

felix

The student newspaper of
Imperial College London

Issue 1,389
Friday 30 November 2007
felixonline.co.uk



TOM ROBERTS

Here, sir!

Registration to be required in lectures under the Home Office's new Points Based System? See page 2

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News

News Editor – Andrew Somerville

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Immigration Nation

New Visa system: Students absent for more than 14 days should be reported to the Home Office within 5 working days

Andrew Somerville
News Editor

Universities could be forced to implement draconian monitoring of all students' attendance under the Government's newly proposed immigration system. Within the next 18 months students may have to register their presence at each lecture, in order to ensure that college is fully aware of their movements.

Under the Home Office's new "Points Based System" (PBS) of immigration, international students will be "Sponsored" by their educational institution in order to receive a visa, in a bid to eliminate the fraudulent use of student visas as an immigration "back door." The "Sponsor" (in this case, the University) must be accredited by an approved body, and has several duties: one of which is to report students who do not attend their course, and those who fail to register.

According to the proposed rules for "Tier 4" of the system (the section that applies to students), if an international student is absent for 14 days the University must report this to the Home Office within 5 working days. If they fail to do this, their "Accredited Sponsor" status may be revoked, immediately invalidating all visas that they sponsor.

In many courses at Imperial, failure of a single student to attend for two weeks would be easily overlooked in a class with hundreds of students, especially if there is little laboratory work. A registration of international students at seminars, tutorials and even lectures could be the only way of ensuring that absences are noticed. However, singling out only the international students for such treatment would undoubtedly be met with some protest. Indeed, an internal paper from the University of Edinburgh on the subject feared that "intrusive attendance monitoring which [the University] believe would



Did you miss this Quantum Mechanics lecture yesterday? The College might be forced to keep a check on you in the future

have to apply to all students to avoid falling foul of the Race Relations Act," which is an interpretation also voiced by sources at Imperial College.

The PBS is one of several new measures designed to combat immigration and terrorism issues in education, with the Academic Technology Approval Scheme (ATAS) recently started earlier this month. The ATAS system is designed as a register of foreign national postgraduates who are studying courses in technologies that could be used in weapons of mass destruction and terrorism (most of which are offered by Imperial); requiring students to apply with their course and personal details before being allowed a visa, in order to prevent the dissemination of "sensitive" expertise.

The Government is keen to be seen addressing the issues of security and immigration after recent political debacles, but questions are being asked over the practicalities of the reformed systems, and universities across the country are pushing for changes to the plan.

Whilst the PBS was well-received by institutions on announcement, debate over the details is likely to continue as the system does not become active until early 2009. Many universities are concerned about the legal implications of their "Sponsor" status, and have a difficult task in finding how to strike a balance between applying the controls imposed on them by the Home Office, and allowing students the freedom that they demand.

Flash mob on Dalby Court



On Wednesday at 12:30pm the organisers of the Positively Red SHAG Week arranged themselves into the shape of an AIDS ribbon. The members of the flash mob were raising awareness about sexual health, HIV, AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. Events have been running since Monday and the week reaches its culmination tonight with the Sexpression Finale. The Union is hosting an Ann Summers party in the Union Dining Hall for ladies and there will be a Pole Dancing show in dB's for the men.

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Friday 30/11/07



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

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Thanks to Dr Danny Segal

LOLcats



OFF THE WEEK

Homophobic chants in the Union?

Witnesses disgusted by footballers' anti-gay songs: IC Football Club issues complete denial of incident

Tom Roberts
& Andrew Somerville

An official complaint has been lodged with Imperial College Union (ICU) by students outraged at the behaviour of some members of the Imperial College Football Club, following reports of anti-homosexual chanting and offensive behaviour.

According to witnesses, at approximately 10:30pm on Saturday members of one of the IC football teams chanted homophobic phrases in Da Vinci's, amongst which were the phrases: "fags-gots take it up the arse!" and, "poof, poof, poof!"

Some of these were directed at an unknown person who was chased from the bar area, back to his table by the chanting group. It is believed that the pursued man was not connected in any way to the football team, and witnesses said that they thought the chanting was intended to intimidate this person, not simply as a joke between friends.

Felix was told that one of the student staff on duty saw this incident, then spoke to the footballers and presumably asked them to stop. Another team member then arrived, at which point they requested more drinks. A senior member of bar staff then allegedly agreed to give them 16 pints (one more round) in return that they left the bar once they had finished. Reportedly, the student bar staff member who witnessed the incident questioned the senior staff member on duty asking why they had been served.

Having finished their drinks, a member of the football team is said to have thrown his plastic skiff at the bar. One of the students who was in Da Vinci's at the time told Felix that the bar manager "had a little chat" to the offending member, after which they all began to leave. In the Beit Quad the footballers became increasingly rowdy and "almost began fighting with each other." At this



Why can't we all just get along?

point Felix's source asked the security guard in Beit Lodge to intervene. Upon seeing the guard emerge from his office the football club members dispersed and left the Union premises.

Speaking about the incident, the eye-witnesses who contacted Felix stated that they were "angry," adding that they "didn't care what the individuals think, but having a public chant is completely unnecessary," and questioned: "why were they saying those things?"

Felix's sources also spoke to the senior staff member working on Saturday night. They told Felix that he had said he "expected this kind of thing on a Wednesday, not Saturday," and that "[the bar staff] can't stop them from singing what they sang." He is also

reported to have said that since there were only three staff on duty: "we can't do anything about it."

Felix contacted the Imperial College Football Club for comment. A senior member of the Football Club, who was present in Da Vinci's on Saturday but wished to remain anonymous, totally denied this account of events, stating that the reports were "unfounded." The committee member stated that he was "astounded people can make these things up." His version of events was contradictory; he confirmed that the football club was chanting, but said that these were no different than usual: "only [directed] against the Rugby club and the medics." He also strongly denies claims that the football team were



The site of the alleged incident: Da Vinci's bar

asked to leave. Similarly, he said that they were not served as an incentive to leave; instead the drinks were simply bought as the footballers' final round before they headed off to a house party. He finished by saying that, "IC Football Club is open to people from all backgrounds, cultures and sexualities."

Felix also contacted the President of Imperial Queers (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender society), Richard Hayden. He was "very shocked" by the reports from Felix's sources and added that he "didn't expect to hear about this [kind of behaviour] at Imperial, I expect people here to be more mature," and that "being drunk is not a good enough excuse – it shouldn't lower your tolerance."

When asked about whether he knew of any similar instances of homophobic hostility at Imperial, Mr Hayden said that he "could only remember one:" namely an incident last year on the Islamic Society's public internet forums, but other than that he "couldn't think of any other incidents."

The Union has stated that it is currently investigating Saturday night's incident, and that disciplinary procedure will be followed accordingly; if accounts are accurate the Equal Opportunities policy would certainly have been breached. If one of the football teams is identified, or the Football Club as a whole is found culpable, they could face a week's ban from the Union's bars.

Oxford Union debate goes ahead despite protests

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

Imperial alumnus and historian David Irving, and BNP leader Nick Griffin attended a debate on free speech at the Oxford Union on Tuesday night. Despite the droves of anti-fascist protesters who turned up to the Union, delaying the debate for over an hour, eventually it successfully went ahead.

The event was scheduled to begin at 8:30pm, however around 1000 protesters showed up causing a lengthy delay. The demonstrators believed that the Oxford Union was irresponsibly giving the two controversial figures a platform to air fascist views that could incite racial hatred. Oxford Union has also been accused of holding a publicity stunt in order to raise its own profile.

However, many people have come out in support of the debate since they believe it is rather hypocritical to deny someone the privilege to talk on the topic of free speech, no matter what their views are. Supporters have also pointed out that society will never be able to understand how extremists think if they are not given the chance to voice their opinions.

Mr Irving and Mr Griffin didn't actu-

ally speak in the same discussions since they were separated due to "safety reasons", although both debates were on the same subject. Mr Irving was joined by two MPs, a journalist and the Oxford Union President Luke Tryl whilst two Oxford University postgrads sat on the panel with Mr Griffin.

Felix contacted Jonny Wright, an Oxford University student who attended the forum and reported on the event in his blog. Mr Wright stated he was "immensely glad ... to be able to hear Irving speak" although he admitted that he "felt sickened by Irving's constant references to the Holocaust."

Whilst it seems the debate itself maintained a civil atmosphere, the anti-fascists hogged the limelight throughout the night. Disrupting the debate for over an hour wasn't all – later on some of them managed to storm past the security guards into the debating chamber. Further still, the demonstrators chanted "kill Tryl" at various points throughout the evening, which as one of the forum participants put it "fell very much outside the limits of legitimate free speech."

A thorny issue indeed, maybe something to put to the floor. What does this house think?



Left, BNP leader Nick Griffin and right, David "Holocaust denier" Irving



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

Science

Science Editor – Ed Henley

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Imperial's PowerPoint poster farce

Want to make a poster using Imperial templates? Best not read these tips: might lead to very dodgy science

Edmund Henley
Science Editor

It started so well: "Presenting a clear, consistent image of the College to raise its profile worldwide is key to making first impressions lasting impressions."

Yet anyone who's read Imperial's own guide to making a poster using an Imperial College PowerPoint template will know that some of the advice which follows this peppy introduction is highly suspect.

Let me say at the outset that I have no quibbles with the purpose of the template itself, nor of the guide. I recently came across this webpage precisely because I was looking for an Imperial template to use on a poster, as I believe that used well, these templates can make a poster highly effective. Not only has a huge amount of care clearly been put into getting the look of these templates right, but by using these templates, one confers some of Imperial's considerable reputation upon oneself, purely by association.

This may be slightly sneaky, but it pales in comparison with the guide's suggestions for undesirable data.

After some useful tips on what colour, background, and typeface to use when raising our profile, the guide

proffers some advice on how to display data in graphic form. And it is here that this otherwise inoffensive and helpful document reveals a deeply cynical and unscientific attitude. When discussing tables, it makes the very valid point that they can lack visual impact – that if one wishes to highlight large differences in the data, a bar chart is much more effective. Yet it then goes on to suggest that one should therefore employ a table if one wishes to "downplay" the very same differences, as the table "will display the same information in a less dramatic way".

This is undoubtedly true, but is disingenuous at best on a page aimed at scientists, as it represents a travesty of the scientific spirit. Surely any advice by Imperial to us, its staff and students, on how to present our data should tell us how to do this as lucidly as possible, not how to obfuscate. Furthermore, bear in mind that this webpage is accessible to the wider public – do we wish to present a clear, consistent image of ourselves as dissemblers?

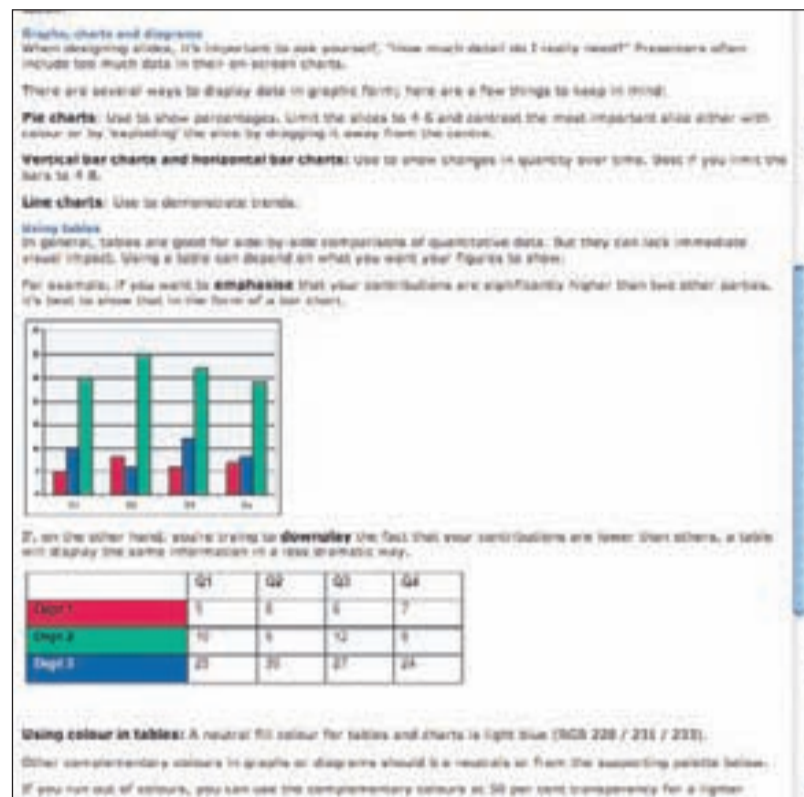
A jaded student might conclude that this is one of the vaunted transferable skills needed when winging off into the wild blue corporate yonder, and regretably, this may well be the case. After all, the example the author clearly had

in mind was the use of data with an associated agenda – he or she may think this little sleight-of hand entirely natural in a commercial or political context say, and never have considered using it on scientific data.

Yet, as events at Bell Labs and Seoul National University in recent years have shown, scientific data holds no inherent truth – it is only the intellectual honesty of scientists which gives it the value we, and society, place in it. Jan Hendrik Schön and Hwang Woo-Suk were quite rightly pilloried for debasing the gold standard by fabricating data in published research on organic electronics and human cloning respectively. This is an extreme end of the spectrum of scientific misconduct, but any scientist at Imperial who follows the tips on our own website too closely is well on the way to sharing Schön and Hwang's fate.

Here's a thought: if this webpage indicates that the more corporate elements of Imperial hold a laxer attitude to data than is permissible amongst its scientists, maybe the former should raise their standards to match the profile they cherish so; a profile which many of us work hard to uphold. After all, what's sauce for the goose...

Do our competition!



Go to www3.imperial.ac.uk/graphicidentity/templatesandresources/pcrunningwindows/presentations if you want to see the offending webpage for yourself. I hope it won't be up for much longer though

Competition!

Have you been paying attention this year? We've got some great prizes, so have a go!

1) Physicists at Imperial's Centre for Cold Matter study Bose-Einstein condensates, splitting the cloud of cold atoms up using a gold-plated what?

- A: Scalpel
B: Silicon chip
C: Sandwich

2) What is the name of ESA's mission, intended to tell us more about how to deflect asteroids on threatening trajectories by actually colliding with one?

- A: Impacta
B: Rosetta
C: Don Quijote

3) The Island Rule, invoked to explain the size of mammals on islands, claims larger animals shrink as they evolve and smaller ones grow. However, in a recent paper, this rule has been cast in doubt. What method did the authors employ to reach this conclusion?

- A: They performed a meta-analysis of papers on island mammal sizes
B: They conducted extensive interviews with the cast of 'Lost'
C: They studied fossils of Homo Florensiensis, a species of mini-people nicknamed "Hobbits"

4) Scientists from the University of New Mexico recently looked for evidence of human oestrus, a visible state of female fertility. Whom did they use as ideal test-subjects?

- A: Fashion students
B: Dinner ladies
C: Lap dancers

5) Researchers from the University of

Bradford have studied Incan ritual sacrifices of children using:

- A: Stable isotopes from samples of the victims' hair
B: DNA traces left on dried llama meat fed to the children on their pilgrimage
C: Peruvian re-enactors and Oujisticists

6) Norwegian scientists studying the interplay between herbal medicines and modern drug treatments have found low awareness of the potential interference caused by natural remedies. One example, St John's Wort, can reduce the effect of birth control pills for one. But what else?

- A: Valerian
B: Viagra
C: Vicks

7) In August, (Dr.) Brian May was awarded a Ph.D. by Imperial for his study of zodiacal dust. But where did he take his measurements?

- A: In a mountaintop hut in Tenerife
B: On the roof of Buckingham Palace
C: In the Mauna Kea observatory, Hawaii

The rules: All correct submissions received by 13:00 on Wednesday 5th December (next week!) to science.felix@imperial.ac.uk will be entered into the prize-draw. 1st prize: 6 month subscription to New Scientist 2nd prize: 2 books of Q&A from New Scientist's 'Last Word' column & a USB stick 3rd prize: 1 'Last Word' Q&A book & a USB stick



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because you've
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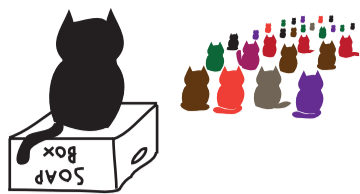
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Comment, Opinion & Letters

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Letters may be edited for length and grammar purposes
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A. Geek

It's not even winter yet, you wimps!

Well. That's it, then. Christmas is "coming". You and I know this, of course, because we have calendars, memories and a centuries-old Christian culture behind us. We're not jackasses who use billboards and shop windows to work out what month it is. But what I mean is, there's now no avoiding it. You see, I can ignore the gurning retards in green and red poncing around Oxford Street. I can use an encyclopedia rather than risk having the Internet vomit chunks of seasonal cheer all over me. I can even drink coffee at home rather than get my latte spat in with Christmassiness. But last weekend, something terrible happened.

The newspapers ran out of Autumnal features. And as we all know, that means that Christmas is "coming".

If anyone from the Telegraph Media Group – hell, anyone from the press in general – is reading this, here are some things I have absolutely no interest in this coming December – baubles. Making my own Christmas pudding. Lead paint. Children who eat lead paint. Snow. Whether Private Average-in-everything-but-ugliness will be home to see his kids. Noel Edmonds making a comeback. Hannukah – guys, it's not a secular holiday, get over it. Marks and Spencer. Ant and Dec. The Holly

and the Ivy. Peace. Goodwill to all men. Tiny chocolate reindeer.

Because for me, Christmas doesn't start until five in the afternoon on Christmas Eve, when I stumble to the local church, away from London and back in the motherland, and pretend to be a Christian for the only hour in the year. After that, everyone has precisely thirty-six hours to invoke Christmas on me. You can throw ribbons at me, you can stuff mince pies so far down my throat I start crapping raisins, you can play the same fucking rerun of Harry Potter if you really want to. I won't complain.

Obviously, the reason they want Christmas to start early is because it means you're more likely to buy things more often, and start cosyng down for the winter like we're living in the New World circa 1700. Which, for some reason, you're all more than happy to do. Waltzing around with seventeen layers of clothing on, staggering in whenever there's a slight breeze as if you've just trekked for four days across the tundra, and saying things like "It's cold out." as you walk into a lecture theatre.

I didn't sleep here overnight, alright, I'm well aware it's bloody cold out. I just don't have the urge to whine about it like it's a bad government policy. "Ah, wouldn't've had this shit under Blair. Oh no. He knew how to regulate weather fronts."



Themed Christmas lights on Oxford Street: Genuine festive spirit or ingenius ad campaign?

It's not even winter yet, you cowardly bastards. The holly was going up in Oxford Street in late October. The leaves on the trees had barely fallen down then, probably because they reasoned it would be less effort to just hang on for a couple of weeks until Spring was declared again. This is the time of year you go out for long walks and mince around in piles of red and gold in Hyde Park, not act like you're Lawrence Oates and popping out to get a pint of milk is some dangerous expedition. The guy died in a blizzard to save an expedition team, and even he probably

made less of a fuss of it than some of you seem to.

Leave the coat at home tomorrow and enjoy the cold a little. Remember when seeing your breath in the air used to be fun? Yeah? Well, instead of replacing that for tacky versions of the same products you've been buying all year – gingerbread my arse, Starbucks – try to remember why Winter is fun. Christmas will happen in its own time, it's the same sodding day every year. Don't let the preceding month get drowned in a wash of red and green tinsel.



Gilead Amit

Kiekhov vs. Oppningbukh

(An extract from the transcript of the 1998 World Chess Championship final, as broadcast on PKWN radio)

'...a tightly-contested match that is sure to be the highlight of the season. Kiekhov to make the first move; you can feel the tension in the auditorium as his fingers hover over the board – and they're off! Kiekhov opens with the Pushkin attack, a tactic that won him the World Championship against Obvistschek last year. Oppningbukh responds with the Flamingo defence, and both sides are now busy trying to gain control of the centre.'

'White brings his knights into play – Kiekhov has long been thought of as having some of the best knights in the game, an advantage he's going to have to use effectively to have any hope of breaking through Oppningbukh's defence, which is in stellar form in this match. Oppningbukh racing down the King side – h5, g4! What an advance, he's made it to g4 – Kiekhov is going to need everything in his arsenal to hold him back now. Wait! What's this? Oppningbukh has left a gaping hole in his defence – you can tell by his grimace that he's just noticed; will Kiekhov?'

'This position is almost identical to that of Studebaker v Salzkartoffel in the Euro Championship final of 1994 – Studebaker won in the last few seconds of gametime, barely edging past black's pawn structure to win the game with true style. They don't play games like that anymore, do they, Jack?'

'No, they certainly don't, Tim, but Kiekhov is certainly up there with the greats; it might almost be Knott-Horseigh himself behind the board,

ruthlessly exploiting the weaknesses in his opponent's defence and setting himself up beautifully for a potential queen-side mate. I've got to tell you, though, I'm impressed with Oppningbukh's stamina for holding on at this stage of the game.'

'I know what you mean, Jack; it really takes a cool mind to play the Sashimi counter gambit when your centre control is weakening by the move.'

'Kiekhov's move – he's pushing his pieces up the board; he's spotted something – knight, now rook – then bishop from the other side...check! Check again! Oppningbukh's on the run, desperately trying to get to his king before Kiekhov's attack.'

'And it fails! So close and yet so far! Oppningbukh's queen-side rook saving the day with a heroic self-sacrifice to keep the match going. As the piece is carried off the table amid rousing cheers, Oppningbukh knows that his line-up is one short.'

'This is the exciting part of the match, Timmy boy, isn't it? The tension mounting as the clock ticks down, only a handful of pieces left, slogging it out till the final whistle.'

'It really makes you glad to be alive, alright. I have a hunch that it's not going to last for much longer, though – Kiekhov's got that glint in his eye I'd know anywhere; I'd say he's looking to make a final queen-side push.'

'You may be right, Timmikins; if I were to make an attack at the moment, that's where I'd go – battered-down defence, uncoordinated attack, with the open file going all the way down. I wonder if he won't go for the transposed Reagan-Gorbachev manoeuvre?'



An amateur prepares to pull off the Pushkin attack

'I'd say the Bush-Hussein variation would be more his style. There! Look! The queen-side pawns edging closer to row 8!'

'Almost there, boys, only a few more rows to go!'

'Oppningbukh completely out of the game now, Kiekhov taking full control as he makes a substitution. B-file pawn out – well-played, tremendous board-coverage; that's a piece we'll see emulated in chess clubs the world over by tomorrow, eh Jack?'

'Unquestionably; fine fellow. But Kiekhov exchanges him for his queen; wise move, on the whole – the queen does tend to make a crucial change to the match, even in the last few seconds.'

'Look at the difference made already!'

It's check again! This time with no easy escape!'

'Check! Check! Oppningbukh's king hopelessly tries to escape Kiekhov's coordinated attack, but it's just too much! One final push...and there it is! Mate! Mate! Maaaaaaate!'

'He's done it! Kiekhov has brought the title back to Lithuania! Fantastic! What do you have to say to that, Jack?'

'Mate! Mate! Maaaaaaate!'

'As you can tell, Jack's still a little caught up in the emotion of the moment, and who can blame him! It's been a thrilling night for us all here in Pietropavlovsk, and I hope all you chess-fans out there enjoyed it as much as we did. Remember; keep the hooliganism to a minimum! And have a good night.'

// It makes you glad to be alive, alright. I have a hunch that it's not going to last much longer, though //



Jellybean

Wheelie chair amenities for all

If you have spent time working in a company you have probably noticed how annoying it is that smokers seem to regularly get away with taking breaks for a good 15-20 minutes, yet if you are caught loitering, aimlessly wasting time, (or perhaps sending amusing stories through the MS Word thesaurus five consecutive times) you're in poo up to your armpits. We are being punished for our healthy habits. This is not just. Companies even seem to think it is their obligation to not only allow these going ons, but to provide facilities for them. I have, therefore, come up with an ingenious plan.

You know how everyone secretly (or in many cases not so secretly) enjoys the simple pleasures of a wheelie chair? The up and down motion, the spinning around and around and oh! The scooting to and fro? Don't you just love the freedom those four degrees bring you? (Incidentally, I really think someone should be working on a wheelie chair



Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

with all six degrees of freedom to allow the office-worker the full expression of his inner child.) Look around you next time you get into the office or the labs and you will undoubtedly see someone quashing the desires of their inner

self in this repressive 'adult' society we have created. (Help, help, I'm being repressed. You see him repressing me?). This restriction of the expression of our souls is clearly not a healthy constraint; any psychologist will tell you that it's not good to keep things bottled up. Therefore, it is my conviction that companies should provide wheelie chair enjoyment amenities for all their employees. All it need be is one room with a nice floor and a number of well maintained wheelies. Of course, from the more prestigious companies one would expect some other wheelie chair regalia to facilitate the full range of possible activities; wheelie chair rowing, wheelie chair hockey, synchronized wheelie chair dancing, wheelie chair jousting, wheelie chair drag-racing etc.

It is because of the current suppression of our behaviour that the wheelie chair has not been explored as a medium in the art and sports world. I mean, if they can do Swan Lake on ice it can

only be the tyranny of office etiquette that has restricted the development of Swan Lake on wheelie chairs. Restraint and adulthood are curses and I say break free. Kick the autumn leaves as you wade through them, don't walk around them whatever you do. Slide down banisters if it makes you happy. Jump in a puddle. Have a spin on that chair and race your neighbour, you know it's the right thing to do.

So what are we to do about all this? How about writing a letter to your MP highlighting the injustice in the system? Together we can force the government to draw up legislation requiring that all companies provide these wheelie chair enjoyment amenities. If, say, half a million people are true enough to their inner self to do this, we cannot be ignored. Together we can change world. At the moment our government seems keen on only going forward and not back. I say going back has got to be in, it's right there alongside round and round and up and down...



Stefan Olsson-Robbie

Let's talk about God, some more

Last week Richard Criddle of the ICCU wrote an interesting piece about God and purpose in life. He suggested that life and the actions we choose to take in it are pointless without God. Well let me reply to this tripe. Have you ever heard of Pythagoras by any chance? Or maybe you wandered through GCSE maths and never came across it preferring to refer to the bible's chapter on geometry!

Okay, so that started a little aggressively. But here is the thing – you are wrong! Plain and simple. I further find your way of putting your point across inflammatory and aim not to respond in the same tone. Instaed, I will stick

with personal attacks on you and not your religious group (only kidding by the way).

Your error lies in that you assign no value to yourself or the impact you have on others. When I read your letter I could not help but feel that you are a very sad man to believe that your life is pointless without "the big dude in the sky" patting you on the back when it is all over and telling you that it *all* mattered to Him.

My life has meaning to me and I am not a believer. The actions I take directly impact those around me. When I tell my girlfriend I love her (yes I am trying to earn brownie points here) that action has an impact on her life.

When I put in extra hours in lab leading to more work getting done my lab partner also benefits from my actions. It is the good I can do for those others that gives considerable meaning to the actions.

Is it vain of me to believe that I can have a positive impact on the world? Is it vain to hope that I can become a good scientist? A scientist that can in turn help move the human race forward, even in the tiniest way. The answer is clearly no, it is not. My contribution to the human race may be forgotten in 100 years but that does not mean the effects of my contribution will have dissipated. And here you further stray from reason and suggest that it is only

what people remember about you that matters!

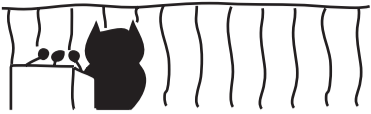
Might I be so bold as to suggest that *you* are the vain one! *You* are the one that lacks direction! And worst of all you consider that your life is pointless! You can quote the bible and discuss the truth of what it says but ultimately only a sense of self-worth can drive you to truly excel and only by excelling will you be remembered like Pythagoras. So if you fear the oblivion from memory I recommend that you start working very hard to be a brilliant innovator and hence remembered by the world. Good luck sir and if there is God he will appreciate that you, like Him, tried to create!

Are you a first year? Felix wants to interview you!

How have you found your first term at Imperial?
How are your halls?

Email your impressions to **felix@imperial.ac.uk** or come and find us next week when we come round to your halls for interviews





Politics

Politics Editor – Li-Teck Lau

politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

This week, the students of Imperial College London have been graced by a 3,000 word essay by Kadhim Shubber on America, spread gloriously over 3 solid pages of politics. It's enough to give Ann Widdecombe some form of brain disease. I have chosen to make a brief comment on the article to ensure both sides of what is a many faceted truth is heard.

Kadhim suggests two main reasons for the US invasion of Iraq. Firstly, protecting America from terrorism. It is generally accepted that this objective has indeed failed, and worse, increased Islamic radicalisation and Western antipathy. It would be highly unlikely (however George Bush and his administration are caricatured) that political and military analysts with years of experience and training could have arrived at such a conclusion (that invading a predominately Muslim country would increase sympathy towards the US in the region).

The second is the objective of securing of oil reserves. It is the only credible reason for American efforts in the Middle East. Indeed Kadhim goes on to explain quite elegantly the importance of crude in the world today – it is vital. The US navy ensures supplies flow freely to itself, Europe, India, China and Japan; all net oil importers and drivers of the global economy. America is the guardian of world trade.

It is likely that US policy was meant to have the effects of the first Gulf War in the early 90's, which drove fuel prices low, ended the volatility that emerged in the 1970's and is generally attributed to bringing about the high growth and employment witnessed throughout the last decade. Whether these long term objectives will be achieved by the US this time around is yet to be seen, and for the moment, it has appeared that the instability generated has adversely affected the American economy. But then surely we all have blood on our hands for enjoying the prosperity brought about in the 1990's due to American intervention in the Middle East.

I am a great advocate of certain aspects of liberalism, most probably induced by the media environment that I have grown up in, but that's a whole other kettle of moral fish. Is it right that, as Kadhim points out, so much of the world's energy resources are under the control of despotic governments? The power and technology that has grown through development is now transferred to the hands of power driven rent seekers (to use an economic term) who can then hold other nations to ransom and mistreat its own populace.

America has not achieved what it set out to since 2003. Its actions are laced with hypocrisy in the name of attaining a higher goal. Its status of world hegemon is being eroded quickly by emerging powers in Asia. We should not lose sight of these goals and what the US does for the world. When its dominance wanes, our 'friendly neighbourhood superpower' may well be missed.

Today in the old US of A

Kadhim Shubber does a quick analysis of our friendly neighbourhood superpower

Kadhim Shubber

My heartfelt apologies to all those who didn't have a politics article to read last week, Imperial suppressed my writing by giving me actual work to do; can you believe the cheek? As a way of showing the sincerity of my apology, I give you... a whole three pages of raw, hardcore and uncensored politics. This week I'm looking at what's happening in the home of Captain 'Chaz' America and asking; how are things today in the U.S.A.?

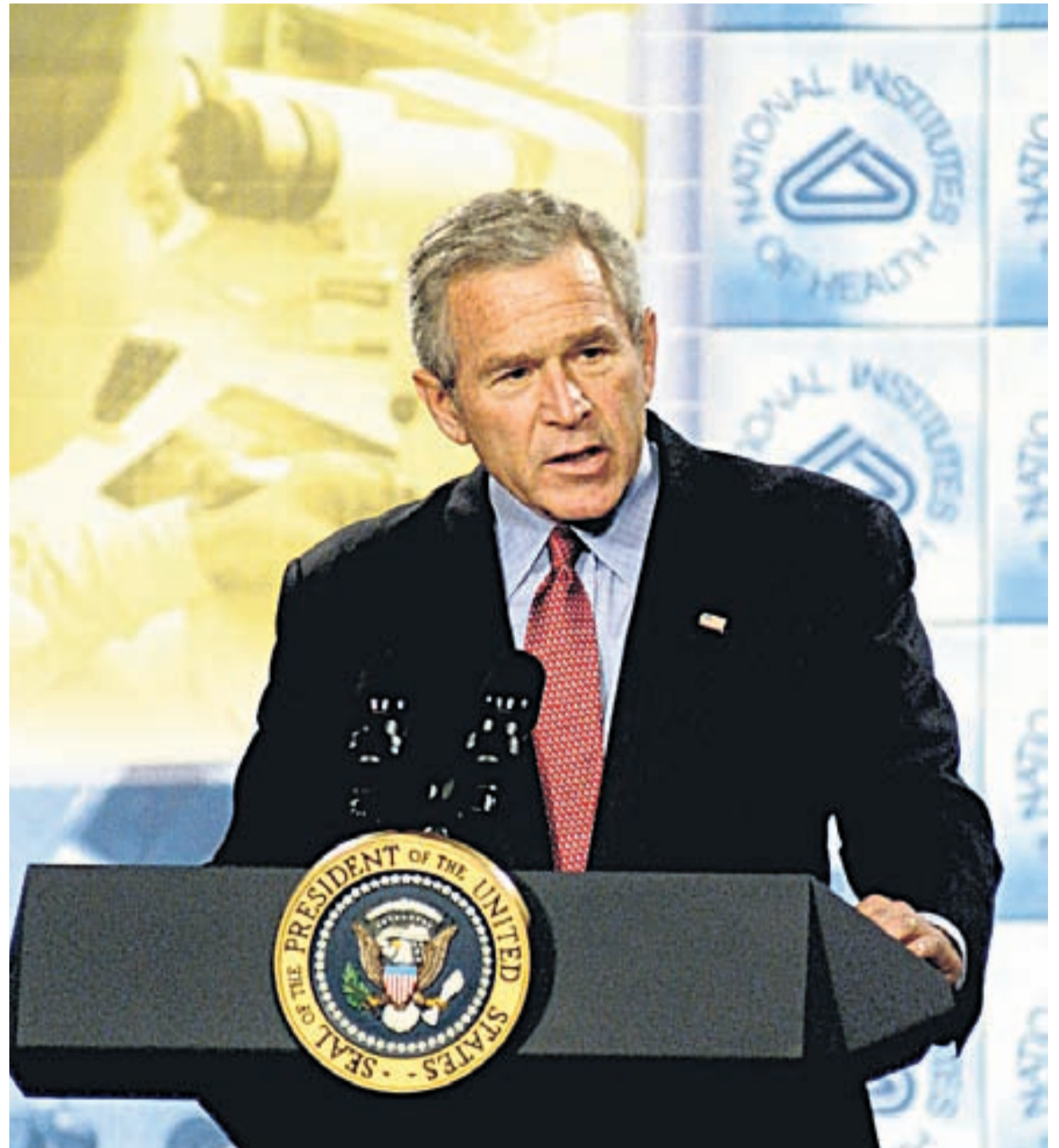
We got to start somewhere and I arbitrarily choose the war on terror. As if you didn't already know, terrorism is a problem for the U.S.A. While 9/11 triggered the war on terror, it has not been fought – in the traditional sense – on U.S. soil. The 'war on terror' is being fought in Iraq and Afghanistan; although I sometimes get the impression some people would rather fight it in Iran.

At the very least the presence of U.S. troops in Iraq is a bit confusing. I include it in the war against terror section for convenience but the toppling of Saddam did not help destroy anti-western radicalism, it didn't really achieve anything else either; ok it did topple Saddam. But there are plenty of tyrannical leaders on this earth who haven't been pulled out of the ground by U.S. marines. The invasion and occupation (for want of a better word) of Iraq achieved increased oil prices, increased hatred of the U.S., greater instability in the Middle East and the death of U.S. soldiers; if you can spot the benefits contact me please. The situation in Iraq isn't good; sorry let me be clear it's a mess. While improvements have been seen due to the temporary U.S. surge – by improvement I mean less people are getting blown up – Iraq is going to remain a divided, corrupt and weak nation for many years to come, and that's the absolute best case scenario. The current government under Nouri al Maliki is not representative of all the groups within Iraq and this causes further friction between Kurdish, Sunni and Shia people. Iraq is unable to resist the influence of it's neighbouring nations such as Iran and people within government and other official institutions are more likely to consider their tribal allegiances more important than the proper execution of their job – in a less elegant way I'm saying that the police and army are full of Iraqi men who use their training for death squad style killings rather than what's in their job description. The burning question is 'what was the righteous cause that justifies this instability?' but unfortunately the answer is that there is none. The war in Iraq was the product of a U.S. government that failed to adequately consider the consequences. One can imagine a conversation between Dick Cheney and George Bush today.

Cheney: "Hey look at that, our actions had real-world consequences"

Bush: *spits out coffee* "WHAAT!"

The war in terror is also being fought in Afghanistan, albeit with a smaller U.S. presence than in Iraq. It is nice and easy to label the Taliban as terrorists. They are interested in driving foreigners out of the country and imposing their beliefs in Afghanistan, not international terrorism. The Council on Foreign Relations reports that



George Bush is nearing the end of his maximum term in office as President of the USA

violence in Afghanistan reached its highest level since the ousting of the country's Taliban rulers in October this year. It was marked by a worrisome rise in suicide bombings. Attacks have also increasingly spread beyond the restive south to central and eastern provinces, which have been far more stable. However at the same time I am

"Iraq is going to remain a divided, corrupt and weak nation for many years"

strangely optimistic about the future of Afghanistan because with the commitment of NATO and other powers I believe that the Taliban can be defeated militarily while simultaneously security and services can be provided to Afghans.

But to really judge the success of the U.S.'s engagement in Afghanistan (and Iraq) we have to look at the aims of the war on terror. Essentially it's about defeating terrorists and stopping more

terrorists from springing up in their place. Just as a note, spreading democracy is not the aim of the war on terror; it is one of the methods used in the war on terror. The current conflicts do not achieve either of these aims. The reason why the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq have no benefit to the war on terror is because what the U.S. and its allies are doing there is nation-building – not with a lot of success. Of course nation-building does help fight terrorists because as living standards increase people are going to be less likely to take up arms, but it is very indirect. However this does not apply in today's situation because firstly the nation building has occurred after a lot of nation destroying and secondly because we have seen well educated and relatively well off persons turn to terrorism here in the UK. By the time U.S. troops have pulled out of Iraq the negative effects of occupation will cancel out any benefits from nation building.

I've spent a lot of time talking about Afghanistan and Iraq, and how they are doing but that's not what this article is about. What's the impact on the U.S. because of these conflicts and the war on terror in general? There are three main areas, the impact on the image of the U.S. and Americans, the economic

cost and the effect on the security of the U.S. You don't need to be a genius to figure out that the U.S.'s image has suffered greatly. No longer is it seen as a bastion of freedom or protector of human rights; amazing that one man accomplished so much. In terms of the economic cost, the price of instability is certainly very high. Oil prices have rocketed in direct response to instability in the Middle East; this instability in part is fuelled by the crisis in Iraq and the growing tension with Iran. I'll come back to the current economic health of the U.S. later but if we want to talk sheer figures, some economists have put the cost of the war on terror between 1 trillion and 2 trillion dollars.

Finally, I'd like to address the last impact of the war on terror which is the security of U.S. citizens. The justification for the actions of the Bush Administration both at home and abroad was to protect Americans. The war in Iraq did not improve the security of Americans; in fact it put many Americans – soldiers and other professionals – in a worse security situation with no tangible gain for citizens at home. In general, the foreign policy of the U.S. since 9/11 has not efficiently improved the security of U.S. citizens. While the ousting



Hillary Clinton leads the polls ahead of what many bill as the most open US Presidential race in recent history; but is she too devisive?

of al-Qaeda from Afghanistan certainly dealt a huge blow to their operations, it would be incredibly naïve to equate the defeat of al-Qaeda in Afghanistan (it would also be quite naïve to suppose that this defeat was complete) to the destruction of international terrorism. In short, because I know I've gone on long enough, it doesn't seem to me that the war on terror is achieving very much nor does it seem to me that very much can be achieved by the large-scale invasion of nations.

When I stated that there was no reason for the inexplicable invasion of Iraq, I'm sure many of you immediately thought of oil. The black stuff is incalculably important in the 21st century for a myriad of reasons and there's no

doubt that its extraction, transportation and consumption weighs heavily on the economy and politics of the U.S.A. President George W. Bush, in this year's State of the Union address, warned of an addiction to imported oil and its perils. I'm going to convince of you how extensive the addiction and tangible the peril is in this case.

You'll be shocked to hear it but the security threat due to the U.S.'s oil dependence is far greater than the threat of international terrorism. Lets take a look at why. In the ten countries with the biggest oil reserves, we find among others Iran, Russia and Venezuela. While these are the three countries with especially frosty relationships with U.S.A at this point, the top ten

countries in general are either unstable, corrupt or have political interests that do not align with the U.S. Examples of these are Iraq, Nigeria and Saudi Arabia. It just so happens that most of the oil in the world is situated in places inhabited by people who don't have the average American's interests at heart. This is important because of the enormous wealth that is generated through the sale of oil. The people whose interests diverge from America's are extremely well funded and have a disproportionately large political clout due to their oil. Russia is able to move towards authoritarianism while simultaneously Iran continues with confidence with its nuclear program; because of their oil wealth, these and other producer

countries are free to ignore U.S. policies and to pursue interests inimical to the national security of the United States. This problem is furthered because it reduces the ability of the U.S. to achieve its' goals through multi-lateral channels. I'm lucky enough to have the perfect example of this readily available in the form of Iran's nuclear program. The U.S. has attempted to gain direct and strong action through the U.N and the E.U, the U.N. most notably of the two. It is nearly impossible for the U.S. to persuade the Security Council to take significant action because two veto-holding members – China and Russia – are more interested in Iran's oil reserves than its nuclear capabilities. China in particular provides support to oil producing countries that the U.S. would rather isolate, due to the massive demand for oil from its growing economy.

Today the purchase of oil has become blind. Oil takes precedence in foreign policy and other factors become invisible, we are blinded to them. Consider the close relationship of the U.S. with Saudi Arabia. The land of the free is closely allied with a nation that recently sentenced a woman to 90 lashes after being raped by a gang of seven men; her crime was being in the same car as a male friend who was also raped in the same incident. I had to include this piece of recent news because it demonstrates the misogynistic, dictatorial and oppressive governance in Saudi Arabia. The United States is forced to deal with nations that are run in complete contradiction to the values that it was founded on due to its dependence on oil. Things become even stranger when you take a closer look at the re-

lationship between Venezuela and the U.S. I'm sure you've all heard the ranting of Hugo Chavez and realized that he is opposed to U.S. involvement in Southern American affairs but what you may not know is that Venezuela is the U.S.'s fourth largest supplier of oil. In reality, U.S. dollars are directly financing the efforts of Chavez to attack U.S. influence in Southern America.

Western Civilization is built on oil. In terms of the products derived from crude oil and the direct energy uses such as in transport, oil could be said to be everywhere in our society. This addiction has resulted in the dangerous international position as described above. Although the solution is hard to swallow it is certainly not difficult to imagine. Increase efficiency of oil and gas use, switch from oil-derived products to alternatives, encourage supply of oil from sources outside the Persian Gulf, make the oil and gas infrastructure more efficient and secure and increase investment in new energy technologies. Simple eh?

It probably could be simple if the men and women in Capitol Hill really had the foresight and will to make it happen. Unfortunately the environment has not become a popular political issue in the U.S. as it has here in the UK. Despite this let's look at the current political goings-on in the U.S.A.

Just a short aside, Bush has well and truly become a lame-duck president. During his first term he did not use his presidential veto against congressional bills once. However, recently he has used his veto on bills with both public and bi-partisan support, and in fact on one occasion has had his veto overridden by congress. With the democrats in control of both houses on Capitol Hill, governance in Washington has become a case of Congress versus the President.

By far the most interesting event in the U.S. at the moment is the upcoming Presidential Election. In my eyes there are two candidates who have a chance of winning.

Hillary Clinton. If you don't know who Hillary Clinton is then you must have spent much of the 90's living under a rock. Wife to former President Bill Clinton, she is widely seen as the frontrunner to gain the Democrat nomination and then the Presidency. She began her campaign by saying "I'm in, I'm in to win". From the start Hillary Clinton's campaign has been based on unwavering confidence of victory and with some polls putting her 27 points ahead of her democratic rivals it's hard to disagree with her confidence. Like most Presidential elections, there is a focus on personality rather than the issues. She has been lauded as an Iron lady. Certainly her gender puts her in a unique position as she would become the first ever female president of the U.S.A. Accused of playing the

"Hillary Clinton's campaign has been based on unwavering confidence"

gender card at a televised debate held in Las Vegas she responded: "People are not attacking me because I'm a woman; they're attacking me because I'm ahead." Nonetheless, critics – some within her own party – continue to put forward arguments against her running in the general election race. She is said to be a divisive figure for which some Americans would never vote. That, however, applies to almost every politician. Other commentators have ques-



The invasion of Iraq will most likely be the defining memory of George Bush's presidency



By January 2009, the White House, heart of the world's primary superpower, will have a new occupant with the chance of repairing the nation's image

tioned the position of former president Bill Clinton, who would become First Gentleman if she were elected. Some are suggesting that he would become President-by-proxy. However Hillary Rodham (to use her maiden name as she often does) whose parents were famously tough with her as a child – There is a story that Hillary came home and complained about a bully at school; her mother replied that there was no room in the house for cowards – is unlikely to allow her husband or anyone else boss her around.

Barack Obama, like Hillary has historic potential, as he could become the first black president of the United States. While Hillary Clinton has developed an Iron Lady image, Obama has been labeled as a “rock star” and a “beach babe”; hold on we are talking about Presidential Candidates aren't we? He has become a media darling and is certainly the candidate with the most charisma. When he made his first

trip to the state of New Hampshire – one of the first to choose its candidate for president – the governor joked that he had booked Mr. Obama for an appearance because he would sell more tickets than the Rolling Stones. In addition he has been the only candidate to really keep up with Hillary Clinton. Despite being behind her in the polls, until recently he had consistently raised more money than she or any other candidate had. In truth Barack Obama has a hell of a lot going for him. His multicultural background and upbringing has allowed him to claim a unique foreign policy viewpoint and as the only serious candidate to have explicitly opposed the war in Iraq he has been able to speak credibly about ending the war in Iraq. Despite receiving criticism for a perceived inability to dent Hillary Clinton's campaign, the man whose name people always get wrong is whom I'd like to see in the White House.

You'll notice that I've left out a lot of

candidates. The two I've mentioned are Democrat nominees and I haven't mentioned any Republican candidates. By this I'm implying that they are neither electable or that I don't believe that they should be elected. In the Democrat camp, the person in 'third' place is John Edwards. I don't personally believe that he is unsuitable for the job, rather that should he be elected as Democrat nominee it will not be because he is the right person for job it will be because the Democratic Party was unable to stomach voting for a woman or a black man. Obama and Clinton are such strong candidates that the only thing that would trip up their campaign would be a personal scandal or the emergence of prejudice inside the privacy of the voting booth.

On the republican side we have a combination of persons who are unlikely to be elected and who should not in my view be allowed to hold office. Mitt Romney and John McCain

are unelectable. John McCain because he is a neo-conservative in a time when neo-conservatism has lost all credibility and Mitt Romney because he is at once a weak candidate and a Mormon. Then we have Rudy Giuliani who certainly is electable but I hope that he isn't. I am amazed at how a man who has so consistently lied about his political background and his 9/11 experience has become the front-runner for the Republican Party nomination. At the forefront of these lies is his warped account of his achievements as mayor of New York and his claim that he spent as much time in the rubble at ground zero as rescue workers did. Strange then that 9,000 ground zero workers are filing a class action lawsuit against NYC for health-and-life-threatening conditions and injuries sustained in the pit while he remains a picture of health. A candidate should start as they mean to go on, god forbid what this means for the U.S.A if Rudy is elected President.

Being intelligent persons, you may have noticed that we are reaching the end of the page and so therefore the end of my article. The U.S.A. faces problems on a scale that it has not faced since its conception with the War of Independence. It faces a world resentful of its mistakes made in the War on Terror and worst still its enemies hold all the cards in this oil-addicted planet. Its status as a superpower, which has been unchallenged since the fall of the Soviet Union, will see fresh opposition with the rise of China and the return to authoritarian government in Russia. As a result of the mis-handling of government by the Bush Administration the United States finds itself with more enemies than friends. With luck I've given a broad – but by no means complete – and detailed – but by no means entirely precise – view of the U.S.A Today and with even more luck I've left you better informed to consider the U.S.A Tomorrow.

World news summarised faster than mach 3

Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

As students, we may get our kicks from buying food reduced to clear at 2am in Big Sainsbury's, but frankly, there are more important things out there in the wide universe. And here are just a few of them.

Australia gets a new prime minister



Australia elected a new Prime Minister last week in the form of former diplomat Kevin Rudd. It ends 11 years of conservative rule lead by John Howard. Howard sent troops to the deeply unpopular war in Iraq and has aligned himself closely with US President George Bush. Rudd promises to keep good relations with the world superpower, but will withdraw forces from the Middle East and intends to sign the Kyoto protocol.

Ethnic discrimination in Malaysia



Ethnic Indians took to the streets in Kuala Lumpur in protest of the Malay dominated government's openly discriminatory laws. Police used tear gas and water cannons to quell outbursts of violence which erupted sporadically amongst the 10,000 marchers. The Hindu groups want a change to laws which prioritise ethnic Malays when it comes to employment and university places. Malays represent around 60% of the population and have the lowest rates of academic achievement and income. Indians make up 8% and Chinese approximately one fifth.

Bomb blast in Sri Lanka

Two bombs exploded within hours of one another in the Sri Lankan capital of Colombo on Wednesday. 17 died

in the attack in the on going civil war which has an estimated death toll of 70,000 since hostilities began in the 1970's. The Tamil Tiger organisation fights for an independent state in the northern part of the island. Their dif-



ferences lie in language, access to education and religion - Sri Lanka's government is dominated by Buddhists, whilst the Tigers are mainly Hindu.

Blasphemy in Sudan

A British teacher was arrested in Sudan after allegations of blasphemy. The crime was committed in a classroom where she had encouraged the children to name a teddy bear after the Muslim prophet Mohammad. Foreign Secretary David Milliband was quickly on the phone to the Sudanese ambassador in attempt to resolve the issue, and



Prime Minister Gordon Brown said he was 'very sorry' for Ms Gibbons.

Musharraf officially a civilian



General Pervez Musharraf, the leader of the south Asian country Pakistan since a coup in 1999, has given up his military uniform in a bid to legitimately win an election expected by January 2008. He is one of America's most important allies in the 'War on Terror' as a neighbour of Afghanistan, but is run-

ning into trouble over such close ties domestically. General Ashfaq Kayani now heads the military of the nuclear armed nation.

Bush's last chance



George Bush welcomed Israel's Prime Minister Ehud Olmert and Palestinian Authority President Mahmoud Abbas to Annapolis, USA for the start of a new round of bilateral talks. Many see this conference as the last chance for the Bush administration to redeem itself on the international stage. "Israel must demonstrate its support for the creation of a prosperous and successful Palestinian state by removing unauthorized outposts, ending settlement expansion, and finding other ways for the Palestinian Authority to exercise its responsibilities without compromising Israel's security" the president said.

Picture of the Week

Speeding Station, by Paulharveer Sangha
Third Year Electrical and Electronic Engineer

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WEDNESDAY 5TH



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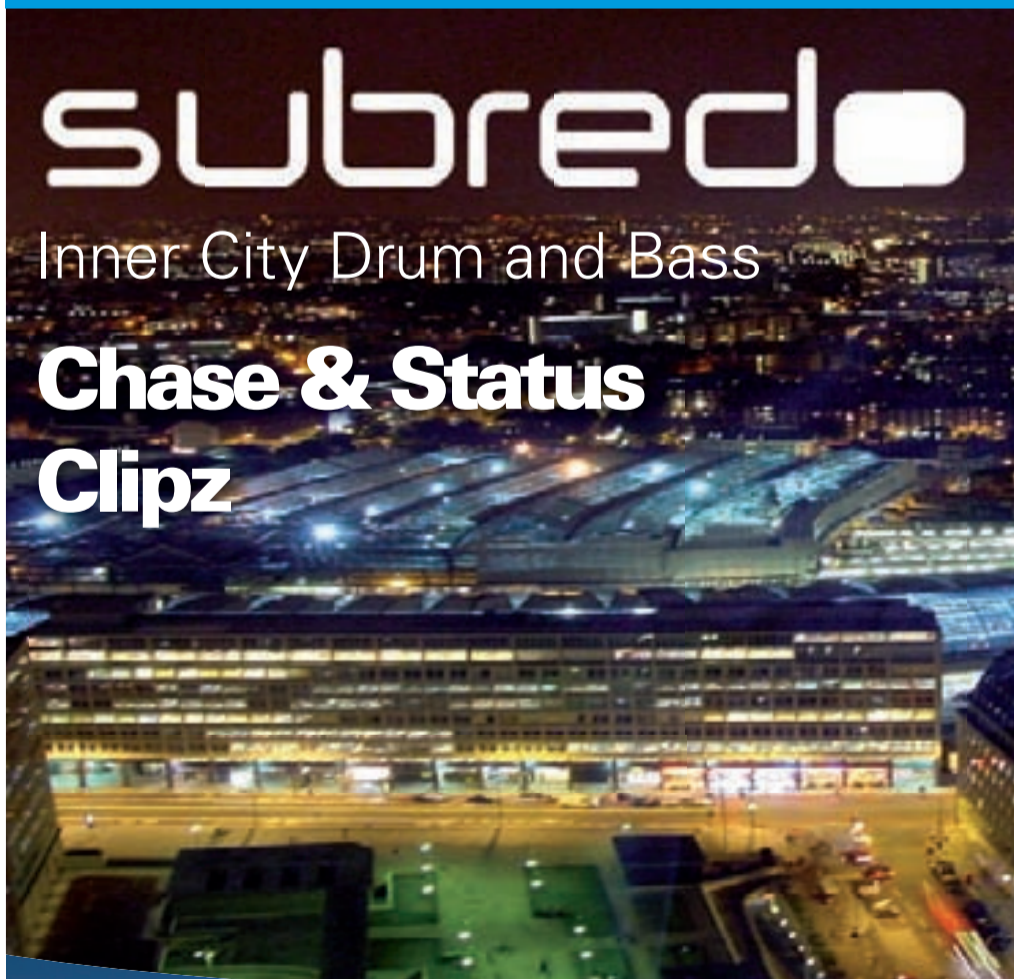
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Thu 13th	Too Posh To Wash
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David Paw
Arts Editor

I read Mike's editorial last week – as you all should – and it reminded me that for every person up late at night staring at a blinking cursor, thinking of plot lines and dying for some, just a little or any inspiration at all, there must be millions out there at the same time, putting pen to paper or fingers to keys in the search for some kind of creative enlightenment and understanding.

My own "novel" has hit a standstill, and so too have the screenplays, sitting on my desktop redundant and neglected. The songs I have "written" are tabbed on pieces of paper scattered around my room and I can't remember 99% of ideas that have come to my mind.

With the advent of Myspace and Youtube, the blogosphere exploded. Everyone and anyone with a creative desire or ambition began spelling out their thoughts and feelings, and suddenly everyone had an outlet and an audience. Didn't like what was on TV? Look for it on Youtube and you were likely to come up with someone experiencing or thinking about something similar. Those who have begun to exploit this are no longer reliant on the networks. Now, we give each other what we want.

It is not as if the Studio heads have not latched onto this. Youtube hoaxer and cult legend lonelygirl15 – the product of a couple of North American filmmakers – now has its own, highly subscribed online serial and the excellent *Quarterlife*, originally produced for Myspace TV, has now been picked up by NBC and will begin airing next Spring in the United States. The creative realm is not just for a select elite or those suffering for their art.

Back in the real world, Huang Khoo took a trip to the Barbican to see the return of the incredible Gergiev conducting Mahler's *Symphony No. 6*. It is wonderful to read about people's experiences of art and music, especially ones so inspiring and memorable. Mike Cook unrepentently delves into the world of "children's" books – given even the loftiest of editors have enjoyed J.K. Rowling's finest at one point or another, it is hardly something to keep quiet about.

There is another groundbreaking installment of *Student Arts in Focus*, while Caz Knight takes a look at one of our greatest Romantic poets. Read her breakdown of Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn* later in this section. I take a look at some travel and road novels in *Culture 101* – there are some obligatory classics, some novel choices and a few looser interpretations of the genre but all share the common theme of journey and self-awareness.

Finally, there is a review of Drama Society's sparkly new production of Brian Friel's *Translations* to your right – its run ends this Saturday so hurry, get your tickets and enjoy some home grown talent.

Lightning strikes twice

Huang Khoo braces himself for pyrotechnics at the Barbican – Gergiev's back...

Upon arriving at the Barbican, I am immediately struck by the vast, open, nature of the location. As the biggest dedicated performance-arts venue in Europe, this shouldn't have been much of a surprise but the open structure emphasises the sheer magnitude of the place.

Walking into the Concert Hall, I am equally impressed. While perhaps not quite of the same grandeur of the Royal Albert Hall, the Concert Hall at the Barbican is nothing short of impressive. The seats are well-arranged too, with a clear and unobstructed view of the entire orchestra.

Tonight's programme consists of Tishchenko's *Cello Concerto No. 1*, followed by Mahler's *Symphony No. 6 in A minor*, with a 20-minute interval between the two pieces.

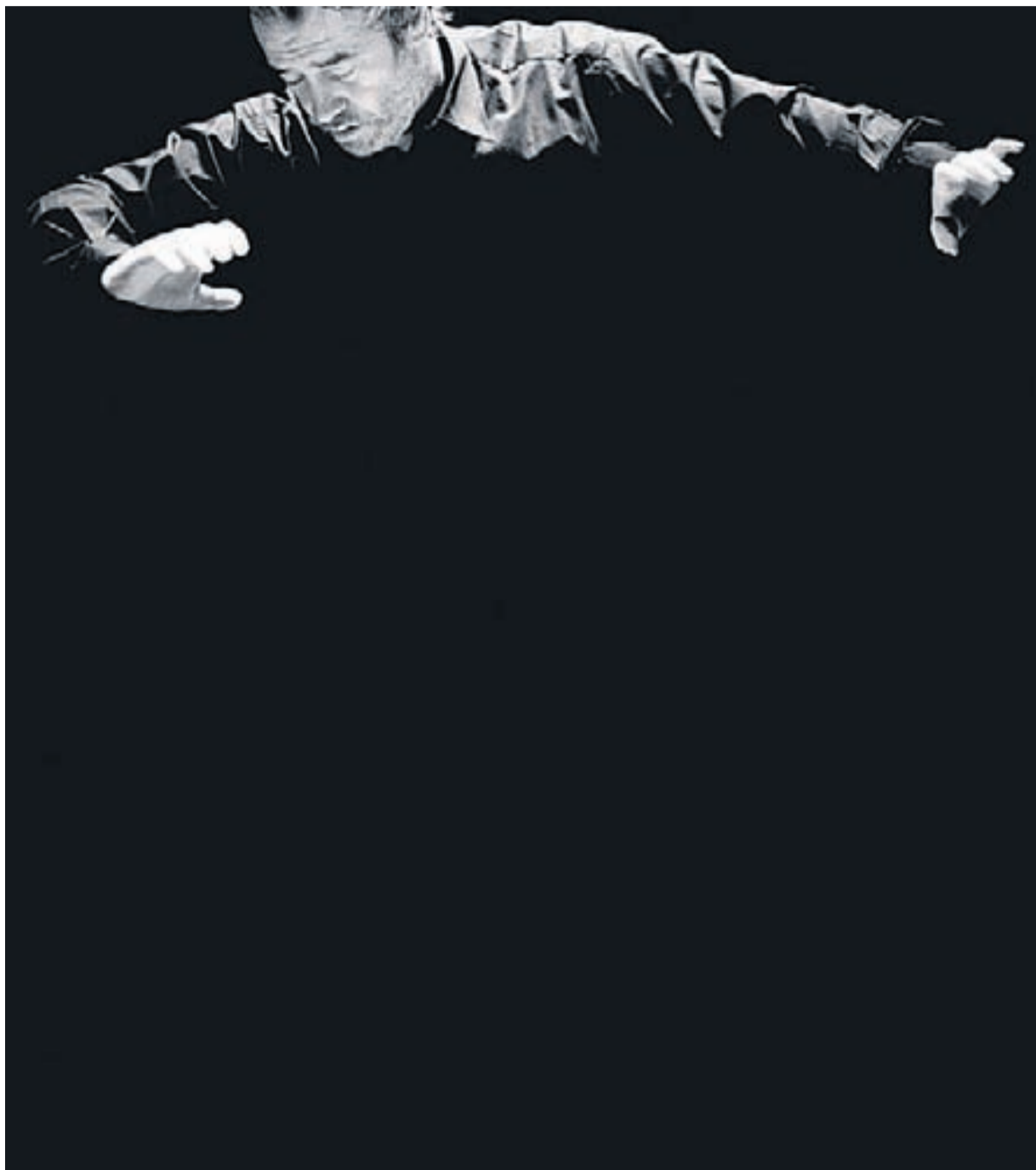
The Concerto is performed by Tim Hugh, an international soloist as well as the Principal Cellist of the London Symphony Orchestra. He studied cello under Aldo Parisot while at Yale and later with William Pleeth and the great Jacqueline du Pré while at St. Johns College, Cambridge.

Hugh has also worked as soloist with many great conductors including Previn, Sir Colin Davis, Rostropovich, Menuhin, Xavier-Roth, Chung and Tortelier. He has recently toured the UK playing the Elgar and Brahms Concertos with the Moscow Philharmonic and in Spain with the LSO at Alhambra Palace. Hugh plays on a cello by Petrus Roman of Venice 1708.

Mahler's *Symphony No. 6*, nicknamed 'The Tragic' will be performed by the LSO, with Valery Gergiev at the helm. Born in Moscow, Gergiev studied conducting at the Leningrad Conservatory and at the age of 24, won the Herbert von Karajan Conductor's Competition in Berlin. Gergiev is the Artistic and General Director of the Mariinsky Theatre and has toured in 45 countries with the Kirov Opera, Ballet and Orchestra. In 2003, Gergiev led a considerable portion of St. Petersburg's 300th anniversary celebrations, conducted the globally televised anniversary gala, and opened the Carnegie Hall season with the Kirov Orchestra, being the first Russian conductor to do so since Tchaikovsky conducted the first-ever concert in Carnegie Hall. Gergiev is currently the Principal Conductor of the LSO.

It is worth noting at this point that the choice of repertoire for tonight's concert doesn't cater particularly well to the more 'casual' listener of classical music; the Tishchenko, in particular, whereas Mahler's work is generally akin to Marmite; you either love it, or can't stand it.

The Tishchenko starts out with a long monologue on the cello, where the composer's admiration for his teacher Shostakovich is evident and where the tone of the entire piece is set. The music starts off with an anxious, discordant, and uneasy feel. This is further emphasised when the orchestra is introduced, gradually increasing in energy and intensity, before slowly subsiding away towards the end. The insistent, repeated four-note motif and the brooding, jarring passages all serve to create an atmosphere of suspense



Gergiev will be conducting Mahler's Symphonies throughout the Winter. Book ahead – tickets sell fast

and unease. The solo writing is fantastic; with every register and characteristic of the cello exploited and Tim Hugh puts on a fine performance, full of enthusiasm and energy.

After the interval, the audience and musicians take their seats, and I am slightly surprised (even by Mahler standards) by the size of the orchestra; two timpanis, cowbells, a celesta, two harps, nine horns and a hammer! And not just some Stanley job, but a ludicrously proportioned mallet, straight out of an ACME catalogue of a 'Loony Tunes' cartoon. This is most definitely not your average set-up.

The first movement is intense and march-like, with conflicting demands of tempo that Gergiev handles with the utmost ease, making it seem easy and natural. *Alma's theme*, which reoccurs throughout the entire Symphony, is introduced to the audience. The second movement is slower, more emotional and yet full of turmoil, with nasty, complex rhythms that are dealt with by Gergiev once again.

In the third movement, things begin to get darker, more brooding and men-

acing, building up towards the final movement. The fourth is tragic, powerful, and emotional. I had never before heard the fourth movement played with such energy, intensity and ferocity as I did that night, like witnessing a wild beast caged for the first time. The first of two hammer strikes, signalling the first of three tragic events in Mahler's life, sent chills racing down my spine. The fourth movement is brutal

but never out of control, with Gergiev in total control and the orchestra revelling in the music. The final A minor chord falls like an iron curtain.

The Symphony ends and the hall is filled with rapturous applause. There is a standing ovation, people are whistling and stamping their feet on the ground. Gergiev, and the LSO, have given the audience a truly fantastic and memorable performance.

Arts needs you!

Felix Arts is looking to regularly cover performances, exhibitions, concerts and more held by Imperial societies – but we need you to keep us updated! Intermail us at arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

An almost perfect Translation(s)

Afonso Campos reviews the latest Dramsoc production and leaves the theatre refreshed and content

It is a frightening prospect that of staging a play so well known, loved and over analysed like *Translations*. A text studied by dozens of thousands every year, from GCSE and A-Level right up to university level, not only invites tremendous amount of criticism (some of it more constructive than the rest), it sets expectations of the audience at a very high threshold. Despite one or two directorial kinks, first time director Rebecca Banerjee has overseen and taken care of her actors rather well and is to be commended for it.

The level of talent is fantastic. It is refreshing to see a science focused institution such as ours still abounding with artistic capacity. The interactions between character pairs felt substantial and genuine. Hugh Mor O'Donnell played by Sam Abu-Wardeh was particularly good. His voice projection was spot on, as was his acting. He seemed completely comfortable on stage, as if it were an innate part of him.

The romance scene was quite enthralling. There was a subtle beauty that arose from the truth of the situation. It felt real and not in the slightest contrived. Lara Gill's (playing Maire) breathing and sighing while on stage with Alex (playing Yolland) was quite gripping. The pair was able to transmit the awkward but enchanting, childlike state of being utterly in love and knowing it can last.

Manus' (Andrew Somerville) slouching and eyes reveal a character that is clearly tormented and distraught – a romantic fool who has not had the fortune of requited love. His voice and somewhat disgruntled and aimless walk heighten the sense of loss in him. His interaction with Sarah (Lucy Anderson) before he exits was beautifully depressing. The two capture the essence of that anagnorisis and quick moment of realisation just before forcefully losing someone forever. Lucy's part is a tough one due to the



Left to right: Lucy Anderson, Seb Junemann and Felix's very own Andrew Somerville

lack of spoken lines. Everything is in the eyes and body language; however she rises to the challenge and plays her part flawlessly.

Jimmy-Jack played by Seb Junemann was another star in the play. His presence is electrifying and his scene of drunken stupor is worthy of note. His enunciation and intoxicated behaviour is such that it would make a tough, inebriated pirate sit in a corner and cry in shame.

Owen, played by Brandon Cano-

Errecart was the only character to be slightly detached. While his peers all try hard (ones more successfully than others) to put on the Irish accent, Brandon fails to do so, differentiating and placing him on plane different to the others. His communications feel strange, not because he is not a good actor in his own right, but because his American accent props up too often rendering his character much less credible and believable.

One cannot miss the care that has

also gone into creating the set. Kaushali Trivedi and his team clearly worked long and hard making sure the audience would be transported to Ireland in the early 1800s.

While the creative side is certainly worthy of this perhaps ego-boosting review, the production of the play faltered slightly. One would expect something more than six weeks in the making to have been the target of some serious marketing efforts. The sort of turnout on opening night was rather

uninspiring, with under thirty souls scattered throughout the auditorium. The quality of the program is also rather poor. It is badly designed and written, and with over 6 fonts used, it is incoherent and difficult to read. It seems perhaps unfair that the actors put so much work and devotion into the machine, only to have their work appreciated by an empty house. It is time Imperial productions start making their actors proud and filling up those seats, whatever it takes.



The *Translations* cast inspire others to audition for future Dramsoc productions

Culture 101 – Literary road trips

Let David Paw guide you through the sweetest escapes and most manic sojourns of the literary world

Feeling a little seasonal affective? Missing the debauchery of summer? Aren't we all. Often it is one of the high points of anyone's year, etched in the memory for eons and recounted at bars and gatherings endlessly. After all, we are a travel-obsessed nation. Perhaps it says more about us and our current state than we'd care to mention, but we love little more than spending half the year thinking about the trip, a little less than the next half planning it and then actually taking off and going for the rest of it.

We all have our ideal trips – the city break, the backpacking adventure or the overland odyssey, but more often than not we just don't find the time to get up and go. A pithy alternative, perhaps, but escape is still attainable in the form of film, music and of course, literature. The books here have been chosen for their common theme and vary wildly between epics that we all dream of, such as travelling the roads of the Americas, awakenings and emotionally turbulent trips and gargantuan voyages through the afterlife. We hope you like.

Alex Garland – *The Beach*

Each generation searches for its Shangri-La. Although the islands of Thailand have since lost much of their virginal allure in the eyes of incessant "explorers", back when Garland wrote *The Beach* they were still relatively untouched by the package-tour brigade. Tat from elitist spiritual pretenders aside, *The Beach* almost perfectly captures one of the desires found in so many of our generation – the sometimes overwhelming desire to travel, wander the earth, to keep moving and discover a little slice of heaven for ourselves, and for ourselves alone.

The Beach charts the story of Richard, a young British backpacker – Garland when he was "18 or 19" – who travels through Thailand to find a Utopian community on one of the islands after being given a map by Daffy, a crazed and older traveller who has been around too long and seen too much. On one level an engaging adventure, and on another asking questions about the inherent unrest and destructive nature of backpackers like Richard, *The Beach* is a fine addition to the pantheon of literary wanderers.

Dante Alighieri – *The Divine Comedy*

This is not your typical travel novel involving a road-trip, given, but for scope and depth alongside sheer scale and imagination, travelling through the circles of Hell from Purgatory and into Paradise takes some beating. Contrary to popular belief, reviewers do sometimes read what they write about.

I can't say I remember all of it – something about not resting on downy plumes and something about a subliminal passage that if you understand, you're amazing, and if you don't, you're retarded – but in essence it tracks the travels of Dante, the Luke to Virgil's Ben Kinobe, through Hell, watching sinners burn and get all sorts of twisted stuff done to them (it's worth it just for this) before popping by Satan's place to say "Hi" while he chews on Judas' face, then emerging to the stars in Purgatory.

He climbs the mountain of Purgatory before reaching the gate, passing



Of all the places Kerouac wrote about and romanticised, it is perhaps his recollections of the California coast that are the most inspiring

through and ascending the terraces of Purgatory while watching nice folks being purged of their sins. Virgil departs and Dante hooks up with Beatrice (the Love of his life and BFF) and then they ascend into the spheres of Heaven before meeting Jesus, Mary and God, whom grants him understanding of human and divine nature.

There's a lot of dry, Florentine politics in this book. It is seen to be of importance as it shaped the West's perception of "Hell" whilst also being key to the evolution of the Italian language, but other than that, and being really, really long, I can't think of anything more worthy of the title "trophy book". Other than *War and Peace*, of course.

Ernesto Guevara – *The Motorcycle Diaries*

Eloquent and colourful, *The Motorcycle Diaries* are the recollections of a young Ernesto Guevara who, at the age of 23, packed up his medical studies and decided he needed to see more of the world. Travelling with his friend Alberto and his trusty steed La Ponderosa, a 500cc Norton motorcycle, getting shit-faced and picking up women was always on the agenda, but along the way it is interesting to watch his increasing sentiment towards the people of the Lands he visits – a forgotten leper colony in Argentina or a Chilean copper mine which had already

claimed numerous victims.

Guevara takes much at surface level and tells it so matter-of-factly that one begins to believe it all to be entirely normal. Likened to a more focused and (slightly more) sober *On The Road*, it does for South America what Kerouac did for its Northern counterpart.

Hunter S. Thomson – *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*

I remember reading an interview with Brian Molko from Placebo who, after reading Marilyn Manson's book *Long Hard Road Out Of Hell*, stated happily that it made him want to go out and do as many drugs and get as "fucked up"

as he possibly could. Can't say that was my reaction after reading *Fear and Loathing*, but it has that effect on some people. So I'm told. Repeatedly.

Fear and Loathing is the based-on-a-true-story account of Thompson and a friend's long, drug-fuelled bender-cum-road adventure in Vegas while on assignment for *Sports Illustrated*. Living out the last days of the fervent counterculture of the time, the novel follows their hallucinations and dragged-out trips, ultimately culminating in inevitable paranoia and a ragged mutual mistrust.

Lambasting the American Dream and its ultimate futility, as well as chronicling the optimism-turned-cyn-

icism of the era, *Fear and Loathing* is important for its significance in both 20th Century American Literary history and Pop culture.

David Halsey and Diana Landau – *Magnetic North*

This little-known novel charts the expedition undertaken by the author and his travel companions, photographer Pete Souchuk and their adopted native mutt Ki, across the Canadian wilderness. Abandoned by his original team, Halsey was convinced to continue his journey by a fervent and gregarious stranger at a bar.

Refocusing and with new teammate Souchuk, he set out in the spring of 1977 to trek across the entire continent from Vancouver to the banks of the St Lawrence river on the East Coast, eschewing any motorised transport-travelling by foot, canoe and dogsled. Landau completed the novel after Halsey's death making the account even more affecting, for better or worse.

Magnetic North is an incredible and inspiring tale for its distilled and pure sense of passion and overwhelming sense of accomplishment. It is clear that Halsey, a suburbanite, was born to be out in the woods. The descriptions of the landscapes and the people he meets are uplifting – every face is imaginable, every step seemingly traceable. More than any other tale of adventure, it makes you want to be out there, pack on your back, stepping out into the frosted wilderness.

Don DeLillo – *Americana*

Not his best novel, but as far as debuts go, pretty blinding. The journey in this case is that of David Bell, a late twenty-something TV exec who, sick of living in his cynical little dream of America, takes on an assignment with a camera team to explore and make a film on the sprawling urban landscape and society of America.

Heralding the arrival of a major talent, *Americana* is sparkling in its descriptions of characters and half-laughs and half-despairs like its characters. Criticised as being not plot-centric enough, its portraits are exciting and

DeLillo's prose never misses a beat. Cynical, detached, seemingly past the point of caring – as a reader, you experience all of these in DeLillo's style and more. Pretty authentic, then.

Jack Kerouac – *On The Road*

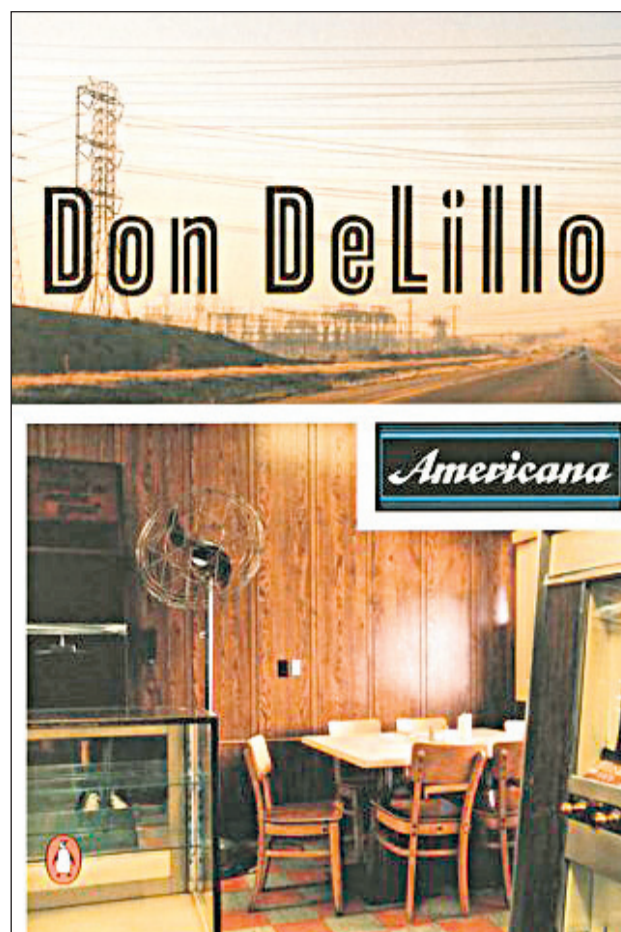
"A selection of road novels would be unthinkable without the ultimate paean to the essence of road travel". Or, that's what I would have said if I had reviewed it earlier. Never quite instilling the same respect as other writers installed in literary canon, yet hugely influential, Kerouac had a rollercoaster career from a struggling, middling writer living with relatives on the East Coast, to the self-styled "King of the Beatniks", which he references in later novels after *On The Road*. You could trace a line in his life, his dreams and regrets through his novels, up to his breaking point in *Big Sur*. Any of his wild, frantic novels could make the cut (including the wonderful *Visions of Cody*) but *On The Road* is where it all started.

Leaving his aunt's house in New York state to follow the wildly charismatic Dean Moriarty (Kerouac's real life friend and fellow Beat Neal Cassady) on the road, the novel plots their travels across the great plains of the Midwest and the mountains of the Rockies to the sunlicked hills of central California, all wide-eyed and partied-up in a feverish need to feed off the essence and joy of pure being.

Legend has it that *On The Road* was written in a long, continuous Benz-drine-fuelled session after Kerouac returned back from his adventures. Offering an alternative to Fitzgerald's American dream of material and wealth-driven excess, *On The Road* served up a new ideology and set a precedent that echoes powerfully even in our generation.

Mari Akasaka – *Vibrator*

Vibrator was received as a portrait of a generational crisis in its native Japan. This is not a book for the light hearted. It follows Rei, a journalist – young, lost, neurotic, the usual – who meets a truck driver late one night in a con-



DeLillo's *Americana* is one of cynicism and detachment, while *Vibrator* is more about the resonance of memory than what you're thinking

venience store. She is wrenched from the monotony and neurosis of her daily life by an inexplicable attraction to him and joins him on an emotional road-trip through the backroads of Japan while reliving her traumatic childhood and searching for the kind of self-understanding that crystallises only during the course of a journey.

Dealing in extremes, it is rich and intricate in parts, while delivering bullish verbal haymakers in others. Case in point; Rei's opening stream of consciousness outpourings while in her local convenience store in the middle of the night. One part of you thinks Natsuo Kirino, the other is imagining Jeff Bridges as The Dude strolling down the aisle, milk in his beard. Despite its

minimalist components – set over the course of a night, involving just two characters in a very short novel – Akasaka tells the story of Rei with skill and delicacy.

Ethan Hawke – *Ash Wednesday*

Call it variety, call it novelty value or call it curiosity, but as far as writing attempts by famously moody and reflective Hollywood creative types go, Hawke's *Ash Wednesday* isn't as bad as it could be. Certainly given the efforts of current celebs to release autobiographies to cash in on their fifteen minutes, it is commendable that Hawke actually bothered to put pen to paper and work through the agony

that is 'Writing A Novel' for 200 pages. The story recounts a familiar tale of star-crossed lovers Jimmy and Christie, travelling Transamerica to recount forgotten scenes and trace memories, separated, yet upon re-evaluation of their lives, realising that the other is all they've got.

The character descriptions and developments are pretty interesting given that novels are probably not Hawke's forte, but for anyone who's seen his conversational epics with Julie Delpy (*Before Sunrise/Before Sunset*) and is wondering just what is going on in the mind of the man (or is just plain curious) it's worth a look. Available from Amazon for next to nada – worth a look for the curious amongst you.



Guevara's *Motorcycle Diaries* was adapted into a Walter Salles film not so long ago



Lucifer chews on Judas' and Brutus' faces. Delish

SAIF – Systematic torture special

More real fucking culture; this week the right venerable John Mayer analyses another modern classic

This weeks piece is an enigmatic photo from the celebrated German photographer Gai Bühn. Although initially impenetrable, it could be argued that on one level this is a straight-forward protest against the treatment of the political prisoners in Guantanamo Bay.

However, on a deeper level it is apparent that the pillowcase is a representation of the way in which we are all forced to silence our inner desires in order to function in society.

The subject depicted in the photo is undergoing an internal battle – he is enslaved to the laws of civilisation but is craving the independent, free thought brought to him through his music. This conflict is clearly tearing him apart, leading to the rejection of his autonomy – we see him attempting to throw the battered old Casio keyboard across the room.

When he's not singing tribute songs about coprophilia, being really famous and ploughing Jessica Simpson, John Mayer can be found chilling with his pal Dave Chapelle and playing Stevie Ray Vaughan covers on his vintage Fender Strat (bastard).

He also released a couple of shite solo CDs and has covered Tay Zonday's masterpiece *Chocolate Rain* to the melody of *Say It Right*. He attended Berkley.



Whoever thought of this must have been in a world of suck. This guy is basically like the worst superhero ever

Stanzas for Students – Ode on a Grecian Urn

Caz Knight puts the rest of us to shame with her in depth analysis of Keats' super-duper masterpiece

Four years after applying to the Royal College of Surgeons at Guy's Hospital, John Keats wrote *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, inspired by a trip to the British museum to see the Elgin Marbles. These were sculptures that decorated the Parthenon, and other buildings on the Acropolis of Athens and upon the instruction of Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin, half the remaining sculptures were seized from Athens and brought to London between 1801 and 1812.

This was not carried out without opposition. Lord Byron himself lamented their removal from Greece: "Dull is the eye that will not weep to see / Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed / By British hands..." His views obviously fell on deaf ears, as Keats was able to visit the Elgin Marbles and so be inspired by an urn he saw there to write this poem. Indeed, even Francis Crick (co-discoverer of DNA) went on to use this poem as inspiration for the title of his book *What Mad Pursuit* – see first stanza.

Upon initial reading, the poem is shrouded in mystery. One does not know to whom the poem is referring, what the characters are doing or where they are going, highlighting Keats' theory of 'Negative Capability' whereby great minds have the ability to accept that not everything can be resolved (something I'm sure that a lot of scientists might have trouble doing).

Keats observed the scene depicted on the urn and delved into his own interpretation of what is happening in it.

The ode seems to be addressed to the people on the urn; the poet recognising the flurry of events spurred on by passion, both envying and pitying their situation.

He longs for their perpetual energy made possible by the fact that they are immobile, etched on the urn and suspended forever in this way. Yet he pities the fact that they, nor their feelings, can not change and that they are locked in this passion, never to achieve climax - "that can not shed / your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu".

The most controversial and complex aspect of the poem comes in the last two lines, regarded as one of the most notorious quotations in English Literature. Due to some ambiguous punctuation, it is unclear who the speaker is and to whom it is being addressed. Poet T.S. Elliot thought very little of the last two lines. He referred to them as "a serious blemish on a beautiful poem". One interpretation is that it is Keats who is addressing and criticising the figures on the urn.

Another interpretation is that it is the urn who is the speaker. It begins by quoting Sir Joshua Reynolds (greatest authority on art at the time) - "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" and goes on to affirm that truth is indeed all we need to create superb art. The preceding words to the last two lines, "thou say'st", imply that it is the urn's and not Keats' voice.

Maybe we should accept that not everything can be answered and enjoy the poem for what it is – perhaps the last two lines were added for no other reason than to confuse!

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thou express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens
loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter: therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal - yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.



Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Are you sitting comfortably? Good

Mike Cook is wondering whether he should act his age when it comes to his choice of reading material

I don't read an awful lot. That may come as a surprise to those of you who were foolish enough to believe that the Felix staff had any experience or knowledge of their subject whatsoever. The truth is that I, like many of you, simply have too much to do. When reading gets slotted in, I need to go for something enjoyable. There was a time when I'd be taking recommendations, hovering in the Penguin Classics section and so on. But at the moment, I just want something to read.

Now, it gets a bit difficult here because on the one hand, it's not like I still watch kids television on a Saturday morning. The fact that I don't have a television set is neither here nor there – the point is, I'm too old for it. Even if *Pokemon* was just getting good. Similarly, I try to lay off consuming large amounts of sugar and running around until I bang into a doorframe because it's a little unbecoming. And also I can't afford sweets.

In general, really, getting older means doing older things. Grown-up stuff. Stuff that seemed boring when you were younger, like studying, and now still seems pretty much as boring. Like studying. However, when it comes to books I don't find it as easy to draw the mark.

Maybe it's because a story is a story, and at the end of the day it's either a good one or it isn't. The presentation of the thing is entirely in my mind – if I

want Doctor Seuss to be a battle-hardened demon slayer I'm quite within my rights to make him so. Not to mention that, on the whole, a younger target market means simpler vocabulary, and that definitely means easier reading for when I've done far too many course-works and eaten far too little real food.

Maybe it's not time to grow up and let go of things just yet, then. *His Dark Materials* is this Christmas' obligatory kid-magnet for cinemas nationwide, and that in turn has filled tube stations, coffee shops and living rooms with blue paperbacks of Philip Pullman's ostensibly teen-oriented books, as adults try and indulge themselves in a little bit more of pop culture. Not that that's a bad thing, and if there's one thing we have to thank Rowling for, it's that people have broadened their desire to read past the headlines of *The Sun*.

So, we're reading *His Dark Materials*, we had a crack at *Harry Potter* and a few of us might have even dipped into *Stormbreaker* – although the books were so short, a dip was probably all that was needed. Where's the problem?

Something bizarre happened as *Harry Potter* hit fame and fortune worldwide. 'Adult' covers appeared. Though they were no doubt fuelled by a desire to make the book seem even more accessible to adults, they engendered this sense of shame in people, even with the ridiculously overdone 'older' covers. They slapped this big,

comfy divide between what was 'adult' and what was 'children', even though people had been quite happily reading books before then, and the notion of age was just a method of indexing them in Waterstones.

It's a little sad to see it now – just as we become comfortable with the idea of exploring the gaudy, colourful sections of bookshops, we're suddenly told to wait and only read things if they come with a special jacket that looks like it was designed by H.R. Giger. Which is a bit of a shame, because the wealth of top-quality fiction that got exposure as a result of *Harry Potter's* success – *A Series of Unfortunate Events*, *Tales of the Otori*, and basically anything written by Bernard Cornwell – fell by the wayside as soon as it reached the 18+ market.

Christmas is coming up now, and that means it's a good opportunity to guiltlessly drop into a bookshop and pick up something that probably isn't aimed at you. Hence why I'm writing this to you whilst wearing some pleasingly tight *Pokemon* underwear. Some of these books are ludicrously cheap, and are guaranteed to give you just as good an experience as Mikami, Richard Hammond, Dawkins or whatever other nonsense you're picking up because the posters tell you to.

Go watch some Saturday morning kids TV, buy some *Coco Pops* and kick back with a copy of *Stormbreaker*. You're never too old.

The Best of the Youngest

Tales of the Otori

We tried in vain to get you into this a few weeks back – a five-book series of war-mongering, love, adolescence and religion set in a Feudal Japan-like fictional world. Really great stuff from an author that has a lot of experience with the culture. The first three books can be picked up for the ridiculous sum of £7.49 on Amazon. Please do it now.

His Dark Materials

Well, it is. If you haven't read the completely insane trilogy from Pullman then hurry up before Hollywood ruins the entire thing for you. In all senses of the word. It's big, it's (mostly) clever and it made me cry. True story. £3.49 each on Amazon.

The Hardy Boys

Oh come on. Come on. Okay, maybe not this one. Still... £3.50 each on Amazon. Can't go wrong. Kind of.

Note to Amazon.com - Can we have our money now?



So this is basically just a blatant excuse to stick a picture of Nicole Kidman in. And some little freak

Motor Get Their Engines Throbbing

The C&G Motor Club Committee kick-start their day by setting hearts racing. Got what it takes to pose here? Contact us:

felix@imperial.ac.uk





Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Alex Casey
Film Editor

Amongst the vitriolic spirit that Felix has acquired of late, I have found my perfectly content existence to be unnervingly pleasant. The sun has set on the summer of shit cinema and the festival lead the way in consecrating the aisles of the multiplex once more to the point that I have been criticised (yes, me!) of being overly generous with reviews. Well fuck you, but after sitting through three months of shite during the holidays, when I actually have time to make the most of my unlimited pass, half-hearted fare like *Lions for Lambs* is enough to leave a small wet patch on the cinema seat by the time the 3rd Music Supervisor rolls past in the end credits

But, hoorah, just when you think life is beautiful again, something worse than even *Pirates of the Caribbean XVII* lands in your lap and you realise what is wrong with this false consciousness you have conjured: bloody gangsters. Not in the sense that they will get my kids hooked on heroin or mow down my business with an uzi, but that they'll spend a good three hours boring me to death. A cunning plan indeed.

Ridley Scott, where did it all go wrong? Perhaps two decades of *Blade Runner* bashing got to him before he got the chance to release his own masterpiece edit of the classic and it seems that, since then, he just falls at every hurdle. *Hannibal*, *Kingdom of Heaven* and *A Good Year* didn't exactly set the world alight and God knows why *Gladiator* did. Now he delivers *American Gangster* and there's a good buzz stonger than the average Rampant Rabbit. Bizarrely, this seems to always be the case for these mobster stories.

Gangster films formulaically provide 20 minutes of weak orgasmic release during a final shootout fluffed up with almost three hours of robotic foreplay and a five minute denouement reminiscent of those fresher Sunday mornings with the beer-goggled/badly-judged/ill-remembered pull that beggars the question "Why did I do this again?". I say formulaic, I mean pretty much identical.

Let's throw in large family with a slice of Shakespearean betrayal, dress up a pretty lady to be the hard done-by moll, sprinkle with a generous helping of crack or smack and then inject a downpour of bullets. Horror films at least try and put a spin on their checklists in the postmodern age that Wes Craven's *Scream* heralded. Yet it is crime cinema that seems to hold the ultimate respect for critics everywhere.

For those who hold *The Godfather* (and more disappointingly the sequel) sacred, get over it. Even Coppola himself wasn't a fan and did it for influence over taste. Scorsese took it to the next level and made it even more formulaic by casting DeNiro in every single one, until he got too old and booted for Leo. Now Scott has been caught in the crossfire, but hell, he put himself there.

Don't let that put you off though, everyone else loves it, including our reviewer.

I'm just looking for a reason to complain.

Herzog, beyond the fiction

A penchant for perfection has long been the hallmark of Werner Herzog's work but, unlike the conscientious office proofreader, he's willing to move mountains for it

Alex Casey

There must be something about the jungle that appeals to Werner Herzog. The eccentricity of his character matched with the extremity of the surrounding he has returned to time and time again show up (debatably) his best fictional work. In fact, had it not been for his two Amazon-based tales, *Aguirre, Wrath of God* and *Fitzcarraldo*, the legend of Werner Herzog would not be nearly as far-fetched as it currently stands.

If ever fear and awe went hand in hand, it is probably the moment at which an agent tells their actor that Herzog has been on the phone. The New German Cinema alumnus has a reputation for authenticity beyond the call of duty that would make anyone on the other end of the line hesitate. The long time recipient of Herzog's tirades, Klaus Kinski, would certainly testify to the sadistic tendencies of the auteur.

Aguirre, the first of five collaborations between the two, saw the director take his crew rafting down the Amazon under such deprived conditions that Kinski threatened to walk out, at which point Herzog threatened to shoot him on the spot. Thankfully for both of

their reputations, which were then only in the process of being formed, Kinski knew when he was beaten and decided to stay. I'll bet the currently striking Writers Guild in the States is glad the powers that be with them don't have such balls.

Aguirre is probably the best film to show Herzog's willingness to lose himself in the

wilderness, voyaging over land and water to find the lost golden city of El Dorado. The likely guess is that it was only the success and quality of *Aguirre* that convinced Kinski to return to the Amazon for *Fitzcarraldo*, his operatic epic for which conventional shooting would have to be completely assuaged.

Fitzcarraldo is possibly as much of a self-portrait as Hitchcock created in *Vertigo*, a vivid recreation of Herzog's drive and determination embodied by Kinski in the titular role. Fitz is a man so committed to his love of opera that, in order to fund the building of an opera house in his remote Peruvian town, he buys a stretch of river to exploit in the rapidly expanding turn-of-the-century rubber industry, the only problem being the rapids between his stretch and the preferred final destination. But that's not a problem when you rope in a few natives and your crew to haul your steamship over a mountain instead.

The now notorious task of moving the behemoth ship has gone down in movie history for scale of ambition. Not a single special effect was used as Kinski watches his ship get pulled out of the river and hauled over the slight obstacle. It does provide wonder for those who know how

it was achieved; for those who don't it sadly appears like a cheap parlour trick.

With the great Kinski now sadly departed from the world, it would appear that Herzog is on the lookout for a new antagonist to consume.

Rescue Dawn sees Christian Bale bravely take on the impressive mantle, and it seems that Herzog hasn't lost his touch for the dramatic. In true Bear Grylls style, the Hollywood star is forced to take a bite out of a live snake, a move that would



You sure you don't want to eat the snake too? Why?

surely have made Ben Affleck throw himself under the next steamship Herzog had ploughing through the rainforest.

For many people however, the name Werner Herzog will be synonymous with documentary (e.g. *Grizzly Man*) rather than these jungle tales of fiction. The truth is that Herzog is a supporter of the authentic above all else. His methods have, possibly, overshadowed

the quality of his actual work, but how great is it to have someone whose off-screen persona generates just as many great stories as their films can tell? The same couldn't be said of Steven Spielberg or Michael Mann.

Still, had Hitchcock been around on the scene, it's hard to believe he would refrain from using his immortal catchphrase: "It's only a movie". The difference is, for Herzog, it's much more.

Rescue Dawn ★★★★★

Director: Werner Herzog
Writer: Werner Herzog
Cast: Christian Bale
Steve Zahn

Rescue Dawn is as much a testimony to Herzog's continued penchant for authenticity as it is a lament to his storytelling abilities of years gone by. The truth is that Herzog never made 'enjoyable' films in the strictest sense of the word; his work in the seventies and eighties was full of character (not least due to the repeated appearance of the colourful Kinski), the works of a man with something to put right without the luxuries or complacencies of a simplistic story. With *Rescue Dawn* however, Herzog has found a state of limbo between documentary and a story-propelling narrative, leaving both sides sadly short.

It perhaps seems folly to judge a Herzog film on its watchability when his films, even compared against those of his New German Cinema contemporaries, had a habit of dragging their heels in sobriety on way to narrative thrust. The critical themes of this cinema that pulled it into the international arena and brought it onto the tip of a new creative wave are lost in the jungle of *Rescue Dawn*.

The opening CGI plane crash is, perhaps, the first hint that the studi-

os might have tampered with Herzog's initial vision of this story, sending any of his biting social commentary into a nosedive. Much more likely, however, is Herzog's recent immersion in documentary. Even *Rescue* is based on his documentary of 10 years ago, *Little Dieter Needs to Fly*, in which he took the Vietnam escapee back to the Laotian jungle where he was held captive following a crash on his debut flight.

Rescue is the story of his capture and escape, but manages to avoid being overly critical of either side in the conflict. Instead of criticising the powers that be, this could be the story of one man's struggle to overcome adversity, and while this is primarily what the film focuses on, the character work done on Dieter seems slightly sketchy even with Christian Bale in the lead role.

Bale is one of the worlds best jobbing actors today and certainly one of the most interesting. Beguiling in the whole spectrum from Patrick Bateman or Batman, action man or actor man, few Hollywood stars could have, or would have, coped with the demanding Herzog. His dedication may know no bounds but he doesn't seem stretched enough here for any length of time.

Ultimately, Herzog seems to have forgotten the truth that a story, not just documentaries, can tell, and so *Rescue* can be tough going. No surprise there then, but without the redeeming commentary to salvage from the wreckage it is just short of going up in flames.



Gangster murders the competition

With the Hollywood hotshots Ridley, Russell and Denzel on board, does *American Gangster* stand out against the prestigious mobster pedigree before it? Well, it certainly doesn't give up without a fight

American Gangster ★★★★★

Director: Ridley Scott
Writer: Steve Zaillian
Cast: Russell Crowe, Denzel Washington

Robin George Andrews

There are two sides to the American Dream, apparently. Not quite understanding why the US has claims on a term which could apply to anyone in the world – in that you can achieve monetary and social success through hard work and perseverance – I can clearly see that after watching Ridley Scott's new film, there are two very different ways of achieving success.

One is represented by Denzel Washington's portrayal of Frank Lucas, a real-life heroin kingpin operating during the closing days of the Vietnam War; the other is conveyed through Russell Crowe's incarnation of Richie Roberts, the detective who brought down his drug empire. An influential director and two Academy Award winning stars definitely sounds like a promising mix, so do this trio of Hollywood's finest do justice to the near-legendary crime saga? As Washington's character quotes quite rightly, "either you're somebody, or you're nobody." So which is it to be for *American Gangster*?

The story itself is based on real life events, and although I knew very little about Frank Lucas and his New York heroin ring, everything on show here seemed believable enough. Not only that, but it was utterly enthralling; to watch how a black man in 1960's America overtakes the Mafia in the drugs business with the truly ingenious method of smuggling in heroin from South-East Asia was, frankly, stunning.

On the other side is one of the few honest cops left in the city (Crowe), a cop who we see ridiculed by officers and criminals alike early on for not taking one million dollars of bribe money. With his marriage falling apart at the seams simultaneously, he decides it is time to show New York what he is capable of.

As Frank Lucas rises to the top of his game, parallels are drawn at every step with the rise of Roberts' detective, and, although they rarely physically cross paths, you can feel just how close each



Left: Come to daddy! Right: I would have gone for the poppy, but they're all being used for the smack

of them is to unlimited success – and catastrophic failure.

In the mix are several large collectives of corrupt cops, tens of loyal family members of the Lucas household, many hundreds of faithful civilians from Harlem, and thousands upon thousands of heroin addicts. This film is rated 18, not because of the violence content (although there are some shocking moments) but rather due to the explicitness with which the drug abuse aspect is handled; every time someone is seen injecting Lucas' heroin, alluringly known as "Blue Magic" with all the panache and style of a designer brand, the after effects are quite clearly shown and are nothing short of nauseating.

Lucas' rise to the top is carefully juxtaposed against the effects of long-term heroin addiction, and, although you cannot help but admire his ability to fulfil his ambitions and attain such power, to see him cutting into a Thanksgiving turkey in his million dollar mansion whilst a baby cries over the lifeless remains of his blood-covered father is sickening. Scott really underlines the idea that intelligence, hard-work, and persistence enable people to achieve both wonderful dreams and terrible nightmares.

Roberts' determination to bring Lucas down is equally as captivating, and his rough-and-ready but clearly intuitive character is instantly likeable. The film may be the story of the rise and fall

of Frank Lucas, but my primary source of enjoyment was seeing just how this isolated detective was able to bring the enormous drug empire crashing to its knees.

Both of the leads, although rarely in the same scenes, have a demanding screen presence and their performances drive the film. This, however, isn't to say the supporting cast aren't up to scratch. The entire ensemble is magnificent with both high standards in impeccable acting and genuine, thorough characterisation. This is the real deal.

The climax of films based on real-life events can often be quite, well, anticlimactic, but *American Gangster* thankfully sidesteps this problem; a careful

script shows that a film can end as dramatically and as intriguingly with arrests and words as it can with a spectacular, *Departed*-esque shoot-out.

Although the beginning is a little slow, as soon as both of the lead roles collide on their respective paths to individual glory everything kicks off, and despite a hefty running time of 158 minutes my patience was never once tested.

This film is most certainly something, and I wouldn't be surprised if the director in question was tipped to win Best Director at the Academy Awards. Here's to *American Gangster*, showing how anyone can achieve anything if they put their mind to it. And the consequences of the paths they take...



Left: Russell Crowe on realising Denzel stole his Oscar way back in 2001. Right: Russell's salary demands getting somewhat ridiculous



It's gettin' nippy ooutside

Daniel Wan trawls through mountains of wool and polyester for the sake of fashion

As the Ice Age arrives here in London, days are shortening and nipples are peaking. Your limbs are going black with frostbite and you wouldn't be seen dead in the 'what the f**k were you thinking?' spur-of-the-moment mistake from last year. Your social life is dwindling down to a night-in by the fireplace, and your friends are starting to think you're actually a pensioner in disguise because it's always "too nippy to leave the house."

You, my son, need a new coat and fast.

Take off that duffel coat you've had since you were 13, just burn that fluorescent bomber; and buy a nice, new,

stylish coat. It's a sure-fire way to a life of sex, money, drugs and most importantly warmth.

"There's so many coats, they all look so damn warm, which one do I pick?!" I hear you say.

The High Street is offering a lot more than ever before. No longer will you have to subject yourself to M&S or mail-order catalogues to find a nice, dapper coat. Menswear stores such as Burton or Topman now offer a whole range of different categories of jackets.

So here's a quick rundown of the latest offerings on the high street this chilly British winter, just to save you some valuable time in which you could be thawing your knackers on Gran's fireplace.

The standard black Pea-coat from **Topman**, a majority blend of wool and polyester, and one of the safest and most reasonable options out there at £70. Get the right size and you can't go wrong.

The large collar and lapel means you can wear it further up against your neck for extra coverage, and look like Eric Cantona whilst you do it.

The only downside to this purchase is that you're still spending £70 on something you'll see several million other people wearing.

Topman breed clones, and now I'm just starting to get a sense of deja-vu. However, this coat is stylish and understated enough to just about get away with it.



This **River Island** Pea-coat is slightly longer than the Topman one, and should end just below the waist. In other words, more arse-coverage, which in turn, equals a warm backside and that's always a good thing, right?

For £5 more than the Topman Pea coat (at £75), this coat emits a lot more style, hanging in between Victorian-military and cutting-edge modern. On top of this you do end up looking like the 6th member of Kasabian too.

It only comes in grey, which may not go with absolutely everything you wear underneath. Also be wary of the quality of River Island winterwear. It may not last one week, never mind one winter.



This double breasted crombie from **River Island** takes another few inches down from the previous cut. It should end on your thighs, giving a go-between short and three-quarter lengths.

The wool-polyester blend will ensure toastiness whilst waiting for your 6am bus, and the contrast trim on lapels and pocket flaps add a very stylish and dapper addition to the bog-standard black jacket.

This could potentially be worn over a suit to work, or with a pullover and jeans on the weekend. Its simplicity in style and versatility gives makes this coat a great purchase.

With a twinge of British schoolboy and an exciting edge, River Island have delivered the goods once again. At £89.99, it's certainly worth the money you'd have to shell out for it, even on looks alone.



Tweed is no longer only for old men and geography teachers, and this coat proves it.

This coat by **Ringspun** drops three quarters down the body, and is a more obvious fitted cut than the three-quarter lengths found in Topman or River Island.

It features an adjustable backbelt, allowing the coat to follow natural body shape tightly, or to hang a bit looser. The mid-brown tweed refuses to look dated and is a refreshing colour from crowds of black and greys; yet is still understated enough to blend in for general use.

Despite being only 25% wool, it is available from **ASOS.com** for £115, not including postage and packaging.



Even coats nowadays are subject to 'East meets West' amalgamations, and here's a prime example.

This is **Burton's** most interesting offering this season. A lot of their range is very similar and fairly generic, but this subtle variation on a standard waist dropping black Pea-coat. The obligatory double-breasted button rows are present, but it also features an interesting Mandarin collar.

You might end up looking like a priest if you wear a high-neck white shirt underneath, but you take that risk with a lot of things.

There's not much you can do this coat however. Wearing a scarf with this type of collar might prove difficult, and wearing the jacket open ruins the look. Style over practicality for £85.



Military-inspired winterwear has been prevalent for the past few years, and is starting to overwhelm the market. However, this "Neonair" Pea-coat by **Full Circle** is given a complete makeover from its more conventional Pea coat counterparts.

Normally, faux-fur trims on anything look overbearing or just plain tacky, but this jacket manages to pull it off with a certain degree of subtlety. Nevertheless, the black fur collar is detachable. The traditional double row of buttons is scrapped in favour of an off-centre row of functional buttons complemented with a concealed half zip.

Available at **Urban Outfitters**, but this jacket's recommended retail price of £210 may send you into your overdraft all over again.



It seems you can't escape looking like either an armyman or a hooligan.

This casual cotton 'Detroit field jacket' from **Full Circle** features drawstring waist and hem for extra snugness amongst the winter chill.

Standard zip and popper combination, and a choice of green or black, **Urban Outfitters** retail this jacket at £115.

However, it is alarmingly similar to a £20 'German' field jacket found in army surplus stores (notorious in Camden), and from personal experience you're always in danger of looking like a hobo everytime you sit down outside (I once got a free pastry from Starbucks because I was wearing this jacket...)

Certainly not a coat you can wear a suit under, but like the parka, its warmth outstrips its rather shabby aesthetic.



COOL



Puffball skirts & dresses
Supercute over a T-shirt. Especially the Preen-a-like cocktail dresses that the High Street are ripping off.



Romantic Rock look
The soft frilliness of the Romantic look superimposed with the toughness of rock style. Think puffball skirt with a pair of black studded ankle boots.



Marks'n'Sparks New Ad Campaign

Not to be ageist, although my next words possibly disqualify that, but why is Twiggy in this advert as a love interest? Fair enough when her object of affection is Antonio Bandaras, but she looks like the other models' mother. If you accumulated all the other models' wrinkles, it still wouldn't equate to how many are on Twiggy's face. It's just wrong. Just because she was on ANTM does not make her relevant.

LAME



That's not curry! That's dog crap

Felix loves its readers and doesn't want to see you fooled into tucking into sub-standard curries. That's why this week, **David Stewart** gives us the skinny on where to get an authentic Indian experience in London

“**T**hat tears it,” I screamed. “It’s your problem if you want to shove the devil’s shit down your gullet but don’t drag innocents into your sordid affairs.” My quite reasonable outburst occurred when I heard someone explaining in oh-so-authoritative tones how ‘if one wants a really authentic Indian experience, one goes to Brick Lane.’

It’s a funny word: ‘authentic’, used almost exclusively to denote something which is as far from what it claims to be as possible; it’s a word which is specifically directed at tourists to suggest to them that they are getting the ‘real deal’ as opposed to a substandard product. ‘Authentic Indian Cuisine’ is probably as bad as it gets. India is huge. There is no such thing as Indian Cuisine - there are such things as Punjabi Cuisine, Gujarati Cuisine, Rajasthani Cuisine and so forth, although ‘cuisine’ itself is a ludicrous word when ‘cooking’ would do just as well.

Brick Lane has not changed much since about 1970 when the local Bangladeshi community started putting up restaurants to feed London with Anglicised versions of the Punjabi dishes

it had encountered in the days of the Raj. Very quickly, England realised that it preferred Chicken Tikka Masala to Lamb chops and Bisto; well there’s no surprise there, it probably was rather better, but standards haven’t improved since then. We still seem to queue up to sit down in high back chairs on thick pile carpet heavy with the stench of old food chugging down tasteless watered down lager and chomping poppadsoms with sauces from jars. And then the food.

Here’s how to cook a curry in a restaurant in Brick Lane: take a handful of defrosted then pre-cooked chicken breast, a ladleful of carcinogenic curry paste that you’ve bought at Makro and half a pot of cream. Heat it all up and serve with a handful of coriander on the top.

If it’s not obvious, let me explain how wrong this is: (a) a curry is supposed to be a slow cooked dish where the aromatic flavours of the spices have sufficient time to impregnate the meat, (b) chicken leg is better than breast when cooked slowly as its texture softens instead of hardening. (c) curry pastes are saturated with vinegar and preservatives and every possible ingredient under the sun instead of well chosen,



Now boys and girls here’s a quick test to see if you’ve been paying attention. Which would you rather have?

freshly ground spices.

What’s the solution? Excellent outlets serving specialised Indian food in London do exist. Tooting is the closest Indian community to the centre and has great Sri Lankan (= Ceylon) food. The BYO policies mean you can end up spending less than a tenner a head for more than you could possibly finish. A great bet is Apollo Banana Leaf, though Rhada Krishna Bhavan is pretty good too. There are also excellent places

dotted around town. More Sri Lankan food can be found at the very cheap Sagar (vegetarian) in Hammersmith.

At (your parents’) great expense you can enjoy contemporary Indian food at Benares in Mayfair where Atul Kochha brandishes a Michelin star, or there’s the Red Fort in Soho for a Moglai feast or High Street Kensington’s Zaika is a great venue.

In the mid-range I love the seafood at Rasa Samudra on Charlotte street,

but for Wagamama’s style pricing the best options in London are Chowki on Denman St, Masala Zone in Islington/Soho/Covent Garden/Earl’s Court, or Imli on Wardour Street. All these three offer pan-Indian options, usually as a Thali (a sort of mixed selection) with vibrant fresh spicing and a good doff of the hat to the dishes’ respective regions of origin. There really is no need to shovel the devil’s shit down your gullet.

Here’s a delicious dish for you all to try unless, of course, you’re chicken!

Cutting Edge Roast Chicken

There has been a recent convergence of roast chicken thought around recipes similar to this one. Some of the latest and most respected cook books out there prescribe very similar processes, for example Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall’s River Cottage Meat Book, and Simon Hopkinson’s Roast Chicken and other stories. I believe this represents the to-date accumulated wisdom regarding this timeless classic, and so I’m calling it cutting edge. It’s a very resilient beast, and could easily be done with just chicken, butter, a lemon and white wine, so chop and change ingredients at will. I’ve given directions in order that include the roast potatoes, so this ought to set you up for your first roast, if you can manage the veg.

Ingredients

For the chicken:

A chicken!
100g Butter
2 cloves Garlic
Thyme (or whatever herbs you have to hand)
One lemon
Salt and Pepper

For the roast potatoes:

Versatile white potatoes (King Edwards often suggested)
Goose fat or sunflower oil for roasting

Instructions

1) Set the oven to 220 degrees

2) Peel potatoes, and get a full kettle boiling. Chop them into golf ball size bits and boil in a well salted pan for 8 minutes (from when they start to boil). NB They should cook nearly all the way through, and you can feel for this with a knife.

3) While potatoes are cooking, prepare the chicken:

- Get rid of the string on it.
- Cut off excess fat around the cavity
- Mash the garlic with some salt and a fork, and mix with the butter (soften in a microwave), pepper and herbs (remove thyme leaves from stalks).
- Rub the butter mix all over the chicken, inside and out
- Place breast up in a neat fitting tray (not too big)
- Cut the lemon in half and place inside the cavity

4) Drain potatoes and place on a board, well spaced out to cool

5) Place the chicken in the middle of the oven to give it 20 mins at 220. Place a tray for the potatoes at the top of the oven, with fat a few millimetres deep in the bottom of it – it needs to heat up before adding the potatoes, which should fit with ample space.

6) Scratch the surfaces of the cooled potatoes with a fork, and sprinkle with salt.

7) Turn the oven down to 180, take out the hot fat tray and add the potatoes, spooning fat over them thoroughly. Also at this stage, add a small glass of white wine to the chicken pan.

8) The chicken will need another 40-60 mins depending on its size (1.4 kg is small, 1.8kg is big), HOWEVER, this timing is a key adjustment. You are aiming for two things: firstly a crisp skin all over, and secondly lots of nice burnt sludgy bits at the bottom of the pan. I can’t overestimate how important they are for gravy, so if these things haven’t happened, give it longer. Adding too much wine can ruin this also. If you’re worried it’s under done, make a cut where the leg meets the breast – any hint of red in the juices and it needs longer.

9) When you are happy with crispy skin and burnt sludge, take out the chicken, tilt it to spill its juice into the tray. Remove it from its tray and let it rest on a board for 15 mins while you make the veg.

10) Turn the potatoes in the fat and whack up the heat to finish them off and get them crispy.

11) Also at this stage you make the gravy. Take the chicken tray all gungey and burnt looking, and place it on the heat. Add another splash of white wine and scrape all the magical residues loose with a wooden spoon. Judgement and constant tasting come in here... a



Warning: The ink used to print this paper is not suitable for ingestion. Please do not lick the page.

few pointers:

- If there’s not enough liquid, add some boiling water from the veg (but a little concentrated flavour is better in general)
- Squeezings from the lemon in the chicken may work
- A dab of redcurrant jelly too.
- If you’re lacking in flavour, or need to increase volume, then gravy granules are definitely acceptable (unless you want to make a stock reduction meat glaze... didn’t think so!)

e. Gravy granules will thicken, but if not needed then slake a teaspoon of cornflour in a mug with cold water (avoids lumps) before whisking in.

12) Carve and serve.

I think there are too many variables to control here to be precise about the recipe, which is why I’ve emphasised use of judgement. That’s the real fun of cooking anyway.

Noel Forrest



Games

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Azfarul "Az" Islam
Games Editor

Guess what? It's finally here! Despite getting somewhat delayed for a week longer than expected, the Super Mario Galaxy issue of Felix Games has arrived.

It wasn't easy going but I'm quite glad that it's over, for now. It's best not to think about the other games of classic descent out there and particularly those on the cusp of release into a sparkling new existence.

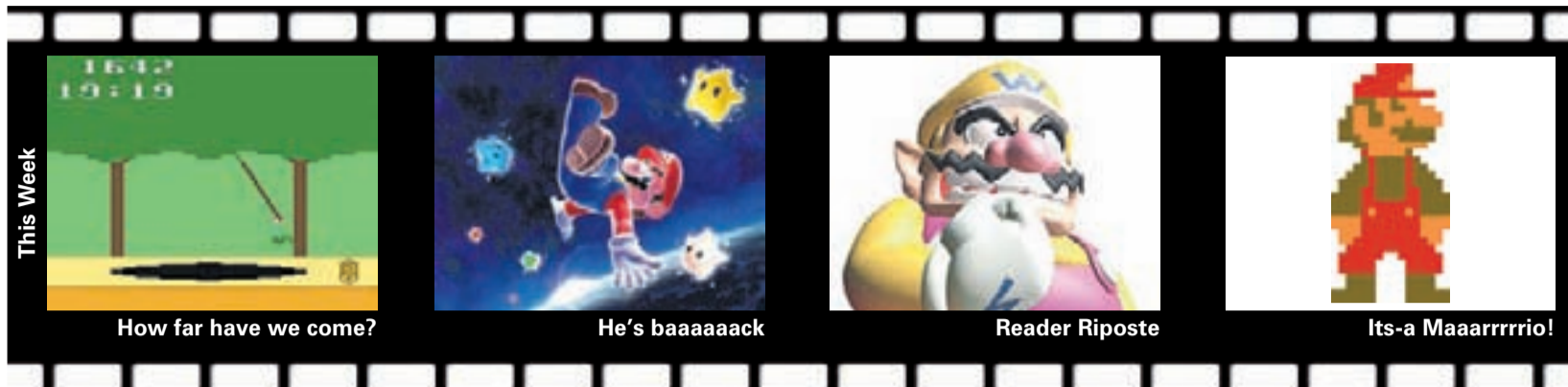
This week, we make a preamble into the world of platformers and try to see why they're revered. It's just sad that despite all the respect people give them, they don't do much to ensure the continued survival of the quintessential platformer. It was only recently that I dug out my old copy of *Jak & Daxter* to tide me over until I get to sit down with Super Mario Galaxy for a longer session. It's definitely one of my favourite games merely because it embodies the tenets that make jumpathon titles so precious. The collectible here is the Precursor Egg - a metallic orb of sorts that can be used as a currency in order to get another set of items: power cells. The thing about power cells is that like the stars in Mario, a certain number is needed to proceed further. The initiative to keep collecting after the lower limit is in the form of an extended ending. To some this may be a mere Easter egg, while to others it may very well change the entire game. Brilliant.

Our most honourable Chief Ed Kim Jong Tomo speaks the hearts and minds of the Felix team as he reviews Super Mario Galaxy. All attempts to thwart his review have failed as the North Felix forces have quelled any possible uprisings from the Riposte Raiders. Jokes aside, there's a very good reason why everyone has something hearty to say about the all new Mario: it's earned the praise.

A little inset is due here though. Unfortunately we ran out of space to put in Luigi - Mario's younger brother. Always an underdog, the ganglier Luigi is still a lovable old fool. He dons the green part of the Italian flag and never fails to be there to lend his famous brother a helping hand. While he's shunted to sidekick status, do not let that undermine his skills. He's quite the brawler in Smash Brothers and is actually a better jumper than Mario!

This week marks the first time that the Felix Games of this year has moved beyond a spread and into the land of Fouré Paï'ges. What better way to do that than to celebrate Mario. Initially, it was going to be a timeline of events but we wanted to be different from the thousands of gaming websites out there by really getting into the Mario mood. Check it out and tell us what you think about it! Hopefully, we'll be able to continue at this magnitude from now on. Most importantly, it's about you lot being actively involved that will help us offer you more pages in the future.

Next week we'll be taking a look at Assassin's Creed and Call of Duty 4. Start writing, soldiers!



Will I make it? Ooh, shiny...

Azfarul Islam rediscovers *Jak & Daxter* and ponders about the platformer genre

The watershed release that is Super Mario Galaxy is portentous on many levels. Not only is it a veritable return to form for Nintendo when it comes to their tenderly loved Mario franchise, but this game may yet again herald a resurgence in the delicate yet mercurial craft of old known as the platformer.

Face it: pureblood adventure and platform games have become quite intermingled with the vicissitudes that govern the recent ilk of games. In order to survive a surreptitiously harsh market, games have had to marry into various genres to evolve and stay on top of a hypothetical foodchain where the rabid gamer is the ultimate predator. This means platforming has been

relegated to a gameplay element rather than a *raison d'être*. Somewhere in this act, there's something precious becoming ever so lost.

What truly makes a platformer title so immersive, so addicting is that they are pure and simple in execution and accessibility; mastery becomes a carefully honed art. There's no need to upgrade character stats or micromanage weapons. The key is to offer a core set of skills to the curious gamer, augment them with the occasional euphoria-inducing power-up and then tasking him or her to overcome increasingly challenging odds. This means that the player is more in segue with his or her character and soon, playing the game becomes quite intrinsic. It's no surprise that the best platformer games

are lauded for the quality and intuitivity offered by their control systems.

Platform games take this infinitesimal playability further by satiating that primal desire to collect treasures of one's triumphs. Almost all platform games are distinguished by some form of collectible item; whether they are integral to your quest or not doesn't really matter. It's just that the existence of so many of these buggers spurs an ingrained desire to go after them. Particularly infuriating are those that are placed just beyond reach for the time being. You know that that little nest will be gnawing at the back of your mind and you will return to claim them once you've become a little less green. 'tis a truly strange yet wondrous thing, the platformer.

Against all odds, it's reassuring to see some developers have the fortitude and quality to maintain a healthier balance such that one can truly christen their work with the noble moniker of 'platformer'. Nintendo is one of the masters at this craft and Super Mario Galaxy is their current opus. However, let's not forget that there are other titles constantly vying for the throne of the Mushroom Kingdom. And you know what? By their own rights, these games are true quality.

The curious thing about the modern platformer is that they inevitably bear vestiges of trysts with other genres. However, once you start playing and break out into that indulgent smile, perhaps you can find it within yourself to forgive them.



Jak and Daxter

Jak and Daxter is a luscious platformer through and through; but fortunately it succeeds on many more fronts than mere gameplay alone. Firstly, it's presented with the care and nuances of an animated film. The characters are expressive, personable and more importantly, you genuinely care for them. The voice acting is of exemplar quality and the humour quite palatable. Story subtleties are expressed through beautifully haunting artistry. Speaking of visual effects, the game was quite the graphical feast then and still is. The world is an organic, persistent place that actually changes as day passes to night and night passes to day - all while you're playing. Character animations are exquisite with little flourishes to be savoured everywhere. Combined with addicting platforming mechanics you have a game that is worth playing over and over again despite it being a fair few years after its release.

Klonoa 2: Lunatea's Veil

Klonoa 2 is a side-scrolling platformer lost in time and it's all the more beautiful for that reason. It embraces simplicity in execution and appeal, moreso than others of the same quality. Offering the very basics of motion, the key to success in *Klonoa 2* lies in the creative problem solving brought into the proceedings courtesy of an arcane circlet. The solutions lie within the myriad enemies that react in different ways to your single magic attack and using a combination of these properties will you traverse a world about to be doomed. However, story elements matter little; the character designs evoke a sinister toybox-like atmosphere that can be charming and chilling in equal measures. This is a vibrant, thoroughly addicting adventure. And no, I don't know what kind of animal *Klonoa* is.



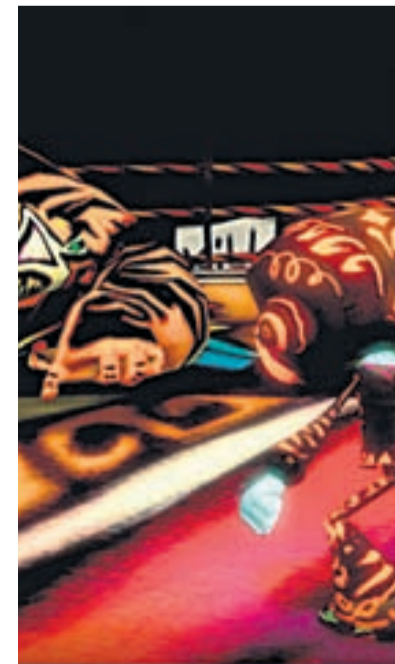
Psychonauts

While it's a game that is quite difficult to recommend as a platformer; there's really no other title like it really. Offering a rather basic (yet satisfying) playing experience littered with some design issues, *Psychonauts* is entirely about the plot, personalities and creative pulse. It's a game that is one part thought-provoking, one part hilarious and all parts brilliant. To put it shortly: it's a game where you enter the minds of others and these physical manifestations of their psyche become your playing fields. Genius.

What are your favourite non-Mario, modern platformers? Write to Reader Riposte at games.felix@imperial.ac.uk and let your thoughts be heard... er, read.

Prince of Persia: Sands of Time

The original was a gaming landmark and the reincarnation is equally so. It's a fantastic accretion of all the things we love in our games: ethereal graphics, a haunting soundtrack, puissant voice acting, a beautifully choreographed story and above all else, fiendishly clever, gravity-defying platforming puzzles. Introducing a parkour-esque mechanic of running along walls and basically performing feats of superhuman ability, you had to steer the Prince clear of the vicious traps that litter the gargantuan Persian castle. Armed with the power of time itself, you can reverse, slow down and even stop it. While it may give you a feeling of power-mongering, the gameplay situations cause it to be more a cohesive mechanic than a weapon of luxury.



OMG, it's SMG!

Tom "Tomolini" Roberts answers a plumbing call from a galaxy far, far away...



Review

Super Mario 64 set the bar for 3D platformers and when Super Mario Sunshine came along the weight of expectation was too much for the title to bear ultimately leading to it buckling underneath its own FLUDD cannon. Whereas Mario 64 was a lesson in purist platforming with its satisfying triple jumps, wall-jumps and long jumps, Sunshine took the emphasis away from its central character and shifted the action towards a stupidly named hose. Manoeuvring Sunshine's worlds was more about hovering awkwardly across gaps and collecting Shines which inevitably involved spraying water over some brown gunk. It literally became a case of rinse and repeat.

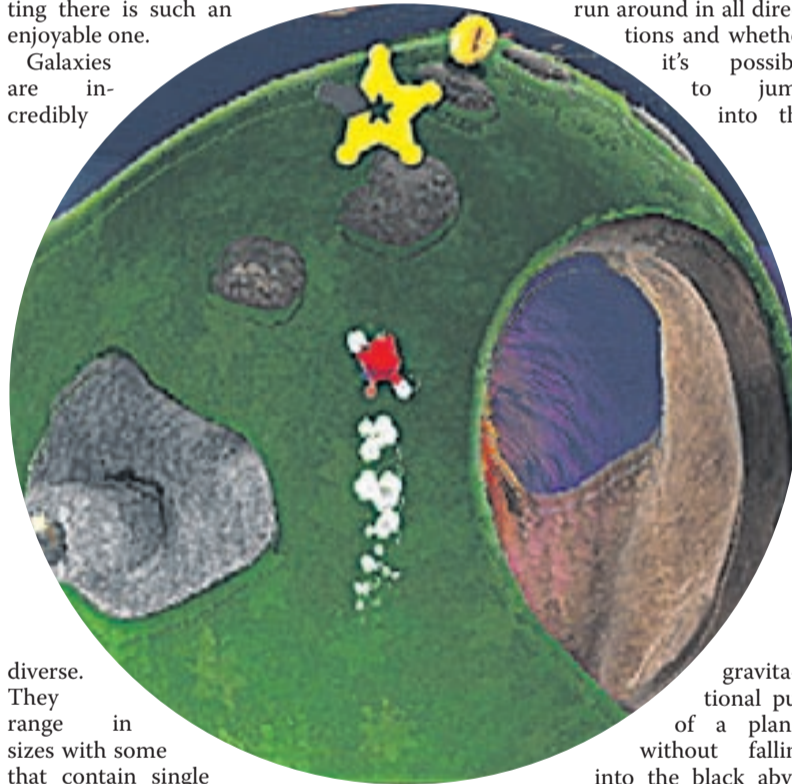
As you can probably tell, I wasn't exactly enamoured with Nintendo's effort during the Gamecube's generation. A little part of me died inside when I defeated Bowser and subsequently couldn't be arsed to collect the remaining stars. I refuse to call them Shines out of principle, in case you were wondering. Sunshine left me cold; I felt like an England fan who'd just watched their country crash out of the Euro Championships qualifying stage in the knowledge that it would be at least three years before their next fix of international football fever.

Thankfully my gaming hiatus has passed and Super Mario Galaxy is here, finally. In some senses it is as much of a step backwards as it is forwards: stars are stars once again, Mario is required to rely on his own legs and you no longer have to collect coins like an OCD sufferer in order to get all 120 stars within the game. Nintendo have listened to the mixed reception Sunshine received and returned to the core game play elements that made Mario 64 such an addictive title. Most successfully of all, Galaxy has retained that just-one-more-star feel that Mario 64 nailed so perfectly.

Collecting each star is a mini-adventure in Galaxy. Your base camp for adventures is the Comet Observatory and located on it are a number of

Domes which house Launch Stars that shoot you on your way to the various galaxies. Mario soars into each galaxy like Superman/Neo – depending on your level of geekdom – and somersaults with a flourish announcing his arrival and the start of his star hunting mini-adventure. Collecting a star takes 5 to 20 minutes and finding each one is like being administered with a saline solution of happiness. You share Mario's glee as he grabs each golden star because the journey getting there is such an enjoyable one.

Galaxies are incredibly



diverse. They range in sizes with some that contain single stars whilst the main levels house 4 or 5. Most galaxies contain a series of planets for Mario to fly between. These planets range from spherical bodies to twisting, spiralling platforms to more conventional worlds that Mario can wander around to insane levels made purely of blocks that don't resemble planets at all. The whole galactic set up is just an excuse for Nintendo to create what appear to be mind-bendingly complex levels. Of-

ten the star you're after will be located on the other side of the galaxy and the inexperienced could be forgiven for wondering how in Zeus' name you're supposed to get the stars, but as you get used to the universe Mario finds himself in, you learn and begin to appreciate Miyamoto's Special Relativity and Advanced Nintendo Mechanics. You learn which planets will allow you to jump with their curvature, which ones you'll fall off if you take a step over the edge, which ones you can run around in all directions and whether it's possible to jump into the

gravitational pull of a planet without falling into the black abyss below. Travelling between the planets makes the galaxies appear deceptively large too; it's difficult to tell how vast the levels are in comparison to Mario 64 but there is an enormous sense of scale as you fly through space. Often when you're propelled from a Launch Star you're rewarded with a glorious overview of the entire potential play area and you soon become eager to venture to every corner of each galaxy.

Interplanetary space hopping is a significantly ingenious addition to the platforming genre such that Galaxy doesn't ever feel stale, although elsewhere the game remains faithful to its prequels. The mantra: "if it ain't broke, tweak it," definitely applies here. Mario now spin attacks rather than punching and he has had his health bar chopped in half meaning he can only suffer three blows before death; a welcome change which makes the game mildly more difficult. Some methods for collecting stars remain familiar including bopping bosses three times on the weak spot, racing penguins and catching bunny rabbits, however the newly introduced mushroom power-ups (including Bee, Boo, Ice and Spring Mario) bring welcome variety along with plenty of innovatively designed levels you wouldn't find in the previous games.

Whilst Mario's latest outing is nigh-on perfect, there are a few issues worth raising. Firstly, Galaxy is somehow more linear than the previous games. It has retained Sunshine's awful feature where a cut-scene showed you the path to a star just before you entered a level, thus softening the adventure element slightly. This can be avoided easily enough by just looking at your crotch... er, away from the screen. However, whereas Mario 64 gave you a set of sandpits to explore, collecting stars in whichever order you liked, Galaxy more or less forces you to find its stars in a given order. The worlds change depending on which star you opt to go in search of, meaning that you don't get the satisfaction of locating a star just from clue in its title.

Galaxy richly deserves its current lofty number two status on the games-rankings.com all time Top 10. Mario 64 was praised for bringing platform games successfully into three dimensions and whilst this was no mean feat, it was almost inevitable that Nintendo or someone else would do it eventually. Building a cart is easy, but reinventing the wheel is far more difficult and second time round Nintendo has succeeded with aplomb.

Reader Riposte

"I opened up Mario Galaxy expecting a fun and playable gimmick. What I found was Mario 64 v2.0 - refined, updated and altogether brilliant. Gameplay is top-notch, and while the graphics look outdated and the camera is confusing, the game is more fun and addictive than almost anything on the shelves."

- Samir Talwar, 2nd Year, Computing



"About as good as waking up to a full English fryup - and I don't get those too often!"

- Jimmy Allison, 3rd Year, Chemistry



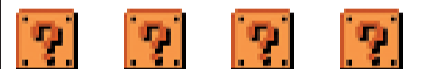
"As a Mario game, it's exactly what you expect. I like how they use the Wii remote controls."

- Ben Allison, 2nd Year, ELit



"It's got sublime controls and outstanding gameplay. We got that 10 [ten] years ago with Super Mario 64, though. What really makes Galaxy special is gravity. It is handled so well it becomes a game onto itself."

- Eduardo Vasquez-Silva, 3rd Year, EEEng



"It's the kind of game where your time spent with it is never long enough."

- Barrett Dulguerian, 1st Year, EEEng



"SMG has such an expansive variety of environments to explore that it takes a bit to get used to its style, like gravity suddenly changing its mind on which direction it wants to take you. But once it all clicks its really a lot of fun and Nintendo have out done themselves again with the usage of the wiimote and nunchuck."

- James Finnerty, 2nd Year, Computing



MARIO

Starring:
Mario
Luigi
Princess Peach
Bowser
The Goombas
aaaand the rest of the crew



Super Mario World (SNES)

What made it stand out for me was when my cousin actually asked her dad to buy her the game. She was in University. In 2003. That's when I realised that Super Mario World doesn't just evoke special memories in gamers, but it does so for anyone who has played it. And why not? The gameplay is sweet, simple and addicting and the music is absolutely unforgettable. Take away the fancy graphics and orchestral scores and strip them down to their cores and you'll realise that most games are trying to be Mario, if not directly but in spirit.

There is no name in all of videogaming that can claim as much ubiquity and perhaps, popularity, as Mario.

Mario has been around for many years now and has appeared in an astonishing number of videogames spanning myriad genres. However, the gaming populace will have defined Mario by his platforming roots: namely the *Super Mario Brothers* and *Super Mario World* series' on the legacy consoles. Similarly, *Mario 64* took the gaming world by storm as the perfect successor to the Marios of yore. Surprisingly, there hasn't been a Mario game generating as much fervent brouhaha since then. And not without good reason since the aforementioned games have since become the paradigmatic representatives of their respective areas of expertise. Countless platformers often owe much to this Italian plumber.

Super Mario Sunshine apparently set (pun intended) into the winter of discontent for fans everywhere. It was supposed to have been the heir to Mario 64's

throne but it was nothing more than a false prophet to many.

Despite this disappointment, little has dissuaded gamers from looking up to the jovial handyman as their beacon and messiah. He hasn't been immune to dubious decisions in the past as well, including a less than stellar subsidiary games and an absolutely appalling live action film. When someone less than ten years old can call a movie 'bad', then clearly someone needs to be shot.

But that's pretty much the past at this stage. Against all the odds pushed forth by naysayers, the Wii has become a bastion of success for Nintendo - it's a lovable piece of hardware that can do no wrong. With everything going for it, can the Wii go where the Gamecube failed to reach? Can we get our true Mario and not just another offshoot? In a true 'the Princess is another castle' fashion, gamers have been hopping from report to report upon bated breath and all to answer one question: is this the one?

The answer is simple: it's Mario.



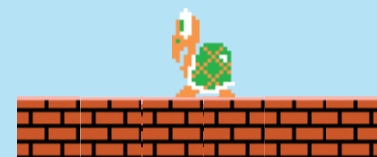
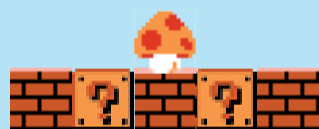
The journey begins with our hero - the infallible, indomitable Mario. Not surprisingly, Mario *Mario* (yes, that's his surname, too) began his life as *Jumpman*, fighting against the evil, anthropoidic reign of Donkey Kong.

It wasn't long till he was christened Mario and began the Sisyphean task of rescuing one Princess Peach, who, being the full-blood Princess she is, lives to be kidnapped.

The world-famous Italian plumber resides in Mushroom Kingdom - which is always on the cusp of being subjugated by the reptilian Bowser.

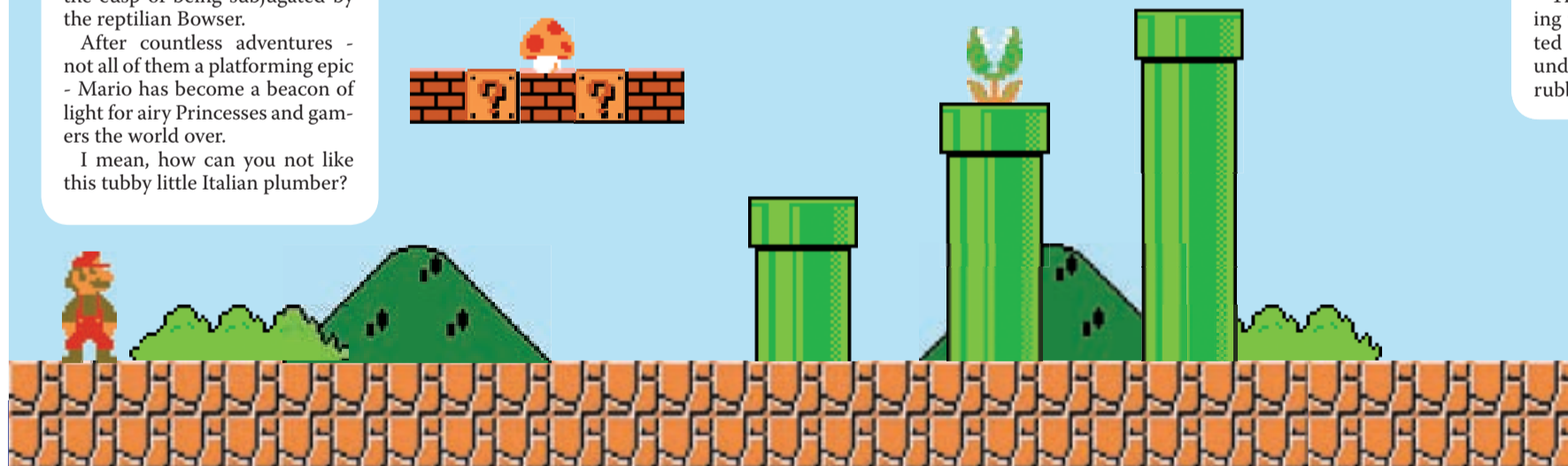
After countless adventures - not all of them a platforming epic - Mario has become a beacon of light for airy Princesses and gamers the world over.

I mean, how can you not like this tubby little Italian plumber?



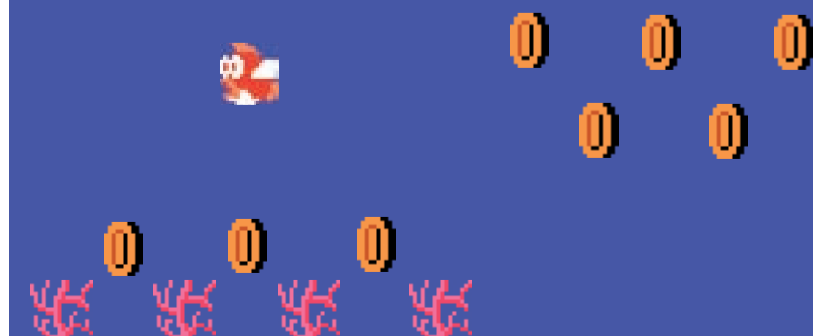
Once citizens of the peaceful Mushroom Kingdom, the iconic *Goombas* are one of the most common enemies that Mario faces on his quest to rescue Princess Peach.

There's nothing more satisfying than the 'pop' sound emitted from a Goomba squashed under Mario's large, rubber boots.



Super Mario Sunshine (Gamecube)

It's no coincidence that Sunshine finds itself sixty-feet under. Under the ocean, that is. Somehow Nintendo managed to make the camera controls even worse than in 64. Combine this with invisible walls between islands and an infuriating group of inhabitants that you'd take great pleasure from launching into the Sun, and you have a recipe for disaster. Ok, so perhaps it's not that bad... Nah, who am I kidding?



Mario 64 (Nintendo 64)

Best. Game. Ever. Mario 64 paved the way not only for the entire 3D platforming genre, but also all of Nintendo's other existing 2D franchises at the time. Link followed shortly after with Ocarina of Time and Samus rolled in during the following generation with Metroid Prime. Clearly, since it is the Best. Game. Ever. Mario 64 pummels every other launch title made into the ground. Yes, we're sniping at you Halo fanboys. Bring your Shotty Snipers over to our playground and we'll Ground Pound you into the dust.



Bowser, the King of all Koopas, is easily one of the most prolific videogame villains around. This echolian fiend has yet to quell his desire to take over the harmless Mushroom Kingdom, but that grand scheme has been thwarted thus far by the stalwart hero Mario.

The pure-hearted Princess Peach, bedecked in a classic pink, is the royal head of the Mushroom Kingdom.

In his spare time between plans of domination and raising a large Koopa army, Bowser had sired no less than eight offspring: the seven Koopalings and Bowser Jr.

Not much is known about her royal duties, but it is assumed that given her absurdly relentless propensity to become spirited away by Bowser, the Kingdom runs autonomously.

While he has failed to take over the Kingdom, Bowser sleeps well at night knowing that kidnapping the Princess is dead easy. Now only if he could stop Mario from taking her back...

When not under incarceration, Princess Peach is a kind and noble lady of peace with a bit of a competitive streak if the more sporty Mario games are to be believed!

She can hold her own in a Melee bout and utilises her umbrella quite shrewdly.

Careful Bowser, you may be pissing off the wrong Princess!

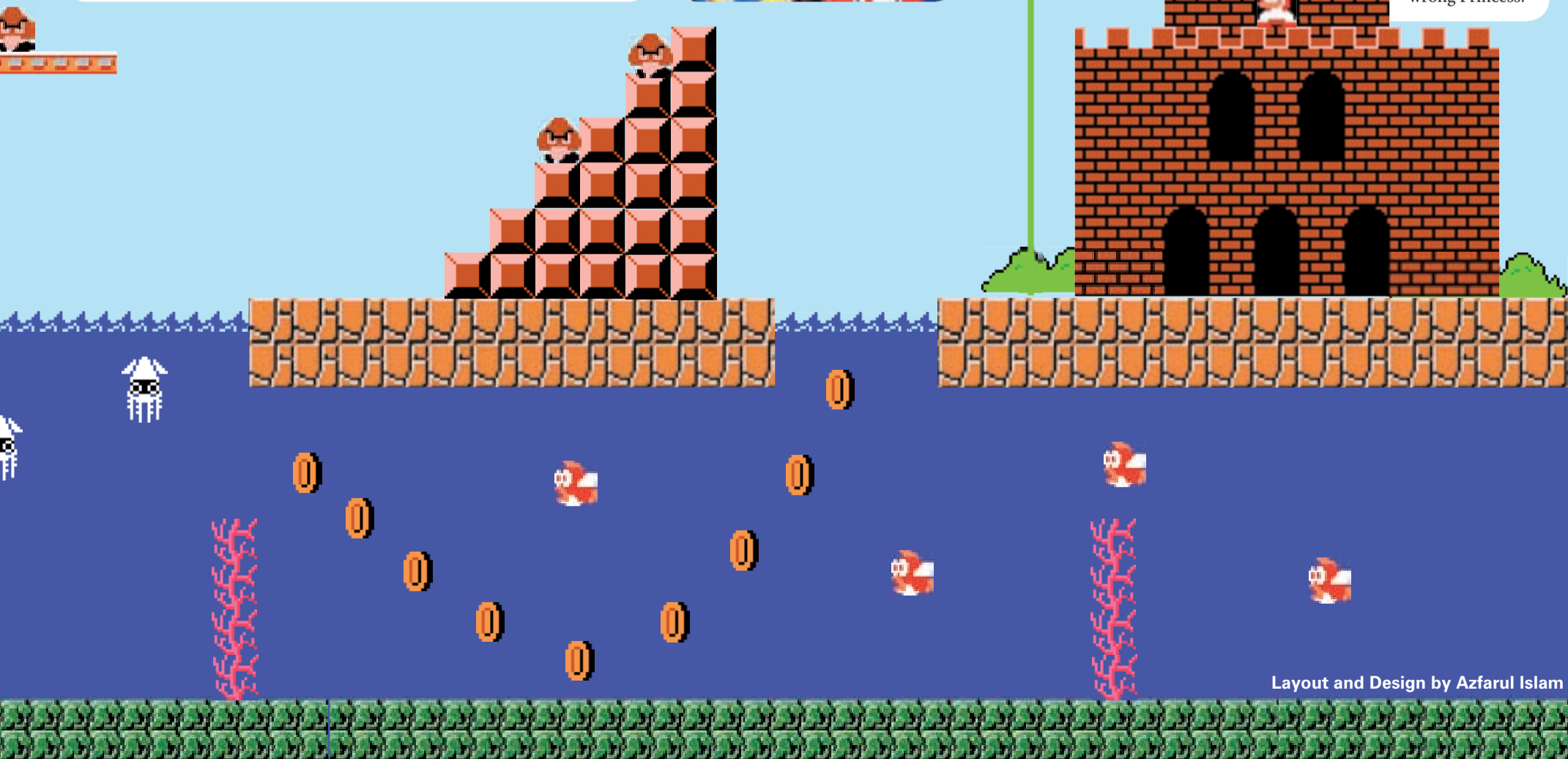
Super Smash Brothers Melee (GameCube)

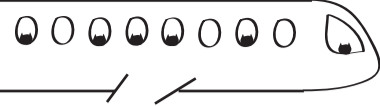
Mario vs Link? Bowser vs Ganondorf? Perhaps many a year ago you would have thought it impossible, but here we have Super Smash Brothers Melee. Dignity, conformity and all other uptight-ities are forgone for non-stop, grin-inducing hellamashups between your favourite (and sometimes, not-so-favourite) Nintendo characters. This game is fast, frantic and it will have you playing round after round to settle old scores and kickstart new ones!



Mario Kart 64 (Nintendo 64)

Lunchtime after lunchtime was spent in sixth-form playing Mario Kart 64 when we really should have been playing football or lifting up girls skirts. The handling was tuned to perfection and the courses remain unmatched today compared with any other Mario Kart title since; who can forget the satisfaction from successfully boosting with a mushroom through the tunnel on the Koopa Troopa Beach, pipping your friends to the finish line?





Wat's Wat in Angkor, Cambodia

One thousand temples spread over one thousand square miles – it's surprising Angkor is not more famous

Nadine Richards
Travel Editor

When I enthusiastically start raving to people about having visited Angkor Wat during the summer, I discovered that I was often greeted with blank, glazed looks, much to my disappointment. It could be that I am exceedingly dull and this was the first time I had managed to pick up on it, but it could also be that these people are just purely ignorant. Let us go with the latter option. Now I am not being judgemental – just a few months ago I would have occupied a very similar blank expression myself. The problem therefore, lies in the fact that it would seem that Angkor is just not as famous as it deserves to be. I'm sure that anyone from South East Asia will read this in disbelief when I point out that Angkor is not so well heard of here (Hang on... considering the vast number of Singaporeans and Malaysians here at Imperial, I suppose this means I'm directing this article to a only a small minority of the Imperial readership. Nevermind- Keep reading).

It's not that I'd never heard of it – but having now visited it in all its splendour, it's difficult for me to understand and remember why it is not as internationally renowned as it should be. I believe that Angkor is just as magnificent as the Pyramids of Giza, and with its fame, it deserves the onslaught of endless tacky ornaments and posters in all its glory. So let me pitch Angkor to you.

Angkor is a region within Cambodia, and is the name collectively given to the ruins and temples that made up the Khmer empire which flourished there from 9-15th Century AD. So just a bunch of rubble then? Well, it is true that some of the religious sites have been reduced to a few bricks as its remains, but nobody can argue that with over a thousand temples encompassing an area of over one thousand square miles, there is no religious site



How sunrise is supposed to look, at Angkor Wat

within the world that equals it. The one thousand square miles means that employing a friendly tuk-tuk driver for the day becomes something of a necessity. With this comes the inevitable stops to the endless shops that he is subsidised by for every tourist he takes there. But that rant can be saved for another time.

Angkor Wat itself is the most famous of the temples within Angkor, being the world's largest single religious monument. This is little wonder, considering that the monument was built to be used at the Khmer King Suryavarman's state temple and capital city. Angkor Wat is masculine and proud in its beauty – an obvious symbol of a Kingdom that once had power over an

extensive area of South East Asia. Our best friend *Lonely Planet* informed us that watching the sunrise over Angkor Wat at 5am was something that was a necessity. So, after about 2 hours of sleep (watching Wimbledon tennis can be surprisingly addictive, even whilst travelling), with excitement dampening down that sick feeling one has with too little sleep, we eagerly set off to watch the sun rise to illuminate the sight of the greatest religious monument there is.

We arrived to see Angkor Wat surrounded by a rather gloomy, oppressive dark blue sky and waited for a brilliant bright light to shine upon the scene (it is religious, after all). And waited. And waited some more. All that happened

was that the dark blue sky was replaced by dark grey clouds – clearly the sun was in better places that day. But sunrise or not, Angkor Wat is no less an impressive feat. In fact, it is such a source of national pride that Cambodia has it mounted centrally in its flag. Perhaps we too, should take more pride in our heritage sites and consider putting Stonehenge on our flag.

Angkor Wat may have been the temple with the most grandeur, but I would not have chosen it as my favourite temple. Preah Khan had an extra special atmosphere about it – how many temples can boast of having parts of a jungle which have grown and intertwined within its architecture over hundreds of years? *Tomb Raider* fans will, of course,

recognise Preah Khan, where many of the scenes were shot for the film. This was the temple which stood out for me, but many of the smaller temples also left a lasting impression. Set within dark, dense, humid forests – often with no tourists within sight, they had an eerie, haunting beauty about them which reminds you of how time passes, causing a kingdom that once was to be reduced to ruins.

It is difficult to write about Angkor without delving into the social and political strife that has ransacked the country of Cambodia in recent years, but I feel this deserves attention in its own right. (As in... prepare yourself for another Felix article about Cambodia) However, the aftermath of what has occurred in Cambodia seeps through as a reminder, even in the most tourist-orientated of places such as Angkor. It is impossible to visit any temple without being surrounded by about ten, bedraggled children, all doe-eyed, shoeless and eager to sell you bracelets whilst telling you (in perfectly formed English that they are taught locally for the purpose of local economy i.e. harassing us tourists) that \$1 for a bracelet is a lot for them, and not a lot for us. For any moral guidance as to what one should do, I refer you to Ahran's article last week concerning Tiny Tim.

You could compare Angkor to Rome, in that both are representative of kingdoms that once ruled proudly. But unlike Rome, there was something of a sad quality about Angkor – whereas Rome still acts as a pinnacle within arts and literature today, the recent events in Cambodia made Angkor seem like a symbol of how a country can decline from becoming a great kingdom into the unstable state that it is currently in.

I would argue that this made visiting Angkor all the more a poignant experience, and urge you to see for yourself why the Cambodians present Angkor Wat with such pride on their national flag.



Computer claimed, off to the cinema we go!

Travels without my Aunt: Part 4

Theo Georgeiou Delisle

"Good evening sir,"
"Good evening,"
"The usual table by the window?"
"Yes please".

Welcome to the library. The library is located north by north west of LoUD Constructions Ltd and is currently a centre for archaeological digs centred around the Imperial College campus. Only last week a shammy leather dating back from at least 2.15pm last Wednesday was found near the Periodicals on Level 3, so you can imagine the excitement when only yesterday (and that means yesterday from whatever day you are reading this) a small pocket of quiet was located on level 7 for 10 minutes. Reports are sketchy at the moment but a close insider (Mr. A Wong) breathlessly informed me that the quietness came quite unexpectedly in the middle of a shouting contest between Biochemistry and Medicine just after a youtube clip about fat kangaroos had been played.

For many, the lure of the library is all about the thrill of the hunt for a free computer. Times to find a computer include 11:57pm every evening and when you have your own laptop. Once you have found a free computer you should congratulate yourself; you are a chosen individual.

Now, take out every possession within your bag and place it carefully around you. Remember, in the event of a confrontation with a student with an ambiguous accent these items will be your safety net allowing you to substantiate your claim that you really were at the computer all night. As soon as you have emptied your bag you are free to leave your space and go to the cinema for the day.

For many however, a single free computer is not enough. Indeed on level 4 of the library you may find a curious species who group together to socialise during the evening. The fountain of their entertainment appears to be a computer game which involves super-human clicking on the mouse while

simultaneously shouting. Needless to say, this was somewhat distracting for me as I tried to complete a long and boring essay. Nevertheless, the game continued ceaselessly into the night and indeed drew in other library members who came from levels far and wide to gaze upon the marvel that was the competitor's index finger action (he did have a lovely index finger though).

When you have finished in the library it is time to print off all your work. Luckily, Imperial Construction Ltd has provided you with a small square of plastic with which to accomplish this feat. Take your library card to the printer and swipe in. As you have only enough credit to photocopy the title of your work, you need to top up your account. To do this, simply answer three riddles and the security officer will then ask you to complete a simple mime based charade, after which you are good to go. If you find that the printer decides to eat your money please use the red phone which provides you with a direct line to King's College London.

Dinosaurs, food, bonding and rocks

The De La Beche society's Tim Chalk and Steph Wilk report on their intrepid journey to the Isle of Wight

This term's DLB trip was to the lovely Isle of Wight which as everyone knows has its own language, time zone and currency. The mix of seniors and freshers on the trip allowed for some top class bonding over our favourite past-time: looking at, and talking about rocks.

When we arrived, a trip to Morrisons was called for to sample the first of their fine dinners and stock up on various bits and bobs. This was followed by a trip to the dinosaur museum which was very empty, allowing us to run around, dig up bones, have fun and acquire some brilliant souvenirs but most importantly learn about dinosaurs. After that we made ourselves at home in Winchester House which was definitely the nicest youth hostel I've ever seen.

Having eaten some of our fish and chips over a game of 'Ho Down' or two we prepared for a night out at Bogey's, ordering a convoy of taxis. Apparently in Isle of Wight language that's not a really shit name but actually quite cool. On Saturday we headed off to Morrisons for meal two, personally I recommend the chicken tikka. We all finished the night in different states of disrepair, depending on when you returned to the hostel – some a lot earlier than others.

We then spent the day in the centre of the huge fold that comprises most of the island. Not actually in the rock you understand, but on the exposed bits along the beach. During luncheon two athletic young alpha males went for a



De La Beche society considers where to take its dinosaur search next

dip in the sea (this then meant they thought it appropriate to spend the remainder of the trip naked and hence they still haven't found their penises). The day ended with a look at some real dinosaur foot prints, minus one that had been chain-sawed out of the rock. We would never steal anything like that (way too heavy). As a warning: be careful of the locals, apparently on the Isle of Wight they don't agree with scientific exploration, especially at Poom.

Saturday was completed with a lovely formal homemade dinner in the evening, cooked by four fabulous pests (no guesses where we got the food from). The dinner was delicious

– people were saying it was their best spaghetti bolognese ever, some loved it so much they couldn't help but drink it for pudding. A 19th birthday was celebrated with a rather interesting display of the human body and a gentle midnight swim.

On our journey home some local knowledge pointed us in the direction of an amazing roast dinner which sent the majority into a contented sleep. The trip was great, everyone bonded, some perhaps a bit too much, and I'd like to thank the organisers for their hard work and Shell for their generous sponsorship on behalf of everyone. Can't wait for the next one!



Best. Photo. Ever. Send in your captions to felix@imperial.ac.uk



Two DLB members auditioning for Channel 4's Time Team

Erasmus European Welcome Party

David Kaye loves Erasmus society. He thinks you will too once you've read about their recent get-together

Erasmus is awesome. Fact. Once you understand this, your life will be much improved and will lead to a greater state of happiness, possibly even a Zen-like state of perpetual nirvana. Either that or you will wake up with a hangover the size of a continent. Which continent I hear you

ask (slightly perplexed and perhaps strangely aroused by the paper this fine article is printed on)? Why, Europe of course!

Erasmus is the rather contrived acronym for the "European Community Action Scheme for the Mobility of University Students". The governments of the member nations give money to

students so they can move to a different university in another European country for a year and get well and truly battered in the name of education. The unofficial nickname for the scheme amongst its participants is Orgasmus, which surely shouldn't need much explanation (unless you study Computing).

Saturday the 27th of October is a date that will go down in history, not because Gordon Brown announced he was going to run away with the milkman, but because it was the date that the Erasmus Society held its European Welcome Party. Gordon would probably have been happy at the lack of publicity.

With free beer to draw in the early punters, dB's filled up pretty quickly. By the end of the night, there were somewhere around 250-300 chaps and chap-ettes having the time of their lives. It was strategically (i.e. accidentally) arranged to coincide with the C&G dinner and the Club managed to sell about 100 memberships on the door, doubling the total membership of the club in one fine evening.

The pivotal factor in attracting people in was undoubtedly the quality of the two DJs spinning the tunes that night.

Florent Daubigny, one of the visiting Erasmus guys himself, had no trouble in keeping the crowd smiling all night with his great dance floor friendly blend of house seeing as he has wowed crowds of more than 2,500 at his university in Lyon. The vibes were so good,



Happy, happy times

even Sir Richard Sykes would have got up and shaken his bootay had he been there. Which of course he wasn't. But he would've. And Margaret Thatcher would've. But she wasn't there either, thankfully.

Also knocking out the sound was IC graduate extraordinaire, Nathan Alliston. He played a range of commercial hip-hop and juicy R&B beats, hinting at his previous sets at Embargos and Crazy Larry's, which of course went

down an absolute treat: thank you very much, vicar.

All-in-all, the Erasmus welcome party went absolutely spiffingly and you are whole-heartedly invited to the next event. Join the Imperial College Erasmus 07-08 group on Facebook and get involved in the japery. Then maybe you can eat four packets of Crispy M&M's and write up the event for Felix whilst blazing on a sugar high just like me. Pow.



Eras-mash up!

Ain't no Peak high enough

fellwanderers

Fellwanderer **Chris Mark** reports on the club's recent trip to the Peak District without their trusty and anatomically incorrect 'female' inflatable mascot Ingrid



Three-man grass surfing: coming to an Olympics near you

“Food loaded on the minibus?” “Yep.” “Personal kit?” “Yep.” “Ingrid?” “Yep... No, wait. We left her with Nathaniel for a weekend last term, and now she's gotten a puncture...”

Anybody hanging around the entrance to Beit Quad on Friday 3rd November might have overheard the above conversation. Just in case they've been fretting about it for the past two weeks, I guess I should clarify at this point that Ingrid is an inflatable woman purchased from a jokeshop, and is the mascot of the Fellwanderers – the hill-walking club of Imperial. She tends to mysteriously show up in group pictures on rugged mountaintops – but relax, folks, she's anatomically incorrect and makes perfectly suitable family viewing! Well, more or less. And, due to her unfortunate stab wounds, she wasn't able to come to the Peak District with us. Which was a shame, because she missed out on a great trip.

We arrived at the Middleton-by-Youlgreave camping barn at half eleven

on Friday evening, which is pretty early by our standards – possibly due to the effect of Nick's 'Motivational Music' on Martin, the driver. After unloading the bus by torchlight, a few people stayed outside to admire the crystal-clear night sky, while the rest of us bedded down for some sleep before the half seven start planned for Saturday morning.

The morning was a foggy one, with a grey and overcast sky threatening rain. Cursing the over-optimistic BBC weather reports of the previous day, we headed off to Edale in the minibus. The plan was to park at Edale village and climb onto the Kinder Scout plateau, which runs along the northern side of Edale itself. The route would run west along the edge of the plateau, with a brief – and optional – scrambling stop at the outcrop known as Ringing Roger (who the original Roger was and whether he enjoyed being rung, I've no idea). To begin with the rocks were too wet and slippery to do much, so we plodded on through the drizzle. And then, just as we reached



DramSoc's latest outdoor backdrop is very convincing, don't you think?



The Fellwanderers doing what they do so brilliantly

the point from which the most scenic views could be obtained, the Weather Gods heard our pleas. The curtain of grey mist and wind-blown water was twitched aside, and suddenly we were standing on the plateau crest, beneath a fantastic sunny sky, looking out over the Dark Peak region which makes up the northern half of the Peak District. Elated, we celebrated with lunch and a group photo before turning south, descending back into the valley towards the Mam Tor – Back Tor ridge which marks the southern limit of Edale. In contrast to the wild, remote landscape of Kinder Scout, the floor of Edale valley is covered in picturesque farmland, criss-crossed by footpaths. Pausing to conduct a short experiment on whether you can fit medium sized female Fellwanderers through the sheepdog hatch in a stile – thanks to Yvonne and Anna for proving that it's possible – we began the ascent of Mam Tor. Although not particularly high, topping out at 517 metres, the route up is a steep one. Steeper for some than others, in fact, as Nick, Anna, Gareth, and Julia got bored following the path, and cut straight up the mountainside – a technique known

as 'Scottish Navigation'. The rest of us, opting for the less strenuous route, met them at the top of the tor, which was covered by the remains of an Iron Age hillfort. Passing along the ridge, Martin and Melissa headed down early to

"Some of us cut straight up the mountainside: a technique known as 'Scottish Navigation'"

the minibus, while the rest of us took a short detour to the top of Back Tor, for some gorgeous views and a few photographs. After that, it was back to the camping barn for supper and a trip to the local pub, where Julia did her best to show everyone how drinking games are played back in Aachen.

Sunday morning was a beautiful one, with an eight thirty lie-in to ease a few

sore heads from the night before. The only bum note was Gareth's discovery that his water bottle had leaked during the night, soaking the floorboards and the end of Yvonne's sleeping bag. Yvonne was unconcerned, however, and we soon had the minibus packed and were on our way south towards the High Peak Trail, which follows the roadbed of a disused railway. The trail provided easy walking though the morning, with a lunch break on Harboro Rocks, which, thanks to the exposed crags on its southern face, was covered with climbers. After a bit of scrambling, we turned off the trail, making a loop down towards Carsington Water before returning to the start of the walk and the road to London. Finally, a curry in Hampstead Heath's old town was the perfect finish to a great weekend.

If this sounds like something you'd like to get involved in, come to one of our lunches, every Tuesday in dB's at 12.30; or email christopher.mark@ic.ac.uk. You can see photographs from all our trips on www.fellwanderers.com



Ode to Peter Dominiczak (not that anyone will get this caption...)





Wordoku 1,389

W					O	S		
			S	N			R	
	S	N				D		
O			N	R	F		T	
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	I			S	T			
		O	W					T

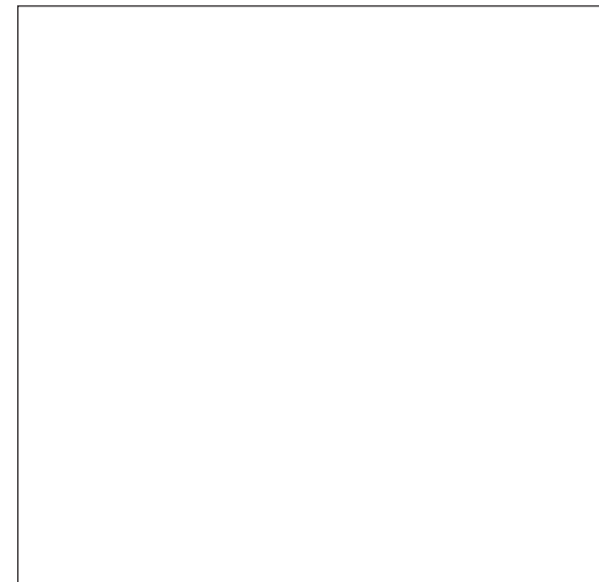
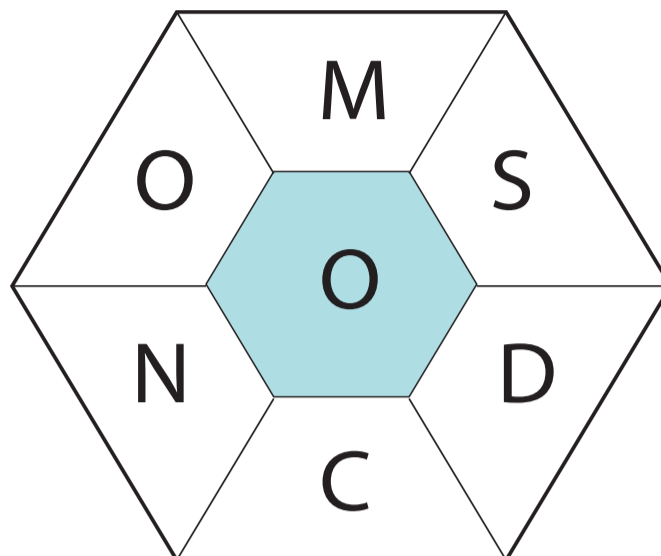
Solution to 1,388

S	Y	A	E	O	G	U	S	I
O	I	E	S	X	U	Y	A	G
G	X	U	I	Y	A	O	E	S
I	S	O	A	G	Y	X	U	E
Y	U	X	O	E	I	S	G	A
E	A	G	X	U	S	I	Y	O
X	E	Y	G	S	O	A	I	U
A	G	S	U	I	X	E	O	Y
U	O	I	Y	A	E	G	S	X

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

The winner of Wordoku 1,388 was **Patrick Monteith**. The hidden phrase was "OXYGEUSIA".

The Polygon of Elegant Enticement



How to rate yourself:

Under 8 words: If ignorance is bliss, you must be orgasmic.

8 - 13 words: Your verbosity is exceeded only by your stupidity. If brains were rain, you'd be a desert.

14 - 19 words: You're not as stupid as you look, are you?

20 plus words: Well done, oh you of wordy wonderment!

Last week's solution:

The seven letter word was:

MONARCH

Congratulations if you have phobias.

Other words included:

acom, anchor, carom, chroma, coma, corm, corn, hoar, horn, macho, macon, macro, macron, manor, moan, mocha, mohr, moram morn, nacho, norm, orach, orca, racon, roach, roam, roan

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. A word you are not allowed in this case would be "Felix" as none of the letters can be found in the polygon. I think you know the rules by now.

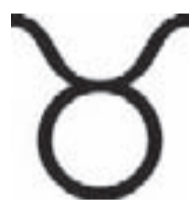
H to the o, r, o, sizzle copes – it's the Horoscopes



Aquarius

Chickety China the Chinese chicken, you have a drumstick and your brain stops tickin'. Watching X-files no lights

on, we're dans la maison, I hope the Smoking Mans' in this one. Like Harrison Ford I'm getting frantic, like Sting I'm tantric, like Snickers, guaranteed to satisfy. How can I help it if I think you're funny when I think you're mad. Trying hard not to smile though I feel bad.



Taurus

If Bob has seven hats and Jill has twelve, Nigel has six bananas and Bob has two bananas, Jill has eight lemon

cheesecakes, Dangerous Dave has four lemon cheesecakes and Bob has eighty-eight lemon cheesecakes – how many time can a mango be swung round a palm tree by a killer whale before it's engulfed in flames from Dastardly Dan's bunsen burner?



Leo

Once again, your eyes are bleeding having stared at the computer screen for far too long. In fact, this week you don't

even kip on the sofa, you just keep on going like those pink, fluffy bunnies wot have batteries in them. Are you going to burn out by the time you hit 25? Perhaps you'll just have a mild stroke and no one will be there to save you since you're all alone in your office. Am cry.



Scorpio

THIS WEEK AT MORRISON'S ON SPECIAL OFFER. If you're a celebrity and you'd like to sell us your soul

in return for public humiliation, we've got a cracking offer lined up for YOU! Simply tell us why our cheese twists taste better than any other supermarket's and we'll come round to your house and slap you about a bit with one of our finest rainbow trouts.



Pisces

This week you venture to Burton's menswear on Liverbaker Street. It's a really hip, happening and downright

funky place, don't you know? I once got lost in the jacket pocket of one of their suits. Funnily enough I met a shoe from Marks & Spencers there. He was a left one in case you were wondering. Said he was on his way to Debenhams and got stuck? Dunno what that was about.



Gemini

fill



Virgo

You will wake up tomorrow morning having four orgasms simultaneously. If you are a girl, this is a very good thing. If

you are a boy, this will be extremely messy. But still rather good. You will then get out your massive huge brutal vibrator only to discover that it has run out of batteries. Damn... what an unfortunate mess. I think you had better wash your sheets.



Sagittarius

I tend to find that my boyfriend's penis is too large to have anal sex comfortably. I have shared this information

with you as it is SHAG week and we are all supposed to be more open about sex. Have I shared too much information? If anyone is offended then I suggest that you go out and get a life. Or a screw. Or maybe both. But don't get chlamydia or genital warts. Itch.. itch..



Aries

You are one of those people who presses the button for the bus to stop even though the button has already been

pressed and the sign saying "STOPPING" is already glowing. This means you are a loser, because you either can't read or think you are more important than the last person. Moron.



Cancer

Oops... I forgot to do the horoscope above and now there's just a white space titled "fill". Do you think anyone

will notice? In some senses, it quite cool really. The reader gets to see the journalist's creation in progress as he plans his work and thinks how he can cut corners to meet deadlines.



Libra

If you want to join Felix for The Michael Jackson Hour, head to our office in the West Basement every

Thursday morning at 2am where we sing-along to Jacko's classics. Don't forget: Earth Song Hour follows immediately at 3am! WHAT ABOUT US?!



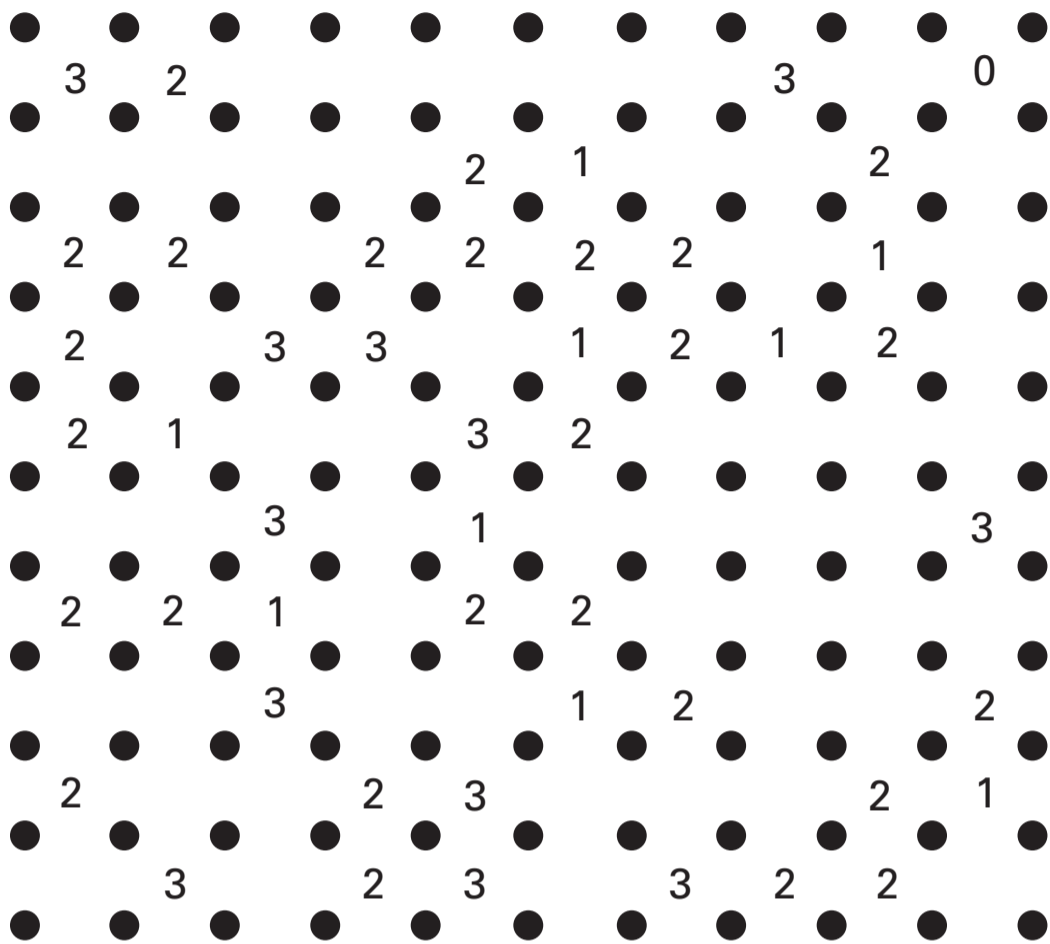
Capricorn

This weeks horoscopes horribly punctuated whichs rather unfortunate because its quite likely to frustrate a

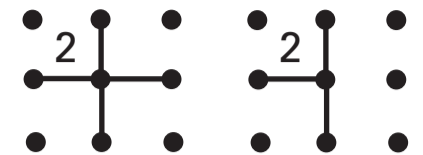
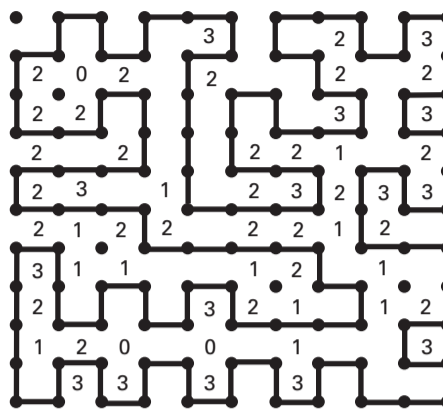
few of the larger pedants out there amongst yall Youre all going to have to put up with this slack use of the English language until I fix my keyboard OK

Slitherlink 1,389

Slitherlink 10 – Hard



Answer for Slitherlink 9



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.

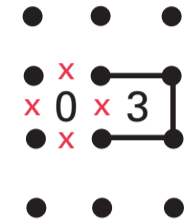
The object of the game is to draw lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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

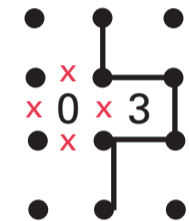


Cells which don't contain a number can be surrounded by any number of lines.

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:



Yeah, we realised that we printed the answer to last week's Slitherlink in the same issue.

Logic Puzzle: Colourful Lecturers

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.

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.

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.

Five students graduated from Imperial and joined finance companies (pah!). What job did they get, with what salary and what was their reason for quitting after only one month and returning to the subject that they studied.

1. Alex, who left because his pockets were so full of money that he sank, earned £50,000.

2. John was the person who lost the company £12million (and his job) when he was a broker intern.

3. The hedgefund intern earned £46,000.

4. The person who earned £42,000 wasn't the trading analyst, who lost all their hair (including their pubes) due to the amount of caffeine they consumed.

5. The person who earned £65,000 pushed their boss out of the 16th storey window. Pablo did not do this or have a nervous breakdown.

6. Akira was the accountant, who went back to chemical engineering.

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

	ACCOUNTANT	TRADING ANALYST	BROKER INTERN	ACTUARY	HEDGEFUND INTERN	£39,000	£42,000	£46,000	£50,000	£65,000	PUSHED BOSS OUT OF WINDOW	NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	POCKETS SO FULL OF MONEY, THEY SANK	LOST ALL HAIR	LOST COMPANY £12M
HENRY															
ALEX															
JOHN															
AKIRA															
PABLO															
PUSHED BOSS OUT OF WINDOW															
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN															
POCKETS SO FULL OF MONEY, THEY SANK															
LOST ALL HAIR															
LOST COMPANY £12 M															
£39,000															
£42,000															
£46,000															
£50,000															
£65,000															

Last Week's Solution:

Dr Red	Trees	Accent	Cupboard
Dr White	Golf Courses	Jumper	Embezzled
Dr Brown	Embroidery	Hard Exams	Excited
Dr Black	Folk Music	Boring	Fell Asleep
Dr Blue	Fashion	Flatulence	Drunk



This week's texts:

"Mike Bluck was knitting last night, while feeding his orangutan carrot cake"

"Attention ladies, Paul Gilmartin is not really Irish. Do not let his pseudo accent or false charm fool you!!"

"CGCU>RCSU 4 eva"

"I know your secret, meet me at Heathrow on Sunday at 12, I have taken care of everything."

"Nicolas, deux mois déjà que nous sommes ensemble et notre relation est chaque jour plus profonde et intense. L'un dans l'autre on est si bien. Clement"

"To the Third Year Physics girl, usually sitting near the back with a load of guys; SHUT THE HELL UP! WE'RE TRYING TO SLEEP! You know who you are and so do we."

07980 148 785

TEXT THE PHONE AND WE'LL FEED THE CAT!

felix needs you!



Felix is written by students for students. We need your contributions so that we can report on news stories and keep everybody entertained during the most arduous of lectures.

Felix is actively recruiting again now the holidays are almost upon us. In preparation for next term we are specifically looking for:

- **Webmasters** to upload issues and articles to the website (union.ic.ac.uk/felix at the moment!)
- **News writers** to report on anything that affects students at Imperial
- **Feature writers** to research and create unique articles
- **Comment columnists** to join in with the current crop of opinionated writers
- **Contributors for all the sections** or writers keen on joining in with more than one section
- **Copy editors** with an eagle-eye for grammer mistakes to form part of our crack team

If you've emailed in the past and I've not responded, that's because I'm a dunce. Feel free to drop me another email and hopefully I'll reply this time! The address to send to is **felix@imperial.ac.uk**

Does caffeine enhance sport performance?

Holly Plumley

Caffeine acts as a stimulant on the central nervous system, which causes the heart rate and blood pressure to increase. After having caffeine, an individual may temporarily feel more awake and energetic. Caffeine also acts as a diuretic, which causes the kidneys to excrete more urine.

Research provided by the American College of Sports Medicine (ACSM) has shown that ingestion of 3-9 mg of caffeine per kilogram (kg) of body weight one hour prior to exercise increased endurance running and cycling performance of well-trained, recreational athletes in the laboratory. This compares to approximately 2-6 regular size cups of coffee.

Many of the reasons for and against whether caffeine enhances sports performance are conflicting as there is still much research that needs to be done on the effects of caffeine on performance. There are also ethical issues in relation to sports, caffeine ingestion currently is not illegal in sports but high doses of caffeine are considered illegal by the International Olympic Committee. If an athlete deliberately takes pure caffeine to gain advantage over competitors, it is considered unethical and doping by many.

So how does this affect you? First lets look more into the effect caffeine has on the body. After taking caffeine you may notice an: increase in heart rate and pulse, increase in breathing, increase in adrenaline, you feel awake and alert - especially in the morning, you feel less drowsy and tired, you can concentrate better, you can think more clearly.

Caffeine is found in coffee, tea,

soft drinks and chocolate. In smaller amounts it is an active ingredient in cold and flu remedies, decongestants and painkillers. Things we know all too well and eat or drink as part of our daily diet, for some people 3-4 times a day. Generally: 200-500mg/day is regarded as moderate use; 600-750mg/day is regarded as high use and over 1,000mg/day is regarded as a toxic amount.

Caffeine's stimulant effect peaks about an hour after consumption and declines as the liver breaks it down. If you occasionally drink coffee, you tend to be more sensitive to caffeine's stimulant effect compared to the daily coffee drinkers who have developed a tolerance to it.

It is important to be aware that prolonged and frequent caffeine intake can lead to side effects which can cause the following: anxiety and nervousness, sleep problems, headache and tremor, restlessness and irritability, produces more stomach acid and urine, nausea and stomach complaints (heartburn, indigestion, may aggravate ulcers), tense muscles, palpitations and irregular heart beats, increase in blood pressure.

According to the ACSM, for the average adult who is exercising with the goals of enjoyment and self-improvement, using caffeine defeats these purposes. Although you may feel as though you are increasing performance, it may be more related to the increase in alertness and energy due to elevated heart rates.

Proper training and nutritional habits such as eating a meal high in carbohydrates 2 hours before a workout are more sensible and productive approaches. And these have clear benefits without the side effects.




Drink	Caffeine content (mg)	
	Per 100ml	Per mug/ can
Brewed tea	25-55	55-140
Brewed coffee	55-85	140-210
Instant coffee	35-45	85-110
Decaf- feinated coffee	2	5
Cocoa	3	7
Coca Cola	11	36
Pepsi Cola	7	22

After exercise, caffeine is a poor choice for fluid replacement. The best bet is to replace with a non-caffeinated drink such as water just after the activity, and then later if you so desire, enjoy your favourite caffeinated beverage - in moderation!

To finish, caffeine affects each person's performance differently. In answer to the question will it enhance your performance? It's a case of trial and error that will indicate the best practices regarding caffeine intake for your body for instance if caffeine makes you queasy or light-headed during exercise, don't use it!



Wow, a coffee cup shaped with coffee beans... clever

 Fixtures and Results		in association with <i>Sports Partnership</i>		 					
Saturday 24th November Football – ULU UCL Men's 1st 0 ICU Men's 1st 3 LSE Men's 3rd 3 ICU Men's 2nd 2 King's Men's 2nd L ICU Men's 3rd L ICU Men's 4th 1 ICU Men's 5th 2 ICU Men's 6th L King's Medicals Men's 5th L ICU Men's 7th 2 RSM Men's 1st 2 Sunday 25th November Badminton – ULU ICU Mixed 1st 4 LSE Mixed 1st 5 Football – ULU ICU Women's 1st 5 Goldsmiths Women's 1st 1 Rugby – ULU ICU Women's 1st 24 LSE Women's 1st 22 Volleyball – ULU ICU Mixed 1st 1 King's Mixed 1st 3		Monday 26th November Badminton – ULU St. George's Hospital Mixed 1st L ICU Mixed 1st L Basketball – ULU Goldsmiths Women's 1st L ICU Women's 1st L Squash – ULU ICU Men's 2nd 0 ICU Men's 1st 5 ICU Women's 1st 2 King's Women's 1st 3 Volleyball – ULU St. George's Hospital Mixed 1st L ICU Mixed 1st L Water Polo – ULU ICU Men's 1st L UCL Men's 2nd L Wednesday 28th November Badminton Surrey Men's 1st 0 ICU Men's 1st 8 ICU Men's 2nd 4 Royal Holloway Men's 1st 4 University of Bath Women's 1st 6 ICU Women's 1st 2 Fencing ICU Men's 2nd L Brunel Men's 1st L		Football ICU Men's 1st 0 LSE Men's 1st 1 ICU Men's 2nd 1 Queen Mary Men's 1st 2 University of Bedfordshire (Luton) Men's 3rd 7 ICU Men's 3rd 1 Royal Holloway Men's 4th (ULU) 4 ICU Men's 4th (ULU) 5 LSE Men's 6th (ULU) 1 ICU Men's 6th (ULU) 0 SOAS Men's 2nd (ULU) 2 ICU Men's 7th (ULU) 2 ICU Women's 1st 3 University of Sussex Women's 2nd 1 Hockey ICU Men's 1st 6 Kingston Men's 1st 2 ICU Men's 2nd 3 University of East London Men's 1st 7 University of Surrey Men's 2nd L ICU Men's 3rd L University of Sussex Men's 2nd 2 ICU Men's 4th 1 St. George's Hospital Women's 1st 9 ICU Women's 1st 4 ICU Women's 2nd 0 Portsmouth Women's 2nd 7		Lacrosse UCL Women's 1st 9 ICU Women's 1st 5 Netball ICU 1st 55 Royal Veterinary College 1st 43 ICU 2nd 24 Imperial Medicals 3rd 21 Rugby Union King's Medicals Men's 1st 35 ICU Men's 1st 20 University of Sussex Men's 1st 17 ICU Men's 2nd 14 King's Men's 2nd 22 ICU Men's 3rd 13 Squash ICU Men's 1st 5 ICU Men's 2nd 0 ICU Men's 3rd L University of Bedfordshire (Luton) Men's 1st L University of Sussex Women's 1st L ICU Women's 1st L Table Tennis ICU Men's 1st 12 University of Reading Men's 1st 5 London Met Women's 1st 5 ICU Women's 1st 0		Tennis UCL Men's 2nd 6 ICU Men's 1st 4 ICU Men's 2nd 7 University of Reading Men's 3rd 3 ICU Women's 1st 5 Brunel Women's 1st 4 Volleyball University of Essex Women's 1st L ICU Women's 1st L Saturday 1st December Football – ULU ICU Men's 2nd vs UCL Men's 2nd ICU Men's 3rd vs Queen Mary Men's 2nd UCL Men's 6th vs ICU Men's 4th ICU Men's 5th vs Royal Holloway Men's 4th Royal Holloway Men's 6th vs ICU Men's 6th Imperial at Wye Men's 1st vs ICU Men's 7th Saturday 1st December Football – ULU King's Medicals 1st vs ICU Women's 1st Volleyball Weekend Tournament ICU Men's 1st vs ULU Men's 1st ICU Men's 1st vs Sussex Men's 1st ICU Men's 1st vs UCL Men's 1st	

A medic article... finally!

Medics rugby announce their forthcoming tour to South Africa

Ben Allin

Did you know that among the suburban streets of leafy Teddington you can find the home ground of one of the oldest and most successful rugby clubs in the country? Far less imposing than England's Twickenham Stadium or Harlequins's Stoop, Imperial Medicals's ground on Udney Park Road makes up for what it lacks in stature with its rich history.

Formerly, belonging to St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington the ground came under the custodianship of Imperial College in 1997, after the union of St Mary's Hospital and Charing Cross & Westminster Hospitals Medical School to form Imperial College School of Medicine (ICSM). With the union of the Medical Schools also came the amalgamation of their respective rugby clubs (St Mary's Hospital R.F.C. founded in 1865 and Charing Cross & Westminster Hospitals R.F.C. founded in 1984) to form Imperial Medicals RFC.

Whilst the days since St Mary's provided a sizeable number of players to the home nation's national sides are, due to the advent of the professional

game, in the past (most notably; JPR Williams [Wales & British Lions] and 'Tuppy' Owen-Smith [England], who joined the hospital with a triple blue from Oxford (cricket, rugby, boxing) and also played cricket for South Africa). Imperial Medicals can still boast four recent England Students representatives and one England 7's representative.

Currently the club plays its rugby in the BUSA Rugby Union – Premier Division (South) and in RFU London 3 (North West), just 3 tiers below the National Leagues. Additionally, the Medicals are current holders of the United Hospitals Cup, the oldest rugby competition in the world, which they have won 7 out of the last 8 years and the JPR Williams Cup, played against Imperial College, which they have won every year since its inception.

This summer from 6th to 20th July 2008 Imperial Medicals RFC will be touring South Africa in a project combining their two main passions; rugby and medicine. In a packed schedule the club will visit six towns, play 7 matches, including games against the Kruger National Park Rangers and Swaziland National Team (followed by a recep-

tion with the high-commissioner of Swaziland) and carry out humanitarian work such as: offering their medical services at local clinics, helping with building projects and coaching school rugby teams.

Such an endeavour requires financial support not only from the players involved but also sponsorship, which the club is actively seeking. In addition, a number of fund raising events have been planned including a Christmas Bop on the last day of term – Friday 14th December, a tour dinner, with Harlequins' World Cup players as guests, on Saturday March 1st and a pre-tour warm up match against London South Africa at Richmond RFC. Furthermore, if you are attending any of England's home Six Nations matches look out for some of the players selling raffle tickets offering the chance to win rugby memorabilia, international match tickets, weekend breaks, hampers and cases of wine.

If you would like more information or can support the tour through sponsorship or by attending the fund-raising events, please contact International Tour Captain Ben Allin (bsa04@imperial.ac.uk).



ICSM RFC team photo... bloody hell that guy is tall

IC Ladies 2nds kick Bucks

Hockey

Imperial Ladies 2nd XI	2
Bucks Women's 1st XI	0

Amanda Cheung

With only one victory under our belt this season, the ladies 2's were eager for some more goal pie and hopefully to start a new winning streak. So last Wednesday, the team arrived at Harlington in high spirits despite the freezing weather, ready to face our brand new opposition who calls themselves BUCKS!

The game started positively, with IC making most of the attacks initially, forcing BUCKS to defend. However, it wasn't long before they answered with some swift counter-attacks. Nevertheless, our solid defensive wall of Thombelina, 3 Times a Lady, Unicycle and Dominator performed brilliantly to clear any looming danger, making life for Spanner relatively easy.

The first half ended frustratingly

with an empty score line as IC failed to convert numerous chances. After some inspirational team talk from resident team manager Porno Fi and Captain Ghostbuster as well as half time oranges courtesy of Dominator, the team started the second half ready and refreshed and as a consequence, scored within the first few minutes! A change in the short corner routine saw Brownie sweep the ball past the keeper. The game carried on with some smooth passing up front between AA,

Jess and Ghostbuster coupled with excellent defending when necessary. Our hard work paid off and IC gained a few short corners as the minutes of the game dwindled. The ball was pushed out by AA to Ghostbuster who stopped it and fed it into the D then a superb strike from Unicycle saw the ball finish its path at the back of the goal before the final whistle was promptly blown. IC 2's finished the match all smiles and Man of the Match was awarded to Hoover for a fantastic performance.



A generic hockey picture

RSM Hockey on a winning streak, men and mixed

Hockey

RSM Men XI	11
UL Air Squadron XI	3

Hockey

RSM Mixed XI	12
George's Mixed XI	1

Charlotte Atteck

In the last two weeks the most socially active hockey club at gimperial has seen it all: from drunken disastrous dancing in Dbs to drunken disastrous dancing in Belushis proving its not the place you go to its who you go there with.

This aside hockey has been as active as ever beating the air squadron 11-3 and George's Medics 12-1. Please let me take the time to point out that the air squadron team did have an ex England player on their side and although most people (except maybe Tom ;o)) know hockey is not a one man sport I

thought it was worth a mention. Goals have been scored by most of the team (except for Steve) so an all around congrats especially those of you who have managed loads e.g Ravi and to Joe, Mikey and Sang for their Man Of The Match nominations (a weeks drinking is stopping me from remembering who actually got it...). And although I wasn't at the game last Sunday I hear there was more of the same. The next few weeks see the girls get their first solo match and with Timmay and Steve umpiring it is sure to be a great fare honest clean game with no unbiased umpiring as seen in the past... No names need be mentioned...



You might have seen this picture before... Ahem

Imperial Team of the Week



Football Women's 1st

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

The girls have had a mixed bag of results, yet they still seem to be doing well despite the fact that they have not been getting a full team out.

Last week they beat Bedfordshire with 9 players, and the week before hat they beat RUMS with 8. In their

latest match, the girls had 10 players and managed a draw against St. George's, whilst at the weekend the girls managed to get a full team out and whoop Goldsmith's 5 - 1.

Hopefully, with a full strength squad, the girls will be able to produce such wins as they did at the weekend and work their way up the league table.

Well done ladies!

Stress and exercise managed



Linda Hagg
Energia Fitness Instructor

Stress affects everyone at some time in his or her life. Research suggests that a moderate amount of stress can be positive, making us more alert, helping to keep us motivated, and making us perform better. However, if we are not in control over our situation then too much stress can cause illness and physical and emotional problems, including headaches, upset stomach, high blood pressure and even strokes or heart disease. Stress is a well known trigger for depression and stress-related medical problems are becoming more and more common. In the modern world, we all need to learn how to cope with stress. It is therefore important to identify the causes of stress in your life and try to minimise them.

All sorts of situations can cause stress from major life events such as unemployment, moving house, starting university to minor irritations such as feeling undervalued at work or being stuck in traffic. Sometimes there are no obvious causes. Some people seem to suffer from stress more than other people. These people are called 'type A' by psychologists and they tend to be impatient and sometimes aggressive. They also seem to have a higher incidence level of heart attacks. People who abuse alcohol or drugs are also

more likely to suffer from stress. Some common signs of too much stress include: increased irritability, experiencing many different feelings, including anxiety, fear, anger, frustration and depression, and signs of tension, such as nail-biting, drinking and smoking more, indigestion, loss of concentration, chest pains, lack of appetite, feeling sick, constant tiredness, due to difficulty getting to sleep, craving for food, restlessness and a tendency to sweat are also signs.

When you are stressed, your body produces more of the so called 'fight or flight' chemicals, adrenaline and noradrenalin, which prepare your body for an emergency. Adrenaline and noradrenalin raise your blood pressure, makes your heart beat faster and increase the rate at which you perspire. They can also reduce your stomach activity and reduce blood flow to your skin. Cortisol releases fat and sugar into your system as well as reduces the efficiency of your immune system. Over time these chemicals and the changes they produce can damage your physical and mental health.

Adrenaline and noradrenaline use up large amounts of vitamin C, B-vitamins, magnesium and zinc, because it's an emergency, they take priority over the body's general use for these nutrients. Vitamin C and zinc are therefore not sufficiently available for collagen production to make white blood cells to fend off infections and to keep skin clear. B-vitamins are not fully available for mental function and energy production. Low levels of magnesium might result in headaches and raised blood pressure. Increased stress levels also raise the amount of oxidation damage, which affects various body tissues. Constantly raised cortisol levels keep the body in a 'catabolic' state, which interferes with tissue repair which is important when exercising.

Stress can play an important role in the epidemic of obesity. Obesity shows a connection between stress factors and increasing cortisol. Studies show that stress contributes to increased food intake, since it is interfering with the neuroendocrine mechanisms re-

sulting in an increasing appetite. An increase of cortisol results in an accumulation of body fat around the waist area.

If stress is causing physical symptoms, severe distress or making it difficult for you to function as normal, it is worth seeing the doctor. One of the first steps to cope with stress is learning to recognise your personal signs and symptoms. The way you function on a daily basis may change, or you may notice a difference in your body i.e. tense shoulders, the way you think, or general sense of wellbeing. Is the cause for your stress a real threat? Or are you worried over nothing? Be proactive and take responsibility for your actions rather than passively waiting for things to get better. You will get an increased feeling of competence and self-esteem.

Stress management will for example help you target the causes of stress in your life quickly and effectively, learn how better to cope with pressure, reduce stress with rational thinking, improve working relationships and how to live a happier, more relaxed life. This will be done by changing your subconscious, your feelings and beliefs, increasing your sense of calm and well being, and also enable change in your conscious thoughts and behaviours.

There are several strategies that can help you deal with stress: try to identify the underlying causes of your stress. You may need to review your whole lifestyle. Eating a healthy, balanced diet, rich in fruit and vegetables, keep smoking and drinking at a minimum, learning to be more assertive, never taking on more than you know you can cope with, organising your time better to get as much done as possible, finding humour or absurdity in stressful situations, talking to friends or family, sharing your thoughts and fears, and tensing and then relaxing your muscles starting at the toes and working up to the head and neck.

Ethos can help you manage your stress levels with exercise programmes, weight management programmes, stress management and life coaching programmes – pop in and speak to staff member for more information.

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.

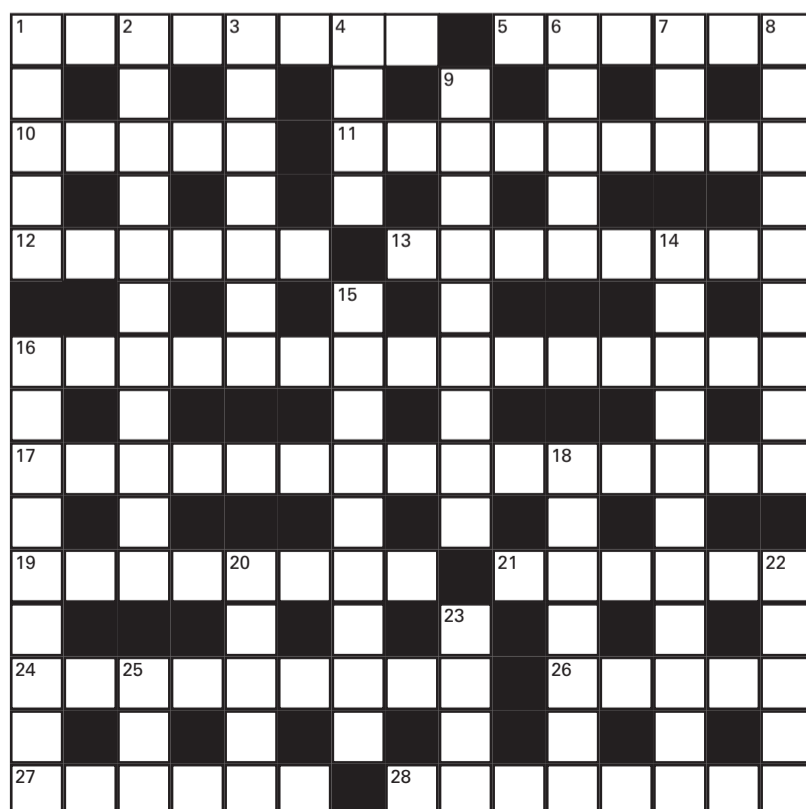
A mid table scrap is beginning to emerge between the men's Badminton 2s and Rugby 3s, as well as the ladies Football, Lacrosse and Squash

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 Women'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. 1,389

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



ACROSS

- 1 Idiot repeats 'in' to indicate murderer (8)
- 5 A gardening tool sounds tasty (6)
- 10 A delicious smell in a Roman church (5)
- 11 Firework emits vapour into a scattered mob, turning black (9)
- 12 Provoke a stinging plant? (6)
- 13 "Silver thing is situated in part of Morocco" says rebel (8)
- 16 Old reel blown away by the breeze (4, 4, 3, 4)
- 17 Odd arcane violin fashioned by artist (15)
- 19 Heard to overlook Jewish festival (8, 2, 5)
- 21 A terrible stink can be found in parts of messy kitchens (6)
- 24 Private parts in oestrogen Italians produce (9)
- 26 Gathering as blackbird takes death (5)
- 27 Headless noblewoman resting in pieces by nightfall (6)
- 28 Ten brutes get the edge taken off them, then thoroughly thrashed by dark-haired girl (8)

DOWN

- 1 One more time – a benefit (5)

- 2 Soon, peanuts will explode by themselves (11)
- 3 Be quiet! Permit him to be superficial (7)
- 4 I enquire: doesn't the ragged asterisk get any rest? (1, 3)
- 6 Be rude in return about the time you lived (5)
- 7 Book title is a scary exclamation (3)
- 8 Arms inspector on Italian island sees God twice (2, 7)
- 9 Guillotined, cut up; yet not sick at an imaginary line (9)
- 14 Slowly becoming fewer who are slim, initially not in need, developing metabolic disease (8, 3)
- 15 Deliberately work around being oddly lazy (9)
- 16 Island parties hold oddly sprang dos (9)
- 18 Church centre incomprehensibly empty about me (7)
- 20 Outrageous, yet common in far-out remote place (5)
- 22 Avoid answering questions about reducing one's financial risk (5)
- 23 Just beautiful light at the adequate market... (4)
- 25 Priestess universally trapped between two directions? Sounds like nothing.



The winners of last week's crossword were **Emma Thompson and Emma O'Hare**. Well done!

Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,388

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



Winning streak

Royal School of Mines Hockey teams continue rich vein of form, see page 38



Women's football finally get a full team and win

Football	L'OREAL PARIS
Imperial Women's 1st	1
St. Georges Women's 1st	0

Football	L'OREAL PARIS
Imperial Women's 1st	5
Goldsmith's Women's 1st	1

Cheryl See

Wednesday's BUSA match took the IC women's team to the Chelsea Football Training Grounds to play St. George's with ten players. The game started slow and IC were unable to create any real chances. Admittedly, it was quite challenging when the entire St. George's team were in their penalty box defending. St. George began doing all the attacking but with Coach Squashie's words of defensive wisdom echoing in our heads, IC's backline were bloody amazing dismantling plays. It was as if Kate, Vivian, Emma and Cheryl had reached an almost telepathic level of communication.

The IC midfield saw a couple of changes this week, but settled down well to produce some quality runs. Pav made a spectacular run down the left leaving the St. George defence eating her dust. Literally. A St. George de-

fender had taken to the ground after Pav sped by, and had to be substituted off. Steph, on the otherside of the pitch, was as usual picking her beef with one of the players prompting the referee to give them both a warning of "Now, now girls, let's not get rowdy!" Tough love.

The second half started and IC were the more prominent team. With Steph charging down the right and Karen on the left, all the ten St. George players who ran back to defend were stretched wide, leaving space for Pav, Rita and Lily. Unfortunately, it was just not the attackers' day and many shots were denied by a St. George player or sent out just wide.

A more amusing, or worrying, moment of the game was when St. George, not wanting to miss out on contributing to the Retarded Football Antics Hall of Fame, saw a player attempting a throw-in by means of a one handed basketball-like lob.

IC began to get impatient and the backline began to push up to support the attack. Even more chances were created by Kate with her crosses and Emma with hers. With fifteen minutes to go, IC finally scored. Pav had drifted in a beauty of a cross from the right which fell to Lily in the box. St. George's keeper closed her down quickly but due to what can only be excused as a really bad sense of judgement, the keeper took out Lily rather than the ball, and the St. George goal

was left unattended. The ball had been squeezed out and was rolling away at a turtle-like speed. Cheryl, who had already started to make a run in when the ball left Pav's feet, experienced a stroke of good luck in reaching the loose ball before anyone else. It was an easy goal and would never have been possible had Lily not taken out the goalie... by accident.

Pumped from the goal, Emma decided to make a run from the right side of the pitch to the left and began to attack quite vivaciously. This of course, inspired the backline to consider careers in more attacking roles, leaving goalie Emily defender-less in the IC half. Fortunately, the IC defence were brought to their senses after Emily let loose a tirade, pointing out to Emma that she was, in fact, a right back and not a left forward.

It is believed now that word will spread of our tactic of bringing less than a full squad of players to BUSA games, causing the opposition to get over-confident and under-estimating us. The subtleties of the mind games we play are beyond our foe.

Since this is a double match report, I will continue to tell the tale of how on Sunday, IC Women's secured their first win of the season in the ULU Premiership, coming back to form with a stunning 5-1 victory over Goldsmiths.

IC dominated from the beginning and five minutes into the game launched an attack which saw Chin taking on

two defenders and when they realized that they were out-skilled, one of them dropped to the ground clutching her leg in agony and play was stopped. And play was stopped for a long time and then surprisingly resumed again before the New Year. It seemed like a pathetic attempt to break IC's momentum, but the first goal of the game came ten minutes after play was resumed. Chin hit a beauty of volley which was punched away by the Goldsmiths' keeper only for IC's Lily to send the ball into the back of the net on the rebound. Many creative plays were constructed with Dehydys, Pav and Steph being behind a lot of clever touches, crosses and through balls to Chin and Lily upfront. And two minutes after the Lily's goal, superstar Rita got her first goal for IC and not wanting to stop there, she proceeded to score her second for IC.

Goldsmiths was suffering from poor support down the wings and their forward was getting more frustrated by the second, engaging IC's left back, Cheryl in a showing match, which Cheryl won, giving away a free kick just outside the box in the process. The beef-of-the-match was between Cheryl and Goldsmiths No.2 and surprisingly Steph was not involved. The freekick surmounted to nothing and IC keeper Emily did not face many (or any) challenges and the first half came to an end.

The second half started with Goldsmiths out for vengeance. They played quick passes succeeding in stirring the

almost slumbering IC defence. Laura, Emma and Jools made crucial clearances. Unfortunately the attacking onslaught resulted in a lucky goal for the opposition. Whatever hope was kindled from that goal was shortlived because Rita netted herself a hat trick soon after, officially making her dame of the game.

Due to my over-attentiveness, exactly how another Goldsmiths player became injured will not be explained. We could pretend that she collided with one of the IC players, which is the equivalent to running into a wall. The Goldsmiths player, being sporting, began to hobble off the pitch but their coach, gesticulating wildly started shouting, "fall to the ground!" So she did. And as Emily pointed out, it felt like we were on a time-out in a basketball game. Play resumed and Dehydys scored, punishing Goldsmiths for their time wastage. Dehydys, from the edge of the box, took a cheeky, but an absolutely perfect shot on goal that went over the defenders, confused the keeper and into the back of the net.

Goldsmiths kept trying and won quite a few corners but even though their forward was rubbing up against Emily in an attempt to seduce the ball in for a goal, it didn't happen. IC made a substitution, bringing on keeper Keren for keeper Emily, who probably was fighting the urge to swim in disinfected after the encounter(s) with the forward.