

felix

The student newspaper of
Imperial College London

Issue 1,381
Friday 5 October 2007
felixonline.co.uk



PHOTOGRAPH BY IMPERIAL COLLEGE

Imperial gets political

Sir Richard Sykes meets Prime Minister Gordon Brown, see page 3

Inside

Freshers' Fair montage



Pages 10 & 11

BookCrossing across the globe



Page 14

Dour festival



Pages 20 & 21

A sprinkling of flour mixed with global warming



Page 27



Council nominations are now open

If you want a say in debates about Union policies, stand for a position on Council and get yourself heard

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

On Saturday 29th September the nominations for positions on the Council committee and the Trustee Board opened. There are 16 positions open on Council and another two places on the Trustee Board. Undergraduates and postgraduates are both eligible to stand for election between now and Sunday 14th October when nominations for both committees close.

Council is a well-established and long running committee that meets every month to discuss and vote on Union policies. Anyone can turn up to the meetings and voice their views. Policies can be offered up for discussion at Council by any Full Member of the Union. That means you, me and everyone else. Students at Imperial are automatically Full Members. You can opt out of this membership if you really don't like the Union, for whatever reason you can come up with.

Council's philosophy is that any student can raise any point that they deem necessary for the Union to discuss. Formally, the process of discussion is brought about by submitting a written report to the Union during the week before the actual Council session. This gives the other members who'll be attending a chance to read the report in preparation for discussion and dissection come the day of the meeting.

Most of the major changes in the Union from previous years were discussed at Council. For instance, it was decided by a vote at Council last year that a referendum for NUS (National Union of Students) affiliation should be held. The vote was passed and the subsequent referendum saw Imperial rejoin the NUS. Other reports tabled and passed last year included an environmental policy that ensures the Union does its bit to help curb Climate Change and a couple of comedy policies such as the 'Mike the Micrometer' policy which banned students from stealing the Union mascot.



Council in session three years ago in the Union Dining Hall (UDH). The first meeting of 2007-08 is taking place in the UDH on Monday 9 October. Nominations are open now, get your bums on those seats!

Council meetings will take place in the Union Dining Hall every month this year, the first of which will take place on Monday 8th October. The committee is chaired by Mark Mearing-Smith. He is joined by various Officers of the Union, such as the Faculty Union Presidents and the chairs of the many sub-committees within the Union.

However, there are many positions available to regular students. The nominations for these positions are now open, so if you want to stand for

election, head to www.imperialcollegeunion.org/vote. Council is in the process of appointing students from each Faculty Union. Undergraduate and postgraduate positions need to be filled by Sunday 14th October, otherwise the Union may find itself in a rather embarrassing situation and have to re-run the election.

If you decide that you want to run for election, you'll need to get four of your friends to "second" you. In other words, they need to go online and give you a

vote of approval to say that you're fit to take up the position. Once you're past this stage and through the other side of the nominations phase, you'll have to come up with a manifesto to tell people why you're fit for the role. Once you've done this, you'll have to make a short speech at hustings and after this you'll be questioned by a bunch of hacks.

Once this is finished voting will open on Friday 26th October. It closes on Tuesday 30th October and as long as everything goes well, you'll be awarded

with Council membership.

A similar process is in place for those wanting to get a position on the Trustee Board. The Trustee Board is the highest body in the Union and it has the final say on any decisions. It's intended to be less of a discussion forum compared to Council but if you're feeling bold enough to have a say in some potentially highly important decisions, this is the committee for you. to sit on. There are two positions for any Full Members of the Union to stand for.

Council at a glance

What is it?

Council is a committee that meets every month to discuss student issues and vote on Union policies. Decisions made will affect your life at university.

Who can attend?

Everyone! The more the better.

Who is on the Council committee?

It is led by the Council Chair, Mark Mearing-Smith. There are lots of Officers of the Union and the remaining 16 spaces will be voted for and taken up by Full Members of the Union (regular students) during October.

What can Council members do that regular people can't?

They can vote on whether Union policies should be passed or not.

How exciting! Can I stand for nomination?

Yes! Head to www.imperialcollegeunion.org/vote to put yourself forward for nomination.

felix 1,381

Friday 05/10/07



Felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB. Tel: 020 7594 8072. Fax: 020 7594 8065. Printed by The Harmsworth Printing Ltd, 17 Brest Road, Derriford, Plymouth. Registered newspaper ISSN 1040-0711. Copyright © Felix 2007.

Felix was brought to you by:

Editor-in-Chief
Tom Roberts

Deputy Editor
Alice Rowlands

News Editor
Andrew Somerville

Layout Editors
Jemil Salami
Sumera Shahaney
Murray Angus

Science Editor
Ed Henley

Business Editor
Afonso Campos

Arts Editors
Mike Cook

Rosie Grayburn
Caz Knight
David Paw

Music Editors
Jenny Gibson
Matty Hoban

Welfare Editors
Nigel Cooke
Kirsty Patterson

Nightlife Editor
Greg Mead

Film Editor
Alex Casey

Games Editors
Azfarul Islam
Sebastian Nordgren

Fashion Editor
Sarah Skeete

Sports Editor
Jovan Nedić

Food Editor
Hannah Theodorou

Photography
Vitali Lazurenko
Sally Longstaff
Josh Levine & PhotoSoc
Tom Roberts
Greg Mead

Special thanks to
Alex McKee
Greg's girlfriend Marie
Rebecca Coxhead
Matty Hoban, all the way
Matty's Aunt Marion

LOLEATS
LOLEATS



OFTEN WEEK

Prime Minister visits IC

Brown comes to College supporting the creation of the IC Healthcare NHS Trust which launched on the first day of term

Andrew Somerville
News Editor

Gordon Brown spent time at Imperial's South Kensington campus on Wednesday in his first visit to a UK university since becoming Prime Minister in June.

The PM, accompanied by Professor of Surgery Lord Darzi and Rector Sir Richard Sykes, toured the newly formed Institute of Biomedical Engineering in its second high-profile visit recently after being opened by the Queen earlier this year.

Lord Darzi was Chair of Surgery at Imperial until he was recently appointed as Parliamentary Undersecretary for the Department of Health by Gordon Brown, and pioneered the use of robotics and virtual operations in minimally invasive surgery which was at the centre of the visit.

The stopover is timed to coincide with Monday's launch of the merger of Imperial College Faculty of Medicine

and two highly regarded NHS trusts: St Mary's and Hammersmith Hospitals.

The resulting "Imperial College Healthcare NHS Trust (ICNHST) will be the UK's biggest, incorporating five hospitals: Hammersmith, Charing Cross, St Mary's, Queen Charlotte's & Chelsea, and the Western Eye.

The merger will also create the first Academic Health Science Centre in the country, aimed at integrating healthcare services with state-of-the-art medical teaching and research. According to current estimates, the trust will have a turnover of over £750m and expects to treat one million patients a year, and will be managed by current Principal of the Faculty of Medicine of Imperial College, Prof. Stephen Smith.

Orchestrating this merger and creation of the ambitious new centre of medical excellence was one of Lord Darzi's first duties as Undersecretary, and his appointment was the first in a rapid succession of governmental positions given to senior Imperial staff.

Last week Deputy Rector Prof. Sir Leszek Borysiewicz was announced as Chief Executive of the UK Medical Research Council (controlling an annual research budget of £460m), and on Monday Prof. John Beddington was named as Sir David King's successor as Chief Scientific Adviser to the Government.

This string of appointments and mergers cements Imperial's position at the heart of governmental scientific research, especially in medicine, but comes at a time when government policy in the Department of Health is increasingly under fire over issues including rising Private Finance Initiative (PFI) costs and rock-bottom morale within the NHS. Lord Darzi currently has the difficult task of convincing doctors that such high-profile NHS decisions will in fact improve healthcare services, whilst facing a medical climate of cynicism and desperation over the perceived privatisation of the NHS.



Artist's impression of the NHS merger. He/She's apparently a little too literal

BBC interviews IC students over Oyster debacle



Ashley Brown cradles a giant invisible hotdog during his interview

On Tuesday afternoon, mid-way through Freshers' Fair, one of the BBC's outside broadcast teams came to Imperial to interview students, whose Student Oyster cards had ceased to give them discount rates, live on BBC London News.

Live! Editor Ashley Brown and last year's Deputy President (Graduate Students), Shama Rahman were interviewed and asked to talk about the broken and frustrating system for registering for a student Oyster card.

The Transport for London (TfL) website has been heavily criticised this week, after many students have been left with no option other than to pay full fares on the tube because the registration system was full of bugs and crashed often, leaving them unable to

renew their student Oyster cards.

The BBC became aware of the complaints after a 12 month-old comment thread on the Live! website became active once again. Dismayed Student Oyster card users were complaining of a range of problems including being overcharged, being charged twice and being totally unable to get hold of an official application form.

Since the BBC ran the story, TfL has released an apology, commenting that it is "working hard to urgently resolve" the problems.

If you are having difficulties with your Student Oyster card, or you can't get hold of one at all, TfL recommends that you contact them during off-peak hours. Their ears are ready for a verbal battering before 10am and after 4pm.

The reality of Southside

A few days after Felix's tour of Falmouth-Keogh, the freshers arrived. They weren't the only things moving-in that weekend

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

The new intake of freshers arrived at Imperial on Saturday, however, even though the majority of the students would be paying over £150 per week, many moved into unfinished rooms. College recognised this was unacceptable and soon announced it would be giving Southside residents a 25% discount on their first month's rent.

Just a few days after Felix's guided tour of Falmouth-Keogh – one of the three halls within Southside – it became apparent there was plenty yet to be completed compared to what was on show before the freshers moved in. Despite builders and cleaners scurrying about on the day of Felix's tour, every room in Falmouth-Keogh appeared to be in working order.

At the time, it was known that the social room would be incomplete when the freshers arrived, and Felix was also told that there was work still to be done on the kitchens, along with general cleaning in and around the halls.

Felix was unable to gain access to the other two halls on the day, namely

Selkirk and Tizard, and since residents have moved in it has become apparent that these halls were still several days from completion.

In the early hours of Saturday morning, College staff were still working to get the halls ready. The situation was so dire that College staff were joined by kind-hearted students who volunteered to help.

Some kitchens were full of tables stacked on top of each other and chairs wrapped in protective plastic. Lamps, toilet fittings and other items sat boxed and dormant in the corridors. The builders' tools were still lying in various rooms and some bedrooms even had plastic sheeting covering the windows because the curtains hadn't turned up. To add to College's woes, the lift in Falmouth-Keogh which was working perfectly well during Felix's tour subsequently broke down.

College recognised the shambles that many new students would be moving into and issued residents with a 25% discount for their first month. This comes on top of the £5 per week discount that some residents will be getting if they are housed in rooms with

a view of the Eastside builders' portacabins. Incidentally, since last week's tour, College has covered the portacabins with a giant dark blue and green, leafy cover.

The ongoing works being finished on Southside seem to have had differing effects on students. Many were so overwhelmed with actually starting university they didn't seem bothered with the ongoing work. Others have expressed dismay at moving into an unfinished room, such as student, Azfarul Islam, who said he was "frustrated" that his room is without an internet connection still, something that would come in quite handy to use when it comes to doing some work.

The lift in Falmouth-Keogh is working again however and Southside should be finished in its entirety during October.

How did moving into halls go for you? Did any problems arise? Are you satisfied with your hall of residence? Felix is going to be interviewing freshers soon. Email felix@imperial.ac.uk if you want to be heard.



One of the over subscribed, luxury en-suite, deluxe, premium rooms



Comment, Opinion & Letters

Let us know your views: comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Letters may be edited for length and grammar purposes
Views on these pages are not representative of Felix



A. Geek

// ...so I did the socially respectable thing and ignored his request until the bastard went away //

Imperial College of Banking

This week has been relatively quiet, in the world of A. Geek. A few complaints, the occasional lecture, the ever-encroaching shadow of Boris Johnson's magnificent rear end. One thing did get me though. A friend of mine – we'll call him E, because it has nothing to do with his name whatsoever – asked me to apply for a bank internship in his name. Think about that for a bit.

Now, E isn't the sharpest nail in the coffin of my sanity, but he's hardly a bastion of friendliness and co-operation either, so I did the socially respectable thing and ignored his request religiously until the bastard went away.

Little did I know it was the Moneybags Conference Fortnight, sponsored by Two Short Planks, PLC; yes, that cheery time in the Imperial calendar where seventy percent of you admit you couldn't give a monkey's toss about science, and would rather have cloth sacks with dollar signs on thrown at you to sit in front of Excel spreadsheets until the guy above you dies, or you commit seppuku at the fruitlessness of it all. My money – and current national

statistics – are on the latter.

Now, as you know, nothing makes me happier than idiot magnets, as it not only increases the odds of a gas leak finally doing some good, but also allows me to avoid a higher proportion of fuckwits during the week than I might normally do by simply not going to the Union.

However, having so many companies leeching off of a college that is, for some subjects at least, in the top ten worldwide, raises some questions for me. Most prominently, "Are we completely screwed as a species, if our brightest minds are going to milk money out of Hong Kong all day?" But also secondary, more article-extending ones, like "What exactly are you looking to compensate for with a fifty thousand pound salary", or "Are you looking forward to the 2011 currency crash", and my favourite, "Please just leave my course right now, you shits" which, while not actually being in the form of a question, is probably the most pressing of all.

I'd say that I didn't know why you were doing it, but that – like Goldman Sachs' recruitment presentation –

would be largely bullshit. You're doing it so you have a comedy-charity-donation-cheque-sized pay packet to cover up any shreds of self-respect you may have showing. That's fine. We all do things that are a bit silly because of our crippling sense of personal failure. For instance, the other day I realised that no-one was taking me seriously, so I decided to run for London Mayor. The difference here is that, whilst I'll lose the vote due to my tricky policy on Underground elevators (if someone is on the left, and moving slower than you, you're legally allowed to throw them off the side), the long-term effect is just that I've got a failed attempt to enter politics on my Mi5 file. Whereas you're adding yet another five-foot seven collection of genitalia to Canary Wharf's already massive pile of schlongs.

And to you, obviously, this means very little. Because you're only one person, you've only got one vote, you're only driving one car (until Goldman Sachs recruit you, naturally) and you can only have one job. Why shouldn't you get the best for yourself? That's what life's about, we do live in America, after all! And you'll probably buy

a wind farm, or adopt a small Ethiopian cow, or use energy-efficient paint on your bedroom door and things like that, and slowly become right-wing as you realise the government is taking most of your hard-earned... well... earned cash. And that'll be that.

Or is there something more to that lecture course you took on immunology? Is there some truth in what that PhD student told you about the importance of research? Sure, it seems boring now. And it's definitely very poorly paid. Plus, even if you escape Imperial, you won't escape the feeling that every scientific institution has – that unsettling air of homework. And probably, the idea of a moral duty to study rats in a laboratory somewhere is laughable to you. But while you're applying alongside E this week for some faceless management firm, consider this – if you don't go and move green pieces of paper around, some other jerk will step in and take your place. But if you don't use your intellect to further our understanding of the world, no-one will. And in this day and age, the world could probably do with being understood a little better.



Priya G

Mr. Nice *can* get all the girls

AskMen complains:

"The modern man walks around on eggshells, afraid of saying the 'wrong thing,' scared of showing his natural sexual interest to a woman, scared of being scorned, humiliated, or even fired – scared of his own true self"

So, women have made the "effeminate man" when really they want the "real man"?

I'm afraid where me and AskMen part, is in our definitions of a "real man".

Modern man isn't something different to "a time lost" when man was a confident sexual being, protecting his home, his woman and hunting.

He's as selfish, as testosterone filled,

as emotional (or not) as any other man from any other decade.

Sure there might be a lot more bad chat up lines, bad dancing, increased criticism, a faster paced lifestyle and an attitude to work over life. Work over marriage. Work over children. Work over anything else that exists in this entire earth... but if you want to see a real man, go and take a look at the much overlooked "nice guy".

But you'll complain that the "nice guy" never gets the girl. So I'll tell you why:

The "nice guy" seems just too nice to be ever bothered in the girl.

The "nice guy" never shows the slightest lusty interest in the girl.

The "nice guy" waits too long and dithers too much about telling the girl.

The "nice guy" finally plucks up the courage when the girl has given up and has gone for the... other guy.

So what's my definition of a "real man"?

A man who will treat a girl right. A man who tries to understand. And he's a man who cares and does something (underlined many times) to show this.

In one word: Action. It's that simple. That's the only difference between the

nice guy and the guy who gets the girls. Some guys just do something about it! So, all you newbies who had your eye on some hottie at the Mingle, or any of you "nice guys" reading this, go out and be a real man, ask her out, trust me, it works.

An apology

Last week's Timeline article stated that patio heaters would be used in conjunction with the new Union awning. In actual fact, patio heaters will not be used. Felix is sorry is not getting any milk this week.

xkcd

xkcd.com



Calling all postgraduates...

EDITORIAL AND PROOFREADING SERVICES AVAILABLE



Are you unsure about your English language skills? Would your thesis or dissertation benefit from proofreading, editing and/or sensitive rewriting?

Contact Jenny Kingsley, experienced editor with an academic background, for help and peace of mind. Reasonable rates.

Your work is more likely to be appreciated if you express yourself in a clear and concise manner.

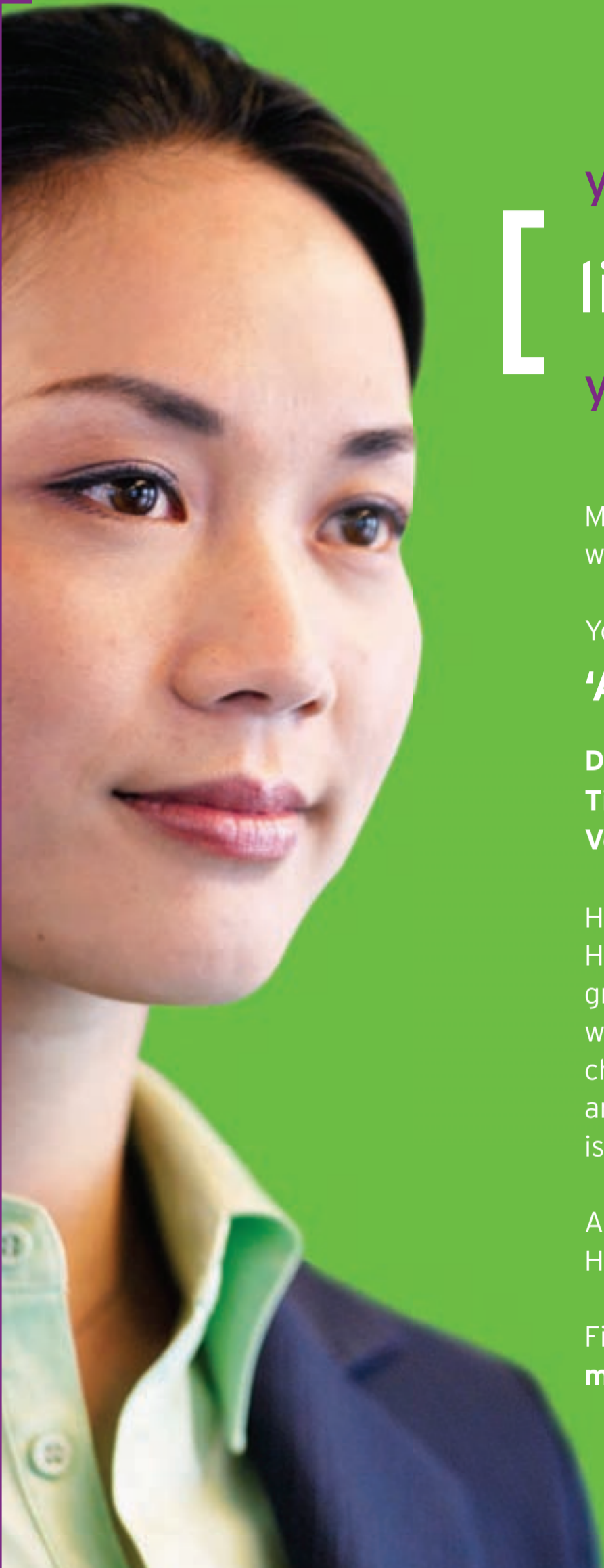
jennykingsley@btopenworld.com. Jenny lives locally.

Picture of the Week

Spirit, by Hannah Theodorou

We want to exhibit your art. Send in your photographs.
felix@imperial.ac.uk





your evening

[limitless potential]

your future

Merrill Lynch is a world leading Investment Bank with a global network spanning six continents.

You're invited to:

'An Evening with Merrill Lynch'

Date Tuesday 16th October

Time 6:30pm

Venue Merrill Lynch, 2 King Edward St, EC1

Hosted by Christian Dinesen, Managing Director, Head of European Credit Research. If you're graduating in 2009, it's a chance to find out what your future with us could hold, meet and chat with alumni who've been there and done it, and join in lively workshop debates on the hot issues of the day.

All this, and the extraordinary Mr Rufus Hound too.

Find out more and register online at
ml.com/careers/europe

ml.com/careers/europe



Merrill Lynch

Merrill Lynch is an equal opportunity employer.



Tanaka holds roundtable discussion

Felix attends an idea sharing event and talks about industry, academia and the television show *Dragon's Den*

Afonso Campos
Business Editor

More than fifteen pioneering figures and frontrunners of the industry-meets-academia world got together at the Tanaka Business School boardroom for an extraordinary roundtable discussion organised in conjunction by "The Engineer" magazine and the Sainsbury Management Fellows' Society in late September. Among the attendees were CEOs of tech start-ups and established industry leaders, venture capitalists, senior academics and researchers liaising with industry and other senior level management. Among the companies represented were BT, BAE Systems, National Instruments, Durham Scientific Crystals and Surrey NanoSystems.

The SMF is a society that aims to find the best and most capable engineers with a strong entrepreneurial and leadership bias and offer them bursaries to pursue MBAs at the top schools the world over. Upon finishing these courses, the brilliant individuals become fellows of the Society and have unbridled access to top-level mentoring, networking events and career advice.

The aim of this roundtable was not necessarily to tackle specific and constricted ideas but instead, to open a forum where thoughts could be presented and discussed without stifling. Beneath the slightly corporate feel of the event, something much greater took stage; the passion the participants had to push the limits and boundaries of cooperation between academia and industry. While passion is clearly important, unfortunately, it yields disappointingly intangible and meaningless results. This passion needs to be coupled with the drive to take some pretty extravagant theories and ideas and see them through to a completion stage where they can actually make a significant and real impact. From everything that was said and discussed,



The roundtable discussion held in the Tanaka Business School was attended by companies such as BT, BAE Systems and National Instruments

participants at the table were all too clearly aware of this and did their part to make sure that everyone surrounding them appreciates how paramount this drive is.

Possibly the most important issue tackled was the future of this co-operation between industry and academia; who is best fitted to take positions of leadership in this realm of so-called tech transfer, and how to find the people who can make this process more organic and ubiquitous.

While there was general consensus that an increased awareness of innova-

tion in industry can, in small measures, be a good thing, a mediatic overexposure through popular mainstream shows like 'Dragon's Den' or 'The Apprentice' can actually have quite adverse effects on the industry. One of the main issues comes in the form of recruiting.

Some of the industry leaders present mentioned that after some of these shows they experienced a "non-desirable" increase in numbers of applicants for advertised positions. It may sound paradoxical that an increase in applicants is seen to be a negative issue, but if this increase is exclusively derived from mass applications of under-qualified applicants lured by the prospect of a quick buck and immense riches, one can start understanding how this can possibly be.

Even though it was only very briefly touched upon, something that also

seemed to bother most participants is the undeniable fact that there is still some unjustified resistance on the part of some academics to integrate this world of tech transfer.

It seems as if some purists prefer to keep their findings exclusive to science and refuse to make them part of this domain where they can actually get projects implemented and seen to completion. On another part of this spectrum of backwards thinking, some academics keep their discoveries in absolute secrecy with the hope that they might one day be able to find an application for them and consequently, not share the limelight (read: prestige, money) with another soul. Needless to say that neither approach benefits society at large in any way possible, and much less the scientists behind these ideas.

While the defendants of this camp

may argue that taking these approaches keeps the supposed "sanctity of science", they forget that the goal of science is much greater and noble; that is, to increase in any way possible the quality of life of every soul on this planet.

For the number of questions originally posed to the table for open debate, a great multitude of questions arose for further discussion. The nature of these questions prompted an interest from all participants to sit down together again some point in the close future.

It is events like these that question the current state of things and perpetuate our quest for evolution of thought. They are a cry, and a loudly voiced statement, connecting some and re-connecting others with the urgency of doing and thinking something really different – no matter how wild it may at first seem.



The Apprentice...



...and Dragon's Den. Two shows which have led to a "non-desirable" increase in numbers of job applicants



Freshers' Fair 2007

Freshers' Fair is the biggest and most important event of Freshers' Week for the Union. Over 6000 students flock to the event that sees all our Clubs and Societies showcasing what they do and ultimately encouraging the new and returning students to join up.

This year was our biggest Freshers' Fair ever and I would like to offer my thanks to all the Clubs and Societies who came and made the day the most vibrant Freshers' Fair that I have ever been to. Special recognition must also go to all of our red t-shirted volunteers who came to help and make the day run so smoothly; without them the Fair could not happen.

The day started early for the team with setting up all the stalls being the first job of the day. The event had over 300 tables in total, which began to be populated by Clubs and Societies from 10am and by 11am the Fair was in full swing.

We were all worried about the weather; there was a wet weather plan in reserve just in case a sudden downpour decided to appear, luckily it didn't drizzle for too much of the day, and when it did it didn't seem to dampen the spirit if the day.

All the different areas had a different feel to them with the Great Hall, Upper Dalby Court and the Marquee buzzing all day. The stage in the marquee was a massive success and

it provided an exciting insight into what our Clubs and Societies actually do.

Again this year the RCC organised a rotating climbing wall in Beit Quad, over 100 people had a go with some proving more successful than others!

Moving over to the Queen's Tower the tours went well with helpful volunteers leading up several groups and giving them unique view over London. Whilst below on the Queen's Lawn the media societies provided great entertainment and atmosphere.

Most importantly however all the Clubs and Societies that I managed to speak to during the day had signed up over a hundred people to their mailing lists, this bodes well for another record year for our student activities programme. This, of course, is the key part of Freshers' Fair, bringing together all our Clubs & Societies for one day to showcase each of their unique activities.

So, now you've seen all the Clubs and Societies that the Union has to offer, it is up to you to join them and relieve the stress from your degree! Don't forget you can join online now at imperialcollegeunion.org.



Alistair Cott
Deputy President
(Clubs & Societies)
dpcs@imperial.ac.uk

stand!

Council & Trustee Board Elections 2007

Places are available for both Undergraduate and Postgraduate positions from Engineering, Medicine & Natural Sciences faculties plus non-faculty positions.

We are also looking for two student members of our new Trustee Board. 

Look online for more information at imperialcollegeunion.org/elections

Nominations close 23:59 Sunday 14th October

what's this trustee board?

The Union Trustee Board is the governing body of the Union and consists of the President, Council Chair, Court Chair, 4 student trustees and 4 lay members who are not members of the Union but have expertise in areas such as health and safety, finance and management. The Trustee Board meets roughly six times per year to ensure that the Union is being run well and it does this by scrutinising the work of the Council and the Executive Committee.



$$-\frac{\hbar^2}{2m} \frac{\partial^2 \psi}{\partial x^2} + \mathcal{V}(x)\psi(x) = E \mathcal{V}(x)$$

Science

Science Editor – Ed Henley

science.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Braving a new world: Michio Kaku

In his new programme Kaku, soothsayer extraordinaire, outlines what to expect from future technology

Edmund Henley
Science Editor

If you've never heard of Michio Kaku, you probably will soon, as he'll be bringing his impressive new series **Visions Of The Future** to our screens, courtesy of the BBC. Felix has sneaked a peek at the first three episodes (**The Intelligence**, **Biotech** and **Quantum Revolutions** respectively) and can highly recommend catching these, and the rest of the series when it airs in November – this author certainly will be.

Although he presented a documentary (**Time**) on BBC 4 last year, Kaku is probably better known on the other side of the Atlantic, where he is recognised as a prolific and talented populariser of science, despite a background as an academic in some of the more esoteric realms of theoretical physics.

In his new programme, Kaku dons his futurologist hat and takes the viewer on a whirlwind tour of the state of the art in science and technology, and the implications advances in these fields have for the future of the society they underpin.

His central thesis – that the public needs to become aware of the extent of these advances, and to debate the practical, moral and even existential questions they give rise to – is well-served by the structure of the programme. Kaku's broad-brush approach allows him to expose the interdependence of advances in many disciplines, such as computing and biotechnology.

There's something in each episode to satisfy a wide range of audiences. Kaku can clearly gain unparalleled access to institutes at the forefront of their fields, and this provides plenty of gee-whizz moments, such as seeing a functioning windpipe, grown from cultured cells on a matrix which can later be absorbed by the body, or when he shows a working example of a metamaterial, an "invisibility cloak" for microwaves.

The science-fiction crowd gets plenty: wild-eyed speculation about the future, often courtesy of gurus such as Ray Kurzweil; philosophising about



Kaku and a rather Tron-ified ASIMO. Getting the robot to strut his rather simpering stuff was apparently no easy task, but the Honda engineers succeeded. Shake, shake, shake that (ro)booty

future technologies will affect our perceptions of the human condition, such as a discussion on how space-elevators built from nanotubes will provide us all with a truly planetary outlook; and occasional barrages of clips from classic films – **A for Andromeda** and that stalwart workhorse, **The Day The Earth Stood Still**, amongst others.

Too much of this is guaranteed to repel the average viewer, but Kaku deftly avoids this by including plenty of human-interest stories, illustrating the impact a particular technology has had on someone.

A good example of this is in the second episode: Kaku introduces the well-spoken parents of Alexander Locke, who explain that as a baby he suffered from what was eventually diagnosed as Severe Combined Immune Deficiency (SCID), commonly known as the bubble-boy condition. Those afflicted have no protection against bacterial, viral or fungal infections, and bleak prospects – few outlive their first year. Replacing Locke's bone marrow, to allow a new immune system to grow was ruled out, as no suitable donor could be found. Fortunately, Locke's version of the

condition was genetic, so their doctor mooted gene therapy as an alternative. Dr. Gaspar explains they cultured bone marrow stem cells from Locke, using a virus to introduce a working version of the gene into the cells, which were then reintroduced into the child. The relief with which the parents explain the dramatic improvement in Locke's condition is palpable, and makes this case a highly engaging example of how cutting-edge research can affect ordinary people.

Nor does Kaku shy away from discussing the double-edged nature of

these advances; he is keen to stress that though many technologies may prove beneficial, others raise concerning issues. As well as inherent risks – nanotechnology and the "grey goo" scenario, he pays close attention to the risks posed to the structure of society.

In a discussion on robots and emotions, and our tendency to project the latter onto the former ("because they listen so well", as one pundit puts it), Professor Susan Greenfield mentions an experiment she performed on a group of 8 year-old Australians. When asked if they whom they would prefer to keep their best friend or to swap them for QRIO, an all-singing all-dancing humanoid robot, the choice was unanimous. And yet the accompanying footage of QRIO makes one think it wouldn't always be a bad deal. Certainly not for one's duller friends.

Greenfield raises another more serious concern later, pointing out that the "problems of colonialism in the 19th century may pale in significance to [...] the differentiation of people into the techno-haves and the have-nots." Although a well-worn argument, and already an issue for much of the world's population, it gains a new significance when watching this programme: even viewers from techno-Babylons like Imperial could find themselves on the losing side if they do not always submit to the cutting edge of technology – how do you fancy your chances in exams where fellow students have chip-enhanced memories?

The series is not entirely without flaws: gratuitous shots of Kaku walking spring to mind. Even though MIT may be more attractive than Imperial, surely it's not worth marathon-length perambulations? And rather more irritatingly, the turnover of science footage occasionally borders on the relentless. Surely the public's attention span is not that poor? Nevertheless, these are minor quibbles; the programme is well-worth seeing. Make sure you do!

Visions Of The Future broadcasts in November on the BBC

Songbirds, sticklebacks and Swedish tardigrades: this week's hella mashup

Ursula Skohpe

Magnetic vision in migratory birds

Certain migratory birds are known to use Earth's magnetic field as their main means of orientation for their journey, but the precise mechanism has been unclear.

One hypothesis has favoured a new magnetic sense, mediated by magnetite, another has suggested it's linked to

vision. Recent research on adult garden warblers has suggested it's the latter.

A research group from the University of Oldenburg, Germany, examined the interconnection of molecules known as cryptochromes, found in retinal neurons and thought to be able to sense the magnetic field direction, and Cluster N, an area of the birds' forebrain which is highly active during magnetic orientation.

They found the retinal neurons and Cluster N were linked via a visual pathway known as the thalamofugal pathway. They suggest this means these night-migratory birds perceive the magnetic field as a visual pattern – they can "see" it.

Fish and chips

By looking at chips and scratches on the surface of 10 million year-old fossil stickleback teeth, researchers from Leicester and Stony Brook (USA) have been able to find direct evidence for changes in an animal's feeding habit



Not that fish, nor those sort of chips. But these ones taste better

affecting its evolution, usually a hard task according to Purnell et al., who say attempts to determine if changes in the animal's body are due to changes in its feeding habits risk becoming circular.

Their findings, published in *Science*, compare the fossil chips and scratches with those of present day stickleback (both lab-based and wild), as the marks indicate the type of diet the fossil fish would have had, assuming these marks

were due to the same diet as modern fish. They find that a change to a diet found near the bottom of lakes precedes an increase in the spiky armour of the fish by about 100 years, suggesting the fish had to rapidly evolve to adapt to their new environments. A later shift to a diet from shallower waters is taken as evidence supporting the view that the previous change to a high-armour body went against the gradient of natural selection, so when possible, the change was reversed.

It's cold outside...

Fortunately, tardigrades can't scream. And besides, famously, no-one can hear you in space. But if the participants in a recent experiment come out with their lives, one imagines they would be protesting volubly.

Despite being naturally aquatic, these invertebrates (0.1-1.5mm long), were selected to be astronauts *au naturel*, as they can survive intense cold and dehydration.

Accordingly, as part of the FOTON-M3 mission mentioned last week, a team led by Ingemar Jönsson (Kristianstad University, Sweden) set out to see if they could survive in space.

Their experiment, dubbed TARDIS (how big is the inside of a tardigrade?) exposed one set of dry beasts to both the effects of the vacuum and solar radiation, and the other set merely to the vacuum. Results are due in soon...



A dehydrated tardigrade. Thirsty business, space travel. Poor thing



Chirpy chappy: Sylvia Borin introduces himself as Magneto

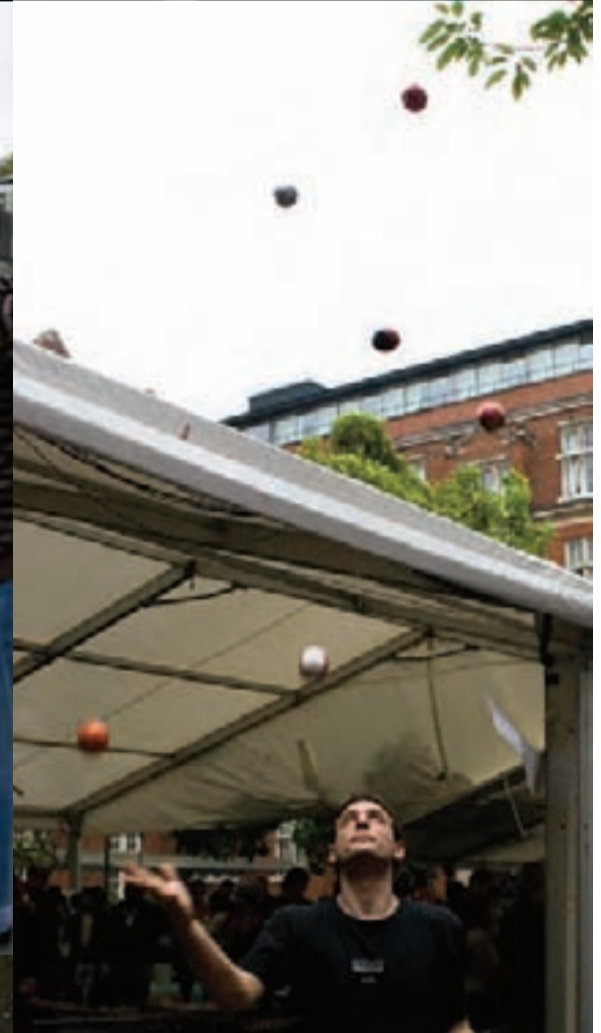
Freshers' Fair

Tuesday 2nd October 2007

Spotted yourself? Want one of the photographs?

Email: felix@imperial.ac.uk







David Paw
Arts Editor

Welcome to another shiny new edition of Felix Arts. As autumn draws in and the prospect of increasingly longer nights looms large, what could be better than immersing yourself in the capital's arts scene?

Our city is blessed with one of the most vibrant arts scenes in the world. London will always feature on any top ten list of galleries/museums/gig venues/whatever anywhere you would care to mention. The city has somehow found a new vitality and optimism that is reflected in the wealth of talent and potential brimming in venues and rehearsal studios from Hackney to Hammersmith.

Speaking of which, with the exception of this year's freshers, who will have more than enough to occupy themselves with in West London, the thing I hear the most from people is "I want to get out of West London. I want to explore more of the city – I'm living in London and I want to take advantage of it".

The problem is, where to start? The capital is a vast place and the amount of things to do on offer can be overwhelming. Picking up a copy of Time Out is always a great start, as is checking listings on the internet.

With a little persistence and perseverance it will become easier to pick out the main venues or hotspots – say, Hoxditch and Hackney in the east, Clapham in the south or Camden in the north.

A common caveat is distance – why trudge across town to go to a theatre when you could just walk down to the Lyric to see a play? Quite often the crowd and the people attending in different areas of the capital varies greatly, and the things on show can vary wildly as well. The atmosphere is often very different as well – why limit yourself? Getting out and exploring the city you live in always requires an initial effort but it is one that pays dividends.

This week's arts section sees the second part of the Culture Crawl, this time tackling London's galleries – even with the number stacked on the page, there were still several excellent galleries omitted, not to mention the multitude of microgalleries proliferating across the city.

Caz Knight has her perceptions of musicals altered by an excellent production of Parade, while Mike Cook gets stuck into a book of experiments and comes out alive.

Finally with the arrival of a new season at the English National Opera are my thoughts on the company's radical production of the classic Carmen. As evening fell across the West End and I walked towards the Coliseum and its grand facade and uplift columns, I was glad that even as the temperature dropped and the layers were piled on, those long nights were good for something.

The circus comes to town

The ENO's latest production leaves David Paw unmoved and unimpressed

Only after you've sat through the flamboyant dances, the council estate cat-fights, the wraithlike chorus of schoolchildren in ghostly white, the preening transvestite dancers flexing their biceps and the breakdancers, does the ENO's newest incarnation of Carmen begin to take shape. But only just.

The filmmaker Sally Potter (Orlando, The Tango Lesson) was brought in to breathe the new life into that most familiar of operas and that most eternal and iconic of femme fatales. It was always going to be radical, with injections of street tango from choreographer Pablo Veron and set designs by Es Devlin, who has worked with Kanye West in the past, amongst others. But while it certainly had the potential to be excitingly fresh yet still bring down the house with that power that only opera can bring, it focused far too much on the "exciting", letting the music lag and introducing far too many conflicting elements for an audience to comprehend while trying to follow the show simultaneously.

Let us recap – Carmen follows the story of its title character, a fiery street-walker who captures the heart of Jose, here a security guard. After a tete-a-tete with another girl, Carmen is brought in an Jose told to guard her – he lets her escape and goes to prison himself for his error. When Jose re-emerges, he swears to devote his existence to Carmen. However, when he receives word his mother is on his deathbed, he reluctantly tears himself away from her. When he returns, Carmen is on the arm of Escamillo, his love rival and a celebrated matador on his way to another glorious bullfight – Carmen has grown tired of Jose's petulance and jealousy by now and though he begs

her not to reject her she refuses, culminating in a dramatic finale.

Carmen's main strengths lie in its music and narrative – the score was tempered well and was on fine form, and the vocal performances were memorable only for Katie van Kooten's powerful Micaela and Julian Gavin's heroic performance as Jose. Alice Coote, as Carmen, was undermined by a screeching chorus of streetwalkers (painful) or an incoherent production that eliminated four of the original's dances. When Carmen says she will dance, she appears redundant when she does not. Frasquita and Mercedes, Carmen's underlings-cum-friends and fellow maneaters, looked similarly ridiculous – how seriously can you take these characters when they look like they wandered off the set of a Shakespeare's Sister music video?

It was difficult to devote full concentration to the story – the circus had literally come to town and there was far too much distracting the viewer's attention from the main characters. When you weren't watching the stubborn Alsatian or the shimmying dancers seductively sashaying across the stage, you were watching the breakdancers throw huge power moves let alone following what was going on with the main characters.

Though Potter clearly wanted to introduce elements of celluloid into the mix with an introductory sequence of voyeuristic real-time CCTV images projected onto a thin screen while we watched the actual characters behind, it became meaningless given the rest of the story had so little to do with its origins. There was simply far too much focus on producing something radical, something visionary, when simplic-



ENO's title character from the opera Carmen

ity with a few simple touches would have more than sufficed. For example – originally Jose is a soldier and his desertion to be with Carmen makes it all the more dramatic. The impact of a security guard quitting his job to warm his evenings with a colourful temptress is less convincing. A police officer would have been simpler and more effective, though you can imagine it being turned down on the grounds of being far too safe, far too obvious.

There appeared flashes of inspiration however, rare moments when the director's vision worked – Habanera was suitably electrifying while Veron

and his partner Lucila Cionci were mesmerising in dancing their passionate and pure tango. The opening of the third act worked very well, with the glimpses of a security guard's dancing feet tapping across the screen gradually expanding to show a tunnel in profile. These were the moments when the director's vision paid dividends. Potter stated, "there is a paradoxical freedom in working with a classic – it has been done and will be done so many times that a potentially radical approach cannot possibly harm it". She obviously had the opera's best interests in mind – pity she forgot about the audience's.



A soundtrack to die for in Parade

A guilt-free musical with all of the flavour and none of the calories? Caz Knight is pleasantly surprised

Parade, a musical based on the book by Aldred Uhry, had all the odds stacked against it for a good review. Not only was it being seen and reviewed by one who cares not for (the often cultural absence in many) musicals, but the plot seemed one of far too sombre and heavy a topic to be presented with musical accompaniment.

Parade follows the story of the Leo Frank case, one of the most closely followed in its time, incurring much 'yellow journalism' along the way. Set in 1913 Atlanta, Georgia, Frank is very much a fish out of water living in the South whilst being Jewish and Ivy-league educated. Superintendent of a pencil factory, Frank is given the death sentence after being convicted of the murder of little Mary Phegan who worked for pennies at his factory. Frank's case carries on long after his incarceration with an appeal to change his sentence after much effort on his wife, Lucille, and eventually the Georgian governor's part. In history, the upshot is a life sentence in lieu of hanging. However, Parade gives us a much more grizzly ending.

Bertie Carvel carried out the role of Frank stupendously. His character as the neurotic, highly strung and snooty factory owner, complete with mannerisms that were maintained throughout, was superb and utterly convincing. We are drawn into Leo's turmoil as we feel immense pity for him. This pity turns into elation as Leo's stress develops into happiness and a rekindled love with Lucille. Carvel's voice is easily one of the best and he exhibits great talent during the dance scenes (of which there are disappointingly too few).



Parade is that rare creature – an enthralling musical that manages to incorporate a thrilling soundtrack with a stunning emotional gravitas

Shaun Escoffery deserves a special mention as the character of Negro Jim Conley, allegedly in the factory at the time of the crime. A huge contrast to Leo in disposition, Jim testifies against him in the case. Not just a pretty face and well-structured physique, Escoffery has an outstanding voice and portrays the charismatic Jim with ease. Exceptional casting with regards to murder victim Mary Phegan; the actress's blonde pig-tailed hair, blue eyes and doll face eerily reminds us of little Maddie Mac.

The introductory song of Parade is performed by one of the best, in my opinion, voices of the cast. Stuart Mat-

thew Price blows us away and has our neck hair standing and does a good job of the three roles he takes on. Although several actors have been singled out, the cast was brilliant; their energy and enthusiasm really makes the show.

Being one who considers most musicals with disdain, it is a credit to the calibre of the music if I was left wanting Parade's soundtrack for my own listening pleasure at home. The music and songs clearly dominate the production but the continuity between songs, scenes and even moods is seamless. The music ranges from uplifting melodies to ones of sadness and ones of great power. Amongst the show

were songs of beauty that had me on the brink of tears on several occasions (rather embarrassing as I am not aware of the rules on crying in theatre!). Of Parade's thirty odd songs there were very few I disliked.

The whole package is completely uncheesey (as in the case of some of the more "commercial" musicals). It is a musical with depth or grown up musical, but with none of the fun or entertainment value extracted. The gravity of Parade's subject matter is eased by the musical element but in no way detracts from this portrayal of the Frank case - a key event in U.S. legal history. The play even adds a slightly macabre

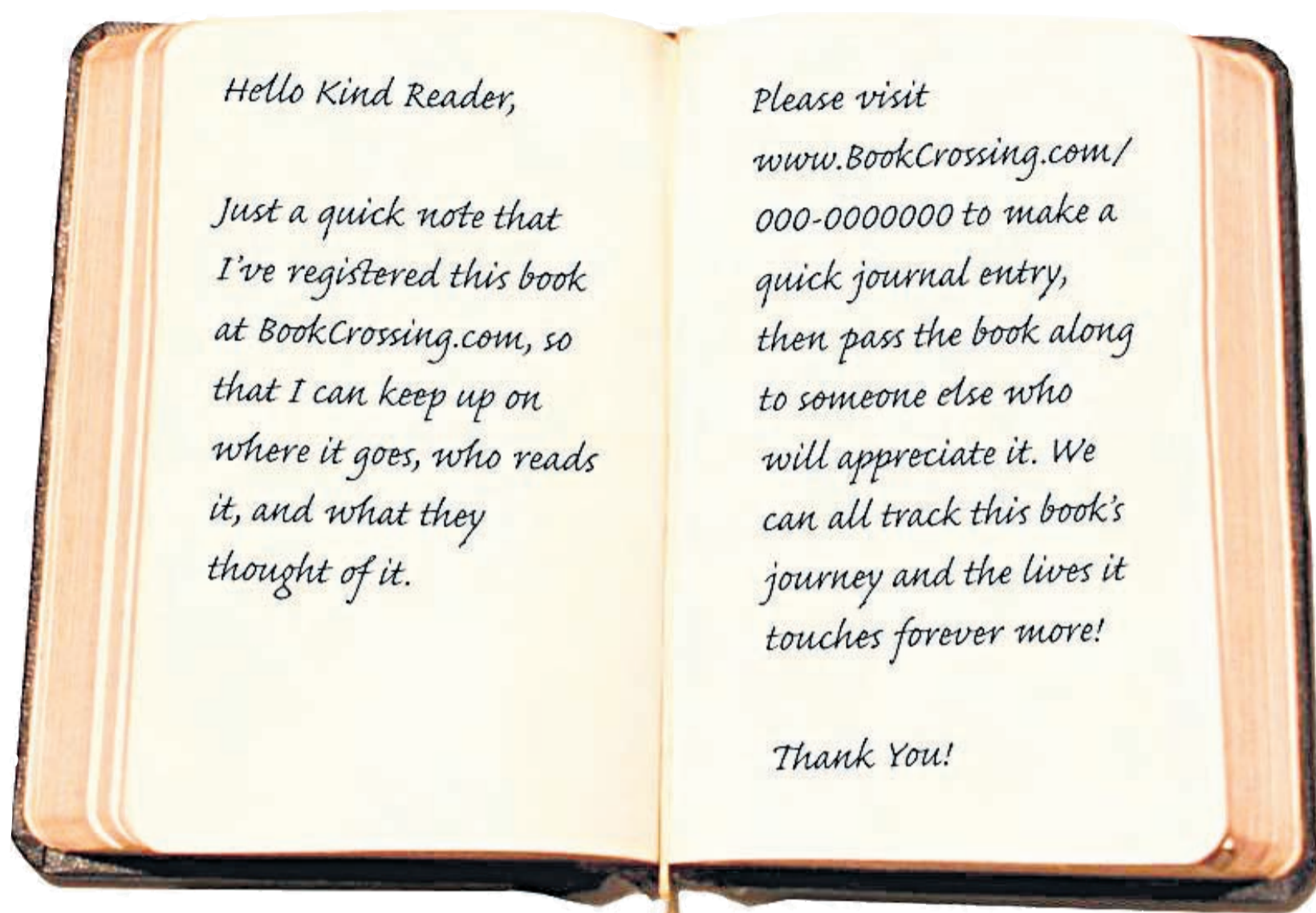
shock factor. The recreated hanging in the play is extremely convincing and reminds one of recent events in Bath, during the Jane Austen festival, where the public expressed disgust at the highly realistic mock gallows in the town's centre.

This musical gives us something to cover every emotion: love, sadness, anger, injustice, mystery, humour and above all it gives us an awesome and highly memorable night out served up in a small, but infinitely more intimate setting than perhaps some of the larger theatres. And it has converted a musical-hater. To miss out would be foolish.



A starter's guide to BookCrossing

Free books, but with a scavenger-hunt twist. Michael Cook has what you need to know to get started



Dear Reader", the blurb begins. "I hope you enjoy this book. I've registered it on Bookcrossing.org so that I can keep track of where it travels and what people thought of it. You can log in online and leave your thoughts, before passing it on to another reader." And that's about it.

Underneath, in her trademark spidery handwriting, is the book's registration code. It's Bookcrossing, summed up simply, in its best and cleverest concepts. Free books. Sharing. Travel.

"BookCrossing is simple. You find the book, read it and review it on the website"

We read a lot of crap. There are a few reasons for this. Firstly, crap is cheap. Crap is 45p on a newsagent shelf, or a £3.99 paperback sandwiched between memoirs of page three girls and Z-List rugby players, and containing something bizarre about a loveless ex-policeman on the run to clear his name or something.

Reading crap is also fun, though – JK Rowling was hardly TS Eliot, but her writing was fun enough for people of all ages to read. But sometimes, we have to avoid rubbish and go for something meatier. Something more enjoyable. Not boring, necessarily, or three inches thick. But good.

Fortunately, this isn't too hard – for instance, you pick up Felix and flick

immediately to the Arts section, where you absorb their well-respected opinion on the latest releases of the high society, and nod sagely at the words of their attractive and well-endowed editors.

There are two things at play here, that the founders of BookCrossing noticed. Firstly, that people will read almost anything if it's free. Secondly, that sharing our opinion about books is great fun, for both the writer and the reader. After all, we're not doing Felix for the paycheck.

So what if people just left books lying around for others to find? Giving books away for free is friendly, stops dusty piles of paper building up in the corner, and adds a bit of excitement into the day for those that find them. BookCrossing only marginally extended the idea of giving books away, by adding in a secret ingredient. A massive game of hide-and-seek.

It's very simple – you sign up to BookCrossing.org and subscribe to whatever regions you're near to. Kensington, for instance, is going to be easier for you to visit and pick up books in than somewhere in Oregon. Then, BookCrossing tells you when a book is going to be released in that area.

If you find the book (hints are left on the website to help you), you read it, review it on the site, and pick another place to leave it in – which in turn notified everyone else subscribing to the area you're leaving it in. The books slowly travel the city, country or globe, picking up opinions as they go and often creating stories about their journey.

And if you find yourself with books you no longer want to hold onto, it's

very simple to start a journey yourself. Simply register the book with the site and they'll give you a unique code and a little message to leave on the inside front cover (which we've printed above). Tell them where you're going to leave the book, and when you're roughly going to put it there, and just follow the timing.

More often than not, the books are taken but not registered. Because they're more likely to be found by non-Bookcrossers, the idea of registering can be quite daunting, and doesn't immediately appeal to the average reader.

"Books slowly travel the country or globe, picking up opinions as they go."

But sometimes you'll be lucky, and start off an entire chain of reviews as a book travels from person to person and country to country.

Take the friend who's given me my latest BookCrossing book, for instance. Her profile has one particular book that made nine journeys before coming to a rest. She gave it to a colleague in the bookshop where she works – from her, to her sister. To her boyfriend. To someone he met in France. To another friend – and each one of these left their messages on the same web page, letting others see where the book's been on its travels.

Not everything is so successful. A month ago, I left six books in a cafe. They were all gone within a week, but

none of them were registered on the website. But the messaging is just the icing on the philanthropic cake – free books were given, reading was done and a good time was had.

Now, Felix gets a lot of books. We review some, put others in features, and many we give away. This year, though, we're going to BookCross them. They'll be left at various places on campus or nearby landmarks (the Albert Memorial, or the museums for instance, which are popular with other local BookCrossers) and they'll all be registered on BookCrossing.org. That's free books, most of which are freshly published, ready to be picked up by willing readers!

We'll post our releases in Felix as we decide on them, but to get up-to-the-minute information on the releases you'll need to sign up with the site. To see what we're putting into the wild this week, and what we're planning to give away soon, check out the box on the right.

BookCrossing has a thriving community that share book reviews and stories of Crossing success, and while the alerts system isn't always entirely accurate (we've had a lot of alerts that were three weeks late), there are a lot of releases in the Kensington area, ranging from classic fiction to cookbooks. It's a novel way to experience new books, recycle old ones, and have yourself some very childish sort of fun whilst doing it.

If you're BookCrossing in this area, get in touch with us and keep us informed about your releases – if we can, we'll put them the paper alongside our own. If you're not BookCrossing, get started now. We'll be giving away a lot this year, and it's the only way to get your hands on it!

Crossing now

How to Fossilise Your Hamster
Mick O'Hare

Brand new companion to the other New Scientist bestsellers *Does Anything Eat Wasps* and *Why Don't Penguin's Feet Freeze*, this book contains a huge assortment of experiments that can be carried out with virtually nothing. Check out our coverage of the book this issue.

Travelling – Monday 8th October

The Ladies of Grace Adieu
Susanna Clarke

A collection of curious short stories containing, amongst other things, Mary Queen of Scots, faeries, and very strange owls. *Grace Adieu* is an entertaining collection of fairy-tale-esque stories that, whilst sometimes over-serious, are otherwise very enjoyable.

Travelling – Tuesday 9th October

Old Shite's Almanac
A. Parody

Parody's work always seems to be trying too hard, but the *Almanac's* a pretty fun diversion – a tongue-in-cheek collection of topical, not-so-topical, and essentially useless information about the year just gone. Sometimes very funny, sometimes not, but always amusingly surreal.

Travelling – Wednesday 10th October

Coming soon

The Mission Song
John Le Carré

One of Carré's latest novels, it has all the intensity that you'd expect from the ex-Mi6 agent-turned-author. Bruno Salvador is a world-class interpreter that's no stranger to doing clandestine work for the British Government. But his latest assignment goes beyond what he is normally used to – identity changes, shady corporate deals, and mysterious encounters with attractive nurses. Meaty, but good – for fans of *The Constant Gardener*.

GOD – Man's Loving Enemy
Adam Bolton

Felix Arts was given this by one of our Comment writers, but we've been told not to spoil the surprise of what it might be, so instead we've got a joke for you. A bear walks into a bar, and goes up to the barman. "I'd like a Gin." The barman begins to pour it, but the bear holds up a claw, and he stops. "And tonic." "Why the big pause?" the Barman says, and the bear shrugs, and replies, "I was born that way." It's the way I tell 'em.

Delete This At Your Peril
Bob Servant

A great compilation of email correspondence to Internet spammers. Genuinely funny, and hopefully all true, Felix Arts will hopefully review this in the near future.

Putting the pop into Pop Science

New Scientist's books are back – it's out with Q&A, and in with Fizz, Bang, Wallop, says Michael Cook

As students at an all-science and engineering institution – and one that, let's face it, doesn't exactly shirk on the workload – we have something of a burden of knowledge when it comes to science, technology and engineering in the public arena. Hopefully, most of us can sit through a Die Hard movie without pointing out how unlikely most of the events are. But when it comes to books and television on so-called 'popular science', it's hard to take a lot of it seriously.

The first thing that should make you sit up and listen about *How To Fossilise Your Hamster* is the simple white lettering at the top that spells 'New Scientist'. You know then, at least, that it's not going to be another Channel 4 'unbiased' documentary on global warming. If you don't read every copy of New Scientist you can get your hands on, you're missing out.

But New Scientist's previous offerings in the stocking-filler books department haven't exactly been gripping. Their last two books, *Why Don't Penguins Feet Freeze?* and *Does Anything Eat Wasps?* were packed full of really interesting questions previously published and answered in the fortnightly periodical, but they were, on the whole, just a bunch of questions. What they needed was something more visual. More exciting. In short, what they needed was a method for extracting iron from crushed Kellogg's Frosties.

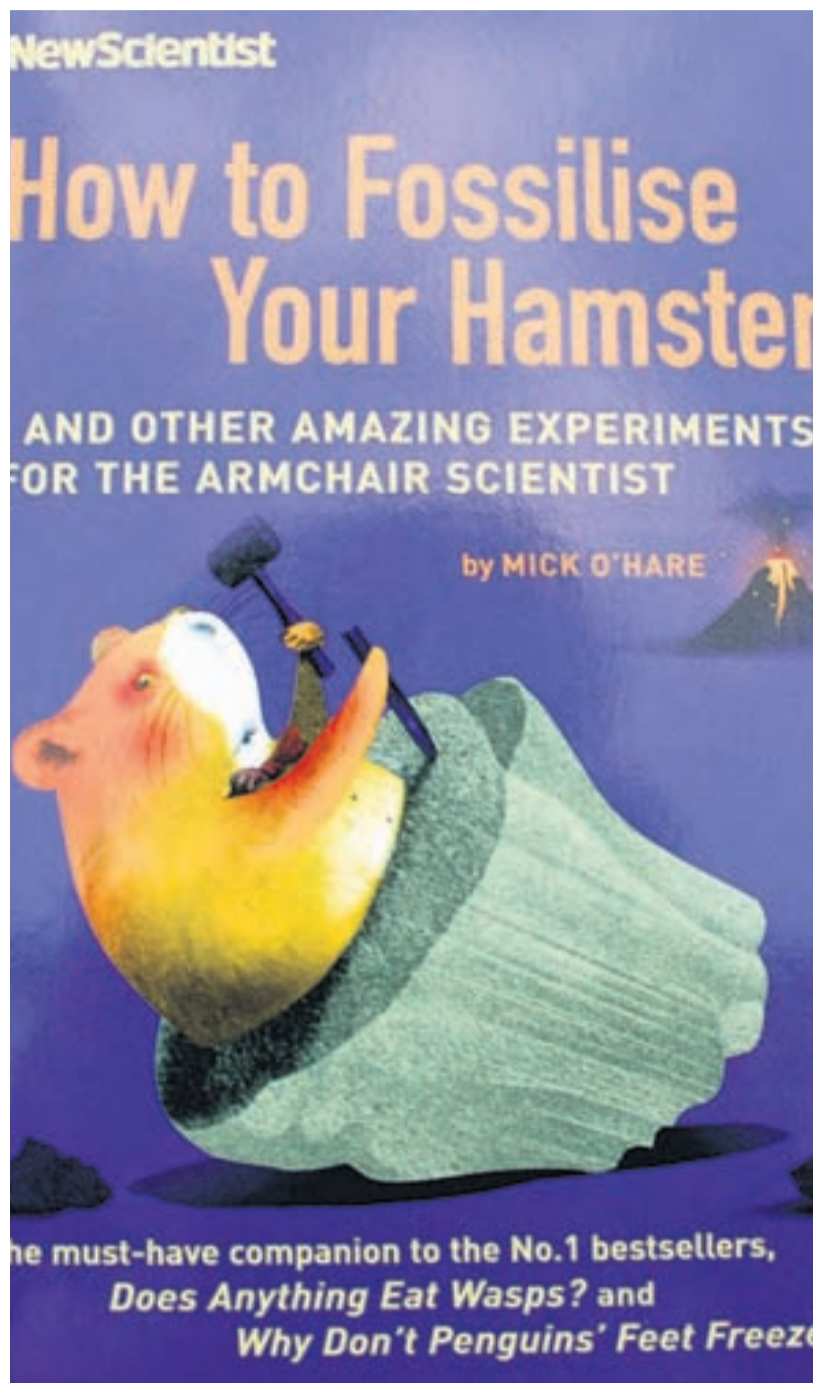
Alright, that wasn't exactly what we needed from a book (though it's one of the most bizarre and absorbing experiments in the latest release). But it's one of the many crazy experiments contained inside that really make this book a stand-out among other similar titles. By retaining the cool, clear and collected New Scientist style, but throwing in a bag of tricks that would make Paul Daniels jealous, Mick O'Hare and his team have created a compendium of brilliant experiments.

And, in true New Scientist style, everything is clearly explained, too. So you're not simply shown how to make fried eggs turn green (they manage to do it without using eggs they forgot about for five weeks, too), but you're explained how this process takes place, and where to go if you're interested to learn more.

The experiments are, on the whole, very fresh and extremely simple. You can make mouldable plastics with just some milk and vinegar or measure the speed of sound with a hammer, and many of you will be pleased to know that a good deal of the experiments involve alcohol of some form (want to know why beer doesn't froth up if you pour it into a wet glass? This is the book for you).

Admittedly, there are some you'll have seen before. A few will no doubt bring back dire memories of Year Seven science lessons – celery with food colouring, anyone, or can we all remember how plants drink? – but the book isn't entirely for science students, so some of the experiments are kid-friendly too, and even these are often good fun, such as the urine-based experiments which never fail to entertain at parties. But most of them are spectacular enough to show off to friends – firing the lids off of film cannisters, or making sparks with just an envelope and a dark room.

Some of the experiments are espe-



First lines

"Experiments are what makes Science tick. Observing, recording and observing again have taught us everything we know about our universe and the world around us."

cially fun to demonstrate in front of others – one involves a pear and an apple, and allows you to completely distort your guinea pig's sense of taste – and if you brush up on your knowledge of the science behind it, some of them can become truly geeky party pieces (see right for our favourites from the book).

Popular Science books quite rightly garner quite a bit of scorn from some of Imperial's masses. But a book like this is a hell of a lot cleverer than a retelling of the Big Bang with topical political jokes thrown in. They're not going to help you an awful lot with your course, but they unveil the mysteries behind some conundrums that you may never have quite grasped – indeed, some that you may not have even realised existed at all.

And so in that respect, it's a great success on New Scientist's part – finally

realising that we'd like to get hands-on with popular science, instead of sitting through another episode of Horizon about bionic pet monkeys.

With sixty-odd experiments in the book, it seems well worth the price tag given that most of the experiments require no extra materials at all. If you enjoy the writing style, the other books in the series are similarly-priced and worth reading, but O'Hare's latest is clearly the best of the bunch.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to brutalise some Frosties.

How To Fossilise Your Hamster is being published for New Scientist by Profile Books, and will cost around £7.99. We're bookcrossing one copy at Imperial during October – see our article this week for more information or surf to <http://www.bookcrossing.org>.

Conclusive results

Our favourite experiments from the book

The "Ho! What Devilry Is This!" Do-it-yourself-cloud-chamber Trick

A two-litre drinking bottle, a little bit of water, and a match. Fill the bottle a little with water, then light the match. Blow it out, and (very) quickly drop it in the bottle, screwing the lid on tight just after.

Squeeze the bottle four or five times, and a cloud-like vapour will begin to form inside the bottle. It's mesmerising to watch – you've just created a cloud chamber. And better still, squeezing the bottle tight makes the whole thing disappear temporarily.

Most Likely To Impress – Harry Potter fans, provided you wear a hat.



The "Bad Science, Good" Implausible-yet-awesome-liquisolid Trick



This one really messes up any conception of materials you might have had. For this, you'll need 300g cornflour and 250ml water. Mix it up in a bowl or saucepan. Keep mixing. Keep mixing. Eventually, you'll find it too stiff to mix any further.

Now stop mixing, and tip the bowl into another container. The entire mixture will have become liquid again.

The real fun starts once you find a hammer or a large brick wall. The whole soup becomes more plastic the more it is exposed to intense force. Shattered bits of the mixture will even liquefy and join together again.

Most Likely To Impress – Anyone who thought that melting bit in Terminator 2 was cool. So, basically everyone.

The "It's David Bowie! Hey, Man!" Alka-Seltzer-lava-lamp Trick

Fill a two-litre water bottle – they're cheap from the JCR – three quarters full with vegetable oil (yes, after you've taken the water out) and then pour a little water in. Use some food colouring if you're feeling particularly flash.

Then get an alka-seltzer tablet and break it into eight pieces or thereabouts. Drop a little bit in.

The tablet falls harmlessly through the oil, before reaching the water and reacting. Globes of water, propelled by carbon dioxide, rise the oil and when they reach the top, the gas escapes, and the water descends again. Awesome.

Most Likely To Impress – People from the seventies.



The "Ripley? RIPLEY!?" Alien-egg-in-a-jar Trick



An empty glass jar, cleaned out and full of vinegar. Plop an egg into it – don't make the mistake we did and choose an egg too big, or you'll spend five minutes pouring vinegar all over yourself while you try to pry it out.

After a couple of days, the entire of the shell will have disappeared, the egg will have swollen to a massive size, and taken on a ghostly, pale appearance. It's quite disturbing, but also very cool. To some people, at least.

You can even reverse the effect if you've got the right ingredients – though of course, the shell doesn't return.

Most Likely To Impress – Let's face it, no-one.

The Great Culture Crawl

Chapter Two – Galleries



National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, Trafalgar Square

Probably the most-visited gallery in the capital, the National Gallery is a powerhouse of Western European Art, running the gamut from Impressionism and Da Vinci, Rembrandt to Van Gogh, Turner and De-gas...the list continues almost infinitely. To venture here would require at least an afternoon and to brave the carnage of central London - not to mention the masses of tourists than find their way here - but the gallery is more than an appropriate slice of the capital's cultural wealth. Immediately adjacent on Charing Cross Road is the National Portrait Gallery, showcasing past masters and some of the best contemporary portrait photography in London; though it's larger sibling is far too large for a quick look, the National Portrait Gallery is a welcome interlude to the rush of the West End.



Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly

The Royal Academy is housed in the grand Burlington house, minutes from the quiet avenues of St James and Mayfair. One of the oldest institutes and galleries in London, don't let the Royal Academy's rarefied image put you off - it regularly plays host to excellent world-class exhibitions of painting, sculpture and antiques. Currently showing is a retrospective of the German artist George Baselitz, spanning his early days to the period of motif-heavy and "upside-down" paintings for which he became renowned. The academy only relatively recently recognised enfant terrible Tracy Emin's work, introducing the likely notion that this institution is finally becoming more open minded. Burlington house is located across the road from the station, under the arches - just look for the red flags.

Tate Britain, Millbank

This underrated space on the north bank of the Thames houses the national collection from the 16th century onwards, with works by masters such as Constable, Gainsborough and William Blake alongside more contemporary upstarts (it houses the finalists from the annual Turner Prize). It displays a diverse array of British art from Hockney to Howard Hodgkin to Brian Hawe's display in Parliament Square.

Talks and events are regularly held here and every first Friday of the month sees Late at Tate, with performances from live bands and the clink of glassware chiming through its sweeping corridors. It also houses a monumental display of works by Turner, bequeathed by the artist to the nation as a parting gift - an explosion of colour worth the trip to Pimlico alone. The museum is located around the corner from Pimlico station - just follow the signs.



Written by David Paw, designed by Rosie Grayburn

White Cube, Hoxton Square

In the heart of hipster central, the White Cube is as synonymous with Hoxton as skinny jeans and its namesake haircut, and fittingly shows similarly eclectic works of art from new and up-and-coming artists. Housed in a 1920s light industrial building in the square, it has far fewer exhibitions than other galleries in the capital - as few as two at a time - but those it chooses to display are consistently of a high standard and with 2000sq feet, it can afford to really dedicate its space and focus entirely on the artists exhibiting. Showing now is "American Tan" by the painter and sculptor Gary Hume, a response to the "America and how we're all being tanned by American policy and culture, the war and simple, complicated stuff like that". Focusing on the plasticised, overpolished image of the cheerleader, Hume creates a powerful take on contemporary American culture. Though leaning towards the precious at times, the White Cube is nonetheless an important player on the capital's art scene and neatly slots into a day spent wandering the streets of Shoreditch.



Whitechapel Gallery, Whitechapel High Street

One of the first public galleries in London, the Whitechapel Gallery is excellent for both its international collections and its great focus on local projects and Asian exhibitions, as well as diversifying into film and music. Showing now is American artist Sarah Morris's sixth film, Robert Towne, based on the legendary Hollywood director, producer, actor and writer. Panoramic cityscapes meld with mesmerising white lines and circles, set off with an undertone of corporate conspiracy and corruption. The gallery is due to double its space in 2008, which will bring welcome space to its cramped galleries in the shadow of the city.

Tate Modern, Bankside

This incredible space on the South Bank is justifiably one of the best galleries in the world. Architects Herzog & de Meuron transformed an empty shell into a brooding behemoth with innovative exhibitions that only the massive space its turbine hall affords and tiny enclaves scattered throughout the gallery that encourage you to pause to think and take it all in. And is there a lot to take in - as its namesake suggests, it houses a gargantuan array of some of the world's best contemporary art. Particularly good are its surrealist and impressionist collections. Also excellent is its collection of abstract expressionist works - don't miss the powerfully atmospheric room dedicated to Rothko. Consider taking in the rest of the South Bank on your way out.



Saatchi Gallery, South Bank

The Saatchi Gallery charges admission - not great for your stereotypically impoverished student - but is worth it to see the rich array of work from the famous and infamous. Many works you may have read about falling into the latter category will be housed here - the gallery is strong on YBAs and you will find Hirst's powerful - and now rumoured to be leaking - formaldehyde displays, including the showstopping tiger shark encased in unadulterated three-dimensional glory. Also present is Tracy Emin's controversial "My Bed" amongst other pieces, and a strong collection displaying the best of American artists now. Oft overlooked for its larger stablemates, the Saatchi punches above its weight. Afterwards consider popping into the County Hall, which houses the 3000 sq foot Dali Universe and an ongoing exhibition of works by Nasser Azam. You can also reach the gallery from Westminster tube.

**Oli Calderbank and Mat Allinson,
Chemical Engineering and Materials freshers**

Got what it takes to pose somewhere higher than
the 100 metre high twins managed?

felix@imperial.ac.uk





Dour Festival wins hands down

Oceans of Belgian beer, an awesome lineup, great food and the most friendly crowd we've ever met makes Dour our pick of the summer festivals this year. Felix checks out the acts at the 19th Dour Festival in Belgium which after ten years of going to festivals, was one of the very best we've seen. *Awesomeasaurus-rexicals*

Honey Munroe (Photos by Greg Mead and M-A)

No matter how objective I try to be about this, reading this article is going to be all about how great this festival was. In all honesty this was one of the best festival experiences I have had for a long time and I just cannot say enough good things about it. That is not to say that there were no bad aspects, and I shall not be leaving them out, but overall these felt like small inconveniences in light of the entire experience.

So first things first, a few years younger than Pukkelpop, Dour was set up in 1989 and had over 140,000 people with just 6 stages and 225 bands. It is spread over four days and I think that is what gives the festival such a unique feeling of adventure and of lasting memories in that the extra day cements your new friendships and new-found love of the festival. You know your way around and all that is left to do is to spend all your food and drink tokens and to have an awesome time! Much of the festival is staffed by volun-

“In all honesty this was one of the best festival experiences I have had for a long time”

teers and this year especially they tried to do their best to encourage recycling and for people to leave their camping fields as they had fond them.

This year was notably the first year the festival site itself had far fewer chill out zones or shady lanes for avoiding sunburn and on the whole I think that the general consensus from the festival goers was that they needed them back. The festival was roasting, even on cloudier days so do not forget your hat, sunglasses and most importantly your sunscreen.



Justice: Two hot Frenchies, some music and a lot of love

The one thing you need to know about this festival is that it is FAR. And by that I mean, FAR from where the coach drops you and pretty far from any town where you can buy stuff. When you get off the Eurostar you get a train and when you get off the train you get a coach and when you get off the coach you walk, dragging all your stuff what seems like an eternity to the main site. The walk from the coach takes you through an agricultural farmland with lots of huge barns or ware-

houses in the middle distance and forests and high trees out to the horizon. It is beautiful and quiet and nothing like home!

When you get to the main site you need to pay a great deal of attention because no one seems to know what is going on so look for signs that direct you to where you pick up your ticket by using your common sense. I.e. there is a line of booths and each have a picture of a ticket with a sign for one, two, and three or four days camping, so just ask

yourself what ticket you have and get in line. Sounds a bit like an arbitrary statement but you would not believe the chaos caused by the staff not being properly briefed as to what was going on and the subsequent panic that seemed to ensue, even though one could actually just look around with one's own eyes and make a pretty good guess as to where you need to go. The incompetence of the entrance staff was almost unbelievable and the ticket pick up had obviously been designed by a drunk, but at least the pictures were dotted around were self explanatory enough. Not really an ideal situation and very frustrating if you have been travelling for over 24 hours already and just want someone to know how to show you where your camping is.

A beautiful site, set between two hilly sloped fields with great food and really well thought out stages and tents, again, almost all without exception were bigger and better than those at British festivals and the Dance arena was a wooden floored fabulously lit and very long, big marquee which from about 8pm was a banging club.

One of the most amazing nights at Dour was in that very tent with an ultra pimped line-up which for me, culminated in Justice. Tonight the Frenchies had their finest hour and they were warmly supported by fellow peers Busy P, Uffie and Feadz, Sebastien and DJ Mehndi. Having seen Justice a fair few times now they can be either the best thing you'll ever have been wastedly dancing your night away to, or just a

bit flat.

At Dour they were not only crowd pleasing and entertaining and I don't think they played one duff tune. That is not to say I can remember more than one or two things they played anyway, but I certainly can remember that I didn't stop dancing and neither did anybody else in the crowd who cheered and laughed and by all accounts had a great time, rocking on till 5 am culminating in a Bugged Out set from British superstar Erol Alkan.

As is usual with European festivals the stages are less full and the crowds more relaxed and certainly that was no less true here at Dour, but what made Dour so fantastic was that the crowds had so much energy and enthusiasm.

A little too much enthusiasm at The Club Arena dance stage where it was so packed you just couldn't enjoy the awesome green lasers or sound as the masses distorted the bass fuelled PA and to be honest, the sardine packed crowd couldn't be justified as his set was too minimal and repetitive.

Hot Chip were not only over-hyped but awful and their only hit was adhocly rearranged into a totally tuneless and undanceable mish mash blatantly redone on the fly.

DJ Shadow was packed and actually delivered as his unmistakable style drew crowds that packed out his arena so as to be a part of the action, with people climbing up the pillars all the way to the tent roof, much to the annoyance of the security.

The first night in the Dance Arena



Uffie, hitching a ride on Mehndi. Anyone for Vodka? Busy P lubricates the crowd

was seen in by Digitalism and Motor, and needless to say drugs abounded as people were popping their way to an all time high. It was a massive rave up but nothing like the chavvy, freaky Romney marsh type raves of Britain. .

One thing that made this festival so individual was that unlike at Reading, where you watch your favourite band headline then soon after have to head for your tent as the site shuts down, here everything went on till 5am so it

“It was nothing like the chavy, freaky Romney Marsh type raves of Britain”

was like being able to see your bands headline and then go clubbing afterwards, except you rarely had to move more than a few feet to get to the next sexy little piece of the action.

This festival is certainly the place to be to see bands that the more commercial or mainstream festivals leave out. Bands such as 65 Days of Static headlined the ‘Little House on the Prairie’ stage on Saturday night and if you are a major geek you will be pleased to know Mertzbow got a slot mid-afternoon. Mertzbow were, in my humble opinion, God-awful. The sound of massive iron drills raping a steel furnace of molten androids is not something I call music. Moving on, I was most impressed at getting to see Sun O))) early evening, and their mesmerizing eerie set was a real highlight. Dressed in huge hooded hessian cloaks and totally faceless in the void like blackness of the stage, the sounds were like that of mechanical drips down iron wells and shipwrecks lurching to the call of time with their watery ghosts thousands of leagues under water.

Ok, so onto the portaloos. These are usually the worst aspect of any festival, and to be honest this was no



GREG MEAD

Another night, another rave. View from stage during Justice

different. By the third day there was a cess pool draining out of one group of them by the second stage that smelt so bad I wanted to kill myself every time I walked within 50 feet of it. The only thing to do was to check which way the wind was blowing and make sure you faced the other way as you held your breath and delicately skipped over the

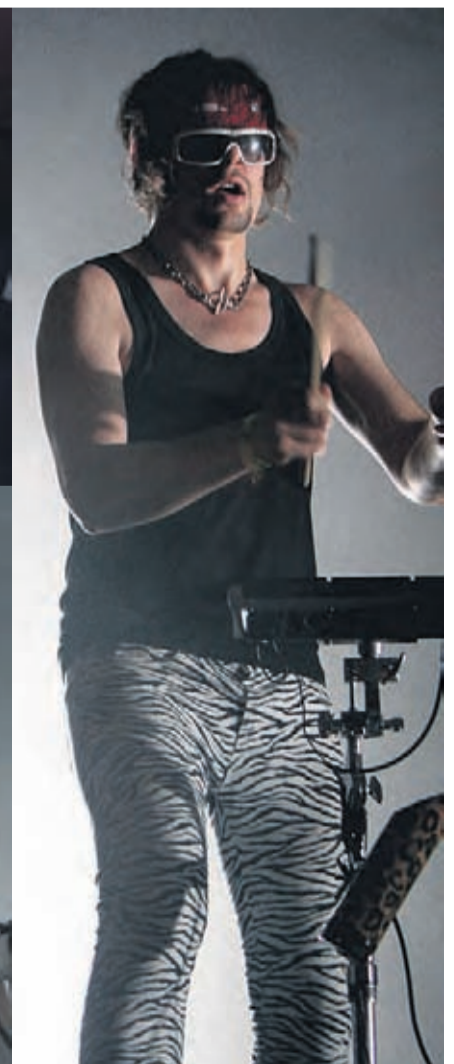
stream like forks of gunge festering out into the site and pray that God does not choose now to demonstrate his sense of humour by having you slip.

That said the Belgian’s organising the event definitely have a barmy sense of humour as all press were expected to squeeze behind a load of portaloos and through a gap in the fence behind them

in order to get to their camping area. A jolly good laugh if ever I’d had one.

Oh the sunsets and fresh air, oh the spit roasted chicken and salad, oh the awesome bands, oh the awesome DJ’s, oh the lovely PR staff, the friendly security, the laid back atmosphere and all the really cool fantastic British and other assorted nationality people I met.

Oh Dour festival if you were a man I’d never leave your side. Good people take note, this year the festival sold out a week before opening it’s gates and next year it is gearing up for it’s twentieth anniversary. So, do one thing before financial burdens and responsibilities of life murder your youth, get a ticket to Dour festival!



Sunn O))) don’t smoke the reaper. Clockwise from top left: 65 Days Of Static shortly before destroying the stage. Cowbell player from Motor. Get a PC next time



Gregory Mead
Nightlife Editor

No doubt you've all settled into college now, and everything is going swimmingly, you've attended those introductory lectures, you've registered and that giant student loan has come through to your bank account, which means just one thing. Spend it, who cares about accommodation and tuition fees, you can worry about those when you've got no money left.

This week we've dedicated the nightlife section to a photo montage from The Mingle, so if you see yourself just email into nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk and you can win two tickets to Fabric on any night you want. So do it! I don't have much to say this week unfortunately, except to say that we still have loads of competition prizes to give away, just check the box below for more info and how to enter!

I seriously suggest you enter these competitions, you have an almost 100% chance of winning since only about two people ever enter at the most. Another thing we need people to do is become writers and reviewers for our section! This is essential to maintain a broad range of interests and to stop the reviews just becoming my personal music blog.

I know my taste in music is absolutely amazing and perfect, but not everyone agrees with this and if you happen to be one of those people then you are welcome to write for our section. In return we will give you unlimited free drinks, free entry to the club nights and backstage access at your favourite events. Email us at the address at the top of the page for more information.

We also need a co-editor for the pages, if you're interested in editing people's articles and doing the graphic design for the page then give me an email or come and visit us in our office in the west wing of Beit basement, you don't need any prior experience but you need to be able to dedicate 5 or 6 hours a week making the pages and contacting PR companies. That's it for my extremely boring editorial this week, just make sure you enjoy the remainder of freshers events happening at the Union and around London

Competitions

It's still not too late to win last week's prizes. We have:

Two Fabric double passes for 24th, 25th and 26th October.

Two tickets for The End for Laylo & Bushwaka on 6th October, and copies of both their albums which they will be releasing on the night.

Three double passes for Turnmills at their Halloween special on 27th October.

Email:
nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk

The Mingle. We're going to need a montage. Ooh it takes a montage. Hellamashup

The first event of the year at the Union. Felix went to corrupt the freshers, drink the cheap booze and got right up there in Peaches Geldof's face with the telephoto lens

Gregory Mead

So, you've just travelled 500 miles with all your Godly possessions, for the last ten hours you've been fretting about finding your new halls of residence, getting your room, unpacking all your boxes, and more importantly, trying to get rid of your parents. It's the first and probably most stressful day of your university career, so what better way to complete it but to go an all night hellamashup that was The Mingle at The Union on Saturday night.

Having been to numerous Union events over the last three years, we weren't expecting anything like what greeted us on entering.

Glowstick wielding nu-rave-hoodie wearing teenagers jumping around to the sounds of Daft Punk and LCD Soundsystem was not the first thing that crossed my mind when trying to imagine what this night was going to turn out like, but that's what was happening in the large marquee in Beit Quad almost the entire night.

The Mingle was reserved for freshers, so almost everybody there was either a first year or a hall reop/sub-warden, and it showed. Pitchers of snakebite and rivers of beer meant that all but the most ultra reserved students were partying like it's 1999. The atmosphere was infinitely better than I'd expected and I almost felt as carefree as one of them jumping up and down in a giant circle on the dance floor singing along to 'Smells Like Teen Spirit'

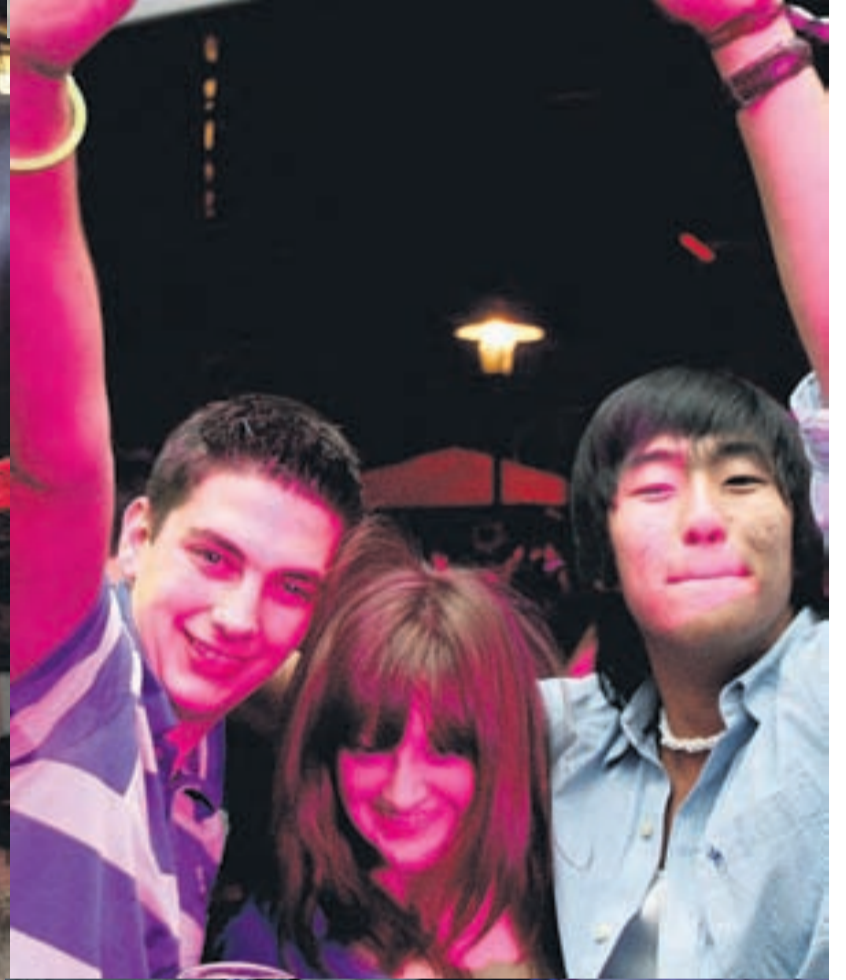
The night featured two rooms. DB's was hosted by Adventures In The Beetroot Fields, who host a regular alternative night at Fabric in Farringdon, for which we have written numerous good reviews in the past. The bands were good too, and made a change from listening to mediocre student bands who look totally out of place at such a large event. Look out for upcoming gigs in very well established clubnights such as DURRR and White Heat from all the bands that played on Saturday.

For me, the large marquee in Beit Quad was the main attraction of the night. Electro and Indie hits blared from the DJ booth to a packed crowd of revellers. This was the first time I have ever witnessed a crowd surfer at Imperial College Union, so that should give you an idea of what was going on.

Peaches Geldoff was the guest DJ, for the night, and to be honest I think the girl playing before and after her was considerably better. She can't mix and chose a stupid selection of cheese hits that seemed to dull the dance floor at what should have been peak time, although in conclusion, I think this was the best Union event I've ever been to, so we'll have to see if the Freshers Ball 2007 on Friday turns out to be as successful. Incidentally, email in if you see yourself in the pictures to win a prize.

Are you in these photos?
Email in to win two tickets to Fabric







news reader.

news maker.

Citi Corporate Presentation @ Imperial College

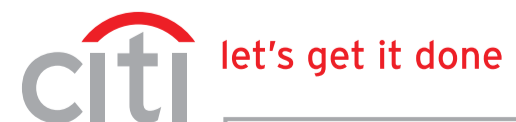
Citi is the most complete financial partner to individuals, corporations, financial institutions, institutional investors and governments in the world. Our Markets and Banking division is a global leader in banking, capital markets, and transaction services, with a presence in many countries dating back more than 100 years.

Citi is committed to attracting and retaining the best talent for our Analyst and Summer Internship Programmes. We believe that the strength of our business lies with the quality and diversity of our employees. Our strong relationship with Imperial College has afforded us the opportunity to attract some outstanding students into our business.

If you are interested in full time and summer internship opportunities or are just curious to meet with us and find out more, then please come along to our corporate presentation:

Date: Wednesday 9th October 2007
Time: 6.00 pm
Venue: Citigroup Centre, Canary Wharf, London E14 5LB
Sign-up: To sign-up for this event please email campus.queries@citi.com stating Imperial Presentation in the subject box.

We look forward to meeting you!





Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Clarice, the vigilante

Jodie Foster returns to the screen in a role made for her, proving she's still the thinking woman of Hollywood. And she kicks ass

The Brave One ★★★★★

Director: Neil Jordan
Writers: Roderick Taylor, Bruce A. Taylor
Cast: Jodie Foster, Terrence Howard

Alex Casey
 Film Editor

Since premiering at the Toronto Film Festival, this despairingly titled film has drawn endless comparisons with *Taxi Driver* in both theme and a little lady called Jodie. Only she's not so little anymore and it'd be too easy to say the theme of a vigilante is given the same treatment here as Scorsese did in 1978. So why do people insist on rating a film like this only so far as how it compares to someone else's film 30 years ago?

The story focusses on Foster's character, Erica Bain, a radio presenter whose show is an ode to her home, New York City, until she is brutally assaulted with her fiancé in Central Park in a scene that is far more realistic and shocking than De Niro's shoot-out in *Taxi Driver* (the last comparison I'll make on that score). Looking to regain control of her life, she buys a gun and gets trigger happy, going beyond the law, here represented by police detective Terrence Howard, with her own brand of justice. It all sounds a bit comic book so far, no?

Well, yes, and at times it does seem like Jodie's next move will be to don a cape and mask, but Neil Jordan has more capable hands than those that may let it descend into simple heroics. The morality of the situation is the real question here and the film acts more as debate than moral compass, and aims to provoke thought rather than supply answers.

This is a film that concentrates on the frustrations of society to live within the law when it seems to impede jus-



Jodie and friend show their disapproval for the film's awful title

tice, a theme particularly relevant in a political climate that sees those in charge of the law causing international debacles. *Taxi Driver* had Vietnam and *The Brave One* has Iraq, although thankfully only one reference is made to this throughout. The focus instead here is the character, and that's where the genius of Jodie comes in.

Hands up who hasn't been that impressed with Jodie Foster's role choices of late? Well, lower your hands again because this vehicle is exactly what she does best: vulnerable, but strong. Her

eyes retain the emotion of the roles that made her the most credible woman in Hollywood and at turns reference the victim of *The Accused* and the strength of Clarice in *Silence of the Lambs*, both of which bagged her an Oscar.

Jodie is simply fascinating to watch and the different sides to her seem completely believable throughout, if the transitions themselves could perhaps have been handled better. The fdoes not dent the film's enjoyability however, even if you have to watch the early attack through parted fingers.

It's all a matter of individual tastes

Good and bad taste are used so much in everyday context that it would seem like somewhere there is a list of things that fall into each category and cannot be switched no matter how much we may want dungarees to be good taste. But who is the arbiter of taste these days?

The truth is that the notion of taste itself should be rendered defunct. If one person's treasure is another person's garbage, surely we should come round to the belief that everything has something going for it, and better to focus in on that than whether or not someone's opinion is more justified than someone else's. But that's a bit idealistic, and the majority of us would say that we hold opinion very dear to ourselves.

Everyone's a critic. It would be slightly pedantic if every time you professed an opinion on your favourite film or band you had to buffer it with "but that's just my opinion and I completely respect yours as well". A much more common scenario would just be a simple "no, you're wrong, it was awful", when in fact right and wrong could be no further removed from the issue in hand.

What does, in reality, make a film good or bad? Well, performances would be one area where it is normally easy to draw a line between the best and worst. I've never met anyone who thought Andie MacDowell was going to run away with a clutch of awards for *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, for example. Genre? Well, you'd be foolish to judge *The Shining* on its comedy merits, so the expectations that an audience has of a particular genre are definitely likely to factor into it somewhere, but this can again vary, albeit not generally that much, between observers. Direction and plot are more subject to individual perception though and these are generally what makes or breaks films. And yet it is these factors that build the ivory towers of taste that leave some films supposedly untouchable.



Cinema: Have your say

So what if you don't love *The Godfather*? No-one set it in stone that you have to, and why shouldn't you get the chance to voice such an opinion over the mass consensus? Justification for any point of view is all you need to present a good argument, so if you have something that you'd like to present in such a manner, then Felix can give you the perfect platform.

Now that you're had a chance to settle into the new academic year, whether you're a fresher or a returning student, you may feel that you want to do something that's not number juggling or algebra manipulation. If you have a real passion for a classic film or alternatively you hate something that is seen as the holy grail of filmmaking, then let us know.

Perhaps you have a favourite director who you feel is criminally overlooked, or perhaps you just want to rant for a few hundred words about the worst summer of cinema in years. Feel that cinema quality is decreasing rapidly with nothing new coming in to compete with neverending sequels and the like? Then be sure to get it off your chest and let the whole college know:

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Clooney may be the star, but it's the great support that wins Clayton's case

Michael Clayton ★★★★★

Director: Tony Gilroy
Writers: Tony Gilroy
Cast: George Clooney, Tilda Swinton, Tom Wilkinson

Alex Casey

The advertising of this film as little more than an intelligent star vehicle for George Clooney, Hollywood's recent addition to the can-do-no-wrong club, is grossly unfair. In fact, whilst lauded as Clooney's best performance of the year/his life/the millenium, it seems to rather confirm the apparent truth that George is most adept at playing the same character repeatedly in slightly different guises.

George Clooney has the misfortune of having one of those faces that is overly recognisable and difficult to mould into anything else, a feature also present in his acting. Whether he's

Danny Ocean, Batman or acting in one of his recent non-studio pics, he is so recognisable as George Clooney that, despite adding a slight self-uncertainty to his character profile here, it is hard to fully invest in him.

Clooney plays a fix-it man in the title role here as an employee of a law firm whose basic job description is to get things done, but in this courtroom-thriller-without-the-courtroom, it is the supporting players that show more promise. Tom Wilkinson is fantastic as the mentally ill lawyer who suffers a crisis of conscience mid-case and sets the plot in motion, an Erin Brockovich-style tale if told from the point of view of the evil corporation's legal team but with a bit more masculine action in place of Julia Roberts' childcare issues. As Wilkinson realises he is acting as agent for a company who have poisoned thousands of people with their product, Clooney is brought in to find out what he's up to and restore the company's grip on the situation, with various moral questions raised as

a result.

Tilda Swinton is also impressive as figurehead of the corporation, U North, who sees events spiral out of control and is immensely watchable as a character who, although representing corporate greed and arrogance, is not inherently malicious. The main cast is rounded off by Sydney Pollack who oversees his law firm's operation falling apart under his nose and in a role that could have easily elicited the audience's moral outrage, he manages to achieve the appropriate hopelessness of his situation.

The plot itself does pick up towards the end, but there is a lot of initial twisting and turning that is hard to care about, leaving the ending feeling like a slight relief. It's also another film that suffers from the trailer which showcases all the best lines which within the main body of the film carry much less impact. Still, it's a hearty consolation to see the Brits, Wilkinson and Swinton, steal the limelight from the golden boy (man?) of the moment.



Clooney perfects the pensive face, but a real range still escapes him



Body mod for the ungodly

Tattoos have always been around, to rebel or conform, for decoration or elevation

Although tattoos only became widespread in popular culture in the 90s, it was actually only a slight resurgence over the course of history. People have been scarring pretty patterns into their skin since ancient times. Roman emperor Caesar wrote that, 'All Britons stain their skins with woad', and Herod of Antioch was apparently amazed to find that 'Britons wear animals "incised" into their bodies.'

The word tattoo comes from the sound the tattooing instrument makes on the skin of those being tattooed and derives from the Polynesian word 'ta' which means to strike something. Polynesia is often credited as the culture with the most important influence on the art of tattooing. However, in ancient times, tattooing was also widespread throughout the rest of the world.

There is evidence of tattooing even in the Bronze Age (3500 - 1100BC) in the mummified body of ötzi. ötzi, the five thousand year old ice man, was discovered on a mountain between Austria & Italy, his frozen body preserving his 57 tattoos. A cross on the inside of the left knee, six straight lines 15 centimeters long above the kidneys and parallel lines on his ankles.

In Celtic culture symbolic tattoos were very popular. The most common tattoo designs were of spirals, and knotwork. The complex braids of knotwork tattoos symbolised the connection of all life. Step or key celtic designs symbolised the various paths of life's journey.

In Russia, mummies found dating from around 2400 years

ago, are tattooed with a variety of animals. Some, like griffins and various monsters are believed to have a magical significance, others are decorative, and some are to signify status.

Japanese people were mostly interested in the decorative aspect of tattoos. The horis (japanese tattoo artists) were innovators in the use of colours, perspective and design.

Some tattoos were restricted by gender. In Egypt, female mummies have been found with tattoos of abstract geometric patterns made up of lines and dots, an art form

restricted to women only.

However this rich tradition of tattooing was almost destroyed in the West by the Church. A passage in the Old Testament, Leviticus 19:28, states "You shall not make any gashes in your flesh for the dead or tattoo any marks upon you." And so tattooing became banned by church edict.

Previously tattoos were used as status symbols of importance and power within religious communities, even in early Christian society.

For centuries afterwards tattoos were stigmatised as uncivilised. Pagan tribes that were converted to Christianity had their cultural traditions such as body modification forbidden by their new religion. Tattoos were still widespread in many societies not touched by Christianity, such as tribal and warrior societies, and by people on its outskirts of society, such as pirates and robbers.

In the 18th century explorers returning from their travels exhibited

tattooed polynesians to the public, to demonstrate how "primitive" their society was.

However the return of captain Cook from Polynesia created a resurgence in the popularity of tattoos with sailors. By the end of the 18th century most British ports had at least one professional tattoo artist. And so began the reintroduction of tattoos into western culture.

In 1862, the Prince of Wales had a Jerusalem cross tattooed onto his arm, which was emulated by the aristocracy. Echoed in the way tattoos took off with the general population after it becoming popular with celebrities in the late 20th century.

Like many things banned by religion, as new generations grow up and reject the doctrine of their parents, pointless taboos are shaken off. Tattooing is here to stay, changing its form according to the whims of fashion.



COOL



America's Next Top Model

The latest series has begun! I love how girls in this programme still think it's anything other than an entertainment programme. It's worth watching despite Tyra's annoying face.



Watches

The next generation won't know what watches are! Mobile phones have killed the watch. Buy a retro casio style watch from Urban Outfitters (£48) while you still can. Soon people will be baffled and confused by the antiquated technology of the wrist watch and you will be openly mocked on the street.



Stables Market Redevelopment

Good! I want a shopping centre! I want the corporations to take over! The people who oppose this have the rose-tinted view of a Camden they fell in love with when they were 14. It's just the same t-shirts on every stall.

LAME



Bread costs rising with global warming

Global warming: one of the hottest talking points there is, but how does it affect the price of your loaf?

Noel Forrest

It is wrong to say that extreme weather events are “caused by” man’s pollution – as of course, they used to happen anyway. However, we can certainly say that the recently observed trend of extreme weather events increasing in both intensity and frequency is typical of the predictions made by climate experts. It’s basically explained by the increased energy in the system. And it’s pushing up the price of bread! Yes students everywhere will have been hit hard by the news that adverse weather has doubled the price of a bushel of wheat within a year and now upped your Sainsbury’s loaf by five percent. Prices started to rise last year when the worst drought in decades devastated crops in Australia, then the third-biggest exporter of the grain. Dry weather has also hurt wheat plants in Ukraine and Russia, but it was excessive precipitation that damaged fields in the U.S. and Europe!

As an ex-investor, I understand that this is typical of a global theme which we may well be hearing more about: that of limited supply stretching to meet exponentially advancing demand. As emerging markets boom, and commodity fund managers speculate, the prices of wheat, gold and oil are all soaring upwards – not pleasing to economists while US growth seems to be slowing considerably. What’s really worrying is that climate change, over what timescale nobody knows, could well turn out to be a very serious stressor in the system, as humanity attempts to pass through an environmental bottleneck of overpopulation and wasteful over-consumption.

Nevertheless we Imperial students will be the ones solving this problem, so we need to eat! Plus, we need to eat cheaply, and bread of course remains one of the cheapest options out there. So, in the first passionate attempt by this column to improve the food you consume, I am throwing out there two



D’oh, d’oh and more d’oh...

uses for bread which verge on magic. They demonstrate that creating lovely food out of cheap ingredients is not only easy but actually quite satisfying. A little bit of effort goes a long way, and that is the magic of cooking: that a permanent, cost less skill can multiply pleasure a thousandfold. See below for the bread ideas.

One criticism of the bread industry if I had to make one: all those nuts and seeds – not my thing at all. Their oils (sesame oil etc.) create a slightly nose-tickling heady aroma, which I would prefer to substitute for a malty granary hit. In fact my life-long favourite bread has been the Baker’s Oven/Gregs granary batch loaf. It has a wonderfully

mellow malty flavour, and when fresh a brilliantly soft and doughy consistency – like memory foam that remembers your shape when compressed. A bite of a sandwich with this stuff plugs the back of your front teeth and the top of your mouth, like any really fresh bread should... but then it somehow accepts a film of mucus and disintegrates in moist shreds like a steak, rather than in soggy clumps like a sponge, as your average white will. But should you get it sliced in the shop? If you back your own slicing abilities, this will allow for flexibility in thickness: you can enjoy both thick sliced cheese toasties, and thin sliced morcels with butter and jam. However, sliced bread is the best

thing since before sliced bread for a reason, in my view – and it’s not laziness. The truth is that the machine has surpassed man’s abilities in creating neat slices. These neat slices are ideal for sandwiches, where uniformity of thickness and clean edges ensure a pleasing experience for the mouth and the eyes.

Finally, the best thing about bread is that it’s not meat, which brings us back to the climate change issue via the recent report in the Lancet. I’m certainly no vegetarian, but 22% of CO2 emissions worldwide coming from agriculture (of which 80% meat) is quite shocking. Assuming a 40% increase in global population by 2050 and no ad-

vance in livestock-related greenhouse-gas reduction practices (can someone invent a cow-fart igniter, please?), global meat consumption would need to fall to an average of 90g per person per day just to stabilise emissions from this sector – equivalent of one hamburger per person. Yes those high prices ought to curb demand, but the true cost to the environment/society is not included in that price yet.

Sorry to sound like a wartime rationing evangelist, but eating less meat and more bread, and being smug about doing clever stuff with it all, might just be fun. But it doesn’t appeal does it? That’s the tragedy. That’s what we need a solution to.

Bring some homeliness to your cooking with these two simple bread recipes

Real croutons for soup



If you never do this you are an idiot and it’s not my fault. Yes I admit it’s not really a recipe but in terms of enjoyment to effort ratio it stands out a mile – crispy, crunchy, buttery croutons add so much to your favourite soup.

- 1) Saw the crusts off a few slices of bread
- 2) Slice the middle bits into big centimetre-ish squares.
- 3) Fry until crispy and put in whatever soup you have bought or made

NB: I prefer granary bread fried in butter, but any bread and anything to fry it in works.

Autumn Bliss

This three-way hybrid of English bread and butter pudding, French pain perdu and Italian ravioli is Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall’s answer to the “creeping autumn chill”, and the seasonal fruit glut we aren’t exposed to enough in London. Warm the insides of somebody special then hide from the elements somewhere else special.

Serves 2:

- 1 egg
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tablespoon caster sugar, plus extra for sprinkling
- 2 tablespoons single or double cream
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 4 thick (1-2cm) slices of fresh white bread
- soft butter
- a couple of dozen raspberries
- sunflower oil for frying

1) Make a simple raw custard by lightly beating together the egg, egg yolk, caster sugar, cream and milk. Cut the crusts off the bread and spread a little soft butter in the middle of each slice (not to the edges, though, as it may prevent you making the seal). Pile the raspberries into the centre of 2 slices (i.e. on top of the butter), squashing them together a bit. Sprinkle a little caster sugar over them. Take the remaining 2 slices of bread and place them, buttered side down, over the first. Squeeze the edges of the bread together firmly, making a seal all around the edges – you can use a little of the egg custard, dabbed on with a finger, to help it stick. You end up with a bread ‘cushion’, like a giant raviolo, in which the raspberries are the stuffing.

2) Pour the custard mixture into a shallow dish or deep plate and lay the bread cushions in it to soak up the custard. Turn them several



times, until well saturated. Heat a good centimetre of untainted fresh oil in a frying pan. When it is hot enough to turn a test piece of bread golden in about a minute, lift the eggy cushions with a spatula and slide them carefully into the pan. When the underneath is fried to a deep golden brown, turn them over and fry till the other side is done, too.

3) Drain on kitchen paper, then transfer quickly to warmed plates.

Dust with a little more caster sugar and serve straight away.

You can fill this lovely pud with all sorts of seasonal goodies besides raspberries: Bramley apples, blackberries, plums, pears. But raspberries will prove hard to beat.

(Recipe reproduced with kind permission of www.rivercottage.net)T



Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Sebastian Nordgren

games.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Bad Boys
Editors, Heroes

Another year for Felix Games, and a wide-eyed, callus-fingered fresh new face will be officiating the section, right?

You're oh-so wrong readers, for in fact there are two!

From the frozen northern wastelands of Finland comes Sebastian – hardy warrior and PC fanatic. He doesn't believe you're having a good time unless your retinas are being scorched by explosions and your hands are shaking from an overdose of adrenaline.

Hailing from the wartorn (hyperbole in progress) realm of Bangladesh, Azfarul is the console aficionado and all-round nice guy. He's on the artsy, hippie side of games and thinks that engrossing, poignant narratives and atmospheric design are *de rigueur*.

Together, we look forward to presenting to you the multi-faceted aspects of the gaming world and hopefully work up enough courage in you to tell your friends that you'd rather not go to the pub tonight since you're in the middle of a rather exciting section of *BioShock*. But it's not all sad solo outings because gaming is a social beast at the best of times: Halo parties, CS shootouts and PES tournaments abound; we're here to have fun and rock your world!

Or, you know, mildly amuse you at the very least.

Cheers,
Az & Sebb.

Felix Games
wants you!

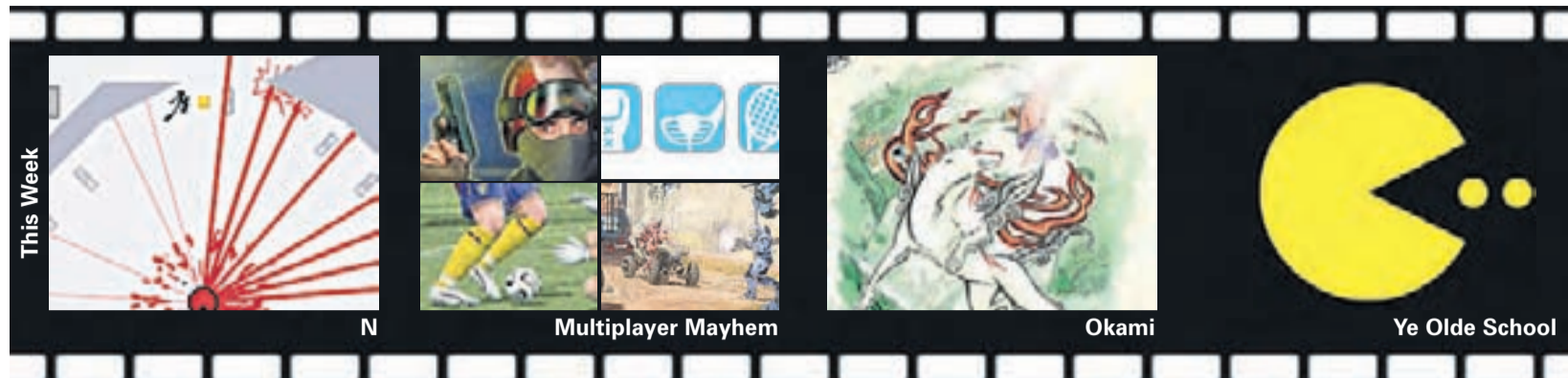
Finished a Final Fantasy game to 100% completion?

Perhaps you beat Half-Life at the hardest difficult without dying?

Maybe you've wracked up insane scores playing Snake.

If you're passionate about videogames then why not write about them? We want to hear your nuggets of wisdoms, your views and your trysts with that flighty temptress that is gaming.

games.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Freshers' Videogames 101

Azfarul Islam thinks that you should join others in huddling around a warm screen

While I'm sure that all of you have had a fun time settling in, making new friends and generally being

budding little socialites, it's time to remember that you're at *Imperial*. So give in, embrace the geek within.

A great way to get a whole common room or kitchen involved in a bit of fun is starting up a round of multiplayer gaming – be it on consoles or fancy-shmancy PeeCees. Here are a few classic suggestions to break the pixelated ice with.

Pro Evolution Soccer (PS2, PC, Xbox)

Sports are always a great way to invigorate yourself creatively, physically and socially; the game iterations only conform to the latter but hey, they're fun. The best of the bunch is *PES*. Why does it work? Nobody really knows. Perhaps it's simply because it does. It's really a no-frills entertainment package with fluid gameplay, organic controls and a balance that captures the impetuous

nature of the beautiful game. Yeah, so it hardly has the correct player names (licensing issues) and maybe the graphics lack pizzazz... but try telling that to the millions that boycott FIFA.



Counter-Strike (PC)

A supreme favourite, par-

ticularly among the oriental Asian community, *CS* is a realistic game-mod turned full title that continues to offer hours of entertainment.

The emphasis on team-based tactics and the mayfly lives of the players means that battles can springboard astonishingly quickly between painstaking stratagems and all-out carnage. What truly propels this title is the abundance of mods lovingly built by the players themselves. If you're a novice, prepare to die... *a lot...* but have a great time in doing so.

Super Smash Brothers Melee (GameCube)

Here's a title that takes famous (game) characters, intuitive play mechanics and a multitude of features and then creates an all-out fighting experience that can appeal to anyone regardless of age or gender. It's pure and simple fun solidified into disc form and done so with tenacity. You can tweak battles to your heart's content and whittle away the night with ease. Real-time Pokémon brawls for the win, indeed.



Halo (Xbox, Xbox 360)

There's really nothing about *Halo* that I haven't already said! It's quite an exhilarating gameplay experience that succeeds thanks to fine-tuned controls, addict-



ing map design and by simply being a blast to play. There's something about it that makes the carnage quite gratifying; the balance is pitch perfect, allowing players of most skill levels to enjoy right from the beginning. Given the plethora of interesting weapons and intuitive vehicles, it's easy to see why the series offers such a comprehensive gaming package.

Wii Sports (Wii)

Face it: we all love the Wii! Being able to channel all that pent up adrenaline into actual gameplay motion was a brilliant stroke in itself and then applying that synergy into sports games pretty much seals the deal. *Wii Sports* boasts five major activities: tennis, bowling, baseball, golf and boxing. The competition can get fierce with gamers amazingly breaking a sweat and the chances of physical harm actually exist; it's a very intense, addicting experience that will have you hooked and you will want to play the next round... and the next round... and the next one to settle scores. Nexties? Not a chance.

Gairaigo Episode 1: Okami

Azfarul Islam

Gairaigo is a Japanese loan-word that conveniently means "loan-word" (see what I did there?). This section is designed to whet your appetite for the oft refreshing, truly wondrous and highly bizarre world of Japanese games. This goes beyond conventional titles and looks at a quaint little world where you illustrate heavenly changes upon the secular and realise that you're a forty-five year old trapped in the body of a teenager. It's a mad world, after all.

Okami

Okami is a novel concept that perspicaciously attempts to fuel the "games are art" debate by thrusting a paintbrush into your hand (or paw) and pleading that you purge the world of evil by painting a fresh coat of kaleidoscopic beauty over it. Oh, and you also play as a Sun deity trapped in the corporeal form of a white wolf.

I suppose you're rolling your eyes with a great deal of askance right about now, and rightfully so. The concept seems a little too pastoral to offer

a spontaneous gaming experience but you're about half-right. The aim of the game is to really revel in the saturated hues of the world. You'll explore stunning locations that are designed with delicate nuance and face off against creatures that are so creative and baroque, you can't decide whether to attack or admire them. The painting aspect permeates into every facet of design and brilliantly at that. You can pause the screen, summon your godly canvas and literally stroke slices upon your foes. Perhaps you're low on health and need protection: why not let a forest of trees shield you.

When it comes to solving puzzles, you're offered a growing level of breadth and imagination. Yes, there is a lot of environmental sentiment ingrained into the experience but it's wrapped in a package that will more often than not make your jaw drop in awe. *Okami* is a long adventure but a surprisingly tranquil, retrospective one despite the need for skirmish – if you need to unwind it can serve as an unusual visual respite.

Okami is available in the UK now



Wolf + Tree = ...

N for Nynja

Sebastian Nordgren

In the ongoing pirate-ninja wars, *N* is the most compelling argument for ninja superiority. Forget Johnny Depp's charming drunken swagger – *N* wipes the floor with him by combining one of the simplest control schemes of the past decade with beautifully fluid movement, creating a frenetic mix of action and classic platformer gameplay. With a solid physics engine and wonderfully context-sensitive controls, the game is the epitome of lo-fi gaming, which will suck you in and consume your lunch breaks while you give it "just one more try".

Play it online or download it at www.harveycartel.org/metanet/n.html

I remember when this was all 2D

Michael Cook battles non-linearity, World of Warcraft and old age to keep his love of gaming young

I'm getting old. Not properly old, but I'm two decades into my innings here, and I've been playing games in one way or another for fifteen years now. It's scary, when I think of it, even though my usage at that age amounted to sitting and watching my Dad beat up an old Sinclair ZX Spectrum. I don't remember much of what we played. But what I do remember, quite vividly, was the Amiga 600. I remember Zool. I remember Dizzy. I remember the EGG-SONLEGS password that made him fly.

Times change, though, and I'm fine with that, really. Dizzy was good fun, but I don't feel my brother has missed out, raised as he was on a healthy diet of Ratchet and Clank. In fact, for all the new technology and fears of commercialism that plague gaming nowadays, it hasn't changed all that much in the time I've been playing. Governments rose and fell, we solved Fermat's Last Equation, but other than the Internet taking multiplayer gaming up a notch, little has changed.

Look at Doom's release, all those years ago. Despite connection problems, we downloaded and played it across the world. Soon after, we played Command and Conquer for the first time, and dabbled in Ultima Online – a whole world with monsters, cities, and real people!

Now, despite having massive game worlds and complex goals, the biggest hit of the moment is Valve's Team Fortress 2 – which, despite connection problems, we've downloaded and played across the world, with the basic formula of kill or be killed unchanged. And what else are we playing? Command and Conquer 3, and World of Warcraft – a game in which you live in a whole world with monsters, cities and real people!

Don't take this as an attack on originality today – I think it's great that gaming is fundamentally unchanged. It shows that we knew what fun was before we discovered complex phys-



Can you spot the difference between the two games? If not, you are probably me, or in need of serious medical help. Or both



ics engines and antiscopic filtering. That my children will enjoy roughly the same experiences I did, even if they can actually tell what they're playing (which definitely wasn't the case with the ZX Spectrum), is actually quite heartening.

Instead, the similarity of today's gaming world to yesterday's worries me that I may just be getting old. Half-Life 2 feels empty now, as I re-play it in anticipation of Episode 2. Quake Wars feels bloated and overcomplicated. World of Warcraft seems like a gigantic waste of time.

So why do I get excited at the thought of a Deus Ex re-run? Why was I so determined to find a copy of the original Broken Sword? Why am I still involved in a painstaking play-by-email game of Alpha Centauri? If gaming is a fresh and new as it's always been, then how come I'm not having as much fun as I used to? Why don't I think the plots are as good any more, and why am I suddenly wondering if WASD wasn't such a great invention after all?

Maybe it's the first signs that age is setting in, or that I should hook out the Amiga emulators and hunt out some

ROMs for The New Zealand Story, or attempt Superfrog again and actually finish the damn thing this time.

And maybe, maybe that's not such a crime after all. I grew up with these games, the comfort of two dimensions and the pitter-patter of a 56k modem gurgling its way through a phone line. It's right. It's beautiful. It's time for the torch to be passed to the mewling thirteen year-old Counterstrike players of today, so that they can become the whisky-sipping Civilisation IV players of tomorrow. And they, in turn, will have their own fond memories

of when screens were only 21-inch, and you could still buy games in high street shops, and the Master Chief hadn't been put in a spin-off kart racing series.

And where will that leave me? Somewhere quiet, hopefully, with an 800mhz Pentium, a copy of Unreal Tournament and Team Deathmatch on Morpheus. Those whippersnappers, I'll say, don't know the meaning of multiplayer.

Why, I remember, back in the day, my Dad would wrestle with a ZX Spectrum and a cassette player, and I'd be glad if...

Now on Channel 4 it's time for Retro-Loco – When Nostalgia Attacks IV

Zool

Did you play Zool? Trick question, of course – everyone played Zool. If you didn't play Zool, you wouldn't be reading a Games section right? Just in case you didn't, here's what you missed out on – other than my love – Zool was a platformer for, among other things, the Amiga. Featuring the titular ninja, from the Nth dimension, Zool was a cookie-cutter platformer when cookie-cutters were still in style.



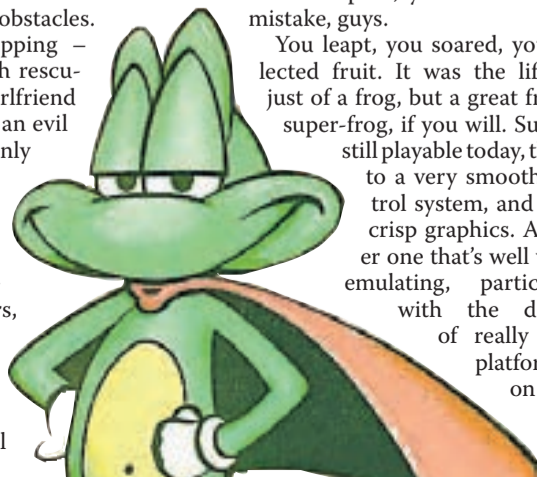
He jumped, he kicked, he fired weird orange amoeba from his hands. The bosses were leaping alarm clocks and giant clown faces. It was sponsored by Chupa Chup lollies for Christ's sake – it was everything that was great about that time in gaming, and reason enough for any of you to hook out an Amiga emulator and track down some ROMs.

Bill's Tomato Game

Now, apparently, we're not allowed to use puzzles unless they describe themselves as involving a 'physics engine', whatever the hell that means. Bill's Tomator Game involved gravity, but they managed to avoid using the dreaded phrase by focusing on things that were actually fun, such as the fact you got to bound and splat the red fruit on trampolines, jack-in-the-boxes and through myriad obstacles.

The plot was gripping – you were tasked with rescuing your tomato-y girlfriend from the clutches of an evil squirrel, but the only way to get to his tree-top lair was to propel yourself through eighty levels of crazy pumpkins, toy soldiers, wrecking balls and pyramids.

None of this 'A hero never dies' crap. That's a real story, right there.



Superfrog

Similar to Zool, Superfrog was a cheery cartoon platformer that hit all the right targets to become a classic on the Amiga and Amstrad. You're a frog. But you have superpowers! You even have a cape, for chrissakes. If you thought Final Fantasy VII was missing something, it's probably a frog in a cape. But that's where Superfrog knocks Squaresoft out of the park, you see? Amateur mistake, guys.

You leapt, you soared, you collected fruit. It was the life not just of a frog, but a great frog. A super-frog, if you will. Supes is still playable today, thanks to a very smooth control system, and really crisp graphics. Another one that's well worth emulating, particularly with the decline of really good platforming on the PC.

Monkey Island

Monkey Island is a series that's still being matured by LucasArts, but judging by their handling of the latest Sam and Max outing, the originals may turn out to be their finest hour.

You're Guybrush Threepwood, a mighty pirate, and not only can you hold your breath for ten minutes, but you're going to learn even more useful skills in your quest to become the mightiest pirate in the Caribbean. Sword-fighting that's based on exchanging insults? Check. Zombie pirate with a wisecracking skeletal crew? Check. The second biggest monkey head you've ever seen? Check.

Monkey Island still has some of the best writing seen in gaming, and even less nostalgic gamers still revisit it year on year. Go find it for the PC, but expect to wrestle XP to run it.

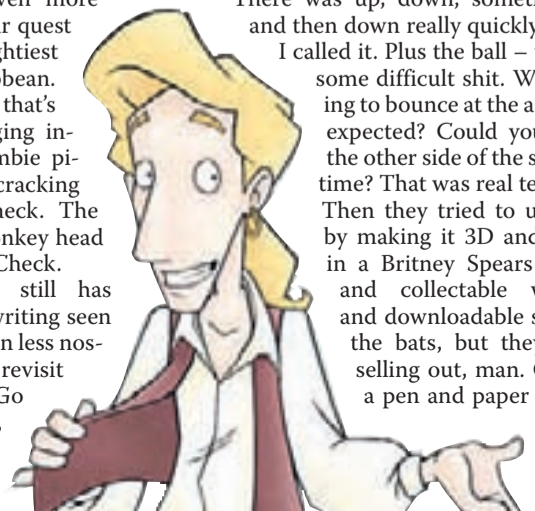
Pong

Now this is a proper bloody game. None of this graphics engine crap, or advanced fuzzy AI, or massive multiplayer, whatever that means. Why would I want to play games with really tall people? They play the same as short people.

Anyway, Pong was proper solid. There was up, down, sometimes up and then down really quickly. Fakies,

I called it. Plus the ball – that was some difficult shit. Was it going to bounce at the angle you expected? Could you get to the other side of the screen in time? That was real tension. Then they tried to update it by making it 3D and adding in a Britney Spears license, and collectable weapons and downloadable skins for the bats, but they're just selling out, man. Give me a pen and paper any day.

Anyone for chess?





Music to the ears of Dubrovnik

**Sinfonietta,
Big Band and
Choir Tour
took to town of
Dubrovnik for
their summer
tour. Tom Kealy
reports**



We started off this tour in Britain, which is a good place to start – personally I would have been worried to wake up in any other country but the one I'd fallen asleep in, especially given today's geopolitical wrangling. As a collective, the whole of Sinfonietta had decided that Britain was simply too cold, and that we desperately needed cheaper alcohol than that on offer in Britain, owing to the fact that most of the orchestra had spent their student loans by the time tour came round. So anyway, that is how I found myself at Gatwick airport one Thursday afternoon in June, Thursday 28th June 2007 to be precise.

The flight was uneventful, and we all landed safely to a quite a temperate climate. The advanced party (consisting of the supposedly more wise among the Sinfonietta great and good) had organised a bus for us from the airport to our accommodation for the week: the Villa Rasica. We oohed all the way there – the architecture of outer Dubrovnik is very Mediterranean (as one choir member informed me – he should, know he has lived in Italy for a bit). We arrived quite late, but naturally went to the nearest bar as fast as

possible and happily sampled £1 per half litre of beer for as long as we could. This turned out not to be very long as the entire orchestra exhausted the capacity of this small watering hole and soon all the draft beer was gone, later followed by bottled beer. It's not that any member of the orchestra has cultivated a particular ability to drink alcohol; it's just that there were an awful lot of us. At around two we all drifted off to bed, as the dream of cheap alcohol

“If there was ever a city to be unprepared for, Dubrovnik is probably it.”

was shattered, much like most of the musicians.

The next day we had a tour of Dubrovnik. Here some people may say “nothing can ever possibly prepare you for the architecture of Dubrovnik” and other such hackneyed phrases, as if the buildings were going to attack you – and that you need specialised training in architectural defence. This may involve many hours of studied reading of

art and design history, civil engineering; and wandering urban spaces with explosives to protect yourself, possibly a bit of both. To be honest, if there ever was a city to be unprepared for, Dubrovnik is probably it. From the marble polished paving stones that you walk round the city on, to the white gold granite that most of the city's architecture is constructed from, Dubrovnik really is the gem of the Adriatic.

The rest of the day was given over to exploring Dubrovnik ourselves (read: going to the beach), and then back to the Villa Rasica for dinner. Then more beach. Some of us had serious musical commitments that evening – Imperial College Choir had their first rehearsal with the unique Collin Durant. This was a big moment for the choir, them being tour virgins. Yes! This was Choir's first tour in their 50 year history. Apparently next year they want to go to Wales... But anyway, after literally dragging most of the choir members from the beach, the villa's reception was soon filled with the deep throaty sounds of the choir. The booming tenor sound of Ed Hughes was particularly prevalent (the very same man who later won the tour award for being the loudest member of tour).

That evening, Big Band played their first concert in the main square of Dubrovnik, just in front of the church

of St Blaise. This was a chance for much merriment, with a combination of dancing and loud music, many of the other musicians being enthusiastic dancers. Afterwards we went to a bar on the old port and admired the view. More importantly this was the night where our dear Chair Hilary Wood displayed her amazing driving skills. The side entrance to the walled city was made of arches in the classical Venetian style, and we had rented a Luton van (complete with tail lift) to transport instruments from the UK to Dubrovnik and around Dubrovnik itself. The problem did not present itself until Hil successfully negotiated the van through the first two arches (a job which required millimetre precision, due to the respective dimensions of the van and the arches). It was only the next arch which proved impossible to negotiate the van through. Mostly because the archway was far too small and the van was far too big*. Then Hilary tried to reverse the van back out the way she came. Only when she started this endeavour did she realise that the level of precision required that the wing mirrors had to be closed off. Also, Luton vans don't have rear view mirrors. To cut a long story short, it was a long and arduous ten minutes whilst Hilary reversed the van (seemingly by telepathy), and then

we all cheered. Except those of us who weren't there, we cheered the next day when we were told about it. This was quite an achievement nevertheless, and an excellent lesson in deferred gratitude. Sinfonietta and Choir had to wait a whole day before their first concerts. The orchestra had perhaps the most fun rehearsal of any of the ensembles – we rehearsed in Villa Rasica's garden, complete with strategic positioning of our violin sections around trees and a horn section sitting on plastic toadstools. The concert was once again in St Blaise's square; which was perhaps not ideal acoustically, mainly because there wasn't an acoustic. Still the orchestra carried on, and we successfully managed to play some excerpts from Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake, Kol Nidrei by Bruch (with soloist Gabriel Kan on the cello, to whom we were grateful for remembering to come on tour, fortunately for us he always remembers to play beautifully), and finally Sibelius's Symphony Number 1. Next, Choir serenaded us with their voices, including a none to prudish rendition of Habanera from Carmen by Cecilia Bailey amongst other favourites from their repertoire of opera choruses, all very well received.

The rest of the night was whiled away at a bar literally perched upon a rocky outcrop, discovered by chance and was simply the best bar this hack had ever had the pleasure of drinking in. The next few days followed a similar pattern, mostly spent wandering the streets of Dubrovnik, having lunch in various restaurants (a note to vegetarians, eastern Europeans don't entirely understand the concept and will happily offer you nothing but cheese for your entire stay. There really is too much of a good thing), and general merriment in the direction of a moon-beam (including many post-midnight swimming trips, complete with skinny

dipping from a certain member of the Sinfonietta trumpet section).

Sunday being the day of rest saw most of the tour members in the cathedral in the centre of Dubrovnik, presumably to atone for the sins of the previous few days, but also to hear a wonderful collaboration between IC choir and Sinfonietta. We were playing (or singing) the Requiem by Gabriel Faure. This went along without hitch and much praise was given to the respective societies, for the beautiful sounds that filled the cathedral for forty minutes that Sunday morning. The rest of that

“Sunday saw us in the cathedral to atone for the sins of previous days”

day was given over to relaxing, exploring and catching up with any sleep, lost necessarily to the cause of tour fun.

We played another blazing concert in St Blaise square on the Sunday night, this time Prokofiev's Montagues and Capulets from his Romeo and Juliet suite, and then Tchaikovsky's 5th symphony. There was no concerto, and we would have to wait until Monday for Shuang Wang to amaze us with her piano playing. One quite interesting event did occur on the Sunday night, one of the fresher cellists (one Tobias Shaw) was seen consuming a large amount of Croatian cherry brandy throughout the night (and it was very good). Later on he mysteriously disappeared from the company of the rest of the orchestra, only to be found hours later by his roommate quite happily asleep on the doorstep to his room.

For this, and many other misdemeanors Toby won the Julia Witton-Dauris award for services rendered to the alcohol industry, one of the most prestigious awards that could have been won on this tour.

We had one last concert to play. This was quite special, as it was in the Rector's Palace – the historic high seat of Dubrovnik's government, now a place where various important things happen and also home of the Dubrovnik Symphony Orchestra. It really was quite an honour to be playing here. Most of the palace was a museum, including the place where all the instruments were stored. Dan, our esteemed conductor, gave the stern warning that nothing was to be touched in the palace, lest we will be given a fee for repairs that would take the remainder of our lives to repay. Given such a warning we naturally were on our best behavior, and sporting our snazziest concert gear (black jackets for the men). One interesting thing to note about the Rectors Palace – it had no roof, and was built out of stone. Thus the acoustic was one of the nicest I've ever played in, as the building had the acoustic of a church but without the booming effect when brass play really loudly. Thankfully the brass sounds escaped through the roof, nice sounds though they were. The program for this night was to be: Wagner Introduction to Act III from The Mastersingers of Nuremberg, followed by Grieg's Piano Concerto (played the impossibly good Shuang Wang) and finally Sibelius Symphony number 1. All I can say is that this was simply the best concert I have ever played in (and I've done a few). Particular approval should be given to Shuang who was incredible, surpassing her performance with Sinfonietta in London earlier this year even. Of course this concert was warmly received by the audience, with many calls for extra bows. Suddenly it

was Go Go Gadget orchestra, as the band cleared up, loaded the van and set off for the bar in record time. Spirits were high for this penultimate party, and party we did, late into the night.

The next day was given over to preparations for the chamber concert, and Choir and Big Band's last concerts. The chamber concert was up to the high standards that preceded it on previous tours - once again a mixture of jazz and classical groups, it was lovely to have the addition of some singers into the mix this year. Alas, I have to say I missed this beginning of the Choir

“We had one last special concert to play – it was in the Rector's Palace.”

concert as I was playing with my quartet in the chamber concert in the Old Town (Choir and Big Band were playing in the hotel Kompas, which overlooks the bay of Lapad and does a nice pizza incidentally). I did not however miss the rest of the night's partying and swimming. So much so, I almost missed the boat trip to Lopud island the next day. I must say that the trip to the island was most enjoyable, but I can't provide a detailed commentary because I was asleep under a sunshade for most of the day. It was a necessary sacrifice to be made. You see we were leaving at 6am the following morning, and there was no way I (or anyone else for that matter) would be going to sleep before then.

That evening we had the tour dinner to attend to, which was an opportunity to reflect on the successes of the tour

in the company of friends, new and old. Some comedy awards for various endeavors, including noise production, alcohol consumption and beachwear in absentia as previously discussed were also presented. Then it was onto the beach for our final night (all of it). Quite frankly, I don't really remember what happened this night – except that we drank the bar dry. It had offered to remain open until such time as we chose to leave, but as of about 5 a.m. it closed with the bar men gesticulating that there were no drinks left to sell to us. Pity. Then we stayed up to watch the sunrise, which is a beautiful thing when sitting on a beach with friends. Sadly the tour came to end (emotionally at least), we trekked back to the villa to pack. My last memory of tour was sitting on the plane, taking off, and seeing the Adriatic spread below me as we took off into the still rising sun.

The combination of beautiful architecture, incredible weather (it was 30 degrees for all of the tour), the chilled out nightlife of Dubrovnik, and of course the company of friends, made for one of the most enjoyable experiences of my life so far. I should thank everyone involved with the organization of the tour – with so many societies involved, the list is rather long to detail here and I think you know who you are, but Sinfonietta's conductor and overall tour organiser Daniel Capps deserves a special mention for even thinking it was possible to bring 135 people on tour in the first place. Job well done, all of you.

*Hilary would like to contribute to this review by adding that no Venetian archways or Lutons were injured during this escapade, thus preserving a UNESCO world heritage site and Sinfonietta's bank balance.



From top left to bottom right: the concert banner hangs invitingly from the Old City walls, the Choir Tour and the Sinfonietta Strings, everyone playing in the Old Town outside St Blaise's Church, and lastly the Big Band

at the union oct 5th - oct 12th

FRIDAY 5TH



BBC RADIO 1

The not-to-miss event of Freshers' Week!

Marquee - Indie/ Rock/ Chart
Colin Murray
Mike Stuart-Matthews
Aleks Corr

Room 1 - Hip-Hop to Drum N Bass
movement
Bryan G + MC K Eye
Nicky Blackmarket
Blakey (DMC Champion)

Casino Room
+ Shisha Cafe
Drinks Offer
Gordon's/ Bacardi
Smirnoff/ Famous Grouse
Double + Draught Mixer only £2.75

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT



super QUIZ!

beer and cash prizes to be won!

FRIDAY 12TH

Pyjama Party

with the best chart hits all night



ALSO ON

Wed 10th

Sin City - Fancy Dress & ACC Bar Night!

COMING UP

Thu 18th

Too Posh to Wash

Fri 19th

Bar FTSE

imperialcollegeunion.org/ents

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

imperial
college
union



Wordoku 1,381

	U		A	N			
		E				A	
F	A		C	U			
	C	G		F		N	
N	F					L	G
	L		C		F	T	
			A	L		F	N
	G				L		
			G	T		U	

Solution to 1,380

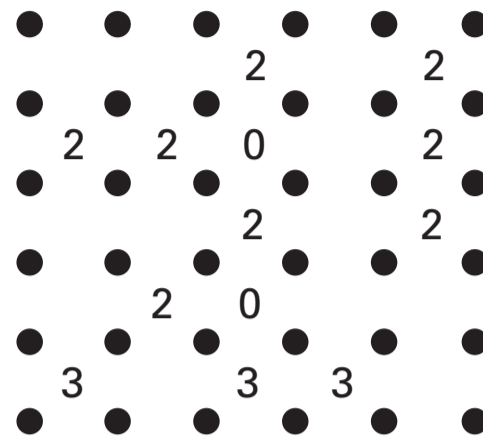
T	M	H	U	A	Y	B	C	E
Y	U	C	E	B	H	M	A	T
A	E	B	C	T	M	Y	H	U
B	Y	E	A	M	U	C	T	H
C	T	M	Y	H	E	U	B	A
U	H	A	B	C	T	E	M	Y
H	C	Y	T	U	B	A	E	M
M	B	U	H	E	A	T	Y	C
E	A	T	M	Y	C	H	U	B

Wordoku is identical to sudoku; we've just replaced the numbers with letters. Once you've completed the puzzle, there is a hidden word or phrase to find. Email in your answers to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

The winner of Wordoku 1,380 was **Xing Gao**. Congratulations! The hidden phrase was "EATMYCHUB".

Slitherlink 1,381

Slitherlink 2 – Normal



How to play:

Crudely speaking, Slitherlink is similar to Minesweeper mixed with a dash of Sudoku.

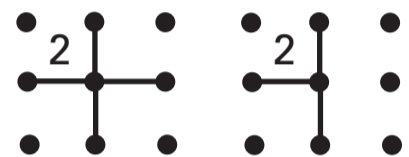
The object of the game is to draw lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

Each number indicates how many lines should be drawn around it, for example:



Cells which don't contain a number can be surrounded by any number of lines.

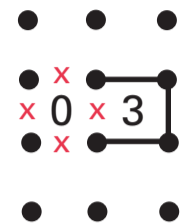
Remember, the line must form a loop, so the line cannot branch. The following situations are not allowed:



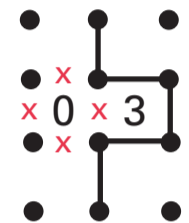
Squares are not allowed either. There are never cells containing the number 4 in Slitherlink.

So, where do you start? The most common place to start on a Slitherlink grid is by drawing crosses around any zeros. Drawing crosses is purely done to so that you know where there can't

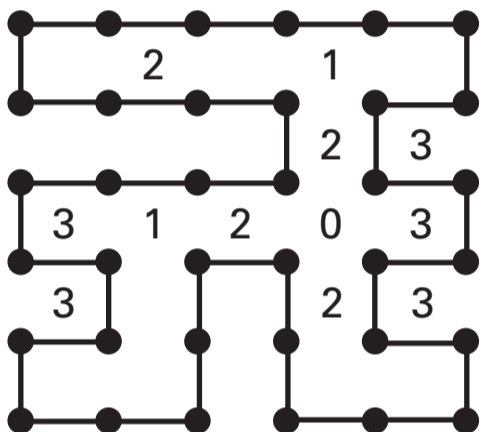
possibly be a line. So, take the pattern below as an example. Begin by drawing crosses, then by filling in some lines:



Now the lines can only continue in the following directions:



Answers for Slitherlink 1



The Slitherlinks on this page are basic 5x5 grids. Get practising because you can expect some 10x10s later in the term and perhaps even some severe 25x30 grids when we're feeling really mean. Email us to let us know how you got on with these ones.

In the past, I've filled this final paragraph with something relevant to the puzzle or answer that's two columns to the left. Now I'm going to waffle.

H to the o, r, o, sizzle copes – it's the Horoscopes



Aquarius

You open your latest issue of Felix to discover that the Horoscopes have been turned into

some bizarre make-your-own-adventure game. If you continue reading, go to Virgo. If not, eat some poisoned shrimps and then disembowel yourself with a copy of Katie Melua's latest "album".



Taurus

You arrive at lectures to find a fresh copy of Felix lying on the floor. It looks surprisingly clean although it's been

on the floor. To begin copulating with it in the empty lecture hall, place this paper over your groin area. To read it instead, turn to page 1. To do something less self-referential, go to Libra.



Leo

You arrive in a blank room. The walls are a blank colour, a sort of off white colour. You can't quite decide whether it's

Magnolia or Ivory. It does however look oddly familiar to you but you can't quite remember why so. Shrugging to yourself, you consider screwing up the space-time continuum again. Go to Leo.



Scorpio

So... this Horoscope entry is blank. I don't quite know what to do with it. Ah yes! Abi! Well done! Very

well done! The winner of last issue's JD competition was **Abi Box**. Commiserations to other entrants. To everyone else, sorry the competition was over so quickly. It was either that, or not at all. Ciao bennies.



Pisces

You try to leap out of the Aries textbox, but find yourself being pulled back down, due to something shit like

gravity. The bastard. Speaking of gravity, have you seen that advert with the kid on the tube? "That's gravity making his jaw drop." Clever, very clever. I certainly appreciated the superb punnage when I read it. Go to Aries.



Gemini

You pull out the space katana stowed in your underwear, and thrust it into the Alien King. As goo drains out of his

spleen, you rise triumphant over his body and claim yourself king of Planet Euphemism. Go to page 461. If the issue doesn't happen to be a 461 page issue, you am fail. Just get out of here you dirty rat.



Virgo

You continue reading. Looking over the top of your paper, you see Alluring Halls Rep. There aren't many people

around. You could easily do a quick flash and no-one would be any wiser. To flaunt what you've got, go to Felix and do a nude shoot. To use your time machine, go to Leo. To sit tight and hope for the best, go to Sagittarius.



Sagittarius

You die horribly, because optimism never got anyone anywhere. At your funeral, they say that you always

looked on the bright side of life and were a happy soul, and that that was probably why Fate dumped on you so often. Then everyone throws their hats into the air and leaves. The hats then fall like leaves.



Aries

You find yourself trapped in a small text box towards the back of a student paper. To attempt to jump out, go to

Pisces. To do something unconnected to this plotline, go to Gemini. To try and emulate Hiro's space-time continuum powers, go to Leo. If you don't understand that reference, go and spaff over Kate from Lost or something.



Cancer

You decide to go to the toilet anyway, as exposing your nipples to your lecturer didn't do you any good last week, so

it probably won't now. However, once you get to the toilet, you find it is occupied by several part-time rapists, all of whom just happen to be on duty. You die horribly; a death that involves soap. Rookie mistake.



Libra

You find yourself unexpectedly learning things. It occurs to you that there are a large number of people in the room

who have never seen your nipples. To expose yourself, go to Cancer. To relieve yourself, go to the toilet. To kill yourself, bang your head on the corner of the nearest lecture hall seat. Your skull should crack quite quickly.



Capricorn

This week, you pick up a copy of Felix and turn to the Horoscopes. Everyone seems to be having much

more fun than you. You just can't follow the looping structure of the Horoscopes. As your eyes circle the page, travelling from paragraph to paragraph, you feel bloated. You swell like a bosom and explode out of your third naval.

Imperial College holds national Kendo competition

Daniel Wagner

On Saturday the 22nd September Ethos's sports hall echoed with the sounds of screams and bamboo swords smashing into armour. What sounded like an ancient battle and caused curious (or fearful?) looks from Ethos staff and passers-by was actually a national sports event. It was a competition in kendo, the Japanese martial art of the sword. This year's kyusha taikai - a competition for kendo players with less than three years experience - took place at Imperial College. Organised by the British Kendo Association this individuals competition allows junior rank practitioners to test their skills against others from across the country in a set of refereed sparring matches. The competition consisted of two preliminary fights, followed by quarter and semi-finals, and the final itself with judges including Matsumoto-sensei, 7th Dan and coach of the British Kendo squad.

Approximately 60 competitors from throughout the country came to take part in the main competition, another 30 kendo practitioners attended a referee training seminar before hand and even more kendo players came to help, to watch and to join the friendly practice after the competition. To fly the flag for Imperial our kendo club sent three competitors: Daniel Wagner, Chris Ar-

gyakis and Tim Simpson, who joined the club last October and now had to stand their first solo competition.

Early rounds saw Tim Simpson eliminated by a competitor almost double his age, showing that in kendo age, size and strength don't matter - technique and spirit are the keys. Pushing further into the competition Chris Argyrakis overcame Kim Towler of Shyunpukan before having the misfortune to compete with our own Daniel Wagner. Besting Chris in a stern fight Daniel steamed through his opponents from Cambridge and Edinburgh before being undone by J. Sitzmann (Nagamitsu, Birmingham) in the semi-final. Sitzmann finally won the competition against S. McDonald. Daniel therefore achieved a joint 3rd place together with S. Sykes-Moore.

Overall the competition day was a great success. Everybody enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere at Ethos and the friendly practice afterwards with almost sixty people fighting at the same time was just amazing. Finally - as usual in the kendo community - many people went for dinner and drinks together after crossing swords with each other.

We now look forward to a new year of training and to many new students joining us as the academic year begins.

For more details about kendo and our club visit our union website.



Some stick wielding action in Ethos at the national Kendo competition

Windsurfers do Windfest



Imperial windsurfers spontaneously decide to take a trip to Windfest and, despite the lack of planning, win!

Niall Thomson

With no organisation, no plan and little communication the Imperial Windsurf Club somehow managed to attend the annual Animal Windfest in Sandbanks, Poole. Our travel arrangements may have been reminiscent of Trains, Planes and Automobiles (just missing the humour) but we made it. Greeted by sea, sand and...perfect sunshine there were certainly no complaints when we got there. With BMX and wakeboarding displays, Zap Cat racing and beach volleyball there was no shortage of things to see and do...oh and the free beer van was a bonus. We even managed to squeeze in some beginner windsurfing lessons by our qualified instructors in the perfect learning conditions Saturday presented. All this in baking sunshine, beautiful scenery and a very relaxed atmosphere.

As the sun set on a good day our attentions turned to fish and chips and the legendary Parkway Fish Bar...if you haven't been, you're missing out. Unfortunately we did miss out on the Saturday night thanks to some sterling directions from Niall, but none the less fish and chips were acquired elsewhere and still tasted good with a with a glass of wine at sunset. With the important matter of food sorted the next activity on the weekends itinerary was the official party, unfortunately our lack of organisation even hit the part of the windsurf club that's usually meticulously planned, the party. Fortunately

we had Hannah to send wheeling and dealing for a couple of extra after party tickets. While Hannah bartered the rest of the club were entertained by Nick and Dom (you know there might be a TV show in it, but probably not a children's one). So why were tickets so hard to come by? Well taking a few bands, adding a few thousand outdoor enthusiasts and mixing them together in one big tent you get quite a potent formula, I think fun was had by all!

Having overlooked transport, food and party tickets what else could we have left to the last minute? Well somewhere to stay would've have come in handy. As the chaos of the Windfest Party concluded we thought it was about time to start considering the issue of accommodation. Although I missed out on the spectacle I think the 3 am erection of acquired tents on a dark beach was quite probably rather entertaining.

As the sun returned for Sunday it brought a little wind. Perfect for our intermediate sailors to get out and refine their skills. The wind continued to build throughout the afternoon and eventually gave us enough to run the UK Freestyle Championships. The club training trips to Egypt and Greece last year along with numerous excursions to the coast clearly paid off, as despite the previous nights exertions, club member Chris B is now the UK Amateur Freestyle Champion; an excellent effort and a well deserved ti-

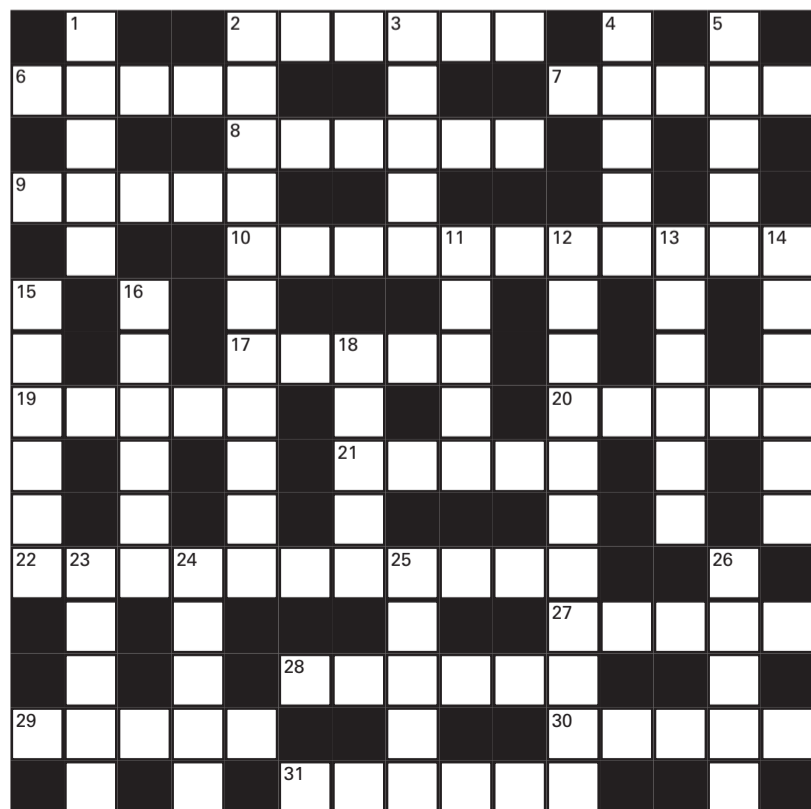
tle for him. This result is just one of many highlighting personal and club achievement in the past year. For a landlocked university Imperial continually punches way above its weight in student competition, finishing 3rd in the overall Student Windsurf Series last year.

The IC windsurf club offers a great opportunity for those of any level keen to get out on the water. With qualified instructors and club kit we cater for all levels from beginner to winner (just add a sense of humour). We offer numerous trips throughout the year (usually more organised than this spontaneous weekend). Our adventures range from day trips to the coast accompanied by our every willing instructors, weekend trips to across the country, Student Windsurf Events including the Legendary Aussie Kiss festival (700 windsurfers, 3 live bands and a wild wild west country theme, Cornwall here we come 24-27th October). As well as numerous weekend breaks the club also runs Easter and summer holidays to sunnier, windier parts of the world.

Windfest Quick Facts	
Party factor	7/10
(Good but Aussie Kiss sets the bar high)	
Faff to surf ratio	3:7
Surprisingly good considering the party factor!	
Weather rating	6.5
Sunny but could be windier	

Crossword No. 1,381

We need crossword setters! Email: sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk



ACROSS

- 2 Drier around restricted tool (6)
- 6 Pleasing plant (5)
- 7 Instrument is back on the road (5)
- 8 Rest disturbed after former lover makes an effort (6)
- 9 Employment of universal wise man (5)
- 10 Embroidery is irritating, but has a purpose (11)
- 17 Vital for music (5)
- 19 Sorry to hear German sea feature (5)
- 20 In the fog nothing is wet (5)
- 21 Start shiatsu around America for food (5)
- 22 Blush from lying helps interpret images (5, 6)
- 27 Tread down to send it on its way (5)
- 28 God has a plate for vegetable (6)
- 29 Car carried by people (5)
- 30 Sounds like I count a try (5)

- 31 Imitate, and address to the top floor (4-2)

DOWN

- 1 Stressed in the past, perhaps (5)
- 2, 3 Eton held the f-word to be earth-shattering (3, 3, 2, 3, 5)
- 4 Nowhere to dance (5)
- 5 Airline lie holds water (5)
- 11 Punishment for cheesy flirtation (5)
- 12 Competition for number one vessel (11)
- 13 On the beat, eventually (2, 4)
- 14 Beat on skin (6)
- 15 Swallow point to bay (6)
- 16 Turn metal in the back (6)
- 18 Relish in August orgies (5)
- 23 Burnt prize (5)
- 24 Fight for piece of paper (5)
- 25 Note: Study is heavy (5)
- 26 Broken lamp from the East is enough (5)

Read these words that I am about to put forth on this 'ere paper. Consume them with your cranium and repeat them over and over in your consciousness.

I will become a Felix Crossword setter. I will become a Felix Crossword setter. I will become a Felix Crossword setter. I will become a Felix Crossword setter. I will become a Felix Crossword setter. I will become a Felix Crossword setter.

Pseudonym

Solution to Crossword 1,380



The DOs and DON'Ts



Chirash Patel
Mr. Muscle

For most of you now, it's been one week into the year, and though the alcohol will have put pay to any memory of the week, you can look in the mirror and the story will tell itself. Muscle? Lacking. Definition? Hardly. Need some advice? Get to the gym.

But before you grab your belly tight Nike Pros and run off to do some bench press, ask yourself do you really know what you're doing? You could end up embarrassing yourself like an inexperienced lover taken to bed for the first time. Or at the very least your misplaced machismo may rub some seasoned vets the wrong way. If you've never been to a gym before (the toilet where you do your heavy lifting doesn't count), then this simple guide is for you.

DO plan your gym session ahead of arriving to the gym. You don't want to look like a pansy as you figure out what exercise to do next. Have a plan, which muscles, which exercises, how many sets, how many reps. If you need a hand there are always sample sessions on this page.

DON'T get a big ego. Whether you're a newbie or a professional, you can always learn something new from anybody. I'm always looking for new exercises, new training techniques to maximise my efforts in the gym, and so should you. Just because your muscles are getting bigger doesn't mean your head has to also.

DO keep hydrated. 2% drop in water is a 20% reduction in performance. You do the maths. You may have to go to the little boys room a little more but its

worth it's worth it in the long run.

DON'T bring your entourage. Sure a training partner or two is a man's best friend, but if you and your whole crew come to the gym, no work is going to be done! Save the socialising for the library.

DO ask for help. Being around some of the biggest guys in Imperial (a rare species indeed) may leave you in awe, but don't be afraid to ask for help if you don't know what your doing. Big guys have big hearts and we all love to help the new breed, just don't drool over the biceps.

DON'T show lift. By this I mean lift weights that you can't do a single rep of, just to look cool. Other than injuring yourself and occupying weights out of your league, you're going to look like a prick.

DO push yourself. In fact always push yourself; if you don't then there are plenty of museums around campus to occupy your time.

DON'T think the gym is your house: clean up your mess. Don't just toss weights to the side like a cheap hooker when you're done with them. Pack that shit up!

DO enjoy the experience, without it your not going to want come back anytime soon.

They are not the biggest muscles in your body, nor are they the most powerful. The size of these bad boys may not even give you an advantage in your daily activities. But the biceps will, and always will be a showpiece muscle.

Exercise	Sets	Reps	Rest time between sets
Chin ups	3	8-10	1 min
EZ- bar curls (rest pause)	4	8-10	2 min
Hammer curls	3	8-10	1 min
Preacher curls	4	8-10	30 sec
21 curls	3	21	1min
Rope curls, drop sets continuous	1	8,8,8, to failure (of each)	20 sec

cle. A statement, as if to say, "Don't worry guys, I'm fully loaded." So come summer time, if you want to rock the sleeveless vest and open up your own gun show, you may want to build up your artillery now.

This session will give your biceps the most intense work out, leaving them feeling burned out, weak, used and abused. But embrace the feeling because with proper nutrition they will grow back, and boy will they grow back. Now you can ditch the peashooters and pick up the twin Uzis.

The preacher curls are essential for a good work out for the long head of the bicep muscle. Using dumbbells, rest your arm on a bench and curl the weight stretching the muscle as far as it can go, as in the picture. Use your other arm to give it a slight spot if you need it.

The 'finisher' for biceps is rope curls. Using the rope attachment to the cable machine set the cable to the lowest setting and curl the rope. Remember to keep good form- a straight back, knees slightly bent, elbows back and your biceps doing all the work. Start at a weight which you can curl for 8 reps, then lower the weight setting and start again, then again, and again. Do it until you can't physically move those arms. Then say hello to your little friends.

Felix takes no responsibility if you break yourself in half whilst trying to lift weights that are clearly too heavy for you. Man up!

Sports league

This year, Felix Sport is going to run a league table for all the sports team at Imperial. It will hopefully encourage a bit of friendly rivalry between the teams and the clubs, and at the end of the year, an overall champion will be declared. Below is the league table where all of the teams competing in BUSA competitions are included, so if you want your scores to be counted, please make sure you send your results

in to BUSA.

The ranking of the teams is based on the Felix Index (FI), which is calculated as follows: $FI = (W*5) + (D*2) - (L*3)$. Only teams with 5 games or more will be considered in the overall championship at the end of year. Good luck!

The league will start properly next week, once the first set of BUSA league games are played. Also check out the result and fixtures section below.

	Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	%	FI
1	Cricket Men's 1st	5	3	0	2	926	678	60.00	7
2	Badminton Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	Badminton Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	Badminton Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	Badminton Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
6	Badminton Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
7	Basketball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	Basketball Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
9	Cricket Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
10	Fencing Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
11	Fencing Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
12	Fencing Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
13	Football Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
14	Football Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
15	Football Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
16	Football Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
17	Golf 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
18	Hockey Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
19	Hockey Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
20	Hockey Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
21	Hockey Men's 4th	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
22	Hockey Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23	Hockey Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
24	Lacrosse Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
25	Lacrosse Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26	Netball 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
27	Netball 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
28	Netball 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
29	Rugby Union Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
30	Rugby Union Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
31	Rugby Union Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
32	Rugby Union Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
33	Squash Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
34	Squash Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
35	Squash Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
36	Squash Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
37	Table Tennis Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
38	Table Tennis Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
39	Tennis Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
40	Tennis Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
41	Tennis Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
42	Tennis Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
43	Volleyball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
44	Volleyball Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
45	Water Polo Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

What Mr. Muscle forgot to tell you last time...

Alexander Fergusson educates us all on the other side of working out in the gym, the Post Workout Meal

Alex Fergusson

So you've seen the Ethos gym and have decided to turn yourself into an Adonis or Aphrodite like figure then? Or perhaps you just want to trim down those bingo wings or fill out your shirt sleeves a bit more? Well hopefully you'll have got an introduction at Ethos giving you an idea of what to actually do in the gym, but what do you do afterwards? That may sound like a dumb question as the answer is obviously work/ Halo 3/ pub/ etc...

But that is not the answer. At least it is not if you want to get the best results from your hard work. So what is? Well pay attention know as I am about to let you in on what is the single most powerful toning, muscle building and fat loss tool there is...the Post Workout Meal (PWM).

When you lift weights you are dam-

aging your muscle tissue. That's right, you're damaging your muscle in the gym. You build your muscle when you're outside the gym. When you finish your workout your muscles will be crying out for raw materials to repair themselves and get stronger. The PWM is meant to give your muscles all the materials needed to rebuild your muscle as fast and as strong as possible.

So what should and should not be in the meal? The first thing is protein, as it is protein that will provide the building blocks for new muscle tissue. The next ingredient is carbohydrates as this will provide the fuel to power the muscle repair process. The PWM should not contain fat of any kind as fat will slow down the absorption of the protein and carbohydrates. I'm certainly not saying fats are bad as you're body needs them, and some fats can be very good for you. But fats just do not have

a place in a PWM.

In my opinion the best form of PWM would be a protein shake made with whey protein and any sugary drink e.g. Coke, orange juice, etc... (Sorry, beer and snakebites don't count). That's right, it is not only ok to have processed sugary drinks after a workout, it is actually a very good idea. The sugar will get straight into your blood and up your blood sugar levels. This will cause a release of insulin which will drive nutrients (i.e. sugar and protein) into your muscle cells. Don't worry, this is probably the one time of any day that eating sugar will not make you put on fat. The best protein to consume is powdered whey protein (mixed with water into a shake) as this type of protein will be rapidly absorbed into your bloodstream and will start the recovery process of your muscles ASAP.

What's that you say? You don't want

to spend your beer money on expensive protein shakes? Well, fortunately for you cheapskates Nature (in conjunction with your local supermarket) has provided you with a cheap substitute that is actually pretty damned effective: Skimmed Milk. It has simple easy to absorb proteins in it (the whey protein in those expensive shakes are extracted from milk) along with some sugar in a pretty good protein:carb ratio for building muscle. But you'll need to drink 750ml or more of it (you should aim to get 25grams of protein or more in your PWM).

But why would you eat after a workout if you're trying to lose weight? There are two main reasons. Firstly, it'll encourage your body to build more muscle. Building muscle requires a huge amount of calories and your body will use your fat stores to meet some of that energy requirement. With car-

diovascular exercise (e.g. running) you stop burning extra calories when you stop the exercise. When you stop weight lifting you keep burning extra calories for days as your body rebuilds your muscles. Secondly, if you workout hard your body will typically start to release cortisol after 40 minutes or so. Cortisol (sometimes called the 'stress hormone') encourages the continued break down of muscle tissue for energy and the storage of fat in your fat cells. The PWM will shut down the release of cortisol (good) and promote the production of testosterone by your body (also good).

So work hard in the gym, but don't sell yourself short by missing out on a PWM. It will become one of the most important tools in your fitness toolkit.

Editors note: I'm sure Mr. Muscle will have a reply for this next week



James Atteck

If you wanted to see any sun this summer you had to leave England, and that is just what we did. This year's holiday abroad was to the cycling haven of Morzine in the French Alps.

As you would expect from any group event the mayhem started well before we departed. To start with we were flying out of Heathrow not long after the terrorist attack on Edinburgh airport which meant that security was so tight that you felt guilty by just going to the airport. Houdini wouldn't have been able to get out of there. That is if he was even able to check-in in the first place.

Thanks to some bright spark at BA they no longer allow you to check-in in one go. First off, you have to go to what can only be described as a cash machine with PMT that asks you where you would like to sit and then tells you that's not possible. Now if you are planning on flying out of the country don't go out the night before, get hammered and then get mugged because you need to feed that angry check-in machine with a credit card that you won't have. Similarly don't use your mums card to book it if she's not going to be there, and ALWAYS ALWAYS write down the confirmation number!!

Finally after much more faffing than there needed to be we had checked-in on the machine, then at the luggage-drop off desk that you can't actually drop luggage off if you have a bike box and gone through security. Thankfully the rest of the journey there was uneventful, until we got to the chalet at 2am and Charlie had a 30 minute brain dead spell and couldn't remember which chalet it was we were staying in.

The next morning we were up bright and early. We had no choice really. There were no curtains in the main room and my bedroom shared a door with the bathroom so when someone decided to do their morning shave, shower and shi... I would be woken with the sweet smell of a freshly laid one or either Basti knocking his razor on the side of the bath like a wood pecker on speed whilst he shaved his legs!! He is a roadie though. What do you expect?

After a traditional French breakfast, Pain au Chocolate and baguettes we spent the next couple hours building our bikes ready to start the weeks riding ahead all with the exception of Nathan "The Beast". And what did the weight weenie learn? Never ever buy carbon fibre parts for your bike even

Cycling in the Alps

Imperial College Cycling Club take a relaxing holiday in Morzine, France



Charlie demonstrating his skills on a mountain bike whilst jumping over a hut

if you are a roadie because they break and then you are up shit creek without a compatible head lock and will have to spend the rest of the week riding a rental bike that your gran would laugh at.

And now a word from the lycra gang: ...Although Morzine is very popular for DH and XC, there is plenty of space with good roads for us roadies. As you might expect, with it being the Alps it

is pretty much up or down most of the time, but there are a few flatter routes like Thonon-les-Bains at Lake Geneva gives you fantastic scenery with rocks and wild waters as you cycle next to a river on the D902.

The main purposes of going to Morzine are the Alps, as you probably expect where the easiest of climbs rival the hardest hills in England. The Jeux Plane is just south of Morzine and you have to climb for 10 km, ascending over 800 m to reach the top. The roads are nice and quite with little traffic compared to London. After a fabulous descent you can head to the Col de la Colombie. Riding the roads the Tour de France passed two weeks earlier is just amazing. Although the Col de la Colombie is just rated category 1 (4 being easy and 1 being soul destroying), the climb is tough, especially the last 3 km. Once you are at the summit it's an amazing feeling and you want to feel the same pain and joy again. This climb was the best riding experience of the whole holiday! Cycling around Morzine was an absolutely amazing feeling and I want to do it definitely again.

The downhill riding was excellent, some of the best in the world. The tracks are generally very well maintained except for several pretty bad sections of braking bumps, but when you have so many kilometres to maintain

you can be forgiven for several meters. Les Gets had a couple of the best areas with the bike park being great fun especially jumping over the hut at the start of the track and the 4X track also being another highlight in that valley.

Having the lift system is a godsend. Every time you get to the top of a track refreshed and raring for more you think of the dark days of pushing up the hills back in England. On two occasions we started our day at one end

"Riding the roads the Tour de France passed two weeks earlier is just amazing"

of the valleys in Les Gets and worked our way across the other valleys, going to the snow line height, and over the border into Switzerland riding as many trails as possible along the way. There is a great variety of tracks from very rooty, rocky and muddy technical stuff to fast speedway style courses that you just can't help but slide the back wheel out.

We were very lucky with the weather and had sun almost the whole time we were there. The injury list was fairly short and the week passed very quickly, with hundreds of kilometres ridden by everyone. Unfortunately Nathan decided to blow his knee ligament after a couple of days, so he didn't get too much done between fixing his bike and breaking his knee. Luckily there were no other major injuries except those to our egos and quite a few to our bikes.

The last night we went to our regular watering hole and as usual things got messy. Our resident Irishman showed us that "just cos I'm Irish I'm not an alcoholic! hick" as he chatted up a couple of 14 year olds and The Beast earned his name by transforming from a very well behaved first year, into the incarnation of the devil. With the help of the right mixture of spirits of course, namely and Irish depth charge.

Luckily our flight out wasn't till the afternoon so we had some time to recover before we had to leave. But not enough for some and flying with a hang over sucks. And finally another top tip for flying, don't put the following in your hand luggage: foot long spanner with a hook on the end, two part araldite in tubes, wheel skewers, screw driver and penknife. People will not be happy and "but I was hung over when I packed" will not fly with the angry men in uniform.



Basti on one of the scenic routes in the French Alps