



Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year



felix

The student newspaper of Imperial College

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~~Elections~~ ~~results~~ ~~announced!~~

Candidates who work for *Felix* sweep the board at this year's elections, leaving the Union in complete shock and awe

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

Thursday night didn't see the release of the results for the sabbatical and NUS delegate elections, with a shockingly high / low* turnout of ___%.

This year's elections have been somewhat unusual, and have seen the formation of the Union's first "slate" or "party" (mainly from Southwell Hall), as well as a large number of fresh-faced candidates standing for President.

Next year's President will be _____, in a shock/predictable result. S/he won by a huge landslide/gnat's genitalia, with ___ votes compared to nearest rival, _____, who got only ___ votes. This means the new President will be the slate candidate / a scot / a current sabbatical / a girl / a joke.

The elections for Deputy Presidents proved somewhat more/less interesting. For Deputy President (Education & Welfare), _____ took the majority of the vote, leaving _____ in second place.

For Deputy President (Clubs & Societies), the slate suffered a defeat/trounced the opposition. This makes _____ the winner.

The hotly-contested position of Deputy President (Finance & Services) attracted a large/small number of votes. The next in-

cumbent of the role will be _____, who beat _____, _____ and _____ resoundingly/narrowly to claim victory.

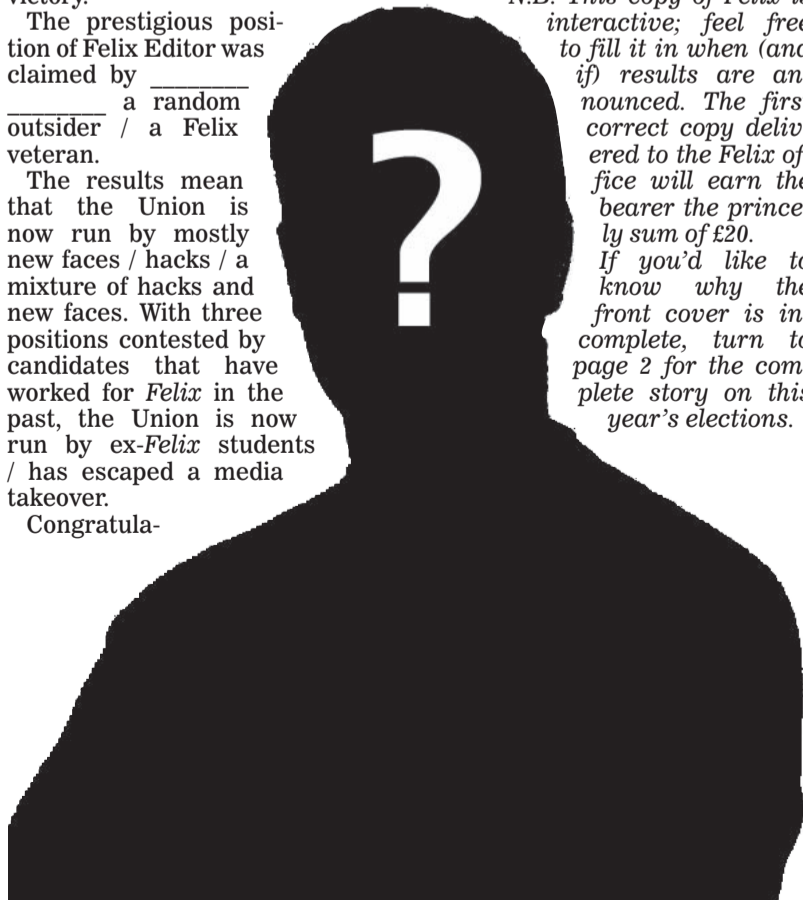
The prestigious position of Felix Editor was claimed by _____ a random outsider / a Felix veteran.

The results mean that the Union is now run by mostly new faces / hacks / a mixture of hacks and new faces. With three positions contested by candidates that have worked for *Felix* in the past, the Union is now run by ex-*Felix* students / has escaped a media takeover.

Congratula-

tions to all the candidates who weren't elected, and those who were but don't know it yet.

N.B. This copy of Felix is interactive; feel free to fill it in when (and if) results are announced. The first correct copy delivered to the Felix office will earn the bearer the princely sum of £20. If you'd like to know why the front cover is incomplete, turn to page 2 for the complete story on this year's elections.



Harrods' guitars



A Fender Picalator guitar on display at the "Harrods Rocks" exhibition in Knightsbridge. Security has been tight around the store over the last week as various vintage guitars arrived, including the first Fender Stratocaster ever made. The attempt to break the world record for most guitarists jamming together had to be cancelled after local residents expressed concern over the noise levels.

Elections 2007: uhm, no results yet

No results by Felix's deadline day, Union Court called in to deal with a dispute between the President and the Executive Committee, and candidates' expressing dissatisfaction with the process – *Felix* explains all

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

Election results were not announced as anticipated on Thursday evening, leaving many (including the candidates) questioning when they will be available.

The initial complaints

A complaint was initially made against the Returning Officer, John Collins (who looks after the whole election, and is supposed to make sure it is run in a fair and unbiased manner). The complaint seems to have been made in response to a post a candidate made on *Live!* (the online CGCU newspaper). The post insinuated that Mr Collins had not been entirely truthful in his communications with candidates.

Shortly afterwards, Mr Collins sent an email to the candidate in question, which included language that implied that disciplinary action would be recommended against the candidate. The candidate then asked for the post to be removed.

It seems that this candidate felt discriminated against by Mr Collins for this and other reasons, and therefore filed a complaint. Other complaints against Mr Collins were also discussed by the Executive, who met in closed session last Thursday (which means the media had no access to the proceedings) to discuss them. *Felix* is not privy to the details of the complaints.

Secrecy

At the closed session, Mr Collins presented his defence against the allegations of bias. However, Exec voted to remove him as Returning Officer with immediate effect.

John appears to have taken the decision very badly, and was later seen in the Quad haranguing at least one member of the five-strong Exec with expletives.

Up until Tuesday this week, the candidates had no idea what had

occurred, as the meeting had taken place in closed session. They were not aware Mr Collins had been removed as Returning Officer for alleged bias, or that Eric Lai had taken over the role for the time being. An email was received by all candidates reminding them to send campaign material for approval to elections@imperial.ac.uk only, rather than copying Mr Collins in (as had previously happened).

Neither the removed Returning Officer nor Mr Lai would reveal any facts about what occurred; the details were not made public until the Court Chair, Hamish Common, was involved.

The long arm of the Court

Mr Collins was clearly very unhappy with the decision, and was apparently offered the chance to reconvene Exec to discuss the complaint again rather than possibly hold up the election. Felix can only assume he rejected this offer, as the newly-created Union Court has been dragged into play.

An oddity of this situation is that Mr Collins is not the one who made the appeal to Court; instead, the appeal was made by Jad Marrouche, RSCU President, who was not present at the Exec meeting and has so far stayed relatively clear of central Union politics. Mr Collins has been spotted discussing the matter in the RSCU office recently.

The Court has been asked to decide if the decision to remove John Collins as Returning Officer was constitutional. The appeal centres on four points; insufficient time to consider the issue, conflicts of interest by members of Exec, relevant evidence unavailable, and procedural irregularities (otherwise known as poor quality hackery).

Mr Collins apparently convened the meeting himself, which lasted for more than three hours, casting doubts on the first point. It is true that Exec members faced conflicts

of interest, having seconded or otherwise supported one or more candidate in the sabbatical and/or NUS elections. However, even if more members of Exec had been present, almost all would have faced this conflict.

Why call the Court?

If the Court decides it was not constitutional for Exec to remove Mr Collins as Returning Officer, then this does not remove any claim of bias against Mr Collins; rather, it forces Exec to meet to discuss the complaint again, and decide if the allegations of bias are valid.

Why John Collins has not appealed directly to Council, the supreme body of the Union, remains unknown. A new Exec may well make the same decision.

So what does this all mean?

Election results will be delayed. For how long, no-one knows. Before results can be announced, all the

candidates must sign a declaration which says that the election is free and fair. So far, very few sabbatical candidates have signed it.

Candidates approached by *Felix* who had not signed the declaration said that they either had outstanding complaints that had not been resolved (such as a *Felix* Editor candidate who has seen someone systematically removing their posters) or that they felt it was not appropriate while the status of the Returning Officer was still undetermined.

A complete farce

It appears the candidates are somewhat disillusioned by the process as well. Felix has approached each of the candidates for comment. "This sorry debacle has had no effect on the outcome whatsoever and even if he [Collins] feels wronged he should just stop whinging and take one for the team to preserve the integrity of what were, on the whole,

hassle free elections," said one candidate, who wished to remain anonymous. Another candidate found the elections to be somewhat less than satisfactory: "The whole thing was a complete fucking shambles," adding that he had signed the declaration but he regretted doing so. One candidate referred to the election as "the most farcical I've seen in my time at Imperial." Most candidates have expressed unhappiness with the hustings, one calling it "a complete and unmitigated farce". Some candidates expressed dissatisfaction with Mr Collins' role as Returning Officer, one citing his apparent inability to keep his anger in check, though recognising that being RO is a difficult task.

The future

Though all this farcical to-ing and fro-ing will probably have little effect on the election results, it has done little to improve the Union's public face.



A pram. Toys exiting at high speed not pictured

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Friday 02.03.07

JCR breakfasts

"I am one of the select staunch supporters of the 'fry-up' breakfast since its glory days as the 'All Day Breakfast' in the JCR. My diet of two fried eggs, four hash browns and baked beans saw me through many a lecture."

PAGE 5

Imperialitis cure

"After a lengthy debate we feel we have the best solution for those of you feeling (and looking) a little worse-for-wear. We came up with this easy-make personal paper bag."

PAGE 6

Oscars coverage

"This week saw the most prestigious awards ceremony in the film calendar."

PAGE 12



Moaning abode

"Her style's not to everyone's taste, but she does have a unique take on fashion. I mean that hair, who else would go out with that?"

PAGE 13

Games for senile PCs

"If you're looking for games that won't kill the sluggish excuse for a PC you've got running MatLab at home, or you've played as much Solitaire as a (wo)man can reasonably take, then you'll be looking for some fresh multiplayer options. Felix has just the ticket for you."

PAGE 17

Hyde Park relays

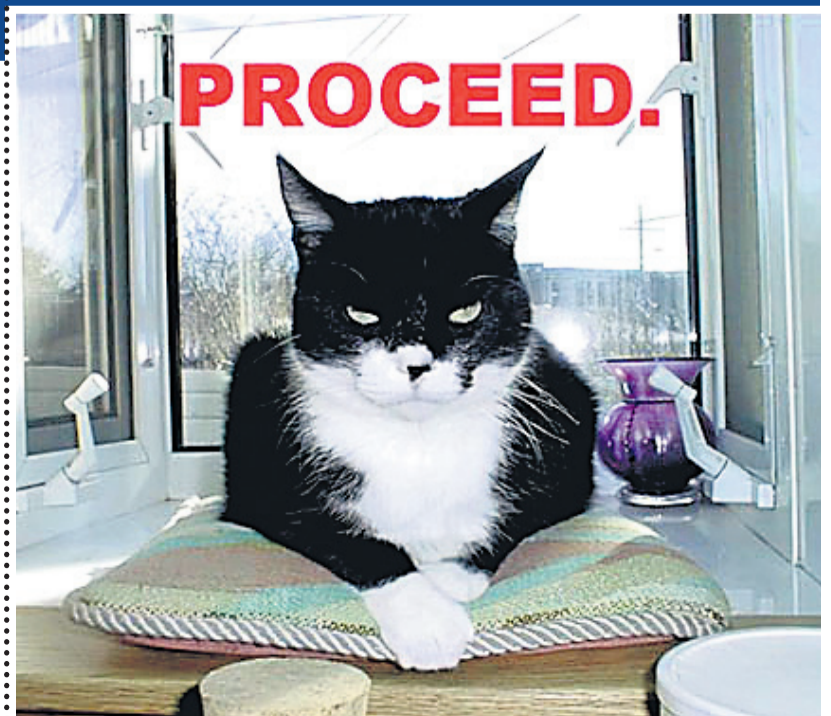
"Those who really couldn't wait to start running had arrived just before 10:30 and an hour later dB's was full of students who had arrived from all over the UK."

PAGE 20

RSM losers

"The Bottle Match kicked off in true style with a traditional RSM Bar night."

BASICALLY THIS WEEK'S SPORT



Felix needs you.

Without your contributions, *Felix* is nothing.

We're currently in need of:

A Features Editor – someone committed and imaginative who's ready to co-ordinate new features and interviews.

Features writers – people who want to add to their portfolio of writing by producing regular features.

A Business Editor – to restore the Business section to a regular weekly page.

News Reporters – reliable people who can research and write stories every week.

Regular commentators – people with something to say who want a regular column.

Writers for every section – especially Science, Arts, Film, and Nightlife.

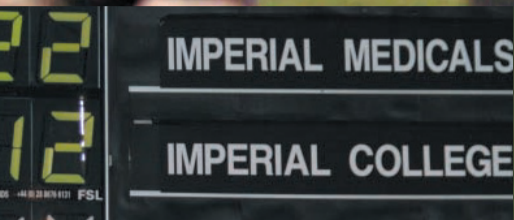
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Varsity 2007

Imperial College Imperial Medicals
VS



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Kick off 19.30

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Comment & Opinion

An open challenge to the sceptics

Examining the Qu'ran in a critical, literary fashion – does it prove itself to be “inimitable”? Does the construction of the Arabic text reveal the presence of a divine hand?



Omar Hashmi

In the many discussions I have had on Islam, there seems to be an underlying concept with those out of “the fold” – that a belief in Islam is inherently irrational and ultimately due to the unexplainable, fervent zeal of past-dead generations. Further, it is even more baffling that this belief is making a resurgence. More Muslims are practising than ever before, and more people are still becoming Muslim. A mere few years ago I was just another semi/non-practising Muslim, bored with strange, alien and ultimately “weird” beliefs in the face of the Enlightenment’s glory. Today I am more observant and at ease with the liberation of Islam than ever before.

The crux of the issue is this; how do we know that a self-professed prophet is truly from God? It is simple – we challenge him on a miracle. The following is Islam’s miracle:

“And if you (mankind) are in doubt concerning that which We have sent down [the Qur’an] to Our slave Muhammad (peace be upon him) then produce a chapter of the like thereof and call your witnesses [supporters and helpers] besides Allah, if you are truthful”

(Author: God, The Qur’an, chapter 2, verse 23)

If Muhammed was just a man, another politician grabbing at power

with a (more than usual?) masterful plan, then surely his genius can be matched with the collective effort of humanity? What I want to show you is why Muslims regard the Qur’an as a piece of literary excellence, something that is totally inimitable by man, and thus miraculous. It is a proof that you may wish to disagree with, but it is rational, and so the belief is based upon reason. It is not arbitrary or inherited.

First of all, what is Arabic poetry? Arabic poetry is a form of metrical speech with a rhyme. This rhyme is achieved by every line of the poem ending upon a specific letter. The metrical aspect comes in when you can divide the Arabic up into different divisions (called in Arabic ‘al-bihar’ or ‘the seas’) according to the pattern of short or long syllables used in the line (with some variance allowed). This was codified in the 8th Century by al-Khalili bin Ahmed and there are 16 distinct, separate seas. If there is a verse of poetry not in these 16 seas, then it is either prose, or it is not Arabic. There is no other way to construct the Arabic language.

From a purely objective and structural view, the Qur’an does not fall into any of the categories above, be they prose or rhymed. Some chapters contain some elements of the above rhyming seas, yet the style may switch quickly and smoothly to prose. Thus, when a chapter is evaluated as a whole, it is not possible to ascertain its literary form. The Qur’an therefore defines its own literary genre, with its own unique form that has surpassed attempts by any other to come close to imitating it. Such a peculiarity does not arise when evaluating any other literary work on the planet.

You may think that God would have spent too much time to make the message aesthetically pleasing to have actually left any wisdom in it. Yet the Qur’an brings a huge relief and wisdom to the struggles of



The Qu'ran: written more than 600 years ago, and still not bettered?

life when applied in a sincere and proper (not perverted) manner. All this from an illiterate forty year old man with no history of being a liar. No person, orientalist or eastern, has challenged that fact that prior to the Qur’an, Mohammed was more inclined to asceticism and abandoning the world, rather than persuading anyone about anything.

Both western and eastern scholars recognized the evident inimitability of the Qur’an. The Scottish Orientalist Hamilton Gibb said that “with remarkable boldness and self confidence Muhammad appealed as a supreme confirmation of his mission to the Qur’an itself. Like all Arabs they were connoisseurs of language and rhetoric. Well, then if the Qur’an were his own composition other men could rival it. Let them produce ten verses like it. If they could not, and it is obvious that they could not, then let them accept

the Qur’an as an outstanding evidential miracle”

(Islam: A Historical Survey. Oxford University Press, p. 28)

Historically too, we can see that the challenge has never been met. Those who knew classical Arabic the best were the Arabs of Mohammed’s time. Their attempts at imitating the Qur’an are well documented. Examples such as Musaylimah the liar and al-Muqaffa’ are just two of many people who wanted Islam to be neutralised. There have been no acceptable imitations, and how can we expect to do any better now with less knowledge of the language compared to back then (though I’m sure more people want to try).

So, if you want to try to copy it, then please do so! The shortest chapter in the Qur’an is three lines, so just try and copy three lines. It can’t be haram (forbidden), because

isn’t Allah asking you to do it? So please do try, and whatever you come up with I will diligently forward to every scholar/academy I can find. If they can’t reply to you, then I will push them to accept that the book can be forged. However, we have been holding our breath against intellectuals and linguists for 1400 years, and I don’t anticipate that it will stop.

I can promise you that far from the Muslim community being outraged at the audacity of the challenge, they will respect those who are sincere enough to search for higher Truths.

Every time there is propaganda against Islam, its simply increases the Muslim motivation for dialogue. Go on, wake the sleeping giant.

Please see www.theinimitablequran.com for more detailed literature.

Too much technology spoil the breakfast budget

Dear Sir,

Like many other students, I am one of the select staunch supporters of the ‘fry-up’ breakfast since its glory days as the ‘All Day Breakfast’ in the JCR. My diet of two fried eggs, four hash browns and baked beans saw me through many a lecture, well fed, satisfied and ready to face any challenges ahead

Having seen various re-branding strategies imposed upon this most legendary of college feasts, I have witnessed drastic changes, such as restricting breakfast serving times till 10:30am (not a civilised time by this student’s calculations), and the move of venue from the JCR, via the MDH, to the SCR. This last move, instigated since the start of

the new term, has been particularly infuriating: we are expected to enter a fantastic room used by college staff, postgraduates, visitors and prospective students, purchase our breakfast and swiftly remove ourselves to the JCR where we unkempt and dishevelled undergraduates can gnaw at black pudding to our heart’s content. We are but common students, why should the serving staff in the SCR be nice to us?

Not all the enforced changes have been bad. For instance, the decision to play Heart FM’s ‘80s and ‘90s cheese throughout breakfast time in the MDH was greeted with enthusiasm, but sadly cannot be continued upstairs in the SCR. The loyalty card scheme, which promis-

es a free breakfast for every 9 purchased within 2 calendar months, was long overdue and has proved extremely popular.

However, it would appear that amongst all these positive changes, we are being overcharged for our daily breakfast.

Signs in the SCR clearly state food item prices, for a normal visitor and for a student. As undergraduates, we receive 10% discount and VAT exemption; whilst staff and postgraduates are denied this latter luxury. It appears that the computer system used at SCR tills neglects to award the full discount available to us for whatever reason (maybe they assumed when they built the system that no undergraduates would ever use the SCR

and if they did, well tough, they can pay what everyone else pays since they’re not supposed to be there anyway).

Take for example a recent breakfast I purchased at the SCR. I purchased 8 items (breakdown available on request) which totalled £2.35 according to the marked prices, but was charged £2.69 after my card was swiped through the card reader at the till. Whilst the difference is a matter of pennies, it is nearly 15% more than what I should have been paying which is a matter of considerable concern. It defeats the purpose of the loyalty card, since by charging students 15% more each time, catering can recoup the cost of the 10th breakfast and still make a profit.

Invite Felix to try a SCR breakfast sometime, and discover the pleasures of a good wholesome meal with plenty of variety, but be forewarned that his wallet may empty somewhat faster than expected!

Yours truly,

Unhappy in JCR

PS: whatever happened to the water coolers in JCR? Do they expect us to buy all our drinking water from the shop, whilst our richer lecturers next door benefit from chilled distilled water straight from t’Valley?

Andy Sykes replies:
We’ve passed it on to the right folks.

Felix self-help

The kind-hearted souls in the *Felix* office have recently been concerned that the students of Imperial are suffering from post-Christmas blues. In response to this we have decided to run a self-help section each week to help guide our readers through to sunnier times and exams.

The first issue we seek to address is personal appearance and self-esteem. After a lengthy debate we feel we have the best solution for those of you feeling (and looking) a little worse-for-wear. We came up with this easy-make personal paper bag. Can you think your way out of it?

STAPLE ALONG THIS LINE

FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



CUT EYE HOLES HERE



STAPLE ALONG THIS LINE

Centenary Update



March is always a weird period for myself and the blonde as it is one of those months that just creep up on you when you least expect it. One thought that she has on the month is that it follows February, the time for love, romance and RAG. A hub of activity surrounds the students at the College as most plan their event in the shortest month of the year. Now this confuses me, (as well as the misses, but this was to be expected as she is non-Imperial) why would the top students in the country, if not the world plan events; a) in February and b) all at the same time? There must be something magical or mysterious about the month! The same hypnotic type drug that gets people to spend hundreds on their loved ones for a day invented by Clinton cards is infecting our students and getting us to pile a whole host of events together.

When speaking to some of the students who lie on the sofas outside my office, they had a few ideas on why February was so unique. A few suggestions were "it's hard to spell the month", (she was a non medic) another student was more philosophical and tried to use some historical fact to his argument... "February is probably named after a Greek God and that God must have been pretty crap or something and so they decided it should be the shortest month of the year". Both are very sound arguments to my question but taking the first student's idea on names being a factor when deeming the importance of a month...why not May? Surely, it is the most extreme of the twelve? For starters it does not even end with "ary", it possesses the least letters of them

all and it's named after the Imperial God of Rock and hair products, Brian May!

So before we close the book on the wonder that is February and present it with its month of the year sash, I wanted to notify the jury on a little gem called March. March to me is special as it welcomes in the smell of Varsity. A period in the College's year, where friends become enemies and lovers become haters, for just a few days. For those who have been a sleep for a few years or are new to IC, varsity is the chance for the medical school to exhibit why we are the crème de la crème of Imperial. The day allows for the medical school clubs to compete against the rest of Imperial in a whole host of sports from water polo to lacrosse and of course the big J.P.R. Williams rugby trophy in the evening. Varsity carries with it the underlying message that the medical school is a unique entity and that it's individuality needs to be respected. It is more than just a sports competition. This year varsity comes with a few delightful little twists, one being that it is Imperial's big 100 and the Faculty of Medicine's 10th birthday this summer and two, that we have a new competition added to the pot...athletics (Which you will read about in my next exciting instalment). So below, is a little highlight of the fun packed day next week.

2007 welcomes another exciting Varsity programme with an array of spectator sports on offer. The day entails outdoor sports at Harlington Sports Ground including football, rugby, lacrosse and hockey, indoor sports at Ethos including water polo, badminton, netball, basketball and squash; finishing the day with the spectacular ICU RFC and ICSM RFC clash in the JPR Williams Rugby Varsity Match at Richmond Athletic Association Ground.

Harlington Sports Ground

Events kick off from 12.00 at Harlington with Imperial and Imperial Medics teams battling it out in football, rugby, lacrosse and hockey matches. Tickets are required for the matches at Harlington.

Ethos

The water polo, badminton, basketball and netball sides are back for some more competition this year and squash has also been added to the programme.

Due to the lack of viewing areas in Ethos, we will not be selling tickets to the Ethos matches.

JPR Williams Rugby Varsity Match

The fifth year in the event's history, 2007 promises even stronger competition, excellent rugby, and a very vocal and enthusiastic crowd. An official Centenary event, the JPR Williams Rugby Varsity match is the College's largest sports spectator

event. The match kicks off at 19.30 at Richmond Athletic Association Ground.

Tickets are required for this match. For a map and directions to the ground please go to the Richmond Athletic Association Ground website, www.londonscottish.com.

Tickets

£6.50

Advanced ticket for entry to evening JPR Williams Rugby match only.

£7.50

On the gate ticket for JPR Williams Rugby match only.

£8.00

Travel from South Kensington/Charing Cross to Richmond for the evening JPR Williams Rugby match only.

£10.00

Travel from South Kensington/Charing Cross to Harlington, entry to Harlington matches, travel to Richmond, entry to JPR Williams rugby match and travel back to South Kensington/Charing Cross.

Tickets can be purchased:

Online from the Imperial College Union website. Upon purchase, you will receive a confirmation email which you will need to print off and exchange for a ticket on the gate at Richmond Athletic Association Ground

For any further information, please contact Imperial's Sports Development Officer, Nick Gore, n.gore@imperial.ac.uk.

Right to Play, a registered charity, is the official charity for the JPR Williams Rugby Varsity Match. Right to Play is an athlete-driven international humanitarian organisation that uses sport and play as a tool for development of children and youth in the most disadvantaged areas of the world. www.righttoplay.org.uk



Shiv Chopra
Medic President
medic.president@imperial.ac.uk

Council Elections 2007

Nominations for Council Elections 2007 are now open.

You can stand at imperialcollegeunion.org/vote for the following positions:

- Council Chair
- Equal Opportunities Officer
- Welfare Campaigns Officer
- RAG Chair
- CAG Chair

for more info: imperialcollegeunion.org/elections

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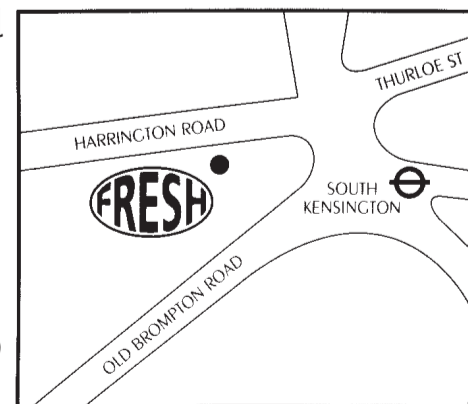
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Faculty Elections

How will your voice be heard?

RCSU nominations are now open. *Felix* talks you through the positions and explains why you should stand

The Royal College of Science Union has been making the headlines in *Felix* quite a lot recently. What with the Science Challenge, Ritz event and office fiasco, it has been cementing itself as a force to be reckoned with in the Union.

Nominations are now open for the RCSU officer positions. If you want to represent students, organise events, fight campaigns or decide how thousands of pounds should be spent, then you should consider standing.

To help you to decide what would suit you best, here is a description of a few of the positions available, written by those who currently hold them.

President

The president is ultimately responsible for kicking the engineers' arses, and making sure the medics know their place. There's lots of organising to do too, but you'll get your name in Wikipedia and also on a leaky tankard. Don't stand unless you're really serious about it - the RCSU has come along a huge way this year, and if we're not even better next year, you'll have me to answer to...

Honorary Secretary

Well it sounds a bit dull, and yes you do have to type up minutes every week, but Hon. Sec. is a really fun all-round role. Not having as many direct responsibilities as the other officers means you can pick and chose what to get involved in, plus you're the one who gets to discipline the President!



Vice President (Operations)

The VPO is quite a diverse role within the RCSU. It's mostly behind-the-scenes work, like looking after the departmental societies and their finances, promoting communication with Wye and Silwood, representing the RCSU at Union meetings, and helping to organise the Science Careers Fair. A major part of my year was organising Science Challenge as I secured substantial sponsorship and organised the Imperial competition.

Vice President (Activities)

The VPA's responsibilities are organising large scale events, such as the Freshers' Ball and RCSU RAG Week. I am also involved in masco, regalia, Alumni relations, and the infamous Freshers' Yard contest. The new VPA, whoever they may be, should have excellent organisational skills, an appreciation of the traditions of the RCSU and be tall, dark and handsome.

Welfare Officer

If you care about the students of the RCSU and want to be the official student condom dispenser then you should apply for the Welfare Officer position! You need to be available to talk to students: I strongly recommend being available for weekly surgeries. You will represent the students views in committees like the Representation and Welfare Board. At the start of the year you will settle-in the freshers by coordinating the buddy scheme.

Sports Officer

The role of the sports officer is to facilitate sports within the RCSU. In other words the sports officer must be able to tempt people away from the union bar and into sport. The sports officer comes into contact with large amounts of the student population so the ability to deal with people is a must, as is time management. As for other skills, reliability, organisation and persistence are fundamental.

Academic Affairs Officer

The Academic Affairs Officer may not sound the most glamorous of jobs, but it's one of the most important positions in the RCSU. You will be responsible for ensuring that the four thousand undergraduates have the facilities they need in order to study effectively and efficiently. This is your chance to make changes which will improve the manner in which courses are run. In reality this means you'll sit in on many meetings (mostly with free lunches), most at a high level (including Union Council), and try and sway decisions your way.

Events Officer

Events Officer is a job for people who are organised, fun and social, including organising a range of events for Freshers' week and throughout the year, like bar nights, pub crawls, club nights, buddies events, RAG events... Well the list is endless and it's basically up to you to provide organised fun events that appeal to a very diverse union. This job is for people with an imagination and an ability to get people together. Good Luck and enjoy!

Publicity and Web Comm.

The publicity officers are responsible for publicising and promoting the many RCSU events during the year. What's involved? Well, poster design, sticking up posters, updating the website with the latest announcements, sports results, events info, making design changes if needed, and generally organising publicity pushes. After a big publicity push it is very satisfying being part of a very successful event.

Broadsheet Editor

Broadsheet is a glossy magazine of 12 to 24 pages of news from the faculty, produced twice per term. The editor's job is to collect the material, construct the issue, and get it printed. The editor also puts together the RCSU Freshers' Handbook over the summer.

Departmental Representative (by the current Physics Rep)

Physics Departmental Representative is responsible for all the important things: proper elections and representation from Year Reps, Physics Staff Student committee, UCAS tours, some fresher's events, the buddy scheme. Oh and definitely one of the perks is getting to sit on the Physics safety committee and hear about the accidents that happened in the physics department.

Other positions available are:

Honorary Junior Treasurer, Masters Rep and Postgrad Research Rep.



That's some big boots to fill

Not into science? CGCU nominations are open

Engineers unite! Now is the time to follow in the footsteps of your forefathers and stand for election in the CGCU committee elections. Are you the next James Fok, Nick Simpson, Tristan Sherliker or Ashley Brown?

Here's what the current holders of some positions had to say about what they've been doing this year.

President

As President, I planned events for fresher's week with the rest of

the Committee number, culminating in the Fresher's Ball. We have also organised a mince pie party, paintballing trip, bar nights - the list goes on. On a serious note, running the union is not just about fun and keeping the students away from their books. You also represent them academically and must ensure that their welfare is looked after. There are dedicated officers for each of the above.

Vice President (Finance and Socs)

My role as the Vice President of Finance and Societies is to take care of the pot of money we have each year and ensure we all get the most out of it.

I also help out with any problems societies might have, and assist anyone who might want to set up a new one.

Vice President (Activities)

As Vice President (Activities) it is my privilege and responsibility to organise the various social events we put on for the students. I've been involved in the Buddy

Schemes, the Lord Mayor's Show and the Internship Centre; but also in organising bar nights in the Union, paintballing, football, a sports day, the infamous egg race and many more.

Honorary Secretary

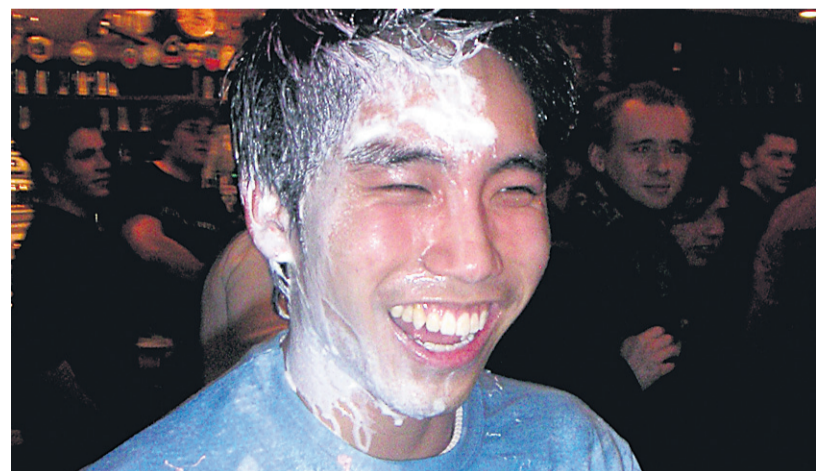
As the incoming Honorary Secretary I will spend the following year documenting everything CGCU does. Unfortunately for me we have a long agenda of activities and events!

I also have the responsibility of arranging your Fresher's Dinner. Every year the Fresher's Dinner grows and if you take on this role you'll be responsible for making sure it is even better than this year's.

Academic Affairs Officer

Academic representation plays a key role in ensuring that the academics and facilities are adapted to the needs of the students, and are befitting of an institution such as Imperial College.

I ensure that the dep reps (see below) do their job and that the aca-



He refused to fight the RCSU president. Would you?



ademic representation is organised and "up-to-scratch". I also work with ICU and IC faculty at a higher level to ensure that the courses are tailored to the needs of taught students (undergrad & MSc students).

Departmental Representative

The way the academic representation structure for the Engineering

Faculty works is that each department has a departmental representative commonly known as a Dep Rep. They are elected to handle all academic and welfare matters in the department, to ensure that these are taken seriously by the staff and that they are resolved either at a departmental level or taken to CGCU.

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live review



Larrikin Love
Koko

God bless the shared iTunes libraries on the Imperial network, without which I would not have discovered *The Freedom Spark*, Larrikin Love's debut album. After having listened to it on repeat to the point where all lyrics were firmly embedded into my memory, I was ecstatic when *Felix* offered me to chance to go and review them.

Usually a dedicated dance music fan when out and about, I have appreciated indie and its 'sub-genres' from afar for a long time, so this gig, being my first and also my first visit to Koko, added to the excitement. It is very easy to lump a lot of the bands that circle the charts into the category of indie without looking at what the band has to offer. Larrikin Love combines elements of many genres including folk music, guitar solos reminiscent of Santana, vocals not dissimilar from the Kooks and the strong Irish influence is clear too.

Upon entering Koko I warmed to it straight away. It had theatre-like quality in that it is set on many levels, where seating would have been, with the addition of the boxes overlooking the stage too. The feel to the venue was not the beer soaked, cigarette butt-lined floor as I had imagined of gigs, but had a more sophisticated air that matched the drinks prices too! The night started with me enjoying the most expensive double vodka and cranberry of my life (£7.50) and then sticking to cider for the rest, much more fitting for the occasion anyway!

The stage itself was littered with various paraphernalia including a plastic sharks head, a few potted plants and several inflatable goats. Rather reflective of Larrikin Love's varied music style and also of the band members' colourful personalities.

The Tiny Dancers were first on the line up and after having been recommended to me by the Larrikin Love I was keen to see what they were all about. Fronted by a singer reminding me slightly of Axl Rose, but slightly cooler in my opinion, he sported a fine face of glitter and entertained a non-dancing crowd with 'folk rock' jazzed up with an eclectic mix of violins as well as hints of Arabian tones. I thoroughly enjoyed their set although many in the crowd thought otherwise: I winced for the Tiny Dancers as I heard boos and cries of "Your shit!" coming from the back and only hoped the laws of physics combined with the throngs of people there stopped the shouts from being heard by the band.

After a twenty minute interlude, where we were spoilt (ahem) with

the delights of Top 40 rock, the impatience for Larrikin Love to come on stage was palpable and the moment the lights went up a stampede of fans rushed from the bar areas to wherever they could best see Edward (donning a top hat), Miko (I want his "I know Tom Frog" T-shirt!), Alfie and Coz. Us girls stayed on the second level away from the beer-fueled dancing and beer-fueled beer-throwing which ensued in front of the stage. The show kicked off with the much loved *Happy as Annie* followed closely by my personal favourite *Edwoud* (the track that drew my attention to Larrikin Love). Many tracks were played from the album as well as some I was not familiar with. As *Downing Street Kindling* marked the end of the show I related very much to Edward's sentiments "*England has nothing more to offer me*" and felt saddened at the prospects of leaving and returning back to reality. However, the band and the Tiny Dancers surprised us all with piling back onto the stage for an encore, kitted out in silver space suits and partaking in some post-show drunken stomping on stage amidst the cheering and clapping.

While indulging in some Larrikin Love memorabilia we've got to congratulate David Kay, aka Axl Rose, minus face glitter and ensure him that the bands set was enjoyed. I left feeling this was the first of many gigs I would be attending and only look forward to seeing the Tiny Dancers and Larrikin Love again in the future.

Caz Knight

live review



Yolk/Geisha
The Plaza

Four bands. Half a stage. A pool tournament. Noise! Noise! Noise! Smashing into your ears like Richard Hammond's brain (look, he's alright now!); the sound is a perpendicular obtuse triangle pulverised into a square hole. Oh for the love of noise.

It's four bands, and four is a lovely number, but to honest, only half of this noise-pie was worth watching; Geisha. And Yolk. Bristol and France, united, c'est la revolution!

Geisha - once described as 'crushing blasts of impossibly hyperdistorted rock baked in massive frequency overload and massive hooks and melodies and sinister crushing riffs, all of it slathered in filthy throbbing feedback and white noise horror holocaust' - load up the stage with what appears to be a wall of amps.

The ever-decreasing space shifts Tony and Steve onto the floor and into the crowd, bringing the per-



Geisha bringin da noise (top), Larrikin Love bringing 'it' (bottom)

former audience relationship a little more sweaty closer. The concept of Geisha has changed remarkably during their 5 year existence. After changing drummers from human to sub-human to robot (aka Terry BOTzio, drum machine extraordinaire), they have progressed from the classic 'shout like Alec Empire and add distortion' to their current blood curdling anger sadness I feel love mash up. The setlist is an orgy of new songs, with names like *Von Dreck und Feuer*, *Fulcivision*, *Exploitation Cinema in the Workplace* and *Bloodbath in Bethlehem* (exclusively renamed at this gig).

You'd think you were in the company of the great eccentrics, sat smoking cigars listening to Wagner. But oh no, it's two beardy men bashing out distortion in a fury of anger. The precision of the drum machine beats and syncopation add a new dimension to the beautifully miscel-lany sound of guitar and bass.

The crowd are actually staring in amazement as the music grows and dies from synth and bass lined melodies to an ambience of fuzz and brutal guitar abuse. It's music with sexual frustration, like Berlioz on speed, watching some girl wearing pink shoes. If you want a pretty picture think of Dinasaur Jr colliding with My Bloody Valentine and Slint, ripping out the vocal chords of Unsane and Helmet. And may I add, the bassist is a piece of hot ass!

After the onslaught of Geisha's last song, a version of *I Feel Love*

that made me want to tear my heart out and pretend love exists as a bloody heap of aorta and ventricles, Yolk gather themselves on stage. What can I say about Yolk? They are French. This explains a lot! I've never cast my eyes on such a genius group of musicians. Never in my small short life.

From only the first few minutes I think of Mr Bungle immediately, Bungle with a vagina. The girl is making those science fiction sounds from the twilight zone, but she's using her mouth.

There's a violin, there's a sax-amaphone, and the drummer may actually have the soul of THE Terry John Bozzio. The clanking great big syncopated chords, train track beats and that good old gypsy folk melody blend almost too well with Delphine Delegorgue's bursts of sound effects. I mean, this girl is producing the imitation of blowing chunks, then sobbing ghosts. It progged me in all the right ways.

The night is one big noise tastic success, so much so that the usual pub goers, who were in the middle of watching football and having a pool tournament managed not to wave their hairy fists at the bands or resort to name calling in the vicinity of 'freaks' and such like.

Perhaps the music touched their little coal-shaped hearts? Or maybe it proves my theory that at the centre of us all is a small troll that is just waiting to mosh out.

Lia Han



Matty Hoban
is looking at you

Yoyo how's my little muscarinos? What's up in the hizzle? Where you at dawg? You got the whole city behind you.

Since with all this Centenary fever, there will be a resurrection of *Femm* hopefully, since it died from starvation at the beginning of this term. Well, I needed to study and realised that it took up a bit of my life to put together that thing. I shall however produce a 100 year theme, yet to be decided on and *Femm* will be big. Yes, hopefully it will be done soon, maybe not this term, maybe it will, the suspense!

Along with all this Centenary craziness I thought that I should talk about what is happening music-wise. Well, let us first look towards the Jazz and Rock society. Jazz and Rock are dedicated to providing an affordable practice space and they are the life-blood of live music at the College. Like so many societies, they are only as good as their members' activity so I suggest you join them and reap the benefits of being part of an active live music society. You can pick up experience in being a soundman or find (good) musicians to make some sweet love-food with.

The Jazz and Rock society are organising two events in the theme of the Centenary: the first is the Medics vs. Non-medics *Rock-off* which is basically battle of the bands varsity style; the other event is called The Clash of the Century which will be a huge battle of the bands competition. I recommend that you enter the latter if you are a band, and if you are not, just go. Go to www.jazzandrock.co.uk for more information. The Medics vs. Non-medics night is on 6th March and the Clash of the Century is on the 10th March. The events are both in dB's. You should go.

There will be more musical events and on 17th March, there will be a Kids Will Be Skeletons which will help celebrate the 10th anniversary of Gringo Records, a brilliant Nottingham-based record label. The headliners will be Souvaris, who appeared at the union last year and astounded us all. Following them is Bilge Pump who are a Leeds-based noise-rock band who make stonking great music, and the drummer is one of the best UK drummers around at the minute. So get involved and maybe organise your own events.

Oscar night: As shameless as ever

The biggest night in the film calendar brings together the finest on the planet but still misses the sparkle

Alex Casey
Film Editor

Nowhere in this world does a sense of self-importance permeate every street more than Hollywood. One ego can't walk down Sunset Boulevard without being offset by another. It has been this way since the sunny little seaside town was transformed into the production line of the most famous movies in the world early last century, and how better to celebrate ego than with a little gold man. This man went on to become affectionately known, as you may have guessed, as Oscar.

In case you'd missed it, this week saw the 79th Academy Awards, the most prestigious awards ceremony in the film calendar, and you'd be hard-pressed to find a bigger ceremony in any field given the sway the movie industry, especially that of Hollywood, holds today. If you want artistic recognition, look to Cannes, but for glam, glitz, and gold, head here. Win an Oscar and you can have it on your tombstone. That will be your legacy.

Or so is the common perception. Whilst it may shatter an illusion or two to say it, the Oscars are notorious for getting it wrong as well. Missing out key players in film history seems to be the major gaff: Hitchcock and Kubrick both died without being Best Director, a lifetime achievement award being the former's only consolation and a minor Special Effects prize for the latter; *The Shawshank Redemption* and *Pulp Fiction* were both beaten to Best Picture by *Forrest Gump*; and whoever nominated Sylvester Stallone for Best Actor in '76 alongside Robert De Niro must be licking their wounds to this day. Yes, there are years when the Academy just can't get it right. And this year wasn't about the talent. Unless your name is Mirren or Whittaker that is.

Don't get me wrong; the nominations weren't bad. The problems are that (a) the best of the selection were never going to win, and (b)

the best of the year were criminally overlooked. Besides Whitaker, *The Last King of Scotland* went unnoticed despite winning my vote for film of the year, filled with as many laughs as brutal shocks (and not like *Scary Movie*), closely followed by *United 93* which is conspicuous in its absence from the awards season. Too soon America? Maybe. Xenophobia, commonly a major problem in the Oscars with great foreign offerings being limited to a single Best Foreign Film category, was reported to be AWOL this year so I'm not sure what to blame for *Volver* not making it into the foreign category even. Shame on you Academy. Worst of all, whilst last year's shortlist for Best Picture contained three great films (*Crash*, *Capote*, *Good Night and Good Luck*), one good film (*Munich*) and the dull and horrendously overrated exploitation fest of *Brokeback Mountain*, this year it seemed mediocrity was the order of the day, at least in the same category. The acting reminds us that these people do know what they're talking about. It's just the premiership awards that show a favour for an old friend takes precedence, even when the world is watching.

Best Picture – The Departed

This didn't win because it was the Best Picture. I don't think I've met anyone who was supporting it. It won because Scorsese won. The rule goes that Academy members get bored by the end of the voting sheet and so tick the same boxes in director and picture categories, exceptions to which have only arisen five times in the past twenty years. One of these times was last year and so it would have been too much of a break with tradition to award Scorsese then cheat him out of Best Picture and give it to the deserved winner, *Little Miss Sunshine*. This film wasn't groundbreaking but neither were the others, and at least this one was enjoyable from start to finish. I would have happily seen *The Queen* walk away with it on the wave of Mirren fever as well



Cruz works the carpet while Hudson copies Mirren's dress and pose in the hope people will remember her

because it was so different to how I'd imagined it. *Babel* was also surprised me: I imagined something worth the entrance fee and was rewarded with sleep-inducing pap that must have only won the major prize at the Globes because of the cultural diversity it showcased. I'm glad it didn't win here. Last up was *Letters from Iwo Jima* but I'd award *Babel* before I gave another award to Oscar whore Clint Eastwood who has less integrity than Jade Goody.

Best Director – Martin Scorsese

Scorsese had everything going for him: The Golden Globe, the Directors Guild Award, five failed nominations already and a much better back catalogue than this mediocre gangster fable. That's why he won: sentimentality and the "oops-we-forgot-you-earlier" syndrome. This time they remembered before he was dead so at least his comic questioning of the envelope contents was better than a posthumous acceptance by wife/child/whoever. Stand by for ovations, applause and rewriting the "Biggest Snubs in History" books. But always remember that Paul Greengrass should have won for *United 93*.

Best Actor – Forest Whitaker

This is where the smiles start. Forget that he's not the lead actor, forget that James McAvoy has been cruelly left off every shortlist and just accept this was the right result, no matter how many sympathy votes Peter O' Toole got for being a pervy old man playing a pervy old man in *Venus*. Forest Whitaker tore the screen to shreds with his vicious scenes in *The Last King of Scotland* and made being best friends with a Ugandan dictator look like a great way to spend a gap year. Why did they overlook the film in every other category though? I won't rant any longer; if you saw it, I'm sure you agree. Don't feel too sorry for the others: DiCaprio will win one day, Will Smith makes very dubious film choices so isn't ready for this yet and as for Ryan Gosling, did anyone see *Half Nelson*?

Best Actress – The Queen, sorry, Helen Mirren

While the Chinese New Year tried heralding the year of the pig, everyone else saw it was really the year of Mirren. Every critics' circle in the world gave her those gold stars she loved (other than the Evening Standard who sided with Dame Judi, I'm sure Helen hasn't lost too much sleep though) and well-deserved it was too. If the Royal Family ever gets democratically elected then Mirren will have my vote for that too. The weird thing is that this was a surprisingly strong category given the clear-cut odds offered: Penelope Cruz (*Volver*) proved she should stick to Spain rather than wallowing in Hollywood drivel, Dame Judi Dench (*Notes on a Scandal*) showed that rancorous lesbian was just another inspired day at the office, Kate Winslet (*Little Children*) completed the British triptych in what I imagine was great acting from our finest under-forty actress and Meryl Streep (*The Devil Wears Prada*) just nails everything she goes into, even if this was hardly the dramatic power she's flaunted in the likes of *Sophie's Choice*. Still, no-one's stealing Mirren's light here, the true Queen of the night.

Best Supporting Players – Alan Arkin and Jennifer Hudson

Good to see an upset to make the dull ceremony slightly more interesting, and better it be Eddie Murphy (*Dreamgirls*) who was pushed to the side than the leading part favourites. My money was on Mark Wahlberg who managed to steal the only acting nomination in *The Departed* next to Nicholson, DiCaprio, Matt Damon, Alec Baldwin and Martin Sheen. Alan Arkin for *Little Miss Sunshine* was a pleasant, if forgettable, surprise though as I'm not a Murphy fan. The other two, Djimon Hounsou (*Blood Diamond*) and Jackie Earle Haley (*Little Children*), passed me by completely.

Dreamgirls did come into its own with Jennifer Hudson. It was her film, not Beyoncé's, and so this award was fair, if a bit too Cinderel-

la for my liking. First acting job ever for the girl who used to be a Burger King salesperson and before January was most famous for losing in American Idol? Hmm, I doubt she'll have another shot any time soon, unlike some of the other contenders. Abigail Breslin (*Little Miss Sunshine*, yes the little girl) has her whole life to act and I think this nomination was youth sentimentality unseen at the Oscars since they awarded Anna Paquin at age 11. Now she's in *X-Men* in case you thought she'd rise and rise... Cate Blanchett has one already and the *Babel* actresses will see their dues when they are in better films. Hudson won't be holding court over the category for years to come.

Other than that, it was good to see Al Gore taking home the documentary prize for global warming flick *An Inconvenient Truth*, days before critics attacked his excessive energy use at home. I would have liked to see the two screenplay awards go to *The Queen* and *Notes on a Scandal* but I doubt the largely North American crowd in the Kodak Theatre appreciated the delicacy of the British touch as much as I did. And Mexican cinema got the boost it deserved, despite *Babel* boring the world, as *Pan's Labyrinth* picked up a hat trick of technical doodahs, wahey.

So it wasn't a total bust on the night to be fair, but the winners shouldn't be the ones that enter the Hall of Fame. When the time is right, *The Last King of Scotland* will get consigned to the "great forgotten" pile with *Citizen Kane*, *Vertigo* and *The Shining*. Well maybe not, but it'll join a personal inventory of exhibits in the case against the Academy. Don't get me started on everything from Europe and beyond, they won't understand anyway.

That's not what the Academy is for. It's an ivory tower in its own world, swelling with a sense of superiority. But this year, even they must have been slightly bored by the show they put on. If they could even see past the ego sitting in front.



Scorsese attempts to hide his insecurity over the size of his statuette

The next look: Nordic cool

Go for a simple look with clothes that are easy to wear, not clothes that wear you



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Androquai Lace-up Canvas Shoes, Office, £18



Sheer Jersey Racer Back Tank, American Apparel, £18



Merino Crew Neck, Topman, £35



Tea Wash Jeans, Cheap Monday, £40

COOL

Amy Winehouse



Her style's not to everyone's taste, but she does have a unique take on fashion. I mean that hair, who else would go out with that? Although I suspect she just uses it to hide mini-bottles of alcohol. Or more likely, judging from the tabloid close-ups of her nose, something more illicit.

Afros



For extra cool points, carry an afro comb in your back pocket. If you wear this look correctly, you should feel like you're a character in a 70's American sitcom.

High-Waisted Flares



Stay with the skinny or straight leg jeans. Say no to high-waisted flares! 1. They make your arse look twice its actual size. 2. That extra material flapping around your legs is disconcerting.

Why would you wear trousers that drag along puddles and shit on the pavement? Also, hippies wore flares in the 70's, proof that they can only be a bad thing.

LAME

Musical Theatre Soc

presents:-



Batboy is being performed by Musical Theatre Society from 6th to 10th March (starting 7.30pm). This dynamic romance is complicated by Batboy's struggle to not only control his blood lust but also his desire to be accepted by a backward deep south community. Whilst being cared for by the Parker family, we discover the secrets of Batboy and the characters around him. This show offers drama, excitement, romance, horror and a heavy peppering of comedy.

Buy your tickets in advance from Union Reception or Level 2 Sherfield at lunchtimes from Monday 26th February. Alternatively you can buy on the door - £5 students / £7 non-students.

BATBOY!

I, Gamer



Michael Cook
Games Editor

Gaming is about being the best. Comparatively, at least. Clearly, there are plenty of people who (quite rightly) might question whether being good at games is such a good thing after all. But the best way to play is to play to win.

This week is about winning. Some of it's about working together to win – if you can call our death-addled trip through the ranks of SWAT a “win”, that is. Some of it's about setting off on a course to be the best – alright, Warcraft III mods don't polish up into personal development movies as well as boxers or superheroes do, but you get the idea.

It's quite hard for designers to play around with the idea of winning. Recently, one of the developers of Empire Earth published an article on the idea of forcing a player to lose in certain situations. Even though it was the worst crime a developer could commit, he said, it could prove to be one of the most powerful design tools when used properly.

Hideo Kojima – the plot-crazed madman behind the Metal Gear Solid series – frequently talks about his desire to create a game that “locks” after you die – effectively granting you one life, one go at the game before it renders itself unplayable. Winning then becomes something very different indeed.

Gamers can be split into those who play multiplayer and those who don't. The single-players are trained to fight against a computer and win, so they tend to look for quick patterns and ways to solve problems using earlier ideas. But the ones that play online are forced to keep changing and thinking in different ways.

Maybe everyone does need a good kick up the arse from designers? Single-player games need the concept of winning to be redefined to stop games getting repetitive – narrative-driven games tend to be better at shaping this idea of “victory”. Multiplayer gamers, on the other hand, are getting too complacent with the idea of gaming. Counterstrike cuts down the die-and-respawn sentiment, but until someone has the balls to take Kojima's idea onto shop shelves, it's not quite the same.

games.felix@imperial.ac.uk

This week in videogaming

Want to kill people for money? CGC is hiring now! Beard/twitchy eye optional

Following last week's coverage of the sghOpen tournament 2007 comes an announcement of ICGC's first cash gaming tournament (playing for cash, not with it), which will run in mid-March and promise a variety of prizes from £50 to £200. There are four games to compete in – Warcraft III, Counterstrike 1.6, Pro Evolution 6, and DotA. Signups for Warcraft and Pro Evolution close on March 2nd (the day of our release, so hurry!) and signups for CS1.6 and DotA close on the 9th – www.imperialcgc.com for more information, but don't forget to check out our article on DotA this week if you want to find out more about the game.

Finance is a funny thing in the real world. This week we've had news of forthcoming price drops in all of the next-gen consoles, partly due to lower production costs – Sony is outsourcing Cell production rather than trying to co-ordinate it in-house – but mainly due to a race to compete financially as the early stages come to a close.

But this week also provided reports that consumers are likely to get stung in the next twelve months with continuing high prices for much online content. Sony has boasted about free online access to the Playstation3's main hub, but prices for other services remains high, and the Nintendo Virtual Console prices seem entirely frozen.

Screen Digest published a report this week stating that a “small portion” of next-gen games were likely to be profitable, but most would lose money due to spiralling production costs and overinvestment. But this does lead us to ask – with hardware manufacturers, software developers, and consumers all losing out financially over the next four years – who exactly is making money?

Strange though it sounds, it could well be retailers. Already famous for taking a large cut of the final sale price, it was thought a few years ago that the high street would die off as internet shopping drained revenues, but American store EB/GameStop has gone from strength to strength since the new wave of



Putting the extra effort in at the FFXII release in London last Friday. If this didn't win, justice is dead

consoles arrived.

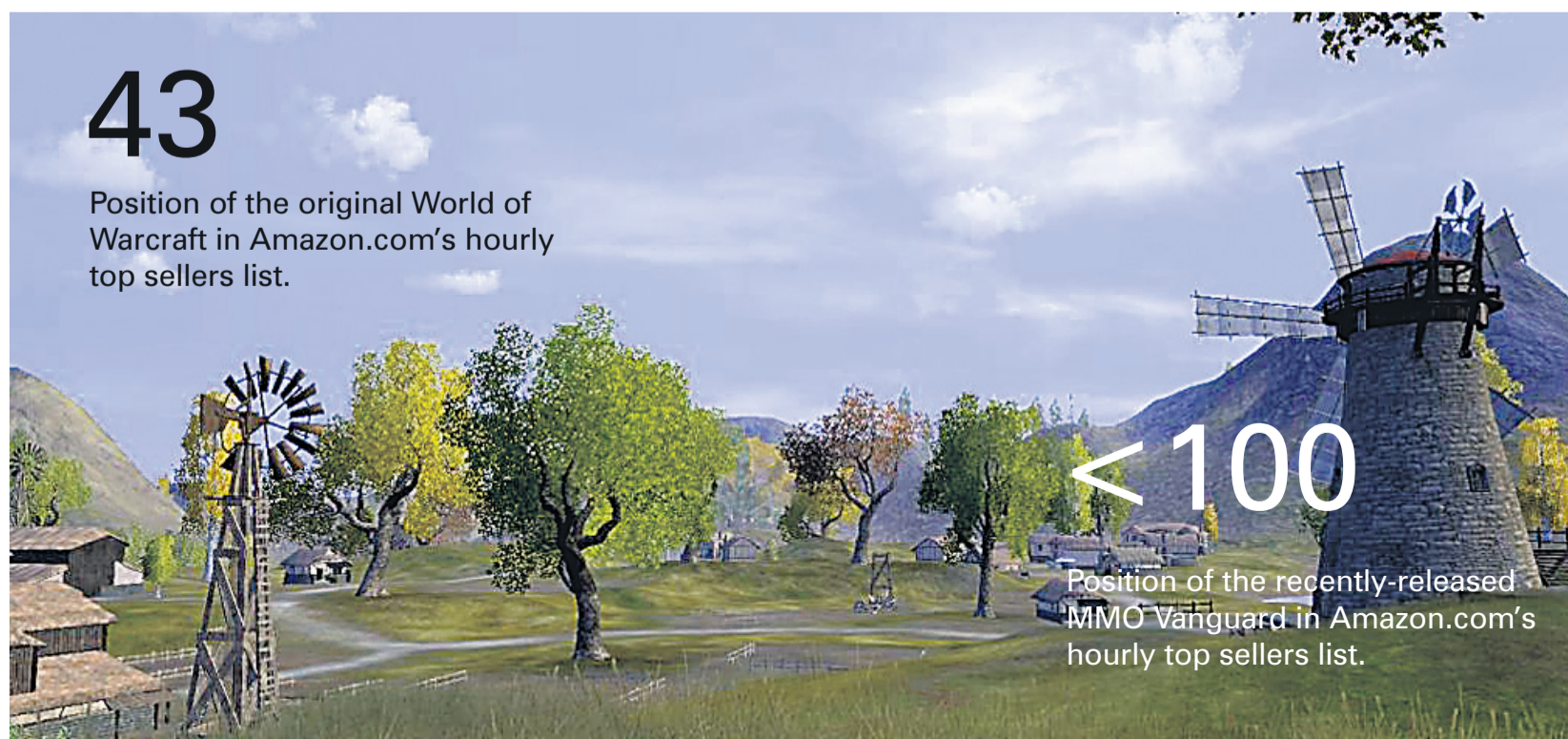
Their latest coup is exclusive games – games which can't be bought in any other store in America. Originally, it was the weird, the quirky, and the not very good, but they're stepping up – Tenchu's latest DS release was a GameStop exclusive, as will be Settlers when it releases on the DS soon. If high street retailing is going to survive,

it might be the only reasonable way to do it. Of course, reasonable might be the last thing you'd call it.

Releases on this side of the Atlantic aren't so hot this week, but if you're a PC gamer there are a few notable good 'uns this week – depending on your opinion of a Sims 2 add-on that adds Seasons to the game, of course. FEAR is also re-released for less than a tenner,

just in time for the average gamer to have a PC capable of playing it, and Resident Evil 4 makes an appearance. The best releases of the month are still yet to come, however – the Winter slump is over, and the games are returning quickly to the shelves again.

Finally, if you've got a bit of spare cash, make an investment here: <http://www.halflife.com>



43

Position of the original World of Warcraft in Amazon.com's hourly top sellers list.

< 100

Position of the recently-released MMO Vanguard in Amazon.com's hourly top sellers list.

Vanguard's famous Tumbleweed instance at peak population

Off in search of the second player

Adam Omar seeks game, GSOH, aged 0-10 for multiplayer fun and more? No flash games please



If you're looking for games that won't kill the sluggish excuse for a PC you've got running MatLab at home, or you've played as much Solitaire as a (wo)man can reasonably take, then you'll be looking for some fresh multiplayer options. Felix has just the ticket for you.

Obviously there are many many games that could be in this list, and hopefully will as we progress through the weird world of online games.

However, due to space and practicality constraint, we're going to take it a few steps at a time. This week, we look at some of the true classics of the gaming scene.

Warcraft 3: The Frozen Throne: Defence Of The Ancients

Real-time strategy mod

Hooray for having the longest name in this list! If you are Malaysian or Singaporean you probably already have this on your PC. Even without consciously installing it. For those new to the World of Warcraft 3 mods, DOTA is a downloadable map in which up to 10 players can roam and fight as heroes.

The basic routine is start, kill weak little creatures and/or other heroes, destroy enemy buildings; with the ultimate goal being the destruction of the other team's monument. It's an addictive and incred-

ibly fun cycle, with much room for teamwork and tactical play. The only drawback, however, is that your enjoyment largely depends on who you're playing with.

Keep in mind that DOTA is constantly being updated and you will need to manually download new versions from time to time. There really is no excuse for not having this. It's as demanding as a very small undemanding thing, and should run comfortably on any computer made in the last 5 years.

If you've already gotten your teeth into DOTA, check out our in-depth exploration of the mod this week, too.

DOTA (Requires Warcraft III) is

free online at <http://www.getdota.com>

F.E.A.R Combat

First-person shooter

Imagine a bowl of Counterstrike, garnished with some Quake, and then topped-off with some delicious Unreal sauce. And imagine not paying for it. F.E.A.R Combat is the free multiplayer version of the 2005 hit shooter F.E.A.R.

You get the usual multiplayer modes, Deathmatch, TeamDeathmatch, Capture the Flag, etc., but what sets F.E.A.R apart from other shooters is its *style*. Firefights are hectic and enormously fun, with debris and bits of furniture flying all over the screen. Each game is fast and RSI-inducingly furious, with a melee attack complementing the array of projectile weapons.

The only downside is that some matches can get too chaotic for their own good, resulting in players being blown up just as you respawn. However this usually only happens with lots of players in a small map. The graphics are up to date yet quite scalable.

It should run on most PCs from the last 3 years or so – but be wary of hardware conflicts, and keep those drivers up to date..

F.E.A.R Combat is free online at <http://www.joinfear.com/main>

CounterStrike

First-person shooter

This is probably famous enough that I don't need to say anything about it. So I won't.

For the sake of this article, however, I'll simply say that this is quite possibly the most famous multiplayer FPS, and that you can't go wrong with any version starting from 1.3 all the way to Source.

Although the modern day 'terrorist versus counter-terrorist' setting

may or may not appeal to you, the pure, distilled gameplay should.

The game has been fine tuned and will probably run on just about any computer you dare stick it on – though a good internet connectio is always a bonus, particularly if playing through Steam.

As with many multiplayer games, the bane of CS is the behaviour of its players. Expect campers. Lots of them. And not the tent kind either.

CounterStrike is free online in some places, but the latest version is available for a modest sum at <http://www.steampowered.com>

Trackmania

Racer/platformer/awesome hybrid

Trackmania is a completely berserk racing game in which you can create your own lunatic tracks or race on any of the premade tracks bundled with the game. The controls are simple, but the same can't be said for the actual racing.

You'll have to navigate through unimaginable tracks, with all manner of loops and jumps, and perform crazy stunts at incredible speed. It's good fun as a network game with a couple of friends, and even more fun when some people get together and race their created tracks.

Several flavours of Trackmania are available. There's the completely free Trackmania Nations, or the newly released Trackmania United. Both games are quite light and will work well on any toaster/PC.

TM Nations is free online at <http://www.trackmanianations.com/>

TM United is available cheaply online or, if you're lucky, on the high street.

That's it for this week! If you want a multiplayer game featured here, send a mail to tdutest@gmail.com or games.felix@imperial.ac.uk. The weirder, the better!



Geoff looked down and was dismayed to see that the lads had done the old 'cone penis' joke again

WarCraft : Defence of the Ancients

The girl next to you plays it. Your lecturer plays it. Chooi Yew Vern plays it, and here's how to play it

Defence of the Ancients (DotA) depicts the epic battle between the noble Sentinel and the nefarious Scourge as they attempt to destroy each other on the field of battle. Spells fly and blades flash as heroes both good and evil fight for the supremacy of their respective allegiances. Exaggerated comments aside, DotA is a team game between two sides – the Sentinel and the Scourge. Up to five players can play on a team, meaning 10 players maximum in a game. Using a range of heroes unique to the side they are playing on, players do battle in order to destroy their opponent's base and ultimately their opponent's "Ancient" while defending their own "Ancient", hence the name.

DotA sports an immense amount of heroes, currently numbered at 84. Each hero has 4 unique skills to use throughout the game. These abilities determine the role a hero is most likely to play in a game. Heroes with skills that allow them to sustain more damage from enemy attacks usually play the "Tank" role while those that are weak in combat but cast powerful spells are usually the supporting casters for the team. This not only requires players to be skilled at the game but requires teams to have strong teamwork, to be able to forge strategies and tactics on the fly, as well as adapt to changing situations in the game. Heroes in DotA even have the privilege of having their own histories which adds depth to the game, not to mention being fun to read.

The items in the game, such as potions and weapons, are vital to players to enhance their heroes. Items have their own uses such as for healing, adding to a hero's damage and casting spells such as cyclones and lightning bolts. A combination of these basic items can then be mixed together to form better items with enhanced abilities. A large total number of item combinations combined with a large number of heroes to choose from promises to make each game



Majestic. Shiny. Prone to posing for dramatic pictures. It's like the *Felix* centrefold, but with more clothes and less controversy afterwards

unique and interesting.

What really makes the game interesting is the fact that it is always evolving. New heroes, items and geographical changes are constantly added to make the game interesting for beginners and exciting to those that are already fans of the game. With DotA being the most popular custom map on the Blizzard online Battle.net server and fast becoming a competitive game internationally, tinkering of heroes and items are constantly underway in order to make the game more balanced. With the game constantly changing and improving, players have to regularly rethink their game strategies and hero builds in order to best their opponents.

So how do you start playing DotA? First, get yourself a copy of Warcraft 3 and its expansion, The Frozen Throne. Download the map and the

AI information from www.getdota.com. With this you're set to play!

You should refrain from jumping straight into an actual game online or with friends as you'll probably not do too well on your first try (this is speaking from personal experience). Play a few practice games by yourself or with the computer on the AI map, just to get familiar with the game. Practice with a few heroes to start and move on to other heroes once you get the hang of them. Once you're confident with your skill, it's time to move on to the actual thing.

You can log on to Battle.net – Blizzard's internet matchmaking service – to play DotA online or get together a few friends and play over the Local Area Network. A word of advice: playing with the computer is nothing compared to playing with real players. However, if you intend

to get better at the game, nothing beats real experience. Guides and tips are available online for players who seek to improve their game and take it to the next level. For more information and announcements on the game, visit the DotA main website at www.dota-allstars.com or come join ICGC's sessions.

The key things to remember in DotA tend to be common across all games – first, it's important to know how you play. Once you've found some heroes that you enjoy playing with, stick to them and get better at playing them. It's all very well being an all-rounder, but you need sharp skills in some areas to get by.

You also need to get to know DotA's large repertoire of skills and items. If you don't know that your opponent can stun your hero, then he won't be the only one stunned when you come to pull off your final

push. Know what you're up against, or get beaten.

Speed is also of the essence, so look for items (and heroes) that can help with movement. A slow hero is a dead one, so don't get caught napping.

Finally, remember that your hero lives and dies based on the experience he can gain – and that means killing blows. Taking the final hit on an enemy not only nabs you more experience, but denies enemies the experiences themselves. Watch health levels of the units around you and focus attacks carefully.

Defence of the Ancients is one of the Computer Games Society's networked games. If you want to get involved in some matches, email nb604@imperial.ac.uk to subscribe to the CGC Mailing List.



Endurance – Police Brutality 4

Michael Cook learns how to work together to win – and how not to defuse tense hostage situations



“I don’t want any fuck-ups” was the catchphrase of the night. Though in all seriousness, it’s probably a well-used phrase in real counter-terrorist police operations, too

The first time I played the Auto Parts garage on *SWAT 4*, in single-player, the plan went as follows – move in swiftly through the roof, split the element into two, two-man groups. One goes along the top floor to the main garage, above the walkway. The other goes with me, down the stairs, cleans out the car-park and wedges the doors. They wait outside the main garage for the final assault.

In that respect, the Endurance run of *SWAT 4* went identically, albeit with me in a lower-ranking position, and everyone having far stranger accents than the butch Americans that accompanied the AI’s chirps of, “Get down or I put you down!”

The difference really came when it was time for me and my partner to break through the door to the office and take out the perp standing directly across the room from us. It was simple – blow the door, shout at the disoriented criminal, and then tazer him. It was simple. No AI pathfinding problems. No misunderstood commands. Just five humans and Voice-Over-IP communications. Simple.

My partner blows the C2 charge on the door, and it flies open, showing that the target has moved since we used our camera-sticks to check under the door. He turns around calmly and has a quite real pistol with quite real bullets in it. My tazer – which looks like a sellotape dispenser – fires off prematurely (always embarrassing when you’re in a situation like that) and thuds into the wooden doorframe, buzzing loudly as it defies everything I learnt in Year 9 physics.

Fortunately, the door-breaching Starsky to my Hutch has got his primary weapon out – a pepper ball gun, still a peashooter compared to the Colt Python being waved at us – and has let off several rounds into the perp’s face. He’s screaming. It’s a good sign.

Starsky bumbles over to handcuff the wailing, eye-rubbing chump, and I move slowly into the office room, looking out of the window that looks down into the garage. The other half of our team is waiting on that side.

There’s a shout to the left, and I turn to see another perp on the elevated walkway, behind the glass. My primary weapon is out, another pepperball gun. No chances this time. Pff! Pff! Pff!

The pepperballs explode on the glass like hailstones on a barbeque, leaving a cloud of green smog in the office, and doing very little to the paper-thin sheet of glass. The magnum rounds the perp is firing, it turns out, are far better at penetrating glass. As well as fibreglass. And skull.

So began the seven-hour jog through the most recent outing of the tactical criminal-punching simulator *SWAT 4*. It was expected to be the shortest Endurance run to date, since each mission only took around fifteen minutes to complete, and the two teams of five were expected to get extremely high end-of-mission ratings straight off the mark. After the 51% report for the Auto Parts mission, things began to change.

It was the diamond merchant’s hostage rescue where things really began to go downhill. After three attempts at the mission, all ending in either the execution of a hostage or – more amusingly – the complete gutting of the team by a single shotgun-wielding attacker, our team’s leader began to change his tactics. We all started with our usual load-out – CS Gas, heavy armour, non-lethal weapons. But someone had an AK-47.

Whoops.

After a few restarts, mostly involving either tazing the rogue SWAT member into submission, or everyone getting slaughtered, terrorist stereotype-style, we managed to group together and progress past

the mission – not without half of the team getting shot first, but it was completed either way.

It turned out that missions were not destined to be five-minute jaunts after all, and an estimated two-hour finish time rapidly increased as plans gave way to shooting which gave way to gas grenade fights. By the time we’d started playing the missions properly again, we’d had to merge the two teams together due to dropouts, and found ourselves hopelessly stuck just a few missions from the end.

Single-player runs such as *Deus Ex*, or more recently, *Hitman: Blood Money*, were just a matter of plodding through a long enough story at your own pace. *Hitman* picked up a competitive element once the players got talking to each other, but *SWAT 4* was a different challenge. All you needed to do to complete the game was to keep the players focused, and keep concentrating on plans. But with the team at varying levels of inebriation, and problems with the way the server was set up, it was easier said than done.

The final, beautiful moment came in the last mission when, after half an hour of frustrating cock-ups and self-imposed civilian executions, the team decided to shirk their softly-softly approach, ditch the bean-bag-firing shotguns, and take some real weapons. A *SWAT 4* element, all with Magnums, storming a controversial research laboratory, with self-given orders to shoot first and take no prisoners later.

Like a crazy black ops team from some awful faux-action TV series, the Englishman, the Irishman, the Scotsman and the Northerner stumbled through the eerie spotlights and explosive gas canisters, headshooting and door-kicking like it was *Counterstrike* on steroids.

After an evening of cock-ups and subtlety, it was a beautiful end. Single-player might have depth, but it doesn’t have heavily-armed Yorkshiremen.

Radio Chatter

EDDIE – Pick it.

ANDREW – Someone else pick it, I’ve got the gas out.

MIKE – I’ll pick it.

(Mike begins to pick the lock.)

ANDREW – Is there a way to put a grenade away after you’ve got ready to throw it?

EDDIE – Right-

MIKE – ... you mean after you’ve taken the pin out?

ANDREW – Yeah.

MIKE – ...

EDDIE – Alright, look, I’ll secure the right hand of the room. Mike and James I want you to secure the left. Uh ... Mike I want you to secure the stairs, but don’t go up ‘em.

MIKE – Alright.

EDDIE – Okay guys.

MIKE – Wait, did you mean ... no, don’t worry.

EDDIE – Okay, go.

There is the sound of gunshots, and shouting of “Police! Drop your weapons!”

EDDIE – *Fucking hell, Mike!*

MIKE – What?

EDDIE – You block every door we go through!

MIKE – You said to go first!

EDDIE – Alright, whatever, look I want gas in the middle of that room. Can’t see fuck all in it. Andrew and Mike, go around and go through the other door.

(They go)

JAMES – Already got gas ready.

ANDREW – I’ll breach it.

EDDIE – Okay, go.

MIKE – On your command.

EDDIE – I SAID GO.

MIKE – ...

EDDIE – GO.

The sound of a breaching charge

being set off, and someone swearing over TeamSpeak.

EDDIE – Mike, for fuck’s sake! I SAID GO.

MIKE – It’s locked, I’m picking it.

ANDREW – It’s not locked.

MIKE – ... ah. See I unlocked it, but then it said it was still locked, so...

EDDIE – What the hell do you call that?!

MIKE – Look, I ...

ANDREW – The next room looks clear.

EDDIE – Alright, one room left.

ANDREW – This is the last room, I think.

EDDIE – Yeah, I just said, it’s ...

MIKE – You want flash?

EDDIE – Look, everyone just shut up, and I can give you the order. Alright? Alright. Now we’ve got a door open at the end of that corridor ... Go wedge the door.

MIKE – Alright, I’ve got a wedge.

EDDIE – No, it’s alright. I want someone to cover me as we go in.

ANDREW – Alright.

EDDIE – Okay, look – perp! Hang on, we’ve got a perp. Fall back. Go open the door, I’ll take him.

MIKE – Unlocking now.

EDDIE – Go quickly. Go. Wedge on this door.

ANDREW – Shouldn’t we go in the other way?

EDDIE – I said WEDGE ON THAT DOOR.

ANDREW – Ah, I haven’t got one.

MIKE – Me neither.

ANDREW – I thought you said you did?

MIKE – Yeah, I thought I had, but ... I don’t.

EDDIE – Oh for fuck’s sake ...

Clubs & Societies

IC's largest student sporting event

Relay organiser Rakesh Nandha writes about organising IC's largest student sporting event



Eager competitors line up for the beginning of this year's men's Hyde Park relay race



Trophies and medals aplenty for the victorious runners

Preparations for the 2007 Hyde Park Relays (HPR) had started on a beautiful summer's afternoon in May 2006, when the newly-elected committee of the ICU Cross Country Club met up to discuss the event. We had established that over the summer, we ought to have secured sponsorship for the event – a stumbling block for most organisers – but met with success by this one. By the start of term a race permit had been obtained, and by December formal invites to teams from across Britain and Europe had been sent. The preparations for Imperial College's largest student sporting event were well underway! (Yes, that's right: the Hyde Park Relays is bigger than the Varsity matches!)

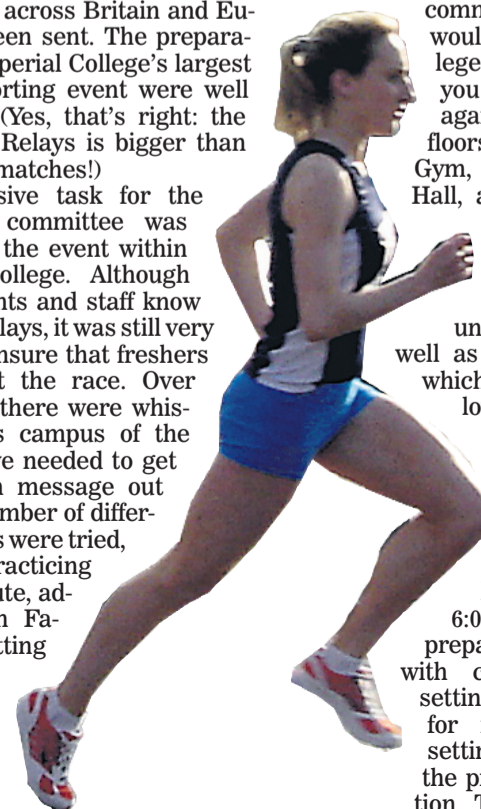
The massive task for the organising committee was to promote the event within Imperial College. Although most students and staff know about the relays, it was still very critical to ensure that freshers knew about the race. Over Christmas, there were whispers across campus of the HPR, but we needed to get a full-blown message out ASAP! A number of different methods were tried, including practicing the race route, advertising on Facebook, setting up stalls across campus and even placing a banner in

the JCR. However, I think the single most important way was good old-fashioned postering and flyering! In the run up to deadline day, I'm sure you couldn't walk around campus without seeing a HPR poster.

Preparations for the committee really kicked off when our foreign friends arrived. 45 Poles overran the campus on the Wednesday before the race, with 17 Germans and 88 Dutch arriving the following day! This was when the hard work really started for the committee. For

the next couple of nights, committee members would have the privilege of "sleeping" (if you can call it that) against the hard cold floors of the Union Gym, Union Concert Hall, and Main Dining Hall. Of course, there was plenty of drinking involved in the union (for guests as well as the committee), which was usually followed up by painful headaches the following morning.

Alarm bells on the race day were heard as early as 6:00 a.m. as race day preparations began with collecting bread, setting up the union for registration and setting up the JCR for the prize giving/reception. Those who really





Next stop: the union. Three of the runners collect their winnings



Some contestants ran themselves into the ground

couldn't wait to start running had arrived just before 10:30 and an hour later dB's was full of students who had arrived from all over the UK. T-shirts were selling well and there was a huge buzz in anticipation of the two o'clock start.

Tony Watts, one of the three organisers of the very first HPR, got the men's race underway at 2:00 prompt. Tony also started the women's race five minutes later. Soon enough, the first runners had finished their legs and the races. In the meantime, the committee were ensuring that everything was running smoothly. Some of the committee were preparing the presentation and food; others were transporting cups of tea and coffee to the many marshals, whilst a few were seen to be helping the officials with the results and time-keeping.

After the race, some of the competitors visited Ethos to have a quick shower, some were seen to be in the JCR picking up some free food, whilst the winners of the races decided to go home! The men's/mixed race was won by St Mary's University College in a time of 98 minutes 54 seconds. Nottingham University finished as runners up whilst 14AC (Nottingham University Old Boys) took third place.

The foreign competition was won by the Dutch University Squad, whilst first guest team was 14AC. The reigning internal champions, Beit Hall, successfully managed to defend their title - they completed the race in a time of 118 minutes 44 seconds. The next internal team was ETA Unknown (125 minutes 39 seconds) whilst Wilson House were the third best internal team (128 minutes 42 seconds). The fastest internal individuals

were Eoin O Colgain (17 minutes 43 seconds), Ed Pitt Ford (18 minutes 41 seconds), and Robert Done (18 minutes 42 seconds).

The women's race was won by Birmingham University in a time of 47 minutes 28 seconds. The runner up spot was taken by St Mary's University College, whilst Sheffield Hallam University claimed third place. The Dutch University Squad and 14AC both completed a double by winning the women's foreign and guest team competition respectively. The internal women's competition was won by CivEng Revenge in a time of 56 minutes and 39 seconds. The next internal team was Beit Hall (62 minutes 37 seconds) and the third best internal team was Girls

Around Improved (62 minutes 46 seconds). The fastest internal individuals were Harriet Scott (11 minutes 38 seconds), Hilary Dyer (13 minutes 15 seconds) and Sara Al-Kahmidi (13 minutes 22 seconds).

However, the most important prizes were the wooden spoons (and lots of alcohol!)

In the men's/mixed these were given to Beit Hall S3 Warriors, whilst in the women's race, the prize was (rather surprisingly) given to Ecole Central Paris.

After the prize giving ceremony the committee swiftly cleaned up the JCR, whilst the competitors went back home (or to the gym/Ethos) to make themselves look

beautiful. It took a while for me to get there, but when the race organiser finally got to dB's (at about 10:00) the party was well and truly pumping! There was an estimated crowd of about 600 people; it was so busy that even some of the sabbs were seen working behind the bar! But there was still another famous contest to be completed - the Boat Race. There were many teams lined up side by side (too many for me to remember), but the boat race was swiftly won by Manchester University, whilst Imperial beat the Imperial Old Boys to claim those ever so vital bragging rights! The party was, once again, a fantastic night and it definitely lived up to its reputation of being one of the most popular and successful nights for the union.

I would like to thank everyone who competed in the event for turning up and making the day such a memorable one in the college's centenary year. The HPR committee would also like to thank Imperial College, ICU, College Catering, Security, St Johns Ambulance, The Royal Parks, the timekeepers and results team, and all the marshals. There is also a special mention for Kristine Rajamanikam whose advice and experience was particularly helpful at the times of need and to Aziz Bilgrami who helped with taking in entry forms. Without the help of all of these people, the day would not have run as smoothly as it did.

If you enjoyed the HPR and would like to take up running (whether it is competitive or recreational) then why not contact the Cross Country Club at run@imperial.ac.uk There are women only running sessions, circuit training sessions and track sessions for any athletes out there. The training sessions are for individuals of ALL abilities.

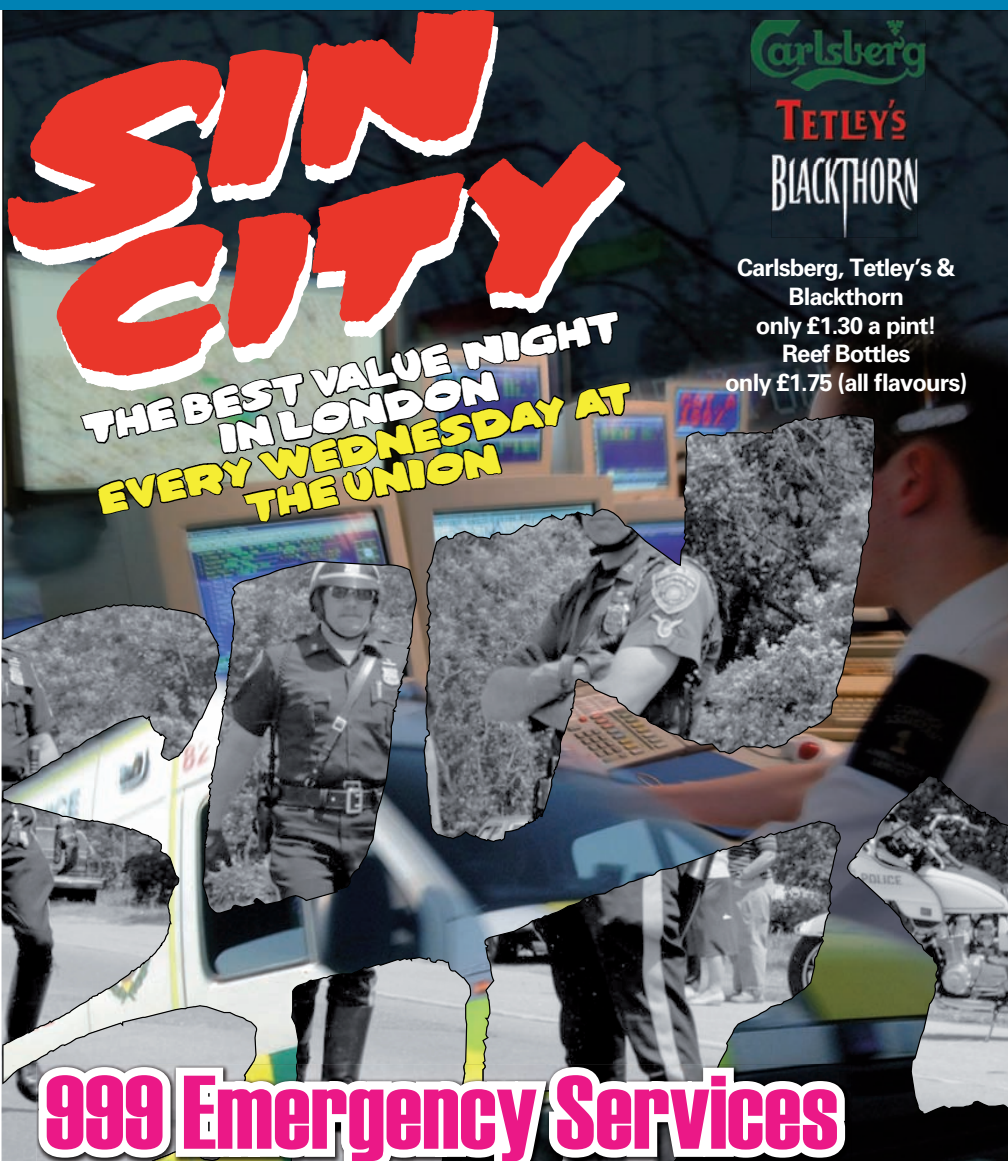
I hope to see you at one of our training sessions!



The Red Bull Air Race was actually in the next park along

at the union march 2nd - 13th

WEDNESDAY 7TH



SIN CITY

THE BEST VALUE NIGHT
IN LONDON
EVERY WEDNESDAY AT
THE UNION

Carlsberg
TETLEY'S
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Carlsberg, Tetley's &
Blackthorn
only £1.30 a pint!
Reef Bottles
only £1.75 (all flavours)

999 Emergency Services

FRIDAY 2ND

schooldaze 
& foam party!



Friday 2nd March 2007
20.00 - 02.00

£2.75

Double Smirnoff, Gordons, Bacardi or
Bells & Draught Mixer
From 22:00

THURSDAY 8TH

**ROOTS
AND
SHOOTS**

TUESDAY 6TH & 13TH

QUIZ NIGHT!

ALSO ON

Fri 2nd	Schooldaze
Tue 6th	Quiz Night!
Wed 7th	Sin City - 999 Emergency Services
Thu 8th	Roots and Shoots
Fri 9th	Jazz Big Band
Tue 13th	Quiz Night!

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.

 imperial
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Wordoku 1

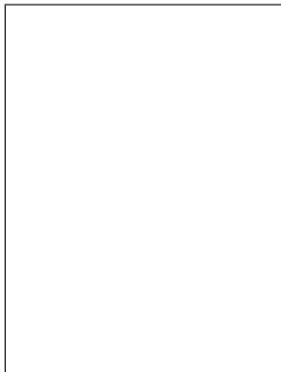
Complete the grid so that every row, every column and every 3x3 square contains the letters A, C, F, L, N, P, S, T and U. E-mail your solution to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk by **Tuesday 9am**. We will randomly select a winner to receive either a 128MB USB stick or a crate of beer. You must claim your prize within a week.

S	T		L						
				S	N	L			
			C			U			P
L			N			S			F
N	F						L		U
U		P			F				N
T		A				F			
		S	P	A					
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Solution to 1,374

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

Jotting pad



Thanks to everyone who entered. The winner this week is **Jason Logan**. He smells like dawn rain.

This Week's Flaccid Sausages

Scorpio (23 Oct – 21 Nov)



You realise the elections are a bigger waste of time than attempting to carve a 1/10th size replica of Mount Rushmore out of your own skin peelings. Therefore, you make a 1/10th size replica of Mount Rushmore out of your own skin peelings.

Sagittarius (22 Nov – 21 Dec)



Let me tell you something about me, babe. I'm bad. Bad to the bone. My badness knows no bounds. It stretches out further than a hooker in a blender, and much further than two hookers in a blender, but only just about as far as three hookers in a blender.

Capricorn (22 Dec – 19 Jan)



I like to blind people with camera flashes then grab their unmentionables. It's more fun than chloroform, and less expensive than GHB. However, it costs me a fucking fortune in Duracell extra-long-life batteries. I should buy shares in them.

Aquarius (20 Jan – 18 Feb)



A seeing-eye dog was undressing me with its eyes, so I maced him. It gave me great satisfaction, but no tail (if you understand the vernacular). I've had a serious problem recently with pirates following me in the high street. Note to self: buy more mace.

Pisces (19 Feb – 20 Mar)



Today's mopey bastard phrase is used in a pub when served an incomplete pint: "I can tell you how to sell more beer." Idiot barman (who is no doubt thinking about burying an ice axe in your cranium): "Oh yeah? How?" You: "Fill up your fucking pints."

Aries (21 Mar – 20 Apr)



I once knew a man who set fire to his farts. This is, in fact, a far more dangerous act than Youtube makes it look. There is always the risk of internal flame ingestion, which can lead to serious burns on the sphincter of the participant.

Taurus (21 Apr – 21 May)



You know what isn't funny? Herpes. It really isn't. I've spent the whole week saying 'herpes' to random passers-by, and now I have a cold sore. Poetic justice, or just a direct consequence of licking public toilets? Only my parole officer knows the truth.

Gemini (22 May – 21 Jun)



RRRRRRRRRRRRRR
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RRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRGH. I stubbed my fucking toe.

Cancer (22 Jun – 22 Jul)



This week, nothing happens.

Really.

Leo (23 Jul – 22 Aug)



I like big butts and I can not lie / You other brothers can't deny / That when a girl walks in with an itty bitty waist / And a round thing in your face / You get sprung Wanna pull up tough / Cuz you notice that butt was stuffed / Deep in the jeans she's wearing (cont. page 94)

Virgo (23 Aug – 22 Sept)



Why I shouldn't drink, part 42. Last week, I consumed a goodly amount of ale at yonder public house, and awoke next morning to find I fallen asleep in bed on a plate of chips. Said chips were thoroughly mashed into my chest hair. I ate them all. HAHHAHAHA

Libra (23 Sept – Oct 22)



My favourite jungle ape is the bonobo. I've never been very fond of the baboon or common chimp, and I have no love for the orangutan. Gorillas? I say pff. Nothing but oversized carpets with eyes. Yes, I am very fond of the bonobo.

Felix Crossword 1,375

Scarecrow

1		2		3				4	5		6		7
					8		9						
10										11			
12					13								
				14									
15							16						17
18		19					20					21	
22											23		
												24	
25							26						
27												28	

ACROSS

- 1 Tinker with a post-grad qualification (6)
- 4 Torn up and ponced about (6)
- 10 Cowardly neon choir runs (3-6)
- 11 Gut dots (5)
- 12 Live badly (4)
- 13 Wasted squared end (10)
- 15 Warrior caste, storm troops, greek character, sun god and I (7)
- 16 Torn ear put together less simply (7)
- 18 Disheartened sailor I depress on submarine (7)
- 20 Speech about ring allocation (7)
- 22 Bird who ruins sudokus (7,3)
- 23 Work stirs up broth (4)
- 25 Static sound (5)
- 26 Disorder back stove (9)
- 27 Arsenic compound for alleged spooks (6)
- 28 Bulk sale of biblical figures (3,3)

DOWN

- 1 Indenters break plates (6,3)
- 2 Ratify and swindle a company (7)
- 3 Ring chaps with a bad feeling (4)
- 5 Accidental minor (10)
- 6 Criminal record follows copper and slows down (7)
- 7 Ate and died around a point (5)
- 8 Invaders turn acorns to squid (13)
- 9 Scattered round a once reasonable study of the deep (13)
- 14 Broken tree is infinite and alone (10)
- 17 Born again, making shoddy entrances (9)
- 19 Think I unravel an enigma (7)
- 21 Form a jury out of an imp, an elf (7)
- 22 Caisson disease deforms (5)
- 24 So Al is confused (4)

To celebrate the end of a long, arduous shambles of an election campaign, I've written you all a wee crossword. Be grateful.

It's not very funny, it's not too easy, nor too hard, and it's full of cocking anagrams, so you lot should all be rimming it. Some of it doesn't even make any sense. But nothing's made up, and it's all possible.

I'll take pity on you all, since you're hardly likely to know what 27 across is unless you're a chemist, and not many chemists have submitted solutions in the past (a bit dim, maybe?) - 27 across is "speiss". No, really. Would I lie to you?

Don't answer that.

Scarecrow

Solution to Crossword 1,374

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

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**. This week, our fancies were tickled by **Lindsey Lim**'s entry, who is this week's winner. Come down to the office to collect your tenner. Each week we'll "randomly" pick a winner, and said lucky individual will receive a prize of ten British pounds. Happy trout-smacking!

Varsity 2007 – The revenge of IC

Alice Rowlands
Sports Editor

This Wednesday will see the annual competition between IC and ICSM, also known as the “medics”, to do battle once more on the sports field. Varsity in Imperial’s centenary year should be a bigger and more fiercely fought event than ever before

The day includes outdoor sports at Harlington Sports Ground including football, rugby, lacrosse and hockey, indoor sports at Ethos including water polo, badminton, netball, basketball and squash; finishing the day with the spectacular ICU RFC and ICSM RFC clash in the JPR Williams Rugby Varsity Match at Richmond Athletic Association Ground.

Events kick off (or push back) from 12.00 at Harlington with Imperial and Imperial Medics teams battling it out in football, rugby, lacrosse and hockey matches.

Last year there was some fierce competition between the 2nd and 3rd XV, in the rugby, with the medics winning both games but not without a fight from the Imperial boys. The football club showed their flair by comprehensively beating the medics at Harlington, in some cases utterly embarrassing the medics and leaving the supporters wondering whether, rather than face IC themselves they had each brought along their favourite great aunt to play instead.

The hockey club did not disappoint either, with all the mens and



The annual Varsity event takes place this Wednesday. Here’s a picture from last year’s “Spot the Borrower” contest

womens hockey teams dominating the field, providing great entertainment for the supporters who were there.

At Ethos, the water polo, badminton, basketball and netball sides are back for some more competition and this year, squash has also been

added to the program, however due to the lack of viewing areas in Ethos, we will not be selling tickets to the Ethos matches.

The JPR Williams Cup is now in its fifth year; last year the medics edged away towards the end of the game, winning 22 – 12; 2007 prom-

ises stronger competition from IC, excellent rugby, and a very vocal and enthusiastic crowd. The match kicks off at 19.30 at Richmond Athletic Association Ground, and tickets must be bought for this event. The JPR Williams Rugby Varsity match is the College’s largest sports

spectator event, and a must see for all sport enthusiasts and anyone looking for a good night out.

Tickets for the event, may be bought on line at www.imperial-collegeunion.org/sports-partnership-322/category

A selection of Varsity match chants in F minor

If you turn up to varsity this year (which you should) chances are you’ll hear quite a few chants coming from both the medic and IC supporters. So that we are all singing from the same hymn sheet we thought it would be a good idea to print some of the more popular (and confusing) chants. This first song is something of an anthem for Imperial rugby, traditionally sung when the team win and to lift spirits when things go bad:

ICURFC who is Sylvia? Who is Sylvia, what is she?

She’s a rag bag, shag bag automatic [redacted] with a [redacted] as wide as a big barn door she can hop she can jump shove a barrel up her cunt, she’s the girl for me.

Ooh baby, give it to me [redacted] me with your finger, [redacted] me with your [redacted], she cried. “Arghhhh!”

Here’s one that tells the medics exactly what we think of them:

When I was just a little boy, my mother asked me what will I be.

Will I be IC? Will I be medic?

Here’s what she said to me:

Go and get your fathers gun, and shoot all the medic scum, and shoot all the medic scum, shoot the medic scum!

This song is not for the faint hearted and the easily offended should look away now, apparently some of the boys picked up this song, along with a few other things, while on tour this summer. The tune is the same as the Candy Man song from the first Charlie and the Chocolate Factory film, the good thing about this chant is that some rather large, slightly lairy, drunken bloke will start and all you have to do is repeat what he says:

Who can take [redacted], give him to a gran, tell her how to abuse, the [redacted] medic man?

The S&M Man, The S&M Man,
‘cause he mixes it with love
and makes the hurt feel good...
The hurt feel good...

Who can take just two bricks, hold one in each hand,
bang them on a medic, like the cymbals in the band?

The S&M Man, The S&M Man,
‘cause he mixes it with love
and makes the hurt feel good...
The hurt feel good...

Who can take a [redacted], punch her in the face.
Throw the [redacted] in the kitchen and yell, “Know your [redacted] place!”

Who can go to an [redacted] clinic, sneak around the back,
Rummage through the dumpster and grab a tasty snack?

Who can go to an [redacted] clinic, [redacted] sneaking round the back,
Enter through the front door and take one off the rack?

Who can take two ice picks, shove ‘em in her ears,
[redacted] her like a Harley while he [redacted] her in the rear?

There are also some ever-popular one-liners including:

Shipman is your idol, Shipman is your idol, la la la la, la la la la

Who owns you, who owns you

And my housemate’s personal favourite:

Medics take it up the [redacted], do-dah, do-dah!

(No I don’t live with very nice (or intelligent) people, if you have a spare room please email: felix.sport@imperial.ac.uk)

If all else fails then just copy what the person next to you is yelling, or simply yell something incoherent involving medics and some unsightly part of your anatomy! If you are, by some unfortunate coincidence, a medic simply insert ‘IC’ where we say ‘medic’ as the rest of your supporters will be doing!

RSM boys left scratching their heads

Mens Hockey

RSM 1st XI 1
CSM 1st XI 5

The 16-man squad were full of high spirits and energy as they left the RSM looking the most professional they have ever been. Only time would tell if this highly charismatic band of brothers would pull off a stunt that hasn't been seen for 7 years.

After watching the CSM ladies steal a victory off our own, our resolve was hardened and we held our heads high as we took to the field. The first half we played at a nail biting pace which was matched by the CSM.

Our steely defence of Pete, Simon, Sam and Tim were hard to beat and our midfield could be renamed wholefield as they were seen in helping out in the entirety of the pitch. There were some stunning runs through midfield with Sam L, Yung and Rich F at left and right halves passing triangles round the Cornish folk with the centre halves, Rich D and Mikey.

Unfortunately we did not capitalise on our opportunities and Camborne snuck two fluky deflections past Ade, who was playing up to his name 'The Cat'. Leon and Kwesi found themselves fighting a devilish battle with the CSM defence only to be unlucky not to score.

The half time whistle went and RSM were 2-0 down, a harsh score line considering how even the



The Felix staff would like to apologise for printing this photo. We were forced to display the picture by numbers X, 6 and 7 otherwise the consequence was a severe case of bum cracks meet face juxtaposed with gaseous emission. We wish for forgiveness in our time of clear need

match had been so far. The RSM have come back from worse situations before and they were going to do their best to come back from this one. As soon as the second half started the aggression from us doubled and we made many more attacks into their half. Leon, Ben and Tom did sterling work at bringing the game to Camborne. The attack-

ing play only cut us short through their added fitness allowing them to break, and score.

Anthony and John gave fresh legs to the defence, but not enough to keep back the CSM defence. Our defence shorts were perfect not letting anything go in with Ade once again proving himself and gained champagne moment for a reaction

save of a drag flick. The defence kept making powerful on-the-line saves displaying the resolve of the team.

Our consolation goal was made by Pike when he carefully lofted the ball for the Camborne defender to guide in, beautiful tactics well worked. The game ended 1-5, Camborne having out-played us. Special

mention to Tom for brilliant stick work and play on the ball, Man of the Match went to Pete for stoic defending.

The score line was a poor reflection of the game, and how hard we had worked or how well we played. Thank you to all who played and to Kiran for some first class heckling and support.

Ladies rugby team also gets kicked into touch



Get on the deck and give me ten for losing! Then give me twenty for looking so damn happy about losing!

Ladies Rugby
RSM 1st XV 5
CSM 1st XV 15

Susie Ogilvie

For the second time, RSM gathered together a group of dedicated, valiant ladies ready to fight to the death for the "Parky Bottle" (a now formalised trophy rather than a scrawled on milk bottle that was used last year) against the inbred scum that formed the CSM "women". Unfortunately "cough-tests" were not permitted on the CSM team, so we could only take their word for it that they were in fact, women- a fact I'm still unconvinced of.

The game began and CSM were first to score resulting in a height-

ening in the game's intensity.

Technically playing "touch" rugby, tackles became harder and head-on collisions were rife, preventing any extra yards being gained by either party. Ellie Bailey spotted an opening on the try line and dived forward during a restart, causing great delight on our part to wipe the smug grins off their mutated faces.

Unfortunately, they only retaliated harder and scored two more tries, resulting in a 15-5 defeat for us. A sad result after the hard work and effort put in, but all the more motivation to win it next year! We're coming for you CSM!

Luckily pride was restored later in the evening when all the RSM and CSM team captains fought it out in a boat race. RSM's experienced warriors wiped the floor with the useless CSM scum. Not that they ever stood a chance!

Felix Sport needs you!
Yes, you! Well, your sports reports at least. Along with any more pictures of Alice Rowlands naked that you might have laying around. Dirty stalker.

sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Mourning miners lose their bottle

Daniel Hill
RSM Sports Officer

You may remember from last weeks Felix that I was advertising the 105th Bottle Match and giving you a brief overview of what it's all about. Well a week has passed and so has the Bottle Match, the following few pages give a sneak insight into the carnage that was last weekend.

The Bottle Match kicked off in true style with a traditional RSM Bar night, as usual the yard glass made its appearance and the beer tourettes took us to Belushi's. Friday morning started with the golf, and amazingly the sore heads from the night before didn't stop the team making a 9am tee off time! The squash matches took place in the evening at Wilson House, followed by the obligatory celebrations in the Union.

On Saturday we made our way to Harlington where hockey (men's and women's), football (men's) and rugby (men's and women's) were played. As ever there was much banter coming from the sidelines throughout the day, especially during the rugby match. One of my favourite quotes has to be from Satan, "Is inbred the right term or am I being politically incorrect?" As well as the absurd amount of abuse being thrown at the Camborne miners, a team of enthusiastic RSMers dazzled the inbreds with a half time performance of bouncing baps and balls (they streaked!). Using this as a distraction, Ents Officer Holly Sutherland broke through the CSM defences to snatch some of their much treasured regalia. 30 seconds later, Holly was on the floor amidst a brawl of fists and studs (and not in a good way!). The end of the match saw many tears shed, of which we shall say no more (other than what is written on the opposite page - Ed).

Following the matches we migrated home towards the Union Bar for a swift 6 halves before our slap up meal in the SCR. A quick retreat saw us back in the Union Bar and Da'Vincis for the presentation and further carnage. After the handover of OUR bottle, we challenged CSM with the final sporting event, the Captain's Boat Race. We retained our pride and absolutely destroyed them, when will they ever learn?

We look forward to next year when the Bottle will return!



Alice Rowlands,
Sports Editor

CSM success with their first try

Mens Rugby	
RSM 1st XV	3
CSM 1st XV	5

Rob Phillips

The match started fairly cautiously with both teams not giving anything away too early. The favourable wind blowing behind the RSM was taken advantage of, with captain and fly-half Rob Phillipps kicking them into a good attacking position. In the opposition 22, the RSM tried to run some backs crash back moves with centres Andy D and Nathan but were spoiled by an eager Camborne defence. RSM continued to win safe fast line out ball with a combination of pin-point throwing from Charlie and catching from Ben, which Camborne could only defend against illegally, providing scrum-half Stewy to step up and take the points. RSM 3-0 Camborne.

Camborne came straight back with re-newed enthusiasm with a series of rolling mauls which the RSM had some trouble stopping. However, the RSM forwards defence at the fringes was solid. The props Alex BB and Joe held strong in the scrums even after claims of eye gauging and ear biting had been stubbornly ignored by the ref. Camborne finally tried to spread the ball wide where their winger was soon denied access by Alex O'Rourke. The referees dubious decision of a spear tackle led to Alex spending 10 minutes in the sin bin.

The weakened RSM team was spread even more allowing the CSM to push hard for a try. After a long period of defence, including to push overs being held up, one by



The RSM prop looks terrified at the prospect of getting that close to a ginger person.

a bloody nosed Simon T, the unimaginative Camborne team scored. A missed kick made it 5-3 CSM at half time.

The second half was dominated by RSM. Playing against the wind forced them to run more of their possession. With some excellent extended periods of play, and fast ball secured by everywhere flankers

Simon Jones and Rhys Cutler. The ball was spread wide incorporating fullback Will and wing Tom on a number of occasions, but the CSM put up a determined defence. A penalty awarded to RSM was within striking distance, which 'missed' by inches as the Camborne touch judge decided.

The RSM scrum was even more

secure with the arrival of Jovan, and any Camborne possession was quickly turned over with Gareths sneaky hands. RSM continued their pressure with great running lines from man of the match Flannan and Jovan, but could not convert it into points. RSM again were awarded a penalty for foul play in the Camborne defensive line in

the last minute of the game. Stewy struck it well, under immense pressure, only to have the wind drag it wide at the last second leaving CSM to claim their first Bottle Match in a decade.

A devastated RSM proceeded to the union to drown their sorrows, and plan their Bottle recovery mission to Camborne next year.

For once, a team from Imperial loses; badly too

Ladies Hockey	
RSM 1st XV	1
CSM 1st XV	5

Charlotte Atteck

What can be said apart from "shit happens". With the difficult task of playing first the ladies team took to the pitch after an encouraging warm up session with high hopes for the match to come against the Camborne's men's...I mean..ladies team. RSM started strong dominating possession with Ally, Conners and, Anna getting the ball into the CSM half.

Despite the efforts of our dedicated defenders Alice R and Gilly, we were a goal down before we know what happened with an illegal goal allowed to one of the CSM dykes...I mean players.

With our heads held high we continued on with some excellent opportunities created that we weren't able to finish although our forwards were sweating blood for the rest of the team. In the end 5-1 was the way the game ended, a disappointing score for such a hard working and dedicated team.

Highlights of the match included Anna's sprint off pitch for a quick tactical vom, Sarah managing to trip herself up for no apparent



Would you believe this photo was taken at 10am? Yes, I thought you might, those hockey girls have quite a reputation!

reason (champagne moment of course), Sammy for killing her ankle and playing on (dick of the day), Ally getting a ball to the head, and everyone's beautiful bloody knees...impressive.

Although I got man of the match,

no one player stood out above another, the team gave all they had and in the end they were just better. I would like to thank everyone who played, it was an awesome match, a great set up for next years annihilation of CSM.

I would also like to thank the supporters who could be arsed to turn up so early to support the hockey club, your abuse of CSM was inspirational.

Although both teams were crushed with the results, it only

showed how much the bottle match means, and how much the hockey club means to all of us. Oh and thanks for the dirty pint contributions, I was truly touched to know you would all pay £30 to see me hammered...team love or what!

Miners squash Cambourne scum



It took RSM until late the next day to realise that squash is infact the only sport that matters

Squash	
RSM 1sts	5
CSM 1sts	0

Flannan O'Mahony

As one of the most successful sports teams in recent RSM his-

tory, a heavy burden of expectation was lain upon the broad shoulders of new and rather dashing RSM squash captain Flannan O'Mahony and his elite band of athletic paladins. In the near palatial surroundings of the Wilson House recreation centre in Paddington, the RSM drew first blood through long haired fresher no. 2, Landy, who

smoothly commanded a straight set destruction of his inbred counterpart. Geochemist Alexander O'Rourke quickly followed suit, galloping about the court with the power of a steroid loaded ox and the grace of a young Baryshnikov to claim another resounding 3-0 victory. O'Mahony kept the winning culture alive with a swift thrashing

of the Cambourne captain, and so it fell to veteran legend of the arena George Hutson to do his duty in usurping the Cambourne no 2. He coolly obliged, effortlessly working his opponent about the court before delivering the sharp, clinical blow of defeat upon the hapless Cornish miner. The last match was to be the most keenly competed, and

a herculean effort from supremely talented long haired fresher no. 1 Phil was enough to quash a brief but spirited Cambourne revival, thus completing an emphatic 5-0 whitewash. The RSM players and supporters, giddy with the elation of victory, stood proud, the dejected Cambourne contingent left broken, dispirited and desolate.

PhD Comics

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DESK ENTROPY

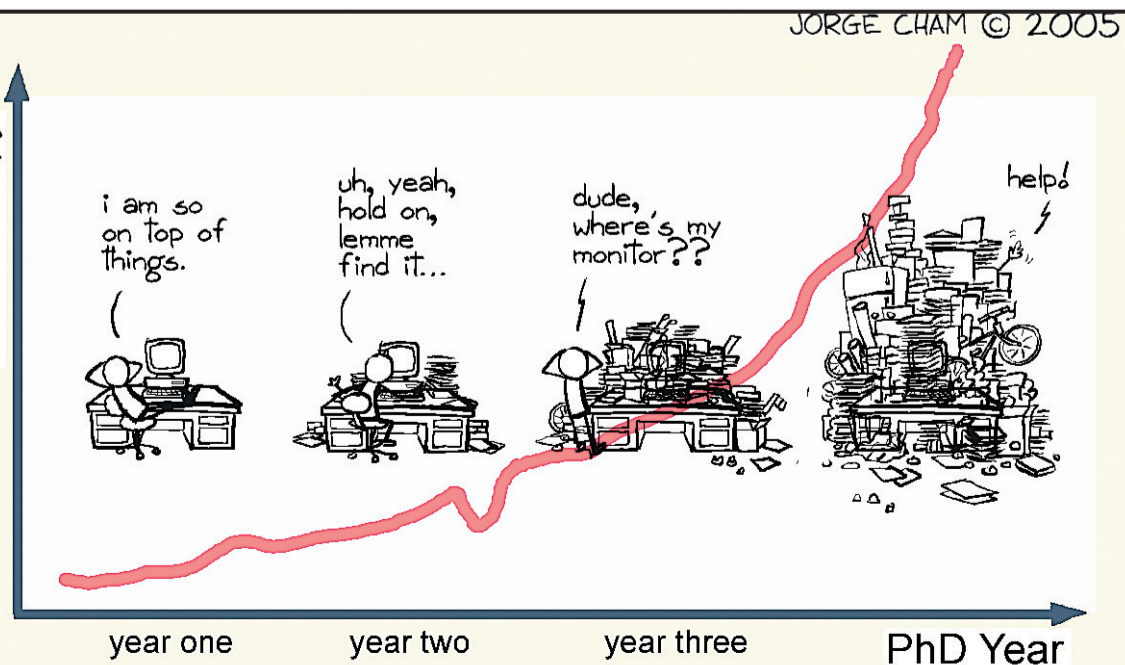
Definition

Desk entropy is a spatiodynamic quantity that measures a workspace's degree of disorder, and the inability to find anything when you really need it.

Any spontaneous activity, whether productive or unproductive, disperses crap matter and increases overall desk entropy.

Efforts to reverse desk entropy are temporary, and inevitably decrease over time.

Desk Entropy



Units: Junk-height/Area

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