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felix

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Election results at last

Farce, free sweets and late results; this year's elections are finally over, and here are your new sabbaticals



Your next Union President, Steve McQueen Brown

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

Results were finally announced for the Presidential election on Thursday lunchtime, completing an election period that has been characterised by *Felix's* favourite five letter word: farce.

The next Union President will be the well-known anti-NUS figure-head at IC and *Felix* Comment Editor, Stephen Brown, who beat the current Deputy President (Finance & Services), Jon Matthews, to take the position. Mr Brown received 705 votes (after the transfer of preference votes for the other candidates), while Mr Matthews received 595 votes. Mr Brown and Mr Matthews both received several hundred more votes than the 'outsider' candidates; Diogo Geraldes (he who held a sign up over Mr Matthews head at hustings reading "WTF?") lead the loser's field, picking up 179 votes, presumably from people with a sense of humour. Sophie Spillard, one of only two female candidates standing for a sabb position, collected 143 votes, while the "not-really-from-Southwell Slate" candidate Julian Gianuzzi picked up only 98 votes.

The position of *Felix* Editor was contested by two *Felix* veterans, Tom Roberts and Emily Lines, and a new face, Ben Sinclair. Mr Sinclair, who had his name changed on the ballot to 'Felix' as this is apparently his nickname, picked up 367 votes, only 100 votes less than Miss Lines and Mr Roberts received. In the first round of voting, the two well-known *Felix* names were separated by only 19 votes. However, after redistribution of votes for

Mr Sinclair, Mr Roberts was elected with 625 votes, having picked up more second preference votes than Miss Lines (who received 576 votes).

Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) was contested by a 'clubs veteran', Alistair Cott, and a member of the Slate, Alexander Balikhin. The experienced Mr Cott won with 687 votes compared to Mr Balikhin's 300, despite Mr Cott's lack of campaigning.

Four candidates stood for Deputy President (Finance & Services), including a Slate member, an ex-Wye President, and a relative outsider. Anthony Calder, dogged by accusa-

tions that an event that took place while he was President lost more than £25,000 (despite protestations that it was not his fault), struggled into last place with 140 votes. The Slate candidate, Andrew Holland, picked up only 166 votes, while *Felix* Crossword Editor Hugh Mansfield got 239 votes. The winner was Chris Larvin, previously RSM Treasurer, who was elected with 573 votes.

Deputy President (Education & Welfare) was a somewhat predictable contest, with the heavily-campaigning and all-round hackette Kirsty Patterson being elected with 718 votes, compared to Aditya Narayanan's 319 votes.



DPCS-elect, Alistair Cott



DPFS-elect, Chris Larvin



DPEW-elect, Kirsty Patterson



Felix Editor elect, Tom Roberts

Random snippets

Yes, other things have been happening besides election farces

Tomo Roberts
Editor-in-waiting

Though elections have been grabbing column inches of late, other things are afoot within the College and Union.

Beit Petition

A paper is to be brought to Council next week which proposes a major change to the redevelopment of the Union Building currently underway. Plans so far call for the sabb offices to be moved up to the fourth floor, and a large cafe area to fill the first floor where the offices currently are, providing an "alcohol-free zone".

The paper argues that the cafe will be a waste of space, and that the JCR, SCR, and Ethos cafe provide more than enough coffee shop space. Instead, the paper proposes to make the space into a multi-purpose 'dance studio', with mirrored walls and a sprung floor.

This would not only serve the roughly 500 members of the Union's dance societies, but could be used as an alternative venue when the Concert Hall is booked for any other club. The paper highlights arts clubs, martial arts clubs, and overseas societies in addition to the dance clubs.

The new area would be around 22m x 10m, making it one of the largest studios of its kind in London; this would encourage outside companies to hire the space, possibly generating significant return for the Union.

The paper also proposes that the sabb offices should move to the new mezzanine level that is being created in the gym, placing them next to the new Student Activities Centre, creating what it refers to as a "one stop shop for students".

The paper is being proposed by Jon Matthews (DPFS), Eric Lai (DPCS), and Mark Flower (RCC Chair), and has more than 250 seconders, making it likely to be voted through at Council.

Those damn drains

Apparently *Felix* was wrong about the drains; the Union's contractors can be absolved of any blame. Investigations have shown that the drain blockage is simply the result of fifty years of scale buildup.

According to a document picked up from a Management & Planning Group meeting (a confidential sabb and staff meeting), the repairs are to cost £16,000, though this is referred to as "optimistic". However, a gleeful sabb was heard to declare "at least we're not paying for it!", suggesting the College have decided to foot the bill.

How the election got fixed

You may be wondering what happened after the Union Court met to decide if removing John Collins as Returning Officer (over allegations of bias) was constitutional or not.

The Court decided it was not constitutional, citing among other reasons the fact that Exec was not quorate (did not have enough members present to be viable).

Exec therefore met again, and the vote was split 3-3 on whether to disqualify Mr Collins. Normally, the chair would have the deciding vote, but Mr Collins had passed

the chair onto ex-Medic President Danny McGuinness for the duration, who is not a member of Exec and therefore could not vote! Rather than drag the issue to Council, Mr Collins gracefully stood down as Returning Officer, making the end result of all the to-ing and fro-ing exactly null. Hurrah!

Election complaints

Rumours abound over what kept the Presidential election results from being announced until Thursday. One suggests that another sabb had been trying to sabotage a Presidential candidate's campaign, there being no shortage of bad blood between the two individuals.

Felix candidate Emily Lines suffered systematic removal of her posters, prompting the Elections Committee to obtain CCTV footage of the walkway to determine the culprit.

Lastly, Diogo Geraldes told *Felix* he'd lost his entire deposit after waving his famous "WTF?" sign over Jon Matthews' head at hustings.

He claims that WTF stands for "wonderful tact, friend" and that he is the victim of a serious miscarriage of justice. *Felix* laughed.



Diogo and John Collins; just had to use it one more time

NUS delegates announced



Pro: Alex Guite & Ben Harris

Anti: Ashley Brown & Steve Brown

Alongside the sabb elections, eight NUS delegates were also elected. These delegates will travel to the NUS Annual Conference at the end of March on behalf of ICU to vote on NUS policy for the next year. Council has recently passed policy that not only forbids delegates from joining any political or religious faction at the Conference, but also forces them to vote as directed by Council (in order to best represent the views of IC students).

This restriction has angered at least one candidate, who refused to sign the declaration that the election had been free and fair after being told he would not be allowed to sit with the Student Respect faction, having clearly been unfamiliar with Union policy. This candidate was not elected to be a delegate.

The next President, Stephen Brown, was elected to be a delegate, receiving the majority of the vote. Mr Brown was the spiritual leader of the 'No' campaign during the ref-

erendum last term, and has spoken out against what he regards as the "irrelevance" of some motions to be discussed at Conference. Other members of the 'No' campaign elected were Ashley Brown (also Live! editor), Omar Hashmi, and Ed Hunt.

The leader of the 'Yes' campaign, Alex Guite, was elected, alongside the current Deputy President (Education & Welfare), Ben Harris, and the DPEW-elect, Kirsty Patterson. Camilla Royle, famous within the Union for the 'Islamophobia' papers that were destroyed at Council last term, and the paper copied from the Student Respect website that faced heavy criticism at the last Council, was also elected.

This gives the ICU delegation four anti-NUS candidates, and four pro-NUS candidates.

ICU President, John Collins, will also join the delegation, weighting it slightly in favour of pro-NUS members.

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Don't sue surgeons!

"The ideals of treating a patient effectively and efficiently without causing inconvenience or harm have been invaded by the practice of defensive medicine: treating patients in a way that averts the prospect of being sued and taken to court."

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New rave

Saying that Babyshambles' notoriously chaotic front-man Pete Doherty has a slight time-keeping problem is like saying he might have a tiny drug problem.

PAGE 7

How to dress yourself

"Don't follow trends too closely. Not all trends fit all body shapes so don't follow fashion slavishly."

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Eastwood's other half

"Clint is a dab hand with a camera and it's interesting to watch the characters develop through the letters of the title and careful exposition throughout."

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Get with the times

"In this feature, we'll be giving you some general advice on choosing components, and providing a look at a range of low, mid, and high-end builds, as well as our recommendations for the best of the best."

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A whole new world

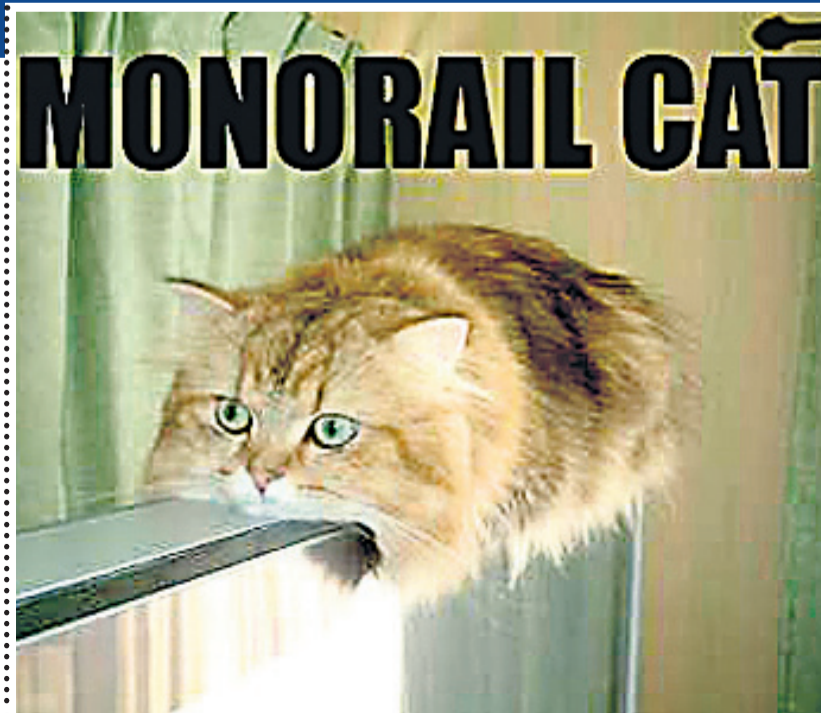
"Why would the Fellwanderers go to the New Forest? There are no mountains or hills it's just full of trees, mud, heath and ponies. Well let me explain and hopefully by the end of this report you will know why the New Forest is such an amazing place."

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Congrats ICTTC!

"We had managed to win silverware with our first attempt."

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LEARNING TO LEAD



Helping prevent attacks on Iran

Felix interviews Imperial's Abbas Edalat, campaigner against sanctions and military intervention in Iran

Oscar Dahlsten

Felix: What compels you to undertake this campaign against sanctions and military intervention in Iran?

Abbas Edalat: The Iran-US standoff at the present time has a shocking resemblance to the run-up to the US led invasion of Iraq. The same Neo-conservatives and hawks headed by Dick Cheney in Washington, who championed the cause of invasion of Iraq that has brought the current catastrophe for the people of that country, are now shamelessly calling for a military attack on Iran.

The same Israeli lobby which pushed for the invasion of Iraq is now pushing for attacking Iran. The same strategy of lies, and distortions which was used to dupe the international community and soften it up for the invasion of Iraq is again used to pave the way for another illegal pre-emptive war of aggression against Iran.

You only need to replace Saddam's non-existent Weapons of Mass Destruction with Iran's fantasy nuclear weapons programme and bear in mind that "links with Al Qaeda" and "support for terrorism" are levelled against Iran as were against the Saddam regime to get the exact sense of déjà vu. The UN Security Council resolutions, obtained by US political coercion and economic bribery, also play an exactly similar role, namely to provide a veneer of legitimacy for a criminal and illegal act of aggression. What is now of course new is that Iran is, on top of all these things, blamed for the failure of the US in Iraq, which furnishes a new pretext for justifying aggression.

The real motivation for the US is neither Iran's nuclear programme nor its role in Iraq and fantasy links with Al Qaeda. The hawks in the US administration are resolved for a regime change in Iran in accordance with the Neo-conservative Project for the New American Century which aims to use the might of the US military power to replace defiant regimes in the Middle East with pro-US regimes to establish her control of energy resources and power in the region.

The US has mobilized a massive armada in the Persian Gulf threatening Iran with military action. We need urgent mass action to prevent a new catastrophe in the region which will dwarf what we see in Iraq. Only mass mobilization can prevent this happening in the next 22 months that Bush will be in office.

Why does Iran need a nuclear programme, given that it has so much oil?

You should ask Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and Paul Wolfowitz who under President Gerald Ford successfully persuaded the Shah of Iran in the 1970s that his country needed a large nuclear programme with over twenty nuclear reactors for energy production. You see a great amount of hypocrisy here in the Western media. The truth of the matter is that Iran's oil resources are depleting fast. In fact, Iran is spending billions of dollars a year to import petrol for internal consumption as its refineries were destroyed by the Saddam regime thanks to the support he received from the West for his 8 year war on Iran. As a

The truth is that Iran's oil resources are depleting fast

developing country, Iran's strategy is to sell its oil so as to be able to develop its basic and hi-tech industries and use nuclear power to generate its internal energy needs for a growing population of over 70 million. This is a perfectly rational and cost-effective strategy.

Do you believe the Iranian leadership's claim that they are only intent on nuclear energy? Do you think that the crowds who show up to demonstrations in favour of the nuclear programme in Iran tend to believe this claim, or are they hoping that Iran will secretly acquire nuclear weapons through this program?

I do believe that the Iranian leadership is only intent on nuclear energy. There is a fatwa, a religious decree, by Ayatollah Khamenei, the supreme leader, who is the highest authority in Iran, against the production, stockpiling and use of nuclear weapons which are declared un-Islamic. The Western media, which often condemn the Iranian political system as theocratic, conveniently fail to let the Western public know about this fatwa. The crowds which show up to demonstrations in support of Iran's nuclear programme fundamentally support the supreme leader and therefore his fatwa.

The Iranian army and civilians greatly suffered as victims of Saddam's chemical bombs, provided to him by US and German companies with the approval of their governments. Over 52,000 individuals in Iran continue to suffer from those chemical bombs, and many of them take part in demonstrations against the West. I believe that these victims and those who march with them are genuinely against all kinds of weapons of mass destruction, including nuclear weapons that the US has unrepentantly used in Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the chemical weapons the US allowed Saddam's regime to use against Iran.

Iran's President Ahmadinejad is reported as having said that Israel should be 'wiped off the map' and organised a conference for holocaust-deniers. Is Israel right to feel an existential threat from Iran?

It is a myth that Ahmadinejad has ever said that Israel should be "wiped off the map". This myth was created first by a mistranslation of the statement Ahmadinejad made and later by its deliberate distortion. What he actually said in October 2005 is that "The Zionist occupying regime of Jerusalem should cease to exist in the page of time". He has also specifically said in very clear terms that "Israel should go through a regime change in the same way that the Soviet Union went through a regime change." The Soviet Union of course went through a bloodless regime change. Ayatollah Khamenei, who has the final say on any major state and foreign matter, issued a statement after the mistranslation of Ahmadinejad saying that Iran has not and will not threaten any country but that it will defend itself against any aggression. Of course none of this is ever really reported in the Western media.

In contrast to Khamenei's statement that rules out any threat by Iran against other countries, the Israeli and US leaders have not just called for a regime change in Iran but have publicly threatened, in violation of the UN charter, to launch an air assault on Iran and have been actively planning a regime change by covert military operations inside Iran to foment ethnic violence and unrest in the country.

It was foolish to organise the Holocaust conference in Tehran; it played right into the hands of warmongers in Israel and Washington. However its objective was not to deny the Holocaust but to investigate how it has been abused to justify the atrocities committed by



A familiar face and familiar red backdrop, Imperial's Prof. Abbas Edalat. Visit <http://www.campaigniran.org/> for more information

Israel against Palestinian people.

I am a critic of the Iranian government in terms of its records on human rights, democratic rights and its existing laws and treatment of women, ethnic and religious minorities. However, Iran is home to one of the oldest Jewish communities in the world and the largest Jewish community in the Middle East outside of Israel, who continue to live in peace with the majority Muslim population and have their own religious establishment, synagogues and members of Parliament.

Furthermore, Iran has not invaded or threatened any country for over 250 years. The same cannot be said about the US, the UK and Israel who in the past half of a century alone have waged numerous wars of aggression and occupation.

Another fact hardly ever reported in the West is that, in 2003, with the approval of Ayatollah Khamenei, Iran made a major overture to the US in which she pledged a de facto recognition of the State of Israel and an end to any material support to Hamas and Hezbollah, in exchange for security guarantees and lifting of US sanctions against Iran. The US, having just invaded Iraq and hoping for a regime change in Iran as well, dismissed the overture immediately and reprimanded the Swiss Government for passing the Iranian offer to Washington.

Thus the threat is not from Iran against Israel but from Israel and the US against Iran.

Israel has always been its own main enemy, creating the existential threat against itself. By ethnic cleansing of Palestinians, by wars of aggression against its neighbours,

by violating over 60 UN resolutions and above all by its forty-year illegal occupation of Palestinian land, Israel has laid the foundation of its own insecurity. This self-imposed existential threat will certainly increase massively if Israel commits the folly of launching a military attack on Iran and can only end if Israel ends its illegal occupation of Palestine and reverses its racist policy of ethnic cleansing.

The Director General of the IAEA (International Atomic Energy Agency) says that Iran is not fully complying with a recent UN Security Council resolution. Why is Iran not doing that?

Iran is exercising its legitimate rights under the Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) to enrich uranium up to 3 percent grade for a fuel cycle used in generating electricity, which is far short of the 90 percent enriched uranium required for a nuclear bomb. Iran considers the UN Security Council Resolution 1737 requiring Iran to halt its enrichment programme as illegitimate since there is no evidence for a nuclear weapons programme in the country.

Iran is put on trial because of the suspicions of some Western leaders about the intentions of Iranian leadership. The US is asking Iran to prove a negative, that it does not intend to develop nuclear weapons, and for the US "absence of evidence is not evidence of absence".

Without any evidence of a nuclear weapons programme, the referral of Iran's nuclear file from the IAEA to the Security Council was politi-



A campaigner against military intervention in Iran



Iranian troops in combat – scenes of the future?

cally motivated and illegitimate. On February 15th, Stephen Rademaker, the former US Assistant Secretary for International Security and Non-proliferation confessed that the two crucial votes by India against Iran in the Governors' Board of the IAEA which led to Iran's referral to the Security Council were indeed the result of US coercion. Incidentally India, like the other US allies Pakistan and Israel, is not a signatory to the NPT and has developed nuclear bombs, which is tolerated and supported by the US.

The main charge by the Western leaders is that Iran concealed its nuclear programme for some 18 years, but what is never mentioned is what prompted Iran to conceal its programme.

In fact, in violation of Article IV of

the NPT, the US in the post-revolution years pressured all Western and non-Western governments and companies to cancel their nuclear collaboration contracts with Iran. Israel bombed and destroyed the Osiraq nuclear plant in Iraq with impunity. Also Saddam systematically committed war crimes by using chemical weapons, provided by the West, against Iran with complete impunity, despite Iran's protests to the UN. Iranian leaders, as Rafsanjani put it, concluded that "The [Iran-Iraq] war taught us that international laws are nothing but ink on paper."

Iran did in fact voluntarily halt its enrichment programme and voluntarily enforced the Additional Protocol of the IAEA (for inspectors to go anywhere, any time and talk to

anyone) as a confidence-building measure for some two years during its negotiations with the EU-3 (the UK, France and Germany) in 2003-05. But the US, the back seat driver in the EU-3 negotiations, insisted that Iran's right under the NPT for a fuel cycle be relinquished. That is why the negotiations failed and Iran reversed its voluntary decision to suspend uranium enrichment early in 2006. Since, as recognized by the EU-3, the earlier Iranian decision to suspend enrichment was a voluntary one, its reversal was completely lawful.

Iran has also offered an unprecedented proposal to invite Western companies and governments in a joint venture to develop its nuclear programme, which together with its pledge in ratifying the Additional Protocol can provide the complete assurances sought by the US and the West that its programme will never be diverted to a nuclear weapons programme.

But this offer was also immediately dismissed by the US, which makes one suspect that the US is not after resolving the Iranian nuclear issue but is seeking a regime change. Iranian leaders now say they are standing up for Iran's national rights under the NPT and are refusing to be bullied by the US.

We also need to bear in mind that the five permanent members of the Security Council and above all the US are the real violators of the NPT as they have refused, in breach of Article VI, to take any effective steps towards nuclear disarmament. The US has built new generations of nuclear weapons, including the so-called mini-nukes or tactical nuclear weapons, and has declared in the Pentagon's document "Doctrine for Joint Nuclear Operations" that it will even use them "for deterrence" in pre-emptive attacks

against non-nuclear countries. Tony Blair's decision to renew the Trident system is similarly in gross violation of the NPT.

Is it possible to tailor attacks and sanctions in such a way that Iranian civilians will not be harmed?

Absolutely not. In Iraq, thirteen years of sanctions before the 2003 invasion, which were supposedly designed against the Saddam regime, resulted in the death of over one million children alone. The threats of UN sanctions against Iran have already caused a large flight of capital, economic recession and massive new unemployment. Sanctions will only hurt the economy and the Iranian people.

Israel crippled Iraq's nuclear programme 25 years ago with an air strike on its unfinished Osiraq reactor. Can a similar military attack 'succeed' against the Iranian programme?

Iranian nuclear plants are scattered throughout the country and deeply fortified underground, which makes such conventional attacks impossible to succeed. That is why the US and Israel have been shamelessly considering (according to various sources and reports for example by Seymour Hersh in the New Yorker, Philip Giraldo, an ex-CIA officer, in the American Conservative and more recently in the Sunday Times) to use tactical nuclear weapons to destroy Iranian nuclear plants.

How would attacks and/or sanctions affect the region?

John McCain, the Republican hopeful for the US presidential elections in 2008, who supports the military option against Iran to be on the ta-

ble, was asked this same question. His answer was simple: Armageddon. In fact, Iran is three times the size of Iraq and has three times more population with considerable influence in Iraq, Lebanon, Palestine and Afghanistan. An attack on Iran will lead to a full scale war, a major regional conflagration, mass revolts against pro-US regimes that will deeply destabilize the Middle East further for decades to come.

What would you recommend world leaders wanting to ensure that Iran does not build nuclear weapons to do?

The US should enter into direct and immediate negotiations with Iran on all issues in dispute without any preconditions. Based on a grand deal that the US should offer, in exchange for security guarantees and lifting of US sanctions against Iran, an agreement can be reached which would provide Western leaders with the assurances they seek that Iran's nuclear programme will not be diverted into a weapons programme.

What is your sense of the opinion on this issue amongst Iranian exiles in general? Some Iraqi exiles played a leading role in making the case for the invasion of Iraq; will we see a similar effort now by some Iranian exiles?

The overwhelming majority of Iranians in diaspora are against any military attack on their country but most of them remain passive and in denial that such an attack is actually possible. It is vital that they stand up with a united voice against another pre-emptive illegal and criminal war of aggression, which will bring a catastrophe for the whole world.

Cut doctors some slack so they don't cut you

Seema Pattni

The greatest teaching point of medical school is the way it splashes reality in your face like a bucket of cold water. As a student you have ideals about how to practise medicine and how to treat patients. Every day spent in the wards reveals that once upon a time consultants shared the same ambitions that are still burgeoning in the students. Yet somewhere in the evolution of medical student to consultant these ideals and ambitions are both lost and smothered.

The ideals of treating a patient effectively and efficiently without causing inconvenience or harm have been invaded by the practice of defensive medicine: treating patients in a way that averts the prospect of being sued and taken to court. Tests and investigations are made not out of necessity or benefit to the patient but to avoid liability. This wastes money, time, and unnecessarily puts patients at risk.

This practice exists because people don't trust medical professionals anymore. Patients continually seek legal action, the Daily Mail has its inevitable field day and the mother-in-law of a government sticks its malignant nose even further into something it has no real understanding of. Most politicians don't have medical training or sufficient experience of working in the NHS. Patricia Hewitt is the current Sec-

retary of State for Health but prior to that she was Minister for Small Business and E-Commerce at the Department of Trade and Industry, roles which, besides managerial experience, have questionable common ground. Admittedly, managerial experience is useful but she hasn't worked for the NHS at any other level so it's bewildering how she expects to know what changes to implement. Clearly though, her main objective is keeping the voters on her side and making them happy and in attempting to do so she is doing a wonderful job of forgetting to consider the long-term consequences of her 'amendments'.

Whilst it is agreed that the NHS is a service to the public and that patients should certainly be satisfied and receiving the best possible care, sometimes patients don't always know what that is – they might Google it, or think they know. Be it at first glance a patronizing or politically incorrect statement it's still true. Doctors and nurses have trained for years and have first-hand experience, they have specialist knowledge in their field and it is about time some trust was handed back to them.

Surely there exists an attainable balance between having a cohort of Harold Shipman caricatures and doctors who are under 24 hour surveillance, working to 'cover their backs in case something happens', drowning in red tape. The point is



Doctors need to be left to work without having to worry about impending court cases from patients intent on suing them

not that medical professionals do not need monitoring but that right now it is verging on harassment – every single step taken, no matter how minuscule, needs permission, documenting, justifying, authoris-

ing – doctors do know what they're doing, they don't need to be put under the microscope. Let them get on with their job.

This CCTV atmosphere does nothing but hinder how medical

professionals work by forcing them to worry more about a possible court case than what the patient really needs. It is not essential to X-ray every single patient with a cough if the other symptoms and signs are not suggestive of something sinister and if twenty years of experience is telling you that there is nothing wrong with the patient, but the X-ray still has to be performed and documented.

Giving autonomy back to the people who have trained hard and worked in medicine is what is needed, not more tracking – it just puts professionals under unwarranted pressure. It wouldn't be surprising if the next set of junior doctors is to be electronically tagged.

The public needs to accept that doctors have not yet reached the omniscience and miracle-performing powers of God so of course they will make mistakes, but that generally speaking they don't drive into work vowing to commit malpractice.

More so, patients need to take more responsibility for their health care instead of riding the bandwagon of blame culture. After all, a doctor's job is not to cure, it is to give patients the tools and information to help them cope with their health and doctors would be able to do that a lot better if they were allowed to use their own discretion without a heavy cloud of scrutiny enveloping them.

Reviews

MUSIC

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk

It's white guys with guitars

Only one page this week before an onslaught of pages for the term's final issue

live reviews



Babyshambles
Brixton Academy

Saying that Babyshambles' notoriously chaotic front-man Pete Doherty has a slight time-keeping problem is like saying he might have a tiny drug problem. Knowing this I can't help feel that half of the incredibly packed Brixton Academy expects to be told to head home before Babyshambles even hit the stage tonight. Enough has been said about Doherty's personal life though as tonight it's all about the music, at least for me. Whether or not he's high doesn't really bother me one bit, there's only one thing I want to know. Does he cut it in person?

Having never seen Doherty perform live, in either guise, I want to get the chance to catch a glimpse of the man that has inspired a generation of teenagers. Certainly the man can cut it on CD, showing off his creative abilities with *The Blinding EP*, but can he hold it together in front of a packed out Brixton Academy full of his adoring fans?

A thoroughly entertaining warm-

up was provided from the up-and-coming I Was A Cub Scout and the hotly tipped Little Man Tate (we missed Brighton rockers My Device, although having seen them before, they were rather good) who both seemed to really relish the chance to play a venue the size of Brixton Academy playing with tremendous energy.

As the increasingly anxious crowd awaited the arrival of Babyshambles on-stage the usual twenty minute mid-band pause seemed to take a lifetime as the security guards pull six or so squashed kids from the crowd; one of whom can no longer walk for whatever reason. Such is the hysteria that Pete Doherty is surrounded by that the fans don't even scream for Babyshambles.

As they appear on-stage, an instant and massive roar greets them. A roar which lulled as they launched into their set with crowd pleaser *Pipedown*. With Brixton full-to-bursting with fans eager to catch a glimpse of frontman Pete Doherty, almost inevitably crowd troubles forced an untimely pause three tracks in as Babyshambles were forced to leave the stage after calls for the crowd to move back failed.

After their return they picked up where they left off playing some new material in the form of *Delivery* and tracks taken from *The Blinding EP*, *Beg, Steal or Borrow* and *Sedative*. Special mention should go to *I Wish*, played towards the end of the seventy minute set; it stole the night and had the whole crowd skanking along with its reggae melodies.

Dipping into the crowd pleasers with *Killamangiro*, The Libertines hit *Time For Heroes* and a special

"duet" with Kate Moss on *La Belle Et La Bete*, Babyshambles left the crowd waiting for hit single *Fuck Forever*. Proving an energetic and moving ending that culminated in Pete Doherty twirling freely across the stage.

Tom Whitson



Dartz!
The Borderline

I've never even been to the Borderline before, yet I am already giving strangers directions. Luckily I'm not wrong, and I find this cosy venue tucked away just behind Charing Cross Road. First up tonight is the interestingly monikered Dave House who does his best to liven up the crowd armed only with a guitar and his voice. He does his best, but perhaps he is suffering from the symptoms of the cold that he observes "everyone in England has right now!" Taking requests from the crowd is all he seems to do; in fact there is no discernable set at all, which makes for a friendly atmosphere in which the crowd dictates what music they hear.

Next up are Tellison, a local band for us Imperial types, coming from

Hammersmith, who have clearly brought a sizeable support with them to cheer them on. They take me completely by surprise by unleashing a brilliant array of tunes packed with vocal harmonies and infectious melodies. The band play with such enthusiasm and energy, never without a smile on their faces that it is impossible not to like them. The biggest cheer comes for their song *New York New York* which is their only released song to date, but watch out for their album too which should be out next month.

Dartz! start their headlining show off with a bit of banter with the crowd, thanking us for coming out to their 'home show'. "Nah, we're from Middlesbrough actually," says the guitarist, and when the crowd cheer this piece of information he continues, "Well, you've obviously never been!" This is a band who specialise in great tunes, made particularly danceable by the intricate guitar parts and funky drums which are reminiscent of Q and Not U in their prime. Interestingly the guitarist and drummer swap instruments for one song, and prove themselves equally adept in each other's role.

The highlights include the hand-clap-orientated *Prego Triangolos* and most recent single, the awesome *Once, Twice Again* which rounds off an immaculate set. The band returns for an encore even though no-one was really cheering for it, which is always disappointing, although somewhat inevitable. Worryingly for an album launch show, the band doesn't have any copies of their debut *This Is My Ship* with them, but I advise you look out for it as it is surely a corker.

Toby Prudden



Matty Hoban
Muzak Editor

In keeping with me mentioning music at Imperial last week, I thought I would talk about some more stuff a bit closer to home as it were.

With the recent announcement of Stephen Brown – the guy I voted for, but shhh, you are not to know otherwise the losers will come and remove my spleen – as Union President elect, I thought I would mention one of his policies that stuck with me.

Aside from all the obvious stuff such as keeping bar prices as low as possible, being open and honest, I stumbled across a brilliant point: trying new things in the ents schedule and not being afraid to make mistakes. From a music point-of-view, the ents is important because you want tastes in music represented, and the Union should be there for you.

Don't get me wrong, the ents has been successful this year with sell-out events but Stephen wants to improve diversity in events, and we are a diverse university. The current ents system we have that represents the Union is an events/venue manager who books and organises the events with the occasional aid from various sabbos or societies. This is good in that there is a dedicated officer who can oversee everything and has ultimate control, but the diversity is limited by only having one representative.

As far as I can see, there are two practical ways in which there can be more diversity: 'privatising' events by introducing more outside promoters; or the introduction of an 'ents board' which shares the burden of responsibility and creativity. The first option is currently used in the form of Oculo Garden, but could go much further, eg. Afterskool Klub at LSE and attract students from across London. This brings outsiders with their own enthusiasm and advertising impact. However, the set-up at the Union means bureaucracy involved and a gamble on an outside promotion company.

The ents board appears to be the most viable at the minute and it would involve those who run events and so have a stake in its running. The ents board can then work with the ents manager for a more diverse ents. Aaron Oliver-Taylor (look him up in the College directory) is trying to set one up, I recommend you get in touch.

Klaxons debut album finally reviewed

nu-rave review



The Klaxons
Myths Of The Near Future
(Universal)
★★★★☆

I have to admit before you start reading this too much, I never expected to enjoy *Myths Of The Near Future*, ever since the Klaxons exploded onto the scene late last year with their techno-punk style. But as a fair-minded chap I had to give *Myths Of The Near Future* a chance.

Opener *Two Recievers* is slow

to start providing a nice intro for the album building to the dizzying techno influenced heights of the Klaxons, it's all there but for the glowsticks and fluorescent hoodies. *Atlantis To Interzone* rapidly takes over with its catchy, if slightly repetitive, chorus. So infectious is the chorus I can't help but hum it the rest of the day.

This seems to be a repeating theme of *Myths Of The Near Future* and even though I never paid much attention to the Klaxons' previous hit singles, *Magick* and *Golden Skans* they seem somehow familiar, lyrics even seem to have stuck. A pretty good testimony to the sheer catchiness of the Klaxons' debut album.

After everything that's been written about the Klaxons' championing the "new-rave" movement – including the day-glo, smiley face laden NME cover story – *Myths Of The Near Future* isn't exactly what I ex-



Wearing gaudy clothes all day can really depress you

pected. Tracks like *Golden Skans* and *Forgotten Works* are a lot more indie than I expected, lacking the sirens and techno beats made famous by the new-rave genre.

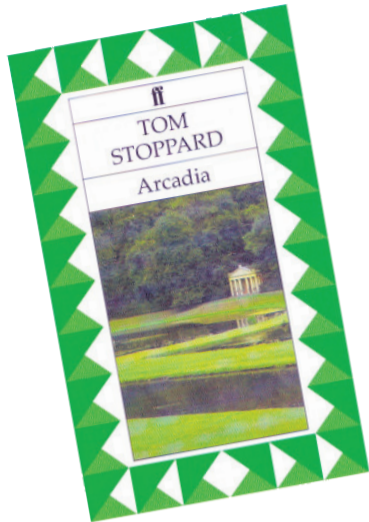
When all is said and done *Myths Of The Near Future* is a pretty good album, not what it's hyped up to be

but good all the same. Highlights would have to be the almost too catchy singles *Magick* and *Golden Skans* but the less familiar tracks such as *Totem On The Timeline* are still so infectious they'll have you dancing on the morning tube.

Tom Whitson

Love, literature and landscaping

With Dramsoc's latest play, an adaptation of *Arcadia*, there's laughs to be had and lessons to be learned



The original novel and Lord Byron

Neil Monteiro

Tom Stoppard's play *Arcadia* was described as a "masterpiece" by the Daily Telegraph when it first premiered at the National Theatre in 1993. It is a play that encompasses a vast range of topics, from poetry, philosophy and physics to landscape architecture. It's an ambitious comedy, one that educates while it entertains – which made putting on this the play a little challenging. How to tackle the highbrow issues involved without turning the play into a lecture? God knows we already spend enough time listening to academic ramblings during the day to sit through

it all over again in the evening. But it turns out Stoppard balances the play almost perfectly.

Arcadia is as much about love as it is about literature; there are as many lines dedicated to Newton as there are given to innuendoes. The result is a play that leaves you laughing, crying and a little inspired to go out and learn again. I've spent so much time on Wikipedia whilst rehearsing this play that I found myself reading about the diet of the ancient Greeks the other night. I might try to slip that in somehow before the opening night. Anyway, here's a quick run down of some of the characters you'll meet in the play:

The Protagonists

Septimus Hodge

Tutor to Thomasina, Septimus is the embodiment of the Regency playboy. Confident to the point of arrogance, his charm and charisma cover a deeply intellectual character that feels the loneliness in being the sole reasoned man in a world descending into the Romantic madness.

Thomasina Coverly

Child prodigy and daughter of the aristocratic Lord and Lady Croom. Thomasina has an intelligence that possibly surpasses that of Septimus but it's her innocent approach to the world that gives her a true insight into the happenings at Sidley Park.

Hannah Jarvis

Successful author of "Caro" a biography of Lord Byron's lover, Caroline Lamb. Hannah is a closet feminist obsessed with the idea of the Romantic sham, the period of not thinking but feeling.

Bernard Nightingale

Self-centred English lecturer who comes to Sidley Park looking for fame by proving that Lord Byron killed a man there in a duel. Bernard's problem is that he's not willing to let anyone stop him from getting his share of limelight.

Valentine Coverly

Descendant of the Coverly's of the 1800s, Valentine is a churlish mathematician with a quiet cool. Valentine is on hand to explain the workings of God, through maths, to art's academics. Not that he believes in God, but never mind.

Lord Byron

George Gordon Byron is a central figure in *Arcadia* although he is never seen or heard from onstage. Lord Byron is probably the most famous of British poets and is considered the leader of the Romantic movement.

His best known works are "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and "Don Juan" although he is more often associated with the controversy he caused in the social circles of Regency England. He lived a life of extravagant living, love affairs, debts and was plagued by accusations of incest and sodomy. A forerunner to the Modern artist, really. His lover, Caroline Lamb once described him as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know."

Towards the end of his life, Byron became involved with revolutionaries in continental Europe when he travelled to Greece to fight the Turks in the Greek War of Independence. He never saw any action though and died of flu in 1824.



The characters of Dramsoc's *Arcadia*

Concert season calendar

Medics Orchestra

Date: Saturday 10th March

Time: 7:30pm

Venue: St Augustine's, Queensgate

Tickets: £3/£6

Programme:

Die Fledermaus Overture - Johann Strauss

Piano Concerto No. 20 in D minor - Mozart

(soloist - Sam Chiu - 2nd year Imperial medic)

The Flower Duet - Delibes

Singers - Mayuri Kandasamy and Cecilia Bailey

The Sleeping Beauty Suite - Tchaikovsky

Alcina (Chorus of Enchanted Islanders) - Handel

The Gala will also feature members of the Choir performing arias/duets. Come and support the student soloists (you don't know how much effort it took to convince our conductor to use them!):

Ed Hughes

Maja Dabagh

Cecilia Bailey

Lauren Lior-Liechtenstein

Jessica Gillingwater

Kirsty Patterson

Kate Sloyan

Symphony Orchestra

Date: Saturday 17th March

Time: 7:30pm

Venue: Cadogan Hall

Tickets: £5/£12 from www.cadoganhall.com

Programme:

Bernstein - Overture to Candide

Sibelius - Violin Concerto (with Michal Cwizewicz, 4th year Aero Eng)

Wagner - Forest Murmurs

Strauss - Death and Transfiguration

Sinfonietta

Date: Tuesday 13th March

Time: 8:00pm

Venue: Great Hall

Tickets: £3/£6

Programme: Sibelius - Symphony No. 1

Bruch - Kol Nidrei with soloist Gabriel Kan

Wagner - Extracts from Mastersingers of Nuremberg

IC Choir

Date: Friday 16th March

Time: 8:00pm

Venue: Great Hall

Tickets: £3/£7

Programme:

An Opera Chorus Gala including:

Nabucco (Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves) - Verdi

Carmen (Habanera) - Bizet

Pagliacci (Bell Chorus) - Leoncavallo

Cavalleria Rusticana (Easter Hymn)

- Mascagni

United Hospitals Orchestra

Date: Friday 23rd March

Time: 7:30pm

Venue: Southwark Cathedral

Programme:

Rutter - Magnificat

Khatachurian - Masquerade suite

Brahms - How lovely is thy dwelling

Smetana - Bartered Bride

Finzi - Dies Natalis - with tenor solo Robert Felstead (4th year Chemist)

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Achieving fashion nirvana

Sarah Skeete gives you the low down on how to find your own style and stick to it

We in London are lucky to be able to express ourselves freely when it comes to fashion. You can't talk on the tube, but while not talking on the tube, you can wear whatever the fuck you want.

Some people may think fashion is a frivolous affair, perhaps they think there are more pressing concerns in life. However, in this slothful, individualistic age, fashion is actually a useful way to burn money and perpetuate the consumerist cycle.

Oh, I may joke about the pointlessness of fashion, but imagine a world without it. We might as well walk around blind to the beauty of the world. Everybody has the potential to realise their own personal style. Express yourself and spread your fashion memes around the world.

That said, some people need some tips to hone their style. You can call these people... students who go to Imperial. Joke! Not really.

Tips for achieving style nirvana:

Stick to your style. Once you've defined your look, don't buy anything thing not prescribing to it. This requires a degree of fashion will-power. No matter what a find it is, if it doesn't go with all the other clothes in your wardrobe, it is a waste of money. You will never wear it. Only celebrities can buy anything they set their cold, dead eyes on, because they have too much money to burn.

Lindsay Ho-han may have a wardrobe as big as my apartment, but her style is also disposable. What happened to the great fashion icons like Audrey Hepburn who kept a signature look throughout their careers? That is what to aspire towards.

Don't buy items in multiple colours. The more of an item you have,



Andre 3000, hey ya!



Rachel Bilson, woof woof



Audrey Hepburn, timeless

the less exciting it is to wear. Like everything in life, if you have too much of something, you begin to feel passive-aggressive towards it. Think of opportunity cost (an excellent fashion philosophy) two different tops is better than the same top in two colours.

Buy colours that complement your skintone. Don't bother with Autumn, Winter bullshit, it's much easier than that. Look in the mirror. If your skin tone looks washed out, then that colour doesn't suit you, you must never buy anything in that colour again. Alternatively stop using alcohol as a social crutch, and eat something with more nutritional value than toast.

Don't follow trends too closely. Not all trends fit all body shapes so don't follow fashion slavishly. My eyes are still recovering from the horror of the cropped top trend of

the 90's. So many flabby, teenage mother, chav guts.

Wear make-up. This is for the Ms.s. Wearing a bit of mascara doesn't undo the suffrage. Use make-up to emphasise your good points, but don't paint a new face on.

Wear nice underwear. Throw away all underwear which has no classifiable colour or fraying elastic. If you wear grey granny pants, no matter how awesome the outfit on top, you know the truth. Buy yourself happiness with some nice pants. Aussiebum does the coolest guy's underwear (www.aussiebum.com/en). Of course, for women there's always Topshop's 3 for £7. (But don't you always get stuck on the third pair?)

Read fashion magazines for inspiration. You don't even have to bother reading the articles in most of them! Just look at the pretty pictures. I recommend Pop (although there tends to be a high ratio of flesh to actual clothing. Some might say that's a good thing), i-D, Glamour, Vogue, Vice (www.viceland.com). For more obscure foreign fashion titles, the Waterstones on Charing Cross road stocks a large selection.

Know that not all high street branches are equal. What is stocked at each store is up to the store manager, some have better selections than others. These are the best high street branches: Primark, Hammersmith; Topshop, Oxford Circus; H&M, 360 Oxford Street; New Look, 500 Oxford Street; Urban Outfitters, High Street Kensington; Zara, Knightsbridge.

Don't let your outfit down with your choice of shoes. Dorothy Perkins is an unsung hero for decent quality, cheap shoes. Office and Schuh are the best for cool everyday shoes. Size? on Carnaby Street has the best selection of ridiculously priced, "limited edition" trainers.

Buy individuality at vintage shops. There's practically a small village of vintage shops around Brick Lane and Commercial Street in the East End. (There's also the fashion market at Spitalfields, Sundays, 9am - 5pm). The Seven Dials area in Covent Garden is also a good place for vintage shops; you can find Pop on 6 Monmouth Street.

The most important tip; only trust your own opinion. If you like something, then wear it. What really matters is how your clothes make you feel, not other people's opinion of them.

Love London fashion show

The Love London fashion show, organised by students of Imperial College London, incorporates a wide variety of stunning clothing and current enthusiasm about our city. The event will take place on Tuesday 20th of March at 'Hammersmith Palais', which is located on Shepherd's Bush Road, London, W6. 'Hammersmith Palais de Danse' was opened in 1919, making it one of the oldest venues in London, complementing the selected theme perfectly.

This is a fundraising event with the chosen charity being Demelza House, an organisation providing hospice care for over 450 children with life-limiting illnesses and their families, across Kent, East Sussex and South London. These children are not expected to reach their 19th birthday, due to their incurable illnesses. As well as providing hospice care, Demelza provide hospice care at homes, planned short breaks, emergency respites, therapies, symptom control, end of life care and bereavement support. It is vital that these children receive the care and support they deserve in order to ensure they are comfortable as their conditions worsen. Their website can be found at



www.demelzahouse.org.

Love London's aim is to raise an excess of £8,000 for this most worthwhile cause; exceeding last year's total from a successful outing at Pacha in Victoria, which was held in aid of Chase Hospice. Previous supporters have included Voyage, TM Lewin, Jigsaw, Ghost, Diesel, Boyd, Zara, LK Bennett, Space NK, Pepe Jeans, Calvin Klein, Urban Outfitters, Paul Smith, Question Air and Laundry Industry.

Toni and Guy aided Love London with their creative hairstyling expertise, Space NK provided the makeup and Deloitte and Ernst Young generously sponsored the event. The evening achieved coverage in the local and national press including Metro, Tatler, The Evening Standard, The Daily Mail, TimeOut London and Vogue.

COOL



300
Based on the comic book 300, about the historical event of the Battle of Thermopylae. 300 Spartans fought against Xerxes and his massive Persian army. Also, there are lots of half-naked soldiers. Sounds like a good film right? Although if I was in a massively outnumbered army of 300, I would at least bother putting on armour. Just to up the odds a little.



Giles Deacon @ New Look

Awesome, another designer diffusion range. Launching on the 13th, Deacon's "Gold" range will include jackets, dresses, shoes and accessories. Gold is more substantial than other diffusion ranges, at around 35 pieces. This isn't just a limited edition range; Deacon's contracted to design collections throughout this year.



Excessive media coverage of Britney Spears
How does Britney Shaving her head warrant a front page? Although, hypocritically, I have to say that allegedly: after writing 666 on her head, she ran around her rehab facility screaming, "I am the antichrist". She then allegedly tried to hang herself with her bed-sheets. I wish her well.

LAME



Russell Brand, 'xciting!



Lindsay Lohan, souless style



Victoria Beckham, a definite lack of personal style

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MATTY HOBAN

La Disco- thèque



Gregory Mead Nightlife Editor

I'm happy, really happy. Happier even than I look in my photo above, and I was really happy in that. I'm not sure why though, probably a combination of my wonderful page this week, my favourite DJ's playing at Our Disco this Friday, and a load of other stuff I shouldn't really write about. It's boring.

I'll stay this happy if more people write some reviews for us. There are 12,185 students at this college, I should imagine plenty of you go out to bars or nightclubs occasionally, and are capable of spending 30 minutes writing 800 words of text in exchange for free entry, free drinks and a free handshake from myself.

Now that is out of the way, time for more nightlife related news and happenings-on. This week we've got a fun packed and rather varied selection of reviews. Taz hung out with Andy C at the Ram Records birthday party at The End last week, and from what I've heard it was a pretty sweet night.

Nick Simpson ventured far into East London for the first of the new And Did We Mention Our Disco nights. Our beloved Alex and I kept him company, and it was the best night I've been out to in ages!

The line-ups for the four special Our Disco events are all secret until you get into the place, so we were pretty happy to discover 2ManyDJs were the headliners that night. This Friday is going to be even better so you should go!

Our final review is of The Roxy on a Monday night. With the demise of Trash this place is sure to get more and more popular as time goes on and quite rightly so. Super cheap entry and super cheap drinks with great music make for a super cheap great night out. Just don't drink too many of those £1.50 Kronenbergs or things will get messy, as I'm sure some people I know will confess to.

There's one more day to enter our competition to Danny Howells at The End this Saturday, so if you email in before Friday midnight, you'll win.

To round things up, I hope you all have a lovely week and until next time, enjoy the huge selection of London nightlife. In the mean time, feel free to mail in for any reason, or send us letters/gifts. My Nightlife pigeonhole is almost always empty. Nobody loves me.

The End rammmed with fans at Ram Records birthday

Firm favourites in the Drum and Bass scene celebrate 15 years of residency at The End club. **Taz Alibadi** hits the dancefloor at the Ram Records birthday party

Ram Records Birthday
The End
2nd March
★★★★☆

This was always going to be a big night. Ram Records at The End is a firm-favourite in the drum n bass calendar - a guaranteed good night out with minimum attitude. It takes place bi-monthly on the first Friday of the month, and has a truly dedicated following. For those of you that don't know, Ram is one of the foremost drum n bass labels in the world. It was founded fifteen years ago by sixteen year old Andy Clarke, now better known as the infamous DJ Andy C. Together with Ant Miles, Red One, Shimon and Moving Fusion, Andy C and Ram Records have been consistently producing first-rate drum n bass anthems and dominating the global drum n bass scene.

This wasn't just another Ram party; this was the 15th birthday of the label with a line-up featuring the Ram legends as well as few of their friends from the industry. It was definitely the kind of night that required tickets in advance, having sold out five days before the big night itself. The queue for those waiting to buy tickets on the door was immense but those of us who had luckily been a bit more organised, it was a mere half hour wait and after a stringent security search, we were finally in the doors.

We were straight onto the dancefloor to hear the legendary Shimon on the decks. For one of the first DJs of the night, his tunes were unexpectedly heavy but absolutely



Fuzzy green Drum and Bass, my favourite

awesome and he was spot-on technically - it's just a shame that the venue was nowhere near its 800 capacity just yet. It started to fill up in time for Sparfunk, who was honestly a bit disappointing after the initial high energy build-up by Shimon. Soon enough though, it was time for Red One back to back with Sub Focus.

Sub Focus is one of the newest additions to the Ram family and at such a young age has already built up a dedicated fan base and rightly

so. He played a few of his own tunes including 'Swamp Thing', 'Airplane' and 'Flamenco' and the whole place erupted, whilst Red One kept things going nicely but seemed to have a lesser impact.

The main dancefloor was filling up nicely as Commix and Fierce played back to back, building up to a two hour set by Andy C. Things really seemed to slow down at this point, but we couldn't help but think it was the calm before the storm. Appropriately, Andy C came on to Ram Trilogy's 'Screamer'. The main room must have filled up in about two seconds flat and the whole crowd pressed forward. The atmosphere was electric; everyone always has such high expectations of the man they call 'The Executioner'.

He played some classic tunes including 'Valley of The Shadows', 'Body Rock' and 'Planet Dust' which had everybody in the place jumping up and down. Unfortunately though, I thought his set ended up being a little boring with the same repetitive rolling bassline and not much else. It was more the kind of thing that I'd expect to hear at Renegade Hardware (another bi-monthly drum n bass label night at The End - well worth checking out if you like your basslines dark and

heavy).

We kept listening out for tunes we recognised but he ended up playing a lot of fairly uninspiring new tunes. Perhaps I've come to expect a bit too much from Andy C, having seen him play several times. He certainly kept my attention for the first half of his set, but I'd honestly have preferred to see Sub Focus carrying on for an extra hour instead. As a whole though, the crowd really did love Andy C - they always do!

It was now well past 4am and the main dancefloor emptied out as DJ Die had the unenviable task of following Andy C on the decks. We ended up missing most of his tunes as we headed back into the chill-out lounge to recuperate and rehydrate. By the time we made it back into the main room, it was the final hour with Mampi Swift and Fresh back to back. They played an absolutely stomping set and Mampi Swift, in particular, didn't let the fact that half the punters had gone home stop him from sticking on some awesome tunes and smashing up the dancefloor.

It was the perfect ending to yet another memorable Ram Records at The End. Here's to another fifteen years of Andy C and friends.

Taz Alibadi



Andy C watches over the crowd at The End

Do you like the sound of this night out?

Or any of our other reviews? If you would like to write reviews for Felix Nightlife you'll get free entry to the event, and we'll love you forever.

nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Everybody wants to be the DJ at Our Disco. 2ManyDJs turn up

Nick Simpson checks out the secret guests at London's coolest and most elusive 'funk, no-wave, rock and roll, fucked up house, sleazy-electro and mutant-disco' night. And We Can't Mention Our Disco

Our Disco - 2ManyDJs
Hub
Friday 23 February
★★★★★

Two Fridays ago I embarked on a mini adventure, an adventure into the deepest, darkest depths of Aldgate East, in the rain, and fucking freezing, wearing a T-shirt was night the brightest idea ever. After trying every which direction from the tube station I managed to find the place I was looking for; a grim door hidden away down a deserted side street, with a queue of bedraggled looking people waiting outside. In front of me and my trusty friends were three freshers staying in Fisher, I knew this because they were talking about Fisher - as you do when in a queue for a club, saying that they did sport one of the six girls at Imperial, a good turn out.

So what is this queue doing in an ally who's main function looked like a venue for rape and murder? Well it was obviously the queue for Our Disco. Our Disco? I hear you cry, what the fuck is that? Why go out your way and get rained on when there is a slew of perfectly good superclubs open on Friday night, full of pillheads shit faced and dancing to debatable music?

Simple put, it is because And Did We Mention Our Disco? Is one of the little known highlights of the clubbing circuit, it's own flavour of electro is unmatched in quality, diversity or originality, that and the fact most generic, loutish club goers haven't heard of it.

While Chalk is the new darling of alternative clubbing, thanks to heavy promoting by the guys behind Turnmills, top acts are lost

on the poor crowd who attend, or the vast venue it is spread across. The more compact Durrr is mildly better but only if your idea of fun is hanging around with a bunch of fashion kids who look about as happy as if their whole family had just died at the hands of a savage elephant shrew. So after a hiatus of a couple of months and a number of venue swaps Our Disco is back under the title And We Can't Mention Our Disco! Glyn, Den, Rory and Nadia front a four week run of nights starting a on the very night in question, hidden away at The Hub at London Met Union. Not only that but the subtle name change these nights have is thanks to four top secret acts playing on each of the nights, who are only confirmed on the night, when you get inside the club - those crazy kids.

Before I completely go off on one, endlessly praising the DJs lets take stock of the venue. The fact it is a students union is at first a little disconcerting, but on arrival you soon realise it is a little bit different to Imperial's own bars (it isn't a building site for a start); The Hub (recently renamed from the Sub Club) even has a ticketing desk and split level bars. Upstairs you can take advantage of the £3 a pint for Grolsch and music piped up from downstairs. The comfy leather sofas and fast bar service is a big improvement over Canvas, an intermediate and horrendously over priced venue Our Disco visited. After a bit of chin wagging it was time to hit the floor; the dance floor that is, sampling the evenings secret guests.

Anyone with more than two brain cells would probably have guessed the secret guests well in advance, and all our dreams and desires were confirmed when we proceed-

TONIGHT'S SPECIAL GUESTS...

2
MANY
DJs

AND WE CAN'T
MENTION
OUR DISCO

Trust them this week, it's going to be even bigger

ed back downstairs to find a mammoth poster stating '2MANYDJs' in letters about as big as your face. The last Our Disco had made the critical mistake of running the headliners, Simian Mobile Disco, at the late hour of 3:30am. Luckily the lesson had been learnt and the Belgium duo came out of hiding to the delight of the audience at a sprightly 1:30. The set was immense and

featured a gamut of music from the ever popular Gossip remix to the brand spanking new Justice track with the log dance floor being intimate enough to make it all a little bit special. We even saw those Fisher people on the dance floor, just not dancing so much.

It is safe to say that Our Disco is back on form, returning from the blip was that Canvas. With the pe-

ultimate night of the run tonight, (9th March) and any bright spark knowing the guests will be ***** it should be pretty fucking awesome, so put on your glad rags and role over to east London for a night of glorious music.

If those Fisher Hall people are reading this, email in and we'll give you a prize. Because we love you.

Nick Simpson

Book into Rehab at The Roxy

Rehab
The Roxy
Mondays

It's been a while since I've been to The Roxy on a Monday night. Years in fact, I generally only go to Panic! on a Tuesday night but I was pleasantly surprised this Monday when I gave Rehab a visit.

The recently re-named (previously called Airport) club night is exactly what you need for a cheap, fun night out, The DJ's Adam, Alicat, Val (Fan Club) and Lydia (Afterskool) play a great selection of music all night.

On first arrival (about 11:30pm) we were greeted by an interesting mix of 1960's music, not quite what we first expected but it was great to dance to all the same. The place was very packed compared to what The Roxy used to be on a Monday night before Airport took over, the place was as full as the super popu-

lar night Panic!

This club night is basically 100% catered for students so it's not surprising that almost everyone in there was either at UCL, Imperial or Kings (apart from one really old short dude who I met, but he was cool). It was great, I met loads of people I knew in there.

After getting a few beers from the bar and much drunken chatting at the sofas, the DJ's changed over. End of the 1960's set and start of the uberpopular and great selection of Indie and Electropop. Perfect tracks to spend the next three hours dancing stupidly to. The dance floor was packed all the way to the end, I left at 2:30am and people were still going.

All in all, it makes a nice change from the supertrendy DURRR and it's a hell of a lot better than Metro on a Monday night. One of the best Monday night Indie clubs in London.

I'll be paying them a visit again for sure, and you should to.



A small part of the Rehab flyer

Still win tickets!

Dig Deeper with Danny Howells
March 10th 2007 at The End

It takes a certain type of DJ to play all night long. Rather than whip out your set of peak time bangers for the last two hours you have a whole nine hours to fill. Not only is that one heavy bag of records, but it means a fair amount of genre juggling. Even the most fervent and energetic clubber might be feeling a little jaded after nine hours of solid minimal techno.

Mr Danny Howells, however, is one those DJ's who relishes the chance to play all night. Equipped not only with the stamina, enthusiasm and bladder control to play from start to finish, he has a record collection that can keep the most cynical, weary club-goer glued to the dancefloor the entire night. Never mind taking you on a journey, it's a full on expe-

dition requiring tent, ice pick, provisions and a compass!

Dig Deeper always brings that special touch of Howells magic to the dancefloor. With a friendly up for it crowd who aren't afraid to show their appreciation, and a DJ whose passion for making people dance will never tire, Dig Deeper has grown to be an essential night in the club calendar.

From March, Dig Deeper is moving to a Saturday, giving you that extra hour to take in the finest selection of Deepsexyfuturistictechfunkhouse™ through till 7am. Since even Danny can't be in three rooms at once, up in AKA Freak Luke Solomon will be bringing his Little Creatures to town.

EMAIL IN BY FRIDAY MID-NIGHT TO WIN TICKETS!

Film Felix: The New Generation

Film Felix has hung up the awards season tux and is ready to go for another year. Here's looking at you, Kid



Alex Casey
Film Editor

Film Felix is evolving. As the award season passes, every distribution company starts all over again, trying once again to churn out the biggest hit of the year; normally trying to produce a slew of material modelled on whatever won last month. In order to celebrate the end of this year's crop and welcome the new class, Film Felix is growing up too, and it needs you!

We want to showcase a whole range of material that goes beyond what we have at the moment. The Oscars are over, bah, who cares? There's more than simple awards fodder out there and we want to bring that to the attention of our readers as well. If you are a particular fan of foreign cinema then you may feel your view is underrepresented by our current section, or you may think that any film made after 1970 is just rubbish and want to expose your peers to a back catalogue of classics. If you get an urge

whenever you meet someone to declare your undying love for Stanley Kubrick, Akira Kurosawa, Demi Moore, or Lindsay Lohan then put your obsession in print and we'll try and find you a platform to spread that view. We're talking real passion pieces here.

Alternatively, hands up who thought *The Godfather* was rubbish ... Anyone? I'm not of the mindset that it is, but if you are then you must be sick to death of seeing your favourites pushed down the "X Greatest Movies of All Time" list by it and its sequel. Trash it, and if it's done in a sufficiently entertaining way then it'd be a great read and I'm sure if you argue your case strongly enough, you'll find a follower or two.

Of course this isn't all we'll have, otherwise we're in danger of becoming either ass-kissing loons or bitter old misers. There will still be a home for current multiplex offerings given that they are the most accessible cinema around so if you figure that your creative juices aren't being pumped by Imperial's

curriculum of quantum mechanics and, well, whatever else people do here, then drop us a line and we'll see if we can send you something suitable.

For this week, we're trying to satiate your desire for what's out at the moment to wipe the nasty Oscars taste from our mouths. We've tried to include a little bit of something for everyone so hopefully we'll tickle your fancy. If not, then you know what to do:

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Hot Fuzz turns up the heat in the countryside

Hot Fuzz ★★★★★

Director: Edgar Wright
Writers: Edgar Wright, Simon Pegg
Cast: Simon Pegg, Nick Frost

Robert Andrews

There are few films I've seen wherein people stand up and applaud the instant the credits begin to roll. One was at the premiere of the final *Star Wars* film: the end of an epic saga no matter which way you look at it; the other was to the conclusion of *Battlefield Earth* – indubitably the worst film ever conceived, and the applause was simply a self-congratulatory act by the two people that had managed to stay awake through the less-than-epic drivel, thanking the heavens that it was finally over.

However, I have found a third. Fans of bizarre, irreverent, and occasionally violent comedy, rejoice, for the makers of *Shaun of the Dead* have reunited to give you *Hot Fuzz*, a film so consistently amusing it does provoke you to stand up and applaud, a quality only usually reserved for the very heights or deep, dark abysses of moviemaking.

Simon Pegg stars as Nicolas Angel, an officer in the Metropolitan Police who is forcefully reassigned to the peaceful village of Sandford on the basis that he is making the force look bad; with an arrest rate 400% higher than that of any fellow officer, an expert command of extreme driving and high-speed pursuits (including extreme biking), a dead-eye when it comes to armed responses, a mastery of unarmed combat, and to top it off, two firsts in Politics and Sociology, the audience is not surprised the top brass are envious of PC Angel (well, perhaps

not the Sociology degree part).

Sandford, an idyllic, tranquil, and therefore dull, drab, and lifeless village too far from any city to have a mobile phone reception, is very different from Angel's normal London environment.

This village is said to be the safest place in the country, and as such, the small police force situated there spend their days eating ice cream, looking for missing swans, and mispronouncing London in such a variety of ways you'd be convinced that they have never heard of the place before. So much for civilization beyond the M25 ...

However, soon the sleepy town appears to be hiding something a lot more sinister as residents start dropping dead faster than your average series of *Midsomer Murders*.

Alongside Pegg is his old partner in comedy crime, Nick Frost, as the oafish but well-meaning sidekick, perfecting their double act in this spiritual sequel to *Shaun*. Frost's character in particular proves the most amusing in a sweet and innocent way, ranging from the inevitable brain freeze that comes from stuffing a Cornetto down your throat at light speed to his inquiry as to whether there's a point in a man's head that if shot, explodes.

Pegg radiates the seriousness expected from his character, wonderfully juxtaposed by the rest of the actors, which include some well-cast cameos including Timothy Dalton, Bill Nighy, and Jim Broadbent, continuously providing a stream of laughs at machine-gun pace.

The humour in the film varies throughout, beginning with irony and gradually moving towards the slapstick action-packed finale with numerous parodies, throwbacks, and homages to various other films and cultural reference points, including *Chinatown*, *Terminator 2*, *Jurassic Park*, and the videogame

Resident Evil 4. The pleasingly over-the-top gore which begins as numerous "accidents" befall the villagers, including "falling on a set of shears" and "blowing a house up by cooking a pot of baked beans" are horribly amusing to watch, as you find yourself battling between whether you should be laughing or cringing in disgust.

The storyline is as excellently twisted as *Shaun of the Dead*, to which there are many nods in this film, including the eponymous shortcut sequence where several members of the cast attempt to leap over a series of garden fences to varying degrees of success.

Even when the jokes are so carefully set up and you can see them coming from a mile away, they are still as funny as the more unexpected ones. Towards the end, the film's plot provides a delightful set of eccentric, ludicrous twists that will have you struggling not to cry with laughter.

Of course there will be hundreds of comparisons made between *Hot Fuzz* and *Shaun of the Dead*, but although they begin in similar ways and the cinematography is employed in the same way throughout both films, the humour in *Hot Fuzz* is so varied and well-paced that at points it becomes a parody of itself and its own ridiculous events, proving all the better for it. Nevertheless, it is perfectly valid to infer that if you enjoyed *Shaun of the Dead*, you will absolutely revel in the comic stylings of the second cinema offering from the *Spaced* team.

So if you want to see a film that gives you rural settlements full of murderous conspirators, set-pieces for delivering far-out action sequences, heroic swans, sheds full of high-tech weaponry, and old pensioners being kicked in the face, then this is most certainly worth the asking price.

Thank heavens for city life.



"Shit, slightly too official for another night in the Winchester"

Clint's project that really delivers

His name may not have been in the envelope come Oscar night, but Clint still handles *Letters* with skill

Letters From Iwo Jima ★★★★★

Director: Clint Eastwood
Writer: Iris Yamashita
Cast: Ken Watanabe, Kazunari Ninomiya, Tsuyoshi Ihara

Alex Casey
Film Editor

I'm not a fan of Clint Eastwood. For one of the most revered directors of the past decade or so, I generally find he has very little to say with his films. I slept through *Mystic River* the first time I tried it and *Million Dollar Baby* made me want to scratch my corneas off. It seems that Clint's method (and it seems to be admired critically) is to drain happiness from the audience but without any real motive and little comment by way of a theme. Hence I was reluctant to see this but figured I'd give Clint a reprieve. And whether it be fluke or divine intervention, it seems he's done alright.

This is the companion piece to his Christmas release, *Flags of Our Fathers*, a film about the American landings on the Japanese island of

Iwo Jima during World War II that disappeared from cinemas in under a fortnight. This is essentially the same story but while *Flags* told the story from the view of the American side, this tells the Japanese story. *Letters From Iwo Jima* follows several soldiers of different ranks of the Japanese army as they prepare the island for the American invasion, all the time sensing they are going to their death.

For someone who I always viewed as lacking in artistic integrity and a filmmaker who made films to win Oscars and for that reason alone, this double bill seems to be a piece closer to his heart. Clint sets out to have his say on the current warring state of the world by showing how conflict affects everyone involved. There are no absolute enemies and war is simply a conflict of beliefs, he wants to say, and you'd be hard pushed to miss it with a subtlety just slightly more deft than *Crash*.

It's an interesting perspective for someone of an older generation (tolerance doesn't always come so easily to those who lived through the old wars) but today seems to be on most minds. The war on Iraq has served to make people think about the need for conflict and the unfortunate people caught up on

both sides, so does Clint's message come across as revolutionary?

Well, no. But the film is his best I've seen so far and the impending doom of the piece is foreshadowed in every frame of *Letters*. It's refreshing to see a film that isn't saluting the Star Spangled Banner throughout and although I missed *Flags* when it was released, the image I got of it was more one of anguish on the part of the soldiers, not pride at defeating the Japanese. It seems America has entered the age of self-reflectivity and can look at itself in a more objective way than the air-punching nationalism of *Independence Day* or *Armageddon*. Sounds like progress to me.

So is the film any good? Yes. Clint is a dab hand with a camera and it's interesting to watch the characters develop through the letters of the title and careful exposition throughout. There's lots of blood thrown in there for good measure and the focus is definitely on the humanity of war, not the insanity of it that films of Vietnam seized on (think *Apocalypse Now*, *Full Metal Jacket*). The CGI landing itself means it lacks the realist impact of, say, *Saving Private Ryan* but is necessary for the scale of the attack.

The characters are the most im-

portant part here though as without them the whole meaning of the piece collapses, and the view through the eyes of a young baker, summoned to war away from his wife and unborn child, proves to be the most arresting despite seeming a tiny bit contrived.

Altogether, it's dubious how this will stand up against the great collection of war films out there

already, and either we believe we have seen all the atrocities before or we accept that we'll never have a true picture of life on the front line. How much this adds to the mix is debatable, but don't write it off as hollow Eastwood Oscar fodder. That's not to say it wasn't, but it doesn't tick the same obvious boxes as the others. Maybe that explains the Scorsese sweep this year.



"Clint, if you make us watch *Million Dollar Baby* one more time ..."

Best of the rest: What's worth the ticket price?

Banjo Kennedy

Given that we've been sadly missing film reviews for the past few weeks, we understand that we have left you, the trusty Felix reader, completely unaware of what is on out there. Without knowing what's good, without knowing what everyone's talking about and without knowing what is actually worth your student loan. But put your fears to one side now, as here's a low-down on some of the offerings to get yourself along to and give that revision a miss for another couple of hours, as well as a couple to avoid.

First up, *The Good Shepherd*. Not so good. This is the incredibly long new film from Robert De Niro, his third foray into directing, and is a piece that has definite echoes of *The Godfather*. This influence seems to be quite natural for De Niro who won an acting Oscar for his part in the sequel, but *The Good Shepherd* seems to do the opposite to what made *The Godfather* so interesting.

By this I mean the way in which it portrayed organised crime as running in an identical manner to a business organisation. What this film does is to show the early CIA as operating in much the same way as organised crime, a brutal tale that asks how far are you willing to go for something.

If only they'd asked it faster. Instead there are almost three hours of political debate, punctuated with scenes of domestic hell between Matt Damon as the young CIA operative and Angelina Jolie, his wife. These moments come as a welcome break from the political onslaught that permeates everything else, and everything seems more dragged out so that De Niro could wedge in more characters to be played by an arsenal of thespians and award nominees.

This name grabbing only serves the film badly, despite their good performances, as it never totals the sum of its parts.

Much better is *The Last King of Scotland*, which is still playing

in a cinema near you. This would run and run if it were theatre, and rightly so. With performances to scare and endear you simultaneously, moments that sicken and amuse you and a story of misplaced power and hope that resonates in whatever era, this is high quality cinema.

James McAvoy shows that young British talent doesn't mean Keira Knightley and seems to be hot property at the moment, in cinemas again this week with *Becoming Jane*. Let's hope he gets back to edgier things like this in the near future, however.

Most people I know have seen it on word of mouth due to a lack of coverage in awards ceremonies (besides Forest Whitaker) which I feel is inexplicable. Try it and it may prove to be the sleeper hit that you've been waiting for under all the overhyped rubbish around.

One film that may have escaped attention by not being advertised to saturation point is *Orchestra Seats*, an easy going French of-

fering that has a lot of heart but not much else. It's sweet enough, centring on a young girl whose life weaves around three other characters who work in different art fields but all feel slightly unfulfilled.

It's interesting and has a light tone that would be suited to a lazy Sunday afternoon, so this may be an option if you don't fancy the involved politics of the previous two options here.

Music and Lyrics is the other piece of the puzzle here so that hopefully there's something for everyone. Well, at least there would be if this one had something good to offer up.

As far as chick flicks go, you pretty much know what your getting when Hugh Grant comes on the packaging. Sadly, here the joke just seemed to be wearing a bit thin and he didn't have the spark that made him so popular in the 90s.

The plot basically sees him struggling to find lyrics for some music he's written and it just so happens Drew Barrymore can do that with

ease. Phew, otherwise we might run low on story here ...

For a film called *Music and Lyrics*, the music doesn't make you want to throw down your handbag and dance around it ladies, and there are times when it just drags on and on until you wish you were watching MTV so you could change channel.

This was never going to be *Citizen Kane* though; it's meant to be fun. Sadly, the comedy aspect, whilst providing a few laughs, seemed to have gone AWOL for the majority, meaning the "rom" was left sans "com". Not really one for the DVD collection, but there's plenty to talk (i.e. complain) about afterwards if you want a suitable, low-IQ, first-date movie.

Other than these, be sure to check out previously reviewed fare such as *Notes on a Scandal* and *The Queen* that are still bouncing around. And if none of those fit your personal tastes, then hopefully there will be something more for you next week. Miserable gits.



Angelina taunts a class geek; Cecile de France loses "Guess the City"; Forest wears this season's must-have: tartan and khaki; Hugh stammers through Drew's touchy feely crap

Anthony Lim

First year physicist and part time guitar string theorist

Got what it takes to pose here?

page3.felix@imperial.ac.uk

I, Gamer



Michael Cook
Games Editor

For those of you strategy fans who grabbed the new C&C demo when it was released last week – I hope you're enjoying yourself. While you were turning the details up to maximum 'just to see what happens', I was stuck trying to overclock the LEDs on my DVD drive and coax the grey box in the corner into playing Civilization.

It happens very quickly, with almost no warning, but one day you wake up and the PC that used to play the latest games with every setting whacked to full, now has trouble with the latest version of Windows Media Player. Call of Duty 2 is no longer state-of-the-art, and you can barely play the video trailers of UT2007, let alone the game itself.

If you're thinking about upgrading, or just building something small from scratch, we've got some help for you this week, as well as a quick look at the game that'll really push your machine. But it's a little depressing to look over the "low-end" spec and discover that most of the components that just about manage to keep Oblivion ticking over are now considered to be scraping the barrel.

It's always worth thinking about upgrading around this time, though – on the brink of a fresh wave of games that are designed to truly test your hardware, and just in time for the lectures and assignments of the year to begin to lift away. That, and it's easier to spend food money elsewhere, and go foraging in Hyde Park again instead.

It looks like even console gamers won't be safe from the ever-present demand to upgrade though, with hardware plug-ins promised for most platforms, and different flavours of Playstation3 and Xbox 360 on the shelves.

It's a good thing, really, if it stops the hubbub and pressure of console launches and PR bickering. And it means that ridiculous hardware glitches and broken promises of launch day can still be made good on later on in the product cycle.

Still, you can keep your per-pixel shaders and high-dynamic-range lighting effects – I'm more than happy playing Unreal on low detail, and pretending to marvel at the water effects.

It ripples.

This week in videogaming

Solving Third World poverty GDC Style – Send everyone out to collect gold coins

A rare, beautiful chance arose this week to actually feel sorry for Nintendo. Following week after boring week of success that Nintendo seemed physically unable to stop, the internet finally found something to call the Wii's proud parents on this week, as Virtual Console newcomers SNK explained that Nintendo was still keeping online gaming strictly out-of-bounds for developers, and was expected to continue in this vein for the rest of 2007.

Not that this is going to do much, since Wii sales hit the 5 million mark this month, with 6 million expected to be gone by the end of March. Nor did it stop the Business Development Director of iD software – iD for chrissakes – announcing that they thought the Wii to be "fantastic" and would be looking to convert some of their games to the innovative, if underpowered console. Frankly, Nintendo should be made to pay for nice things to happen like everyone else. It's disgusting.

Sony showed us how it was done this week, performing a Wacky Races-style U-turn on their claim that rumble technology was "not an issue" by decided that it was an issue, and an issue that was worth paying \$150 million to resolve. To us, that sounds like the kind of issue you don't accidentally say isn't an issue. Whether it's enough to save the European Playstation3 from being utterly shunned is yet to be seen – but the March 23 release won't show much of Sony's long-term success in the PAL regions.

Far away from the console bickering this week, though, saw a much more grown-up kind of bickering – the delights of the San Francisco Games Developers Conference has begun, with keynotes abound, and snide remarks fired from corporation to corporation. With the Electronic Entertainment Expo thoroughly downsized after various failures and arguments, and ECTS becoming a non-starter as years went by, the GDC now stands as the premier gaming event that the West still plays host to.

The GDC this year will hold the usual variety of entertaining work-



GDC 2007 is described as "more like a frat party" than E3's past. E3 must've been something dire, eh?

shops and speeches – Miyamoto being the big hitter this year, as well as some interesting talks on gaming in the third world (not an issue on a par with, say, AIDS, but this is a gaming conference after all) and sex in gaming. Cutting-edge stuff. Oh, and a design workshop on making a game based around a needle and thread. As we said, a premier gaming event.

Releases this week are hot once again – Ghost Recon: AW2 for the 360, Vice City Stories for the PS2, Northern Strike for PC players of the Battlefield series – truly, blowing things up for no apparent reason is back in fashion.

But for those of you who prefer the other gaming options, there's some of 2007's best handheld games yet out this week, with Pirates! on the

PSP and March of the Minis, an excellent Nintendo puzzler, out on the DS – both superb titles that show the innovative slant that handheld gaming continues to take.

And finally, Sony yet again befuddle us with another Playstation3 advert – a DEFCON serial key goes to the most entertaining explanation you can send in:

<http://www.thisisliving.tv/>

"indisputable"

Description by BSM Safety Consultant of evidence published that playing racing games causes young drivers to drive more recklessly

27%

Percentage of the 16 to 24-year-olds interviewed who claimed they actually drove more recklessly



Phantasy Star – Way before WoW

You think 70 is impressive? Robin Andrews was hitting level caps while you were figuring out WASD



How do you kill that which has no life?" asks a terrified technician working at Blizzard Entertainment. Apparently someone has been playing World of Warcraft for so long that they have levelled up beyond the boundaries of the game; as a result, this could very well be the End of the World of Warcraft.

Don't panic. Whereas this scenario has been lifted from an episode South Park, this is probably never going to happen; but it does show just how much the "online phenomenon" has infected pop culture – played by as many people in the world as live in Switzerland.

However, long before Azeroth was created, aeons before the first online character levelled up for the first time, there was another online world which became the foundation of all MMORPGs that exist today.

For anyone who's ever mashed the A-button to cut down hordes of flying robots, fired a shot into a poor little Rappy or electrocuted the mighty Dark Falz with a Razonde you will know what I'm talking about. Phantasy Star had returned to the (then) new generation of gaming consoles, but with something decidedly different from the usual role-playing fare.

Console gamers were promised with a persistent, constantly-evolving world with thousands of players from all around the world at any time participating. Although this was not the first game to have the capability to do so, it is indubitably the game that has provided the template for many of the epic subscriber-rich games one can play today. Phantasy Star Online was unleashed upon the world – literally.

I remember my first experience of this strange new type of game: incredibly excited by the prospect of an epic role-playing game online, and being a true console gamer through and through, I rushed out to buy my copy and encouraged ev-

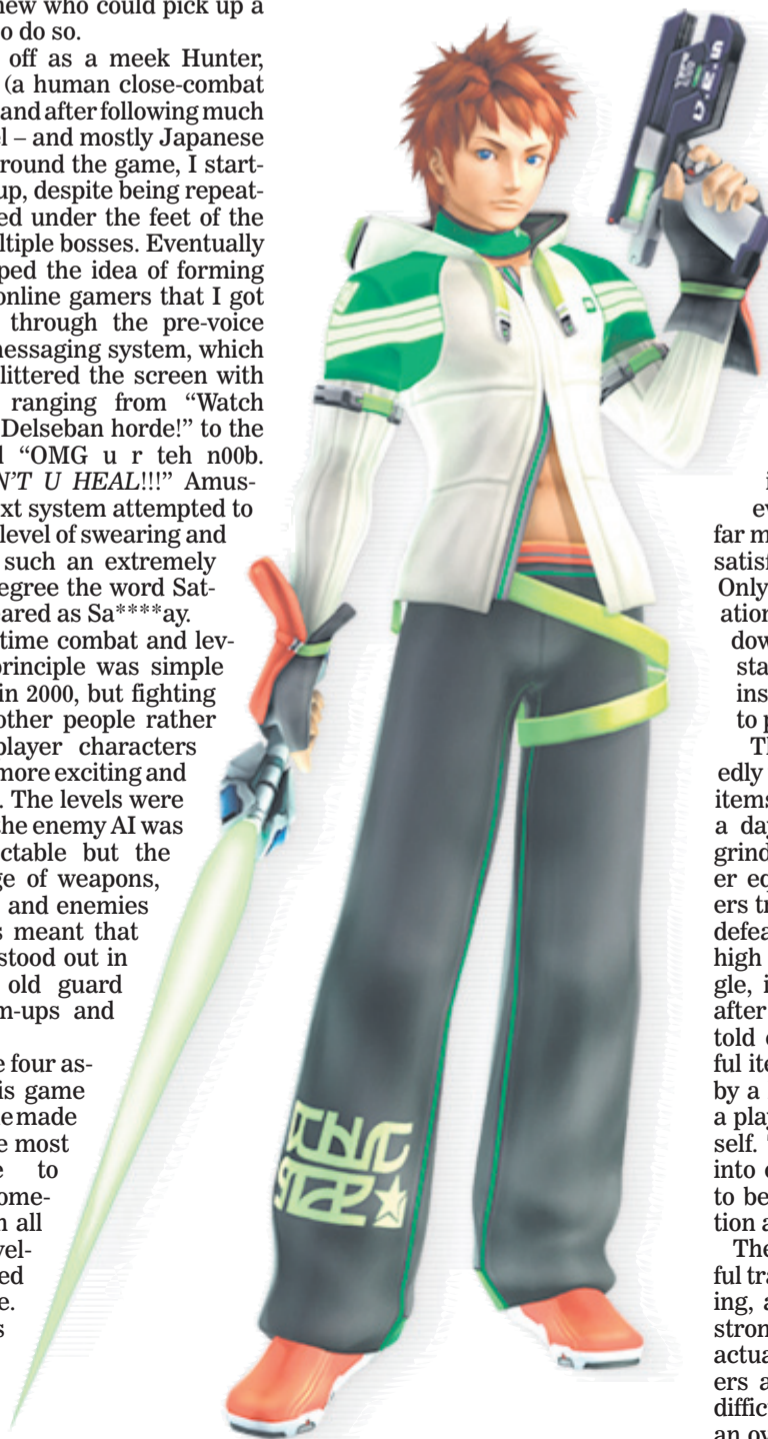
eryone I knew who could pick up a controller to do so.

I started off as a meek Hunter, or HUmar (a human close-combat specialist), and after following much higher level – and mostly Japanese – avatars around the game, I started to level up, despite being repeatedly crushed under the feet of the world's multiple bosses. Eventually I had grasped the idea of forming a party of online gamers that I got to "know" through the pre-voice chat text messaging system, which frequently littered the screen with comments ranging from "Watch out for the Delseban horde!" to the less-helpful "OMG u r teh n00b. WHY DIDN'T U HEAL!!!" Amusingly the text system attempted to reduce the level of swearing and cursing to such an extremely sensitive degree the word Saturday appeared as Sa****ay.

The real-time combat and levelling up principle was simple even back in 2000, but fighting alongside other people rather than non-player characters proved far more exciting and interesting. The levels were linear and the enemy AI was very predictable but the sheer range of weapons, rare items, and enemies themselves meant that this game stood out in the bland old guard of shoot-em-ups and racers.

There are four aspects of this game which for me made it one of the most memorable to play and something which all game developers aspired to recreate.

The first is that scary, shaky time you come



across the game's final bosses, either Dark Falz or Olga Flow. Usually this happens when you are a very low level character being protected by other, much higher level babysitters. You seem to stand there in amazement at this enormous creature you would never have been able to reach on your own, watching helplessly as it takes cheap shots at you and ultimately requires your guardians to repeatedly heal you or just ignore you.

When you come back to this incarnation of pure, gaming evil much later in the game with far more experience, it is incredibly satisfying to take it out yourself. Only in an online role-playing situation could you attempt at taking down a final boss just as you have started the game, giving you an insight as to how far you have yet to progress.

The second aspect is undoubtedly the obsession with finding rare items. Personally, I spent many a day, night and groggy morning grinding the virtual world with other equally-dedicated button mashers trawling through dungeons and defeating creatures on ridiculously high levels in order to obtain a single, incredibly rare weapon. Even after this weapon was found I was told of another, even more powerful item that I may be interested in by a level 200 veteran of the game, a player who had yet to find it himself. The days of the week blurred into one very rapidly: you just had to be the best; there was no question about it.

Then there's the slow, steady, painful transition from crawling to walking, as it were. When you became strong and co-ordinated enough to actually command a party of Hunters and take on the game's more difficult regions, it brought with it an overwhelming sense of achieve-

ment: what seemed like years ago you were nothing. Now you have finally evolved into a grown newbie. There was still, clearly, a long way left to go before you would see everything PSO had to offer.

But the prime reason for playing this revolution in role-playing games has to be the community aspect of it. Not only could you talk to people as happy to spend a large portion of their life in a non-existent reality as you, but the whole idea of having a player economy for selling and trading items, the brilliant lobby system, and the constantly evolving world gave you every reason to log on every time you sat in front of your television – the MMO 'X-Factor' that makes it money today.

Unbelievably, it's true: there was a game released prior to WoW which ruined as many gamers' social life as it has. The game simply had to many levels to achieve, too many secrets to hunt down, and too many personalities to slash and hack through the hordes of enemies with. Even the little robot, your own personal MAG, which you had hovering behind you throughout the game proved to be a source of addiction in itself: it could level up, arm itself and even enhance your own abilities.

Phantasy Star Online's servers are to go offline after seven years of providing many gamers with the fantasy world prior to which they could only dream of. All of the above reasons of why this game is so legendary are the core aspects of any modern MMORPG, and PSO deserves to be praised.

If you are the type of gamer who looks back on this game with a distinct feeling of nostalgia, (in other words refer to money as Meseta and believe that a Rappy bears a striking resemblance to your pet canary), the next time you see your neighbour stumble into his room after another WoW-induced sleepless night, you can safely claim that you were there from the beginning.

Gentlemen, we can upgrade him

Adam Omar can make him better than he was. Better. Stronger. Faster. Shu-nu-nu-nu-nu-nu-nu-nu.

It's new technology time again, with all sorts of companies yelling next-gen this and next-gen that. No matter what the console makers claim, the PC will always be the bastion of true gaming and the tip of the spear as far as technology is concerned.

However, as is the norm in these cases, one has to build or buy a computer before being able to experience any of that.

In this feature, we'll be giving you some general advice on choosing components, and providing a look at a range of low, mid, and high-end builds, as well as our recommendations for the best of the best. But bear in mind that, of course, these are gaming desktops, nothing more – and we can't help you put the thing together, either! You should consider doing it if you're brave enough though, as it's relatively straightforward, and a lot cheaper than paying for installation!

So, what does what? First, there's the processor – in this day and age it would be pure madness not to get a multi-core CPU. As more and more people have multi-core capability, more and more programs (and games!) will provide support. And with more supported programs, more people will buy multi-cores...and so the wheel turns.

Tied closely to the CPU is the motherboard choice. I cannot stress how important a good motherboard is. It is the *most important* component in your PC. Many people make mistakes, spending loads on their CPU or graphics card and neglecting their motherboard. Ultimately, your motherboard is what ties everything together and transmits data between all your other parts. A shit motherboard equals a shit PC, simple as that. Remember to check that its compatible with all your other parts.

Since we're gaming, let's take

graphics next. If any of you are planning to buy a computer in the near future, I suggest you hold off until the next generation of DirectX10 (Microsoft's foundation graphic engine) cards arrive. Unless you happen to have been born in a vat of money, there's no point in buying a gaming card now and then upgrading to DX10 in the future.

Hard Drives are another often sidelined component. As such I will only bother you with this humble collection of words: Western Digital. SATA II, 16MB Cache. Simple, but crucial. Similarly, drives are simple too – these are quite standard. Any old DVD-writer will do. The technology is much the same everywhere.

Now, the frivolities. If this was a tropical country, I'd have suggested you get at least 6 fans or a water-cooling set. But in England, a couple of 12cm fans will suffice. Intel's stock coolers deserve special men-

tion. Though quite uninteresting at first glance, those trusty black fans can keep your computer stable up to 1.5 to 2 times the CPU speed, depending on your processor.

Power supplies (PSUs) are another crucial part that many people forget. A good PSU means a stable computer (at least with respect to power). 500W is the bare minimum nowadays, with units that go up to about 1100W. A nuclear explosion to any gamer's electricity bill, I'm sure.

For mice – optical or laser; accept nothing less. Go for wired instead of wireless. Wireless devices are (slightly) slower to respond than wired ones, and some of them require batteries. We're gamers. We hunch at our desks anyway.

As with mice, go for wired keyboards. Unless you plan on playing your games from the next room or across the street, there really is no need to have a wireless keyboard.

A good sound card isn't that necessary for gaming, although it is one of those things that would be nice to have. Creative are a safe bet for anything sound-cardy. Coupled to that, go for headphones wherever possible. You don't want to be distracted by the d00d next door or by a car outside when trying to land a frag. Otherwise, its down to personal preference.

Unless you happen to have a desk the size of a bed you'll need to go with a TFT for your monitor. 19inch should be the minimum size. And always, always get a monitor with a DVI connector – with a comfortable viewing angle.

Aesthetics aside, a casing should be chosen with respect to ease of use, weight, stability, and sturdiness. Aluminium is light but expensive, but I'd rather have a hulking steel behemoth any day. Air circulation and ventilation is also another important factor.



Unreal Tournament 3 – Commence eye-bleeding ... now.

Pushing the envelope – the unforgiving games that'll test your PC's limits

You've taken our advice and put together something resembling a PC – or maybe you want to test the one you already have to check that the video card's still running? There's a variety of games both out now and upcoming that are sure to do the job.

The first, and almost oldest, is probably Bethesda's most recent RPG release, *Oblivion*. Despite being a year old now and holding an unsteady place in 2006's game charts, *Oblivion* is a massive resource guzzler, still providing a huge challenge to any computer while wandering around the huge vistas with lighting effects on full. And if that doesn't do the job, there are mods that make the game even more demanding, racking up the

settings even further and increasing the richness of the visuals. If you want to test large-scale graphics, this is the one.

For those of you that have already picked up a copy of the latest strategy hit, *Supreme Commander*, or those that took a spin on the demo a month or so ago, you'll already be aware of the scale of waging war. Huge populations of units on screen at once, with varying levels of zoom from global to close-up-and-personal. This is a game that takes whatever memory you've got and then demands more – a terrifyingly impressive game when played on the right system, if you can get more than a 2 vs. 2 running smoothly online, you've already got a very capable machine.

It's also worth taking a step even further back in time and revisiting F.E.A.R., now available at a criminally low price. F.E.A.R. was a demanding game upon release – kicking up a fuss even on the best hardware, with software conflicts abound. Now, F.E.A.R.'s theatrical lighting and fast-paced shooting still provides a test to the average gamer's PC. If you're playing this on a resolution larger than a postage stamp, you're taking steps in the right direction.

But it's the future that holds the truly terrifying games. Already we're seeing the new *Command and Conquer* – not thought to be too demanding – putting large pressure on a lot of mid-spec PCs. The advent of Windows Vista and its

alleged focus on high-end gaming means that future releases could use even more of a machine's raw resources – but that might not be the good news it sounds, as more resources available means more resources are used – leaving low-end gamers in the dust while the next-gen speeds off into the sunset.

It's not all doom and gloom yet, though, and thankfully the dreaded Vista exclusives seem thin on the ground – at least for the time being. *Unreal Tournament 3* (above) was one of the first sights we got of the Unreal 3.0 engine, now powering every next-gen game under the sun. It's all very well for console gamers, who can rely (most of the time) on developers to get the right amount of power out of the plastic

box. But the prospect of games like *UT3* – with open-ended detail options ready to be scaled to christ-knows-where and beyond – should be making any gamer think twice about putting off an upgrade for another year.

The Unreal 3.0 engine has been licensed by Sony, EA, and Square Enix to name but three, and Epic have already stated that Unreal 4.0 has been in development since early 2004 (though not due to be seen until 2010, such is their faith in the third engine).

America's Army 3.0, *Bioshock*, and *Unreal Tournament 3* will all be using the engine that we've already seen used in *Gears of War*. However prepared you think you are for next-gen – you're not prepared enough.



When Half-Life 2's Lost Coast was released, showing off HDR (on the right), we thought that was the new limit. A year on, and graphical technology has leapt on even further

High End (> £1000)

Processor – Intel Core 2 Quad. Any model is fine, but make it a Quad core. Equivalent AMD CPUs are too expensive and much hotter. Just about every AMD CPU is over-priced and hot. *Do not get AMD.*

The Intel Core 2 Quad Q6600 is a good choice.

Motherboard – Get an nForce 6, S775, or a high end 965 board. It must have all the essentials, quad-core support, dual PCI-E, and the like.

We're fans of the ASUS P5NT-WS SLI, ASUS Striker Extreme.

Graphics – Not much choice at the high-end. Get a 768MB 8800 GTX. Or a pair of 320MB or 640MB 8800 GTs in SLI.

Hard Drive – Raptor all the way. Get one small (~70GB) WD Raptor drive for installations, and a huge

(300+GB) drive for data.

Cooling – If you absolutely must have water-cooling, get a casing with one already installed. It's annoying to fiddle around with the pipes. For fans, get one of those huge Zalman or Thermaltake CPU coolers.

Power Supply – Enermax Liberty series, 800W at least. In terms of kit and stability, it's one of the best.

Mouse – Any Razer or high end Logitech mouse. Mostly down to user-preference. The Razer Copperhead is a good choice.

Keyboard – Up to you, really. Whichever keyboard feels the best. Microsoft tend to make good keyboards. Try the new Microsoft Natural Ergonomic 4000 or the Logitech G15.

Sound – Creative X-Fi. Whichever model suits your fancy. Maybe one

of those with a 'pro' or 'fatal-one-ty' suffix.

Casing – Get a lovely big one from Thermaltake or CoolerMaster. Such as the CoolerMaster Stackler or the NZXT Lexa or even the ASUS Vento 3600. You'll appreciate it later, although LAN party organisers won't.

Mid Range (£600 – £1000)

Processor – Intel Core 2 Duo. The E6600 or E6700 will last, and already has lasted, a long time.

Motherboard – Get a high end 965 board such as the Gigabyte DS4, Gigabyte DQ6.

Graphics – Get a 320MB 8800 GTS. These cards offer a great performance/price tradeoff.

Hard Drive – Get a moderately large SATA II drive, bear in mind that many games are approaching

5Gb minimum now.

Cooling – The stock Intel coolers are more than enough, and your components won't be over-running anyway.

Power Supply – Enermax Liberty series, 600W at least. It still never hurts to have a solid base, however, so consider the High End 800W option, too.

Mouse – Any Razer or high end Logitech mouse. Mostly down to user-preference. The Razor Diamondback is a good choice.

Keyboard – Try the Microsoft Digital Media Pro. Make sure the ergonomics are good for you though – many of these were designed for other things than gaming, and WASD feels funny on some.

Sound – Creative X-Fi XTreme Music or XTreme Gamer. Both are XTremely good. (*Ho ho*)

Casing – Again, Thermaltake or CoolerMaster. But get a cheaper one such as the Thermaltake Armour Jr., the Thermaltake Aguila, or the CoolerMaster Wavemaster, bearing in mind our mid-end cooling options, too.

Low End (< £600)

Processor – One of the earlier Intel Core 2 Duos. The E6300 or E6400 will be enough.

Motherboard – Get a good 965 board such as the Gigabyte DS3 or DS4, or a low end ASUS P5N.

GFX – Wait till DX10 card prices drop. There are good low-end cards on the market, but you'd be wasting money when there's a price drop up ahead.

HDD – Get a moderately large SATA II drive. Storage isn't something you can scrimp on easily, unfortunately.

Cooling – The stock Intel coolers are more than enough.

Power Supply – Enermax Liberty series, 500W at least. Again, power is power, and PCs always need more.

Mouse – Any Razer or high end Logitech mouse. Mostly down to user-preference. The Razor Krait, perhaps.

Keyboard – Any keyboard will do fine. If you're getting really picky, take a look at a low-end Logitech for sturdy, reliable components.

Sound – None required. If you must have one, get an old Audigy card. Many gamers find sound to be a secondary consideration.

Casing – The CoolerMaster Centurion 5 is an absolute bargain.

Overall, it's important to bear in mind that things need to be kept at a similar level. Splashing out on a big graphics card because you think that's going to pull up the rest of your system won't work, because things tend to run at the speed of the slowest.

Above all else, make sure the components are good quality regardless, and keep everything balanced around the CPU. Failing that, just phone up Dell.

Hah! Just kidding.

“Dell”.

Woooooo ... “Dell” ... Hoo hoooo.



The future of graphics technology – big-ass frogs.

Clubs & Societies

Dorking around the North Downs

Soon to be Deputy President, Alistair Cott takes you through his favourite pastime after grooming his beard

This year's Night Hike was in the same place as last years', around Dorking on the North Downs. There is a Scout hut quite helpfully placed on the outskirts of Dorking overshadowed by Box Hill. This year was relatively easy for the organisers as the route had been planned with no need to set up any of checkpoints.

Even so after all the maps had been printed a slight alteration was needed as checkpoint 2 was placed 100 metres down the road from where it should have been. The minibus drove out and found a suitable clue for the new checkpoint 2.

It then started to pour, and wondering whether anyone would turn up to walk around in a downpour we started to get the hut prepared for the night to come.

Just after 7pm, the first runner team arrived and by 7.50pm they were off. After a bit more of a wait the walker's registration opened at 8.30pm with one team turning up on the dot. Most of the others turned up in the two minibuses that arrived around 9pm.

The competent and novice teams could start at 9.30pm and most teams took the time to prepare their routes. Each of the 20 checkpoints had a question associated with it, most of the answers were on signs or around the area so torches were essential.

Most teams left sometime between 10 and 11pm; however the other two runner teams waited until the last moment before setting off into the night.

There were three different categories: 'novice', for those who weren't

very familiar with navigation skills, 'competent', for those with a little more experience, and 'runner', you can guess what they do.

Novice teams had a choice of visiting up to 11 checkpoints in the area to the West, while all 20 checkpoints were up for grabs for the

"Andras Is A Gay" had 895 points – the winning score

competent and runner teams. Most of the teams elected to head around the course clockwise, as this meant they could come down Box Hill instead of going up it.

A few people had to pull out during the night due to the cold and wet conditions; they were all met by a rescue minibus and a warm hut at the end of it. All but two teams stayed within their allotted time, with severe time penalties taking precious points away from the

Second place went to "Burg Is A Gay" with 850 points

teams, everyone knew they must be back within 6 and a half hours.

Extra time was awarded for visiting manned checkpoints and with

the rain pelting down most teams took this option as it gave them a chance to find some cover and perhaps get a cup of tea.

The first team back was "Team Twelve" the first runner team who managed 14 of the checkpoints and collected 670 points, they then had a 2 and a half hour wait to see whether they had won or not.

The rest of the teams arrived between 2 and 5.30am, with breakfast being served from 5am. The last team aptly called "Marooned" arrived at 5.30 after being picked up by the minibus at a manned checkpoint. They managed to get to 9 checkpoints but were 39 minutes late so their final score was 315 points.

It turned out that perhaps the course was too hard this year with no team managing to get to all the checkpoints and so the 1000 points; however the winners of the competent category made a good attempt to visit 18. This gave team "Andras Is A Gay" a total of 895 points which was the winning score, for the win they received beer, the smiles that this produced made walking some 20km seem worth it.

Second place went to another team from the Outdoor club "Burg Is A Gay" with an impressive 850 points. Third place went to the Fellwanderers team "Little House On The Prairie" with their score of 725 points.

In the Novice category an external team "Roxy Monkey" managed to get to all 11 of their checkpoints and score the maximum 525 points available. In second place team "Edgy People" came home exactly



A Fellwanderer enjoys a cuppa back at the scout hut



Clearly everyone forgot their camera flashes. A picture of them, you know, hiking would have been nice

on the dot of 6 and a half hours with 9 checkpoints visited and 445 points. Third place went to team "ABC" as the only managed to visit 5 checkpoints and collect 260 points, they decided to come back and get dry after 2 and a half hours.

One runner team "Dan Is A Lady" managed to get round 12 checkpoints in just over 3 hours then spotted the rescue minibus heading his way. After wading through the flooded road he hitched a lift back to the dry hut. This meant he received 560 points and the possibility of receiving one of the wooden spoon replacements for this year.

The other runner team "Joe Is A Gay" split up with Joe coming back to hut after a few hours and Neil carrying on. Neil arrived back to the hut after visiting 13 checkpoints but with over 2 and a half hours left.

After a quick break he ventured up to the nearest checkpoint to level his team's score with that of "Team Twelve". This meant that "Team Twelve" was pushed into second place behind "Joe Is A Gay", with "Dan Is A Lady" coming in third.

There were other prizes for those placed outside the top three, these included the 'best lighting device' award this year that was awarded to the team with Christmas lights, and a lighted disco ball. The 'most random object carried round' award went to the team which managed to carry a fold-up table round with them.

The 'best costume' award went without a doubt to the team that dressed up in ponchos, moustaches, sombreros, and carried flaming torches. These torches were on track to win the best lighting device as well until they went out in the rain; hopefully they remembered to bring other sources of light.

This year instead of wooden spoons there were dog food sporks. These were a brilliant find and all the teams which won one were deeply honoured to receive such an award. These three teams were "ABC", "The Fellowship", and "Dan Is A Lady".

Special mention should go to members of the committee which performed above their normal roles. Paul by getting scared by a rubber chicken, and Phil for being a muppet and not being able to light his stove, keep up the good work guys.

Special thanks must go to Mark for driving the rescue minibus, also to Phil, Oli, and Tamsin for manning the checkpoints, and not forgetting Kirsty and Paul for manning the kitchen for breakfast [Editor: I do anything for tea].

Also thank you to the fifty-odd competitors who took part. I hope you had a good time and hope to see you again next year.

For more information, pictures and results point your web browsers to www.union.ic.ac.uk/rcc/night hike.



Fellwanderers discover New Forest

Nathaniel Bottrell

Why would the Fellwanderers go to the New Forest? There are no mountains or hills it's just full of trees, mud, heath and ponies. Well let me explain and hopefully by the end of this report you will know why the New Forest is such an amazing place.

So it's 5pm Friday and it seems that I am the last to arrive at Beit Quad even though I have organised this trip back to my home area (I live in the south-eastern corner). There stand eight eager Fellwanderers ready to embark on the massive journey down south to the New Forest. In just half an hour we have the mini bus packed with Chris arriving just in time. As the questions like "have we got everyone and everything" are running through my head a familiar smiling face appears at the window of the bus. It's Tim, does he want to come, no he just wants to say good bye which is pretty good timing. Had he been a few minutes later we would have been off navigating the treacherous

London rush hour to the M3.

Okay, maybe I slightly exaggerated the distance since we arrived at our gourmet restaurant known to every Fellwanderer as the 'chippy' at 8pm. I remember this being the best fish and chip shop on the eastern edge of the forest and with a group of hungry students we all know what would happen if this was not the case (details are too graphic). With the queue coming out of the door and a stack of spuds that would make any man weak at the knees, the prospect of surviving was looking good. One delicious pie and chips later we did what students do best and stocked up with fine (yes we have good taste in alcohol!) ale and whiskey.

Arriving at the camp site (Acres Down Farm in Minstead) at 9pm we then pitched the tents after a comical effort of putting the poles in the wrong holes. Maybe I should have tried putting the tents up in the Union first but at least now I know how they work. Anyway, we stand around in this muddy field not knowing what to do since normally we are

stuck on the motorway with numb bums thinking "are we ever going to get there?" We got the alcohol flowing and started to disturb the local tranquillity; however I didn't drink since I was cheekily driving to say hello to my parents (actually I wanted a warm and comfortable bed) only ten miles down the road.

Don't worry, the pleasure pain balance was restored as I needed to get to the camp site earlier and turf everyone else out of their tents (not as easy as you may think). With a warm cup of tea or two inside us we headed towards Bolderwood hoping that the grey clouds would just stay grey. After seeing a herd of deer and ending up in the middle of the woods knee high in mud, it dawned on me that I should have been paying more attention to the map. No I wasn't lost; I knew where we were, well sort of. Now knowing that I need to improve my map reading skills, we ended up outside the Queens Arms in Burley (what a coincidence that it just happened to be midday).

After a quick pint or seven with lunch we staggered for a while until we soon realised that bringing a boat would have been a good idea since we were faced with an underpass that wasn't so passable. The day continued through more trees, mud, and rivers (sorry about the wet feet!) whilst being watched by the ponies.

All of a sudden the ground began to shake and the rumbling of hooves started to deafen us. We jumped out of the way as many horses bolted from the bushes chasing after a pack of excited dogs. Finding ourselves in the middle of a fox hunt, we continued. Again our progress was hindered as we leaped into safety to stop ourselves becoming flattened as the second wave of mad rich English men and women (don't want to get sued for lack of equal rights) crashed through the vegetation. Luckily the dogs had more sense to realise that we were not foxes and we arrived at a complete fire place in the middle of nowhere. The Portuguese Fireplace,

left from the war, gave us the perfect opportunity to get the banner out and argue over who had the best whiskey (trust me we needed it after our traumatic experience).

We closed the walk off with an epic climb to 89 metres to admire the sun setting behind a landscape filled with the silhouettes of trees. Dinner was then enjoyed, after a short drive to the coast, in the moonlight with the sound of crashing waves on the pebbles. After a little whiskey and beer (no we're not alcoholics; it was just used to keep us warm) we were gazing at the twinkling lights from Bournemouth in one direction and Yarmouth in the other.

Much the same happened on Sunday until we arrived at a river just north of Holly Hatch Inclosure

Showing off ... I took a run up and then, 'splash!'

and the desire to jump overcame me. With the first jump a success, I wanted to beat the distance and continue showing off. I found a manageable section, took up a run and then... 'splash!', water came up to my head and my trousers were now dripping but somehow my feet were dry. Once the laughter had finished everyone jumped the river to take a short cut across the marsh. The ground was now violently wobbling and a local woman waking her dog told us that we were best off crossing at the bridge. Taking her advice we all slid through a deeper patch of bog before arriving back on the other side. With a few wet feet our route took us up to the top of Hampton ridge for some well deserved lunch looking over the forest and enjoying the view.

The walk continued along the ridge to the dizzying heights of 124 meters (don't laugh this is high in New Forest terms). Our journey took us through some spectacular

woodland with a carpet of fallen leaves and of course a lot of mud! With one pissed off farmer (I assure you no fences were harmed) we enjoyed a local pint of Fritham ale at a very busy Royal Oak before continuing across open pastures. In the distance we spotted an ice cream van. Were we witnessing a mirage or had the beer gone to our heads? Like de-hydrated men in the desert investigation was needed. After an, I think it was real, ice cream we left the van to serve its regulars (the horses).

With a not so quick go on a rope swing and again wading through more bog we arrived back at the bus ready to depart to London. Everyone clambered in and strapped down, the bus started moving back and all was looking good. But no, disaster had struck as the bush was trying to knock on the window when we realised that just revving the engine was not helping. The more we tried to free ourselves the more the back slid around into the ditch, were we ever going to get back to London? When we gave up trying to push the bus out, the campsite owner came to the rescue. As if this had happened before, her tiny (well in comparison) Nissan pick up truck made light work of pulling a sliding bus out. This comical scene gave way to a round of applause and a few cheers with Martin looking slightly embarrassed that he had managed to get the bus stuck.

As the night drew in our weekend had come to a close. Having seen enough mud and horses we were now safely on the motorway with half of the forest stuck to the bottom of our boots.

The Fellwanderers organise four biweekly weekend trips a term to some of the most spectacular scenery in England and Wales. We also organise Sunday walks in between the weekends that explore the countryside on the edge of London.

For more information look us up at www.fellwanderers.com or come to one of our free Tuesday lunches in DB's from 12:30.



Maybe the gap was bigger than he first thought

Clash of the Century with J'n'R

Sean Richardson

Jazz and rock. And blues. And metal. And folk, indie, alt., acoustic, punk... The list goes on. But it doesn't make a very snappy name. Probably why our founding fathers in their infinite wisdom shortened it to Jazz and Rock. And hence prompting the timeless question: "What if I don't like jazz or rock?"

So first off, let me assuage your fears; any musical style is welcome here. No really, it is. So there. We run a well-equipped practice room in the west wing basement of the Union, cheap as hell and available to all our members, and we also regularly hold gig and jam nights in dB's.

Our gig nights are all about giving talent from Imperial (and sometimes further a field) a chance to get out there and play, any style and any level of previous live experience are usually welcome. Our jam nights are, somewhat more relaxed. Whether you want to do covers (Hey Joe and Master of Puppets are usually mandatory at some point), a 15 minute 12 bar blues jam, or even a solo acoustic set, all you need do is bring down an instrument (be it guitar, violin, saxophone or pizza box, yes, I said pizza box), and make some noise and have some fun.

We recently held Friday Night Live, one of our larger termly events. Five great bands took to the stage of dB's 'til late, with drink

aplenty, helped what turned out to be a great night with an excellent atmosphere. First to the stage was the funk-rock of Reality Cheques, and they were followed by the crushing heaviness of Death Penalty (No one survives ©2007), who, astonishingly didn't empty the room and even managed to get a mosh pit going! Twice!

Next up came the soulful styling of Luca Laraia who held an absolutely packed dB's rapt for his 35 minutes on stage. He was followed by the only non-Imperial band of the night, the up and coming melodic rockers Cato Street Conspiracy, a name which you should certainly be on the look out for in the future. To close the night were our very own blues rockers, White Elephant, stalwarts of Jazz and Rock, supplying their own share of cool for the evening.

Last Tuesday, 6th of March, we had our, ahem, 'Varsity' Rock Off, which you may note came the night before a certain college event, from which we have in no way borrowed a name from for reasons of publicity. Anyway, we pitted two medic bands, being Honour Amongst Thieves and Dirty Frank, against two of their non-medic counterparts, Death Penalty and White Elephant, in a battle to find who rocked the hardest, fastest, and most. [Editor - from the over enthusiastic gesticulations of one of my house mates I can only assume they managed to at least please the crowds.]



So much more than just jazz and rock. Grown men gently weeping into microphones too

Our other big event this term is our way of celebrating the college centenary Jazz and Rock style. It's on March 10th and we've called it 'Clash of the Century', and it is basically a battle of the bands equivalent of the Royal Rumble. Almost 20 bands will take to the stage over the course of the night. Some old hands

whom you've seen before and whom we've mentioned earlier, no doubt, and some new faces, all vying for the title of Imperial's greatest band. The battle lines are well and truly drawn, so come on down, pick your side and get ready to make some noise, as we try our hardest to rock the Union to its very core.

Clash of the Century

Saturday 10th March,
6.45pm – 2am
dB's, ICU, £3 entry

Enthusiasm for Ethical Careers Exhibition

Freya Summersgill

As many of you will know, the second annual Ethical Careers Exhibition took place in the Great Hall last Wednesday. The idea was to showcase careers that lead to something more than just a decent salary and a company car, focussing on careers that make a positive difference to the world.

Companies included Transport for London, the energy consultancy

ESD, and PowerPerfactor, makers of energy efficient technology, to name just a few. There were also representatives from student societies such as Engineers Without Borders, with free tea and coffee samples provided by Imperial Fairtrade.

The usual stalls and freebies were supplemented by a series of seminars ranging from the potential of fuel cell technology to opportunities for volunteering in India and

turning an entire village 'carbon neutral'.

Although the turnout was smaller than last year, and the stalls were fewer, the atmosphere was great. A lot of the recruiters commented on how interested and interesting Imperial students were. Apparently we came across as enthusiastic, thoughtful and well prepared, which is encouraging to hear.

I was personally pretty amazed at how many people came to the seminars, since half an hour at lunch time is a valuable thing. It was worthwhile to many, though; two quantum physicists who attended the talk on Finding an Ethical career in Science, Design and Technology told me 'We both didn't like the ordinary careers fair with British Petroleum and the Ministry of Defence.' For them, like many others, ethics is paramount in career choice.

However, for some Imperial students, choosing a career is about balancing priorities. Most of us care about sustainability and social justice, but for many this fades into insignificance in the face of the pressure to find a job - any job - that will pay the bills.

A student from the Engineers Without Borders stand admitted to me that she has a job lined up from a year in industry scheme she did in her gap year before university, before she had come to care about ethics. Now her ideas have changed - but she's still taking the job, without checking on the company's ethical record. It's just too time-consuming for a final-year student to go job-hunting.



An array of stalls at the Ethical Careers Exhibition

That is why the Ethical Careers Exhibition is so important. There are plenty of companies out there doing exciting, worthwhile work, (some of them pay pretty well too), and they all want to recruit dedicated graduates with a fabulous science education. If you wander through a room filled with those companies you're bound to come out with a dozen possibilities that you'd never have considered before.

So support our Ethical Careers Exhibition! This year it was organised by students for students, and

some people worked very hard and put in a lot of time to make it happen. Now, because of the event's success, the Union staff might be lending a hand, but we still need volunteers to make the 2008 event bigger, better and more useful, to help more of us find the job we really want, not the one we're settling for.

So, if you are interested in helping out next year, please email us at ethicalcareersexhibition@imperial.ac.uk



EnvSoc actively saving the planet



A feast of festive mountaineering

Henry Fisher

In the centre of London there lies a college; a college not so dissimilar to the one you are in. Within this college there is a club; a club of climbing... Nine of those from this club set out on a journey, a journey that would take them far from family, friends and home across the British Isles, to a land of mountains and dragons¹, a land known as Wales or Cymru in the native tongue.

The journey started as each journey does, with each member packing their bags in preparation for a week in a small (but cosy) hut in Snowdon. They headed for the meeting point that had been arranged long ago, and at the union they found their transport, the mighty white minibus which would be captained by Dom and Matt through their adventure.

Tragedy struck though before they set sail, as the fellowship lost their first, Katie had heeded the call of medicine and bowed out to save those back in London, and so with the minibus packed the remaining seven (for one would make his own journey at a later time) set off waving farewell to their friend.

The music started, but it was not time to party, they zipped up their coats and donned their head-torches, as they knew the first mission was not far from home; they had to acquire a Christmas tree, for it was foretold that in their destined land, Christmas would take place and without a tree the Christmas gods would not smile upon their quest.

Thankfully Christmas in their current lands had ended, and the streets were overburdened with discarded trees, and so staying true to their civic duty they ridded the street of one of its festive foliage. Difficult as it was to load into

the transport, the combined might and will of those present managed to bring it aboard; and the journey truly began.

The first day in their new lands the intrepid team braved the wind and rain, and after feasting upon their Tesco value sausages and bacon [or eggs in the case of young Timothy], they headed into the outdoors to little Tryfan.

As the road ended and the walk began, the wind began to pick up, but this made them only more determined to get to the rock. Each member taking their share of the equipment, ropes, helmets, harnesses and gear they marched towards their destiny.

Splitting up into two groups of two and a last of three, they began their assault on the rock. The groups chose their route up to the top of the foreboding rock. Dark from the rain and enshadowed by clouds; they climbed.

Alex and Dom were the victorious two who forged their way to the top of the challenge long before the others and with speed on their side the two scaled down to the bottom of the climb, looking to conquer it once again. Meanwhile, the others were left lingering half way up their routes combating the wind and rain that had only increased with time.

The next to arrive at the top were Matt, Laura and Bish, followed lastly by Tim and Henry; but it was not the order of which they arrived that mattered, it was the sheer fact that they had made it to the top. They had fought the rock and won.

As Tim and Henry began to unfasten themselves from their safe positions at the top of the rock, they were greeted by Alex and shortly after Dom, who had managed to easily defeat the slab a second time. The two teams walked down to-

gether triumphant in their achievements, but the weather turned, and the sky opened to rain down upon them all it had drank.

At this point the team of three were half way through their second route up the slab, and so it was up to the four to save everyone's belongings from the rain and take shelter in the bus. Fate however took another turn towards death as the journey then claimed its second victim, all the bags were out of the rain, but Laura's camera was still in active service, not sheltered from the storm, it took its final photo in the rain, and died.

Once the days outdoor activities were over, the indoor trials could begin. It was proclaimed that the medics had laid out a challenge to their freshers to climb the ladder joining the living room to the bedrooms, feet first.

So with mattresses in place, the feat was attempted; however it was for naught, as try as they did, they could not manage to get higher than half way.

This was not the only challenge laid forth, the walls of the hut in which they occupied were begging for human contact; and so a route from the floor to the ceiling was devised, and soon after conquered, first by Matt, but he was not alone and soon the others followed.

On the second day it was decided that those on the journey being from the Mountaineering Club, would climb a mountain; and so they sought out the biggest mountain they could find, which took them to Snowdon.

It was an eight mile round trip to ascend to the top and return back to the origin, but the valiant team clothed in waterproofs, tied their laces tight and started the hike.

The rain hit their faces with a bit-

ter sting, but they pushed on past the initial stage, till they found the true path, and the sign directing them to the top of Snowdon.

The top was subject to the all the air that had been pushed up by the wind, and so a gale streamed across it; but even battered by the winds they were determined to reach the peak.

Once they descended from the peak, the weather appeased, and it was an easy walk back alongside lakes and hills, and awaiting them at the bottom were the rest of the group, although wet, they had been given chips for free and the whole group devoured them with ease.

However their bellies were not filled by the chips, and so they headed for the warmest tavern they knew of, and there gorged themselves on the food of the land. This is where the eighth member of the group, Kunal, arrived, and regaled the awaiting others of his travelling tales (although they will be told in another story).

After the stories were told and the greetings finished, the now complete group travelled to their hut. Where the medics challenge was set upon the new arrival. The rest of the group prepared the mattresses, and watched in astonishment as Kunal reached the bedroom in one try, feet first.

The following day Tryfan was tackled again; however on a much longer multi-pitch route, taking the teams higher and further than before. The group split into two teams of three and one of two; and set off on their individual journeys. Little is known of what happened along these journeys, apart from they became epics, with many difficult manoeuvres over flakes, up slabs, and the majority off route.

One team however ran into the

most trouble. After a day of making up their own way to the top; they finally reached the peak as night fell. This left them with the unenviable task of making their way down in the dark; only aided by what light their meagre torches could produce.

As they journeyed down however, trouble was brewing with the others waiting. A local man started proclaiming profanities at those walking in the dark; resulting in the calling of the police, who then sat and waited for those missing to return.

In the meantime the team scrambling their way down the rocks were blissfully unaware of the trouble below, singing various marching songs to keep them entertained (most coming from Disney movies); but as they reached the bottom their path was lit by the powerful torches of the police car, and with a thank you and goodbye it then drove away leaving them in peace to hear of the trouble they had caused.

The climbing was not the highlight of the final day, that was left until the evening, where on the twelfth night Christmas took place.

Secret Santa, Christmas crackers, Roast pork (chops), old jokes and blueberry crumble for dessert were what spurred festivities on the last night of the long trip.

And once all the presents were open, the new gear placed in the hut, and all the food eaten, there was but one thing left to do. They had to write their entry into the guestbook.

Hours they spent debating on what the best words to leave as guidance to those who would follow in their footsteps, but it was finally decided, and written; and with that the tour was over; their duty done, all that remained was the journey back home to their loved ones.

Diving the depths of the Red Sea



The world's only underwater toilet. See the brown noise bubbles rise

Catherine Patterson

Escaping the post-Christmas blues for a week of scuba diving in the blue waters of the Red Sea was clearly a great plan. Still, landing in Sharm el Sheikh and arriving aboard the Bella 1 – the boat which was to be our home for the week – it was hard to believe we'd left the cold greyness of an English January behind us quite so successfully. The Bella itself was beautiful – all polished wood and gleaming metal, complete with sundeck and even a jacuzzi for those who still deluded themselves that this might be a holiday rather than a dive trip. Plenty of space, in fact, for all those essential post-dive activities: sleeping; writing logbooks; more sleeping; hunting through fishbooks for fish that refused to be identified; perusing dive photos; going back to sleep again; sunbathing (for those dedicated enough to find a place in the sun that was also out of the wind – next time I'm taking a windbreak as

well as suntan lotion.) And then, of course, there was the eating (a lot of eating). The food was great, although the non-meat eaters didn't fare quite so well; the chef had a bit of a thing for fried cucumber as an ideal vegetarian dish.

Despite this packed relaxation schedule, we somehow managed to fit in a total of twenty dives. Our itinerary took us in a rough loop around the Northern Red Sea, to include a huge variety of reefs and wrecks – according to our dive guides Nicole and Thijs, this was where captains, having navigated through the straits of Suez, would customarily hand over command of the ship to their first mate, who would promptly run the vessel aground on the nearest reef. You'd have thought they might have learnt from the first poor soul who did this – but no – the same story was told in dive brief after dive brief. We weren't objecting, however. It gave us a lot of fantastic wrecks to dive.

Our first was the Chrisoula K,

sunk on the edge of Abu na Has reef in 1981, where the cargo of granite tiles that had been en route for Yemen were to be found stacked in the hold, 'Made In Italy' stamps still clearly visible on each; and there was a still intact workshop, complete with workbench and drill affixed to the wall, perfectly spotlighted by the open hatch in front of it, as if someone had just downed tools. Further wrecks followed: the Carnatic (1869), where we sadly failed to discover any gold; the Giannis D (1983), possibly sunk so its owners could claim on the insurance; peculiarly, a barge; the Kingston; the Dunraven (1876), like the Carnatic, a tramp steamer; and (most memorably) the Thistlegorm. Finding this last 4898-tonne, 415-foot ship proved to be more of a challenge than you might expect, given its dimensions: still, our indefatigable captain managed it, having left his handheld GPS at home.

After an hour of aimless sailing to and fro, we were forced to wait for the next morning and the arrival of some other (rather better equipped) dive boats. A few disgruntled faces all round. The Thistlegorm itself, however, was definitely worth the wait. Attacked at the ironically named Safe Anchorage F in the Straits of Gubal by a German bomber squad in 1941, the explosions that sunk the Thistlegorm created enough light to illuminate another ship at Safe Anchorage H (sunk by the same bomber squad a few days later).

At 30 metres, however, there was plenty of ship left for us to explore. Two locomotive engines lie to port and starboard of the wreck, blown off by the bomb blast, with their coal tenders still on deck. At the stern, we found anti-aircraft guns, boxes of shells (one polished by passing divers, with '1929' still legible its brass side), and further towards the bow, a Bren gun carrier tipped on its side. Inside, boxes full of thigh-length rubber boots, four intact trucks, each with its cargo of three motorcycles neatly stacked alongside one another, and a cargo of small aircraft wings. Only Louise, in determined pursuit of the-most-controversial-statement-of-the-week award, declared that she didn't really see what all the fuss was about: 'I think the Thistlegorm's boring'. Tree had to be forcibly restrained from throwing her overboard.



Do divers consciously wear shades of sky blue all the time I wonder?

Exploring the wrecks themselves wasn't all there was to do, of course. We were surrounded by underwater life on every dive: electric blue parrot fish audibly chomping on the coral; dense globe-shaped shoals of glass fish; huge moray eels (one, on the Barge, so accustomed to divers that it let itself be stroked); hundreds of flame-orange anthias, clustered on the reefs, vivid against the deep blue of the water; shoals of silvery blue fusiliers; the elongated silhouettes of cornet fish swimming close below the surface of the water, above us as we looked up; bright yellow banner fish; two turtles, each resting in their own caves, one of them coming out to swim around us once he'd got bored of being photographed; huge, placid-looking batfish; blue spotted ribbontail rays; big bulbous-lipped Napoleon fish; toothy-mouthed trigger fish; a reef shark circling the bow of the Thistlegorm; anemone 'Nemo' fish in pairs, defending their anemone homes against over-impertinent divers; crocodile fish, boxfish, and unicorn fish (all three very aptly named); on a night dive, spiny-backed lionfish hunting in small packs of three or four, following our torchlight to track down their prey.

The last night of our stay onboard was the chance for a great party. Unanimously voted best-looking member of the crew by the female members of the group (Odiri, I believe, was a particular fan), Amr gave what was allegedly a demonstration of Egyptian dancing – or

perhaps just an excuse to drag us all onto the dance floor for public humiliation! Dancing was followed by singing and a very entertaining round of magic tricks, and then a midnight diving competition. Swimming costumes on, in went Mike, Ben W, Jenny, Tom and I. Never ones to be bested, Nick and Ben T followed close behind, with Ben T then embarking on a piratical re-boarding of the boat via the anchor rope at the bow. Who needs a ladder, especially when you can earn the glory of a spectacular bruise and several scrapes by doing it the hard way?

Meanwhile, in the water at the stern, Mike was earning his title of most intrepid underwater fighter, taking on a sea urchin with his bare fists. And after all this excitement, we still had energy for two brilliant dives the next day in the Straits of Tiran, on the Shark, Yolande and Jackson reefs. The last dive gave us our most hotly debated fish identification of the week – was it a tuna? a shark? Or perhaps that previous unidentified species, a tuna-shark? Ben T wasn't watching closely enough to contribute to the discussion – far too busy kidnapping Jo S's fin from her right foot.

And so our fantastic week came to an end, after a day of recovery back in Sharm el Sheikh, with quad biking for some, lounging by the pool for others, and a raucous evening out at the Camel Bar for everyone. Pretty please can we go again soon?

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Final Fairtrade Fortnight booze-up

Kirsty Patterson

With Fairtrade Fortnight drawing to a close the Fairtrade Society is planning just one final party. With over 100 bottles of Traidcraft Wine to drink from South Africa, Argentina and Chile and a plethora of accompanying cheeses there really is no better place to be this evening (unless you already have a ticket to the RCSU Challenge that is).

The event kicks off at 8:00pm in the Physics Level 8 Common Room (that's the posh one with the balcony). Tickets are only £4 for the whole evening with a guarantee of at least one bottle each. Other refreshments on offer include Fairtrade Fruit Juices and One Water from Cafe Direct.

You can get your tickets now on the union website (follow the links to the Fairtrade Society Shop) or buy them on the door. This event would not have been possible without the generosity of Traidcraft and PEROS who have kindly donated some of the produce.

Fairtrade Fortnight has seen a new event everyday at Imperial promoting different types of ethically traded products. High profile visitors have included Robert Ekiku, a Fairtrade Tea Grower from Uganda; Fatima Lopez, a Fairtrade Coffee Taster from Nicaragua; Ian Benton, Deputy Director of the Fairtrade Foundation; Martin Hill, Head of Commercial Relations at the Fairtrade Foundation, Robert Evans, MEP for London and even

Channel Four News! Thursday saw Fairly Traded Knickers for sale in the Union Dining Hall along with t-shirts, jewellery and recycled games and accessories.

Thousands of free samples have been tasted at our stalls including tea, coffee, hot chocolate, wine, flapjack, cookies, cake and chocolate. Signatures were collected to second the Fairtrade University Policy submitted for Union Council on 13th March and teams of Beit Hall residents took part in the first Beit Hall Bakeoff, creating recipes from scratch using Fairtrade Products.

Students and staff have had the opportunity to try an entirely Fairtrade menu in the SCR and MDH on Fridays as part of the international counter. The occasional Fairtrade Football was seen kicking around campus but due to unfortunate weather conditions and the inevitable draining problems in Beit Quad both Beat the Goalie Competitions were cancelled.

Before we leave you with the winning recipe from the Beit Bakeoff there is one final chance to enter the Fairtrade Fortnight Hamper Competition. With a hamper bursting full of Fairtrade Goodies all you need to do is fill in the Questionnaire below with your details.

You don't even need to get the questions right! Just email your answers to clubsandsocs.felix@imperial.ac.uk or alternatively you could leave a completed version in Ben Harris - DPEW's pigeon hole in the Union before Tuesday at 5pm.

Fairtrade Carrot and Walnut Cake
by Ambarish Dash

Ingredients

- 1 1/2 cups Fairtrade granulated sugar
- 2/3 cup chopped Fairtrade walnuts
- Fairtrade raisins, as required
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 2 cups flour
- 2 1/2 tsp cinnamon powder
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp nutmeg powder
- 3 cups shredded carrots, 3-5 carrots

Method

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F
2. Grease a baking dish/pan
3. Mix flour, cinnamon powder, nutmeg powder, baking soda and salt.
4. Beat sugar, oil, eggs and vanilla until well mixed.
5. Mix both of the above mixtures in steps 3 and 4.
6. Add carrots, walnuts and raisins. Mix well.
7. Pour into prepared pan and bake for 35-50 minutes or until a wooden toothpick inserted in the middle comes out clean.



Fairtrade Fortnight
26th Feb - 9th March 2007

Cheese and Wine Evening

Friday 9th March

Physics Level 8 Common Room
Smart Wear

Tickets £4 online or on the door

Fairtrade Fortnight Hamper Competition

What benefits do you think achieving Fairtrade Status will bring to Imperial College London?

Tick as many boxes as you think apply.

- Increased choice for students and staff as customers.
- Promotion of social and moral responsibilities
- Increased Profits in Commercial Services
- Improve our national and international profile
- Encourage more applicants for courses and jobs
- It will have no benefit.

In your opinion what benefit do you think Fairtrade brings to producers?

Tick as many boxes as you think apply.

- A competitive Salary
- Job Security
- A chance for education
- Improvement in services (housing, infrastructure, health care)
- Cuts out the middle man
- It has no benefit for producers

On average how often do you drink coffee?

- Once or twice a day
- More than twice a day
- Once or twice a week
- Only very occasionally
- I don't like coffee
- I prefer tea!

Is it Fairtrade?

- Yes
- No
- Occasionally

How many outlets at Imperial sell Fairtrade products?

- JCR
- Newsagent
- The Shop@iCU
- MDH
- SAF
- MechEng Café
- Da Vincis
- dBs
- Other
- The Union Bar
- Clauds (RSM)
- ElecEng Café
- Reynolds
- Physics
- Vending machines
- Conferences

How many of the following products can be certified Fairtrade?

- Coffee
- Tea
- Sports Balls
- Bananas
- Tshirts
- Mangoes
- Walnuts
- Honey
- Kitchen Towel
- Football boots
- Orange juice
- Cotton buds
- Brazil Nuts
- Sports Kits
- Toilet Roll
- Chocolate
- Cake
- Sugar
- Rice
- Wine
- Muesli
- Grapes
- Paper
- Biscuits

Thank you for taking the time to fill in this questionnaire. Please complete your details below and we will enter you into our competition to win a Fairtrade Hamper.

Name: _____

Department: _____

Email: _____

Taking on the Westside (Story)

Rob Felstead

Firstly, for those of you who missed last week's issue of *Felix*, the centrefold was occupied by a shameless plug for the Musical Theatre Society's production of *BatBoy* which hopefully some of you have had/will get the chance to go and see (last night is tomorrow). Besides taking their clothes off and getting covered in ketchup, members enjoy rehearsing, socialising and of course getting to perform on stage. But it doesn't stop there.

For two and a half weeks every summer Imperial College Union Musical Theatre Tour Society (aka Tour to its members) invades the sleepy Devon town of Budleigh Salterton and puts on a show for the local population. This is exciting in that you get to perform to paying members of the public as well as have an incredibly fun and cheap holiday. Last year Tour performed "Babes in Arms" by Rodgers and Hart having put on Cole Porter's highly successful "Anything Goes" and "Kiss Me, Kate" in 2004 and 2005. This year they're planning to take on a new challenge with West

Side Story.

West Side Story is a modern retelling of Romeo and Juliet, set in the west side of Manhattan. The show depicts the struggle of power between two rival gangs, the all American "Jets" and the immigrant Puerto Rican "Sharks". As with Romeo and Juliet one of the gang members (the American Tony) falls for a rival gang member's sister (the Puerto Rican Maria) and the two get caught up in the violent struggle between the two gangs. The music is composed by Leonard Bernstein and includes the famous songs "Maria", "America" and "Tonight".

When not rehearsing or performing, the cast, band and crew like to spend their time having other kinds of fun taking on various forms. Each performance ends with the speedy removal of stage make-up in order to get to the pub as soon as possible. Here, apart from drinking the local cider, the "Donkey" award is given for the most of obvious mistake of the evening. Then it's off to the Scout Hut (a place that needs to be seen to be believed) for acceptable after hours drinking. Here there are parties, barbecues and, despite the obvious lack of any apparent cleanliness or hygiene in the place, quite a lot of pulling. Once out of alcohol or energy everyone returns to the accommodation at the local primary school to indulge in literally as much toast as you can eat (the drinkers among you will understand the importance of toast access after a heavy night).

As well as all this there are plenty of other distractions including the local beach, curry house and more tea shops than you can shake a fruit scone at. There is also a charity concert followed by a black tie dinner on the middle weekend, this year celebrating the society's 40th year in Devon.

The society rehearses throughout the summer term and the first part of the summer holidays. The Tour itself starting with the setup on Thursday July 26th and finishing with the last night on Saturday 11th August. As anyone who's been will tell you, Tour is really good fun and quite often an unforgettable experience. If you're interested in being involved in West Side Story then please come along to our initial meeting at 7.30pm on Monday 12th March in the Union Dining Hall.



Smashing dress ma'am

The stars of *BatBoy*, who can be found semi-naked in last week's issue

VC Register to win

VC STUDENT POKER
CHAMPIONSHIPS

Saturday
17th March

ICU Poker Society Proudly Presents
The VC Student Poker Qualifier

12pm
MDH



This is a free to enter no limit Texas Hold 'em tournament \$500 prize pool and 1st prize gets a ticket to a tournament with \$50,000 prize pool.

To register your place for this free to enter tournament email:
poker@imperial.ac.uk

Wordoku 2

Complete the grid so that every row, every column and every 3x3 square contains the letters A, B, E, K, N, O, P, S and T. 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.

		O			A			
A	B			S				
P	E	S	T	K				
S	A		P					
T	K						S	P
					K		N	A
				B	S	P	E	N
				E			A	T
			N			O		

Wordoku 1 solution

S	T	U	L	P	A	N	F	C
P	C	F	U	S	N	L	T	A
A	N	L	F	C	T	U	S	P
L	A	T	N	U	P	S	C	F
N	F	C	A	T	S	P	L	U
U	S	P	C	L	F	T	A	N
T	P	A	S	N	C	F	U	L
F	L	S	P	A	U	C	N	T
C	U	N	T	F	L	A	P	S

Jotting pad




Wordoku proved very popular! Thanks for the entries. The winner this week is **Tom Chandler**. Keep 'em coming!

This Week's Rocky Horror Show


Scorpio (23 Oct – 21 Nov)

 This week you actually read the fashion page. Not only that, you actually feel like buying something from the fashion page when you really should be putting the money towards little Timmy's blood transfusion operation. Oh well, he always was a little fucker.


Sagittarius (22 Nov – 21 Dec)

 I think my beard is a parasite. It's sucking all of the weight out of me. Really, I'm wasting away - before long I'll be all Beard and no intruder. I'm going to kill it to death, like it deserves, the fucking bastard. Though I'll wait until it takes off a few more pounds first.

Capricorn (22 Dec – 19 Jan)

 Returning to the fashion page... if I have to Unsharp Mask another picture of yet another mincing queer fashion designer who is ironically uglier than a downs syndrome burns victim, I'm going to rape Sarah Skeete with a coxless rowing boat.


Aquarius (20 Jan – 18 Feb)

 (Hmm... that felt pretty harsh...)
...
(Should I leave it... or change the "uglier than" comparison to something less offensive?)
Ho hum.

Pisces (19 Feb – 20 Mar)

 This week your hair manifests itself as a living, breathing entity. Awaking to find it polishing your Clarks shoes, you begin conversing with the barnet. Oh dear, you went there. You said the 'T' word. Toupee. You're swallowed and spat out as a fur ball.

Aries (21 Mar – 20 Apr)

 Oh hell yeah, that's the bottom line, 'cos Stone Cold said so! (Cue hundreds of wobbling, jelly bellied Americans throwing their hands in the air, screaming). Ah, the days of watching WWF. Tombstoning my younger brother shouldn't have been that much fun.


Taurus (21 Apr – 21 May)

 This week you eat a bit too much junk food. You discretely attempt to progressively squeeze out a silent one... but oh! Too far! Brown patty in the pants! You even do a slight wee out of your front bottom. Do you dash and risk dribble or sit and hold the fort?


Gemini (22 May – 21 Jun)

 This week you feel inspired. This week the horoscopes come to you quickly. Attempts to make a sick, puerile joke based on the male gamete seeping from the weave of the newspaper fail miserably. You are ridiculed by the rest of the staff.


Cancer (22 Jun – 22 Jul)

 You lucky bastards have the best star sign - fuck's sake, it's called "cancer" - how fucking boss is that? And only a virgin with no imagination would fail to recognise what's going on in that symbol up there. Hang on, look who I'm talking to. Never mind. Loser.


Leo (23 Jul – 22 Aug)

 Oh look, the results for the post of President 07-08 are going to be announced on Thursday supposedly. Tune in to the front page, RIGHT NOW to find out whether this is fact or fiction horoscope fans. Or pick up your nearest conch shell for more information.

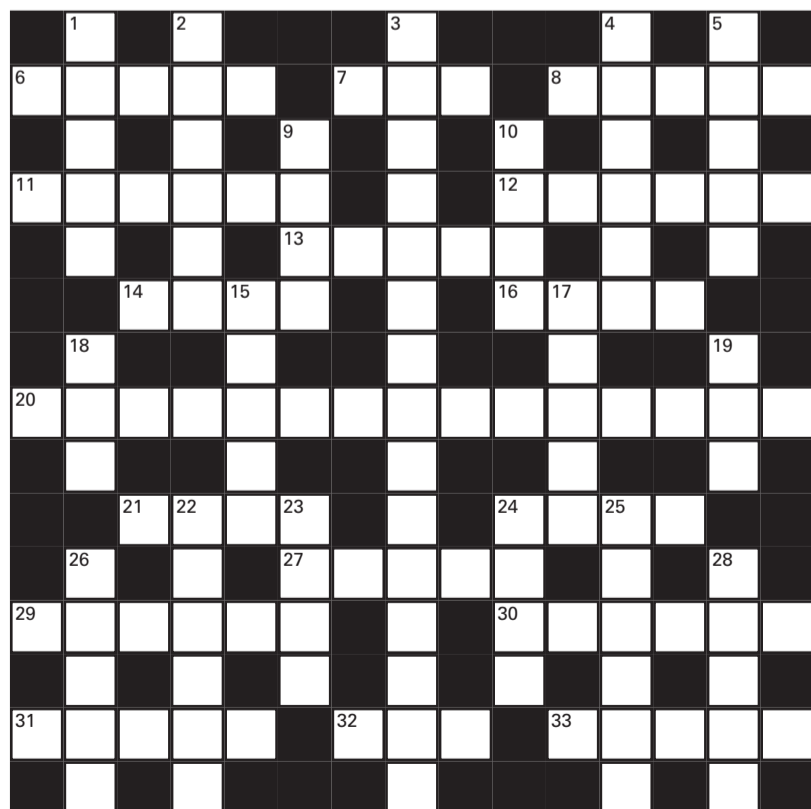
Virgo (23 Aug – 22 Sept)

 There was an election the other week. No, not last week - the other other week. Weren't you paying attention, you spanners? Anyway, I didn't win it, so I'm sulking now. You bitchplates should have voted for me, then I'd be running this place. Like a crack-house.

Libra (23 Sept – Oct 22)

 This week you do actually win the election. You are so relieved you have an angry wank but because you're actually not angry and in fact mightily pleased it all goes horribly wrong. SNAP GOES THE BANJO STRING. HAHAHAhaahaHAHAaha.

Felix Crossword 1,376



ACROSS

- 6 Rook takes Bishop, heads to river (5)
- 7 I heard British Rail falls of the brink, dies (3)
- 8 Where is he, fool? (5)
- 11 The conclusion of nutritionist: brother eats in restaurant (6)
- 12 America downright surrounds Germany's milk factories (6)
- 13 A Generous five hundred, or nearest offer to end barter (5)
- 14 Therefore I run around the river (4)
- 16 Speechless, caused by hesitation in loud declaration (4)
- 20 Confused? Throw mud at boy in retarded dance! (15)
- 21 Rub balm into a sheep (4)
- 24 On the internet, Hotmail loses common letters (4)
- 27 Weird! Electrical engineers surround Royal Insitution (5)
- 29 Good grapes, found here, behind ruminantia (6)
- 30 Warder returns to ready his weapon again (7)
- 31 Perfect solution found in peroxide alternative (5)
- 32 Tap the opposite side - on the back maybe? (3)
- 33 Will talk see off illness (5)

DOWN

- 1 Headless, Adrian confused at lowest point. (5)
- 2 Over the top English in Junior's notepad (6)
- 3 A Unicorn's revolt, angrily but not debateable (15)
- 4 Power and omniscience devours disorder (6)
- 5 Pointless purse contains fifty - broken for a drink (5)
- 9 Note to self: clue unfinished. Starts with "trio", or do over (4)
- 10 Copper radium alloy floats in milk (4)
- 15 A billion spinners hide the dark (5)
- 17 United Nations governs Italy second class, so the lights go out. (5)
- 18 Painlessly snow falls into receptacle (3)
- 19 Big boy! (3)
- 22 Retentive, setter is retained, becomes beast (6)
- 23 Muscle settles squabble (4)
- 24 A group told me they heard (4)
- 25 Crazy old woman, blind maid, takes care of women. (3,3)
- 26 We tossed a cheese salad, without a girl; Go us! (5)
- 28 Head over heels, anger has limits. (5)

Tarco

It's pronounced "Tar-co", not "Taco", not "Tar-cow" and certainly not "Texaco". Those money grabbing bastards. I was so glad when BP and Shell became the front runners in the oil industry. What do you mean they're not? Shove it up your ChemEng arse.
Anyway, now that's out of the way, I hope you enjoy the crossword as much as I had fun typing out every little word. As you can see, I was rather enthusiastic with the amount of clues I've dished out. 4, 5 or 6 letter ones so that the editor has as much trouble as I can muster when he comes to format my crossword. Oh how I laugh.

Tarco

Solution to Crossword 1,375

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

This is a tiny jotting pad

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 **Wednesday 9am** to win a tenner. Last week's winner was **Nick Courtney**, who even managed to work out that 27 across was 'speiss'. But then, he's a mathematician, so you'd expect him to be able to solve clever shit like that.

Triumph and trophies for ICTTC

BUSA Table Tennis Individual Championships

Women's Singles Plate

Winner:
Nan Luan (ICTTC)

Women's Doubles Bronze Medal Winners:

Nan Luan/Anusha Seneviratne (ICTTC)

William Do

The BUSA Table Tennis Individual Championships was one tournament in the calendar that we could not afford to miss. Having spent the past few only playing in the Central London league, it was finally time for us to get back into the midst of inter-university table tennis.

Armed this year with the strongest squad to date, six of us were sent to Nottingham to represent IC in 4 categories - men's singles, men's doubles, women's singles and women's doubles. The tournament was a 2-day event with the preliminaries on Saturday while on Sunday, the finals of all these events were played. Upon arrival at the sports hall, the sight of 18 playing tables was indeed impressive and daunting at the same time. To challenge with the very best of universities in the country is something new to us. Since it was our first entry, we did not set ourselves any targets but vowed to play our very best for the college.

We soon got under way and both our pairs in the men's doubles made it to the second round where it turned into another Imperial vs. Cambridge affair when we were drawn with 'those guys again'. Cambridge currently sits on top of the table in the premier division of the BUSA league and it seemed that they wanted us to know that as they ended our interest in this event.

Anusha and Nan as our sole representatives in the women's doubles put in an impressive display of table tennis and looked unstoppable on their way to the semi-final to win us our first medals of the tournament. They went out at this stage to eventual winners Embling/Brown of Essex.

In the men's singles event, Ko

Chi and Wei Lun faced some pretty tough opposition in their preliminary groups and were unlucky not to qualify. Serkan and I fared better and made it through qualifying to the knockout stages where I went out to Cambridge's Stanley Zhang. Serkan made it to the second round and was unlucky to face the number 1 seed Adam Bleakley so early on and went out in the last 32.

Focus then turned to the women's singles. First up was Anusha who finished second in her preliminary group. We could have wished for a better draw when she came through another preliminary match to set up a meeting with number 1 seed Egle Adomelyte in the knockout stages where she lost in three close sets. Nan had to play number 2 seed Abigail Embling in her first group and while leading 2-1 in sets, was on the verge of a huge upset when Embling staged a comeback to take the final two sets. Nan lost another close match 3-1 and this placed her third in the group.

Our last chance for some medals was in the plate. Only Wei Lun and Nan entered this event and we came so close to making it a double. Wei Lun fell at the semi-final stage to Jade Blasse of Middlesex. Nan looked invincible on her way to the final where she blew away Penelope Sawa of Southampton to add some more silverware to our cabinet in Ethos.

It was unlucky that some of us had been drawn against the top seeds very early in the competition, but we left feeling satisfied with our performances and commitment. Moreover, we had managed to win silverware in our very first attempt. Although there is still a difference in technical skills between the best players and us, there is plenty of room for us to improve for next season.

In contrast to the lack of training facilities in previous seasons, the presence of complete facilities at Ethos will benefit us greatly in the future. In addition, we would like to thank Sport Imperial for their kind sponsorship and continued support for the team. We are looking forward to next season as we prepare to enter the BUSA leagues and will return to the championships next year hoping to bring back some more trophies!



Clockwise from top: William Do, Anusha Seneviratne, Wei Lun Wong, Nan Luan, Ko Chi Cheung and Serkan Karaagac line up; Nan Luan collects her prize as singles winner; Serkan Karaagac gets ready

Mixed Lacrosse team's cup run ends in silverware

Lacrosse Cup Final

IC Mixed 1st XI	16
St. Barts 1st XI	0

Charlotte Boughton

This year has seen the start of the ULU mixed lacrosse cup following the growing competitiveness of the league involving teams from across the London universities.

With seven teams entering the cup, and the added incentive of being the first winners of this competition, enthusiasm and determination were high. IC lacrosse were drawn with a very tough first round match against Royal Holloway 1sts

who are currently sitting at the top of the league.

After a valiant team effort they arose triumphant (8-4) after a hard fought match. Everybody played an excellent game and man of the match went to Sam Jayaweera for some outstanding work at the back in defence.

The second round opponents were huge rivals King's and this was to be played on the weekend of the medics Rag Dash. So with a new look team we went apprehensively to Honor Oak Park to face a very strong opposition.

IC played some fantastic lacrosse, with some very attacking and also excellent defensive play, deservedly ended up 4-3 winners. Man of the match went to Hamish Dickson this time for his impressive Goalkeep-

ing throughout the match which saved us on occasion from losing the tight lead.

The Cup final was held last Sunday against Barts and the London. IC were unstoppable and this match highlighted the improvement of the team over the season as we ran away with a 16-1 win.

The team played some beautiful lacrosse and also battled hard despite difficult conditions and were duly rewarded with goals. Man of the Match went to Chris Allen for his tally of goals he notched up!

I would just like to thank everyone who has played in these fixtures, it has been a real club achievement to get this cup and represents a lot of hard work throughout the season. We can look forward to retaining the silver next year!



ButterflyCatchingSoc didn't manage to catch much in the open field

Middling success for IC shooters

BUSA Championships Scores

IC 1sts	178
IC 2nds	171
IC Graduate 1sts	187
IC Graduate 2nds	154

Tim Aplin

Picture the scene... it's foggy... dark... we're in the countryside... it's 11pm and a pair of headlights appear dimly in the distance around the corner. The sound of a diesel engine roaring is the only noise disturbing the evening stillness... a lone figure stands in the middle of the road, waving it down and directing it to turn off the main road... sounds dramatic doesn't it? What if I told you it was the Union minibus and it really *was* 11pm? What if I told you the lone figure was yours truly, having arrived with the advance party thirty minutes earlier? What if I then told you that it was that late because the navigator of said intrepid union minibus had taken one single wrong turn and only realised the error of his ways a full 35miles later? Ahh... I see...

After all the drama of travelling up to the West Midlands, getting customarily lost, stopping at the services early for a bursting bowel (75mph never seemed slower!), flying down the M42 trying to make up time then realising they were flying in the *wrong* direction, stopping properly at the services for sustenance, driving down unlit A-roads with a truck going in the opposite direction, we finally made it with beers ready to open, Krispy Kremes ready to chow down and the gener-

ous warmth and hospitality of Ironbridge Youth Hostel for the night.

The next morning would come far too soon for most and far too dramatically for all – however had Ayman not stayed up all night (for fear of sleeping in himself) and put on his best Arnie impression at 6am - kicked-in doors and everything - we may not have got a full complement of shooters up and ready by 7:30 for the hour journey onto West Midlands Shooting Ground, one of the premier grounds in the UK and host to the British Open last year.

On arrival it was straight down to business. Just as soon as we had a cuppa and a bacon sarnie – priorities! But seriously now, onto the business end of the trip we progressed. The shooting ground is home to some of the best terrain for sporting clay pigeon shooting and with the number of entries growing every year to vie for both the Championship and the Trophy it was apparent to all that this year the shooting was going to be fast, complicated, and hard to figure out quickly. Nothing worries a shooter more than a target they can't figure out how to hit – and this year there were an abundance of challenges and plenty of chances to watch others try with almost guaranteed mixed success.

The results were varied with the first team filling in positions from twenty-fourth to forty-ninth out of about 60 Championship Course competitors and the second team filled positions from 29 to 61 out of the Trophy competitors. In the team competition the 1sts finished seventh out of 16 and the 2nds eleventh out of 22 teams. The graduates eventually finished off fourth



The members of the IC shooting squad who have clearly been working out – check out those muscles

out of 11 graduate teams and while it doesn't look particularly impressive out of context, the scoring was tight and all the teams were a stone's throw from picking up a few more places in rank – a clear sign we're finally building up the much-

needed momentum for a fight to the front of the pack next year.

Finally, the author can only commiserate the club – who for the second year running have lost the Challenge Cup, a competition initiated by Geoff Quint and Tim Aplin,

a challenge thrown down at the feet of the undergraduates to take on the best of the old boys and beat them at it – the closeness of the scores tell their own tale and we have no doubt one day they will triumph over us. Just not this year...

Guilds/RSCU paint the town red

A. N. Engineer

There aren't many things that can get a student out of bed and standing outside of the Union at 9am on a Sunday morning, but one thing is for sure; the promise of pelting scientists with 200mph paintballs does! What is fast becoming an annual tradition, the CGCU paintball event saw the finest Guildsmen (and women) clash head to head with RCSU (scum). Headed by the glorious yet petit James Fok the engineers plenty out numbered the scientists. Without any RCSU executive or enough members for a team we generously 'leant' the scientists four strapping mechanical engineers, while Mr. Vigoureux took the challenge of captaining the hodge podge team.

The weather was dull and interspersed with rain but thankfully the drizzle did nothing to crush the enthusiasm of the students. The first two games were over a lumpy field full of saplings and mounds.

Working with superior intellect the engineers quickly out maneuvered, out witted and out shot the scientists with two outstanding flanking runs which saw Martinez steal the flag, winning the game for the engineers, without a single casualty. For the second round the scientists tried to pick up their game but could only muster a stalemate

and tie the match.

Next up was a car infested farmyard. Rescuing a mannequin from the back of a tractor proved complex for the engineers – with poorly developed sense of humanity many were distracted by the fine array mechanical machines, instead of focusing on the task in hand – rescuing a lifeless comrade. The field ended with a win to the scientist preceded by a tie, the engineers needed a new tactic.

But luckily, we had a unique element, the engineering fast Fok. As we went into the speedball game, the nimble Guilds president proved his worth by darting across the field and picking up the flag in both rounds. The following success was slightly marred as the scientists entrenched themselves for the rounds and the ensuing skirmishes saw a tie followed by a win to the engineers.

All rested on the final map, both teams had two wins and the game reverted back to the hilly terrain that boosted the engineers to an early lead at the beginning of the day. The fire fight was intense as teams clashed at the extremes of the map but the engineers found a kink in the enemy lines and sneaked into their base to retrieve the flag. Lagging by one round the scientist could only hope to draw the day and a heavy bombardment of our base,



Clash of the idiots proved to be a resounding success

coupled with ammo running out they managed a final win, ending the day with no clear winner.

If this has whet your appetite for CGCU events, don't despair, the

traditional 'Egg Race' is coming up on March 7th. The challenge is to fly and egg as far across Queens' Lawn as possible from Queens' Tower. We are looking for teams to take on the

challenge after spending the afternoon fashioning a plane out of balsa wood, glue and tape. If you fancy a chance then email guilds.honsec@ic.ac.uk for more details.

Hockey 1st XI legendary goal haul

Mens Hockey

IC 1st XI	32
Kings 1st XI	0

Richard Bacon

After a disappointing result the previous weekend, IC Mens 1st XI had a point to prove.

With previous IC records standing at a 26-0 win and having already demolished Kings 18-0 away this season, IC only had one target in mind when arriving at the Fortress – goals, goals, and goals!

Captain Harvester, having already managed numerous double figure victories this season, made sure the team knew the game plan – “lets put this game away in the first 10 minutes!”. And that is what his troops did racking up atleast five goals in the first quarter of an hour.

The goal flurry came with clinical precision from the tasked strike force. The first few went in with an unbelievable air of ease. With an IC victory on the cards again, the recovering Star Wars and Foetus were given a break till half time.

Sensing an easy game ahead and perhaps his only chance at goal pie this season, Harvester quickly made a tactical decision to place himself at centre forward and within a couple of minutes had excitedly rifled one in from close range. Goals kept on pouring past the Kings goalie (who was by now acting as an innocent by-stander) from Ratty, Jumanji and Toady.

The team managed to keep their heads, moving the ball well and giving Kings absolutely no chance off respite. Half-time was blown, which gave the umpires the chance to sharpen their pencils and count the score so far – 13-0! A new strategy was dreamt up in a matter of seconds. It was time to put this game into the record books.

Another half like the first would



This time Joe didn't feel so silly dressed up in ridiculous amounts of padding and a Darth Vader helmet

bring us close to the record. Harvester and Ratty took a rest bringing Star Wars and Foetus back into the fray. Toady kept it tight from behind whilst the rest of the team swarmed the field in a frenzy of goal hunger.

Goals came quicker than ever in the second half; Sid notched up yet more for this season, Shipman slotted one in net for his first this

season and Naked Tube Rider even put one away on his debut. Further goals came from Foetus and Date Rape as the magic 26th goal was put away.

Harvester and Ratty moved back into the mix in place of Shipman and Krusty. With 20 minutes remaining it was time to enforce a power play on Kings so IC removed their goalie, with Plug to increase the torrent

of pressure on the opposition.

Time to make this game history! Up stepped Batty to the mark putting his goal away to make it 27-0 and a new record.

Star Wars continued the scoring frenzy along with Krusty, crafting some moments of hockey genius.

The final score was 32-0. Yes, they had 11 players. Yes, this time they had a goalie. Yes, they knew which

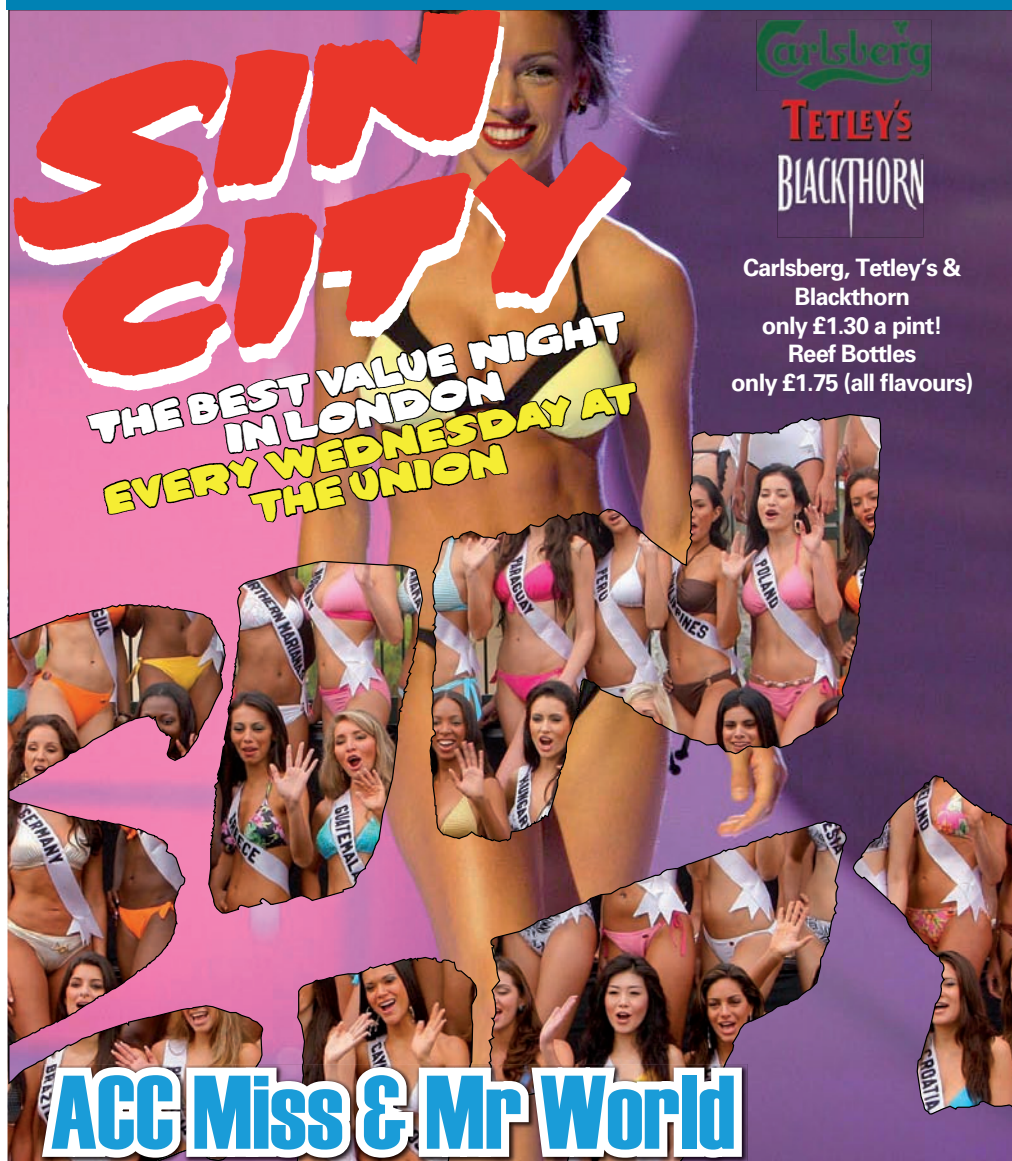
end of the stick to hold. No, they weren't blind! Great performance from the Mens 1s to keep playing team hockey, even well into a double-figure victory.

Well done boys, the record books are ours for a while yet. A devastated RSM proceeded to the Union to drown their sorrows, and plan their Bottle recovery mission to Cambridge next year.



at the union march 2nd - 13th

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President's Update

Elections: an apology

I would like to start by apologising to you all for this year's Sabbatical elections. There is no doubt that they have been slightly more farcical than usual and everybody, including me, is in some way responsible for this. I think it is fair to point out that the unusually large number of candidates who stood for election this year vastly increased the probability of something going wrong!

It is important to understand that the democratic structures of the Union allow for any member to complain about how elections are conducted. I understand that the elections committee have faced an unprecedented number of complaints this year from a variety of people and I am sure that have dealt with them as fast as possible. Election results cannot be announced until every complaint has been resolved and this is why the President's election result has been delayed by nearly a week. Over the Easter break we will take stock and I will ask the governance review working group to suggest ways of improving the way we run elections.

Have you got the brains to face Paxman?

We are actively looking for the next Imperial College team to enter the popular BBC Two competition, university challenge. We are running an internal competition that we hope will encourage inter-faculty rivalry and raise the standard of our winning team. We hope to enter just one team this, unlike the two teams that we have entered in the past.

The grand final for this competition will take place at 6pm in the SCR on Thursday March 22nd. If you would like to enter a team then please get in touch with me by emailing me at president@imperial.ac.uk. If you wish to represent your faculty then please contact your Faculty Union President as some faculties are running their own internal competitions.

Buy your early bird ball tickets now!

Tickets for this year's summer ball are now on sale. This flagship union event, which is being branded as the Imperial College Centenary ball, promises to be twice as

big as last year's event. This event promises to be an event that Imperial College has never quite witnessed before! A full ticket will buy you a quality four course dinner, access to venues in the College and Beit Building, a variety of entertainments, several celebrity acts, a casino, a shisha bar, fireworks, funfair rides and more!

Even though this ball is planned to be larger than last year's, we are currently selling tickets at last year's prices, however, this will not last for ever! At the end of this term we will be increasing the price of each ticket by £5 and again after the Easter holidays we will increase them by a further £5, so it's best to buy early. To buy tickets visit www.imperialcollegeunion.org/ball.

And finally

I would like to congratulate Steve Brown, Chris Larvin, Kirsty Patterson, Alistair Cotts and Tom Roberts in their successful election as ICU Sabbatical Officers. I hope you all find next year as rewarding as this year's sabbatical team has and we look forward to working with you all to ensure that summer handover and training is successful.



John Collins
President
president@imperial.ac.uk

Sponsor Ben!

On Sunday 22 April 2007, Ben Ryall will become the first student ever to represent the College in the world famous London Marathon.

Ben will be hitting the streets of London to join a 46,000 strong army of fun-runners, celebrities and professional athletes along the 26.2 mile course, which he aims to complete in less than three hours!

All sponsorship raised from Ben's mission will go towards the Student Opportunities Fund, to provide scholarships for undergraduate and postgraduate students worldwide, who may not otherwise be able to afford to study at this world-class university. The Student Opportunities Fund is one of College's Centenary Projects along with the Beit Redevelopment and Library Redevelopment.

Visit Ben's website to read his weekly blog and training diary, see photographs of Ben's training and send him good luck messages.

Help us to invest in the future of your College and make a difference to the lives of these students - sponsor Ben at www.imperial.ac.uk/alumni/marathon2007.

Thanks for your support!



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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

Nominations close Friday 9th March at 23:59.

for more info: imperialcollegeunion.org/elections