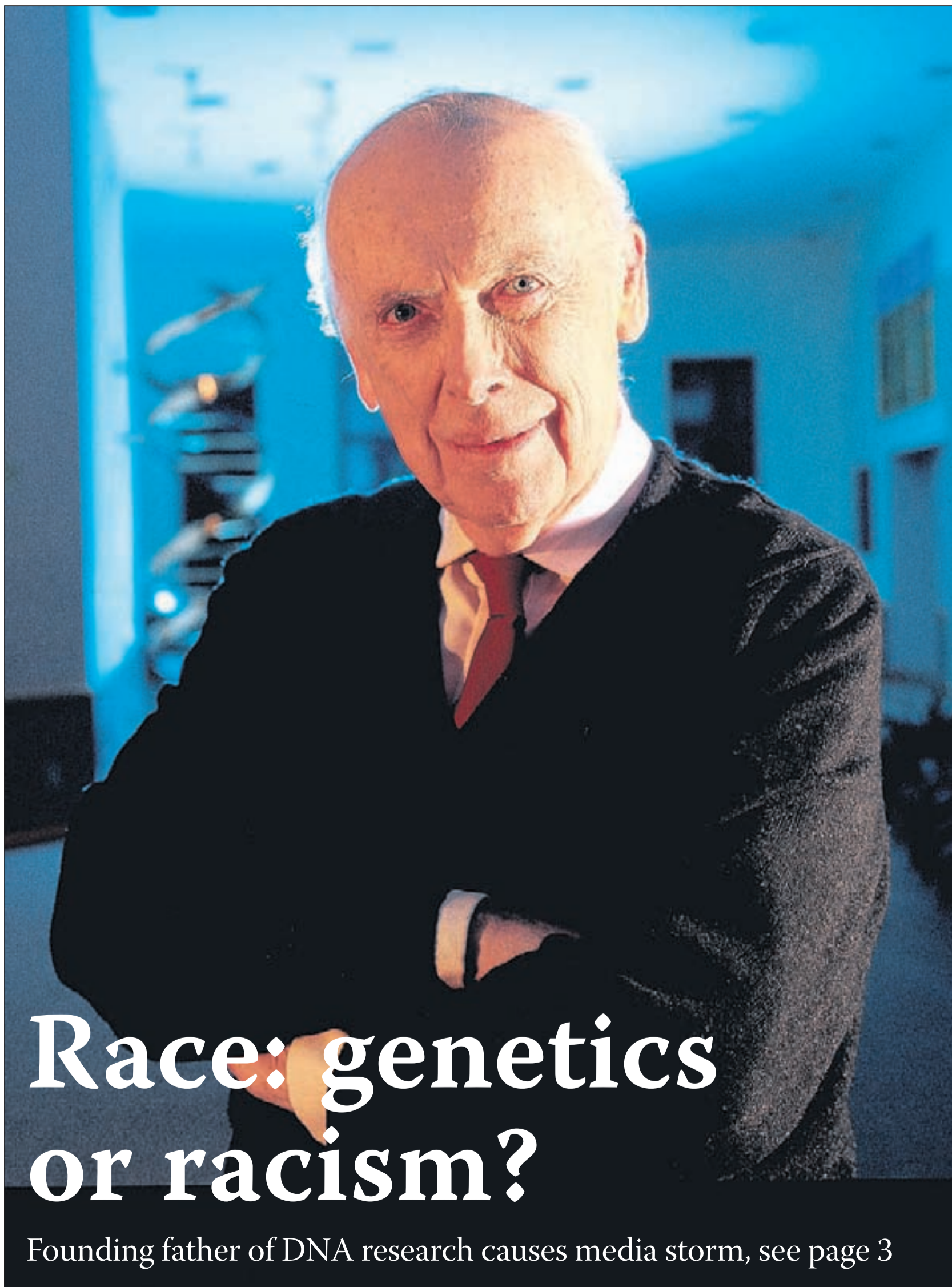


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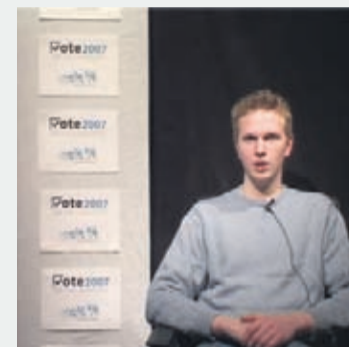


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News

News Editor – Andrew Somerville

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Council increases by eight...

...but hardly anybody turns up to hear the outcome of the results

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

Last week, the Council and Trustee Board elections came to a close with many positions remaining unfilled partly due to an initial lack of participation but also because RON (re-open nominations) beat some of the candidates. In total, Council has gained eight more members whilst the Trustee Board has added one more to its committee.

Before voting had even begun, it was known that there would be vacancies on Council. Some positions were not even contested; postgraduate representation was especially dismal with only one PhD student running.

The majority of the results were announced in dB's last Friday at lunchtime, to an audience of approximately six people as well as the handful of students who just happened to be sinking their teeth into a bite to eat. Unsurprisingly the student body didn't flock in droves to be a part of the nail-biting climax to a month's worth of non-existent campaigning. The lack of candidates waiting to hear their fate, however, was more worrying and begs the question: did those students even care whether they won a place on Council or not? Either that or the Union has done an incredibly lousy job of emailing people to tell them when the results were going to be released. Nevertheless, the committee has gained a handful of new members who will hopefully



A plethora of Council candidates eagerly await the results

bring some much needed debate to the monthly meetings.

A flattering two thousand votes were cast individually, but overall the turnout was low with the most successful candidate receiving 74 votes. A breakdown of the results can be found

elsewhere on the page. There were a few surprises in the Undergraduate Engineering Councillor and the Trustee Board categories where this year's RON representative, RON Weasley, managed to vanquish three foes with his magic wand. These positions will be recontested at the next Council meeting along with the other outstanding places. A by-election will be run, whereby people will turn up to the Council meeting and put themselves forward to be on the committee.

If you were completely unaware the election had even happened and you have a burning desire to be on Council or the Trustee Board, come along to the next meeting in the Union Dining Hall on Monday 10th December at 6:30pm. There were some rather tasty pastries at the last meeting so what have you got to lose?

Halt the Beit redevelopment project or run the gauntlet?

Once again, Beit was the main point of discussion at the most recent meeting of the Executive (Exec) committee. The Union is in somewhat of a quandary; whether or not to go ahead with the second phase of the Beit Masterplan.

The Masterplan is the long-term redevelopment plan to update Beit's facilities. The first phase was completed last academic year when da Vinci's was refurbished and a lift was installed in the Union's main entrance. Several weeks ago Felix reported on the revelation that funding for the first phase came from the Union's General Reserve, a very large pot of money intended for use in the event of a catastrophe. The money for Phase 1 should never have been authorised to come from this reserve in the first place.

Now however, the Union is debating whether to deplete the General Reserve even more in order to fund the second phase of the Masterplan which will see a massive redesign of the Union offices including a sparkling new Student Activities Centre, to replace the existing one in the East Basement of Beit Quad as well as a new gymnasium and activity space on the third floor.

College has said that it is happy to give over £1.4m to fund the second phase, however the Union needs to stump up the rest of the cash: around £1.7m. In a report to Exec, the Union President Stephen Brown wrote that "we are confident ... that Union Reserves could be used to fund £1.2m of our share".

If the full amount is used, the Union would be left with a severely compromised General Reserve. Even then, the Union is £500k short of the total amount it needs to raise. Mr Brown continued by stating that the difference would have to be made up over a period of 19 months using "other revenue streams within the Union" such as trading and entertainment. The £1.2m figure is not set in stone however. For instance, it was suggested at Exec that a smaller proportion of the Reserve could be taken meaning even more money would need to be generated from other revenue streams.



Is it the end of the line for the Beit redevelopment?

Either way, if a decision to go ahead with the redevelopment is taken, the Union may be forced to call upon College for help should it encounter financial difficulty further down the line, something that many fear may compromise ICU's independence from IC.

There are also further complications involving building interest rates that have increased the cost by roughly 10 – 15% since the initial plans were drawn up two years ago. The Presidents will have to dig even deeper down the backs of their sofas.

The general response from Executive committee members and observers at the meeting was one of caution, that the Union should tread carefully and not rush into a decision.

And, finally, what about the third and final phase of the Masterplan – the redevelopment of dB's? Just don't ask.

What do you think? Should the Union go ahead with the second phase or should it save its pennies? Email comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk or text 07980 148 785

The winners were...

(number of votes in brackets)

Trustee Board

Ali Al-Hussaini (190)
RON (124)

UG Medicine

Alexander Walls (74)
Mark Chamberlain (41)
Olivia Kenyon (39)

UG Engineering

John James (34)
John James (18)
RON (11)

PG Engineering

Ashley Brown (16)

UG Natural Sciences

Shray Amar (49)
Jose Videira (27)

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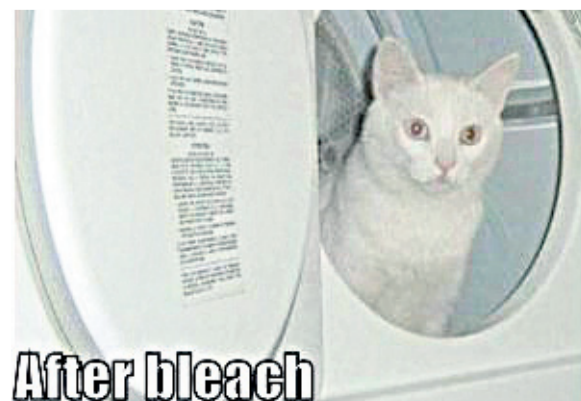
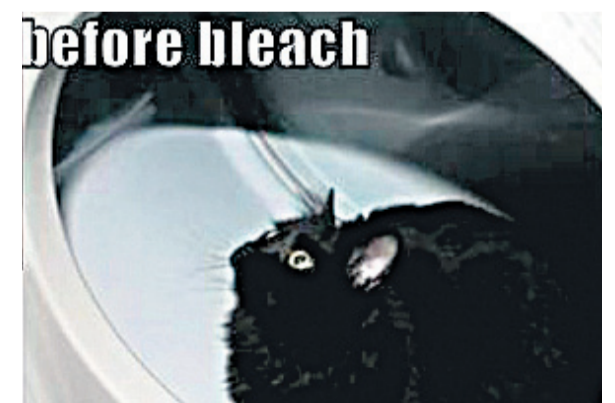
Oroma Oyewole

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Sally Longstaff
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Double phew.

LOLcats
LOLcats



OF THE WEEK

“You what, son? You can’t say that!”

DNA pioneer Dr James Watson’s recent comments have caused a storm of controversy within the media that has reverberated throughout the world. Felix headed to the Biology department in search of answers

Andrew Turley

The recent controversial comments made by American geneticist and DNA pioneer, Dr James Watson, have led to accusations of racism, the cancellation of his UK book tour, and most recently, his resignation as Chancellor of Cold Springs Harbour Laboratory in

New York.

On 25 October, the laboratory announced he would be retiring after nearly 40 years at the research institute.

Previously, the Science Museum in London cancelled a sold-out talk Watson was due to give, stating that his comments had “gone beyond the

point of acceptable debate”. Watson was forced to cancel the tour to promote his new book, *Avoid Boring People: Lessons from a Life in Science*, and returned to America.

The controversial comments leading up to these events were made in an interview Watson gave for *The Sunday Times*. In it he said he was “inherently gloomy about the prospect of Africa” because “all our social policies are based on the fact that their intelligence is the same as ours – whereas all the testing says not really”.

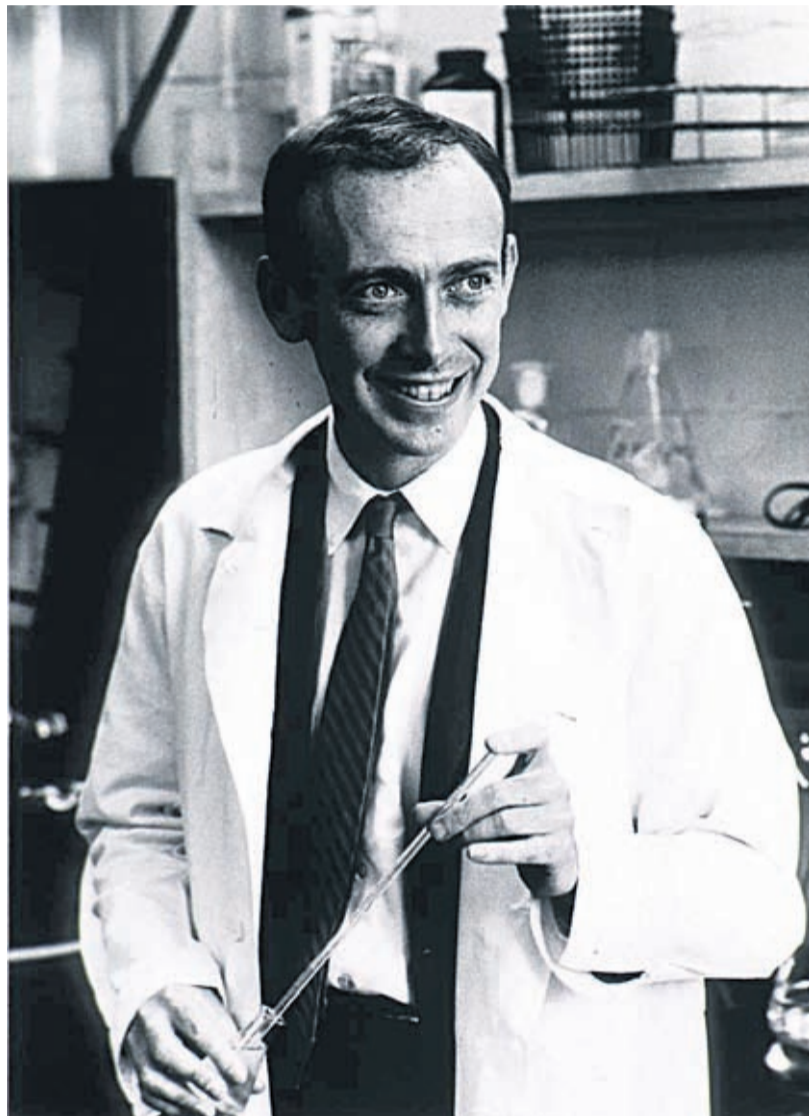
He said that he hopes everyone is equal, but that “people who have to deal with black employees find this not true”.

Speaking to Felix, Professor Ian Owens, Head of the Division of Biology in Imperial’s Faculty of Natural Sciences, said that comments of the kind made by Watson were unsupported by scientific evidence.

He explained that the concept of race is complex. Traditionally, scientists have viewed it as an artificial construct without a genetic basis, used as a convenient label to crudely categorise populations. More recent data has suggested that some genetic lineages can be identified, and that these perhaps vary according to geography, but it remains unclear what relation, if any, this has to skin colour.

According to Professor Owens, intelligence is similarly problematic. Environmental factors are known to play a significant role. Furthermore, there is no one type of intelligence, making objective measuring difficult, if not impossible. If genes determining intelligence can be identified, they are likely to be many, with complex relations, and as yet research is extremely limited. Therefore, to link these two areas in this fashion is scientifically unjustified. Watson has since apologised for his comments.

For those interested in finding out more about the area, Professor Owens recommends *Genes, Peoples, and Languages* by Luigi Luca Cavalli-Sforza as an excellent starting point.



Dr James Watson back in the day

The Scientist, or the Science?

Controversy and prejudice in academia

Whenever a scientist or prominent academic makes any comment on a sensitive subject there is always a flurry of discussion and comment. In media circles, the perceived weight of a scientist’s view immediately opens up their statement to intense scrutiny. Harvard president Lawrence Summers, and his infamous 2005 speech on the differences between male and female abilities, is a classic example of ill-advised personal opinion, and the negative impact that it can have on a well-respected institute.

Whatever Dr Watson said (he has since suggested that he was misquoted), the casual manner in which he addressed a subject which remains controversial, even on a scientific level, should show any academic the importance of choosing their words carefully. The subject of race is especially difficult, even genetically speaking: a fact which should have been apparent to a biological scientist of such reputation.

The divide between professional and personal opinion is an impossible problem. When does a scientific hypothesis become influenced by personal views? Should ideas be kept private, or exposed so that people can put your work into context? The difficulties encountered by a scientist entering into any kind of political, or unscientific, debate renders many subjects taboo.

Historically, the personal opinions of scientists are responsible for some horrific events, the most obvious of which is the Holocaust; Nazi scientists, who set out to prove there was a scientific basis for Aryan philosophies, carried out some of the worst atrocities, and contributed to the “validity” of the Reich.

Science remains a powerful political tool, and the blurring of lines between science and opinion can lead to unforeseen and far-reaching consequences.

Whether fair or not, scientists must always be aware that any opinion or statement that is aired will be used to put their work in context, and will influence their reception in many important ways.

Andrew Somerville



Imperial climbs to 5th in the world. UCL also leaps to 9th

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

This year’s results for the Times Higher Education Supplement’s (THES) annual university world league table were revealed on Thursday.

Last year Imperial was ranked 9th in the world. It has climbed four places since then and now sits at number five. Imperial was beaten by Harvard which sits on top of the pile, followed by Cambridge, Oxford and Yale which all share second place. Depending on how much of an Imperial fanboy you are, it could be argued that Imperial is in fact 3rd in the world.

University College London (UCL) is hot on Imperial’s heels however, climbing all the way from 25th to this year’s 9th position.

The UK has four universities ranked within the Top 10 and the remaining places are made up of universities from

America. Impressively, both Imperial and UCL are above the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) whilst Imperial even managed to pip Princeton university into 5th place.

Some students have said that this reflects the absurdity of the THES University World Ranking, rather than the UK’s academic excellence and that they are taking it all with a heavy pinch of salt.

The World Ranking is based on surveys of around 5,000 academics as well as the views from 1,500 international companies. Data was also collected about staff-student ratios and the number of international students at the universities.

Rumours that Imperial, UCL, Oxford and Cambridge are going to join together like the mighty Power Rangers to form Impucloxbridge University to defeat the dastardly Harvard are complete and utter nonsense.

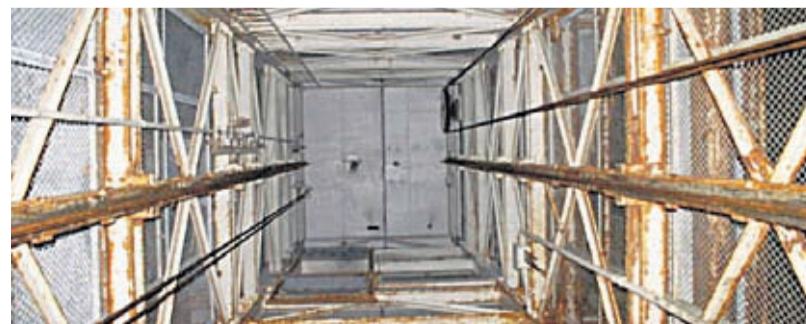
Government privatises student loans debt

Andrew Somerville
News Editor

The government has announced it will soon be allowed to sell student loan debt to private companies. The “Sale of Student Loans Bill”, first suggested in March of this year, was confirmed on Tuesday in documents released to coincide with the Queen’s speech.

The bill will allow the government to sell off the £18.1bn debt portfolio in order to make a profit, estimated at around £6bn, whilst it claims that full control of interest rates, terms and repayment conditions will remain with ministers. This means that individual students should see no change to their loans, though their debt is owned by external organisations.

Concern over this move has been voiced from several sources. It is feared by some that this is part of a longer-term strategy to bring the Student Loans system up to more market-standard levels, and reduce the level



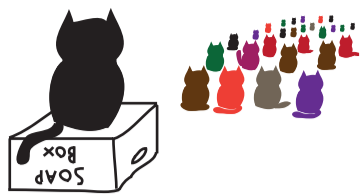
Are students going to be shafted by increased loan interest rates?

of subsidy that the treasury currently pays. Several prominent education figures, such as our own Rector, Sir Richard Sykes, have called for an increase in loan interest rates, and support for a higher education funding model more in line with the US system.

There is also worry over the security of debt portfolios sold in this fashion, after the US “credit crunch” of recent weeks was triggered by the sale of

“risky” debt in the mortgage market.

The NUS (National Union of Students) President Gemma Tumelty has stated that the students’ union “hope that the confusion experienced by graduates last time the government sold student loans is avoided.” Meanwhile, future students question the constantly increasing debt that they are being encouraged into by government and big business.



Comment, Opinion & Letters

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

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



Matty Hoban

Let's talk about God, baby

Apathy is pretty ubiquitous. Apathy comes from the good old Greeks and the word *apathes* means 'without feeling'. You probably knew this so what is the point in me reiterating it? Well, the words without feeling pretty much say death to me. There is definitely a dramatic overtone in that sentence but I do not think it is fiction.

I have been thinking a lot about such things recently since visiting my grandmother and seeing her in what is effectively the final stage in her life. Aside from all the personal feelings about her in that condition, I was left with what can be called, context. It put my own atheistic beliefs and her Roman Catholic beliefs into context.

Throughout history, the amount of

choice and the ability to make educated choices have both increased (as a result of science). Even in the couple of generations between my grandmother and myself I can see how many more choices I have open to me compared to her limited opportunities. My grandmother was an immigrant and her life was occupied with finding work, working and then raising children; time for leisure was limited and time for contemplating existence was (ironically) non-existent. Also one great feature in her life is her Roman Catholicism; from the certainty it gives her and the support it has given her throughout her life (through the church communities she belonged to primarily).

How is this relevant to apathy you may ask? Well, I think also throughout history, wilful apathy has also in-

creased. One could say that apathy has been glorified in culture as pro-active people are seen as threatening. However, it is probably down to the increase in comfort (the famous adage that society is three meals away from revolution) and thus the increase in choices; it is natural to feel indifferent when many different paths are open to you. Again my grandmother's immediate needs for stability impassioned her Catholicism as something she needed and the certainty it gave her.

Now, as I see myself in comfort with a variety of choices open to me to which she contributed, it would do her a disservice to be indifferent. Of course, there is the choice to be apathetic, but surely pro-active apathy is a waste of thinking energy. I want to use my choices to oppose those elements

that move society away from secularism, because allowing religious groups to influence society, I believe, is wrong and I'm sure many will agree with me; it can only move society back to the situations that my grandmother strived to move out of. Alongside this, just as she was supported by her church, I believe there should be support for those who choose to live without religion.

I wanted to write this short column to promote the Atheist and Agnostic Society that has been formed not by saying that God does not exist (he doesn't, by the way) but by saying that by doing something about the choices you have, you reassert your position in history as the benefactors of great change and want to give something back. Please get in touch if you want to get involved.



A. Geek

Approaching the quarter-life crisis

I'm not adjusting very well to joining the ranks of twentysomethings, it's true. Just a few years/months/weeks/days ago now, I left the years of teenagerhood behind me, and began the journey towards Radio 2, wearing short-sleeved shirts non-ironically and eating Brie. I barely know what Brie is, and I have nightmares where people ask me what wine to drink with it and I pronounce 'rioja' wrong.

Not that this has changed the routine I've got into of wake up, have fruit-and-fibre, walk to soul-dissolving lectures, die a little inside and go home for tea.

What it has done, rather unhelpfully, is make the impending graduation I'm in a staring contest with slightly less appealing than fellating the Rector on national television.

When we all arrived at Imperial, fresh-faced and full of bullshit gap year stories, the plan was simple - party hard and study later. Fuck yes.

Anyway, a week later when everyone had lost enthusiasm and seemed to be going to the union out of a sense of duty more than anything else, this dull kind of stupor descends and you

find yourself performing a daily cycle of courseworks and having lunch with your vapid, internship-seeking "friends".

For the first year, incidentally, this seems great fun and you feel really bloody mature, but like Heroes, relationships with English women and milk, give it twelve months or so and you'll notice things go considerably downhill, where you wake up one morning tongue-deep in the rear end of graduate recruitment schemes, and you notice your boss is some prick who left your school at sixteen to the sound of you mocking him. Good move.

Anyway, I'm somewhere between those two states of mind right now, considering the possibility of just tossing my sanity down the drain in exchange for a wife, two kids and a nine-to-five, probably resulting in a combination of the Columbine massacre and an episode of the Office. And yet, at the same time, I'm still clinging on to the idea that I'm young, I'm a student in a fine university, and that my dreams are still there to be chased. Despite this, every success story in the news normally contains the sentence



Ass-kissing: A symptom of the quarter-life crisis

"the magic started in his/her teens" and given that the only magic I can think of involved me winning a fiver in a packet of Walkers' crisps, which probably doesn't qualify me for an obituary in The Times, I guess the only hope for me is to learn to use the word "profitability" in a sentence and try my hand at entrepreneurship like the rest of the depressed fame-chasers in my godforsaken department.

Is my thirst to be someone a bad thing? Is that why the idea of actually submitting my CV to someone seems

so awful? Or is it because jobs, like age, signal that preparation time is over, and anything you aren't ready for is just a symptom of your own incompetence?

Sure, there are grey-haired lunatics who retrained at the age of three hundred to become exotic dancers or whatever, but I'm not sure the world itself is going to last long enough for me to turn things around late in the day, and I'm pretty sure my coffee-addled, stress-wrecked body will refuse point blank.

I guess we'll see how things go. Fortunately for me, I've got time to kill. For you poor sods who are facing the big wide world of careers fairs and job applications, I feel for you. But don't worry, because I'll get mine in a year or so, when you're the one in the suit, staring down at me and cackling as you offer a free pen and the promise of 'networking'.

Until then, I'm off to write my award-winning novel and draft the film adaptation, possibly beginning my career path in amateur photography at the same time. See you in twelve months, guys. I've got my 'fuck you' cover letter ready and waiting.



Vasa Curcin
Piccadilly Court

Go beyond South Kensington: interact!

As you may have noticed, the idea of this column is to give Felix readers a picture of how life varies across of Imperial halls of residence. Unofficially, it also gives wardens a place to offer a piece of their mind to the general student population about a topic particularly close to their heart. Hence, given Piccadilly Court is in Islington/Camden/sticks, depending who you ask, today I would like to say a few words about location.

Be honest now, whenever you were applying to come to Imperial, did you put "life in South Kensington" as one of your main priorities? Can't live without a French patisserie next door? Exclusive dietary requirement of Harrods' baked beans? Or were you excited by

the prospect of coming to a world-leading centre of academic excellence to get the best out of yourselves, find a career that stimulates you and embark on it, confident in knowing that you are at the right place for it.

Do not get me wrong, I am not calling anyone spoiled for wanting to live next door to College, however it still amazes me to what lengths people are prepared to go, only to ensure that if they fall out of bed at 8.58, they will have rolled down the steps into their lecture room by 9.00. Medical cases that cannot go to sleep unless they are safe knowing three major museums are watching over them? Eager sports fans whose gruelling tiddly-winks training regime is suffering due to their extra travel? Female Alcohol Appreciation

Society (yes, seriously) members who are regularly refused entry to night buses and are thus discriminated against if placed outside South Ken?

This is London. A glorious, ramshackle collection of villages and towns which grew into each other over centuries producing a metropolis unrivalled in the Western world. As a consequence, once you move out of the halls, you are highly unlikely to find anything affordable within its centre, which means saying goodbye to Boujis and Harvey Nicks and trying to figure out just where on the tube map Hackney is. It may sound cruel, however the earlier you embrace the many communities of London, the easier it will be to decide where you want your next home to be.

The difference between studying at

Imperial and studying at Oxbridge, is that London does not provide you with a sheltered, isolated community that is happy to ignore the world outside. Over here, you are expected to create your own niche within the bigger setting of the city, and learn to enjoy the advantages of such a setting. At Piccadilly Court we traditionally strive to organize events and outings in Islington so as to make students appreciate what it has to offer. Other halls do the same.

One of the valuable lessons that university teaches students is how to live with others on the course and in the hall. The exact same principle applies to your neighbourhood, be it Paddington, Ealing, Islington or Chelsea, so get the most out of it. Even if Harrods does not deliver there.

**Wardening the
Almighty Organ**



Pakistan: state of emergency

Kadhim Shubber reports on General Musharraf's efforts to hold onto power in times of growing dissent

Hey readers, guess what? That's right there's more political turmoil in the world. Even more surprising, it's because of dictators; they're more trouble than they're worth aren't they? This week we're in Pakistan.

Last Saturday, nearly a week ago, President Pervez Musharraf declared emergency rule and suspended the country's constitution. Troops have taken over TV and radio stations and independent channels have gone off-air. The Supreme Court judges in Pakistan condemned the move and as a result are being confined to the Supreme Court. Whether this means they aren't allowed to leave the building or they are being forced to sit in a courtroom and finally figure out what happened to Maddie, I just don't know.

In addition the acting head of the party of exiled former PM Nawaz Sharif was arrested, senior lawyers have been detained and elections planned for January have been delayed. Police and paramilitaries manned checkpoints around the parliament and presidential palace in the capital, Islamabad, on Sunday morning. Martial law has been introduced in all but name.

The reason for these bold moves is that President Musharraf is increasingly desperate to hold onto power. He is facing increasing opposition from Islamic militants and the judiciary. The Supreme Court has taken several decisions against the government recently. Crucially, correspondents say, it has been hearing legal challenges to the president's re-election in October and there was fear in the government that it would rule against him.

Luckily for Musharraf the U.S. and the U.K. are more concerned about his commitment to the war on terror rather than his commitment to democracy. If you're expecting similar sanctions to those imposed on Burma recently then don't hold your breath. The U.S. and the U.K. would like to see free and fair elections but given the choice between an undemocratic ally and democratic



Pres Musharraf has come under criticism from his own people for being so intimately involved with the US war on terrorism

non-ally, democracy never wins.

The question I hear you all screaming is 'what does Musharraf have to say for himself?' He gave a speech around midnight on Saturday in which he attempted to justify the actions, arguing that the measures were necessary to fight terrorism and "preserve the democratic transition that I initiated eight years back".

Well there are two things to take from this. On the one hand Pakistan is battling Islamic militants and recently attacks have increased in number and ferocity. So when Musharraf claims that there's a problem with terror-

ists, he's not lying. However declaring emergency rule does little to help fight militants. What's really important is his idea that he is trying to "preserve the democratic transition". Initially Musharraf was not entirely unpopular. He had won public consent to his rule but now that he's facing increasing opposition he requires drastic measures to keep himself in power.

What will be the result of these measures? Well there are 3 possibilities. Musharraf and his opponents could all dig their heels in, resulting in civil strife and a decrease in civil liberties. The U.S. will most likely try and

persuade Musharraf that this is not the best course of action but it remains to be seen whether Musharraf will try to hold onto power at 'all costs'. Another possible result is that Musharraf will be ousted from power. Certainly his opponents seem to outnumber his friends nowadays and public opposition is likely to grow in the face of emergency rule. In this case it will fall to former Prime Ministers Benazir Bhutto and Nawaz Sharif to introduce democracy. Do not be fooled however into thinking that these two persons represent a beacon of hope. They are unlikely to work well together and their terms in

office – admittedly with a democratic mandate – were plagued with allegations of corruption and bad governance. Finally, the solution which will allow for the greatest stability is a power-sharing agreement between Musharraf and Bhutto. The U.S. backs this strongly and it would allow Pakistan to move towards democracy slowly and in a stable fashion. However Musharraf's recent moves show that he is all but ready to ignore the lessons of history and go down in flames as a tyrannical dictator.

All I can say to you readers is we can only wait and see.

The week gone by in six handy paragraphs

Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

Contrary to the popular myth that there is no world outside South Kensington, Felix Politics aims to bring you just a sample of the highlights from the lives of the other 6 billion people on Earth.

A case of bad head counting

Prime Minister Gordon Brown has found himself in another quagmire, this time over immigration. The office of national statistics revised its estimate of foreign nationals working in the UK from 800,000 to 1.5m. Councils across the country are now calling for an increased budget to cope with the extra numbers. 92.1% of Britain's ethnic make up is Caucasian.

Petrol gets more expensive

Oil hit a new high of US\$98 on Wednesday, edging ever nearer to the psycho-



logical triple figure mark. Consequently, the US dollar has fallen to a 26 year low relative to the Pound Sterling, whilst securities like gold are trading near all time highs.

Finland school massacre

7 pupils were killed this week in a school shooting in Finland hours after the gunman posted a video on YouTube. Finland has the third highest per capita gun ownership in the world, though gun related crime in the north European country is rare. The shootings comes a week after 2 were shot dead in a school in Cleveland and months after 32 were gunned down

in a university in Virginia, America's worst student massacre.

Sarkozy repairs relations with US

French President Nicolas Sarkozy arrived in the US for talks with his counterpart George W Bush with the hope of thawing relations since France's opposition to war in Iraq. Sarkozy's style and direction has won him many admirers in America's Republican party, including Presidential hopeful Rudi Giuliani. However, such diplomacy may prove fruitless as many believe Republican control of the White House will be lost in next year's election. M Sarkozy confirmed his divorce from wife of 11 years Cecilia last month.

Iran has 3,000 centrifuges

In greater defiance of US and European opinion, Iran has announced that it possesses 3,000 centrifuges for uranium

enrichment. It is the second such claim within a month by President Ahmadinejad, and comes days after the UN imposed new sanctions on the country whilst also calling for a halt of all such operations. Ahmadinejad added, "they must know that Iranians don't care about the sanctions, and Iranian people will not back one inch from their nuclear rights".



Ahmadinejad defies the west



Thaksin in exile in the UK

And finally, Thailand

Over a year since democratically elected Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra was ousted in a peaceful military coup, Thailand is once again gearing itself for polling. The leader of the largest party in the Thai parliament, Samak Sundaravej, has accused the instigators of the take over of not being able to fully justify their coup. Shinawatra, now in self imposed exile in the UK and proud owner of Manchester City football club, had been labelled corrupt and incompetent.

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Sunday 16 December 2007 for January 2008 interviews

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Science

Science Editor – Ed Henley

science.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Cool science: superbad superfluids

Our plucky reporter delves deep into the Centre for Cold Matter to investigate the “Science Chamber”

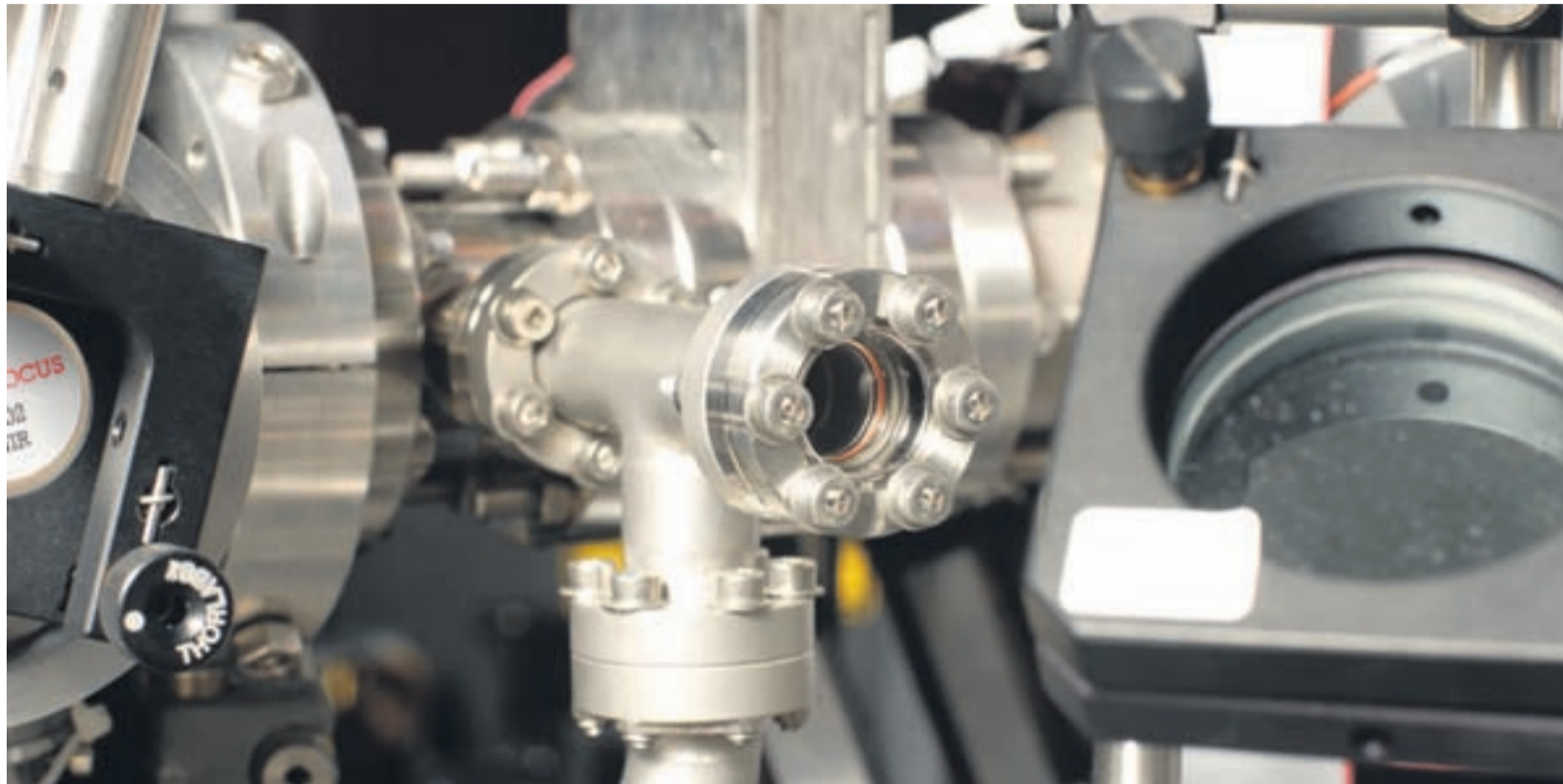
Flora Graham

Next time you walk into your building at Imperial, keep your eyes open for the signs leading to the research labs. Mech Eng has the provocatively named “Vibration Technology Centre” and “Lubrication Laboratory,” and you know something good is going on at the “Creep and Fatigue Laboratory.” But you can easily finish your career as a student without ever going through the doors of any of these places, which means you’re missing out on the coolest stuff on campus. If you could go through the keyhole you’ll find the biggest, most cutting-edge machines, hidden away within the labs of Imperial.

“Mech Eng has the provocatively named ‘Vibration Technology Centre’ and ‘Lubrication Laboratory’”

The coolest machine at Imperial has got to be found where temperatures hover around 675 nanoKelvin (just above absolute zero) at the Centre for Cold Matter in the Department of Physics. Research Associate Jos Dingjam and a team of three PhDs handle this machine, which goes by the mysterious name of “The Science Chamber”.

The Science Chamber is part of a much bigger rig, but it gets its name since “that’s where the science happens,” says Dingjam. It’s a vacuum chamber where they create a cloud of



Shiny science equipment. All very professional, but as with any proper home-built rig they’ve come up with some “innovative” solutions for non-essential bits. Like bulldog clips to hold the curtains up

super-cooled rubidium atoms, known as a Bose-Einstein condensate.

The atoms are intensely cooled by lasers until they are all at their lowest possible quantum energy state, where things start to get very weird. In this state they can’t be distinguished from each other in any way—they exist in the same location and with the same attributes—so they form a kind of superatomic blob that behaves in ways that we in the normal temperature range can’t imagine. For example, since the

atoms in the blob all move in exactly the same way, the blob has no interior friction, which leads to cool superfluid behaviour like flowing uphill.

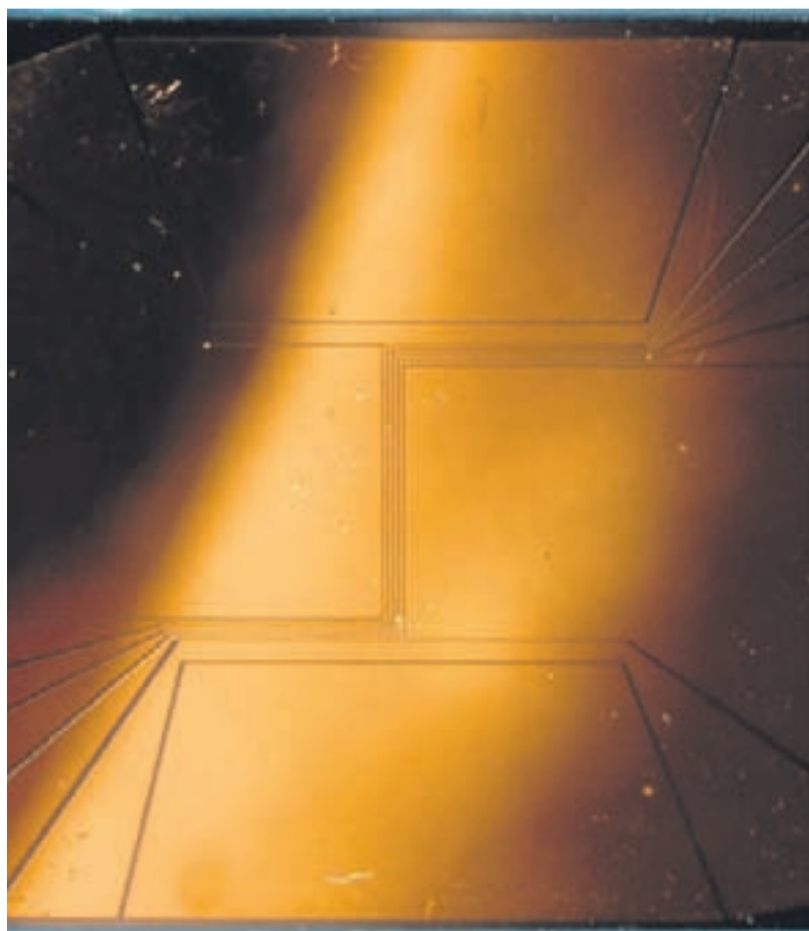
Inside the chamber, the cloud of atoms is wrangled into shape by the magnetic field formed by an atom chip; a square piece of gold-plated silicon, with tiny wires carved into its gleaming gold surface. This gives the team enough control over the cloud to split it in two and study how the wave patterns interfere with one another.

“The team wears protective eyewear to avoid boiling their retinas”

Like many of the coolest machines at Imperial, the Science Chamber is a home-built rig, and it shows. It’s set in a room-filling metal rack, enclosed by black curtains held up with big bulldog clips. The top of the rack is filled with various power supplies and heat sinks that handle the vast wattage needed to keep the lasers burning and the currents flowing.

Radiating around the chamber is a web of tiny mirrors, prisms and lenses that get the lasers into the shape, place, and state where they are needed. The lasers are set up so that the beams are not dangerous for day-to-day work, but the team nevertheless wears protective eyewear when reconfiguring the beams to avoid the risk of boiling retinas.

All this power is necessary to create an environment within the Science Chamber so extreme that it can support a Bose-Einstein condensate, the so-called fifth state of matter. In a place like this, the motto is “Forget the electricity bill, full speed ahead.”



All that glisters... Well, in this case it’s better than normal; at least this silicon chip (used to split the cloud of cold atoms) is covered in gold

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news reader.

news maker.

Citi Day on Campus

Citi invites candidates from any degree discipline who are interested in summer internships to participate in Citi Day on Campus for Imperial College on the **23rd November 2007** at the **Millenium Gloucester Hotel**, Harrington Gardens, Kensington, London.

Citi Day on Campus is designed to give you the opportunity to learn more about our 2008 Summer Internships and the daily activities across our business areas, within our Markets & Banking business.

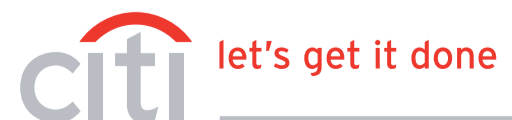
Detailed below is the timetable of the day: (please note you can come along for one or all of the sessions):

Friday 23 November

09.30-11.00	Technology Case Study
11.15-13.15	Capital Markets Case Study
14.00-16.00	Investment Banking Case Study
16.30-18.30	Trading Game

To sign up for the Citi Day on Campus, please email campus.queries@citi.com stating Imperial Day on Campus in the subject box, clearly indicating which session(s) you would like to attend. The spaces are allocated on a first come first served basis.

We look forward to meeting you,
Citi Graduate Recruitment



Clubs & Societies Surgery

Chris Larvin (Deputy President Finance & Services) and I have come up with the idea of being in the Student Activities Centre from 10:30 to 13:30 Wednesday lunchtimes for our new Clubs & Societies Surgery. We wanted to be in the same place at the same time to answer any queries, questions, or random thoughts that Club Officers as we are often busy in meetings or committees and unable to be in the Office at the same time. We hope that you will find this arrangement much more convenient for all of you, but don't forget that we can always be contacted by phone or email throughout the week.

Alistair Cott
dpcs@imperial.ac.uk (41763)

Chris Larvin
dpcs@imperial.ac.uk (58062)

What else am I doing?

I have recently finished an electronic version of the income and claim forms for Clubs & Societies whilst I am writing a database which receives the forms submitted and inputs them into our finance system. This will save the Club Officers time and effort with all their transactions and hopefully speed the system up so the online finances are more accurate.

In the last Clubs and Societies Board meeting all the winter tour proposals were discussed. A tour is a trip away which a Club or Society cannot usually do due to time constraints or the distance to the destination. A few of the destinations that clubs are going to this year include Scotland, Barbados, and France.

The first Health and Safety Committee meeting is going to be Monday the 12th at that staff and students can change unsafe working practices. The Health and Safety Committee considers and monitors Health and Safety issues in the Union and advises on the appropriateness and adequacy of current Health and Safety policies and practices.

So far this year the New Clubs Committee has set up eight new clubs. They were Indoor Hockey, Gymnastics, Racing Green, Stop the War, Atheist and Agnostic, Medical Humanities, Christian Medical Fellowship, and Consultancy Society. They are in the process of setting up websites so if any of these clubs sound interesting then email dpcs@imperial.ac.uk and I can put you in contact with the committees.



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

Trading Forum

Wednesday 14th November
12:00 – 13:00 The Union Bar

This Wednesday lunchtime will see the first Trading Forum of the year, which is your opportunity to have a moan and make some suggestions about the way we run our bars and catering outlets. It will be run in the Union Bar between 12:00 and 13:00 and we will be providing sandwiches and snacks.

First off, you should know a little about our trading outlets which include our bars, entertainments program and catering outlets. In South Kensington we have The Union Bar, Da Vinci's and dBs, as well as the Reynolds Bar at Charing Cross Hospital. Our catering outlets in South Kensington are located in dBs and DaVinci's and serve hot and cold food between 8:30 am until 9:00 pm. Our Entertainments program includes Freshers Week, Sin City on a Wednesday, Too Posh to Wash, Bar FTSE and our end of term carnivals. They are operated for the benefit of the students, however we can only solve problems if we know they exist, and we rely on our customers, i.e. you, to tell us where we are going wrong and how we can improve.

Here are some questions to ask yourself...

- Are you missing Lowenbrau? Come and find out why it left the Union this summer.
- Have you been working behind the bar for years and think you understand what our students want? Come along and

share your wisdom.

- Does the queue for the bar make you want to shoot yourself in the face?
- Is the bar missing your favourite real ale?
- Do you like the lunchtime offer? Is the range extensive enough?
- Would you like to see table service introduced?
- What would you like us to sell? How much would you pay for it?
- Did you enjoy Freshers' Week?
- Are you wishing we provided more entertainments for the non-drinkers?
- Do you want to see entertainments run on a Saturday night?
- What would you like to see at the Christmas Carnival?

You can also come along and find out more about the venue; are you happy with the new awning in the Quad?

This is your chance to get your questions answered by the people who make the decisions. So come along if you want to make a change in your Union and get some free food while you're at it.

If you can't make it, remember you can always email dpcs@imperial.ac.uk or trading@imperial.ac.uk with your gripes.



Chris Larvin
Deputy President
(Finance & Services)
dpcs@imperial.ac.uk

TOO POSH TO WASH

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THURSDAY 15TH NOVEMBER. 8PM £2/3. WWW.MYSPACE.COM/TOOPOSHTOWASH

"Dance based indie with a female vocal that would sit nicely inbetween Le Tigre, CSS and a more indie Peaches" - Banquet Records

Molloy's debut album 'This is F**king Brilliant' was Album of the Week on Steve Lamacq

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THURSDAY 15TH

**TOO POSH
TO WASH**



ALSO ON

Tue 13th

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COMING UP

Wed 21st

Sin City - Holiday Reps Night

Fri 23rd

Act.Normal. (They won't suspect a thing)

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The Union encourages responsible drinking. R.O.A.R. Student I.D. Required.

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Rosie Grayburn
Arts Editor

Finally it's my favourite season, autumn. Took them bloody long enough, but now we have those beautiful fiery colours lining the trees as we traverse to college each morning. I knew autumn was definitely here earlier this morning when I was twatted round the face by a MASSIVE falling sycamore leaf as I was cycling my way to lectures. It not only woke me up but really put a smile on my face! Autumn leaves do it for me.

However, my northern blood tells me it just isn't cold enough. In November, I expect my fingers to be falling off with frostbite and by breath to be visible when you exhale. Remember when you were little and you used to do that to pretend you were either a dragon, or smoking... depending on how much of a childhood you actually had.

And speaking of childhood, we all used to enjoy a good day out when we were kiddly-winkles - just you and Mummy and Daddy (or possibly Daddy and Daddy) and a day of frolicking in the autumn leaves. I miss that.

However we can all make up for this loss by spending the day at one of these wonderful institutions showcased in this week's Arts Pages. Emily Wilson spent the day in the National Portrait Gallery to see the highly acclaimed Pop Art Portraits exhibitons. If you are unsure as to what this is, you will surely have heard of those infamous Marilyn Monroe portraits. Times this by 10 and you have yourself a Pop Art exhibiton. Sorted.

Meanwhile, David Paw immersed himself in prints, glorious prints at the Design Museum and Broadway-guru Lucy Harrold went off-Westend to see a premiere of hot, new musical, John and Jen.

I hope you enjoy this week's Stanzas for Students. You must be familiar with those period dramas on the tellybox and how they sat around in the evenings reading verse to each other. Poetry was made to be read aloud and in order to demonstrate this I chose this fabulously bloody poem, The Charge of the Light Brigade. The verses are so rhythmic; but to get across the cantering horses carrying their riders to their death you are required to read it at high speed. This normally leads to wild arm movements, so due to health and safety precautions, please leave a radius of arm's length around you before commencing.

It is now over halfway through term and 'tis the season to attend concerts and plays given by our fellow students here at Imperial. There are choirs, orchestras, theatrical-types and all sorts to be entertaining yourself with. Next week's issue will include a handy calendar of all events coming up so you can't possibly forget!

If there is anything you want us to include or you would like to review, let us know. Until then my pretties, stay cultured and happy. And respect those pigeons. Especially the dirty ones. They want love and attention, just like you.

Better than Topshop. Fact

David Paw reviews Runway Royal, Matthew Williamson's brand new exhibition

This overview will present his most iconic designs." So the blurb went. Prints. Colour.

More prints. Then came an array of said iconic designs. You couldn't really fault the designs for what they were. Rationalising Williamson's unadulterated flair for fashion of the most frivolous, effeminate and playful variety into something verging on the intellectual would be like trying to rebrand Topshop as something runway worthy or something high-end...oh wait, they're still trying to do that.

Williamson knows his audience. The fashion world knows his audience and what he stands for.

However, I'm not quite sure the Design Museum has been let in on this. Graduating from the hallowed ground of Central St Martins in 1994, a chance encounter with socialite-cum-journalist-cum-writer Plum Sykes (I'm not sure Bergdorf Blondes counts as literature) led to the creation of his first collection in 1997.

Tagged *Electric Angels*, it was the beginning of a dizzyingly rapid rise. Numbers were dialled, favours were called in and on the day some of the industry's most renowned attended a show modelled by the likes of Helena Christensen and Jade Jagger. Contacts were made, networks were spread and buzz generated, and ten years later Williamson and partner Joseph Velosa are sat on top of a multimillion dollar brand. Williamson is now at the helm of Pucci and released his very own fragrance last year. Luxury conglomerate LVMH is rumoured to be rapping politely on his door.

All this from a tight focus on prints, an imaginative and unabashed penchant for vibrant colour and a keen business acumen built up from a successful partnership with Velosa. Oh, and those networks.

Making clothes women love to wear can have its drawbacks – they might ac-

ing as any fashion-forward yet relatively down-to-earth girl would ever want. His famous prints are gorgeous too – you are treated to an overview of the deceptively difficult process the aesthetic demands to achieve the perfection of some of his designs, and dedicated fashionistas and fans will recognise many of the designs, including the striking peacock-feather design and the palm and leaf design that showed at Olympus Fashion Week not too long ago.

Though stunning, stretching it as far as "iconic" is tenuous. The exhibition comes off as unjustifiably egocentric when you consider that the rest of the museum is taken up with someone as dramatic as

ing in comparison, re: The Libertines, or perhaps Groove Armada. It doesn't stand up.

And in isolation, the exhibition feels like more of an exercise in engaging or introducing a new audience to the world of design – though a terrific and laudable thing in the long run, for the purist will hardly appeal – a case of compromising the art to make a crowd clap in the most hackneyed manner, so to speak. Most discount fashion and even design as valid art forms, so how far can you push to make the most frivolous end of the spectrum seem legitimate? And was Williamson really the best choice to represent fashion in the arena of design?

On the one hand, one hardly feels the envelope being tugged when viewing his clothes. On the other, as a conduit for opening the glam squad to the idea

of fashion as more than fun and games (read: packing them in), he was ideal – it is a pleasant introduction, just engaging enough while serving up a healthy scoop of eye candy. But it's not to say we couldn't do better. The hype, the buzz and excitement – this is part of the Williamson experience. There were more deserving candidates – Lanvin and Giles for example – but as ever, the Matthew Williamson publicity machine keeps soldier-

ing on. And after a while, everyone will believe the hype.

Matthew Williamson's "Greatest Hits" are on display at the Design Museum until the 31st January. Entry is £7 and you get to see the entire museum for that. Brill.



tually wear them. Williamson designs fashion that is accessible and actually wearable – no heavy concepts or deconstructionism here.

Understandably, he has a client list that all but the most established and coveted of brands can only dream of, though this has drawn criticism from the industry for using walking fashion billboards such as muses Sienna Miller and Helena Christensen to promote his clothes. And on top of these accolades comes a solo retrospective that resides on the airy top floor of the Design Museum. All ten square feet of it.

There isn't anything wrong with the exhibition itself as much as the hype that surrounds it – yes, the clothes are as beautiful, as striking and excit-

Zaha Hadid, and that the truly iconic exhibition is residing somewhere on Cromwell Road at the V&A. There, the hype was justified. Here, the exhibition comes off as little more than a token gesture of congratulation for what is essentially a relatively medium-term level of success and canny PR, the equivalent of following The Beatles' greatest hits with something substantial, yet pal-

Student Art In Focus – Dirty Pigeon

This week S.A.I.F. bears great gifts from student poet, Jack E Cronin. Hear ye, hear ye

Dirty Pigeon

You duck away as the dirty pigeon with ruffled feathers flies past your path,

Its a dirty flying rat you see. You are blind to it until it passes by YOU.

Why would you notice? It has no friends, No reason to live. In your view. Why is this so? Does it not keep the company of the open sky?

Free to roam wherever it feels. No boundaries. No expectations. Unrestricted.

Who really lives the better life? Maybe it is actually you who crosses the PIGEONS path.

This week in "Student Art in Focus", let us take a look into poetry. Jack E Cronin is an experimental artist to say the least. Cronin was previously reviewed in Felix a few weeks back, where we took a look at a sample of his contemporary collection, "Tom?". While his art errs towards the side of minimalism, Cronin's poetry takes a more traditional approach.

The poem "Dirty Pigeon" attempts to convey an alternative conception of London's attitude. It is all too easy to want to run over pigeons

on one's bike, or complain about the pigeon as being nothing better than an annoyingly frequent pest. However, typical of Cronin, whose reputation is growing by the day, he questions these common perceptions. The line "Free to roam wherever it feels" really emphasizes the freedom of the pigeon, in comparison to the utilitarian lifestyles of Londoners.

The fact that pigeons roam free wherever they please, as if they lord the land, leads Cronin to make the bold statement: "Maybe it is actually you who crosses the PIGEONS path". With "Pigeon" Cronin really makes the reader take a step back, and review their perceptions. Such is the philosophical edginess of this piece.

To what purpose Cronin will aim his creative genius next remains to be seen. What we can be certain of is that his artwork will continue to be groundbreaking, crossing new bridges in his grand vision for artistic perfection.

This week's commentary is by Scott Greening. He recently completed his dissertation on Jack's Poetry. Scott wishes to study Dirty Pigeon for his PhD but is still waiting for funding. Good luck Scotty.



Pop goes the portraits. Literally

Emily Wilson pops into the National Portrait Gallery for a bite to eat and a Pop Art portrait or two...

It's easy to forget about the National Portrait Gallery, tucked away as it is behind the better known National Gallery at Trafalgar Square. But now is the ideal time to visit the main collections while you're popping in for Pop Art Portraits, the major exhibition running until 20th January 2008.

I hadn't been to the National Portrait Gallery since the long-ago days of my childhood. All I could remember about it was it being small, slightly cramped and full of... well... portraits. The NPG, upon more recent inspection, is still small and slightly cramped, but has obviously had lashings of National Lottery money thrown at it since my last visit. The building's been modernized to within an inch of its life but still retains an awkward layout that's difficult to navigate. This isn't helped by a lack of signs and maps as you walk in. Most museums and art galleries display their floor plans somewhere around their entrances, but evidently the NPG hasn't thought to do so. Even the hand-out maps are a challenge to find (keep walking forwards from the entrance, and they're hidden amongst other leaflets on the ticket desk).

The first thing I went looking for, I'll admit, was the cafe. My quest for caffeine led me on a grand tour of the museum before finding the cafe hidden in the lower basement behind the bookshop (of course?). It's not for the claustrophobic – the seating is in a long narrow area surrounded by concrete and bricks, and the only windows to the outside world are above your head. But it was impeccably clean, with the tables being cleared instantly. The menu was varied and high quality, though possibly tending to the wanky side. Goats cheese quiche, anybody? It wasn't cheap but they had offers on breakfast, lunch and afternoon tea depending on the time. I ordered a large cappuccino and a piece of coffee cake. The cappuccino wasn't my idea of large, but it came with real flakes of chocolate on top. My coffee cake was wankified by mascarpone and some

other equally sloaney ingredient, but it was good cake nonetheless – light and fluffy with creamy icing. But putting mascarpone in the icing did make it a bit cheesy. It's not a fucking cheese-cake, people. It's a coffee-walnut cake. Leave it alone!

The National Portrait Gallery and its permanent collections made for a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon out. It was quiet considering it was a half-term Saturday, and the museum was generally calming and pleasant to meander through. The main exhibits are unexpectedly large and varied, with every famous figure imaginable from the Tudor era to modern day. The galleries are well laid out (once you've found a map), generally chronologically arranged but incorporating smaller rooms that focus on certain aspects of history, for example 'Romanticism', 'Science and Technology' and 'from Revolution to Reform'. This makes it easy to find the portraits that closest match your interests: Poetry buffs can see Keats, Burns, Clare, Wordsworth and Shelley; Budding scientists can come face to face with William Harvey, Robert Boyle, Michael Faraday, Joseph Lister, Charles Darwin, Sir Alexander Fleming and T.H. Huxley; and for all you abundant feminists at Imperial there's Mary Wollstonecraft, Emmeline Pankhurst, Amy Johnson and Virginia Woolf. There's somebody for everybody and I could quite easily go on... Oh, by the way, the only room I would NOT recommend was the Diana Princess of Wales room. It was nauseating.

Let's get down to business: Pop Art Portraits. For those who don't know, pop art was a visual arts movement of the mid twentieth century. Largely American, the movement was inspired by the international trends towards mass culture, consumerism and advertising. Many pop art pieces feature images of famous people and famous brands, like Marilyn Monroe and the Campbell's soup cans made iconic by Andy Warhol. Alongside Warhol, famous names in the movement include Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Edu-



INTERESTING JOURNEY BY ALLEN JONES, 1962
© ALLEN JONES

Obviously this is Prince Charles and 3 hamburgers. What else could it POSSIBLY be?! (Answers on a postcard to the usual address)

ardo Paolozzi and David Hockney. Pop art generally involves solid blocks of vivid colour, crisp lines, simple shapes and plenty of collage. Looking at pop art is often like looking at a comic book. It's funky, kitschy and it targets the masses.

My press ticket was presented to me paper-clipped to a smug wadge of press handouts which included, among information about events I have no intention of ever attending, a Eduardo

Paolozzi postcard and a Pop Art Portraits bookmark. How kind! However, they didn't bother to give me the free guide to the exhibition that everybody else was walking round with. Due to this, and the complete lack of information provided inside the exhibition itself, I was forced to depend on my own limited art history knowledge and raw observation to try and figure out what was going on. I found this difficult. Some of the works in the exhibition didn't seem very pop art-esque, and some simply weren't portraits. "Astronaut 4" by Gerald Land, for example, was an oddly shaped creation involving polkadots and an astronaut's helmet. Does that count as a portrait? Equally, "Trophy V" by Robert Rauschenberg is a canvas with some grey and cream paint slapped about, a cardboard box glued on, and some kind of metal window through it. Where is the portrait? And where's the pop art?

Among the first pieces to be seen as you enter the exhibition are some very likable collages by Ray Johnson and Eduardo Paolozzi, mostly depicting 1950s home scenes. They make you want to hack up some Good House-keeping magazines and create your own funky masterpieces. Later on, "Man Playing Snooker and Thinking of Other Things" by Derek Boshier was another delight: a happy jumble of bold green background, bright abstract shapes and the occasional interjection of words such as "I hate you! (yea you!)". The self portrait by Andy Warhol used in the promotional posters around London is possibly my favourite in the exhibition. The flat use of grey isn't something you expect from pop art, but it remains true to the movement with its simple outlines and the bright green splotches for eyes. I also loved the ice-creams and milkshakes positioned in a row in front of a gelati-

nous blob of a naked woman in "Great American Nude Number #27" by Tom Wesselman. Another painting worth seeing is "Interesting Journey" by Allen Jones. Had I been given the guide I might have been able to find out if it was supposed to be Prince Charles's head and three hamburgers, or if it was just me being over-creative.

There were a couple of different examples of pop art sculpture including one in the last room called "Ghost Wardrobe for MM" by Claes Oldenburg. It was string hung off a metal rail to look like clothing. I didn't get it. It looked like a wardrobe, sure, but it was... string. Once again, neither proper art nor a portrait, and it wasn't even nice to look at. In the same room was "MM" by Richard Smith, some orange paint streaked across a canvas. I'm not saying it isn't art, but it ain't pop art and it sure ain't a portrait. Nearby were the Marilyn Monroes made famous by Andy Warhol. They're iconic but at the same time they felt overexposed and cliched to me. Pity, because they're big and beautiful with some astounding use of colours, both complementary and clashing. It was at this point in the room that it dawned on me that MM stood for Marilyn Monroe, and the whole room was of art dedicated to her. Why not highlight this fact on some kind of sign?? The best piece in the room was "Marilyn" by Allan D'Arcangelo – a cut out and assemble Marilyn with a pair of metal scissors hanging off by a string. The crisp lines and vivid colours were classic pop art, and the concept was good fun.

When I think of pop art, I think of Roy Lichtenstein. So I was surprised to see only one example of his well-known work, "In the Car". It wasn't even a painting I recognized. Surely this figurehead of the movement deserves more representation in this major exhibition? I suspect no other art institutions (the Tate springs to mind – they have a few Lichtensteins knocking about) were willing to lend out their prized possessions to the NPG. That was a shame. Also, there was one token David Hockney but it wasn't a good one.

Overall I'd say the absence of any annotation or written guidance around the art was the major problem with the exhibition. All the other major museums offer such information, and the NPG did have it in their main galleries, so I can't understand the lack in this case. It definitely lessened my enjoyment of 'Pop Art Portraits', so make sure you nab one before you go in! I was also disappointed by the selection of art on offer – some expected favourites were absent and some of the paintings present seemed irrelevant. It didn't seem like proper representation of the theme "Pop Art Portraits". It certainly wasn't much of an introduction to anybody not already familiar with pop art. Don't let me put you off the National Portrait Gallery in general – I'd recommend it to everybody as a relaxing and enjoyable afternoon out. Where else can you rub shoulders with so many inspirational thinkers of the past and present? But perhaps Pop Art Portraits is better left to the art enthusiasts.

Why don't you pop into the Pop Art Portrait exhibition? It's on until the 20th January 2008. Remember to pass on the 'wankified' mascarpone cake. (What a word, Emily! That's going in my vocabulary right now.)



JUST WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES TODAY'S HOMES SO DIFFERENT, SO APPEALING?
© RICHARD HAMILTON

Quite simply, I want this lounge. Especially that spam. And those breasts.

A nice, warming musical for winter

On a cold winter night, Lucy Harrold warms her cockles with 'John and Jen' at the Finborough Theatre

The Finborough theatre is not, I guess your average theatre. For a start, it's nestled in the heart of Earls Court - only a ten minute walk from Evelyn Gardens (so all you people in Halls around there have no excuse not to go!) - so nowhere near the West End.

Also, it's above a pub so there's another incentive to go. This flummoxed me the first time I went and so spent ages walking around the outside of the pub to find the entrance to the theatre. The entrance is in fact through the pub and up a couple of flights of stairs.

And so to the theatre itself. The upstairs of the theatre is just a single room with unreserved bench seating for about fifty people and you're not allowed to be late, else you'll find yourself on the stage. The stage is just the rest of the room, with the exits being the exit you went through when you came in. The theatre itself is a registered charity and strives to put on both plays and musicals that you won't find at many other venues, including rediscovered and new plays plus old British musicals and a great series of UK premieres of smaller off-Broadway productions. It is from through collection that John&Jen is being shown for the next two Sundays and next Monday.

The writers of Jon&Jen, Andrew Lippa (music) and Tom Greenwald (lyrics) are really unknowns in Britain unless you're me, or you know someone else that loves off-Broadway musical theatre. No, didn't think you did. Lippa's works include 'The Wild Party' (one of my favourite shows) and the reworking of 'You're a Good Man Charlie Brown' (a musical about Snoopy and the gang) and is working on many new projects that will hopefully some day be seen here. Greenwald is now a screenwriter and works for a theatre advertising company.

John&Jen is about the relationship



John and Jen is on for two Sunday nights only, so get on your bike!

between Jen and the two Johns in her life; her brother and her son. In the first act, we explore the lives of John and Jen, brother and sister growing up in Post-WWII America; a time of mixed opinions about government, violence and love. The pair are followed all the way from John's birth until early twenties. It's not the perfect childhood either, their father is abusive and Jen does her best to hide her little brother from this fact and protect him from the abuse. The siblings go through the issues that all siblings go through from forcing your sibling to play with you when they don't want to, to suddenly just a few years later not wanting to see

them anywhere near you.

Act two is concerned with the relationship of Jen, now grown up, and her son John. Obviously, the back-story from the first act is still relevant and followed up on in the second act. Jen goes through many of the emotions and events she went through in the first act, thus taking up the opportunity to show how the decisions we make can change our lives for better or worse. Specific scenarios from the first act are echoed in the second, allowing the audience to compare and contrast. It was interesting to see the way Jen's attitude towards Christmas had changed with what had happened to her. I loved the

very true to life Dear God, where Jen moans about her brother embarrassing her at a basketball match and then Baseball where the second act John moans about his mother's actions at his baseball match in exactly the same way.

Andrew Lippa's music fits perfectly to the mood of the play; it's childlike when it needs to be yet mature and thoughtful at other times, with the same recurring themes appearing to remind the audience of previous songs and episodes. Tom Greenwald's lyrics are witty and perceptive, together they capture the innocence of childhood and the loss of that innocence.

A lot of responsibility is laid upon the two actors, as they have to carry all of the storyline and all of the songs. Helen Evans and Jon Hawkins manage this brilliantly. Both actors have to take their characters from childhood (in Hawkins's case, birth) through to being a fully matured adult, Hawkins doing this twice for two completely different characters. Seeing as some people can't manage this in the twenty or so years they have to grow up, this makes the task even harder. I fell in love with Hawkins's John; his characterisation of the young boy was so authentic that it made it all the harder to handle the tragedy that prevails later in the play. His voice is amazing (he's going on to do the tour of Mamma Mia next; I think his talent is worth more than that!) Plus he has these crazy piercing blue eyes!

Evans' Jen was so genuine; you could really see her transformation from bratty sister, through hippy to loving and (slightly over)caring mother. The emotions she has to go through are immense and Evans copes with these admirably, her voice did get lost at some moments, but this just added to the emotion. The connection between these two actors both as brother and sister and mother and son is really be-

lievable, even having to change from one to the other.

I loved the simplicity and modest nature of John&Jen, it's such an honest show. Although the down to earth aspect to it and the strong and realistic storyline makes me think of the show more as a play that happens to have singing in it. The score and lyrics are really strong and the two performers are amazing both vocally and as actors. The musicians are also on stage: just a basic electric piano and a single violinist. Both are played by very talented musicians. I liked the use of lidded boxes to both set (as moving boxes, a bed, chairs...) and told hold the props for the entire show as there are no wings or off stage space, the way the moving of these was incorporated into the action was really clever.

The show leaves you questioning the decisions you make about yourself and those around you and about the relationships you have. Everyone can relate to at least one of the relationships embodied in the play, everyone has been a brother, a sister, a mother or a child.

The Finborough theatre is a great little theatre, and it's doing a lot to promote the off-West End scene which, let's face it, isn't doing that great, and new plays and musicals in general. Even if you decide that Jon&Jen isn't your thing, you should definitely get yourself along to the Finborough some time, there's always a great selection of material on during the season and they offer student discounts too. If you're ever after somewhere different to go, try it! You never know, you might enjoy it!

This gem of a show in that gem of a theatre is on this Sunday 11th, next Sunday 18th and the Monday after. That is IT. So get on it. Go!!
See www.finboroughtheatre.co.uk for more information.



The Finborough Theatre on Finborough Road, just down the way from Earl's Court tube station



Scraping the barrel for pictures... What the family might look like

Dramsoc's bloody Halloween treat

Detective Richard Lai investigates this year's Dramsoc Freshers' Play, 'Dial M for Murder'.. Ring ring!



Uh oh... like somebody call the cops

DramSoc's opening play of the year is the late Frederick Knott's murder mystery thriller, "Dial M for Murder", directed by Fran Buckland. This was brought to us in its original flavour with no modernisation or any fantasy costumes.

We are sat in front of a London flat in the 50s, where resident Tony – a former British tennis player – uses his old colleague, Lesgate, to plot the "perfect murder" against his loaded wife, Sheila, whom he knows is having an affair with Max, a crime story writer. However, with Inspector Hubbard's

sharp detection and Max's clever deciphering, Tony's supposedly complicated plan starts to collapse.

Being a freshers' play, it is no surprise to see unfamiliar faces in the cast list of six. However, it did not take long for me to start liking them. It was obvious that George Koulouris, who plays Tony, has a fair amount of acting experience: he was able to maintain the same character throughout the play, and the posh British accent he put on should also be credited – it somehow charmed the audience. However, because of his consistency, he had already revealed his evil side right from the beginning. Don't get me wrong though: George is a great actor, but it's just that I'd like to see more of a double-character for a greater suspension at the beginning.

David Stacey's brainy Max was also one of my favourites. With his intellectual lines right from the start, and a slight desperation for Sheila, there is no reason to blame Sheila for liking this man. David's lively character was also what kept the audience focused and excited. I really look forward to see him in a comedy someday.

While Sheila and Max were out, Tony summoned Joscha Diehl's Lesgate for a car trade, but in fact he just wanted to blackmail Lesgate to commit a murder. Lesgate was a perfect, stone-cold (although unsuccessful) assassin, but perhaps a bit shy. I also struggled to hear his words in his meeting with Tony. Again, like Tony's character, he could

use some more flexibility to reflect his cunningness, but this is really not bad for a virgin actor – I see great potential. It will be good to see how far he goes in the next production.

Sheila, played by Nada Jumabhoy, was slightly disappointing. I remember deeply that in her conversation with Max at the beginning, it sounded as

"an excellent production with some great performances"

if she was just reading her lines. What put me off later was how she reacted after the attempted murder: nothing. There was no sign of guilt on her face, after she reversed the killing and let Lesgate's bloody body lie on the floor. She was not even close to crying. It just didn't feel natural at all. A more thorough preparation and direction would have eliminated this.

In the second half of the show, Inspector Hubbard, played by the charming Gilead Amit, turned up in Tony's flat. I was impressed by his professionalism as an inspector on stage, doing all the right things that a real inspector would do, even down to the tiniest details. And slightly off-topic: if I had not read about him in the cast list, I would

have thought he was English rather than "Switzerland!"

A comedy moment arrived when Max turned up alone in front of Tony, excitedly spelling out his "own" story that coincidentally matched the truth, hoping that Tony would give this to the police, which might rescue Sheila from her death sentence, although having to put himself into prison. Of course, Tony had no interest in saving Sheila anyway and shooed Max away with slight panic, but luckily Hubbard's mind was on the same frequency as Max's, so the two teamed up (not intentionally) and eventually caught Tony red-handed.

Last but not least, we have the legendary Sir Walter Plinge's Williams, whose manly voice could be heard from the back when responding Hubbard, but his body never appeared on stage. The reason? It will remain a mystery.

Overall, it is an excellent production with a great stage set-up and some great performances, perfect for a light evening. Technically there were no major flaws either, so well done to the backstage crew. If you missed out on this production, have no fear: hopefully DramSoc's next production will show their real capability with the rest of their veteran members.

Always a good evening's entertainment! Dramsoc's next play is 'Translations' and runs from 28th November to 1st December.

Stanzas for Students (who do science degrees)

Dramatic, terrible and my favourite. Good old Tennyson shows us how it's done with the **Charge of the Light Brigade**. I want to see you all reading this a lot around campus in your best theatrical voices!

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
'Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not thro' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,

Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was them of them,
Left of six hundred.

Who can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six Hundred!



This famous charge took place during the battle of Balaklava, 25th October 1854. Under mistaken orders - 'Some one had blunder'd' - the Earl of Cardigan, with his Light Brigade of 607 horsemen, rode up a valley, manned

in front and on both flanks by Russian guns and masses of Russian soldiers. Of the 607 troopers, 409 fell and only 198 escaped. A bloody massacre, really. Here endeth the lesson. That's all for this week, kiddies.



Music

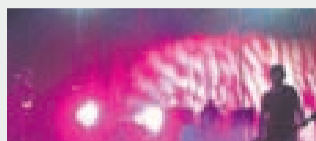
Music Editors – Jenny Gibson and Matty Hoban

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Ashes to lashes, from dust to dust

Golden oldies Ash are running up against the eye-candy of the new lady on the block, Bat For Lashes in this week's music section. Ash come out favourably however, managing to get five truly coveted Felix stars

Live Review



Ash
Brixton Academy
★★★★★

Brixton hasn't got the best reputation in the country; in fact, whilst wandering cautiously through the South London district, several explosions and police sirens could be heard. Although the explosions were (most probably) fireworks, the thought of gunfire and street crime came flooding back to me. Last time I came to Brixton, I was being chased through the streets wearing a lab coat. I went to see We Are Scientists, if you are wondering.

This time, however, I was here to see Ash, the trio from Northern Ireland. As I entered the academy, I checked my pockets, and all of my possessions were still present and accounted for. I hadn't been mugged, chased, or threatened, and was lulling myself into a false sense of security.

Nevertheless, when Ash stepped onto the stage, and just after the opening riffs to the title track of their latest – and final – album were heard, I was crushed against the metal barriers separating myself and the band by mere metres. And by crushed, I mean suffered severe internal bleeding of the stomach, lungs and kidneys. Despite being through some tough times in the band's history, most recently involving the discharge of their pianist and second guitarist Charlotte Hatherley, it seems Ash's fan base remains as die-hard and as strong in numbers as ever.

To be perfectly honest with you, I only have Ash's most recent album, "Twilight of the Innocents", which I acquired after hearing samples from it at Snow Patrol's recent O2 Arena gigs, where Ash were called in as the prime support act. It was everything I looked for in an album, and decided very soon afterwards to go and see them perform more of their material.

This isn't to say I haven't ever heard some of Ash's older tracks. As soon as "Orpheus" kicked into life, I wasn't the only one leaping against the barriers – the entire building burst into ecstasy as the thundering bass line and heavy duty drum work lay down the foundations for frontman Tim Wheeler's excellent winding guitar and soaring vocals.

Another seemingly-legendary track – by the fans' standards, at least – was "Kung Fu", which was as intense as the martial art it is named after. On several of the songs, including this one, the band wisely and very pleasingly extended the instrumental section, giving the crowd a little more mosh for their money. Even the marginally slower tracks, including "Shining Light", were still far more of an adrenaline rush than your average indie band garble.

Of course, Ash is not an indie band. They might have been once, but as most indie bands nowadays are not allowed to be called 'indie' unless less



Ash looking all pretty somehow in incredibly clashing colours. Explanations to the usual address please

than one thousand people have heard of them, Ash's sizeable fan base clearly removes them from this ridiculous category and puts them squarely in the ambiguous 'alternative rock' section.

Perhaps this is why I am such a fan of their latest album as opposed to "1977" or "Free All Angels". Every track they performed before my melting eyes from their collection of older LPs were storming, thundering, explosive, powerful, and of course, incredibly memorable. Still, there is something about their most recent album which puts it up their next to the best in alternative rock.

Despite not playing "Princess Six" – a tale of love lost in a metaphor of royalty, accompanied by a sparky lead guitar – all of their best tracks from Twilight of the Innocents were played amidst the smorgasbord of old singles and long-time fan favourites. "You Can't Have It All", which contains arguably one of the best bass tracks of recent times, debuted first, and heads were simultaneously banging away. "Black-listed and Ritual" soon followed, both of which allowed a mix of Wheeler's vocals and the brilliant drumming of Rick McMurray to produce the mini-

ature epics. Of course, this was but a taster of what was to follow.

"Polaris", a song seemingly about war, has a string section sample accompanying another excellent bass line by Mark Hamilton and of course the superb guitar riffs of Wheeler. With the darker subject matter and the amazingly harmonious instrumentality produced by the trio, this track could easily be part of a thought-provoking motion picture soundtrack. Nevertheless, even this is dwarfed by the sheer scope of the titular track, which uses string, piano and glockenspiel samples, along with Ash's trinity of extremely talented musicians, to convey such an epic composition it sounds as if it should belong to the climax of piece of cinematic genius. The song appears to tell the story of a person trapped in a post-apocalyptic world and how he seems to be dealing with both the conflict across the planet and the internal conflicts he faces within himself.

The introspective lyrics and stunning vocals, along with an utterly jaw-dropping, emotive orchestral theme and the repeated lyric "I'm still breathing; my heart's still beating" allows the track to exude a sense of both mystery and epic

grandeur, and is personally one of my favourite songs of all time.

Interestingly enough, the track's lyrical content appears to share stark similarities with the central character from Neon Genesis Evangelion, the most influential and critically-acclaimed anime series ever made. Being a huge fan of this particular series and of Ash, this meant I had very high expectations when it came to this particular track. Performed live, it connected the audience to the band and each other in a way few other songs can. I was not disappointed in the slightest.

Ending the gig with both new and old – the quietly spectacular End of the World and the mosh-pit inducing "Burn Baby Burn", respectively – Ash gave their fans everything they wanted, and by the looks on their faces, the reception they received was worth all the blood, sweat and tears that had gone into their latest musical offering.

Do yourself a favour: when Ash next comes to visit your hometown, go and bathe yourself in the "Twilight". They may tell you that "You Can't Have It All", but in some cases such as this, it is very clear that with Ash, you can.

Robin Andrews

Live Review



Bat For Lashes
Koko
★★★★☆

Knowing Bat For Lashes' deep fascination with whatever falls in between dreams, the subconscious and spiritualism, it was no surprise to walk into Koko's richly opulent interior and seeing the stage looking like it had been decorated by Tim Burton's set designer. With glittering, golden trees adorning strange symbols, an inky black curtain holding up twinkling fairy lights and a full moon displaying starchy Native American projections, you wouldn't be blamed for thinking that you had stepped into some kind of pagan ritual.

Looking like forest nymphs, the musicians walked on stage as Natasha Kahn opened her set with a whispery French incantation that silenced an already highly attentive crowd – one that cheered uproariously as the pulsing bass to the gorgeous "Trophy" kicks in. It was a bewitching experience: Lizzy Carey and Abi Fry were perfect on their violas, the string section was rich against the subtle gusts of the brass while Caroline Weeks' guitar gurgled under Kahn's breathy vocals. "I Saw A Light" almost became an early highlight as it demonstrated Kahn's emotive, Björk-esque wails over a rousing crescendo.

Apart from a strangely hollowed rendition of "What's A Girl To Do?" in which its deeper sounds were replaced by weak synth washes, nearly every track sounded better than their album counterpart. This is especially true of "Sarah" – a maudlin track on record, but reduced to a minimalist nightmare as Kahn beats the floor with a totem pole ("My beautiful new stick!") to give a vicious beat against a disjointed and screeching electric guitar.

The best performance, however, was a cover of Tom Waits' "Lonely". Originally a low key piano track from when his voice didn't sound like a forty-fags-a-day growl, it was given a full orchestral arrangement replete with string swells, blasts of French horns and a stunning flute arrangement that was seemingly pulled out of Kahn's bottomless magician's hat.

Throughout, she remained a perfectly welcoming hostess, making conversation with the crowd and inviting supporting act Spleen back on stage to provide beat-boxing duties on one of the tracks (to a distractingly disappointing effect it has to be said – either his mike was too low, or it was a really half-arsed effort). The atmosphere was kept at a lightly eerie tone and amid her nocturnal ballads (and especially when she invited the crowd to howl at the moon), you can't help thinking that if everyone in the audience was dressed up, this would have been one hell of a surreal Halloween party.

Jorge Costa



Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

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Lions For Lambs purrs for thought

Robert Redford's political debate gives plenty of material for discussion but ends in an overblown dead-heat

Lions For Lambs ★★★★★

Director: Robert Redford
Writer: Matthew Michael Carnahan
Cast: Robert Redford, Tom Cruise, Meryl Streep

Alex Casey
 Film Editor

Lions For Lambs is hardly the beast its title lays claims to. A slickly edited real time drama with three loosely related threads spanning the globe, it sounds like an episode of *24* but with the issues at hand discussed through theatrical dialogue, not the messianic Jack Bauer. Add the heavyweight cast of Meryl Streep, Robert Redford and Tom Cruise to serve as conduits for a sharp battle of wits over the "War on Terror" and political punch is assured, yet *Lions* never reaches a fulfilling roar.

Whilst not a simple exercise in flag-waving, *Lions* seems very much like an American product aimed at an American audience, probing the effect of a foreign war on home soil. Redford plays a professor trying to inspire a disillusioned student to overcome his po-

litical apathy whilst Streep and Cruise face off as a journalist and smooth talking senator discussing a new attack strategy in Afghanistan. The plan of attack itself becomes the third story, as two young soldiers struggle to stay alive fighting for a country that, hitherto, hasn't treated them with the respect they deserve.

The effect of the Vietnam War was only visible as an aftershock for cinema, with the subject matter it provided only finding its way into film years after the conflict itself was over. Critics said it came too late, and now, six years since the "War on Terror" was declared, come its effects on screen. With the ending still unbeknownst to us, the direction to take seems an odd one. The routes of condemnation versus absolution intertwine without an end point to measure the justification of the means, and leave *Lions* posing a lot of questions it can't answer.

That said, many of the points raised in *Lions* resonate beyond a purely cinematic experience. "Do you want to win the war on terror?" asks Cruise's senator, enlisting a dubious response that belies the simplistic yes-no answer he wants. Redford's strand analyses the middle-class youth's reaction to war, a very different one to the activism of

students in the Sixties and exposes a sit-back mentality that prevents change, yet without exploring the reasons for such lethargy. Streep, meanwhile, is the voice of media ethics, one of many who in the post-9/11 shellshock supported this war which hindsight seems to view so abhorrently. To what extent did the saturated sensationalist reports fed to a broken country fuel its thirst for revenge? And in Afghanistan, why is it that young people on the edge of society fight for a country that has not given them their dues, whilst the spoiled bourgeoisie sit back and criticise?

These ideas are conveyed with the subtlety of Paul Haggis' *Crash*, the same subtlety America is renowned for. The hidden meaning here is about as covered up as Britney Spears stumbling into a taxi, yet the impact is not significantly lessened for it. All three actors are finely equipped to deal with their parts, yet no-one seems to get stretched at any point. Dialogue replaces dramatics and despite Cruise getting crazier by the day, he can still pull off great performances, and this one, oddly reminiscent of his superior turn in *Magnolia*, stands well against the other two Goliaths.

The philosophy of *Lions* is its strongest tick box though and, with Redford



MFI brought in some big names to sell their latest showroom

directing, the focus is not often removed from the issues at hand. One line in particular refuses to diminish: "What have we been doing for the last six years, Senator? World War II took

less than five." Who knew that America was capable of being so self-aware, nevermind self-critical? *Lions* may not answer its own questions, but it certainly gets you thinking.

JPMorgan

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Boy

by Sally Longstaff

One for the ladies...

Felix's very own Mr Muscle, Chirraush Patel, showing off his very large... muscles. Do you have bigger muscles? Prove it, pose here!

felix@imperial.ac.uk





Media

Produced by the members of mosaic

union.ic.ac.uk/mosaic

ICRADIO

Lia Han
Head of Publicity

IC you want my Radio Salutations! Welcome to the first edition of IC Radio's Felix column. We're going against the grain, doing the ol' reach around, and putting pen to paper (rather than sound to ear) to bring you the latest IC Radio news. There are as many ways to get into Radio as there are into Courtney Love's Hole, so don't shy away if you have some horrific speech impediment or the only piece of music you've heard is Tubular Bells. If you fancy doing a show (music, banter, news, confessional, Dr Love, Dr Death Shipman, etc), learning how sound production is done (fuzzyfelt and sticklebacks mostly) or being some big clever hellamashup DJ then we are now your best friends!

Our Radio Committee, this year, are sacrificing their academic year to make IC Radio the best it can be. Seriously, watch me fail my exams to bring you top comedic guests, pop bands who'll shake what their mothers gave them for 2p and a humungous amount of promo CDs! We're also planning trips to radio stations in London, as well as getting the best DJs to come down and give DJ skills sessions.

And for reference, I'm Lia, Head of Publicity, DJ Kitty Mao (will do Christmas parties for food) and co-host of Car Crash Radio (Mondays at 5. Alive... they were nice drinks weren't they?). I'm here to harass famous people and big corporations for YOU! Possibly simultaneously wearing my big fluffy velveteen headphones. MMM...snug.

Visit us at www.icradio.com to soak up a sample of our sweet nectar (or ear sex if tuning in after 9) and to find out more about getting involved!

Ask the Union President

This week **stoic tv** tells us about the show which puts the Union President the hot seat, in front of television cameras and on the receiving end of your questions

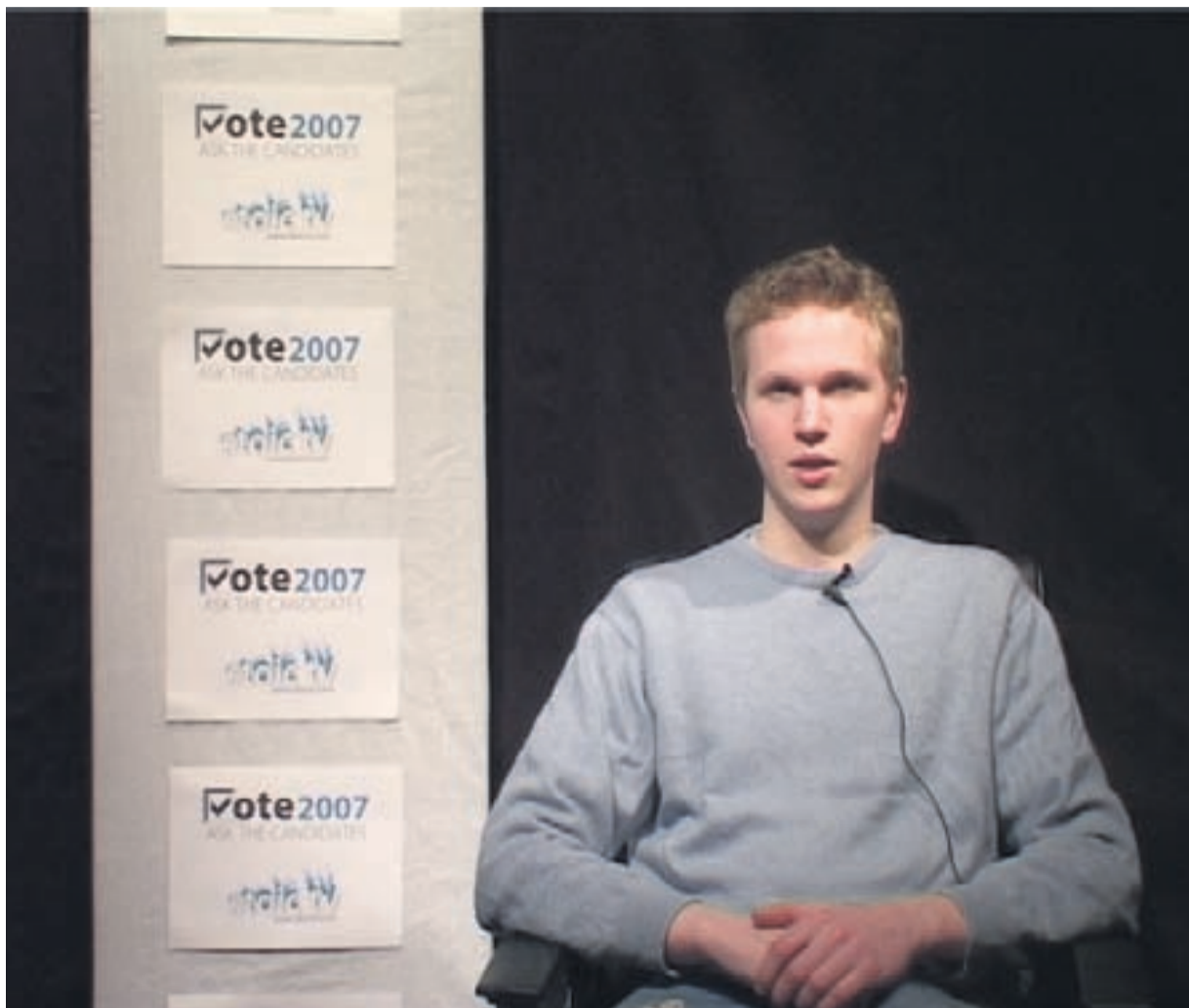
The story so far: in March this year, in what is historically termed an 'election', five people were nominated as sabbaticals to run Imperial College Union. Since the start of August they've been paid to represent you to the College and to the wider world, and to run Union services – the bars, the events, student support, and facilities for all those clubs and societies.

One of these, the editor of this esteemed publication, is of course beyond reproach. Another – who is in charge of the whole lot – is Stephen Brown, the Union President.

Now, you may believe the Union is a perfect entity, a shining idyll of perfection in a world of disorder and distress (in which case you might want to know how they manage this!) Or, possibly more likely, there may be something that even slightly concerns you... from drink prices in Da Vinci's to the system of governance, from how the Union is spending its money, to its position on top-up fees or the NUS. Is the Union providing enough facilities, and the right ones? Are you a club member worried about how your club is run, or a committee member worried about running a club? Or are you having problems with any part of the College – Residences, the Registry, or seemingly random regulations - that you think the Union should be pushing to have sorted out?

If only there was a way that the president, Stephen Brown could know your problems – and, to let students across Imperial know what could be done to get them solved. Well, fortunately there is - quite simply, you can Ask The President.

Each month, stoic tv puts your questions to the President of the Union, and lets the world hear the responses. Sending in your question is easy: just email it to askthepresident@stoictv.com. For



The Union President doing publicity for his election campaign last year. Now's your chance to grill him

this edition of Ask The President, we'll need your questions by this Monday, 12 November. Then, on Thursday, you'll be able to view the programme in the JCR and, as with all our other shows, you can watch online at www.stoictv.com, or on the stoic tv channel on iTunes. So: you'll hear your ques-

tion answered, find out what the President can do about it, and who knows, the Union may get that one step closer to perfection, thanks to you.

Ask The President is one of several stoic tv shows in production, shot from our studio in the West Basement of Beit Quad. As well as newsy cur-

rent affairs shows (we have stoic news bulletins as well, every week) we make wacky light entertainment, philosophical short films, and lots more!

If you want to get involved, in front or behind the camera, just email us at info@stoictv.com.

I had sex with a famous pornstar last night

Felix Office Pornographer

No I didn't. Well, I did, but this article is actually about taking photos in the dark.

So you've bought some crappy camera and want to take pretty pictures with it. Unfortunately, there isn't enough space on this page to teach you that, so I'll stick to trying to teach you to take bearable-to-decent photos (face it, you'll never be as good as me anyway).

The biggest misconception about taking photos in low light is about the use of a flash. You do not want to be using it most of the time. First of all, it will blind the pornstar, and second of all, it will give your subject a deer-in-the-headlights look, I guarantee it. The first thing that one can do is turn the ISO up, but this can both help and make the photo worse. If it's starting to get dark and you cannot handhold to take a photo, you can bump the ISO up a bit which will help with your shaky

hands. Mind you, putting the ISO too high will make your photos way more grainy than is acceptable, so one must find a balance.

If you do not have a flash that you can detach from your camera (i.e. you have a shitty point-and-shoot camera that you got ripped off for in Jessops) there is not much you can do with it. You can either switch it off, or set your camera to slow flash. This will make your camera take a photo where the background is exposed correctly (i.e. not pitch black), and use flash at the same time to light up the hot chick in the foreground.

Whether you want your flash off or on will obviously depend on the situation. If you are taking a photo of anything more than 3 metres away from you, flash is (mostly) useless. Whenever you're watching the best football team ever (Chelsea) playing, for example, you will see thousands of flashes going off in the stands every second. Do they honestly think that their puny

little flash will reach five billion miles to light up Sir Abramovich? You don't see those guys with lenses as big as my dick (or Rob's) using a flash, and they are behind the advertising boards, pretty close to the action.

What they do use, though, are monopods. Monopods and tripods are one of the most essential things for a pornographer. Lens, camera, photographer, tripod. In that order.

Contrary to popular belief, a tripod is much more important than a flash. As an example, it allows you to take masterpieces such as the one on the right. Any landscape work that you do after dusk will require a tripod, I guarantee it. Obviously, it doesn't make sense to carry a tripod with you at all times (especially if you have a small point-and-shoot), but a tripod doesn't have to be a tripod to be a tripod, know what I'm saying? Any substitute can be used, from buildings to benches to my Ferrari. For those of you who have banged enough pornstars to afford a DSLR and



Coitus beautifulialis am Londonis Eyus

can control the exposure, don't forget to underexpose by half a stop. And don't forget to use a timer, as your fat pudgy little fingers will shake the cam-

era when you press the shutter release. Now I am off for my lunch appointment with Ron Jeremy. I hope that today's lesson will come in handy.



Make your own high fashion!



Super-Awesome Waist-Skirt

This is really easy to make. Well unless you sew the seam on the wrong side of the skirt. Then you'll have to spend half an hour unpicking stitches sewn in from the smallest stitch setting of the sewing machine. All you need is a sewing machine, jersey cotton fabric, matching thread, and waistband elastic.

1. Measure around your waist where you want your skirt to sit. Multiply this length by 1.7. This is the width of your fabric. Measure how long you want your skirt, then add on 3 inches for the length of your fabric.
2. Measure and cut your fabric into the desired dimensions.
3. Fold your fabric in half, with the good sides facing each other. Sew along this to make a tube.
4. Fold up and sew the hem.
5. Fold down the top of the skirt, making a tube big enough to fit your waistband elastic. Sew along this, making sure the tube is still wide enough.
6. Cut your elastic to a bit smaller than the size of your waist.
7. Pin a safety pin on the end of the waistband elastic. Insert the waistband through the hole you unpicked, using the safety pin to pull the fabric over the elastic.
8. Sew together the ends of the elastic band.
9. Hand sew back up the hole where you inserted the elastic.
10. Turn your skirt the right way out. Awesome!



COOL

Bumbags/Fannypacks



Did you know that fanny means bum in America? How confusing! That could get you into a bad situation if you're into dirty talk. Although if you refer to your hooah as a fanny in dirty talk context, you probably have other problems.

Blackout



It's the musical equivalent of an upper. Also, since you can download music online, you don't have to face the shame of handing the CD to a cashier at Virgin Megastores. I always find it random that record stores seem to have a policy of hiring radical looking people. I guess like people, corporations try to pretend exactly what they're not. But remember, you can never plug the abyss in your dark soul.

You also have to live with the knowledge that by buying this CD you will be funding Britney's Cheeto fund.

Pete Doherty's Relapse



He was just starting to move past the Pillsbury dough boy stage into looking like an actual human being.

LAME

Off the high street...



Tan Moccasin Boot, Dorothy Perkins, £35



Rudolph Socks, Topshop, £3



Chunky Zig Zag Beret, Miss Selfridge, £12



Rub a dub pub grub

A normal place with excellent normal food: The Queen's Arms

Noel Forrest

So, the authentic creative gastropubs (whom I adore) are pushing up the prices of the bad normal pubs because people now think fish and chips is worth twenty quid, and the still-cheap chain pubs are pretending to be gastropubs by giving you a big plate. Fine. I don't like it, but I get it. What's the implicit tragedy? – That there are no normal pubs selling normal food of gastropub quality at a reasonable price. Wrong! There is the Queen's Arms in Queens Gate Mews, just a short walk from campus!

It's a simple point I have to make about it: the food is completely standard pub fare on paper (including such menu staples as bangers and mash, burgers, steak and chips), but is actually executed to a very high standard... normal pub food at gastropub quality! That's pretty special if you ask me. Others seem to agree judging from its popularity with a civilised crowd of students and Albert Hall goers, all spilling out onto the beautiful cobbled mews.

We fought over our starter of breaded calamari with sweet chilli and rocket (my mouth is watering right now whilst thinking about it). The girl I was with is greedy, so she had a steak. I stole some and it was richly bloody. I was drunk so craved the macaroni cheese- plus I was just ecstatic to see



The lovely Queens Arms Pub: doesn't it look nice?

it on a menu; and my craving was more than satisfied.

So hurrah for the London Pub! Bring back porridge and kippers for breakfast, kedgeriee for lunch and toad-in-the-hole for supper, I say. Then the only tragedy will be the lack of dart

boards.

A main meal is about £9-15 plus drinks.

The Queen's Arms, 30 Queens Gate Mews, South Kensington, 02075817741

Fancy some goat?

David Stewart jerks off Caribbean style

Suppose you are a homosexual gearing up for a night of mayhem on or around Old Compton Street. Suppose further (which is even more unlikely) that you are not a member of the white T-shirt brigade that survives on a diet of cocktails and the minuscule piece of nutrition provided by a sugar-coated ecstasy tab. You may therefore wish to eat more than half a won-ton before precipitating yourself in the crazy world of gay. Perhaps, for example, you are a 'bear'. Then a cheap and decent, filling meal on Dean Street courtesy of Mr Jerk might be just the thing for you.

About six or seven years ago, by my recollection, there was suddenly an epidemic of Caribbean takeaways; one appearing on every high street when there were previously none. Most of these are (or were) crap- the cheapest possible chunks of meat in insipid sauces served on a mound of stodgy 'rice&peas' is the staple offering. Mr Jerk, (which now has two branches: 'Original Mr Jerk' and 'Jerk City') is the single source of good Caribbean food in the West End. Indeed, with the exception of the more upmarket operations like the Mango Room and Cottons in Camden, it's the only decent venue in Zone 1.

Saltfish and Ackee is a traditional Caribbean offering - fish is preserved in salt then rehydrated and cooked

with an otherwise tasteless fruit, ackee - which comes in an intensely rich version here with the saltfish dutifully soaked and cooked until falling apart, as it should be. The goat curry is exceptionally flavoursome too and the sauce was pleasantly soaked up by the 'hard food' accompaniment. But the real draw is of course the eponymous jerk chicken which blackened to within an inch of charcoal, comes doused in a seriously hot and sour sauce which is as good a decongestant as friar's balsam. It sounds horrible but it's refreshing and unspeakably tasty. If you fancy sampling the fare while passing, grab one of the saltfish dumplings for three pounds or so, sitting in the hot shelf by the window. They're sensational.

A main meal is about £7 plus drinks.

Original Mr Jerk, 187 Wardour Street, 02074377770 & Jerk City, 189 Wardour Street 02072872878



Some Jerk Chicken mmmm

Vegetarian phase over. Here's a recipe for some good old red meat – Enjoy!

Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding (serves 5 – 6), by Sally Longstaff



Beefy goodness... Mmm

Nothing can beat a nice Sunday Roast, especially the traditional roast beef with Yorkshire puds. For those non-UK students out there, this is a must – British cooking at its very best!

Most people think that a roast dinner is difficult to cook. Well, it's not actually that tough for even the most culinary challenged of you. This is a great way to impress your own parents with how you are coping with the big

wide world and will earn a ton of brownie points, or even your girlfriend/girlfriend's parents.

You'll need: A roasting dish, saucepans (minimum of 2) and a jug.

Ingredients:

1.25kg joint of beef (back rib, top-side or silverside), 100g plain flour, 1 egg beaten, 300ml milk, 200g potatoes per person, 400g parsnips, gravy granules, 400g carrots, pack

of sugar snap peas, oil, salt and pepper.

Method:

Pre-heat the oven to 220/Gas Mark 7. Rinse the joint and pat dry. Season the joint and place in roasting pan.

Roast for one hour for rare meat (15 minutes plus 15 minutes per 500g), or 1 hour 20 minutes for medium meat (20 minutes plus 20 minutes per 500g). For well-done meat cook for 1 hour 40 minutes (25 minutes plus 25 minutes per 500g). For the rest of the timings below, I have assumed medium cooking time of 1h 20 mins.

Wash and peel the potatoes, whilst bringing a kettle of water to the boil. Cut the potatoes into even-sized pieces and boil in a saucepan for 5-10 minutes or until they lose a little of their hardness. Drain and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook in the roasting pan with the meat for 1-1.5 hours depending on how crispy you like them. For the rest of the timings below, I have assumed medium cooking time.

Cut both ends of the parsnips and peel. Slice in half, and cut into batons of even size. Par-boil, as you did with the potatoes (you can do them together to save on washing up!). Roast with the potatoes for the same amount of time.

For the Yorkshire puddings, sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the egg and

half the milk. Mix the liquid into the flour until a smooth batter is formed. Use an electric whisk if necessary. Gradually beat in the rest of the milk. Put a little oil in each of the holes in a twelve-hole bun tin.

Put the tin into the oven for a few minutes to heat the oil. Fill the bun tin with the batter. Cook with the roast for 20 minutes, or until the puddings are golden. Alternatively use Auntie Bessie's frozen puds, they are amazing – just pop them on a baking tray in the foil dishes for about 12-15 minutes.

Top and tail the carrots (i.e. chop off the top and bottom) and slice thinly. Boil in water in a saucepan for 10-15 minutes or steam for 10-15 minutes depending on how soft you like them. Steam or boil the sugar snap peas for 4-5 minutes.

Time-plan to eat at 8.00pm:

6:30 Peel and boil the potatoes and parsnips.
6:40 Rinse and dry the meat. Put the meat, potatoes and parsnips in the oven.

Now you can relax for a bit and lay the table, wash up, pour wine (red wine is recommended, for example, Shiraz).

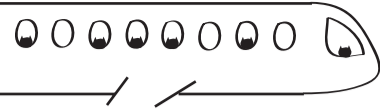
7:30 Begin making Yorkshire puddings and warm the bun tin.
7:40 Put the Yorkshire puddings into the oven.
7:45 Peel carrots and boil.
7:55 Put sugar snap peas on to boil/steam.
8:00 Serve.



The joint before entering the oven



Sugar snap peas and carrots



The Galapagos Islands

As if being the inspiration for Charles Darwin's theory of evolution wasn't enough, these glorious, spectacular islands have even more to offer the intrepid traveller

Ahran Arnold
Travel Editor

The Galápagos Islands, officially known as the "Archipiélago de Colón," are a cluster of volcanic islands distributed around the equator about 1000km west of Ecuador. Rich in history, scenery, wildlife and culture, the 'enchanted islands' are a popular tourist destination and a must-see for any traveller to South America with a few days to spare. They are, perhaps, best known for two reasons. Firstly, the many endemic species, most notable of all- the Galápagos Tortoise. The second reason, related to the first, is the role the islands' wildlife played in the development of Charles Darwin's theory of evolution.

"He went out and got 'wasted' on what sounded like an epic bender in the streets of Ecuador's capital"

Strachan Mackenzie (also known as 'slow Strachan' or the 'lesser-spotted, dim-witted Strachan'), whom you may remember from the guinea pig article in this section two weeks ago, accompanied me to these islands earlier this year. We had originally decided that a visit to the islands would be out of our price range but changed our minds when we heard the rave reviews of returning travellers whilst staying in Quito, Ecuador. The prices are maintained at a high level due to a monopolising flight company, with sole rights

to Galápagos access by air.

One of the particularly rave reviews we had came from a strange Canadian fellow who we met in our hostel. His story is worth relating even though it has nothing to do with our jaunt to the islands. The Canadian's brother had been living in Quito for a number of years and had managed to get a local girl, whom he had been briefly seeing, pregnant. Woe was him. He decided to do the 'honourable thing' and marry the girl. As the wedding approached his doubts intensified. Things reached a head when the father of the bride told him he would have to provide not only for the wife but also for the rest of the, extremely large, extended family! The day before the wedding, disillusioned and anxious, he went out and got 'wasted' on what sounded like an epic bender in the streets of Ecuador's capital. In the process he was arrested and spent the night in a South American jail (not a nice place to be, apparently). So the wedding was called off for the time being. Instead of comforting his ill-fated brother or trying to sort the situation out, the groom-to-be's brother, whom we were speaking to, decided to immediately rent a car and depart on a road trip around Ecuador. It sounded like the setting to a bad American teen movie, but it was in fact the truth. Either way his insensitive decision benefited us as it inspired us to make our own impromptu trip to the Galápagos Islands.

There are two ways of experiencing the islands, and both involve boat travel, but to varying degrees. It is possible (for an extra \$1000) to sleep on a boat which travels between the islands at night, but we opted for the more modestly priced two-island tour which involves staying on the islands themselves. This did mean we did not, really, get to see the full diversity of Galapagos wildlife. This was rather irritating since it was while observing differences in the various species (especially

the finches and tortoises) that Darwin realised differing environments were the cause; so we were missing out on the full Darwinian experience.

It was still well worth going, though. The wildlife is, of course, amazing. Iridescent birds with names like the Blue-footed Boobies were a highlight, but my favourite animals were the tortoises themselves. Prehistoric in appearance, these giant brutes were many times bigger than any tortoises I had ever previously seen. Quirks of nature such as a lagoon that turns pink for half the year were fascinating and another highlight of our trip was horseback riding up to a recently erupted volcano's crater. After the effort of getting our horses to do anything at all we made steady progress upwards. Eventually, we stumbled onto a scene of rolling mists that seemed to cascade into the

"Iridescent birds with names like the Blue-footed Boobie were a highlight"

crater like a waterfall of clouds.

We already knew a little of the evolutionary aspect of the islands' historical significance but we were also interested to discover that a few of the larger islands had also been used as penal colonies for mainland criminals. The prisoners were, at one point, ordered to erect a huge wall, ironically, for the sole purpose of keeping themselves enclosed. Many died during the struggle and the incomplete wall still stands on the island of Isabella, as a testament to their efforts.

One thing that particularly shocked us was the sheer number of people on the islands. We had expected a mini-

mal population of perhaps a thousand people at most, so we were surprised to find bustling town centres and a population of 30,000. The islands' culture was incredibly laid-back. Nowhere in South America do things run on time, but this was especially true on these islands. People were very friendly and there was great community spirit and pride.

There are, of course, downsides to having a human population on the islands- the environment and resources are constantly under strain. The other problem is the tourists- not all the tourists, many of whom are very pleasant. The problem lies with the hordes of American school kids infesting the hotels and generally causing all sorts of consternation to the soundtrack of *High School: The Musical*.

We only spent five days on the islands but it was worth every penny and if you can stretch yourself to afford it, it's an unforgettable experience. There is a 'student' Galápagos near the south of Ecuador, which is cheaper. This island has none of the history and culture of the real Galápagos and only some of the wildlife, but is an option of the traveller on a shoe-string budget.

Travels without my aunt

Theo Georgiou-Delisle

The title of this article could be mistaken for a short piece about the loss of a favoured member of the family and its inevitable psychological impact upon my travels along the silk route where, after much contemplation, I found myself. Instead it is a hastily written ramble about journeys that I could be bothered to make, to areas that are not in themselves special or interesting. Think of it, if you will, as the kind of long message you would happen about on *Facebook*, dismiss immediately, and forget about.

This week I would like to take you back in time. This is regrettably beyond my powers, so I will take you- if I may- to Chingford. Nestled between Epping Forest and areas without forest, it is not easily accessible by tube but boasts higher than average levels of chavs and squirrels- not necessarily in that order.

During the notorious "nuts riots" of the late 1980's, it rose to top of the news agenda on *BBC London North* as the deaths of over 230 common grey squirrels and 47 chavs were recorded, when stores of acorns and shoddily written magazines were mistakenly destroyed to make way for, what many said was a somewhat premature, Diana memorial.

It is not widely known that the former Conservative leader Iain Duncan Smith MP works tirelessly for Chingford- indeed it is more widely known and generally accepted that he does not. Despite this, you will be pleased to know that Chingford has recently undergone something of a renaissance. Street café culture is now chic. On a summer's day, many tattooed gentlemen and less gentle-women may be found sipping alcopops outside any number of bistros and bars. For example, the newly opened "BarBistro" caters for most of the needs of the local clientele.

Bisecting Chingford runs the Greenwich Meridian Line, marked by a striking granite obelisk. Unfortunately, due to general incompetence, the obelisk was positioned a depressing 5 metres away from the actual meridian and thus a slab of graffiti-covered concrete now informs local doggers of its exact position.

If you want more proof of the significance of Chingford, simply haul your great heaving mass over to a library computer and look at David Beckham's © page on *Wikipedia* and (if I have edited *Wikipedia* in time) you will see that it was on the playing fields of Ridge-way Park in Chingford that he trained for many of his formative years. He was also educated at Chingford High School, but let's not hold that against Chingford.

"But what is at the heart of Chingford?" I hear you whine, "Why do you care about Chingford?" -others moan. The truth of the matter is that Chingford is not really an unintelligent rabble of humanity but more of an old friend, a friend who you suspect killed your cat when you were 8, but who you decide you go with a drink with none the less because you never really liked your cat anyway.



The Galapagos Tortoise: It looks like some thing prehistoric man would do battle with



Finches: Darwin's inspiration



Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Sebastian Nordgren

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Azfarul "Az" Islam
Games Editor

I thought we'd do nicely with a cool-down after last week's review of a pretty high profile title.

"What?", you ask. "You're considering the likes of the great Half-Life 2: Episode Two, second son of Half-Life 2, the true descendant of Half-Life... unworthy?"

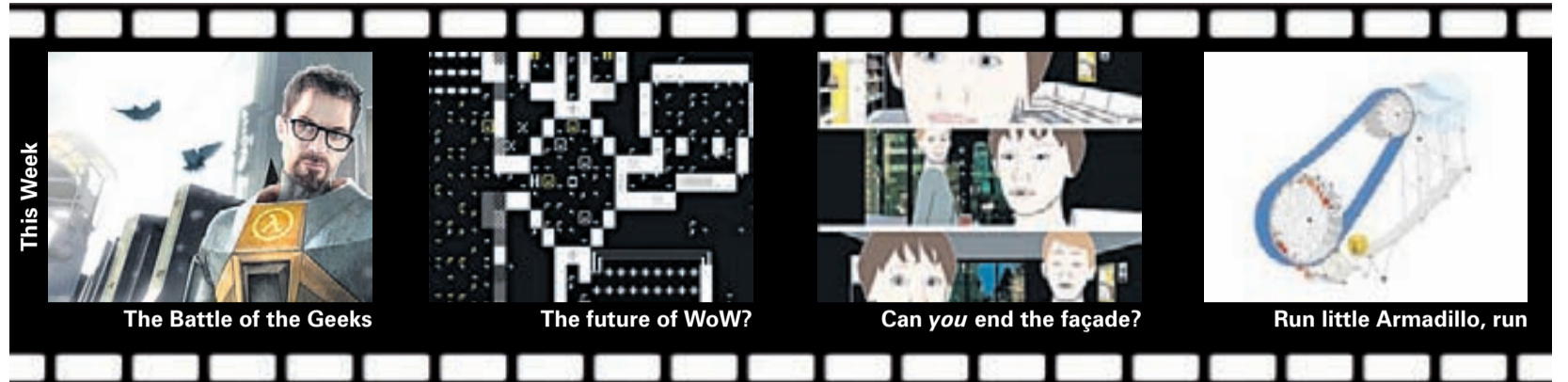
Don't get me wrong. Half-Life was an awesome game when it came out, as was the second iteration. However, it's all too obvious that the whole episodic content concept is leading to an increasingly shallower pool of quality. Valve messed around a little bit too much with their anticipated Episode Two and are now suffering burns from the acid tongue of the one and only Angry Geek.

That's an example of a rather large (and quite famous) development studio messing up – poor form really. In that sense it's quite harsh to launch into tirades against games created by smaller teams or even the solitary yet passionate code monkey. The thing is, these games – often no more than experiments – are usually of higher quality than those with literally million-dollar budgets. That's why it's more embarrassing for Episode Two since it faces off against a set of games that individually rival the very tenets that the series holds dear.

We have a game that utilises an Artificial Intelligence system that's often eerie in the way it brings characters to life. Their dialogue naturally adapts to your responses and you may well spend more than a few uncomfortable moments wondering if you're actually playing alone. Half-Life 2 may have realised Alyx through nuanced animation, but for a Flash-based game to evoke similar human emotions is quite astounding.

In 2004, Valve awed the gaming community by actually offering a physics engine that was robust and actually consequential to your gameplay experience. The Gravity Gun has definitely taken its place in the annals of gaming history alongside the chainsaw and assault rifle. However, one game dares to try better. It involves a yellow little armadillo, lots of empty white space and simply your imagination. Adhering to the laws of physics you need to help manipulate various objects to lead the little critter to safety. The game plays like the natural progression of the likes of "The Incredible Machine" – and we all know how prescient that game was. Despite being a very indie game, Armadillo Run has rightfully been lathered in universal plaudit.

Lastly, we see what can only be the closest thing to pen-and-paper Dungeons-and-Dragons; bloom lighting need not apply. With graphics easily surpassed by a 5-year old using MS-Paint whilst trying to swat a fly on the monitor with the mouse cursor, the Dwarf game (I refused to type the whole name again) will send RPG aficionados into a Frenzy +2 while everyone else (about 99% of us) goes back to running amuck in Oblivion.



One-eighth the dosage

The Angry Geek does what he does best after getting run over by Episode Two



Review

The problem with celebrated developers is that they get fat. Fat and complacent. They get so close to their work that each individual, minuscule change seems to them to be a world-altering masterpiece. And this is where Valve manage to take a work of considerable merit – *Half-Life 2* – and put it into a blender with a collection of the finest animal excrement. *Half-Life 2, Episode Two*, is depressingly bad.

You see, *Episode Two* had to do a lot – it not only had to show that Valve could still do what they were made famous for doing, but it had to work from a lacklustre *Episode One* and build on it to create something approaching suspense for the grand finale of *Episode Three*.

Yeah, right.



Heeeeere's Genny!

There are some nice moments in *Episode Two*, and I'm going to list them all for you, right now: finding the crowbar. The room with the larvae in. D0g's re-appearance. That's it. *Episode Two* has some fun moments in it, but that's all I took away from it as worth mentioning to others.

Whereas *Episode One's* problem was a combination of length and necessary exposition, *Episode Two's* problem is gameplay. The thing is broken, and it's broken very badly. *Episode One* was alright for people like me – a fair deal of momentum once you'd left the Citadel, some nice urban bits, and a sense of chase. *Episode Two*, by contrast, has no momentum whatsoever.

And where *Episode One* cherry-picked things that genuinely worked in *Half-Life 2* – things like actual co-operation with AI characters (c.f. running through the station in the dark with Alyx) and the feeling of being in a real rebellion (that is to say, NOT like the ridiculously sparse Sand Trap chapter in the original) – *Episode Two* seems hell bent on choosing the very worst things and cramming them together.

Firstly – no-one can make underground caverns interesting. They're squelchy tubes. Everything looks the same, and it's dark. It's the setting for the most boring of all game events, and not even Valve could save it. The designers' obvious fixation with the beautiful larva-catching moment ended up forcing the player to drag through an hour of mindless, samey crap, replete with the most backwards boss fight in all of gaming. Not good. At all.

Then we emerge, having healed the useless woman that's taken the place of feisty, helpful, *Episode One* Alyx, into Generic Forestland where the 'supporting' characters proceed to give every inane task to Gordon. You can have characters joke about repetitive design precisely once, Valve. Doing it every time makes me want to punch someone. And for god's sake – the seesaw bridge? It's not even a physics puzzle – I knocked three cars off and the thing didn't move an inch. Then I move the final car and I'm catapulted across the asphalt like a gnome from a

missile silo.

Deep breaths. Calm blue ocean. Yes. Then we have the car section.

Let me make one thing abundantly clear – I hate the car sections in *Half-Life*. The only things I hate more than car sections, are car sections with Alyx quipping alongside me. It handles appallingly, and the only way of getting it unstuck is to use the gravity gun, which takes a year and a day.

And everything just begins to break down then – there are resistance corpses quite literally everywhere. I saw more dead resistance members than I did Combine troops in *Episode Two*, which makes me really begin to question how effective these chaps are at fighting a rebellion. Not that it took long to find a solution, of course, as I stopped in at the Last Chance Garage to get my car fixed up only to find myself being thrown out onto another suicide mission while someone has sex with Alyx for me. Yeah, cheers guys. I'll leave the six-man armed squad inside to pimp my ride while I crawl through zombie parts to take out a platoon of Combine soldiers. Fantastic.

It just gets worse. D0g appears, only to do one cool thing and then fuck off into obscurity again, and then we go into Very Boring Exposition. This has become Valve's trademark. I initially loved VBE, until they began using it all the sodding time. VBE is different from normal exposition, because you tend to be locked in a room and unable to escape from it. You can run away, of course – meaning you miss most of what's going on – and no-one gives a toss. But you're never allowed to, you know, just get on with things.

But that's okay, because there's a cracking finale set up. Oh boy. I can't wait. It's gonna be great. Here we go.

If you asked me to name the three honest-to-christ awful parts of *Half-Life 2*, the list would go like this:

1. The car sections.
2. The defence bit in Nova Prospekt with the ridiculous guns.
3. Any puzzle involving projectiles.

Now, I don't know if I'm entirely alone in this, but even so I find it hard to believe that Valve managed to

choose all three of these and combine them into one set-piece. It's impressive. The idea of driving around in the vehicular equivalent of those rubber bouncy balls you buy in toy shops, firing pea-sized marbles at a ten-pixel-wide square that's four hundred feet away, and having to do this whilst under heavy fire and within a time limit, whilst the world's most inefficient resistance fighters gawp at you, is just so unappealing. I mean, how did this even get as far as playtesting. Really.

Naturally, it's impossible to die because you've having medkits rammed up your arse everywhere you go, but by Christ the thing just never ends. Pick up ball. Put ball on car. Drive to Strider. Attempt to kill Hunters. Pick up ball only to find there's one you've missed, or other hunters have appeared from elsewhere, or you're not actually that proficient at a skill you learned four minutes ago. Drive back to ridiculous buildings full of supplies. Repeat.

Jesus. Christ. This isn't even approaching epic. Even the 'open' environment seemed horribly manufactured to provide obstacles. It smacks of that ridiculous minigame in *Final Fantasy VII*, but even Square didn't have the gall to put it as part of the main game. I mean, fuck me. Fourteen striders? Fourteen of the shits? Was that really the number required to provide enough of an experience?

And then to top it all off, we get the most rushed plot twist I've ever seen, involving a character I really could care less about. In fact, apart from D0g I don't really care about any of them any more. The minor humans are far more appealing to me, as are the Vortigaunts. And to me, that says that Valve are beginning to falter.

I think that's enough. There are graphical glitches, poor event triggers, level design slips here or there, but nothing to top the massive, dick-shaped ideas that litter what should've been a new flavour of *Half-Life*. *Episode Three* had better be fucking awesome. But given there was no trailer at the end of this incarnation, I can only assume we'll be waiting some time to find out.

What goes on between the sheets

If bedroom coding is still alive, who's doing it? We find some of the more popular breakout hits

When Introversion said they were 'The Last Of The Bedroom Coders,' I think they knew secretly all along that the opposite was true. Instead of being the final last hurrah from a generation of concerted programmers and independent developers, they became the opening act of a new performance from gamers

who create. A few years ago, you were called an Independent Games Studio if you hadn't been bought out by EA yet. Nowadays, the term celebrates all kinds of creativity and experimentation; like the peripheral designed to help couples play together. Get this: boxer shorts and a bra with pressure-sensitive pads and a projected *Dance-Dance Revolution* game. The demo videos were amusing, to say the least.

But also brilliant. That's the thing – crazy though these ideas may be, crazy thought the concept of *actually* playing a rhythm action game on your girlfriend, instead of using it as a euphemism, is, it's very, very encouraging to see. Because people out there are thinking, and the power of the internet means that the good ideas float to the top. As long as you stay away from Digg.

We're offering you three of our most recent favourites this week, that cover the more inventive spectrum of Indie Gaming, using novel control techniques, breakthrough technology, or sheer attention to detail to bring an idea to life. Students are the main component of this market – both those playing, and those making – and it doesn't take more than a good idea, a good team, and some dedication to get

a dream off the ground.

Naturally, we're not saying that your idea for a sexual deviancy simulator using the Wiimote is going to get you very far. But with development kits like XNA making things easier, and communities growing larger and larger, it really is just a question of getting involved, and seeing what you can do.

Dance Dance Revolution. On a bra. Seriously, this shit's ingenious.

Slaves to Armok: The God of Blood : Chapter Two – Dwarf Fortress



Spectral lighting and per-pixel shaders not yet implemented.

So... You're having a laugh, right?

It might have the most offputting name in gaming history, but make no mistake – Dwarf Fortress is the master of cult gaming. Bay 12 Games is about to go full time developing the game, such is its fame, and the fanbase is hugely dedicated and helpful.

Fanbase can go get stuffed. Why will I want to play it?

You might not. It's easily the most complicated game we've ever played – and we've played Republic – but if you can get hooked on it, you're unlikely to turn back to lesser games for many years.

You select, or have randomly generated, a team of dwarves, and set about carving your own piece of paradise out of the hostile, procedurally-generated

environment. Seasons change, the world grows, and you wonder why you ever liked World of Warcraft.

So when can I expect the Xbox 360 version, then?

Obviously, its ASCII-stylings and RPG-heavy gameplay, not to mention its fairly irritating control system, means that Dwarf Fortress isn't designed for the mainstream. But there are a lot of people out there who have fallen in love with it, and its simplicity in design gives it a great depth and longevity in playing.

The future of the project, discussed on its official website, promises quests, nations, gods, armies, epic stories – and all procedurally generated and unique to you.

<http://www.bay12games.com>

Façade – A One Act Interactive Drama

'Interactive Drama'?

We realise this sounds like an uncomfortable sex education lesson from Year Nine, but Façade is easily the most impressive game we've played in the ages. The most impressive game, hands-down, and the most promising.

Do I need to read The Guardian to like it?

Façade isn't some intellectual thought experiment – it's a gripping example of what artificial intelligence means for the future of gaming, and exhibits the

ingenuity and skill of today's 'bedroom coders'.

You play yourself, more or less, visiting two old friends of yours in their apartment – Grace and Trip. Only Grace and Trip's relationship seems a little shaky right now, and you get the uncomfortable feeling it's about to blow up in your face. Can you save their marriage?

What if I don't want to?

Then don't. The idea behind Façade is that you use language to discuss with the two characters – answer their

questions, direct the conversation, and try to find out just what's going wrong with them. Playing the game multiple times really shows off its depth – you'll see conversation strands, the decisions you didn't know were decisions, and the many ways that the story can end.

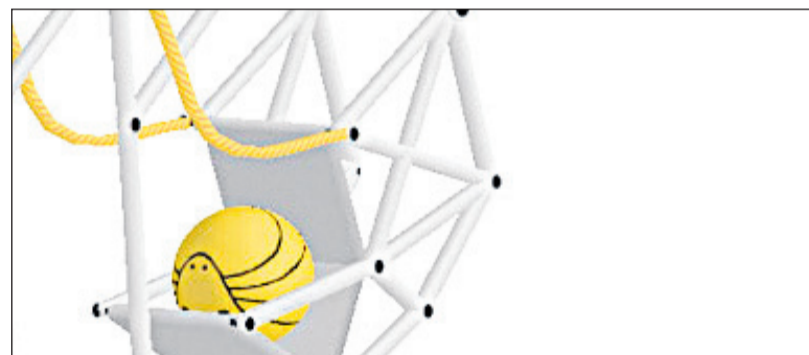
Is it going anywhere?

Difficult to say. Game AI is extremely hard to implement in such a way, and Façade is a long way from being perfect. But the potential...

<http://interactivestory.net/>



Armadillo Run is fun



What the hell is that.

Armadillo Run represents one of the recurring themes in indie games development – craziness. And physics. One armadillo, one infinite white expanse, one source of gravity, and the equivalent of a box of meccano. Can you save him?

Or, more pressingly, how far can you ping him with just a piece of elastic and a two-by-four?

It looks needlessly complicated.

It's actually quite tactile. The world has tiny holes in it that you can attach various things to, including metal sheets, cloth, rope, girders – and then adjust properties like their elasticity or binding strength.

A few tweaks here or there, some cackling like a mad professor, and you'll have the armadillo safe and sound in no time at all.

And this is fun?

The real-world physics supplies a new kind of challenge, just like it has done in the recent swathe of first-person shooters. Had this game been made a decade ago, you'd have a rough-and-ready gravitational force, and pretty much only one way to solve a problem. With the new-fangled understanding, and some extra technology, you've got a really open-ended puzzler, that always has a big grin on its face.

Is it going anywhere?

Oh good lord yes. The ingenuity and polish on the game has got it into the Independent Games Festival, as well as reviews from Eurogamer, PC Gamer and PC Format.

It's simplicity and good ideas, and that's been a standard for good games since the eighties. Sometimes, we have to accept that the teraflop just gets in our way.

<http://www.armadillorun.com>

Navratri: A Night of Enlightenment

Hindu Society recently celebrated the festival of Navratri in the Great Hall. Sally Longstaff donned her saree and went along to find out more about modern Hindus and their spectacular ancient ceremonies



On 30th October, Hindu Soc celebrated the festival of Navratri with their annual Ujaali, which means "enlightenment". Navratri is a celebration in honour of the goddess, the mother of the world, which begins on the first day of Ashvin and goes on for nine days, symbolising the triumph of good over evil. During the nine days, feasting and fasting take precedence over all nor-

"A festive season but also a time of renewal and reawakening"

mal daily activities amongst Hindus. The nine days are divided and devoted to the Trinity of God worshipped in a female form: Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswati are worshipped as three different manifestations of Shakti, or cosmic energy.

Navratri is a festival of worship, dance and music. The most characteristic dances are the Dandiya Raas and the Garba dances, the origins of which can be traced back to the leg-

ends about the life of Lord Krishna. Painted earthen pots with water and a lamp inside symbolise the power of the goddess and are traditionally put in the home at this time. The word "Garba" means "womb", and the lamp in the pot symbolically represents life within the womb. The period is considered a festive season, but also a time of renewal, of reawakening. Shrines are cleaned out and new ventures are started. There is also a focus on education and learning both for Hindus and spreading awareness to others about Hinduism.

I was invited to Ujaali on behalf of Felix by the Hindu Soc President, Ajay Gandhi. I was a little apprehensive because I didn't really know what to expect. However I decided, having viewed the photos of last years spectacular on Hindu Soc's website, that I would have to get a saree. I found a beautiful red and blue one with fabulous stitching and sequins. At the Navratri celebrations women wear traditional dresses such as sarees and choli with lovely jewellery in amazingly diverse and bright colours.

After being met by Ajay, the night began with Garba, which is a dance that originated in the Gujarat region, started by the women and joined in by the rest of the men. Garba is a circular dance, which was performed around

a statue of ShreeKrishna, clapping or dancing around and around with the sarees flowing around the room, like beautiful butterflies. All the women looked fantastic, and I have never seen such a whirl of colour and exotic fabrics! After this, we were welcomed by Ajay, who gave a short speech thanking the organisers and helpers and introducing the events of the evening. A film was then showed which described the origins of Navratri followed by a

"It was a very spritual and special part of the evening"

dance performance of a specially choreographed piece. Afterwards everyone returned to the dancefloor for more dancing of the Garba.

The most spiritual part of the evening was during the prayer or Aarti. A traditional Hindu devotional song was sung during the ritual and light from wicks soaked in ghee or camphor was offered to the deity. Aarti is performed and sung to develop the highest love for God: "Aa" means "towards" and



Top: Meeting up with friends in the Great Hall; Above: Sally Longstaff, the Dance Performance, the girls and boys; Below: The Aarti Prayer around ShreeKrishna





“rati” means “the highest love for God” in Sanskrit. Aarti is also performed to ward off evil effects and the influence of the “evil eye”. After the song, the plate that holds the candles is circulated to all present for the performance of a purificatory blessing. In the low lighting of the Great Hall, candles flickered on the trays and everyone stood in a semi-circle around the statue of ShreeKrishna, singing the prayer.

“...a beat of passion and whirlwind of color and music”

It was a very spiritual and special part of the evening.

After the Aarti was the performing of the Dandya Raas or the Sword Dance. This is the staging of a mock-fight between the Goddess and Mahishasura, the mighty demon-king. The colourfully decorated sticks or dandi-yas, represent the sword of Durga. The

music has a strong drum beat, which the dancers stamp their feet and beat the sticks to. The music gradually gets faster and faster, and the dance, more and more complicated and energetic, and lasts for about an hour! How some dancers kept going was beyond me!

Ajay Gandhi described the Garba as “the most successful garba in our history, breaking new ground by including an educational video to rejuvenate a new generation of young Hindus with a beat of passion and whirlwind of colour and music”. A raffle, in which the first prize was a cricket bat signed by the 2007 Indian Cricket Team, raised over £1500 for two charities: CARE Education and Ekal Vidyalaya. I had an amazing night, totally different to any experience that I have had before. It was truly memorable! I wish to thank Hindu Soc for inviting me and making sure that I had a great time!

Hindu Soc can be contacted through Ajay Gandhi: ag605@ic.ac.uk and further information about the society can be found on Hindu Soc’s website: www.union.ic.ac.uk/scc/hindu



Dancing the Garba (above) and the Dandya Raas (below). Detail of the ShreeKrishna statue (below left)





Wordoku 1,386

			U	W	Y	A		E
	E			A		G	Y	
					E		U	
		Y	W		G			
A								F
			A		K	S		
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S		U	G	K	W			

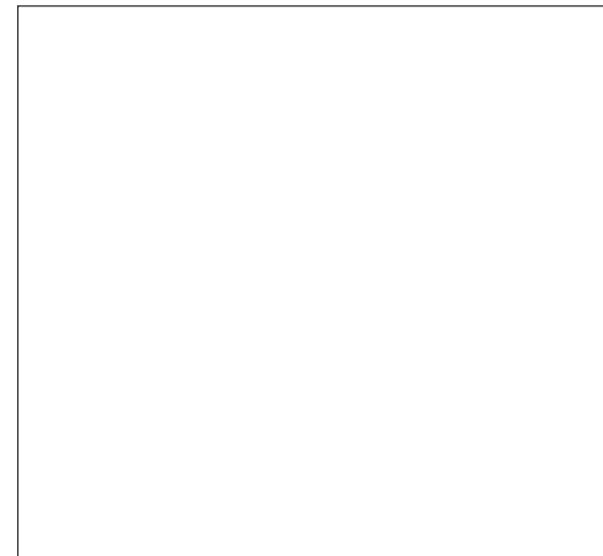
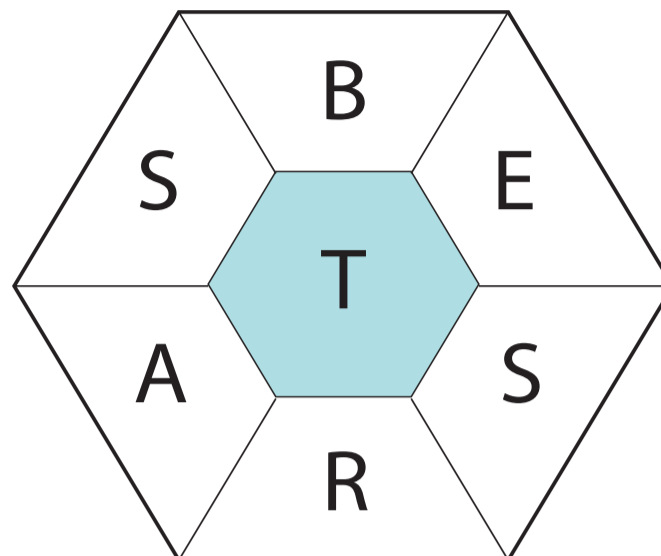
Solution to 1,385

C	O	H	R	K	S	A	E	T
S	R	E	T	A	H	O	K	C
K	T	A	E	C	O	S	H	R
A	S	T	K	O	R	E	C	H
E	C	O	S	H	T	R	A	K
R	H	K	A	E	C	T	O	S
H	E	S	C	R	A	K	T	O
O	A	R	H	T	K	C	S	E
T	K	C	O	S	E	H	R	A

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 1,385 was **Jason Klimach**. The hidden phrase was "SHORTCAKE".

The Polygon of Erogenous Excitement



How to rate yourself:

Under 20 words: You are so incredibly inept that I am surprised that the pressure of the aire itsel hasn't caved in your skull.

21 - 35 words: If brains were boats you'd be a small dinghy. You aren't the brightet crayon in the box now, are you?

36 - 49 words: Getting a little better, but still approaching the vortex of stupidity.

50 or more words: You phonological freak!

Last week's solution:

The two seven letter words were:

SPANDEX and EXPANDS

Congratulations if you got these.

Other words included:

ades, apes, apse, aspen, axes, deans, dens, ends, napes, naps, neaps, pads, panes, pans, paxes, peans, peas, pends, pens, sand, sane, sedan, send, spade, span, sped, spend

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 most definitely can't create in this particular Polygon is "fluff". Clearly, this is not possible because you are missing the letters 3 x "f", "l", and "u".

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



Aquarius

You were born naked and screaming. If everything goes to plan, you'll die that way too. This will be after a horrific

sexual encounter involving a shovel, KY jelly and some microbes. If you want to live, scrub yourself with bleach thoroughly each time you have sex, not forgetting the genital area. Use a wire brush to ensure full cleansing. Yes, pipe cleaner will suffice you skin-flint.



Taurus

So... I suffered three defeats in a row on the fussball table this week. How is this acceptable? IT'S NOT. OK. SIMPLY

NO. Enemies: you will perish at my feet as well as the eleven sets of plastic moulded blocks on my glorious team.

... If Table Football Society are reading this and think they're hard enough: BRING IT.



Leo

If you like a lot of chocolate on your biscuit, join our Club! Treo, Treo... I want a Treo and I want one now!

Washing machines live longer with Calgon! Mysterious girl, move your body close to mine. You're beautiful, you're beautiful... It's true. I saw your face in a crowded place, but I don't know what to do... because I'll never be with you.



Scorpio

You hear on the grapevine that the world's first and only cataclysm of Cadbury's Fruit 'n' Nut bars is going to

be coming to a toilet pan near you on Monday the 33rd Monday of Tuesday in and around Decemuary. If this makes sense to you too and isn't just unfounded, libellous nonsense email news.felix@imperial.ac.uk and we'll be more than happy to take a statement and cup size.



Pisces

Some people are blessed to be in contact with their fairy godmothers. You, on the other hand are good friends

with the loser fairy. This week Uranus is being stimulated by the asteroid belt and so now would be a great time to get out of your bedroom into the light and to get a life. Perhaps even make a friend. Or maybe get acquainted with a hedgehog or stoat.



Gemini

On Saturday you will feel the uncontrollable urge to go and spend money in a Burberry shop. Listen, you

chav, Burberry is not cool. Everyone who wears Burberry should be shot and their remains eviscerated and their heads put on spikes outside outlets of this complete and utter shite. Mulberry on the other hand. Now there's a brand



Virgo

This week you sit next to Rosie as she lays out her page. It's rather arousing you think out loud as you tell her about

writing the Virgo horoscope. She turns to you and sort of grins slash appears completely and utterly horrified. The horoscope becomes horribly self referential, a term accused of being previously overused. Nevertheless, you soldier on like the warrior you are.



Sagittarius

This week the ghost of Thomas Edison visits you in your sleep. He tells you that he feels ashamed of the

image that scientists possess these days. Back in his day, he explains, scientists experimented with all sorts of implements but now we're just restricted to test tube and boiling tubes, if your passage can take it. Whatever happened to conical flasks?



Aries

If you don't clean your room by Monday evening, that mould on that bowl of cereal will let off its spores and

kill you. If you do, hedgehogs will eat your py-jamas on Tuesday and your fingers with grow long blond hair. So it's up to you really, death or blond hair... Tricky.



Cancer

Basically you're going to die. It might be today, it might be tomorrow, it might be the next day. You don't know, but I do!

It's written in the stars. For £100 I can tell you when you will die. Leave your cheques in the Felix office and I will get back to you. I accept no responsibility, if you do in fact, die.



Libra

Tarmac is my favourite type of road. It looks especially attractive with that thick white paint they use to draw the

road lines. I just want to bend down and begin peeling it off. I reckon there will be this really sort of stark black colour, like when you get tan marks after wearing a watch on holiday.



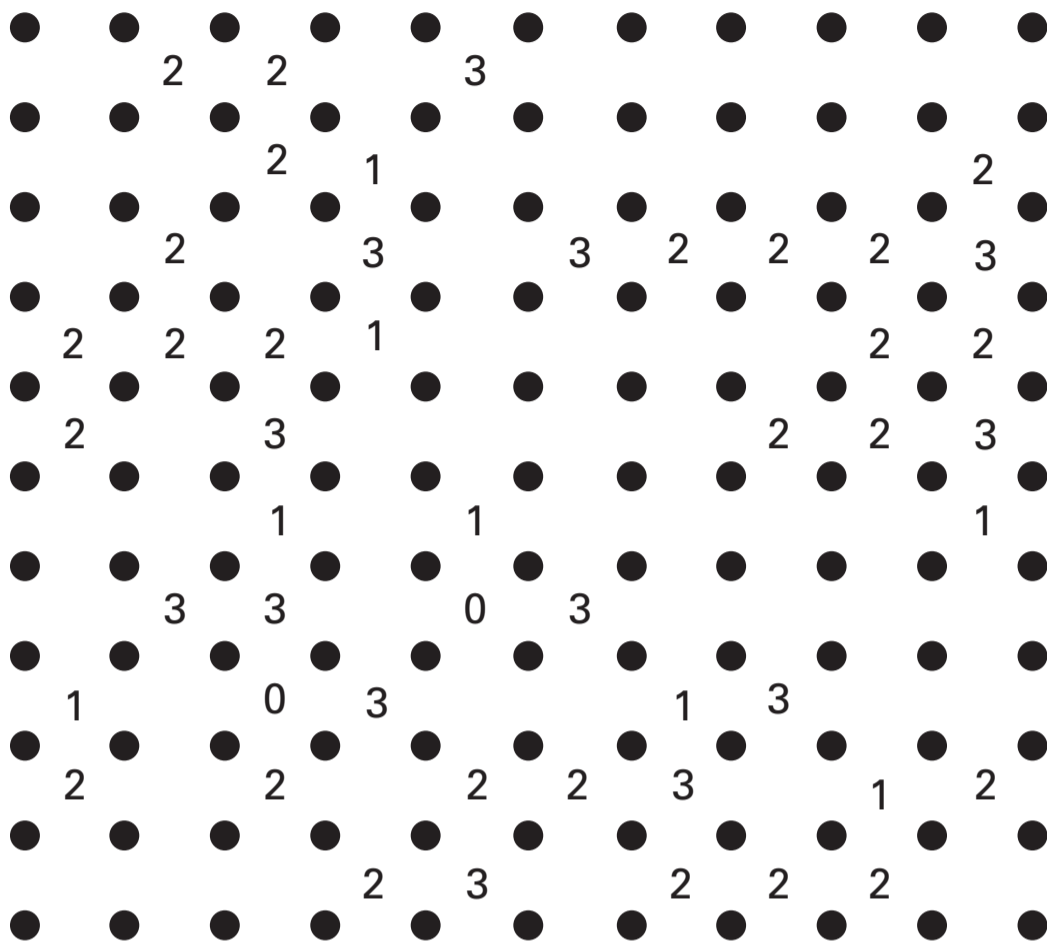
Capricorn

This week you wake up with a distinct Suffolk accent. You begin to omit your "t"s frequently and you have a generally

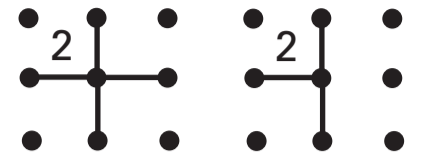
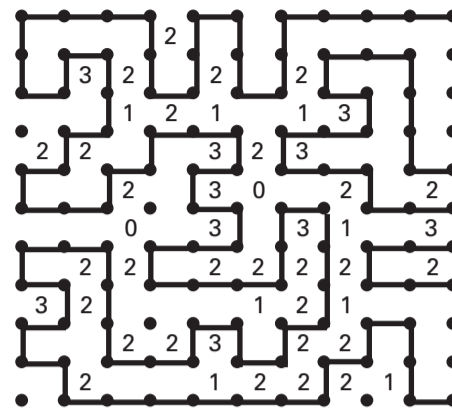
eardrum piercing voice. A barman doesn't take kindly to your request for a glass of "war-er" and you're thrown out of the establishment. 3/10 horoscope, must try harder.

Slitherlink 1,386

Slitherlink 7 – Hard



Answer for Slitherlink 6



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:

How to play:

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

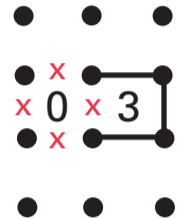
The object of the game is to draw lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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

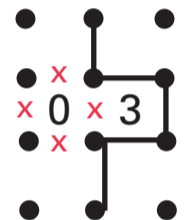


Cells which don't contain a number can be surrounded by any number of lines.

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



Now the lines can only continue in the following directions:



Ha, ha! We've sprung another gigantic 10x10 on you this week. Enjoy and keep linking!

Logic Puzzle: Bar Sharking in the Union

Using the clues and logical deduction alone, work out how all the people involved in the match relate to each other. The puzzle can be solved without guesswork. Make use of the grid to mark the combinations that you know.

Read through each clue and make any obvious or stated deductions. Find the corresponding row and column on the grid and place a tick for 'Yes' in the box, and a cross for 'No' in the cells next to this one vertically and horizontally.

Ensure that you read the clues carefully. They can sometimes reveal multiple hints! Remember that elimination of alternatives is a key method. That is where the grid is so important - it allows you to see the possibilities left with ease.

Last week five boys pulled five girls in the Union (yes there were a whole five girls in the Union!). Which guy pulled which girl, what did he drink and what was the result of the evening?

- Matthew pulled Jane. The guy who wooed Jessica didn't vomit copiously.
- The guy who kissed Louise was drinking ale.
- Chris ended up in a threesome later (lucky boy).

- The guy who ended up in a new relationship had been drinking gin and never drank again!
- Adam didn't drink cider; the person who drank cider ended up alone, masturbating furiously.

- The guy who pulled Marcia ended up staying at hers and doing the walk of shame in the morning.
- Tom (who didn't stay with Marcia) was drinking snakebite and got through seven pints before pulling his girl.

(Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental!)

	JESSICA	JANE	MARCIA	LOUISE	SARAH	SNAKEBITE	ALE	BEER	GIN AND TONIC	CIDER	LONE MASTURBATION	THREESOME	NEW RELATIONSHIP	STAYED AT HERS	VOMITED COPIOUSLY
ADAM															
MATTHEW															
TOM															
JOHN															
CHRIS															
LONE MASTURBATION															
THREESOME															
NEW RELATIONSHIP															
STAYED AT HERS															
VOMITED COPIOUSLY															
SNAKEBITE															
ALE															
BEER															
GIN AND TONIC															
CIDER															

Last Week's Solution:

Luke	Fly Half	Man of the Match	Very Long Arms
Anjit	No.8	Sin Binned	Tall and Freckled
Owen	Flanker	Ball to Balls	Short and Plump
Jov	Hooker	Scared Opposition	Squidgy
Joe	Prop	Scored Try	Odd Sized Feet

07980 148 785

Seen a girl you like and can't think how to approach her? Need to tell someone a painful truth but can't say it face-to-face?

Felix Catfone is here for you! Text the Felix Catfone for free* and we'll publish them!

*if you have a contract phone. Technically, this might not be true. Basically, the Catfone is just a regular mobile on the Orange network

Mountaineers summer tour to Mallorca

Alexander Borresen reports on blue skies, beautiful seas and a bit of climbing here and there

With the start of a new year looming ominously on the horizon, 15 rock climbers got together to tackle the mountains and brave the elements of... **Mallorca**. So, not really an extreme outdoor adventure then, but definitely the sort of kick-off that every academic year should have with sun, sea and rock to keep us entertained. As we stepped off the plane on foreign soil, new president Alex warned us that we would have 3 "Golf-size" cars of an unknown make and model between the lot of us, which sent shivers down the spines of the more experienced members of the club. Since everyone was expecting to be packed like sardines into tiny cars, everyone let out a collective sigh of relief when we were shown to our shiny new-model Meganes. The relief turned into joy when we finally stumbled upon our villa in Valldemossa, a beautiful 7-room behemoth of a house, complete with swimming pool, 3 patios and a grill. After a frantic game of 15-player bed shotgun, everyone settled down for the first night of the holiday.

In the morning, we were greeted by a stunning view of the Valldemossa valley, and over a relaxed lunch picked our first climbing destination of the trip - a light warm-up at the nearby crag of S'estret. As the sun rose and temperatures soared, the initial wave of energetic climbing died off, but not before Virgil and Hal ticked off a 6c on a brilliant limestone overhang.

Eventually, we found ourselves back at the villa making dinner at a very traditionally Spanish time, with the barbecue fired up only around 9 in the evening - a time we would stick to throughout the week and a half. Thanks to the excellent efforts of medic Ollie at the hobs, the food throughout the holiday

was uncharacteristically good for an ICMC trip.

The days that followed saw some excellent climbing being done at Sa Gubia and other crags around Valldemossa. Sa Gubia saw some first-time multi-pitching for some members, but will perhaps be remembered most for an absolutely terrifying fall by Alex off an excellent 6a+. A foot popping while clipping a distant bolt from an awkward position led to a 20-foot fall, which ended up about 10 feet from the ground - and he was still back on the route right afterwards. Most amusing, however, was an epic descent from a 4-pitch climb by Virgil, Hal and Joe, who (in an effort to reduce the descent time from a predicted 90 minutes) abseiled off an overhanging face onto a rusty anchor and then proceeded to get lost for the next four hours, arriving at the car-park well after dark.

By the time we had our first rest day, everyone had been on a lead rope and confidence was rising. The rest day saw most of the club get a taste for some deep-water soloing on some of the excellent crozzly (it's hard to describe, but you'd know it if you saw it) rock in the bay. With such an excellent selection of crags around, the days that followed saw some splitting up of the group, with some climbers preferring the multi-pitch routes of Sa Gubia to the 0-second walk-in of the Roadside Crag. Both ended up being firm favourites of the trip - with special mention going to the 6c+ roof at the roadside crag that went up in an alcove and then straight over the road, mere feet above the passing cars.

Another excellent destination was Cala Magraner, which, despite its distant location, combined perfectly the things we came for - sand, sea, sun and rock. It was on this day that Virgil attacked his first 7a of the trip, a short, technical route on tiny holds, which yielded a clean lead at the very end of the day.

With over a week gone already, most of the team felt it was time to try some

proper deep-water soloing, so we headed out to Port de Soller - an hour away on small, winding roads. On arrival, we discovered that the crag was quite a way away, with a good 200 metre swim in choppy seas. While some doubted their swimming ability and stayed behind, 7 intrepid climbers swam out. Towards the tail-end of the crossing, with the cliff looming mere metres away, Katie screamed bloody murder and all eyes swept the seas for dorsal fins.

In the rescue attempt that followed, all 7 people in the sea managed to get stung by the school of jellyfish that had floated into the bay. After quite a bit of difficulty getting back to civilisation, Katie's painful sting was neutralized by a lifeguard and we abandoned our efforts at soloing for the day. Five of us did make a trip out to do some deep water solo a few days later, this time without hordes of tentacled beasts to stop us.

As the trip neared its end, Katie had to say goodbye a few days early to start uni (it's a hard knock life for medics), leaving the rest of us to enjoy one day each of climbing and rest. On the rest day, one car of people went out to Magalluf (a place that can only be described as Chav Vegas) and had a jolly good time at BCM, the biggest club in Mallorca. Well, jolly good until Seb lost his passport in a drunken haze, leading to an international, multi-day slog to get back to England. But, with the trip having been such a success otherwise, it was hard to feel demoralised by one person's plight, and all looked back on a fun-filled yet relaxed two weeks of climbing bliss, completely unlike England. No, in Mallorca there were no decades-old Union minibuses, no gentle pattering of freezing rain and not half as much gloomy darkness as back home in England.



Gore-Tex trans-alpine 2007, one hell of a race!

Neil Dowse

I hadn't heard of the Gore-tex Trans-Alpine run until a chance discovery on the Internet. This 8-stage foot race across four countries in the European Alps looked set to be a fantastic excuse for another summer holiday. The race itself covered 240km in its eight-day route across Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy. The longest day was a full marathon with the added bonus of 1844m of ascent (more than you would do if you climbed the highest mountain in the UK from sea level). Luckily I had sufficient youthful over-confidence and an enthusiastic running partner (Joseph Johnstone). We had soon entered with little thought for the consequences and settled down to get some training in.

Six months later, with the magnitude of the race finally dawning on us we boarded our flight to get to the race. Gradually over the last few months, our dreams of victory faded as training had floundered amidst exams and other holidays. We were now slightly concerned that we wouldn't be able to finish the race. Making it to the end was our only concern.

Our arrival at the event was greeted with an array of sponsor's adverts, tents and marquees as well as many pairs sporting the logos of their own personal sponsors. We felt somewhat out of place with no sponsor and no expensive gear. Still, without allowing our competitors to smell our fear, we registered and settled down to the first

of our nightly pasta parties – unlimited pasta for racers, provided by the village at the end of each stage, was a welcome end to each day's exertions and fantastic preparation for the following day.

The following morning we awoke nervously to heavy rain and poked our way through the continental breakfast whilst wondering where our bacon and eggs were and contemplating the day ahead. In next to no time we were all kitted out and nervously waiting in the start box. We had cheekily taken our position right at the front of the pack – the youngest team in the competition and visually the most eager. The announcer gradually raised the tempo until we were all ready to go. The sound of 'Highway to Hell' blared from the PA system as the countdown ticked. The starter's pistol sounded and the race began. The start was 'neutralised' meaning we were to follow motorbikes until we left the village; the pavements were lined with people for the first kilometre. I was surrounded by international endurance athletes, each excelling in the field and I was struggling to keep up. There was no danger of overtaking the leading motorbikes.

The first ten kilometres of this first day were easily the hardest section of the entire race for me. I am not a road runner and these first ten kilometres was largely flat and on a road-like surface. As a result and due to the excitement of the race we failed to pace ourselves and this left me struggling for much of the rest of the day. However, we did make good time initially and

continued to gain places as we worked our way up the major climb of the day towards the second checkpoint. By this time I was genuinely struggling and the final 7 km of the day were very difficult indeed. The fears of non-completion were foremost in my mind and motivation seemed hard to come by. The sight of the finish that day was most welcomed and we struggled home, ecstatic that we had completed Day One and for a while thought nothing of the days to come. Our position of 33rd of 43 pairs in the men category after this tough day buoyed our spirits slightly as it seemed others had also found the route difficult. We awoke on the second day aching and apprehensive of the day ahead: 29.73 kilometres with 1947 meters climb and 1785 meters descent. The day began with a 6km slog up a gently inclined track to an Alpine hut, a section on which we held our own but had to work very hard. This was followed by a long high level traverse on tricky scree before a final, unexpected climb and a long gentle descent.

On the morning of the third day we rose again, my body finally beginning to feel like it was recovering from that misguided first 10km and ready to begin pushing itself again. The day ahead looked like it would be a good one for us as it included two massive ascents with a total of 2437m of steep climb. Our background as mountaineers meant that we were strong on the uphills and this was where we gained most of our advantage – we were ready for them today. The first climb went very well and we were in a good position as we came over the first col, particularly as the upper section was 'technical ground', something with which we are very familiar. The descent from this point was most enjoyable and we were soon working our way up the second climb, exhaustion beginning to seep quietly into our muscles. Knowing we were on par with the fast runners pushed us up and over to the long and gentle descent all the way to the valley floor and the finish. Our tired contentedness at completing the day as planned was rewarded handsomely with a 22nd place finish for the day – something we would never have dreamed off just three days previous. Our targets for the race began to rise again as we contemplated the possibility of a top twenty finish.

The fourth day saw the race take a



Some guy running on snow, mental! How is he not cold?

turn back towards the activities we were more accustomed to as heavy snowfall transformed the higher sections of the stage. The cold weather, heavy winds and falling snow seemed more reminiscent of Scotland than a summer in the Alps – something our competitors did not seem happy about. Despite a slip on icy rocks and a slight sprained ankle, we were now in a rhythm and achieved a finish position of 25th for this day.

We were now halfway through the race with an overall position which had risen slowly to 23rd. The following day was the shortest stage at 6.19km and 936m of ascent and no descent. We were hoping that this would be our day to get a good position. We weren't wrong as falling snow and a lot of hard work left us finishing in just over one hour with a team position of 18th. Our top 20 target was beginning to come into sight.

The following two days saw us complete more than 70km and nearly 3000m of ascent over more mountainous tracks and ever more snow including the highest point on the entire race at just over 3000m. Finishes of 23rd and 20th left us in an overall position of 21st with one day to go and a mere nine minutes behind the pair in 20th. Our aim was clear and the final 28.62 kilometres would be the stage that mattered most, we had to win by a clear 9 minutes.

The day began well and we reached the first checkpoint in good time,

pushing ourselves to the limit as we were aware the team we needed to beat were still ahead of us. Our motivation temporarily lapsed as we approached the top of the final climb of the day, aware that we had still not overtaken the pair in front and also aware that we normally lost ground on the downhills. Still, pushing ourselves ever onwards we overtook just after the highest point and worked hard all the way down the hill, pushing ourselves harder than ever before as we knew the end was close.

Approaching the finish we knew we were ahead but not how much and so a tense 9 minutes ensued. Before we knew it, we had done it – we had finished in the top twenty. Our ideas of victory all those months ago had now been replaced by a lesser achievement that still left us feeling fantastic. We headed directly for the free beer tent and made ourselves at home. We had finished the competition the youngest team to enter and finish and also the highest ranking British team in the men's category. We can't wait to go back next year.

Both Joe and I are active members of the Outdoor Club and if you are interested in entering events like this either in the UK or abroad we would love to meet you! E-mail outdoor@ic.ac.uk for more details or come to one of our meetings which are held every Tuesday at 12.30 in dB's.



The finish line, what a relief!

Lacrosse club on winning form

Lacrosse

Imperial Women's 1st	7
Royal Holloway 1st	5

Lacrosse

Imperial Mixed 1st	23
Royal Holloway Mixed 2nd	0

Olivia Raglan

Having been placed at the bottom of the esteemed Felix sports team rankings, it was time to fight back. A slightly nervous 15 player squad walked out onto the Royal Holloway Sports Grounds in Egham on Wednesday 31st October. (I say nervous because of the

well-known fact that several players of the opposition were American; trained in the States to a level that would give England lacrosse players a run for their lacrosse balls.)

Captaining the opposition was, naturally, one such American and as she confidently marched over towards me for the toss, she towered like Goliath would have over David. Well, not quite – but hopefully you're getting the idea that Holloway were a fearsome opposition; and we the lowly underdogs.

In Lacrosse, matches are divided up into four fifteen-minute quarters, swapping ends at half-time (i.e. a match lasts one hour, with three breaks in play.) The first quarter went well for the IC team, we executed some great plays down the field and our efforts were justly rewarded with a 3 goal advantage.

Our relatively inexperienced goal-

keeper Anna displayed some fantastic skill and held off most of the shots that the opposition were blasting at her. However, by half-time Holloway had started to fight back and brought the score back to 3-3. Shit.

The third quarter saw Holloway continue to take advantage of our momentary lapse in concentration and brought the score to 5-4 (Holloway in the lead). Having frustratingly lost our last two matches, the IC ladies weren't going to let their brilliant skills and team-work get trampled over again. We fought back and the game saw some phenomenal shooting by Izzie Brown and Sabina Barbur in attack to bring the final score to an Imperial win, 7-5. A far over-due credit to the determination of our girls.

The dismayed expression on the Holloway faces as we left victorious will be remembered for many weeks to come,



Lacrosse ladies team posing after a well earned victory

or at least until we face them again at home in Harlington on December 5th...

And to continue with the success of the Imperial Lacrosse Club this week: a big congratulations to the Mixed team

who remain undefeated this season as they continue to defend their ULU Champion title from last year, winning their last match on Sunday 4th November with a storming score of 23-0 against Royal Holloway.

Imperial rowers annihilate University of London

Iain Palmer

For the senior squad, the first month's training of the year culminated last weekend in 'Fours Head', the third-biggest race of the year, on the Thames between Chiswick and Putney. The event had a total of more than 500 boats racing, with Imperial entering eight boats. Of these, the top boat (a senior 1 quad) won its event in style, finishing 6th overall among world-class opposition. Subsequently mentioned strokeman Adam Freeman-Pask found it "difficult to keep it long and hard for the whole 19 minutes, and the last few strokes really finished me off."

The top women's quad placed fourth out of 39 in their highly competitive event, whilst the 1st and 2nd men's coxed fours both came close seconds in their events, putting all 3 boats in a good position to move on from during the rest of the term. Three other men's

boats and a second women's quad also had excellent races, finishing high. All IC crews overtook those ahead of them and, according to Tom Sutherland (mid-race to Cambridge Uni Lightweight), "if you're that slow, you don't deserve the racing line!"

In his pre-race speech, head coach Simon Cox emphasised the need to better University of London Boat Club in the final results, stating (with tongue firmly in cheek), "if they die, they die."

Crucially, every Imperial College boat beat its equivalent University of London boat, comprehensively. While UL has had pretensions in the past as being the best student boat-club on the Thames, IC has been able to shatter their illusions in the same year as Imperial declared its independence from UL. In the words of Ole Tietz, club captain and stroke of the top IC four, "It's important that these people know we are not f***ing around!"

	Event	Position
IC I	Men's senior 1 quads	1st
IC II	Men's senior 2 quads	11th
IC III	(Overall position)	164th
IC IV	Men's senior 2 coxed fours	2nd
IC V	Men's senior 3 (academic) coxed fours	2nd
IC VI	Men's senior 3 (academic) coxed fours	12th
IC VII	Women's senior 2 quads	4th
IC VIII	Women's senior 2 quads	28th
IC Medics I	Men's senior 3 (academic) coxed fours	30th



Rugby and togas, nice combination



Women's quad ICVII

Meanwhile: the social side...

When it comes to rowing, most people seem to believe that partaking in such a sport involves waking well before the rising of the sun, training several times a day and relinquishing any form of a social life. However, this is simply untrue. Mostly.

Imperial College Boat Club has spent the past month slowly lulling its new members into a false sense of security by organising vaguely 'rowing-themed' parties and supplying a multitude of alcoholic beverages. The season kicked off in the first week with a fresher's taster session, involving a short row from IC's Putney boathouse, followed by beers and a barbecue on the club's balcony overlooking the Thames. The evening was completed with a recruitment push to South Kensington's finest drinking establishment: IC Union. Social Secretary Adam Freeman-Pask took the lead with his 'active recruitment' techniques, which involved encouraging willing victims to consume from a '3 and a half pint' oar.

The Boatclub 'All-You-Can-Drink

Toga Party' happily coincided with England's Rugby World Cup victory over France, thus setting up the night perfectly for the many who were in attendance. The combination of sporting victory, togas and unlimited booze made for an (if you will forgive the mild hyperbole) epic party, the events of which will not be printed on the respectable pages of Felix. It is safe to say however, for those who had to train at 7am, the following morning was suitably painful.

To finish off the 'Fresher's Month', a 'Splash, Dash and, er...Get Lashed' event was held on the last Sunday of October, with the magical combination of fancy dress, rowing on the Thames and beers (not necessarily in that order). The day gave a first taste of racing to our new freshers, most of whom have not rowed before coming to Imperial. This leads me briefly to the training; since around two-thirds of our new members have never rowed before, there is a steep learning curve in the coming months.

Fixtures and Results

in association with Sports Partnership



Saturday 3rd November

Football – ULU

Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	3
ICU Men's 1st	1

LSE Men's 2nd	0
ICU Men's 2nd	1

Queen Mary Men's 1st	2
ICU Men's 3rd	0

King's College Men's 3rd	N/A
ICU Men's 4th	N/A

UCL Men's 5th	2
ICU Men's 5th	0

King's Medical's Men's 4th	1
ICU Men's 6th	6

ICU Men's 7th	N/A
Queen Mary Men's 4th	N/A

Sunday 4th November

Football – ULU

ICU Women's 1st	1
Queen Mary Women's 1st	6

Lacrosse - ULU

ICU Mixed 1st	23
Royal Holloway Mixed 2nd	0

Monday 5th November

Netball – ULU

Royal Holloway 2nd	26
ICU 1st	39

Wednesday 7th November

Badminton

University of Hertfordshire Men's 1st	5
ICU Men's 1st	3

ICU Men's 2nd	6
Reading Men's 1st	2

Basketball

ICU Men's 1st	Re-arranged
Buckinghamshire Chilterns UC Men's 1st	X

Fencing

ICU Men's 1st	131
Surrey Men's 1st	91

ICU Men's 2nd	135
Royal Holloway Men's 1st	68

Football

ICU Men's 1st	4
London South Bank Men's 1st	0

King's College Men's 1st	4
ICU Men's 2nd	0

Buckinghamshire Chilterns UC Men's 3rd	1
ICU Men's 3rd	1

RUMS Women's 1st	0
ICU Women's 1st	1

Hockey

ICU Men's 1st	2
Imperial Medicals Men's 1st	0

ICU Men's 2nd	0
University of Greenwich Men's 2nd	1

ICU Men's 3rd	0
University of Hertfordshire Men's 2nd	4

ICU Men's 4th	0
Brunel Men's 3rd	4

Sussex Women's 1st	4
ICU Women's 1st	4

Imperial Medicals Women's 2nd	5
ICU Women's 2nd	2

Netball

Uni. of Bedfordshire (Luton) 1st	32
ICU 1st	67

London Metropolitan 1st	45
ICU 2nd	27

Rugby Union

ICU Men's 1st	26
RUMS Men's 1st	5

ICU Men's 3rd	7
King's Medicals Men's 2nd	29

Uni. of Creative Arts Men's SESSA XV	17
ICU Men's SESSA XV	47

St George's Medicals Women's 1st (ULU)	5
ICU Women's 1st (ULU)	52

Squash

LSE Men's 1st	0
ICU Men's 1st	5

UCL Men's 1st	1
ICU Men's 2nd	4

ICU Men's 3rd	CANCELLED
Essex Men's 3rd	CANCELLED

LSE Women's 1st	3
ICU Women's 1st	1

Table Tennis

ICU Men's 1st	6
London Metropolitan Men's 1st	11

ICU Women's 1st	1
Middlesex Women's 1st	4

Tennis

ICU Men's 1st	8
University of Brighton Men's 1st	2

ICU Men's 2nd	6
Royal Holloway Men's 1st	4

LSE Women's 1st	0
ICU Women's 1st	10

Volleyball

ULU Women's 2nd	Re-arranged
ICU Women's 1st	Re-arranged

Saturday 10th November

Football – ULU

ICU Men's 2nd v ICU Men's 1st	
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Footballers play friendly before facing QM

Football

L'OREAL
PARIS

Imperial Men's 5th	2
Queen Mary's Men's 3rd	1

Football

L'OREAL
PARIS

Imperial Women's 1st	0
Queen Mary's Women's 1st	1

Chloe Joyeux

On a bright and clear Halloween day, the IC Football Women 1st XI and Football Men 5th XI arrived at Harlington, each ready to kick-ass against respective Queen Mary's sides. The latter however, in accordance with their reputation, were awfully late. The 5th XI, being bored, challenged the 1st XI to a pre-match game. Despite not wishing to embarrass the men, the women reluctantly agreed to their pleas.

With Squashy as the ref, the game started. It was agreed that the men would only be allowed to play two-touch football in order to practice their appalling passing. Being extremely sure of themselves, they decided to not have a goalie and have an all-attacker formation. Of course, the women fought bravely, with Yoke performing a clean tackle on Tariq, who as a result took a ridiculous dive, not knowing what had happened to him. The shortest player

of the women's team then proceeded towards the goal of the opposition.

The men scored a disallowed goal which was immediately judged offside by the fair Squashy, despite many of them gesticulating at the decision and on the verge of tears. The men, trying their hardest to leave the game with their pride intact, proceeded to shoot at the goal from all directions and towards all directions, leaving the goal mostly untouched. Several clearances from Emma, Cheryl and Kate did the trick, although Emily was able to show off her skills with a few saves. The boys struggled with their two-touch rule, being unable to play as a team, enabling Pav, Mona and Steph to take advantage of their bad passes. Gui tried to keep the team together by screaming at each player on his team what they were doing...maybe his way of asking for the ball. Many others were shouting, although it was difficult to decipher what they were trying to say.

Finally Skeen was able to score, but only by taking his shirt off. The women, in disgust at the man-breasts, had to avert their eyes, giving Skeen a clear path to the goal and bringing the score to 1-0 after the first few minutes. However the score did not stay put very long. After a foul from Tariq, a penalty was generously awarded to the girls. Louise took advantage of it and shot. Skeen, now in goal, did not even have time to save the penalty and collapsed like Mr. Potato Head on the treadmill.

More efforts were made by the men,

noticeably by shooting straight at the girl defenders. Kate suffered from such a blow from Mike Allen, taking a full powered shot on her arm. Being a warrior, she did not flinch despite the pain and continued defending, although she did show us later her really red, wounded skin. The last attempt by the boys was a shot just metres from the goal which hit the crossbar in true Akinbiyi style. At this point, Queen Mary's finally appeared and the game had to be stopped. The final score therefore remained 1-1, with the men feeling gutted at having missed their chance to shine.

The men, however, made up by beating Queen Mary's 2-1. The women had less luck and conceded a goal in the first half, minutes from half-time. Despite the shortened halves, or perhaps because of the lack of time, they were unable to come back and equalise. Queen Mary's did not lack big girls and from this point of view, were at an advantage over the IC women, who always seem smaller than their opponents, (maybe because of Yoke and Mona?). Despite lacking in this area, however, they defended well. Emily in goal saved a few, although most shots went wide or came slowly at her. They will, therefore, be looking forward to Sunday, when they are to face Queen Mary's once again. Steph, who had some beef with their number 10, 7, and 9, will especially be happy to renew her connections with these beasts and show them what she's made of.



The football team competing for a high ball

The importance of diet and exercise

Linda Hagg

A healthy balanced diet will provide your muscles with the energy that is needed in order to perform well. A healthy diet consists of a balanced mix of nutrients: carbohydrates, protein and fat, as well as minerals and vitamins. You need to have a sufficient calorie intake in order to maintain your metabolic and activity needs. An excessive calorie intake results in fat storage. How many calories you need a day varies depending on body size, age, gender and physical activity performed by the individual. The amount of each food group needed will depend on the type of sport played, the amount of training completed and the time spent playing your sport.

Carbohydrate is used as the main source of fuel when exercising and if there is not enough of it the performance will be limited. The best carbohydrates are complex carbohydrates and they are found in foods such as fruits, potatoes, pasta, wholegrain breads and cereals.

Protein is probably the most talked about nutrient amongst people who are working out in the gym. So why is protein so important? Its main functions are to support growth and to repair body tissues. The best food sources for protein include meat, fish, and legumes (dried beans and peas). However, eating too much protein can cause harm to your kidneys and liver, due to the excess strain they are put under whilst processing protein. In order to avoid damaging the kidneys these toxic waste products need to be

diluted with large amounts of water in order to be excreted through the urine. The urinary excretion causes an increase in water loss and increases the chance for dehydration. Furthermore when too much protein is present in the diet, the absorption of calcium in particular is prevented. It causes high losses of calcium in the urine which can cause osteoporosis.

It is often thought that if you are physically active you should avoid fats at all costs if good health is to be achieved and maintained. However the body needs a certain amount of fat in order to function properly. Fats or lipids are necessary part of a healthy diet, because they are a source of stored energy.

It has been discussed however you should avoid saturated fat, since it increases the risk of heart disease compared with monosaturated (found in olives, avocados and peanuts) and polysaturated fats (found in fish, nuts, sunflower and cod liver oils). It is wise to substitute saturated fat with unsaturated fat whenever possible. Water is the most important nutrient, yet the most overlooked one. Water is essential to maintaining good hydration and body temperature. Always make sure you drink plenty of water before, during and after your work out.

A poor diet will have a negative effect on the performance of even the most casual athlete. Make sure you have a good diet with adequate nutrients and calories so that you have enough energy to enjoy your workout. It's all about moderation and using your common sense.

Rugby 1st go top of the table

Rugby

UBS

Imperial Men's 1st XV	26
RUMS 1st XV	5

Jovan Nedić & Joe Sanders

After a sensational performance against Portsmouth last week, the 1st XV were ready to entertain top of the table Royal University Medical School (RUMS) at Harlington.

Throughout the week the side has been practising a more open style of play similar to the style that the Fijians play in their sevens. It was aimed to be used as an addition to the phenomenal style the team has developed in the tight play, and it was pulled off during the game on Wednesday.

The game started in the same style as it did last week, their forwards were attempting to dominate the Imperial forwards, and were successful for about the first 10 minutes, yet RUMS failed to push this advantage. After that rather surprising wake up call, the forwards decided to rise to the challenge and managed to stabilise the scrums, as well as the rucks and mauls. This gave the backs the platform they needed to do their magic, with fly-half Joe Brown slicing the RUMS defence in two and off-loading to Tom Zeal who went over the line for a try.

RUMS were not yet ready to give up, and after successfully stopping the Imperial rolling maul in its tracks, they attempted their own and managed to score the try that brought them back into the game.

The Imperial forwards, wounded by this show of power and their pride in

tatters, decided to up the pace and towards the end of the first half managed to set up a rolling maul from a line-out, which Alex Johnstone manoeuvred over the try line for Imperial second try.

This spur in confidence let the front row believe that they were wingers, with tight-head prop (that's me "Bodger") slicing through the line for a 30 metre amble up the wing, but was unable to off-load it to Daniel Godfrey who was in support. The first half ended with Imperial leading 14 - 5.

The second half saw a bit of a drama queen act from Twat of the Match Joe Brown for not having his favourite ball to play with. However once the game was underway, all of the weeks training was paying off, with the team enforcing the open style of play on the game. Full-back Max Joachim scored a well executed try, which involved virtually the entire team. A similar try was

South East 1A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	Pts
1 Imperial	5	4	0	1	100	42	58	12
2 RUMS	5	4	0	1	107	85	22	12
3 GKT	5	2	0	3	123	122	1	6
4 Brunel	4	2	0	2	84	79	5	6

scored again with loose-head prop Joe "Badger" Sanders storming through the line, and unlike his compatriot, managed to off-load the ball to centre Tom Carroll for the final try of the match. RUMS, hoping for some sort of consolation, increased the pressure, but strong defence by Imperial meant that the score remained at 26-5 until the final whistle.

Man of the Match went to Tom Zeal, but special mention has to go to Dan Godfrey who put in an excellent performance, it's just a shame he can't remember it.



The 1st XV 'back line' in action against RUMS

Virgins' revenge over UCL

Rugby

Schlumberger

Imperial Women's 1st XV	21
UCL Women's 1st XV	17

Samantha Pemberton

We arrived at Harlington for our first ULU match of the season, psyched up for a hard match against UCL, who beat us 51-5 last year.

The warm-up was a very long one, as UCL did not arrive until 15 minutes after the supposed kick off time of 14:30. This did not put us off however, and within the first 10 minutes we were 7-0 up, following a turnover ball out of a ruck thanks to a fantastic effort by

the forwards, and being run down the wing by Jess to score under the posts. Two extra points were won off the foot of Roxanne.

UCL hit back hard and were awarded for their efforts with a try, but no conversion making the score 7-5. The game was heavily dominated by forward-play, with lots of driving mauls and hard rucks. The second try for IC was scored by Sam, running down the blindside following a maul, with a second conversion from Roxanne. UCL then succeeded in scoring another try, but again missed the conversion to bring the half-time score to 14-10.

In the second half we made a couple of changes, bringing new Virgin Jane into inside centre and Emilie onto the wing. Our forwards then managed to

win the ball from a UCL scrum leading to a break away run by outside centre Sam, closely supported by Courtney who touched the ball down across the line giving us a 21-10 lead. Soon after, UCL fought hard and managed to up their score to 21-17. This was to be the final score for the game, but with 25 minutes still left to play, the Virgins had their defensive skills put to the test with a nail biting 15 minutes keeping UCL literally 5 metres from the line.

Well done to everyone for such a well-fought game and deserved win. Also well done to Theresa, Bonnie, Sara, Camilla and Courtney who managed to win us 2 bottles of champagne in Havana's by beating 4 other teams in a boat race, with opposition including IC and Medic Rugby boys!



The Virgins applying some pressure in the scrum against University College London

2nds spook Sussex for first win of season

Hockey

Imperial Women's 2nd XI	2
Sussex Women's 2nd XI	1

Amanda Cheung

The season had not started too well for the Ladies 2nd's but Halloween Wednesday saw a break in the slump with a gripping win against Sussex Ladies 2nd's. Having kept adrenaline high with some nude photo shoots, we went into the game with great anticipation. The team had many new faces and a new layout formulated by the stand-in captain Dominator.

The first half started solidly with lots of well calculated passes and well aimed hit-outs. However, the ball was barely seen in our attacking half as Sussex started fast and intercepted the ball. Some good stops from Spanner saved any damage to the score sheet and at half-time the match was still goal-less.

A stirring half time chat and oranges led to a more fired-up Imperial side in the second half. All was going well until we went 1-0 down due to a slight oversight which earned Hoover 'Twat of the Match'! Things turned around

though when Dominator scored an inspiring P-flick. Some good communication and stick-work between the midfield and attack led to a second goal scored by fresher Isabel.

Good defence on the back line kept any more Sussex goal attempts from coming to anything and the end result was maintained at 2-1. 'Man of the

Match' was shared by Dominator and Unicycle for their strong defence and persistence. It was then back to the Union for Halloween games and celebration. Let's hope this win is the first of many!

Oh and if you're wondering why we've got bibs on, the Sussex team decided to have a similar kit to ours!



Ladies 2nds playing in lime green vests

News in brief

IC have national champion

Harriet Scott

Harriet Scott, a third year medical student, combined with two team mates from her Athletics Club, Havering Mayesbrook, to win a fantastic gold at the National Cross Country Relays at Mansfield on Saturday 3rd November.

The trio completed the 3 x 3km course in 29:18, the second fastest time in the Championships since 2000.

Harriet put the team in medal contention from the off to come home third in 9:51, for the sixth fastest leg of the day, beating several well

known internationals in the process. Her team mates, Alexa Joel and Faye Fullerton, completed 10:01 and 9:44 legs respectively.

This is off the back of an excellent track season for Harriet in which she lowered her personal bests in all distances she competed in from 400m to 3000m. In her preferred event, the 1500m, she bettered her personal best to 4 minutes and 15 seconds to take 16 seconds off and is now ranked 6th U23 in the UK.

Harriet finished 4th in the U23 European trial for 1500m, 12th in the senior World trial and 3rd in the UK Challenge Final.

Sports Ambassadors Scheme

Alissa Ayling

The Sports Ambassadors Scheme is a fantastic opportunity for students to gain a recognised Level 1 Coaching Qualification in their desired sport. In turn they will get some hands on experience coaching young people in local schools and the community to raise awareness of the benefits of furthering their education and the sporting opportunities available to them when they do.

The benefits of this type of scheme are endless. For you as a coach, this means adding to your learning experience and skills whilst at university, improving as a sports coach, enhancing your CV and in turn improving your employability potential. In addition, you'll be gaining a qualification free of charge that will enable you to earn extra money through coaching once your voluntary hours are completed.

However, you won't be the only

beneficiary. By interacting with young people in the local community and acting as a role model, you will be contributing to their positive school experiences. Hopefully you can help them to aspire to become university students and make the most of the sporting opportunities available to them. Furthermore, you'll be helping and supporting local authorities by providing extra coaching.

If you are interested in applying for this scheme then please collect an application form from the Student Activities Centre or contact Alissa Ayling at a.ayling@imperial.ac.uk for more information.

Upcoming Events

BUSA Swimming Short Course
16.11.07

BUSA Badminton Individuals
16.11.07

Imperial Team of the Week



Squash Men's 1st (Team captain Mitchell Hensman pictured)

This week, *Sports Partnership* along with *Felix Sport* have chosen the Squash Men's 1st team as their 'Team of the Week'.

The boys have been pulling off phenomenal results, comfort-

ably beating all their opponents in straight sets (that's 5 - 0 for those of you that don't know!)

Hopefully this winning streak can continue for the rest of the season. Well done boys!

Injuries and their treatment



Hannah Barr
Energia Fitness Instructor

We all suffer from sports-related injuries from time to time. Here's an introduction to some common types of injuries and how best to treat them.

An **acute injury** is damage to the soft tissues i.e. muscle, tendon or ligament. Immediately after the injury the tissues will be bleeding and subsequent inflammation will be taking place in the local area causing pain and dysfunction.

A **strain** is an injury to either a muscle or a tendon. Depending on the severity of the injury, a strain may be a simple overstretch of the muscle or tendon, or it can result from a partial or complete tear.

A **sprain** is an injury to a ligament supporting a joint and can result from a fall, a sudden twist, or a blow to the body that forces a joint out of its normal position and stretches or tears the ligament supporting that joint.

Often you may exhibit symptoms that suggest an injury (strain/sprain); however this can be as a result of tightened muscles pulling other structures out of alignment, causing referred pain. In this case these symptoms can often be effectively released by following a stretch plan or massage treatment.

Wherever possible aim to PROTECT vulnerable body parts when participat-

ing in a sport, but when this does not happen or does not prevent injury the following information is crucial.

During the first 48 hours following an injury a magical process known as 'RICE' should be applied. Its effectiveness in reducing pain and inflammation should not be underestimated, hence its 'magical' tag line!

R = Rest

To prevent further immediate damage to the affected tissues and allow the healing process to begin.

I = Ice (cold)

To reduce pain and local muscle spasm by numbing the pain receptors. Stops internal bleeding by slowing down blood circulation, which in-turn reduces the amount of bleeding and inflammation in the tissues. Ice time: dependant on size of structure injured. Skin should look pale and not reddened when ice is removed.

C = Compression

Compress for support and to control inflammation, which further helps with pain relief.

E = Elevation

To help decrease bleeding and inflammation.

During this period you may well require additional pain relief such as anti-inflammatory gels or non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAID's). Please consult your pharmacist for appropriate treatment.

After approx. 48 hours:

Rehabilitation

Once the pain and inflammation have gone, exercises to regain lost strength and mobility can begin. If these symptoms re-occur during this process stop

exercises and return to RICE until it is again safe to return to the rehabilitation phase.

As a sports-person is not always likely to follow the rest component of this process due to training requirements, competition and sometimes just plain foolhardiness (you know who you are), the injured person should at least exercise with caution and try to follow the I-C-E part of this procedure, followed by rehabilitation.

- Heat is not appropriate for first aid of an injury. It increases bleeding within the tissue exacerbating inflammation. Only apply heat in recovery phases.

Active Rehabilitation

Sports-individuals willing to stop training and competition altogether are few and far between. Obviously this is dependant on the severity of the injury i.e. a ruptured ligament/tendon/muscle would be impossible not to rest as the pain would prevent any unreasonable, but desired premature return to sport.

However many injuries, although painful and debilitating in terms of performance, will not necessarily prevent participation. If this is the sports-person's choice (it may not be recommended by a sports therapist) then it is important to give yourself a fighting chance. With this in mind, injury articles to follow will provide suggestions on exercises to help during the recovery process, but they should not be attempted until pain and inflammation has gone, which would be at least 48 hours afterward.

It is important to note that these are only guidelines based on a minor acute episode, and in no way replace the role of a qualified physician/therapist. If your condition does not improve over the 48-hour period, it is strongly advised that you consult a qualified therapist. Your injury may be worse than a strain or sprain, and these type of injuries, if not given correct treatment immediately after the event, can become a chronic problem and this is something you should strive to avoid.

Sports league

Week 6 and a lot more results are in. The ranking of the teams is based on the Felix Index (FI), which is calculated as follows: $FI = (W*5) + (D*2) - (L*4)$. Only teams with 5 games or more will be considered in the overall championship at the end of year.

With this week's results in, Net-

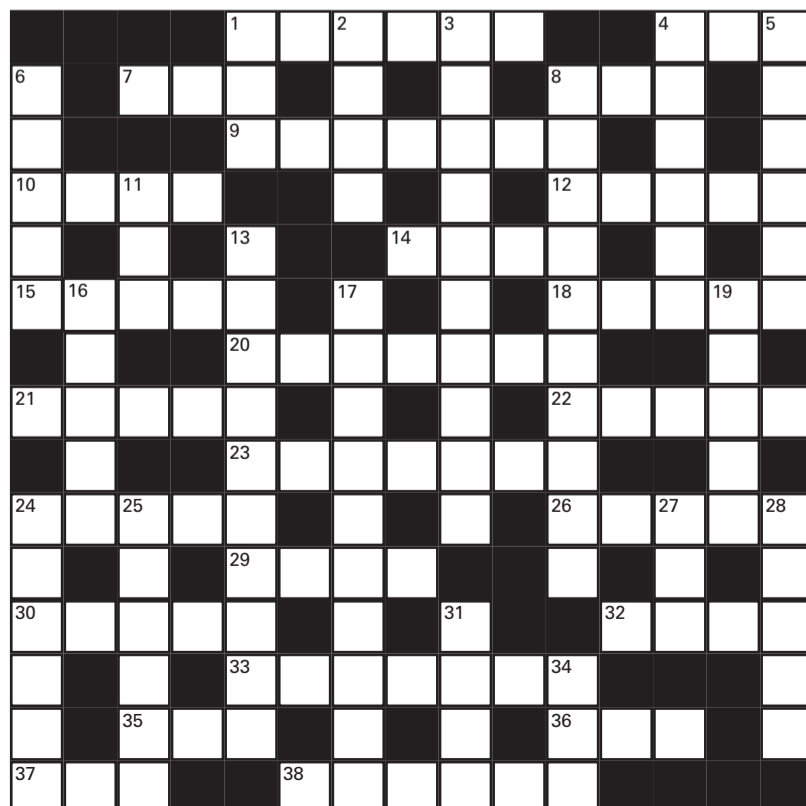
ball 1st, Squash Men's 1st (this week's Team of the Week) and Tennis Men's 2nd are top of the table with 20 points each, followed closely by Hockey Men's 1st and Rugby Men's 1st.

At the bottom of the table we find Football Men's 2nd still rooted to the bottom, having not won a game yet.

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	%	FI
1 Netball 1st	4	4	0	0	235	91	144	100	20
2 Squash Men's 1st	4	4	0	0	20	0	20	100	20
3 Tennis Men's 2nd	4	4	0	0	34	6	28	100	20
4 Hockey Men's 1st	4	3	1	0	14	3	11	75	17
5 Rugby Union Men's 1st	5	4	0	1	100	42	58	80	16
6 Fencing Men's 2nd	3	3	0	0	391	307	84	100	15
7 Tennis Women's 1st	3	2	1	0	22	8	14	66.7	12
8 Squash Men's 2nd	4	3	0	1	13	7	6	75	11
9 Volleyball Women's 1st	2	2	0	0	6	1	5	100	10
10 Football Men's 1st	3	1	2	0	5	3	2	33.3	9
11 Rugby Union Men's 2nd	4	2	1	1	74	77	-3	50	8
12 Cricket Men's 1st	5	3	0	2	926	678	248	60	7
13 Badminton Men's 2nd	3	2	0	1	15	9	6	66.7	6
14 Table Tennis Women's 1st	3	2	0	1	9	6	3	66.7	6
15 Hockey Women's 1st	4	1	2	1	14	11	3	25	5
16 Basketball Men's 1st	1	1	0	0	70	42	28	100	5
17 Rugby Union Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	50	5	45	100	5
18 Football Women's 1st	3	1	1	1	2	2	0	33.3	3
19 Hockey Men's 2nd	4	2	0	2	20	7	13	50	2
20 Squash Women's 1st	4	2	0	2	10	7	3	50	2
21 Netball 2nd	2	1	0	1	76	74	2	50	1
22 Basketball Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23 Cricket Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
24 Equestrian 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
25 Equestrian 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26 Fencing Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
27 Golf 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
28 Netball 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
29 Tennis Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
30 Volleyball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
31 Water Polo Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
32 Tennis Men's 1st	4	1	1	2	16	24	-8	25	-1
33 Rugby Union Men's 3rd	5	2	0	3	97	68	29	40	-2
34 Fencing Men's 1st	3	1	0	2	347	344	3	33.3	-3
35 Lacrosse Women's 1st	3	1	0	2	15	31	-16	33.3	-3
36 Table Tennis Men's 1st	3	1	0	2	30	21	9	33.3	-3
37 Squash Men's 3rd	1	0	0	1	1	2	-1	0	-4
38 Badminton Women's 1st	2	0	1	2	8	16	-8	0	-6
39 Badminton Men's 1st	4	1	0	3	15	17	-2	25	-7
40 Hockey Men's 3rd	4	1	0	3	3	6	-3	25	-7
41 Hockey Women's 2nd	4	1	0	3	5	21	-16	25	-7
42 Football Men's 3rd	4	0	1	3	1	12	-11	0	-10
43 Hockey Men's 4th	3	0	0	3	2	9	-7	0	-12
44 Football Men's 2nd	4	0	0	4	2	13	-11	0	-16

Crossword No. 1,386

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



ACROSS

- 1 Man of the cloth (6)
- 4 Cry, male puppy (3)
- 7 Tangled snake in a bathhouse (3)
- 8 The crib in the cottage (3)
- 9 Yeast with thorium gains depth(7)
- 10 Walk shakily after lively dance (4)
- 12 One skull goes forward (5)
- 14 Notice point (4)
- 15 Slow at the beginning, with some thought, leads to laziness (4)
- 18 Entice a teetotalter to take some hemp (5)
- 20 Sprite on a donkey from the East enters a cul-de-sac (7)
- 21 Mop bristle head at the front of the room (5)
- 22 Straight-edge leader (5)
- 23 Expression in favour of an action word (7)
- 24 Parasite loses anger about rice (5)
- 26 In that robe, seem overweight (5)
- 29 Hit a target spike (4)
- 30 At the beginning, we all liked to zanily dance (5)
- 32 Fever takes the head of a sickness (4)
- 33 Antiquated letter (7)
- 35 At the signal, cutie loses it (3)
- 36 Beer in a leaky barrel (3)
- 37 Grain sounds drily humorous (3)

38 Think back about George, the warrior (6)

DOWN

- 1 Account of an upside-down bat (3)
- 2 Notion from confused aide (4)
- 3 "I do pure sex" incomprehensible from Greek king (10)
- 4 King, cloaked in mist, falls into brook (6)
- 5 And, in a bit, the outlaw (6)
- 6 An army of tailless corpses (5)
- 8 Waffle crate talks a lot (10)
- 11 My subconscious self says: odd eggnog (3)
- 13 PEZ machine broken by the ape (10)
- 16 Unappetizing grub (5)
- 17 Enemy of Shadow government (10)
- 19 Push journalism (5)
- 24 In the dust, Democrats in power (6)
- 25 Comfort, therefore, a cord or ribbon (6)
- 27 Even though, engage Humpty Dumpty (3)
- 28 Appoint some messy, godless treacle (5)
- 31 The male deer, less than half decomposed (4)
- 34 Ingest the edge of the seat (3)

The winner of Enoch's sublime crossword last week is **Benjamin Martin**. Congratulations that man. Unfortunately, as he pointed out, he forgot to attach his solution to his first email which makes him a loser. If he hadn't pointed that out to us, then he would have won £800,000. That chance has now gone forever. Really, this would have happened. No joke. Ah well, life goes on. Well done Ben, chin up.

Tomo, on behalf of Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,385

