

VITALI LAZURENKO

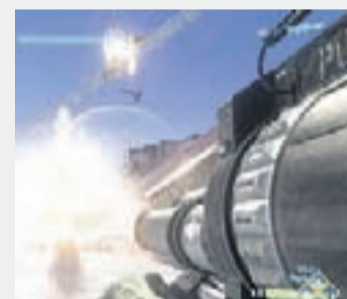
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Countdown to the Lord Mayor's Show 2007

More dramatics than a shuttle take off at Cape Canaveral as the CGCU prepares for the annual LMS parade

Edward Judge
CGCU Honorary Secretary

A group of students working at midnight on a Friday night is nothing new, especially for Imperial. A group of students working outside in the freezing cold painting and cutting wood can only mean one thing, its time for the Lord Mayor's Show (LMS).

The City and Guilds College Union was honoured to represent Imperial in the annual parade to celebrate the Lord Mayor of the City of London. This year, as is generally the case, the story of the CGCU float began less than a week before the show with a "design" that was scrawled on the back of a set of lecture notes. Here is the story:

T-minus 119 hours: (to the start of the parade)

The "Acting" LMS Coordinator suddenly realised how little he has been acting and with five days to go starts frantically calling lorry companies to get one arranged. The hours tick by and an angel in the form of Gunns Transport appears.

T-minus 115 hours:

After rejoicing in the success of getting a lorry the CGCU office is thrown into disarray by a very distressed phone call from the LMS office. Apparently they had not received payment and were considering pulling the CGCU float from the parade. A quick check of the accounts showed the money from the BP sponsorship hadn't come through yet. A call to BP solved this and a cheque was written and posted (thank god for the phrase "The cheque is in the post").

T-minus 95 hours:

Armed with the knowledge that having a lorry is no good if you have nothing to put on it and the fact that there is a distinct lack of building suppliers in the South Kensington area we quickly arranged for a delivery of the estimated amount, aka a complete guess, of wood and nails. An attempt was made at improving the design but it was scrapped as it looked worse than the initial concept drawing.



The CGCU float (left) and CGCU motorised mascot Bo' (right) being towed by a massive truck

T-minus 71 hours:

A very "helpful" delivery man, who asked no questions, dumped our supplies in college so construction could commence. We must congratulate Imperial students for their principles in that nothing was stolen from the pile that lay at the side of the road for two days.

T-minus 66 hours:

Construction began, still with no official design. First blood was drawn. After abandoning any hope of proper construction, chicken wire became our medium of choice. A whopping 22.5m of mesh tubing was born.

T-minus 44 hours:

The faculty car park was besieged. Having the "best" location in college for construction, despite it being only

half as high as the float, we set about real construction. This was halted quickly once the lack of tools became apparent.

T-minus 43 hours:

The CGCU offices were raided and four "saws" were obtained. However, the first three good ones we tried proved incapable of cutting wood. The oldest saw in the world was our only hope. Covered in rust, the name Warrior was bestowed upon it.

T-minus 40 hours:

We were tired. Construction ceased.

T-minus 21 hours:

The actual amount of work remaining dawned upon us. Panic ensued. A trip to Argos solved further supply issues and the construction resumed.

T-minus 17 hours:

The teams were split and while one painted, the other attended a security briefing that was "to die for". After being told there was a serious risk of terrorism during the day the commanding officer changed direction and said "not to worry you are much more likely to be bombed next month while Christmas shopping".

T-minus 11 hours:

After removing the main parts of their float from their temporary home of the faculty car park we decided to get some warmth and devoured a midnight snack of bolognaise prepared in the warmth of Jez's garage.

T-minus 9 hours:

With the construction going well we decided to start to pretty up the float with another layer of paint. Given the

cold weather and it being the dead of night we didn't hold much hope of it drying.

T-minus 7 hours:

Disaster struck. Our fancy mechanism for moving the ball around failed. The magic of duck tape was put to the test. After a quick fix we tried and failed again. Things weren't looking good. Finally after borrowing some extra supports everything was fine.

T-minus 4 hours:

After a sleepless night putting final touches to it the lorry arrives. Everyone, wrecked and bruised, struggled to lift the 3m tall structure onto it and finally all was done. In record time it was strapped down and sent on its way with Jez following under her own steam. The float was joined on the lorry by Bo who was helped along Exhibition Road under the careful watch of a number of police.

T-minus 3 hours:

With the lorry gone we grabbed everything we needed, collected 120 helium balloons and set off on the tube.

T-minus 2.5 hours:

While taking up half a tube with balloons the shit hit the fan. The overly tired coordinator had left our all important documentation in the office. With a quick fix of someone running back in place we continued on hoping to meet up with everyone.

T-minus 1 hour:

All aboard. We all piled on the lorry tied down the balloons and headed off. Finally the hard work was done.

With the show completed and having passed without incident we dumped the float [Editor – which remained outside the Skempton building for the next four days, much to the irritation of the Union which was threatened with a fine from College as a result!] and collapsed in the Union for a few well deserved drinks. Plans for further drinking were soon scrapped and a nice meal in the Queens Arms sufficed.

Thanks go to everyone who helped with the construction and on the day. We would like to especially thank BP for their generous sponsorship.

felix 1,387

Friday 16/11/07



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Thanks to Alex Guite

LOLEATS



OF THE WEEK

£44,000 per year – value for money?

Felix speaks to the student body to discuss how much it has benefitted from the Union's NUS re-affiliation

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

Tomorrow marks one year to the day from when Imperial College students voted "yes" to joining the NUS (National Union of Students). However, since the Union's re-affiliation, have students at Imperial actually noticed any differences?

Last November, after three days of dedicated campaigning by pro- and anti-NUS teams in which the student body was collared, persuaded and bribed to vote either way, more than 4,000 votes were cast to decide whether Imperial College Union (ICU) would rejoin the NUS. In one of the Union's most successful elections in living memory, the majority of 53% voted "yes" in favour of the NUS.

This wasn't the first time ICU had re-affiliated with the NUS. The Union has had an on-off history with the NUS and since 1922 there has been a motion in every decade to rejoin, culminating in four successful attempts including last year's.

Affiliation doesn't come cheaply: the current cost per annum is £44,000. So what are we supposed to get in return for this vast sum of money, and more importantly, what have we got so far?

The NUS is one of the world's largest student organisations, giving unions throughout the UK and Northern Ireland political clout which they would lack on their own. Not only does it provide representation and advice for Unions, it fights "barriers to education" and "empowers students to shape both a quality learning experience and the world around them" according to the NUS website.

This is all very well, but having talked to a number of Imperial students this week, it seems the 'benefits' are having minimal impact. Felix spoke to a number of students, one of whom – an Aeronautical Engineering student – concisely summed up the most common feeling by saying she "hasn't felt the effects of joining the NUS."



Money, money, money in the NUS' hand

The most immediate benefit to the student body is in the form of a discount card: the NUS Extra Card, pictured on the front page being held by first year Bioengineering student Fernando Pacheco. Mr Pacheco told Felix that having bought his NUS Extra Card at the start of term, he "hasn't used it yet".

The card costs £10 and is supposed to bring students discounts at many national stores, websites and restaurants such as amazon.co.uk, JJB and McDonalds. However, it seems some of the companies associated with the NUS Extra Card don't even recognise it when presented with one. Ricardo Smith, a first year Civil Engineer told Felix he went to "Subway and tried to use [his] card, but they rejected it and wouldn't let me get my 10% off" before adding: "I haven't really got a clue why I spent the money on it in the first place."

Strangely enough, some students that Felix spoke to said they have had better luck using their NUS Extra Card in other countries since it also acts as an ISIC (International Student Identity Card); the logo can be seen on the top

left of the card. This entitles the holder to discounts abroad.

Since Imperial rejoined the NUS, 579 Extra Cards have been purchased; around 5% of the student body. This equates to 27% of the 2134 students that said 'yes' to the NUS last year. Have the other 1500 or so students that voted yes all graduated (meaning they can't buy a card now), simply forgotten to buy a card, don't care or did they vote the NUS in because of its political weight and not to save money?

Perhaps the Union is to blame: many students complained to Felix that they hadn't seen any posters or other forms of advertising for the card. It's not surprising awareness is low when the Union President (one of last year's vocal anti-NUS campaigners) is seen on stoic television slating the NUS calling it a "comedy sideshow".

Stephen Brown, the Union President, has expressed his disappointment with the re-affiliation so far, telling Felix that "to date we have not got our money's worth." Mr Brown believes that if the "governance [ie: the structure] of the NUS is sorted out, then we might begin to see the benefits." Its setup is

undergoing dramatic change at the moment and there is an Extraordinary Conference next month in Leicester that is going to discuss and decide how the NUS will function structurally.

Supporters and critics seem to agree that changes in both the Union's and the NUS' governance will benefit the student body as a whole. One of last year's pro-NUS campaigners, Alex Guite, commented to Felix that "although governance is not the sexiest topic, reviewing it with the help of the NUS has been very helpful for our union and in turn we are helping the NUS reform itself."

Mr Guite is also keen to point out that the NUS has provided ICU with numerous networking opportunities, which have yielded otherwise unobtainable advice. Furthermore, with the NUS' support, ICU has developed a trade union for its own student staff, something that Mr Guite says will benefit "all students who work for the Union." He is also quick to point out that the President himself has received excellent training from the NUS.

In reality though, are students going to feel the effects of the governance ref-

ormation that both Mr Guite and Mr Brown highlight as positives changes? Ask any student about ICU's very own newly-formed Trustee Board and how the Union's dynamics have been affected as a result, and you will most likely be met with a blank stare. The NUS is even more far removed than this.

Advocates of the NUS also point out that without the affiliation, ICU would be an insular and segregated body without a voice on the national scale, especially since we left the University of London Union (ULU) last year. By hopping from the ULU bandwagon and onto the NUS one, supporters have argued that we are saving over £30,000 due to the difference in the affiliation fees. However, the point is irrelevant in many students' eyes, as they believe that Imperial College Union is an influential enough institution that doesn't need support from either of the bodies – it can stand on its own two feet.

If this were the case the Union would be saving itself at least £44,000 per year; a vast amount that could be put towards the Union redevelopment, currently in hiatus, or into the clubs and societies. Mr Pacheco said he would "much rather see the money spent on the Basketball society."

A year on from ICU's re-affiliation referendum, it seems the student body has scarcely felt any effect of the NUS. Although not entirely clear how, the promise of governance revisions may bring noticeable benefits to students. However only time will tell whether this is just another flirtatious bout between the unions or if the two are destined to be bedfellows this time round.

The Union is looking for students to attend the NUS Extraordinary Conference on Tuesday 4th December. If you want a free trip to Leicester to represent your Union on a national scale, and to help influence the NUS' governance, email: felix@imperial.ac.uk

Students' fire alarm frustrations

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

This week College said that it is "concerned by the amount of fire alarms" that have been occurring across campus. The statement comes in response to a student who contacted Felix airing his frustrations at the multitude of times he has had to be evacuated. Concerns have also been raised about the difficulty people have had when exiting their departments during an alarm due to newly installed revolving doors restricting mobility.

A second year PhD student, who wishes to remain anonymous, wrote to Felix expressing his annoyance at having to go through yet another evacuation "ordeal". The postgraduate said that since he had been at Imperial, he had experienced between ten and fifteen evacuations and that nobody ever had an idea whether it was a drill or an actual fire.

Felix contacted Ian Gillett, College's Safety Director, who said that he was "concerned by the number of fire

alarms" that were going off around campus. There are only supposed to be two fire drills per year, with one per term whilst students in halls can expect to experience one more on top of their departments' drills.

Unless College has been swiftly extinguishing blazes without anybody noticing, there have been seemingly no fires around campus in the past two years, which begs the question: why are students within Huxley and Blackett being turned out of their buildings up to eight times a year?

Mr Gillett continued by saying that there are a number of possibilities: contractors are often to blame when using power tools that kick up a lot of dust, or students who "spray a bit too much Lynx" can trigger an alarm. Measures are in place to cut down the frequency of fire alarms; "pre-alarms" are designed to monitor changes in the air around them. For example, if a device detects a slight increase in the amount of smoke within a room, a message can be sent to the fire officers in College who can quickly get to

the location before a problem erupts. However, inevitably there are going to be incidents that are too severe for the pre-alarms and the evacuation alarm will be raised instantly.

Talk of cutting down on recurrent alarms is all well and good, but a worrying amount of people choose to remain in their offices or labs ignoring the noise blaring out around them. The PhD student suggested frequent fire alarms "lead to a 'boy who cried wolf' situation" citing some academics he knows that just "shut their door and stay inside during the alarms".

Mr Gillett acknowledged this was a "bit of a problem" that stems both from people not being educated enough by the fire drills and also because people are not informed why they have been evacuated when there has been a genuine problem. If people are not told why they are being ejected from their departments, then next time they will simply become frustrated and assume something minor has happened that won't affect them if they remain where they are.

However, the Safety Director admitted he didn't know the solution to this problem. He suggested that people could be disciplined when they're caught sitting in their offices, but again this would have a "negative influence" on people.

Evacuating only those people near where to an alarm is triggered is also unfeasible as the procedure is too "complicated" and "people become confused" when only certain people are made to leave a building.

The problems with the College's fire precautions go beyond just the alarms though; the new revolving doors that have been installed in Blackett and Huxley are also a cause for concern. Some students have reported to Felix that they have been a part of queues of people saying to each other: "You go first," which is then followed by, "No, after you, I insist." In this situation, students are advised to seek alternative exits if they can foresee difficulties leaving through any of the main entrances.

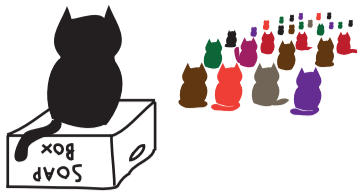
When questioned, Mr Gillett told

Felix that he had been "assured" by his colleagues that the new revolving doors provided just as much space for people to exit through as the old doors did in Blackett and Huxley.

Felix measured the distance across the revolving door in Blackett, comparing it to the remaining old door which stands next to it. The result: the opening in the revolving door measured 1.2m whilst the old door measured 2m wide. The number of people that can safely be in the building remains the same since the Ring of Steel was introduced.

Ultimately, College's fire precautions are designed to stop people from becoming charred husks of their former selves, but with the sensitive nature of smoke detectors and Imperial's current status as a giant building site the future doesn't bode well for those people who lose their sanity at the shrill of a fire alarm.

The PhD student's letter can be found in full in the Comments section on page 5



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



James Wang

Bland manifestos won't get my vote

Recently, we year 4 medics had another run of popularity contests (more widely known as year rep elections); all of our inboxes being subjected to the usual promotional spam (makes me miss the Viagra spam of old).

Fortunately, this year the quantity wasn't as torrential as previous ones, not for a certain someone's lack of trying. Yes Neil, I'm talking to you: I have a rusty garden rake and I'll give you three guesses where I'm going to shove it when I see you next!

At this stage, people have already picked their favourites, though admittedly, I just ranked my votes according

to how fit the girls were (call me shallow if you must... but girls, when was the last time you fancied someone's emotions? ...add the fact that she's wearing the same dress as another girl at the party and a hint of PMS and stir...). It's a change from previous years where I just voted for whoever had sent me the least amount of spam.

My main beef with these things this time around were the manifestos. It looked like an exercise in copy and paste with the first one being as bland as the free tea at Tanaka. All were some variation of being "friendly and approachable and will address your concerns". Well so will the clerks at my local Tesco. Actually, reading through

them was a total waste of time which could have been better spent having a wank. The whole thing made me wish I had entered with promises of ending the war in Iraq, climbing to the top of Queen's tower, wearing nothing but a thong, and installing new snack vending machines.

As opposed to coming off as CV monkeys, you'd think people could make a bit more effort promoting themselves. Some ideas of solutions to current problems would be nice. After all, we're (supposedly) voting for you so you can think for the mindless masses instead of relying on them for shit to do. People don't like voting in the first place and you aren't making life easier

for anyone.

So what I'm really saying is if you want to run for something, make an effort and think of some of the things you know can be improved. Something the rest of us might look at and think "Hell yeah, that's something that should be done". Remember most of us are lazy bastards would like nothing better than for you to go and do that for us.

Failing that, make up something regarding your stance on sex with monkeys to prevent another tragedy like AIDS crossing the species barrier. And don't spam our inboxes, we heard you the first time around. If you're still considering it, just ask Neil about what might happen.



A. Geek

Put this in your title and smoke it

I'm getting a bit bored of smokers. After all the bans and temporary surges in "quit now" advertisements, it's true that I see a lot less lighting up than I used to. Obviously, some are pushing their luck in enforcing the law – drawing a line around a building is probably a little too far – yet it seems that there's a tacit agreement now that smoking is bad for everyone's health, not just the smoker. And despite this, we still don't seem to have the courage to put heel to butt and stamp the last embers out.

I used to be of the opinion that if you wanted to die slowly and painfully while your family watches on and blames the health service, then that was your choice. But lately I find myself reframing the smoking issue to represent the worst of what disappoints me in the human race right now.

First, the eternal joy of discussing the ethics of smoking with a smoker. My favourite kind is the one that maintains they know what it's doing to them, but are okay with it. A message to those of you reading this that are this kind of

smoker – you are not, and will never be, Kurt Russell. You're just a tit who's been smoking for so long that you're actually embarrassed about how dependent you've become on it.

Second, the absolutely ludicrous human rights grounds on which some smoking groups opposed the bans from. Yes, self-harm is legally okay. Yes, I should be allowed to do bad things to myself if I want to. But if I started carrying around weapons-grade plutonium in my coat pocket, I think the people around me would view it as a little antisocial.

For me, it's representative of how unwilling we are to give up things that make us feel good – fuel inefficient cars. Really loud music at 1am. Ant and Dec. Don't get me wrong – I don't like the idea of giving up my Taste The Difference cookies so that I can donate more to charity and even up the world's karma. You don't miss the difference until you've tasted it, let me tell you. But the fact that people want to cling onto a damaging, expensive and disgusting habit just because it's



Some still ignore the message despite more graphic warnings

more comfortable to light up with an evening coffee than not, well... it's a little saddening.

I know not all smoking is bad – an acquaintance of mine has to smoke a pipe as part of a medical condition he has. Obviously, the stuff he smokes is medicated, rather than the pipe itself. Plus, there's the slightly weaker claim

that smoking keeps people off other drugs, or at least slows their abuse of them. But if that's the only defence you can muster for a habit that kills thousands ever year, I think you need to check what it is that you're smoking.

Hah. Great jokes to be had here, honestly.

Maybe I just don't "get" drug abuse very well – like Cyndi Lauper, or burping on demand. Maybe everyone likes smelling like they've rolled around in smouldering horse poo, and kissing people that taste of wet smouldering horse poo. And maybe it's not as representative of human kind if you assess it in any reasonable terms.

But seeing as we're still discriminating against everyone we can get our hands on – ISLAMISTS LOL – the ice caps are still melting, and the Middle East is still being crept up on from all sides by the encroaching legions of idiots with cruise missiles, I think that if we can't analyse ourselves far enough to quit inhaling carcinogens ten times a day, I'm going to need to emigrate further than Canada after all.



João T. Cabral
Garden & Weeks Hall

Garden & Weeks Hall celebrates its 50th

2007 is Imperial's Centenary but also a special year for us at Garden & Weeks halls (G&W): Garden celebrates its 50th anniversary as a hall of residence! (Weeks hall's golden jubilee will follow in just a couple of years, so we will talk about it later). We have been celebrating in style!

Everyone knows Garden Hall: a row of Victorian houses on the North Side of Prince's Gardens, between Sports Centre and Weeks hall. Some people may even know that both Garden & Weeks halls are grade II listed buildings. (I know this can be hard to believe but Weeks is an architectural gem of the 50s!) What no one knows is the fascinating history behind G&W halls, which dates back to the Great Exhibition in 1851 and involves illustrious residents as Sir Henry Singer Keating, Solicitor-General in two of Palmerston's administrations and first tenant of house 11, Lord Blackburn (1861-1887), Sir William Earle and Sir

William Drake (until 1891), or Rt. Hon. Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox, PC (until 1921).

Garden Hall's Victorian houses were completed in 1860, adjacent to the Great Exhibition site. The developer was Sir Charles Freaque and John Johnson was the probable architect (apparently he is well-known for mid-Victorian buildings in London). At the time, these houses were an "affordable" option to Belgravia or Mayfair, for professionals and minor noble families. Yes "affordable", but they still needed accommodation for several family members, a few guest bedrooms and two or three elegant rooms for entertaining guests; and of course rooms for a dozen or so servants, usually on the top floor; and finally a service area with kitchen, wine cellar, coal cellar, laundry, servants' eating room etc, in the basement!

In more recent times, during the second World War, the houses were requisitioned by the government and

used by the Admiralty and, by the late 1940s, passed to the hands of the London Hostels Association. It seems that houses 8-15 Prince's Gardens were offered to the College for student accommodation as part of a bid (led by Sir John Betjeman, poet and founder of Victorian Society) to keep Colcutt Tower – now Queen's Tower! – in the early 50s. Imperial and the hall soon played a role during the Hungarian Uprising in 1956 by welcoming exiled students in house 12.

Garden hall was formally inaugurated in 1957 and, that year, the college Governing Body minutes would justify "There is (...) a general agreement that the full University training is not obtainable unless the student spends at least a part of his career in residence. (...) the need for increased residential accommodation was 'reinforced by the presence in the Universities of increased numbers of students who come from homes with little or no tradition of culture and whose undergraduate

lives would be greatly enriched by a period of residence in Hall!"

Every year, Garden Hall becomes the home of 82 Imperial freshers in single, double and triple rooms, who enjoy its impeccable common room, previously the oak-panelled study of Sir Henry Keating looking onto the garden.

The senior re-app (hall senior) has the honour of occupying the Gothic guest room, set up for Lady Elizabeth Vernon in the '30s, but all bedrooms are unique: room 5, for example, was the drawing room of Sir William Drake!

You may wonder: "what are students doing in Victorian houses in South Kensington?" I would argue that was the very purpose of Prince Albert! You see, Prince Albert, as president of the Royal Commission for the Great Exhibition (and using the £186k profit of the exhibition!) decided to establish the site as an "educational and cultural centre" for London. I just hope we live up to the expectations...



Gilead Amit

Letters and physicists just don't mix

Letters are powerful tools. In the right hands, these insignificant little squiggles can convey romance, suspense, passion, terror, and ridiculously over-employed clichés. Yet there are times, when the power is handed over to those unable to wield it properly, that they can generate confusion, rage and despair.

I know that scientists are anti-humanists. I knew that before I came here, but I never really came to grips with the depth of the contrast. Let me make my meaning plainer. I am writing this while recovering from several hours of staring at page upon page filled with incomprehensible markings. At least, they had some sort of significance when I first sat down, but

that disappeared very quickly. Those same intrinsically worthless pen-marks that can produce emotions of the purest kind when wielded by poets or authors, should never, ever, be used by physicists.

You would think that the letter 'g', innocent as it is, had little chance of making my life a hell. When ensconced safely in the word 'syzygy', or hiding coyly in the word 'vestige' (both chosen by a large number of English speakers as among the most beautiful in our language), granted, it poses little threat. It even has a special significance for me personally – an old acquaintance, if you will, as for obvious reasons it was the first letter I ever had to learn to capitalize. And yet, despite its endearing characteristics, I now hate it.

I loathe it. I detest and despise it with vehemence worthy of A. Geek. For it has now come to symbolize gravitational acceleration, and that drives me quite simply berserk.

Things aren't that bad, I hear you say; look at all the other lovely letters our language has to offer. Not so – acceleration, speed of light, distance, eccentricity, Planck's constant, impulse, momentum, time and weight are all lurking in the shadows. Our alphabet reads like a wanted list of dangerous convicts, escaped from their protective asylums and unleashed onto the world at large. Mainly, of course, to annoy me.

Words have started to lose all sense; garden looks eerily similar to $g\alpha re^n$, vat becomes $v = u + at$, while tag involves

the exact three variables (or symbols, for those actually following) that have been chasing each other over my notes for the last three hours, come to think of it, a game of tag. Trust me, that particular bad joke was unintentional.

To tell the truth, I feel my spirits lifting already. That's a relief – I can now go back over this thing and proofread it without getting post-traumatic-stress-induced flashbacks. Of course, I know that this is only a temporary respite. Because, masochist that I am, I am going to return to that bugger 'g', and induce him to play nicely with his friends 'a', 't', and 'v'. Why? I'm ashamed to admit it, but because I just can't leave it alone. What do you want from me, for God's sake, I'm a physicist. We're not meant to be normal.



David Stewart

Confessions of a Bonjela addict

My first taste of S&M occurred about a year ago – shortly after a seriously heavy night of drinking left my mouth studded with ulcers. It was so stuffed with sores, it felt like my flatmate had sneaked into my room while I was asleep and stuffed the Andes into my mouth.

Unusually many of these ulcers were right under my lip, rather than the usual tucked away places somewhere under a cheekbone. While my train was passing through West Kensington station, I dutifully whipped out the Bonjela I'd bought from Waitrose and found that in this case, I didn't need to perform the usual demoralising ritual of squeezing half a tube onto my

tongue and trying to internally french kiss myself with the usual face contortions necessary to accomplish such an unnatural feat. Indeed, in this case, a direct application onto the bastards was possible. Naturally I screamed (which on the district line is perfectly normal when people forget to change at Earl's Court) but managed to get myself under control save for the fact that my eyes were pouring more water than the Diana memorial.

The point one realises about Bonjela is that it's not really a medicine in the usual sense – its main purpose seems to be to make the pain so unbelievably bad for ten seconds that the minor affliction you started with becomes welcome relief. But it's so goddamn addictive. No sooner had one wave of

unbearable agony passed than I found myself squeezing more of the poison between my gums and gritting my teeth to suffer the next bout.

Eventually, the ulcers went but I found out that one could obtain similar effects from applying Bonjela to cooking burns; not as delicate and fleshy as the inside of a mouth but still intolerably painful. I thought it would be too uncouth to start deliberately inflicting damage on myself so that I could douse the injury with Bonjela, so I found people on the internet to help me. It is possible, using the correct lashing technique – Maria, incidentally could do this perfectly, Stephanie tended to go too far – to just break the skin in a single place.

After an interlude which either in-

involved a Gü chocolate soufflé or sex in the missionary position, the initial pain had died down and I would lie prostrate as the Bonjela was rubbed into the afflicted areas while I screamed like Christ on the cross. Eventually, my family found out and staged an intervention, so I had to start hiding tubes of Bonjela in toilet cisterns. I became so obsessed with it I was sneaking off in my lunch hour to grab a hunk of pain and a pickled egg in the function room at the King's Head, where Olga the Female German bodybuilding champion would administer to me.

In a few months I'd maxed out my cards on Bonjela but I almost certainly would have turned to crime to finance my addiction had it not been for the fact that I started running out of skin.

Letters to Felix

Fire alarm after fire alarm in Blackett and Huxley

Dear Felix,

I've just got back from the ordeal of yet another fire alarm in the Huxley and Blackett buildings. I watched the hundreds of academics, staff and students standing around in the cold and I thought I'd send a letter to Felix about how ridiculous it all is.

I can only speak for the Huxley and Blackett buildings but there seems to be far more fire alarms or fire drills than necessary. As a second year PhD student I've been turned out of the building by fire alarms probably about 10 or 15 times during my PhD so far (no exaggeration). Each time there's a repeating cycle of the shrill alarm followed by a calm voice saying "In the interests of safety, please evacuate the building", followed by another shrill blast etc, etc.

When picking our way through the loudly blaring, crowded, dirty, dimly-lit basement corridors following signs to the fire exit, my friend shouted to



Keep the swearing to a minimum. Smoke detectors are very sensitive

me "It's like Hell!" and I gave wholehearted agreement.

Each time I get outside into the crowd of people milling around I ask myself and others if it's a fire drill or an actual fire. No one ever knows. It turns out that sometimes it's a fire drill, other times it's a workman's tools making too much smoke, but there's never been a fire while I've been here. With that in mind I wonder why the entire population of the two buildings should be turned outside – a considerable disruption, annoyance and inconvenience – for no good reason.

If the answer is that the alarms are testing readiness for evacuation in

case of fire then I know of some experienced academics who just shut their door and stay inside during the alarms. So frequent alarms are the alarms that they lead to a "boy who cried wolf" situation. If having a hair-trigger fire alarm system means it's activated unnecessarily often then it becomes counter-productive.

Surely a better system would be to have localised fire alarms which evacuate the area near the "fire" but not the whole two buildings. Having fewer fire drills would also be a start.

2nd year PhD student
Somewhere in Blackett or Huxley

Felix failed to condemn Dr Watson's comments

Dear Felix,

I was disturbed by Felix's coverage of Dr James Watson's outrageous comments on black people. It is disappointing the newspaper of such a diverse student body failed to expressly criticise Watson's views or Watson himself. His comments were only called controversial and unsupported by scientific evidence; I bet that he's cowering after that verbal lashing.

In fact his comments are not controversial, well not among reasonable minded people. A controversy only occurs when people disagree about an issue, Jack Straw's comments about headscarves were controversial because people disagreed about the issue. There has not been a debate about his comments because there is no room for one, he is both scientifically and ethically wrong. James Watson has been widely and consistently criticised, apart from our own publication. His history as an important scientist

should not shield him, he is undeniably a racist and it's only a matter of time before he declares, "the south will rise again". To place him on the front cover with a headline that gave the impression that he might have a point is misleading and an embarrassment to the university.

While I am not suggesting that Felix supports the views of James Watson, I feel that the correct criticism of an individual with a deplorable worldview has been pushed aside in favour of over-objective reporting by the news section.

Yours Faithfully,

Kadhim Shubber

The Editor **Tom Roberts** responds on behalf of the authors of the article:

The article published last week was not intended to be another damning article about Dr Watson. We weighed up the available evidence – including Dr Watson's claim that he has been misquoted – and provided a balanced article whilst exploring the relationship between the media and casual comments made by scientists.

Even if it is apparent that the man is a racist, the national media has had a field day with this story and we didn't feel the need to put boot in yet again.

Is Imperial really better than MIT?

Tom Jones investigates the methodology behind the THES rankings which places Imperial 5th in the world ahead of academic giants like Princeton and MIT and asks whether Imperial actually deserves its position

Last Thursday saw the release of the Times Higher Education Supplement (THES) World University Ranking with Imperial vaulting to an enviable fifth place, placing it in the league of Oxbridge and Yale while beating the likes of such esteemed institutions as Princeton and MIT. While the exceptional performance was a renewed source of pride for Imperial, doubts have been cast by students as well as faculty across the board on the accuracy of the league table produced, with obvious misalignments such as the University of Hong Kong being rated higher than Stanford University and University College London placed thirteen spots above research giant University of California at Berkeley.

The THES ranking, started since 2004 by education and careers company Quacquarelli Symonds (QS), ranks universities in the globe by criteria such as the opinions of academics and employers, citation count of its faculty, the make up of international students and staff as well as the ratio of staff to students, which is used as a rough metric to measure the quality of teaching in universities. This year witnessed a major reshuffling in THES due to the implementation of Z-scores – measuring the amount of deviation from the average instead of using absolute scores as were for previous years – and this had the effect of preventing singular exceptionally good performers from depressing scores of all other institutions in that measure, such as LSE for “international students”.

A huge distinguishing factor of THES from another frequently cited ranking, the Academic Ranking of World University produced by the Shanghai Jiaotong University in China, is the number of non-American schools making to the top echelons of the table. While the Shanghai Jiaotong, which was cited by Economist, focuses on solid indicators such as citation count and Nobel prizes, the peer-review system remained central to the methodology of THES. Of questionable validity is the way “peer review” was conducted. Of the 190,000 academics that were emailed a request to complete their online survey last year, only 1,600 responded, which represented a response rate of an astonishingly low 0.8%.

To add to the woes for peer review, a



College has lapped up news of its jump to fifth. The Rector (or one of his minions) even sent out a congratulatory email to everyone

detailed inspection of the overall ranking saw 7th ranked Caltech and 19th ranked Stanford University as the only two universities in the table of top 200 to be assigned a perfect citation per faculty score of 100, while Imperial, which came in 5th, scored an unenviable 81.

Similarly, the tables for individual disciplines, such as Natural Sciences, Biomedicine, Technology, Social Science and Arts and Humanities, also saw huge discrepancies between peer review scores and citation count. In general, American universities are graded far more harshly by peer-reviewers than their citations might suggest. For example, in the table for Biomedicine, while the National University of Singapore is placed at the 12th spot above California Institute of Technology at 23rd place, its citation count is a mere 4.4, a far-cry from Caltech's 10.4, which incidentally, is only second to MIT's 11.3 (9th place). Such glaring gulf between peer review scores and the actual citation measured cast huge doubt to the validity of the whole peer review system, which is the

backbone of THES. One cannot help thinking why international academics would like to cite American researchers so profusely while at the same time refuse to vote for them with zeal.

The standard of checking data and information is also dubious. Last year, CNNMoney/Fortune published a top MBA ranking by QS, only to withdraw it hastily and embarrassingly after revelations that the ranking did not distinguish between North Carolina State University and the more esteemed Kenan-Flagler Business School of the University of North Carolina. In addition, until recently, the THES famously misspelled University of Peking as University of Beijing for three years in a row.

Amongst other controversial measures used by THES is how the percentage of international students in a university has to do with its actual quality. While the THES believes that the ability to attract foreign students reflects a university's quality, it is known that some uncompetitive universities in Australia, for example, have an open door admission policy to foreign students which accept basically school-dropouts and come packaged with a foundation course in addition to the degree programme. In such case, foreign students are only viewed as cash cows, not a hallmark of academic excellence. In addition, elite private universities in the United States are known to cap their international admission to roughly 7% and public ones at 2%. The criteria of measuring the presence of international students look biased if these policies are implemented.

Supporters of THES are likely to highlight that weighing universities merely by means of citation and Nobel Prizes alone are likely to be inaccurate. For one, there is the likelihood of American researchers citing each other, and with the number of US universities, the American schools are likely to enjoy an unfair advantage over their competitors. However, well endowed schools are likely to attract the best academics and fund meaningful research, and with American giants like Princeton owning an endowment



The cover of the guide that places Imperial five spots higher than MIT

fund at an excess of 100 times that of Durham, it is not at all surprising that the top institutions in the United States remain a league of their own by citation count.

There is also a worry that it may be a shameless effort by the THES to gain audience share by appealing to international institutions. Oxbridge and London colleges have been edging up the table year on year in THES. While there may be real improvement in actual quality, moving up nine places (Imperial) in the window of 3 years is highly dubious and represents more of a change in ranking methodologies than anything else. In the employer review section, the University of Manchester is ranked higher by employers than Stanford, Princeton and MIT,

which leads to the obvious suggestion of a steep British bias. Although the THES enjoyed extensive reporting by British as well as newspapers in Commonwealth countries like Singapore, Malaysia and India, it was hardly noticed by newspapers across the Atlantic.

While the efforts taken to compile a true and fair table for students should be applauded, it is unlikely that the essence of any university can be encapsulated merely by statistics on a table. Nevertheless, we can only expect league tables to continue to be part of the educational reality.

You can see the complete THES World Ranking 2007 online at www.thes.co.uk

THES University World Rankings

07	06	University
1	1	Harvard University
2	2	University of Cambridge
=	3	University of Oxford
=	4=	Yale University
5	9	Imperial College, London
6	10	Princeton University
7	7	California Institute of Technology
=	11	Univeristy of Chicago
9	25	University College, London
10	4=	Massachusetts Institute of Technology

The THES vx. Shanghai Jiaotong

THES

- Produced by company QS that publishes other league tables like top MBA, top graduate etc.
- Popular among Commonwealth countries but hardly reported in American newspapers
- Peer review central to ranking
- Ranks Cambridge 2nd and Peking (China) 36th
- American universities occupy 12 out of the top 20 places

Shanghai Jiaotong

- Produced by Shanghai Jiaotong University in China
- Has a noted science bias
- Cited by the Economist magazine
- Citation index and Nobel Prize central to ranking
- Ranks Cambridge 4th and Peking outside of the top 200
- American universities occupy 17 out of the top 20 places



How to get your rent deposit back

Is your landlord protecting your deposit? This week Felix has advice on how to make sure you get it back

Nigel Cooke
Student Advisor

At the advice centre, one of the most frequent enquiries we receive is to do with housing rights. Within this broad topic, by far the most popular enquiry is to do with landlords keeping a student's deposit unfairly. So, how can you get it back? The IAC helps you build up an argument and in some cases this may go to the small claims court.

The Tenancy Deposit Scheme has now been up and running since April 2007 so anyone who has moved into a property after this date, with an assured shorthold tenancy, their landlord should be protecting their deposit through a government approved scheme.

If a landlord chooses not to do this and is reported then it is possible that the tenant could be awarded 3 times the amount of deposit they have paid. So what does all this mean for the average private student tenant? Well, hopefully, this article will answer some of your questions.

Landlords are able to choose from two types of scheme, one is a single-custodial scheme. This is where the landlord pays the full amount of the deposit into the scheme. At the end of the tenancy, and if both parties agree to the amount of money being paid back, the scheme will refund the agreed amount to the tenant. If there is a disagreement, then a dispute resolution service will step in at no extra cost to solve the disagreement.

The second type of scheme is an insurance-based scheme, where the tenant pays a security deposit to the landlord but in this case the landlord retains the deposit and pays a premium to the scheme. If there is a dispute, the landlord will legally have to hand over the full deposit to the scheme until the situation is resolved. If the landlord doesn't comply and a decision is made in favour of the tenant, then the insurance payments will cover this.

These schemes are all run by private companies but the key difference from the way deposits were held in the past is that there is now an independent dispute resolution service. In the past, it could take weeks of arguing with a landlord before a court case was taken to a small claims court. This could often be costly and intimidating for a stu-

dent to initiate. The great thing about the schemes nowadays is that there is no need to take disputes to the small claims court.

Those of you who have moved into private properties need to ask your landlord if they have put your deposit into a scheme and request proof of this. The Information and Advice Centre has kindly drawn up some important points for you to keep in mind when signing an assured shorthold tenancy after 6th April 2007:

1. Insist on your landlord drawing up an inventory. This is a piece of paper which will have the condition of everything in the property on the date you move in. It will make it easier to decide the condition of furniture and the like when you move out.

2. Ensure that your landlord is part of the scheme and don't take any excuse or explanation as to why they are not. If you have questions or are not sure whether your landlord should be part of the scheme please contact The Information and Advice Centre.

3. In the scheme, when the landlord and tenant are agreed on the amount to be paid to the tenant, this must be paid back within 10 days. This is the same if there is a dispute and a decision has been made. If a landlord fails to comply with this rule then further action can be taken.

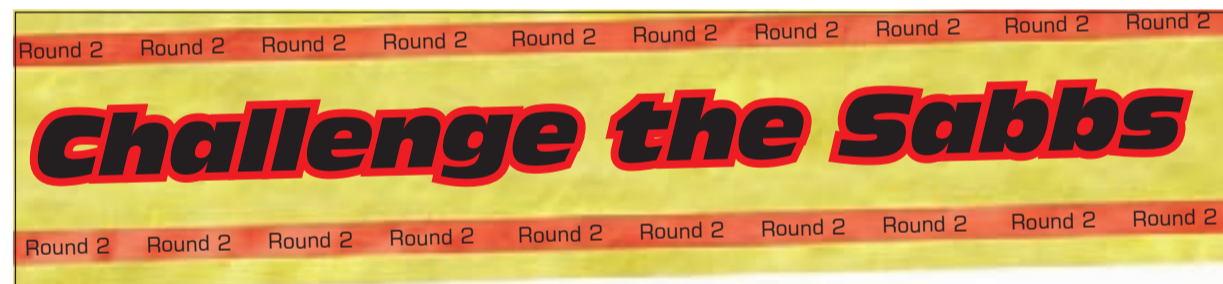
4. For any assured shorthold tenancy that is signed before April 6th 2007, the tenancy deposit scheme will not apply. It is only those assured shorthold tenancies that are signed after this date that will be part of the scheme.

This scheme is a massive change to the way that landlords used to conduct their business in the past. The scheme may be able to have a massive impact on students as tenants, however this will mean nothing if students are not aware of the scheme so I would ask anyone reading this to pass the word on or show people this article if you feel your landlord is not protecting your deposit.

Please contact the IAC for further advice by emailing Nigel Cooke on advice@imperial.ac.uk



An inventory can stop your landlord from screwing you over



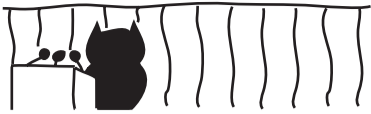
Inspirational.



Round 2 is coming: **Jousting on bicycles.**
Sabbs vs. RAG. Dalby Court, **Tuesday at 12pm.**
It's time for revenge.



Taking your landlord to court can be quite daunting



Myanmar – update on a travesty

The world fails to act against a repressive military regime whilst its people protest for change

Kadhim Shubber

This year protests by monks in Burma put the international spotlight on this Southeast Asian country. The last time action like this occurred was in 1988 and with terrible results; over 3,000 people were killed. Well since the spotlight is on, let's examine this nation with a confused name, dictatorial military rulers and a people mired in poverty.

I guess we should start with the protests. At the height of the unrest, between 50,000 and 100,000 people were marching in the streets of Rangoon – the capital of Burma. A quick look at the numbers should highlight an important fact. While 1 million protested in the UK against the Iraq war, only a tenth protested in Burma for freedom. The reason is that as a poor, rural society it is difficult to mobilise large groups of people but more importantly many people fear a response similar to the bloody crackdown in 1988. What started these protests as in 1988 was not discontent at dictatorial rule – of course this helps – but primarily economic hardship. The government increased the price of fuels, resulting in a knock on increase in the price of other goods such as food and public transport. The people drew confidence from the participation of monks, who hold a revered position within Burmese society. Fortunately the government response was not as bloody as in 1988 but there have been thousands of arrests and although there are no exact figures the death toll is thought to be much higher than the military's figure of 9.

The Western international community was quick to condemn the Burmese government and call for democracy in Burma however there is little evidence that they have any effect in this isolated state. Burma has chosen



Monks have taken to the streets in protest of the Military junta which has run the country into economic ruin

to expel the UN's top diplomat and western sanctions continue to have no effect on a country who has trade links primarily with Russia, China, India and Thailand. Burma is a country rich in natural resources such as timber and gas, and the growing economies of East Asia are more interested in strong economic ties than the spread of democracy. Russia in fact plans to sell a nuclear reactor to Burma. U.S. sanctions continue to be ineffective because of the trade with Asian countries and have simply resulted in a lack of leverage over Burma. The only hope for international pressure is through China, Myanmar is "essentially a client state of China," says Mathea Falco, chair of the 2003 CFR Independent Task Force on Myanmar. But with President Hu of China recently stating that economic development is the primary aim of the Chinese government, it is unlikely that international pressure on the military junta will have any effect.

After gaining independence from the British Empire in 1948 Burma was a

parliamentary democracy. There was ethnic strife from the start; Burma has around 136 different ethnic groups. Democracy survived until 1962 when General Ne Win held power until 1988. Throughout this period, there were no free elections, and freedom of expression and association were almost entirely denied. With the 1988 protests General Ne Win resigned and the military junta took over proper. Without being too vague, things have continued much the same as they have from 1962 to this day. During the 1988 protests, Aung San Suu Kyi rose to prominence as the leader of the main opposition party, the National League for Democracy (NLD). When the military junta held elections in 1990 she gained 82 percent of the vote. However the military ignored the results of the elections and tightened their grip on power. It was the military junta that changed the name from Burma to Myanmar – something that the U.S. and U.K. do not recognize.

90 percent of the Burmese popula-

tion are actively practicing Buddhists. As I mentioned early the most likely cause of the protests is economic. The Burmese people are frustrated that the military junta has failed to provide basic services. While it spends 40 percent of its budget on the military less than 0.5 percent of GDP goes into education and, and despite being one of the most HIV-infected Asian countries, it spends only 0.17 percent of GDP on healthcare. Human rights abuses are widespread and include the following

Forced labour. The Red Cross says that there are about 90 prison and labour camps in the country.

Sexual violence. The military's use of sexual violence has increased dramatically. Refugees International says that rape is systematically used against ethnic communities.

Child Soldiers. Burma has the largest number of child soldiers (under the age of 18). Human Rights Watch said that there were about 70,000 child soldiers in 2002, most of them forcibly recruited.

In Myanmar, there is a monastery in every village and even those who are not career monks have probably spent a short time in their lives in a Monastery. There are around 500,000 monks in Burma and they are completely reliant on the handouts of the people. Donating to a monk earns you spiritual credit and so the refusal of a monk to accept a handout is essentially denying you spiritual advancement. Therefore the decision of the monks to refuse all handouts from the military was extremely powerful – remember the military is also devoutly Buddhist. The monks have a history of political activism stretching back to the 19th century monarchy of Burma. They then acted as intermediaries between monarchy and public and in the last 100 years they have been at the forefront of protest against unpopular authorities such as the British and the military junta.

However, it is always good to remember that no dictatorship survives without the consent of a significant proportion of the population.

The political week summarised very quickly

Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

The French may be on strike, but militia across the world don't have unions. So while France stands still, the political clock ticks on.

Fickle French Workers



Transport workers go on strike

Transport and energy unions took a day off work on Wednesday in protest of President Sarkozy's planned reform of the pension system. Industries deemed 'dangerous' and 'hard' after World War II such as work in coal plants and the metro system were awarded 'special pensions'. The government today estimates its cost to be an extra 500m Euros pa. The strike will cripple much of the coun-

try's transport system on the day that Eurostar trains began running from London's refurbished St Pancras Station. The substantial engineering project will shave 20 minutes off the average London to Paris journey time.

Combating terrorism in the UK

Prime Minister Gordon Brown announced new security measures for Britain's potential key infrastructure targets including airports, railway stations and hospitals against physical terrorist attack. It comes months after a Jeep ploughed into Glasgow Airport, causing a large fireball. Brown has also allocated £400m for combating Islamist propaganda in states such as Paki-



Tightened security at airports

stan, where there are fears of greater radicalisation.

Bomb blast outside Philippine Congress



Manila sees separatist activity

A bomb exploded outside the Congress building in Manila, capital of the Philippines, on Tuesday killing 3 including Wahab Akbar, who is thought to have been the target. The member of the House of Representatives "was getting threats from many groups" according to police chief Geary Barias. Akbar, a Muslim and prominent supporter of the peace process in the predominately Christian country, has been accused of arranging the beheading of 10 marines by Islamic Separatist movement Abu Sayyaf. President Glo-

ria Arroyo promised to crack down on the organisation also believed to be behind the bombing of a ferry in 2004 which killed over 100.

Teenagers and credit cards



Bush in trouble over budget

US President George Bush ridiculed Congress for "acting like a teenager with a credit card" before vetoing a spending bill which apportioned US\$10b more than the White House approved of for education, labour and health. The Democrats, who won the house at the last mid term elections, highlight the comparison with the large increase in the military budget

due to conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan, and threatens only to accept the US\$50b hike on condition of American withdrawal by December 2008.

A concern for NATO



The USS Kitty Hawk on training

In an embarrassment to the US navy, a Chinese type 039 submarine surfaced undetected within torpedo range of the USS Kitty Hawk, an aircraft carrier, during exercises near Taiwan. The diesel-electric powered submarine is extremely quiet, and managed to manoeuvre between the substantial fleet arranged to safeguard the aircraft carrier. Chinese military strategists are keen to build up naval strength to counterbalance US dominance of the Pacific and what it sees as its backyard.

Immigration and multiculturalism

Kadhim Shubber comments on multicultural Britain; a cohesive society or just segregation?



The Union Jack has long been the symbol of Britishness

It's fair to say that the politics section has been pretty much devoid of national stories. We've had a look at the situation in Iran, Pakistan and Russia and found that things aren't fantastic. But what's been going on in the UK this last month? Now that we're back I think it's time to cast an eye over, what I believe to be, the most important topic in 21st century Britain. I'm talking about multiculturalism, what does it mean, is it good or bad and what's the future of multiculturalism as we move further into this new century?

Before we investigate the issue of multiculturalism, we must first be sure about what we're talking about. The best way of defining this word is to use it as an adjective; a multicultural state is one in which people from different cultural backgrounds live together and maintain a healthy dialogue which averts tension. It is a state where people do not live in isolated communities and they share common ground for instance language. I should perhaps be more precise; I have defined here what multiculturalism is when it works, when it plays a positive role in society. On the other hand I might look at multiculturalism when it is damaging. Here we have a society where people from different cultural backgrounds live in isolated communities. There is mistrust that is fuelled by racism and suspicions of racism, a perceived theft of national identity and language

barriers.

Now that we've identified what we are talking about, suddenly the question of whether multiculturalism is good or bad is less relevant. It is obvious that it can be good or bad and a more important question is what kind of multiculturalism do we have today in Britain? If we restrict our vision and regard Imperial as a sort of multicultural society then it is clear that it is good multiculturalism. People from

"At Beardwood High, 94.5 percent of pupils are Asian"

different cultural backgrounds mix, associate and certainly do live together. We benefit from meeting people from different cultural backgrounds and learning from them.

Now if we expand our vision, we do not find the same to be the case when looking at the UK in general. All over the country communities are increasingly divided by race and religion. But this point isn't exactly a revelation and neither is it necessarily harmful to society in general. In London 25% of residents live in religiously segregated areas according to a study by the University of East London.

"We found that a level of segregation actually seems to improve the lot of people living in areas that are segregated along religious self-identity lines," said the author, Professor Allan Brimicombe.

In the short term then some groups do in fact benefit from this segregation; however the findings indicated Muslims were more likely to be "trapped" in deprived areas and less likely to forge links with other groups living around them.

Despite this report, in the long-term, segregation contributes to the ill health of society and as a result multiculturalism becomes a destructive force rather than what it should be; a positive force. Evidence of this segregation is all around us; education and housing has become intensely divided.

For example, In Blackburn, there are many overwhelmingly white schools - St Bede's Roman Catholic High (96.3 per cent white). The segregation is matched on the other side of the racial divide. At Beardwood High, 94.5 per cent of pupils are Asian. Only one school in the borough reflects the ethnic breakdown of a community whose population is 70.5 per cent white and 26.5 percent Asian. This lack of contact between communities from the beginning of a person's life means that division and discrimination is the norm from an early age. Separate communities are growing up alongside each other with little or any common point of reference. This is only one example of segregation, there are many more particularly in housing but what is important is that it is this kind of de facto segregation - which was and still is present in the U.S. with regards to black people - that dooms multiculturalism.

People of British origin fall into the trap of xenophobia as a result of this segregation, Parts of towns which 20 years ago had white residents now are inhabited by persons with different skin colour and culture, and this causes resentment. There is a sense that their national identity is under attack by foreigners who are not willing to embrace English-speaking culture. Add to this mixture the unique occurrence of international terrorism in the 21st century then it hard to see the positives of multiculturalism.

If we turn this around then we find pretty much the same situation. Immigrants feel that they are coming into a society that is hostile to them. Therefore they are pushed and pulled into segregated communities, which acts only to increase suspicion and mistrust. Through segregated schooling this mindset is reinforced. In particular the Muslim community experiences this as a result of the foreign policy of the



Segregation often starts in Britain's schools

UK, the radicalization of disaffected youths and the politicization of Islam. Hostility towards the police and other official institutions is always a signal of societal ill-health and certainly this is true of certain parts of the Muslim community living in Britain today.

The question that inevitably leads from this conclusion of the state of multiculturalism in Britain today is whose fault is it? How have we found ourselves in this regretful situation? There are two paths that lead to a divided society, one is discrimination by the dominant group within society and the other is the lack of a unifying thread connecting all those within society. By discrimination I mean in this case, racism against ethnic minorities and a lack of tolerance towards other faiths. Certainly this exists in Britain today. Islamophobia is disguised as concern for national security and the battle against 'political correctness' often descends into Daily Mail style intolerance in the name of 'common sense'.

However this is not the reason why British society is increasingly divided. It is only a reaction to it. The absence of a unifying thread running through society is in fact the real reason why we are so separated. I should be clear what I mean when I say a 'unifying thread'. I mean something that connects all of us, something substantial. Language is an obvious thread that connects us but it is not strong enough to hold together a divided society that increasingly speaks many different languages. A strong British identity is notoriously absent today; ask a person what it means to be British they will most likely reply with an apathetic grunt.

Immigrants to this country often come from proud cultural backgrounds, how can we ask them to engage and integrate into a culture whose greatest achievements are Harry Potter and chips? There's a reason why many immigrants consider being British as a secondary identity and it's because of this one question, what am I linking myself with when I say I'm British? Is it a nation that is proud of its history or one that regularly puts the sensibilities of other cultures in front of its long-standing traditions, am I part of a prestigious club or a country where the question "What do you do if you spill someone's pint in a pub" appears on the citizenship test; unfortunately the answer to both these questions are the latter.

We have over-accommodated other cultures at the expense of our own and the result has not been a society where lots of different peoples live in harmony. Instead we live in a divided country, where different cultures live in isolation. This isolation will only grow worse generation by generation. We must act now and encourage dialogue between communities. We must act to desegregate schooling and fight discrimination within national institutions.

We must fight the poverty that traps certain ethnic and religious groups at the bottom of society and most importantly we must lead by example and show other cultures that we are proud of our heritage, our history and our traditions. Only then will we work towards a unified society where people of all cultures and ethnic backgrounds will say with pride 'I am British'.



The Nottinghill Carnival celebrates the diversity of culture in the UK



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

The LHC: Microscope or telescope?

John Ellis thinks it might be both. Not only will it tell us about the Higgs Boson, but by investigating supersymmetry it may shed light on the dark matter thought to influence the largest structures of our universe

Edmund Henley
Science Editor

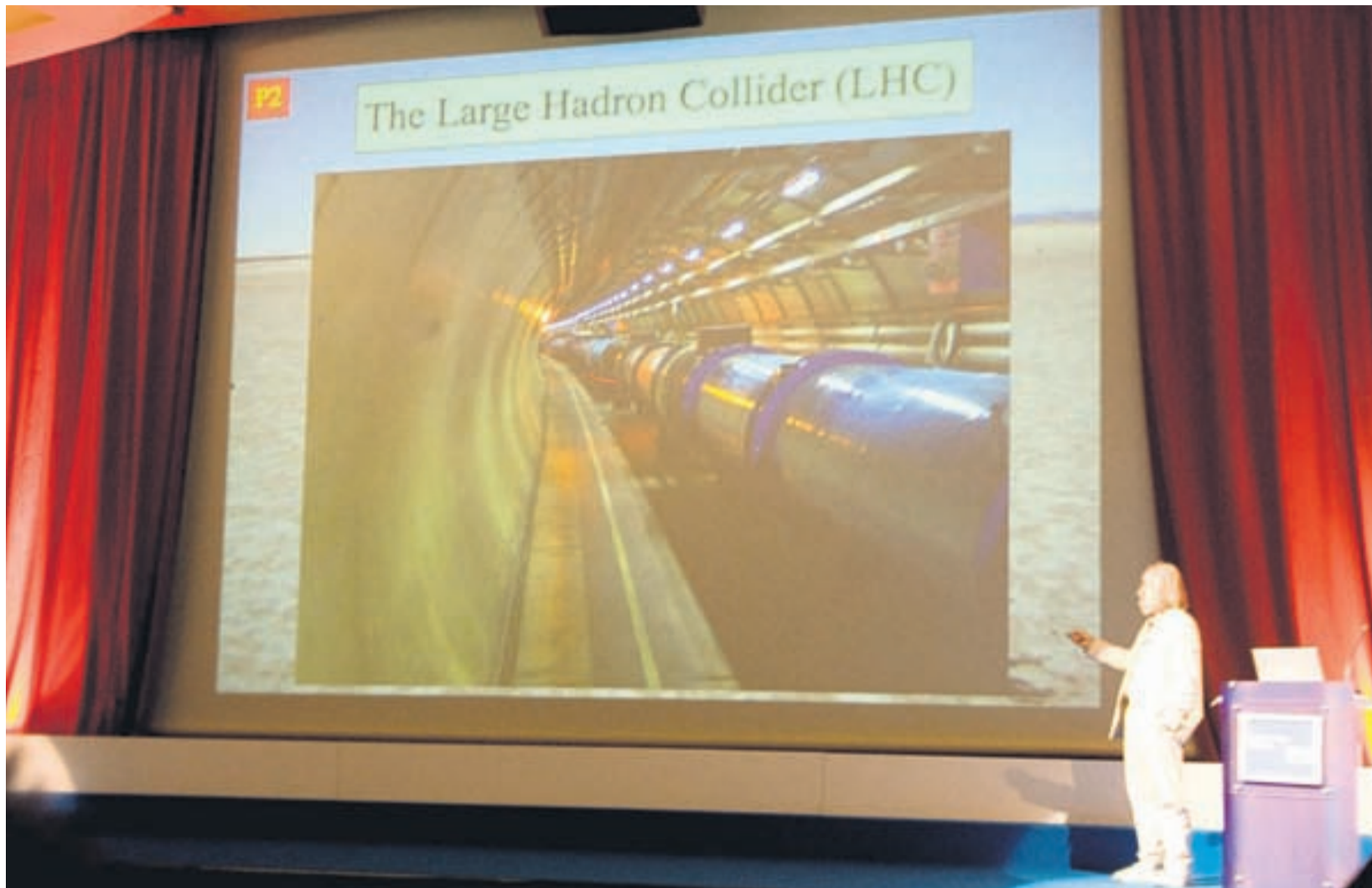
The Large Hadron Collider, or LHC, due to start operations at CERN next May has received enough coverage for many of you to be aware of its principle aim: the search for the Higgs boson. Doubtless you'll also know that it is this particle which is thought to be responsible for providing mass to all the other particles found in the zoo of the standard model.

However, what may not be so familiar is that though the LHC is probing the very smallest scales of the universe, it will also be providing a wealth of information relevant to cosmologists examining the very largest, telling them about the structure and history of the universe as a whole.

John Ellis nimbly straddled the gulf between these two extremes at his lecture in the Great Hall on Tuesday, explaining what he thought the fundamental questions were at both scales, and outlining how this new accelerator, as much a telescope as a microscope, might be able to resolve many of them.

Tackling the small side first, he introduced the Higgs boson using David Miller's well-known analogy of a celebrity (say Einstein) moving through a cocktail party – the party apparently being a decent representation of the hubbub of particles present in seemingly empty space. Much as people clustering round the celebrity impede his motion and provide him with an effectively heavier 'mass', a standard-model particle moving through the Higgs field (which permeates all space, and is linked to the Higgs boson) is also slowed from light-speed by its interaction with this field, gaining mass in the process. There were tantalising clues in the last days of the LEP experiment that the Higgs boson may have been seen, but only a more careful search with the LHC is likely to find the Higgs directly, or to place stronger limits on its energy than the official LEP results.

Careful is an understatement when it comes to looking for evidence of physics relevant at the other end of the scale. The concordance model of the universe settled on by astrophysicists and cosmologists ascribes only 4% of



The search for the 'God Particle' at the LHC goes on in tunnels like the one above, which lead to chambers so vast they can only be described as cathedrals to science. There's a long waiting list, but it's well worth booking up ahead to see this marvel if you're passing through Geneva

the universe to matter as we know it – the rest is in the form of cold dark matter (29%) or the even more mysterious dark energy (67%). Trying to explain the universe without an understanding of these last two is hopeless; fortunately Ellis believes that sifting through the torrents of data flowing from the LHC (coining a new unit, equivalent to finding a needle in a haystack, he quoted the task as being on the order of 100,000 haystacks) might provide just this.

Some of the contenders for explain-

ing dark matter are the massive equivalents to the standard model particles, predicted by the theory of supersymmetry, or SUSY. Though these 'sparticles' have not yet been incontrovertibly seen in any colliders, he thinks they stand a chance of being indirectly observed by LHC – an departure from energy being carried out by normal particles equally in all directions might suggest energy has been carried out by an unobservable dark-energy particle in such a way as to have preserved the isotropic distribution.

As many versions of SUSY lead quite naturally to dark matter, they may well explain why the matter in galaxies appears to be distributed utterly unlike the motion of those galaxies would suggest – dark matter is required to explain this motion. Further causes for the present size and structure of the universe may come from ripples in an analogue to the Higgs field, the 'inflaton' field. 'Valleys' in this rippled field would have attracted matter, leading to the denser regions observed in the early universe by the WMAP cosmic

microwave background radiation, and also seen in the universe today.

Better understanding of this latter topic should be forthcoming, with the imminent launch of the Planck satellite, but Prof. Ellis' message – that the LHC contribution is not restricted to the very small – means much understanding of the universe will in fact be gained by looking inwards instead of out.

For more on the LHC book to see Jim Virdee's lecture on the 21st – go to IC's Events page for details.

Our Island Story, or How the Island Rule to come to an End (best beloved)

Imran Khan

Women like pink because their eyes had to get used to finding similarly coloured berries when we were all hunter-gatherers. Kids don't like eating their greens because they've evolved to be wary of potentially toxic plants. Blood is red because it signals danger when spilled!

'Just-so' stories seem to be everywhere in evolutionary theory sometimes; it's one of the main criticisms of natural selection from the Intelligent Design camp. The trouble is that these stories are popular because often they do seem to make sense, and it's difficult to prove them wrong.

One of the less absurd ones is The Island Rule. Remember the Hobbit?

Back in 2003 a bunch of anthropologists discovered some fossils of mini-people, which were eventually nicknamed 'hobbits' and given their own species in 2005; *Homo floresiensis*, or 'Man of Flores'.

Flores is a small island in the Indonesian archipelago, and its fossilised hobbits are meant to be a prime example of the Island Rule. Others include tiny elephants weighing in at just 100 kilos, and enormous rats. The idea is that on sufficiently small islands, small mammals have fewer predators, so evolve to grow larger, whereas big animals don't have enough food, so become smaller over successive generations.

Kind of makes sense, but a new study led by Dr Shai Meiri has produced findings which suggest that this par-

ticular 'just-so' story might also be less than accurate.

Previous studies which backed up the Island Rule ended up being criticised for numerous reasons. Some used unreliable indicators of size, looked at islands that were too big, or compared giant or dwarf animals with related animals on the mainland that turned out to be not particularly related at all.

So Dr Meiri and her team rounded up records of numerous different papers on island mammal sizes and filtered them for studies that met their strict criteria, before doing a meta-analysis on the whole lot. They found that there was indeed some significant evidence of size change on islands, but it didn't seem to be related to the original size of the particular creature.

Carnivores did seem to get smaller, while rodents and artiodactyls – that's ungulates like cattle, pigs and camels, not flying dinosaurs – got bigger, but there was no overall trend for small animals to become giants or big ones to shrink. In the paper "The island rule: made to be broken?" published in *Proc. Royal Soc. B* last week, the team point out that the hobbit-men of Flores shared the island with full-sized *Stegodon*, not miniature ones.

It's always worth speculating on our history, but as these findings have shown, there's bound to be dangers in over-simplifying things. Like anything we learn about biology, a mammal's size is due to a complex interplay of thousands of factors – whether it's on an island or not.



Island. The Rule would predict some pretty big animals - wrong?

My favourite fn machine: fragging peptides at the Kennedy Institute

Flora Graham

Last week we went through the keyhole to visit the coolest machine at Imperial, which operates just above absolute zero. This week, our trip to find the epic machines hidden from view in Imperial labs takes us to the Kennedy Institute on the Charing Cross campus, where they are ripping apart the very threads of life itself.

Like so much of the world's coolest scientific equipment, the Q-TOF mass spectrometer is found deep in the bowels of the Institute's basement. But that isn't always the best place to keep a £300,000 machine. "It's one of the most expensive bits of kit that we have here," says Matthew Peirce, a Research Associate at the Institute, "but every once in a while we have sewage coming up through the floor down here."

Peirce and his team are investigating cell signalling, which means that they are trying to figure out what exactly happens when cells respond to a signal, such as a bacterial toxin. They want to know what's going on at the molecular level, and which proteins are being produced inside the cell.

The best way to find out what's inside something, as any five-year-old or particle physicist will tell you, is to smash it into pieces. So the research team makes a vat of mouse cell peptides, and then pops them into the Q-TOF spectrometer, where they are sprayed out as an ionized gas. Accelerate the ions through an electric current, smash them into gas molecules, and they conveniently break apart at

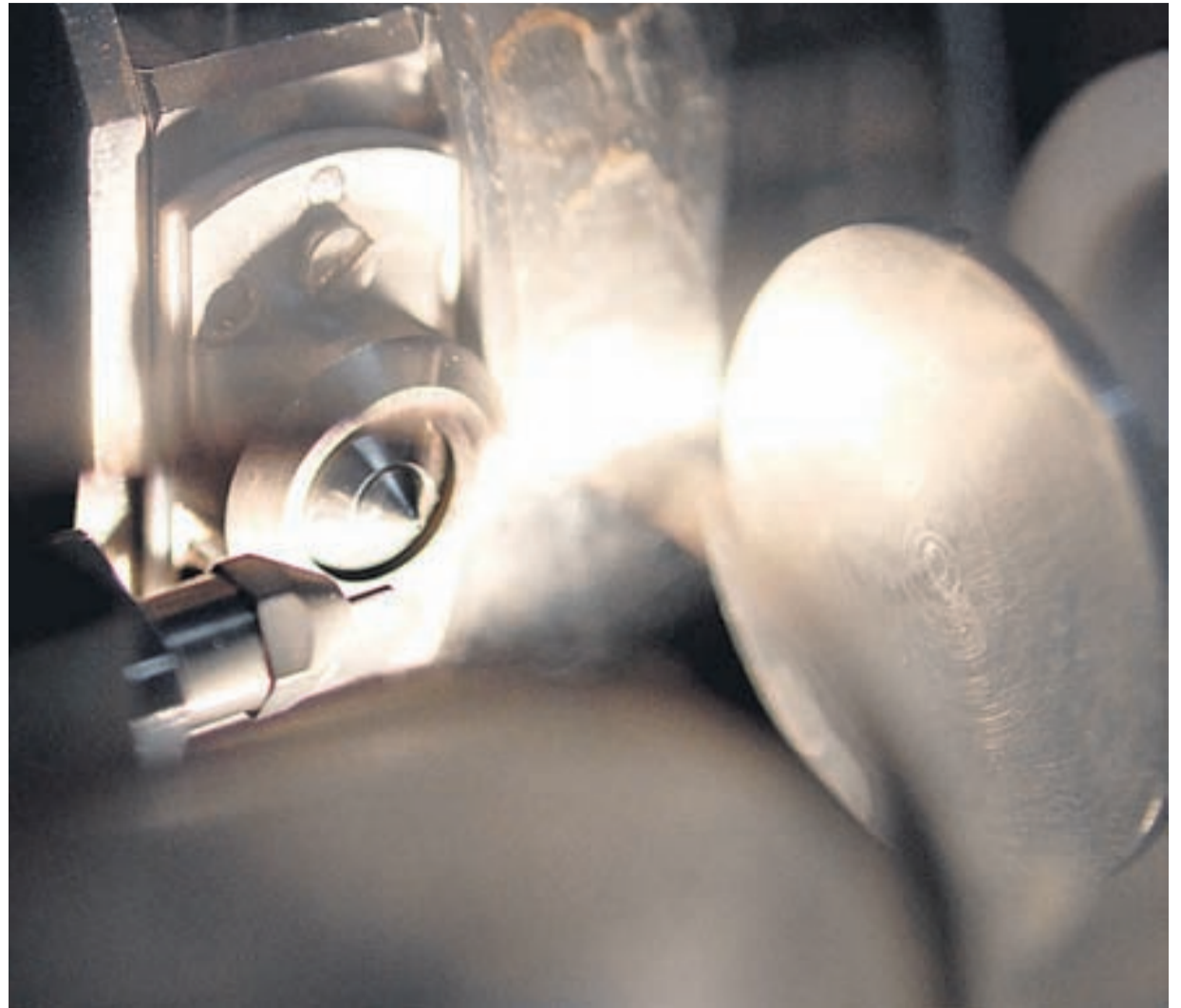
the amino acid bonds.

Each fragment has a charge and each kind of amino acid molecule has a different mass, and so the Q-TOF spectrometer can use an electric field to shoot the fragments at a detector: the lighter they are, the faster they'll go. This is the TOF in Q-TOF; it stands for "time-of-flight." The detector spits out the results to a PC where Robin Wait, a Senior Lecturer who operates the machine, can recognise the mass peaks that indicate the composition of the peptides.

The team has to make large volumes of cells because the Q-TOF spectrometer isn't that efficient. This requirement for large samples means that they can't use human tissue – for example, a patient's cells – for the analysis. Instead, they use mouse cells, as these can be grown in quantity. In fact, they will keep growing, even in a dish, as long as you feed them, and someone has to come in on weekends to keep them fed and separate their overcrowded colonies.

Even with this prodigious volume of cells, the samples analysed by the Q-TOF spectrometer are of low concentration, and there is a high risk of contamination with keratin – human skin or hair cells from the researchers in the lab, or even animal cells. "No woollen clothing is allowed," says Wait. "You have to make sure that background levels are below what you are interested in."

Peirce laughs, "Robin spends most of his time analysing my dandruff." A hair-raising prospect indeed.




The Q-TOF mass spectrometer is ideal for those with a penchant for shiny bits of kit. £300,000 ono



Bit of a head-scratcher – if you're not stringent about contamination, you could end up analysing dandruff rather than mouse cell peptides

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Caz Knight
Arts Editor

Welcome to my second instalment here as Arts Editor, no doubt you will have missed me as much as I have missed providing you with some creative respite. My colleagues have been doing a fabulous job in the last few weeks- *Arts Felix* is a delight to behold each week! Before I regale you with some of what is going on in the Arts world beyond the confines of South Kensington, let me first inform you of some great art-sy happenings at IC.

One of the finest university orchestras in the country, the IC Symphony Orchestra is having its Christmas Term concert next Friday, 23rd November at 8pm in the Great Hall, Sherfield Building. Its 90 players, including violin soloist Lukas Medlam and conductor Richard Dickens, will provide soothing relief from any stress you may be experiencing on account of work, exams or the ever-shortening days. For those stress-free, it will only add to your good spirits. Works of Gershwin, Barber (composer of the famous *Adagio for Strings*), Britten and Rachmaniov.

Art, sex and science. Three intrinsically linked themes rife in this week's Arts section. While it is hard to talk about science as if it is one subject (it is in fact about a thousand subjects put under one umbrella term), sex is pretty important to science- well to biology anyway. It is the basis of life and without it, none of us would be here. Now that I have stated the obvious let us move on. Sex, this critical part of science, has been and will ever be one of the most potent inspirational points for Art. This is explored only too well in the Barbican's current set of events in which *Seduced: Art and sex from Antiquity to Now* is a part. Now how are art and science linked? The exhibition, reviewed in this section, features the photographs of the Kingsley Institute which were used to study sexual habits and behaviour over the course of several decades. A seemingly scientific research is present in an artistic context. Fleur Adcock's poem *The Last Queen Among the Astronomers* encompasses science, sex and art as it tells of a woman vain in her attempts to sequester the attention of die-hard astronomers. One of the events laid on by the Barbican is *Sexual Liberation and the Impact of the Pill* which takes place on Thursday 29th November. The is hosted by the co-curator of the exhibition and also the co-creator of the Pill, Prof. Carl Djerassi of Stanford University and sounds highly interesting from an artistic and highly scientific point of view. At only three pounds for tickets, it seems a shame to miss out. The Shell Wildlife exhibition bridges the gap between art and science and is reviewed here by our other arts editor, Rosie Grayburn. Poem of the week is *Leda* by Carol Ann Duffy, inspired by *Seduced*. We also get a glimpse into the goings on of the IC Musical Theatre's upcoming production.

One grrr-eat photograph exhibition... really moo-ving

Rosie Grayburn reports on animal art – apologies for the title... it was all too easy

Never, ever go near the South Kensington museums at half term. Unless you have an armoured buggy or a cavalry of toddlers or small children preceding, you will have little chance of survival. Tried and tested child-avoidance tactics include steering clear of giant dinosaur skeletons at all costs. Or, you could hide in the *Shell Wildlife Photographer of the Year* Exhibition. That's what I did, and I lived to tell the tale.

Now in its 43rd year, the Shell Wildlife Photographer of the Year Competition is going from strength to strength. It is now undoubtedly the single most successful wildlife photography contest in the world and photographers from every country imaginable, amateur and professional, take their [rather expensive] cameras across the globe, capturing wildlife at its most beautiful and unusual.

The UK population is divided into two herds, in my opinion: those who enjoy watching wildlife programmes and those who would rather, quite frankly, have their balls removed with a blunt blade than endure watching a hairier version of themselves swing about in some trees and mate. If you are in the latter group, I recommend you try out this exhibition. Give it a go and you will be pleasantly surprised. It really is for everyone. Even you there.

You enter the gallery with a rather ominous looking queue of people circulating round the photographs and you think, "Ug, what a boring lot of losers looking at each photo for AGES".

Then you reach the first photograph and get lost in its character and general wow-factor. Each individual shot has been crafted beautifully, whether it was a moment apprehended for months or a spontaneous movement.

What really strikes you as you move at a snail's pace around the portraits and landscape, is the energy and patience that has gone into each one. There are small vignettes from each photographer's experience under every picture. Here is a flavour of what to expect: "This phenomenon only happens every other millennia. I waited in this bush for 12 years, eating only small grubs and with my camera lenses as my only friends until this moment occurred." And my God is it worth it.

Some pieces make you laugh out loud. The picture of a bear rising out of the water made me giggle. It had such a Russian face and with so much character, too. His face made me think of someone called Vladimir perhaps, who is really pissed off because he can't find his breakfast vodka. Another comic was the frog in 'A Meal of a Worm' who was chomping away at the worm the same size as his head. He was clearly nonplussed at this fact and just kept on chewing at that massive, juicy, squirming worm. Yum.

Obviously to keep with current trends, there is a new category to this year's competition – The One Earth award. Pictures entered into this category had to highlight in a thought-provoking and memorable way, man's interaction with the natural world and our dependence on it. The winner of



Ben Osbourne's Elephantine Encounter

this category was an extremely powerful image of a shadow of a jet-plane fuming across a full moon - a hauntingly beautiful reminder of our all-powerful presence over this planet.

I really found solace in this exhibition and I was quite moved when I realised that these very talented and

patient photographers were trying to remind us who we shared our planet with. Wildlife is a beautiful treasure we shouldn't let perish. City life can make us forget there is more to life than bricks and mortar, so I urge you to take time out of your busy urban lives and visit this spectacular exhibition.



Bear Necessities: A Teddy Bear's picnic is the last thing on Sergey Gorshkov's mind

Musical Theatre Society is brilliant

The Director of this winter's MTSoc Revue Ali Salehi-Reyhani tells us a little bit about sex. Haha got you looking! You filthy sleaze. The Revue, *The Rise and Fall of Dave Sullivan* is reviewed henceforth...

Every year a society sets out to do something spectacular. As far as how many times we do it in a year, Musical Theatre Soc is rather studly. We wow you not once, not twice but thrice! Yes thrice, it's a word you should use more often, perhaps more than thrice. Rehearsals are already steaming ahead for our first spectacular performances of the winter term. MTSoc doesn't go and watch the shows. No, no. We create and perform them. Filling up our little lungs and unleashing full blown entertainment upon those of you who come to see us.

The Revue, which goes out on the 2nd and 3rd of December, is an ensemble of our favourite songs from some very different musicals, indeed. It's called *The Rise & Fall of David Sullivan*. We'll be performing classics from the likes of *Fame*, *Chicago* and *Rent* to the more outrageous *Avenue Q* and *Wicked*. Having a soft spot for all things cheesy, there's a place for *Grease* and *High School Musical* too. The story revolves around our titular techie, David Sullivan. For those of you wondering what techies are, they're the backstage handy-folk who rig sets, sort out lighting and are a pretty essential bunch of any production team. That said, they are seldom seen, seldom heard and very nearly never clapped for.

In the story, Dave messes up a show finale and he messes up big time.

There's a revolt amongst the cast, angered at their embarrassment, erupting into a rather horrid lambasting of Dave and his fellow techies. Within Dave though, something is sparked, an almost maniacal desire to conquer the frontstage. There, he will be revered and he will know fame. This fuels the rise and, quite literal, fall of Mr Sullivan and all his friends. They include a closet lesbian who just can't live a lie anymore after her lifelong boyfriend Bob reveals his inner desires to be a transvestite- no musical production would be complete without a man in women's panties now would it? Love, heartbreak and even death are no strangers in this tale. We've woven some morals into the narrative and we even have a message of tolerance and one towards forward-thinking. That said, if you're going to get your morals from a 90 minute-long musical which is ripe with gay jokes, then you really do need to shoot yourself.

So come and witness our most ambitious Revue yet at the Union Concert Hall (Beit Quad) at 7:30pm on the 2nd & 3rd December. It's free and all funds raised will be donated to the Children with Aids charity.

Go and see the Revue on the 2nd and 3rd of December. It is a great show and if all goes to plan, you will not be able to breathe with laughter



Dramatic



MTSoc peoples doing their morning stretches with jazz hands to the left and right. Meanwhile the director can be seen jumping up and down like a madman at the back

Be seduced: but by Art or by Porn?

Blowjobs, breasts, bondage and bestiality... Caz Knight seeks to answer this valuable question and receives a different kind of Sex Education at the Barbican's latest offering. Prudes be warned – skip these pages

Seduced- *Art and Sex from Antiquity to Now*- it's all in the name. The Barbican gives us sex through the medium of art in all its guises, from long before Christ was born right up to the present. It invites us "to become a participant in the history of the display of sexually explicit art" while considering the relationship between pornography and art. The dictionary definition tells us that porn is media designed to stimulate sexual excitement. (From the Greek word 'pornographos' - the writing of harlots). If this is true, ANYTHING can be potentially pornographic- there are no bounds to what people find or will find arousing, however sexual or non-sexual those things might be. One reviewer for *The Guardian* asks the question- has art ever been about anything else? And it is a very good one indeed. From the moment sexually reproducing beings came to exist, the act of sex has been pivotal to our existence, pleasure and sanity.

No one knew this better than Classical Civilisation, bedrock of Western society. 'Sex and Cold Marble' kicks off the show with some stunning marble sculptures dating back to the second century. The image of (half) naked Roman statues is a common one (none more famous than Michaelangelo's 'David'). This section sees sensuous nymphs, eager satyrs and hermaphrodites sculpted of marble, which were all inspiration for artists such as Picasso and Rodin.

A few steps down the corridor and we are reminded of just how much sexually explicit objects were looked down upon and regarded as a danger to society. In 1857 came the 'Extreme Publications Act' designed to protect those in society who were most at risk of corruption- women, children and those lacking either education or social standing. As a result many works of art and historic relics portraying inappropriate scenes were kept away from the public eye and kept in a private collection for a few select people to behold. On one hand, we are a hundred times more sexually liberated one hundred and fifty years on but one can not help thinking that in some ways sex is still regarded as terribly risqué. More often that not in the news and other forms of media, sex is always associated with seediness or in a terrible context (child molestation, rape). Never do we sing its praises and examine the beautiful side of it. Almost never. *Seduced* makes exception in many cases. One example came in the 'Between the Covers' section, featuring exquisite paintings from 17th century India. The attention to detail in these tiny works of art with amazing colours and brush-work, made for some beautiful viewing. One of the works- 'The Private Pleasure of Danyas Son of Emperor Akbar' – depicted a couple twisting themselves into very difficult-looking kama sutra positions, under starry, moonlit skies and gold-roofed temples.

Another highlight was the glowing colours of 'Leda and the Swan'; a copy of the original painting by Leonardo da Vinci, which was lost. The legend of Leda and the swan is that the Greek god Zeus came to earth as a swan, thereby seducing Leda mere hours after she had conceived her two children by her husband King Tyndareus.

The exhibition shed some light on the sexual practices of old and those



What on earth could they be doing?? Thomas Ruff's 'Nudes', one of many provocative works of art

from different cultures. Crotchless panties were a thing of the past it seems, as was pornography showing all sorts of naughty things. 19th century exposures- delicate and smooth textured- were made all the more interesting for the Amy Winehouse-esque beehive sported by one of the subjects. Seeing gentlemen and ladies inflicting pain (and pleasure) on each other and being tied up with bondage rope, all the while in their Victorian finery- tail coats and voluminous skirts plumped up with petticoats!

My attention faltered ever so slightly when faced with cabinets of manuscripts, books and relics such as the Grecian ceramics (depicting a few questionable acts involving livestock) and amber phalluses. Interesting as they were, one starts to feel a little more like one is in an educational sort of museum rather than an art gallery. Any interest that might have waned is brought back instantly on the second floor by the surrealist works of twisted, psychedelic sketches and photographs from what appeared to be an acid-fuelled sex party circa 1966 (actually 120 minutes dedicated to the Divine Marquis) involving cream being licked off various body parts, public urination and spanking. The books of said Marquis of Sade, father of BDSM (bondage-discipline sado-masochism), lie in an adjacent room.

Several large and vibrantly colourful Jeff Koons paintings are on display- reinstating some of the tackiness I was rather hoping for in an exhibition called 'Art and Sex'. Photography is combined

with oil inks on canvas in 'Ilona on Top' and creates a glorious fantasy-like effect, this time highly reminiscent of the porn industry. Thomas Ruff's low-resolution images are attractive and also very original.

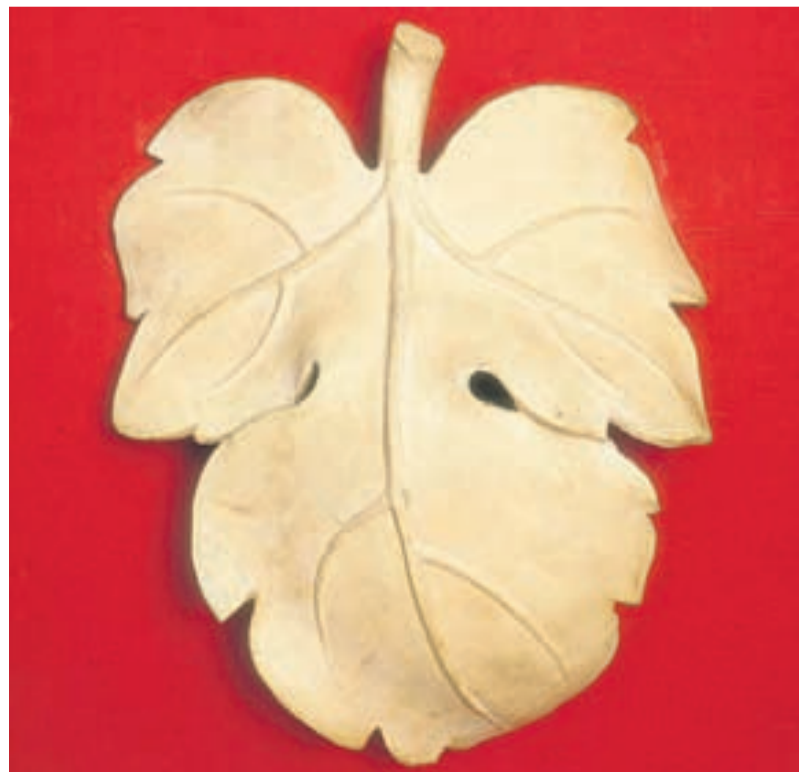
Inspired by underground film, Andy Warhol's 'Blowjob' is a 41-minute black and white film fixed on the face of a

man while he is fellated (41 minutes seems rather long, however, apparently 5 'givers' were used during the film). Somehow when one sees these things in black and white it makes the whole experience feel more classy. I did not stay for the duration, only to appreciate the rather handsome chap- DeVeren Bookwalter- who would later

appear in a Clint Eastwood film, *The Enforcer*. Charles Rydell was Warhol's first choice but Rydell 'chickened' out, and so Bookwalter was chosen as he happened to be hanging around Warhol's studio-cum-hangout, The Factory. K.R. Buxey's female answer to 'Blowjob' is 'Requiem', this time a colour film that features her receiving oral pleasure. Again, the camera is fixed on her face as the act progresses.

Probably one of the most mesmerising and beautiful pieces I have seen in any exhibition is 'Heartbeat' by American documentary photographer Nan Goldin. Goldin has explored the post-punk new-wave music and gay scenes and hard-drug subculture, but here she follows five couples as they go about their day- sex is a definite feature but is set against other activities such as a night out or day in the park. The photographs are presented in a slide show, accompanied by the angelic voice of Bjork, singing 'Prayer For the Heart' with classical music by John Tavener. The effect is spell-binding and very moving. Although the images depict love, happiness, tenderness and passion, the music creates a slight pathos.

Seduced: Art and Sex from Antiquity to Now does exactly what it promised- it shows us art in all lights: scientific, sexual and even morbid. It is definitely not pornographic- there is no seediness here, as is often associated with pornography- some pieces one would not consider inherently sexual. I was also struck by how most viewers were not fazed by what was on show- if only society as a whole could be this way.



Michaelangelo's David decided against underwear despite the cold



"Giggity giggity!" 'Ilona on Top' by Jeff Koons... one of the more vibrant pieces



Let's hope for Leda's sake the swan doesnt have the H5N1 virus!



Robert Mapplethorpe's muse models the latest fashion in men's underclothes



Was he paid to appear in Warhol's film, or was a 41 minute blowjob payment enough?

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A Very Short book series review

Is small beautiful when it comes to learning? Michael Cook tests it out on some unsuspecting readers

Sometimes, I like to discover things, you know? Not all kinds of things, not by any stretch of the imagination. There are literally thousands of things that I don't want to know anything about, and they could fill several television schedules. In fact, if you have Channel Five and Hallmark, they *do* fill them on most weekdays.

But some things I definitely want to learn things about. Why everyone hates America, why I feel the need to insert a bar joke into every issue of Felix, why

anyone thinks Statistics is something I'd like to learn. These questions don't really have answers, no matter what my Friday morning lecturer says, but some other questions do. Sensible ones.

The thing with sensible questions is that they usually have very, very long answers, or answers that are wrapped in a documentary presented by a boob job on legs for Channel 5. I don't want to read a three-inch thick exposition of feminism, but I also don't want Kirsty Gallacher jiggling around universities in Slough asking seventeen year-olds

whether they feel oppressed or not.

So where's the happy medium? Enter the Very Short Introduction series, which you may well have come across before. The Oxford University Press' line of brief overviews cover an ever-expanding range of topics, and claim to do exactly what it says on the cover – be short, be precise, and be informative.

Better still, they're concise despite being written by experts in the field, and the high quality of editing means that you get a nice flow to the proceedings while sitting safe in the knowledge

that you're being told the truth.

But can you judge a book just by its title? At Felix, we wouldn't dream of doing such things. And so, to uphold our three-week tradition of sky-high journalism standards, we've employed people we vaguely know to do our job for us. Are the books accessible enough if you've got no grounding in their subject whatsoever? And if you're already studying in the field, does the book have anything to offer you at all?

Thanks to the Oxford University Press, we've been able to test exactly

that, by taking some readers and offering them topics they're both familiar and unfamiliar with. James Warren, our resident Physicist, goes toe-to-toe with Flora Wilson of Mathematics and myself; I moonlight as a Computer Scientist when I'm not on Felix.

Did the books stand up to our three demanding critics? Is reviewing a book about journalism a strange fourth-wall thing? Does anyone actually want to hear my joke about the magician who goes into an alley and turns into a bar? Read on.

The Pro: James Warren

Newton is easily one of the biggest names in the history of scientific method, one of the familiar faces of English science that gets dragged out again and again, and yet many of us know little about him.

This introduction covers all of the most popular aspects of the man, as well as many that may usually be left out; such as his unusual opinions on religion and lesser-known occupations such as Warden of the Mint.

As far as Biographies go, *Newton* does a lot. There's nothing that feels unmentioned, and the tricky balance between anecdotal 'evidence' and actual records is hit quite well.

The only problem lies in Rob Iliffe's style – a little too curt and a little too professional, without the zest you might have come to expect from the series.

It's still good, and functions reasonably well as a reference book, too, but if you're familiar with Newton's work already, his life may be of less interest to you – particularly when presented in such a dry manner.

The Professional's Opinion
One apple short of a tree.

★★★★☆



The Rookie: Flora Wilson

Other than the apple thing with the tree, I don't know an awful lot about Newton, which is a bit shameful given his impact on... most things in the 17th Century.

In fact, *Newton* surprised me in many places with the extent of Sir Isaac's influence on things such as the Royal Academy and his research that furthered the field of Optics.

It also chronicles his brief but historically enduring battle with Leibniz over the inception and application of calculus, and the illustrations in the book offer great insight into the first outings of some of modern science's greatest methods and theories, not least the apple thing with the tree.

There's also a lot of richness in Newton's life that keeps the book from being one long textbook – he held many strong and lasting friendships with a wide variety of people, and his life covered a lot of fields of interest. Even his death, with which the book begins, is an interesting tale.

The writing doesn't always electrify, but its content does, and as a whistle-stop tour of Newton's achievements, this book really works.

The Rookie's Opinion
Science isn't always fascinating, but Newton's life certainly was.

★★★★☆

The Pro: Flora Wilson

Being a bit of a tricky subject to work around, even for those that actually do it for a living, *Chaos* is one of the more abstract flavours of Very Short Introduction, explaining much of its material in its own terms and analogies, meaning it may not sit perfectly if you've studied the subject before.

Nevertheless, Smith's style is very readable – he makes excellent connections between theory and reality, something vital for this topic, and works hard to cover varied theories in a very compact book.

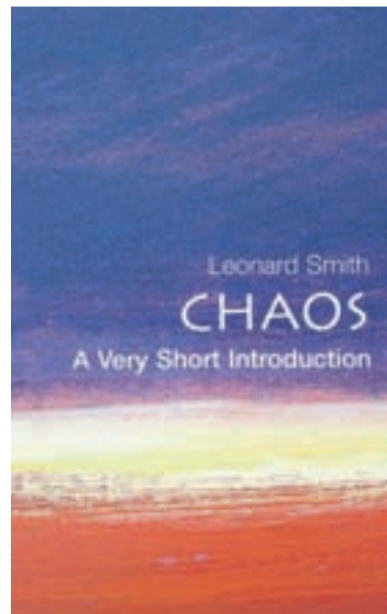
It doesn't go very deep, as one might expect given the series title, but the real let-down to those with some back-

ground in *Chaos* is the lack of any mathematics whatsoever. The text is lively enough to guarantee that you'll be shown something new, but fans of meaty technical info should return to their textbooks.

Even without an equation in sight, *Chaos* is a worth addition to the bookshelf. It's well-edited, it knows how to separate the interesting from the dull, and it doesn't miss out what's vital.

The Professional's Opinion
A fantastic summary of a really interesting subject

★★★★☆



The Rookie: Michael Cook

The idea of mathematical modelling fills me with enough dread on its own; the news that most models are actually inherently "unpredictable" in some sense of the word, was obviously a bit of a kicker for me.

Thankfully, *Chaos* is devoid from much numeral-based confusion, save a few wibbly graphs and some fairly peculiar poetry choices.

Smith fits the bill of a VSI author perfectly – sharp, observant and down-to-earth, his examples and wordings highlight difficult-to-grasp areas and quickly break them down, introducing the concept of Chaos – a phenomena affecting systems such as Climate and myriad others – gradually.

Weather forecasting is either very important or very obvious in the realm of Chaos, because Smith relates most of his examples to it, and even though I was in the mood for a little variation by Chapter 10, the subject as a whole remains gripping – the force affects the world to a mystifying degree, which *Chaos* only scratches.

Easy to grasp and genuinely important for any applied scientist, *Chaos* is definitely worth picking up.

The Rookie's Opinion
It needs a little time, but Chaos is a great read.

★★★★☆

The Pro: Michael Cook

Perhaps 'Pro' is a bit of a strong word, given I spend most of my time thinking up captions and fighting with Macs in the Felix offices rather than uncovering the truth and pushing up literary standards across the board. Nevertheless, *Journalism* is definitely an interesting title for me.

Unlike the 'applied' VSI books, *Journalism* is more of a tour-de-force of Journalistic concepts, trends in history, and the great and noble art of writing about things that are happening.

Even though it reads itself like a tabloid at times, *Journalism* is written in an engaging way and throws a lot of questions at the reader at the same time as showing some lesser-known

stories behind the big media events of the last century or so.

For anyone considering writing in their future, *Journalism* gives a lot of food for thought. Whether it's an intellectual discourse is debateable, but it tries its utmost to cover the ethics both of yesteryear and the next generation of writers, and generally does it with a lot of sensitivity, describing finally the next age of journalism.

The Professional's Opinion
Journalism offers a good look at something we take for granted.

★★★★☆



The Rookie: James Warren

Most of us read a newspaper in some form or another – whether it's a London Lite you've had thrown at you by a vendor, or a Financial Times you've picked up so that people think you're clever.

Journalism does its best to get under the bonnet of modern journalism, charting its progress up to the modern day and offering some insight into where it may be headed. It's a good compilation of statistics, excerpts, stories and serious opinion, put together and tied up in a subject that's none too boring.

For some reason, it doesn't really click with me. It may be that you need a more journalistic base to really 'get'

Journalism; it may just be that Hargreaves' writing style – which has all the characteristics of a lifelong journalist – doesn't appeal. Whatever it is, I found the book flagging a little after a few chapters.

Still, if you've got your heart set on learning more about a key occupation of the next century, you could do a lot worse than read this. It's concise and generally unbiased – which makes it good journalism in itself.

The Rookie's Opinion
Maybe I read the Guardian too much.

★★☆☆☆

A book for the ladies – hones-Tully

Susan Yu treks off to Kansas for an emotional rollercoaster ride. Wonderful Wizards not included

Tully, Tully Makker. One cannot but love her for who she is. Tough, passionate and ready to face life in every way. She is an amazing character who has you rooting for her till the end, you would always be there at her beck and call. This stunning read is certainly a rollercoaster ride, you'll have your heart wrung many times over, but there is definitely hope at the end of the tunnel, as they say. Love, friendship and loss are inherently entangled in this maelstrom of a book. An absolute sensation. There are moments where one finds oneself totally immersed in the tragedy involving Jennifer that one wonders whether there is any future at all for Tully. Prepare to have your heart ripped to pieces and flung to all corners of the earth with Tully's emotional odyssey. Frankly, this is one for the girls, thrilling blockbuster stuff. There are so many twists and turns in the novel that will keep you ploughing to the denouement.

Simply, this whirlwind novel is set in Kansas City, America. It is centrally based on Tully Makker, a real tough cookie, who seemingly conquers all the skeletons and demons in her closets. She stands tall amidst the trauma and chaos that harsh life has thrown at her. Simons truly brings Tully to life. The way Simons portrays the main protagonist's growth into womanhood from profoundly pained childhood and the perennial struggles to overcome a legacy of physical and emotional abuse at the hands of her mother is no easy feat. The book is spiced up with many close-calls. Simons further delves into considerably complex issues like self-harm, suicide, abortion, and autism which provides further scope to the plot. There are certainly a compelling array of male protagonists in this masterpiece, with Robin DeMarco and Jack Pendel being the main leads who serve as prominent love interests in her life. Considering that 'Tully' was Simons' debut novel, one cannot but be impressed with such eloquence and beautiful characterization and narrative.

Although this novel emerges with Tully aged only seventeen, the full horror of her tormented, harrowing childhood is revealed intermittently as we have to piece together glimpses of the darkness hidden within her past. It is not till the denouement in which the final picture surfaces, when we fully understand the character as a whole for who she really is.

Tully is very much a multidimensional character, difficult to decipher as she



To tell the truth, this has nothing to do with Tully, but we couldn't find a cover photo. Complaints about editorial standards on a postcard, please

ostensibly tries to protect her inner self as a means of survival; an unwavering coping mechanism. Abandoned by her father, neglected, unloved from birth by her mother, she is raised up in troubled household, where she is both physically and mentally abused. However, by her teenage years, Tully manages to form strong bonds of friendship with two school friends whose backgrounds are totally different from her own. In great contrast, Jennifer and Julie come from loving families that provide so much warmth and joy that one cannot but feel deeply ache for Tully and her deplorable maltreatment.

Immediately, we as the reader discover that Tully has been raised in an atmosphere of indifference and neglect compounded by the physical violence inflicted by her mother, Hedda, who was herself the product of an unloving family.

'From the time Tully was two, she learned fear, and with fear she learned hate, and with hate she learned silence.' Simons writes with sheer poignancy and builds characters so effortlessly using beautiful usage of language. Incredibly, Simons paints such a convincing and believable character; one who manifests foibles just like the rest

of us. A significant confirmation of her literary talents. A true testament to the book's credible realism.

Clandestine, promiscuous, highly complex and cantankerous Tully may be, however, she also displays intense loyalty towards her friends, has an inherent sense of morality and an overwhelming capacity to love. Her toughness is entirely superficial and is assumed as a protection against being irrevocably hurt again. Evading any sort of commitment and pity endowed, Tully often masquerades her true emotions, and generally holds herself at arms length from boyfriends as a means of maintaining some illusion of anonymity. She drifts into relationships unable to fully commit to anyone, but is loved by all the men in her life. "All they want to do is get serious, and all I want to do is get the hell out of here."

To take control over the reigns of her demons, Tully simply cages them inside, leaving what she believes as to be an empty shell with nothing but a black hole within. Such observations are the closest Tully ever gets to evident manifestations of self-pity. She is strong in spite of all the trials and tribulations, we cannot admire her enough for the courage and resilience she demon-

strates in times of intense crisis. Without a doubt, we can surely understand her flaws as the inevitable conditioning of her unhappy, broken childhood. In fact, her remarkable resilience does shine through when on several different occasions, we find Tully joking casually about her dire situation. What is more, the apt touches of humour which Tully seems to evoke are unassailably the recognisable consequences of her inner strength, not succumbing to defeat, nor buckling under the sheer weight of her problems.

There is an underlying sinister and dark side to the whole story. The ongoing emotional and physical abuse derived from her mother, combined with traumatic memories from her childhood has meant that Tully continually suffers recurring nightmares in which she 'beats back death' every night. These nightmares are something which torments Tully, day on day. This is until she finds salvation and becomes 'dreamfree'.

Tully has never left Kansas her birth place, never glimpsed the ocean but she dreams of escaping her inauspicious gruelling life by going to university in California with her bestfriend Jennifer, but her world is turned inside

out. Life has other plans in store for her. Tully yet again has to endure cruel loss but against all odds, emerges into adulthood and seemingly reach a point of apparent calmness and contentedness. Her life seems to evolve through chance rather than choice, until fate takes another startling turn and unwelcome decisions are entrusted upon her. Falling head and heels in love for the first time whilst having finally settled with the man who has guided her through thick and thin, Tully reaches epiphany and has to make the toughest decision of all...

One should not feel ashamed of clinging onto one's Kleenexes whilst reading this heart wrenching, devastatingly absorbing novel. Indeed, if you read the entire book without any signs of a clenched throat or brimming eyes, I'd be very surprised, you would definitely have to be a total dispassionate, emotional fuckwit.

The magic with this novel is that when you read it, you BECOME Tully. Her life is your life, her pain and happiness is yours to keep forever. I defy you to read it and not be profoundly affected. You will certainly be gripped as you simply cannot put it down. A must read!

BookCrossing soon – free pieces of paper with words on for you to read?

A Very Short Introduction To...

We've got a few of these to give away – Journalism, Newton and Chaos as reviewed by Felix Arts' intrepid team. All extremely worth picking up, and all thanks to the Oxford University Press.

Journalism charts the history of the most noble artform and looks at its relevance today; Newton is a solid biography of a rather famous chap; and Chaos looks at one of the most fascinating fields of made-up science there is out there.

Crossing – Monday 19th, JCR

John Le Carré – The Mission Song

We promised this a while back, and it's finally making an appearance. Le Carré – responsible for such spy thrillers as Tinker, Tailor, Soldier Spy and The Constant Gardener – is as good as ever in his latest release.

Focusing on a translator that gets himself into trouble when he takes one dark government contract too many, The Mission Song is textbook excitement. Not unlike A Very Short Introduction To Chaos.

Crossing – Tuesday 20th, JCR

Delete This At Your Peril

One of the simple reads for the upcoming Christmas rush, DTAYP was reviewed a few issues ago, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. The premise is simple – find out who's behind the spam emails that we receive every day.

The transcripts that follow, as the spammers share bizarre plans with an equally fictitious correspondent, are hilarious and revealing. A good book for mid-lecture entertainment.

Crossing – Wednesday 21st, JCR

That Bitch – Sheppard/Cleary

After our rather harsh review in earlier Felixes, we're still confident that someone out there will want to take a look at this, uh, exposé of evil, malevolent women who are threatening to take over the world, divorce it, and then sue it for all it has.

It's honestly not that bad a read. Kind of in the same way you can't help but read the gossip pages of TheLondonPaper – not so much for the information value, just... ewww

Crossing – Thursday 22nd, JCR

The Burglar Who Liked To Quote Kipling

Apart from having a bastard title that messes up our format for this week, TBWLTQK is a brilliant short read, originally pushed out by Waterstones in a budget release.

The plot is a simple heist of an extremely rare Kipling poem from a mansion, but the entire thing is carried off with so much humour and pace that it's – yes – unputdownable. If that was a word, of course.

Crossing – Friday 23rd, JCR

Brrr...!

Snowsports Club members Pandora Male, Lucinda Strachan and Annabel Grant. Join them on this year's Christmas Trip. Book by 23rd November. Email ski@imperial.ac.uk for more info.

Think you're cool enough to pose here? Prove it!

felix@imperial.ac.uk



NUS Extraordinary Conference

Support the Governance Review and get a free trip to Leicester!

As I have mentioned in previous weeks Imperial College Union is supporting the proposed changes to the NUS Constitution so that the organisation can organise itself in a manner that is relevant to coherent, more representative policy making and sound financial management. In order for these changes to pass this academic year almost 40 Unions, including ours, have voted to request an Extraordinary Conference which is to be held on Tuesday 4 December in Leicester.

At this point I would like to appeal to all of those students who voted for us to affiliate last year.

As a result of your decision the Union is now committed to paying NUS £44,000 per annum in affiliation fees. In my view there is little point in us paying this money if we are not going to have the opportunity to voice our opinion. This is why it is vital that we send a full delegation of 9 people along to this conference so that the Union is obtaining maximum value for money out of this ridiculous, clunking, socialist vehicle that we are now working very hard to try and change by supporting the Governance Review.

Travel and reasonable food expenses will be provided by the Union. The Extraordinary Conference is a one day event. Our delegation will leave (not

too) early in the morning and you will be back in London by early evening. If you have an interest in exactly how silly some of the more "revolutionary" groupings currently active within NUS are then please drop

me an email and I will add you to our delegation. National student politics has always been a pantomime and if you are interested in a day of what will be some very heated debates regarding the Governance Review please let me know by Wednesday lunchtime at the very latest. You never know, you could end up speaking at this event.

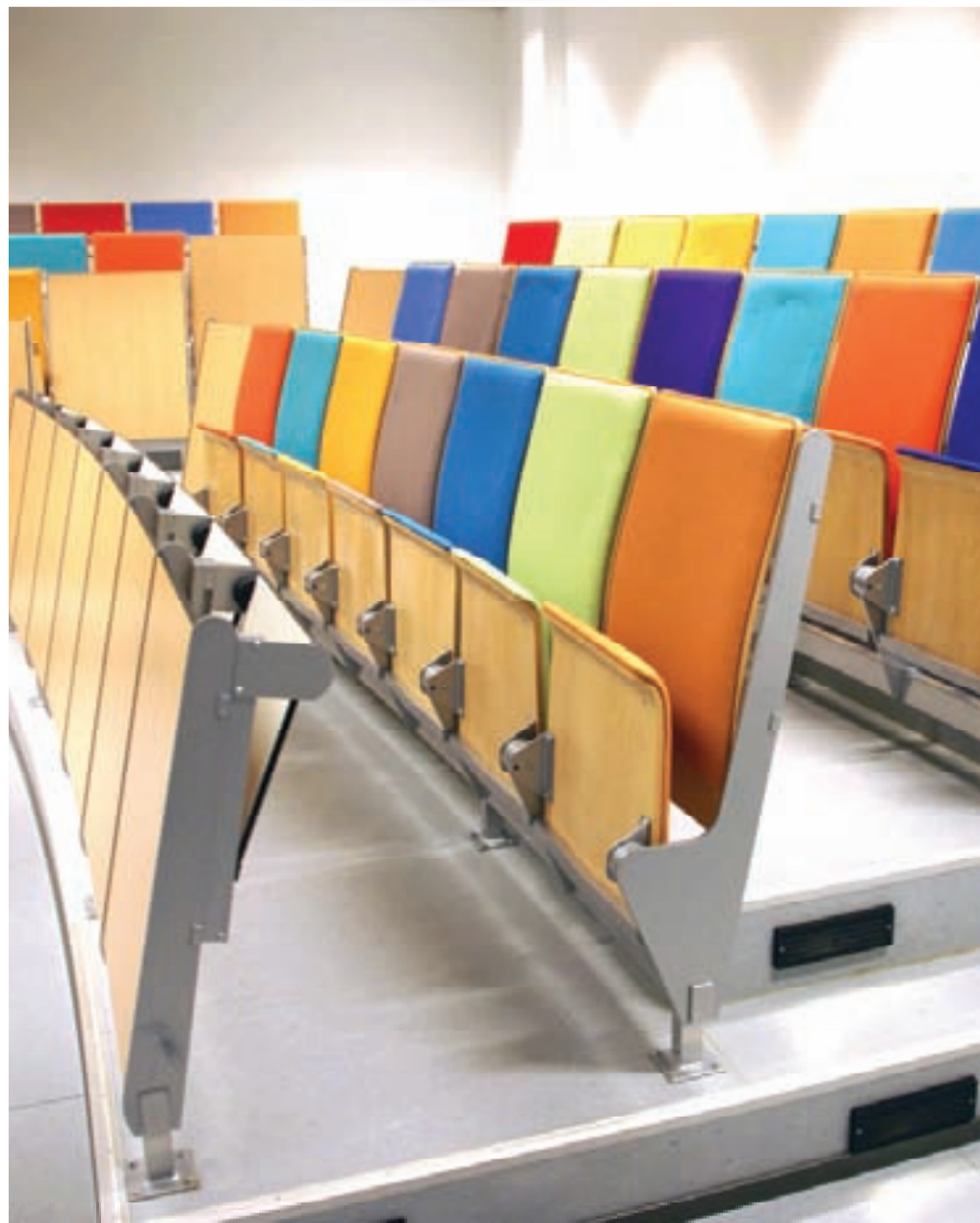
Moderate Unions will duly engage in an entire day of Trot bashing as the hard left are insisting that this process is part of some secret right-wing conspiracy to hijack student democracy so I urge you to come along so that we are in the best position from which to articulate the Union's point of view. I appreciate that the prospect of a free trip to the Midlands is not the best offer you will receive during your time at Imperial but it should be an entertaining day.



Stephen Brown

President

president@imperial.ac.uk



Feedback Forum

How did you do in your last set of exams? Has anyone given you a breakdown of how you managed in each individual section? Presuming you didn't get 100% has anyone told you where you went wrong? What about that piece of coursework you spent six hard weeks slogging on?

Despite all the fun that is inevitably had at University, there are very few among us who don't get that tingle of apprehension around exam time which finally makes you knuckle down and work. So after all that frantic revision, endless nights of trying to understand Fourier Analysis, the occasional sneaky Gin and Tonic (because it helps you think more clearly) and incomprehensibly scribbled chemical equations, sometimes you just can't work out what went wrong on the day or how you could do better next time.

Do you feel like the feedback you get after you have been assessed is enough to help you improve in the future? As with much of the content of your exams at Imperial you are probably not going to be able to forget everything you've learnt immediately after your exams are over. Everything is beginning to tie in and the next major element of your course will rely heavily on what you have (or haven't) already learnt.

Students at Imperial have never been particularly satisfied with the feedback they receive on assessed work. Not knowing where you went wrong can be very frustrating and future development can be hampered by elements of the course you haven't completely understood. This has become abundantly clear through Student Surveys such as SOLE and the NSS where assessment feedback receives a notoriously low score. It is about time something was done about it and we want to know what you think.



Kirsty Patterson

Deputy President

(Education & Welfare)
dpew@imperial.ac.uk

Come along to SAF LT G34 on Thursday 22nd November at 12:00pm for free nibbles and tell us about how you think exam feedback would help you. Is there something that works, what really doesn't and what more could be done to ensure you get the best learning experience from the assessment process at Imperial? It's your degree so make sure you get the most out of it!

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at the union nov 16th - nov 28th

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£

\$



2.02

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

EVERY TUESDAY

super QUIZ!

beer and cash prizes to be won!

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Wed 28th Sin City - Gladiator Jousting

COMING UP

Thu 29th Too Posh to Wash
Fri 30th Boom Box Electro - Pole Dancing & Anne Summers!

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

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Picture of the Week

Rambutans, by Jonathan Lane
First Year Chemistry

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



Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Anime-niacs resurrect the world

Robin George Andrews explores beyond the apocalypse with the Anime flick, Neon Genesis Evangelion

Films can have a significant impact on the audience; between the everyday fillers of Hollywood no-brainer blockbusters a bright spark appears every blue moon, signifying the culmination of some truly talented directors, actors, composers, cinematographers and scriptwriters. Such films are highly emotive and intelligent, and present the viewer with a unique experience.

Usually animated films or series are not coupled with such a positive description, but there is one I am particularly passionate about and urge everyone with the slightest inkling of curiosity to go and see; you will not only be surprised, but transfixed on the truly spectacular imaginative method of storytelling and its uncanny ability to force the viewer to question his or her own role in the grand scheme of life. *Neon Genesis Evangelion* is nothing short of breathtaking.

At the dawn of the new millennium, the planet was ravaged by a devastating shockwave emanating from Antarctica. The icy continent instantly melted, and sea levels rose at exponential rates. Cities were flooded and entire civilisations were submerged. During the post-apocalyptic wars, over half of the world's population perished.

Officially, a small meteorite, traveling close to the speed of light, crashed into the South Pole, causing the catastrophe. However, the lone survivor of the scientific expedition based there, Misato Katsuragi, witnessed a beam of light emerge from the ruins of Antarctica shortly before the event – know as Second Impact – occurred. Its wings earned it the designation of an Angel.

Fifteen years later, a young boy named Shinji Ikari is summoned to Tokyo-3 by his father, the commander of Nerv. Upon arriving, the city is attacked by an enormous, humanoid being, one which the military appears powerless to stop. After fifteen years, the Angels have returned. He is taken deep underground by the now adult Katsuragi, who introduces him to mankind's last hope – the Evangelions. Humanoid in appearance, covered in thick armour, highly maneuverable and armed with nothing but close-quarter blades, Shinji is ordered to take it out into the streets and defend the city against the mysterious Angel. With a severely-

injured pilot, Rei Ayanami, lying in his arms, he vows to himself that he will not run away from his fears and makes that fateful decision to pilot Evangelion Unit One.

And so begins the greatest piece of animation ever made. Shinji Ikari, the central figure of *NGE*, is not your typical hero, and nor is *NGE* your typical mecha robot science fiction serial. The 14-year old pilot was abandoned by his father after his mother died when he was very young; he has little self-confidence, shies away from anything he is afraid of, and holds no respect whatsoever for his father, who is an uncompromising, brutal, and enigmatic man. In fact, you could say that Shinji is the complete opposite of a hero, which is why *NGE* is initially so interesting to watch – commonly, the central character in anime is brave, bold and will protect everyone around him no matter what. Observing Shinji as he battles against the Angels – and his inner demons – is a refreshing experience.

NGE itself is, as aforementioned, incredibly atypical of animation in general. Whereas the typical anime traits are present, the series has three primary hooks that most modern films lack. Firstly, it constantly upholds a sense of mystery, intentionally omitting information and showing you events that leave you puzzled and, most importantly, intrigued. For example, what are the Angels? Why is it only those born after the Second Impact can pilot the Evangelions? What are the true motives of the characters?

One of the earliest mysteries arises after Shinji's Evangelion Unit One defeats the Third Angel – its armour removed, the viewer can clearly see muscles, organic eyes, and blood covering the unit. Perhaps the Evangelions are not so robotic after all. With twists and turns in every episode, one eventually begins to doubt their perceptions of each individual character, including the pilots themselves.

Nothing in *NGE* is what it seems, and the story is one of the most imaginative ever conceived. Using ancient philosophy and Christian and Biblical Apocrypha, the symbolism used in the series is awe-inspiring and has a long-lasting impact on the viewer.

NGE's second hook is the characters themselves, and the personal journeys they take right up until they final, icon-



Spot the odd one out...

ic scene. Shinji Ikari is, as described above, not your typical hero. Rei Ayanami, the young pilot of Evangelion Unit Zero, is introverted, quiet, and as enigmatic as Shinji's father, Gendo Ikari. She appears willing to follow any order, even if it means it will lead to her death. Almost completely emotionless apart from a few key moments, she is perhaps the biggest mystery of *NGE*, one that will keep you guessing even after the credits begin roll.

Misato Katsuragi is a rising officer in Nerv, and one that also acts as Shinji's guardian. The only one to see Second Impact first hand, she knows the devastation that the Angels and humankind can cause, and is willing to do anything to prevent a Third Impact occurring. However, many secrets and answers to long-held questions are kept even from her by the head of the scientific divi-

sion, Ritsuko Akagi. A cold and efficient woman, she prioritises the future of mankind and the progress of the Evangelions over the lives of the pilots; furthermore, she knows far more than she ever lets on, keeping most of the organisation in the dark about both the past and the present.

Personally, the pilot of Evangelion Unit Two is my favourite character from not only this anime, but from fiction as a whole. Asuka Langley Soryu is an incredibly endearing character, and is often the antithesis of Rei Ayanami – brash, open, highly extroverted and the only pilot who enjoys defending Tokyo-3 from the Angels. Showing incredible skill in piloting the Evangelions, she is highly competitive, particularly with Shinji, who she likes to tease and poke fun at.

Asuka, despite being highly volatile and excitable, also has her own dark past which is slowly revealed throughout the series, and during the final episodes her past comes back to haunt her and her life begins to fall apart. To see such a lovable character descend into her own spiral of devastation and loss is painful, and you cannot help but feel strongly empathetic towards her. Asuka is as amusing and charming as she is tragic and emotive, and as such is the arguably the best character in the series.

NGE's final hook is its presentation and pacing. The first half of the series builds on all the characters' personalities and develops the story without leaving too many mysteries unsolved; however, during the second half, many of the events that occur can be interpreted in many different ways, the character's motives change more explicitly, and as the war against the Angels hits closer and closer to home, the viewer is subject to a high degree of character introspection.

The viewer joins the three pilots and the supporting cast as they reminisce about their past, rethink their objectives, and reveal dark mysteries, the majority of which answer some questions whilst raising many more. With innovative animation techniques, excellent scripting, and a truly immerse plot, one cannot help but get totally absorbed in the lives of all the characters involved.

The motion picture that followed the series, *End of Evangelion*, chronicles the three pilots' journeys to the end of the world, with startling imagery and intense action and drama sequences, matching if not exceeding that of the series. There is so much about the series I wish I could talk about, but I cannot, or it will spoil the story for you – safe to say, you will think about the ending for a long time after it concludes.

In this contemporary setting, an excellent plot, incredible characters, a stunning score, blistering action, drama and science-fiction, and of course superb animation, come together to form something very special, but not necessarily unique. However, this series, consisting of twenty-six episodes, has such depth, such emotion, such a strong bond to the viewer that it refuses to let go of all its graces with its presence. Recently voted the best anime of all time by several publications in both the US and Japan, and credited with pushing anime into the mainstream, *Neon Genesis Evangelion* is a legendary piece of animation, one that deserves to be seen by everyone. See the world through the eyes of Shinji, Rei, and Asuka, and you will be forever hooked.

This is the eternal answer to the Western stereotype that animation is exclusively designed for children. Not only will this change how you think, but it will change you as a person. That, I guarantee.



Left: The NGE family. Right: A clever costume choice can detract from an unfortunate lack of facial features



The merciless flow of style

Fashion is a fickle business, what's in one day is tainted by Victoria Beckham the next

Sarah Skeete

Fashion is all about association, it's kind of a visual synesthesia. For instance, acrylic Adidas shellsuits evoke pram-face, *Eastenders*, and Benson & Hedges cigarettes. Judgemental and superficial? Probably, but still true.

Fashion synesthesia affects more than just clothing. It's more easily observed by the way children's names fall in and out of style. Would you call your kid Chantelle? Generally the trends

Money doesn't guarantee style, in fact sometimes it guarantees the exact opposite. Who wants to wear clothes designed by an octogenarian who's dressing 14-year old models?

Fashion is created on the streets by people who have an odd, uncompromising sense of style. Truly creative people, not "crazy" fashion students who are engaged in a mass competition to out-crazy each other. Puh-lease. Massive glasses, a cape, and tissue boxes for shoes? Inspiring, although

on the horizon and one day you won't be able to outrun it. Once something is linked to something undesirable (not in a Mengele way) certain items just lose their shine. Did you like Ugg boots? How about after Jessica Simpson and Paris Hilton were 'papped' wearing them? A fan of Gucci? A fan of Gucci after Victoria Beckham declared her allegiance to them?

Things can also lose their attraction just by being replaced by the next generation. Stone-washed boot-legged

pleasure of appreciating well crafted personal style, they have no fashion-gasms. This morning I saw a girl crossing the road wearing a mostly neutral outfit but with red bright tights and shoes; the visual effect was so stunning. I had to tell myself to stop staring because sometimes if you stare at a girl's legs they get the wrong impression and think you're a lesbian.

Although maybe fashion illiterates are actually the lucky ones. They don't get the downside of fashion; feeling



start with ABC1s and fall to C2DEs. Names are inspirational, and parents choose names that convey positive qualities. Of course you could opt out of this 'names-arms' race and choose something like Ethel.

This used to be more clear-cut with clothing in days gone by. Fashion was about the latest couture from Paris. The latest Parisian designs were worn by high society. People then had their tailors copy these Parisian designs. Then fashion became cheaper and more accessible but was still dictated by the catwalk.

Nowadays we see that the trend is reversed, people on the streets set the trends that are copied by designers. Inspiration comes from all over the globe, and style is less easily bought.

missing leggings, with one leg a different colour than the other of course, so as not to be part of the masses. I don't mean a contrived type of insanity. I mean those curious animals on the edges of culture who possess a unique creativity.

Next along the chain are those who see the potential in the fashion craziness and edit it for mass consumption. They take the massive, googly geek glasses, which by the way look awesome, and go for the tamer look of thick black frames.

Then the look filters down to the mainstream- available in shops and market stalls near you.

Of course trends aren't just made; like everything, they must die too. Remember guys, the spectre of death is always

jeans = Middle-aged woman in stilettos who wears leopard-print tops without irony.

Having no fashion sense (not voluntarily choosing not to participate in the whole business because it's superficial and meaningless, I mean actually not having 'fashion-eyes') is an inability to see these sort of fashion connections and associations. Yes, it's an awful disease. Not up there with AIDs, but still pretty bad. It causes untold damage, scarring the visual landscape. Have you ever seen someone's outfit and thought to yourself, does this person have eyes? But you have to remember that however much it hurts your retinas to look directly at them, fashion illiteracy is not something they brought upon themselves. They don't get the

compelled to change your wardrobe when struck by a new look. Was it wrong to eat my sister's food because I blew my clothes budget? I joke. I don't have a clothes budget. But it does strike any sane person as ridiculous to stop wearing a perfectly good pair of jeans or sweater because it doesn't take your fancy anymore. It's probably really awful, capitalist and superficial. But if you give them to charity it's a fact that all of that bad stuff is cancelled out!

Fashion will inevitably become obsolete, dragged down by time, d-list celebrities or the regular chav. But if you shop at charity shops in the right areas your fashion obsession can be fuelled by fellow fashion addicts who have more money and clothes to donate! All whilst giving to charity! Win-win.

Objects of desire



Pearlised Rainbow pump (Chanel), Neoprene and Napa leather tote bag (Pierre Hardy), knotted pearl choker with jewel detail (John Galliano)

COOL

Euro-cheese Puffa Jackets



Just writing 'puffa' takes me back to primary school. Sticky weed, cartwheels, daisy chains. But this is puffa jackets in the euro-wanker sense. Those jackets you see Italian tourists wearing that have the logos ostensibly displayed to artificially inflate their self-esteem.

Over-sized berets



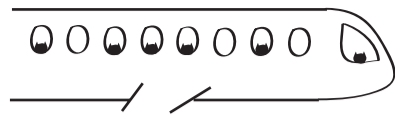
So adorable! But only if you have long hair. If not, it just looks questionable as to whether you have hair.

Cavalli @ H&M



Stop the high street - designer collaborations! This is just horrible, cheap-looking crap covered in rhinestones. I can smell its reek from here.

LAME



Hello. Or as the Canadians say, “hi”

Excerpts from a blog about Vancouver. From making boxes to the drainage system, to that poor sod Paul

Chris Chivers

So, I've been in the beautiful city of Vancouver for just over a week now. I'm worried I'll fall in to the trap of saying everything's amazing in an attempt to convince myself that I'm having the best time ever and rub it in the faces of everyone back home. But I'll try and veer away from that type of stuff. By the way, it's ok for me to call Vancouver beautiful; all the vehicle license plates have “Beautiful British Columbia” proudly engraved onto them. However, it did take me a good few days to realise what these cars were going on about...

When the plane landed at the airport last Wednesday, it marked the beginning of 5 days of constant rain. According to the locals, rain is very common this time of year – this time of year being until bloody May. Oddly, for a city that apparently has so much rain, the drainage system seems pretty poor. The streets are commonly lined with a good inch or two of water meaning a soggy foot is all but inevitable. Sorry, this is hopelessly veering off track, I'm sure there are more interesting things to talk about other than the drainage system.

On Monday, the rain stopped, the clouds lifted and the sun came out practically wearing a hat upon his incandescent head. I had landed a job, which was described to me by the disinterested woman on the phone as “...just moving some tables about really”. So, I made the most of the sunny weather by going for a stroll around Stanley Park and was just staggered by the beauty of the city. The combination of snow capped mountains, skyscrapers and luscious blue waters was enough to make me stop in my tracks. (well I didn't actually stop. I was running a bit behind and needed to get to work. Those tables weren't going to move themselves)

Since being in Vancouver, I have had a total of 4 different job placements



As beautiful as the license plates claim

acquired through a temping agency. These have ranged from the ridiculous to the downright dull. Most recently I have been making boxes in a clothing warehouse... um, and I honestly can't elaborate any more on that. Making boxes – those two words completely sum up the job description, the job responsibilities, the job requirements, the skills acquired, the high points and the low points of the job. Oh Christ, it was terrible – I spent a total of 17 hours making boxes. Every so often the supervisor would walk past and offer such encouraging words as “Keep making boxes!” I can't for the life of me think why he felt the need to keep saying that – well, to be honest, it may have been encouragement to prevent one from becoming suicidal.

But there was a glimmer of hope. On the first day, after about 4 hours of box making, the supervisor asks me if I fancied a change and leads me to the other side of the warehouse “OK, these boxes are a little smaller, but you assemble them in just the same way”. And just in case I didn't understand or needed reminding he added “Keep making boxes!” Anyway, that job has finished now and I promised myself I would never sink that low again.

Hmm, I feel like I should talk about the people I have met, but I don't want say things like “everyone is lovely” or “I have made hundreds of friends”. After all, all the lovely people could turn out to be cheeky thieving bastards.

There is one guy, however, who has stuck in my mind and is a living re-

minder that success is fickle and failure is never far away. While temping, I found myself crossing paths with a guy (Canadian for ‘man’) called Paul on a couple of occasions. Paul, 50-ish, is also employed by the temping agency and occasionally we are assigned to the same job. Paul is sad and has no life. That is not a cheap, derogatory swipe, but the actual truth. He isn't happy because he left his previous job (as a finance manager) to travel the world and after spending all of his money found himself unable to get back into a stable work position. As a result he lives, unmarried, in a small room in a tower block on the rough side of town and gets about one day of work a week out of the employment agency.

Paul confessed that the reason he

doesn't get any work is because he is not very good with computers and is better with his hands. He shared the hilarious anecdote of how he was given a job position in an office and was there for 10 minutes, staring blankly at Excel, before being asked to leave! Actually, I don't think he found it particularly hilarious. And come to think of it neither did I. And yesterday, after being confronted by a roll of sellotape, he gave in and admitted that he wasn't very good with his hands either, which begs the question; does this man have any skills at all? This question was in the back of my mind on the way home and I came to the conclusion that yes, he does have a skill, the skill to keep smiling and not kill himself. Poor guy.

Um, oh dear, this has gone wildly off track. I'm not sure whether I should delete the last couple of paragraphs as it seems inappropriate, lacks any kind of relevance and isn't even that interesting. But I won't.

So getting back on track about the city itself: Like London (and probably every other city in the world), Vancouver contains a number of sub-districts which can usually be summed up in one word; posh, gay, cheap, dirty, boring etc. They all seem to be pretty safe apart from the East Side which is full of mental tramps. The tall lady (Hmm, is ‘tall’ really the extent of my vocabulary these days? I'm sure there are more descriptive and linguistically interesting things to say about her. But she was quite tall. Long arms...) at the orientation talk said this was because Vancouver used to have a mental hospital but it was closed down and the patients were left to wander the street. She then added “it's not funny guys”.

So in my first week, I have been proved that the license plates are indeed correct; Vancouver is an extremely beautiful city. At the moment, I am very happy with everything, although that's probably down to the cocaine! (only joking...)

Travels without my Aunt – Part Two

Theo Georgeiou Delisle

“Phew, it's a scorcher out there!” and “It's bikini o'clock” are just two of the phrases that you will not hear if you decide to visit Polzeath in Cornwall, or indeed if you visit any other place in Cornwall. For many young upstarts however, a trip to Polzeath is the inevitable answer to the question, “where can we go right now, seeing as we have no money and even less imagination?” Regrettably it is not the answer to the question “Who were the three chipmunks in that show, about the chipmunks, you know the one...?”

Polzeath is located at a jaunty angle along the Cornish coastline, strutting out almost defiantly opposite the town of Padstow which Rick Stein, the fish cook, made famous by cooking fish in. It can be reached by a pleasant coastal path which winds its way haphazardly around the dangerous cliff edges, or by a less pleasant road which will test your 14 year old break pads to well beyond their limits.

Once you have avoided the hoards of

small children who gather in wetsuits around your car, you may exit your vehicle. Not there sir, sorry, that is quicksand. It should be noted at this point that the parking area in Polzeath also doubles as the beach, which distressingly enough is covered with water in an almost rhythmic pattern every day. For this reason it is a good job that your car is on its last legs, but who buys a car in sunset mauve anyway? Loser.

Now it is time to hit the sea, get out there you maniac! For the convenience of visitors Polzeath is manned by fully trained beach bums, who don't mind pretending to be life guards in their spare time. You may swim between the blue flag and the flag which depicts the court case of the disgraced former conservative MP, Jeffrey Archer. You may surf if you are Australian. Once you have acclimatised to the water, it will invariably have got dark so it is time to return; but do not worry intrepid traveller, the luminous condoms floating flirtatiously in the water around you will guide you safely back to the beach.

Once back on the beach you are pre-

sented with a number of options. For many, the simple pleasure of whacking stranded, innocent jellyfish on the head with a cheap plastic spade is entertainment enough, but I understand that the Imperial College student deserves more. It is for this reason that Polzeath is happy to accommodate the world renowned Daymer Bay West sewage outlet 36b. Feel free, as many tourists do, to splash and frolic in the frothy stream which runs out to sea, safe in the knowledge that dysentery can actually make a rather good topic across the dinner table.

After wiping the sand off your laptop you are ready to leave the dunes (although there are none) and hit the town for a taste of the local nightlife. The town is unfortunately not ready to hit you back, save from the late night second-hand bookstore which stocks all of your seventeenth favourite books, so you must drive home immediately before the tide claims your car. Back in London you are free to watch Alvin, Simon and Theodore to your heart's content.



I don't understand it either



Games

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It's quite some time since the gaming behemoth named Halo 3 graced our 360s and ate up time that would otherwise be spent wasted.

It's a testament to the prodigious skill of Bungie that two months have done little to wane the fervour. And why not? Halo 2 kept gamers enthralled for a few years after its release and it's a given that the third son will carry on the proud tradition, perhaps with the banner held higher.

I've only been playing the multiplayer for a couple of weeks now but I concur with Robin Andrews about the experience. It's simply delicious despite Live being largely populated by whining prepubescent little snots. Then there are the Pop Idol wannabes; to put it simply they should be drug out into the street and shot. Many, many times. It's a godsend that Halo 3 offers the all-important mute function: simply choose the boisterous buffoon from the scoreboard and then hit X to mute him forever. So what if he's formulating the winning strategy or if he needs backup... even in defeat you can be happy.

However, bar these myriad offenders, sometimes magic just happens. Moving tightly as a group of four, you rush the enemy head-on. You know they're blatantly going to grenade you as they scramble against your assault. However they realise something important: the team count is usually five. As two fall dead where they stand and a telltale report rings throughout the causeway, the objective of your rush becomes apparent. The stragglers make a mad dash to safety as they're gunned down. The exciting thing is, you can be on the receiving end just as easily.

Now with the Halo fever it's often easy to forget that there are actually other games out there. This past week saw the release of games like Assassin's Creed and Call of Duty 4; both seem to be very enticing games so expect some feature articles at a Felix near you. Old school adventuring gets a kick up it's morbidly decaying backside with the release of Uncharted: Drake's Fortune. I'm quite a fan of Naughty Dog - with the Jak trilogy constituting some of my all-time favourite games. However, as many of you are aware... all this will pale in comparison to what will be happening today.

Yes, the 16th of November marks the day that a proper Mario game becomes unleashed on a hapless population. Children will scream. Parents will tear their hair out. And the sound of a thousand Wiimotes crying out in joy will ring throughout the globe. Or you know, lots of people will buy it and play happily, yay.

Now while I'm really interested in getting Super Mario Galaxy, I'm sort of torn between a Wii and an Xbox 360. My birthday just whizzed by a day ago and I'm still pondering which one to get... Mario or Masterchief.

Bah. One PS3 and a copy of Metal Gear Solid 4 and I'll be content. It's too bad that that's ages away...



One Spartan, twice shot

Robin Andrews whips out his sniper rifle and people die. Screaming. The noobs



War is hell... and utterly brown as the next generation of consoles will have you believe. Reality is over-rated, isn't it?

I'm part of an ongoing war. A highly-charged, horrifically violent conflict that has left many people scarred for life. Some of us have risen through the ranks to stand above the metaphorical base layer below, watching as humanity fights itself in a spiral of destruction – silently observing man's inhumanity to man.

And, like any global conflict, this one is always highly political.

'Red team rules. Blue team is going down!' bles one, his virtual finger pointing aggressively across the map. His comrades in arms line up against the grey, Forerunner structure, already planning which weapon or vehicle they are going to pinch first. Suddenly, a transmission is received from the other side of the grassy, hilly landscape.

'Red team can suck it,' a disembodied voice replies. The red team shout multiple expletives back, most of them with strong American accents. Yet someone

remains quiet – the Commander, who grabs his sniper rifle and walks calmly down the left ramp. 'Would everyone just be quiet and get on with it?' He is heard sighing, before he continues his journey out into the wilderness of Valhalla. Some of his allies are clearly surprised by his distinctly different accent.

'Hey guys, he's British!' exclaims one. Another reads out his gamertag – several times, in fact – before falling silent again. Someone from the opposing side points out that this particular gamer should go back to England and drink some more tea, to which he calmly explains he is already living there. And that tea isn't really his thing. After this highly intellectual political debate, which included reasons why certain people should 'turn down the retardation', a few vehicles begin to move, several bullets are fired, and soon enough the war of stupidity breaks out

into a war of bullets, explosions, and warthogs. Welcome to the world of Halo 3's multiplayer.

Halo 2's multiplayer was by all accounts a huge success, one which has strongly influenced many other games in its genre. Its fan base was enormous, and all were looking forward to Halo 3, nervously wondering whether or not its multiplayer would exceed the highest of their expectations. I was one of them. After completing the campaign mode

several times over – seriously people, it really is that stunning – I leapt into the multiplayer.

To be honest with you – and to show off a bit – I was pretty good at Halo 2. I was a dedicated online gamer then, and I am even more so today. After finishing the fight with the Master Chief, I took my online avatar – Shadowblade9876 (yes, that was originally from an MMORPG and no there aren't 9,876 of us) – once again to the forefront of the world's largest online conflict.

The game starts you off with an obligatory training session, to make sure you know how to aim a gun at someone who is trying to do precisely the same thing. It was hilarious – everyone else could barely reload before getting mēled in the back of the head. Another hapless soul picked up a beam rifle – the Covenant version of the sniper rifle – and attempted to use it to embarrassing effect. Being a sniper myself, I felt his ignorance with a scoped weapon had to be punished. A Ghost, a small Covenant vehicle, ploughed into him soon afterwards. The game kindly reminded me I was awarded the "Splatter" medal just as his listless body impacted the snow, causing a small plume to form.

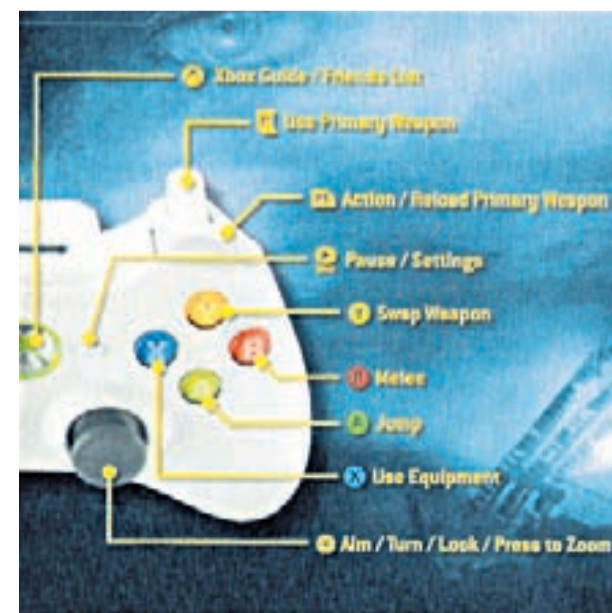
After the match ended, the game decided to promote me to an Apprentice, the lowest rank possible in the game. A new ad-

dition to the multiplayer, people can now advance in virtual military rank by gaining experience points for doing particularly well in certain engagements. Not only this, but you are also given Skill Points in Ranked Matches, which shows people your relative skill level in relation to everyone else playing. If you succeed in raising both of these stats, you can ascend through the ranks.

This little addition happened to make Halo 3 more addictive than initially thought. Upon entering my first Social Slayer match – basically a team deathmatch – I was laughed at by a Lieutenant, someone who had been playing the multiplayer much more than I had by that point. He kindly informed me that I was a noob, and stood very little chance of winning. Of course this was not actually what he said – most of it was far too vulgar to print in this high-brow publication. Nevertheless, I



Your two best friends: left hand...



...and right hand



Erm guys... the match is over... you can stop trying to look cool now, okay?

picked up my sniper rifle and gave his cranium some extra ventilation. By the end of the match, he was huffing and puffing, attempting to blow my house down but to no avail. He decided a few more snide comments would suffice, before leaving mid-insult.

I gradually but steadily gained my experience points, and it wasn't long before another aspect of this multiplayer's addictiveness came hurtling back at me. As in Halo 2, you can earn medals for doing certain skilful things in online matches, and of course the final instalment in the trilogy is no ex-

“My first Sniper Spree was my online avatar's equivalent of a baby learning how to walk”

ception. The thing is, there are now far more medals to get, and some at first just seem impossible. Nevertheless, I kept trying, as does everyone else, to get those sought-after virtual honours. My first Sniper Spree was my online avatar's equivalent of a baby learning how to walk. I was so proud.

Eventually you will encounter someone online who outranks you beyond belief. For example, when I was eventually promoted to a Lieutenant – thereby making you a “veteran”, according

to the game – the first match I entered into afterwards happened to contain a Brigadier, which is the second highest rank possible. People actually sounded a bit nervous upon inspecting his stats, and for good reason. Without going into details, this guy single-handedly quadrupled my team's total score. A one-man extermination; a massacre.

Soon afterwards, another Brigadier came up in a Big Team Slayer match. I was still a Lieutenant, and he was once again on the other team. This, in my opinion, was to be my poetic justice seen through. From the off, I had my sights focused almost solely on this personification of pure evil.

This particular match – VIP – was a new type not seen in the prequel, with the objective being to terminate the opposing team's randomly selected leader. During the match, I happened to be driving a Warthog with two other Spartans in tow. Skidding around the sand, slipping just past those rockets and evading the rifle fire, we made it across to a hill where several hostiles had congregated around their VIP. Several of them leapt into a Mongoose – a very agile, small transport – and their VIP leapt onto the back of another. We gave chase, our turret man took out all but the VIP, and just as he was getting away, he was hit in the back of the head by my very own sniper rifle. He also happened to be the Brigadier.

Sound exciting, no? Big surprise. Halo 3 has ranks, stats, and awards, but really, at its very core, it is all about the pure adrenaline rush you get whenever you play a match of any kind. The kind of experience you get upon playing

Halo – its mix of varied, excellent weapons, the range of devastating and agile vehicles you can use and hijack, the well-structured maps, the intra-team competition, and most of all, those revered headshots – is unprecedented.

As Bungie once mentioned in an interview, “anything can happen in the multiplayer.” It certainly seems so, and with the movie and screenshot functions implemented into the game, you can keep reminding your mates just how badly you beat them. One picture speaks a thousand ownages. So your mate really insists that bullet never hit him, and that somehow the game is cheating him? Find the movie of that

“One picture speaks a thousand ownages”

match, follow the path of the bullet and watch in super-slow-motion as it cuts through his helmet. Then take a picture and send it to him.

Rising through the ranks rapidly since September, I've taken as many screenshots (read: photographs) as I take in real life – in other words, a vast amount – and you can always show them to your mates afterwards and remember just how lucky you were to miss that Spartan Laser, or just how unlucky they were to get stuck by a plasma grenade. You could have been the gunner on a warthog involved in

the Great Flag Run of Valhalla, or the sniper who provided vital cover fire on Last Resort. Maybe you were the one who was at the front of the charge that took that last Territory on Sandtrap. Perhaps you were the guy who happened to Spartan Laser that convoy of vehicles heading right towards you. Or you could just have been the person who got that shotgun spree on High Ground.

You might even be involved in a mutiny. One particular match placed me alongside a horrifyingly annoying pair of gamers: the first was a whiney American twelve year old, who screeched for help every time a bullet whizzed passed his head; the second was a much older, immature imbecile who, despite only have one kill throughout the entire match, continued to remind everyone else how rubbish the rest of the team apparently was. So we all surrounded him and waited for him to lash out physically, thus giving us the perfect excuse to gun him down. We lost the match, but we all gained a moral victory.

My point is that everything you do on Halo 3's multiplayer is different, varied and is a new, thrilling experience every time. Not only is it addictive, but it is incredibly enjoyable. It is essentially the same formula as in Halo 2, but with some new gameplay additions, new weapons, and some awesome new features. The small scale battles are intense; the big team battles are epic – even more so than in 2.

There are some gameplay differences to note: people's weapons are now visible even if they aren't wielding them, so that bastard hiding around the corner may look like he just has a submachine gun, but he's concealing a shotgun too – it is attached to the holster on his back. You are also armed with Equipment now – anti-tank mines, health regenerator clouds, power drains, and best of all, bubble shields: you can step in and out of them, but even if a tank is firing shells at you, nothing will ever get through the impenetrable sphere this device creates.

There are more game types, including VIP, Shotty Snipers, and the fan-created-turned-official Infection mode, where sword-wielding “zombies” attack the dwindling team of humans on large maps. On some settings, the zombies can run as fast as the Mongoose can drive at top speeds, which is genuinely scary if you happen to be the last human remaining. As aforementioned, you can get so many awards now it's ridiculous. I have several Steaktacular Awards, a few Bulltrues, and a Hail to the King. I'll leave you to discover what these mean...if you get them, that is.

It isn't often you can say a tank landed on your head. With the game's Forge mode, wherein you are able to edit everything on a map except the geometry, it is fairly common mid-game to see explosive barrels raining down from the sky, almost complete-

ly-invisible sword-wielding Spartans leaping across the map, and even flying Elephants.

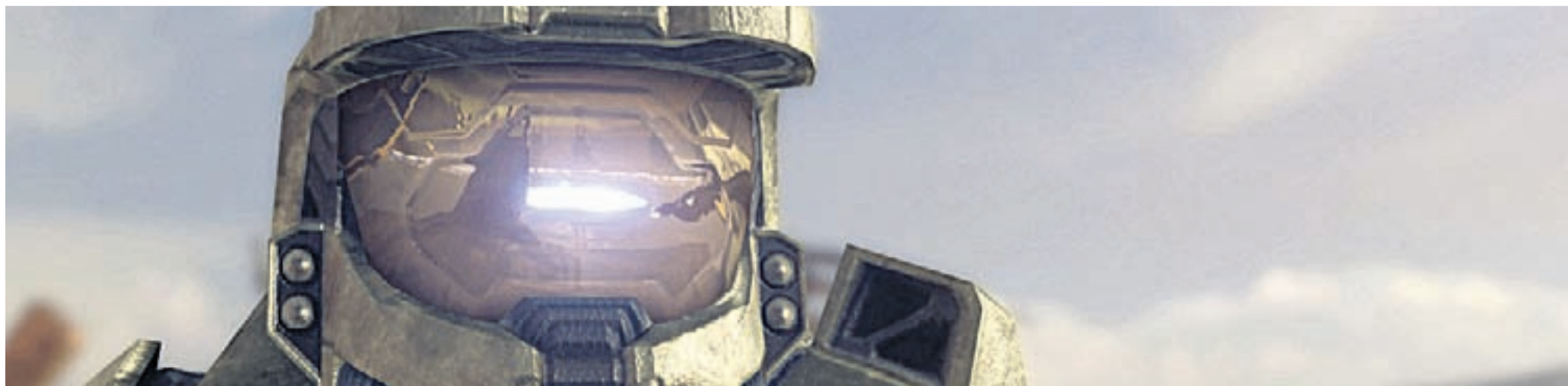
For me, it is all about getting those near-impossible kills. I'm sure all you Halo fans out there will appreciate mid-air headshots, “no-scopes” (killing someone with a sniper without zooming in), sticking a Banshee with a plasma grenade, and so forth. Plus, all this has to be a great way to relieve aggression – you can blast those whiney brats, mow down those foul-mouthed losers, and beat down those that can't play to save their lives. And hey, even if you can't beat them, at least the game lets you quickly mute them!

And so here I am today – a Commander, with over 7,000 recorded kills, with 1/7th of those using a sniper rifle. There are people out there who are higher ranked than I am, and others that I could never hope to beat, but of course this will not stop me trying. In essence, Halo 3's multiplayer is about two things. Firstly, it is trying to better yourself – you will do anything, no matter what it takes, to be the very best, and to gain that next promotion that will lead people to actually show you some respect for once. Secondly, it is, of course, about having a bloody good time, and no game has ever come close to providing his much entertainment. If you haven't already tried, get some mates over, turn on your wireless controllers, and step into this amazing online world.

Oh, and one last note. If you haven't fired a charged Plasma Pistol at a fleeing vehicle, you haven't lived. That is all. See you online – that is, if I haven't scoped you first.



On Live, the party never ends!



And now a friendly message from the Master Chief: Remember kids, only you can prevent noobs from playing on Live. Embarrass them so badly that they don't log in. Ever again

MOTOR BURNS RUBBER AT THE RACEWAY

The C&G Motor Club Committee

After an extremely hectic first week which mainly involved the committee filling out forms and writing large cheques, twenty lucky people descended upon the kart garage at 8:45pm on Wednesday, the 13th of October, to mark the first event of the year; a trip to one of the world's largest indoor kart tracks at The Raceway, at King's Cross. Expectations were high for the night race which was due to start at half past ten, with all 20 karts on track at once for qualifying and two 25 minute races.

Naturally, thinking that several freshers may be late, a rather embarrassed Captain FatSlow was the last to arrive with Lawnmower, but the party was soon moving. After a brief period of confusion which saw the group get split into two on the way to South Kensington station, confidence that we would still have 20 by the time we got to King's Cross diminished slightly... but somehow we all managed to get on the tube with everybody still intact.

The walk from King's Cross was uneventful with the exception of the world cup match between England and France ending while we were on the tube...and French Fry's canned rampage cranked up a notch as England kick their way into another world cup save. There was generally poor lighting to the venue, which looked very much like an abandoned warehouse until we all walked around the back which revealed a rather lavish looking hospitality entrance to The Raceway, decorated with pictures of various famous racing drivers that have floored throttle pedals in anger, including Nigel Mansell, Jenson Button, and Michael Schumacher.

Once signed in our suits were issued, and we walked into the rather large changing rooms, thinking that something about this place was going to be a bit grander than expected. Walking into the race hangar (really, there's no better word for it), we stood wide eyed at a spectacle of twists, turns, long straights, floodlit barriers, and banked corners (yes, banked corners in go-karts!!) that was Europe's longest indoor kart track. After a cheeky chat with the race director, which resulted in some of the names on the timing screen being replaced with our motor club nicknames, we all got out safely on track for our ten minute practice and qualifying session, where our fastest lap would determine our grid position.

The karts were surprisingly good, fast, precise, and most importantly very close to each other in terms of speed. While the freshers got used to the karts, the motor club committee wasted no time setting the track ablaze, and the end of the session saw The Boss on top, followed by Captain FatSlow, Lube Boy, Dr. Jones, French

Fry, Bob the Builder, 2% Lager and Ballerina. After what seemed like an eternity on the forming up lap, the safety kart pulled in for the rolling start and the first race was go!

The Boss got off to a flying start with FatSlow sniffing his exhaust, but unable to pass. Meanwhile, a massive scrap for third through sixth ensued while freshers spun all over the place behind the committee, resulting in yellow flags and bunching the pack up again on just lap three, with the front two kart's small lead destroyed. When racing resumed, Captain FatSlow mys-

"The karts were fast, precise and most importantly close to each other in speed"

teriously got a blue flag to let the kart behind pass despite being on the lead lap! Ignoring it three times before deciding they were signalling for him, he reluctantly got out of the way to let what turned out to be French Fry past...and the three karts behind him as well, cunningly stealing the space FatSlow had left.

This error on the marshals' part made for an interesting race now – despite The Boss driving away out front, FatSlow was now demoted to 6th and had to play catch up. Meanwhile, French

"Fatslow unleashed a can of whoop-ass, setting the fastest lap"

Fry was given a stern looking at as he kept taking his hands off the wheel to signal angrily at the backmarkers.

Meanwhile, Henry, the highest qualifying newcomer in 8th place, had a disastrous start and was in 12th place by lap two, being forced likewise to play catch-up. CJ, starting in 10th, was involved in an interesting coming together and was also demoted to 19th off the start line, which left Arsen, starting in 9th, no time to waste as he took 8th place and held a considerable gap to the crowd behind. Henry was immediately back on the ball, however, as he regained two places by lap three and passed David by the end of lap five to put himself, incredibly, only one place behind where he started the race! Now, however, he was being relentlessly har-



Captain FatSlow intimidates The Boss with his evil stare of doom...or not, since The Boss wasn't paying attention



Altogether now... "VROOOOOM!"

reports on its recent trip to the world's largest indoor kart track in King's Cross



Most of the fugly mugs of the motor club prior to thrashing things around for a few hours

assed by Ballerina, who was plagued with a full-throttle problem on the banked corners during qualifying.

Out front, The Boss was now in cruise and collect mode having made a good ten to fifteen second advantage out of the rest of the field scrapping behind him. Lube Boy and Bob the Builder were furiously scrapping over 4th and 5th places when they slid into the side of each other coming out of turn three, which resulted in the both of them scrubbing off a good 10mph and allowing FatSlow to sneak back into 4th place!

Nearing the end of the race now, Dr. Jones and Captain FatSlow have pulled out a comfortable gap to 5th place and were in the middle of what would go down as a legendary battle, with the two karts swapping positions up to three times a lap! Time and lady luck ran out on FatSlow, however, as Dr. Jones got away just after passing French Fry on the penultimate lap – and Ballerina pulls off a sweet move on Henry to re-claim his pride by joining the committee pack as the chequered flag fell – the order for the first race and thus the starting order for the second race, was The Boss, followed by Dr. Jones, French Fry, Captain FatSlow, Lube Boy, Bob the Builder, 2% Lager, Henry, Ballerina, and Arsen.

After a very quick five minute break, the karts were out on the grid once again, unfortunately minus one fresher who fell ill in the previous race after the intense session (a lot of us were close to feeling that way too!). Now, however, the Boss was hoping to cement his domination of the event so far, while Dr. Jones was finally in a

position to properly challenge for the crown. French Fry was strategising about holding off FatSlow, who had something to prove after being wrongly blue flagged (or just because he's fat) in the first race. Henry was looking to put his authority on fastest newcomer but would be heavily hounded by Arsen, David and C.J.

After a strong start, on lap six, insult was added to the injury (what a

“Post-race it was revealed that the entire committee was disqualified for being too fast”

packed evening!) of Captain FatSlow who started waving his arms about in the air as his kart ground to a halt – as there was no more fuel left to carry his bulk around the track! He was stranded for three laps before being given a new kart that, which was lovingly described by FatSlow later: “I had to double my braking distances because there were no brakes, and every time I was tailing someone I was almost bound to hit them under braking. I also couldn't turn left and the tyres squealed even on the flat out banked corners, which was rather scary...but DAMN it had a good engine!”

He was put back into position in the race so that he was not three laps behind everyone else, and proceeded to unleash a can of whoop-ass as his anger

blazed the track, setting the fastest lap of everybody on the night in the process...and then he came across Ballerina. The instantly recognisable bright red suit was the victim of red mist, as going into the long right hander of turn four, FatSlow dived on the inside as Ballerina was nursing his racing line, unaware of the kart nearly pulling alongside. The resulting collision caused Ballerina to spin, and earned the Captain a one-more-time-and-you're-out look from the marshals as he cursed himself for making the error.

Elsewhere, The Boss' advantage from the first race looked to be in tatters as he was hounded for several laps by both Dr. Jones and French Fry, the former passing him by daring to out-brake into turn five and having French Fry cheekily follow suit. The following lap, however, French Fry took the fight to Dr. Jones through the hairpins onto the second banked corner, hugging the inside line and drawing alongside. The result was both karts side by side for fifteen seconds all the way into the first corner, where French Fry held his nerve and went on to take position, barely before the chequered flag came out!

At the end of the race, therefore, French Fry stood victorious from Dr. Jones and The Boss, with Lube Boy, Captain FatSlow, 2% Lager and Ballerina just ahead of Henry who was once again 8th, pride of the comers. Post-race,

it was revealed that the entire committee and The Boss were all disqualified for driving too fast, having too much experience, and generally annoying the marshals with repeated requests for blue flags, so the prizes were left to the first time karters.

Climbing onto the bottom step of the podium was David, finishing 11th overall, who received a wonderfully crisp copy of WOMEN'S WEEKLY with his four pack of Carling and trophy. Finishing 10th overall just in front of him was C.J., receiving the latest issue of FHM and a four pack of Fosters, while the winner, finishing 8th overall in front of some of the committee (!), was Henry, proudly taking home a copy of NUTS magazine to accompany his four pack of Stella. Unfortunately for Henry, his girlfriend accompanied him on the trip, and was seen with the magazine, presumably for 'safe-keeping', on the walk back to the station.

Fun was most definitely had by all, and unfortunately there was no party afterwards as everybody was so tired! The kart club's first trip to the infamous Tilbury track (where we take our own fleet of ridiculously fast go-karts!) was next Saturday, however, and much needed to be fixed on the Wednesday afternoon preceeding.

If you are interested in joining the motor club, learning how to fix karts, playing with our own rebuilt racing mini, driving (safely) fast, and participating in the British Universities Karting Championship, please don't hesitate to pop down to the motor club garage, on Unwin Road in between the Civil and Mechanical engineering buildings, at 1pm every Wednesday. You can contact us for a map or with any questions you may have at motor@imperial.ac.uk.



The three fastest newcomers to the motor club receive their breast oriented prizes



Wordoku 1,387

				E		Q	T
			Q			U	E
	Q	U			I	N	
A				Q	N		
I			S	E			Q
		T	N				O
	I		O		E	S	
U	N			T			
O	E			S			

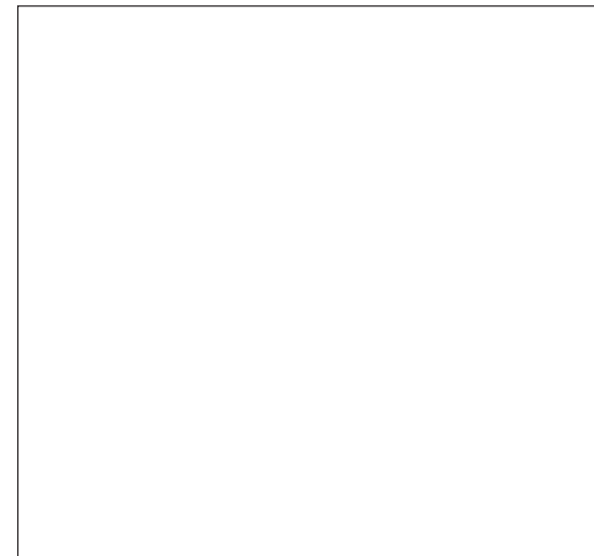
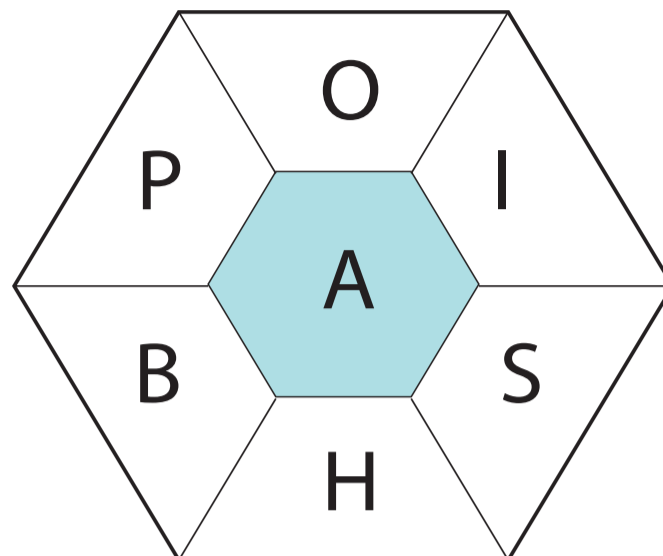
Solution to 1,386

G	S	K	U	W	Y	A	F	E
U	E	F	K	A	S	G	Y	W
Y	W	A	F	G	E	K	U	S
F	K	Y	W	S	G	E	A	U
A	G	S	E	Y	U	W	K	F
W	U	E	A	F	K	S	G	Y
K	A	W	Y	E	F	U	S	G
E	F	G	S	U	A	Y	W	K
S	Y	U	G	K	W	F	E	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 1,386 was **Alan Chu**. The hidden phrase was "GUY FAWKES".

The Polygon of Erotic Exhilaration



How to rate yourself:

Under 4 words: I can't believe out of 500 million sperm you were the fastest. You are out of your depth in your own smut puddle.

4 - 7 words: It's sad that you are depriving some poor village of an idiot.

8 - 10 words: So nearly there...

11 or more words: You lover of linguistics, worshipper of words, o giant of grammatica.

Last week's solution:

The two letter word was:

BREASTS

Congratulations if have got breasts.

Other words included:

abet, abets, arts, assert, asset, aster, asters, barest, basest, basset, bast, baste, bastes, basts, bate, bates, bats, beast, beasts, beat, beats, best, bests, beta, betas, bets, brat, brats, breast, east, easts, eats, rate, rates,

rate, rest, rests, rets, sate, sates, seat, seats, seta, sets, stab, stabs, star, stare, stares, stars, tabes, tabs, tare, tares, tars, tasse, tear, tears, teas, tress, tsar, tsars

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.

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



Aquarius

You decide to climb through the hole in your office ceiling where there's a tile panel missing. Following the piping

leads to a cave. You're just able to squeeze into the dank space where you're greeted by six very surprised little monkeys. Thanks to your lunchtime Russian lessons you're able communicate easily with them, even managing to ask for sugar with your Coca Cola.



Taurus

This week you're let loose on the news pages. Somehow you manage to come up with a story yourself and flesh

out another one culminating in around 2000 BC Wordsworth. I once lived BC. It was a dull time you know. Most people had beards and Shockwaves hadn't invented their Ultra Hold formula yet so people wandered around with such lifeless hair. Tsk.



Leo

Showers exist in the Union! Hurrah! Of course, I'm not going to tell you where they are otherwise you might come

and interfere with my downstairs mix up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Sorry about that. Likewise, I'm not going to tell you about the secret doorway I found in the Blakett building this week, either. The Holy Grail is somewhere in Greenland though – you can have that one.



Scorpio

So... Super Mario Galaxy is out today. What the hell are you doing reading this horoscope?

Unless you skipped straight here, you've probably read a large proportion of this paper too, meaning you've wasted even more time not buying the greatest game ever since Mario 64. Well, quite possibly. I can feel it in my water. Or something. Is that pregnant women who do that?



Pisces

My favourite kind of Turkish rug is one of those ones which has a rectangle going all the way around it. They're

brilliant for playing pretend football on with your Boglins. Making sound effects too really heightens the action. "Puttt... putt... GOAL!" One time, the fire place crackled and a spark leapt out and struck my temple. Now look at me. I'm a mess.



Gemini

Personally I feel the intake of new equity is going to drastically reduce our creditor N-CAP rating thus reducing

the annual governance. It is tantamount to paramount that this situation is avoided if we are to avert a crisis of consultant analytical proportions whilst maintaining a rise in hedge funds that increase capacity flow by two hundred and eighty three hundred percent.



Virgo

This week you look through a guide to Vietnam. Vietnam sounds like a lovely place to go to. However, you're

mummy wants to go to Malaysia, or Borneo at least. You're not against this idea but Vietnam sounds particularly beautiful. At the weekend you'll try and decide where you're going to go otherwise you'll stab your mum in the groin with a fish knife.



Sagittarius

The rumour mill is really turning this week bird watchers. In the red corner we have Albino Andrew and in the blue

corner we have Mike Cook. The showdown is pencilled in to begin next Wednesday. Be there or be square, like the shape of a boxing ring. There's going to be blood, juice, tears and most definitely little babies whirling round in blenders. Ok... bye then.



Aries

During the night your bedroom begins to shrink. Oddly enough it's not painful when you wake up the

next day enclosed in a small box. Luckily your head managed to poke out through the door and your feet through the window. Going to the salle du bains though... bad luck I'm afraid.



Cancer

This week you step off your bicycle slightly too quickly and your shin shatters beneath you. How unfortunate.

Seizing an ideal opportunity, a bicycle thief who happens to be walking by attempts to steal your bike. You spear him with the remains of your splintered leg.



Libra

Ten down, two to go. I think this calls for a montage before the final act of committing literary nonsense to paper.

Er... montage... that might be tough to do with words. How about a collage? That's near enough: xopxxxxxopxxxxxopoooxoxoxoxoxppppxoxoooxoxpppxoxooxoxooxoxo



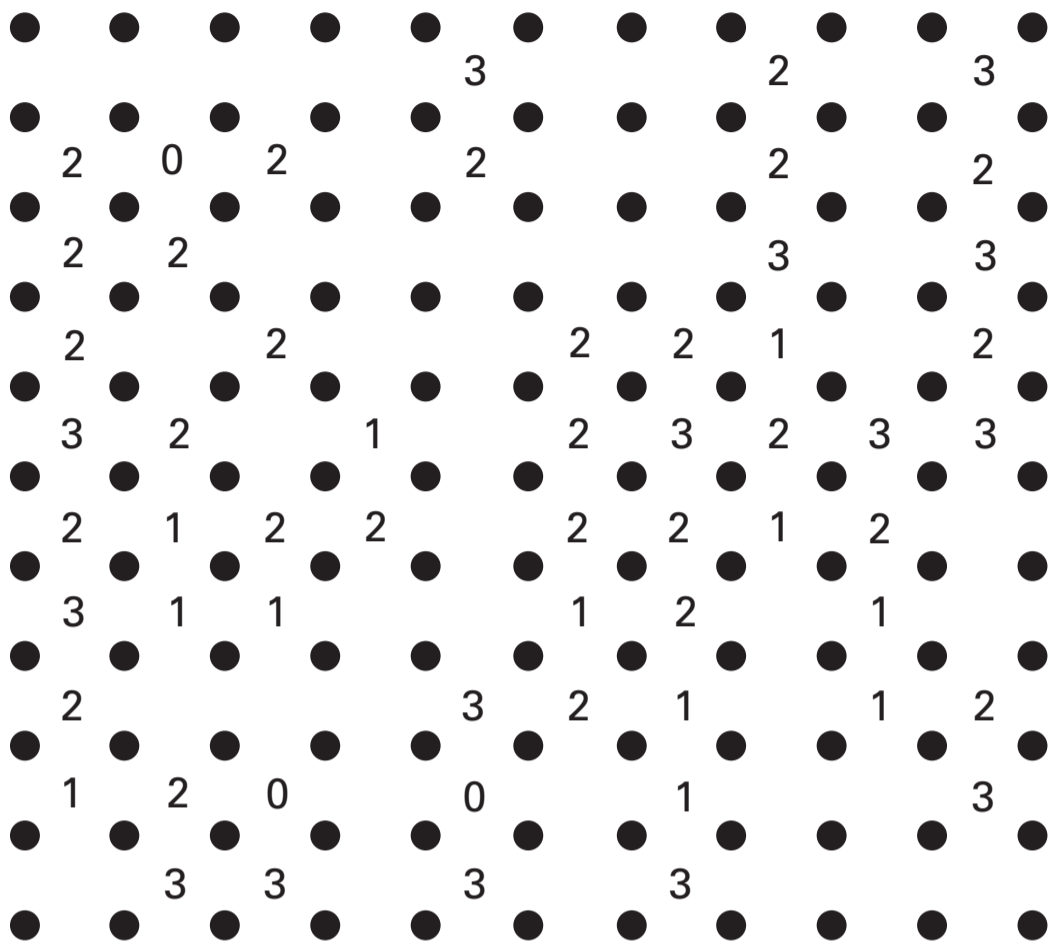
Capricorn

So, I've resisted this far but it's time to unleash the "What does this symbol resemble?" horoscope. Quite

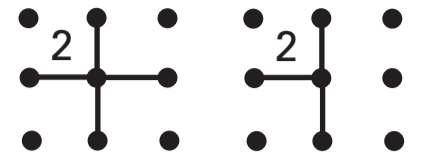
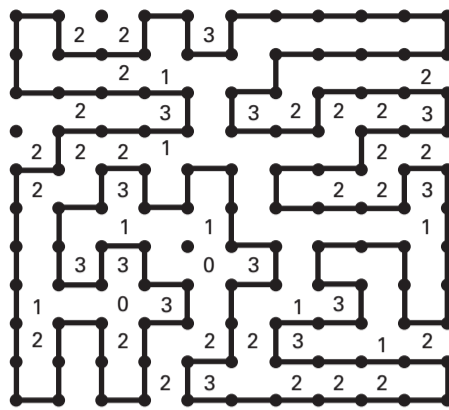
clearly its a man diving into a swimming pool. Rotating it 90 degrees anti-clockwise makes it look like someone driving a car with no steering wheel! Hehe! SNARF SNARF!

Slitherlink 1,387

Slitherlink 8 – Easy



Answer for Slitherlink 7



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.

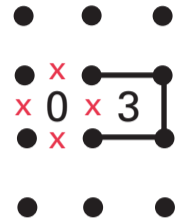
The object of the game is to draw lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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

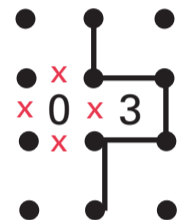


Cells which don't contain a number can be surrounded by any number of lines.

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: A Cautionary Tale(or)

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.

Last week a certain ACC Chairman tried to pull five girls in the Union. He failed on every attempt. On which days did he pounce on each victim, what was her name, what chat up line did he use and what was the result?

- The girl who threw her snakebite over him was responding to "Fancy a shag?".
- He tried to pull Ingrid (unsuccessfully) later in the week than he tried to pull Gertie, but one day earlier in the week than on the day in which he

- tried to woo Bessie (who he didn't ask "Fancy a shag?").
- Amanda laughed at him when he asked "Is it hot in here, or is it you?". This was earlier in the week than the day he tried to get into Madge's knickers.

- The girl who vomited on him probably didn't even hear him say "When they made the alphabet, they should have put U and I together", the day after Gertie refused him by slapping him.
- He asked "Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?" on Tuesday.



07980 148 785

TEXT US. WE'RE LONELY IN OUR BASEMENT

This week's texts:

"To the girl with the long blonde hair: I saw you in the JCR on Tuesday. You were wearing a green coat which emphasised your beautiful eyes. I was the guy with the hoodie. You smiled at me. Fancy a drink?"

"Third year physics boy, always sits on the second row with the blue jacket: get some deodorant."

"MSC student in Aero, please stop chewing bubble gum in lectures."

"I met a guy in the Union on Wednesday: I was wearing the blue top, and he bought me a drink. Felix has my phone number: text me!"

"Dr Galvanetto: we love you!"

"Happy Birthday Chrisie, from the Pickles! X"

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

	AMANDA	MADGE	GERTIE	INGRID	BESSIE	The only thing I want between us is latex!	Alphabet: U and I together	Is it hot in here or is it you?	Fancy a shag?	Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?	LAUGHED	VOMITED	SLAPPED	THREW DRINK	IGNORED
MONDAY															
TUESDAY															
WEDNESDAY															
THURSDAY															
FRIDAY															
LAUGHED															
VOMITED															
SLAPPED															
THREW DRINK															
IGNORED															
The only thing I want between us is latex!															
Alphabet: U and I together															
Is it hot in here or is it you?															
Fancy a shag?															
Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?															

Last Week's Solution:

Adam	Jessica	Beer	Lone
Matt	Jane	Gin and Tonic	Masturbation
Tom	Sarah	Snakebite	New Relationship
John	Marcia	Cider	Vomited Copiously
Chris	Louise	Ale	Stayed at hers
			Threesome

Fencing 2nds still unbeaten

Fencing

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

Maurice Berk

Imperial Men's 2nd Fencing team extended their unbeaten start to the season to three matches by demolishing an under-strength Royal Holloway 1st side.

Things immediately looked promising when Royal Holloway arrived with only three fencers. As has become tradition this season, sabre was fenced first, with Luka Lukic given the all important anchor position after his stunning performance last week. He didn't disappoint, romping to a 5 – 2 victory over his first opponent and setting the tone for the rest of the match. Team captain Maurice Berk struggled against the opposing captain in his first contest, going down to a 5 – 6 defeat but still leaving Imperial in the lead. Will Hoy found himself on the right side of another close score-line, winning his first match 5 – 4. Maurice continued to struggle, surrendering Imperial's lead as he suffered a heavy 4 – 8 defeat at the hands of his second opponent, but Luka quickly recovered it with a 6 – 0 victory. Will had a second close match, again winning 5 – 4 before Maurice redeemed himself with a 5 – 1 victory over his final opponent. With Will and Luka winning their final matches 5 – 2 and 5 – 0 respectively, sabre finished with Imperial enjoying a commanding lead at 45 – 27.

Foil was up next and Nathan Blundell got things off to a great start with a 5 – 0 victory in his first match. New man Alex Bishop, in for the absent Ez Hassan, continued Imperial's winning ways by brushing aside his opponent 5 – 3. Noris Lo made it three from three with another excellent 5 – 2 win. The rest of the weapon continued in this vein, with the second round of matches being won 5 – 0, 5 – 1 and 5 – 2 by Alex,

Nathan and Norris respectively. Royal Holloway were simply outclassed as Alex won his final match 5 – 2, Norris romped to a 5 – 0 victory and Nathan saw off his opponent 5 – 2. With the scores at 90 – 41 before going into épée, Imperial had already won, with pride the only thing left to play for.

Luka kicked épée off with another assured 5 – 4 victory against his first opponent. Maurice struggled to a 2 – 5 defeat while Alex won his first match 7 – 5, leaving Imperial a point behind in that weapon. Maurice did better against his second opponent, winning 6 – 4, while Luka won his second match 5 – 2 and Alex drew his 5 – 5.

Maurice then elected to sub himself off for Nathan who was keen to give épée a go. He proved to be a roaring success, quickly developing a unique kamikaze style of fencing whereby he dramatically launched himself at his opponent with deadly accuracy. His opponent, faced with such a vicious onslaught, slumped to a 5 – 1 defeat. Similarly, Alex and Luka both won their final matches 5 – 1 to wrap up yet another Imperial victory. 'Man of the Match' goes to Alex for his excellent debut.

Imperial travel to rock-bottom Portsmouth next week, as they aim to take another giant step towards winning the league.



Nathan and his kamikaze style of fencing

Worst win we've ever had!

Rugby

Middlesex Men's 1st	7
Imperial Men's 1st	25



Jovan Nedić Sports Editor

One minute and twenty seconds, that's how long it took Imperial's 1st XV to score against bottom of the league Middlesex. Second row Tom Zeal charged down a kick from the Middlesex fly-half and then managed to scoop the ball up and score the opening try. It seemed that this was going to be an easy day, and this thought was definitely embedded in everyone's mind when the ball was gracefully passed along the line to the other second row Bo Sasegbon who scored the second try 5 minutes later.

It was at this point that the side began to get complacent, especially in the forwards. Players were waiting in the attacking line, ready for their chance of glory and to seal a dramatic victory. However this was not going to be as Middlesex realised what Imperial were us to and decided to show them what they could do. And this was achieved

with a converted try right before the end of the first half.

Imperial had something to prove, they were not showing signs of a team who were top of the table, and after some stern words from the coach, captain and vice-captain, Imperial had to get out of their complacent groove. Changes were made with flanker Nick Johnstone being brought on, only to do a massive tackle, then throw up and have to be taken off after only 5 minutes, hence earning himself the title of Twat of the Match.

But the side was slowly beginning to get back into their style of play, with prop Terry Addo (the other Twat of the Match) putting in some big American football style hits. Centre James Fletcher, showing his strength and skill, managed to put a huge hit on the Middlesex winger from a high ball, only for the referee to give a penalty for a 'high' tackle. Tom Carroll seemed to be the only consistent player on the pitch, always running with intensity and tackling with aggression, thus rightly earning himself the Man of the Match title.

Eventually Imperial got back to the level they had at the start of the game and flanker James Pettit scored the final try to leave the score at 25 – 7 at the full time whistle.



Imperial's backs attempting another attack on the Middlesex line

Fixtures and Results

in association with Sports Partnership



Saturday 3rd November

Football – ULU

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

Monday 12th November

Basketball – ULU

King's Men's 1st	62
ICU Men's 1st	81

ICU Women's 1st	N/A
School of Pharmacy 1st	N/A

Netball – ULU

King's Medicals 4th	16
ICU 2nd	9
ULU 4th	31
ICU 3rd	11

Squash – ULU

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

ICU Men's 3rd	4
King's College Men's 3rd	1

UCL Women's 1st	N/A
ICU Women's 1st	N/A

Waterpolo – ULU

ICU 1st	9
King's 1st	7

Wednesday 14th November

Badminton

ICU Men's 1st	3
UCL Men's 1st	5

Brunel Men's 2nd	8
ICU Men's 2nd	0

Cardiff University Women's 1st	6
ICU Women's 1st	2

Basketball

ICU Men's 1st	N/A
Reading Men's 1st	N/A

Fencing

Portsmouth Men's 1st	116
ICU Men's 2nd	134

Football

Reading Men's 2nd	0
ICU Men's 1st	3

ICU Men's 3rd	3
Reading Men's 5th	4

ICU Men's 4th (ULU)	2
Royal Veterinary College Men's 1st (ULU)	3

ICU Men's 5th (ULU)	3
St. Barts & Royal London Men's 2nd (ULU)	3

ICU Men's 6th (ULU)	3
ICU Men's 7th (ULU)	2

ICU Women's 1st	1
Uni. of Bedfordshire (Luton) Women's 1st	1

Hockey

St. Mary's UC Men's 1st	6
ICU Men's 1st	1

Canterbury Christ Church Men's 2nd	5
ICU Men's 2nd	3

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

St. George's Hospital Men's 2nd	5
ICU Men's 4th	1

ICU Women's 1st	3
Kingston Women's 1st	2

ICU Women's 2nd	2
Buckinghamshire Chilterns Women's 1st	0

Lacrosse

ICU Women's 1st	16
Portsmouth Women's 1st	1

Netball

ICU 1st	52
Queen Mary's 1st	34

ICU 2nd	11
University of the Arts 2nd	13

Rugby Union

Middlesex Men's 1st	7
ICU Men's 1st	25

ICU Men's 2nd	39
Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	0

Imperial Medicals Men's 3rd	24
ICU Men's 3rd	31

ICU Men's SESSA XV	0
Universities at Medway Men's SESSA XV	53

Squash

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

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

City University Men's 1st	N/A
ICU Men's 3rd	N/A

ICU Women's 1st	N/A
Reading Women's 1st	N/A

Tennis

London Metropolitan Men's 2nd	10
ICU Men's 1st	0

University of Chichester Men's 1st	3
ICU Men's 2nd	7

Reading Women's 1st	2
ICU Women's 1st	8

Saturday 17th November

Football – ULU

ICU Men's 1st v LSE Men's 3rd	31
ICU Men's 2nd v Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	0
UCL Men's 5th v ICU Men's 4th	0
RUMS Men's 2nd v ICU Men's 5th	0
RUMS Men's 4th v ICU Men's 6th	0
ICU Men's 7th v LSE Men's 6th	0

Fencing

ICU Women's 1st v Cambridge Women's 1st	1
ICU Women's 1st v Bristol Women's 1st	1
ICU Women's 1st v Bath Women's 1st	1
ICU Women's 1st v Oxford Women's 1st	1

IC Women's mighty 8 seal first win of season

Football

L'OREAL
PARIS

RUMS Women's 1st	0
Imperial Women's 1st	1

Emma Brett

With three last-minute drop-outs for the BUSA match against RUMS, IC Women's Football were "reliving the glory days" (as one of the more senior members put it), by only managing to field a team of 8 girls. Typically, RUMS had a full team with two substitutes. The formation for the day was 3-4 and the general tactic was to defend, defend and defend in hopes of a draw.

The first half began with winds of the "balls-kicked-into-the-air-aren't-going-to-go-very-far" type against IC. All eight players in the IC half tried to look as big as possible to the advancing RUMS, who were all for exploiting IC's setback.

RUMS began by attacking heavily, with clever touches from one or two of their players to get the hearts of the IC players racing. Often the RUMS half was left undefended and counter attacks led by the infamous Pavidra were fairly successful, resulting in a number of corners. At the time, corners seemed like the only way IC might actually be able to score. Unfortunately there was only so much four or five players can do against eleven defending and the corners surmounted to nothing for most of the time.

The IC backline played the offside trap well, causing the overzealous referee to have a field day with his whistle calling, frequently calling RUMS offside. With about fifteen minutes left to the first half, Ms. Larice had proven

that if you are, in fact that good, you only need one player to be the backline. This gave IC the chance to push up and mount more serious attacks that were actually worth immortalising in type. With Kate and Emma providing even more support for the midfield/forwards on the wings, RUMS were being stretched at the back and plays were made but most ended with anti-climatic shots off target. RUMS keeper's first real challenge was presented when Yoke produced a beautiful, orgasmic cross into the box, which landed perfectly at Cheryl's feet. Unfortunately, she made a mess of it and hit it straight into the keeper, which was a waste.

The highlight of the first half, and what was to be "The Highlight" of the whole game, was IC keeper Emily's save (worthy of 'Match of The Day'). RUMS had taken a powerful shot from just outside the box and it was heading for the top left hand corner of the goal, leaving the IC team unable to do much else but watch. However, Emily made a spectacular dive and just managed to get a touch on the ball with her fingertips to send it out for a corner. Because of her, IC quite happily ended the first half with a 0-0 score line and a fighting chance.

When the second half started, IC were in the driving seat (even with the two RUMS substitutes being brought on) and were beginning to look more like the team who were undefeated last season. Within seconds, IC was already down in the RUMS' penalty box giving their backline a run for their money.

With the captain screaming encouragement and a couple of threats to her team, RUMS finally made a push and bore down on the IC goal. A couple of awkward bounces from the ball and miscommunication in the IC defence,



The ladies football team posing after their win against RUMS

caused one of the defenders to collide with the goalkeeper, leaving the goal wide open for a scary second. Fortunately, Kate charged in to take care of everything, kicking the ball out for a throw-in.

Frustration began to set in for RUMS as the clock wore on. IC's Lily took quite a few pushes which aggravated a sustained injury, but she still soldiered on, as did Emma, despite having been viciously stomped on. With exhaustion setting in and tensions running high, it looked as though this match was well

on its way to ending in a draw. But, as fate would have it, there was still a goal to be scored.

With fifteen minutes left until full time, Cheryl netted her first goal for IC. In an attempt to keep the ball from going out for a goal kick, Cheryl managed to get around a RUMS defender, who was chasing the ball out, and she stretched out with her right leg to smack the ball back towards the goal, just as it was inches away from the backline. The RUMS keeper was left rooted and the ball flew along the

ground, past the defence before hitting the far post and crossing the line. And in true Cheryl fashion, she had lost her balance and had watched the events unfold whilst lying flat on her back in the grass. 1-0 to IC!

Heavy defending followed to protect the precious lead but still, it did not stop Pavidra from leading charges into the RUMS' half with her lightning feet.

Finally, the whistle blew and a very tired IC side celebrated their unlikely, but definitely well-earned victory. Bring on the next match.

Close but no cigar for IC fencing

Imperial Men's 1st Fencers lose out to Southampton 1st in a tight battle

Fencing

Imperial Men's 1st	119
Southampton Men's 1st	124

Chris Gilliam

After the setback of the first match, last week was crunch time for the Men's 1st Fencing team as they needed nothing less than a win to keep their chances of being promoted alive (and to stop the gloating from the men's 2nd team). This chance came in the form of a home match against Southampton men's 1st.

Like the previous match, foil was the first weapon to be contested and following the slightly under par performance the week before, there was a large amount of pressure on them to step it up a gear. With this in mind, the captain decided that a change was required in the anchor position (the most important position in the team). However, contrary to all advice given to him, instead of putting himself as anchor he chose Nathan (much to Nathan's

disappointment). Unfortunately this change did not have the desired affect and foil ended with a deficit of 11 hits in favour of Southampton.

Next up was epee to salvage the mess the foil team had created, and after a rocky start (mentioning no names-Ed!) Imperial started to make up the deficit. In particular, Sjoerd's stunning individual performance, handing out 7 unanswered hits, to gain the 'Man of the Match' award. Consequently, by the time the epee team had worked their magic the scores were level, at 79 hits a piece.

The last weapon of the contest was sabre, bearing the hopes of the team (especially the under-performing foilists). Once again, they did not get the perfect start everyone wanted however with an excellent comeback, Alex steered the team into the lead so that going into the final bout Imperial led in sabre (and overall) by 2 hits.

Thus after 26 bouts of fencing, the whole match came down to the 27th and final bout. Things were not meant to be and we lost by a narrow margin of 5 hits. Yet again leaving only the trip to the bar as consolation.

How protein helps in sports performance

Ben Richens

So what's your sport? At Imperial we have a very wide range of sports people playing in teams from badminton to football and rugby to volleyball- do you know what they all have in common? Well they all, in their own unique way, place great demands on the body and in order to improve your sports performance it's crucial to recover. Getting the right amount of food is essential to this recovery process.

So what are these demands? Well for example, the impact of nine times your body weight is taken by your legs when you run at high speeds; or during a golf swing, up to 90% of the shear force it can take to cause serious injury in the spinal column, can occur. These demands aren't just limited to high performing athletes. Whether you work out at the gym, like to run around Hyde Park or do nothing at all, your body needs the correct amount and ratio of macronutrients (carbohydrates, fat and protein) just to stay alive!

This week's lesson is on protein. When this word comes up, people's minds often conjure up images of a muscle-bound bodybuilder shovelling heaps of a suspicious looking powder into a container after a workout in the gym. Let's get away from this misconception. As I mentioned above, no matter what your sport is, or even if you don't play any sport, getting the right amount of protein is very important.

Protein translated from Latin means

'first' or 'primary importance' and when it is digested it is broken down into amino acids. These acids have a number of functions in the body but what we'll concentrate on in this article is their role in muscle tissue repair. Sources of protein are all around us. Below is a list of common foods containing protein and whilst it is not a full list, it gives you a general idea;

Beef, turkey, chicken, ham, fish, spinach, tuna, nuts, eggs, dairy products (milk, cheese) as well as protein supplements (more about these in a moment).

Other foods will have a certain degree of protein in them as well. For example, wholemeal bread contains 5-6 grams per slice so getting your quota of protein isn't all about gorging on mounds of meat - variety is best when picking your sources of protein.

So on to the subject of supplements, a much discussed topic - what to take, how much, when to take it and how often - these will be explored in a future article. For now, let's take a step back - is the food we are eating good enough to start with? Remember, supplements are just as the name suggests - supplementing what we eat already. So let's sort the basics out first, and then we can think about supplements.

A good guide to eating the right amount of protein is to aim for around 0.8-1.5 grams of protein per kg of bodyweight per day. So, a 60kg female footballer would need around the 60g mark of protein per day, spread evenly

through the meals of the day. This is just an example and will change depending on your activity level and other factors. Consult a member of the Energia team about this if you are unsure.

Playing sport puts various intense demands on your body- sprinting, passing, catching, shooting and tackling etc. Getting the right amount of protein is essential if you want to perform at your best.



Natural vs. Manufactured- are you using them the right way?

Best loss ever for Men's 1st!

Table Tennis

Imperial Men's 1st	6
London Met. Men's 1st	11

Michael Sathyendran

I'd like to start by saying that this was probably the most satisfactory defeat we'll have, if such a thing exists. Don't get me wrong, we're disappointed to have lost but sometimes you just have to admit that the other team was better (or half of their team was better, in this case). UCL, a team who we narrowly lost to, were 'spanked' 15-2 by London Met in the opening week, so we knew we were going to have a tough night. Daniel Andersson was drafted in to an already strong Imperial team consisting of Wei Lun, Kevin and Gaetan. Our opponents boasted a Number 1 and 2 pairing of Zhi Tao Jiang and Hong Ming Zhang. The former plays for the top team in the British Premier League, and according to the IC players who played, the latter is better than him. So yeah, they're good.

Incidentally I was umpiring some of the Girls' matches against Middlesex at the time, which is something you naturally look forward to. Indeed, I noticed fellow IC Table Tennis member/spectator, Jerry, rush over at the first opportunity to umpire Anusha's match with Egle Adomelyte of Middlesex... even though they were already 3 sets in. But I found myself getting more distracted by the play from London Met's Chinese duo on the other tables – and that's saying a lot. They came, played 9 games between them (including a doubles) without dropping a set, and left. They're completely out of our league (we'll leave England's top players to handle them in the future, although



Smash

even they would probably struggle) and they single-handedly won the game for their team.

However, when they were gone, the "competitive" match got going. Gaetan won Imperial's first sets of the day (!) but it was not enough, as he lost an absorbing encounter with Sampson Reid, going down 11-8 in the final set. Wei Lun also lost out to Sampson (3-1), but at one stage looked to be taking the game into a decider, only to fall 11-9 in the 4th. Kevin had fewer problems with him though, to record a 3-1 victory. Mert Kirteler proved a much easier assignment for the IC players as all beat him comfortably in straight sets. The last match of the night was between Daniel and Sampson. Daniel got off to a flying start taking the first two sets with much ease but possibly due to a lack of concentration, was pegged back to 2-2. It is important to regain your composure in these situations, especially when your opponent

is growing in confidence and picking up a head of steam. In fact, I think Sampson was even growling between winning points! Yes, that's right, making audible growling sounds, much to the amusement (and bemusement) of those watching. He seems very tame off the court, though, I can assure you. Daniel took little notice of this and went back to the kind of play that gave him the lead, dominating rallies close to the table and again taking the set comfortably to win 3-2.

It was a nice end to a difficult match. It would have been easy to get disheartened when staring down a 9-0 deficit with the match already lost, but we showed great determination to take 6 of the next 8 rubbers. As long as they keep the same team, no one will get close to London Met this season, and few will manage to take 6 games off them. We can take many positives out of this match and look forward to what will hopefully be a successful season!

Miner socs go paintballing

Jon Downing

In its second year, the annual paintballing competition between Materials and Geology is quickly becoming a tradition. Four geologists and a token physicist joined 25 material scientists at 7.30am in the union. A disappointing turn out amongst Geology was mainly driven by a mass field trip the following weekend. This prompted Steph, the De La Beche President, to proclaim that they would have lost the match anyway.

With the teams being pre-decided by Post, who listed everyone he wanted to shoot in one column and everyone he didn't mind hitting in crossfire in the other column, we boarded our coach to Croydon. Upon arrival we donned our camo gear, face masks and helmets and proceeded to wage war. In one corner, the white team crowded behind green meshing, in the other the blue team hauled up on the ramparts of a wooden castle. Blows were exchanged; I was shot in the face. A subsequent sound on the whistle stopped the game showing a triumphant white player, flag in hand. Defend and then attack – our turn. I quickly realised how little accuracy paintball guns have. It's a matter-of-the-numbers game – get close and hope one shot finds its target. Having been shot out before time again, our team knew we were up against an experienced foe, especially Kevin who

deemed himself good enough to paintball in a T-shirt.

The next round was speedball, a small, manic area – where we again got trashed. The third stage inventively called barrels, allowed some more tactical play by the blues, who eventually got some FIT points! That's Flag-In-Transit, not Fitty-In-Team as one might expect.

Lunch was provided by Pizza Hut who, it seems, make the best margherita pizzas ever. The hungry students quickly finished off 15 or so in order to make it out for the last two stages of the day, village and bunker. The white team performed well in the village and managed to increase their point mar-

gin. Good use of smoke grenades in the bunker stage gave sufficient cover for both teams to grab the flag in their attempts.

A grand-prix-esque celebration featuring a magnum of champagne was thrown for the winning team. This confused pseudo-fresher Borja, thinking that the alcohol was for consuming, he tried to neck it before being reminded that it was for spraying. The best bruise went to Chumley but on later inspection, probably should have been awarded to Hanyan for the huge one on her arm. An awesome trip, thanks to everyone for coming.

Overall a win for Materials! Better luck next time Geology!



Splat! (I couldn't fill the whole page so I had to use a random picture!)

News in brief

Sportsman Spotlight

Hannah Bryars – Fencing



Achievements:

At county level I became Cornwall Sabre Champion in 2006, whilst at a national level I have been ranked 1st in Great Britain at U17 and U20 levels in 2001/02. At the Commonwealth Games, we won the Team Silver Medal and in 2006 I became BUSA Women's Foil Champion and IDEA League Winner for the team event.

Aspirations:

To win a Commonwealth gold medal, consistently win the big British competitions and to win the BUSA Premier League with Imperial

Personal Details:

Age: 20

Course: *Medicine*

Year: 2

Sport: *Fencing*

Highest Senior GB Ranking: *3rd*

Representative Honours:

I have been fortunate to have gained several caps at various levels. At county level, I have had 2 caps for Cornwall, whilst at a national level, I have represented Scotland at U16 and U18, captaining the side three times. I have also taken part in the U17 and U20 World Championships and have also competed in the Commonwealth Games.

BUSA:

Being a part of the Imperial team that got promoted to the Premier League last year was absolutely brilliant. We were undefeated in the SE Conference and lost out narrowly to Cambridge in the Cup competition. This year we have ambitions to make a mark in our new league and ensure that we remain there for next year. To round off a successful season, we joined forces with the men's team to take on universities in Europe in the IDEA league and were the winners of the tournament.

New pink cricket balls

Jovan Nedić Sports Editor

The MCC have set Imperial College scientists the task of making new cricket balls pink over the coming winter. The reasoning behind this is that pink is better to spot than the traditional red ball during day matches, as well as easier to see than the white balls for night games. It is suggested that the pink balls will give the batsman an extra fraction of a second to spot the ball, however bowlers will probably be thinking that this takes the edge away from their bowling.

Apparently, the challenge with the

cricket balls is for them to retain their colour after being whacked several times. It is this that the scientists will be working on, more specifically figuring out a way to impregnate the ball with the colour and then stopping the grass discolouring it.

To begin with, the ball will be used at university level and second XI matches at the start of next season. The eventual aim is for the balls to be used in Twenty-20 matches and then one-day internationals.

Previously, orange balls were considered but they were hard to see on television. Hopefully the pink one will be better for both the teams and the television.

Imperial Team of the Week



Tennis Men's 2nd

This week, *Sports Partnership* along with *Felix Sport* have chosen the Tennis Men's 2nd team as their 'Team of the Week'.

The team has had a great start to the season – comfortably beating all their opponents so far, which has

seen them rise to joint first in the Felix Sports League.

The winning streak continued this week with a great win against Chichester Men's 1st, and it will hopefully continue for weeks to come.

Great result guys.

Strapping up the thumb



Hannah Barr
Energia Fitness Instructor

A thumb sprain is a partial tearing of the ulnar collateral ligament and is commonly associated with contact sports such as rugby, as well as football goalkeepers, volleyball, skiing and gymnastics. Today I'll focus on rugby.

This injury is particularly common within rugby due to the aggressive attacking nature of the game. It can occur when sufficient force is applied to the thumb in a direction away from the hand. This could be as a result of catching the ball, where the ball hits the top of the thumb forcibly bending it, when tackling or when being tackled, and also during a maul when the opponent will try to prise thumb and fingers away from the ball to effectively (albeit painfully) loosen grip.

Due to this particularly rough sport, often players choose to protect the thumbs with a support bandage during training and matches. However this may prove to be uncomfortable and make gripping and catching more challenging due to reduced hand and thumb mobility.

Signs and symptoms of a thumb sprain will be pain and tenderness over the ulnar collateral ligament of the thumb. This ligament is located at the 'web space' between the base of the thumb and the base of the index fin-

ger. This ligament supports pinch and grasp activities, and helps the hand function properly.

Due to the often traumatic and/or 'accidental' nature of this injury there are usually no signs and symptoms. However following injury you may notice some or all of these symptoms: thumb pain, thumb swelling and bruising, loss of range of motion and functional ability, poor grip.

If you are uncertain about what damage has actually taken place, it is advisable to consult a sports injury expert/GP in order to treat it effectively.

Ice packs and compressions are the best treatments immediately following injury, alongside rest and elevation where possible. Sprains are usually resolved in around 4-6 weeks and can be aided by physiotherapy and/or sports remedial massage treatment. For additional pain relief, use anti-inflammatory gels and/or NSAID's.

Strapping up the thumb is relatively simple, and these guidelines should help. An underwrap is used to protect skin from abrasion during play, and particularly when pulling taping off.



Underwrap strapping

Elastic adhesive bandage (EAB) is a flexible tape that provides support, but allows some movement and stretch. This protective layer will help prevent further damage during play. Obviously due to the aggressive nature of rugby, the player will still need to attack or defend in the same way as usual, so the support is simply there to act as a barrier to tissue damage. It does not

mean the injured part will not be damaged further. In an ideal, and perhaps sensible world, participation would be halted until the injury had recovered fully, but usually injuries such as this that are often deemed as 'small' and 'insignificant' knocks will not bring an end to play, but this depends largely on an individuals pain threshold!



EAB strapping over underwrap

You could use the EAB support method once injury has actually occurred because it will provide greater stability and protection. Then, if preferred, use a more flexible support when applying as a preventative measure, such as a tubi-grip/modified wrist splint, so more movement is possible whilst also giving some support.

It is recommended that remedial exercise should focus on regaining dexterity, mobility and strength of the thumb, fingers and hand as a whole. Regaining dexterity can be done with therapeutic putty, hand therapy balls will relieve thumb stiffness whilst resistance exercises that tax grip ability will restore normal hand and thumb strength.

In order to avoid this in the future, it comes back to the preventative measure of taping-up during play, or simply being prepared with the correct first aid provisions to deal with the acute phase, i.e. RICE (refer to previous issue) if it occurs.

NB: Treatment for a complete ligament tear would be different to the advice given.

Sports league

Week 7 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, Netball 1st, Squash Men's 1st and Tennis Men's 2nd (this week's Team of the Week) continue their unbeaten streak and are top of the table with 25 points

each. With the Hockey Men's 1st losing their fixture on Wednesday, they slip 5 places to 9th and are replaced by Rugby Men's 1st in 4th place.

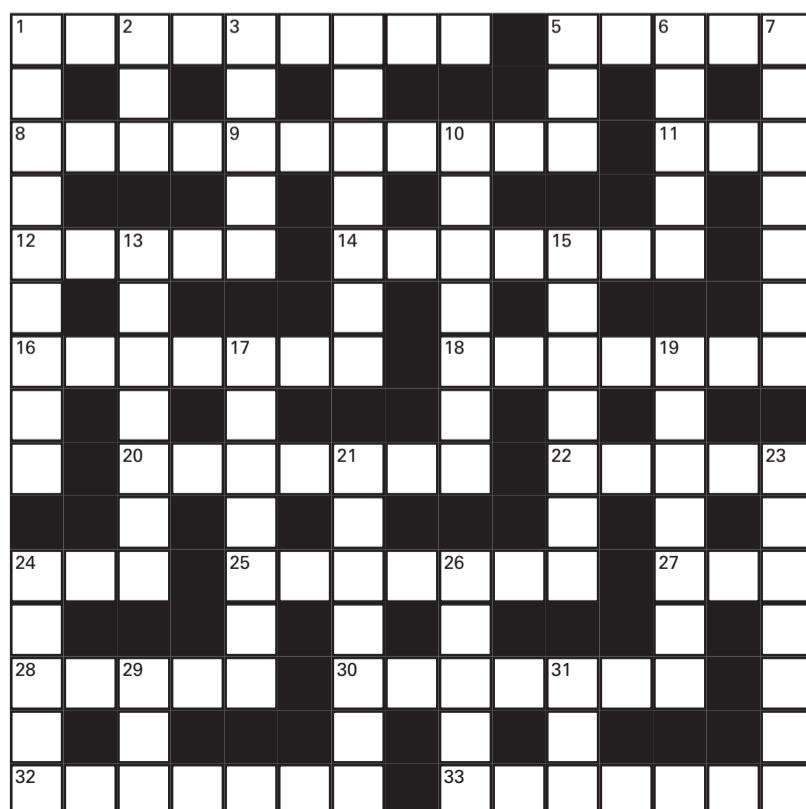
A mid table scrap is beginning to emerge between the men's Badminton 2s and Rugby 3s, as well as the ladies Football, Lacrosse and Squash

At the bottom of the table, the poor start to the season by Hockey Men's 4th and Football Men's 2nd, leave them both rooted to the bottom of the table.

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	%	FI
1 Netball 1st	5	5	0	0	287	125	162	100	25
2 Squash Men's 1st	5	5	0	0	25	0	25	100	25
3 Tennis Men's 2nd	5	5	0	0	41	9	32	100	25
4 Rugby Union Men's 1st	6	5	0	1	125	49	76	83.3	21
5 Fencing Men's 2nd	4	4	0	0	525	423	102	100	20
6 Tennis Women's 1st	4	3	1	0	30	10	20	75	17
7 Squash Men's 2nd	5	4	0	1	17	8	9	80	16
8 Football Men's 1st	4	2	2	0	8	3	5	50	14
9 Hockey Men's 1st	5	3	1	1	15	9	6	60	13
10 Rugby Union Men's 2nd	5	3	1	1	113	77	36	60	13
11 Hockey Women's 1st	5	2	2	1	17	13	4	40	10
12 Volleyball Women's 1st	2	2	0	0	6	1	5	100	10
13 Cricket Men's 1st	5	3	0	2	926	678	248	60	7
14 Table Tennis Women's 1st	3	2	0	1	9	6	3	66.7	6
15 Football Women's 1st	4	1	2	1	3	3	0	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 Rugby Union Men's 3rd	6	3	0	3	128	92	36	50	3
19 Lacrosse Women's 1st	4	2	0	2	31	31	0	50	2
20 Squash Women's 1st	4	2	0	2	10	7	3	50	2
21 Badminton Men's 2nd	4	2	0	2	15	17	-2	50	2
22 Cricket Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23 Equestrian 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
24 Equestrian 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
25 Fencing Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26 Golf 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
27 Volleyball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
28 Water Polo Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
29 Hockey Men's 2nd	5	2	0	3	23	12	11	40	-2
30 Hockey Women's 2nd	5	2	0	3	7	21	-14	40	-2
31 Fencing Men's 1st	3	1	0	2	347	344	3	33.3	-3
32 Table Tennis Men's 1st	3	1	0	2	30	21	9	33.3	-3
33 Netball 2nd	3	1	0	2	87	87	0	33.3	-3
34 Squash Men's 3rd	1	0	0	1	1	2	-1	0	-4
35 Hockey Men's 3rd	5	1	1	3	6	9	-3	20	-5
36 Tennis Men's 1st	5	1	1	3	16	34	-18	20	-5
37 Badminton Women's 1st	3	0	1	3	10	22	-12	0	-10
38 Badminton Men's 1st	5	1	0	4	18	22	-4	20	-11
39 Football Men's 3rd	5	0	1	4	4	16	-12	0	-14
40 Football Men's 2nd	4	0	0	4	2	13	-11	0	-16
41 Hockey Men's 4th	4	0	0	4	3	14	-11	0	-16

Crossword No. 1,387

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



ACROSS

- Brilliant, in what sounds like a great mind (9)
- Obliterate the very best of facial products (5)
- Craving for exotic currency (3)
- Abstain from the chorus (7)
- Paddle into a rough storm (3)
- Break my heart, O Gaia (5)
- Ride around Ontario during a windstorm (7)
- Public demand for Charles to become George, thus having beauty and charm (7)
- Unvarying outfit (7)
- Examine bug having swallowed page (7)
- Suggest that the elf is a little loopy (5)
- A short article (3)
- Ointment applied to wounded cat in organization (7)
- The seven dwarves provide a conclusion (3)
- Nuclear warhead explodes my male relative (5)
- Words put in emphasis to indicate how socialists' hearts are not in the right place (7)
- Nothing in the goblet to divide up and sell illegally (7)
- Sounds like I whip facial hair (7)

DOWN

- I was unclear about soulless Yale as one of the country's top universities (9)
- Alcoholic drink found among aborigines (3)
- Direction of the broken thorn (5)
- I was locked in the broken safe by the soldier (7)
- Possible to do half a dance (3)
- Run away, or send the Pole back East (7)
- School of comedy leading to communism? (7)
- Tale of reckoning (7)
- Come to the conclusion that there is nothing imaginary, for instance, about integers (7)
- The belief that there is nothing on a wing (7)
- It's not very well known that baby Cupid was crippled (7)
- Ordinary seamen surround quiet Royal Engineers, and keep them down by force (7)
- A drawing without a title is still a drawing (7)
- Chief of Yard identifies plate with a Germanic language (7)
- Turn the pages of a rule-provider (5)
- Glimpse of an international wizard (5)
- Murmur lovingly to a tailless coot (3)
- Anger in Ireland (3)

The winner of last week's crossword was **Alex Crosse**. Well done sir. Please do keep the entries coming in - hopefully there will be a prize draw of some kind at the end of the year and you might be in with a chance of winning that £800,000. No lie. Well, when I say that I mean the prize draw isn't a lie... the bonanza prize might be slightly less than 800 very big ones.

Enjoy this week's crossword!

Tomo, on behalf of Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,386





Jovan Nedić
 Sports Editor

OK, so I made a few mistakes last week. With the overwhelming response I've been getting from all the clubs and societies out there, it was bound to happen at sometime. That's not me saying don't bother sending stuff in, that's just me saying that I'm glad you lot are, just be patient with me if I make a mistake.

Anyway, so last week I managed to put the wrong name in for some of the articles. Last week's Ladies Seconds article was actually written by **Arabella Walker**, not Amanda Cheung, so sorry Bella! And secondly the mountaineering feature, whose pictures I must say were really awesome, was written by **Sebastian Nordgren** and not Alex Borresen.

The last few weeks have been amazing though guys, with there being consistently five or more pages of sport in *Felix*. All I can say is, keep it coming. There are still so many fantastic results out there that haven't been reported on, for example the Men's 1st Squash team who have been absolutely demolishing all their opponents with 5 - 0 wins; let's hear about some of them, guys.

Finally, plans are under way to produce a special Varsity Sports Pullout. My aim is to include every single varsity match that takes place, hopefully with photos. Varsity Day is on the 27th February 2008, so keep the day free in your diaries.



MatSoc and De La Beche fight it out, see page 34

Table Tennis Ladies' great start to debut season

Table Tennis

Imperial Women's 1st	5
Essex Women's 1st	0

Table Tennis

Imperial Women's 1st	3
King's Women's 1st	2

Table Tennis

Middlesex Women's 1st	4
Imperial Women's 1st	1

Anusha Seneviratne

We are making our debut in the BUSA Women's League in 2007. I have played against many of the top players in this league before, as I represented an England junior team and have experience at a national level. Nan Luan won the Women's Plate at the BUSA championships this February and we teamed up to win the Women's Doubles bronze medal, giving us great confidence for this season.

Our first match was against Essex,

who were without one of their key players, Abigail Embling- the 2007 BUSA Singles Champion (who is taking time out to represent England) and we seemed to have them scared (Nan nearly beat Abigail at the BUSA championships!). They failed to turn up and we benefited from a walkover.

The following week we visited King's College who had Emma Weil - a former England Top 10 Junior. Nan and I both beat her team-mate Alexandra comfortably. Nan gave a good effort but lost to Emma 3-0. As I won the 1st set comfortably against Emma, things looked encouraging but Emma used her heavy sidespin serves and prevailed 3-1. In the doubles, which ultimately decided the rubber, we won the first two sets comfortably. The King's duo battled back to take the third set but we held our nerve and won the match 3-1 to claim the win and send us to the top of the table.

Last week we played Middlesex who are one of the strongest teams in the country. They have Egle Adomelyte; England No.6 and Runner-up at this year's BUSA championships (she beat me en-route) and Sarah Brown; another former England Top 10 Junior. Nan started promisingly against Egle taking the first set but Egle showed her greater experience, to come through 3-11, 11-6, 11-3, 12-10. I kept it tight

against Sarah and created chances but played the wrong shots at the wrong time, losing 11-6, 11-7, 11-7. Nan put up a good fight against Sarah but lost 11-7, 9-11, 11-4, 11-6. Finally I played Egle who stamped her authority in the first two sets. I played aggressively

hitting winners to claim the third set. With the rhythm flowing, I built up an 8-4 lead in the fourth set but failed to take my chances and Egle used her greater power and experience to win the match 11-5, 11-9, 7-11, 11-9 and seal victory for Middlesex.

It's been a good effort in our first year and we are optimistic about this season. Next up is LSE but after that is London Metropolitan, who have former Olympic bronze medallist Fei Ming Tong!! We might need protective gear for that one!



Nan Luan and Anusha Seneviratne