:00

THE UNION BAR

Come and celebrate 50 years of Imperial's favourite place to drink. We have a birthday cake as well as a visitors book to sign from 5pm this Friday in the Union Bar. We look forward to seeing you there!

50TH BIRTHDAY

imperialcollegeunion.org/ents

Imperial College Union, Beit Quadrangle, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB
The Union encourages responsible drinking. R.O.A.R. Student I.D. Required.

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Happy New Year from the Union

I hope you all had an enjoyable and refreshing Christmas break. I trust that Santa treated you well – he brought me no less than 15 pairs of new socks and delivered some rather lovely new tables and stools for the Da Vinci's café-bar.

There are a lot of cracking events lined up for this term. At the end of this month we have the launch of the Centenary to look forward to and this is closely followed by RAG Week, International Night, Green Week, ArtsFest and the Sabbatical elections. We will keep you posted of major events throughout the rest of the term.



A New Year and a new chance to have your say

This term also sees the launch of our latest democratic initiative: Community Forums. Throughout the first half of this term we will hold a series of open meetings that any student is welcome to attend and speak at. Unlike Council meetings, they will be run in a simple, understandable way and only discuss issues that you want to raise.

There are three forums coming up this term: the first will be held on Thursday 18th January and will focus on academic and welfare issues. All of the issues discussed at this meeting will be raised at the College's next strategic education committee, which is attended by all senior academics who have specifically invited us to speak at this meeting. If you are a year, course, department or faculty representative then you will be especially welcome to attend this meeting.

The second forum will take place later this month and will focus on all of our trading and commercial activities. This is your chance to tell us what you think of our bars, catering outlets, events and shops.

We have saved the best for our last forum, the Rector's forum. This event will be held in the Union Dining Hall at 6pm on Thursday 22nd February. This will be a rare and exciting opportunity for students to throw any question that comes to mind to the Rector, Sir Richard Sykes. Look out for further information closer to the time.



John Collins
President

president@imperial.ac.uk

Court Elections: there are still vacant positions

Finally, here is a gentle reminder that there are still two positions (for Medical and Natural Sciences students) vacant on the Union Court. We will be running elections for these positions at the next Union Council, which will be held on January 22nd in the Union Dining Hall. If you wish to stand for the Court, please email me at president@imperial.ac.uk as soon as possible.



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Spring and summer fashion 2007

London's catwalks demonstrate the outfits you should be wearing whilst basking in glorious sunshine

Sarah Skeete
Fashion Editor

The Spring/Summer catwalks in London were highlighted by bursts of originality from British designers. Christopher Kane, Gareth Pugh and Giles Deacon, Central St. Martins' graduates, were the source of the most boldly futuristic, visually arresting designs.

Christopher Kane, having had Donatella Versace sponsor his MA collection, is now working as a freelance designer for Versace. This show is Kane's first collection under his own label. Those neon dresses may have guaranteed him publicity, as an illustration of the new "nu-rave" trend which at the moment exists purely in the pages of fashion magazines.

However looking past the endless variations of the same neon skin-tight 80's dress, there are some interestingly structured dresses which play on the theme of volume, which is a common thread through many of the catwalk shows. Also common through the shows is a monochrome colour theme with muted greys, contrasting with bursts of neon brights.

Gareth Pugh didn't disappoint with another theatrical show undercut with humour. His shows are more visually inspiring than they are commercially viable, but Pugh's sense of space and shape is stunning.

Deacon's new collection was more

inspired than his last. Perhaps a result of the obvious cross-pollination going on between Deacon and Pugh. He might want to think about a shoe collection, instead of using the same pair of last year's shoes with studs attached with every single outfit.

Preen, a London label which also designs for Topshop, showed a modern clean-lined collection, with a decidedly futuristic spin. Their original take on basic pieces contrasts with the horribly early 90's collections of more established brands, such as Ralph Lauren, also showing.

London may not be a big event in the fashion calendar compared to Paris, Milan or New York, however it tends to be the most original.

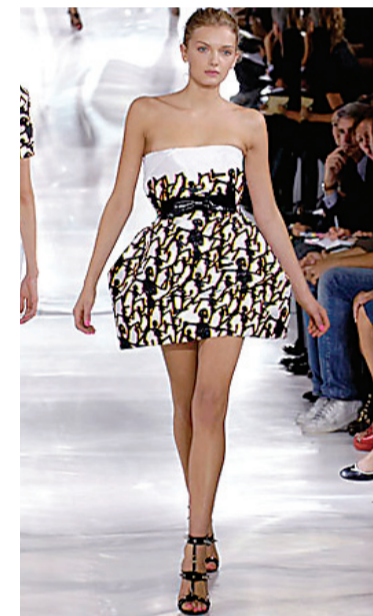
Gareth Pugh Spring 2007 Ready-wear collection



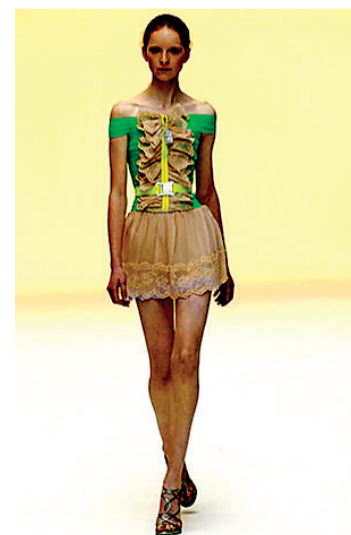
Giles Deacon Spring 2007 Ready-wear collection



Preen, Spring 2007 Ready-wear Collection



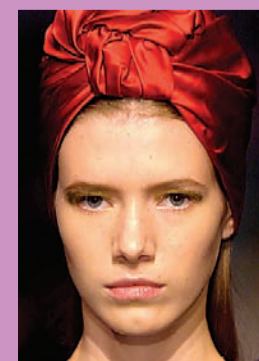
Christopher Kane, Spring 2007 Ready-wear Collection



Primp

Primp
Primp design supercute thermals printed with anchors, hearts, and bunnies. Available from £50. H&M do rip-offs for a more realistic £9.99.

The Prada turban
Can you get more commercial than turbans? It's like the catwalk has no artistic credibility at all. Topshop and Primark will be doing their high-street knock-offs, so soon turbans will be available for all.



Prada

FLIM



Guess character: win poster

This new year heralds a brand new film section here in *Felix*. From this week, this page will be a shrine to the cinematographic arts of past, present and future: lovingly composed and presented with lashings of bile and adoration in equal measures.

In light of this new approach, we two explosively exciting features. First is the competition this week, offering you the chance to win win win a *Breaking & Entering* poster signed by Jude Law and Anthony Minghella (see below for details).

Second, we launch a new feature: the Posthumous Review. This is a review, worship/hatefully composed by anyone who feels like it, of any film, no matter how old. Ideally, you (yes, You) has a film/director/actor that you believe does not receive the bile/love that it rightfully deserves, and will leap at the chance to tell everyone why it is shit/great. Nothing is sacred. Lambast *Casablanca* if you so desire.

Submit to film.felix@ic.ac.uk.

Signed poster competition!

We have two autographed posters from the film *Breaking & Entering*, signed by Jude Law, Anthony Minghella and Rafi Gavron, to give away to you lucky idiots.

All you have to do to win these delicious wall hangings is to email us at film.felix@ic.ac.uk with either an entertaining confession of your crimes, or simply name the film in which the character in the top left corner of the page appears.



Prophetic and startling

The Year of the Sex Olympics predicts Reality TV as an opiate of the masses

Year of the Sex Olympics

Director: Michael Elliot
Writer: Nigel Kneale
Cast: Leonard Rossiter
Tony Vogel
Brian Cox

Daniel Sykes

Believe it or not, I decided to see *The Year Of The Sex Olympics* not because of its title, but on the basis of the ICA's description: "terrifyingly prescient". This small summary proved itself to be highly accurate. In the opening scenes we see a TV studio directing a live broadcast of "Sport Sex", narrated by a frighteningly gleeful Misch (Vickery Turner), and controlled by Lasar and Nat (Brian Cox, Tony Vogel). The first thing which strikes you (aside from Nat's maddening eyes) is the strange dialect of English they speak.

It is a *mélange* of embarrassing 1960s American slang spoken in a British accent ("super king"), and a degenerate grammar most ASBO winners could correct. At one point Misch is heard remarking "you gone real mad-head". Well dear, I certainly have.

From Output (the broadcast centre), Lasar and Nat watch live screens of the audience to gauge

their enjoyment, and intermittently make calls using phones on their wrists.

The Coordinator (Leonard Rossiter) is the only person in Output old enough to remember the "old-days time", and introduces us to this strange world in a conversation with Nat. Society has been split into two genetic groups, the high-drives (those we see in Output) and the low-drives (the audience).

The audience are kept in a perpetual state of apathy by being shown uncensored programmes such as "Art Sex" and "Hungry And Angry". The modus operandi of this world is "watching not doing". Since the division of society, war ("tensions") has been done away with, taking the associated lexicon with it.

Already this film has the feel of a Friday night on Channel 4. Later, in a room where a robot is playing chess with itself, a strange man insists that Nat see his mildly disturbing paintings. This man is unhappy with being a set designer, and wants people to see his pictures, to feel "tensions". Nat suggests he change to designing the computerised shapes which float about the screen between programmes.

The central plot of the film takes shape when the Coordinator announces to the broadcast team that The Computer has suggested that the audience would benefit from

some humorous programmes.

The team discover just the sort of programme they are looking for when the pained artist dies in an accident on set, causing the audience to erupt into laughter. The Live-Life Show is born.

Nat, his low-drive child and her mother are sent "outside" to live and be filmed in a cottage on a remote, apparently British, island. The Coordinator provides them with instructions about the real world; about lighting fires, animals, and cooking.

What Nat does not realise is that Lasar has also released a psychopathic killer onto the island to provide the audience with the ultimate thrill. They haven't quite gone that far on Big Brother or Celebrity Love Island, thank God.

Throughout the film, there is a peculiarly English acceptance of the status quo. The characters express no genuine hatred of the underclass, nor make any attempt to moralise their society. Indeed, when Nat discovers has a low-drive daughter, he cares for her, and



N.B. The future is dominated by 60s wallpaper

seems more concerned for his own well-being having broken the rules than angry or disgusted.

I found it truly amazing how well a forty year-old film could predict how television has progressed. It touches on so many themes which perplex people today: genetic modification, liberal use of anti-depressants, dependence on technology, subservience of the masses to TV, the numbing of the mind to extreme content and the paradox of reality TV (which Lasar sums up in his justification of the psychopath: "it's a show, something has to happen").

Unfortunately the Institute of Contemporary Arts are not showing it again, but I recommend you see this brilliant film if you ever get the chance.

Cinemas are full of selfish bastards

Hugh Stickley-Mansfield
Ever-present whinger

As anyone who has been to see a film recently will have had forced into their heads by a sneering scotsman, it's the experience that counts when going to the cinema. Not the quality of film or even of your fellow cinemagoers, apparently. The adverts which proclaim this entreat those already in a cinema to go to the cinema rather than downloading pirate recordings, which becomes particularly pointless when the adverts are talking about the very film you have just paid money to come and see. It's very much a case of preaching to the choir.

These adverts are also fairly nonsensical in other regards - they describe the camera-angle of pirates as dodgy, when generally this angle is straight-on; they show the audience applauding, a very rare occurrence unless the director is in the room, and claim that the picture will be much smaller, which is hardly a surprise as most cinema screens I have ever seen would dwarf an entire row of houses and, as yet, the home cinema market does not have any screen larger than the homes themselves. Most galling of all is the claim that only pirate copies are spoilt by people in front getting up and going to the toilet.

Whereas the truth is that the cinema is afflicted by this problem, and many more. To be quite frank, cinema etiquette appears not only to tolerate, but to positively encourage inconsiderate behaviour; this can easily be observed by the disdain with which anyone daring to



Go on... shovel it down your fat throats you inconsiderate scum

complain about anything is treated. There is a culture of disapproval of so-called whingers rather than of the targets of these complaints which in turn leads to the suffering of such behaviour in silence.

Even I, a very frequent cinemagoer and not one to keep my complaints to myself as you can probably tell, find myself affected by this stiff upper lip mentality; I am frequently subjected to a microcosm of human inconsideration in the form of people chatting away during the film, rustling packets of sweets and eating popcorn loudly, or simply kicking the seats in front when rearranging their feet every five minutes or so.

And yet, I am so unwilling to provoke a confrontation by asking peo-

ple to perhaps close their mouths whilst eating or to kindly stop talking for fear of being told to fuck off for my troubles.

But what sort of culture sells food that comes in rusty packaging or is, in itself, rusty in a place where people would be wanting quiet? Though at least they have some level of consistency - every possible sense is bombarded, thanks to evil-smelling hot dogs to assail the nose, to be eaten in rooms full of still air, where people will be sitting still for hours on end.

Perhaps I'm just bitter from having Pan's Labyrinth, an otherwise excellent film which I would heartily recommend to those who don't object to excessive brutality onscreen, ruined for me by having

popcorn thrown over me by a careless eejit with who then went on to change seat three times in twenty minutes though not before poisoning the air next to me with hotdog fumes, hearing the constant chewing of popcorn from the man behind me, feeling the seats shake every time a man along the row behind decided he wasn't comfortable enough and hearing the rustling of a plastic bag which a mad woman insisted on clutching onto throughout the film rather than putting it down somewhere which shook whenever she chose to read her magazine rather than watch the film (this was at roughly ten minute intervals).

This same woman kept talking to herself (and none too quietly), including the rather bizarre utterance with regard to the advert encouraging people not to pirate Apocalypto, on learning that it was by Mel Gibson; "oh no, he's not going to be racist in it, is he?" Well, quite.

And yet, I didn't say a word to anyone, instead deciding to be polite and simply glare resentfully at the perpetrators who were, it has to be said, blithely oblivious to the whole thing. I only wish other people could be quite so tolerant - at a different showing I was talking to a friend during the adverts before the trailers, and a man shouted at us to shut the fuck up. An understandable sentiment were we doing so during the film and maybe even, at a push, during the trailers, but I can hardly see how the poor gentleman was having his viewing experience ruined by the adverts being spoilt. Perhaps the experience counted more to him than I had realised.

Ride 'em horsey!
Sam and Kat from IC Riding Club

Pose for the *Felix* centrefold

Email us at pages3.felix@imperial.ac.uk.



Reviews

MUSIC

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Kasabian review, yes, music is dead

Just one review this week due to mince pies filling up reviewers' inner ears and seeking medical attention

live review



Kasabian
Earl's Court

As I sat there, miles away from the four dots jumping around the stage at Earl's Court, immersed by the spooky lighting effects and almost masked by the hundreds of jumping, hyperactive fans in the crowd, I kept asking myself one question over and over again: why, in the name of *L.S.F.*, wasn't I at the front?

Probably due to me being slow off the mark (for once); I got into Kasabian far too late, and one day in the vast summer break that us fresh-

ers ploughed our way through I decided to download more than just the ubiquitous *Club Foot*. Pretty decent, I thought, so after searching for gig tickets online I discovered, to my dismay, there were only seating ones left. Imagining the mosh pit that would no doubt ensue when said track was played, I was, it would be safe to say, fairly pissed off with myself for being so slow.

Still, I went along to the gig, no doubt Kasabian's largest gig to date, and I was quite impressed, but couldn't help feeling so detached, so removed from it all. I was so far back it was uncomfortably surreal; upon trying to stand up and jump up and down to the thundering opener *Shoot The Runner* I realized that not only was everyone else in the rear upper tiers (sigh) sitting down, but if I tried to jump I would no doubt topple and cascade down the seating area until I landed, most likely fatally, in the standing area.

Performing their entire second album, seemingly all revolving around colonial-era Britain, and most of their debut, self-titled album, the gig moved along well and there was certainly no let down in the pace, apart from the acoustic *British Legion*, with quite calming lyrics that even the most frantic moshers felt the urge to stop cracking their heads open for a second and wave their arms in-sync with everyone else.

All the tracks played were far more heavy on the bass and drums than could be heard in the LP versions, and all the better for it: Kasabian's musical appeal lies in the pacy, drummer-driven songs such as *Empire* and *Cutt Off* that you can just simply jump up and down to, and with a more pronounced rhythm section live this encouraged, if only for brief periods, people in the seating areas to actually stand up and attempt to dance.

The sounds of Oasis, particularly through the vocals of both lead guitarist Sergio Pizzorno and lead vocalist Tom Meighan, shone through on tracks such as *Me Plus One* and *Last Trip*, but this was by no means a negative aspect of the performance: it suits the musical style of Kasabian perfectly. Unlike Embrace, who in my opinion are living in Coldplay's shadow, Kasabian, although sounding very similar to Oasis, are their own band entirely.

Nevertheless, this was hardly the perfect gig: a few of the tracks sounded a bit weak, particularly the single *Empire*, which was very disappointing considering how brilliant that track is to sing along and leap around to: the usually-superb guitar playing of Pizzorno fell flat here, sadly. Still, tracks such as *The Doberman*, the over-the-top album closer, more than made up for it with the trumpeter blasting it out.

Finishing with both *Club Foot* and

L.S.F., the mosh-pitters went into overdrive and to be honest I could not imagine in the slightest how people would jump up and down (and into each other) during *L.S.F.* – until I came to Earl's Court, that is. From where I was seated (sigh) it looked incredible and I wished wholeheartedly I was a part of that. Leaving the gig to the seemingly infinite chants of the closing song, I was undecided as to how much I enjoyed the gig. Reminding myself that I was desperate to leap from where I was into the standing area just to be part of the gig rather than be unusually detached, I concluded this must be saying something extremely positive of Kasabian's infective musical stylings. To all the Kasabian wannabes out there, I think Meighan sums their future up best during the performance of *The Doberman*: "Watch them disappear."

Robin Andrews

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I, Gamer



Michael Cook
Games Editor

You wait ages for Imperial College to get some games coverage, and then everything turns up at once. It's 2007, everyone, and devious plans are afoot in the basements of the Student Union.

Hopefully everyone had enjoyable holidays and spent plenty of time queuing outside Virgin for Wii consoles, harassing the managers at various branches of Game, and generally trying to find one of the bastard things that seem to be everywhere except the stores you were visiting.

But if you've entered the New Year empty handed, don't fear - Felix is arranging a few events that should spur on some enthusiasm for the older games in your collection, and we start this week with coverage of a rather health-endangering playthrough of Deus Ex.

More importantly, though, is a new society that's finding its feet this year. First Stoic TV opened *Games Watch*, then Felix relaunched a Games Section. Now Imperial College has a Games Society, and this term will see the first events by the club including LAN get-togethers and more.

We'll be covering the society in the future, but if you want to get in touch now, you can contact Nimalen, one of the society founders, for more information, or to tell him what you hope to see - nb604@imperial.ac.uk

We've also made a few changes in the section here, shafting the Out Now column in favour of a far sexier and informative news page. And we've axed the cute little quote on the bottom of the last page, as well as other plans for the future. Like the changes? Hate the changes? Get in touch with us.

Whatever way you look at it, change is on the cards in 2007. Huge leaps forward are approaching, not least in the console stakes with the European release of the PS3, but also with some of the most technologically impressive releases for the PC in some time.

It's all to come, and Felix hopes to be covering it all. Don't be deceived by the usual January slump - this year is going to be *huge*.

Congratulations to Philip Clemow, Patrick Willis, Sam Tournoff and George Khouri who all bagged prizes in our Christmas giveaway.

This week in videogames

Wii problems, tall stories and Wrighty looking odd. Same story, different year?

It's been a busy Christmas period for anyone stocking, or hoping to buy, a Nintendo Wii. Stories of queuing in the wee small hours (pun more-or-less intended) for the consoles and paying ridiculous prices weren't restricted to America, as high-street retailers, unable to confirm their delivery dates for the revolutionary console, faced queues outside shops long before opening hours, and non-stop phone querying from anxious customers. Reports of various store employees purchasing early deliveries and selling them on at nearly double the price were disappointingly common.

As this Felix goes to press, the latest figures suggest that ten million 360s have been sold since launch, giving Microsoft a chance to launch more news on IPTV, the 360's first move into multimedia management. News has also been leaked regarding an upgraded version of the 360, thought to be released sometime in 2007. The 'Zephyr', as it's currently known, will run with less noise and less heat, as well as boasting HDMI ports and a rather large 120Gb hard drive.

Sony meanwhile remain confident of their success. The PlayStation3 has sold over a million units worldwide, making it a faster-selling console than its predecessor was at this point. Despite setbacks in distribution, the previous market leaders are still hoping to have six million units in place by April.

But despite all of this, it was a good yuletide for gamers. Nintendo shifted every single one of their hundreds of thousands of consoles, and DS sales soared in line with this, allowing the handheld giant to up production to the rate of four per second. Even with various tales of injury and TV breaking, and a costly recall of many Wii controllers, there are a lot of happy Zelda players out there, and even happier accountants for Nintendo.

So with Microsoft claiming to have sold half a million 360s over Christmas alone, and Nintendo's success quite plain to see, it might surprised gamers to know that a recent report suggests that the PlayStation3 will have a market lead,



As a contrast, America got the President of Nintendo America at their launch. We got a tit in a golf suit

with seventy-five million consoles worldwide, by 2010.

The market analysis group Research and Markets claim that the last-gen market share, way in excess of 50%, combined with rumours of a successor to the PSP, mean that Sony are likely to end up dominating for the next few years at least. Whether you see that as good news for market balancing, or bad news for innovation, it does seem likely that the sheer scale of PS2 ownership has bought Sony another chance at gaming.

Better news than a massive business being given a chance at gaming, however, is the idea that gamers themselves might get a chance. This week, the Minister for Creative Industries called for the gaming

industry to sponsor an 'academy' that would teach and encourage the next generation of games designers, programmers and artists. Citing the London Film School as an example from another media, MP Shaun Woodward says that there's a sense of "catch-up" for the industry, and that it might help push forward talent that would otherwise be ignored by mainstream schools. The British press, in a brilliant display of tact, termed them "schools for Geeks". Well, quite.

Releases this week include Wario Ware for the lucky Wii owners, as well as *Lost Planet* for the Xbox 360. However, if the release schedule for the next few months looks bleak to you (and if it does, you're not alone) then it's worth looking around on-

line for the tail end of the January sale. *Trauma Center: Under The Knife* on the DS can be nabbed for less than £10 at Tesco.com, *Splinter Cell: Double Agent* and the *Dawn Of War Anthology* are both half price on Play.com, and *Company Of Heroes (Limited Edition)* is £18 purchased online through Game. Searching around will reveal a lot of good deals that are likely to go on until the end of January.

The best money-sapper we've come across this week, though, has to be the posture-support pillow release for gamers who use handheld consoles. A Japanese company, *Lofty*, have designed a pillow shaped like a big padded vest, that gamers can hug in front of them to prevent back pain. Ingenious.



It looked like a lot at launch, but it wasn't. Now the race is on for the factories to get consoles on the shelves before consumers lose interest

Endurance Gaming #1 – Deus Ex

Save and quit? Michael Cook tags along with a chosen few and discovers how to *really* play a game



It's one a.m. Through my tinted sunglasses, my vision – augmented, of course – picks out clearly the French Cathedral, even at night. The Cathedral, and its cyborg guards who are working for that shady government corporation that's trying to kill me. But I'm damned if I'm taking off these shades. It's like my old partner used to say: "better to look good than have distractions of another agent who needs backup". He was a bit bitter, but that's probably because I shot his friend in the face. A lot.

And it's funny, because that was a full three hours ago, and I hadn't had that much alcohol then. Now, seven hours into the Deus Ex endurance run, I'm beginning to regret that last glass of whatever it was, that fourth packet of Skittles, and leaping from my hiding place singing Yankee Doodle and armed with nothing more than a stun gun against what is essentially a metal-coated lump of badass.

Endurance seemed like a fantastic idea. The premise was simple – most gamers are pussies. They save and quit when they play games. They 'come back later'. They take breaks to speak to people, or wash. In fact it's more like they play life, and take

fifteen minute breaks for games here and there, like the warning on the tin says. Lightweights.

Is this right? Thanks to Felix, we now have an answer for you – no. No, this is not right - this is wrong, and it must be fought. And so, in late December, a few brave men re-

solved to quest after higher goals. 8pm, start Deus Ex afresh. And don't leave until you've seen the credits hiss slowly up your power-added monitor. And so Felix Games gave birth to the Endurance sect, christened in Ion Storm's spectacular RPG/FPS chapel.

By one a.m., however, the burn was beginning to settle in behind my eyes, and I'm not talking about my fictional, electrically-charged ones. While JC Denton, the rampaging protagonist, had his vitals kept up by a rigorous combination of cyborg enhancements, biocells

and, well, being fictional, he did have one fatal flaw – he was being controlled by an overtired student hepped up on e-numbers and in an experimental mood. This had already led him to storming a public monument whilst chain-smoking and brandishing a crowbar. It

Okay, this is it. All my tasks have been crushed into WMP and the shuffle button has been pressed. HERE GOES NOTHING

4:30 Realistic difficulty, yes. No. Rifle Loading, Complex, elections and leadership, with an eye on medicine and GEPs, late. And, of course

altruism
Headbeat the NSF things by the extra, tad right. I'm going straight for the tower.

Can the pair, then GEP the trio. Loves dealt with by creeping behind and food - charging. Seen I'm at the base of the tower, and a lot of shooting brings me to the top.

Explosion on stairs, gas men pairs with an beep

4:46 - Confident NSF leader, let him live, make my intention

Ruby Tuesday - Pulling stones

Back through the statue to loot within NSF in way

Dark gives route and marks, with well. Back to base.

Black job and steal most of UNATCO base for old time's sake

14:15 wear

Fragments my vision. Now my augmented vision is augmented to Vandenberg! STAB MECHANIC

ZOMB A BOMB

2:26 Vandenberg. tired now 7-7

LAMS solve eyes/eyes

Well those two missed and exploded a scientist. As well. This one worked

Sneak

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Where the hell is that second power point

OUTSIDE no laws in

Go go uber transparency

GEP & since the bastard bots

JCD - over-serve

Stops on cake

1 1 1 1 1

REVOLUTION

Before - mild-mannered mathematician. After - paranoid wreck. Jim's notes show what 12 hours of gaming does to a man. With a song finale

had also inadvertently caused the deaths of several government soldiers when he decided to test the friendly-fire settings on his proximity mines. And it was about to earn him a few rockets to the chest, unless I acted fast.

There are good points and bad points to playing a game non-stop from start to finish. Firstly – you appreciate the design as a whole a lot more. This may sound odd – after all, I barely did any sidequests and certainly didn't pause for the scenery. But you see the *shape* of the game. You see what it does well, what it does too much, you see much more of what the game really is.

You also begin to drop out of character slightly. Whilst I remember fondly my chisel-jawed, no-kills run through Deus Ex, any delusions of being the strong, moody saviour were thrown out of the window this time as I ran, screaming, through the Parisian catacombs after being caught unawares by a Greasel. It was dark, I was tired. It had to happen.

So, it was one a.m. and I'd clearly made a cocky mistake, as inebriated federal agents are prone to do. Quickloading is a familiar action to the Endurance gamer, but now was not the time. I took a deep breath as my foe scanned me for threats, and made my decision.

I pegged it.

Things were beginning to blur – guards and soldiers were reduced to moving obstacles, and it all became a bit like an extravagantly-textured game of Pong. With all of my upgrades, gleaned through, ooh, *minutes* of lockpicking and stealth, I was able to run, leap and dodge at an utterly inhuman speed.

There's something ridiculously rewarding about the whole affair. Sleep deprivation occasionally gives you bursts of strange, painful happiness anyway, but deciding to indulge in the gamer stereotype, to play a game for so long that it hurts a little – it feels like a nerdy episode of *Jackass*, but with occasional giggling and caffeine overdosing.

Two hours (and a bit) later, and



No-one could blame Gunther for becoming a merciless killing machine of international conspirators. He really didn't want Lemon-Lime

it was all wrapped up. Only a few had joined in (see "Things To Do In NYC When You're Augmented", below for notes on one adventure) but it had been a rewarding seven hours – or twelve, if you were one of the very dedicated.

It's something they want to do again – albeit with a different game – and I can't blame them. It's an entirely different way to experience a game like that. It doesn't suit all games or gamers, but Deus Ex fits

the bill of all-night gaming perfectly. Area 51 will never be the same again.

The story doesn't quite end there, of course. The Endurance Gamers are off on another all-nighter this January, with *Hitman: Blood Money* as their next target.

Starting in the evening of January 20th, they'll be playing through all of the assassinate-em-up in the style of various movie assassins

and serial killers. Jolly, eh?

If you'd like to join them, it's simply a matter of taking part on the night and emailing in your experiences to games.felix@imperial.ac.uk – we'll be looking to put some of the best stories and screenshots in another article.

If you want to ask questions, or want more information on how the night will work, you can also use that address.

There's also some more multi-

player delights coming up, including an all-night *Civilisation IV* match. If you'd like to take part, or want to suggest a game to be played, get in touch at the same address too.

Felix Games probably doesn't endorse extended gaming sessions, and suggest you take regular fifteen minute breaks. We would've checked to see, but we were too busy playing extended gaming sessions without fifteen minute breaks.

Things to do in NYC when you're augmented

Jim was his name, at least online anyways. Deus Ex on regular was a game for sissies. Playing it through in eight hours was the kind of thing he was doing when we were all learning to understand how to move in *Pong*. For Jim, Endurance meant nothing unless it was the real deal. And so he started four hours before us, on Realistic difficulty, and played for *twelve hours*.

That's longer than I spend awake on most weekend days. Below are some choice excerpts from his notes. To read the whole story, point your web browser at <http://tinyurl.com/tgyeo>.

Okay, this is it - all my tracks have been chucked into WMP and the shuffle button has been pressed. HERE GOES NOTHING.

4:30 - Realistic difficulty, yes. Rifle Training, Computers, Lockpicking, and Electronics, with an eye on medicine and GEPs. Albinism, of course.



6:40 - To Hong Kong!

6:41 - WTF!?! This isn't Hong Kong! Paul is sick. I give Renton a gun fo' killin' and steal his money. Simons no like me. :(Flee! Jump! Flee! To save Paul!

But I get brought down in the subway.

8:12 - Saves - 58. Music - My Generation.

DRAGON'S TOOTH WOO! Jump on a dog's head, and go see Max Chen.

9:59 - Heading down in the super-freighter. I disable, poke and laugh at a spider-bot, and then go and disable some detectors.

10:23 - Cemetery. Gatekeeper, eh? STAB.

10:26 - Paris. AAAH! Greasels! And the sewers. AAAH! Icarus! Terrorists have got to stop using bins to hide secret doors.

11:16 - TONG NEVER SHUTS UP.

12:15 - Everett. I augment my vision. Now my augmented vision is

augmented. To Vandenburg! STAB MECHANIC. ZOMG A BOMB.

12:26 - Vandenburg. Tired now. LAMs solve anything. Well, those two missed and exploded a scientist.

1:06 - Plague > Tiffany, to be honest. One of my more entertaining deaths involves vaulting a bannister and landing on an exploding barrel.

1:46 - HIT GREASELS WITH BLUNT INSTRUMENT.

2:27 - No bullets. Must. Kill. Page.

2:53 - Jock lives! Hehe. 'Penetrate bunker'.

3:05 - Music - Joy Division. Q: How many pistol bullets does it take to kill a spider bot? A: 53.

4:00 - HELIOS ABSORB ME I AM AWESOME. Shine On You Crazy Diamond plays over the credits. DAMN TIRED.

Daaaay Deus-Ex-Oh!

Iiiiit is a gaaaame!

Jaaaaay-JC Denton!

Thaaaaat is the name!

Of your character!

He has augmentations, Most of the early game is in subway stations!

Daaaay Deus-Ex-Oh!

Iiiiit's rather good!

Non-linear-oh!

And it goes on. But bless him, after twelve hours, no-one would dare stop him. Shine On You Crazy Diamond, indeed.

Extra big fun bonus puzzle joy time

As an apology for removing the sudoku numerous times, here's some more puzzles for very boring lectures

Extra sudoku!

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

An easy one

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

A bit harder now

	1	5		9				6
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Braincrusher

Kakuro - a new game

			9	11				
		5			5	26		
		25						7
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	7				8			2
11						13		5
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		22		10				
			13					

The numbers indicate the sum of the digits in the row or column indicated. For example, the square with 7 and 11 in it means "the numbers you write in the row below must add up to 7, and the numbers in the row across must add up to 11". You may use each number only once within a row of cells (called a 'run'), like sudoku.

To give you a helping hand, we've filled in two squares as an example. This is a relatively easy kakuro, so it shouldn't take you too long. As you get more proficient, we'll make the grid bigger.

Hexadoku - the destroyer

	13	10		9		11		5		16	3	6		4	
3	6		4	5	10	12		7	11		9			13	
15					6	14			10		4	12		11	
16	12	11							15	13				1	9
2				12		5		11		3	13	1	14	7	16
		1	3	10					7						
5	4		8		2				1	14		13	11		3
7	14					16		4		5	6		15		10
						12								15	8
		14							9	15	8	16		4	
	15		2			9	7		5						
						8	13			2					
	2	16										6			
	8														1
			14	8											12
									3						

Greetings, puzzle chimps! This week's puzzles are designed to destroy your feeble human mind, and send it scurrying back to the womb.

Whilst having a brief trundle through the pathetic knowledge base you call the Internet, I stumbled across a heinous torture known only as hexadoku. The rules are the same as that old favourite, sudoku, but the grid is huge and the rewards great.

Should one of you feeble humans solve this monstrosity, I will reward you all with extra puzzles every week. Should no-one solve it, I shall restrict your sudoku access to one every two weeks. They don't call me the puzzle monster for nothing.

You can also gain yourself extra smart points by submitting what other games you'd like to see here. Maybe the puzzle monster will grant your wish, or maybe he'll laugh heartily as he reads your pleas while crunching on his diet (fresh puppy brains).

The Puzzle Monster

Jotting pad

Fuck Sudoku

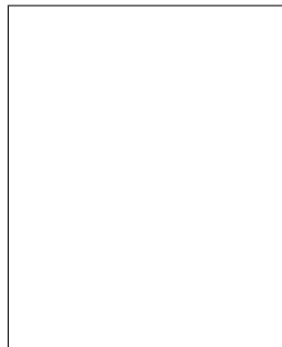
Complete the grid so that every row, every column and every 3x3 square contains the digits 1 to 9. E-mail your solution to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk by **Tuesday 9am**. We will randomly select a winner to receive their weight in mushrooms. You must claim your prize within a week.

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

Solution to 136,987,245

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

Jotting pad (for a cocking sudoku??)



The winner this week is **The Bearded Intruder**. Everyone who entered, on the other hand, is a loser.

This Week's Awful Jokes

Scorpio (23 Oct – 21 Nov)



ZOMG! We're back again... Yeahhhhh-eah! Brothers, sisters, everybody sing! Gonna bring the flavor, show you how! Gotta question for you better answer now! Am I original? Yeahhh-eah! Am I the only one? Yeahhh-eah! - *Backstreet's Back* by *The Hobag*

Sagittarius (22 Nov – 21 Dec)



Zingalingling. Dingle-dong. Veiny love tree. Pink trombone. Pork sword. Downstairs mix-up. Sausage roll. Trouser snake. Jerk-stick. My little champ. Jimmy the wizz. Pink pistol. Happy chappy. Ol' squirty. Handcream dispenser. What is this? Answers on a penis.

Capricorn (22 Dec – 19 Jan)



La la la la. I fucking hate this job. Why do I continue to do it? I have no idea. Perhaps it's the paycheck; hmm, no. Perhaps it's the company; hell no. No, I think the reason is the vast amounts of hookers and blow that I'm constitutionally required to have.

Aquarius (20 Jan – 18 Feb)



What sucks about New Year's Resolutions is that EVERYBODY INSISTS ON TELLING YOU THEIRS THEN BEMOANING HOW THEY'RE NOT MEETING THEM. NO-ONE CARES, YOU IRRITATING DONKEY-RAPER.

Pisces (19 Feb – 20 Mar)



Look, I'm stuck in here writing these things rather than going on a date. Okay? I'm actually a wonderfully happy human being, should you ever meet me. It's just that when I get sexually excited, I can't stop doing stabby-stabby on passers-by.

Aries (21 Mar – 20 Apr)



Embarrassment alert! I was eating a chocka sandwich which spilled out all over me just as this chica asked for my help! To make matters worse, Rib 'n' Saucy Nik Naks made my breath smell as attractive as a munged corpse and then I got satsuma juice in her eye!

Taurus (21 Apr – 21 May)



Fudge is actually the greatest word in existence. It can mean so many things, while being a lot of fun to say; more fun than even such stalwarts as "dubious", "hyperbole", "genital warts", and "help help my cock is stuck in the Magi-Mix".

Gemini (22 May – 21 Jun)



I think hell is like being constantly raped by dogs. There's grunting, a weird smell, a distinct burning sensation, and the inevitable feeling of dehumanisation mixed with a perverse excitement at the situation. Perhaps it's just me.

Cancer (22 Jun – 22 Jul)



Do write in and tell us what you think, because the thing we look forwards to the most, down in the horoscope dungeon, is reading the fetid scribblings of sexually frustrated borderline autistic chumps with all the charm and grace of a thrown half-brick.

Leo (23 Jul – 22 Aug)



My staff inform me there is now such a thing as Pornotube, a porn companion to Youtube. Presumably, it contains thousands of videos of cute kittens, car accidents and videoblogs, differing only in the fact that in the background there are people masturbating.

Virgo (23 Aug – 22 Sept)



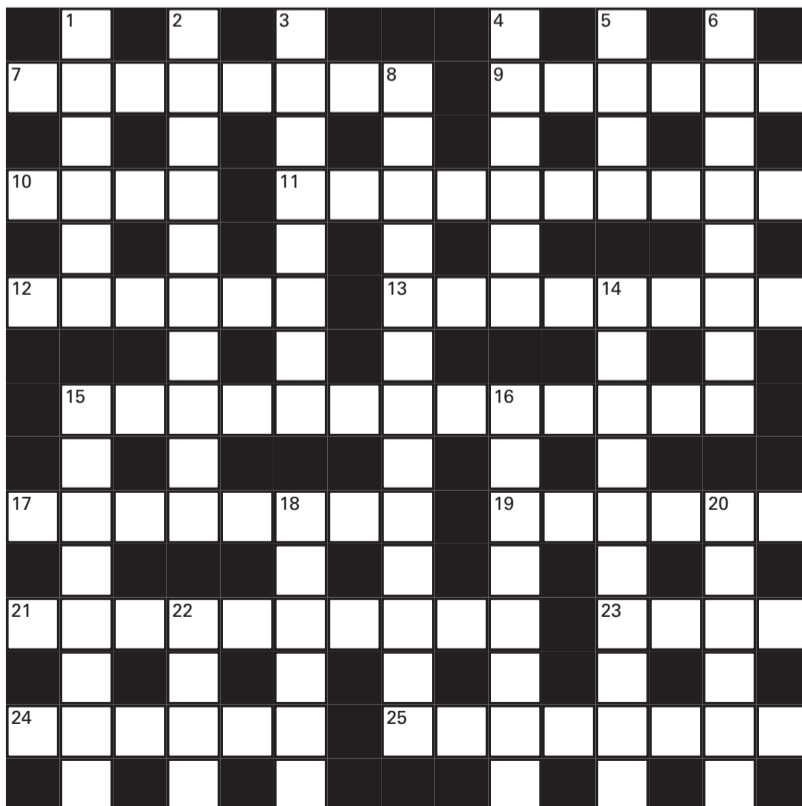
Priapism. Hahaha. Go type it into google. Other things I have learnt from the Internet: no-one has any pubic hair; the world is divided into liberals and real people, World of Warcraft is made of pure crack, and you can get high from banana skins. Thanks.

Libra (23 Sept – Oct 22)



I'd just like to use this space to say fuck you. You know who you are, and I really can't stand you. I hope you get mauled by a rabid squirrel with a priapism (see previous) and then get SARS. Or rabies. Or maybe they combine to form a super disease, sarbies. Hahaha.

Felix Crossword 1,369



ACROSS

- 7 No trust leaves animal at college safe to eat (3-5)
- 9 A timely reminder (6)
- 10 Work until 49 (4)
- 11 Disciples eat, drink and break breads to cast out evil (10)
- 12 Can set about this position (6)
- 13 A snake eats a horse and the last man is first to descend rapidly (8)
- 15 Rumours of a presidential paper (4,9)
- 17 A tape in an epic, as set ten years ago (8)
- 19 Require a fifty point point (6)
- 21 Shudder after workman is hopeful (10)
- 23 Clouded by pointless anger (4)
- 24 I trail all about a rifle aimed back at base (6)
- 25 A star like Stalin (3,5)

DOWN

- 1 Group at goalpost or in bed (6)
- 2 The way a list surrounds in some initial reds (10)
- 3 Current former is a canopy (8)
- 4 A quiet pound of explosives blows its top with assurance (6)
- 5 A soundly disputed post (4)
- 6 Come close to a method (8)
- 8 You and I both have one, but he does not (7,6)
- 14 Fruit fruit fruit (10)
- 15 Very tall and thin to be an eastern european (8)
- 16 Dice gone astray in ethnic cleansing (8)
- 18 Three-way trifles (6)
- 20 Story about a foot? (6)
- 22 Rain falls in the middle east (4)

Scarecrow

Welcome back, everyone. This week's crossword was done at very short notice, so I was unable to make it a bit less difficult to ease you back into it after an extended break. I do apologise.

I hear that Mister Rawden, setter of every other crossword last term, has stepped down, which is a shame. In homage, I shall be putting in a few more anagrams than I usually would from now on, much as it pains me to do so.

Also, last issue's **16 down** was supposed to be 'Humourist abandons boy to have a hangover (8)', but many of you seemed to work it out anyway. I'm impressed.

Scarecrow

Solution to Crossword 1,368

F	A	C	I	N	G	T	H	E	M	U	S	I	C
D	O	N	A	U	N	H							
A	V	I	D	O	B	L	I	G	A	T	O	R	Y
E	E	S		L		L							
K	N	I	G	H	T	S	P	Y	G	L	A	S	S
T	R	I	A										
A	C	C	A	C	Y	N	I	C	M	I	M	E	
A	D												
A	L	L	E	L	U	I	A	M	O	N	I	S	T
E													
I	N	E	B	R	I	A	T	E	D	A	C	R	E
D	A	T	E	O	B								
A	S	T	H	E	C	R	O	W	F	L	I	E	S
R	E	D											

Send your answers to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk or bring this page down to the *Felix* office in the West Wing of Beit Quad by **Tuesday 9am**. Each week, a winner will be "randomly" chosen to win ten pounds. The previous winner of that very prize is **Peter Mabbott**, who even managed 16 down despite there being no clue for it. I raise my hat to you, sir.

Clubs & Societies



Fellwanderers Winter Tour 2006

Tim Scarborough
Fellwanderers President

This year's Fellwanderers Winter Tour was to Wasdale in the western Lake District. The most isolated valley in the Lakes has further superlatives to its fame: it contains Wastwater, England's deepest lake and the valley's head is surrounded by some of England's tallest mountains, including Scafell Pike.

Our base for the five days of walking was Murt Farm Camping Barn, situated just outside Nether Wasdale at the southwestern end of Wastwater. The reference Bible for this region is Wainwright's, *The Western Fells*, volume 7 of the *Pictorial Guide to the Lakeland Fells* (1966). With an area of high pressure providing excellent weather for the week, we were in for a treat – yes, whilst London was in fog, we had blue skies. Our aim for the week: to scale some of England's highest peaks.

Sunday

Our first day's walk explored our surroundings, the Screes. Leaving the barn by 9, we walked through Latterbarrow forest up onto Irtton Fell (395m). Many tried their best to jump in the bogs but none surpassed Thubeena's efforts (al-

though I came close). Rising up to Whin Rigg (535m) above the Screes we were blessed with some sunshine which had found its way through the mist, and breathtaking views down to the dark waters of Wastwater 450m below. Our final ascent was up to Illgill Head (609m) where we sat in sunshine for lunch. The entire rainfall for the week (just a few spots) fell as we descended down Straighthead Gill, successfully fording the streams swollen from the previous week's washout.

After pausing to observe a rainbow rising from the lake, we ambled to the valley floor, and made a quick trip to the Wasdale Head Inn for a nice (brewed on site) pint. It turned out to be not quick enough as dusk fell whilst we negotiated the lake-side path beneath the Screes on the way home.

Despite the darkness, spirits were high whilst crossing the boulder field before finally reaching the head of the lake. Back at the barn we enjoyed our now legendary West African stew (the one with the peanut butter) and got in the festive spirit with Christmas pudding and brandy butter!

Monday

After the usual fuff – AKA difficulty in emerging from nice warm sleep-

ing bags – we set off in the bright sunshine across the fields of Ashness How to scale Middle Fell (592m).

The ascent from Greendale was marvellous with the blue-sky sunshine peaking over the Screes conquered the previous day. Somehow it was warm enough for shorts and t-shirt – crazy! Must be this global warming thing. After many false summits, the real one provided that all important 'wow-factor' (supplemented with biscuits) with excellent visibility.

Sadly Thubeena had a ligament injury, so we changed from the planned route (up onto Seatallan and down via Buckbarrow); after descending north to the col, we clambered over rocks round to Greendale tarn for lunch.

The weather was having a good effect on Shweta who, after previously exclaiming she was "more of a TV person", was now becoming "at one with nature"! It surely was a beautiful spot for enjoying the serenity on the fells. We contoured round above Greendale Gill back down to the valley.

It was to be the last day for Aanchal, Thubeena, Shweta and Dharaani, who were taking a train at 5 from the coast, so we piled in the minibus to go and enjoy a fantastic sunset over the sea at Drigg. Back at the

barn we cooked and demolished an excellent apple and leek casserole before heading out under hundreds of stars and the visible Milky Way to the local Strands pub.

Given our village seemed to have all of 10 houses in it, we were somewhat surprised by the provision of two inns, opposite one another. But we weren't complaining!

Tuesday

A pre-7am alarm signalled the start of a tougher climb; sights were set on Great Gable (899m), the pyramidal mountain framing our valley. According to Wainwright, our proposed ascent via the ominous-sounding Little Hell Gate scree between the Napes was the most strenuous route.

Treading the Moses' Trod path east from Wasdale Head we soon rose from the valley floor up Gavel Neese, all the while battling to rise faster than the swirling mist. But from 450m the "Jekyll became a monstrous Hyde" up whose torrent of stones we "forced our limbs", aiming at a cairn "fifty swear-words higher".

In reality it wasn't quite as severe as Wainwright described, but with icy patches it did get quite technical. The scramble up the frozen slopes brought us above the mist, allowing

us to view the previous walks' summits poking above the cloud.

After contouring the base of White Napes the ascent up the scree-shoot gully began. We soon found ourselves past the snow line (~780m) standing atop the rocky tower of White Napes, surveying a most exceptional view up the valley.

We were duly rewarded for our early morning efforts. Sadly for us the mist did finally engulf us whilst scrambling to the snow-covered summit. Given the icy conditions we were glad of a simple descent via the tourist path to Sty Head. Lunch was taken with a view up to Seathwaite, the Watendlath Fells and the Helvellyn ranges beyond.

With Mark's ankle playing up a little, we took the gradually descending path over Toad How back down to Wasdale Head for 2pm. We couldn't resist another trip to the celebrated Wasdale Head Inn. On the drive home, the red sunset behind the lake deserved a stop.

Wednesday

Wasdale splits at its Head, with a short northern extension, Mosedale, surrounded by rugged peaks. The Mosedale horseshoe – Black Sail Pass, Looking Stead, Pillar, Scoat Fell, Red Pike, Yewbarrow – is one of the finest ridge

walks in the entire District and was our plan for the day.

It is also a long and tough day's walk with 1300m ascent over 10.5 miles. After walking up Mosdale from Wasdale Head, the ascent up to Black Sail Pass brought us into mist. We rose through it after Looking Stead (627m) and into astonishing views far and wide. The final ascent to Pillar (892m) required treading carefully on ice and snow, with rewards of 360 degree views in the sunshine.

We paused lengthily to eat biscuits, ahem, to remark on views to Skiddaw (13 miles) and to Scotland (40 miles). The ridge walk continued down via Wind Gap, then up to Black Crag (828m). We deviated from the horseshoe to go and bag Little Scoat Fell (841m) too; beside the wall summit cairn we lunched in the sunshine. Rejoining the ridge walk down and up onto Red Pike (821m) gave some dramatic drops on the eastern craggy side of Red Pike.

We reached our decision point at Dore Head col early enough to al-

low one final mountain: Yewbarrow (628m). This mountain, although not substantial in height, offers a tricky scramble up Stirrup Crag from Dore Head. The scramble is "nothing more than a strenuous exercise in elementary gymnastics" according to Wainwright. It was a welcome challenge! We enjoyed more excellent views in the late afternoon sunshine from the summit.

We descended via the remarkable cleft of the Great Door, Christine faster than Nathaniel and I, notching up a decent 8/10 whilst using her posterior as a valuable agent of friction. We stopped to watch the sunset over the valley. It was another breathtaking scene and we concluded that it was a great shame Mark had declined the day on account of his ankle. Still we had enjoyed the day to the full. Back at the barn we cooked up a remarkably tasty potato curry.

Thursday

No ambition to conquer the higher fells of the region would be satisfied

without tackling Scafell. We chose the Pike; initially we liked the idea of doing both, but with the icy conditions as they were, and the forecast cloud, it seemed over-ambitious. So the Pike it was, with Mark joining us again.

Once more we started from Wasdale Head village green, heading south around Lingmell's flank (Chris losing her hat), then turning east up Brown Tongue. Once at Hollow Stones (~600m) we ascended into cloud, but the north face tourist path had been chosen because this route's snowed-covered cairns are frequent enough to be followed in mist. The route brought us surprisingly swiftly to the wind-swept summit (978m); it seemed much easier than yesterday's ascent. Luckily a guy turned up at the top in time to take our photo.

We noted a day of more superlatives: on the shortest day of the year we were tackling the highest mountain in the worst weather we'd had all week! Retracing our footsteps (literally in Mark's case) down to Lingmell col we carried on

up to Lingmell (807m). Our westward descent was punctuated with excellent falls again from Chris and Mark, both making notable contributions to the use of the rear appendage in mountaineering. Once below 400m the sunshine came out again; it was quite warm. No final walk should end without a trip to the pub – after trying our best to use up leftover ingredients for dinner we retired to the other village pub, the Screes Inn. We were yet again astounded by the multiplicative nature of the locals – the pub was rammed, yet it's in the middle of nowhere!

Nathaniel cleverly noted that on this Christmas tour we covered "the twelve fells of Christmas". Answers on a postcard. It was a fantastic week's fellwalking with excellent company, astonishing weather and superb fells. Here's to another year of fine walking and socialising!

This Christmas tour was the first Fellwanderers trip for which CO2 emissions from unavoidable transport and electricity have been carbon offset. Calculated CO2

emissions for the week totalled 0.32 tonnes (292Kg from diesel combustion), which cost £2.42, as offset by ClimateCare.org. The offset company was chosen because it adheres to the Gold Standard benchmark for 'high quality' carbon offset projects, and will be used to offset future Fellwanderers' trips. Do ask me for further details.

We believe the Fellwanderers has vested interests in the environment and its preservation via the mitigation of climate change, because our trips run to areas of natural beauty. Despite the already small impacts of our trips, I hope such an initiative can pave the way for more RCC trips, maybe even as union-wide policy in the future.

The Fellwanderers also organise weekend trips every fortnight; day walks in and around London are also fortnightly.

See www.fellwanderers.com for details. If you are interested in joining Fellwanderers, please email the president at tim.scarbrough@imperial.ac.uk.

Verbal assault on Cambridge

Edmund Hunt

ICU Debating Society has had a busy term: so far we've entered competitions at Bristol, Cambridge, the English-Speaking Union and most recently Kings. The main aim of the society is to train people in the 'British Parliamentary Style' of debating, which simply put means debates of four teams of two people (two teams proposing the motion, two opposing) with five minute speeches. Although I attended Bristol as a judge, the Cambridge IV on 17-18 November was my first chance this year to debate. Unsurprisingly it was quite a baptism of fire!

DebateSoc sent two teams and one judge along to what, along with Oxford's IV (intervarsity), is one of the highlights of the debating calendar. Stepping out from a packed train into the pouring rain, we had quite a soggy start to Friday night's two rounds in Cambridge's Union Society building. This is a grand edifice originally erected in 1866, with its own bar, a number of rooms for smaller debates, and a large debating chamber big enough to accommodate the 88 teams that had arrived from all over the world.

The format of the competition was six rounds of motions everyone took part in, followed by the 'break' of highly-scoring teams into the semi-finals, finishing with the black-tie final in the chamber. Unusually for an IV, all the motions were 'open' rather than 'closed'; that is to say, they were sufficiently vague so as to let the first team proposing the motion make it into a debate on whatever subject they chose. Normally the motions are much more clearly defined. This policy rather changed the dynamic of the debates, because the other teams were unable to make much use of the 15 minutes preparation one gets beforehand.

Perhaps inevitably therefore, some of the motions were slightly... unorthodox. The first debate my partner Till and I had to tackle, as second prop, was along the lines of 'This House Would Freely Sell Viagra Over the Pharmacy Counter'.



IC DebateSoc members pose for disappointed paparazzi after news that a massive self-satisfaction event turned out to be a minor argument

Amusing as it was though, we managed to come up with some plausible reasons to support the idea, including the elimination of the internet black market and enhancement to everyday quality of life. When we got to propose a motion we chose 'THW Introduce a Flat Tax', as an issue I was familiar with from an earlier political debate.

The final was very entertaining. With a large, eager audience dressed up in black tie the debate took on a more theatrical character, with wit and passion demonstrated in equal measure. There were two teams from Yale, an Oxford and an Irish team. The proposing

Yale team, who went on to win the debate and the competition as a whole, proposed a motion allowing the torture of terrorist suspects for intelligence information. Although contentious, the opposition teams failed to engage with the motion significantly beyond the obvious moral objections, which was a surprise considering that the pros and cons of such an idea are relatively well-worn on the debating circuit. Although the Irish team didn't win, their hoard of chanting supporters certainly added to the charged atmosphere.

Imperial's two teams fared relatively well considering the strength

of the competitors, coming about three-quarters of the way down the table. Special recognition must go to Till though, who did well on the individual speaker tab. Debating is a skill that requires regular practice against challenging teams to improve, and as such I'm sure that all our performances will improve over this year after a rather barren summertime.

Aside from the debating though, the social experience was enjoyable. On both nights Imperial got its fair share of free alcohol, and the Emmanuel College fresher we were crashing with generously toured us around Cambridge, showing us the

key sites of interest, such as Gardinia, aka Gardies the kebab shop.

Debating really makes a wonderful break from science. Although science certainly teaches you to think analytically, I don't believe it prepares you for the challenge of articulating difficult arguments verbally, which is a very valuable skill indeed. Why not join DebateSoc, and broaden out your base a little? We practice weekly on Wednesdays, 6-8pm in SAF 199, as a prelude to entering actual competitions.

See www.icudebate.org for more information on how to get involved with DebateSoc

Creating waves with wakeboarding

Samuel Murphy

ICwakeboarding's first event of the year, the Beach Party, was a massive success. The Beach Party isn't the only event that the club has organised so far this year; there has also been a fantastic Halloween-themed free beer night and most recently the club's first-ever tour. Seven lucky riders ventured out of London to Northampton for a week-end of both boat and cable riding.

The venue for Saturday's riding was Grendon lakes, where the club had booked a boat (a Mastercraft X2) for the whole day, with each rider getting three twenty minute sets. This may not seem like a long time to be riding, but I can assure you that wakeboarding behind a boat for twenty minutes is very hard work. Fresher Dave, the first on the water, adapted very quickly to the huge wake and was soon flying across it in style. Also on the water in the morning session were committee members Sam and Jen. Particular congratulations to Jen who had never wakeboarded behind a boat before yet still managed to stand up first time.

The afternoon session saw Jenny, Darko, Will and John (a.k.a. Kermit) hit the water. All were very impressive, despite Darko and the boat engaging in a tug-of-war which he inevitably lost. Jenny managed a wake to wake with ease and laid down a stylish surface 360. John also succeeded in going big over the wake and was desperately close to pulling a wake to wake 360. Considerable kudos also goes to Will who inverted his ride by attempting

some backrolls over the wake.

Sunday saw us hitting one of the UK's premier wakeboarding locations, WakeMK in Milton Keynes. This was more familiar territory for the club's riders as we were back behind a cable. WakeMK is home to pretty much the finest selection of obstacles (kickers and sliders) in the UK. A kicker is a ramp which riders can use to launch themselves high into the air and a slider is analogous to a grindbar in skateboarding. The WakeMK cable was also much tighter than the cable we regularly ride; theoretically making it easier to Raley – launching into the air from flat water.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky and the water was nearly flat as we stood on the dock ready for another hardcore day's riding. The morning started slowly as riders acclimated to the different cable, however it was not long before confidence grew and the obstacles were sessioned. John took the initiative and eyed up a boardslide on the slider on the far side of the lake which was sporting a distinctive paintjob, very reminiscent of a cow. His first few attempts resulted in some nasty-looking slams into the slider followed by a long swim each time. Perseverance soon paid off and he managed to slide the entire length and ride away clean. Understandably chuffed he was ecstatic to discover that he had just conquered the longest slider in the country.

With the gauntlet well and truly thrown down Will took on the 6ft high funbox and had some early success before slipping and but-checking the edge of the box. Un-



Check my flow: ICwakeboarding's first ever tour took its members to the tropical waters of Northampton

deterred he continued and pulled a 50:50 across the funbox, adding a cheeky 180 off the end. Fresher Dave also wanted part of the action and started hitting the long slider with the cow-inspired paintjob. Whilst not quite able to reach the end of it he still managed to ride away every time. Darko took an alternative route and decided to try and go aerial by Raley. Despite some very brave attempts and some painful-looking faceplants tired

arms started to take their toll and he switched to some wakeskating (like wakeboarding but there are no bindings, thus opening up a raft of skateboardsque tricks). Honours for best performance of the day ultimately went to John who went on to boardslide the imposing looking A-frame slider on his first attempt.

After nearly 5 hours riding the cable, darkness finally brought the weekend's wakeboarding to a close. Overall the weekend had been a

huge success with all riders making significant strides forward in their wakeboarding as well as having had an awesome time.

We'd like to thank the Union's Tours board for their generous contribution to travel costs, Jenny's parents for allowing us to crash at their house, Jenny for driving the minibus, Matt for driving the boat and the members and cable monkeys at WakeMK for their brilliant advice and welcoming atmosphere.

Real guns, fake pigeons

Ayman Sleiman

No replicas here, we're the real deal (unlike those airsoft folk you read about last term). Imperial College Rifle & Pistol Club's got off to a flying start this year with high turnout and interest for both our rifle and air pistol shooting over at Moorgate on Wednesdays and also our fortnightly Clay Pigeon shooting trips.

Over the summer Sam Dash (former President) flew all the way back from NYC to compete at the annual Imperial Meeting and last February our Clay Pigeon teams came in 8th at the annual BUSA Championships.

Before anyone asks, yes, the guns are real and yes, they could potentially hurt you but rest assured all of our activities are conducted under watchful eyes and observe strict safety guidelines whether you're a beginner or an experienced marksman. If you want to make it a regular pastime or if you just want to try it out and see how it goes, we'd love to hear from you!

As a rough guideline a Clay Pigeon trip will cost around £20 all in and Wednesdays can be as cheap or expensive as you want to make it – you pay as much as you shoot.

For more information, times and costs, Dave (Club Captain) and Ayman (Clay Captain) can be found at icrpc@imperial.ac.uk.



Altogether now... He's behind you! Clay pigeon shooting at the BUSA Championship. Left, Rupert using a Silver Pigeon. Right, Tristan with his vintage semi-automatic.

Full steam ahead

David Weir

Imperial College Railway Society is a bit of a dinosaur. Our society perhaps represents the geekiest pastime at college, and perhaps the most misrepresented. None of the current committee (as far as I know) stands at the ends of station platforms taking pictures and writing down numbers in little notebooks. Even if they did, railway enthusiasts are not anorak-wearing neanderthals – most trainspotters these days note down their train numbers on Blackberries and have state-of-the-art digital cameras!

After 25 years of dormancy, we resurrected the dinosaur two years ago in a Jurassic Park-like exercise with the support of staff and alumni. Without your support, however, the dinosaur could become extinct once again. The interest from staff and alumni remains strong, but unbelievably students are shunning the opportunity to find out about Britain's public transport heritage. With our lectures and visits to company depots, we could offer valuable networking opportunities!

One of the most popular activities we have carried out is a series of trips to volunteer on the Welsh Highland Railway (WHR). It's messy, hard work but this is amply rewarded by the warm fuzzy feeling of helping to reopen a railway that has been closed for about 70 years. In addition the hard work takes



'Jubilee' class 4-6-0, No. 5690

place in the inspirational setting of Snowdonia. Our links with the WHR have grown this term with a talk by John Sreeves on the reconstruction of bridges along the route. Given at a rather technical level some of the details in the talk were beyond me, but it goes to show that we do more than just drool over steam trains!

We visited Chiltern Railways depot at Aylesbury on the afternoon of Wednesday 6th December. The interesting itinerary included a chance to ride on the driver-training simulator operated by Chiltern. This was a great opportunity to learn a bit more about the operation of a modern railway and to have a go at driving a (simulated) train!

This term we'll have more talks and trips, including a private visit to the London Transport Museum Depot at Acton, our annual dinner and a talk on railway safety. Contact us at icrs@imperial.ac.uk if you want to be put on our mailing list, and we'll keep you informed of upcoming events.

Meet the IC clubs and mugs

The ACC Bar night was the gathering of many IC clubs in December. db's was packed with eager students who were seeking free beer for a fun drunken night full of excitement, random Christmas tree people, a few footy matches and dance performances by intoxicated students on the stage. Here are the highlights. Enjoy!



Sports results

Badminton:	
Mens 2nd	6
Portsmouth Mens 2nd	2
Womens 1st	
Chechester Womens 1st	6
Basketball:	
Mens 1st	88
Bedfordshire 1st	91
Fencing:	
Womens 1st	135
University of London 1st	96
Football:	
Mens 1st	0
Royal Holloway Mens 1st	0
Mens 3rd	
King's Mens 2nd	3
Mens 4th	
RUMS Mens 2nd	3
Mens 5th	
RUMS Mens 2nd	0
Mens 6th	
Mens 7th	1
Womens 1st	
RUMS Womens 1st	1
Hockey:	
Mens 1st	5
St. Mary's Mens 1st	5
Mens 2nd	
Essex Mens 1st	2
Womens 1st	
LMU Womens 1st	6
Womens 2nd	
St. Barts Womens 2nd	0
Mens 3rd	
IC Medics Mens 3rd	0
Lacrosse:	
Mixed 1st	9
UCL Mixed 1st	8
Womens 1st	
Royal Holloway 1st	7
Netball	
Womens 1st	30
Queen Mary Womens 1st	21
IC Medics Womens 1st	30
Kings Medic Womens 1st	38
IC Medics Wms 2nd	40
Buckinghamshire 2nd	5
IC Medics Wms 2nd ULU	18
IC Medics Wms 3rd ULU	20
IC Medics Wms 3rd	21
IC Medics Wms 2nd	21
Rugby:	
Womens 1st	61
King's Womens 1st	0
Mens 1st	
Royal Holloway Mens 1st	0
Mens 2nd	
Brunel Mens 3rd	21
Womens 1st	
Queen Mary Wms 1st	0
Squash:	
Mens 1st	3
Kings Mens 2nd	2

And a solitary women's rugby report

Women's Rugby
LSE
ICURFC

UBS
10
25

Jess Alcena

A cold windy day at Harlington was the setting for us to make amends for our defeat at the hands of LSE two weeks earlier. We were a much improved side compared to two weeks before, largely thanks to the work of our new coach John putting us through our paces, and increasing the aggression of one Virgin in particular!

We took an early 5 point lead

through an inevitable break away try from Captain Sam Pemberton, however LSE soon levelled the score with a fantastic team effort try any coach would be proud of.

The rest of the first half was very evenly matched but our training showed through with a Virgin try for winger Louise and a second for Sam showing just how much we've improved in such a short space of time. However LSE were far from beaten and got another team try close to the half time whistle to leave us only 5 points ahead at the break.

One again our new-found discipline and greatly improved rucking skills shone through and the second half very much belonged to the Vir-

gins and in particular to Sam who got a further break-away try. LSE to their credit did not give up and held us to our 22 for a good ten minutes, but the fate of match was well and truly sealed when Jess Alcena got the final score of the game.

Our victory was slightly marred by an injury to Beccy Harrison, our full back, in the second half. She

was duly escorted to Charing Cross A&E by the medics of the team! A massive GET WELL SOON to you and see you in the Union next week. I am also a little concerned at how many injuries may have occurred in the Reynolds later that night (as I can't remember) in the many attempts to steal from, tackle and get the medics rugby boys naked!

Won a fixture you'd like to brag about to the rest of the College? Send photos, match reports and results to us:
sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Oh, sail away with me Mammy

Connor Myant

Off the beautiful South Beach, Miami, the Mumm 30 World Championships was held from 29 November to 2 December. The four-day event is one of sailing's premier yacht racing events, with over 30 teams competing for the coveted World Champions Trophy. I was there to represent Queen and Country and luckily for you I'm here to take you through the highs and lows of the week.

10 races were scheduled to be sailed, and every race counted. This meant one bad race could cost you the event, and laid the path for a high scoring event. Consistency is key to success here. I was sailing with a British/Irish team called 'Mammy'; we were quite a new team to the class, getting together just a few weeks prior to Miami. On-board was Volvo Ocean Race winner and 18" Skiff World Champion Rob Greenhalgh, so there was no lack of talent in the team. However, it's time in the boat that counts and the Mumm's have a great international circuit including the Tour de France à la Voile. So we were entering as definite underdogs.

The team got off to a good start on the first day, a fresh breeze and big waves suited us, as we rapped up the first day with an eight and two first places to be leading the event overall. However, it was early days with seven races left to count.

On the second day the mistakes came big and fast; after a great start in the first race we illegally hit the windward mark – a truly schoolboy error. We struggled to recover and got sucked into the pack, finishing sixteenth. It didn't get any better in the second and third races of the day, two bad starts and a port and starboard incident meant we finished with a nineteenth and twenty-fourth respectively, to end the day in tenth place overall. A big rethink was needed that night; racking up 60 points in one day was no way to win a world championship. 40 points



Team 'Mammy' who competed in the Mumm 30 World Championships held in Miami during December

behind the leaders meant our aims had changed dramatically, finishing inside the top 10 was the goal now.

The third day was better, a fifth and sixth in the first two races was the boost we needed. However, a twenty-fifth place in the third race, our worst result of the competition, showed there were still some problems. This left us in eighth place

overall with one race left to sail. Climbing any further up the leader board was going to be very difficult.

Keeping hold of eighth was the only thing left, as we had four other teams knocking on the door just a few points behind us; the European champions (an all-British team), two Italian teams and an Australian team. We had to ensure we finished

no worse than five places behind them in the final race. The final race was to be sailed in the lightest and flattest conditions we'd seen all week. A good start and (finally) great downwind boat speed meant we finished on a high, with a fourth, giving us eighth place overall. A good result from a team with so little practice, but frustrating as we

showed real glimpses of promise.

The 2006 TFV winners won the event, a French team called 'Twins', completing a fantastic year for them. Second were last year's Mumm 30 world champions, an Australian team called 'Foreign Affair'. Finishing off the top 5 were the American, Dutch, and Italian teams respectively.

AdLib

by Tevong You

