

felix

The student newspaper of
Imperial College London

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Everyone's favourite day off

Commemoration, commercialisation and comment from the Rector, see page 3

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Chilli Challenge



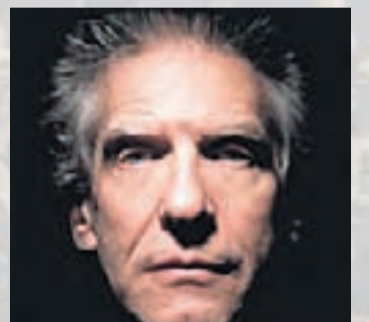
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Netball ladies



Centrefold

David Cronenberg



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Money, money, money

Trading loses 85k, whilst the Union's wallet fattens up overall



Left, Mr Union's wallet. Right, Mr Trading's wallet

Matty Hoban

After labouring through the most tedious of all tedious documents, Felix is here to tell you about money; more specifically, the Union's money. On 12th October, the report on the Union's finances for the year ended 31st July 2007 was released by the Union Exec (Executive Committee, ie: the big dawgs who oversee the running of the Union). The report gave out a bit of a mixed message where it indicated that overall Union surplus income (dollar left in your wallet after paying your bills) was £38,715; up from the previous year (£13,372). However, expenditure was also up with Union trading (including the bars, the shop and ents) finishing around £85,000 down.

If you are still interested, or even outraged at such a loss then I will continue.

The Union trading loss (compared to the previous year's surplus of £166,963) could be partially explained by management restructuring and staff costs which were well up from the previous year. There were also reduced sales possibly due to continued building work on the Beit redevelopment. The

biggest loss makers last year were the bars (due to the aforementioned staff costs) and ents; the latter along with the Union Shop have made a loss in the last year two years. Also some of the bigger earners for the Union, such as the room lettings were down last year, which did not help plug the gap from the trading losses. Another dispiriting kick in the coffers came from an increase in clubs and societies spending (how dare they spend more money on their so-called 'social gatherings') and an increase in irrecoverable VAT (since the Union can claim VAT back, this reduces expenditure but if it is irrecoverable, then say bye to your new gold-plated toilet-brush).

Okay, I can hear you hollering at me, wanting me to explain how the Union actually made a profit after all this talk of loss. Well, Mr. Price-Waterhouse-Cooper-Smythe Esq. it is partly down to an increased subvention from the College – this is basically the pocket money the Union gets from College every year to buy our silence and something to look pretty in. Along with more money from the College, the Union made a significant amount of money elsewhere, such as the Cen-

tenary Ball (the Summer Ball all tarted up) which made a £12,302 surplus and was an outright success compared to the previous year's loss of £44,697. There have been some mutterings though that the Centenary Ball did not make as much as was hoped (considering you only have one centenary), but this amount was also bolstered by a vast increase in van hiring income of over £30,000 (after expenditure) following the previous year's loss. Other ventures allowing the sabbs to bathe in crispy ten-pound notes included a successful Careers Fair and returns on investment.

In conclusion, there can be backslapping all around after a successful year during a period of management restructuring and other difficulties. To highlight this, since the new management has been in effect there has been a very successful Freshers' Week including the Union being packed out with over 800 people for the Rugby World Cup Final. If one can measure happiness through material wealth then the Union has some cause for a smile but if it is found through every utterance of "HELLAAAMASSSHUP" then there is cause for celebration.

Too many qualifications spoil the academic broth

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

On Tuesday the government announced a further three Diplomas, taking the planned total to seventeen. Diplomas are the government's latest attempt to shake up the education system for students aged 14 – 19 years old. From September 2008, pupils in the UK in years 10, 12 and above will be given the choice whether to take GCSEs, A-Levels, Diplomas or a mixture of two.

The drastic reformation is happening due to continuing improvements in A-Level and GCSE results, with many critics believing the qualifications are becoming stale and too easy. Similarly, complaints from universities that distinguishing between school leavers' talents is too difficult has helped put one of the final nails in the A-Level's coffin.

Five of the Diplomas will be available for students to begin studying next year, namely Engineering, Creative & Media, Information Technology, Society Health & Development and Construction & The Built Environment. The courses are designed to mix classroom learning with experience in the workplace in a move which will see students being nurtured for the "real world" even earlier than before.

Ed Balls, the Schools Secretary, who announced on Tuesday that the three new Diplomas would be in sciences, humanities and languages, said that Diplomas should become the "qualifications of choice". The government has stated that the Diplomas will be run alongside existing qualifications until 2013, by which time it plans to have comprehensively reviewed the A-Level system. Potentially, A-Levels could be scrapped within six years.

However, with the current multitude of GCSEs and A-Levels on offer to students, many people feel that making further qualifications available to students is just going to cause confusion. Further condemnation comes from various teachers' Unions, with the headteachers' union ASCL saying



"Construction & The Built Environment, here I come!"

teachers are already "punch drunk" with other reforms. The ATL teachers' union blasted the government claiming that they are taking half-hearted measures in response to improving A-Level standards, saying that they've "bottled it again".

The news comes at a time of great change for the UK's education system. There is a distinct danger that the Diplomas could just be brushed aside in the future, as lesser qualifications than A-Levels or GCSEs. Mr Balls seems to be aware of this, as well as the need for industry and university backing stating that, "we need the business and academic worlds to back these qualifications and help make them a success." "With their success" he believes, "Diplomas could emerge as the jewel of our education system."

Relying on the business and university worlds to make the UK's education system work will come as a frightening prospect to some. At a time when all academic qualifications, from Key Stage 2 to postgraduate level, are being devalued following criticism of the widespread "Mickey Mouse" subjects, there is much anxiety amongst students of all ages as they are confused by the increasing choice and spiralling cost of our education.

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Thanks to Islamic Society!

LOLEATS
LOLEATS



OF THE WEEK

Commemoration Day to remember

Felix was there to quiz the graduates, listen intently to the Rector's speech and soak up the atmosphere

Andrew Somerville
News Editor

A mystery to many undergraduates, and most frequently viewed as a welcome day-off, Commemoration Day is a ceremony full of pomp and tradition that brings students back to College in their thousands, eager to attend with their families despite the cost.

Wednesday's Centenary Commemoration Day saw the greatest number of graduating students in the history of the college, and marks a key point in the path of Imperial College: its centenary, coinciding with the last generation of 100% University of London degrees before the first Imperial College degrees are awarded to undergraduates next year. The day remains an important date in the College's calendar for students and staff alike.

In 1945, King George VI and the Queen Mother visited Imperial College to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Royal College of Chemistry, the oldest of the institutions that were amalgamated into Imperial College in 1907. It was decided that this royal visit would be commemorated annually, and it is this ceremony, held in the Royal Albert Hall, at which Imperial undergraduate students celebrate graduation.

To attend this ceremony costs the average student between £120 and £150, covering the hire of robes, ceremony tickets for themselves and two guests, and a professional portrait to record the occasion. This is a price that most are willing to pay for their "big day," although many students surveyed by Felix voiced concern at the high price charged for simple robe hire, and felt that the £30 charged for a portrait of the student alone was "far too expensive."

"College can charge what they like for graduation, and they know we'll pay it," said one student, "the Royal Albert Hall is worth the price, but everything else is a bit of a rip-off"

Felix spoke to graduating students, most of whom were broadly positive about their time here at Imperial. The



The Royal Albert Hall was at full capacity with a sea of graduates

oft-imparted advice to other students was to "get involved in clubs and societies. Pick one to be involved with for the rest of your university career, and work hard," and to "use London, it's on your doorstep so don't just talk about doing stuff, actually do it."

The overwhelmingly positive atmosphere was doubtlessly influenced by the combined factors of elation following the culmination of three or more years of hard work, and a genuinely inspirational speech from the Rector, Sir Richard Sykes, in his last Commemoration day address before Sir Roy Anderson succeeds him next summer.

Speaking about the number of stu-

dents graduating on the day, he quoted Woody Allen in saying that "80% of success is just showing up," leaving some wondering whether it's been too long since Sir Richard sat an exam. He also discussed his impending departure from College, and followed by stating that he is now certain that Imperial's education is "ensuring the economic competitiveness and security of nations." He then shrugged off criticisms of College's alleged lack of care for its students and its businesslike and corporate attitudes, saying: "Our students are the greatest achievement of the College."

However, the most interesting parts

of the speech came as he imparted some genuine advice to the new graduates before him.

"You will spend most of your life working. Make sure that you do something that you believe in," he said, before he clarified his position in the education debate, saying, "You can have many careers. I never dreamt, when I entered industry, that in years to come the qualities which I would gain would be the same ones that Imperial would be looking for in a Rector," encouraging those whose careers will have little in common with their degree titles, and those whose idealism still has the lead over pragmatism.

Lord Browne

In a controversial decision, one of the three honorary degrees awarded on Wednesday was a doctorate given to Lord Browne of Madingly, the ex-CEO of BP whose stellar career came to an end in May as he resigned in disgrace.

Lord Browne was widely tipped within College circles to be the prime candidate for the position of Rector as Sir Richard Sykes' successor until he was forced to resign from BP earlier this year: 19 months before his planned retirement date. His rapid departure was caused by the discovery that he had lied in court over press allegations surrounding his relationship with Jeff Chevalier, a gay escort. Lord Browne was one of the most successful homosexual men in business, but preferring to keep his personal life private: he attempted, in January, to block press allegations that he met his lover through an online escort agency, claiming in court that they had met elsewhere. He was subsequently found to have lied, and potentially faced a perjury charge.

Soon after his resignation, it became clear that he would not be offered the position as Rector. Instead, Roy Anderson was named as the next Rector of Imperial College late this summer. It is thought that Lord Browne's honorary doctorate could be considered as a "consolation prize" after being excluded from the running.

Singapore Graduation

Imperial College is to hold a separate graduation ceremony for students in Asia in late November "to celebrate the College's relationship with Asia and its Centenary year." Imperial currently has approximately 2500 students from countries across Asia, and this graduation ceremony is being held in Singapore in an unprecedented change to its celebratory traditions.

When asked for comment, students found this a strange decision, but understandable in general. One overseas student from Shanghai said that he "definitely preferred coming to England [to graduate]," and several home students posed the question: "Why doesn't the College do something special over here [for the Centenary]?"

Whilst not ostensibly a sinister decision, worries have been voiced from several quarters that in an increasingly divided student population, some of the overseas students might become divorced from the traditions of Imperial College entirely if the arrangement becomes permanent, excluding them from the one event that is intended to bring all graduates together under one roof for a single grandiose event.



Sir Richard Sykes makes his last Commemoration Day speech as Rector



This portrait only cost the couple £9.99 including postage

Elections 2007 Union Council and Trustee Board

Elections and manifestos explained

The faces you see spread across the following three pages want you to do something for them. They want you to vote for them.

Either because they want to sit on the Union Council or the Union's new Trustee Board.

The Trustee Board is the new, over-seeing committee at the top of the Union. Big decisions may have to be made here, but less frequently. These decisions may well be ones that Council couldn't quite decide upon.

Council is one of the most important committees within the Union as the decisions made by it affect every student on campus. Most importantly, the Members of the Council are given the

power to vote on decisions brought to the Council. Giving this power to the wrong person could potentially have adverse consequences, even if I am being mildly melodramatic.

Councillors meet roughly once a month to discuss the overall direction the Union is going in. Recently for example, the Union announced that it is revising its Higher Education Policy and that there will be a referendum to get this change made. The people throughout these pages will have to give their views on this decision as well as many other important ones.

Chances are(n't) you may have seen and heard the candidates give speeches in the Junior Common Room yesterday, at Hustings. Here are their manifestos,

ready for your analysis. Read each one and decide whether you like what they have to say, whether you agree with them and ultimately, whether they represent your views.

If you're not happy with any of them, you can vote RON (re-open nominations). If RON wins, the Union will run the elections procedure again.

If you didn't know that the elections were even taking place, you might still be able to stand. Some of the faculties still have outstanding positions to fill, so get involved.

Once you've decided who you like or don't like, head to www.imperialcollegeunion.org/vote and cast your vote. You'll only be able to vote for those people in your faculty. Have fun.



The Union Dining Hall or Council HQ. You decide who is worthy enough to sit around the hallowed blue-clothed tables

Undergraduate Councillors



John James

I am a Civil Engineering Student and have been at Imperial since 2004. I have taken an active part in the Union

both in club/society activity, but also in governance. I attended Council several times as an observer in my first year and then as a voting member in my second year.

During my first year I was elected Chairman of RCS Motor Club and gained experience in encouraging volunteers and arranging events. I have the advantage of seeing the Union from an employees perspective having helped maintain the Union minibuses. I held positions in RAG and CGCU, and have been an active member of Yacht Club, Railway Society and a founder member of Cheese Society.

I support the values of Imperial College Union and wish to maintain and improve upon the representation of our members, the services and activities we provide and the support we give our staff.



John O'Neill

I am running for the position of Undergraduate Engineering Councillor because I would like to see Imperial College Union remain an accountable and democratic institution and if elect-

ed I would take the position that Imperial College Union should spend its time dealing with issues which directly affect students or a sizable minority feel strongly about, examples of this include the NUS debate or Fair-trade products being stocked in the Union shops. The same applies to our activity within the NUS, I believe that we should not get involved in supporting minority interest groups whose activities have no relevance to most students and stick to trying to maximize our influence within the NUS.

I am currently serving as Matsoc Secretary as well as sitting on other committees.

Matthew Taylor and Rosie Smithells are also running for this position, but failed to submit a manifesto.

Postgraduate Councillors



Ashley Brown

I am a third year PhD student and have been on Council for the past two years. I will continue to project a strong postgraduate voice into what is a predominantly undergraduate union.

Unlike some I have not sat quietly watching while I believed poor decisions were being made: I will question anything which looks untoward while offering a voice of experience.

The future of higher education funding will rear its head again this year, along with the threat of reductions in spending and the Union's new trustee board. All three things will require close scrutiny and thought and I believe my experience will be a great help when considering the decisions to be made.

Only one person is running for the position of Postgraduate Engineering Councillor! Another postgraduate engineer is required to sit on Council. This could be you. Come to the 2nd Council Meeting of term on 29th October, in the Union Dining Hall and stand for election

Undergraduate Councillors



Mark Chamberlain

To sit on Union Council in a role to represent the views of medics would be a great privilege, one I feel uniquely well placed to undertake. Over my last 3 years at Imperial, I have been involved in many ways with the Medics' Union, and so a move to somewhere where I can express the views of our students in a constructive way would allow me to contribute fully to the Students' Union, and especially the students whom I would be delegate for.

Having spent last year as Faculty Union Treasurer, I feel I am placed ideally with the knowledge of workings of both ICU and the medical school, and with a wealth of skills and abilities to engage students and the insight to help press on important issues. If elected – I would work hard with the other members of Council, and especially those from my faculty, to ensure our students' interests are best voiced and demonstrated.



Saras Chauhan

The medics – who are they? Where do they disappear to? What do they really do?

Believe it or not, the medics and the non medics are all part of Imperial College. That's where I'd be involved – helping represent ICSM on the IC Council.

We are all faced with the similar issues at university whether it be travelling to campus or hospitals using the 'cheap' Oyster, being homeless at the start of term, or making IC social events and sports suitable for all. Academically, we are also need of more resources and interactive learning to make sure IC Medics become the country's best doctors!

If you want your opinions heard and changes made, choose Saras – the approachable and chatty (possibly barmy) candidate who gets things done! She can be found at all good ICSM/IC parties!



James Dearden

My name is James Dearden, and at the moment I am a 5th year. Being in the 5th year I have experience of both the clinical and non-clinical aspects of our course and the problems that arise within them. Consequently I feel that I can suitably represent the academic interests of the ICSM within the Union Council.

I am also well connected to most of the sports clubs and societies within the faculty and am keen to see the Union continue to support and fund them while maintaining the individuality of the medic clubs.

Since I was the Reynolds Bar Manager last year, I believe I have both good organisation and management skills, as well as a strong desire to see the Reynolds and the social aspect of the medical school remain a central hub of medic activity!

Please vote for me! I won't disappoint!



Olivia Kenyon

Hi everyone. I'm a 5th year medic (and an IC post-grad) and I want your vote as one of the Undergraduate Medicine Councillors in the upcoming elections. This is my third year on the medical school Students' Union, this year culminating in Deputy President.

In holding a position on our faculty union I think it shows my existing commitment to dealing with all issues concerning students within ICSM, from welfare, to education to maintaining our own identity within the university. Being in the role of Deputy President of ICSM this year leaves me uniquely experienced to know what is going on both within our faculty union and currently to a certain extent within IC union.

I promise to represent you all to the best of my knowledge and ability so please vote for me as the best candidate to represent ALL students within our medical school on ICU Council.



Tiffany Munroe-gray

Currently in my 4th year at medical school, I realise that we, the students, need to take control of our university and make it work for us. We are fortunate that our Union is autonomous and that College are tightly constrained on where they can intervene. I believe that we should not be complacent about using this power to ensure that this university is a well rounded, well-funded institution and a supportive environment, especially for medics, as we are here for the longest in the IC student body.

I have gained the expertise for this role through being involved in several clubs and societies. As director of Light Opera I am familiar with the administrative hurdles involved. I am also currently running for Year Representative to help maintain our academic standards.

I should be the voice for medics because I am proactive, tenacious and committed.



Monal Patel

I'm Monal Patel and I would like to be your Undergraduate Medicine Councillor.

The Council is the most powerful committee in ICU and the democratic voice of our student body. It's vital that you have someone representing you who understands what is important to us, the students, and has the conviction to make that heard and happen. I believe I am that person.

I'll ensure the views of undergraduate medics are taken into account when it comes to passing policies and taking positions on issues such as top-up fees, clubs and societies funding, welfare and a host of other issues.

I am approachable, diplomatic and have a wealth of experience of committees/politics from college to university level, which I will use to work alongside the other medic representatives to do my level best for our med school and the union as a whole so please vote for me!



Nimesh Patel

As a member of Imperial College Union Council, I would represent undergraduate medicine to the best of my ability.

The Council has a great impact on policy, rules and regulations for the College and ensures the students are served well. As a council member, I would have impact on these policies, which affect all students; hence it is a vital role.

If voted, I would allocate time, energy, enthusiasm and knowledge into my duty to help make the changes that will benefit all the students.

It is important to make certain that student voices are heard, and that they are well represented in all decision making, which will be a priority of mine.

As well as fulfilling a duty, there is always opportunity to develop and utilise new skills in a positive manner.

So please, make sure you vote for me, thanks!



Aneesha Verma

I'm Aneesha, a final year medical student, and I want to get involved in the Council so that I can voice the ideas, concerns and expectations (!) of medics when decisions that affect us are being made. Joking aside, I would dedicate myself to this role as it is an important one, which I will use to ensure that our best interests are served by the Union at all times.

Being a final year will stand me in good stead, because my 6 (almost!) years at Imperial mean that I can identify with all of you at every stage of medical school, so allowing me to better understand and represent your interests.

I have worked with the Union (as captain of IC Women's 1st tennis team last year), so this experience will serve me well in carrying out the role of Union Council Member. So, vote for me!



Alex Walls

Do you know how many decisions ICU Council make about issues affecting us medical students? They make loads! We need to be there to represent medics at ICU Council otherwise loads of these choices will be made on our behalf without any of our say, especially since medics are an under-represented part of the Imperial student body.

As a member of ICU Council I would make sure that the ICSM point of view is always heard. I would constantly be in touch with our students and SU so that I can do what is best for medics at ICU Council. I'd take time to listen to different points of view to ensure that I'm representing what people want.

I am passionate about Imperial and helping us grow stronger. I will aim to maximise the ICSM influence and improve our standing in ICU to get some great results in the forthcoming year.

Abubakar Mohammed and Amir Sepehrpour are also running for this position, but failed to submit a manifesto.

Nobody is running for the position of Postgraduate Medicine Councillor! You can get involved by attending the 2nd Council Meeting of term on 29th October, in the Union Dining Hall

Undergraduate Councillors

NATURAL SCIENCES



José Videira

Today's students are the leaders of the future. University is the time where we discover who we truly are and who we will become. Students face the toughest of environments now, especially at Imperial, and the Student Union should be here to support all the needs of all the students and develop their interests into true passions, turning the talent we already have into real success.

I'm friendly, approachable with good communication skills and will go out of my way to help others as I have a deep dedication to the work I'm charged with, while always striving to maintain a positive attitude.

I want to make sure we have the very best environment and student community that we could possibly have. I want to be at the forefront of the positive development of Imperial College and ensure it stays strong and continues to deliver to all students.



Shray Amar

I consider myself to be a friendly, sociable and an approachable person, with two ears willing to listen. These are just some qualities I feel I can bring to the table and be a good representative and voice for the Natural Sciences Undergraduates.

For undergraduates there are many issues and challenges that we will face in the next few years. For most people, the undergraduate years will be the most crucial, and with the aid of the Student Council, I aim to help you face these challenges head on and provide full support for each and every one of you.

With good inter-personal skills and a passionate belief in the student council I can offer unique ideas and a positive, 'never-give up' attitude. I'd like to think I remain cool under pressure and hence will enjoy the challenges that await – but only if you vote for me!



Ali Al-Hussaini

Having spent five years at Imperial I feel almost like a father-figure. Someone who has been here long enough to know the nitty-gritty workings of the system. But also someone who genuinely cares.

I care about you. That is why I am running for this position. I want to ensure that the Union is run fairly for the benefit of all students. That the Union is regulated, operates efficiently and has clear goals for the betterment of student life at Imperial.

I believe that I am the right person for the job. I have been President of Imperial College Iraqi Society in 2004/5 and attained the Millenium Volunteers Award of Excellence by the Secretary of State for setting up and running the Wembley Youth Football Club in 2006. Furthermore, I have organised a highly successful OSCE course to help third year medics at Imperial last year.

I am committed and organised. Tenacious and meticulous. But most importantly I care and want to do well for you.

TRUSTEE BOARD

One Postgraduate and two Undergraduate Natural Sciences Councillors are still required to stand! Come to Council on 29th October and get democratic

Amir Sepehrpour is also running for this position, but failed to submit a manifesto.

RE-OPEN NOMINATIONS



RON Weasley

Hi! I'm Ron. Ron Weasley to be precise. Look at my wand. Isn't it straight? Speaking of straight, I'm going to cut straight through the nonsense spewed onto these pages and get to the point. These candidates are clearly not up to scratch and it's my job to convince you this is the truth.

Quite frankly, it's appalling that these students can't even 'magic up' a doormat made out of frogspawn. If you vote RON, I'll find someone that can not only do this but they'll be able create beer from sawdust and make it taste at least as good as Carling, if not Stella. The Weasley won't stop there though; the policy passing this revolutionary change to the Union's bars will read itself out to you when you come to look at the report.

So, vote RON Weasley if you have any sense. Save Council. Save the Union. Save the world.

**You've read the manifestos,
now vote!**

imperialcollegeunion.org/vote



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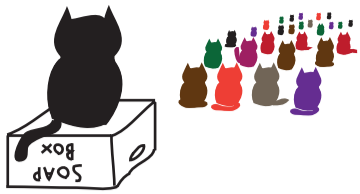
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Comment, Opinion & Letters

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Views on these pages are not representative of Felix



A. Geek

// Starbucks – the most convenient way to exploit the third world without leaving the comfort of the high street //

Forcing equality is not the answer

I realise that what I said last week may have caused some alarm, and for that I'm very sorry. To clear up any confusion that I caused, I'm going to set the record straight this week – I'm definitely not left-wing. If any of you were worrying that I swung the other way, please put your minds at rest. That's not to say that I'm voting Conservative, necessarily – my opinion on Boris Johnson is as steadfast as a bet on a Ken Livingstone landslide – but it does mean that most of my political views veer away from the red beret and more towards, yes, that whiny twat you knew in the sixth form who ended up reading PPE at Oxford.

Allow me to elucidate. This week's Angry Geek comes to you from my local Starbucks – the most convenient way to exploit the third world without leaving the comfort of the high street or going into H&M. I'm sitting here, pen in hand, breathing in the delightful smell of an Americano, dusted with the broken backs and shattered dreams of south American coffee growers. And I'm okay with it. Because, unfortunately,

I enjoy the poor being poor.

I'm not just saying this to get a knee-jerk here – there's no easy way to say that you support the obviously unfair treatment of millions of people. But I do. I think it's a necessary part of the smooth running of the world, and more importantly I think it's the lesser of two evils.

You see, I don't really want equality. And it's not because I'm afraid someone's going to turn up here one day and be able to solve quadratic equations faster than me. Believe me, I can factorise those bad boys faster than you can write a letter complaining about the ever-decreasing standard of Felix's comments page. It's because equality of life is stupid if it's forced upon people.

Take, for instance, Third World Debt. I'm all for cancelling it. I think it's a great idea, because the kind of debt that mentally rapes even the idea of getting accountants in is obviously a lose-lose situation for everyone involved. I don't go for the usual Right-y line of bleeding the bastards dry because they're not PLU. Cancel the debt – lovely. Actually start dishing out money and support in



Exploitation: A coffee bean farmer

order to get everyone on a level playing field afterwards? Not really such a good idea.

Countries go through a delicate process of modernisation once they begin developing. Agricultural Revolution, Industrial Revolution, Political Revolution and Dance Dance Evolution. Whether or not the J-Pop arcade classic was evolutionary rather than merely a rehashing of the genre is one best left for the games journalists, but the preceding three stages, no matter what order they come in, have to be gone through at a sensible pace. Not

unlike the J-Pop arcade classic itself.

Similarly, I don't think that shoving everyone into a higher education degree is a fantastic idea either – not because it means there's less room for people from public schools, because truth be told I'm about as common as they come except that instead of watching ITV in the evenings I... well, I don't want ITV in the evenings. It's because it means there's less room, both in universities and in the public psyche, for students who are genuinely up for their courses.

I think prejudice is as retarded as the next internet meme. This week in the Book section, I pick apart bit by bit a book that is so awful, so completely, retardedly awful, that I can't believe anyone agreed to publish it, author credentials or no. But that does not mean that I skip around all day looking for ways to make the world equal. It's not. The truth is the world is painfully unequal, and attempts to balance things that are inherently imbalanced – through our influence centuries ago or not – ends in everything spilling over and the world going wrong.



Jennifer Morgan
President

Royal College of Science Union

An update on what we've been up to

The Royal College of Science of Union (RCSU) is the constituent faculty union for the scientists at Imperial and we're being proactive in making sure our students are happy! On Monday 29th October we've got a Halloween themed bar night in the Union bar with £2 entry for those in fancy dress and £3 for those boring people who aren't! (No extra charge for non scientists.) Drink all of our kegs and bottles dry! And expect to find mummy rolling competitions, yard of ale competitions and spooky giveaways!

But it's not all about rollicking socials. Now all of the year reps have been elected we'll be finding out what you really think of your academic life at Imperial. The National Student Sur-

vey highlighted some common themes which Imperial students are unhappy about so it's high time we encouraged college to sort it out! Assessment and feedback seems to be the largest area where students are unhappy – how much feedback do you get about your work and how long does it take for your work to be returned to you? In the early stages of investigation I don't think our lecturers and tutors are at fault – most of us seem to be more than satisfied with our teaching and support from individual staff members, but are there enough of them and are they under too much pressure in other areas so that they do not have enough time to give us feedback on our work? That's one example but we also want to find out about your workloads, IT access, lecture notes and printing costs, and are

you being crowded out of your lecture theatre – are there too many people on your course? We could go on.... It's worth mentioning that Imperial is actually rated very highly in overall satisfaction from students so we also want to find out what you're really happy with and give credit where credit's due too!

Obviously it's not all about academia – that's only part of university life! What we have noticed is how many continuing students are finding it increasingly difficult to get private accommodation sorted out. Rent costs are rocketing in the capital! We might not be able to bring down your rent but we can make sure the private accommodation office can provide enough information and support. Share your views with us.

So what happens when we get all this information? We won't just sit on it I promise! If used to its full potential the resources are already in place to turn this information into action. There are loads of committees in college and the union where all of these issues can be thrown up and acted upon. The only trouble is making the people on those committees more proactive in what they do. I've sat on too many committees where too much time has been spent on arguing the correct wording and punctuation of section 3.4.1... but with more training being provided this year lets keep our fingers crossed for a turn around!

It's not that nobody cares about student democracy... most people don't even know about it and that's the problem.



Dan Read
Falmouth-Keogh

Wardening the Almighty Organ

Southside's fancy dress Olympics

A new academic year and a brand new hall of residence! Actually three brand new halls of residence located on the site of the old Southside building, which some staff and students still remember and tell horror stories about. Now many good people, including experienced wardens and long serving members of the residences staff, had warned me what it would be like to share a room in a new hall but nothing could have prepared me for the highs and lows of the first month and the incredible effort on the part of everyone involved!

Traditionally, the week before move-in day (a.k.a. Hall Senior week) is a very busy time for Wardens, Hall seniors and Residence staff. On this occa-

sion, however, the party was joined by a few senior members of college staff, a large number of builders and contractors, and a regiment of students paid to get all the little (and not so little) jobs done in time for arrival day.

And then the kick-off. Between 8:00am and 8:00pm on Saturday September 29th, in Falmouth Keogh alone, we moved in 150 students, and an extra few hundred parents (that we also had to move out shortly afterwards). And all this adjacent to the poshest building site that South Kensington has to offer, decorated to the highest standard with autumnal leaf designs.

As with many other halls, we used a few of the tried and tested Fresher welcome events – formal dinners, boat trips, welcome BBQs and IC Union events to name but a few. Unlike other

halls the trio at Southside (Selkirk Hall, Tizard Hall, and Falmouth Keogh Hall) took it upon themselves to try a large scale joint event in the form of a fancy dress Olympics. Yes you heard it, three halls, three fancy dress themes and as many silly competitions as you can fit under one tent on the Queen's Lawn.

I won't go into the details of too many individual event results, mainly because numbers remain extremely controversial to this day. It should be noted, however, that the Zombies in Pyjamas from Falmouth Keogh made an excellent start in the limbo competition, Tizard's Animals and Farmers were very strong in the high speed cream cracker eating, and Selkirk put in an impressive performance on the football pitch with both their Schoolboys and Schoolgirls clinching key

victories.

In the final reckoning, once dancing ability and costumes had been taken into account, most agree that Selkirk were the overall victors on the night. I like to console myself in the fact that it's never easy being dressed as a penguin or a member of the undead in night time attire.

I like to think Lord Falmouth and Sir Alfred Keogh (yes, they were two people) would have been pleased with my efforts in the warden's Space Hopper race which proved to be one of the most contentious events of the night, and one of the most enjoyable for students. The rumours that three shady individuals have booked Ethos for regular space-hopping sessions through the next year are, of course, completely unfounded.



Joe Ward & Stephen Mullin

Obesity: Should it be £ for lb?

The Global Health Forum meets weekly to discuss issues relating to health and medicine in the world in which we live. On Tuesday 30th October, at 6.30 in the SAF building we consider the growing obesity epidemic and discuss some radical solutions to it – “Fat tax: should it be £ for lb?”

Reports published this week confirm that the rise in obesity is truly a global phenomenon, and one which the UK is taking an active (or rather sedentary) part. Although it may be tempting to mock the Americans and how fat they are, Britain has chosen to obediently follow in their footsteps. Earlier this month the government published the Foresight report; a major study of Britain’s obesity epidemic. Their conclusion, being an expletive, can’t be published in these pages, but essentially this is a huge and growing problem in proportion to the diameter of its subjects. Other data released this month claim that almost one in four adults are obese. We truly are the fat man of Europe – the obesity rate in this country is almost twice that in Germany (12.9 per cent) and two and a half times that in France (9.4 per cent.) Unsurprisingly, predictions for the future are dire: half the population will be obese within 25 years and by 2050, obesity will cost the



Fat tax: Solution to Britain’s obesity crisis?

country £45bn a year, half the current NHS budget.

The scale of the problem has led the health secretary, Alan Johnson to describe obesity as a “potential crisis on the scale of climate change.”

The government’s response to the latest raft of reports has been timid. Alan Johnson is believed to be considering informing parents weight measurements of their children at ages 5 and

10. Monitoring the demise in health of the nation’s children is like timing how fast the ship is sinking, and doesn’t really address anything. No, what we need is radical thinking, and fast.

Professor Le Grant, chair of Health England committee, has one such suggestion addressing not just obesity, but unhealthy living in general. Dismissing as nihilistic the conclusions of the Foresight report who refer to

an “obesogenic” culture within society, Le Grant feels we should reverse our thinking of “choosing healthy lifestyle” and instead make that the default. His policies would include having to apply for a permit to smoke cigarettes, strict restrictions for salt in preprocessed foods, enforcing employers to provide free fruit and time allocated during the day for exercise. Cigarette permits could be issued annually requiring individuals to “opt-in” each year to being a smoker, rather than “opting out” by choosing to give up. Defending accusations that this is these are the actions of an overbearing state, Le Grant points out that if people wished to continue to live unhealthily, they were perfectly entitled to, but would have to apply to smoke, add their own salt to food, and opt out of exercise at work.

This is radical thinking, and some would argue, an unworkable proposition. I’m inclined, however, to have sympathy with it. But perhaps we should go further – some have argued charging those who “self inflict” illness should have to pay for their indiscretions. True, we all suffer through those who “indulge” in unhealthy practices and drain public resources; has the time come for punitive financial measures?

Within 25 years, obesity will cost the country half of the current NHS budget

Letters to the Editor



ICGA – Imperial College Giant Ashtray

The Imperial College garbage bin, luminous plastic and a giant ashtray.

Dear Felix,

What on earth is happening to Imperial? When I came here 4 years ago the place was not a building site, had some of the best CAMRA bars and we even had grass areas where we could sit and drink beer or simply enjoy the sunshine. We even had a functioning library, (Heaven forbid you would ac-

tually want to go in there, especially now).

Now the students’ perfect university world has been shattered by a guy called Bob and his jackhammer. Not a stone seems to have gone unturned in the latest battle to turn everything at Imperial into a heavy neon monstrosity; vile shades of lime green, orange, pink to name but a few (whoever the architect is should be put up against the wall and shot!). I also feel incredibly sorry for Southside residents paying £155 per week for unfinished bathrooms, no curtains and a marquee common room. That’s more than the student loan!

Our lovely Rector has taken our university a step too far; in bringing in the majority of the world’s foreign students into our walls he is using the money to do what exactly?

Interestingly, although many buildings are going up, other things are being removed! For example, outside the RSM building there used to be a smokers bin, now this has inexplicably been removed, and replaced with nothing. Is this supposed to stop smoking, because it doesn’t and now the entire alcove has turned into a giant ashtray (and it doesn’t smell good). What do people think the smokers are stubbing out on? Yup, Imperial College... Maybe that’s all it is good for now.

I was under the impression that Imperial was a “green” university; a conscientious one that cares about the environment and wants to reduce its carbon footprint. Fat chance, perfectly ordinary light bulbs have been replaced with neon dancing floors, giant bauble lights, lights in the walkway, pretty much everywhere, and they never get turned off! Not just this but a startling absence of hand driers (in the new “improved” facilities) is causing paper towels to find a home on the floor. Alongside the chronic disappearance of ladies’ sanitary bins, this doesn’t make for good reading. All this money from foreign investment, and it’s being wasted on luminous plastic that even Zebedee would have been proud of!

So I pose the question, what the hell is going on? Imperial needs to stop knocking down buildings, and think about it’s students once more. This is a university not a business!

A pissed off student!

Humanities timetable debacle

Dear Felix,

I am writing to complain about the recent disorganisation of the Human-

ities department. This year I elected to study Spanish during lunchtimes. The Humanities website currently states under the information about timetabling of foreign language courses (and has done since the beginning of September at the very least): “Students who have registered for these courses will be emailed a timetable at the start of the autumn term. All courses start the week commencing Monday 8 October 2007”.

So I therefore waited for the timetable to arrive. On Friday 5th of October I still had not received a timetable, and so first thing on Monday I emailed Ms Catherine Chapouton, the Language Support Administrator, to ask about the situation, or who to see. I received no reply to my email. Having checked with other friends who had enrolled on the same course, I ascertained that no one had received a timetable. I therefore assumed that the course must begin later in the week.

On Tuesday I received a message from a friend saying that the timetables were being displayed on the wall in the humanities department. I went up quickly, and found that I had a lecture that day at 12 (which fortunately I was able to make) and had missed a lecture on the Monday, also at 12.

I went to the woman who was manning the Humanities information desk and complained that I had missed a class because I was waiting for the timetable, as instructed on the internet. She did not apologise and in my opinion did not even appear to be particularly interested. I expressed my dismay at the departmental administration, but she barely acknowledged me.

Upon my arrival at the lecture, I apologised for missing the previous class, only to find that the teacher was very understanding, and that I was not the only one. I then had to try and catch up with the others who had made it the previous day, which was tough, as I had never studied Spanish before, and so the pronunciation which was

studied the previous day was difficult to go through on my own.

After my lesson, I returned to my department and checked my emails. At 13:17 I received an email, again from Ms Catherine Chapouton stating the following (quoted):

“Your first lesson will be at 1200-1300 in EE 403B on Monday, 8 October

Lesson 1 is at 1200-1300 on Mondays in EE 403B

Lesson 2 is at 1200-1300 on Tuesdays in EE 403B

Lesson 3 is at 1200-1300 on Thursdays in EE 403B”

This email was received 25 hours after the course had started, in which case 2 lectures would have been missed if my friends and I had not visited the department directly. This was the case for some of the class who did indeed miss two lectures.

I am very disappointed that the Humanities Department did not bother to email the timetables out in time for the beginning of term. If this was impossible, then the department or perhaps Ms Catherine Chapouton could have surely have sent a one line email saying to come to the department? I was also very disappointed with the way in which I was ignored and did not receive an apology or acknowledgment of my dismay at missing a lecture.

This is my final year at Imperial, and my courses count a lot towards my final degree. In short, this is very important for me, and to be having to play catch up from the very beginning is very undesirable.

The College expects students to be courteous to all staff. It is disappointing that the Humanities Department does not extend this respect to its students.

Sally Longstaff
Aero Year 4



Turkey gears itself for war

With chaos in Iraq, Kurds on the boarder with Turkey threaten independence



Warfare from afar; Turkish forces prepare to engage the rising threat of Kurdish independence

Kadhim Shubber

Sometimes you've just got to feel sorry for the nation of Iraq. It's been invaded by the world's only superpower, occupied by foreign troops and now while it struggles to ward off all out civil war; it could be invaded again. Not by G.I. Joes but instead invaders from the north, the Turkish.

But why, I hear you ask. Why on earth would Turkey want to invade Iraq? Well here's the story. There are Kurdish people living in the north of Iraq but also in the south of Turkey. Some of the Kurdish people wish to live in a state consisting of Southern Turkey and Northern Iraq, which would be called Kurdistan or something like that. Essentially it's a case of separatism and the terrorist group which heads the Kurdish separatist movement is called the PKK or the Kurdish Workers Party. So let's wrap up the situation; today in 2007 Turkey accuses the Kurdish people and the Iraqi government of allowing PKK fighters to use Northern Iraq as a base for attacks across the border in Turkey. Not only this, the Turkish Government has passed a motion through parliament allowing a military invasion of northern Iraq to attack PKK bases and camps. After the attacks last weekend, the Turkish government released a statement saying "Although it respects Iraq's territorial integrity, Turkey will not tolerate that terrorism be aided and abetted and will not be afraid to pay whatever cost to protect its rights, its indivisible unity and its citizens." In other words, if the attacks don't stop, we're coming in.

Of course the President of the Kurdish region in the North of Iraq, Masoud Barzani, has denied that his government provides assistance and shelter for the PKK and stated that any Turkish troops in northern Iraq will be fought off.

PKK fighters have been making cross-border raids into Turkey; the most recent attacks last weekend resulted in the deaths of 12 Turkish soldiers and 33 PKK fighters. It should be noted that this is an ongoing conflict, and that the PKK does in fact use northern Iraq as a base. There are an estimated 3,000 PKK fighters currently in northern Iraq, and they do continue to wage war against Turkey.

However this alone does not justify the immediate use of military force. What compels Turkey to use force

is the lack of action from the US and the Iraqi government. Confusingly the U.S., which supported Israel against Hezbollah in a similar situation, has not attempted to help its Turkish ally even though it has military forces in the area (by the end of the year around 200,000). Turkey has repeatedly asked U.S. troops to root out PKK fighters in the north but the US has refused to do so because it does not wish to destabilize the relatively peaceful Kurdish north of Iraq. Double standards are simply screaming out here and the thought 'you had no problem destabilizing Lebanon' jumps to the forefront of my mind.

The Iraqi government has similarly done little to prevent attacks into Turkey. Reasons for this range from the lack of authority in the Kurdish north of Iraq to simply the fact that it lacks the political and military stability to attempt any action against the PKK. To put it more frankly, the Iraqi government has more pressing concerns, like its own survival.

There is another player in this situation and that is the Kurdish semi-autonomous government itself. However again they have not moved against the PKK. This is firstly because the Turkish government has not asked them

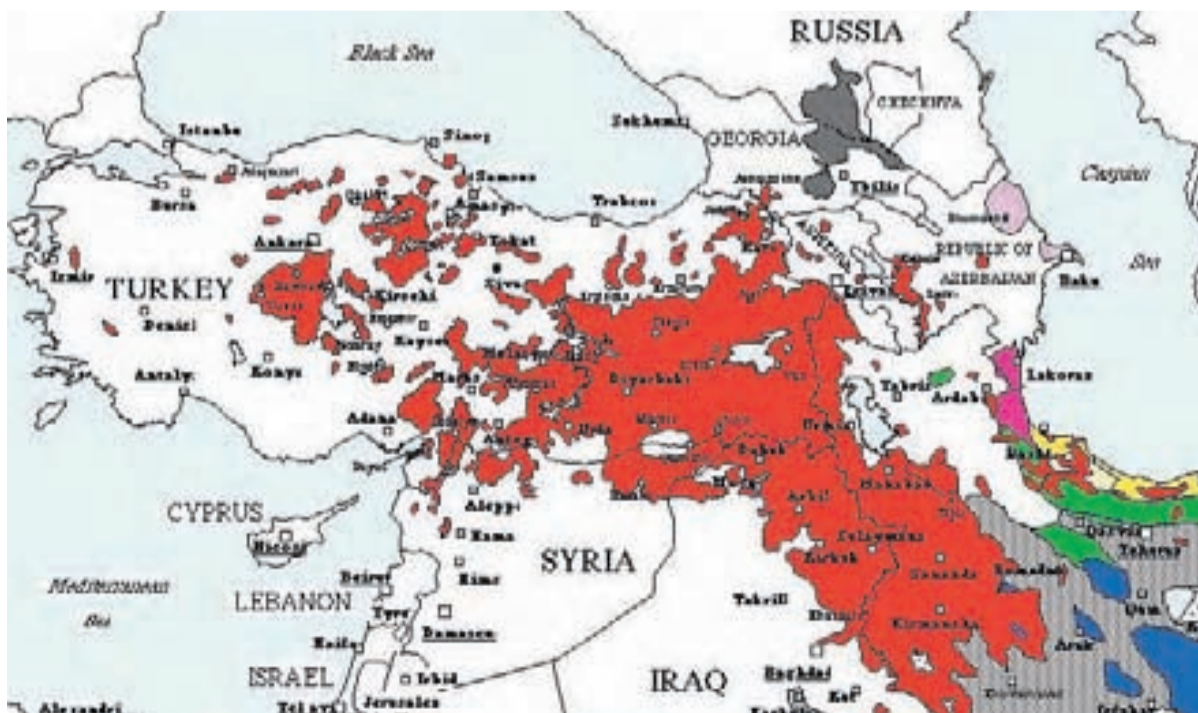
to; it feels that any direct talks with the Kurdish people signals approval of their independence. And secondly because the Kurdish government is more interested in securing economic development and avoiding conflict in a relatively peaceful area of Iraq, so dealing with an armed group that does not threaten them is not high on their list of priorities.

While I have shown that there certainly seems to be little choice for Turkey other than to take matters into its own hands, this will certainly not be beneficial to itself, much less the Kurdish people. The largest non-human casualty of conflict would be economic ties between Turks and Kurds. The threat of military action has tended to overshadow the fact that economic ties between Turks and Kurds have been growing at a strong pace of late. Trade between Turkey and Iraq (much of it with Kurds in Northern Iraq) reached \$3 billion in 2006 and could top \$5 billion at the end of 2007. An invasion would certainly put an end to this lucrative relationship.

From a political perspective, an invasion would be the equivalent of Turkey shooting itself in the foot. This whole series of events shows the Iraqi government in Baghdad's inability to re-

ally do anything in the north of Iraq. An invasion would further remove the Kurdish people from Iraqi government control and give the Kurdish people a banner for independence i.e. the Iraqi government can't protect us so we need to protect ourselves. The aim of the invasion is to crackdown on the PKK and simultaneously attack Kurdish separatism. However, the real result may in fact be increased independence for the Kurds and an ever more credible independent Kurdish state.

We're getting to the end of my article and maybe some of you are expecting a solution. Unfortunately, it isn't coming. I can tell you why – the failure of the US, with over 160,000 troops to deal with one of the few terrorist organizations actually linked to Iraq. I can also tell you the effects of conflict, which in truth don't require a genius to figure out. Unfortunately for the Kurdish people, Turkey is more interested in its border security than the economic stability of Kurdish Iraq. Add to this the growing pressure from the Turkish public to respond strongly and the passing of the motion allowing invasion in the Turkish parliament and it begins to seem all but inevitable that we will soon see another set of armed forces in Iraq.



A map of the region showing Kurdish presence in red



Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

Because the world is getting smaller, news in Yemen is news in the UK. But due to physical limitations, the whole of last week can only be fitted into a column by means of snappy paragraphs.

BB returns to elation and death threats

Since returning to Pakistan after 8 years of self imposed exile in the UK, Benazir Bhutto, the country's former prime minister, has been under intense protection having received numerous death threats. A bomb last week aimed at killing Ms Bhutto instead took the lives of 139 civilians and body guards. Her return could mark a new power sharing relationship with General Musharraf, who took power in a coup in 1999. Musharraf now wishes to be democratically elected and plans to resign his position of general. However, tensions remain as many of her supporters are suspicious of the current government's intentions and even point the finger of blame for the devastating explosions on the secret service.

Latest release

Al Qaeda leader, Osama Bin Laden released a new audio tape on Monday which was aired on TV network Al Jazeera. The world's most wanted man urged Muslims in the Middle East to join the battle against US invaders, even declaring Holy War on peace keepers in the troubled northern regions of the Sudan. The US has confirmed the authenticity of the recording.

Double standards in Central America

Ecuador's President Rafael Correa requested that the US allow an Ecuadorian base in Miami as a condition for renewing a lease for an American air base in the Central American state. "If there's no problem having foreign soldiers on a country's soil, surely they'll let us have an Ecuadorean base in the United States" he said. The US embassy insists Washington's presence in Ecuador is to combat the fervent narcotics trade.

More of the same in China

Hu Jin Tao will remain the head of the nine-member Political Bureau Standing Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, the country's central governing body, after Sunday's ballot of congress. Jiang Ze Min, who Mr Hu succeeded in 2002, and was often seen as a behind the scenes power broker, was absent from official portraits and photographs in the media, marking the end of power held by original revolutionary leaders. Wen Jia Bao also kept his position of Premier, but there are now four new members of the China's most powerful cabinet. The Communist Party derives much of its legitimacy from economic success and the raising of living standards.



The importance of being vaccinated

Another article on mumps to inform those of you still afraid of needles and directions to our new location

David Hayton

IC Health Centre Assistant GP

There are several reasons why I have to be extremely careful about writing about mumps. For starters, if I nag you more about the need for your vaccinations, I'll get lynched – by the Editor, for a start. But you really DO need to get vaccinated...

Secondly, I don't want to incite mass panic about symptoms which almost everyone will get this term to some degree, but which are not mumps. The problem is that mumps in the early stages mimics "Fresher's Flu", which in the vast majority of cases does not need to be seen by a doctor. I would suggest that the NHS direct helpline on 0845 4647 or their self-help guidance at www.nhsdirect.nhs.uk is a good place to start. The Health Centre support health (and other!) education and are of course happy to see anyone who feels they need to be seen.

So the symptoms of mumps, like Fresher's Flu, begin with a headache and fever for a day or two before the disease is characterised by swelling of the parotid gland. The parotid is a salivary gland which lies in the neck and cheek just in front of the ear, so patients with mumps look a bit like hamsters with stuffed pouches. It can affect one side or both. If you have flu-like symptoms with cheek swelling like this there is no need to panic, but it is best to book an appointment to see us, or come to our emergency clinic 08.30-10.00 Mon-Fri. The time between exposure and symptoms is 2-3 weeks.

More often than not, there are no other features. As mumps is a self-limiting viral illness treatment is for alleviation of symptoms, again rather like Fresher's Flu. However mumps is a notifiable disease, which means that the doctors have a legal responsibility to report cases to the Health Protection Agency (HPA), who monitor outbreaks of infectious disease in the UK.

So if most people get better on their own, why bother? Well in a minority of cases there can be complications. These include inflammation of the lining of the brain (viral meningitis- NOT the life-threatening form), deafness (which usually recovers fully) and orchitis. Orchitis is inflammation of the testicle(s), which tends to only occur in males, of course. It is probably the



A very smart lady getting vaccinated

most famous complication of mumps infection, I expect because of the discomfort it can cause. The equivalent oophritis (inflammation of the ovary) in females is not usually noticed so easily. It is widely thought that orchitis and oophritis can have an effect on future fertility, but in fact the data on this is questionable.

The HPA found that mumps was occurring in 3 yearly cycles of epidemics in young children. In response to these the government introduced a vaccination for mumps, which was launched in 1988 combined with the pre-existing jabs for measles and rubella (at one time only for girls), as the MMR. This halted the epidemics in young children, but resulted in an increase in mumps in teenagers, who of course hadn't received the vaccinations. Indeed, most people born before 1990 i.e. the majority of College intake, will not have routinely received the recommended two doses of MMR.

So, take:

- One large group of teenagers, born before 1990, many of whom haven't

had two MMRs;

- Add a few people from abroad, say for example a country where there is no MMR programme;
- Mix in a confined space, say for example College Halls;
- Shake well in a Fresher's Week social with a few glasses of alcohol and a splash of saliva (in say, an "intimate kiss").
- Wait 2 weeks and enjoy a fresh Mumps Outbreak. It's that simple.

We do our best to avoid such an outbreak in our student population. We need to see those who think they have it to diagnose it properly and take appropriate action. You need to have had two MMR vaccinations, after which you are extremely unlikely to get mumps.

Once again, and perhaps not for the last time: MMR (and meningitis C) vaccination is free to the under 25s, and is available from the Health Centre. See the grey box-out to the left for details on our new location, where you can get said vaccination.

IC Health Centre is moving



If you hadn't noticed that the Health Centre is in a temporary building, you wouldn't be the first. The Porta-cabins in SW7 can hardly be described as "huts". We've been here just over 2 years now and although we love it, we are looking forward to moving into our fantastic, brand new, purpose-built premises at our old location in Southside, under Tizard Hall.

The move is over the weekend of 3rd and 4th November. We will be providing EMERGENCY services only on Friday 2nd and Monday 5th November, and open for business as usual (amongst the removals boxes) on Tuesday 6th November.

Our address and telephone numbers (Reception: 02075846301) will remain the same.

Please request any repeat prescriptions before Tues 30th Oct and as usual allow 2 working days for these to be processed.

Tips on how to stay safe on and around the university campus

Nigel Cooke
Student Adviser

At this time of year things can start to get on top of you, the days and nights are colder, work has now started to pile up and deadlines need to be met, however also at this time of year the clocks go back.

This means that the nights will start to get dark at 4pm, therefore many of you will be walking home in the dark from lectures or from your social activities, making it easier for people wishing to do wrong as people's awareness is often clouded because the darkness.

Your personal safety is paramount around this time and it is important that you are aware of your personal

surroundings and of the steps you can take if you find yourself in times of difficulty.

The Information and Advice Centre can help if you have any concerns regarding personal safety and we also give out free personal attack alarms and give free booklets to students which can give you common sense advice when walking the streets at night. Below are a few quick tips for you to take on board:

- If you are going out make sure you know where you are going and you have a planned route, it is sometimes good to tell people where you are going if you are travelling on your own.
- When walking around look confident, be purposeful and alert to your

surroundings. People who look confident are less likely to be attacked.

- Try to avoid taking shortcuts through dark alleys or parks, as this will increase the amount of risk you will be in as it will often be dark and hard to see what is around you.
- Try not to draw attention to your valuables especially at night. Keep things like mobile phones and iPods well hidden from people.
- Avoid walking past parked cars with their engines running and people sitting in them.
- If you are travelling by bus try to sit near the driver or if by train, try to sit in a busy carriage.

It's also important to be aware that when you're travelling home late at

night you consider the type of the transport you are getting into. London has quite a big problem with unlicensed mini-cabs

- If you're stranded somewhere and need to take a taxi ensure that you use a licensed mini-cab or black taxi.
- It is always better to book a taxi in advance rather than trying to hail one late at night.
- If you can, try to share a cab home with friends.
- Confirm the details of the cab driver before entering the car to ensure it actually is your cab.
- Make sure you sit in the back if you are on your own and ensure that you leave all doors unlocked.

If you do happen to be the victim of

crime it is important that you contact the police to report this or if it occurs on campus then to contact college security.

Obviously being a victim of crime can also affect you afterwards in your daily life and can often make you nervous of people and of going about your daily business. If you are feeling quite anxious after being a victim of crime there is help out there in the form of victim support, their contact details are: 0845 30 30 900

For more advice on staying safe around campus please call 020 7594 8067 or you can send an email to us at advice@imperial.ac.uk

Record Breaking Start to the Term for the Website!

A big thanks must go to all the users of imperialcollegeunion.org for making the first three weeks of term a huge success. With massive increases of the number of visitors to the site and in turn many more Club and Society memberships being purchased, we thought we would detail some of these achievements whilst looking ahead to our new Club & Society focused functionality.

Last October we began our first full academic year of selling our Club and Society memberships online. We were pleasantly surprised by the number of Clubs and Societies that embraced this new system and actively encouraged their prospective members to join online. Joining online not only made it easier and more convenient for the want to be member, but also saved the Club and Society Officers time and the problem of carrying around large sums of money. During October 2006 we sold 2123 memberships online and overall last academic year 7234. Sales of all products during last October was just over £40,000.

This year we have seen a huge jump in the number of transactions, products and memberships sold. Only 24 days into the month, we have already sold 3151 memberships online a rise of 67% on this time last year, a figure which we expect to rise to almost 85%. This is great news for all our Clubs & Societies as they continue to increase their levels of involvement year on year. Indeed, we are already well past the halfway mark to beating last year's number of Club & Society Memberships for the whole academic year.

Visits to the site have also seen a rise of over 65% from last year up to around 25,000 pages served per day. This follows on from a very strong summer of visits to the site from returning and new students alike.

Overall sales are also up by 64% to over £60,000 with the number of Freshers' events and balls being sold online accounting for much of the increases.

The success of online sales on imperialcollegeunion.org have clearly come from the acceptance and use of the system of online payments from our Clubs and Societies and their members. As such, over the summer, we have been working with our Web Developers to come up with an easier way for our Clubs & Societies to get their products online. By streamlining the process even further we are confident that even more activities, trips and clothing will become available online.

In the next few weeks we will be soft-launching our new Club & Society Admin pages of the website. This functionality will enable Club & Society Administrators to:

- Put their products online including: events, trips, club clothing, electronic donations and more, using simple step-by-step wizards
- Check and download live reports for the sales of any of the Club or Societies' online products
- See all the members of their Club or Society and selected details for them
- Easily email all the members of your Club or Society
- Register all their activities and attendees online with recurring destinations and addresses.
- Continue to edit their web spaces on imperialcollegeunion.org

We will be trialling this with a few clubs first to iron out any issues and hope to have all Club and Societies using this functionality very soon and hope that you will all enjoy this new functionality both as Club and Society officers and members.



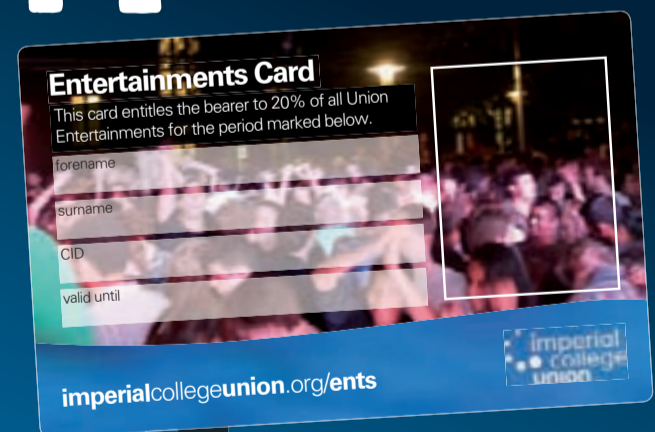
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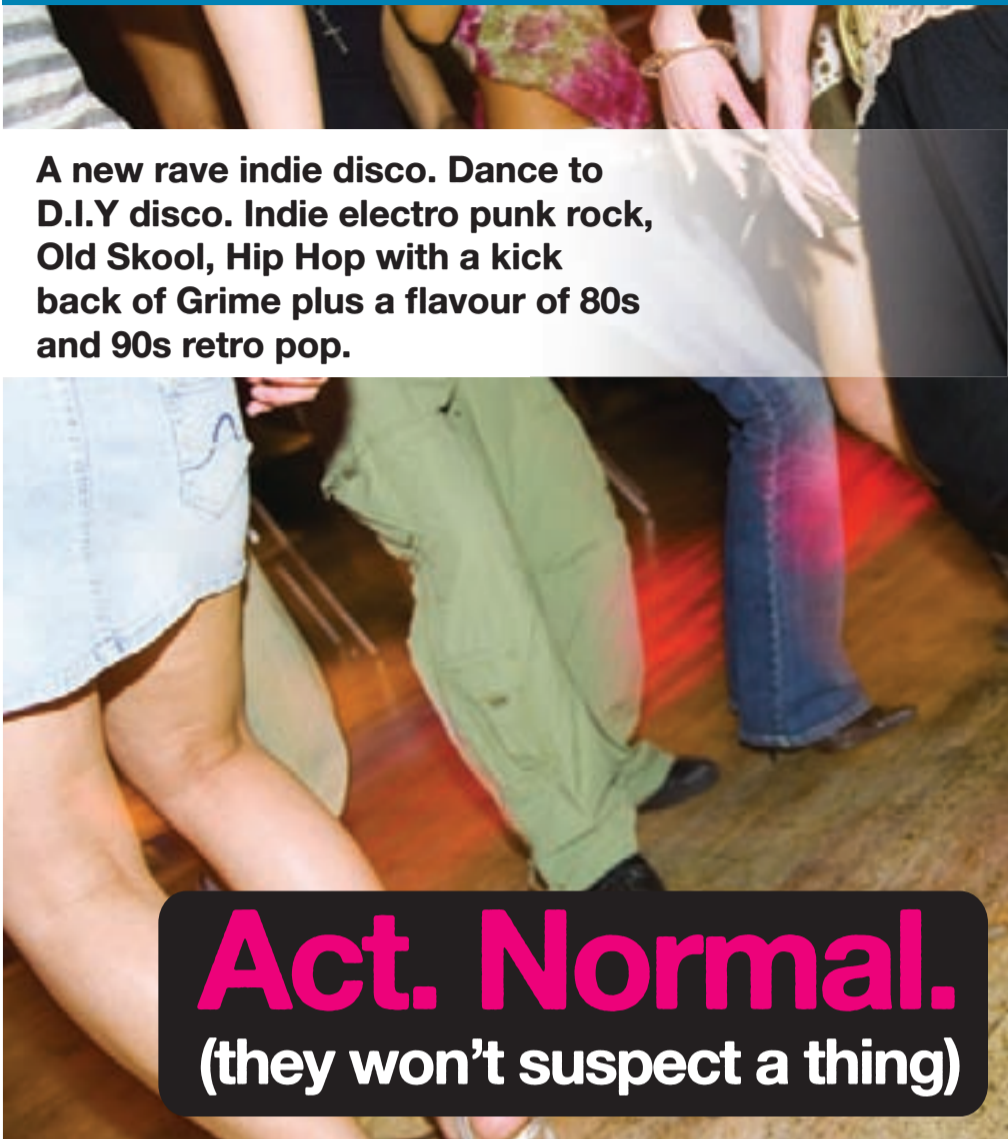


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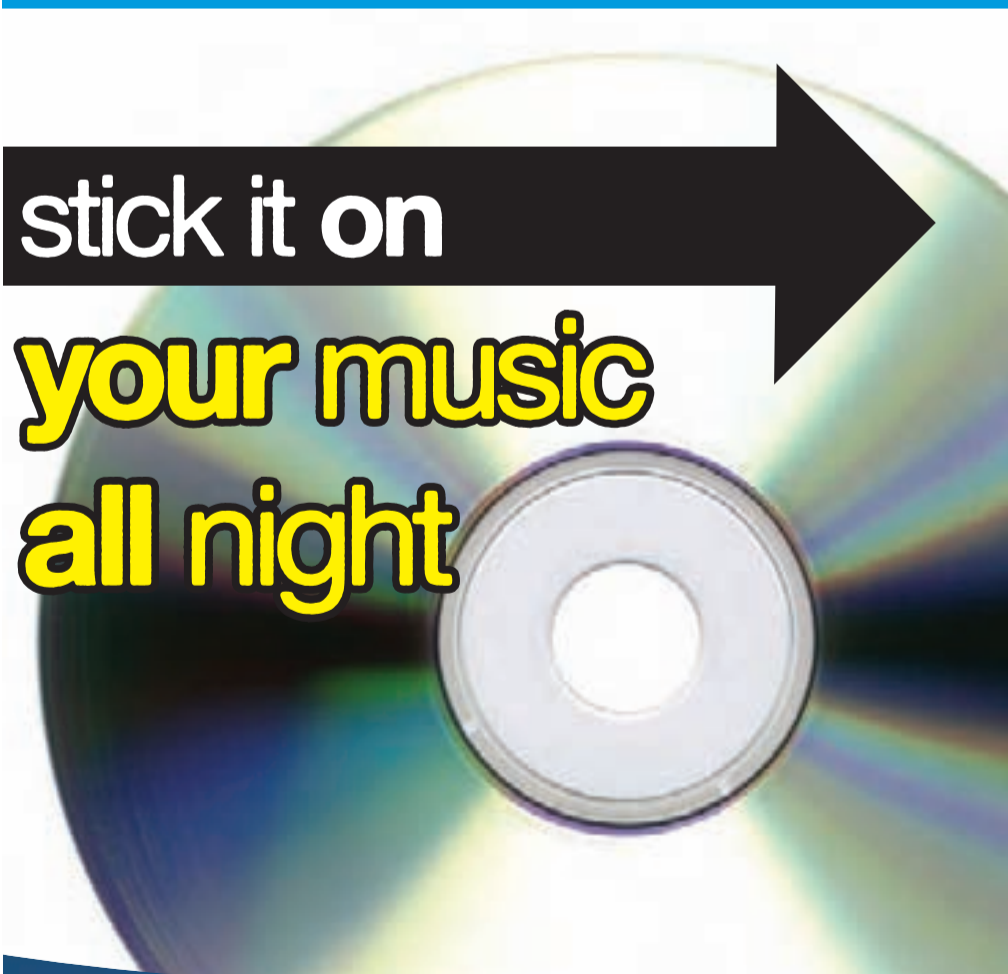
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FRIDAY 2ND



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THURSDAY 1ST



TOO POSH TO WASH

ALSO ON

Tue 30th Super Quiz

COMING UP

Wed 7th Guy Fawkes Party
Fri 9th SJ Sami Sanchez

imperialcollegeunion.org/ents

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

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Challenge the Sabbs

Sabbs Clubs & Socs 0 1

(and felix)*

Chilli Eating Showdown

Send your challenges to felix@imperial.ac.uk

*when we're short of Presidents

The Sabbs

Ally "The Beard" Cott



Sandals 1 pair
Agility Wobbly
Fluffiness 19%
Cash £340,000

Catchphrase:
That's a health hazard!

Kirsty "Hippy" Patterson



Approachability 9
Smileyness 10
Fluffiness 65%
Education N/A

Catchphrase:
A cup of tea solves everything!

Jov "Bruiser" Nedić



Shirts 1000s
Ale/min 6 gallons
ppw > Arts
Angryness Very

Catchphrases:
RAARRRGHHH!
<expletives>

Tomo "The Chav" Roberts




Words-per-min 10
Wit 2
Fluffiness 20%
Neutrality Low

Catchphrases:
Keep the cat free!
Do well.

The Challengers

Ammar Waraich



Looks Super
Wit 8

Isnain Shah



Height Medium
Beard Awesome
Fluffiness 20%


Nicole Ahmed



Speed 8 or 9
Hair Flowing
Fluffiness 46%
Biceps Acceptable

Killer moves:
Steely gaze
Judo choppy chop

Umer Patel



Beenie Grey
Figure Slender
Abs Carved

Killer moves
4 finger, 1 thumb
exploding heart
technique

Sabbs defeated. Islamic Society too hot to handle

On Tuesday afternoon, the Sabbatical Officers: Ally Cott, Kirsty Patterson and Tomo Roberts, accompanied by the Felix Sport Editor, Jovan Nedić, entered the ring for the first round of Challenge the Sabbs. The challenge was a test of courage, nerve, stupidity and bowel capacity: a chilli eating contest.

The four Sabbs would face-off against four members of Islamic Society who were foolish enough to think they were tough enough to beat the Union's finest. This took place over four rounds, not surprisingly.

Members of each team would go one-on-one with members of the other team. Four different types of chilli were provided for consumption, ranging from large green gut busters to the Chillies Of Death™

"The banter and stinky chat began as Tomo took the first bite"

(pictured on the opposing page). The task for the contestants was to eat one chilli at the same time as the other person. If one of the fighters couldn't finish their chilli, they lost the round. Simple.

First up: Tomo Roberts versus Ammar Waraich. Leading from the front, Tomo hoped to rally the troops who were nervously spectating at this point.

The banter and stinky chat began as Tomo took the first bite, seemingly enjoying the spicy taste and pungent aroma of the first green chilli. Ammar was having none of it, clearly seeing through Tomo's arrogant smokescreen. The first chillies were consumed much to the pleasure of the small crowd of Islamic Society supporters that had gathered around the tables. Chillies two and three were gradually masticated and swallowed.

By now, the audience was gasping with horror as the smell of the little devils swept like a tsunami across the boards of Dalby Court. It was time for the fourth and final chilli. Both competitors were clearly feeling the burn and any earlier bravado had subsided. Tomo played the waiting game, but Ammar was wise to this as he took a bite out of a dreaded Chilli Of Death™. Enough was enough. Tomo conceded to which the crowd roared with delight. 1-0 to Islamic Society.

Next up, Felix Sport Editor Jov was toe-to-toe with Isnain Shah.



Ammar Waraich thinks happy thoughts



The crowd begins to gather on Dalby Court

THANKS TO FAIZAL FATHIL FOR HIS CAMERA!



Deputy President (Clubs & Societies), Ally stares out his opposition

The Sabbs were wounded and it was time for revenge. Both competitors were strong, easily gobbling down the first three chillies. The fairness of the contest was momentarily brought into question by the baying audience as it was discovered that Jov was eating chewing gum with his chillies. Nevertheless, the contestants arrived at the final chilli and nothing seemed to be able to stop them. The Chillies Of Death™ were consumed by both contestants and the round was declared a

draw with neither person particularly keen on eating more fire. take the heat and with tears beginning to stream down his face, he gave in. 1-1.

It was going to come right down to the wire. Kirsty Patterson was up against Nicole Ahmed to decide who would win the first round of Challenge



Thani Ithnain gets down to it

“Ally gulped down the first chilli as Umar was still picking off the stalk”

draw with neither person particularly keen on eating more fire.

This progress by the Sabbs' would be built upon in the next round by Ally "The Firebreather" Cott. Fearlessly, Ally gulped down the first chilli as his opponent Umar Patel was still picking off the stalk. Ally breezed through the following two rounds and by now the audience was gob smacked at his chilli eating prowess. Claims were made that his beard had something to do with this success, but these remain totally unfounded. Inevitably, and rather unfortunately for Umar, Ally easily swallowed the final chilli. Umar couldn't

the Sabbs. The contestants took their seats and slowly began to munch on the first chillies. Strangely enough, the first chilli was actually hotter than the second, but both contestants managed it. However, during the second round Nicole set the pace, quickly biting through chunks of chilli going against the wishes of her watering eyes. Kirsty

was clearly not enjoying the jalapenos from hell. A verbal battering was coming down upon her from her opponent and it all became too much. Kirsty conceded defeat and that was it; the Sabbs lost. Hands were shaken, Islamic Society was declared victorious winning 2-1 and much milk was drunk to settle the stomachs and prevent the chillies from rearing their ugly heads in digested form.

The two teams gathered together for a final photo, but the Sabbs were miss-

“Hands were shaken, Islamic Society was declared victorious... 2-1”

ing one team member in the form of Jov. Unfortunately, the Felix Sport Editor had had to dash to the nearest toilet to bring up the ice-cream which was originally intended as a cooling agent.

The afternoon was punishing on stomachs, with many suffering the consequences of their consumption way after the event had finished. Yet it was a fantastic opener to the Challenge the Sabbs season. The two teams were ultra-competitive, but the banter never slipped beyond cheeky digs.

This writer would like to thank Islamic Society for helping organise a fun, action packed event, for providing the chillies and necessary fire quenching ice cream and milk.

The next challenge will not result in Sabb defeat. Bring it on!

Tom Roberts

If you'd like to challenge the Sabbs, email Tom Roberts on felix@imperial.ac.uk. Let us know who you are, what you think you can beat us at, where you suggest the event will take place and how many Sabbatical Officers you'll need for the fight to go ahead. We look forward to receiving your challenges and any mild death threats you want to send our way.



Felix Sport Editor, Jov, wishes he hadn't come to the office today



The last round's Chillies Of Death™

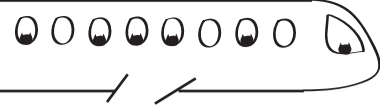


"Succulent, juicy... Mmm. More! More!"



The Islamic Society's team and the Sabb team (minus Jov – toilet!)

Clubs & Socs win!



Guinea pig: the other white meat

Whether being experimented on or eaten, guinea pigs seem to have a rough time of it. If you have ever kept one as a pet or you are generally of the 'meat is murder' persuasion then read on at your own risk

Ahran Arnold
Travel Editor

The country: Peru. The city: Lima. The critter on the menu: 'Cavia Porcellus' otherwise known as the humble guinea pig. It was nearing the end of my jaunt in South America when it dawned on my fellow traveller, Strachan, that there was one thing missing from our Peruvian experience. We'd tried some of the popular dishes such as 'Ceviche', which is essentially raw seafood marinated with chilli and lime served up with some potato and potato-like alternatives. There was one dish, though, that had eluded us: 'Cuy', the Peruvian name for Guinea Pig.

We donned our sleuthing outfits (remarkably similar to our backpacker outfits) ready to do some serious detective work to find out where we could eat some Cuy, which is not actually found abundantly in coastal Lima. It is better represented in Cuzco and other cities and towns more inland. After about an hour of fruitless search we caved and consulted the Bible (otherwise known as Lonely Planet), which directed us straight towards a market in the historic centre.

Understandable, really; relying on the traveller's bible since I speak very little Spanish so asking people would not have helped massively. In fact, I'll tell you, in Spanish, exactly how much Spanish I can speak: 'un poquito.' It supposedly means 'a little' or 'very little.' That's all well and good, but if you ask any traveller in Spanish speaking countries (I'm currently trying to coin the term 'Spancophone') if they speak Spanish they will, 100% of the time, reply 'un poquito.' I heard it from people who had been travelling in South America for a year, having studied Spanish in school for years and at university, and I also heard it from people whose Spanish vocabulary consisted of the words 'un poquito.' After a while I stopped asking. Rant over.

We approached our task with some hesitation. The reviews we had heard from other people who had tried Cuy were not, on the whole, positive. One that sticks out in my mind is "Imagine really fatty, raw bacon with tiny, irritating bones." I can just see that description appearing on a menu at the Ivy.

We weren't deterred, though, as no trip to Peru is complete with out trying Guinea Pig; it's actually considered quite the delicacy.

Strachan, whose 'un poquito' of Spanish was considerably greater than my own, asked around the restaurant area if any of the chefs served up Cuy. The answer was a resounding no. The final 'no' we received was accompanied by squeaking and the tiny pitter-patter of footsteps. No, it wasn't bring-your-toddlers-to-work day at the market nor had Strachan fell into one of his 'turns.' We had, in fact, stumbled across a vendor of live guinea pigs. Lady Luck truly smiled on us that day. I turned to Strachan and waited, expectantly, for the same idea to appear in his head. This took a few minutes, he can be quite slow.

What followed was surreal for a number of reasons. First of all once the sombre woman who sold the guinea pig to us agreed a reasonable price she snapped open her cage and grabbed a, supposedly, tasty looking guinea pig by the scruff of the neck. The podgy brown-and-white creature started squealing its head off almost as if it was aware of the grizzly fate that awaited it. She then, suddenly, took off towards a deserted area of the market, underground and beckoned us to follow. Her face was just as impassive as before but the spring in her step told us that she lived for this moment.

She handed the critter over to someone else who had the grim task of killing and de-furring the poor little guy. The actual moment of death was the biggest anti-climax of all. She causally strolled through the kitchen holding the squirming, squealing guinea pig by its hind legs and, with a flick of the wrist, she unceremoniously banged the struggling animal's head against a work



Could you bring yourself to eat this little fella?

surface. Needless to say, the guinea pig stopped wriggling instantly. So the deed was done and unaffected butcher went on to dunk the dead animal into boiling hot water and literally ripped out its fur. As a dutiful tourist I captured the whole thing on camera.

We then brought the corpse to one of the aforementioned chefs who was more than happy to fry up the little fellow and minutes later we were 'enjoying' Cuy with a side salad of lettuce and red

onion. The meat was extremely fatty; even fatter than I had imagined when I heard the earlier review. It also almost adhered to cliché in so much that it at least resembled chicken in texture if not taste. The bones were rather annoying, and to be honest there was not a huge amount of meat on the bones. That said, it actually wasn't too bad. Not something I would order again but beyond the taste there was something complete and organic about having

watched our meal transform from a living, breathing, scurrying rodent to something that resembled a very small fried chicken. I was also given pause to think about the journey that all my other meaty meals underwent to arrive at my plate; only a slight pause, though, that was interrupted by the mixed grill I had for dinner.

Next week, Papua New Guinea and stepping up the 'strange meats' from rodent to human...



Our friendly guinea pig vendor

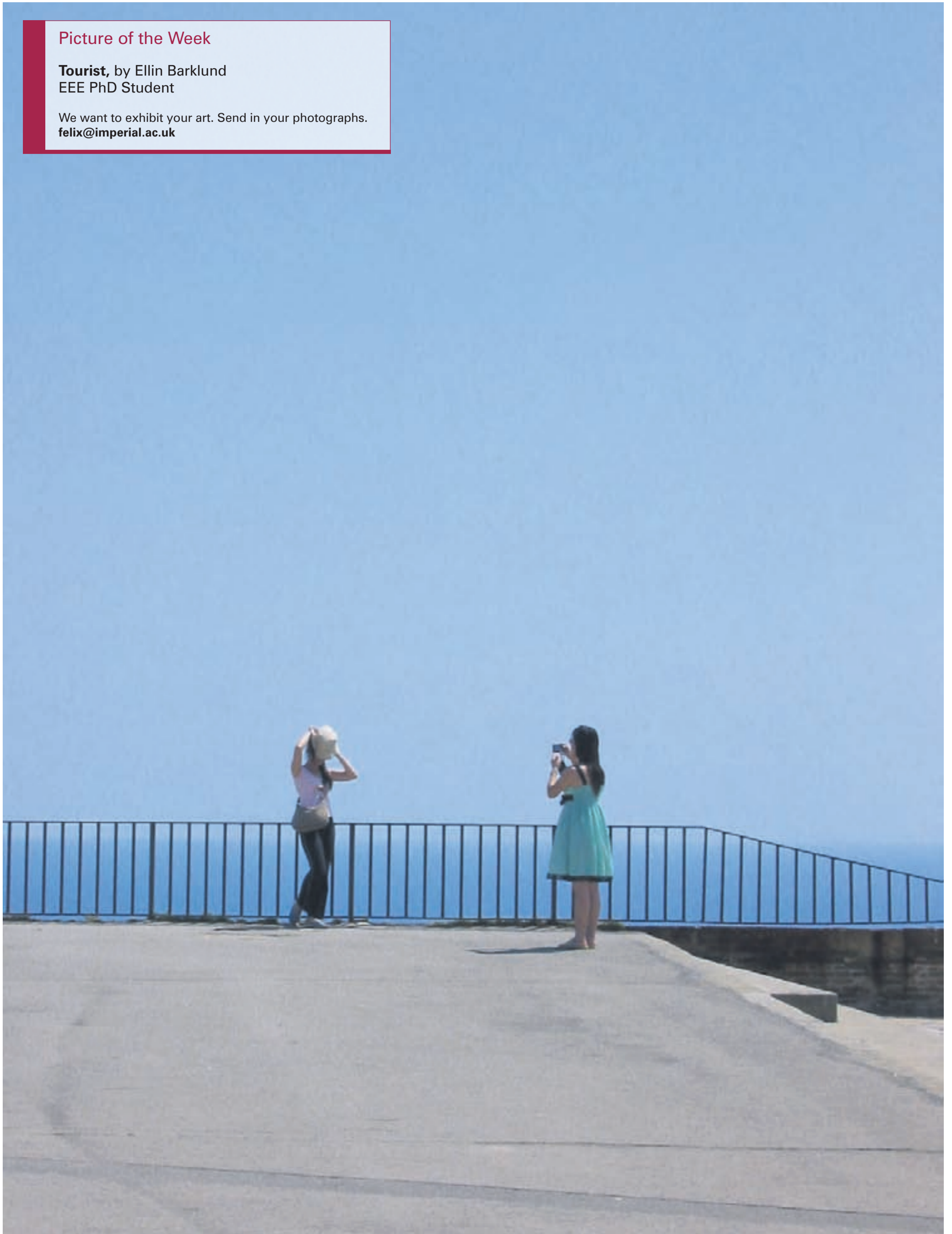


Guinea pig with all the trimmings. Just like momma used to make..

Picture of the Week

Tourist, by Ellin Barklund
EEE PhD Student

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



Slipping the surly bonds of Earth

The Imperial College Gliding Club, icGC, introduces the exhilarating sport of gliding and describes their summer tour to Finland. **Sally Longstaff** reports and recommends a poem that everyone should enjoy

High Flight

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds,- and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of- wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless falls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew-
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.*

John Gillespie Magee

Flying gliders is one of the relaxing and unrestrictive, not to mention cheapest, ways of learning to fly. It's also statistically one of the safest ways. But, gliding is not just about launching, circuit and landing; gliding is about flying up to 750km across the UK, from York to Bath to Oxford and back in one flight, as quickly as possible. An average speed of 100km/hr (60mph) is about average, with high speeds exceeding 120mph. Racing to finish, gliders can regularly exceed 170mph at heights

"Racing to finish, gliders can regularly exceed 170mph at heights below 100ft."

below 100ft. Gliding is about flying upside down along the airfield and looping and rolling around clouds, almost reaching out and touching their soft, puffy faces. A young pilot in WW2, John Gillespie Magee, described it as being able to "put out my hand and

touch the face of God", and when you are flying silently you have "slipped the surly bonds of earth"; it really feels like an almost spiritual experience.

A glider flies by basically converting its potential energy in the form of height into kinetic energy in the form of speed. It can be thought of as a bicycle freewheeling down a hill. A glider can "drop" at a very slow rate, and at a very shallow angle, sometimes in excess of 40:1 (meaning that for every 1ft in height, the glider can glide 40ft forwards). At the top of the average launch (about 1500ft) a glider can fly for about 5-8 minutes. To top up the energy, the glider can use rising columns of air, or thermals, to gain height, and therefore prolong the flight. As you can imagine, it is therefore a constant battle flying cross country to keep the glider in the air.

I've heard people say that gliding isn't a sport. Yes, it's not all that physical, except for rigging the gliders (the wings weigh about 80kg each), and then de rigging them again in the evening. But it is amazingly competitive and flipping hard work. How many other sports have races that last for 10 hours, where you concentrate every second, and requires you to map read, spot clouds, think tactically, avoid airspace, whilst flying on your own at speeds approaching 120mph in a cockpit which

can heat up to 50 degrees of heat? In my opinion, this is enough to make it an exciting and incredibly intricate sport.

icGC, which is one of the four founder gliding clubs in the country, and one of the oldest Imperial College clubs, aims to teach students to fly, and progress through to championship levels. In recent years our members have competed in national and international levels. Great Britain dominates gliding, having four current World Champions and one European Champion and have been the most successful gliding team in the world for almost a decade. Every year the club goes on three tours: the Christmas tour is usually to a club which uses different skills than our usual club, Lasham. This is usually in Scotland or Wales, using hill lift; the Easter tour is a training tour, which usually involves intensive flying to progress members who joined in October, hopefully to solo; the Summer tour is a month long and in the last years have been to Spain, the Czech Republic, Germany, Slovakia, and Slovenia.

The 2007 tour was to Rayskala in southern Finland for the month of July. Armed with the three club gliders, the Grob 103C, a Discus, and an ASW-24, and plenty of Red Bull, icGC left the UK with the hope of getting a little slice





of the brilliant conditions and fantastic scenery highlighted by recent European Championships held at Rayskala. In total, sixteen icGC members went on tour, including four assistant instructors, two of which had nothing better to do than stay for the whole month!

Having arrived in Finland after an epic two day drive, we found the club

“Night time is just one big sunset that turns into sunrise again”

very friendly, welcoming, and well kitted out! What first strikes you on take-off is the awesome beauty of the location. Lakes shimmer like mirrors, with the glider's reflection slipping beneath the shining wings, and from horizon to horizon green fields, forests and lakes! Within the first few days we had already started to explore the local area, some pilots doing cross countries up to 400km, pottering at 90kph, whilst others gained their Silver durations and flew dual cross countries in the two-seater. Well done to Rory Condon and Tom Sibley for their Silver durations, and commiserations to Claire Malpas – who needed relief – and Emma Worley, who ran out of day. Later on, Rory managed to complete the set with a 160km Silver distance! Other achievements early on included a first single-seater flight by Christian Morsbach.

Away from the airfield, we did as the

Finns do: drank plenty of beer, and enjoyed some sauna and larking about in the lake. Very little sleep was had initially, because in early July it never gets dark, and we had no idea what time it was! Night time is just one big sunset that turns into sunrise again, and no photograph can quite do the experience justice: it is truly breathtaking.

Occasionally we lost a few days to rainy weather, it never got as bad as the UK – no new lakes were formed – but this allowed us to enjoy Finnish culture, by visiting Helsinki, and of course Moomin World! Another thing worthy of note is the ‘Harmageddon’, an extremely spicy pork dish served by a pub local to the airfield: it has its own health warning, and Shaun Murdoch can personally confirm that it deserves it!

Getting back to gliding, almost every flyable day we found was soarable to some degree. The forests seemed to be an excellent store of energy, while the lakes worked as the trigger. On good days, it was soarable from about 8am to 8pm, and Rayskala will give launches at 10pm if you like! Cloud bases were anything from 6000 to 9000 feet, with good 4-9 knot thermals, which isn't too bad really. Only in Finland would you consider going off cross-country at 6pm! This gives a really very long day, which is great when you have six people to fly and three gliders: everyone can have as much soaring and training as they can take! With multiple instructors, at least



two at all times, there was ample opportunity for everyone to get what they wanted out of the expedition.

On planning the expedition, the committee had declared one little extra goal: for the two-seater Grob 103 to fly further than it ever had done previously: a 527km triangle task. In the last week, the day to do it finally arrived so Sage Shah and Shaun Murdoch got to it. Before leaving, the tour members were all interviewed by the Helsingin

“8 hours of flying time... 422km wasn't a bad effort”

Sannomat, the most widely circulated newspaper in Scandinavia, who were very interested in why we had travelled North for the summer. Their photographer took photos of them setting off on task, and later commented that she didn't realise Finland had so many lakes! The story was run the next day, and icGC officially became an internationally known club!

Back on task, things went well for most of the run, staying high to remain in glide of land-able sites; the pilots were enjoying an awesome view, and equally good thermals. They had to cross a few areas of poor thermal activity, which slowed them down, but they completed the first 300km uneventfully. Then the top cover started coming in, and they tiptoed along, trying to edge closer to where the sun was on the ground. Arriving at the second turn point, Oripaa Airfield, at about 6:30pm

they hung on for ages in the blue, and eventually picked up a 3knot thermal to start on their way home. Unfortunately, that second thermal that would have actually got them most of the way back to Rayskala never came, and they landed in a field at around 7:30pm after well over 8 hours of flying time! Still, 422km wasn't a bad effort! Jamie Denton, who had set off on the same task but in an ASW-24, got back and completed the task: well done him!

All in, this very adventurous expedition – the furthest icGC has been in some years, with the most gliders – was very well worth it! The view from the air is spectacular and the sheer level of soaring and cross country that can be achieved in such a short space of time is truly phenomenal. The people are friendly, and the lifestyle is fun: great for a holiday, even better for a gliding holiday! I am sure icGC will return there in the not so distant future.

If you want to come and try gliding for yourself, come along to one of our meetings on Fridays at 12:30pm in Aeronautics Room 254. We try to fly every weekend, using minibuses or members cars to get to Lasham. A trial flight costs £35 and includes a 20 minute flight. Membership of the club is £40 per year, and an average flight costs around £10. Email the Captain emma.worley@ic.ac.uk for more information or come to the meetings and ask questions!



The Netball girls get their balls out

Featuring Jess Marley, Sara Willis, Candy Fisher, Carolyn Sharpe and Kate Chapman. Does your club have more girls, or indeed, more balls? Prove it, pose here.

felix@imperial.ac.uk



Michael Cook
Arts Editor

So. Racism, then. I've been trying to think of ways to subtly bring up the topic in this week's editorial, but it turns out that shoe-horning racism into everyday conversation is a bit like trying to crowbar a cow into another, slightly smaller cow. But enough about this year's Turner Prize.

Hoho! That reminds me, I've yet to put in this week's bar joke.

Yes, racism seems to be flavour of the week from where I'm standing. I was saved the embarrassment of being unable to procure tickets to a sold out talk at the Science Museum this week by having the speaker in question cancelled after a very public race row. Whilst it means you'll never get to see our article on James Watson, at the very least you won't have to see his bigoted, wrinkly face anymore either.

Naturally, we like free speech. In fact, being arts-lovers and therefore only a beret and a fake moustache away from signing up to the socialist party, we like free speech enough to say that James Watson, whilst being bigoted and wrinkly, was allowed to say what he said.

But then there's Time Out, which this week carries a headline about the London art scene being dominated by white people, and we begin to wonder whether 'free speech' inevitably leads to broom-sweeping, carpet-lifting and lots of bad things collecting somewhere unseen.

I like to think that creativity means creativity, and that the 'arts scene' - which is a phrase I hope never to have to use again - is exempt from such worries because it has no targets to meet in terms of ethnic makeup. If there wasn't a white face in the entire of the West End, or if they were entirely dominated by pasty-faced southerners such as mystel, it is there to be seen, absorbed and considered. You can't force equality onto something designed for open expression, and nor should you attempt to.

That's easy to say, of course, because I'm a pasty-faced southerner. Perhaps if the theatres were less white, I'd be complaining about things that tend to make up Daily Mail headlines. But I like to think not, because I consider myself part of a generation - and indeed, part of a segment of a generation - that was freed from prejudice and the like by major advances and events in the world.

This week, I turn twenty. Next week, I start writing this year's novel as part of the National Novel Writing Month. Creativity to me is less hard-won than it was for those that saw the Cold War, apartheid or the Second World War. But it still means something to me, and it's still something that should remain free, no matter how worried we may be by trends or opinions.

Oh, crap. Run out of space for a summary. Uh... okay, this week - mysogyny and songs about racism.

Wait a second...

Hey there! I'm a Philistine!

Jordi Brown finds romance, revenge and twists in this week's classic

A book that has had over 30 screen adaptations may sound like it means business. Many of you would have probably even watched one of them, or at least have heard of the author, Alexandre Dumas. So if it has had such an apparent success on the big screen then why read it? Well, I'll tell you...

For sure we all love going down to the cinema with our oversized and overpriced popcorn and drink, you sit down and stare absentmindedly at the seemingly everlasting adverts and eventually watch the film you came to see. More often than not it will be a mindless action thriller with way too many explosions, guns, over the top clichés and cheesy lines. Or perhaps it's a cheap chic flick with the same old stars playing the same old characters in increasingly ridiculous plots. But wait, how can I be saying all this, I love those films, they bring laughter and joy to millions. I can do so because I have read this book. It exceeds any expectations or generic misconceptions; it's truly a novel for anyone, jammed packed with adventure, mystery and revenge for the guys, and glamour, extravagance and romance for the girls. A masterpiece in literature and yet accessible, readable and flowing, the reader travels with the hero and watches from the sidelines as if there. It's hard to not get carried away here but so tempting, you can only begin to imagine what it's like, so gripping and awe-inspiring.

So what is it about? Our tale starts with the young and naïve Edmond Dantès. He is a sailor arriving back in Marseilles and about to marry

his fiancée, the beautiful Catalan Mercédès. His trip aboard the Pharaon has taken him to the exiled Emperor Napoléon Bonaparte who gives him a letter to deliver to France. The ship's captain dies on the return journey, and on arrival Edmond is promoted to this position. This angers his friend Danglars and sparks off a plan to ruin him. Danglars, having learned of the letter given to Dantès, collaborates with Fernand Mondego (another 'friend') in writing a letter to the crown prosecutor, Villefort, in which it incriminates him as a Bonapartist. Upon Dantès' wedding day and coincidentally on Villefort's betrothal, he is arrested and brought forth to Villefort. The latter finds Bonaparte's letter but believes Dantès' plea of innocence. However all is lost when he is asked who he was to deliver the letter to, a Noirtier de Villefort, a well known Bonapartist and the father of Villefort. Edmond is hastily sentenced to life imprisonment on the dreaded island prison of Châteaux d'If. It is here that Edmond spends the next 14 years of his life, gravitating between devastation and madness. Eventually, he hears digging under the floor of his dungeon and begins a tunnel to investigate it. It turns out to be made by an old Italian priest, Abbé Faria, who in trying to dig for freedom headed in the wrong direction. The two are quick to befriend each other and interchange between their rooms through the use of the tunnel. The priest educates the sailor in languages, history, economics, philosophy and mathematics. He is taught the customs of high society, manners and sophistication. In turn he tells the priest the events leading up to



PENGUIN CLASSICS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS
The Count of Monte Cristo

Quotable

"I maintain my pride in the face of men, but I abandon it before God, who drew me out of nothingness to make me what I am."



I don't care how good the book is, I still want to punch this man's face

his arrest and together they uncover the plot made by his friends against him. Edmond swears to wreak revenge upon them; however the priest has shows him otherwise, telling him to use his brain as well as his heart to get back at them. After years of digging a new tunnel, events turn sour and the priest dies. Nonetheless he has time to tell Edmond the location of a fantastic amount of treasure, enough to make him the richest man alive. Not to spoil one of literature's greatest escapes, we go on to follow Dantès in his quest to find the treasure and then on to Paris, where he finds that his former friends have now all gone on to be successful and wealthy. This does not deter him and he uses his knowledge of their weaknesses to bring them to justice in exceptional fashion and panache. Along the way he bumps into pirates, villains and crooks, acquires a many new images and creates wonders beyond your wildest dreams. Many find his tale a forerunner of modern celebrity.

Such a book doesn't come so easy, notching up some 1000 or so pages. Only a fool however, would let this put them off as every page is as gripping as the next. The story weaves here

and there, throwing in new characters and plots that converge on a spectacular finale. It is, however, only too easy to get lost and somewhat baffled in the beginning with the huge number of primary characters and plot lines. But this just adds to the brilliance of the storytelling and as you quickly become fixed upon finding out what happens to everyone, the pages rapidly pass in excitement and intrigue.

Dumas, quite cunningly, drops in the characteristic lessons of life along the way, adding depth to the novel. Written over 150 years ago it has hardly lost its edge, the style is captivating, refreshing even, but most of all daring. Ideals and social conformities are swept aside and the doors opened to taboo subjects - you could be forgiven thinking that this is a modern novel set in a period piece. To the common eye the book is, quite simply, a story of revenge and does not need to be read in detail if the reader doesn't feel up to it. Such is the magic of this author's narrative.

Dramatic, romantic, adventurous, deceitful and cunning; its going to take a little more than a shrug of the shoulders to write this novel off.

A trip down the wrong Avenue Q

Caz Knight goes to see 'Avenue Q', and is reminded why avenues are more of an American thing



Having heard outstanding reviews of 'Avenue Q' from friends and the media, I couldn't wait to go and see it- even though it was a musical. However, my last experience of musical theatre at 'Parade' had near converted me to one who loves spontaneous song and dance on stage, and so I went in optimistic. Such is the show's notoriety that anyone having difficulty locating the theatre on exiting Leicester Square tube, will have their way guided by huge yellow signs to the Noel Coward- equally yellow and eye catching.

At first, I really did wonder at how much I would enjoy the show when the first actor runs onto the stage with a large Muppet on his hand and starts singing and moving the puppet accordingly- not even bothering with any sort of ventriloquism. I knew full well 'Avenue Q' was the Muppet musical, but had never until then given any thought as to how they would actualise it. I had my answer. Being sure that this previously unseen style of conceptualisation would grow on me, I didn't let it taint the rest of the show.

The musical follows Princeton, fresh out of college, ready for anything the world has to throw at him, as he moves to Avenue Q- one of New York's less prestigious areas. There he encounters a group of quirky, yet lovable friends and inevitably falls for Kate Monster- the single teacher. Princeton's apparent purpose and priority is to find his purpose... in life. The musical takes us through love, puppet sex, absinthe cocktails, born again virgins and closet gays. A gem of the production is the "Bad idea bears", two irresistibly cute-seemingly-innocent bears who come along at the worst time to coax you into making the most irresponsible decision- hence absinthe cocktails and rampant Muppet sex.

The lewdly and crudely anticipated humour I was expecting kicked off immediately to my delight and the songs "Everyone's a little bit racist" and "The Internet is for Porn" have you laughing in no time. Light-hearted and slapstick,

I found my interest waning at times as the humour overall is a little patchy and a bit too obvious (clearly I am used to dry, sarcastic British wit), with a lot of the jokes relevant to American culture and so possibly wasted on a lot of the audience. Do you know who Gary Coleman is?!

Musically, the songs are exactly as I expected from all commercial musicals- no reflection on the musicians themselves- so I was left neither disappointed or impressed. Where I was impressed was the stunning voice of Julie Atherton who took on the role of Kate Monster. Indeed, all the cast were well-endowed vocally.

For some reason unknown to me, I was expecting a larger cast but the six actors managed to carry out many more characters seamlessly and with great enthusiasm and energy. The task of bringing an inanimate puppet to life could be a recipe for disaster if the people executing it are not proficient enough however no such disaster ensued and the choreography that went into co-ordinating the movement of Trekkie monster, for example, was outstanding, especially when undertaken by two people manipulating one arm each.

A lot of effort went into set design and creating a good atmosphere, with some spectacular and highly novel ideas- I particularly liked the fountain of bubbles erupting from the building top during Rod's dream.

If you love musicals and pantomimes, then you are guaranteed a great time. But if musicals rank rather lower in your books, you won't be missing out on an experience of a lifetime if you don't rush off and see it now. Maybe I have transformed into a theatrical snob since being promoted to the high profile position of one-of-four arts editors, but nowadays I look for more in a dramatic escapade than a slightly vacuous storyline and less than impressionable musical score. Hmmm, I feel I have been too harsh- there is a lot right about 'Avenue Q', and if "deep theatre" does not captivate you then do go along, shits and giggles are promised!



"Look over there, Jimothy! Is it... yes! It's my career in serious film and theatre, cannoning into the sunset!"

Stanzas for Students – Poem of the Week time

This week, Blake suggests Jesus lived in England. It was the 1810's, everyone was taking a lot of drugs

But Jesus is meant to be from Israel.... Is Blake being metaphoric, figurative or is there any truth in the words of this iconic poem? Christians amongst you will recognise the words from the much-loved hymn 'Jerusalem'. According to one source, there is a whole lot of truth in Blake's poem and that Christianity was

brought to England, by Christ- Gildas the wise, not Jesus. Not only is there no evidence of Nazareth (Jesus' birth place) in Jewish writings, but the King of England gave Joseph and Mary land free of tax when they arrived in England. The assumption is that a supposedly pagan king would not lavish assets on Mary and Joseph, two refugees, for no good reason. If Christianity

had been thought up in England, then how would Maz and Joe be Christian enough to be favoured by the King?? It's lovely to think that God's representative on Earth came from Blighty but the facts don't quite add up.... Who knows, the poem is absolutely beautiful like all Blake's other work and regardless of faith, you should be able to appreciate the imagery here.



And did these feet

*And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
among these dark Satanic Mills?*

*Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.*

William Blake

Ignore this book review at your peril, Reader

HELLO READER, MY NAME IS MICHAEL COOK AND I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU

The Internet is a wonderful and yet terrifying place. On the one hand, I am now less than three clicks away from reams of Harry Potter slash fiction. That's something that's good to know, provided that you know what three clicks it is so that you can avoid them.

On the other hand, my inbox is frequently in tatters from 'Greetings in the Name Of God's and 'What is CIALIS?'s. I don't know what CIALIS is to this day, despite having been sent countless emails about it. That's because, whatever gmail doesn't pick up for me, I just delete straight off.

But one man was made of sterner stuff than that. His name was Bob Servant, and thanks to the incredible work of Neil Forsyth, you can now read the results of his exploits.

Admittedly, Bob Servant's true existence is debated. But the transcripts contained within Forsyth's *Delete This At Your Peril* are entirely genuine. Bob Servant – or perhaps Forsyth... – responded to get-rich-quick schemes, promises of love, claims of excitement in Nigeria, and although no money ever changes hands, the emails are priceless.

They work on a tried and tested formula – someone's trying to con money out of Bob Servant. We've all read the emails, but hopefully not replied. Forsyth outlines the basic scams at the beginning of the book – all have a similar conclusion, that Bob manages to avoid in spectacular style.

The book alternates between the correspondents and reads relatively quickly, but it's so well composed that you're almost envious of the fun that was evidently had in making it. Some sections come particularly close to the bone – once you realise that those on the other end of Bob's emails are lying through their teeth, their stories of love, betrayal and wealth become quite saddening. But it always delivers laughs, most incredulous, at how or perhaps why the discussions were allowed to go on for so long. Dozens of emails are exchanged in each chapter, and all end in the same conclusion – lots of work by the spammer, but no money won.

One particularly brilliant exchange actually ends in a partial admission by Bob that he's in the process of writing a book and that he'd been stringing the guy along. This moment reads brilliantly, as both sides admit to their deception and the book takes on a new side.

Forsyth's other book, *Other People's Money*, strides a similar line between humour and quite a gripping fascination which we have with real crime, following as it does one of the most notorious credit card fraudsters of recent times – Felix will be reviewing this soon too.

But *Delete This At Your Peril* stands alone as a genuinely fascinating piece of e-entertainment that hits on something we've all intimately experienced, and answers the question we've all wondered – who exactly is on the oth-



The Internet, seconds before the invention of email

er end of the line?

Whether or not you normally go for light humour such as this – and it does feel like a stocking filler rather than a real, sit-down-and-absorb kind of book – it's highly recommended. Painfully funny in the same line as

Phonejacker or *The Office* and a little disturbing in a similar way, it's unlike anything I've ever read before – which is probably a good thing because if this book reminds you of anything, it's that there's a good reason why the first thing you do is reach for the delete button.

We'll be "book-crossing" our copy later this week.

***Delete This At Your Peril* is available in shops now. Find out more by heading online to <http://www.neilforsyth.com>**

That Bitch versus The Angry Geek

Felix's very own **Angry Geek** goes in search of the only two people on Earth angrier than he is

I'm not an *angry* man. I realise that the name is a bit misleading, and the fact that the only pieces I've had in Felix thus far have involved generally laying into people, and that in this particular issue of Felix I refer to women as a horde of malevolent bitches. However, *in general*, when I'm just your common-or-garden student taking notes in Generic Module III, I'm cheery.

I write angry things. I realise this. As I mentioned, this week I am angry about women. But I write angrily about stuff all the time. I complained to the BBC when they allowed John Humphries to retire from *The Today Programme*, so any ladies offended by this issue's column should probably take comments with a pinch of salt, or at least accept that they're a horrendous gender full of spite and hypocrisy. Whichever.

Anyway, however tongue-in-cheek you believe me to be, I'm fairly sure that I wink at and nudge you more than Roy and Mary, the authors of *That Bitch*, do in their book.

Sorry, 'book'.

The Felix Arts team thought I might like to look at this 'book', which they initially described to me as "like your column, during a hissy fit", and tell you all whether you should rush out and buy it.

Short answer for those of you who aren't interested in seven hundred words of me tearing into the literary excrement of two retards – good Christ no, you most definitely should not buy this 'book'.

"Felix Arts thought I might like to look at this book and tell you whether you should buy it. Short answer – good Christ no"

If you think you might actually like to read this pile of tripe, it would probably be better for everyone if you just gave me the ridiculous twelve pounds ninety-five that it costs and just let me flash pictures of Hitler and Marilyn Monroe at you for five hours, whilst asking you to recount every break-up with every girlfriend you've ever had and spitting at you.

The 'book' is about *That Bitch* which, apparently, everyone has in their lives, and why they're conspiring against you to steal your genitals and usurp oil reserves in Canada, or something. If you're a man, presumably you're supposed to think of the last girl who dumped you, and instead of putting it down to you being a complete jerk when she introduced you to her parents, you instead convince yourself that she was really just buttering you up for a divorce seven years from now.

But ladies, don't feel left out! The book helpfully states that, "reasonable women do not have a problem with our book because they know it is NOT about them." So that means you either agree with the suggestions made in this book, or are *That Bitch* yourself. Interested now? Of course you are.



According to Google Images, this is a photo of some bitches. Just looks like an ugly dude and the cast of a very cheap porno to me, though

Let's backtrack a little. The authors, Roy Sheppard and Mary Cleary, have a mixed relevancy to the topic. Roy is an ex-journalist for the Beeb and the writer of vague pseudo-business books with titles such as "Network To Win" and similar-sounding rubbish. Mary's a nurse-turned-male-saviour after seeing so many examples of domestic abuse against men, spurring her to set up Amen, a support group.

A high-flying journalist with a taste for hyperbole and a nurse who's seen a lot of very similar cases, leading her to assume that it's a worldwide epidemic. It's already shaping up to be a well-rounded and reasonable book, right? It gets better.

For some reason, they're absolutely foaming at the mouth about women who appear to manipulate others for personal gain. Fanatically so.

It's quite disturbing at times, as they raise dozens of suggestions that would fill entire sociology courses at some Universities, positing all manner of gems ranging from their list of tell-tale signs you may have been a victim (Did you ever break up with someone and then hate them a bit? They're probably manipulative. That's science, folks) to suggestions of how to go about divorcing one ("If she ever asks whether you're planning a divorce, don't tell her. Never be seen to leave your children. Don't keep money at home, she may find it and keep it.") I only wish I could make up such brilliant stuff for the Comment section.

And it just goes on, really. I thought the Internet was supposed to soak up bile like this into weblogs that no-one read, but somehow it's got into paper form and even managed to make *Loaded* magazine – who bizarrely termed Roy Sheppard "the world's best agony uncle". There's a chapter where they speak in funny German accents and grow beards to discuss "the psychology" of being a bitch, which involves lots of good words that no-one really understands but sound good like "sociopath" and "misanthrope". Then there's a chapter about how children are used as "Weapons of Male Destruction", and it sort of just goes on and on and eventually they stop writing and just appear

to copy-paste in chunks of a thirteen year-old's diary, discussing about how tough life is, how girls are mean and need to be defended against, and how they wish everyone could be happy.

But the worst part – and I mean, above and beyond the bullcrap psychology and generalisations that would look out of place in Patrick Kielty's stand-

up show – is by far the fact that it toys with the reader to a far greater extent than the bitches it claims to describe. The way it ekes your greatest fears and paranoias, plays on them, fuels them and eventually perhaps even tricks you into acting upon them, is beyond despicable. There are horrible women out there, without a doubt. But there

are also a lot of fine women, in healthy relationships with insecure or uneasy men. And these men are going to read a book like this and be very quickly pushed into doing something utterly retarded and totally irreversible.

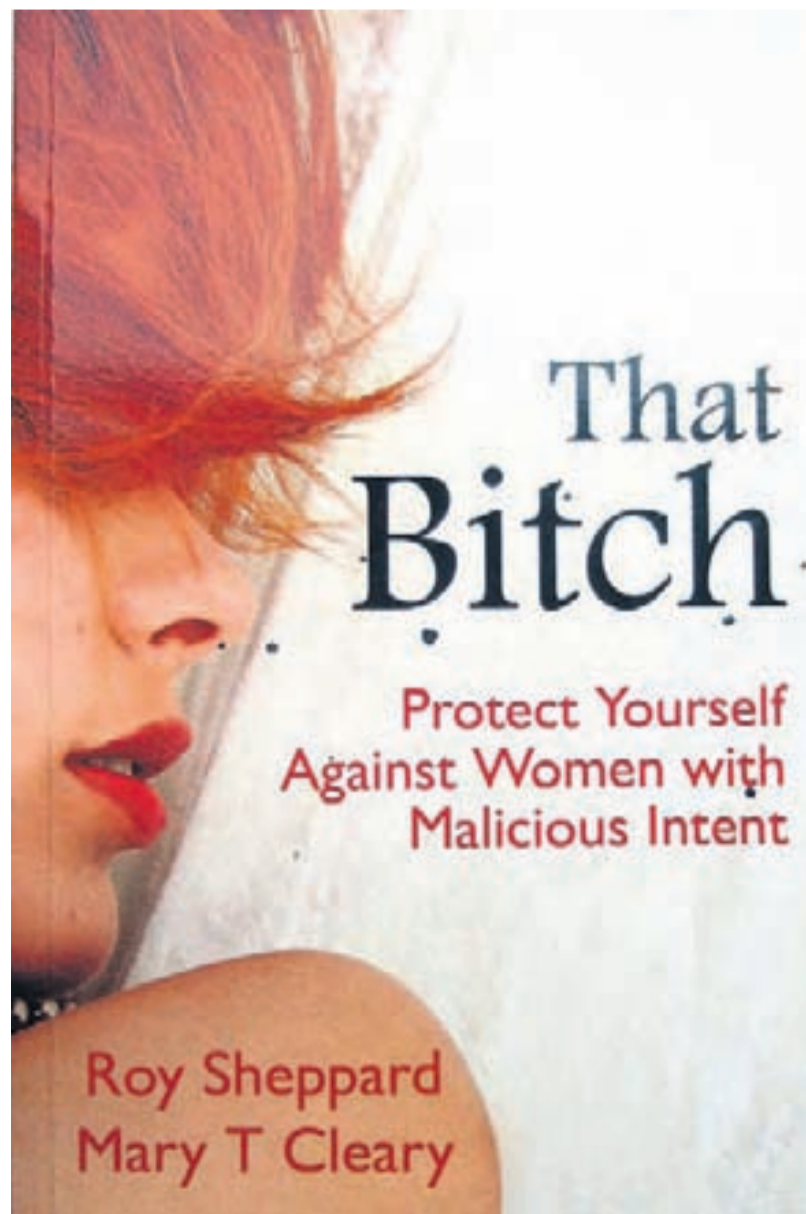
When I write a column and say nasty things about people, I expect you to just swear at the paper, write an angry email or at the very least just turn the page and move on. I'm not honestly expecting you to start following my bitter, curse-stained trail up the slopes of Mount Middle-Age. But this kind of book goes the wrong side of that. It's playing a tune that rings quite sympathetically in a lot of ears, but it's leading you up a path you can't easily backtrack down.

When I first read the press release for *That Bitch*, I thought it was a fiction book, or one of those joke things you buy for those friends who you like, but don't know well enough to get them anything meaningful at Christmas. When I received a straight-faced, middle-finger-waving piece of misogynistic claptrap, I realised that the reason I was given this to review wasn't because it would be amusing to see an angry person be angry about a silly book. It's because the only way you can defuse something as dangerous and horrific as this is to put it on the ground and kick it until it's dead.

That Bitch is appalling. If anyone's unfortunate enough to find it when it gets BookCrossed, please just do everyone a favour and throw it away. Men claim to be martyrs enough as it is, without convincing them that "women with no conscience prey on men with too much."

No shit. I hear Z-list journalists do a similar thing with people that have too many worries.

If you'd still like to get your hands on a copy, despite The Angry Geek's feelings, find us on www.bookcrossing.com under the [felixarts](http://www.felixarts.com) username to see when we'll release our copy, or pop into your local high street bookstore or www.thatbitch.com – *That Bitch* is £12.95 and is available now



Student Art in Focus: “Van Gogh was a hack”

In our ongoing bid to desecrate all forms of artistic criticism, we turn this week to red squares and lines



Dr. T Pee looking hawt. Money can't buy caps that stylish

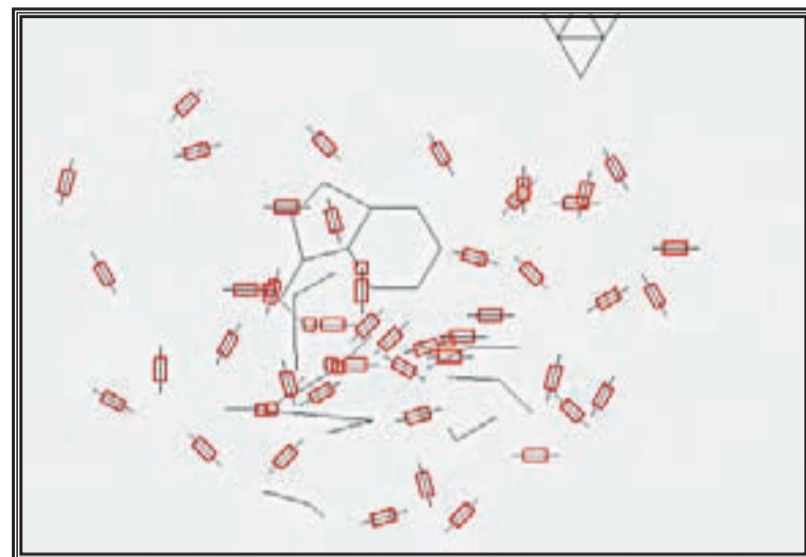
This week in ‘Student Art in Focus’ (or SAIF as we call it on the street) we have had the privilege to have been donated this fantastic, multimedia creation by a member of the Faculty of Physical Sciences. The Artist, who prefers to remain unnamed, is rumoured to have created this masterpiece whilst in a fit of rage after losing a long ‘Battleships’ game to a computer.

Needless to say this picture gives me a head-

ache. The artist is trying to tell us so much and ram heaps of symbolism and metaphor into our lowly heads that we as common people cannot look at it without cringing and trying to turn away in anguish. So much so that when the piece was exhibited in its full size (25m x 52m) in the Tate Modern, the room was rarely populated at all. However I have taken several Ibuprofens in preparation and am ready to untwine his train of thought.

The obvious theme of this piece is premature ejaculation while more discreet undercurrents of invasion and illness are present. The red rectangular ‘beasts’ are clearly homing in on the indistinct shape in the centre. Vulnerable and alone, the attackers rip and tear at the perfect body, distorting its limbs and ruining its symmetry. This has blatant parallels with the paparazzi and Jodie Marsh, but could also be a satire on the theme of Christmas shopping. Crazy shoppers rush towards the displays of organic turkeys and rip them apart in desperation. Fillets may fly.

But what of the mystery shape that is appearing at the top right of the picture? Is it the cure (no, not the



This week's piece – *One Day I Shall Win, You Bastard* by Anonymous

band, you fuckwit)? Is it a garden gnome's falling from the metaphorical sky? Or is it the next piece of revolutionary art by The Artist waiting to outwit this one and its critics? He certainly keeps us hanging onto the edge of our seats and I, for one, can't wait for the next instalment.

This week's criticism was by Dr T. Pea

Dr T. Pea is a lecturer of Materials at the Royal Academy. He is world expert in the field of Felt Tips. His favourite coloured pens in school were Crayola Stamp 'n' Scribble Felt Tips.

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Back to School – Jane Eyre

Susan Yu

Frankly, it is without a doubt, a work of pure quality. I remember reading it in class wayback in Year 7. Such a long time ago. This was the first time that I had properly started to delve into the classics. From then on, Jane Eyre has been the epitome of female strength and morality. A heroine that has captured the hearts of many generations. It's an epic romance that is laced with mystery, suspense and drama. Set in England in the 1800s, surely Bronte paints a sublimely realistic portrayal of the time period and the style of living back in those olden days.

From the narrative point of view, I would say that it is eminently personal and eloquent. The first person narrative gives such a breathtakingly wonderful way of connecting with the reader. You certainly feel as though Jane is a living, breathing entity. Bronte's sophistication allows Jane to present a shrewd, almost autobiographical, account of her life, from inauspicious terrible beginnings as an unloved orphan living in deplorable state to a compromised climatic resolved ending.

We, as the reader, feel distinct pain and loneliness as the protagonist's childhood living with her aunt and cousins in Gateshead encompasses being confined to sheer torture, both physical and mental, and is not nurturing to say the least. I really enjoyed how Bronte seemed to weave everything together in the progression from childhood to adulthood, from Gateshead, Lowood to Thornfield Hall, and it is told in exquisitely powerful verse. One seems to gain strength as Jane

leaps from an insecure, pained young girl to maturity where she develops her own sense of inner strength that is palpable when facing times of adversity and uncertainty.

The repertoire of fascinating characters is indeed compelling, with Edward Rochester (Jane's love interest) definitely being on the same scale as Mr Darcy, as many Austen fans would agree; both dark, brooding, handsome and difficult to win over. The mystery with Grace Poole is something that further grips the reader as we work our way through the novel, finding out who she really is and getting to the bottom of her parlous and devious nature.



This intricate love story is profoundly overwhelming yet highly complex in the context of the plot. Clearly, the attraction between Jane and Mr. Rochester is evident from the moment she meets him on the hill at sunset, their love subsequently burgeons into an intrinsically passionate canon.

To some, the ending is unassailably a compromised happy conclusion, whereas others would still consider it being slightly tragic. It's up to you how you interpret the denouement. I shall not give it away, but this masterpiece will have you reading until you drop and get to the finishing line.

This book is without a question a timeless treasure and a captivating page-turner. My feelings then and now are still the same. Jane, for me, certainly symbolises the yearning desire for happiness in all of us and the vulnerability and strength that we are prone to exhibit most of our lives. I'll dish out 9.9 out of 10, marred only by the intense anticipation for the reunion of the predestined soul-mates.

Mysteries from the Far East..ish

Lords, ladies and latent supernatural abilities. Michael Cook promises you won't have seen it all before



There's a particular kind of fiction book on shop shelves at the moment that's undergone something of an identity crisis over the last decade or so. It's identifiable by a few telling factors – firstly, there's a young protagonist, probably hormonally challenged. There's normally the discovery of some unbelievable skill, which will help overcome some great evil and the whole thing's usually wrapped up in an extended metaphor the size of the author's ego (I'm looking at you, Philip Pullman), perhaps lightly dusted with hopes for a film licence.

The identity crisis comes because no-one's sure who's supposed to read them. It took adult readers a good few years to realise that *Harry Potter* was readable fun. Booksellers spent ages selling the first two books of the *Dark Materials* trilogy to eleven year-olds, only for the last book to be released and read like the bastard offspring of Nietzsche

and Woody Allen. It all whirls together to make the "teen fiction" shelf of Waterstones a minefield of generic fantasy and high-brow meta-meta-philosophy that most would rather not touch.

Tales Of The Otori is a book series stranded at the centre of this genre. But fortunately, it's well worth braving the explosions to pluck out.

The books are written by Lian Hearn, a pen name for children's author Gillian Rubinstein, who travelled and studied Japanese culture extensively during her life, before settling down to write the five-book series that now draws to an end with its latest release.

Interestingly, they're not actually set in Japan, rather taking place in a strangely generic far-eastern peninsula, in a medieval/feudal-like period. From Hearn's point of view, it allows for much-needed flexibility in terms of major events, and from your point of view it's probably just as well as if your knowledge of medieval Japan is anything like mine, you'd be lost.

The lack of specification about the setting doesn't detract from the detail, though; the world is very real, and even features a twee is-it-just-me-or-is-this-a-bit-much map at the start of each book. The customs, reli-

gions and beliefs are all equatable – many exactly so – to similar ones in 'real' Japan, and as the characters travel through locations again and again over the series' many decades, the layers of life are built up very smoothly.

So, the author's experienced, the writing is rich, where's the catch and why does Harry Potter feature in the opening paragraph? Well, here's a summary of the first part of *Across The Nightingale Floor*, Hearn's first book: – whilst in hiding from persecution, a young boy witnesses his family's murder at the hands of an evil warrior, runs away and is saved by a kindly-yet-aging man who recognises his unrivalled special abilities and promptly takes him off to be trained.

Now, admittedly, it gets a bit more varied after that. Takeo, as the boy is known, grows up to be the successor to his saviour, Lord Shigeru, and we follow the politics, war, romance and philosophy of Takeo's life as he wrestles to unite the clans of the surrounding lands. But the problem is that the book feels very bland at first touch. The boy has superpowers. He falls in love with a princess. You can't sell that easily to people who would already have turned it down just from the shelf it was on.

It's made worse by the length of the books. The first three – *Across The Nightingale Floor*, *Grass For His Pillow* and *Brilliance Of The Moon* – are all reasonably sized, charting Takeo's union of the clans. *The Harsh Cry Of The Heron*, written to close up the story, is almost the same size as the last three put together, and this last book, a prequel to all four others, is even larger. Though *Heaven's Net Is Wide* is a good piece of fiction that ties up the series well, it's a marathon for casual readers – especially those who can't remember the complex and long lists of family members, clans and battles.

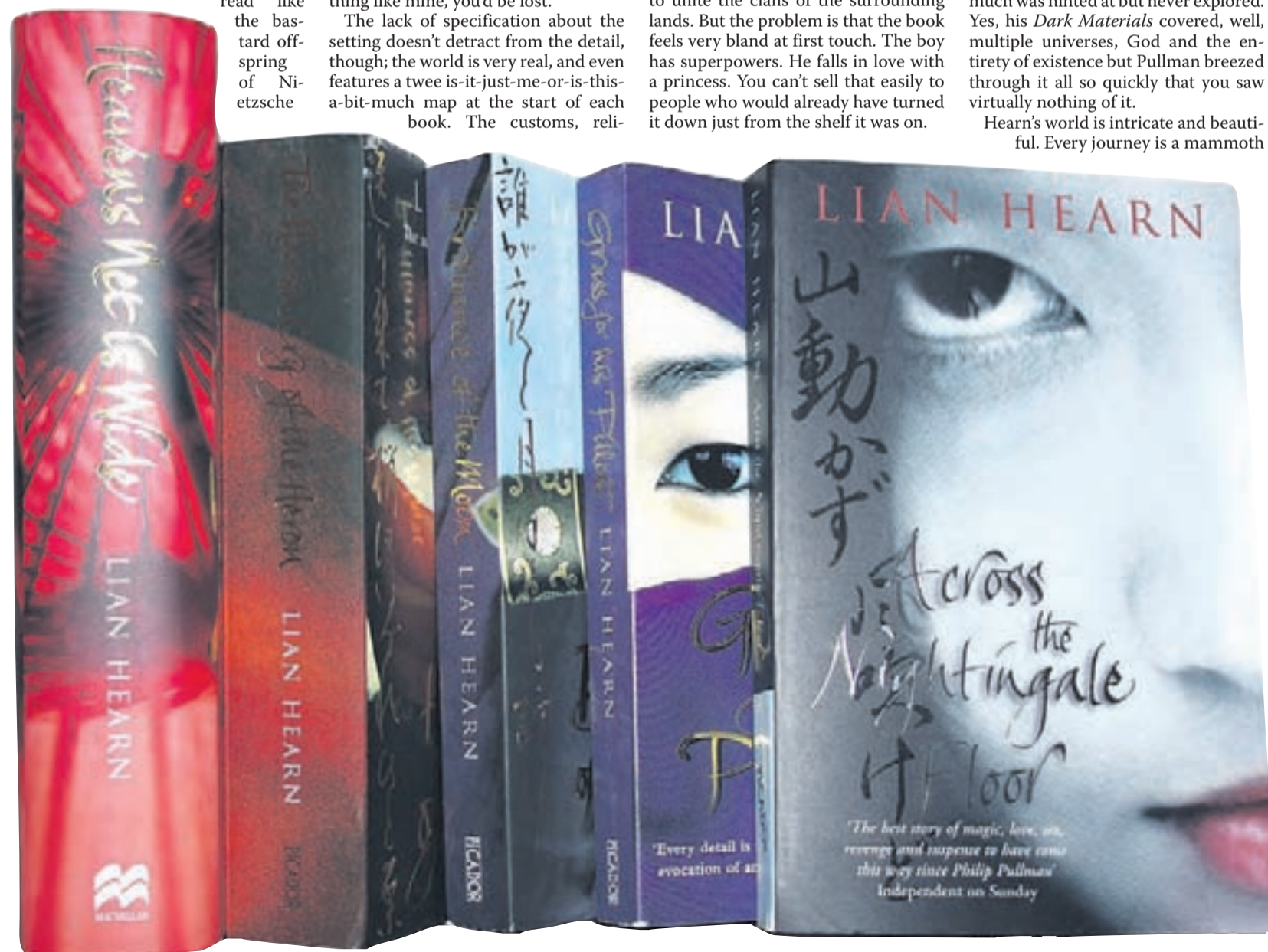
So it's a bit generic, really long and originally written for people younger than you. Why are you going to bother with it? It's because Hearn's writing style manages something very special, and rarely seen in books for her target market – *Tales Of The Otori* is epic. Yes, *Harry Potter* was seven books but it was too tied down to the school – so much was hinted at but never explored. Yes, his *Dark Materials* covered, well, multiple universes, God and the entirety of existence but Pullman breezed through it all so quickly that you saw virtually nothing of it.

Hearn's world is intricate and beautiful. Every journey is a mammoth

excursion, every off-hand allusion to something is followed up by another character or chapter. The Otori clan's many alliances and betrayals, as well as Takeo's battle with the source of his extraordinary skills, allows for a wide range of plot arcs, that covers a wide range of storytelling traditions. The cast of reluctant warriors, ruthless female rulers, clandestine monks, pious heretics, faithful outcasts, loyal warriors – each deserving of a story of their own – are all given that story here. There are no secondary characters in these books, and it's this that makes them so strong.

You're not going to walk away from them feeling you've read a groundbreaking piece of fiction. But it's solid, powerful, and above all else exciting. Hearn's original trilogy should be considered a must-read, and the two recent follow-ups are probably worthwhile for the fans too. It's time to learn lessons from a decade of Rowling, and start opening our eyes to the cookie-cutter crime thrillers and predictable yuppy romance stories currently on three-for-two; *Tales of the Otori* is rich winter reading, irregardless of preconceptions.

All of the books in the *Tales Of The Otori* series are out now, published by Picador. The first three novels can be bought in a box set for around £9.99 on Amazon. *Heaven's Net Is Wide* is now in Hardback for £12.99.



Win! Books!

Thanks to the rather lovely people at Picador publishing, we've got our hands on copies of the entire Otori series, including a hardcover version of the latest book *Heaven's Net Is Wide*.

Instead of Bookcrossing these as we might normally find ourselves doing, we've decided to go the whole hog and give this rather special prize the competition treatment, and in the spirit of all things oriental, we'd like you to write us a Haiku.

Haikus are poems with strict rules – three lines long, five syllables on the first and last lines, seven syllables in the middle. Make us laugh, and you win all five books. Easy.

Email your poetic masterpieces to arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk with the subject line "Haikus are easy/ But sometimes they don't make sense/Refrigerator" and we'll notify the lovely winner before November 2nd.



Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Darkness falls across the land...

His works leave little room for laughs, but there's more to David Cronenberg than his oeuvre may suggest

Alex Casey
Film Editor

Few events leave one as perplexed as listening to David Cronenberg speak. Any research done on this man and his body of work over the past thirty years suggests that caution should be exercised in dealing with a person who revels in darkness as much as this. A man who describes the AIDS virus as a triumph in disease evolution rather than the scourge of the world, I await a similar intensity in his demeanour as he walks into our conference in the basement of the Soho Hotel.

Then something happens that seems to catch everyone in the room off guard. He takes his seat next to a rather nervous Naomi Watts and the more comfortable Vincent Cassel, stars of his latest film *Eastern Promises*, and rolls off some quip about the mountain of dictaphones under his microphone. Nothing too special there to consider, but in an instant the image of this morbid goremonger vanishes and the expectation of the crowd is flattened.

This leaves a gulf that is filled with inane questions about Naomi's recent pregnancy or the motorbike that she has to ride during the film and it seems that Cronenberg's humour has left him sadly human. But as the course runs, a deeper sense of character emerges, unforced and with the fluidity of blood emerging from a wound (a metaphor he would no doubt approve of) as the oft-cited king of "body horror" blends discussion of beheadings with babies, slavery with cinema and truth with terror.

For the uninitiated, Cronenberg first came to prominence in the seventies with a number of films that would later come to be known under the genre umbrella of "body horror", a subgenre in which the body undergoes some sort of transformation or infection, with Cronenberg famously stating that he wanted to show films from the point of view of the disease. The idea of a foreign organism crippling the sanctuary



David Cronenberg: From body horror to auteur

of the body from within was explored in *Rabid*, in which he cast a porn star as a crash victim who undergoes a skin graft that leaves him with anomalies resembling an anus and a phallus in her armpit, and his more commercially successful remake of the old Vincent Price B-movie, *The Fly*. Chances are there was a time at school when you heard of his film *Crash* as well, where autoeroticism derives new meaning as a group of thrill seekers take to causing car crashes to arouse themselves. Chances are there were a few red faces when people went out to rent the latest

Paul Haggis film of the same name and didn't read the back of the box carefully enough...

So is it all just controversy for the sake of controversy? Why is there such a darkness in his works and yet such joviality in his personal demeanour? He doesn't hesitate in his response to this question: "It's a kind of a balancing thing. Most artists are interested in exploring places that are not normally explored. It's a matter of curiosity for one thing and I think there's always this feeling that you will discover something really significant or profound

about human nature, about yourself, about the human condition, if you go to those places as opposed to the more mundane everyday places that we all know. I think an artist has a desire to uncover things that are hidden and you don't want things to be hidden. You want to uncover what's going on and so you dig after what's really going on and that's what leads you into dark places because when there's no light, things happen that are hidden."

Cronenberg's latest two offerings, *A History of Violence* and *Eastern Promises*, are not in quite the same visceral

vein as many of his previous works, yet when viewed as a diptych prove to be a fascinating study of the violence that underpins society in various ways. Viggo Mortensen leads both pieces and acts as a visual link between the pair but Cronenberg's directorial style leaves no doubt the two are connected more intrinsically. His framing of dramatic scenes is more tailored to observation than involvement or exaggeration as is commonplace with so many directors.

This feature of his films makes marketing tough, especially when the competition try to make trailers as dramatic as possible. The subject matter of Cronenberg's film makes it easy to sensationalise them: A family man who foils an armed robbery and is then pursued by an organised crime unit forms the crux of *History*. But with the focus on story rather than dramatics, recent Cronenberg can be a disappointment for those who fancy a fast paced action flick. Italian arthouse master Fellini once proclaimed that his own style told "realistic stories in an unrealistic way". Cronenberg, in this sense, is the opposite.

The intrigue of his character matches that of his stories, however. Hearing him discuss the intimacy of a knife killing sends chills down your spine and his unapologetic frankness in comparing beheadings and bombings aligns his self-projection with that of his cinema. Until he makes another joke and we're back to square one.

It is no surprise that someone so beguiling has been chosen to front the opening of London's prestigious film festival. His eye for detail is truly artistic and when he speaks of his work, he does so with an authenticity that would place him above many of his contemporaries.

This isn't the voice of a beginner trying to justify themselves through discussion of their "process". Instead it is the voice of consummate professionalism. A voice with more sides to it than even his films can achieve.

Great performances mean that festival opener delivers on its Promises

Eastern Promises ★★★★★

Director: David Cronenberg
Writer: Steve Knight
Cast: Naomi Watts,
Viggo Mortensen,
Vincent Cassel

Alex Casey

Eastern Promises is getting a very early release here for a film that only premiered at the London Film Festival last week, but given the adulation it received there and it's recent reception at the Toronto, where it won the main prize, could it be that it is relying only on word of mouth to make it a success? Well, whilst this is obviously a factor, *Eastern Promises* is more than just festival fodder.

The story of *Eastern Promises* begins with nurse Anna (Naomi Watts) trying to hunt out a family for a baby born in her ward to a mother who died during childbirth. She takes the girl's diary,

written in Russian, and tries to track down any relative with the help of her uncle (who conveniently happens to be an old Russian relic of the KGB days), but her search takes her deep into the world of people trafficking, child prostitution and murder, all overseen by a Russian mafia family, headed by Armin Mueller Stahl and with Viggo Mortensen and Vincent Cassel running the operations from the street. With intimidation from all sides, how far is Anna willing to go to secure a home for the baby?

Realism and true motivation seem to take a backseat in this journey through

"Mortenson's immersion in the role here is genuinely enchanting"

a seedy London underworld that most of us are happy to bypass. Whilst I'm sure Anna is a very nice person, there are few people who would take the wellbeing of a new born child as reason enough to go messing with the mafia when social services would be a (slightly) more reliable bet.

The dynamics of the family itself provide a more intriguing character study. Whilst Mortensen plays a driver to the family rather than a blood member, his inclusion into the inner circle at the expense of the true son, played by Cassel, explores the connections of family and loyalty in a manner similar to *The Godfather*.

Besides plot however, the cinematography of *Promises* gives a stunning evocation of an immigrant community establishing itself in London. The richness of the family's restaurant base feels as though it activates more senses than simple sight and hearing and Cronenberg's calm direction gives it all the more time to be savoured.

The true gem here however is the



"Weren't you in Lord of the Rings?"

acting, with Viggo Mortensen putting Aragon well and truly behind him. His immersion in the role here is genuinely enchanting and his scenes are the best in the film.

Watts and Cassel add to the accent soup, with Watts doing her English rose best and Cassel navigating English in a Russian accent from his native

French, but neither hit the same highs as Viggo.

Whilst the film itself may not reach its full potential, there is definitely something here that is worth the buzz it has generated. And with the Litvinenko case directly interrupting the filming, this is a topical interpretation of Russian influence in the post-Soviet era.



Fashion

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Has fashion lost its flair?

Sasha Nicoletti

Fashion has always been a major part of culture; when you learnt about the ancient Greeks or Romans, what they wore was a crucial part of study. Each major development in history has a corresponding advance in fashion. The most inspiring example is the women of the early twentieth century who changed fashion in order to become part of the war effort. Throughout history, fashion has defined culture. However, in recent years, fashion has not so much 'defined' a generation, as become a stagnant representation of celebrity.

Our idea of fashion has been developed over the last few decades with the development of 'mass media'. Once just for the elite, runway shows have been brought to the masses through magazines, newspapers and television. Our obsession with fashion has become so intense that we even have an award winning television series about the cut-throat world of fashion journalism. Modern fashion has broken down the ability to define class purely on the clothes we wear. With celebrities such as Sienna Miller being spotted shopping in Primark and Kate Moss launching her line at Topshop, it has become virtually impossible to claim that the rich are still the reigning fashionistas.

But with this increasing accessibility to runway fashion trends, has fashion lost its credibility and innovation? Even in the early twentieth century, every era had a defining style; the twenties and the flapper dress, the forties and big, glamorous red lips, the fifties and the prom dress. What defines the early part of the new millennium, a mere revival of the last century?

This autumn/winter we're being encouraged to wear metallic eye make-up as seen on the catwalks at Matthew Williamson and Donna Karen, but I can't remember the last season metallic eye shadows weren't in. Big in the seventies and eighties, they hadn't been most designer's first choice in a long time, until now. For the last few years,

metallics have been huge and I can't see them disappearing for a long while. Another example of the stagnant nature of modern fashion is the revival of the fringe after Kate Moss was spotted at Swarovski's Fashion Rocks sporting a blunt fringe. The fringe has never been unpopular, Mischa Barton was seen with one throughout her time on *The OC*, yet if someone else wears it, we take it as a new trend.

If we were to define our generation, I'd use the term "modern". Whenever you hear anyone describe almost anything remotely linked to fashion they always call it "very modern". Most runway shows now either exhibit a new take on an old idea or something that could've been out of a space age movie. "Modern" trends include metallics, patent accessories, feathers, which if you wore together would look rather ridiculous.

However, if you walk down the street, it's unlikely you'll see anyone wearing a silver bubble dress with plastic, trans-

lucent platforms. The modern fashionista seems to prefer comfort over Naomi Campbell platforms. That's not to say they completely dismiss glamour, they just sometimes appreciate boots with jeans or woolly tight, the kind popular with five year old girls countrywide. Fashion has become more personal than it once was. Someone can be "fashionable" without changing their wardrobe every season, which would just be silly anyway as it'll probably be back next year!

Celebrities such as Kate Moss and Sienna Miller are critically acclaimed by the fashion media for their easy-to-do style. Both celebrities wear clothes that us normal people can easily incorporate into our current wardrobe. Kate Moss's autumn line, recently launched at Topshop, showcased a basic wardrobe of shirts, waistcoats, t-shirts and jeans. Her undeniable style comes from her ability to flit between comfortable yet inspired day-to-day clothing, and evening glamour.

It's with this rise of comfortable chic that the flair in fashion has started to subside. We no longer want to be told how to dress so that we become clones of a designer; on the contrary we want to be our own designers every day. We want inspiration to pick out a few key pieces in shops; perhaps a waistcoat one year, silver skirts another, but we want to put it together ourselves. We want to be able to wear UGG boots with a vintage dress, it would probably be more comfortable, or heels with jeans, if it's cold when you get outside. It's as though as day-to-day wear becomes more sensible, designers play with old styles more and more, almost to the point of absurdity. It's high street shops which take these pieces and produce them for the general public.

It's the combination of the obsession with celebrity and the accessibility of high end fashion which provides us with the necessary inspiration, but ultimately we all dress ourselves, style comes from within.



Kate Moss's autumn line up is at a Topshop near you now, but has fashion's credibility declined?

The new 'Clones' range by Topman

Daniel Wan

There came a point when I just looked down at myself, looked up again, and within view there was someone wearing at least one, if not more, of the same things as me. I neurotically buttoned up my jacket to avoid awkwardness and embarrassment, only to realise there was someone next to me wearing an identical one too. I would've been better off naked, rather than standing there looking like a couple of rejects from the Topman modelling agency.

I'm not just about to slag Topman and their styles off, mind. Far from it, I think Topman is kitting out the youth of today in clothes that make us look just about presentable. Affordable, good quality and stylish clothing make what used to be just another bloke's clothes shop, into an Indie kid's wet dream.

It's not Topman's fault that everyone wants to wear their clothes. I doubt the Head Office cares if we all look like generic monkeys, not with the amount of revenue they rake in everyday. The opinion of Topman is so low that

even their Marketing Director, David Shepard announced unhesitantly to the world that the only reason anyone would ever buy a Topman suit would be for their 'first courtcase', because we're all Pete Doherty wannabes at heart. Just a quick tip too; if you absolutely have to get embroiled in a lawsuit, don't turn up to court in a trilby. I'll personally come down there and mock you myself. In fact, I'll take the stand and give evidence against you. Just to spite you further.

Topman produces clones. It's undeniable. There is evidence everywhere you look. Literally. There are people priding themselves on the fact everything they buy and own is from Topman. It's like the issue of hooligans priding themselves on the fact they have an ASBO. They think it's cool, but it just deems them a menace to society.

T-shirts with oh-so profound messages of the "Frankie Says Relax" style have become horrendously popular recently. The pseudo-political message, such as "Make Music Not Missiles" has now just become a worthless and meaningless phrase, thanks to the

million kids walking about with it plastered across their weedy torsos. The "I Hate Nu Rave" print seems rather ironic too, since half of Topman's recent stock is based upon the sudden and heart-stoppingly annoying influx of this said popular music trend. Day-glo pink will never be cool again. The 1990s used it and abused it, and it should be left right back there in the LSD trip you had at a rave in '93.

It has got to the point where Topman is no longer following musically sourced trends, but are now creating their own trends for the drones to follow. Credit to their business acumen though; they're now telling susceptible Indie kids what to buy, rather than letting them choose what to wear. However, these new 'trends' they put out every couple of months are, down to a level, identical or just a simple variation on an otherwise generic bit of clothing. The "white shirt" campaign featured several high-end fashion designers creating a series of white shirts for Topman's "Design" range. A white shirt is a white shirt. Even if you did spend £200 on one, who's going to notice?

Don't get me wrong, you can look pretty sharp if you buy an entire outfit from Topman; but only if there's no-one else in a 500 metre radius. However, Topshop doesn't seem to have the same detrimental affect on general civilisation. But I suppose when you have a 20 ft stick insect such as Kate Moss plastered across the shop window, everyone is too busy trying not to gag outside to even enter the stores anymore.

My humble advice would be to choose items selectively from Topman. Topman always has and always will stock some more subtler items amongst the latest fashion craze. At the moment, it'd probably be the variety of plain 'baseball' collared T-shirts; simple basics that adds that stylish Topman twist to an otherwise generic T-shirt and jeans combo.

Good and moderately priced 'alternative' clothing is hard to come by in the UK, and as students, it's hard to resist the temptation of inexpensively keeping up with the trends that Topman sets for us. However, it comes at the cost of individuality. We were all created uniquely; express it.



Thin as a statement

Introducing the new WoW diet: play so much that you don't eat, lose weight. Don't kid yourself into thinking that a large size t-shirt will make you manly. It will make you look anorexic. Buy clothes that fit you.

Shirts with long sleeved tops

A.k.a. Seth from the *OC*. I'm thinking of a thin striped or checked shirt, neutral colour with dark long sleeved top underneath. Any man can pull this off. Some will even look good.

Socks and sandals

No no no no no no no no no no *takes deep breath* no no no no no. Despite the fashion world and, indeed, anyone with any semblance of taste taking this and making it into a geek fashion cliché, there are still people with an unwavering belief that it is ok to wear this combination of footwear. It is not.

Black

Black clothing, particularly t-shirts, makes anyone without a slight tan look like they've spent the past year and a half in an underground computing lab. Oh, you have? Let's try and not make this situation any worse than it already is.

Short sleeved shirts

With a tie? Without a tie? Doesn't matter; looks awful.

T-Shirts with formulae on them

OK, so the SciFi Soc t-shirt proclaims your unwavering allegiance to reading dense, often poorly written works of fiction, and even I have to admit at being impressed at the use of Greek (psi and phi, anyone?) but as a fashion statement, it just doesn't work. Especially not when teamed with unwashed jeans and trainers.

Francesca Buckland





Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Sebastian Nordgren

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Azfarul "Az" Islam
Games Editor

It's about 3AM in the morning as I put the finishing touches to this week's issue of Felix Games. What possessed me to feature an all-sports issue during the week of spooks and scares, I know not. Perhaps the pumpkins reminded me of basketballs, but that would be a lie. Or not.

The thing is, Hallowe'en issues are just way too ubiquitous at this time of the year. The Internet is saturated with recommendations of spooky, creepy and otherwise downright scary titles. You know – the usual suspects. Expect stuff like Resident Evil 4, Doom 3, Fatal Frame II (known as Project Zero II here), F.E.A.R., and Silent Hill 3 (I like it better than 4). Fresh blood into the list will probably involve the atmospheric BioShock and action-centric Clive Barker's Jericho.

When considering such lists you'll notice that the methods for expressing the horror factor vary about two main points. Western-style titles tend to offer palpable atmospheres within new environments and plenty of shock moments whereas games from the East offer a false sense of security by placing the player in surroundings that are meant to be familiar and secular but then contort everything holy into something grotesque. Such has been the case for quite some time now, but recent titles have broken the mould now and then. Resident Evil 4 has an interesting formula. It's not an explicitly scary game, but the way it's been designed will make you palpitate throughout your play time. This is because the enemies you face present a genuine threat to your survival due to brilliantly programmed A.I.

Of course, not all freaky moments emanate from games with a horror stamp pasted on. One of the creepiest moments I've ever experienced comes from the wonderfully eclectic Katamari Damacy. An early tutorial sees you learning the nuances of rolling the titular katamari. During this exercise, you have the opportunity to pan the camera around to scope out your surroundings. If you ever make the mistake of looking upwards, you will scream out in shock. A humongous, moustached, purple face happens to be staring down at you with his eyes twinkling with a sense of voyeuristic and/or paedophilic pleasure. You decide. This stranger happens to be the King of All Cosmos whose role in the game, besides setting you missions, is to spurt out an incessant barrage of inanities that will either make you laugh... or shudder. Creeeeeeeepy.

Ooh, look at the time... I need to wrap up now. This week's focus lands on a collection of some of the most enticing Flash-based sports games online whereas on the other end of the spread, I discuss the status quo of the sports genre in videogames and consider the reasons as to why they're a breed that will never die out.

By the way, if you're still looking for your Hallowe'en issue, you might want to read this section one more time. Cheeky, I know.

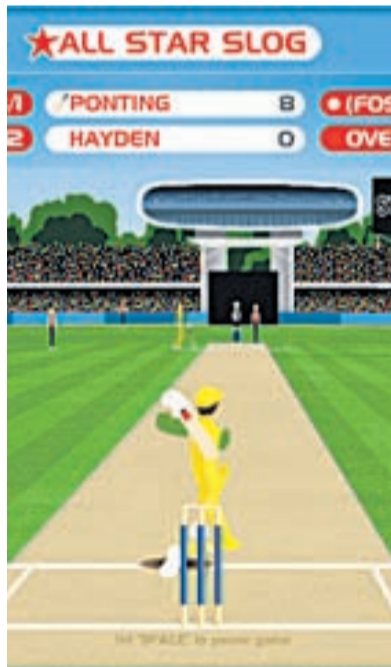


Stick Sports – take a bough

Azfarul Islam discovers that being malnourished doesn't make you a lesser player

An addicting compilation of Flash-based sports titles, *Stick Sports* is defined by its caricatured graphics and arcade-like gameplay. There are a surprising number of options and the communal aspects are quite brilliant. Once registered, you're able to log your statistics and watch yourself traverse worldwide tables. It's easily one of the true successors to cabinet gaming.

Stick Cricket



The problem with cricket games is that they often fail to capture the delicate nuances that govern the ebb and flow of real matches. In the case of the emaciated edition, it's a godsend. I mean, everyone really just wants to bat in cricket; bowling is so tedious. Stripping away complex shot intricacies, Stick Cricket drops you down to the very basics of batting: hitting the ball in whatever direction you fancy. However, it's upto the player to be observant and pick out the pitch, swing and bounce of the ball. Normally, you'll get away with standard cuts, drives and pull-shots when facing pure pacers. They bowl linearly and any tap can send the ball flying. The next step after that are the swing bowlers; unlike pacers their pitches will change direction mid-flight, requiring you to make some late shots. Pushing this further is the bane of all amateur batsmen: the spinners. They require constant attention and pretty good reflexes to keep up with. There are other permutations of bowl-

ing tactics as well, so the game doesn't lack depth. Fortunately, each bowler is preceded by a card displaying his name and attack style so that you are offered some semblance of preparation.

The All Star Slog mode is basically a by-the-overs cricket match. T2 Super 8 is a lot more exciting in that you play a series of matches in 2-over bursts with the final goal being the coveted victor of the 'Stick Cricket World Cup'. The Challenge mode is my personal favourite though. Here, you'll choose a club team and then attempt to score as many runs as possible from ten deliveries. Each boundary gives you an extra ball so theoretically you can keep going on. Getting out, however, costs a hefty five points. There's a Head2Head standing table that's updated to reflect the performance of the virtual teams. It's probably the only time I'll ever see my own team (Bangladesh) in the top three. Minnow? Stick Cricket begs to differ in its own zany way.

www.stickcricket.com

Stick Baseball



Ah, baseball. Assumedly created when overzealous Americans couldn't figure out the intricacies of cricket. The Stick edition of this Yankee pastime does away with the rigours and team stratagems in lieu of the "Smack That" tactics laid down by Dr Akon in collaboration with Prof Eminem of Rhythmic Ebonics fame. This game is limited to the four direction keys but don't let that fool you. In true arcade fashion, these simple controls take time to master, requiring vision, timing and occasionally, a bit of luck. There's a guiding box that players will use to gauge the apparent direction of pitched deliveries. Once you've decided your swing, tap the appropriate key at the right moment.

Initially, you'll be fooled easily because the pitches often don't go where you expect them to, but that's where the challenge comes into play. With time, you'll refine your technique, pick out the swing and smack that ball into the crowds.

The game offers quite a few modes. There's the standard training mode that gets you used to the controls in the guise of playing the role of rookie looking to get into a real team. The All Star Slug is a standard match whereas the Home Run Derby is a challenge where-

in you attempt you hit the highest number of home-runs. The number hit alongside the longest streak is recorded so that you may attempt to break into the Hall of Fame. The most involving mode, however, is World Domination. It's a ladder-style tournament where you start by playing the team at the bottom of the rankings and then build your way up to the very top. Passwords are offered after every match so that you can continue your blitzkrieg.

www.stickbaseball.com



Stick Football

If you're going to have a sports compilation it's a mortal sin to forego the greatest game of them all: football. Wii Sports' only failing is Stick Sports' triumph. Channelling the simple two-button energy of ancient arcade football, Stick Football is quite a challenging, peppy title. You're limited to eight-directional motion, a shoot and a pass/tackle button but that's perfectly fine, since you really need no more than that to truly enjoy the game (... and that was the sound of all the PES players just exploding right about now). The gameplay in general is fast-paced and frenetic as each team rushes to score before the whistle is blown. In an inspired touch that evaded classic football games, you're able to apply curl or height to your shots by holding the corresponding direction after

booting the ball. Stick Football can be a bit of a challenge to play if you're used to modern football games, but it's still good fun. Once you start scoring goals, it's plain awesome.

The best aspect of this game is the persistent league table that's updated every match day. When playing in the Premier League mode, you can directly affect the standings of your sports warriors by winning, losing or drawing. In the ubiquitous All Stars mode, you take on a star-studded team with any other group of your choice. Since the game was intended to be run alongside the 2006 FIFA World Cup, there's an eponymous mode where you take on national teams to win gold. For the EU-oriented, there's the Champions League. Unfortunately, other national leagues are absent.

www.stickfootball.com



Armchair athletes, fantasy leagues

Azfarul Islam tightens his 'laces, stretches his fingers and kisses the controller before the virtual kick-off

A mistimed challenge causes the ball to lazily drift towards you. You gingerly scoop it in front of you and scan your surroundings: your striking partner is still trying to catch up, the defenders are thundering towards you... what do you do? In a leap of faith, you make the mad dash towards fame, glory and exultation. A deft flip-flap here. A light touch there. And the goalie himself is now charging you down. This is it. This is your game.

of the most ubiquitous and rightfully popular genres in the gaming world: sports videogames.

The most interesting aspect of this genre of game is that it's the one of the most appealing overall, a true mainstream proponent, trailed loosely by franchise titles. Like the old death-and-taxes routine goes, every recent year has enjoyed / suffered (take your pick) a slew of sports titles.

Despite the creep of increasing ennui and ever diminishing returns, the sheer organic, ephemeral nature of the sports game just begs for inexplicable levels of popularity and more importantly: playability.

The most salient issue involves player congregation and social aspects. These games aren't usually meant to be played on your lonesome. Yes, you can spend ungodly hours touching upon the career modes, but are you really getting the most out of them? Increasing the difficulty only makes the opponent more clinical and precise with victories being hard-fought and glorious, but only for so long: are you

tricks. Changing the channel before a key moment? Pausing to fiddle with your line-up? Or perhaps even an ordinary foul – be it a shove, push or a bouncer straight at the chin. The possibilities are endless. Games that breed natural showboating such as skate- and snow-boarding are great for challenges of bravado. It can lead to some spectacular stuff and it's not hard to involve even the non-gamers out there.

The ease of controls and general parity is another magnanimous feature on offer. This allows more than the

With time, these little games have also evolved into something a whole lot more omnipresent. They are representative of many memetic values endemic to our time. From being the focus of cash-incentive tournaments to serving as random predictors, these games are so much more; fantasy online leagues included. They're key proponents of merchandising as well, particularly due to the inextricable linkage of largely lucrative franchises. EA knew what it was doing when it spent millions to attain exclusivity of the NFL banner. Whenever a watershed tournament is underway, you can be sure that a cavalcade of sports titles will follow.

This near-seamless integration of sport and game has led to intriguing outcomes. The first and foremost would be the promulgation of the sports themselves, and with time, the stars of the shows: the players. There were times, quite a few years ago, when I wondered as to how many of my friends were keeping so up-to-date with football players despite the lim-

activities like football have persevered for ages, things like skateboarding have yet to break into the casual crowd. Yet here we have people understanding the fine nuances of a manual trick from the comfort of their armchair. A few bumps and bruises may follow the next week, but someone will have attempted to break new ground.

Speaking of bumps, the Wii melds physicality into the noble art of armchair athleticism. When you get involved in a normal sports game, your body language expresses such. A goal

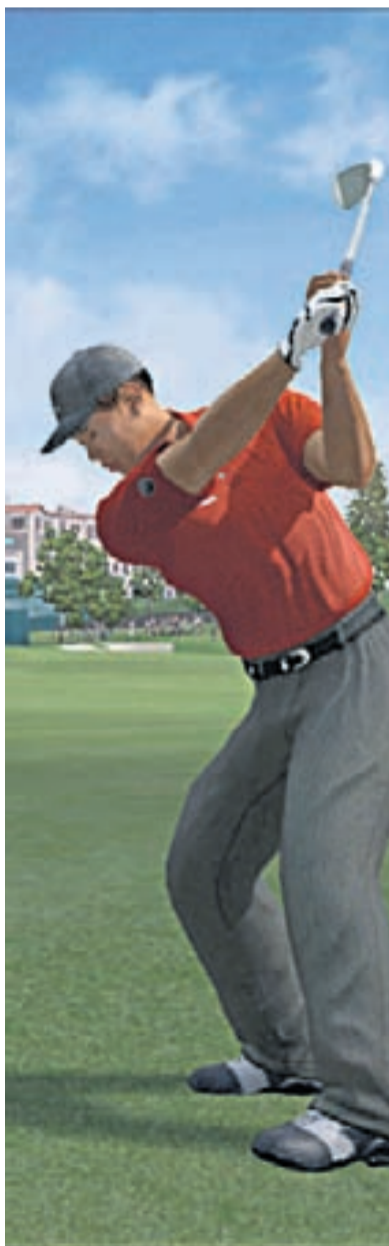


It's flip-flap time...

And you manage to flump and hit the bar.

The opposing players cheer while your partner groans; that was the third miss in a row. But hey, you can afford to try again since you're only playing a videogame.

In a broad sense of the word, gaming itself is much like a sport. It can be a challenging pastime, especially those titles bred under the "easy to learn, tough to master" mantra. The true haecceity of a game comes into play, however, when others are involved. The need to dominate and show off effuses from every pore and before long, you're engrossed with one goal in mind (pun intended). This level of pervasion is perfectly juxtaposed with the actual fervour and furore of a real world physical activity to present to you one



...but evading him *may* be painful

sad enough to claim superiority over a piece of plastic?

Enter your friends and family. This is where things get heated, intense and plain and simply random. It's a battle of wits, will and skills really as you use a mélange of tactics to outdo your peer(s). You can take him or her on with pure gameplay or perhaps spice things up with a few underhand



That came outta nowhere...

oft shallow cesspool of hardcore gamers to get drawn in, and rather deep at that. The embarrassing geek factor associated with videogames in general is usually exempt on most occasions. Despite being a game, this is still based on an actual sport and with advances, however little they may seem, the difference between the virtual and the real starts to blur. Even before the advent of the Wii, games like Tiger Wood's Golf and Fight Night (boxing) offered intuitive control systems that tried offer as organic experiences as possible so that you're in full control of every putt, sidestep and haymaker. Playing a round of football, cricket or basketball and passing around the controllers offers a pretty social outlook in that it combines two fervent topics of interests into a tasty package.



...or, y'know, from the next frame

ited TV showings and lack of Internet prevalence in Bangladesh. Upon investigation, one answer rose above the others: FIFA, EA's footballing behemoth. If I weren't mistaken later on, not only were these games telling fans about the players, but they were teaching something far greater. People were actually learning about the sports and experimenting. While ubiquitous ac-



Clearly waiting for streakers

in Pro Evo 6 is juxtaposed with a jump for joy whereas smacking a full-on ace in Top Spin leads you to swinging your controller just a bit to appreciate the harmony of such motion. Now what if that same body language, in sync with adrenaline-charged emotions, actually translated into gameplay? If a wild swing of your right hand claims you a 40-Love victory... if a violent jab knocks out your relentlessly dodging opponent... that's entertainment at a whole new level. The gap between the player and the game grows ever narrower since you realise that you have more control; there's more of you in the game.

So all this excitement begs the question: SSX 3 or real-life snowboarding? I'm more than inclined to try the latter any day now... once I've mastered the game iteration.



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Solution to 1,383

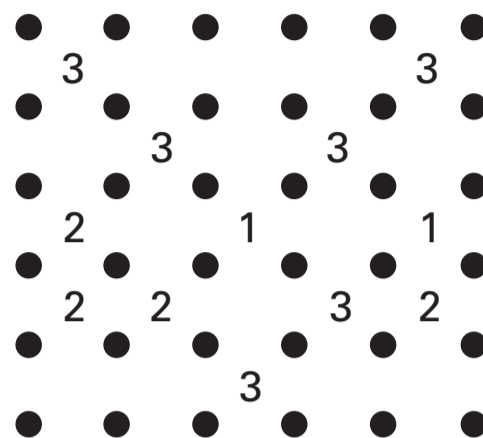
O	T	N	U	E	R	M	Q	A
Q	R	A	O	M	N	T	U	E
U	M	E	Q	A	T	R	O	N
N	E	U	T	Q	M	A	R	O
M	O	T	E	R	A	U	N	Q
R	A	Q	N	O	U	E	M	T
A	N	R	M	T	Q	O	E	U
T	Q	O	R	U	E	N	A	M
E	U	M	A	N	O	Q	T	R

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 the Wordoku 1,383 was **Dave Man**. The hidden phrase was "QUORNMEAT".

Slitherlink 1,384

Slitherlink 5 – Hard



How to play:

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

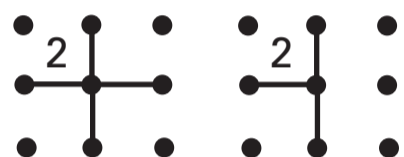
The object of the game is to draw lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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.

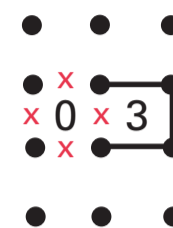
Remember, the line must form a loop, so the line cannot branch. The following situations are not allowed:



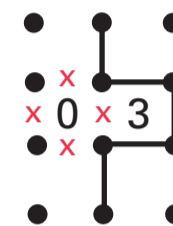
Squares are not allowed either. There are never cells containing the number 4 in Slitherlink.

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:



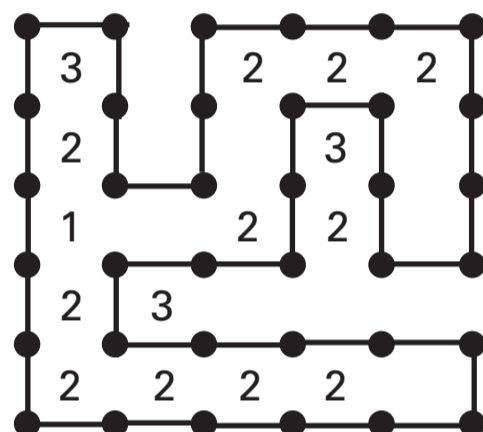
Now the lines can only continue in the following directions:



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.

This final paragraph is a tricky one. There are four lines to be filled. Did you know that a blue whale has a 9ft long penis which is 1ft in diameter?

Answers for Slitherlink 4



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



Aquarius

You will rediscover your childhood pet guinea pig which you have forgotten about. It is still alive (barely). It'll

tell you that its leg hurts, and then give birth to seventeen piglets. At this point you will realise that the anti-psychotic pills the doctor gave you aren't working and that you have just birthed a fridge.



Taurus

Taurean Boys: A girl will refer to you as a daffodil puncher. This means that you can not probably satisfy a woman via

the great art of fingering. They poke harshly rather than gently massaging. Taurean Girls: Watch out for daffodil punchers, especially the Rugby team. They get everywhere, except to the point...



Leo

You will discover the Theory of Quantum Fetish Mechanics. This is a rule which states that any conceivable fetish which

can be invented or conceived already exists on the Internet, and may have been brought into existence simply by thinking of it. So get thinking and invent some new fetishes. Here's one to start you off: elderly clown S&M.



Scorpio

On Sunday you will wake to discover that you have no memory of the night before and your head is pounding

like an angry gorilla is trying to get out. Also you are covered in cuts. This is because you will fall down the escalator in South Ken tube whilst blathered. Or maybe its because you will be abducted by aliens. Wait and see!



Pisces

You will go on safari in the near future with your parents. On returning one night to your lodge you will have to

walk through an animal enclosure. A panda will attack you. You won't make it to the lodge and mummy and daddy will put you in their Renault Megane to take away and dispose of later on when no ones looking...



Gemini

You will be diagnosed this week with a rare and fatal condition - lackalovitis, in which the infected

patient slowly deteriorates in health due to a lack of sweet loving. Unfortunately this disease is rampant in some departments, especially computing and physics. Only one cure is known, and you have to pay for it.



Virgo

An astounding thought will pop into your brain at around lunchtime on Monday. You will be unable to sup-

press the giddy feeling that you're soon going to be emotionally elevated to heights you've never before dreamed of being able to reach. Then you will realise you are still in bed and its Monday and you have a 9am lecture. Shit.



Sagittarius

You will go camping in the next week. Whilst walking through bracken with shorts on, you will get a tick on

your dick. This will preclude all sexual activity for the rest of your life, or until your grandmother removes it for you (the tick that it, not your dick!). Watch out for the number 59, it will come to haunt you. Also avoid the letter P.



Aries

This week one morning you will awake to discover a grundfuttock outside your bedroom window. A

grundfuttock is a large group of naked angry dwarves wielding oddly shaped hammers wearing cock rings. Close the curtains and run before they pin you down...



Cancer

On your way to college you will be accosted by a Mrmoose. This is a male moose or elk. A female moose is,

of course, a moosesse. They like ice-skating, knitting and have aversions to punting. Never insult a pregnant moosesse, it may be the last thing you ever do. You have been warned.



Libra

As a libran you like walking around naked, irrespective of your other flat-mates views. Librans are also violently

opposed to curtains, believing that they are responsible for global warming. Apparently 88% of all librans have been arrested for "indecent exposure" and "gross curtain negligence".

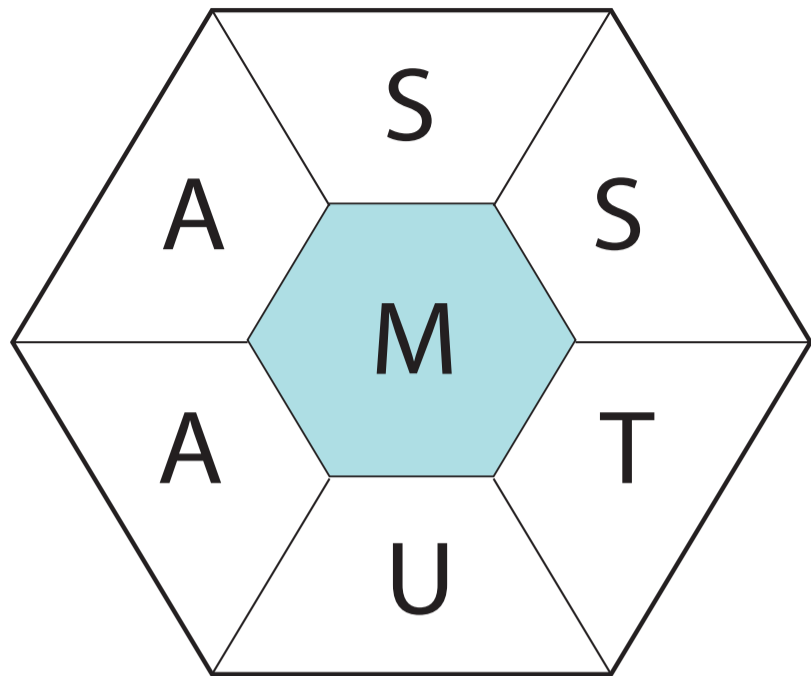


Capricorn

Absolutely nothing is going to happen in the next week to all capricorns. In fact you may as well stay in bed, as all

your lectures will be cancelled, and one twelfth of the world will hiberate. In fact the next thing of note will be on Friday when you read your horoscope again.

This week's hexagonal puzzle – Polygon of Death



How to play:

Using the letters given, not more than once, make as many words as possible. They must be at least four or more letters long and each word you come up with must include the central letter. Capitalised words, conjugated verbs (past tense etc), adverbs ending in "-ly", comparatives and superlatives are disallowed.

An example of a word you can't do in this particular Polygon is "felix". Clearly, this is not possible because you are missing the letters "f", "e", "l", "i" and "x". Another word that is not allowed would be "ass" as this clearly only has three letters. I think you get the general idea...

How to rate yourself:

Under 4 words: How the heck did you get into Imperial, you imbecile? Maybe it was a typing error by an administrator as dumb as you... go check.

4 – 8 words: You'll never graduate at this rate! Either that or you aren't an English student. Go throw yourself off Queen's Tower.

9 – 11 words: Oooh so close but so far, you're getting there! Something about persistence, or is it perspiration?

12 or more words: Flipping 'ell, your cunning linguistic skills are astounding!

Last week's solution:

The only seven letter word was:

NIPPLES

Congratulations to everyone with nipples.

Other words included:

isle, leis, lien, liens, lies, line, lines, lips, lisp, nipple, nips, penis, pepsin, pies, pile, piles, pine, pines, pins, pipe, pipes, pips, plies, sine, slip, snip, snipe, spiel, spile, spine, spinel, spline

Isn't it interesting that you can get the word "penis" from "nipples"?!

MM

Email in your comics: felix@imperial.ac.uk



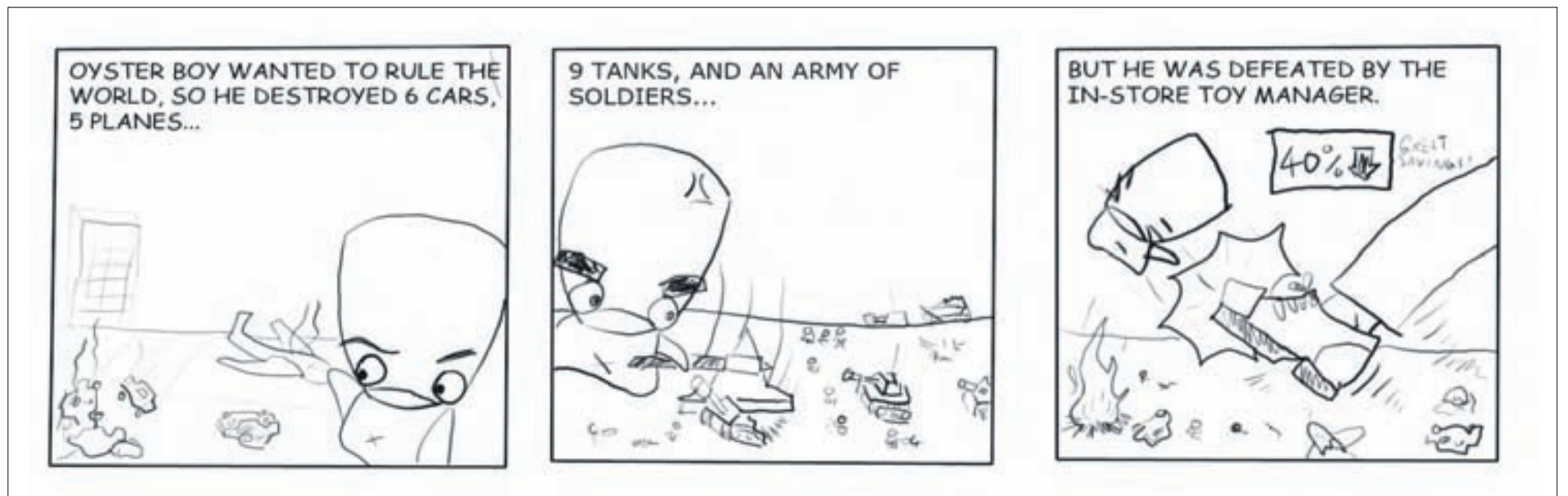
Is this your mug?



Our resident stalker is having the week off. More faces next time.

Oyster Boy

by Nanosheep



careersfair 2007

Wednesday 7th November • Thursday 8th November 2007
11am - 4pm • Queen's Lawn • Imperial College London • South Kensington

**Come and see all the big graduate
recruiters over two days.**

**find
your
future**

Casual staff are required for the set up and take down of this event.
If you are interested please contact union@imperial.ac.uk

imperialcollegeunion.org/careersfair



England's Rugby World Cup 2007



Daniel Lindsley and David Griffiths having a bevvie in Paris

Over in the glorious country of France...

Daniel Lindsley

September the 8th started promisingly enough. Dave and I had driven 2 hours east of Calais to Lens for England's opening match of their world cup campaign against the USA. With the sun blazing overhead England kicked off the defence of the William Webb Ellis trophy to the enthusiastic roar of Swing Low Sweet Chariot. How quickly the mood changed, after 80 minutes of rugby England had been written off, despite that fact that they had won. The match against South Africa only seemed to confirm our deepest fears, England may not even escape the group.....

Fast forward one week and again Dave and I were in Lens, this time for the South Africa vs Tonga match. Once again the sun was shining, but this time we were in for a real treat. The South Pacific Islanders were magnificent providing big hits and fantastic breaks, it seemed that South Africa were about to be on the receiving end of one of rugby's biggest upsets. The big guns were brought on to steady the Springbok ship, and that they did. But it could have been so different if the

ball had bounced the other way in the final play of the match. We had been privy to one of the matches of the tournament with an atmosphere the like of which I hadn't seen before.

We rushed quickly to the nearest bar to catch the England Samoa match, knowing that victory was needed to set up the group decider with Tonga. Despite some hairy moments England pulled through, and we set off into Lens city centre with some South African fans for a night of drinking and debauchery.

England beat Tonga the following week setting up a quarter final with Australia, but I had already abandoned hope of seeing them in the final, the general consensus being that France or New Zealand would meet South Africa in the Stade de France on the 20th of October.

Then the impossible happened, inspired by the monstrous Andrew Sheridan the England scrummaged, mauled and rucked the Wallabies into the ground, setting up an unlikely semi final with France who had come from behind to shock the All Blacks. Would we see the white of England in the final? Of course we would, I was never in

doubt! Another bruising affair saw the English chariot roll on after a narrow victory against Les Bleus, thanks in part to the magnificent boot of Jonny.

So, early on the morning of the 20th of October, Dave and I once more made our way to France. This time the destination for us and thousands of other English supporters was Paris. The atmosphere in the city was electric, thousands of singing fans, the French, who had been amazing supporters throughout the whole tournament, joining in. There was a real belief we could do it.

And we nearly did. If only that try had been given, if only those kicks had gone over, if only. To be brutally honest the best team throughout the tournament won, and our boys had been magnificent on their comeback from the thrashing they received only one month earlier.

And so to the after party, Dave and I headed into the city centre to sample the delights Paris had to offer. Surprisingly there was no mood of dejection amongst the English fans, after all the boys had surpassed all expectation. And the cup was only on loan to the Boks, we'll get it back in four years.



Tadpole realising that he's running out of beer



A picture from Stadi de France itself, the Rugby World Cup Final

Meanwhile in London...

Jovan Nedić
Sports Editor

There was no doubt that when the rugby club decided to host a special World Cup Final event in dB's, that England would not be in it, but yet there we all were about to watch them play against South Africa. Clearly we were not the only ones who couldn't believe it as the Union decided to put on an extra screen in the quad as well as the ones that will be showing it in Da Vinci's.

The night was an undoubtable success, with all three venues being packed with eager fans cheering on the England side, however the match itself didn't go our way. Footballers, hockey players, netballers, rugby fans and generally any fans that appreciated an English team being in the final of a world cup could be seen throughout

the union rooms watching the final.

Cries of disagreement could be heard throughout the country when the referee decided to not award the Cueto try, a try that could have led to an even more nail biting finish.

However the best team of the tournament did win, like Dan mentions in his article, and the English fans should be proud of how their boys managed to pull it all together when it really mattered.

So despite the fact the England didn't win the final, and on a quick side note Hamilton also failed to win the F1 championship, people were not dejected and the night carried on, with many staying in the Union until closing. Of course the South Africans that turned up were doing their best to reminded everyone who won, but don't you worry, we'll get it back!



A picture from dB's itself, the Rugby World Cup Final

The A.C.C. is here to help you!



Luke Taylor
A.C.C. Chair

This is my new (hopefully) weekly bit in Felix to keep you all up to date with the happenings of all the Sports Clubs in the ACC who maybe don't get the publicity they deserve.

Firstly this week, and I'm sure you've been admiring them on the centre pages, the Netball 1st team have had a couple of fantastic results recently, winning 63-19 last Wednesday in BUSA, and then beat St George's 2s 48-7 on Monday evening in ULU. They've finally learnt how to write, so read all about their exploits in the match report over here.

Other highlights of the season so far in the ACC have been the Mens Hockey 1s thrashing Royal Free 1s 8-1 in BUSA, and the Ladies 1s making a solid start with a 3-3 draw against Reading 1s. Another remarkable performance was from the Table Tennis team who destroyed Kings College 16-1! Mens Football also made a solid start to the season, the 1s starting their BUSA campaign with a 2-0 victory

against Westminster last week.

I'm writing this on Tuesday so have no idea what the big results section over there looks like, so hopefully we'll have had plenty of great results on Wednesday to continue the very good start to the season across the board!

A quick report to you all now on the ACC bar night that we held on the second Wednesday of term; we tried something different this time, and due to a massive turnout, a new record in fact, you may have felt like you didn't get enough red beer for your money?! Well you're probably right as the evening actually turned a profit, against our plans to break even, or even make a small loss. With the profit we did make we're going to try and ensure that the next bar night to be held near to the end of term is another record breaker, and that you can get your hands on more drink than you can shake a hockey stick at. Any suggestions about how we can do this should go to your club captains so they can be discussed at the next ACC meeting.

If you're reading this and thinking 'what about my club's excellent result' then you need to write a match report to be put into Felix, or let me know about it so I can briefly mention it here. Remember, this is your newspaper, and that means you need to contribute, either through my little section, or by writing a match report in yourselves.

For members of all ACC Clubs, and anyone else who isn't a member yet, but wants to be, my email is lt04@ic.ac.uk and you can email me at any time to find out about playing sport here at IC, I can put you in contact with the right people for your chosen sport.

Hopefully I'll have got the hang of this by next week and actually have something to write about, so for now, enjoy your sport, and remember, I can't shout about your achievements unless you tell me about it!

Sports Partnership

Alissa Ayling

The Sports Partnership is an alliance between Sport Imperial and Imperial College Union to oversee the development of student sport at Imperial.

The aims of the Partnership are to promote and enhance the performance and participation in student sport across the College in a safe environment through professionalism, relevant administrative support systems and advice.

This alliance between Sport Imperial and the Union provides the opportunity for students to benefit from the many opportunities that are available to them such as coaching, sports development, sports kit, club sponsorship and facility usage, as well as a dedicated student sport administrative presence based at the Union through

the Sports Partnership Administrator.

The Partnership seeks to encourage and support students to participate in organised sports through leagues and ladders, i.e. 5-a-side football leagues and squash ladders; the Sports Ambassador Scheme – the opportunity for students to gain a sports coaching qualification; BUSA support to help maximise the performance of Imperial sides; and developing clubs by providing help with coaching, kit, facilities and so on.

Since the Partnership was launched last year, Imperial's BUSA ranking has leapt by a massive 10 places from a measly 39th to a mighty 29th.

For more info contact Alissa Ayling, Sports Partnership Administrator: a.ayling@imperial.ac.uk 020 7594 3479



Imperial's Team of the Week

This week, the Netball 1st team are Imperial's Team of the Week for their outstanding win against University of Greenwich 1st. The girls managed to score 63 points in a 60

minute game, that's just over a score a minute (or for the keen eyed ones out there 1.05 points per minute).

Well done girls, let's hope the current run continues.

Pre-workout meals

Kelly McKenzie

Eating before your workout is something a lot of people aren't too clear on. Should you eat before you train? Well it's all about getting the balance right and finding out what works best for you.

It's not advisable to eat too much prior to exercise as this can make you feel tired or, worse still, cause upset stomach and cramping. However, not eating at all prior to training can also have a negative effect. Low blood sugar levels can cause us to feel weak, tired or faint. It can also affect our mental ability.

What should we eat then prior to training? Carbohydrate is our bodies preferred source of fuel as it can be easily digested, therefore you want this to form the main part of your pre workout meal. When should you eat your pre workout meal?

- Large meal, eat 4-6 hours prior to exercise
- Smaller meal, eat 2-3 hours before exercise
- Snack, depending on content, eat around 30 to 60 minutes prior to exercise

Please remember these are just guidelines. There are no hard and fast rules - what might work for you may not work for the next person.



Fixtures and Results

in association with Sports Partnership



Saturday 20th October

Football – ULU

King's Medicals 1st	10
ICU Men's 3rd	0
ICU Men's 4th	6
St. Bart's & London Men's 2nd	5

ICU Men's 5th	0
UCL Men's 6th	1

ICU Men's 7th	1
ICU Men's 6th	2

Sunday 21st October

Football – ULU

Royal Holloway Women's 1st	5
ICU Women's 1st	0
ICU Women's 2nd	0

Lacrosse - ULU

ICU Mixed 1st	9
St. Bart's & London Mixed 1st	6

Monday 22nd October

Netball – ULU

ICU 1st	48
St. George's Hospital 2nd	7
Royal Holloway 5th	9
ICU 2nd	28

Squash - ULU

ICU Men's 2nd	3
King's College Men's 1st	2
Imperial Medicals Men's 1st	2
ICU Men's 3rd	3

Wednesday 24th October

Badminton

ICU Men's 1st	7
University of Surrey Men's 1st	1
ICU Women's 1st	N/A
University of Bath Women's 1st	N/A

ICU Women's 2nd	CANCELLED
University of Kent Women's 1st	CANCELLED

Basketball

University of Portsmouth Men's 2nd	N/A
ICU Men's 1st	N/A

Fencing

University of London Men's 1st	129
ICU Men's 1st	97

ICU Men's 2nd	128
St. George's Men's 1st	121

Football

LSE Men's 1st	2
ICU Men's 1st	2

Queen Mary's 1st	3
ICU Men's 2nd	1

ICU Men's 3rd	0
Uni. of Bedfordshire (Luton) Men's 3rd	1

King's Medicals Men's 3rd (ULU)	2
ICU Men's 4th (ULU)	2

Royal Veterinary College Men's 1st (ULU)	0
ICU Men's 5th (ULU)	1

Imperial College at Wye Men's 1st (ULU)	5
ICU Men's 6th (ULU)	1

ICU Men's 7th (ULU)	1
King's Medicals Men's 5th (ULU)	1

Brunel Women's 2nd	1
ICU Women's 1st	1

Hockey

Kingston University Men's 1st	1
ICU Men's 1st	1
ICU Men's 3rd	6
University of East London Men's 1st	2
ICU Men's 2nd	2

ICU Men's 3rd	1
University of Surrey Men's 2nd	0

ICU Men's 4th	2
University of Sussex Men's 2nd	3

ICU Women's 1st	1
St. George's Hospital Women's 1st	3

University of Portsmouth Women's 2nd	7
ICU Women's 2nd	0

ICU Women's 1st	0
UCL Women's 1st	15

Royal Veterinary College 1st	24
ICU 1st	54

Canterbury Christ Church 3rd	29
ICU 2nd	49

ICU Men's 3rd	0
Thames Valley Men's Sessa XV	31

ICU Men's 1st	20
Uni. of Hertfordshire Men's 1st	19

University of Reading Men's 3rd	17
ICU Men's 2nd	17

ICU Men's 3rd	8
University of Essex Men's 2nd	10

ICU Men's Sessa XV	0
Thames Valley Men's Sessa XV	31

ICU Men's 2nd	0
ICU Men's 1st	5

ICU Men's 3rd	1
Uni. of Hertfordshire Men's 1st	2

ICU Women's 1st	N/A
University of Sussex Women's 1st	N/A

ICU Men's 1st	8
UCL Men's 1st	9

ICU Women's 1st	Walkover to Imperial
University of Essex Women's 1st	Imperial

ICU Men's 1st	Re-arranged
UCL Men's 2nd	Re-arranged

University of Reading Men's 3rd	0
ICU Men's 2nd	10

Brunel Women's 1st	5
ICU Women's 1st	5

ICU Women's 1st	2
University of Essex Women's 1st	1

ICU Women's 1st	2
University of Essex Women's 1st	1

Saturday 27th October

Football – ULU

ICU Men's 1st v LSE Men's 2nd	
St. Bart's & London Men's 1st v ICU Men's 2nd	
ICU Men's 3rd v King's College Men's 2nd	

Rugby 1st halt Hertfordshire

Rugby



Imperial Men's 1st XV	20
Hertfordshire Men's 1st XV	19

Jovan Nedić
Sports Editor

After last weeks disappointing performance against Brunel, the 1st XV were ready to make amends. The majority of the changes to the side for this weeks fixture were made in the backs, with most of the positions being filled by debutantes.

Today's match was against Hertfordshire, who have slowly been working their way up the league tables, a progress which was undoubtedly helped by the Saracens academy. However their progressive climb through the league tables was going to come to an end as the 1st team had something to prove.

The first half was, for lack of a better word, sensational; forwards and backs were working in complete harmony and our discipline was unparalleled. Within the first 10 minutes, Imperial had managed to secure a penalty, which the hooker Alex Johnstone easily converted. The forwards then decided to flex their muscles a bit and orchestrated a well trained rolling maul off a line-out, which Alex Johnstone scored. It was then the turn of the backs to show their skills, which they did magnificently off a scrum where Rob Phillipps scored the try which was converted. Hertfordshire were given no chance to do anything useful, and as such the score was 15 - 0 at half time.

After the great morale boosting per-

formance of the first half, things went a little downhill. Hertfordshire began to show signs of why they have been working their way up the leagues, and things weren't helped by Imperial's captain Andrew Jasudasen being sin binned for killing the ball. In the brief 10 minutes that he was off, Hertfordshire managed to score 19 points, leaving Imperial on the back foot.

However, once the captain, and Twat of the Match, came back on the pitch, the team rallied together and scored

another rolling maul try, this time with Tom Zeal putting the ball over the try line. Hertfordshire again increased the intensity, and managed to get a penalty in the last play of the game, which luckily for Imperial went wide of the posts and gave them a very narrow 20 - 19 win.

Special mention has to go to Man of the Match Alex Johnstone for his all round performance, as well as the debutantes Giles Mumford and Max Joachim.



Imperial setting up a solid defensive line against Hertfordshire

Virgins whittle down Writtle

Rugby



Writtle Women's 1st XV	5
Imperial Women's 1st XV	50

Ann Sara Sheikh

The match started in a rush with the Virgins arriving fifteen minutes before kick off, the delay being due to the fact that Writtle, for those of you who don't know, is an agricultural college in Essex (i.e. chav farmers).

The Virgins were faced with a daunting task as they arrived on the pitch to meet an opposition twice its size and just as mean-looking. However this did not faze them and five minutes into the first half, the first try was scored by Samantha Pemberton. Followed closely by Roxanne Crossley, Courtney Burtenshaw and Jess Alcena bringing the total at the end of the first half to 32-0 with conversions being scored by Vice Captain Roxanne Crossley.

The second half began with the Virgins being pre warned by Coach John Sykes and Captain Elena Bailey against complacency, ready to defend against the sheer ferocity of the opposition, who were fueled by frustration from the first half. The Virgins responded

with skill, with both the backs and the forwards performing as a cohesive unit, recycling the ball and using the full width of the pitch to gain advantage. However the game began to slow down, constantly interrupted by injury on the opposition's side and mistakes being made on both sides, including naked frog ploughing into the referee and knocking him over in an attempt to tackle the opposition. This worked in the Virgins favour as the opposition's belching number two was no match for Theresa Wright the hooker (and forward of the match) who stole the ball time and time again and passed to the backs, who dodged, dashed and ran circles around the opposition. Writtle eventually scored their only try of the match mostly due to laziness on our part, The First Lady herself even quoting that 'she wasn't tired but couldn't be arsed running any more'. But the Virgins responded with more tries bringing the final total to 50-5. More tries being scored by Louisa Stokes, Courtney Burtenshaw and Jess Alcena (back of the match).

Special mention goes to the three Virgin newbie's Grace Cairns, Helen Warren and Emilie Macé and one returned Virgin Rebecca Harrison who played a great match, marking her return from injury.

Hater mail for Mr. Muscle



Chirush Patel
Mr. Muscle

So you have been reading this article week in, week out, and with your own hard work and dedication you have seen some nice changes in yourself of late. Good for you I say, as will others I'm sure. However there is another side...

I was reading through some fan mail recently and I came across some messages which can generally be read as follows:

Dearest Mr Muscle, I have been reading your article in recent weeks and must say I am very impressed by your desire to help those who may benefit from your gym expertise. I too am impressed by your immortal mass and

unparalleled definition, which is only matched by your quick turn of word and adept use of the English language, to provide a thoroughly enjoyable read. However, as is my inane nature, I find it necessary to hate on your success. I must hate on your training techniques. Granted these are the very techniques that have helped you attain an Olympian physique, and, had I been bothered to research, I would find that they are also based on the workouts of some of the most successful bodybuilders such as 8 time Mr Olympia, Ronnie Coleman and furthermore backed up by world renowned exercise institutes. However you are unqualified as per paper qualifications, and therefore I must look past any evidence of their success as it gives me an opportunity to hate on you. I have never stepped into a gym, preferring the docile environment behind the computer from which I send you this message, and as such have no idea what good training technique involves, but seeing your success inspires my hate. True, I wish not get bigger, but as I watch you excel in this field I feel the need to besmirch your name.

I understand I will be depriving Imperial College this great commodity, but I think only for myself, and to put you down will satisfy me more than any women/ man could.

Love and kisses your number 1 player hater.

Obviously this is just an excerpt but you get the picture. Usually I don't pay attention to this sort of hate mail, but I thought it important to warn all my

budding gym enthusiasts as to what the future holds. Sure a vast majority of people will commend the fruits of your labour in the gym, but a few select haters will not be happy to see you thrive. They will try and put you down, pitying their own lack of definition, and hope to knock your confidence. To these haters I give thanks, as your hate confirms the success of others. Without darkness there is no light, and the light at the end of your tunnel of dark hate is confirmation of excellence.

The best way of responding to hate is by doing your thing and being a success, be like Gandhi and practice non violence. 9 out of 10 haters will never say anything to your face, underlying the weakness in character. I can respect a person that steps to me as a man and challenges my techniques, with good arguments. Simply saying that my techniques are rubbish is whack, because I have 8kg of lean muscle over 3 years that tells me otherwise. So bring your hate, because I'm still going to do my thing and write to entertain. Readers, you keep doing your thing, revel in the hate because hate is the inbred cousin of admiration.

Some things, unlike Victoria Beckham's bra size, will never change. Haters are going to hate. Just carry on gyming and being the person you want to be. I believe Energia are offering new workouts, check it out it may be good stuff. But I'm still here to entertain and motivate the masses and keep you haters in check.

Believe that!

How to greet an Englishman The Aussie version:



The South African Version:



Netball on a winning streak

Netball

Imperial 1sts	63
Greenwich 1st	19

Netball

Imperial 1sts	48
St. George's 1st	7

Netball

Royal Vets 1st	24
Imperials 1sts	54

Kate Chapman

We got our season off to a start with a trip to Holland Park on the 17/10/07 for our first BUSA game. After discussion between us, Holland Park and IC tennis (who still haven't come to claim the drinks we said we would buy them every Wednesday in the union!), we finally managed to get on the court. Missing our GS we dragged in Rachel Dilley to play (usually a GD) and by the end of the first half it was obvious the game was in the bag! With attack, Jess Marley and Jen Lang working the ball around the goal third and Sara Willis and Rachel never missing a shot, it was



Imperial going for the net

38-12 to us by the end of the first half. We stepped up the game in the second half with defence Candy Fisher, Alex Godlee and Kate Chapman owning their goal third and only letting them score 7 goals! We ended our first match 63-19. Man of the Match was Sara Willis, IC player of the match was Jen Land and Candy Fisher got Twat of the match for sitting in bird poo and getting it absolutely everywhere.

Our second game was a ULU match against St Georges Medics 2nd team in Ethos. Again we got off to a good start and at the end of the first half it was 22-4 to IC. Despite us all sweating like a [redacted] (Ethos needs air con!) and sliding around on the freshly polished floor we had another convincing win 48-7. Man of the Match was Sara Willis, IC player of the match was Alex Godlee and Twat of the match went to Jess Marley for the most shocking pass in the history of

All England Netball.

Then it was off to the country to play Royal Vets 1st who had been relegated from the league above. We 'thought' they were going to be good going on previous encounters (losing heavily) with this 'team of giants'. We fought hard and were up at the end of the first half despite a couple of bloody injuries (Candy gauging her knee whilst tying her shoe laces). We kept fighting and the end score was 54-24 to us, another amazing score from the girls in blue! Man of the Match once again was given to Sara Willis, IC player of the match was Lauren Anderson-Dring for her first game in IC colours and once again Twat of the match went to Candy Fisher for her unfortunate incident and brilliant First Aid skills. I'd like to say thanks to all the team for their continued commitment and determination on court.

Lets keep it up girls!!!

Hockey men's 1st contain Rums

Hockey

Imperial Men's 1st XI	8
RUMs Men's 1st XI	1

Owen Connick

IC arrived at the fortress in sterling readiness for an absolutely spiffing afternoon of jolly hockeysticks and perhaps the chance to quaff a beverage or two post game.

After a confidence-building warm up accompanied by the MC stylings of DJ Date Rape, IC took to the field in buoyant style. Good early pressure paid off with a supremely taken goal by Jumanji within the first 2mins. RUM's managed to fight their way into the game with some gutsy play in a match that was becoming increasingly physical. IC however proved themselves the stronger team with some more classic manoeuvres and a touch a good fortune. By half time the lead had been stretched to 4-0.

The second half began at the same furious pace as the first had ended. Excellent effort and commitment from the midfield trio of Krusty, Princess and Paedo all but neutralised RUM's two most threatening players. Any attacks

which did manage to sneak through were cleaned up and thrown out by the solid back four of Mountie, Shipman, Date Rape and Foetus, while Plug had a fairly quiet game in goal. As legs began to tire, IC introduced some fresh legs in the form of Nugget Porn and Ass Rape who both showed great skill. More good work from the forwards saw Sid grab a couple and Jumanji getting a double hattrick. Stumpy failed to make the score sheet but was central to every attack and made a major contribution to the game.

IC ended the game tired and showing signs of the fray but proud and pleased to register their first win of the season.



Man of the hour Jumanji

Hockey get state of the art pitch

England hockey international and Imperial students launch a new hockey pitch at Harlington Sports Ground

Leena Bharadia Sport Imperial

Students from both Imperial College Union Hockey Club and Imperial Medics Hockey Club gathered at their brand new hockey pitch on Friday 5 October as part of its official opening by England Hockey International, Jennie Bimson.

The event was also attended by Professor Rees Rawlings and his wife, Anne. Professor Rawlings, who recently retired from his position as Pro Rector for Educational Quality, has

been heavily involved in the College's sporting matters for a number of years and was delighted to see the new pitch in place.

The surface is the first of its kind to be installed anywhere in the UK. The Tiger Turf WETT system is designed to offer hockey players the perfect surface to perform their skills. The dense fibres, with inbuilt 'wet feel,' provides a durable playing surface, which can be used in wet or dry conditions. This surface, the most advanced in world hockey, meets the International Hockey Federation's highest test standards

and can also be used for other sports including football and tennis.

The event kicked off at midday with Jennie Bimson, who has 165 caps for England under her belt, cutting the ribbon and officially opening the pitch. Jennie kindly donated a signed shirt from the England Women's Hockey Squad and took a 45 minute training session with about 20 Imperial students.

The students were really put through their paces during the session and learnt a few new tricks from their experienced coach. Even Union President, Stephen Brown, could not resist taking part. Stephen, a footballer for the College whilst studying, was dressed in the necessary attire and put in goal for the session managing to please the crowd with some amazing saves.

Professor Rawlings said a few words over lunch in the ground's pavilion, commenting on the "superb quality" of the new pitch and also advising students to make the most of their time at university by taking part in as much sport as possible.

Neil Mosley, Head of Sport Imperial, added: "We are delighted with our new pitch. The quality of the advanced pitch system demonstrates our commitment to developing our facilities for the benefit of our students and the local community, as well as strengthening our partnership with QPR FC. Now that the academic year has begun, we will be able to see this new pitch being used to its full potential by Imperial hockey players."



ICU and Medic hockey players pose for a photo with Jennie Bimson



Union President Steve Brown with Jennie Bimson (ain't she small)

To crunch or not to crunch?



Andy Mitchell
Energia Fitness Instructor

Training of the abdominal region is probably the most carried out, most talked about and most misunderstood area of everyone's exercise regime. Lets discuss.

Let me tell you now, forget what you have read about in magazines and newspapers or seen on TV - doing a million and one abdominal exercises will never get you a flat stomach. Okay now for the good news - everyone has a flat stomach. Unfortunately most people tend to have a certain amount of body fat covering it. This fat, ladies and gentlemen, cannot be burnt off by doing stomach after stomach exercise. A balanced healthy diet and plenty of varied exercise is the only way to reduce body fat. Fat reduction and the best methods of achieving it will be discussed in future articles.

So if in order to get a flat stomach we need to eat well and exercise more, why do we do abdominal exercises at all? Well, exercising the abdominal muscles will make them bigger just like any other muscle as long as you use the correct number of repetitions and sets and are taking in the right nutrition and levels of rest. However the increase in size is unlikely to be noticeable to any

great degree and unless you have a low body fat percentage you are not going to see any real definition anyway.

The main reason we should train the abdominal muscles is to aid the stability and support of our spine and pelvis during the movement of our arms and legs and as a link in the kinetic chain to transfer force from the legs up through to the arms. While we are talking about stability and support let me clear up a common misunderstanding - abdominal training is not core training. The abdominal muscles are some of the major contributing muscles of the core but training them does not mean you are training your core. The core is an interlinking system of many muscles involving complex motor programmes. To explain what it is, how it works, and how to train it would be digressing from the current topic of discussion so I suggest you come and speak to one of the Energia instructors for more information.

How then, do we train the abdominals for stability and support of the spine and pelvis, or in the transfer of force through the body? Sadly crunches, ob-

lique crunches, leg raises etc aren't the answer. The rectus abdominis (the "6 pack") is designed to work as a major stabiliser of the spine, predominantly in full spinal extension. It is not designed to be crunched, crunched, then crunched some more. In fact the main result of crunching away is to increase the muscle's resting tone causing a shortness of the muscle which leads to imbalances in the body which in turn will lead to numerous injuries, aches and pains, predominantly of the lower back and neck region.

Have a good look at most footballers (sorry to pick on you footballers out there but you tend to do a vast amount of crunches in your training!) from the side and you will invariably see a depressed rib cage and a forward head posture (your ears by the way should be in line with your shoulders not in front of them!). Oblique crunches, bicycle crunches and exercises along those lines will also cause the same problems.

You'll have to come and find our page again next week to learn how you should train your abdominal muscles.



Check out the abs on this fella

Sports league

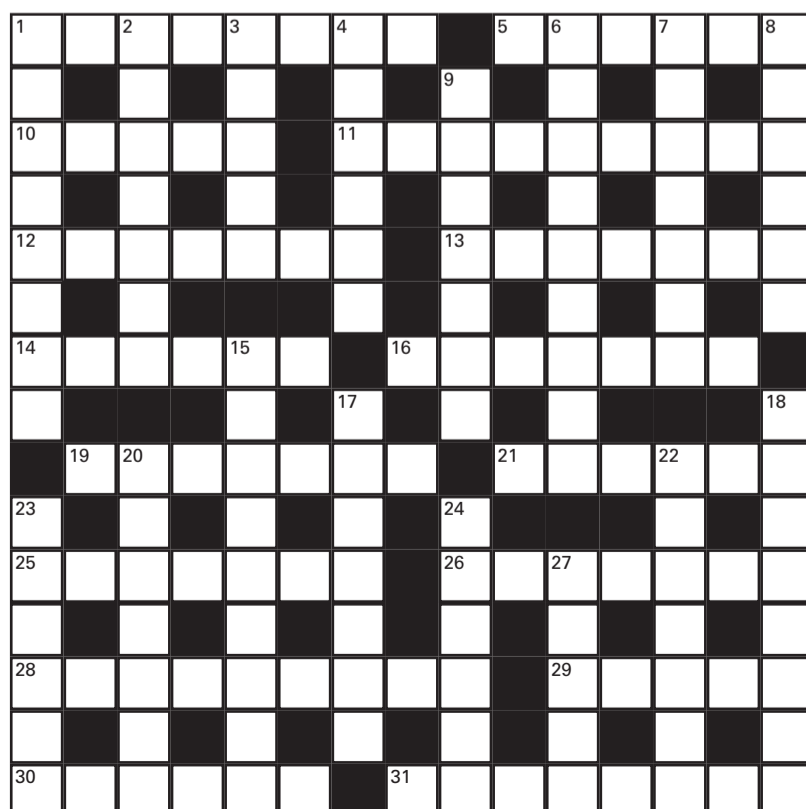
Week 3 and a lot more results are in. The ranking of the teams is based on the Felix Index (FI), which is calculated as follows: $FI = (W*5) + (D*2) - (L*3)$. The netball girls are the new leaders of

the league after a string of amazing results, whilst the Lacrosse team are sadly bottom. If you think I've missed out any BUSA results, please let me know and I'll add them next week.

	Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	%	FI
1	Netball 1st	2	2	0	0	117	43	74	100	10
2	Squash Men's 1st	2	2	0	0	10	0	10	100	10
3	Tennis Men's 2nd	2	2	0	0	20	0	20	100	10
4	Volleyball Women's 1st	2	2	0	0	6	1	5	100	10
5	Football Men's 1st	2	1	1	0	4	2	2	50	7
6	Hockey Men's 1st	2	1	1	0	9	2	7	50	7
7	Cricket Men's 1st	5	3	0	2	926	678	248	60.00	7
8	Rugby Union Men's 1st	3	2	0	1	43	37	6	66.7	6
9	Badminton Men's 2nd	1	1	0	0	6	2	4	100	5
10	Fencing Men's 2nd	1	1	0	0	128	121	7	100	5
11	Netball 2nd	1	1	0	0	49	29	20	100	5
12	Rugby Union Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	50	5	45	100	5
13	Squash Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	3	1	2	100	5
14	Table Tennis Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	21	0	21	100	5
15	Rugby Union Men's 2nd	3	1	1	1	57	72	-15	33.3	3
16	Football Women's 1st	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	2
17	Tennis Women's 1st	1	0	1	0	5	5	0	0	2
18	Badminton Men's 1st	2	1	0	1	9	7	2	50	1
19	Hockey Men's 2nd	2	1	0	1	6	6	0	50	1
20	Squash Men's 2nd	2	1	0	1	4	6	-2	50	1
21	Table Tennis Men's 1st	2	1	0	1	24	10	14	50	1
22	Badminton Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23	Badminton Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
24	Basketball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
25	Basketball Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26	Cricket Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
27	Equestrian 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
28	Equestrian 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
29	Fencing Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
30	Golf 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
31	Lacrosse Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
32	Netball 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
33	Tennis Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
34	Volleyball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
35	Water Polo Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
36	Hockey Women's 1st	2	0	1	1	4	6	-2	0	-2
37	Hockey Men's 3rd	3	1	0	2	3	2	1	33.3	-3
38	Rugby Union Men's 3rd	3	1	0	2	51	27	24	33.3	-3
39	Badminton Women's 1st	1	0	0	1	2	6	-4	0	-4
40	Fencing Men's 1st	1	0	0	1	97	129	-32	0	-4
41	Hockey Men's 4th	1	0	0	1	2	3	-1	0	-4
42	Squash Men's 3rd	1	0	0	1	1	2	-1	0	-4
43	Tennis Men's 1st	1	0	0	1	2	8	-6	0	-4
44	Football Men's 2nd	2	0	0	2	1	7	-6	0	-8
45	Football Men's 3rd	2	0	0	2	0	7	-7	0	-8
46	Hockey Women's 2nd	2	0	0	2	1	15	-14	0	-8
47	Lacrosse Women's 1st	2	0	0	2	8	26	-18	0	-8

Crossword No. 1,384

Answers to: sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk



ACROSS

- 1 A doubt problem (8)
- 5 Pancake prattle (6)
- 10 Panes broken by the tree (5)
- 11 California party sends air back to the canteen (9)
- 12 The storm left the man on his head in torn suit (7)
- 13 To support an Eastern wife (7)
- 14 Boredom when a prayer is heard (6)
- 16 A cinder receptacle lost around Hamburg (7)
- 19 Bowmanship puts clergyman's head in hospital at the end of the day (7)
- 21 Songwriter talks about light years on a Rhode Island street (6)
- 25 The queen coated in tehina tickles my funny bone (7)
- 26 Some time captured in a gemstone. Perfect. (7)
- 28 Racist policy by heartless pest around our decaying world (9)
- 29 To lie about artificial intelligence in the desert (5)
- 30 The ends of the otter stumble (6)
- 31 Fire in a broken prayer reaches the highest heaven (8)

DOWN

- 1 A certain amount of blended colour in a mouldy pot (8)
- 2 Discuss former currency (7)
- 3 A large mass of Gallium found on a Pacific island (5)
- 4 Inverted chord around one flower (6)
- 6 Dislike of scrap metal coated in indifference (9)
- 7 A cracked mural of equations (7)
- 8 In the beginning, Eve noticed Adam's mixed emotions: "Let's get a covering." (6)
- 9 Confused, effete son loses some testosterone: a crime! (7)
- 15 The stewardess in America kept the ends of her cigarette (9)
- 17 Business-like alien wants a cut of meat (7)
- 18 Horse, delay a charged particle (8)
- 20 Unrestrained sheep gasp (7)
- 22 Huge In-Mei Ming touches sensei's heart (7)
- 23 Foil the misshapen threat of William replacing Edward (6)
- 24 Battered commandos without their mothers wear only a sheath (6)
- 27 Stay and have tea. A mess, but delicious (5)

Welcome to another nice crossword. Enoch has again done the business and is serving up a scintillating slice of wordy wonderment for your delight and delectation. Gorge on this fabulous feast of choice clues and fill in your answers on the monocromatic grid.

Enjoy the crossword like a fine wine (I recommend Chablis with this crossword, as it brings out the light flavours and subtle tones). Send your answers in to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk if you feel like it. Bye!

Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,383

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



Netball girls dominate

The netball girls report on their amazing start to the season, see page 38



IC 3rd XV shut out Essex

Rugby



Essex Men's 3rd XV	0
Imperial Men's 3rd XV	31

Borja Sordo de la pena

ICURFC 3rd XV didn't have the greatest of starts to the day as they managed to leave behind their kit; nevertheless the day produced an exciting encounter.

Kick-off was promptly taken after a display of what can only be described as IC efficiency from the 3rd XV. Essex 2nds received the kick-off to find themselves swept away by the IC forwards, who turned the ball over. The scrum half (Lucky) sent the ball flying to the backs, who in a display of champagne rugby ran the ball avoiding tackles and was only stopped from scoring a try by an unfortunate knock-on. The scrum was placed and both packs met, with IC emerging victorious in this clash of titans and proving who the real men were.

After a few phases the backs were again given a run and they proved to be deadly, this time with Brian scoring the first try of the match. The try was well converted by Fly-half Borja Sordo, and IC found themselves leading the

match.

The rugby got a bit scrappy for a while and after a missed penalty from Essex, IC got back into shape and executed some brilliant back moves to once again put one past Essex via flanker Adam Baldwin who broke through the Essex line to put the ball down. Half-time arrived and IC led by 12-0. After an inspiring speech from captain Ollie "I like to swear in my speeches, a lot" Bevis, the IC players felt obliged to score at least three more tries in the second half.

The second half resembled a bit like the match where France lost all hopes of winning the world cup, and IC found themselves leading all over the pitch. The Forwards dominated in what proved to be a display of sheer power and with their support, the backs just kept running the ball into space. With Essex on the back foot, IC found it relatively comfortable to play some beautiful moves and tries were scored by outside centre Tom, wing Max "coolest name on the planet" Steel and other wing Josh. Two of these were converted to result in a 31-0 score.

Overall a triumphant day for the IC 3rd XV who duly celebrated on the bus journey back with a few fresher songs, some baby jokes and the presentation of the Man of the Match Trophy (courtesy of Pete Lee and Orlando) to Mick.

Wakeboarding beach party

Jon Watkins

Back again for its fifth year, the infamous wakeboarding beach party kicked off the 2007 year.

For the uneducated amongst us wakeboarding is a combination of snowboarding and waterskiing. It can be done behind a boat, using the wake to throw yourself in the air, or for the poorer folk it can be done on a large circle cable. More advanced riders can use jumps and rails (kickers and sliders in our lingo) to throw some big tricks, or land on their head!

The beach party is an opportunity for 50 newbies to come and have a go, enjoy a BBQ and watch some pro riders show them how it's done. They start off on kneeboards (large foam tea-trays) to get used to the cable and progress onto wakeboards. This year we had a particularly lively bunch of newbies. They dealt with the cold with elegance, and kept smiling and bouncing all afternoon. Although this was the first time for many some guys stood up and got all the way round, and others struggled to get off the dock. As someone who spent 6 weeks trying to get round the first corner I can tell you perseverance is the key..and its well worth it! All the more advanced members are really keen to help everyone progress, and we



Raley



Backroll

run termly weekend tours to give you some more intense coaching.

Big thanks to Relentless for providing us with crates of free drink to keep us all pumping, and to all the guys at JB's for keeping the tunes pumping and the cable running.

If you're interested in coming wakeboarding with us then email our club President, John Hawkins on jh806@ic.ac.uk or go on our club page for more details: www.imperialcollege-union.org. We hope to hear from you soon.