

felix

The student 'news'paper of
Imperial College London

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**Normally Felix informs students
on the issues that affect them;
this week we report on why we
cannot publish everything that
we know**



News

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Green flag given to Election campaigning; the race is on

Candidates' manifestos in next week's issue of Felix and on Live!

Matty Hoban
News Goblin

Nominations for next year's Sabbatical team, Student Trustees and NUS delegates closed on Sunday night (at one minute to midnight to be precise) revealing the potential 2008/09 President and Deputy Presidents. Sabbatical positions, or Sabbs – which include the offices of Deputy President Finance & Services (DPFS), Deputy President Clubs & Societies (DPCS) and Deputy President Education & Welfare (DPEW) alongside the office of Union President and Felix Editor – last for a year and are taken up by current students either during their degree or after their final year. Alongside the Sabbs, candidates for the eight NUS delegate positions were also revealed (they are the people who will be representing the Union at the NUS conference between 1st and 3rd April this year) along with the two potential Student Trustees (students who sit on the Trustee Board which oversees the Union).

The position of President appears to have the most heated competition with six candidates vying for the job. Current Royal College of Science Union (RCSU) President Jennifer Morgan, Athletic Clubs Committee (ACC) Chair Luke Taylor and former DPFS Jon Matthews all fulfilled Felix's prophesy (cast your over-eager eyes back to issue 1,391) by running for President. Alongside these faces, former Felix columnist Diogo Gerald, Choir Treasurer Edward Hughes and City and Guilds College Union (CGCU) Honorary Secretary Edward Judge are also in the competition.

The next most hotly-contested position is DPCS with Felix correctly predicting only one candidate, Lily Topham, Social Clubs Committee (SCC) Chair for this role. Alongside Ms Topham is John James, stalwart of the RCS Motor Club and Jess Marley the



Returning Officer Danny McGuinness (left) with Hustings Chair and current President Stephen Brown at the Initial Candidates meeting

Netball Club Captain. The diversity of candidates can only make for a promising contest with perhaps differing focuses and purposes. DPEW is going to be fought between two familiar faces: SCC Secretary Ryan Dee (as predicted by Felix) and Welfare Campaigns Officer Hannah Theodorou. Poker Society Treasurer Christian Carter is the sole student candidate for DPFS other than the possibility of re-opening nominations – this may not provide the most thrilling of contests for a role that is often deficient of candidates.

Obviously the most important position, Felix Editor, has drawn three experienced candidates from the current Felix team in Nightlife Editor Gregory Mead, Sports Editor Jovan Nedić and News Editor Andrew Somerville. However, at the time of going to press Andrew has expressed his desire to withdraw from the race due to disillusionment with the role of Felix at this university (see page 3).

There are eleven candidates for the eight NUS delegate positions and two candidates for the two Student Trustee positions; these roles are not to be ignored.

For each field in the election students

have the opportunity to vote for Re-Open Nominations (RON) if none of the candidates float your boat. If RON wins, nominations will be opened up again for another election.

One thing is for sure this year; there are many experienced and familiar faces and that the joke candidate factor (proportional to the farce factor) is at an all-time low. This means that Hustings (the candidates' chance to convince you to vote for them in a public forum) might be relatively farce-free with competency rather than pitting-downing as the order of the day. Might be...

There will be Hustings on Monday 18th February at 12pm in the JCR and on Thursday 21st February at 6:30pm in DaVinci's. Look out for the candidates' manifestos in next week's Felix and on Live! (<http://live.cgcunet>).

Voting opens online on Friday 22nd February at one minute past midnight and closes Tuesday 26th February at one minute to midnight.

Remember that you are voting for the future of the Union and if you are leaving this year, then it is a good way to get back at the College for giving you a third. Resentful, moi?

Lord Winston entertains Imperial students for hours



The last of the RCSU Science Challenge seminars was given by fertility expert Lord Robert Winston on Tuesday night. Lord Winston discussed his question: "Ever since early humans invented the handaxe, technology has increased the potential to destroy mankind. Are we sowing the seeds of our own destruction?" It was intended that he would talk for 20 minutes but he ended up speaking for an hour and a half. On top of this, Lord Winston took questions from the floor for the next hour. At one point his wife phoned; Lord Winston explained that he was going to be late and she should start dinner without him. Students have just over a week to submit their competition entries. For more information head to: www.rcsu.org.uk/sciencechallenge

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LOLcats



OF THE WEEK

“Felix shall be editorially free to operate and report on events as the Editor sees fit, as long as he or she is not acting against the wider student interest...” – Union Policy on Felix

This week Felix News has three major stories that we are unable to publish due to prohibitive regulations that govern the Union in general. Rather than fill these pages with second-rate material, we feel it is our duty to inform our readership that we are not able to discuss certain important student issues, despite the official policy (stated above) that is supposed to govern this publication.

Felix is not able to report on matters concerning Election candidates’ past or present during the election period, no matter how factual.

If one of the election candidates came down into the Felix office and set fire to the computers whilst chanting racist hate slogans and kicking a granny, we would not be able to report or publish evidence on it, without being immediately impounded as soon as the candidate complained that we had influenced the election. This is due to interpretation of the ‘Elections’ section of the constitution, viewing Felix as holding a privileged position as the only student newspaper of Imperial College Union.

The argument stems from a part of the Union constitution which states in (Regulation 4 part G43 for the hacks) that: “All media or newsletter reports, or comments, must mention the names of all candidates standing for a post within the body of the report, in the case of elections.” This is the only reference to the news media coverage of candidates in the constitution regulations. It is interpreted by the Union as not allowing Felix or any other Union media to publish an article during an election that concerns one candidate alone, even if it gave a token mention to the other candidates as an aside.

Felix was given the official Union position on this matter after one of the major stories this week concerns a presidential candidate and their actions over the past six months. Felix cannot publish these events without risking censorship and exposing the editor to disciplinary action. However, Felix believes that these events are both newsworthy, and in the interests of the voting students.

Felix is not able to report on matters concerning, or related in any way, to Union staff, no matter how factual.

Felix, along with the rest of the Union, is governed by a prohibitive “Code of Practice (CoP),” an agreement between the Union and College, that is designed to protect both the Union and College from legal action stemming from the breach of HR law. However this CoP prevents students in any public forum (be that Council, Court or Felix) from discussing the actions, opinions or details of any Union Staff, or even publishing details or comment on a department of the Union itself. Felix can publish any material discussing members of College staff, so long as it does not breach civil or criminal law, but not even mention members of Union staff.

Felix was given the official Union position on this matter after two of our stories this week were deemed to have possibly reflected badly on certain departments of the Union, and hence Union staff members. Felix understands that it is necessary for the Union to protect itself from legal action over HR law, but believes that publication of these news stories is certainly in the interest of the student body, but again we cannot publish without exposing Felix to harm.

Both of these issues illustrate a major conflict between the intended operation of Felix (as stated in the Union Felix Policy), and the rules that govern many areas of Union activity that also extend over Felix, overruling the intended operation of this student newspaper.

Felix suggests that either the Union policy governing Felix should be changed to reflect the reality of the situation – a gagged publication that cannot report on issues that matter most to student of this college, or the Constitution should be changed to allow a truly democratic student newspaper – bound only by the public interest and UK defamation law.

Until then, Felix informs the students of Imperial College that it cannot publish the whole truth.
The cat is not free.

The Felix Editor and News team

An Anonymous Protest



Outside the Church of Scientology on Queen Victoria Street, 11 minutes past 11am on 11th February



Originally intended as a news piece, **Andrew Somerville** gives a full account of what he saw on the day the Felix team spent sandwiched between Anonymous and the Church of Scientology

I reach 146 Queen Victoria Street at a few minutes past the 11am start billed all over the internet, already late since I had intended to get there before it all officially kicked off. As I round the corner of the building I am handed a flyer entitled "Who Is Xenu?" which I don't have time to read before being deafened by a 500-strong chant of "We Are Anonymous. We Are Legion," followed immediately by a dreadful Rick Astley song [*Editor – how dare you blaspheme against the 80's King!*] blasted from a portable hi-fi. At this point I realised that this would be a protest unlike any I have ever witnessed.

After penning an article covering the initiation and announcement of the globally infamous "Anonymous" protests a few weeks ago, my curiosity was aroused enough to ensure that my Sunday would be spent outside the two major scientology buildings in London. Primarily to cover it for Felix, but also because I was personally intrigued by the bile-filled debate and rhetoric from both sides that abounds on the internet, and by the potential that the protest had to demonstrate "the power of the internet."

For those who have managed to avoid the controversy, it can be summed up in a single, simple statement: "The internet has declared war on the 'Church of Scientology,'" exaggerated, but not inaccurate (see box for full explanation).

I had no idea what to expect from February 10th. It was an event that could signify the beginning of a global movement, a popular movement that began and was sustained virtually, pouring out into the real world in a manner that has never been seen before; without a leader, without a clear plan. The headless body politic, ejecting a parasite. Or it could be three geeks and a sign exhibiting ignorance and irrationality, showing that virtual momentum still has no real bearing on the outside, another failed movement of hate. I expected the latter. I expected it to be about 20 people (maximum) standing outside a building, embarrassing themselves.

I'm confronted with 500 protesters: clad in masks to protect their identity from the perceived threat, handing out flyers, holding signs, acting as a single, outraged entity. Yet there is an inherent humour in the event. Anonymous don't take themselves very seriously, breaking into bad dancing every so often as someone plays a song that they all know from various 'memes' that constantly circulate (such as the "Fresh Prince of Bel Air" theme song that was played throughout the day). Their protest signs contain in-jokes and shamelessly geeky comedy, but also carry the message of the day. "Love Scientology, Hate the CoS ['Church of Scientology']" says one sign. "Scientology makes me a sad panda," says another, "Knowledge is Free, Scientology's not."

Most of the protestors are lined up on the pavement and raised walkway, wearing their masks (mostly V For Vendetta Guy Fawkes masks) on the opposite side of the road from the headquarters of the CoS' UK organisation near Blackfriars tube station.

At this early stage of the day, there are 2 police officers mounted on horseback, approximately 7 foot-patrol police, and 1 squad van – all City of London Police – guarding the main doors of the building and surrounding the main body of protestors. This number increases steadily throughout the morning, finally peaking at approximately 20 officers, 4 mounted police, 2 police vans, and a dog unit. They seem to be there mainly to make the Scientology staff feel safe, and keep the protestors from blocking Queen Victoria Street. "We're just policing the event," said one police officer as he asked protestors to move away from the entrance, "It's fairly quiet... simply a peaceful protest." The police don't seem worried, even though they have had little information about the planned protest and no leadership to meet with.

The 'Church of Scientology of London' was opened in 2006 in the very building where L. Ron Hubbard ran the embryonic Church of Scientology in the 1950s. At the gala opening, the fourth most senior City of London Police officer, Chief Superintendent Kevin Hurley, gave a speech in praise of the organisation – the largest in a series of interactions between the City of London Police force and the CoS in London that was investigated by the Guardian and other major newspapers at the time (which a man with a megaphone reminded the assembled protestors).

The building itself sits between the Anglican church of Saint Andrew by-the-Wardrobe and the BT Wholesale headquarters. Its proximity to an Anglican church is an irony not lost on Anonymous, who took relish in the chant of: "That's a church, that's a cult," as they point respectively at the spire and the CoS. My fellow reporters and I visit the rector of the church, the Reverend Alan Griffin, to ask him his opinion of the protestors and of his neighbours themselves. He said that the protestors "all seemed quite young, similar in age to most of the Scientologists that they are protesting." On Scientology, his philosophy was relaxed: "It's a free world, isn't it?" He'd been invited into the building, and some of the members had come to speak to him, but he was certain that "they shouldn't call themselves a church." I ask him whether he thought Scientology was a religion, and he responded without hesitation: "No, it's a cult. And it's definitely not Christian. They shouldn't use the cross in their logo." I look again at the symbol on the front of the building. It has a crucifix in the centre of it; what that signifies, I'm not sure.

History of the Anonymous Protests

On 16th January global newspapers and media reported on the internet leak of a video showing Tom Cruise talking about his Scientology beliefs, coinciding with the publishing of an unauthorised biography of Mr Cruise by renowned biographer Andrew Morton. The embarrassing video, set to the "Mission: Impossible" theme tune and full of controversial quotes, was posted on many news sites, but rapidly removed from most after threats from the feared Scientology legal team.

These events and legal threats were seen as the 'final straw' for a community on 711Chan, one of the internet's most notorious social forums, which interpreted the move as an attempt at censorship, and the most recent in a series of alleged "unethical practices" practised by the Church. They launched a massive underground campaign "declaring war" on Scientology under the moniker of "Anonymous," ("We are Anonymous, e are Legion"), issuing several Youtube messages to the world news services. Many Scientology websites have subsequently come under attack, either with Denial of Service attacks, or having the pages themselves defaced with mocking images and sound files. One hacker even managed to replace the Scientology Headquarters answerphone message to play the "Fresh Prince of Bel Air" theme song in reference to Will Smith's apparent conversion to the Church of Scientology.

Anonymous' allegations about the Church of Scientology

Anonymous' anti-scientology stance is based on widespread allegations that the CoS is an exploitive, profiteering enterprise that destroys lives and harms society. It references well-published incidents of espionage in the U.S; brainwashing accusations; harassment of critics; allegations of murder; conspiracy; abuse of the legal system; threats against dissenters; unscientific propaganda labelling psychology and psychiatry as harmful, evil and responsible for atrocities; infiltration of governmental organisations, police forces, and other entities; bribery; manslaughter; theft; human rights abuses; curtailment of free speech and that the basic tenets of the CoS are harmful and despicable.

The Church of Scientology states that these allegations are made by bigots, hate-mongers, "suppressive persons," terrorists, and people dedicated to evil.

I wander around to the rear of the CoS building. It's deserted, but on my way up the alley staircase that runs between the church and the CoS, I'm noticed by two large men in dark blue suits and coats. The building is large, and I'm trying to work out how many rooms it must have, and looking at the windows, most of which are coated on the inside with an opaque material, even on the top floors. One of the two men has followed me round, and slowly approaches me as I stand at the mouth of an open (wide enough to fit a truck) dead-end that houses the rear entrance to the CoS behind a row of tidy bins. He asks me what I'm doing.

"I'm looking at the building," I reply, "I'm covering the protest for student press."

"Where's your I.D.?" he asks.

"We don't issue student press I.D, all I have is my college I.D."

"Can I see it?" he says, staring at me in a none-too friendly manner. At this point I lie and tell him that I don't carry it with me if I'm not going to college. It's in my wallet, but I'm worried. The protestors at the front have masks because they're frightened of the Church of Scientology's reputation in the U.S., and over here to some extent. Accusations abound that they hire detectives to investigate people that protest their events. That they follow people home, photograph them to identify and intimidate them, picket them, harass them, stalk them and file frivolous litigation to silence dissent and investigation. I've seen the John Sweeney investigation, some XenuTV footage, and enough documentation to worry me, but today I have come without a mask. Journalists don't wear masks. My intention is to cover this event in an unbiased manner because it's newsworthy. I'm not attacking them, so why should I hide? I have nothing to hide. There is a woman in front of the building filming the protestors and taking their pictures. My picture has already been taken. Still I refuse to show my I.D. I stand my ground, holding onto my notebook and pen, and ask this man if he's a member of the CoS.

"No, I'm not a member," he replies.

"Are you part of the security team?" I ask.

"I'm not security."

So I ask him why he wants to see my I.D.

"I've been monitoring you," he says. At this point in the conversation, my adrenaline kicks in. This is a dialogue that is both sinister and sounds like a bad novel.

"You've been monitoring me? Why?" I ask. He does not answer. I press further: "Who asks random people in the street for their I.D.?"

He shrugs. "I do," he says with a smile.



A woman in her late fifties passes us and breaks some of the tension. She walks down to the back door and tries the handle. Finding it locked, she starts looking into the windows. The man who is not security walks towards her. "I'm a parishioner," she calls to him in an American accent. I suspect that he nods at her, but I can't be sure. I spot my editor rounding the corner about 20 metres away. Someone opens the door from the inside and lets the woman into the building, and the security guard is back by my side. Tom reaches us just as we resume our conversation.

"Are you sure you're not security? That woman seemed to think you were."

"I'm not security," he repeats. I ask him for his I.D. but he refuses. He evades my questions for a while, during which I ask him a few more times whether he's a member of security, or in any way affiliated with the CoS. He denies everything, remains silent, says 'No Comment', or changes the subject.

I ask why he is here, monitoring me.

"We're here for peace," he says.

I introduce him to the Felix editor, and ask Tom to verify that we don't issue press identification. He does, but the man who is not security does not seem impressed. I apologise if we've caused him offence, but that I understand if he has a job to guard the building that he has to be watchful, but that we're on a public right of way. He doubts whether we have a right to be there. I take a few steps towards the alley that leads to the back door. He stands beside me, and tells me that the alley is not public property. He slowly takes a few steps towards me, standing to his full height (a few inches more than mine and about twice as wide), and stares at me. Intimidation is clearly his intent. I meet his gaze for a number of seconds. Again, the tension is broken by the approach of a neatly-presented man in a black suit, white shirt, and red tie. He rounds the corner and approaches us. At the same time, a few people exit the rear door. The man who is not security walks towards them and begins talking to another large man in a dark blue suit and coat.

"Can I help you?" asks the man in the red tie. I explain that I'm covering the protest for student press and ask if he's a member of the church. He nods. I say that I'd like to talk to a member of the CoS about their thoughts on the protests, both here and around the world. He gives me a phone number and tells me to call back later in the week. I ask for his name so that I can tell the person that answers the phone who gave me the number. "Mark," he replies, "Just ask for Mark." I later find out that Mark is the head of Scientology PR in the UK. Before he goes to meet the people who have exited the building I pose a last question:

"Is that man a member of your security team?" I quickly ask, indicating the man who is not security.

Mark looks confused, but replies: "Yes."

Tom and I walk back around to the front of the building, the chanting and chatter breaking the quiet of the back alley. A few minutes later, as we stand next to the police, the man who is not security walks swiftly around to the front of the CoS. He extracts an I.D. card from his pocket, shows it to the guarding police officer, then walks through the door and stands there, hands behind his back, behind a layer of plexiglass as a woman points a camera at the nearest protestors, recording their every action.

By now it's about 12:30pm and the protest in Queen Victoria Street is at its peak. At least 500 people (both by police count and my own approximations) stand in a wall of masks and signs, chattering and cracking jokes at Scientology's expense. A small conflict breaks out between two protesters and the police who are trying to move them away from the main entrance. The police push them, and they push back. The crowd sides with the police, shouting as one peaceful entity for the rogue members to fall back into the Anonymous crowd. "Fall Back!" they cry, "No loss of hit points!" "Calm down! Stay calm, stay cool!" and my personal favourite: "Let's all have a nice cup of tea!" This was the resolute character of the protests: peaceful, with the smiling knife of humour as their weapon.

The two men return to the protest side of the road. They talked to me briefly about an encounter that they had at the rear of the building. They spoke of walking to the door of the rear entrance and protesting by that. Of security guards telling them that the alley was private property, then changing their minds when challenged, of being threatened until the police arrived, and then being filmed by police.

The protesters continue for the next half an hour, until someone makes an announcement that the protest will reconvene at 2pm outside the Tottenham Court Road branch of the CoS, its "Life Improvement Centre." As I leave to follow the rapidly dispersing crowd to the final stop, I see protesters wandering around, picking up dropped flyers. "We don't want to get done for littering," they say. The last thing I see in Queen Victoria Street is a police officer taking down the flyers stuck to the windows of the building as he said that they were here to "protect a commercial business." A statement of fact after the failure of Scientology to gain 'charity' status here in the UK.



A scientology spokesman speaks to Franco-German television station ARTE about the "terrorist activity"



The Dianetics & Scientology Life Improvement Centre on Tottenham Court Road, next door to a casino

In Tottenham Court Road the barrier enclosure that has now been erected for the protesters is already full. Some of the masks I recognise from Blackfriars, some I do not. Outside the Scientology building there stand two tables stacked with "Dianetics" books (the "scientific" basis for Scientology that L. Ron Hubbard published in 1950 on "The Modern Science of Mental Health". A book which rejects psychology and accepted science) and offering the infamous "free stress tests."

One of our reporters quickly asks for a stress test. He is asked some questions by another man in a black suit/red tie combination, who wears a permanent smile and strangely glazed eyes, whilst he grips the "E-meter" probes. He is then taken inside the building for a chat, after which he buys the "Dianetics" book. Our reporter is curious as to what is really contained in this 'bible' of Scientology.

Another member of our reporting team asks for a stress test. The nice man with the glazed eyes welcomes her, but immediately after she is taken into the building, she is stopped by a woman who appears to be in charge of the "Life Improvement Centre." The woman labels her a "troublemaker," and tells the man with glazed eyes to keep her at the front of the shop. He duly gives her the stress test, but after some hushed words between him and the woman in charge, she is asked to leave by the woman. "I can tell you for certain that these people are criminals and terrorists and are here to incite violence against Scientology," she tells our reporter.

The "Life Improvement Centre" is next door to a casino and KFC (Leading to chants of "Chicken, Cult, Chicken, Cult" with comic pointing) on one side, and a Ryman's on the other. The police are here in force, this time from the Metropolitan Police. I count at least 25-30 officers and 3 police vans. They herd the protesters into the barrier enclosure to prevent blocking the street, keeping them all on the opposite side of the street. We stand near the other press: Sky News, BBC London, ARTE (a French television company), and various freelance photographers. An older man with red hair issues a press release to the media. "We are working with police to minimise the negative impact of the terrorist activity," he says. This is the second time that members of the church have referred to the protesters as terrorists in under ten minutes.

Two scientologists stand opposite the protesters, handing out pro-Dianetics and anti-psychiatry leaflets to passers-by. Leaflets that they call a "free newspaper." The building is now locked down. Only members are allowed in, the public are barred after a few protesters were accidentally allowed inside. Mark has arrived, and stands on the outskirts, watching. He seems less cheerful than in our previous encounter.

The scientologists glance at the protesters with carefully unconcerned disdain. The protesters continue their chanting. They wave and dance and shout. They hold signs that say "Honk if you hate the Church of Scientology (sorry if we made you late!)" and cheer loudly when motorists beep, which they frequently do. They do not look like terrorists. The protesters chant "Rip it up!" to the passers-by who are handed leaflets. There are loud cheers when, as several pedestrians follow the request, the leaflets are torn up.

Before I leave, over five hours after the protest started, I speak to the man with the glazed eyes and explain that I'm student press covering the protests, and would like a tour inside the building. He asks for my name and phone number so that someone can call me later in the week to arrange it. As I go over to Tom to get a piece of paper, the man with glazed eyes is called over by the woman in charge, who speaks quietly to him. I go back and hand him the paper with my first name and the Felix office phone number. He tells me his name is Felix, I tell him that that's the name of the student paper that I work for.

"That's funny," he said, with a still glazed and smiling expression, "I googled my name recently and read something that Felix published on Scientology a few weeks ago."



Clockwise from top left:

1. Scientologists hand out leaflets on how to beat stress by reading Dianetics
2. An Anonymous member at the Blackfriars protest
3. Andrew Somerville approaches the man with the glazed eyes
4. The now-busy rear entrance of the CoS London building where Andrew Somerville was accosted by the man who is not security
5. Police guarding the CoS London entrance. Behind the thick, reflective glass stands the man who is not security
6. BBC London films Anonymous
7. Police officers on horseback at the Blackfriars protest
8. The free Stress Test kit or E-meter which decides whether you need Scientology and Dianetics in your life or not
9. The 'faces' of Anonymous
10. Members of Anonymous hand out a plethora of different fliers, each attacking Scientology often by using examples of the organisation's shady history



Imperial College
London



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Varsity 2008

The **Big** Clash

Wednesday 27 February

Imperial Medicals vs Imperial College

JPR Williams Cup Match
at Richmond Athletic Association Ground
19.30 kick off

More rugby, football, hockey and lacrosse
at Harlington from 12.00

Waterpolo, badminton, netball, basketball
and squash at Ethos from 12.00

Tickets £6.50 / £7.50 / £10

Available online from www.imperialcollegeunion.org

For more info visit www.imperial.ac.uk/sports



Green Week '08

What's it all about?

Monday 18th- Friday 22nd February

Green Week is the environmental awareness campaign run annually by Imperial College Union in association with the Environmental Society. With your support during previous years, we have made college realise how important green issues are to us. As a consequence, recycling bins have been introduced around campus and an environmental policy was introduced to the union last year. Each year we go from strength to strength, with closer collaboration with the college on issues that matter the most. However, we're still far from saying we're a fully 'green' university.

Come along to one of our stalls and sign some of our pledges such as washing your clothes at 30 degrees, investing in energy-efficient light bulbs, turning your thermostat down one degree and saying no to plastic bags. Everyone that signs a pledge will be entered into a prize draw to win eco-goodies, and will have a warm fuzzy feeling from the knowledge that they are doing their bit.

What's being done by the college?



One of the more significant steps being taken by college is the new recycling scheme, launching this Green Week. They are dotted around campus with a homogenous colour scheme. Please use them responsibly, and we'll be saving energy, materials and reducing



the amount of waste going to landfill. The plastics on the left are the only ones

that can currently be recycled in the green bins under the scheme (usually only plastic bottles).

Future plans include a revised energy and environmental policy which will hopefully be ready by April. This will tie in with the introduction of energy meters to monitor energy usage around college, with targets to reduce our consumption. Watch this space for future updates.

Visit www3.imperial.ac.uk/facilitiesmanagement/energy/recycling

We are currently compiling a league table for how green our halls are. So far we've had results from 5 halls with Wilson edging into the lead, and Southwell bringing up the rear. These are only provisional, and we'd love to hear from other students in halls. Email ic.esoc@gmail.com or hannah.theodorou@ic.ac.uk if you'd like to add your voice!

Monday

Green Week Stalls Beit quad - 12-2pm

Come visit the first of our lunchtime stalls which will be around college all week. Sign a pledge or two promising to reduce your impact on the environment for the chance to win some green goodies! You can also pick up an exclusive bag to take your impromptu grocery shopping home in (rather than using a yukky plastic bag)

Tuesday

Talk 'Poisoned by Agribusiness' Blackett Lab LT1 - 6-8pm

Roz Mortimer presents her film 'Invisible' on the destructive health effects of man-made chemicals, followed by a talk on 'suicide seeds': agricultural chemicals working their way up the food chain.

Drinks and nibbles provided

Wednesday

Climate Change Experts Pippard LT Sherfield Level 5 - 12.30-1.30pm

Atmospheric physicist Professor Ralf Toumi brings us up to speed on IPCC research, followed by Lucy Pearce of Stop Climate Chaos and Andy Deacon from the Greater London Authority (GLA)

Lunch provided

Thursday

Green Fayre Great Hall - 12-2pm

Come see Whole Foods Market cook up a storm using locally-sourced ingredients, find out about college's new recycling scheme and browse the other assorted green-related stalls.

Friday

Biofuels Talk Mech Eng LT 220 - 12.30-1.30pm

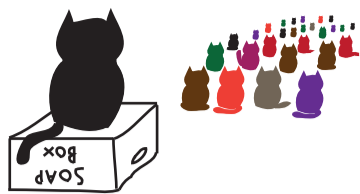
Jeremy Woods and Richard Murphy from the chemistry department discuss one of the most controversial green issues of the moment. Includes demonstration! (TBC)

Green Week Finale

Friday @ Imperial College Union - 8pm-2am

An extravaganza of DJs, live musicians, an Ethical Fashion Show and other entertainment in aid of Friends of the Earth. Featuring Kashmere, Jazz T (ITC Champ '01), Lazy DJ, Alejandro Toledo and other great acts. Free before 10pm, £2 after, with drinks promotions all night.

myspace.com/gogreen08



Comment, Opinion & Letters

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

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



Jellybean

Plugging the energy/creativity gap

We are using electricity like it's some kind of magic. Take these powered projector screens. Next time you see one being deployed at the start of a lecture quietly hum the Thunderbirds theme tune to yourself for an easy giggle. Can't the man just wind it down? Are we really that lazy? Apparently so. We are a generation (see what I did there?) who want electricity more than ever before so that we can power-up our PDAs and be as cool as Jack saying things like 'upload it to my PDA' and so that we can spend so long playing computer games we end up strafing down the street and ducking behind cars. Who wants real life when in virtual reality you get to blow people up, drive fast cars against the traffic, and conquer the world?

We want electric toothbrushes, electric shavers, electric can-openers, electric doors, electric windows, and elec-

tric music. We want our mobiles to be able to take video footage, our vehicles to park themselves, our kitchens to order our food for us, our toasters to give us the weather forecast, our curtains to draw themselves, and our lighting to know what we are feeling. I mean, there are some people who even find it necessary to install lights and touch-screen DVD players under their cars just because they can. At least we aren't still making very, very small calculations on our digital watches. We want every conceivable function crammed into everything we own because, well, you know, why not?

So, given that we are doomed to extreme laziness wherever possible, under the excuse of an 'increasing pace of life', and an obsession with anything vaguely electric, especially if it has blue LEDs (blue LEDs can make anything cool), we must be creative in our generation of electricity in the future. So let's think about some highly practi-

cal and yet for some reason unexplored territory, shall we? How about the piezoelectric crystal? Squeeze it and you get electron juice. Now that is magic. Why are the roads not paved with them? Why aren't the soles of my shoes made of them? Who knows, I mean, look at her: she has diamonds.

How many times do you flush the loo in a day? Let's install some poo-powered hydro plants in the sewer. How about lemmings? According to stereotypes, a highly reliable source according to Felix, they regularly jump off cliffs, sometimes several times before breakfast. Think of the waste of potential energy there. Phenomenal.

All that breathing you are doing? Let's have wind turbines installed in our teeth. So you'll sound like one of those people that paint themselves silver, stand on a box and move like a robot for the entertainment of all that pass by, but at least you will be able to increase the charge in your mobile by

an extra bar after a long run. Then you can take half a picture of that funny thing that you saw with the 5 mega pixel camera that was absolutely so cool last week.

Maybe you would even dare to aurally communicate with another human being on that contraption, but it would be much more amusing to make it predict precisely which seat you are sitting in in lectures using the power of satellites.

There are solutions all around us and both the NIPL (National Institute for the Protection of Lemmings, who are doing good work running Gravity Awareness Schemes and installing trampolines at the base of cliffs the world over) and myself fear it will come to using them unless we start doing things manually. Any self-respecting bloke will tell you that manual is better than automatic, we just need to persuade people that this is true for stuff other than cars.



David Stewart

Brooker bashing: an apology

With **HELP!** from magistrates, it has been pointed out to me that my now infamous **CHARLIE BROOKER** article of Friday, February 9, was, if not a direct incitement to murder, an ill-advised piece which **HAS** led to some small instances of civil unrest.

It seems that my championing of the plight of the celebrity has resonated with a large proportion of the populace who have, it seems, taken to the streets with pitchforks, burning effigies and so forth in pursuit of the hapless Brooker and his cronies.

Brooker, pursued by the implacable mob, was forced to take refuge in an abandoned leisure centre. As this leisure centre possessed a shooting range, Brooker **GOT HOLD OF A**

large cache of weaponry and managed to stave off the siege whose motivation by all accounts rested directly in comments made by **ME**. While the death count has yet to be computed, initial estimates are that two of Brooker's cronies, David Starkey the historian and actor Matt Le Blanc, have suffered third-degree burns. The mob, on the other hand, ill-equipped to defend itself against the firearms that **BROOKER** acquired, suffered some thirty thousand fatalities.

In light of these events it **IS** necessary for me to clarify some of my **THREATENING** remarks. It has been explained to **ME** in some detail that Brooker, seeing himself as a celebrity, would never wish to pour scorn on the institution **WITH** which he is himself associated. In his own words, 'I would rather have **ELECTRODES ON MY BALLS** than

poke fun at Britney Spears'.

Further, I wish to rescind some unfortunate remarks I made about Brooker personally. Firstly, I claimed that **HE** was a 'rancid pus-flow'; this **MAKES** the case somewhat more vehemently than I intended: if he is any sort of a flow, he is one of beauty and softness, like one from a bottle of comfort fabric conditioner. Secondly, when it was said by **ME** that he has 'fat stupid lips', I meant instead that he **WEARS** a modestly-proportioned intelligent grin. Lastly, I wish to apologise for all remarks I may have made about his **Y-FRONT**.

Obviously this sort of inflammatory journalism must stop **AND** writing which is frankly **BARKING** mad **LIKE** that of my last article will not occur for A very long time. I apologise for all my **DOGmatic** statements.

A typical response ...

My comment is directed at David Stewart and his rant against Charlie Brooker [Issue 1395]. I have a simple message: lighten up, David. What Mr Brooker is doing is called "satire". It is an amusing form of comedy that makes us look at ourselves and society. I suggest a good dose of it for Mr Stewart as it might result in him becoming a more likable person. Oh, one last point, celebrity obsession is rather unhealthy, and Mr Brooker is only addressing the modern love of television and celebrity.

Yours sincerely,
Paul Burke



Gilead Amit

The \$64,000 question...

A. Geek gave me a mention in his column last week! Don't scoff; it's a pretty big deal. Along with the Queen's Tower and Mike the micrometer (Imperial's 185-gram mascot, who knew?). A. Geek is a true Imperial institution. As I'm sure he knows, he's not the only one who turns to his column first thing after picking up a copy of Felix. That particular ritual is one common to all the departments and serves, in fact, as one of the few points on which a geologist will agree with a civil engineer.

Week after week this mysterious geek keeps several hundred scientists and biologists simultaneously entertained and enraged. No mean feat, considering this is a public that <insert suitably offensive stereotype here> on a regular basis. Despite our differences, however, what is the question that serves

as a constant irritant for us all and, in extreme cases, keeps people awake at night? Who the next rector will be? What will the results of the upcoming Sabbatical Elections be? When will we be able to walk across the Queen's Lawn? No. The question that is on everybody's lips is: Who is A. Geek?

Much as Bernstein, Woodward, and Bradlee were the only people to know the identity of the elusive Washington whistleblower Deep Throat, Felix Editor Tom Roberts has his own secret. And as we all know, he's not about to share.

The extent to which Mr. Geek's identity is a part of student life is truly remarkable. I've only been here for five months, and yet almost everybody I know has, at some time or another, been asked if they were A. Geek. Sabbatical Officers, Presidents of Societies, Felix contributors - anyone who

has the apparent ability to string a coherent sentence together comes under the microscope.

I think this is fantastic. Every community has to have things they can rally around; authority figures they can hate, heroes they can admire and mysteries they can wonder at together. Luckily, A. Geek's column has the ability to arouse all three emotions in even the most disinterested breast.

We each have our own image of this eloquent if hostile persona. Is he a disillusioned scientist, dosing out generous portions of bile and spleen to an undernourished public? A member of staff with a sense of humour? Do the mysterious books that clutter his mysterious desk deal with mathematics? Will all this built-up rage eventually expend itself in telescopes and high-energy particle colliders? Don't tell me he's a chemist or a medic - I don't

think I could handle the shock.

One thing that perplexes me, though, is the truth about Mr. Geek's first initial. Where did the Angry come from? True, Angered Geek is a registered blog, but Alphonse Géek's Facebook profile is worth a second glance. Maybe he's not Angry? Maybe he prefers to be known as Apathetic? Anxious? Alone? Afraid? On second thoughts, Angry probably suits him best; even though Antagonistic, Alert, and Amusing are equally fitting appellations.

All I know for sure is that He's out there. Somewhere. Reading this, almost certainly. Hello, A. Geek. Hello and thanks, from all of us who have no other way of telling you how much we appreciate you, and no other way of expressing our deepest sympathies.

In an ironic twist of which I'm sure A. Geek would approve, I read the piece opposite where he says he read mine.



Camilla Royle

Our right to decide on abortion

On 6th February Ann Widdecombe spoke in London as part of a “passion for life” speaking tour, reopening the debate about what the time limit for abortion should be.

Right now, women in Britain can request an abortion any time during the first 24 weeks of pregnancy as long as it is approved by two doctors. A minority of women also get an abortion after this time due to very extreme circumstances such as risk to the mother's life, accounting for less than 1% of the total abortions carried out.

The human fertilisation and embryology bill soon to go through parliament is being used by anti-abortion campaigners in an attempt to lower the time limit to 20 or even 13 weeks. They also seek to introduce more measures such as a “cooling-off period” of two weeks after a woman asks for an abortion. Pro-choice MPs are arguing to increase the availability of abortions, cutting restrictions (such as the need for two doctor's signatures) and giving nurses qualifications to carry out

the simpler and less-traumatising early abortions.

Studies in countries where abortion is outlawed (reported in *New Scientist* in October 2007) have shown no difference in the number of abortions carried out. Instead, the richest women from those countries can always hop on a plane and go somewhere where it is allowed. However, the majority of women are driven to get backstreet abortions or attempt the procedure themselves. This was the case in Britain before the 1967 abortion act; prior to this around 100,000 illegal abortions were carried out per year and an estimated 35,000 of them resulted in hospitalization. Some women even died as a result of their injuries.

Unsurprisingly, people going in to Widdecombe's meeting were met by hundreds of angry protestors. It is fundamentally about the rights of women to make their own decisions. If someone doesn't want to have an abortion for religious or moral reasons that's fine, but why should they try to force their views on everyone else? Anti-abortionists have argued that as a foe-

tus can survive outside a woman's body after a certain point it should be given some of the same rights as an adult. Of course, adults have the right not to be murdered but no adult has the right to use a woman's body against that woman's will in order to sustain their own life. If someone needed a kidney transplant, for example, a relative could voluntarily donate a kidney but no one is arguing that they should be forced to by law.

There are a couple of other arguments against the anti-abortion lobby. Firstly, if a foetus becomes a person at a certain point during pregnancy, laws intended to prevent some abortions such as the “cooling-off period” will merely introduce more bureaucracy making it more likely that an abortion will occur after this point. Women do not take the decision to have an abortion lightly; a woman going to the clinic and asking for one will have already spent hours deliberating, so it seems unlikely that they will change their mind in a further two weeks. It just makes the abortion that little bit later.

Secondly, judging by the reactions of

people at Widdecombe's meeting it is a joke that they refer to themselves as pro-life. I got called a “Nazi”; they even shouted “you should have been aborted” at one pro-choice campaigner! The tactics used by some of these groups show no respect for the lives of some of the most vulnerable people in society, including the teenage girls and victims of rape that often feel that they need an abortion. Often they are also the same people that argue against contraception, despite the fact that decent sex education and availability of contraception reduces the number of abortions carried out as well as protecting against deadly diseases.

Students are well placed to fight against anti-abortion amendments. We not only have the youth and enthusiasm needed but will be uniquely affected if the time limits are reduced. We are the least able, both financially and in terms of commitments to education and careers, to have children and the most able to bring rational arguments based on scientific fact to the argument. For more information, head to: www.abortionrights.org.uk



A. Geek

Warning: Contains emotion

A close family member was diagnosed with cancer last week. That will be the second diagnosis I've seen in my family in eighteen months. Sympathies aside, it's become pretty mundane now. It's surprising how quickly such things become trivial. Tears. Fear of the telephone. Hospital wards. Unassuming smiles. I travelled home, as all good family members do. A couple of hours on the train, and you're on holiday again.

The train ride I take back is important to every journey home. The route I take melts London slowly out, like a boiled sweet, instead of amputating it with a thick swathe of countryside. Slowly, the greenery that I'm more accustomed to blends through like an Air Wick made of grass. But once you near the urban centres dotted around my hometown, that feeling of bland emotional deadness sets in. It's that scene in every independent film where the protagonist returns to the site of their childhood. It is grey. That's the problem with illness. It's just so bloody depressing.

The journey home is never nearly as bad as home itself, of course. Eighteen months of cancer has the same effect on the house as it does on the sufferer. Things become greyer, the signs of life under the surface begin to fade and go cold. You look for successes on a daily basis, rather than measuring things in “ten-kays” or percentages. Things become more real.

We were feeling lucky, in fact. Our first sufferer in the family is doing well, allowing that taste of happiness to return to food, television and shopping. Even though there were still gloomy conversations to be had, fewer and fewer people bore witness to them over the four months past. A second case in the family, though, was something of a mood breaker.

The man in question is my mother's father, an eighty-four year-old chap who worked three days a week full time at a metalworker's, cooked roast beef every Sunday, and last Thursday

collapsed at his home and was rushed to hospital. He was found to have a tumour the size of a tennis ball attached to his kidney. They had no idea what to do.

Statistically, something like one in three people have their lives affected by cancer, either directly or indirectly. As we all know, though, statistics rarely work out. I've been affected three times, and given that both sides of my family are now sporting tumours, I may face an even more direct experience of the illness in the future.

And so the weekend left some interesting questions cluttering up my travel bag on the journey home. Will my wife have to watch me die? Will my children carry the same chance with them, too? Yet, there's the mundane feel I mentioned. Just as the lush greenery began to repeat itself after a few identical fields, so too do these questions and ideas.

I'm sure we all feel the same. It's February at Imperial – and, indeed, everywhere else. The sun is unusual and all too strong, making the days feel extremely long. Added to that, coursework has become so dull and predictable that it begins to feel like a Nike production line, shuffling linear systems problems past lines of low-paid children who are just looking to survive to the next term.

The trick is to do the clichéd thing, and keep that head above water, those eyes on the horizon, and so on. As I've been told by so many family members, in their situation it is only possible to live one day at a time. But that's generally the best way to be anyway. Whether you're battling a terminal illness or fighting to scrape a third-class degree. Today is all you can live at the moment. Sod the interviews for that City job. Forget planning your entrepreneurial summer of innovation. It's the worst time of the year, right now, and there's only one way through it.

Much like my secret love of Avril Lavigne, and the fact that I have a pseudonym in Felix, few people at Imperial know that my family has such trouble. Those that do, say that we are “strong”



You have been warned... ;_:

to go through it, but there aren't really many other options open. What can be harder is to keep going to four years of exams and study, with debts piling up and no certainty of what you want to spend the future doing anyway.

As they say: “Any idiot can survive a crisis. It is day-to-day living that wears you out.” Chin up this February, and March will seem that much sweeter for it.

Felix stalwart Gilead Amit tells me he is writing about me this week. I read the piece (sorry, Gilead) ahead of time thanks to my contacts. What he wrote initially made me think twice about putting this out to you. But then, after some thought, made me even more sure that it is the right thing to do. Not

because I want you to see a vulnerable side of me – you're still all jackasses, don't worry – but because I want you to know that even the coldest bastard holds a burden somewhere in their pack. If any of you out there are affected by cancer, and fancy chatting to someone in confidence; indeed, if any of you have anything to say about my columns at all, I have an email address that was until now reserved for sending things to the Editor. I would like to open it to you all: anangrygeek@googlemail.com.

Thomas Lofthouse died in the early hours of the 12th February 2008. He was a Second World War veteran, a taxi driver, a metalworker, and an inspiration. He will not be forgotten.

// As they say, “Any idiot can survive a crisis. It is day-to-day living that wears you out.” //



Ammar Waraich

The PPS, A. Geek, Imperial, and myself

When I came to Imperial for an interview, I remember getting off at South Ken and ambling down the subway, passing museums and whatnot. There was a jazz flautist busking, my interview was a few hours away and the morning air was crisp. I instantly fell in love with the place and with London, and I knew that this is where I was going to be if I did not get into Oxford.

When Medicine Year 1 finally started, I had just finished two gap years of travel, business, and jobs where I had done much and caught up fully with my other life-enriching hobbies such as books, politics, guitar, drums, art, etc. But coming from an erratic, almost lonely education in a state school where no-one understood me, coupled with the detached gap years, I arrived at university expecting something larger than life itself. I made it a goal to utilise every opportunity and pursue all my interests with a will to progress on all fronts from journalism to clubs/societies, from photography to sport, and from culture to current affairs! I was ready to take London on.

Yet, a bit into my first year, and although I started to achieve many things, I could not help but feel a little disappointed. Firstly, being an Asian, I had never encountered the rude-boy culture either back home or anywhere else, so instantly felt sidelined from vast swathes of people of my own race and culture at Imperial. I really had nothing to say to them or anything in common with them to talk about. Secondly, I felt completely alienated from another majority on my course, the public school boys, for whom I felt the concept of friendship meant something different to mine.

Moreover, medicine itself was a real bore in the initial years, grinding me down with pointless lectures and facts that needed to be swallowed and regurgitated solely to pass exams. The icing on this bitter cake was the unnecessarily competitive nature of fellow medics which I found unbearably annoying.

All of these feelings slowly turned into contempt for Imperial and the people around me. However, it was not all doom and gloom as in good time I



The speakers at Political Philosophy Society's controversial Israel/Palestine Conflict Case Study last week

also found some people who were very much like me. People who did not care about what others thought about them and had enough self respect and guts to see beyond the obvious and say or do what they felt was right. These have become my amazing friends and ones that I enjoy making compromises for, but still I could not shake the dislike that I had for the majority and the institution.

You should know that this was not all in bitter response to an Oxford rejection as I actually had managed to get in to study PPE there and rejected it to pursue medicine, and I now also much preferred the less scientific medical course at IC. So why this disdain for Imperial? I did not know. I just knew that it existed.

Things slowly changed, though, in third year. I met a person or two that got me thinking with my heart and I also got to enjoy my first year as the leader of an organisation, The Pakistan Society, going on to win the President's Award from the Union. Furthermore, medicine finally became clinical and a golden opportunity presented itself for me to follow that year with a trip to

Kenya to practice medicine there, cementing my love for medicine proper.

But none of these were responsible for changing my attitude towards Imperial. It was, in fact, the gradual realisation that no matter where you go and what you do, ultimately it does not matter.

This is a bit weighty, be warned, but after much thought I felt that if life is to eventually come to an end, then what does anything matter? Existence seemed suddenly very short and all things temporary, and I pinpointed my dislike for my situation stemming from an inability to accept the temporary nature of life as you and I know it.

I realised then that no matter where I went or what I did, I would not find peace and happiness, unless I can learn to be thankful for whatever God has given me. And then when I took a good look at myself, I had so much to be thankful for.

So I think I was not actually unhappy with Imperial but with life itself, and I came to realise that if I was looking for permanence, I would find it nowhere but with God, the one who is infinitely wise, most merciful, and above everything else the one who we come from and everything comes from and the one to whom we must return. This realisation happened in early June and I don't care how cheesy that sounds!

So, after such heavy-duty philosophy, I come to the crunch of this article. Over time, I have realised that I am very happy to be at Imperial and very grateful for all the opportunities I have been able to pursue here. I have realised that actually there are a lot of like-minded people here but we are just not the majority, being dispersed across various concentrations and years. And I have realised that no other university would have provided the same feeling of belonging as Imperial or such an excellent city to live in.

Nevertheless, I have recently made some mistakes in the way I have handled my privileged responsibilities here and I have learnt a lot from them, and now I want to make some statements regarding them.

Being the chair of the Political Philosophy Society as one of the most buzzing societies on campus is a real honour and I have the following to say. Mr. Samuel Black, the reason I felt that the Jerusalem Post was trying to malign us, our university, and our speakers is because it reported inaccurate facts. Over a day before it went to print, we had

changed the speakers and Prof. Newman had never pulled out. They used an old private email that Prof. Newman sent to us to go to print, without consulting the Prof. or ourselves first and he was as angry as we were. Furthermore, they did not want to print a follow-up with the correct facts as they were happy to try and portray us as having invited Tamimi just because of his views. In hindsight, the right thing to have done would have been to say goodbye to Newman since he was the one not willing to share the platform; but we acted to save the event. Maybe we did so at the expense of principle, but in any case the PPS sincerely apologises to Mr. Tamimi.

Also, regarding our study on Kashmir on Thursday, I would like to apologise to those who attended expecting the same quality discussion as the Israel/Palestine and Somalia/Ethiopia events. I thought that inviting a Kashmiri speaker to address both sides would suffice, but did not expect that it would be a one-sided rally-like address. It is not the speaker's fault but ours as we did not do sufficient research when inviting him. Trust me, a lot of important lessons have been learnt here!

Next, I want to thank the good folks at Felix for their help with managing the furore and inadvertently giving the PPS some excellent publicity through their balanced reporting. And I also want to thank Union President Stephen Brown for understanding our situation, the mistakes we made as a newbie soc, and supporting us (also sorry that the one PPS event you came to sample was not of the same quality as the rest).

Finally, a warm thanks to Mr. A. Geek for his kind words. I am really glad that you enjoyed my work so much, sir! Reading your comment piece last week was quite an experience! When I came to the Felix office to lay that issue out, I remember reading it and thinking that it was utter trash, similarly to you, but your compliments have given me renewed initiative as I continue to tackle other themes in my two-month trip. When you put a lot of hard work into your writing and find it buried at the back of the issue, it can be a bit disheartening to think that people may not even get to it.

Anyway, please find an article on the Congo in the travel section soon and for anyone looking for the piece Mr. Geek refers to, I have put it up on my Facebook profile with a corresponding photo album.

// medicine itself was a real bore in the initial years, grinding me down with pointless lectures and facts **//**

// Over time, I have realised that I am very happy to be at Imperial and very grateful for all the opportunities I have **//**



Anyone else sick of pictures of Ammar yet? No? Oh ok, here's another

Letters to Felix

SCR letter clarification

Dear Felix,

Following up from the letter I submitted to Felix last month concerning the Senior Common Room, I would like to give some feedback from a meeting I had with Jane Neary, Head of Catering and Conferencing in the SCR; Chiley Kasuba, Faculty and Postgraduate coordinator; and several other MSc students. My letter questioned the current rule that taught masters students are not allowed to buy or eat food in the SCR, and thus do not have a designated area to have lunch or coffee. It also highlighted the shocking behaviour of a member of Imperial academic staff.

I would like to clarify that my complaint was not directed at any members of the catering staff. As far as I am aware, the catering staff have always been polite and amenable to all customers, and they try hard to balance the demands of both the academics and students. I apologise if the letter caused any misunderstanding or upset to anyone within the catering team.

The meeting covered both short-term and long-term solutions to the SCR rules issue, and a proposal will be submitted to the SCR committee in due course. It is this committee that makes the decisions about who is al-

lowed into the SCR. In the mean time, I would like to emphasise the fact that MSc students do not currently have a designated place to eat and meet, whether it be to discuss work over a coffee or to catch up over lunch.

David Stacey

Fun with apostrophe's and swear words

Sir,

I read with much enjoyment the article entitled "Got more cash than sense?" until I reached paragraph five, sentence one in which the writer states: "... and 8Gb's of flash storage built-in". I do believe that according to the Oxford Dictionary of Style (Oxford being a University, much like ours) the an apostrophe before an 's' is the sole domain of the Greengrocer.

Furthermore I wish to issue a fresh complaint over the character immediately preceding the one about which I have just complained. The unit 'gigabyte' is abbreviated thus: 'Gb'. An abbreviation of 'Gb' would signify one gigabit which is a significantly smaller quantity than the one I might be so bold as to presume the writer had intended.

I suspect that the oversights I men-

tion have been faithfully reproduced in every single copy of felix printed this week, and therefore that my copy is not an anomaly, however, since I have not paid for the copy of Felix about which I am writing I shall not expect any monetary recompense from yourselves.

In addition to the above complaints (which I believe to be sufficient grounds for a full and frank apology issued by yourselves to your perfectly well-intended readers) I would like to issue one further complaint about the use of the common vernacular in a published medium. On page 35 the headline of an otherwise very enjoyable article reads "Oh sweet, sweet CNUT". If we are to believe that these letters might (by some series of random experiments constituting a stochastic process) become rearranged then there is significant chance that the headline could display something ultimately offensive. As shown recently in a study by Cambridge University which you yourselves mentioned in an issue last year, the order of the intermediary letters in a word is not important to the overall cognition - a fact about which I doubt, Sir, you are ignorant. Therefore I believe it to be an act of wilful sin that "Oh sweet, sweet CNUT" was printed with full knowledge that it will be interpreted as common slang for an area of the female undercarriage.

Yours,

James Dicken
Electrical Engineering

Tom Roberts responds:

Ah, the annual pedantry letter. I've been expecting you, albeit with not quite such an amusing tone.

Mr. Dicken: Thank you for bringing a smile to my face on such inane topics. You are of course correct on both counts and my frank apology is forthcoming: Sorry.

I have brutally beaten the editors responsible for the apostrophe calamity and burned the pages of the Oxford Dictionary of Style onto their retinas.

Unfortunately I have run out of soap. Not only am I an incredibly pungent individual, the Felix staffers' mouths remain as obscene as ever.

Lateral thinking: Slitherlink woes

Dear Sir,

Friday is, as you can imagine, a rather stressful time for us Ph.D. students, with end-of-week deadlines, tutorial marking that can't go over the weekend, and many other activities requiring our attention during the precious minutes that tick away to the weekend (which in my case is somewhere between 6 and 8 p.m. on Friday depending on when IC Dance Soc manage to book a room for their Salsa classes).

Recently, I have discovered Slitherlink in your fabulous publication, and

have been using it as a distraction from all this stress - a kind of escape - for a few precious minutes over lunch. I particularly enjoy the lateral thinking that is involved in solving such a puzzle, and, despite me being in the computing department, have not yet felt the need to create my own automated computer solver for the puzzle.

Recently I have noticed that the techniques required to solve slitherlink are becoming more and more lateral. This week, the step was particularly lateral, in the literal sense. Just as I got stuck, I realised the solution was staring me in the face ... slightly to the right of where my pen was currently placed.

I am also faced with a feeling of deja-vu, being sure that I have actually seen this puzzle before, last week perhaps? However, on closer inspection the solution which was horizontally offset is not identical to the problem I currently face (and have faced before). A mystery 2 seems to have appeared that makes things seem less ambiguous.

And now I will get to the thrust of this email: Have I spent so long staring at the dots and lines that madness has ensued or has this happened to yourself or your good staff?

Kindest regards,

Tristan Allwood
Ph.D. Student

Thanks to everyone who pointed this out. Honestly. Every last one of you. It won't happen again!

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Politics

Politics Editors – Li-Teck Lau and Kadhim Shubber

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Kadhim Shubber
Politics Editor

Greetings, my minions! Uh, sorry, wrong document, I mean, hello readers, welcome to my first and hopefully not last editorial column. All I have to do is avoid skewing the elections and I should manage to get to the end of Friday with my head attached.

Last week's politics section contained an error. I'm really, really sorry, and hopefully if you forgive me then we can continue together learning about the political world. The article about Super Tuesday implied that Mitt Romney was still in the race for the Republican presidential nomination. However, when Felix was published on Friday morning this was no longer true.

Let me explain why this isn't my fault and is in fact the result of the evil machinations of the Republican party. Felix is sent to print on Thursday at 5 p.m. The news was true on Wednesday when I wrote it, and before Felix was sent to print. After it was sent to print, Mitt Romney, hereby renamed That Prick Who Had To Pull Out Of The Race After Felix Was Sent To Print... oh sorry, I kind of ruined that sentence, didn't I? Last week's politics section would have been a celebratory page congratulating John McCain on his victory and thanking him for being not less crazy than Mike Huckabee.

So that's all cleared up, ok? Well, I'm going to stop talking about it even if it does leave you emotionally scarred and unable to interact socially for the rest of your life. On to important things: Sabbatical, NUS, and Student Trustee elections! No doubt you will soon be inundated with invitations to Facebook groups, have posters stuck to your face and have uber-keen candidates trying to convince you that they are less crazy than the other guy. One might be sympathetic if you become a little fed up with the elections, and the freedom from criticism that it grants its candidates.

I, however, will not be sympathetic. Student elections are important because the people who are elected will be making decisions on your behalf, and these decisions will directly affect you. For example, Stephen Brown favours a 'realistic' policy on student fees, but a different student president might be in the streets protesting against them instead. By getting involved in the elections, campaigning for the candidate you prefer, and most importantly VOTING, you make it significantly less likely that your Sabbatical team for next year will offend you so greatly that you leave Imperial and eke out a living on the Serengeti.

On a secondary (and desperate) note, I'd like to make an appeal to the readers of the politics section (who obviously number in the millions). Please read all the content that's out there about world issues, then write about them, then email them to me! To summarise, apologies about Mitt Romney, get out there and find out about the elections and VOTE, and write for the politics section. If you've gotten this far, congratulations and please email in so that I know at least one person other than Teck and myself cares about politics.

Sharia law controversy

Archbishop Dr. Rowan Williams faces calls to resign after commenting on sharia law

James Goldsack

The Archbishop of Canterbury came under attack this week in response to his claim that the introduction of Sharia law in the UK is "unavoidable". Dr. Rowan Williams spoke out to encourage the introduction of some aspects of sharia law into England's judiciary system, provoking much debate from Muslim, Christian, and other parties. In a BBC Radio 4 interview, the Archbishop disclosed his ideas on "how the law and religious community, religious principles are best accommodated", including how it is "unavoidable" that various elements of the Muslim sharia law be introduced into English law. The Archbishop believes this would help maintain social cohesion in this country, which is a very important part of maintaining our impressive degree of multiculturalism. Dr. Williams's ideas for integration of sharia law would only extend as far as allowing courts to be held in cases to do with marital disputes or financial matters. The religious should not have to choose between "the stark alternatives of cultural loyalty or state loyalty", he added.

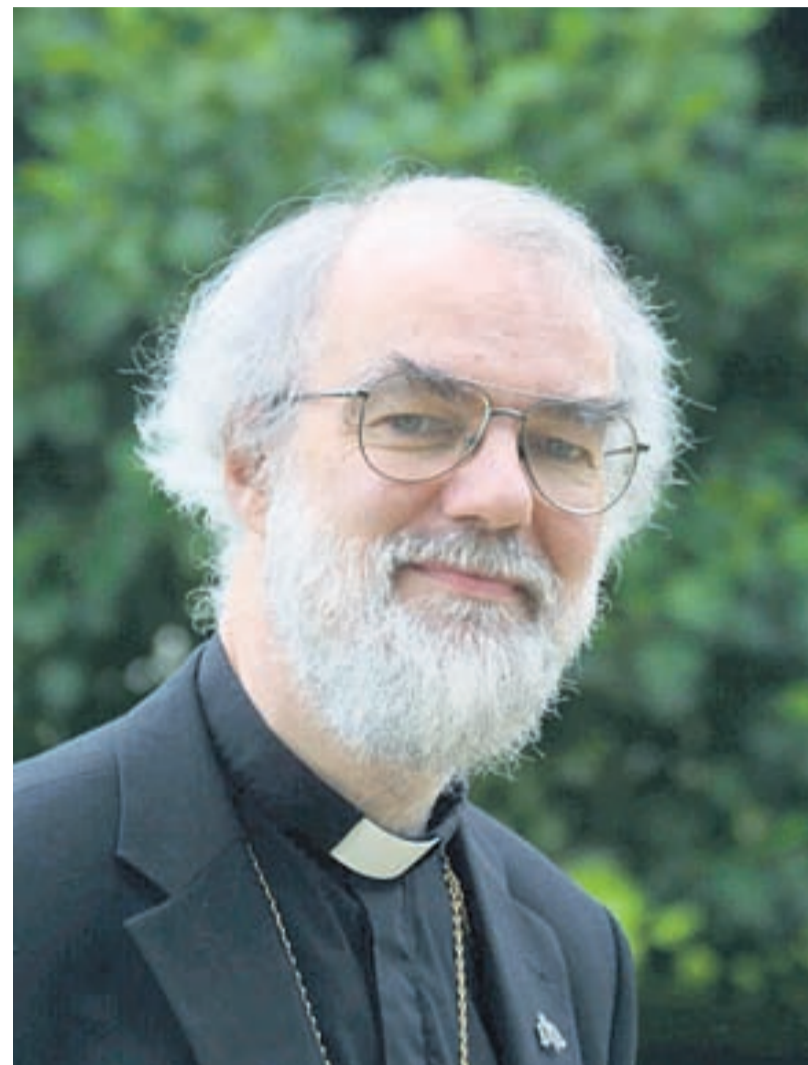
Sharia law is a social and legal code

"He was not calling for a parallel judiciary"

developed over many years by Islamic scholars, designed to guide Muslims in their life. The European Court of Human Rights regards sharia law as incompatible with democracy, largely based upon some of the penalties required including public executions and stoning. However, even within the Muslim community there is debate; one of the most influential Muslim thinkers in Europe, Tariq Ramadan, has called for a moratorium on these penalties as they are almost impossible to re-introduce in today's society. Dr. Williams stressed he was not call-

ing for a parallel judiciary for Muslims but to allow Muslims, and those of all faiths, to be able to act in a lawful manner according to their own religious conscience. The Archbishop added that it relies upon sharia law being better-understood by the general public and there is no way he is advocating the inhumanity commonly associated with it.

Many members of both the Anglican Church and the law have condemned such ideas, as one "important pillar" of English law is the system of one law for everyone. There are exceptions to this, such as the Orthodox Jewish Beth Din courts. These courts are legally recognised in English law as a means for warring parties to agree to arbitration. No one can be forced into these courts as English law still governs above all. An equivalent system to the Beth Din already exists to implement sharia law to a limited extent in this country and both can only deal with civil matters. Any introduction of parallel law for criminal matters will be disastrous for the legal system of England. Many scholars and members of the general public agree. There are reservations amongst women and other "vulnerable" groups that allowing expansion of sharia law would infringe their human or legal rights. Many women have already found that despite getting a divorce legally in English law, their husbands or communities do not accept this unless it is done according to Muslim law. This evidently shows how in many areas of the English community English law is not considered highly; this cannot be allowed to slip away any further. There are cases springing up of cultural "courts" being set up, such as an unofficial Somali court in south-east London. These act as courts for those who believe that the laws of their place of birth or cultural identity are more relevant and more important than those of the country they live in. In the case of sharia law, a survey of 500 British Muslims in February 2006 showed that only 40% would welcome the introduction of sharia law into the



The Archbishop, Dr. Rowan Williams, has faced calls to resign

legal system of those areas of England that are predominantly Muslim.

The Archbishop's comments were unhelpful not only because there are already arbitration laws and religious courts in this country, but also because the word "sharia" is emotive as it is most commonly associated with the brutal penalties required. When religious arbitration was introduced in Canada as late as 2005 there were ri-

ots, showing how unpopular even this initial step was. The Muslim Council of Britain opposes the idea of a parallel legal system for Muslims or any person, though thanked Dr. Williams for attempting to bridge the gap between Christians and Muslims in Britain and his "thoughtful intervention". Though no stranger to controversy – one need only look to the appointing of homosexual priests as one example



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My God, your God, Whose God?
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Life Through the Veil: A Woman's Perspective
21/03 6pm SAF G16

Muhammad: Mercy to Mankind
22/03 6pm SAF G16

A Treat For Open Minds

"Let there be no compulsion in 'religion'; verily the truth stands out from the false" Qur'an 2:256

Islam Awareness Week 2008

Although this Sharia law hullaballoo could have had consequences for the poor Imam/Archbishop of Canterbury, ICU Islamic Society is glad about the timing. Next week it will host the annual Islam Awareness Week at Imperial. It is the age-old opportunity for those among us whose thirst for knowledge isn't quite quenched by *The Sun* and GCSE RE. Students can come along to lunchtime exhibitions on arguably 'the most culturally rich era of human civilisation', or enjoy misconception-busting talks on things like the oppression/liberation of women by Islam.

So, no matter what your religious preference, come and see for yourself why Islam is the fastest growing 'religion' in the world – with the majority of new Muslims being western women.

Ignorance is sometimes not bliss.

– the Archbishop was “shocked” by the “hostility of the response” and the way his comments were represented in our sensationalist, tabloid press. Fearing the Anglican Church may be put through more trouble and internal strife, Dr. Williams clarified his comments by stating that he “certainly did not call for [sharia law’s] introduction as some kind of parallel jurisdiction to the civil law”. Many have rallied to support Dr. Williams; Bishop Lowe claimed him to be “probably one of the greatest and the brightest Archbishops of Canterbury”.

However, calls for Dr. Williams’ resignation have been coming from all sides, including many from within the Anglican Church. Branded a “disaster”

“40% of British Muslims welcome Sharia Law”

by one synod member and with 150 traditionalist members of the General Synod ready to sign an open letter distancing themselves from the comments of Dr. Williams, the Archbishop was under some pressure when he addressed the General Synod on Monday. In this address he apologised for causing confusion but stood behind the original comments, adding: “I believe quite strongly that it is not inappropriate for a pastor of the Church of England to address issues about the perceived concerns of other religious communities, and to try and bring them into better public focus”. This

statement should be praised as it can only help keep all faiths and cultures included in society. Part of the “burden and the privilege of being the Church” in the UK meant, Dr Williams said, the

“There are already religious courts in this country”

Church needed “some coherent voice on behalf of all the faith communities living here”. Without this it is possible that social integration will break down and there will be no-go areas for people of differing faiths, as the Bishop of Rochester, the Right Reverend Dr. Michael Nazir-Ali, has already suggested exist. Dr. Williams stressed the importance of different faiths working together so that all can live in this country peacefully and legally, sharing common ideals. These sentiments are echoed amongst many groups and the general public, but unfortunately not in the traditionalist camp within the Anglican Church. Despite two synod members calling for Dr. Williams’ resignation, the Archbishop still has a majority of support within the council and the support of some revered figures – Lord Carey, Dr. Williams’ predecessor, being one; it is unlikely at time of writing that Dr. Williams will be forced to resign.

Some politicians, who have been riled before by Dr. Williams’ calls for the religious to get involved in political debate, have spoken out against the Archbishop getting involved; Geoff



A woman in Banda Aceh, Sumatra, is caned for spending the time with her boyfriend

Hoon, chief whip for the government, suggesting he should not comment on such “complicated legal matters”. However, the Prime Minister has called Dr. Williams a man of “great integrity” and believes religious law should be subservient to UK law. This can be the only way any inclusion of religious law can work in the British legal system as, despite the links between the Church and State, any persons who wish to im-

pose their own laws into this country have to do so through the progressively secularised parliament, including the introduction of any type of religious law. Without this safeguard, parallel judiciaries will be created, removing the one body of law with possible disastrous consequences

In a Church divided by other issues, the damage has already been done, forcing the Anglican Church into more

turmoil. The debate will no doubt continue and while some claim the only way to preserve a multicultural Britain is to bow to the pressure of religious groups for integration of their laws, many see this route as dangerous for the legal rights of the UK’s citizens. Lord Carey added, “There can be no exceptions to the laws of our land which have been so painfully honed by the struggle for democracy and human rights”.

I don’t want to have to choose!

Could Hillary and Obama put aside their differences and join together in a bid for the White House?

Kadhim Shubber

Felix readers, since the last publication, for some, much has changed, while for others things remain as they were. The Republican race is over in all but name, with John McCain the clear winner. Although Mike Huckabee remains in the race as a credible conservative, there is simply no question of him winning the nomination. This isn’t to say that the race has become dull and uninteresting, quite the opposite.

As bizarre and strange as it might sound, John McCain is not actually liked by many Republicans. Conservatives within the Republican Party, remembering that the Republican Party is a conservative party, are either suspicious of him or even despise John McCain.

Whether or not the party can force themselves to unite, and be seen as convincing to the U.S. electorate, in time for the presidential elections is uncertain and will create controversy in the near future. However, discussing the Republican Party is not the object of this article: it is to chew over a much more interesting question. Given the evenly matched success of Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton, and their complimentary attributes, can’t we have them both?

Allow me to clarify what this question means. Imagine Hillary Clinton winning the nomination and then choosing Barack Obama as her running mate, her vice president. Or of course, vice-versa; somebody’s got to win, but in this terribly close race to se-



Senator Barack Obama has a large base of support amongst students.

cure the democratic nomination, does there necessarily have to be a loser?

The idea of these Democrat heavyweights joining in political matrimony has been floating almost sinfully in the minds of Democratic activists and members for some time now, but has not been formally aired as a possibil-

ity. Neither side wants to appear as if they are settling for vice president and give their opponent an inch in this fierce battle. However, it does appear to be a great idea. Each leader needs the other: Hillary has much experience but is rarely seen as inspiring; Obama, often accused of inexperience, has ral-

lied crowds of young people and banished apathy amongst a Bush-weary generation. They fit together perfectly, together appealing to almost all demographic groups in the U.S, the dazzling ‘rock star’ to inspire his people and the tough mechanic to deliver change to America. A poll conducted by TIME

magazine showed that 62% thought that Hillary should choose Obama as her running mate while 51% believed Obama should do the same.

While it would be unintelligent to rule out such an engagement in the future, presently there are a multitude of problems and barriers that would pre-

vent any agreement between the two titans.

The job of vice president would almost be humiliating to Hillary Clinton, not to mention the problem of where her entourage would fit into the White House. The role of vice president doesn't allow enough space for Hillary's political hangers-on, specifically her husband Bill.

A greater issue lies with Obama's support base. The bottom would fall out almost immediately. By accepting Hillary into the fold, Obama would instantly betray his supporters and his campaign angle. He is the candidate of change, a convincing candidate of change. He excites young people about politics, brings the voters out in droves, and convinces them that there is hope for America's political system, that he is going to breathe fresh air into Capitol Hill. A Clinton vice presidency would essentially be a large amount of old baggage that is completely at odds with Obama's message of change. He has attacked Hillary's record on Iraq, while boasting of his clean one. Inviting Hillary as his running mate would only stain his record on Iraq and would be seen by his idealistic support as a betrayal of his principles.

To be more simplistic, many of Obama's supporters do not like Hillary. There are a large number of young vot-

"The job of vice-President would be humiliating for Hillary"

ers, who Obama has inspired, who simply despise Hillary. One anti-Hillary group on Facebook has over 800,000 members. For these voters, a Hillary vice presidency will poison them into apathy and deny Obama the support of young people that he needs to fight John McCain.

Switching the roles does not offer any reason to be optimistic. There is no question of Obama entertaining the thought of submitting to be Hillary's vice president for a number of very good reasons. He is not out of the race; in fact, since Super Tuesday Obama has been doing very well for himself. Last weekend he had a clean sweep, winning Washington state, Nebraska, Louisiana, Maine, and the US Virgin Islands. The Clinton campaign was clearly rattled by Obama's ability

to regain momentum so quickly after Super Tuesday, so much in fact that her campaign manager has resigned and been replaced by Maggie Williams, known as the ultimate loyalist, unwavering in her devotion to Hillary for nearly a quarter of a century. The Clinton campaign is obviously rattled enough to bring out the big guns. Any indication that Obama is considering a deal with Hillary will see his support go out the door; they will believe that by voting for Hillary they'll get all the stuff they liked in Obama too. A large proportion will probably jump out the window at the thought that their man

"Since Super-Tuesday Obama has been doing very well"

of change was selling himself to the Clinton establishment. The Obama campaign is very clear on this issue. "We're not running for vice president," said Obama spokesman Robert Gibbs.

But even if Obama were to essentially admit defeat and begin to consider being vice president, he would find only that the wool had been pulled over his eyes and that the reality of being vice president to Hillary hardly allowed him to push his solutions and ideas. Whoever finds him or herself as vice president to Hillary will quickly find that the White House is Clinton territory. There is little doubt that Bill intends to play a major role during his wife's presidency. The No. 2, the vice president, will really be the No. 3 to husband Bill, who has said, "I'll be there, talking her through everything; like she did with me".

Amongst Hillary Clinton's supporters and campaigners also, there isn't very much desire for an Obama vice presidency. The Clinton campaign is institutional; it draws its support from political veterans stretching deep into the 80s and 90s. Their contact book has over 25 years of political allies, administrators, and campaign loyalists. Senator Obama is certainly not on their contact list; he is a relative newcomer and not part of the Democratic establishment, and many of Clinton's supporters question Obama's loyalty. The Clinton's define loyalty in terms of staying power; if you're fired you simply wait for your next opportunity to help the Clintons. The very fact that



Hillary Clinton is certain to keep this look on her face throughout her hypothetical vice-presidency

Obama ran against Hillary is counter to this interpretation of loyalty, and some zealots in the Clinton campaign

"There isn't much desire for an Obama vice-Presidency"

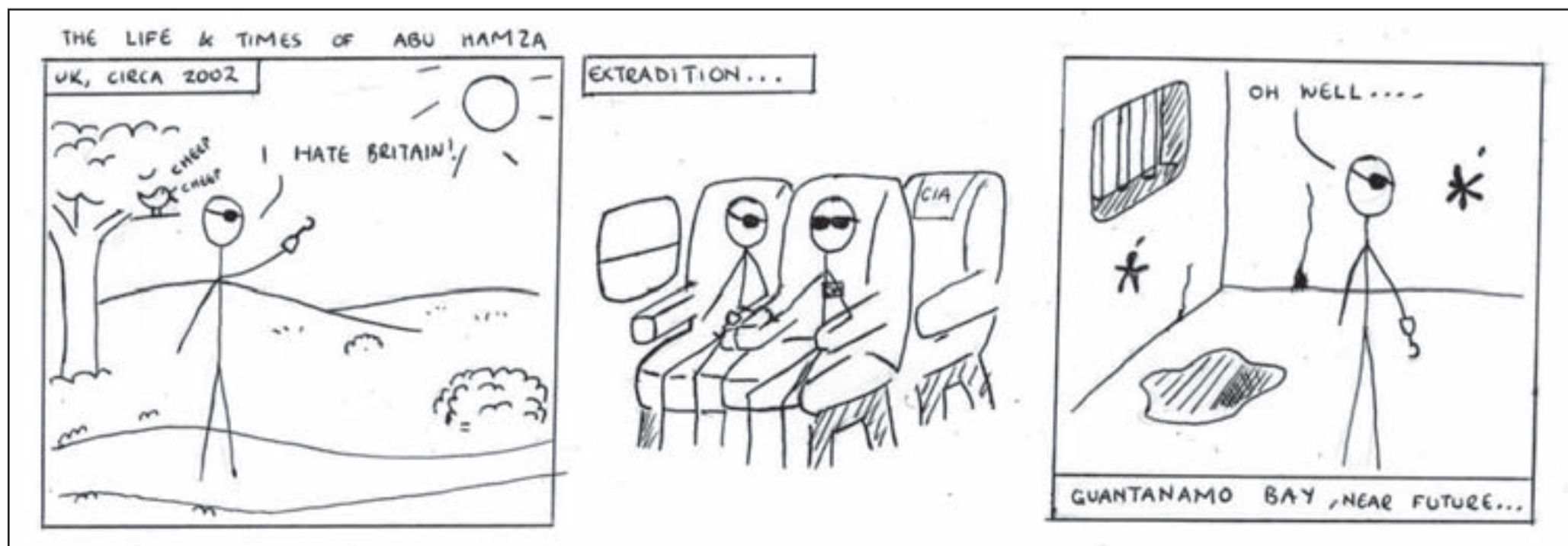
even consider the existence of his campaign offensive.

Things are looking pretty grim, I think you'll agree. However, these pre-

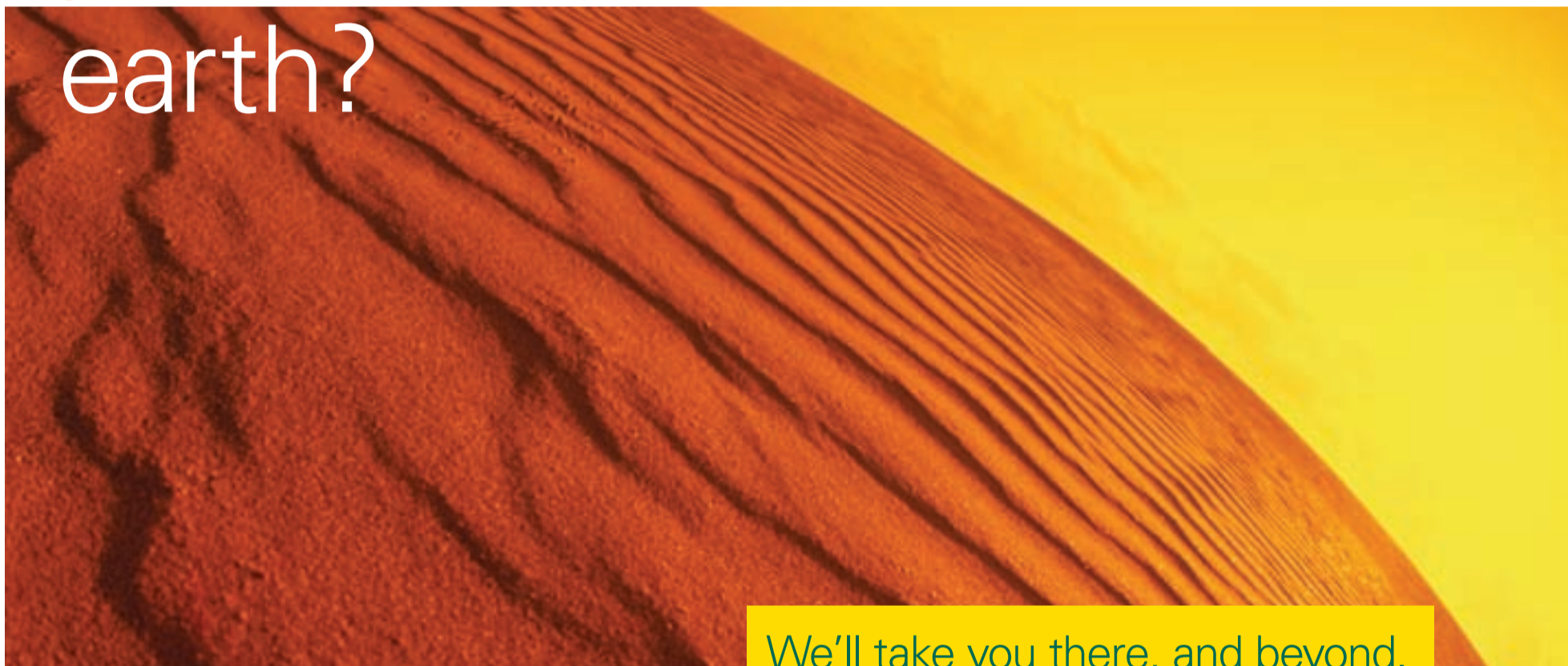
dictions and arguments are only valid in the present, at a time when these two candidates are toe-to-toe, neck and neck, both with a real chance of winning. Come the Democratic Party National Convention a winner will be chosen. It will be a close and nail-biting event, and a huge proportion of the party will have to swallow a candidate that they didn't even vote for. It is in these conditions that we can see an agreement being made. The Democratic Party must be unified in support of its candidate in order to prevent John McCain stealing independents and moderates away from them. By reconciling Hillary and Obama, in a

formidable team, the Democratic party could sincerely say that they were 100% behind their candidate. Hillary might accept a vice president position as a springboard for future presidential elections. Of course the same applies for Obama, although he is guaranteed a dazzling political future regardless of the outcome. A successful Democratic presidency with both Obama and Hillary onboard could set the stage for the domination of U.S. politics by the democrats for years to come. By the end of 2008, we could see posters of Hillary and Obama side-by-side, saying, "Get on board!" The Democratic Party will be, touch wood, unstoppable.

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President's Update

Looking to the future - Meet the Candidates

Nominations have closed and the race to the electoral finishing line has begun. For these elections 2 hustings will be held so that students can have the opportunity to hear what the candidates have to say for themselves and you will have the chance to ask some probing questions of those who are competing to help run the Union next year. Hustings times are as follows

JCR Hustings

12pm Monday 18 February

Elections Bar Night

6.30pm Thursday 21 February in da Vincis, Beit Quad.

Free drinks will be on offer at the Elections Bar Night on Thursday where you can have the additional pleasure of meeting your potential NUS Delegates, Student Trustees and Sabbatical Officers.

Voting for the elections will open online at midnight straight after the hustings and will close at midnight on the evening of Tuesday 26 February. To vote log on to www.imperialcollegeunion.org/vote during this period.

The Present – last chance to complete the Higher Education Funding Survey

For those of you who have missed the previous publicity the survey can still be accessed online at www.imperialcollegeunion.org/hesurvey. The survey will close this Sunday and the results so far have raised many interesting questions for various committees of elected representatives to address. Look out for a full report on the survey results, what was said and what Union policy it resulted in over the coming weeks. Once the survey is closed the prize draw can take place and all the winners will be announced in Felix along with the survey analysis.

Looking to the past - Last weeks Tri-College Social

Imperial College has just celebrated its 100th birthday but last week saw some of the old Constituent College Union's celebrate their history. Students democratically decided to keep referring the Royal College of Science Union, City and Guilds College Union and Royal School of Mines Union despite the fact that neither of the old Colleges exist in the Faculty structure of Imperial College. It is excellent to see so many of the old traditions kept going in to the 21st Century and it is good thing that this rich history can be accommodated by the Union today.

More elections notices!

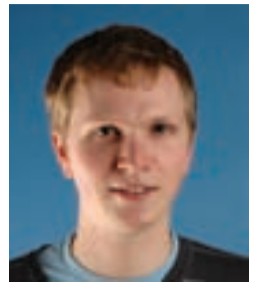
After the sabbatical elections we roll straight in to elections for the positions of RAG Chair, CAG Chair, the Chair of Union Council and Faculty Union elections. This might seem like a bit of a democratic overload but the elections

timetable for these will be as follows.

Friday 15 February - Publicity begins
0.01am Fri 22 February - Nominations Open

0.01am Monday 3 March - Nominations Close
0.01am Friday 7 March - Voting Opens
23.59pm Tuesday 11 March - Voting Closes

More details of these posts will appear in the Union email and next weeks Felix



Stephen Brown
President
president@imperial.ac.uk

Do you want to be a Steward?

The Union needs enthusiastic, fun and responsible people to join the stewarding team. If you want to work for the Imperial College Union as a Steward, please email stewards@imperial.ac.uk.

How safe do you feel in South Kensington?

Recently I was intrigued by a police cordon set up in Hyde Park not far across the road from the Union Building. These scenes spark illusions of crime and intrigue and exciting ideas of CSI-style police dramas. I was horrified to learn later that a young girl had been sexually assaulted right on our very doorstep and this suddenly brought the whole thing into stark contrast.

Unfortunately crimes are not uncommon in Hyde Park. Thefts and mugging are a regular occurrence and approximately once a month a CID officer is called in to investigate a more serious crime. And it doesn't stop there, absent minded holding the door open into the Sherfield Building a few weeks back I was surprised to meet two extremely polite police officers walking in the opposite direction with a rather more sullen looking guy in handcuffs between them.

I know first hand that crime can occur even when you feel safe on campus. During a spate of thefts last year I lost my favourite handbag with my brand new phone, my lecture notes, a really nice pair of earrings and all my bank cards. My sympathy extended however to a friend who had two instruments stolen on the same day, most likely mistaken for laptop cases.

There are steps and precautions that we can take to protect ourselves from crime. For example you should never take a short cut across the park after dark, it just isn't worth the extra ten minutes you will save. You should always keep your belongings with you and in sight at all times. But what can the College and the Local Authorities do to make you feel safe on campus and in South Kensington? Westminster City Council have launched a survey to find out student opinions on how safe they are on campus and what can be done to make you feel safer. If a stronger police presence is comforting and means you might stay longer in your department in the evenings then let us know. Alternatively, if seeing uniformed police officers patrolling the campus would make you feel uneasy we would really like to know about that too.

Fill in the survey by following the link on our website. Let us know which campus you are on too if you aren't based at South Kensington. The Survey Closes on 29th February 2008.



Kirsty Patterson
Deputy President
(Education & Welfare)
dpew@imperial.ac.uk

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David Paw
Arts Editor

So first off, I'd like to thank my fantastic colleagues here at Felix Arts for covering while I was away. It was an interesting story.

I had originally intended to take a week out of the Christmas break to see our relatives out in Southern California. The week before I had just won a doodlebug contest and was feeling pretty high, and so off I went with nothing but a suitcase and a smile, bound for warmer climes and an endless supply of Pink's hot dogs. When I arrived a lady called Coco introduced herself as the landlady.

Everyone out in Los Angeles is tanned and beautiful; they say that half of the city works in the entertainment industry, and the other half is trying to break into it. While I saw plenty of rotund Latino gentlemen and Asian gangsters who did not look as if they cared about making movies, I can see the writer's original point. After being awestruck in this most dream-laden of towns, I have decided to leave the world of university to pursue my love of acting. Fuck, if Felix Guzman can get regular work, why can't I?

Anyhow the first day of auditions went well. I think I impressed a lot of the people – we played out a scene that was probably written for Sunset Beach, but I turned it into something that could have been touched by the hand of Alejandro Inárritu.

So I did good the first day and I went back to the apartment to have a shower and read over some lines for the next day's auditions. When I got back, I found an odd woman underneath the table who looked just like Laura Elena Harring. She said her name was Rita, but I figured that was just because there was a Rita Hayworth poster on the wall and that she had amnesia as a result of a traumatic car accident last night in the hills.

We went about trying to figure out who she was and what had happened. One night she had a premonition we should visit a club called Silencio out in Los Feliz. When we got there, the host was a fat little man with intense eyes and a stubby beard; the inside blew hot and cold and though the chairs and walls were red, the streaming blue light lent the auditorium an ethereal, frozen quality. "Nothing is as it seems", he said. A singer came on stage in a cherry-red cocktail dress. She was old and fading and pathetic, but she sang her heart out. Laura Elena Harring wept in her seat.

We drove back to the apartment and she had another premonition that in a bag hidden away at the back of a cupboard would be a blue box that would unlock the mystery of her sudden appearance. When she unlocked it, the world was inverted as we hurtled into a parallel universe where I was a student at Imperial again. Suddenly the world seemed more sober. But fear not. The colour in this reality returns every Friday when I turn excitedly to the centre pages of the college papers to read the arts section. Yes. It really is that good.

Love, peace and all that jazz

Lucy Harrold takes a look at that most iconic Vietnam musical: *Hair*

The Vietnam War ran from 1959 to 1975, between America (supporting South Vietnam) and North Vietnam- the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. This war was one of the first that everyday Americans actually believed was avoidable; this image was not helped by extensive television coverage on the subject. To get enough troops to sustain the war the government had to introduce conscription, whereby every young man could be forced to join the army, navy or air force unless they could provide a good reason why not. Most of those trying to escape the "draft" went to Canada or claimed they were homosexuals. Many draft-dodgers were hippies – a counter culture that evolved out of the Beatniks – think poets Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac. The Hippies believed in free love, non-violence and generally hanging around taking drugs.

Hair was conceived by two such hippies – James Rado and Gerry Ragni – who also happened to be actors. It took a while for *Hair* to get up and running, generally due to most producers being old and stuffy and not liking change (theatres at the time were still enjoying very traditional shows like *Oliver!* and *Fiddler on the Roof*). When *Hair* did

get to the stage, it quickly became very popular as it was a show that younger people could use as a way to show their parents how and why they lived as they did. *Hair* came to London featuring famous faces like Richard O'Brien (Bald guy from *Crystal Maze* and writer of *The Rocky Horror Show*), Tim Curry (Star of *The Rocky Horror Show* and the bad guy in most films since *Home Alone 2*) and Floella Benjamin (I know I was surprised too, I always used to find her really scary as a child). The last production of *Hair* in London was in 1993 and featured none other than John Barrowman (yes, Captain Jack from *Torchwood!*)

The plot of the film is totally different to that of the show; the show is more of a collection of songs about being a hippy, getting chucked out of school, getting high and then going to war. So I'm going to focus more on the plot of the film as it's a bit more structured and you're more likely to see it than the show.

The film *Hair* focuses on Claude, a "good middle-class young man" from a rather conservative background who is supposed to be on his way to enlist into the US Army at the time of the Vietnam War. He is befriended by a group of hippies in Central Park and, not for the last time in the film, they smoke some pot. The next morning they go chasing after Sheila, a posh girl that Claude fancies and end up crashing her parent's dinner and, eventually, in prison. As everyone does when in jail, they sing a big production number about how their hair is so great; which somehow enables them to get out of prison. They take some LSD and end up hallucinating around Central Park until the hippies realise Claude has to go to Boot Camp the next day.

Claude reluctantly goes to Boot Camp and his friends follow him to say a final goodbye before he goes to war. Unfortunately this doesn't really go according to plan. I won't say how, as that would ruin the story, but it is really sad and provides one of the most atmospheric moments of the show and really helps to bring the message home.

Main Characters:

Claude: The all-American conservative ready to join the army; he fancies Sheila

Berger: The "free spirit of the group", he also fancies Sheila (are there any musicals that don't contain love triangles?)

Sheila: The "pretty one" who also happens to be rather rich

Hud, Woof, Jeanie, Crissy, Dionne: Various hippy friends of Sheila and



So basically no photos of this musical exist on the internet. So here are some hippie-ish pictures. We like reinforcing stereotypes!

Berger.

Songs to look out for:

Flesh Failures (Let the Sunshine In): Without ruining the plot, I can tell you that this is a really tragic song with so much emotion; especially if you watch it in the film.

Going Down: Not the greatest melody, but the YouTube clip I found had a guy just wearing his trousers and a bunch of ties...

I Got Life: It's a classic song that's been covered by the likes of Nina Simone and can now be found in the Muller yogurt adverts.

Where can I get it?

The DVD's still hanging around, but

don't watch it when you're ill; I did that and it felt like I was on a 2 hour trip.

If not, there are usually clips of some sort on YouTube.

If you liked this, try:

Rent – Same Bohemian ideals centred around the 1980s and the AIDS crisis instead.

Miss Saigon – if *Hair* is the musical about not going to war, *Miss Saigon* is the flipside of what happened to those who did fight in the Vietnam War. There's a copy of the original cast recordings of both these musicals in the library which I now expect to be completely unobtainable because all you lovely people have got them out.



How to get out of your hole: Part 2

Rosie Grayburn takes you away from the chaotic city to the calm and tranquillity of Greenwich

If you've had enough of central London, I have the solution. Wandering along the river in an easterly direction you will eventually stumble across the village of Greenwich on the south side of the Thames. It is a funny place, being green and quiet yet still urban and quirky. If you start to miss the corporate whoreage of Central London, you can quite clearly see the Great Grey Towers of Canary Wharf directly across the river which will make you feel better again.

Greenwich is an area of great historical and scientific significance. It is best known for its naval history, and for being the site of a Royal Palace. The Palace of Placentia, as it was named, was ironically the birthplace of many famous royals including Henry VIII and Elizabeth the 1st.

The palace was then neglected for several years as the Cavaliers and Roundheads battled it out, before being adopted by Sir Christopher Wren and turned into a naval college for young sea-loving types. Nowadays, the palace houses the National Maritime Museum, Trinity College of Music and Greenwich University... a long way from its Royal Placentia days.

The town itself has grown up around the central nucleus of the palace and its splendid observatory. As naval officers moved in circa 1830, lots of grand houses popped up around the Royal Park. These are now populated with Canary Wharf's CEOs who work across the water. How convenient.

How to get there: A stopping train from Waterloo to Greenwich is the most convenient way to get there, I reckon. And it only costs £2 return and trains are quite frequent too! Check times before you go on www.national-rail.co.uk. When you arrive at Greenwich station follow the nice black touristy signs to Greenwich Village. It's about a 10 minute walk.



The Old Naval College; offering the finest degrees in belly-button studies this side of the GMT divide

What to take with you: There are zillions of cafes, noodley-type establishments and the usual suspects to keep your belly full so you needn't take food. Take your A-Z just in case you end up outside the Greenwich bubble – other parts of South West London aren't as accommodating. Picture-taking is compulsory when you are straddling the Greenwich Mean Time line. Violence with tourists may be necessary if you do not have a good spot.

One website to check out before you gallivant off is www.greenwichwhs.org.uk. This is a good site detailing all the things to do.

So, without further ado, here are The Things One is Expected to do when One finds Oneself in the tranquil sur-

roundings of Greenwich:

1. National Maritime Museum

This museum is lovely. It is new and spangly, set inside part of the Royal Palace. It mostly showcases our Naval history and the past, present and future of our oceans. I approve. (www.nmm.ac.uk, admission free)

2. Royal Observatory

This historic building is actually part of the NMM. Places like this make me smile. The buildings of the Observatory have splendid classical architecture made with warming red bricks and elegant domes. It is the site of great

scientific advancement, so obviously they have put lots of hands-on exhibitions up there to advance your 12-year old knowledge of space, time and the universe.

3. The Planetarium

The Planetarium is terribly dramatic. It is well worth paying £3 to see one of the shows there, although if you are doing a Physics degree you may not appreciate the basic science of Black Holes thrown at you. Even so, it's pretty cool having a 3D red giant coming out of the screen towards you, or seeing the entire Milky Way above your head. Seats are reclining, of course, so you can relax under the stars!

On another note, the hill that spirals up to the Observatory is very steep and carries a health warning.

4. Greenwich Royal Park

What's big, green and has lots of hills? (Insert Shrek gag here.) With wonderful views over London from the park it is definitely worth the climbs!

5. The Old Naval College

On the site of the Tudor palace where Henry VIII and Elizabeth I were born, these buildings form the centrepiece of one of this country's finest examples of Baroque landscape. They were planned and designed by some of the greatest architects of the day. The magnificent Painted Hall is where Nelson's body lay in state after his death at the Battle of Trafalgar. Admission is free (yippee!).

6. Cutty Sark

The fastest sailing ship of her day, the Cutty Sark was launched in Scotland in 1869 and initially sailed on the tea route to China. Later, she brought back wool from Australia. She has been in dry dock in Greenwich since 1954.

However, some chavs burnt this beautiful tea clipper down last year. The Cutty Sark Foundation is desperately trying to put the pieces back together. You cannot access the ship anymore. Despair not: there is a small visitor centre next to it on Greenwich marina where they tell us about the restoration effort. (www.cuttysark.org.uk)

7. Greenwich Village

The usual suspects line the high street but there are still plenty of independent shops down the quaint alleyways that scurry around the old town. Greenwich market is the largest of the markets in Greenwich and is definitely worth poking around for a while.

With the weather we've been having recently, Greenwich should really be at the top of your agenda. It has a real buzz and it is hard to believe how close you are to Central London when you see all the green. It's a real breath of fresh air.



The Cutty Sark back in its hay-day



The National Maritime Museum sprouting an onion bulb

New rays from an ancient sun

Some of the most exciting new architecture on the planet is emerging in China – David Paw takes a look

Since 2001, China's consumption of steel has increased by 30 million tons annually to reach 250 million tons in 2003, keeping the No. 1 position in the world and surpassing the combined sum of those in the United States and Japan.

Unsurprisingly, most of this has been ploughed into its voraciously-expanding cities and dizzying skylines – thirteen of the twenty tallest buildings in the world are now found in East Asia and of those, eleven are located in the People's Republic (including Hong Kong and Taipei). With the impending public and political display of the Beijing Olympics looming, that most obvious of symbols – the building – is set to make an overt statement of intent.

New China is determined to show the world at large its progressive and modernised facets and increasing share of the global marketplace, as well as its increasing creative clout – and what better way than with a series of slick, progressive and cutting-edge projects helmed by the most superstar of superstar architects? Here are eight of the most important, controversial

and unavoidable you will be seeing in the coming months.

Beijing National Stadium

The stadium will host the main track and field competitions for the 2008 Summer Olympics, as well as the opening and closing ceremonies. Boasting a 100,000 spectator capacity and a state of the art Solar PV system, the Herzog & de Meuron-designed stadium has been nicknamed the "Bird's Nest" due to the web of twisting steel sections that form the roof. As well as creating a modern stadium, the team was challenged with creating a venue that was part of the culture of China and that would put Beijing on the map.

Already heavily criticised for its haemorrhage-like budget of £280 million, it has drawn not a few glares for its bold and polarising design. According to the Beijing Municipal Development and Reform Commission, the city will spend 1.5 trillion Yuan (180 billion US dollars) to upgrade itself in various fields in the lead-up to the 2008 Olympic, while investment associated with the games will exceed 280 billion Yuan

(33.7 billion US dollars) – clearly, the focus is on a successful games that will bring more focus and investment to the country – not a frugal one.

Guangzhou Opera House

Probably the most rapidly modernising city on the mainland after its siblings Beijing and Shanghai, Guangzhou has unveiled a number of ambitious projects, none of which are more exciting than the prospect of this Zaha Hadid-designed palace of brooding, organic forms crisscrossed with steel and glass panels. With an estimated investment of 1 billion Yuan (US\$120 million), the project is expected to become the biggest performing centre in South China and to be one of the three biggest theatres in the nation, taking bronze after the aforementioned's Paul Andreu-designed structures.

Lacking the creative heritage of Beijing, Guangzhou has traditionally been more business-oriented while displaying less interest in cultural activities with other major Chinese cities. However, with ever-improving living standards and a greater level of affluence amongst its denizens, the need for a cultural life has been underlined. The Opera House is an important milestone in the progression of the city.

Shanghai World Financial Center, Shanghai

Located in the starkly cold Lujiazui business district east of the Huangpu river, the World Financial Center will be the tallest building in the world when it is completed (inevitably to be eclipsed by the enigmatic and all-conquering Burj Dubai). In a district known for its imposing skyline, this soon-to-be completed work-in-progress still towers imposingly over the neighbouring Jin Mao tower. You can see the sparks streaming off its side as dusk settles into night, while sensing the potent symbolism of China's economic groove.

A Kohn Pedersen Fox design, one of the biggest challenges of a building this tall is creating and maintaining a structure that could withstand high winds. The solution? An innovative rectangular cut-out at the building's apex which will also double as the world's highest outdoor observation deck – a 100th



Rem Koolhaas's CCTV Headquarters



A warmly-lit "bird's nest" Beijing National Stadium

floor view that will make your trip up the Empire State Building seem like climbing a tree. Prepare to gawp.

Donghai Bridge, Shanghai

While not as pretty as the drive over the famous seven-mile bridge in the Florida Keys, the completion of the Donghai Bridge in Shanghai deserves wonder in its own right. We're talking big, big figures. The longest cross-sea bridge on the planet and the longest bridge in Asia, it has a total length of over 20.2 miles and connects Shanghai with the offshore Yangshan deep-

water port.

Most of the bridge is a low viaduct, with six lanes designed for vehicle speeds up to 80 kilometres per hour. Its serpentine route (read: S-shaped) lessens the fatigue that drivers encounter when travelling in a straight line for long periods. Four cable-stayed arches allow ships to pass underneath; the main arch is formed by two 500-foot towers and has a span of 1,400 feet.

CCTV Building, Beijing

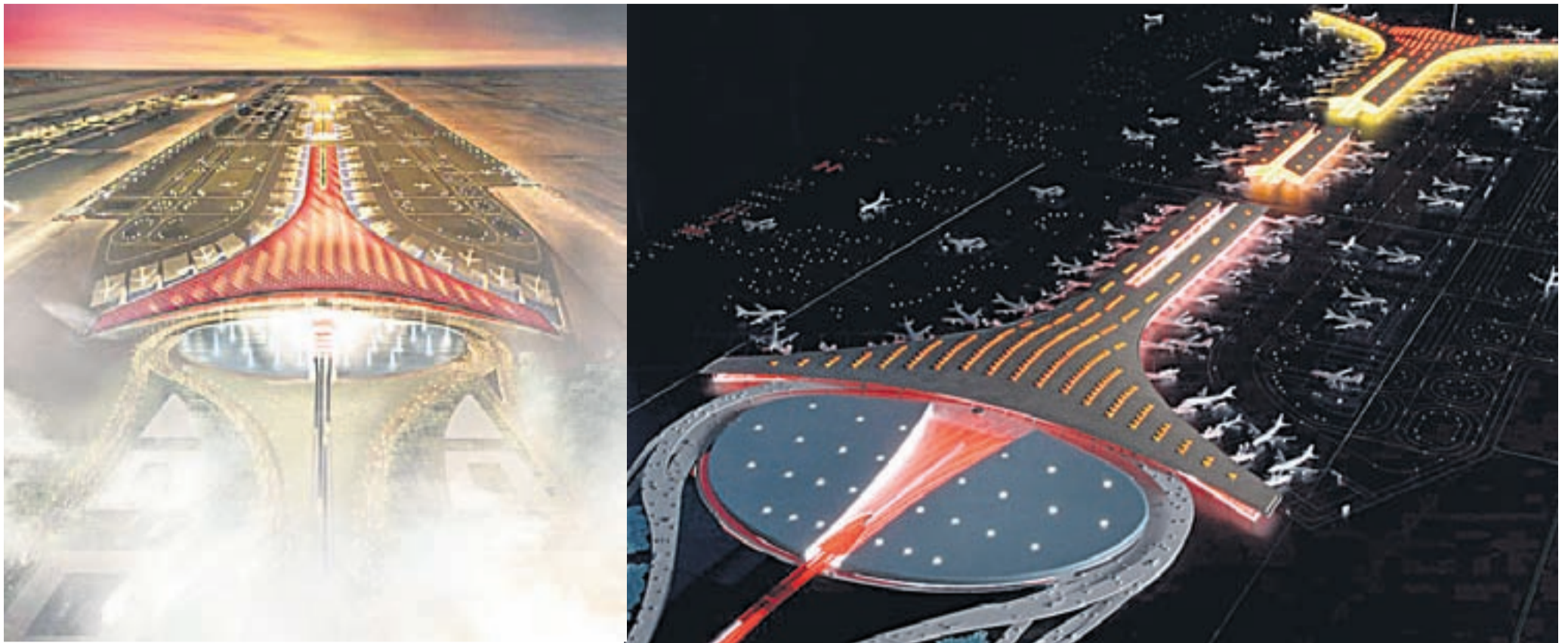
When conceptualising new ideas to push the envelope of design and pos-



Shanghai International Finance Center (adjacent to the Jin Mao tower)



Shanghai's massive Donghai bridge



No, it's not the world's largest electric guitar, it's Foster & Partners' new Beijing International Airport

sibility, most architects draw and don't do much else. There must be countless ideas for expanding the traditional notion of a high-rise – from phallics and intertwining twin-towers to reverse “underground skyscrapers” – but the CCTV Building has actually gone ahead.

Designed by Rem Koolhaas – the master himself – and the Office of Metropolitan Architecture (OMA), the new headquarters will combine administration with news, broadcasting, studios and program production in a sequence of interconnected activities, forming an integrated site for the entire process of production. Although the building is 230 metres tall, it is not

a traditional tower but a continuous loop of horizontal and vertical sections that establish a site rather than a typical leap for the stars.

Beijing International Airport

The venerable Sir Norman Foster continues his legacy with this, possibly his most jaw-dropping project to date, at least in terms of scale. The figures: US \$2 billion. 60 million passengers. One single terminal, yet larger than all the terminals in Heathrow. Combined.

Working with structural engineering firm Arup, the terminal will be built to accommodate the massive influx of traffic from China's joining of

the World Trade Organisation (WTO) and the Olympics.

Besides looking supremely menacing, the terminal will be the world's most sustainable, incorporating design concepts such as skylights orientated to maximise heat in the early morning sun and integrated environmental control systems minimising energy consumption and carbon emissions.

If that sounds a bit airy fairy – considering the massive amount of resources and capital being poured into the project – at least take solace in the prospect that such technology will trickle down to an equivalent domestic setting eventually, even if we're all under water by then...

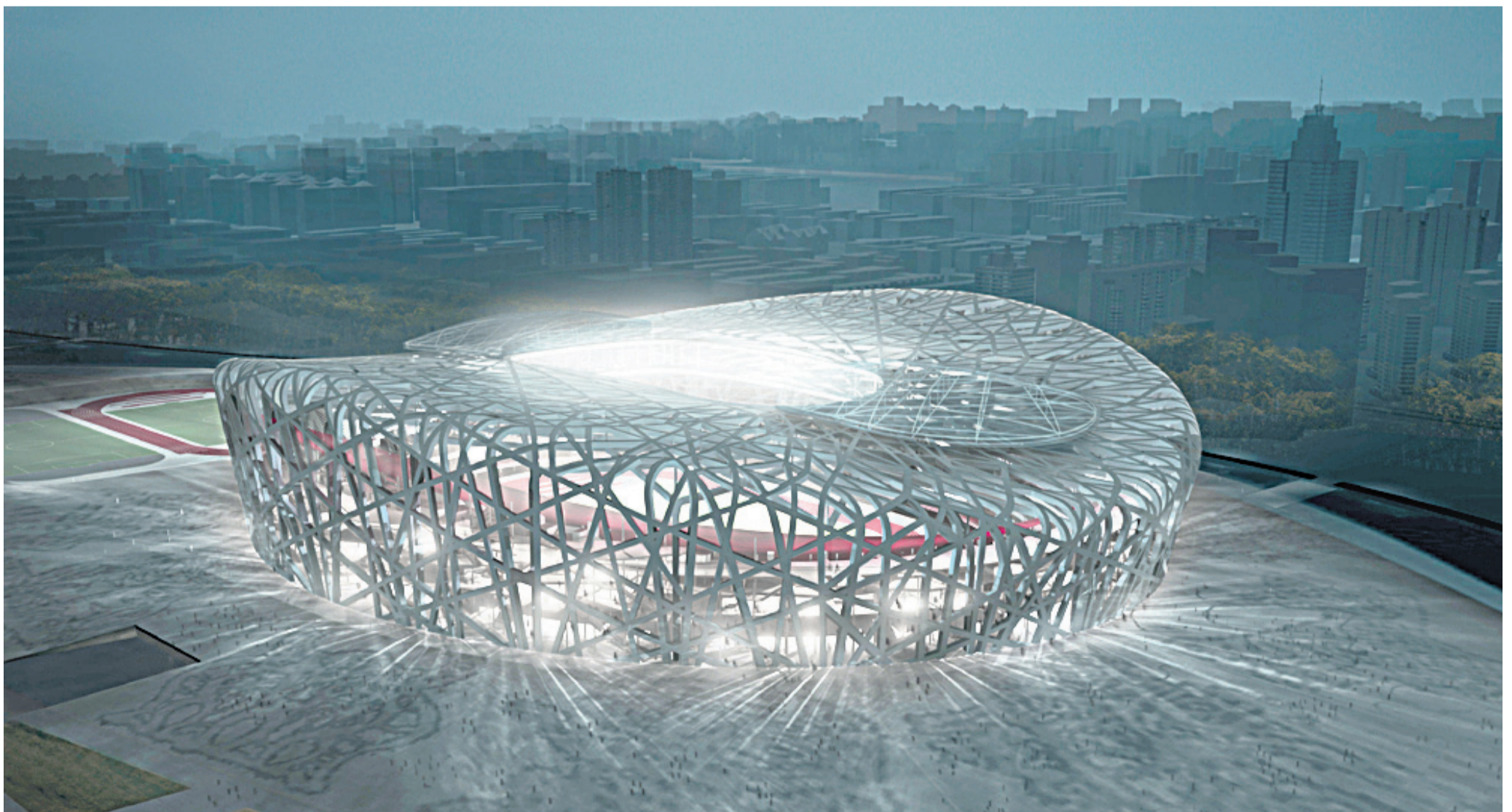
National Theatre, Beijing

The Beijing National Theatre was conceptualised by the French architect Paul Andreu as a huge dome of glass and titanium rising imposingly from the still of an artificial lake. In a central part of town with a high density of landmarks, the clash of the modernised with the traditional can feel incongruous at times, but there is no doubting Andreu's ambition in rivalling nearby Tiananmen Square and the Forbidden City.

The project has been criticised as being about as Chinese as rarebit and excessively costly. In his defence, Andreu likened the situation to the initial out-

rage at I.M.Pei's glass pyramid at the Louvre, which is now celebrated and internationally recognised – it is only a matter of time and familiarity, he argues. Communist leaders wanted the theatre to symbolise China's arrival as a modern, advanced nation, and they have something to that effect.

But both sides of the argument have huge weight. Though it is no doubt daring and innovative, perhaps it is too daring for a part of the city that has always wielded the power of the entire nation. As with many of the other designs, it has brought up questions of identity - how much can you sacrifice to move forward? What does it truly mean to be Chinese? Time will tell.



A more muted shade of spectacular – the Beijing National Stadium

How to Succeed by Musical Theatre Society

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felix@imperial.ac.uk





Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

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Alex Casey
Film Editor

Never in recent memory, has public opinion caused me to lose faith in the nature of taste so much as it has this week.

Last Sunday's BAFTA awards provided the perfect talking point for the week, an opportunity that was seized upon to gripe and open the age-old questions of British bias, Keira's inadequacies and Jonathan Ross' pay-cheque, whilst congratulations for the great Tilda Swinton and Marion Cotillard faded into the background.

Starting with the nature of bias – who cares? I don't remember the Spanish Goyas showering awards on *The English Patient*, nor the Oscars introducing Almodovar's pictures to a Best Picture award. The best award of the night is always Best British Film, yet this again got overlooked as people scratched their heads and said "But if *This Is England* won the British one, how did *Atonement* win Best Film?". If anything, it just shows how arbitrary this load of toss is. Also, if you think Marion Cotillard is somehow more British than Julie Christie and Knightley then you're not keeping up.

As for Keira, it's time to lay off. Not fire her, but stop criticising the poor girl. Yeah, she's no Dame Dench, but she's 22 and it's not her fault people keep on offering her great roles. Would you have turned down *Pride and Prejudice* or *Atonement*? Didn't think so. She was nice enough on the red carpet as well, heaping praise on Marion Cotillard (before she won) and being very self-deprecating, so I doubt she went home crying into her gown. It was more a result of press hype making it seem like she was going to win any of these awards which caused the backlash, poor girl.

I'm not going to waste valuable column space discussing Wossie's pay-cheque, but you get the picture. The other big surprise was the way people have completely railed on *Atonement*. I will by no means fight its corner, but its not as hideously self-aware as people seem to be criticising it for. It would certainly have been my second choice behind *Blood*, although that says more about the competition really.

The biggest surprise of the night – even bigger than a French lady scooping Best Actress – has to have been the pretty poor turnout though. Given all the buzz about the biggest BAFTAs yet, there's trouble on the horizon when Kate Hudson is called on to present and Kevin Spacey and Jeff Goldblum get to award Best Picture despite clearly having seen zero of the films for competition. If only the writers' strike could have held out for a couple more days...

It hasn't been a poor year for film at all, despite my initial leanings to that kind of judgement in the run up to awards season. *Juno*, *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly* and *There Will Be Blood* were all released on the same day last week (albeit only a London release for *Blood*) which makes for a pretty interesting weekend. If you really want a rundown of the best of the year though, wait for Felix Film's own awards. Coming soon.

Blood, sweat, tears and oil

Film Felix takes a look at the latest from Paul Thomas Anderson to gauge the Daniel Day Lewis hype, but finds much more – *There Will Be Blood* strikes cinematic

There Will Be Blood ★★★★★

Director: Paul Thomas Anderson
Writer: Paul Thomas Anderson
Cast: Daniel Day Lewis
Paul Dano

Alex Casey

During the London Film Festival in October, whilst promoting his latest film *Into The Wild*, Sean Penn was asked how it felt to be greatest actor of his generation. His response? "Well, I think we all know that's not true, you've just got to look at Daniel Day Lewis to see that." As endorsements go, this one isn't to be taken lightly.

From the point of view of Paul Thomas Anderson however, the coup of getting the notoriously work-shy Lewis onto the screen at all must have been slightly tainted by the fact that the film has been snatched right out from under the director's nose. That is at least what the hype would have you believe, but the good news for Anderson is that *Blood* is far more than a one-trick pony.

Blood is a 21st century *Citizen Kane*, made for a new generation who don't understand the appeal of the original. Charting the rise of Lewis' oil baron, Daniel Plainview, it seems to draw numerous parallels with Welles' *Kane* but with a modern-day edge. A new angle of religious opposition is present, with opposition to Plainview's takeover of a small Texas community built on an



Daniel Day Lewis toking on a bifta

oilfield coming from Eli Sunday (Paul Dano), a preacher intent on using the money generated from the village oil to develop his parish, leading to a simmering dynamic that underscores Plainview's otherwise unstoppable success.

As Lewis has been commended from all corners for his outstanding lead performance, it would make more sense to highlight the otherwise excellent talent on show from Anderson and Dano,

who bring just as much to the table. Anderson fantastically evokes the feel, smell and intrinsic wealth of oil, not to mention his superb creation of a figure infinitely more terrifying in his resemblance to reality than Javier Bardem's killer in *No Country for Old Men*. Dano seems to have grown up a lot since *Little Miss Sunshine* but his youth is still his greatest foil in his struggle here, leading to a pretty unfair battle against the might of Lewis.

The film itself is nothing short of epic. It's old Hollywood with new life and has been criminally overlooked by critics simply falling over themselves to praise Lewis. A beautifully brutal story, many will see this remembered as a great injustice if it walks away without a Best Picture Oscar. It may not be the most interesting film of the year, but it's certainly the best constructed of those in the running. At least it would have won 50 years ago.

Butterfly soars above the rest Liman makes Jumper a Joy

The Diving Bell and the Butterfly ★★★★★

Director: Julian Schnabel
Writer: Ronald Harwood
Cast: Mathieu Amalric
Emmanuelle Seigner

A memoir about quadriplegia isn't exactly light subject matter, so *Diving Bell* isn't a story for everyone. However, Julian Schnabel's vision of a true-life writer coming to terms with paralysis is much more than just another lachrymose weepy, successfully managing to blend the simple pleasures of life with the horror of having them taken away.

Former *Elle* editor, Jean-Dominique Bauby, suffered a crippling stroke in 1996, writing his book of the same name by communicating his words to a scribe via blinks. A tragic story, but not one that transfers easily to screen. It is only because of the beautiful direction here that the film works at all, and Schnabel's inclusion of random but beautiful imagery – a collapsing ice-sheet, an insect on a flower – to capture the breadth of Bauby's imagination is a refreshing reminder of the beauty of life juxtaposed against the horror of illness.

What makes *Diving Bell* stand out most against other "sick flicks" is its humour. Bauby's internal monologue

is full of sharp wit that shows extreme resilience in the face of adversity, and Mathieu Amalric conveys great pathos through his singular expression. In one scene, a group of workmen fitting his phone mock his condition and cause his nurse to retaliate while he imply thinks to himself "Henriette, you have no sense of humour". Bliss.

As though to console a petrified audience from the thought of paralysis, the emphasis is put on the rarity of the condition. No matter how rare it is though, it would be harder to find another film as respectful, touching and life-affirming. That is Schnabel's talent, and a testament to Bauby's book.



Jumper ★★★★★

Director: Doug Liman
Writer: Doug Liman
Cast: Hayden Christiansen
Samuel L. Jackson
Jamie Bell

Given the ability that Doug Liman had for transforming *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* from the crap-sounding story it was, into a pretty decent tongue-in-cheek action flick that seemed to win over most people apart from Jennifer Aniston, it should come as little surprise that he has managed to perform similar miracles with this teleportation adventure, *Jumper*.

The tendency for films about superpowers would generally seem to involve thinking up something cool that the writer wished he could do at age 8 and then concocting ridiculous coincidences in which that power can be used. *Jumper*, however, surpasses these expectations to provide a globe-trotting, supraliminal paced adventure that proves much more exciting than recently over-hyped releases such as *I Am Legend* and *Cloverfield*.

The story that sees Hayden Christiansen's David learn he has the ability to teleport around the world, away from his typically strained home life, soon heats up as he finds he is one of

a number of 'Jumpers' who are sadly hunted by a team of Paladins. Why is there always a downside to these things?

The cast here are all very likeable but the main draw is the action that maintains a level of excitement normally only trailers can incite. Especially impressive is the way that Liman has managed to conceive and execute the final continent-hopping battle-royale as well as persuade the Italians to let him film inside the Colosseum.

Above all *Jumper* proves to be a great advert for round-the-world trips. Sadly the long-haul journey will do little to recreate the exhilaration seen here.



Memories of Tomorrow, today

What would you do if your mind was slowly decaying? One day, it's simply a business lunch you forgot to go to. The next day, it's the people you've known for years. *Memories of Tomorrow* will break your heart

Valerio Chang

"What's wrong, is everything alright?" Who thought those words can be the most heartbreaking line of a movie? And what kind of plot would make such a friendly concern the trigger for a flood of tears and emotions from the audience? Allow me to introduce *Memories of Tomorrow*.

Most people will not have heard of *Memories of Tomorrow*, despite it being released two years ago. Filmed in Japanese and lacking in western distributors, sadly saw people's ability to discover this gem of the portrayal of human emotions hampered.

The movie follows the reaction of a middle-aged couple to the onset of Alzheimer's disease. Medics who aware of the disease would know that this movie will not have a happy ending as Alzheimer's cannot be cured, only delayed, and it drastically affects one's memory and ability to lead a normal life.

The protagonist, played by Ken Watanabe (*The Last Samurai*), is a successful director of a major advertising agency, who notices early on that he is forgetting business meetings. However it is only his wife who wonders why he buys the same mouthwash each day for a week.

His reaction to the doctor's diagnosis is a poignant reminder of how sensitive it is for practising doctors to tell terminal patients about their conditions. As conditions worsen, we see the forgetfulness and self-pity consume the character.

External pressure mounts from his employer to retire due to the condition, while the internal struggle of being the provider of the family and his headstrong machismo which prevents him relying on others, take their toll.

The movie progresses as he is forced to retire and stay at home while his wife goes to work in a pottery gallery, leaving the tone of the film altered to become one that celebrates the love that caring partners sacrifice for their loved ones, loved in the past tense now that they don't behave as they used to. The detailed notes that she leaves him everyday before she goes to work, the pretence of happiness, the commitment to taking care of a husband who no longer remembers to drink water, the tears dropped in solitude and the refusal to let a care home take him all go to show the strength of either her love for him, or perhaps the social expectation of this behaviour. Either way, the unconditional commitment moves the heart and pokes those tear glands.

The twist in the otherwise rather

predictable story takes the guy alone to a forest as his wife tries to search for him frantically. As day dawns, his wife finds him and walks up to him, looking relieved. The man walks towards her, and after a night without her presence makes the heart wrenching statement quoted. The scenery in the latter part of the movie features green landscapes

and views of nature that sharply contrast with the former part of the busy city centres. The joy of rediscovering small rivers, snow, and the time to spend with children and grandchildren greatly emphasise the sacrifices a man has made to live the urban Japanese salary-driven life.

The helplessness of facing the inevi-

table, the resignation, the appreciation of the simplest things, the realisation of hurting someone you love, the understanding of being betrayed. This is definitely a noteworthy film for those nights that you want to let out some emotions, or are wanting to feel how precious it is to simply be able to know and be who you are.



Muji decided to diversify its catalogue by introducing shades of red to complement its stone/beige pallet

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Music

Music Editors – **Peter Sinclair** and **Susan Yu**

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Susan Yu
Music Editor

Hey, I'm Susan, one of the new music editors, as Peter would have mentioned last week. My mugshot is very bad. Don't laugh. Back to business, MUSIC is what makes my life worth living, what makes me tick. I'm sure many of you intelligent people would agree. Music gets me through thick and thin, through times of trouble, grief, anger, you name it. I have to say, it's one of those rare perennial sources of comfort that is a must when everything seems to go to pot. Who needs ecstasy or heroin when you can inherently get high from music without obtaining a mutilated nose and having your brains messed up big time.

Musicwise, the Grammys this year, we have to give it up for Amy Winehouse. The troubled singer, currently in rehab, has been showered with five gongs. Her awards encompass the 'Song of the Year' and 'Record of the Year,' both for her signature hit 'Rehab,' and as best new artist. Other notable winners were Kanye West who scooped four Grammys while Bruce Springsteen won three. The White Stripes, Justin Timberlake, Carrie Underwood and Mary J Blige were further among the artists who picked up two awards.

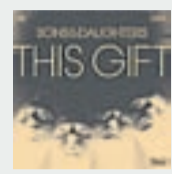
Look forward to an interview with a young Scottish lady. No telling, you just have to wait. Tough. This week we've been flooded with reviews, hope this continues, guys. Music is truly back on form. I digress.

If you fancy reviewing some music or gigs, send us an email at music.felix@imperial.ac.uk and get yourself on the mailing list. Free music giveaway soon, stay tuned!

Gaelic Rockers have this...

...perfect Gift. Hot Chip certainly likes dwelling in the dark... don't we all?

Album Reviews



Sons And Daughters
This Gift
(Domino)
★★★★☆

This month, romantic, raucous, Gaelic rockers, Sons and Daughters release their third long player, *This Gift*. The Bernard Butler (Suede, *The Tears*, McAlmont & Butler) produced album is a welcome return to their roaring, bluesy guitars and Adele Bethel's cutting Highland tongue.

By their singer's own admission, the band wanted to create an album embracing their love for Blondie and The Smiths and it doesn't fall short of giving those bands a respectful nod. They even bring in the old Gibson guitar which Johnny Marr used to record *Strangeways, Here We Come*. Bernard Butler is enticed away from arguing with Brett Anderson and is able to add sparkle to the bands' own hand-crafted sound that has been developed over the past five years. This is not without numerous artistic clashes between producer and band, only resolved by a mutual love for Fleetwood Mac.

The lead single, *Gilt Complex*, is a scathing attack on the hollow celebrity culture of the 2000s. Its malevolent guitar riff cuts as sharp as Bethel's lyrics with her vitriol spitting out in a ghostly harmony. "He's not sure of all he has but avarice is all that he's made of. Everybody knows." As soon as her tirade dies down you're thrown into an ill-fated story of loss backed by the violin of Cajun Dance Party.

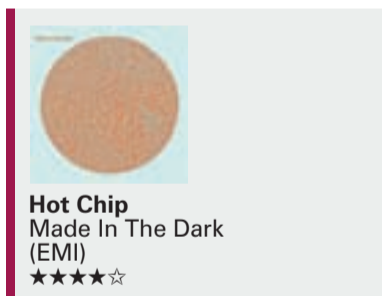
Butler's influence seems most prominent on *Rebel With A Ghost* where Sons and Daughters find a lost pop hook that only serves to widen their folk-punk starts. At times the album is

reminiscent of fellow Scots, Idlewild, during their *100 Broken Windows* development, which is no bad thing at all.

This Gift dances on and continues to delight the listener with references to iconic British cinema and literature. From Ken Loach to Billy Liar to Julie Christie, Adele's love for her home nations shines through. Their trademark Celtic oohing and aahing also finds a comfortable place to reside here; most notably on the title track, which begins with a duel between our feisty singer and the imposing guitarist Scott Patterson, with his burly yet wounded moans. The only winner is our aural pleasure while the lyrics delve into the stories of Ted Hughes' tragic lovers. The sparring vocals continue with second single *Darling*, a product of the bands' love for 60s girl groups and shines through with its lustrous pop glory, made ever more prominent with Bernard Butler's smoothed-out production.

The album marches forward until closing with a lament of an ending relationship; *Goodbye Service* wails "Said that you'd call / Scream when you're leaving / At least I'm heartless so you sparked some feeling," and leaves you contemplating your recent auditory invasion of the melded cacophony of stomping guitars, haunting vocals and cultured lyrics that have comprised the past 40 minutes.

Soumen Sen



Hot Chip
Made In The Dark
(EMI)
★★★★☆

Following the relatively huge success of 'The Warning,' anticipation was

high for Hot Chip's third long player. Promising to be rockier than their previous albums (though that's like saying 'Blackout' was slightly more avant-garde than 'Oops! ...I Did It Again'), 'Made In The Dark' instead builds on Hot Chip's reputation of creating ludicrously intricate indie-dance grooves via bolder, brasher sounds. To paraphrase Daft Punk, this album is harder, better, faster and stronger than anything they have previously released.

Was that a rather cheesy sentence? Maybe, but the comparison is warranted considering that Hot Chip takes the French duo's brand of driving synths, and then beats them at their own game. Nowhere is this more apparent than the nuclear blow-out of 'Shake A Fist'. As the album's first single, 'Fist' starts off with what sounds like some trippy, spaced-out tablas gurgling under buzz-saw synths before a Todd Rundgren sample informs us that a pair of headphones "are really gonna help you". It's sage advice because what follows sounds like a recording studio erupting into the stratosphere with the most shit-crazy, galvanising sound effects I've heard since I saw Justice live.

This is a boldness that is refreshing for a band with such a geeky-cool disposition and when Taylor's monotone announces "Sir, I have a good mind to take you outside" on the funky and methodical 'Hold On', he actually sounds like he means it. The lyrics of 'The Warning's' title track just sound like empty threats in comparison.

'Made In The Dark', however, retains the band's sense of humour. From equating love to getting beaten up by chair-bashing wrestlers in the cleverly titled 'Wrestlers,' to name-checking the Macarena in 'One Pure Thought' and Goddard's tongue-in-cheek delivery of "Time-delay! Bend-away!" in 'Bendable Poseable,' there's a gleefully manic approach to the album which extends down to the anything-goes arrangements. Time-signatures are messed around with, elements bounce in and are dropped again, melodies wobble and implode, and it's almost like they

let a 5-year old go insane with an 808. It all sounds deliciously lush ('Don't Dance') and crunchy ('Ready For The Floor'), but they sometimes get ahead of themselves. For example, there's so much going on in 'Touch Too Much,' that the cacophony of live drum machines and programmed beats renders the track virtually un-danceable.

That's one nitpick among a handful. An album ultimately reliant on its arsenal of digitised bleeps and clicks may give the impression of a record that is, on initial listens, rather cold and superficial. However, unlike their mildly distracting but clinically joyless second album, 'Made In The Dark' grows to show a rather warm centre underneath all of the mechanical sequencing. Unfortunately, the album remains rather shallow which cuts away any chances of this being 2008's 'Sound Of Silver'. But perhaps you're not supposed to think too much about it and as it stands, there are enough head-banging, bouncy tunes to distract you away from any lack of depth.

Jorge Costa

Single Review

Nick Cave
Dig Lazarus Dig
★★★★☆

A little different from Nick Cave's previous material. One tends to be cautious and concerned with such comebacks but it is unnecessary in this case. This first whiff of the new album is refreshing, oozing with energy and a catchy tune. The sound is still signature of Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds, with almost sermonising vocals over a sharp guitar riff. Lyrics are both interesting and troubling. The chorus, however, is not as good as the verses. All in all, though, excellent material.

Kate

Single released on 18th February

One night only at the Metro vs. Goldfrapp

Single Reviews

The Metros
Education Pt. 2
★★★★☆

Education Pt.2 is the debut single from Peckham band The Metros.

The song generates a strong sense of déjà vu from a variety of guitar bands – comparisons with 'Ian Dury and the Blockheads' are particularly striking (the record is even produced by Baxter Dury, the son of the aforementioned).

Whilst the track isn't going to change the musical world, it boasts an interestingly loose structure. This is backed up by solid guitar and drum sections, and sprawled with a self-styled 'lippy upstarts' take on education, making an entertaining, if forgettable, three minutes and thirty seconds of music.

Nat

One Night Only
Just For Tonight
★★★★☆

Just For Tonight is the second single from Yorkshire-based urchins One Night Only, and is likely to make them big; or at least modestly large judging by the amount of airplay it's getting on Radio 1. The lead singer, George Craig, has mild notoriety as being the brother of the drummer from the terribly-named but promising, shiny, new NME darlings, Joe Lean And The Jing Jang Jong. Unfortunately, they don't seem to borrow from The Jing Jang Jong's jing-jangly guitars or artistic flair. Instead, *One Night Only* seem to have stolen Keane's piano and Embrace's way with words. This is, by no means, a good thing. This is middle-of-the-road, coffee-table rock with no desire to be diverse or intriguing. The

lyrics are mind-numbingly dull: "Way across the plains the lights spill out of code/No one knows where they take us but we'll search till we grow old" and the tune is so bland that it makes James Blunt seem cutting-edge.

One Night Only will probably get a top twenty hit with this. They will probably sell out a medium-sized London venue. They will probably even get a number one debut album. Chris Martin may even give them a B-side to record. The only thing that's certain is that Jo Whitley will love them. That's guaranteed.

Soumen Sen

Goldfrapp
A&E
★★★★☆

The lead single 'A&E' taken from their

fourth album 'Seventh Tree' comes as a pleasant surprise. Highly different from their previous upbeat glam-disco hits such as 'Oh La La,' 'Strict Machine' and 'Ride A White Horse.' 'Seventh Tree' offers a new change of scene from the dancefloor belters prevalent in their last two albums 'Supernature' and 'Black Cherry. Instead, it sees Goldfrapp diverging in another direction, a new sound for the band, having toned down the electronics in favour of a more organic, acoustic sound, maybe reverting back to nature. Who knows.

First impressions of this track: considerably mellow and somewhat folksy, takes a while to get used to, but trust me, this number is indeed one of those tracks that takes time to grow on you. Boy, the more you play this, the better it gets. The fresh soundscape produced evokes a surreal dreaminess. What is more, this new arrangement certainly allows Alison Goldfrapp to show off more of her gorgeous voice. Both the

acoustic strum and simple piano riffs tie in well with the synthesizers, giving it a rich texture, greatly complementing the singing. The melody meanders slowly whilst Goldfrapp conveys tender longing with her beguiling purring lush vocals- 'I'm in a backless dress on a pastel ward that's shining. Think I want you still.'

'And I was feeling lonely, feeling blue
Feeling like I needed you'

It's Valentine's Day this Friday. The release of this melodic, ambient number coincidentally will appeal to many singletons yearning for love. (Damn those smug, have-it-all couples smooching in the corner). With a memorable melody, quaint intonations and beautiful synthesizers holding everything together, 'A&E' works wonders. Just about.

Susan Yu

Look for 'Seventh Tree' to hit stores February 25th, 'A&E' released 11th February

Art Brut art-rocking out at ULU

Live Review

Art Brut ULU

★★★★☆

Art Brut actually makes sense. The definition of “Art Brut” is, according to a very reliable Internet source, “Raw art, ‘raw’ in that it has not been through the ‘cooking’ process: the art world of art schools, galleries, museums. Originally art by psychotic individuals who existed almost completely outside culture and society.” This seems a fitting description for a band that indubitably deserve the indie descriptor, whose lyrics and demeanour embody a band that will inevitably never achieve mainstream success.

Of course, this is what indie is all about: being unpopular with the mainstream, going against convention. There is, of course, nothing wrong with this, but I had yet to hear an indie-branded band that I actually liked. The lyrics were nonsensical, the guitars were practically insane and unstructured, and everything had to move at an incomprehensibly fast pace for no justifiable reason.

The most I had heard from Art Brut prior to the gig was at places like Koko, wherein the opening riffs to “Bad Weekend” was enough to send the indie boys and girls into a euphoric orbit. Perhaps it wasn’t the best place to discover an indie band that went against the indie convention, as at the time I didn’t really understand why the line “Popular Culture no longer applies to me” was so absolutely essential to a night out in London.

So zip forwards to a cold night at ULU, with me was queuing up to see the band in person. Who’d have thought it possible that a Muse fan would want to see something that many people would designate as indie? I may have been one of three people there that knew barely any of the lyrics, but to be honest, I don’t think it really mattered. What I presumed to be a gig rapidly transformed into an excitable band and a jumpy frontman regaling us with tales of how he embarrassed himself time and time again, and how he made up for it in later life, all set to

a thundering, memorable instrumental backdrop.

I was in shock. Where were the silly fast-paced guitars? What about the ridiculous lyrics? Why couldn’t I see the frontman blaring complete and utter rubbish into his microphone? Well, it turns out that Art Brut are not what I thought they might be.

Eddie Argos, the frontman, was positively magnanimous. He was hyperactive and overexcited, and he doesn’t so much sing as he reads aloud. His lyrics are honest, precise, and simply genius. They tell simple stories of past relationships in such a down-to-Earth, realistic and believable way that everyone on this tiny little planet can relate to them. There are no unnecessary soaring vocals nor are there any slippery, saccharine-sweet ballads – Art Brut are all about the here and now, and it makes so much sense it’s ridiculous.

There is something quite endearing about everything he says. Past childhood sweethearts are dedicated to and immortalised in songs such as “Emily Kane”, (I hope this song finds you fame/I want school kids on buses singing your name). Traditional Rock and Roll is thrown to the side in “Bang Bang Rock and Roll”, (No more songs about sex, drugs, and rock and roll/It’s boring!), and contemporary artwork is given an enthusiastic thumbs-up in “Modern Art”, (Modern Art makes me want to rock out!).

Interlaced throughout all the songs are random inserts from other bands, all of which are given a pleasing belittling. This is indie and how it should be done – whereas Alternative Rock was left alone (indeed, We Are Scientists are known to be big fans of Art Brut), power pop and pop in general was destroyed by Art Brut’s undeniable energy. Finally, a band that is willing to remind the world that a song informing the listener how to spell “Bananas” over and over again is not a song – it’s rubbish.

Halfway through songs, Mr. Argos began to skip using the microphone leads, watched as his two guitarists knighted each other, and changed some of the lyrics to include what he got up to last night after too much alcohol. All the while, his four band members uplifted even the most nostalgic, melancholy lyric into the stratosphere of



Art Brut doing their thing, rock and roll all the way!

euphoria. No matter how sad the songs could be, Art Brut’s rising, ecstatic nature meant they were, and always will be, about having fun remembering the past and looking to the future. A band you could relate to in both imagination and reality is a rare thing.

Let us not forget that on this particular night, the five indie rockers had assembled a Brass Section – the Big Band – who provided a noticeable, welcome layer to the gig. Somehow, above the absorbing lyrics and the searing-hot guitar play, the trumpets, trombones

and sax-a-ma-phones could be heard, and it added more to an already pleasantly-overloaded gig.

We were all reminded – or educated – on their performance overseas, with the song “Good Weekend” achieving chart-topping success in practically every country that didn’t have Top of the Pops. Still, that didn’t stop them or the crowd chanting “Art Brut – Top of the Pops!” which was soon replaced with a similar dedication to their Big Band backing group.

By the time they had left the stage I

may have been almost completely deaf (that will teach me to stand inches away from the speakers) but their lyrics were echoing through my mind long after the trombones had fallen silent and were replaced with the murmurs of the satisfied and the inebriated.

And so you have it: an indie band that actually makes sense. They will always remain outsider artists, and as such, to the initiated, will always remain a hidden joy in the deep, dark ocean of the music industry.

Robin Andrews

Levy let loose at the Islington Bar Academy

Live Review

Levy Islington Bar Academy

★★★★☆

For a five-piece group from New York that had only just replenished several band members to return so promptly with such a solid album, “Glorious”, is quite a feat. The undersold gathering at the Islington Bar Academy, London may feel a bit like make-or-break time for a band that has consistently garnered more acclaim here for their alternative rock style and borderline depressing lyrics than in their homeland.

Levy are the third of three acts to play, but apparently the previous two have done little to thaw the January chill from the frigid crowd, which is staring, completely expressionless, at the empty stage. Lights go dark, and

one by one the strangely nonchalant band members appear on stage – their clothes and facial expressions just as we saw them an hour ago at a local pub. Front man James – who, incidentally, hasn’t even bothered to remove his coat and hat – was clearly not lying when he told us he doesn’t get nervous – and it shows! and it shows!

Drums blast away (accompanied by some impressive keyboards) opening their best-known single ‘So Hard’, instantly recognised by a few keen fans. It isn’t long before the freshly-galvanised gathering finally breaks into a sweat. The technical crew’s incompetence unfortunately means the vocals are almost inaudible for the first few tracks, but nobody seems overly phased. Indeed, the first impression we get is how much better these guys sound live than on their studio-produced album.

Each of the band members has his chance to shine. The bassist is strong and consistent and good fun to watch



Levy strutting their stuff

– constantly moving to the rhythm of his sound. The keyboardist is steady, concentrated and absorbed in his playing, which can be said to almost form

the backbone of most tracks. Oddly enough, James is probably the least expressive, compared to his mates. The only hint to his emotion is his fa-

cial expressions – but what he delivers sounds great. Finally, both guitar and drums amaze – giving life to each song. It’s unfortunate that they’re less noticeable on the CD, because they sound incredible – every note they play appears to echo off their body. The award for most electrifying goes to the guitarist, though, and during his extended solo on the closing track, ‘On the Dancefloor’, he goes insane, ending the evening on a definite high.

Once the last song finishes, there is much well-deserved cheering, but no ‘encore’, which is a shame. The band graciously bows and leaves.

It is no wonder that their fans are mainly those who have seen them play live. The show makes a pleasant change from the admittedly less interesting studio music. If you enjoy their material, do not miss out on an opportunity to see them live!

Chris Birkett & Kate Agathos



Francesca O'Hanlon
Nightlife Editor

A big hello to everyone. After four years as editor, Greg has decided to dedicate all his spare time to growing a beard so I've valiantly offered to take over the position of nightlife editor. Hopefully, during our time together, I'll be able to reveal another side of London's nightlife scene. This week I've decided to be a rebel and try and influence you all to branch out, boycott Freshers week II and get visiting some of London's best clubs.

I'm also looking for some new nightlife reviewers as everyone here at Felix nightlife is getting old and leaving, so some fresh young writers would be marvellous.

I'm going to be bringing you the best in drum 'n' bass, dub step, reggae, electro, house and hip hop nights, predominantly because that's what I like and that's what the best nights in London are playing.

Watch out in the next few weeks for the world's most amazing competition. Well not really, it's pretty standard, I want you to send me in any photos of your nights out in London. The messiest photo wins (obviously). Even if it's just a photo of you alone in the union trying to fit a pint glass in your mouth, send it in, and immense prizes are promised.

Finally, we've been asked by the lovely Green Week organisers to mention their extra special event next Friday. An extravaganza of DJs, live musicians, an Ethical Fashion Show and other entertainment in aid of Friends of the Earth. Featuring Kashmere, Jazz T (ITC Champ '01), Lazy DJ, Alejandro Toledo and other great acts. Free before 10pm, £2 after, with drinks promotions all night. So if you can make it, pop along and help save the entire world.

Also, a by-note, peace and love.

Nightlife needs reviewers now

Do you like going out? Probably not if you go to Imperial, but if you once did it and want to try it again, and write a review about it, then you're perfect for the job of Nightlife reviewer. No previous experience is necessary, we'll teach you everything you need to know... and more.

If you fancy being a reviewer, then send us an email: nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Freshers week II: Alternatives

Felix went undercover to discover where in London is truly best for a week of drum 'n' bass, rock, hip hop, electro and just general naughtiness. The results were filthy

Francesca O'Hanlon

We've seen the posters for Freshers week II on the walkway, in the union and randomly, on the pavement of Exhibition road, and we're less than impressed. Tiger Tiger? Again? Really? No. So we've decided to create the ultimate week in messy student nights across London to show just how much better we can do it. Be prepared to realise that nightlife outside of Picadilly exists, for a week long hangover, and for the high possibility of losing an item of clothing... perhaps a shoe.

Each night is based around a different type of music, to cater for everyone's needs and fetishes. Monday night sees DJs 2tall Matman and Sharma play at the centrally located Bar Rumba. Where, coincidentally, at the age of 16 I threw up on the bouncer's shoes, and he still let me in. Proof of the relaxed (or stupid?) atmosphere. Tuesday is the student funk night Flirt at the Gardening club where Moby's tour DJ is playing (DJ Kharrington). Wednesday is one of the priciest nights of the week but definitely worth visiting if your a fan of rock music with Brady Cole headlining just back from touring with the Foo Fighters.

Café 1001 is one of the best kept secrets of London. Located just off Brick Lane, this place sums up everything I love about east London, and everything that South Kensington lacks. 1001 is a cafe/bar/club/barbecue/picnic area. While a lot of its charm has been taken away by the smoking ban. (Before the introduction of the ban, the upstairs floor of 1001 felt similar to being on the inside of a giant bong) The food here is amazing, with an over-

Alternative Events

MONDAY 18/02/08

True Skool at Bar Rumba.
Open 9pm-3am. Free before 10pm, £5 after. W1.

TUESDAY 19/02/08

Flirt at The Gardening Club.
Open 5pm-3am/Free before 10pm/£5 after/Happy Hour ALL NIGHT. WC2.

WEDNESDAY 20/02/08

Death Disco at The Notting Hill Arts club.
Open 6pm-2am, free till 8pm, £5 before 11pm. W11.

THURSDAY 21/02/08

Innerspace at Café 1001. Free entry 6am till 12pm. E1

FRIDAY 22/02/08

Fabriclive at Fabric. 9.30pm till 6am. £15. £12 n.u.s. EC1



Simian Mobile Disco... or Gareth from The Office on the decks

whelming amount of choice, taking the phrase munchies to a whole other level. The barbecue outside even sells burgers with halloumi on top for a very reasonable price.

Although café 1001 is not technically a nightclub, from 10pm the back room turns into an amazing drum 'n' bass area with great tunes being played until closing time. It's only downfall is

the lack of a late night license, but the majority of the crowd spills into 93 feet east which is a few drunken seconds walk around the corner.

Friday night sees the big finale with of course Fabric. Despite the ever increasing number of tourists and 15 year olds coming here on a Friday, Fabric is still without a doubt one of the best nights in London (damn expensive though),

with the likes of 2ManyDJs and Simian Mobile Disco playing, the 22nd looks set to be a big one.

So tie up your shoelaces, put on a wife-beater and get ready for a week of epic partying to make you remember why London has the best clubbing scene in the whole of Middlesex and a bit of Essex and a couple of other counties too.

House-Trained looking for new DJ's and producers

Simon Haywood

Currently working on a series of new releases for the year ahead, the new outfit *House-Trained* is on the hunt for hot new DJs and production talent to work with them in 2008.

House-Trained is sizing up to become a big new player on the scene in the latter half of 2008. Focusing on bringing quality house music to the masses, the label has a wealth of resources at their finger tips to help nurture and break new talent.

Label head Phil Loraine said to us the other day: "The advent of the digital distribution age has propelled dance music into previously uncharted territory now and opened new doors for DJs and producers on all levels. Everything is so accessible we are seeing a level playing field again; gone are the days when the scene was dominated by a small elite. It is an aspiration of mine to spread the net even further by sourcing the best new DJs and producers in the UK and beyond and offering them a platform"

If you're an aspiring house DJ or producer you can submit your tracks and

demos to the label for the chance to get hired! Send CDs only (which regrettably cannot be returned), along with your contact details to:

House-Trained
5th Floor
364-366 Kensington High Street
London W14 8NS

In addition to the label itself, 2008 is about to be set alight with the first of their House-Trained parties.

The official label launch party kicks off at The Island on Saturday February 16th headlined by none other than DJ Disciple himself, plus guests Audiowhores (MN2S), Jaded's Raymundo Rodriguez, acid house wizard Steve Proctor (Shoom), The Layabouts and Phil Loraine & Stu Hall.

With such an abundance of talent crammed into London's most intimate new hotspot, this looks set to be the most talked about party of the year so far, so what are you waiting for? Get those demos in the post for the chance to be the next superstar DJ and you will be reeling in hookers and blow before you can say, "Peaches Geldof"

Competition time!

Guess what? We've got a pair of tickets for each of the three LAST EVER EVENTS at Turnmills on 21,22 and 23rd March to give away to our wonderful Felix readers!

The lineup is secret, but we know it'll be huge.

To enter, just email nightlife.felix@ic.ac.uk or text **TURNMILLS**, your email address and the date you'd like tickets for to the Felix phone: 07980 148 785.



Don't miss the opportunity to be in a really red room

Re-applicants wanted in SOUTHWELL HALL



Southwell Hall is one of four halls of residence located around Evelyn Gardens, just off the Fulham Road in South Kensington. It houses 185 undergraduate students in a mixture of single and double rooms over six floors.

The **Hall Committee** facilitates a lively social programme of events and activities for students. There is now an opportunity to be part of this highly motivated team.

Applications are welcome from all students, although the positions are particularly well suited to second or third year undergraduates that have lived in halls before. Applicants should be **friendly, lively, resourceful, energetic, responsible and able to work in a team.**

Application forms can be obtained from the **Accommodation Office** or from the **Southwell Hall office** between 7.30 and 8.30pm every day.

Fisher Hall Hall of Residence

Applications are invited for

Re-app Positions

If you would like to be a re-app at Fisher Hall for the 2006/2007 academic year, then e-mail the warden at the address below to obtain an application form. Application forms are also available from the Accommodation Office.

Email: b.falzon@imperial.ac.uk

Bernard Sunley House



Applications are invited for

Re-app Positions

If you would like to apply for a re-app position at Bernard Sunley House for the 2006/2007 academic year, then e-mail the address below to obtain an application form. Application forms are also available from the Accommodation Office.

Email: martin.jackson@imperial.ac.uk

I PITY THE FOOL...



**WHO DOESN'T APPLY TO BE A
HALL SENIOR AT
HOLBEIN AND WILLIS JACKSON
HALL**

**APPLY ONLINE:
WWW.UNION.IC.AC.UK/HALLS/HWJ**

Closing Date for applications: 5pm, Friday 22nd February



Fall '08, the New York overview

Sarah Skeete introduces lots of fashion deliciousness from the NY Fall Collections to feast your eyes on

Marc by Marc Jacobs (the diffusion collection) was an 80's affair, with plenty of nipped in waists, bubble and lamp-shade skirts, oversized houndstooth prints, and playful bursts of colour.

Benjamin Cho showed a playful collection, crafty and surely a hit with the art school crowd. I know I'll be ordering the crocheted deer head. (Although I'll recraft it into a unicorn's head.)

Nicole Miller's gimmick was Joan of Arc, a teenage warrior, with a collection of urban yet girly pieces. It was hit and miss collection, with some stand-out pieces, but the theme didn't course strongly through the collection, leaving it a little indistinctive.

I'm going to heart any show that references Minnie Mouse, so Zac Posen was love. It was a doll-like yet gothic collection, with dark colours mixing with girly pastels and splashes of brights. There were plenty of crinoline dresses and skirts, mixed with sheer frilled blouses.

Thakoon looked like something a slightly deranged english rose would wear in the '20s. Which wasn't a bad thing, I imagine a 1920's socialite who survived on air and opium would >>



Benjamin Cho



Benjamin Cho

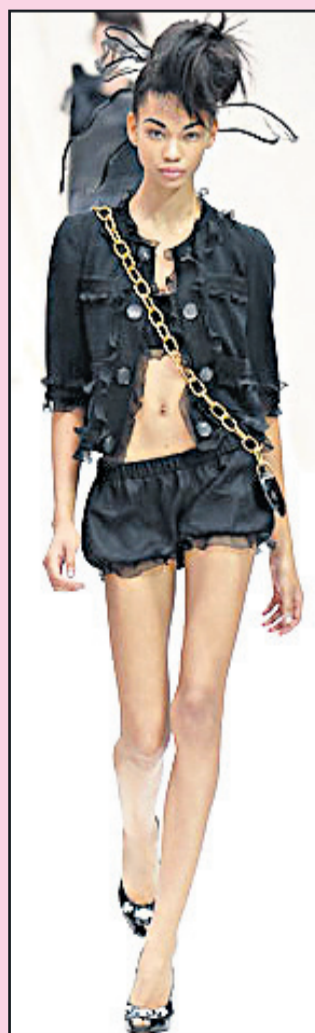


Jovovich Hawk



Marc by Marc Jacobs

Chanel Iman: Fall '08 Star



Marc by Marc Jacobs



Marc by Marc Jacobs



Nicole Miller

"I used to dress up as a model for Halloween, like every year." An LA girl who likes watching America's Next Top Model, Chanel Iman was a stand out model at this season's shows. In a season where ethnic diversity was sadly underrepresented by the catwalk, Chanel Iman was the 'token' black model (she's actually Korean/African American. It's sad that Chanel wasn't the stand out star from a range of Black and Asian models as well as Caucasian.



Nicole Miller



Peter Som



Phi



Preen



Shiple & Halmos



Rodarte

>> be quite an entertainingly beautiful mess. There were plenty of aggressively tailored jackets over soft floral dresses.

Rodarte showed a stunning collection, influenced by Japanese horror films, coloured in white, black and blood red. There were more floaty dresses, with torn-web detailing on dresses and tights. The collection was breath-taking with the porcelain skinned models providing a stunning contrast to the gothic clothes.

Phi showed a highly constructed, aggressively sexual collection. With the tone of the show influenced by Helmut Newton's Sleepless Nights (a book of darkly erotic photographs) this is no surprise. It was a body conscious collection, but with more retro grounds, in '40s and '50s foundation garments, than futuristic Christopher Kane body con.

It was a little too assertively sexual, giving it a dated feel compared to Shipley & Halmos' who trod the line between conservative and sexy, giving an insouciant contemporary feel. There were slim silhouettes as well as nipped in waists, in sombre monochromatic colours.



Thakoon

Play/Stop/FastForward: Sounds of the catwalk

ZAC POSEN

The Step And The Walk, The Duke Spirit

VERA WANG RTW

Atoms For Peace (Four Tet Remix), The Zombies, Weird Fishes/Arpeggi, Radiohead

MARC BY MARC JACOBS RTW

You Didn't Care, Neil's Children

LELA ROSE

Electric Feel, MGMT, Girls And Boys In Love by The Rumble Strips
Happiness, Goldfrapp
Love Cats, Jamie Cullum

ERIN FETHERSTON RTW

Horse and I, Bats for Lashes
Heartbeat, Annie
Jaymay, You Are The Only One, Little Bit, Lykke Li
Oh My God, Ida Maria



Vera Wang Lavender



Vera Wang Lavender



Y3



Zac Posen



Zac Posen



Zac Posen

Call the engines, Camden's burning

Well, not anymore, but the smell of singed Goths is still in the air. **Daniel Wan** loves their smelly ways

As news broke of the blaze that adorned Camden High Street, a very stark sense of disbelief came over me. Described as a "severe fire" that spanned over a large area, from the Canal Market to just east of Chalk Farm Road, this wasn't a case of just one or two buildings being set alight but a good 300-metre stretch of one of the busiest marketplaces in London.

Anyone who has visited Camden can admit the market stalls were one big fire hazard, but the locals and visitors had bigger problems to think about. However, now it has actually happened, the future of Camden market holds an element of uncertainty about it; and this is where the real worries lie.

Camden Market is not only a major hotspot for tourism in London, but also an icon of subculture and all fashion that falls beneath the definition of 'alternative'. Since its birth in 1974, Camden Market has grown to attract over 300,000 visitors each weekend from every part of the world. Londoners and tourists alike flock to the five different markets in Camden to shop for that special one-off item; something they weren't really looking for when they arrived but merely stumbled upon during ferocious furling into the eclectic mass of second-hand clothing.

It is exactly in this that Camden exhibits its very own magic; inspiring creativity and originality in millions across the globe. Thrift, army-surplus, and handmade stalls littered Camden Market, providing no guarantee of a good find on any day, but anyone that loves the Market loves it because they have found something special there. That something that no one else has.

Despite such self-built success, in 2006 Camden Council decided to cash in on the already money-spinning tourism trade. The Stables market was redeveloped into a more commercial



A smoke cloud over the Lock Market. What's new?

and modern setting for stalls. Despite strong opposition from local residents, who argued it would tarnish Camden's quaint character, plans went ahead and the death of Camden Market began with an upscale restaurant placed slap-bang in the middle of The Stables.

However, the spirit of Camden prevailed and for the past two years Camden has managed to retain its ever-popular grotty-but-you-love-it atmosphere. On closer inspection, stalls have become almost identical; the same sunglasses and bags for sale and only a different bloke desperately yelling "I give you good price".

Things are now doubling in price, and stall owners have become more like shopkeepers. Long gone are the days when a rather questionable fellow would run through the market with the shirt you had a quick poke at in his stall, trying to endear you further into buying it.

On Saturday the 9th of February, the fires hit Camden Town at around 7pm. At the time of writing, the cause is still unknown and there have been no casualties. This is starting to sound like a world-changing atrocity, and in your eyes it may not seem anywhere near as serious, but for the 300-odd market and shop traders, their livelihood has been taken away for an indefinite amount of time.

Will Camden Council use the recent events as a good excuse to regenerate the affected area, if not the whole market, into a fresh and contemporary high street? If these suspicions are true, Fashion has lost its rebel son.

Some are already speculating wild but almost-believable conspiracy theories. Looking at what has occurred objectively, there were further plans to regenerate the whole of Camden High Street and its markets despite extremely strong local disapproval. A

widespread fire causes damage to a large portion of the market area, but evades the recently Council-renovated Stables Market, as well as avoiding a single casualty. Put the facts together and you can see why some people are peeved.

Despite living a one and a half hour tube journey away from Camden, I still spent my weekends growing up there. My teenage years have been set upon the grimy streets of Camden, and if I did not have those wonderful hours wasting away on the Lock watching Punks, Metalheads and others go by, I reckon I would be dressing like any other Tom, Dick and Harry on the streets. There were no Topshops or River Islands, and that was the best thing about it all. Camden inspired a sense of rebellious imagination in me, and if the Council has its savage way with Camden, I will be of the last generation to be inspired by the true Camden Market.



Camden High Street on a better day at the office



Whore skirts anyone?

COOL

LONDON FASHION WEEK

London Fashion Week

Sarah's the envy of everyone and wangled her way into the London Fashion Week's exhibitions this week. Free champagne apparently. Hmph.



Boots No.7 Men's Range

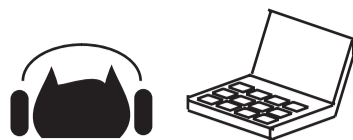
Skin and face creams for the more metrosexual of men. Anti Fatigue Eye Stick? I struggle to see the excitement, but that's probably because I'm tired.



Fashion 'Rock' Tees

Elvis has been dead for decades now. So has Kurt Cobain. The Sex Pistols are all on zimmer frames, whilst the Ramones are collecting their pensions. This is no reason to have their faces plastered across your chest, especially if their name is written below in sparkly font. Eurgh.

LAME



Technology

Technology Editor – James Finnerty

felix@imperial.ac.uk



James Finnerty
Technology Editor

What breaking news has come out of the Tech companies that span the surface of the world this week?

Well, to add to Microsoft's hobby of buying other companies, they placed a bid for Danger Inc, a company that designs mobile phones and produces software for them. Looks a bit like MS might be going down the phone market after Apple, but will they release anything that can compete with the iPhone in terms of pure popularity? Conversely, Apple have updated their trademark to cover the Apple brand in the video game sector so they may be going after the Xbox, trying to plug the hole that will be produced when no PS4 is released.

The government has changed its regulations on who is to blame for illegal downloads. They have decided to place the blame in the hands of ISPs unless they block the users responsible. This is intended to force the providers to take action instead of various copyright infringement bodies.

Intel is in more trouble as it has been accused of abusing its monopoly on the processor market. Great news for AMD fans as these claims, if founded, can lead to the EU confiscating 10% of Intel's turnover: which is an even bigger chunk of their final profit.

The European space program's Columbus ISS module was successfully attached this week after years of delays to its original launch and a few minor delays to the actual attachment. One of the crew members was taken ill, meaning the new guy on the shuttle team had to take over.

The kid who cracked the iPhone firmware first time round has done it again with the newest "most secure" version. Keeping in line with his previous work the recent hack is not exactly user-friendly, requiring a lot of talent to actually take advantage of it. A simpler version will probably appear in the next few weeks, prompting Apple to kick out yet another update. When this game of back and forth is complete, the iPhone will probably be the most secure device on the planet.

There has been public debate about the use of high-pitched sirens audible only to youth. The intended use is to annoy kids so that they stay away from places they are not wanted. Some of you may be familiar with the siren that is installed outside one of the hotels between Kensington High Street and Imperial College. The sides of the argument are that this is a breach of human rights, but there are plenty of people who feel this is acceptable.

The first Google Android-enabled phones have been displayed by their manufacturers. To those unfamiliar with Android it is Google's attempt at a operating system for phones to directly compete with Windows Mobile and Symbian products. The platform allows developers full access to the source code as it uses standard Linux components. This is in stark contrast with competitors and is a million miles away from Apple's infamously closed architecture.

Update: Yahoo! rejects M\$

Felix brings readers up to speed on this gigantic corporate game of ping pong



They think they are onto a winner with all the investment interests but are they pricing themselves out of the market?

Well, to follow up on the big article last week, the two partners in this shotgun marriage have been having a bit of a lover's tiff. First, Yahoo rejected Microsoft's very generous offer due to it "not being good enough" and now Microsoft's Steve Ballmer has outdone himself with the statement that he rejects Yahoo's rejection. A very creative way to dodge the bullet that will be fired from the hip of Microsoft's very loyal shareholders.

Microsoft's £22 billion offer topped Yahoo's share price by 60% so it is possible for M\$ to go down the hostile takeover route as this would also save them a substantial amount of cash but reduce the potency of the resultant company due to resentment between

the corporate bodies. Yahoo have said they won't accept less than \$40 billion on the share which would require an offer in the £25-30 billion region; highly unlikely as Microsoft's share price has fallen since the original bid, reducing the original offer to around £20 billion. It's been a long time since Yahoo has been worth the money it's asking for and it may never be worth it; maybe Yahoo's management are grabbing at pennies in an attempt to cut their losses before Yahoo lose any more of the market.

Analysts feel the only reason Yahoo have rejected the initial offer is in a poor attempt to drive up the price Microsoft is offering. Another possibility is the fact that since the announcement of the bid last week, Yahoo's share price has been on the up as people want to

get in on the action that will be Microsoft. This is likely to go down again though people are unlikely to want anything to do with Yahoo if it decides to continue as a lone entity.

To add more fuel to the fire of Yahoo's money-grabbing (admittedly this is business) it has emerged that they are planning to begin talks with AOL over a possible merger. Now it appears that Yahoo thinks they are a bit of a goldmine due to MS's advances; but as we all know, this move is out of necessity so Yahoo going after other people seems a little bit off the mark. On the other hand, it would be quite interesting if something actually came of this. The thing is that AOL's subscribers have been dropping like flies so a merge would correspond to two stones clinging together for life in the online

advertisement ocean.

This merger needs to happen fast, though, as Google currently holds a 60% stake in the online advertisement business and even if MS and Y join they will only hold 30% between; meaning they're still going to have to play catch-up. Microsoft is likely to up the pressure constantly until Yahoo submit because they know as well as everyone else it's one of their best chances of regaining control of the market. The ridiculous rumours of Google taking on Yahoo are still being fuelled from somewhere as well. Monopoly, anyone?

Well I'm sure you'll get to hear more about this from me next week when some other weird news develops from this but hopefully they can just resolve this quickly as they are only minimizing the actual effect of the merger.

Nokia has a new flagship

Felix covers Nokia's follow up to its successful N95 model – will it be good enough?



Superphone – Nokia N96

Nokia have announced another follow-up to the widely popular N95 and N95 8Gb phones. Typical business plan we have here. Wait till everyone buys your top-range phone and then release one to take its place. At least it's got some cool new features, but it really doesn't offer enough to justify the bother of an upgrade. Right. That's my opinion out of the way. Let's cover the handset with a tad more objectivity, just for fun.

The N96 contains everything its predecessors had to offer and a handful more. It has a whopping 16Gb built-in storage as well as a MicroSD card reader. The N95 only had the card reader and the N95 8Gb had, you guessed it, 8Gb built-in and no card reader. So with this potent combination when the SDHC standard is maxed out, this phone will be able to store 48Gb of data on flash. I will let you do the math on how many hours of media that equates to.

The 5 Megapixel camera has nothing new but sees a slight tweak in the addition of a dual LED flash instead of a single. It will satisfy those who hold that the N95's flash was a little bit of a weakling. The big step is that this phone is going

to be the first to come with a TV tuner built in. Amazing. If we didn't already have enough ways to procrastinate, then daytime TV's offering of Jeremy Kyle and Judge Judy are sure to top us up.

The handset also contains what has been dubbed 'Assisted GPS'. What was wrong with regular GPS, dare I hear you say? Well, it was plagued with poor "find" times but once it knew where you were it could track you pretty well. So how have they fixed this flaw? Basically a server figures out roughly where you are in the world using the mobile phone masts through which you are connected. This info is used to help the satellite find you faster.

The N96 is also confirmed to contain Nokia's now slightly aged N-Gage platform. With some tweaks and updates this could provide a very promising selling point if the Nintendo DS' record sales are anything to go by. So with a games console, internet, GPS, TV and all the other endless feature sets available across the broad market of handsets, I wonder if and when we will say the creatives get stuck for ideas.

A nifty little feature that goes hand in hand with the ever growing video-playing nature of phones is a small kickstand located on the back allowing

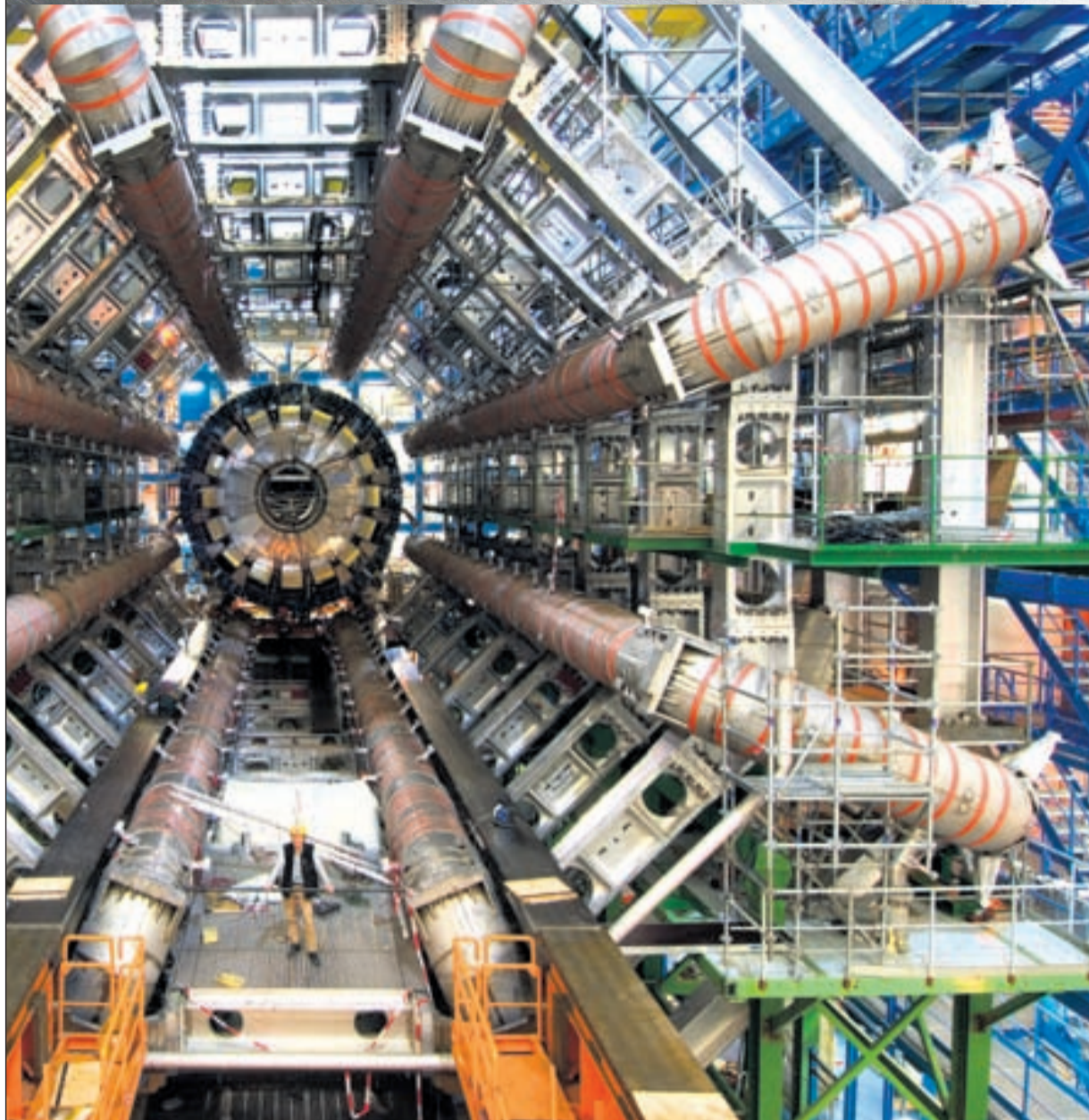
you to place it on any flat surface, sit back and enjoy your film. Similar to the little stands provided with Apple iPod's and iTouch's but with the practicality of being attached to the device.

A small flaw that some sources have mentioned is that this device may not support full-on 3G, reducing the speed of its mobile Internet and removing video calls. A bit of a downer for the UK market; for the people over the pond 3G won't work anyway so it won't make a difference. Nokia also released the N96's sister device in the same announcement. The N78 contains a very similar feature set to its sibling but is a more traditional soap-bar style handset rather than a slide model. This guy has some cool but slightly gimmicky features as well. Using its A-GPS it can geo-tag any photos you take; in other words it remembers where you took all your photos and allows you to view a map with photos marked out as locations. Also it contains an FM transmitter allowing you to play your music through your car radio without wires, nothing new to media players but new to phones.

So, in conclusion, this doesn't really appear to be a true flagship successor but it is pushing the envelope forward towards a device that will be as popular.

I,science

The Imperial College science magazine



www.iscienceonline.co.uk

Issue 8 • Spring 2008

Issue 8 is out now

**Available all over
campus, or pick
up a copy from the
Felix office in the
West Basement of
Beit Quad**

I,Science is recruiting writers for Issue 9

**If you're impressed by what you read and you
want to get involved, email the I,Science editor:
edward.wawrzynczak06@imperial.ac.uk**

Phoenix

The arts magazine of Imperial College

Phoenix is the arts magazine companion to Felix. It has existed for more than one hundred years, and was originally edited by H. G. Wells.

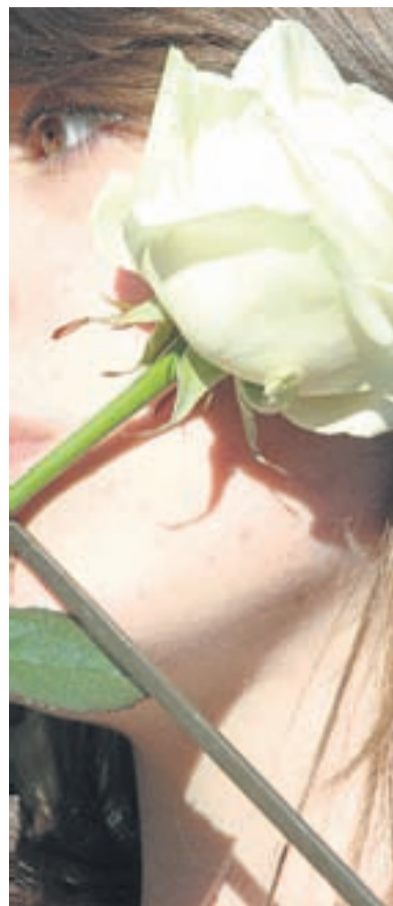
This term we're looking to publish the first issue in three years, which will be followed up by another issue in the summer. If you're interested in creative writing such as short stories and poems, or drawing comics, or photography or if you want to make some of your own suggestions, contact the Phoenix editor: david.paw03@imperial.ac.uk





Needy McNeedy: here to deproblemize yo' life

Needy's back again, bitchslapping whiners and wine-sipping bitches. E-mail: agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Seeing the good effects that my pearls of wisdom have been effervescing around campus has spurred me on to new heights of advice. Thank you for the barrage of emails, keep on sending them (agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk) and I'll try my best to answer them.

Dear Needy Mc Needy,

I've started to go out with a girl from another University, who's doing a degree in Female Asian Immigrants in Europe in the 1950's (BA Hons). The problem is; she only has half a lecture every week and stays in bed until 4pm every day. I do Geology but have started missing my 2 lectures a week because I can't bring myself to throw her out of bed when she stays at my house? Love is ruining my degree. What can I do?

Desperate

Dear Desperate

You could bribe someone on your course to go to lectures for you with chocolate. But, seriously, you can't keep letting this girl control your life; just because she wants to get a mean-

ingless degree, don't throw yours away for her. Will she still be with you when you fail? Probably not. Use the old tried and tested duvet yank; grab duvet by two corners, and pull sharply, works a treat.

Needy xxx

Dear Needy McNeedy

I've got this boyfriend, and we've been going out with each other for 3 months. We met through Sci Fi Soc (I joined to get the DVD boxsets of Buffy, but when I went to get them, nobody noticed I was female because they were too busy playing Warhammer and I ran away and never went back.) and were getting on really well until I realised that he never talks about anything apart from his degree. I'm so bored of listening to him bang on about fourier transforms, and event horizons, and that paradox with the computer program which tests if any other computer program will run forever. Please help.

PsiPhiGroupie

Dear PsiPhiGroupie

It must be infectious; why don't you

shut up about him talking about his degree and then he might follow suit. You think you've got problems? Those ****s in the H to the O to the R to the O to the Sizzle Copes section have taken a disliking to me and have started to lick my elbows whilst I type... They're following me. I can tell.

Needy xxx

Dear Needy Mc Needy

I've just got my first piece of coursework back, and they gave me an F! I've never got such a low mark before, being top of my class at school and everything. Admittedly I did the coursework on a dancing podium one night out without pens and paper, so I can see why they thought it was substandard. But I'm now left with a mark sheet exclaiming how badly I've performed. What shall I do?

ClassPrefect

Dear ClassPrefect

Find a utilities cupboard in your house that may already contain any of the following: boiler, vacuum cleaner, cleaning products. Fold the offending item

7 times (is this really the maximum number of times you can fold a bit of paper?) Place item in the cupboard, close the cupboard door. Warn housemates not to go near the cupboard (if you chose a cleaning cupboard, your housemates will probably thank you and gladly oblige). Problem solved! Incidentally, this method works with all problems, including your degree, any ex boyfriends or girlfriends, or calendar months which didn't go as planned. Try harder next time, or carry on partying and repeat the above method.

Needy xxx

Dear Needy McNeedy,

I have a cuff-link fixation. No matter what I'm wearing, I have to wear cuff-links. I find they lend me a regal splendour. However, this cuff adornment related zealously has led to rather pertinent impracticalities such as swallowing them whilst feasting over-actively on chicken feet. Please tell me how I can remedy such a desire with such an hectic modern existence.

Chicken Claw

Get out of my column Matty!

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



Aquarius

Your cuff-link fixation is unsolved by Needy's so-called advice. Afterwards in a fit of rage you impale every item

of clothing you own thus each garment able of supporting cuff-links. You feel a life of fighting crime awaits and you called yourself 'Cuff-link Man'. You die in a gunfight the next day fighting Athlete's Foot Boy. You were a shit superhero.



Pisces

This week Valdas Adamkus, the Lithuanian President calls you up suggesting a meet-up where you

can exchange ideas about Eastern European regeneration. You inform him that Kristijonas Donelaitis is your favourite Lithuanian author and admire Metai, the first ever Lithuanian poem. Well done, your ability to improvise has endeared you to the Lithuanian elite.



Aries

So you have a girlfriend. Well. Fucking. Done. There is at least one person on Earth who doesn't realise

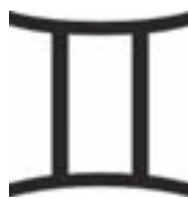
you for the fetid boil-plagued trauma that you are. You tell everyone you meet that you have obtained a significant other and your opinions are valid because you found a sperm receptacle with even lower a self-esteem than you.



Taurus

There are about 4 million native speakers of the Lithuanian language. It is of the Baltic family of the

Indo-European group of languages. Lithuanian is believed to be related very closely to the roots of the original stem Indo-European language. In order to be able to speak Lithuanian you must be holding a ram in one arm and a flute wedged into a leg-wound.



Gemini

Okay, okay I've got one for you. A guy walks into a bar and his trousers are on fire, he walks up to the barman and

says, "Can I have a lager please?" The barman says, "Wait a second, your legs are on fire." Aggravated, the man ablaze retorts, "Excuse me, I believe you'll see above that in this horoscope only my trousers were referred to, not my legs." He must've gone to Imperial.



Cancer

You are insulted by the distorted stereotype that is Gemini's horoscope. You write into Felix and receive this

reply: "Dear Sir/Madam, Please fuck off and die. Please find enclosed an axe with which to end your pathetic life. Luv ya bye LOL, Felix."



Leo

Lithuania is situated along the south-eastern shore of the Baltic Sea, sharing borders with Latvia to the

north, Belarus to the southeast, Poland, and the Russian exclave of the Kaliningrad Oblast to the southwest. Lithuania's 7th best export is holes and hole manufacture employs at least 2 million Lithuanians who pride themselves on their well-groomed back-hair.



Virgo

This week Felix wants to tell you that [REDACTED] money

[REDACTED] So [REDACTED] who will continue to [REDACTED] has enough money with which to buy Thai lady-boys and then still [REDACTED] He is and will always remain a source of AIDS in Africa.



Libra

Mars is pointing North-East suggesting that it is finally time to make the move to Africa. Embrace chickens

on public transport, greet the maggots on the toilet seat and don't fall into the sewer on your way home from your wild-night out consuming the local brew.

by Hannah Theodorou



Scorpio

It is a scientifically proven fact that Lithuanians are the world's best comedians. Comedy is such an

accepted way of life in Lithuania that instead of exchanging greetings upon meeting, Lithuanians exchange nob-gags or gentle satire depending on the formality of the occasions. The nation's fish is wet and plentiful whilst promoting healthy back-hair growth.



Sagittarius

Okay, this is between me and you. I think Nicola Roberts from Girls Aloud is actually pretty fit. I know

what you're thinking, "But she is the weakest link in the uber-girl pop girl-group." I don't know but when she scrunches up her offensive ginger face I melt a little inside. She just switches on that part of me that finds abba-toirs sexy and cancerous tumours erotic.

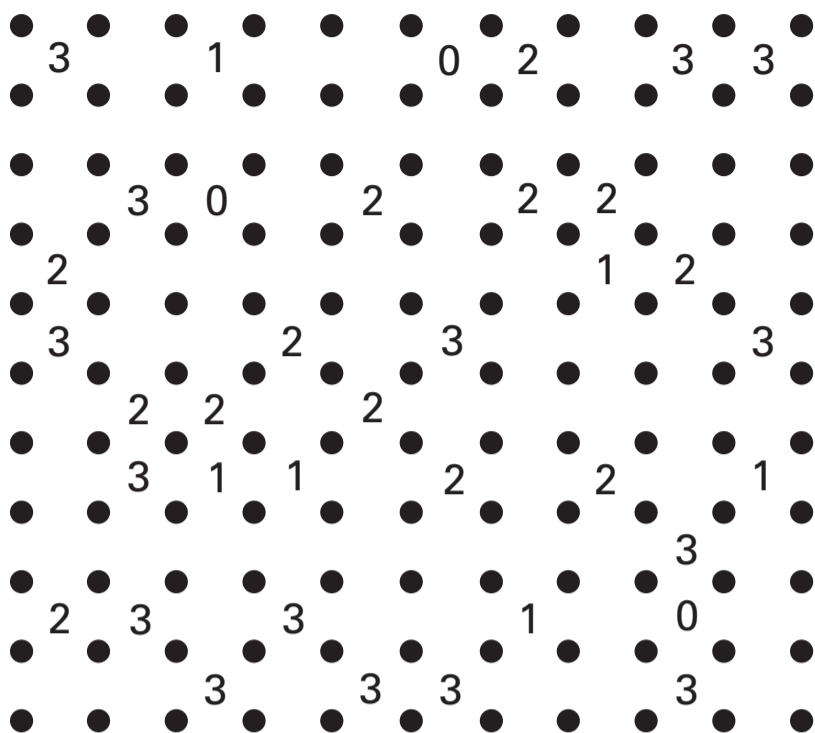


Capricorn

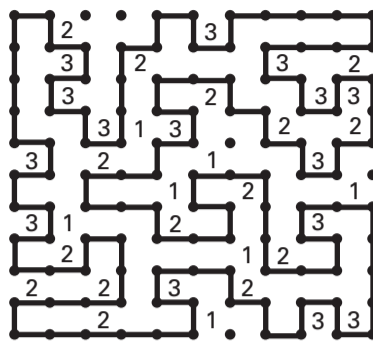
This week's horoscopes were brought to you by the Lithuanian Tourist Board. If you wish to visit

Lithuania, it is only reachable by wild-boar or paper aeroplane. All questions regarding the censored text can be sent to [REDACTED] c/o Imperial College Union, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB.

Slitherlink 1,396



1,394/5 solution



The winner of Slitherlink 1,395 was the same as the week before. We accidentally put the same Slitherlink in two weeks running. We apologise profusely. It won't happen again. Good luck with this one.

How to play:

Crudely speaking, Slitherlink is similar to Minesweeper mixed with a dash of Sudoku. The object of the game is to draw

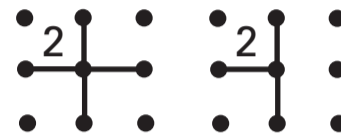
lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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



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

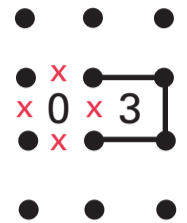
Remember, the line must form a loop, so the line cannot branch. The following situations are not allowed:



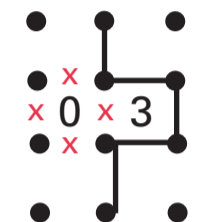
Squares are not allowed either. There are never cells containing the number 4 in Slitherlink.

So, where do you start? The most

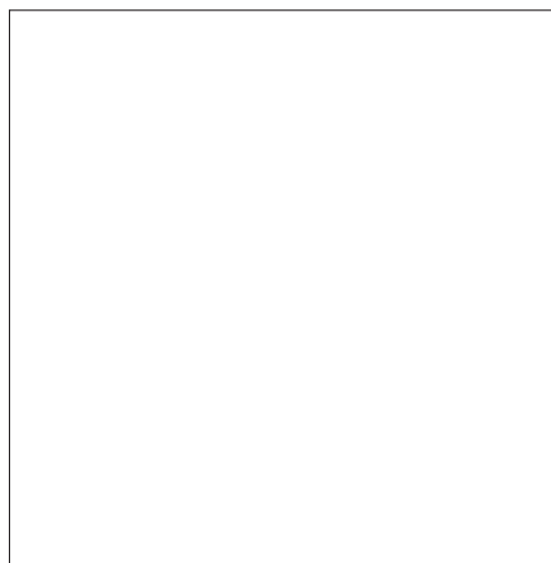
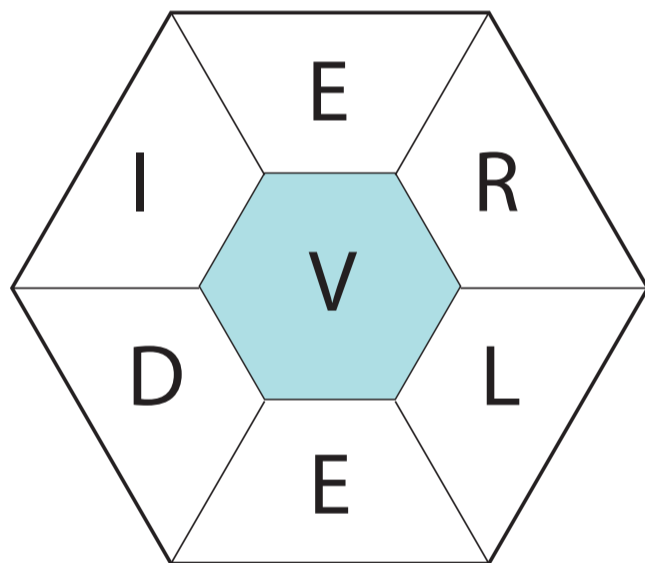
common place to start on a Slitherlink grid is by drawing crosses around any zeros. Drawing crosses is purely done to so that you know where there can't possibly be a line. So, take the pattern below as an example. Begin by drawing crosses, then by filling in some lines:



Now the lines can only continue in the following directions:



The Polygon of Gayrific Grundeltonguing Gadzooks



Last week's solution:

LADETTE

Congratulations if you got ladette!

Other words included:

date, dealt, deet, delate, delt, delta, elate, elated, late, lated, latte, leet, letted, tael, tale, tate, teal, teat, teated, teed, teel, tela, telae, tele

How to rate yourself:

Under 14 words: Oh my god, if I was as bad as you are, I'd kill myself. Although you probably couldn't even do that successfully.

15 - 24 words: Thats getting better but

seriously, you have to pull your socks up. I'd still be seriously considering suicide with this score.

25 - 34 words: This is more like it. If you get a few more, I may have to not euthanase you.

35 plus words: You are worthy.

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.

Shits & Giggles by Rayvon



Logic Puzzle: Guilty Secrets

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

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

Five candidates in the forthcoming Gimperial sabbatical elections have a guilty secret each. Can you work out from the clues who the candidate is, what their secret is, what position they are standing for and how their secret was outed!

1. Naughty Muppet (who didn't have a fondness for frogs and bears) was outed on Live!, unlike the person running for DPEW.

2. The person running for Felix Edi-

tor was outed (surprisingly) by Felix, whose staff were clearly outraged and slightly scared.

3. Lizard is running for DPCS and was outed by Stoic in a shock expose including actual footage.

4. Aussie has an affinity to gay haircuts, because he's worth it. He could often be seen mincing around college, striking poses at his reflection in windows.

5. The person who has a secret love-child was named and shamed by IC Radio. They admitted the child and the father, which turned out to be a current sabbatical officer!

6. Tweedle Dee was running for President, but turned out to be a bigamist (with no less than 5 partners). What is amazing is that the 5 partners didn't realise!

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

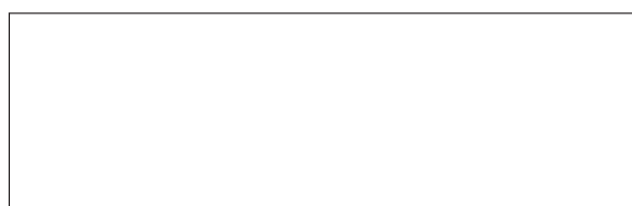
	DPEW	PRESIDENT	DPFS	FELIX EDITOR	DPCS	Metropolitan Police	Live!	IC Radio	Stoic	Felix	Naked photos published	Fondness for frogs and bears	Secret Love-Child	Bigamist	Affinity to Gay Haircuts
AUSSIE															
MUPPET															
TWEEDLE DEE															
LIZARD															
ATHENA															
Naked photos published															
Fondness for frogs and bears															
Secret Love-Child															
Bigamist															
Affinity to Gay Haircuts															
Metropolitan Police															
Live!															
IC Radio															
Stoic															
Felix															

Last week's solution

Name	Film
Christian	Shaving Ryan's Privates
Ashley	Deep Throat
John	Chitty Shitty Gang Bang
Matt	Good Will Humping
Phil	Free Willy
Food	Actress
Doner Kebab	Wendy Whoppers
Fish and Chips	Busy de Lusty
Chinese	Stormy Bottoms
Pizza	Ivanna Fook
Indian	Slutty McTrampster

Wordoku 1,396

A			T						
		W				H			
	R			W		O	K		
	O	T	H		W				C
		K	O		P	R			
H			K		C	T	O		
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		P				C			
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1,395 Solution

		O	G		R		L		
	L			R					
R	K			O	S	G			
A	O			L					
		S	A		I				
K	I	L	O	G	R	A	M	S	
	M	R	A				S	G	
			O			R			
O	K			G	M				

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

The winner of Wordoku 1,395 is **Attar Naderi**. The hidden phrase was: KILOGRAMS. Keep those entries coming in. We'll have a prize draw at the end of the year.



This week's texts:

"Hey baby, happy Valentine's day!"

"Will Neal: stop going home for happy hand time. Love your friends.x"

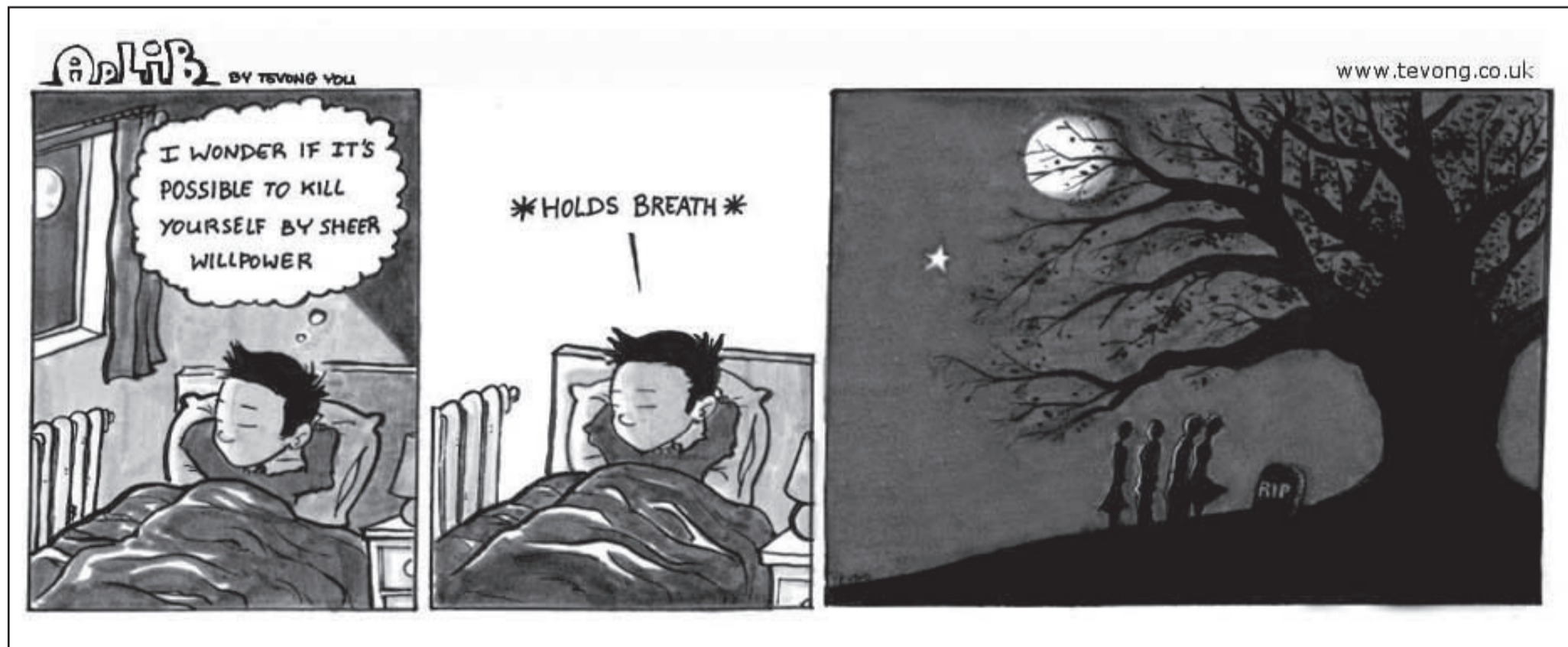
"Gilbert Dougherty is an irish fellatio-wielding Cloverfield cockmonster. Love JT.x"

"Borja, usted todavía no ha contestado a mis textos a Felix. Soy completamente inconsolable. He vertido mi corazón hacia fuera en mis pequeños mensajes, y usted incluso no ha contestado. Mis dolores del corazón. Necesito lamerme los dedos del pie, tan lentamente. Conteste por favor por favor por favor. Espero en esperanza."

07980 148 785

TEXT US! OR WE WON'T FEED THE CAT!

Adlib by Tevong You





Picture of the Week

The Mechanical Saviour, by Toby Sherwood
First Year Materials

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

East Meets West: Mesmerizing

Indian Society's East Meets West 2008 was a spectacular blaze of sultry sounds, dazzling dress, fiery beats and a mosaic of colour. **Sally Longstaff** attended and reports on this passionate embrace of world cultures

East Meets West is an annual charity show, organised and performed by the Indian Society. It is the largest show at Imperial and celebrates the vibrant diversity of both Imperial College and London. The theme of the evening is to raise money by enjoying a show highlighting a fusion of Eastern and Western cultures, by music, dance and performance. This year's performance was billed as "a passionate embrace of culture", the seamless fusion of fierce hip-hop, Hindi and orient traditions. All profits from the show are donated to charities and similar worthwhile causes.

East Meets West started 16 years ago as a simple idea to demonstrate classical Eastern acts alongside more contemporary Western performances. From performances in the Great Hall in front of 400 people, it has grown into a very diverse production. Previous venues have included the Shaftesbury Theatre, Hammersmith Carling Apollo, Barbican Hall and the Shepherd's Bush Empire. To accommodate the show's immense growth, it has moved in the past years to the prestigious London Palladium, which has a capacity of 2200.

On Sunday 10th February, East Meets West 2008 took place. The theatre buzzed with the excitement of over 1800 friends and families of the performers and students of IC. The lights were gradually dimmed and a countdown appeared, projected onto the stage. It got larger and larger, vibrating with the beat of the music, until everyone counted down to the start of the show. As I was sitting there I was so

excited: a brilliant, inspired start!

The show started with *Lacrimosa*, an unexpected, emotional, powerful and intense fusion of modern and traditional dance, including break dancing. After this, the comedy duo hosts bounded onstage, exuding energy. They were Eddie Nestor, who featured in *Trainspotting*, and Robbie Gee from *Snatch* and *Pirates of the Caribbean*.

Reminisce and Remember was the next act, a musical journey through song encompassing the "lyrical melodies of Western musical/operatic styles with the ethereal sounds of days by-gone in the Byzantine East". The two

"seamless fusion of fierce hip-hop, Hindi and orient traditions"

singers were spectacular, and the whole act displayed a high level of talent. The songs and voices were both haunting and melodic.

A real highlight for me was the *Elements of Fashion* act, a very well-staged fashion extravaganza. Air, Earth, Water and Fire, the elements of fashion, were displayed in an explosive fusion of Western and Eastern dress. The work on display was from such prestigious institutions as the London College of Fashion. The hair and make-up was spectacular, complementing the outfits completely. The models were amazing and moved like true professionals.

Next was a medley of songs from

Destiny's Child, performed by four girls with incredible voices: Ishan Mehta, Shifa Peeran, Ramyah Rajakulasingam and Khushboo Sinha. They were followed by *The Freestylin' Bols of Bollywood*, an eclectic mix of table bols (beats) and Kathak with some Bollywood craziness set to modern dance and pop tracks, such as Amy Winehouse's *Valerie*. Kathak is a classical dance form from North India, and it is a narrative dance characterized by fast footwork and spins. Ghunghru or small bells were tied around the dancers' ankles, tinkling and ringing as they moved.

My personal favourite of the night was *The Good, the Bad and Funkology*, an epic adventure to the days of bandits and lawless gun-fighting on the untamed frontier of the Wild, Wild West. A truly impressive routine of acting and dance in which the choreography was fast-paced, intricate and funny!! I loved it, especially the shoot-out scene! It was performed by the Funkology Team and members of the Urban Dance Company.

Bollywood Blossom was next, with four singers performing a light-hearted, delightful song from the popular Hindi movie, *Parineeta*. The sweet-sounding melodies of the four voices in Hindi soared into the theatre, beautifully captivating in their elegance and, even though I didn't understand the words, the sentiment was translated perfectly.

Definitely a great hit with the audience was the *Jewels of Arabia*, from the *Belly Dancing Club*. The girls shimmered, shook and swirled their way around stage, memorising the male au-



dience and making the girls jealous of their flat stomachs and gyrating hips!!

Fusion Fever! was a unique all-girl fusion of pop and bharatnatyam dancing, which was fun, feisty and full of energy. Bharatnatyam is a classical dance form originating from Tamil Nadu, a state in Southern India. It is traditionally performed by women and the hand shapes

are meaningful gestures, with each meaning something different. Some of these can be seen in the photos of the event, performed by the dancers in blue. The combination of modern and traditional dance and costumes was really breathtaking, and the contrasting pink and blue costumes were spectacular.



C/w from top left: *Elements of Fashion*, *Freestylin' Bols of Bollywood*, *The Good, the Bad & Funkology*, *Groundshaker Bhangra*, *Madhuri ki Masti*, *Elements of Fashion*, *Eastside Story*





Far left: Fusion Fever! From above: Freestylin' Bols of Bollywood, Rythmic Raas, Eastside Story, Jewels of Arabia, Groundshaker Bhangra, Jewels of Arabia and Drummer from Jusqu'a Fatigue.

The performance that closed Act One was Rhythmic Raas. Garba and Dandiya Raas are traditional folk dances from the Indian state of Gujerat. They involve dancing with Dandiya sticks, striking them together, to mark Navratri, one of the great Hindi festivals. The dances were modernised by the inclusion of dance music, an exciting and exhilarating update of a religious festival of music and dance.

After a short break for the interval, Act Two was started by Glorious Gospel, performed by the Gospel Choir. This is a recently-started venture at IC, and they performed a piece called Glorious, which was originally sung by Martha Munizzi, the famous gospel singer. The Gospel Choir arranged the song with a Latin American salsa twist, and it sounded, well, glorious!

Next up was an act called A Woman's Worth which told the story of women empowered to battle their inner emotions and rise up. The dancers called upon those ahead of them to triumph above all and break down these barriers. This dance was very modern and well-choreographed, well-suited to the music.

The IC Chinese Wushu Society then presented The Weapons of Wushu. Another highlight of the evening was this display of the fighting prowess of Chinese Martial Artists. It was incredible: with swirling swords and blades, hand-to-hand fighting, and spectacu-

lar acrobatics and gymnastics. The display left me breathless as the blades glittered just inches from the performers, all perfectly set to music. The performers were obviously incredibly talented!

Eastside Story was the story of growing up with Eastern roots, whilst living with Western influences and the problems with finding one's place. The dancers were split into two, half

"...an absolutely spectacular show... truly mesmerizing"

with modern clothes and dance styles, and half traditional. Each danced as if showing off to the other, whilst a girl from the traditional dancers fell for a modern boy. It ended explosively, in a Romeo-and-Juliet tragedy with the boy being shot and the girl appealing to her daddy. It was well-choreographed and portrayed the narrative well.

Acoustic Awaazein... RnB Style was an acoustic collection of RnB songs and Urdu poetry complemented by table beats and classical guitar. Although the beginning was slightly marred by some members of the audience yelling encouragement to the performers, the

two singers performed admirably.

Madhuri ki Masti was a performance to honour the diva of Bollywood, Madhuri Dixit. Her signature moves from her films were recreated by the girls with style and grace. Jusqu'a Fatigue was next on stage, performed by the Afro-Caribbean Society, a fusion of African flavours with some Indian beats. A hip-shaking, foot-stamping, hand-clapping lively performance!

The Punjabi Society presented the electrifying Groundshaker Bhangra. The Punjabi Society recently won third place in "The Bhangra Showdown", the first National Bhangra competition in the UK, and presented new choreography and a new electric blue-themed costumes. Groundshaker Bhangra is renowned for its passion, enthusiasm and spirit, which were definitely reflected in the performance. It was full of energy, enthusiasm and bounce, which left me breathless just from watching!

The next act was a performance by Nirag Chag, an up and coming producer. He was awarded "Best Underground Act" at the Asian Music Awards in November 2006. He is a performer, artist and composer, having been spotted whilst working for the Outcaste label. He mixes modern production with western and eastern classical styles, thus very much in keeping with the spirit of the evening. He has also written songs and soundtracks for both TV



and radio. His performance consisted of playing songs from his album "Along the Dusty Road", with an acoustic guitar, keyboard and singer.

The grand finale, The Time Has Come, started with the well known singing of the Circle of Life, and told the story of a journey from the Savannah to the Street through a variety of dance and music styles, including Fat Boy Slim. It ended with the entire cast on stage, including the committee and artistic team. A great end to an absolutely spectacular show. It was a truly mesmerizing show, and I couldn't believe the level of talent that I had seen.

Not only was the evening an extremely successful showcase of talent, but it raised over £11,000 to be split equally between the three charities supported by the Indian Society. The theme of the East Meets West 2008 charities was supporting youth and children around the world. The chosen three causes look to aid not only those in India and UK, but the whole world, and are: Plan India, Save the Children and Friends of Michael Sobell House. The Indian Society have collaborated with the IC Save the Children Society and the Raising and Giving (RAG) program to raise even more money across the campus.

Plan India was set up in 1996 as a program-driven, independent, child-centred Indian organisation. Its main objective is to ensure the basic rights of children living in difficult circumstances through various programs, and to enable all children to realize their full potential. Plan India believe that through working together, everyone involved in the development process can contribute to building a better world. This includes involving children and providing them with opportunities to have their say on issues affecting their lives, as well as education, workshops and medical attention.

Save the Children are leaders in

transforming attitudes toward children. They aspire to producing breakthroughs for children through their policies, focussed on campaigning, programmatic and emergency response work. They work to eradicate child exploitation, neglect and suffering, demanding justice for the world's poorest and most vulnerable children. They aim to achieve dramatic change for children through their work.

Michael Sobell House, situated in Northwood, Middlesex, opened in 1977, focussing on improving quality of life for patients by providing relief from pain and distressing symptoms and illnesses such as cancer. Patients may be admitted to the 16 bed in-patient unit to help with symptom management, rehabilitation, respite care, or care in the last few days of their life. The Friends of Michael Sobell House support the House in providing a centre of excellence for specialist palliative care services enhancing the care of patients with life limiting illness and support for their families and carers.

The three Vice-Presidents who run the Indian Society, Parvandeep Kaur, Shifa Perran and Khushboo Sinha wish to thank the whole committee, the performers, backstage crew, DramSoc, the London Palladium, the Union, PhotoSoc, Will Turner and all the other societies involved in the show. Sachin Dhuggal from the main sponsor, Nivio.com, summed up the evening well: "unbelievable is the only world that comes to mind".

The Indian Society is the largest Society at IC, with a membership of over 1000 people. The Society's main aim is to encourage awareness of diverse aspects of Indian culture. IS takes part in the International Night Show and organises trips, social events and sporting activities. For more info go to: www.union.ic.ac.uk/osc/india/



C/w from top left: Wushu, Bollywood Blossom, Madhuri ki Masti and A Woman's Worth

Hockey men scrape through to semi-finals on penalties

Hockey ULU Cup

Imperial Men's 1st	2
Royal Holloway Men's 1st	1

Owen Connick

Having been gifted a Bye in the first round, a win in this match would see IC safely through to the semi-finals in a fortnight's time. With a number of players out through injury and other commitments, it was a somewhat reshuffled team which took the field, but that didn't stop us from playing our usual style of expansive, attacking hockey. Shipman suffered a suspected broken thumb playing for UL on Sunday but he manned up for the team and despite not really being able

to hold a stick properly offered to play goal-hanger role. This was seen by all other players as a ploy to force Captain Crusty to play him up front, it worked.

It soon became apparent that IC were by far the better team and Holloway were continually being reprimanded for stick-tackles, dangerous play and no-end of foot-fouls. Eventually the Holloway number 10 saw yellow after attempting to mount Date Rape from behind. DR seemed to make himself a magnet for swinging Holloway sticks and before long more cards had to be shown the dirty-tricks Holloway midfield. Not happy with petty fouls, the opposition went one step too far. Skull F**k, having a top game in midfield was impaled from close range by an attempted aerial and had to be patched up and sent off for a couple of hours wait in A&E. IC played on with just 10 men, but refused to let the deficit

show with every man working hard for each other. At half time the score was still locked at 0-0 and we knew that we should have been 3 or 4 and comfortably away but there was a lot of work still to do.

Holloway started positively and produced some of their best counter-attacking play as IC (still outnumbered) pushed forward in search of a goal and became increasingly frustrated with their inability to finish an attack off. And then they scored. Now a goal down and a man down, IC had to find something special to get back into the game- and that something special is Dr. Harold Shipman. IC broke from defence with Mountie bringing the ball out wide on the right and firing a long pass to Shipman who'd made good space for himself on the left of the Opposition 25. With some silky magic he waltzed past his marker, into the D and hit an absolute rocket reverse stick shot into the top right corner, leaving the Holloway keeper for dead.

That levelled the score at 1-1 but IC continued to push forward in search of the winner, leaving inevitable gaps at the back. Plug pulled off some top-drawer saves in the IC goal, helped by Mountie with a goal-line clearance and first-class work rate from every member of the team. After 70 minutes, the teams were still even and it had to be decided by penalty flicks.

After five flicks from each side the scores were still even and it went to sudden death. Blondie from Holloway bottled it and so, cometh the hour, cometh the man, Diana stepped up to the spot. Calmly, casually collecting the ball placing it carefully on the spot and then fiercely firing it past the flailing keeper, Diana sealed the match for IC and secured our place in the Semi finals.



Diana with the winning P-flick

Hockey girls easily through to semi's

Hockey ULU Cup

Imperial Women's 1st	3
Royal Holloway Women's 1st	1

Siobhan Kohli-lynych

Despite the IC Ladies' impressive record in the ULU Cup, it proved difficult to get a team together for what would be a windy and exciting day at Fortress Harlington - Myra was unavailable, having joined the DeIViants on tour in Amsterdam, and Preying Mantis was occupied with family business. Kebab was dragged back from a dirty weekend in Bristol to play and Leper had to play, despite having a younger sister visiting from across the Irish Sea - what does she mean there are better things to see in London than IC Ladies 1s play hockey?! Meanwhile, Dominator helped out the defence for the second time in a week.

It was already a nerve-racking day before the match even started - the Men's 1st XI were also playing Royal

Holloway in their quarter final at Harlington, so there was lots of shouting, e.g. "Give me an I! Give me a C! What does it spell? IC!" JD attempted to start a team talk during the last few minutes of what was already a tense game - this was a mistake, as nobody listened, but the adrenalin and support were good preparation.

IC were the stronger team from the beginning and were soon 1-0 up. The Ladies showed their class, and continued to dominate the game, although, despite their form, seemed to have difficulty converting chances into goals. Half-time was upbeat, and the second half started off with the same intensity as the first. Unluckily, Royal Holloway equalised, but this was short-lived, as IC put another two in the back of the net - a hat-trick for T*tw*nk.

With five minutes to go, MJ's shoulder became dislocated and she had to go off - IC were left without a goalie! The remaining few minutes were played with 11 outfield and IC managed to hold the scoreline despite some threats. Their form in the ULU Cup continues and they are ready for UCL in the Semis next week!



More ass! P.S. Deborah has a great ass (She told me to say that!)

Ladies Volleyball finish the season on a high

Volleyball BUSA

Imperial Women's 1st	3
LSE Women's 1st	0

Katerina Tsangaris

It has been another amazing couple of matches for the Imperial Women's Volleyball team. The team confidently dominated their league, remaining unbeaten. This means promotion to the first division next year and qualification to the Trophy knockouts held in mid-February. Making the most of trainings and with strong determination all the girls have succeeded in becoming, from a bunch of strangers, a tight team enjoying their performances on court while also having a blast.

The second term started with a victory against LSE on 23/01, who ended up Second in the League. The match allowed excellent practice against a tough team. The final league game was that against ULU's second team which took place on Wednesday 30th January. The first two sets went by smoothly with no difficulty in securing the required 25 points with some amazing hits. Notwithstanding ULU's efforts to come back up and some amazing

Volleyball BUSA

Imperial Women's 1st	3
ULU Women's 2nd	0

reception and digs on their side, our attack proved superior in a tight 3rd set - which went all the way up to 28-26 for IC! Players match report cards follow:

Alana: Silver service. Pivotal in opening up ULU's defences through middle attacks. One of her hits is so fast that 3 different opposition players near-miss it. She gets blocked once, shrugs it off, gets the next ball faster from setter and hits it in. She appears somewhat overheated at the end of match - possibly as a way of trying to be comforted by Tim.

Ashly: Lazy but deadly. Asked by the coach to set closer to the net, immediately adjusts and keeps on feeding great sets to the whole team. She then proceeds to strike fear of God into the other team with nifty unexpected tips. And all of this without even running or talking that much...

Cecile: Strong debut on the outside. Ready to serve the first ball of the match and from then on it's a set of bombs - very valuable in gaining leads

over the opposition. She settles in nice with the rotations and hits with precision and power.

Emily: The hand of god. Reliable left-handed hits from middle and very confident passes. When back-court she leads the defence and makes sure the setter does not have to run much (see above).

Karin: Flying girl. She delivers the first mighty hit spot on the line. And several more - contributing to crushing ULU's hopes. Then makes way for others in team and supports team from the bench, while enjoying a well-deserved rest. One to watch.

Kat: Captain courageous. Good performance throughout. I think I even saw her dive. She supplies plenty of smooth passes and exudes the usual confidence to the team. In the third set she is returned to family& friends.

Nadia: Most elegant player. Sweet attacks from the outside. You can tell by the way she warms up jumping while waiting on the sidelines it's going to be a blast. Comes in for the second set, immediately ready to hit.

Rebecca: Found in translation. She plays in two different positions in the last two sets - very tricky task - and delivers well. She starts as outside hitter and leaves a mark. Then moved to opposite, where she works well covering the setter. Great dives throughout



IC setting up another point

the final heated exchanges.

Valentina: Safe pair of hands. Patiently snoozing on the sidelines for a while. Then she is in and off to serve. A series

of masterly accurate short serves digs a hole in ULU's reception and sweeps away any hopes of catching up. And I think I saw her dive too...

Coping with injury

Hannah Barr
Energia Fitness Instructor

Injury can be a painful experience for anyone, both physically and emotionally, but for a competitive athlete it can open up a whole other can of worms. This is because you are a competitor not only against others but with yourself and to suddenly be stopped in your tracks is very unnerving, it can disrupt your season in terms of being ready to compete, and you may even have to miss out on some competitions. This is all very difficult to digest and on top of this you hurt, some times a little, some times a lot. This doesn't always stop you from participating, but the majority of the time by doing this you end up putting yourself at greater risk of a more serious injury or perhaps even worse- in team sports you could put others' safety at risk.

As boring as it may sound, an injured athlete needs to act responsibly. This is difficult when you have a mixture of emotions battling against each other but can be made easier by writing down how you feel or chatting to a friend. Bruised self esteem, anger,

body's limits. And when everything else in life is falling apart (i.e. academics, relationships, other activities), sport gets me through the day. When I injured my foot three months ago, I realised how addicted and high I am after a good and satisfying training session.

It's been three months - 12 weeks. Two of them I couldn't walk, four of them I was ill with flu/head colds, six of them I couldn't go on any type of cardio machines. Nearly all twelve have robbed me of the athlete high. Injury is a domino effect. If life is split up into academics, work, athletics, non-athletic activities, eating, and sleeping: athletics affects it all. My studies have suffered, my sleep is restless, eating is not as enjoyable and often the sugary delights are more tempting.

Everyday I go to the gym to do my "exercises" which is just a list of stretches (ie squats, lunges, foot exercises, abdominal crunches and other core stability holds). I can see the improvements on a week-to-week basis and this positive attitude is what gets me to the gym to do the Physio's recommended routine. It is frustrating most days; I often cannot complete a



Injury can always be an emotional struggle for athletes

denial, helplessness, disbelief, uncertainty, and sadness are just some of the feelings an injured athlete will encounter on the road to recovery so having an outlet can be really beneficial during this time.

From the following extracts taken from the diary of one of my injured clients - a competitive runner - you can gain an insight into the obstacles she has had to overcome, and is still dealing with. I hope this will act as a way for other injured persons to realise that they are not alone, help is at hand, but also that you will make progress and can take some positives from the experience.

Extracts from an injured athlete's diary:

Any serious athlete has goals. Usually the goal is to improve their body through lifestyle changes to accomplish a task. These aims are present constantly: the details of the training program, the purpose of each workout, reflecting on previous training to find ways to improve, what type of food and how much one consumes, when and how much one sleeps, and researching ways to become better. Sport is my anchor: it gets me out of bed, it makes me tired so I can fall asleep, I eat healthy after a hard workout, I love seeing my

certain exercise since I'll have pain or cramping which cripples me mentally. I log all my workouts- maybe it's a bit OCD, but I don't know anyone that doesn't enjoy seeing progress or not seeing progress and addressing why.

My emotional state also suffers. Other than work, I had nothing to look forward to in the week- I couldn't go on the long Sunday run or the certain workout class. I don't have anything in the diary at present that I'm training for, just to recover. This is motivation enough for me to continue because three months later- I am walking and slowly reintroducing exercises into my new training schedule.

So until I can run again, I'll keep up the sport massages, physio, "weightless" training sessions and a training log to track progress. I can't give up on myself. This type of drive made me a successful athlete so now I just need to keep my mind on the goal to recover and gently fight through the tough times so that in the future I can attain the runner's high again. Eventually I'll be back to my old self- happy to have a training goal rather than the present one: maintaining baseline fitness and nurturing myself back to health.

If you are suffering from an injury which prevents you from taking part in your chosen activity, please do come and see us in Energia.

Imperial secure promotion!

Rugby
BUSA



Imperial Men's 1st XV	69
Middlesex Men's 1st XV	5

Jovan Nedić
Sports Editor

It must have been a rather daunting thought for bottom of the table Middlesex as they arrived at Fortress Harlington this Wednesday. Middlesex had only won one game so far and were definitely getting relegated, Imperial on the other hand were top, raring to improve their performance and gunning for promotion into the Premiership.

The line-up for the match was a bold move by the coaches, resting up to 9 regular 1st XV starters. Although there was a fear that the team may struggle as a consequence, the fear quickly disappeared within the first 5 minutes. Imperial showed great strength, running some very attacking lines. The first points didn't come from a try however, but from a penalty kicked by centre Dan Godfrey. This was just the beginning of the tidal wave of scores that Imperial were going to unleash on Middlesex, and the newly formed batch of 1st XV players began to work like a finely tuned, well oiled juggernaut.

The back three of Rob Phillipps, Max Joachim and Michael Okeigun opened up their legs and were flying down the wing, making several darting runs. Imperials' opening try came from a scrum in Middlesex's 22, with scrum-half Remi Williams off loading the ball to Rob Phillipps who simply sailed over the line in the corner. Dan Godfrey easily converted to get the extra two points.

With the forwards dominating in the scrum and giving very clean ball, the backs were able to sparkle and simply dance around the Middlesex backs, who were bemused by centre Joe Harris' run straight through them to get the second try again in the corner. Dan Godfrey, not phased by the fact he was all the way out on the touchline, sailed the ball over the posts to the dismay of Alexander Johnstone on the sideline.

The back three again showed their utter domination with winger Mike Okeigun breaking a couple tackles and

powered his way over the try-line. This time the kick was in the opposite corner to the previous two, yet this was no problem for Godfrey as he just kept tallying up the points. Phillipps finished off an astounding first half scoring a try from what can only be attributed to sheer pace, leaving the half-time score at 29 - 0 to Imperial.

The half-time talk was very straight forward - more of the same. The Imperial pack were by far the superior one, turning over scrums and rucks, leaving the fly-half James Fletcher with plenty of time to set up attacks and allowed Okougun to get his second try. Kicking duties had now passed onto Man of the Match Joachim who converted. Support play was the key to the victory with every player doing their part, even prop forward Joseph Sanders who was ready and waiting in support to Fletcher, thus scoring his first try of the season.

Some changes were made during the half, yet even these changes didn't diminish the performance of the side. Replacement winger James Aulford showed great power and awareness as he broke through the line and off loaded the ball Sanders. Having made a good 30 meters, the pack set up the ball and then simple hands down the line allowed Joachim to score his first try, which he converted. The flood gates were well and truly open now,

and Imperial were ever vigilant to how they were going to score their next try.

The backs were on fire, and only supposed errors denied Phillipps three more tries. Yet this didn't stop him getting his hat-trick of tries, nor did it stop Joachim getting his second try. The excitement of tries and dazzling performance was too much for fly-half James Fletcher, who at one point decided to have a fight with the posts and lost, thus earning himself the Twat of the Match title.

But it was the last try of the game that summed up the entire day. The Imperial forwards managed to turn over a Middlesex scrum inside the Imperial half, and with a quick re-adjustment and simple scissor, replacement centre John Goulding waltzed through the Middlesex defenders to score a 50 metre try.

With the game ending after that try, the score stood at 69 - 5 to Imperial (Imperial gave away a consolation try!), their biggest win of the season. Big hits were going on all over the pitch, non more so than the one from flanker Flannan O'Mahony. Captain Andrew Jasudasen was at his peak, as was James Petit, both of who worked hard.

Overall, despite the large number of changes, Imperial performed superbly, have secured the league win and what is sure to be promotion to the Premiership next year.



Flannan O'Mahony putting in a bit hit, with the pack ready to support

The curse of the Valentine's Day match

Jovan Nedić
Sports Editor

With many of Imperials' clubs having finished their league seasons, BUSA cup and shield matches could get underway. Wednesday was no exception, with 8 teams playing this week, and a further 5 to start their first round games next week.

As a quick round up, Imperial did fairly well with 4 of the teams winning and 4 losing. Men's Hockey got up extremely early to travel all the way to Plymouth to play the College of St. Mark & St. John. Thankfully the epic journey was not worth it in the end with Imperial winning 4 - 1 and now face either Gloucestershire or Chichester in the quarter-finals.

Women's Volleyball played Team Bath winning 3 - 1, and now they face the epic journey to Plymouth to play the College of St. Mark & St. John. Men's Squash have been the dominant force this season, beating every team 5

- 0. Exeter were no exception as Imperial brushed them aside with another 5 - 0 win.

And now we come to the main point of the headline. This Thursday, Imperials netball team, who have also been undefeated this season, were scheduled to play Westminster in the BUSA Cup game. Unfortunately the game had to be cancelled because the Westminster girls all had dates organised for Thursday, and as such they were unable to put a team out. There are several problems with this, firstly there was the initial confusion of who Imperial were meant to be playing, and after this was sorted out, both side agreed on Thursday to play the match since Wednesday was too short notice. Westminster then turn round and said that the girls didn't really want to play because it was Valentine's Day and so BUSA handed Imperial the walkover.

Just goes to show the determination of Imperial teams, whether it be a 5 hour journey down to Plymouth or

re-arranging your plans for Valentine's Day, to play a cup game so that the club can improve.



Generic Valentine's Day crap

News in brief

The Night Hike is coming

Neil Dowse

This year's night hike will be taking place in the Wendover area of the Chiltern Hills – a new venue, featuring glorious moonlit hillsides and dark scary forests! Transport can be provided from South Kensington, and will cost an extra £7 or so. Entry to the event is £5 for IC students.

The actual aim of the evening is to visit as many checkpoints as possible in a set amount of time. Points will be awarded for each checkpoint visited. The team with the most points wins. Three different categories (Novice/Competent/Runner) cater

for all abilities and levels of competitiveness so there's no excuse not to enter. There will be special prizes as well as for the fastest teams such as the traditional 'craziest torch'.

It's open to anyone and everyone. You do as much or as little activity as you want, and you choose how fast you go, how far to go and when to finish. Teams of two, three or four people may enter. Although most teams will represent a specific club or groups of students, anyone- even from the world outside of Imperial- can enter as well. The race will take place in a fortnight on the Saturday 23rd February.

Gaelic Football comes to IC

**Gaelic Football
Friendly**

Imperial College 0-0 (0)
Oxford University 3-04 (13)

Andrew Lavery

The day had finally come for the newly formed ICU Gaelic Football Club, as we took to the field on Sunday afternoon for a hard-fought and spirited match against local rivals Oxford University. Without an official home pitch for IC, and only one training session so far, the team made the journey up the M40 fully confident in our abilities and looking forward to what would be a hard hitting encounter.

Despite the strong breeze which kept scoring low throughout the game, the pitch was in good shape and allowed for plenty of open play. Oxford started the game brightly, if very arrogantly, trying their luck with at least four pot shots at goal from close range, all expertly kept out by keeper Mus Botchway and

aided by some frenetic defending by the full and half back lines marshalled by Eddie O'Hare. Inspired by our defence and long kick-outs into the wind, the IC team began to take the game to Oxford. Midfield duo, Finian McCann and Gaelic football debutant Danny Wilson were outstanding in midfield, competing for possession and feeding the Forwards with some quality ball, despite the rough and high tackles coming in from all sides by the dirty Oxford old boys frustrated at the lack of time afforded them on the ball – or maybe just the dig to the mouth Finain gave to his marker. Half time came and IC left the field only four points down, by no means an insurmountable task.

After passionate words from Club Captain Frank O'Neill, we retook the field with every intention of grabbing the next score. Several attempts and some scoreable free-kicks later, hampered by the breeze, IC were unlucky not to be on even terms. Oxford made full use of the wind and pressed their advantage by moving their target man directly in front of the goals to get the better of full-back Andrew Lavery by

continually sending high balls in over the top. Despite several saves and solid defending IC made some silly mistakes and conceded some soft goals, the score line not reflecting the match being played at all. The second half played out with some neat play from forwards Doyle, Phelan and Carville always threatening to score but IC eventually came off the field, defeated but still proud of a very respectable performance.

Special mention must be made to skilful performance of 'Man of the Match', Pat McMullen playing like a natural despite only learning the rules of Gaelic watching a match down at the Union on Saturday night and reading Wikipedia the next morning. Dependable performance from Freshers; Gallagher, Davis, Jakeman and Gill are all worth mention and with further work ICUFC are certain to perform well in the upcoming BUSA tournament in Birmingham – only one week away!

If anyone is interested in playing drop an e-mail to al306@ic.ac.uk or check out the Facebook group. We will be training on Sunday morning.

Imperial Team of the Week



IC Volleyball Women's 1st

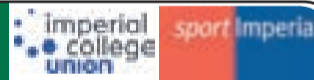
The ladies 1st volleyball team have had a great season so far. They were unbeaten in the league and yesterday they defeated Team Bath in the BUSA knockout stage and are one match away from the finals. Well done girls! Hope to hear about the game next week!



The newly formed IC Gaelic Football team posing after their match with Oxford

Fixtures and Results

in association with Sports Partnership



Saturday 9th February

Football – ULU	
ICU Men's 1st	2
RUMS Men's 1st	1
ICU Men's 2nd	2
Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	5
King's College Men's 3rd	0
ICU Men's 5th	5
ICU Men's 7th	2
ICU Men's 6th	8

Sunday 10th February

Football – ULU	
University College London Women's 1st	N/A
ICU Women's 1st	N/A
Hockey – ULU	
ICU Men's 3rd	6
King's College Men's 2nd	0
ICU Women's 2nd	18
King's Medicals 2nd	0

Monday 11th February

Badminton – ULU	
St. Barts and The Royal Mixed 1st	N/A
ICU Mixed 1st	N/A
King's College London Mixed 1st	N/A
ICU Mixed 1st	N/A

Basketball – ULU	
ICU Women's 1st	N/A
Imperial Medicals Women's 1st	N/A

Netball – ULU	
University College London 2nd	62
ICU 1st	36
London School of Economics 4th	N/A
ICU 2nd	N/A
St Barts & The Royal London 3rd	24
ICU 3rd	26

Squash – ULU	
ICU Men's 1st	N/A
King's College London Men's 1st	N/A
University College London Men's 1st	N/A
ICU Men's 2nd	N/A
ICU Men's 3rd	3
London School of Economics Men's 2nd	2

Water Polo – ULU	
ICU 1st	N/A
King's College London 1st	N/A

Wednesday 13th February

Badminton	
Cardiff University Men's 1st	7
ICU Men's 1st	1

University of Durham Women's 1st	5
ICU Women's 1st	3

Football – ULU	
King's College London Men's 2nd	N/A
ICU Men's 3rd	N/A
RUMS Men's 2nd	3
ICU Men's 4th	3
King's Medicals Men's 3rd	2
ICU Men's 5th	0
Queen Mary's Men's 4th	N/A
ICU Men's 6th	N/A
ICU Men's 7th	4
Royal Holloway Men's 6th	0

Hockey	
College of St. Mark and St. John Men's 1st	1
ICU Men's 1st	4
ICU Men's 4th (ULU)	3
Imperial Medicals Men's 3rd (ULU)	1

Lacrosse	
ICU Women's 1st	1
University of Nottingham Women's 2nd	17

Netball	
ICU 1st	WALKOVER TO IMPERIAL
Westminster 1st	

Rugby Union	
ICU Men's 1st	69
Middlesex Men's 1st	5
ICU Men's 3rd	0
Imperial Medicals Men's 3rd	49
ICU Men's SESSA 1st	0
College of Law Men's SESSA 1st	110
University of Greenwich Women's 1st	0
ICU Women's 1st	80

Squash	
ICU Men's 1st	5
University of Exeter Men's 2nd	0

Tennis	
ICU Women's 1st	0
University of Exeter Women's 1st	10

Volleyball	
University College London Mixed 2nd (ULU)	2
ICU Mixed 1st (ULU)	2

Lacrosse	
ICU Women's 1st	3
University of Bath Women's 2nd	1

Friday 15th February

Basketball – ULU	
ICU Men's 1st vs SOAS Men's 1st	

Saturday 16th February

Football – ULU	
LSE Men's 1st vs ICU Men's 1st	
Royal Holloway Men's 1st vs ICU Men's 2nd	
ICU Men's 3rd Royal Holloway Men's 3rd	
ICU Men's 4th vs UCL Men's 6th	
Royal Holloway Men's 4th ICU Men's 5th	
King's Medicals Men's 5th vs ICU Men's 6th	
RSM Men's 1st vs ICU Men's 7th	

Sunday 17th February

Football – ULU	
ICU Women's 1st vs King's Med Women's 1st	

Hockey – ULU

ICU Men's 1st vs UCL Men's 1st	
ICU Men's 2nd vs St. Barts Men's 3rd	
ICU Women's 1st vs UCL Women's 1st	

Lacrosse – ULU

ICU Mixed 1st vs UCL Mixed 2nd	
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Rugby – ULU

ICU Men's 1st vs St. Barts Men's 1st	
King's Med Women's 1st vs ICU Women's 1st	



Jovan Nedić
 Sports Editor

This week, I'm going to carry on with a roundup of the week's sports news as I did last week, just because I've got this space to fill. So the RBS Six Nations is in its second week, with Saturday's game between Wales and Scotland providing a thrilling encounter. Scotland, yet again, relied on the boot to get their points, and for some reason haven't really realised that tries get them more points. Wales were very lucky to get Shane Williams' try allowed since his left foot was clearly in-touch, but it did prove to be the catalyst for Wales and they pulled away with the win.

Later on in the day, hot favourites France had an amazing start against Ireland, with Vincent Clerc getting a hat-trick within the first half that seemed to leave Ireland stunned. After last week's poor performance, Ireland had to show signs of improvement and this was evident with their second-half performance where they were extremely unlucky not to win the game. It just went to show that if France are put under pressure, they will crumble.

The last of the Six Nations matches was between Italy and England. England were expected to win this game and dramatically improve their second-half performance against Wales last week. The game got off to a great start with some glamorous play between Wilkinson and Sackey for the opening try, and then again with Flood where Wilkinson got his 1,000th point. Yet the second-half was the let down once more for England, and Italy were allowed to get within 4 points of England.

The Football Association are considering the thought of having Premiership games played overseas, in order to bring the 'Beautiful Game' to a wider audience. For now, it seems that the Middle East, Far East and America have shown the most amount of interest in hosting some games. This week also saw the commemoration of the Munich Air Crash where 23 lives were claimed in 1958, when Manchester United were returning from a European Cup match against Red Star Belgrade. To add to the United fan's horror this week, the team went on to lose the Manchester Derby, blaming their loss on 'fatigue'. Man up!

Problems have already begun with the Olympics with athletes having to sign a contract preventing them from making any political statements whilst in Beijing. The British Olympic Association has said that they would look into the wording of the contract, since they believe this to be against the nature of the Olympic Games. Sticking with athletics, Dwain Chambers the Great Britain selectors have received a lot of criticism for selecting Chambers for the Indoor Championships. Chambers was convicted of doping in 2003 and has served his two-year ban. However the athletics community is still unhappy with allowing him back since it goes against the ethics of the sport.



Imperial's cl-ass

The Hockey Club work their way through to the ULU Semi-finals.
 See page 44

IC Hockey Ladies' adventure to Zone 8

Hockey BUSA

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

Arabella Walker

One cold Wednesday, a team of intrepid hockey players set out along the Metropolitan line on the long, arduous journey to Zone C, otherwise known as No Man's Land. Upon arrival at the tiny train station of Chalfont and Latimer, we all walked positively out of the station towards a likely place for a bus stop... except there wasn't one. Slowly the team began to disperse in search of the elusive stopping point, very much aware our game was due to start in under half an hour. This led to Easyjet remarking, 'I've seen that film.... They all die.' After much searching and Ho Ha offering her services to an old lady in the station, the bus stop was discovered and a bus arrived.

Sadly it only had space for eight people and three courageous individuals remained behind to wait for the bus to come back, namely Spandex, Easyjet and FreeWheeler. Their dedication to their sport became evident when they elected to change into their hockey kit at the bus stop on a busy road! Mean-

while, the rest of the team arrived at the pitch and got the bus driver very excited with talk of a pitch-side clothes change. The other three arrived just in time for the game to start.

The first half saw us settling into the game with a few stretched passes and a general lack of enthusiasm on both sides. A more defensive tact taken by each team meant there were a lot of near misses, mainly by us, with no result. The half time score showed this by remaining at a rather pathetic goal-less draw.

A rousing half time chat saw aggression mount and the game began to get interesting. Passes were more accurate and there was more action in the D. Finally, a well-aimed hit from the right by Unicycle was finished with style by FreeWheeler into the goal. This was followed a few minutes later with another free hit on the left aimed at AA on the right post who deflected it deftly to give us a two-nil lead. Throughout the game, the defence consisting of Thombelina, Three Times a Lady and Spandex kept the number attempts on our goal to a minimum. Defence was so good, goalie Spanner got very excited when the ball came remotely near her feet and decided it would be great fun to lie on the ground in front of an attacking player and give the other team a short corner. Hilarity continued off the pitch with a naughty comment

about Thombelina's shampoo mess in the changing room by Three Times a Lady.

Fines were carried out on the long journey back into the Big Smoke. 'Twat of the Match' was awarded to FreeWheeler for trying to be clever in changing out of her skorts into trou-

sers and forgetting about the whole shorts part.

'Man of the Match' was awarded to Unicycle for God-knows what reason and Ducky was put into her care for the night. Probably a bad idea considering the amount the 'Man of the Match' had to drink!



Two of the hockey ladies after getting changed at the bus stop