

felix

The student 'news'paper of
Imperial College London

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Good luck!

Felix employs C&G Hit Squad to pie winning Sabbatical Election candidates. If you're wondering where the other two are, see page 3



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News

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Imperial's Ring of Steel expands to the bicycle sheds

Ongoing thefts prompts tighter security to Blue Cube bike store

Terry, Just Terry

Security is being increased on the Faculty Building bicycle store due to persistent thefts. The current security mechanisms in place are proving ineffective at deterring criminals; thieves are simply tailgating users who swipe their College ID card to open the existing barrier.

College plans to install a full-height turnstile system, similar to those at football grounds. Students and staff will have to swipe in, one person at a time, whilst pushing their bicycle through. Entry cannot be gained without a swipe card.

Students have expressed concern to Felix questioning the need for the turnstiles and how they're going to be bike-friendly. College has said that bicycles are far more secure in the store than attached to one of the open racks around campus and whilst there will be delays to users moving in and out of the store, the added security is a worthy trade-off.

Similar plans are in motion for the Queen's Gate bicycle store in between the Huxley and Blackett Laboratory buildings.

Installation work on the Faculty Building store will commence on 26th March and should last for around ten days. During this time, access to the store will only be granted from 8-10am and 4-6pm through the fire exit on Unwin Road. Cyclists will need to provide their College ID card to security guards to gain entrance. The fire doors will remain closed and unmanned during the weekend beginning Saturday 29th March.

Phew. If you haven't already done so, look across the page and laugh at the people covered in shaving foam, then have a read. Otherwise, go and read Angry Geek Idol in the Comments section. It's far more interesting. There's even some references to sex!



Turnstiles will be installed in the entrance to the Faculty Building bicycle store over the Easter break

Felix Student Depression Investigation

Felix is researching a story examining student depression. If you're a long-term sufferer, or it's been triggered since you began university or you're currently seeing your doctor about it, Felix would like to hear from you to see how you're finding it at Imperial and how well the College's services are helping. Send an email to felix@imperial.ac.uk anonymously if you wish

ESoc Green Week Competition Winners

The winners of ESoc's recent competition are **Soizic Le Courtois**, who wins a Solio charger and **Gemma Miles** who wins the Ecover goodies. Come to the Felix office to collect them!

£412,100: Finalised Clubs & Societies Budget 2008-2009

The Clubs and Societies Board (CSB) has finalised its budget for the next year at £412,100, of which £359,00 is marked for Clubs and Societies budgets, increasing the funding given to most clubs.

The marathon CSB Budgeting sessions are legendary for their gruelling length and this year was no exception, lasting a little over 5 hours. Most Clubs and Societies Committees (CSCs) and Faculty Unions (FUs) came away with increases in their budgets too, with only the Overseas Clubs Committee, Wye, and Media Group having their budgets cut.

Media Group's budget cut is solely due to the removal of Felix's grant, an annual amount that is intended to pay for the printing of the first issues of the year. Felix is now effectively self-funding with advertising revenue, apart from the Sabbatical salary, property rental and phone/internet serv-

ices which will still be funded by the Union.

The increase in the total budget is approximately 3%, with an effective increase of 0.5% in the total budget after inflation (~2.5%) is accounted for.

CSC/FU	Budget	Year-Year Increase
ACC	£158,087	+5.4%
A&E	£13,000	+11.3%
CGCU	£10,500	+9.0%
ICSMSU	£68,064	+9.3%
Media	£10,000	-10.6%
OSC	£6,500	-16.5%
RCC	£67,543	+11.9%
RCSU	£4,800	+9.6%
RSM	£3,500	+2.8%
SCC	£3,921	+30.7%
Silwood	£3,734	+6.7%
Wye	£7,000	-12.5%
Council	£850	+0.0%
GSA	£1,500	+11.9%

Current Central & Faculty Union elections cancelled

Faculty union elections for the CGCU, RCSU and the Central ICU elections have been cancelled after an unfortunately timed staff holiday which led to the Union being unable to find a complete list of fully seconded candidates.

to run them at the beginning of next term once the farce has subsided.

Without this list, they have been unable to hold a candidates meeting to brief the contenders for the various positions.

Given this situation ICU President, Stephen Brown has cancelled the current round of elections deeming them "exceptional circumstances," promising

The Faculty Union elections and various other positions that are up for grabs are an integral part of the Union: Elected officials with whom students come into daily contact.

As the first farce of this year, Union officials are relieved that the Sabbatical elections ran smoothly (see over the page) and were not affected. Whether confidence in the elections will be damaged by the cancellation remains to be seen.

FARCE

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Friday 7/3/08



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LOLEATS



OFTEH WEEK

Quest to find Sabbaticals complete

Jennifer Morgan elected as Union President. Felix welcomes the Union's new Sabbatical Overlords with pies

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

Last Friday, the 2008 Union Election results were announced. After week's of campaigning and preparation the Sabbatical Officer, NUS Delegate and Student Trustee candidates were finally told the outcome of the elections and put out of their misery. To give next year's Sabbaticals Officers an early, hearty welcome, Felix employed the City & Guilds Hit Squad to pie them.

The election results were revealed to a packed crowd which filled out daVinci's last Friday night. Returning Officer, Danny McGuinness, announced the majority of the results over the PA system; however, the Presidential candidates were momentarily left in suspense when the microphone ceased to function. Eventually, the audience was told that current RCSU (Royal College of Science Union) President, Jennifer Morgan, would be next year's Union President winning with 1011 votes out of 2314 in total. Although Miss Morgan beat her nearest competitor, Jon Matthews, by almost 200 votes, the race for the Presidency was actually far tighter than the final figures suggest.

Mr Matthews was in line to become President after the first three stages of vote counting; however, because of redistributed votes, Miss Morgan clawed her way back into a winning position. The Union used the Single Transferable Voting (STV) system in the elections meaning that voters could rank the candidates in order of preference. If a voter's highest-ranked candidate was knocked out, their vote was redi-

tributed to their second choice and so on.

Current Social Clubs Committee (SCC) Chair, Lily Topham, will be next year's Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) winning by over 200 votes in the final round. It was widely believed that John James would fare well in this strand after a strong campaign (he's the one you probably saw carrying a giant 'Refreshers' tube around campus), however the experienced SCC Chair toppled the competition convincingly in the end.

The most surprising result was in the Deputy President (Education & Welfare) category where Environmental Society stalwart, Hannah Theodorou, defeated her sole competitor Ryan Dee despite a non-existent campaign strategy.

Upset was avoided in the Deputy President (Finance & Services) category, where recent Felix centrefold star, Christian Carter, defeated RON by 1155 to 596 votes.

Finally, the next Felix Editor was determined to be Jovan Nedić. This year's Sports Editor narrowly beat Nightlife Editor, Greg Mead, by 78 votes.

For a full breakdown see the box-out of the Sabbatical Election results.

Elsewhere, both candidates running for Student Trustee positions were elected, namely Kadhim Shubber and Jaimie Henry. Kirsty Patterson, Victoria Gibbs, Elizabeth Hyde, Camilla Royle, Ashley Brown, Jon Matthews, Luke Taylor and Jennifer Morgan were elected as NUS Delegates; however Mr Matthews has since relinquished the position.



Next year's Union President, Jennifer Morgan, enjoys the taste of shaving foam

On Wednesday, Felix arranged/staged a lunchtime photo-shoot for the winning candidates. The incoming Sabbaticals were asked to meet outside the main Union building at 11:45am. Felix didn't intend for the shoot to be a test of the candidates' punctuality; however, with both Miss Topham and Miss Theodorou arriving late and missing the photo-shoot, we should have brought a stopwatch.

Eventually, everyone tired of waiting and it was decided to have the "group" photo taken with just the new President, DPPS and Felix Editor. Right on cue, after a few snaps the City & Guilds (C&G) Hit Squad burst through the gathered crowd of sportsmen and women, launching paper plates of shaving foam into the faces of the incoming Sabbatical Officers.

The C&G Hit Squad offers its services once a year during RAG Week. Students could employ the Squad, much like contract killers, to carry out a hit by paying them a fee. Unlike contract killers, the fee is given to charity; this year's RAG Week was raising money for Cancer Research UK, The Newman Holiday Trust and Practical Action.

Shortly after the initial hit, Miss Topham turned up looking relieved that she'd missed a flan to the face but also concerned that the Hit Squad had an unfulfilled contract. Surely enough, her time came but she wasn't going to be flanned without a fight, as she fended off one Hit Squad member by swinging a heavy bag of books at him. Miss Theodorou was more willing to accept her fate when she finally arrived, taking some foam to the forehead.

Next year's Sabbatical Officers will have to tackle a number of crucial issues. Now that the second phase of the Beit Redevelopment has been given the go ahead, they will be tasked with seeing it through to completion and ensuring hiccups are avoided along the way. Similarly, the Sabbs will need to begin to secure funding for the final phase of the redevelopment which will see the rejuvenation of the Union's bars. On a national scale, they'll be responsible for deciding what the hell we're going to do with the NUS even though we rejoined over a year ago, plus they'll need to fight for students' views during the Top-up Fee Funding Review taking place next year.

Felix would like to take this opportunity to wish them all the best of luck. Break the Union a leg!



Lily Topham brains a Hit Squad member during the execution of his duty

2008 Sabbatical Election results

Format

Name – No of votes (Round knocked out)

Union President

Jennifer Morgan – 1011 votes (Elected)

Jon Matthews – 821 (5th)

Luke Taylor – 500 (4th)

Ed Hughes – 339 (3rd)

Diogo Geraldes – 276 (2nd)

RON – 133 (1st)

Deputy President (Clubs & Societies)

Lily Topham – 986 (Elected)

Jess Marley – 783 (2nd)

John James – 447 (3rd)

RON – 116 (1st)

Deputy President (Education & Welfare)

Hannah Theodorou – 1055 (Elected)

Ryan Dee – 504

RON – 210

Deputy President (Finance & Services)

Christian Carter – 1155

RON – 596

Felix Editor

Jovan Nedić – 882 (Elected)

Greg Mead – 804 (2nd)

RON – 194 (1st)

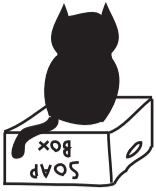


The incoming DPEW, Hannah Theodorou, demonstrates her promptness by turning up late. She did not escape a flanning

Rector pied: City & Guilds Hit Squad strikes again



At lunchtime on Tuesday the Rector, Sir Richard Sykes, received his annual pie to the face courtesy of two primates from the C&G Hit Squad. The Rector, who just happened to be walking down the Sherfield Walkway at around about 12pm when this reporter also just happened to be getting his lunch from the JCR, was confronted by the two assailants who planted a shaving foam flan into his mush. The Hit Squad operates each year during RAG Week to help raise money for charities such as Cancer Research UK, The Newman Holiday Trust and Practical Action



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

Angry Geek Idol: The Results

The entries are in, Angry Geek has spoken and the winner is: Mrs McLovin'. Congratulations to that pseudonym! Read the winning entry and more after a short word from our host, Mr Geek himself

I bet you expected to see nothing this week, right? Truthfully, so did I. Asking people to write for Felix is a dangerous business, because there are normally only about thirty people who would consider doing it and they're usually already doing so. Nevertheless, here we are, and I'm pleased to say that I managed to get a few pens to paper in time for this week's press date. Read them. Take them in. Criticise them if you want, but don't you dare put the writers down. We've got a whole bunch of comment pieces and I'm proud of each and every one.

Does that sound a little condescending? It's not meant to. I'm genuinely heartened to see so many contributing to what really is a bumper comment section. Heritage, sexuality, the fine art of tea drinking and more – all within a few pages. In fact, it's making me so

happy that the entire idea of being angry this week seems futile and unnecessary. Have you read the other articles yet? No? Why not! For God's sake, go and do it, and then regret not entering yourself.

I'm not writing much this week, because I want the focus to be on the entrants, and my fellow regular contributors. You have in front of you the widest selection of student opinion Felix has showcased in a



long time. It doesn't all relate to you, but it does all apply to you because these are

the students voicing their feelings. A shrivelled old bastard like me doesn't need to take away any of their fame, and so I shan't attempt to.

Questions? Want to contribute next week, without the money incentive? Get in touch with Felix at comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

I hope that all who entered will consider more regular postings at

Felix in the future, and that next year's section is just as thriving as this year's has been.

Why the talk of the future? Ladies and Gentlemen, the new editor is coming, Easter approaches, and the exam timetables are out. As we all know, Felix is an unpredictable beast over the Summer months, and so this could be one of the last times you see Angry Geek this year. Nevertheless, I'm happy to go out with a bang. Thanks to everyone who contributed this week; well done to Mrs. McLovin' for taking the prize; and a big thanks to everyone who asked Tomo who I am. Keep asking him. He loves it, especially when you phone him late at night.

We may speak again before Summer, but if not – I shall see you in the warm darkness of Autumn, bitter and cynical as I should be. Enjoy the Summer, folks.



Mrs McLovin

Bi the way

To coin a phrase: SEX! Now that I have your attention...

A. Geek is absolutely right. Students are rarely thinking about the refurbishment of the union, the allocation of budgets to clubs and societies, or probably even the lecture they're now undoubtedly sitting in. I'd estimate I spend about 45% of my thought time – travelling, falling asleep, showering etc. – thinking about sex. That figure rises to about 80% during lectures. And I'm one of the statistical minority of women at IC. Can you imagine what all those poor sex-starved men are going through on a daily basis? All too well, I'm afraid.

However, I have to say that lately a bare majority of that sexual thought time has been becoming increasingly boring, at least from an entertainment point of view. A couple of things keep coming up which are steadily seeming more and more bizarre to me.

The first issue on my mind is sexuality. During the recent election havoc, you may or may not have noticed that one of the candidates is the former president of I.Q. (the imperial LGBT society). This sparked a few conversations amongst some of the people I've spoken to which, frankly, shocked the hell out of me.

I am openly and comfortably bisexual. Not, "I've kissed a few girls when drunk" bisexual, or "I'm an emo kid who wants to be special" bisexual, but really, genuinely, 50/50 bi. Most of the people I know know that and are fine with it, yet some of the tirades which have come from those same people could only be described as intolerant. It's ok to be friends with a weirdo, but you don't want them in

power. Often women who discover my sexuality for the first time shy away from me. I've said it before, and will doubtless repeat myself ad nauseum for the rest of my life: think about your preferred gender. Do you find yourself attracted to every (hah) member of that gender? No? So what makes you think just because I like girls means I like you?

By and large men are ok with my sexuality, although I find it irritating that a small minority seem to equate bisexuality in women with "actually being straight, but just a little bit easy". And obviously, there are people who make the assumptions given above, but for the most part, being bi as a girl is pretty easy. On the other hand, I have gay/lesbian and a couple of transsexual friends who really suffer; not from open bigotry and hatred, but from the social awkwardness and mild disgust displayed by others on finding out. (Incidentally, transgenderism of all types is not a mental disease which can be "cured" any more than any other alternative sexuality is). The thought that these prejudices exist at Imperial was astounding to me. In a community full of in-

telligent, reasonable people who I have never seen discriminate based on race, religion, style of clothing, culture or anything else apart from possibly choice of course (if you do chemistry, biology, or materials: HAHHAHAHA,

CompSci: You're not reading this, you never came into college today, Medicine: You know what we think.), there are still people who are scared of the thought that someone undesirable to them might potentially "like" them.

Admittedly, this is partly down to the attitude of a small number of LGBT



They're only condoms, kids, they won't bite

people. If you're going to give a huge reaction when provoked, get used to the fact there are people out there who will go out of their way to provoke you, but honestly? I think that a lot of this simply comes down to the fact that sex remains a ridiculously taboo subject. On SHAG week people were actively hiding their faces and scuttling by the Sheffield Walkway, embarrassed at the thought of being given a free chlamydia test kit and condoms. My first thought? Fucking brilliant! Condoms are ridiculously expensive, and although they are available from the doctors, how many people are both aware of that and unashamed enough about sex to ask? And if – whisper it – sex is a big, embarrassing, secret thing for you, then is it any surprise you know little enough about it to be worried by someone who maybe doesn't go about it the same way you do?

And worse, if you don't know and don't feel you can talk about the social, emotional, and psychological aspects of sex, it can really damage you and you can damage other people without realising. You're bright, I know you know the mechanics and all the nasty stuff you see on TV about people not wearing t-shirts embroidered with their STD of choice (although I'd buy one for

jokes). If you don't have the message by now to use a condom or get tested, well, it's your body. But if everyone is oblivious to the idea that one night stands can boost your confidence for one night, then crush your ego in the morning, or that calling someone "faggot" (or, indeed, "breeder") can really cut deeper than other types of insult, or that just because you can separate emotion from physicality doesn't mean someone else can, then it creates a culture of everything negative you've ever associated with sex.

Let me state it clearly for you: Sex is nothing to be ashamed of, and essential to be informed about. How, where and with whom you do it is a big deal, because you have to live with it, but having in the first place, or not if you don't choose to, is not a big deal at all. Talk about it. Ask about it. If you don't understand someone's point of view on the subject, listen to them explain it. And if you still don't understand, well, it's just sex. Their opinion differing on that one subject shouldn't mean you feel awkward around them, any more than you'd feel awkward around someone with different colour skin. You came to IC in pursuit of knowledge and parties – can you think of a better way to mix the two?

/// I find it irritating that a small minority seem to equate bisexuality in women with "actually being straight, but just a little bit easy" ///

A winner is you!



Needy McNeedy

Rage against the Geek

You want some fucking rage then, Angry Geek? I'll give you some goddamn rage, and you can feel like the saviour of the student body, encouraging us to voice our opinions in some violent verbal outpouring of the worst kind. We'll even make them funny, as some kind of homage to you.

So yeah, there's loads of stuff I'm angry about. I hate having to do compulsory "professional skills courses" as part of my degree (Imperial: "Jump through this hoop!") Me: "Of course, but owing to the strength of gravity on our planet and my mass and the strength in my stocky little legs (null), I can only reach a trajectory with maximum height of 3 inches, when the

wind speed is less than or equal to..."). I hate that you're not allowed to take hot drinks into the library, (Security guard: "Drink it out here." Me: "Argh, now I've burnt my tongue.") I hate that not all the candidates I voted for in the sabb elections got in. I hate that some people slag Fairtrade off and everyone else has investment banking internships. I hate it when my boyfriend calls me "Tiny Schizo."

So there it is, a nice little self-contained rant about how shit my life is. You've got my opinions on practically every issue, just like you wanted. Happy?

My point is, why promote all this anger and discontent? Why should we have a competition in which the sole

purpose is to wax lyrical about your problems, your opinions? Can't we all just be less selfish and start admitting that it's rather funny that despite 3 compulsory professional skills workshops my CV still only reads: "female, 24yo, GSOH, seeks employer for job and maybe more..."; that I'm clearly not going to get a job in investment banking with a CV like that even if I'd have wanted to, and that I'd rather have to drink my coffee in the JCR than have some bastard spill his over my stuff in the library.

Everyone needs to get some perspective about this; we're all so spoilt and overindulged. (Apart from the Tiny Schizo nickname. Wanker.)

Angry Geek should stick to what he's

good at, writing funny columns about situations we all find ourselves in. And the rest of us will read them and think, yeah, you got it right, I can relate to that, and although it pissed me off at the time, your take on it's quite funny. And instead of Angry Geek Idol, I think we should have a Hug Day, much like that "Hug a [insert name of ethnicity or religion here] Day"s that were so well publicised on Facebook. But this would be for everyone, hippyish as that might sound, from the Finance Tart to the JCR sandwich shop staff. We all need it.

If you've got issues, or a hard on, Needy McNeedy can help you out in either case. **Email agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk**.



Defective Brain

Just one rule...

I am a passionate Union non-voter. I don't vote for anything in the Union, and am extraordinarily happy not voting for the Union.

This is because firstly I am incredibly lazy, and I don't think that voting for the Union President will make any particular difference.

For a start, it always seems to be the same faces that are running for these positions. That bores me.

Not that it's a bad thing that the same people are always running. People are allowed to have dreams, and I can't fault them for that. I'm just saying.... I'd like to have candidates who are like me. Candidates who have a sense of humour, and can identify with normal students.

This is where my problem starts. Many of the people who stand for the Union positions are not normal students. I'm not talking about your usual garden variety freaks and geeks. I'm talking about "serial Sabbaticals". People who have spent most of their university life working directly within the stinking bowels of the Union.

People seem to think that somehow this is a good thing. Perhaps the candidate's experiences working for the Union make them better than common folk. I think that this is the completely wrong perspective to take. Candidates should be common folk.

The whole purpose of the Student Union is to look after, and cater for the needs of a university's student body. The Sabbaticals of the Union are there to make sure that the views of the student body are represented during all their dealings with the college. They are also there to make sure that the Union itself caters to the tastes and needs of its students. They are the crucial link between the average student and the Union. When this system works properly, everyone is happy.

However, let's say you have someone who's worked for the Union for a year. This person knows exactly the right things to say to people during a campaign. He/she has experience of winning elections, which gives them an advantage over new candidates. However, unlike the new candidates, this person has been out of education

for a year. They have been sequestered in a water-tight bubble away from student life. They deal with so many of the Union's problems on a day to day basis, that they are essentially isolated from normal students.

But of course these people believe they can do better next year, now that they know how everything works. They can get everything done much more efficiently this time 'round. Maybe this time they can "actually" make a difference. This time, maybe they can follow through with some of the promises they originally made. Except, aren't they missing the point?

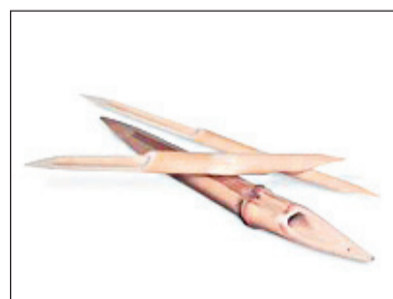
Shouldn't they let someone else take the job, someone who has been in full-time education, someone who can still remember what it was like to go to lectures? Someone who may be inexperienced, but still understands what is important to a student's life, and what is not?

By voting "Serial Sabbaticals" in we are voting for people who represent the Union, rather than people who represent the students.

Because of this, our Union has grown

into an autonomous monster, separate from College, and separate from students, catering only to itself. We get situations where we have candidates running for President who have been out of university longer than the majority of students at Imperial have been in university. If there was one way in which I think the Union could be made a better place is if these people were forcibly banned from standing. We already have a rule saying that no Sabbatical can run for the same position again the next year. Why not extend it, and have a rule that prevents any previous Sabbatical running for another Union position?

Maybe if this were the case, we could get a different crop of applicants for the Union. Perhaps we'd get students who actually represent students, rather than any one club or society. Perhaps the CV whores would decide that perhaps getting a year long internship in industry would look better on their CV than a year in student politics. But how the hell am I supposed to know, I can't tell the future; I'm just another defective brain.



Bamboo Writer

My Orientation course

Being of Chinese origin but having grown up in Britain, I had always felt I was out of touch with my own culture. Therefore, when I came to Imperial I was eager to participate in a Chinese society, under the somewhat naive impression that I would surely be getting involved with something distinctly Chinese. Flicking through the pages of the freshers' handbook I was admittedly puzzled but also impressed by the presence of not one, but three different societies purporting to promote Chinese culture. However, not wanting to miss out on anything, I signed up to the mailing lists of all three.

Soon, invitations to attend various club nights arrived in my inbox. It seemed each of the Chinese societies had hit on the same ingenious idea on how to break the ice.

Still unclear on the differences between the societies I chose one pretty much at random to attend. Price-wise, it was definitely not a student-friendly event, but as it was being held at one of the well-known London clubs I de-

ecided it would be worth going along to. It turned out to be ridiculously over-subscribed, and despite having arrived pretty early I still ended up spending three long hours of my freshers' week queuing outside a well-known club in London, only to receive an apology and a refund. So my first experience was not exactly a great success, and I confess I was pretty disappointed. But I thought it was only fair to give them a second chance, and so when more invitations in a similar vein appeared I decided to try again.

I actually ended up attending several more club nights throughout the year, sampling what each of the different societies had to offer. And although I did manage to at least get in each time, they were all cripplingly expensive affairs. Often they would also be massively oversold, which meant long queues and plenty of standing around, despite arriving at ridiculously early hours. Each time I left with my wallet feeling considerably lighter but without feeling any closer to either my culture or my fellow clubbers. The societies were certainly providing me with ample op-

portunity for clubbing, but where were the opportunities to exchange our shared backgrounds? Where were the opportunities to explore our country's heritage? Where were the opportunities to discuss the issues facing China today? None of the societies seemed interested in catering to these needs.

Sure, I can understand that for any overseas club, a major role is to help foreign students settle in at an understandably difficult time in their lives; faced with an unfamiliar culture, a different language, the prospect of possibly living away from home for the first time and on top of that the considerable pressure of having to achieve academically.

So yes, I agree social events are important. And the societies do arrange football training, basketball sessions, and the occasional trips to amusement parks as well as club nights. But it was the continued absence of anything really related to Chinese culture that rankled me. How can these societies justify the "Chinese" in their names? Are they nothing more than a means to gather together people of a certain

ethnic group just so they can go clubbing and play sports together rather than along with the rest of the college? I cannot help but feel there is something fundamentally wrong with this picture.

Is there really no hunger for something more substantial? After all, there are few things in life more fundamental than our identities; they define who we are and our culture is an integral part of this identity.

For foreign students still adjusting to a strange new environment, what can be more comforting than finding common ground with people whom, although seemingly very different, ultimately share the same culture? And to be able to celebrate and have pride in that culture; I believe this to be infinitely more satisfying than any club.

So what has caused this rut, this decided lack of passion? I do not know the answer. Is it mere apathy? Is it a lack of confidence? Is it a belief that no one cares? Whatever the reason I feel it is important to overcome it. Only then can we gain respect as individuals, as a culture, as a nation.



[Insert witty name]

The Farcity of Varsity

Last week was that time of the year again, and no, I don't mean the leap year, as that made absolutely no difference to my life whatsoever although I do now know someone who is five whole years old at Imperial (*snigger*). No, last Wednesday marked the grand tradition of Varsity, the day where I usually bugger off someplace that isn't campus or Richmond. Unfortunately for me I had to be at the Union that night.

I know a lot of you like Varsity; I can tell this from such Facebook proclaiming "So-and-so is excited about varsity!!! Whoop whoop!!! let's kick some medic ass!!!" No I do not wish to kick some medic ass; I, in fact, have no problems with medics.

Let me set the scene at the Union that cruel, bleak Wednesday evening that I descended from the third floor to celebrate a good first night. Damn goes my anonymity; yes, I was at a show. So anyway I managed to get to the Union bar with not too much trouble; hell I even managed to get a drink (when my

six foot friend brought it for me). We had a nice bit of chat before a loud noise could be heard from the doorway; my companions and I turned to find half our friends barricaded by some rather loud sports-type chappies (I have been informed they were footballers, not rugby players, but how the hell would I know?). They were all wearing those ties and one guy was even sporting a balaclava. So to cut a long story short, we were effectively held hostage in the Union bar because of the sports-type chappies. I finally managed to get out by smiling nicely at the bouncer guys and then shoving my way through the side of the sports-types chappies whilst glaring evilly at them.

I know that its meant to be tradition and only a bit of fun, but how come sport is allowed to set a precedent over everything? Varsity took up all three bars plus the outside area, leaving those who didn't want to join in the "getting pissed as a newtness" a bit stuck. Of course, those there probably didn't realise that not everybody in the world loves sport as much as them and

that's generally the problem I find with sports people. I have no problem with sport itself; it's a good way to get out aggression, creates companionship and is a nice way to spend your time. It's the sports mentality I have a problem with. Why is there such a connection between sport and drinking, for a start, surely it's damaging your body when you should be fighting fit. There are so many drinking games and "dirty pints" associated with sports clubs which could alienate many people. This can hardly entail having a good time, can it?

I guess it resorts from being rubbish at Games lessons, one time even being picked out as being one of the poorer kids in the class. The country has grown up with this sports mentality where it comes before anything else. Take the Olympics, for instance; the taxpayers are paying millions of pounds for it to come to our country... in 4 years time! Everytime there's no news, we're subjected to another "young hopeful's" heart-rending story of how they're going to make it. The

only form of patriotism we have is through sport, I remember my sister telling me at the time of the last world cup when I moaned about it that I'd be grateful when we get a day off for winning. Sorry sis, it ain't gonna happen. Yet the West End's theatres are in desperate need for funding to stop them falling down, our film industry is going down the drain and the government is only concerned with us doing more sport, as it'll stop obesity.

Sport at Imperial seems to be such a big deal, Wednesday afternoon is meant to be set aside for "sporting activities" whereas those wanting to do arty societies have to do it in their evenings. There's Sport Imperial to look after it all. Where's Art Imperial then for all of us that can't throw a ball? There's sports night every Wednesday at the Union, where's Arts night? We need to readdress the Sports-Arts-Drink balance at Imperial, Varsity can stay, but can we be more inclusive and accept that there are those who don't want to get bare-faced drunk in the name of sport.



Viscount
Kensington

Class warfare

At this present hour, various people are no doubt doing various things, in that curious manner of a truism always being true.

The studios will be revising some complicated lecture, fortifying their grip of the subject matter. The clever are sleeping, a fact I am certain of because my communications with a clever chap confirmed this earlier. Perhaps he was lying, but then he is clever, and no doubt appreciates the inexplicable truth that people that lie to me are so very often the subject of forensic study and questions of a nature similar to, "just how did that widget get so very deep in his intestinal tract?" But such peculiarities are better left to philosophers and detectives and we should return to the matter at hand.

The sick are no doubt observing the symptoms their illness demands. Another class of people I find the appropriate adjectives too vulgar to employ are no doubt spending these moments partaking in ravenous and ravaging sexual intercourse and perhaps mutually inducing each to shriek in a manner altogether more appropriate for deterring murderers, double-glazing salesmen and others of their dire ilk. But I, my dear peasants, peons, Lords and Ladies, am a genius. Thus I, due to my immensely charitable nature, am awake at this time, creating this article so you might revel in some small scrap of my illustrious talents. There is no doubt many a buxom vixen deliriously desirous of my genius in other fields, but I choose to deprive her of a tremendously wonderful (and being all too aware of my skills, no doubt short!) game of chess in order to help enlighten your narrow peon minds with my wisdom.

No doubt all too many of you have come across a most abject stain of the reputation of imperial. The beloved Prince Albert, who ever watches over us, would weep the oceans if he was alive today; God (my one, not yours, your one is so utterly awful, I simply cannot bear Him/Her/It/Them) rest his soul, he was truly a Prince among men, if you'll forgive the pun. No



The perfect brew takes 3-5 minutes. No more. No less. You dolt

member of our college can rest easily while such an aberration against all that is sacrosanct continues to spread its vile corruption. Those apathetic to this matter, or, God forbid it, actively supporting it, deserve to be crushed beneath a blasted tank and then repeatedly shot like the filth they are. I talk of course, of tea. More specifically, what every shop in South Kensington thinks passes for tea.

Tea is not some puerile sludge like coffee; tea is not drunk by philistine harlots and 'men' (beasts, beasts I say!)

of despicable characters, possessed with all the morals of a communist trollop. The cretinous continentals (and all too often our own typically diligent working class sometimes succumbs to this treachery, this defilement of their heritage) employed in our London establishments, most frequently spotted around our ancient and most prestigious underground and railway stations, think tea is a matter of boiling water, a tea bag and some milk thrown in for good measure! I gawk in disbelief at the sheer morbid and perverse nature

of such an idea. Tea is not instant! Nor can it ever be made to be! Placing the milk in with a bag still in the process of diffusing its ambrosia through the hot water serves only to stifle and suffocate the divine essence that had been imbuing itself. No, tea is not primarily a drink; it is primarily a test of patience, care and a firm but tender hand (the sort of hand those people having ravenous and ravaging sexual intercourse mentioned earlier might use if their procedure involved S&M or such like).

Tea must be brewed; the tea bag must be allowed to infuse itself into pure water, with nothing to disrupt the ritual. I myself set the timer for three minutes, though it is accepted wisdom that the brewing procedure may take anywhere between three and five minutes. Do less than this and you have gnat's piss. Do more than this and you have allowed it to stew. Present either of these results to your influential dinner party guests and you will be ostracised from high society and will have to seek cheap frills in some dingy tavern with the working class and their typhoid and dysentery. But this is what shops in South Kensington continue to give me.

Never mind that my ancestors built an Empire so that I could enjoy a steady flow of top quality tea. Well, they contributed to the building of the Empire no doubt by growing potatoes (for army rations!) and being whipped by English tyrants and the like. I suppose also they occasionally joined the IRA and got hanged for treason but on the plus side, this does allow me to alter nationality based on whomever is currently winning in that Six Nations curiosity.

I think currently I'm Welsh; on the basis of having a Welsh friend, but such things are intrinsically fickle, sport being what it is. And for those reasons I am vastly overcharged, not least of all because for the price of a so-called cup (a cardboard tube is not a cup, a porcelain masterpiece dating from the Georgian era is a cup) I could pay fifteen children to mine coal for me for a year. No doubt Chancellor Metternich is behind it all, the wanker.

// Tea must be brewed; the tea bag must be allowed to infuse itself into pure water, with nothing to disrupt the ritual //



Kid A Geek

Anti-Zionism in the BBC

After reading Angry Geek's call to arms last week over my JCR chicken burger, I felt inspired to take up the cause. Partly (well, mostly) because £50 would mean that I would be able to just afford a small lunch for one in a South Kensington café; but also because I greatly enjoy Felix; it's a brilliant rag full of witty, thought-provoking opinion that it doesn't attempt to pass off as fact (but more on that later) and because I too enjoy writing. It's like listening to the sound of your own voice, but you can hear it again and again and again.

Unfortunately, the last thing I ever wrote was my UCAS personal statement application for the physics department. Whether or not it is indicative of the quality of my personal statement, I am now a first year materials student. Therefore I'm going to keep my first (last?) article on something simple.

So... Anti-Zionism in the BBC.

I know this is Imperial; I assure you that I haven't just fallen off the back of the SOAS bus, and for the sci-fi society I'm not talking about the matrix either, but dear God the sheer anti-Israeli sentiment in this country's leading news source really, really disturbs me.

I would also like to declare a certain level of neutrality. Despite a large nose and indomitably curly sideburns, I am neither Jewish nor strictly Arabic, but I take a keener than usual interest in the events of the Middle East; and like most people in Britain, I have a certain indoctrinated trust for the beeb as our media outlet. We (supposedly) pay our TV license fee, and in return we have a news source free of "the man," with his giant dildo of TV ratings and commercial revenue, anally raping all the innocent journalists who just want to tell the truth.

However, the BBC in my personal

opinion is very anti-Zionist. The real clincher for me was an article reporting on a rocket attack that killed a group of Israeli citizens in the town of Sderot "rare." I mean, come on! It's rare that nuns get stabbed to death by drugged up tweekers on the District Line to Putney Bridge; but when it happens, even the fairly level-headed BBC bray about how this is indicative of the uncontrollable yooof of today.

One thing I am not faulting the BBC on is their reporting of the fairly outrageous treatment that the Israelis are giving the Palestinians. Not every resident of Gaza city is a militant member of Hamas, or every street vendor a gun runner. However the BBC give the rhetoric spewed out by the right-wing nationalist nut job Israeli generals and politicians substantially more column space than the rhetoric spewed out by the right-wing nationalist nut-job Palestinians; painting the image that the

Israelis are solely devoted to complete conquest of the world, while the Palestinians are the unsung heroes, protecting us from their curly side-burned rampage.

Neither of which are true. Extremists on both sides are trying to extend their sphere of influence and protect their own supply lines. The Israelis have more money and resources so strike from the heavens like the hand of God, whereas the Palestinians have flexibility and clandestine backing so can cause public destruction with no warning.

I suppose it is possibly this underdog nature that gives the Palestinians the edge in the British media. But this article isn't about the British media in general: I'd expect populist flower-holding girly men like the Independent to display opinion drenched vitriol as front-page fact. But from the BBC, our BBC, a lack of balance is deeply upsetting.

Angry Geek Idol ends here. Take it away Gilead!



Gilead Amit

Art and Science – in brief

A lecturer of mine is in the habit of starting each hour off with a 'quote of the day,' to contribute something more than equations and theory to our general education. Personally, I think this is a terrific idea. The reason I bring this up is because, at some point last week, he read off an extract from Ian McEwan's *Atonement*. I saw no point in copying it down because I've acquired this 21st Century confidence that absolutely anything worth finding can be found through a little refined Google searching. Not so. I've spent most of the last

hour vainly trying to find this quotation, and I'm now forced to mangle it from memory.

The award-winning English novelist referred to modern artists and their almost wilful ignorance of scientific advances. Donne or Shakespeare, he insists, would have raided quantum theory or relativity for metaphors to use in their own work, and rightly so. Currently, however, it seems to be a matter of pride for humanists to know nothing about science.

I don't have enough experience to be able to confirm this view for myself, but I certainly wouldn't be surprised if this

were the case. Ever since Keats blamed Newton for 'unweaving the rainbow' by explaining the physics behind it, artists have tended to look at science as being rather crude and earthy; as opposed to the exalted planes of existence on which they dwell. One of my favourite quotations by Richard Feynman, which I carry around in my wallet at all times, asks: "what men are poets who can speak of Jupiter if he were a man, but if he is an immense spinning sphere of methane and ammonia must be silent?" But I'm getting distracted.

Whereas artists do often look down on science, I find that this cannot compare with the disdain scientists sometimes have for artists. My problem with this state of affairs, though, is that whereas the former can be set down to lack of technical understanding, the latter is due to sheer arrogance and a misplaced feeling of superiority. Students of science are immensely lucky in that our horizons are as unbounded as possible. While a historian or a philosopher can never acquire more than a passing familiarity with most sciences, a physicist or a mathematician can have breathtaking scope in any artistic field. This point was driven home to me very forcefully when I discovered that both my history teacher and my English teacher at school had taken undergraduate degrees in physics.

It was this realization, more than almost anything else, that drove me to apply here. I can't claim to have any historic or literary pretensions – as my paltry Felix output demonstrates – but I certainly have a tremendous interest in the humanities. While Imperial is somewhat lacking in its ability to cater to these interests, I can indulge in them to my heart's content in my spare time. While I can learn significant quantities about Churchill, say, or Orwell or the History of Science by occasional reading, none of my arts friends can hope to learn about basic mechanics or electromagnetism without substantially more effort.

This is what I mean about scientists having a substantial advantage. By

our very nature we are supposed to be curious people – eager to find out more, to know more, to discover more in all directions. This is why scientists throughout history have acquired a reputation for breadth of knowledge outside the hard sciences.

This is the ideal situation. There are drawbacks, however. Whereas a student who spends years studying history or English is going to end up with a substantial amount of general knowledge – whether they like it or not – by dint of reading, of listening, and of re-gurgitation or analysis, there is no such requirement for a scientist. An MSc is perfectly capable of knowing nothing more than the theory and practice of their particular field. Scientists have the potential to be better-rounded than almost anybody else, yet by the same token they can also be the most deeply ignorant.

It is this aspect of Imperial that annoys me the most. The fact that the person behind me in lectures can ask who Oscar Wilde was, or that an overheard conversation about Groucho Marx can contain the incredible line: "any relation to Karl?" is deeply frustrating. I really don't mean to sound snobbish, and I apologise if I come across as such; but we are supposed to be the representatives of our fields.

More than any other university in the English-speaking world, we are supposed to be the leading students of the sciences. What sort of image do we give by isolating ourselves in our scientific cocoon, however vast it may be? What does it say about us that we have no thought for the immense riches easily within our grasp if we just cared enough to try and collect them?

This is as upset as you'll see me get, I think, because this really is what irritates me the most. That scientists, who have such tremendous potential as polymaths, whose curiosity should be second to none, who have always enjoyed a reputation for being particularly cultured, should settle into these stereotypes that are all too easy to break.

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Safa Shoaei

Iran, the United States and the Conflict

For more than 3,000 years Persia has been a melting pot of civilizations and demographic movements between Asia and Europe. Successive invasions by the Greeks, Arabs, Mongols and Turks developed the nation's culture through rich and diverse philosophical, artistic, scientific and religious influences.

Though the history of Iran is long and complex, its shape is determined by the rise and fall of successive dynasties – with intervals of chaos and confusion. The most recent case of complexity is dominated by Iran-US relations.

Political relations between Iran and the United States began in the late 1800s but had little importance until the post-World War II era of petroleum exports from the Persian Gulf.

Despite the recent concerns and actions of the USA towards Iran's activities in terms of sanctions against Iran, by going back a few decades in time, one finds the reflection and the cycle of history and perhaps the origins of the hatred between U.S. and Iran.

To remember why the United States

is no favourite of Tehran's, one needs to go back at least to 1953 when the U.S. and Great Britain overthrew Iran's democratically elected Premier Mohammad Mossadeq as part of a plan to ensure access to Iranian oil.

Iranians also remember Washington's strong support for Saddam Hussein's Iraq after it decided to make war on Iran in 1980. U.S. support for Iraq (which included an implicit condoning of Saddam's use of chemical weapons) was perhaps the crucial factor in staving off an Iranian victory.

Under the Shah, the U.S. was Iran's foremost economic and military partner. In fact, throughout the post-Second World War era and up to 1979, the emergence and existence of a powerful Iran was the core of the US policy under various administrations (both Republican and Democrat) as a vital source of peace and stability in the Middle East and Western Asia.

After 1979, however, commercial relations between Iran and the United States were restricted by U.S. sanctions. Sanctions originally imposed in 1995 by President Clinton (independent of Iran's nuclear activities) have

been continually renewed by President Bush, citing the "unusual and extraordinary threat" to U.S. national security posed by Iran.

In early 2002, during his first State of the Union address, U.S. President George W. Bush said that Iran, Iraq, and North Korea were part of an "axis of evil." "Iran aggressively pursues these weapons and exports terror, while an unelected few repress the Iranian people's hope for freedom."

Despite the US National Intelligence Estimate and the most recent reports from the International Atomic Energy Agency confirming Iran does not have a nuclear weapon program underway, the U.S. and Israel are still pursuing their efforts on declaring another war, this time against Iran.

On March 20 2003 the U.S. and Britain, along with other countries, launched a military invasion "to disarm Iraq of weapons of mass destruction, end Saddam Hussein's support for terrorism, and to free the Iraqi people."

If all of the above sounds frighteningly familiar with all the recent rhetoric coming from the same cast of

characters regarding Iran, it's only because it is – the same tone and twisted reasoning and presumptions that were used to prop Iraq into the kind of serious threat it was made out to be.

The devastation and loss of innocent life suffered in Iraq would surely be surpassed in an attack on Iran. In addition to the massive humanitarian cost, it would also destroy any developing democratic movements in the country.

1,200 delegates from the global anti-war movement agreed to a worldwide co-ordinated demonstration calling for all troops to leave Iraq and Afghanistan, and for there to be no attack on Iran.

The 2003 demonstration played a crucial role in halting talk of invading Iran.

We keep marching and protesting because the policies of mass murder and devastation are opposed by the vast majority of people. It is why on Saturday 15 March, a national demonstration in London has been organised as part of the worldwide day of protest against George Bush's wars on the fifth anniversary of the Iraq invasion.



Scorpio

I *heart* Armenia

With Islamic Image Improvement week over and the smooth transition to GAW – Genocide Awareness Week, a nation clouded in public apathy has sprung to everyone's lips: Armenia. After that, "Ohh, wasn't that where the genocide happened..." is the most common, predictable, response; the sole hallmark of the country. True, the disaster was Hitler's inspiration and the start to the bloodiest century of history. But to label the land a 'crater' and consign it to a dusty memory box alongside Rwanda is to do the nation a disservice.

Anyone who has played Rome: Total War knows how much Armenia kicked ancient ass (48 armoured-to-the-eyelid cataphracts? Hell yes!) For those poor souls/console 'gamers,' who couldn't differentiate between a keyboard and an orchestra, Armenia is situated to the south of the Steppes, to the east of Cappadocia, in the Caucasus. Try adding those to your Word dictionary. To the north lies Russia, the pinnacle of world democracy, and Georgia, as stable and open as resting on an open stable door. East is Azerbaijan, who have been at war with Armenia since the 1990's. South is Iran, and west lies Turkey, formerly the heartland of the Ottoman Empire and perpetrator of the 1895-1917 genocide. And you thought your neighbours were bad. Despite this, the landscape is stunning, with mountains topped by snow, crystal clear rivers and a temperate climate.

Armenia is one of the few countries with a larger citizenry outside the borders than in. Although its population is 3.2 million, most of whom live around the capital Yerevan, around 8 million live abroad, with high concentrations in the US, France and Italy. Arising courtesy of Turkey, the diaspora contributes significantly to Armenia's economy, which is supplemented by industry, mining and oil processing.

Famous Armenians? System Of A Down springs to mind for those music-lovers out there. Perhaps the most grandiose is Maddox, a.k.a George



Metal legends *cough*, System Of A Down, are actually Armenian. No joke

Ouzounian, author of the popular and controversial site thebestpageinthe-universe.com. On the British side, we have Natasha Shishmanian, the wife of Chris Evans, and David Dickinson, Mr Orange himself.

If you believe the Old Testament, we're all Armenian; Noah beached his ocean liner on Mt Ararat (well, if we listen to science, we're all Kenyan. Pfft.) Most of the current population belongs to the Armenian Apostolic Church. Armenia was, in fact, the first nation to declare Christianity as the state religion back in 301 CE. After a long spell as a vassal of Persia, Alexander the Great, then the Seleucids, then Persia, then Pontus, then Rome, subsequently subdued it. Like two art students fighting over one remaining liquorice all-sort, Armenia changed hands multiple times between the Romans and the Parthians. It was during this time that a 'chivalric code' appeared amongst the military of Armenia, alongside heavily armoured, lanced cavalry that both empires desired. Yep, you read that right: Armenia practically invented the knight in shining armour whilst Celts

still wore skirts in Londinium.

After the fall of Rome, Armenia enjoyed a brief empire of its own, later even relocating to Cilicia, the bit of coast north of Cyprus. Alas, it was not to last. An invasion (surprise, surprise) by the Islamic Caliphate led to hundreds more years of seesaw fighting between the Persians and the Ottomans. After two-thousand odd years of occupation, the Armenians had quite rightly had enough. The Ottomans, convulsed with economic and political decay and grabbing nationalism, feared a possible independence movement and felt fully justified in pillaging, drowning, raping, looting, hanging and shooting all Armenians they found. Hundreds of thousands were marched through the Syrian desert; those that fell were beaten and left on the rocks to die. The Young Turks were also kind enough to extend the same sympathetic treatment to the Assyrians and Greeks, whose settlements had existed in Anatolia for three millennia.

After a short-lived period as a republic, Armenia was incorporated into the USSR. It gained independence in 1991

and has since been a democracy. A modern peace partner of NATO and a member of the CIS and World Trade Organisation, 78% of Armenians favour joining the EU.

Currently, the democracy of Armenia is under threat. This week, eight people died after the army dispersed a peaceful, 'illegal' protest in Yerevan. Many Armenians fear the election was rigged and their protests artificially buried in a week dominated by news of Russian and American elections. All media outlets have been prevented from free broadcasting and public gatherings banned under military rule. The worst riots since those against Soviet rule have thus gone unnoticed around the world.

Still, with strong annual GDP growth, increasing Human Development Index, improving relations with the US, EU and Turkey, and a possible resolution with Azerbaijan over the war-torn Nagorno-Karabakh province on the horizon, there is much going for Armenia. Not since times long past has Armenia had the opportunity to embrace a free future.

/// Anyone who has played Rome: Total War knows how much Armenia kicked ancient ass ///

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Climate change puts king penguins in hot water

Warming seas mean King Penguins have to travel further to forage, limiting their reproductive success

Laura Starr

Scientists have confirmed that global warming is a severe threat to the King Penguin population, having an effect on their survival and breeding patterns. A recent study, led by Yvon Le Maho from the Institut Hubert Curien in Strasbourg, tracked 456 individual penguins over a nine year period and found that even a small increase in temperature, reflecting existing climate change predictions, poses an enormous danger and significant extinction risk for these charismatic creatures. The results were published in the February 11th issue of PNAS.

Many consider climate change to be the most significant environmental challenge facing mankind at this moment in time. Its effects include extreme weather patterns, rising sea levels and in some areas a reduction in food resources. Importantly, Earth's warming patterns are strongest in polar regions, where temperatures have risen five times faster than the global average over the past 50 years. It's this warming which makes climate change as much of a challenge for penguins as mankind.

Penguins are marine predators, positioned at the top of the Antarctic food chain. Studying their population dynamics can reflect the evolution of marine supplies such as krill, which nestle at the bottom of the food chain. The adult penguins swim to and from their colony to collect food for themselves and their offspring, with the distance travelled being directly correlated with

the temperature of the ocean surface. Organisms at the low trophic levels (further down in the food chain) are only able to thrive at a narrow temperature range. The warmer the surface of the water, the less marine life there is close to the colony and hence the further the penguins have to go in order to fish. During the summer months, the penguins have been seen to travel between 300-600 km away from the colony, as the warmer Southern Ocean sea surface has hindered the development of marine life forms near the colony.

Counterintuitively, this warming doesn't only occur in the summer: during the winter period, the ocean surface temperature has been shown to increase by around 0.26°C, which leads to a population collapse of marine organisms then too, explaining why the King Penguins have been seen to travel up to 2000 km away during this period.

Unsurprisingly, as well as a decrease in marine life forms, warmer Southern Ocean sea surface temperatures are also connected with an abrupt decline in the penguin population's reproductive success. With less food available for consumption and to bring back to the young, the little chicks have an abridged likelihood of survival. Using the data collected, a mathematical model was produced, which was used to predict a subsequent 9% drop in the penguin's survival two years later. The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change has predicted that Earth will warm by 0.2°C per decade for the next

two decades – the threat to the penguin population can clearly be inferred.

The investigation was carried out on the sub Antarctic species, *Aptenodytes patagonicus*, found on Possession Island in the Crozet Archipelago, located in the southern Indian Ocean. It is in this area where around two-thirds of the world's King Penguin population reproduce, a staggering two million birds.

The penguins were monitored in their natural environment via electronic tags, which were implanted under their skin. Maho and his colleagues were the first group to carry out this method of research; past studies used numbered rings attached to each bird's wing. However, this method of tracking was shown to hinder the penguin's swimming ability. Furthermore, penguins fitted with these rings have been shown to have a reduction in reproductive success and life expectancy. In contrast, fitting the birds with the electronic tags was shown to have no impact on how they go about their daily life.

This key study not only reflects the effect of global warming on biodiversity but importantly its additional wider effect on marine food chains, which can lead to an imbalance of organisms throughout the trophic levels.

The penguin population has limited options, with an increase in the temperature of the ocean sea surface being inevitable. Will they adapt to the changing global environment and survive? Or will they fall as a defenseless victim of climate change?



King Penguins. Emperor Penguins may go on marches, but these little critters are swimmers, making epic foraging journeys of up to 2000 km

Total recall? Investigating memory differences between the sexes

Tamsin Osborne

It's often said that men don't ask for directions and women never forget a face. Hackneyed though they are, it's starting to look like these stereotypes might have a biological basis

Psychologists Agneta Herlitz and Jenny Rehnman from the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm, Sweden, have been investigating the accuracy of these age-old anecdotes. According to their research, women and men have different strengths when it comes to memory, with women coming out on top. Their findings were published yesterday in Current Directions in Psychological Science.

By testing the recall of groups of men and women, Dr Herlitz and Dr Rehnman showed that women excel at remembering words, odours and faces, while men are better at tasks requiring good spatial awareness, like remembering the route out of a maze.

The key difference here is women's superior verbal processing abilities. When verbal information is available, women gain the upper hand. So, while men might be better at finding their way back out of a forest, women would be better at finding their way back to the hotel in a foreign city, where more easily verbalised information would be available. Although, presumably, this would be less of a problem for women anyway, with their ability to ask for directions.

This tendency to verbalise information also puts women in the lead when

it comes to remembering where the car keys are—a task that requires both verbal and visuospatial skills. Where men rely on their spatial awareness, women use words to remember an object's position. And it's not just inanimate objects that women are better at remembering.

It is well known among psychologists that women are better than men at recognising faces. Dr Herlitz and Dr Rehnman wondered if perhaps women recognised faces by verbalising them—mentally filing descriptions of people, such as 'blonde, blue-eyed, and handsome'. Their experiments didn't answer their question, but they did reveal something even more intriguing: women remember the faces of other women better than those of other men.

To investigate further, the researchers showed three groups of men and women a series of androgynous faces. The images were presented to the first group as 'female faces', to the second group as 'male faces', and to the third group as simply 'faces'. The women remembered the faces best when they were presented as female faces, whereas this information made no difference to the men. This indicated that the women were remembering the female faces better because they were paying more attention to them.

Research in young children has shown that both girls and boys can categorise female faces better than male faces. This makes sense if you consider that babies tend to see more female faces at an early age, a fact that the



Forget-me-nots should be the official flower for Mother's day. Did you remember this year?

researchers suggest could account for this effect in grown women.

Over time, interactions with other girls would strengthen this ability in women, while growing boys would lose their advantage through interacting predominantly with other boys, or so the theory goes.

Complicated processes like memory are determined by environmental fac-

tors as well as gender. These gender-specific memory differences are seen all over the world, but the magnitude of difference varies according to social and cultural factors.

These results offer an intriguing insight into the truth behind the anecdotal reports of men's failure to remember people they've met or where they left things. However, the researchers

stress that more research is required before we can fully understand the biological and evolutionary origins of these observations.

In the meantime, these finding might serve as a useful excuse for forgetful men as well as those reluctant to ask for directions, preferring instead to rely on their visuospatial processing. Now, where did I put those car keys...

Vein melter: Anthrax and zebrafish embryos

Monitoring what anthrax does to zebrafish veins might help improve treatments for the disease in humans

Edmund Henley
Science Editor

As bacteria go, anthrax is pretty unpleasant. Not only can it enter the human body via the skin, or through the digestive system, but also via the lungs – unusually for a bacterium, anthrax can create spores, able to survive for very long times outside a host, turning back into bacteria when they re-enter. If enough of these spores are inhaled, pulmonary anthrax, a particularly fatal form of the disease, can develop. Coupled with the ease with which airborne spores can be dispersed, these characteristics make "weaponised" anthrax a formidable biological weapon, capable of rendering infected areas uninhabitable for decades.

What the bacteria do inside the body is no less sordid. As they travel from the infection site, they emit a toxic three-part cocktail of proteins, one part of which, the protective antigen, is able to help the other two parts – the lethal and oedema factors – inside cells, where they can wreak havoc.

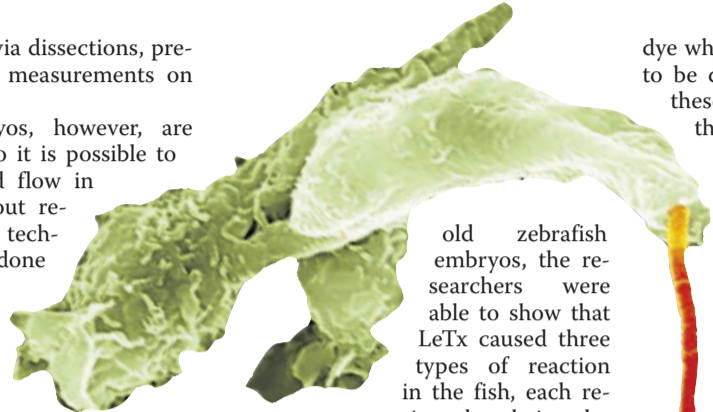
Not only does this allow the bacteria to ward off attempts by the body's

force of "cleaner" phagocyte cells to destroy them, but recent studies have also shown that a combination of the lethal factor and the antigen, known as lethal toxin (LeTx) is responsible for typical anthrax symptoms such as blood-vessel leakages and the build-up of fluid surrounding the lungs.

It's the details of how LeTx causes blood vessels to leak which Robert E. Bolcome III and other colleagues from the Harvard Medical School set out to investigate. As reported recently in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, one of the problems they had to overcome lay in finding a suitable "model" – mammal blood-vessels are bur-

can only be made via dissections, preventing successive measurements on the same animal.

Zebrafish embryos, however, are transparent, and so it is possible to monitor the blood flow in their vessels without resorting to invasive techniques – it can be done remotely, using fluorescence microscopy. This relies on injecting fluorescent polymer microspheres a few hundred nanometres wide into the embryos' vessels –



old zebrafish embryos, the researchers were able to show that LeTx caused three types of reaction in the fish, each reaction class being defined by the circulation present 20 hours after the toxin was injected. "Wild-type" cases had normal circulation, mild cases showed reduced circulation, whilst severe cases had no circulation at all.



ied within opaque tissues, preventing the effect of the toxin on live vessels from being monitored over time. Observations

when illuminated, these microspheres show up as bright spots in images of the embryos, spots whose progress can be followed over time without killing the fish.

Using this technique on two day-

Monitoring the progress of embryos over time, the researchers found this reduction in circulation was associated with leaking vessel walls – almost all embryos with poor circulation showed microspheres escaping the vessels.

However, using acridine orange, a

dye which allows living and dead cells to be distinguished, it was seen that these leakages occurred without the cells which make up the vessel walls dying – something else was responsible for the leaks.

The culprit turned out to be particular chemical pathway, known to be implicated in vessel permeability. By blocking this VEGFR pathway, the researchers were able to reduce the numbers of embryos in the mild and severe categories.

This suggests that the VEGFR pathway is worth exploring further – the scientists conclude that targeting this pathway may increase the effectiveness of anthrax treatments in humans. Furthermore, as vessel leakage occurs in a number of other diseases, such as Ebola or haemorrhagic fever, they suggest similar studies would be worth pursuing in those cases – understanding the role vessels play in fact yield a rich

may in fact yield a rich vein of techniques for tackling these afflictions. Enough to make it worth turning any number of zebrafish green around the gills.

– join the global demonstration

Five years after the invasion of Iraq the world has become a much more dangerous place. Estimates suggest as many as one million have died violent deaths as a result of the occupation of Iraq. The country's infrastructure and civil society are in shreds. Brown has promised British withdrawals but there are still 5,000 British soldiers there.

Despite talk of a change of attitude to Bush's wars, Brown is sending more troops to Afghanistan. This hidden war is fast becoming a disaster mirroring Iraq. The number of dead in Afghanistan runs in to tens of thousands, according to Oxfam there are four times more bombing raids there than in Iraq, and the result of this devastation is that the Taliban is growing.

Meanwhile instability is spreading around the world. The turmoil in Pakistan is partly caused by the 'war on terror' and it will cause more chaos in Afghanistan.

Despite clear evidence that Iran is nowhere near developing nuclear weapons, Bush is continuing to ramp up pressure against the regime there, risking war at any time.

The Stop the War Coalition has joined with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the British Muslim Initiative in calling a demonstration to mark the fifth anniversary of the invasion of Iraq in London on Saturday March 15.

It will be part of a global day of protest against Bush's wars with marches around the world from Washington to Beirut, from Sidney to Seoul.

We aim to show our rulers that the overwhelming majority here and around the world want to see an end to these immoral, irresponsible and frightening wars. Please join us, tell your friends, workmates and neighbours and make sure that on Saturday March 15 George Bush and Gordon Brown cannot ignore the fact that the world is against their wars.

Imperial College Students
Meet: BEIT QUAD 11.20am
Leave: 11.45am to join the main demo

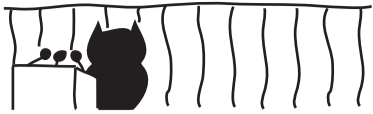
IC STOP THE WAR STUDENT SOCIETY
 stopthewar@imperial.ac.uk

DEMONSTRATE 15 MARCH

WORLD AGAINST WAR

Troops out of Iraq and Afghanistan
Don't attack Iran
End the siege of Gaza

Trafalgar Square, London
 Called by Stop the War Coalition, CND and BMI as part of a global protest
www.stopwar.org.uk
www.theworldagainstawar.org



Hillary: a very female candidate

Abioye Oyetunji on why Hillary Clinton's campaign hurts and is detrimental to the feminist cause

A woman becoming “the most powerful man in the world” should surely be the climax of female empowerment, and the fact that this year marked the first realistic possibility of this occurring should put the Hillary Rodham Clinton name right up there with Joan of Arc and Boudicca. Instead, the comparisons I just made probably made you snort in disbelief. Rather than proclaiming this as a historically important moment in the struggle, the feminist powers-that-be have all but ignored Mrs Clinton's White House bid.

It's not that having a female American President wouldn't be a good thing; it's a position of great, if often overstated, importance and, if she were to be successful, just one term could silence hordes of disbelievers in sexual equality just as Margaret Thatcher did in the seventies.

What diminishes this potentially historic achievement is the woman in question seeming to owe all her achievements to, you guessed it, a man. It doesn't help when the one in question is a smooth-talking, skirt-chasing specimen, who once sexually pleased a 22-year old intern with a cigar in the Oval Office (possibly the most chauvinist act one could possibly imagine).

Unfortunately, as far as we all can tell, the only reason Hillary Clinton managed to get a shot at being the 44th President is because she is married to the 42nd. It did not have to be so glaring – Hillary could possibly have convinced everyone of her independence had she kept Bill in the background for the entire campaign and dissociated herself from his administration. Instead, he was brought to the forefront, sending an unforgivable message: “Don't worry, you can vote for the wife, it'll still be Bill running the show”. Mr. Clinton has even gone as far as performing tasks usually



Hillary Clinton has the chance to be the most powerful individual on Earth, but is it a triumph for female empowerment?

reserved only for the candidate, such as bargaining with party bigwigs such as Ted Kennedy, implying Mrs Clinton does not have the negotiating abilities to do so (a strange message to send for a Presidential candidate).

Comparisons to other female world leaders paint Mrs. Clinton's independence issues in a particularly bad light. Angela Merkel's husband is famously invisible; he is known as “the Phantom of the Opera” in the German press. Jokes abound that Denis Thatcher used to attend the “mothers' teas” events when their son, Mark, was at Harrow. Hillary, on the other hand, has not just made it clear her husband will be playing a key, potentially lead, role in her administration, but has tirelessly traded on his name, attempting to take credit for his achievements in the White House (except where said

achievements are no longer popular, in which case she actually disagreed with them the entire time).

But it is not just the prominence of her husband that makes her a bad candidate for a female role model. In order to play to votes, Mrs. Clinton has committed some horrendous feminist no-no's on the campaign trail.

Playing to female stereotypes may help win votes, but once this election season is over and the dust settles, she may have a lot to answer for with Women's Lib groups who do not consider such behaviour helpful in the long run.

First, and most glaring, was the teary moment before the New Hampshire primary. Certainly there are valid reasons a candidate might shed a tear during their campaign; when giving a moving talk on the death of a family

member, while listening to a war casualty's mother describe his heroics, or when visiting the cancer ward of a children's hospital. However, choking up because you are losing in opinion polls should spell the end of your candidacy (and I daresay, if Hillary had been a man, it would have). Voters (predominantly female) rallied around her over this moment, and she won the primary. If the first female American President gets there on a wave of national pity, the Women's Lib movement could be put back decades.

When the press started to ignore her after losing a long series of primaries, Mrs Clinton kicked up a strop-fest of claims of unfair treatment (even though the press does this to virtually all candidates who seem unlikely to win). Graduating from there, Mrs Clinton's recent strategy has been to

propagate another stereotype by engaging in severe mood swings; one day she is telling us how proud she is to be running against Barack Obama, the next she is virulently berating him for reasons no one can understand. I have no idea how or why this strategy was expected to work politically, but it's essentially a gift on a golden platter for any sexist observers.

I feel sorry for Hillary because she is likely an intelligent and competent woman. My guess is that she is probably a cool-headed and rational thinker, with good decision-making skills. However, she has chosen to play all this down in her campaign and play political games that only make her seem desperate, badly organised and unstable. However, American voters can rest assured, the Clinton campaign insists; her man's supervising.

News stories from around the known world

Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

In depth political analysis is so 1980's. Back then shoulder pads weren't ironic. As a fully paid up member of the iPod generation, I too find it hard to consume news not set out sparsely amid pretty pictures.

Venezuela prepares for war



Venezuela has mobilised troops along its border with Columbia, with esti-

mates of several hundred tanks being quoted by the Reuters news agency. “The concept of our mobilization is not against the people of Colombia ... but



against the expansionist ambitions of the (U.S.) empire” Venezuela's defence minister said. Columbia recently sent specialist forces into Ecuador with the aim of killing communist rebels it sees as a threat. Chavez, who is a staunch ally of President Correa of Ecuador, believes the move is part of a US lead campaign to destabilise socialist South America. Major regional power Brazil has urged restraint in a crisis that could plunge the continent into war.

No Lisbon Treaty referendum



The UK parliament decided in a vote of 311 to 248 not to hold a national referendum on whether to ratify the EU Lisbon Treaty. The conservative party claims that the latest treaty to come out of Brussels infringes on Britain's sovereignty and requires a public vote. The Liberal Democrats, who have fallen significantly in the opinion polls since David Cameron became leader of the opposition, appear to have been the biggest casualties however, with 13 MPs defying a 3-line-

whip to abstain from voting, seeing no less than 3 front bench politicians resign. Ratification will now be passed onto the House of Lords.

Don't forget to pay your gas bill



The Russian petroleum company Gazprom halved its supplies of natural gas over two days last week to the Ukraine, following a dispute in which the Eastern European country is alleged to owe US\$600m to the oil giant. It raised eyebrows of concern in Western Europe, which relies heavily

on energy resources from Russia, some 80% flowing through Ukrainian pipes. The move comes mere days after Dmitry Medvedev, chair of the board of Gazprom, won Russia's Presidential elections, and is a further worsening of relations between formerly united countries since pro-west President Yushchenko came to power in 2004.

Clinton clings on

Over in the US, the marathon selection process for Presidential candidates in November's election to succeed George Bush continues. John McCain finally triumphed in the race for the Republican Party nomination, receiving the incumbent's blessing on Wednesday, and Hillary Clinton gained ground after last week's series of primaries dubbed ‘Super Tuesday Part II’. Mrs Clinton ended a losing streak of 11 states and avoided possible knock out by winning major states Texas and Ohio. There have since been talks of running together against Mr McCain as both candidates prepare for a contest which may run into late summer.

Power-sharing talks in Kenya stall

Kofi Annan announces that talks in Kenya, aimed at reconciling ethnic groups, have been suspended

Katya-yani Vyas

On Tuesday the 26th of February, talks targeted at ending violence in Kenya broke down after the bitter rivals in the dispute as to who was the victor in the December elections failed to come to an agreement on a power sharing deal. Kofi Annan, the former UN secretary general, has been leading the negotiations and has announced that the talks have been suspended, a move that will prompt fears of renewed violence. In a diplomatic move to try and compromise, Annan announced that he would communicate with the leaders directly to try and reinvigorate negotiations which have been staggering along for weeks without any success. "I hope these people will understand this is a move intended to speed up action," Annan said of his decision. It is unclear whether they will; Kenyan politics and public opinion are extremely volatile.

The problems centre around the two opposing party leaders, Kibaki, the president, and Odinga, the opposition party leader. The Former has been accused by his rival of stealing the

election, while the president blames Odinga for instigating the ethnic violence that has left over 1,000 people dead and forced 300,000 people to flee their homes after rival gangs, organised largely on ethnic lines, went on the rampage. Negotiators for the two had agreed in principle to create a new

"The army is the best option to stop a sectarian bloodbath"

prime minister's post for the opposition, but they failed to agree over just how much power such a post would carry. In addition, according to the Kenyan media, the government has back-tracked on pledges to offer the opposition some real power.

This is disappointing as after the first few days of talks intended to find a solution to the Kenyan election crisis, the impressions emanating from the

room where the Kenyan government and the opposition have been negotiating were generally quite positive. Officials from the government Party of National Unity (PNU) and the opposition Orange Democratic Movement (ODM) were saying that "progress was being made".

But agreement was being found on straightforward issues; the items at the top of the agenda drawn up by former UN Secretary General Kofi Annan were non-contentious. It was almost as if he was trying to get the two sides into the habit of concurring because he knew that the more complicated issues lay ahead, and they would be best tackled by two sides who have at least been able to find common ground on something.

Correspondents have indicated that the parties will not bow to international pressure, Condoleezza Rice coming in for criticism regarding certain comments that suggested that bilateral relations between the US and Kenya could suffer unless progress was made in negotiations. The Kenyan Foreign Minister has countered this, citing that Kenya's international friends were free to support the negotiation process but not to impose any kind of threatening solution on the conflict.

Mr Annan, who has been residing in Kenya for more than a month in an attempt to reach a settlement, is expected to now meet the African Union head, Tanzanian President Jakaya Kikwete, who is also in the country to help broker negotiations and discuss what solutions can be reached. In Nairobi, residents have expressed their desire for peace, fearing an even more violent fallout from the political tensions. It is widely agreed now that the two leaders will have to become directly involved in talks rather than acting through negotiators to maintain any kind of progress "The leaders have to assume their responsibilities and become directly engaged in these talks," Mr Annan said.

Both sides had agreed last week

to create the post of prime minister, which would be taken by Mr Odinga, leading to hopes that a final deal was imminent. However,

they still needed to finalise what powers he would have. As

well as how to divide powers between a prime minister and a president, the rivals are also split on sharing cabinet positions and the possibility of a new election if the coalition collapses.

The opinion in Britain and indeed much of the West is that the Kenyan army is now the best option to stop a sectarian bloodbath occurring, one worse than the product of the violence that erupted in December. The foreign office minister for Africa, Asia and the UN, Mark Malloch-Brown, indicated a serious risk of renewed bloodshed if talks broke down irrevocably.

The violence had died down recently as a result of Annan's brokering of negotiations, but he called a pause to the talks yesterday after several fruitless weeks.

However, western observers believe that extremists on both sides have used the lull to regroup and prepare for another, potentially bloodier, bout of violence in Kenya. "We're going to have to stop the violence," Malloch-Brown said.

"The Kenyan military is by far the best option.

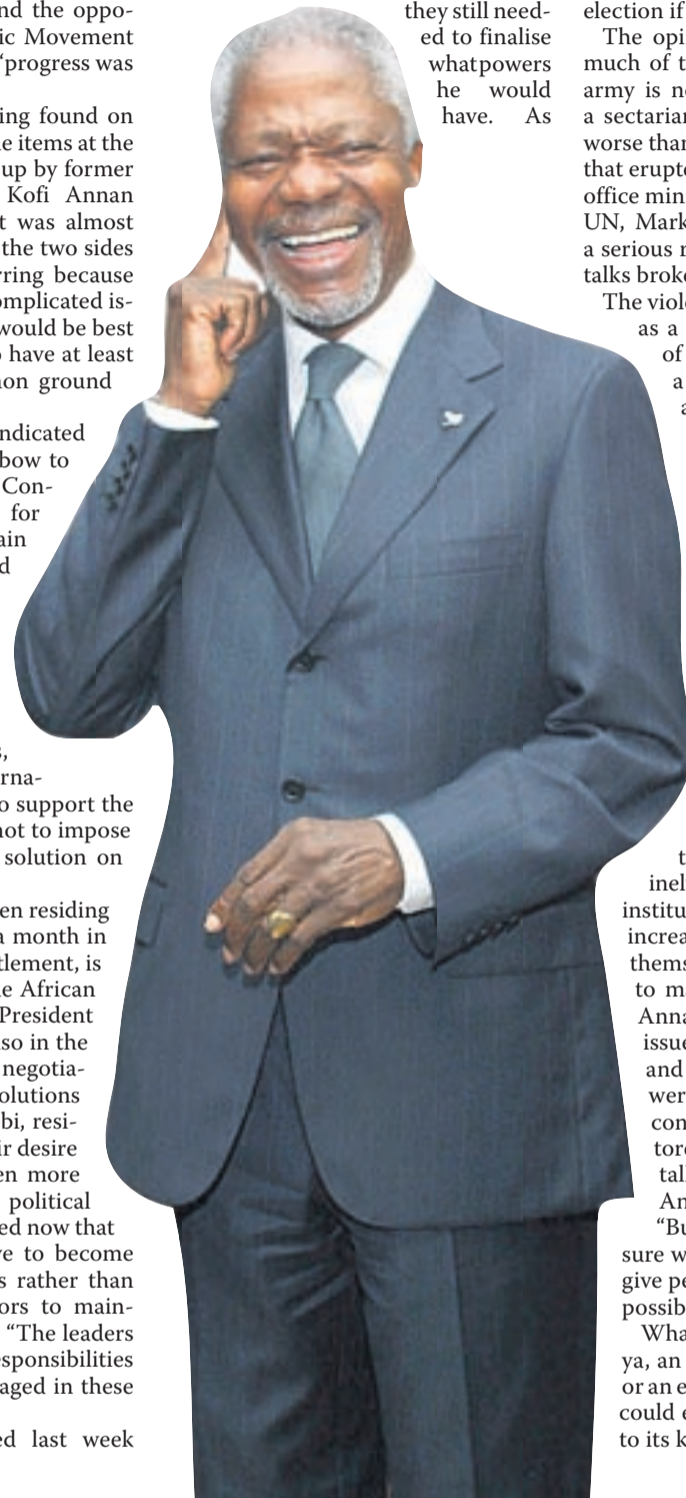
The question is, can the army be brought in, in a non-divisive way?"

The army is, unlike the police, still respected by the Kenyan public as a genuinely national and multi-ethnic institution, but its generals are increasingly reluctant to involve themselves because they want to maintain its status and unity. Annan is believed to have now issued an ultimatum to Kibaki and Odinga, telling them they were facing their last chance to contain the conflict before it tore their country apart. "The talks have not broken down," Annan told reporters later. "But I am taking steps to make sure we accelerate the process and give peace to the people as soon as possible."

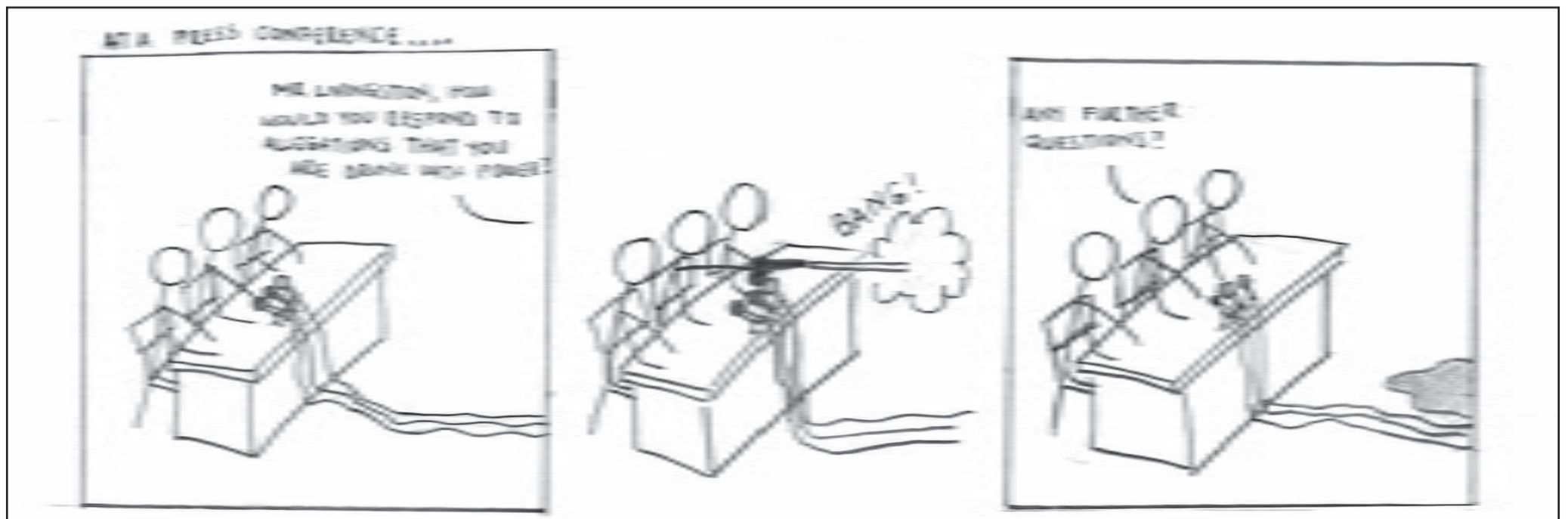
What is on the horizon for Kenya, an end to the political struggle or an escalation of the violence that could eventually bring the country to its knees?



Kenyan President Mwai Kibaki



Dry Wit & Tonic



The facts about the Lisbon Treaty

No straight bananas here, only a balanced and fair analysis on the Lisbon Treaty and how it affects you

James Goldsack

Debate has been raging in the House of Commons this week concerning a possible referendum for the EU's Lisbon Treaty, the successor to the EU Constitution. This culminated on Tuesday with Liberal Democrat foreign affairs spokesman Edward Davey being ordered out of the House of Commons. Mr. Davey was angered at the deputy speaker's decision not to allow a debate on their idea for a referendum on EU membership, claiming he was "gagged". Other MPs walked out in solidarity, showing disregard for the deputy speaker and his "outrageous" decision.

Having a referendum on the EU Treaty in theory gives the people the opportunity to decide for themselves whether to sign up. However, a referendum requires the electorate to understand the issue and with one as complex and divisive as this, is it wise to allow the general public to decide? If there is to be a referendum, the people need to know what effects the Treaty will have on their lives and the sovereignty of the country. The following questions will hopefully give you an insight into the issues involved in the ratification of the Lisbon Treaty.

What role will the EU President have?

The Treaty will change the role of the President of the Council of the European Union, only one of many presidential posts. This Council is comprised of all member states of the EU. The presidency will not be held by a member state as has been the case up till now; instead a single person will hold the position. The President will be a top politician, elected by prime ministers and national presidents, the top representatives of each member state in the Council of the European Union. The new president will be in power for a term of 30 months, increased from 6. The President will not have any executive powers and there will continue to be separate presidents of the European Commission and European Parliament. The Treaty does not rule out the merging of any of these positions but it does not instigate it. Three countries will run councils to discuss legislation in areas such as employment, the environment, communications and transport. This maintains the old system of state presidencies but in a power-sharing arrangement. The introduc-



With the possibility of an EU President post being created, will we see Tony Blair in a new position?

tion of one figure as the President does not change how the EU and member states deal with signing international treaties.

Will there be an EU foreign minister who will overrule national figures?

Not as such. The Treaty creates a new position of High Representative of the

Union for Foreign Affairs and Security Policy which in practice is an amalgamation of two current positions: foreign policy and security chief, currently Javier Solana, and External Relations Commissioner, Benita Ferrero-Waldner. The new position will have the diplomatic power of the former and the financial capabilities of the latter position. The new High Representative will be a powerful position

and have lots of staff working for the office. As this person will be speaking on behalf of all 27 member states, they will probably be more important internationally than any individual national foreign secretary. However, Javier Solana already has a louder voice than most member states. The High Representative will only be able to implement policy agreed unanimously by the member states so they could often be left without any input into proceedings. A declaration, a statement of political intent, has been inserted into the Treaty saying the creation of the high representative does not "affect the responsibilities of the member states... for the formulation and conduct of their foreign policy". Although not legally binding, declarations are taken into account in the European Court of Justice.

What position will the EU have in the UN?

The Treaty increases the ability to have a common foreign policy and although some countries would like to see the EU have a permanent seat on the United Nations Security Council, the UN charter specifies that the seats are for "states" only. Therefore the EU, being an international organisation, cannot join. Some claim it is only a matter of time before France and the UK lose the seats to be replaced by the EU

but if this is to occur it will be so far down the line that the details cannot be predicted; for the time being there is no indication at all that the EU can or will join the UN. The Treaty does say that when all member states adopt a common foreign policy, those countries on the Security Council will ask for the High Representative to present the EU position. This would only occur if there was unanimous agreement within the EU. Javier Solana has already presented the EU position on many occasions. This does not prevent the member states individually making their own statements. A declaration in the Treaty states that the EU's common foreign and security policy will not affect a member state's membership of the UN Security Council.

Does it give national governments a bigger say?

Yes. There are procedures in the Treaty which require national governments to be notified of proposed legislation. The governments can then challenge the introduction of this legislation. However, the EU can overrule national governments but the introduction of a forum for dissent is an improvement over previous treaties. The treaty attempts to encourage national governments to involve themselves with European legislation and governance; one clause specifies "National parliaments



Liberal Democrat MP Ed Davey speaks to his constituents after being thrown out of Parliament

shall contribute actively to the good functioning of the Union". Some British MPs objected to this as it appears to be an order. However, the new treaty cannot force governments to involve themselves but it is an attempt to help bring the EU in the right direction, with more integration between member states and the EU institutions.

Will the Charter of Fundamental Human Rights affect UK law?

The Charter of Fundamental Human Rights was agreed in 2000 as a declaration and as such is not legally binding. The Lisbon Treaty will correct this and make the Charter legally binding. Some say this will allow the European Court to rewrite national laws in social matters such as strikes, social security and working hours. Some European Court judges believe this is how the system should work and they may have a good point. It would help maximise the integration between the different countries and as movement of labour is free within the EU, why shouldn't other aspects of work or social matters be universal? If this is the case, it is certain the European Court will not intervene beyond what the member states feel is acceptable as the EU is answerable to the states. Some people believe that the Charter is only applicable when countries apply EU law. There is a lot of debate over which is the proper interpretation of the Treaty. Most social legislation is national so governments would be safe from pros-

ecution and intervention. As a guarantee, Britain has negotiated a clause which says no court can rule that the "laws, regulations or administrative provisions, practices or action" of the UK are inconsistent with the principles laid down in the charter. Many MEPs are unhappy with this legally-binding clause as it flies in the face of the underlying principle that EU law should be the same for all member countries. This clause introduced by Britain shows a certain amount of disrespect for Europe and our neighbours.

Is it a major transfer of power to the EU?

It transfers some power to the EU but not very much; it is certainly not a major transfer. Many see the Treaty as one more step in the EU's pursuit of "ever closer union" and not a particularly dramatic one, certainly compared to the Single European Act or Maastricht Treaty, two groundbreaking agreements. Many MEPs feel that the Treaty has watered down too much and there is not enough substance there to lead to more integration. Opponents will say that many politicians see the Lisbon Treaty as a stepping stone to an EU Constitution. However,

the constitution itself was not as big a step as it was made out to be; the most important difference between it and any other treaty was that it brought together all the foundational treaties into one document instead of amending them. The new positions created of President and High Representative are still answerable to the member states. The EU is a very complex organisation and changes that strengthen it do not necessarily weaken the individual governments.

Will the UK lose its veto?

In some areas, yes. However, this is not necessarily a bad thing. With increasing membership it becomes harder to make decisions if all votes have to be unanimous. Many areas will still have unanimous voting and therefore the UK will keep its veto. By introducing majority voting, the member states are pooling sovereignty, encouraging cooperation. The most important place where unanimity has been lost is in the area of Justice and Home Affairs. Police and judicial cooperation of member states will now be decided by a majority vote

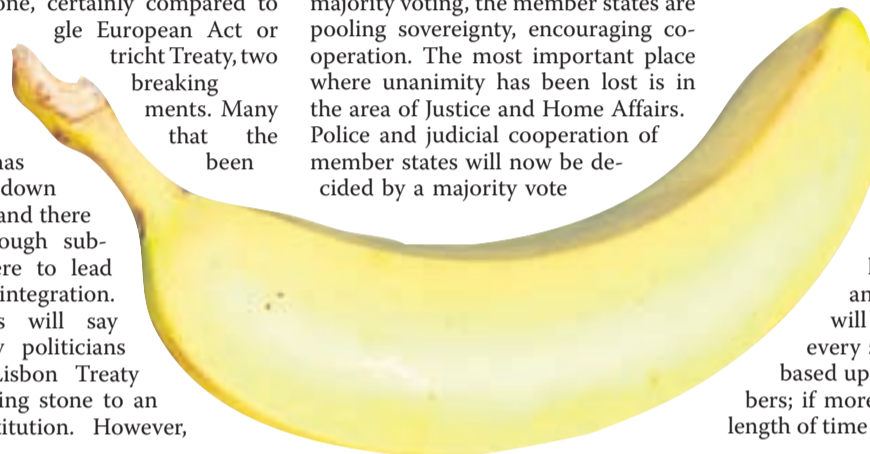
as immigration, asylum and some other policies already are. However, Britain has negotiated the right to pick and choose whether to take part in Justice and Home Affairs legislation.

Will the European Court get new powers?

Yes, its mandate will spread into new areas. The European Court of Justice will be able to rule on more cases concerning Justice and Home Affairs. However, for Britain, only those areas we choose to sign up to can be under the European Court's jurisdiction so this will have only a limited and unimportant effect on this country.

Will we lose our commissioner?

Only some of the time. Currently each member state has one commissioner and it was not so long ago that the larger states had two. The Treaty states that each country will lose their commissioner for five years at a time. From 2014 only two thirds of all member states will have a commissioner at any one time and the seats will be assigned by rotation every 5 years. However, this is based upon there being 27 members; if more states join the EU, the length of time will change accordingly.



Apparently war is awesome...



Samuel Black Political Know-It-All

This last week has seen a string of anti-war and pacifist groups disband and renounce their views. It is an unprecedented time of self-criticism and re-evaluation in the hippie community. Among the groups that have broken up are Imperial societies such as Student Respect and Stop the War.

The dramatic u-turn has been attributed to the return of Prince Harry from active-duty in Afghanistan and the media coverage that has accompanied it. The end of the voluntary media blackout has meant that the details of Prince Harry's deployment have been released. There are many pictures of him, looking happy and having a great time, while the Prince himself has spoken of the pride he felt serving his country and his enthusiasm for serving on the front line. Leroy Weatherfield, former Chairman of the Stop-the-War society, spoke of his initial confusion "All this time we've been saying that war is fundamentally wrong and unethical. We thought that life was terrible for our soldiers. We couldn't see any good in war, but Prince Harry has opened our eyes. War doesn't damage the mental health of soldiers. We can see now that war is not only enjoyable but in a time when obesity rates are increasing, an invaluable source of outdoor exercise".

The whole affair has been a massive PR coup for the military. Young, fresh-faced boys are signing up for the killing fields in droves since news of Prince Harry's deployment broke. "All the information about war is usually negative. I've read about the horrors of fighting and the horrible injuries people sustain. Prince Harry has shown us that war is actually great fun and now I really want to go to Afghanistan" said a naive young boy in the recruitment lines. Pro-War groups such as War-is-Sex and Jingoists-hate-Muslims have been rejoicing in their victory against 'delusional' pacifists. "We've been trying to tell them all this time that war is great. We've invited them to the range to see what its like to shoot an Arab, but I guess it would take a Prince to make them see sense" commented Billy O'Reilly, head of the pro-war Brain-dead-Hick organisation.

However, their celebrations may be a little premature. Only a minority of anti-war groups have lost their faith. Others are angry that Prince Harry didn't get himself killed. I spoke to an aged anti-war protestor "He's acted completely irresponsibly. The Prince is meant to be a role-model to children. By coming home alive and well, he's set an extremely bad example. Kids out there are going to think you can go to war, it'll be great fun and you'll come back a hero. He should have done the right thing and shot himself. At the very least he could have stood on a landmine".

Is it Macedonia or not?

Danai T Balfoussia

A few years ago I was reading an article in TIME magazine about the Balkans. They had printed a map of the region following the division of Yugoslavia and had labelled the country north of Greece as Macedonia. I was only fifteen years old but old enough to know the difference and why that name was problematic. I wrote to the magazine explaining the history of the region and explaining why the printing of this map was irresponsible.

The letter was never published, probably because it was too long (it is after all 2500 years worth of history!), and instead I received a little postcard thanking me for my feedback. Eight years later, the issue is back in the headlines and for many people I suspect the answer is quite straightforward and simple and they have little understanding of what the big deal is. I understand that writing a whole article about the history of a region with such a long history is somewhat controversial so I have decided to simply give a quick overview of some facts that highlight the most important facets of the debate.

When Yugoslavia collapsed, it was divided into Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia and Montenegro and FYROM (Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia). The name of this last was provisionally accepted in the UN with the understanding that it would form the basis for dialogue and mutual agreement between FYROM and Greece. This at the time led to a very strong conflict with Greece, which has a Northern province known as Macedonia. At the same time Greece placed an embargo against FYROM, since it tried to claim the name "Republic of Macedonia" and to adopt the sun of Vergina, the symbol of Philip's (Alexander the Great's father) dynasty,

for its flag. Today, some countries, including the US and the UK, have fully recognized the name Macedonia, while others, including France, Germany, Spain and Australia, continue to refer to it as FYROM. With FYROM wanting to join the European Union and NATO, the issue of the naming has resurfaced officially.

Matthew Nimetz, the UN Special Representative, is currently overseeing negotiations between the two countries in an effort to reach a mutually acceptable name. The main difference this time around is that over the past eight years FYROM has led a discreet yet relentless campaign, and has gradually introduced the concept of "Macedonia" as an acceptable name. It casually appears in maps, such as in February 22nd's issue of the Felix, in journals and even political conversations implying that there is no issue, that there is no debate. The truth, however, still remains that the official UN-recognised name of the country is Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia and that there is an issue, a very important one which if not managed delicately can lead to the destabilization of the Balkan region.

What is the relationship between Alexander the Great's Macedonia and the region?

Alexander's Macedonia (4th century BC) was vast and encompassed both the province in Northern Greece as well as less than half of what is today FYROM. Its capital, Pella, is within the borders of modern Greece as shown by archaeological digs. Furthermore, Alexander's Macedonia was a Greek city-state, as were Athens and Sparta. Alexander spoke Greek and believed in the twelve Gods of Olympus and also participated in the Olympic Games, an honour allowed only to Greeks. Mod-

ern FYROM by contrast is inhabited by Slavs who descended into the region in 600AD and the languages spoken are principally a Slav dialect closely related to Bulgarian, as well as Albanian, Romani, Turkish and Serbian.

Why not just name the country Macedonia?

Naming the country Macedonia implies some sort of tie to Alexander the Great and the cultural heritage of the region. The effort on FYROM's behalf to use the sun of Vergina in its flag further supports the legitimacy of this concern. This name is made even further unacceptable because of the average person's inability to distinguish the two. For a person who has little knowledge of the history of the region, an area named Macedonia implies a direct link to the ancient Macedonians. A final and much more grave concern is the well-founded suspicion that recognition of FYROM as simply "Macedonia" will lay the groundwork for a future claim to the Greek province of Macedonia. This has the ultimate goal of achieving direct access to the Aegean sea eliminating in

this way any dependence on Greece as well as fulfilling the long-established dream of "Great Macedonia" which today encompasses parts of Greece, Bulgaria, Albania and Serbia. While this scenario may appear far-fetched, the current situation in neighbouring countries proves the opposite. With the continual re-definition of the Balkan countries' borders and the recent independence of Kosovo, who is to say that more changes will not ensue?

I hope this article has been useful and I look forward to answering any questions or addressing any issues in more detail to the best of my knowledge. I hope people will gradually show more interest in the issue, read around it and form an opinion. The subject of Macedonia is not simple or straightforward and failure to recognise the political implications surrounding the debate will have serious repercussions on the future of the region. History is crucial to a thorough understanding of politics. When the international community intervened in the region and carved out the post-Yugoslavia borders, history was one thing that was not taken into account. The consequences of this omission are evident today.



Blue: FYROM or Macedonia, Purple: Greek province of Macedonia

President's Update

Congratulations to next year's Sabbatical Officers

After the most hotly contested set of elections in recent years your Sabbatical Team for 2008/09 will be:

President

Jennifer Morgan

Deputy President (Education and Welfare)

Hannah Theodorou

Deputy President (Clubs and Societies)

Lily Topham

Deputy President (Finance and Services)

Christian Carter

Felix Editor

Jovan Nedic

Turnout was up considerably on the previous few years with 2314 students voting in the Presidential election. In addition to the full-time posts Kadim Shubber and Jamie Henry were elected as Student Trustees of Imperial College Union.

Elections for delegates to NUS Annual Conference were also held and the 8 students who will join me at this event in Blackpool over the Easter break are

Jennifer Morgan

Kirsty Patterson

Ashley Brown

Victoria Gibbs

Camilla Royle

Jon Matthews

Luke Taylor

Elizabeth Hybs

Well done to all the winners and commiserations to all the unsuccessful candidates who can take pride in the fact that they contributed so much towards the electoral process. Thanks also to Daniel McGuinness who filled the role of

Returning Officer and the elections committee who ensured that the elections ran without any major hitches.



Stephen Brown
President
president@imperial.ac.uk

On a slightly more sombre note

Last week a lot of you who came back to the Union after the Varsity Rugby match were very disappointed that the bar closed slightly earlier than was advertised. On behalf of the Union I would like to offer an unreserved apology for this error – especially to the sports clubs some of which went to a lot of effort to get their members involved in Varsity Day. As a gesture of goodwill towards students who were inconvenienced last Wednesday we are halving the price of entry to our end of term carnival on Wednesday 19th March. Tickets will now be on sale for £4 instead of £8. Once again I would like to apologise to those of you who had a bad ending to a wonderful day of Sport.

More Elections (last mention this term, honest)

Due to technical difficulties the Union, RCSU and CGCU elections that were advertised 2 weeks ago are postponed until next term. Look out for details of the new elections timetable after the Easter break.

the
easter carnival
wednesday 19 march 2008 | 20:00 - 03:00

LAST DAY OF TERM
BLOWOUT!

's **Alexa Chung**



£4 imperialcollegeunion.org
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Imperial College London's Summer Ball is the largest student ball in London and this year's ball will be our biggest, most lavish and exciting yet! Tickets are already on sale for the evening which takes place across our South Kensington campus and is attended by over 3000 revellers. Why not take advantage of our special advance ticket prices which are being held until 14:00 March 19th 2008?

With great acts and DJs, formal dinner, fireworks, funfair, casino, marquees, light shows and more; the Summer

Ball 2008 is the not-to-miss event of Imperial's calendar. Tickets for our formal 600 seated dinner always sell out fast, so organise you and your friends and get a table together!

The Imperial College London Summer Ball is the perfect way for you and your friends to celebrate. Be it the end of your exams, year at Imperial or entire time at Imperial. We also welcome your guests, so get your invites out now and show off to your friends the largest student ball in London!

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ENTERTAINMENTS ONLY

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info and tickets at imperialcollegeunion.org/summerball

at the union mar 7 - 19



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Join Radio 1's Colin Murray for another sell out night at the Union. Featuring the best in new music and pop hits.

Buy your tickets from the Union Reception now for **£3** £4 on the door

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WEDNESDAY 12



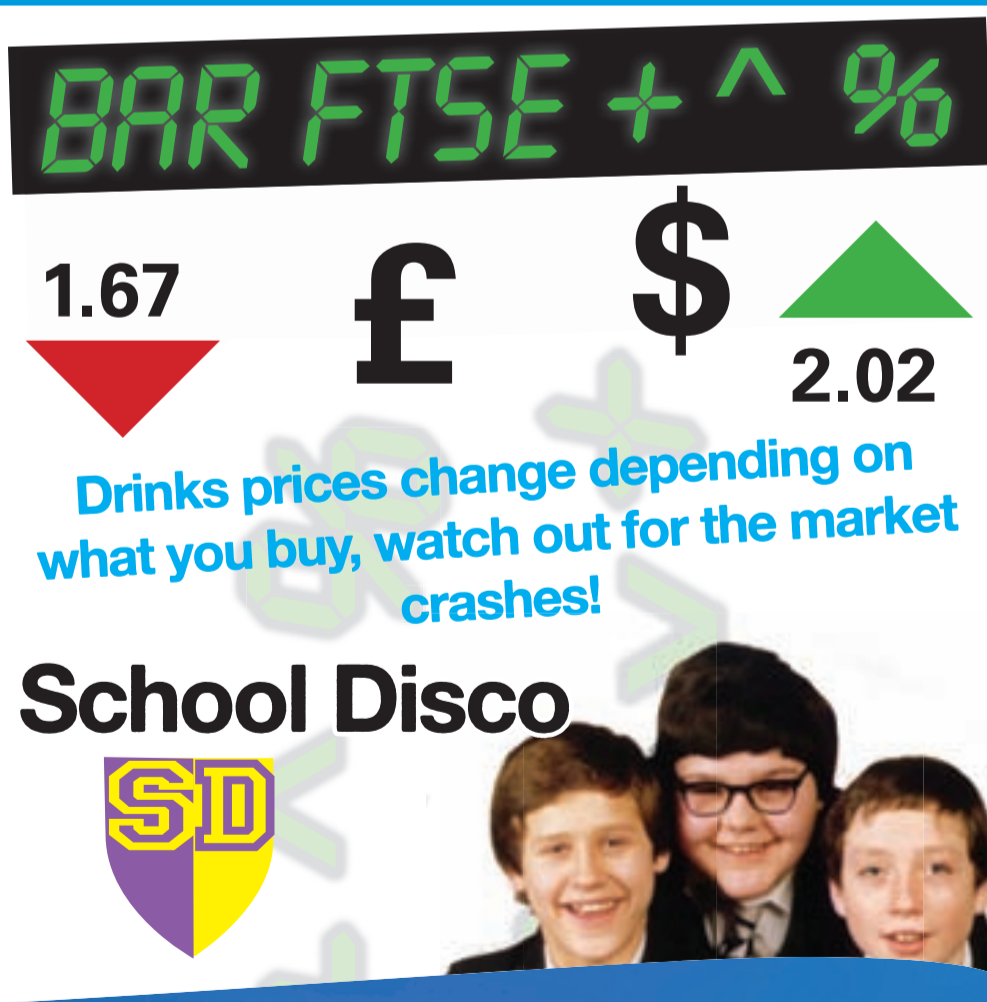
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imperial college union



Business

Business Editor – Afonso Campos

business.felix@imperial.ac.uk

A global economy of terrorism

Terrorism has forever changed the face of the world economy and created long-lasting wounds everywhere

Afonso Campos

After the events of 9/11, the world is now seen through wildly different eyes. This date marked a true turning point in which the world's, and especially North America's, population began seeing the reality that Man has few, if any, limits when it comes to cruelty and destruction of the species. The domains affected by terrorism are manifold; everything from daily family life dynamics to social interactions have suffered severe change. The economy is no exception to this. Even in the long term, terrorist acts leave deep scars. In order to minimize the impact on the economy (and not only) it is necessary to identify the roots of this problem.

Terrorism is a resorting to violence; be this physical or psychological. It is usually orchestrated by a group or an individual in an attempt to reach a certain political or social goal – usually a synergy of the two. A terrorist is, by logic and definition, one who practices terrorism. In our times, however, terrorism has reached monumental proportions, with a complex network behind each attack. The individual that we usually consider to be responsible, the bomb carrier, is more often than not a low ranking member of a hierarchical pyramid. It is often difficult to understand the justification behind this person's desire to end his or her life in the process. It is part of a so-called process of brainwashing. These individuals are not the root of the problem, but are merely its operational and logistical parts.

The consequences of these heinous acts are not limited to the massive losses occurred at the moment of the attack. These acts absolutely condition the behaviour of future events, including the behaviour of people as well as the pace of the economy. The tourism sector is often utilised as a target for attacks, given the enormous mediatic projection and audience. Countries that are heavily dependant on this sector and suffer an unfortunate terrorist incident will very often suffer a substantial downturn in revenue that translates into a decay in the country's performance. On the other hand, movements of capital between countries will be strongly influenced. Even though the risk of terrorism constitutes only a small percentage of the overall global economic risk, multinational companies are typically and understandably more inclined to make investments in countries where terrorism is less likely to happen. Direct foreign investment will therefore suffer a reduction that will not be seen exclusively in short-term time frames. For developing countries, this fact will halt the diffusion of technical and economical know-how that is frequently essential to the country's future growth.

Not least important are the costs that some economists call the "terrorism tax". This refers mainly to the costs incurred by the increased government spending to ensure and preserve a climate of safety, or at least the perception of existence of this state. These are measures that reroute and channel time and resources from other activi-



This smoke will forever plague the world and the global economy

ties that are far more productive to an economy and the well-being of a country. Even though these measures may force a downturn in productivity, especially in the long-term, they are necessary to make the occurrence of terrorist attacks less frequent.

Grave consequences definitely condition the future of not only the pace of the economy, but of society in the broader sense of the word. It is therefore necessary to act on two axes; on one side, actions must be taken to minimise the negative effects of past

acts of terrorism, and on the other side, it is even more important to prevent future incidents from happening. This brings forth the question of terrorism financing. Large influxes of capital are needed to make possible a large-scale terrorist operation. It is in this sense that more regulation may be necessary in the domain of offshore banking utilized by terrorist groups to finance their activity. For this to happen, it is paramount to have total global co-operation, which is not an overly utopian idea, given that this is a worldwide problem, never restricted to a small region. There are, however, inherent and influential interests in the keeping of these offshores. These range from perfectly harmless private equity firms and investment funds to the tax-haven's own interests in keeping money flowing into what is otherwise a relatively poor economy.

The long-term impact of terrorism is already visible and so are some of the reasons why it is difficult to put an end to it. The most evident lies in the non-regulation of some offshore accounts also used by terrorist groups. If this is a global concern, it requires global efforts. Economies that are unwilling to receive international co-operation must by all means be considered accomplices to terrorist attacks to come. One must remember that there is a monumental difference between a fiscal paradise and a financial paradise; the former has clear tax and fiscal advantages, while the latter has motivations that are anything but transparent.

Get on, get focused and get ahead!

Imperial College Careers Advisory Service

Mists and mellow fruitfulness

Autumn may be a time of 'mists and mellow fruitfulness' according to the British Romantic poet Keats, as well as the start of the English Premiership season, but in the world of careers, it's also the key period for graduate recruitment. The College term officially starts on 4th October. Closing dates for graduate jobs and internships are getting earlier and earlier, particularly in sectors such as investment banking where a mid-October deadline is not unusual. If you were planning to postpone your career planning until you return to College next academic year then you may need to think again! Get ahead of the competition and start to plan and prepare now.

Drafting and refining your CV, researching career ideas and industries and finding out who is recruiting and when, should all be done well ahead of any actual deadlines. The Careers Advisory Service can help you with every aspect of your job search from where to find vacancies through to how to deal with tough application form questions and much more! We have an excellent range of on-line and other resources to enable you to discover more about different careers, make effective applications and succeed in interviews.



Team working in action

Find out more at www.imperial.ac.uk/careers or visit us at level 5 Sheffield Building. You can talk to one of our Careers Advisers about your career plans and get help and advice on your draft CV or application form. We also run seminars on interviews and applications with hints and tips on how to succeed.

Have you got what it takes?

Meeting deadlines is all very well but have you got what employers want? One of the most valued attributes sought by many recruiters is commercial awareness; however, this is often lacking in otherwise high-calibre applicants. There are many definitions of the term but, as a summary, commercial or business awareness involves a basic knowledge of common business

issues and an understanding of global and national factors and how these impact on the industry where you want to work. An appreciation of the commercial context in which your chosen industry operates is also important.

If you have read the above list with gathering gloom then don't worry, as there are lots of things which you can do to try and improve your knowledge. Your past experience of work through part-time or vacation employment will hopefully have given you some insight into how a business or organisation operates. Think about the management of the company; how was it organised and how did it deliver the service or product? Make sure that you keep up to date with key issues by reading the business pages of a quality newspaper. Specialist industry magazines can also give you an excellent insight into the latest news for particular industries.

Focus on Management

Using any contacts which you have can also help develop commercial awareness. Meeting and talking to employers at careers fairs and other events can give you good insight into both the industry and individual companies. The Careers Service's annual Focus on Management course, which takes place on April 22nd and 23rd, is an excellent springboard from which to start your search for a graduate job or internship.

You can network with recent graduates from multi-national companies and also further develop a range of key skills through working alongside fellow students and managers from major employers such as BP, Rolls Royce and CRA International on business case studies. Find out more about Focus on Management at www.imperial.ac.uk/careers. Places are limited and booking closes on 14th March.

Visit the Fair

The Banking and Finance Fair on Wednesday 21 May 2008 is another major opportunity to help you gain the competitive edge over other applicants. Representatives from many of the major firms in the industry will be available from 11.00 to 15.00 in Mechanical Engineering Foyer & Tanaka Foyer to talk to students about their work, vacancies and how and when to apply.

A valuable vacation

The summer vacation provides an ideal opportunity to do some in-depth research about your future career. The Careers Service is open all through the summer and also 24/7 on-line at www.imperial.ac.uk/careers. Thinking ahead can result in a better application and also much reduced stress levels in the autumn term! We look forward to helping you reach your career goals.



Culture & The Arts

Arts Editors – Rosie Grayburn, Caz Knight, David Paw and Emily Wilson

Budding culture culture? Write for us.
arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Caz Knight
Arts Editor

Poetry in the Periodic Table? Charm in chemistry?

Science and Art. Either, or... **Iain Watts** discovers the late Primo Levi and his ability to smash this concept and intertwine the two disciplines with beautiful results

Welcome art aficionados! For that is what you all are by now, after weeks and weeks and maybe even years of ensconcing yourselves in these enlightening pages! Unfortunately, this is the penultimate issue of the Lenten (or “spring”) term and soon, for one month, you must resort to the art sections of other media. I recommend the arts section of *The Independent*, especially what they have to say on Saturdays. However, with the threat of lectures, labs and other laborious chores out the way you will be able to stop reading Felix Arts and start experiencing some art; hopefully the holidays will leave you will some time for respite. Without relaxation and leisure our brains cannot function properly and efficiently and so I urge you to indulge!

I came across one of the most random and brilliant concepts in art over the last couple of weeks. Situated in the Blyth Centre (Level 5 of Sherfield, I’ve told you enough times), was a lovely photographic exhibition examining expression. Down one section of the gallery was littered haphazardly a whole pack of playing cards. Such a simple idea yet I was bizarrely cheered by it, for its uniqueness, every time I walked by it. It reminded me of an episode of *Sex and the City* where Carrie (SJP) goes on a date with a guy who collects lone playing cards he finds in the street. Ever since watching this, I have been struck by how many single playing cards one encounters on the streets! I have to suppress an urge to start my own collection every time I see one.

Fans of film Empire Records may remember AJ gluing coins to the floor of the music stores office. Random art, the best kind. Although “random art” is possibly the most vague notion one can come up with!

A piece I recently fell in love with hangs in the Alexia Goethe gallery on Dover street, a few doors down from Mahiki for those who read heat or frequent the club. Measuring 1m by 2m (at least) it is a piece of paper onto which a huge polar bear has been sketched: in neon pink roller ball. Not only is the colour utterly spectacular, contrasting to the stark white paper, but think of how long it would have taken to sketch; the callous sustained to the artist from holding a pen for so long and the sheer amount of roller balls he would have gone through!

Another gem tucked away amid the winding streets of Soho is Carnaby Kiss, reviewed by moi in this issue. We have more reviews from Arts Editors in the form of Emily Wilson’s review of Duchamp et al. and David Paw’s Vanity Fair portraits review. The exhibition is sponsored by Burberry, although quite sensibly one never sees an inch of their pattern, synonymous with chavdom, in any of their shop windows anymore let alone in the NPG: quite sensibly.

Unfortunately, the old idea of a divide between the arts and the sciences is one which steadfastly refuses to die. For all his medical training, John Keats was still deeply troubled by Science’s tendency to “conquer all mysteries by rule and line”, reducing Nature’s beauty to, as he saw it “the dull catalogue of common things.” The American poet Sylvia Plath was harsher: “The day I went into Physics class”, she writes in her autobiographical novel *The Bell Jar*, “it was death”.

On the other side of the fence, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Richard Feynman used to make his immunity to what he scornfully termed ‘culture’ something of a badge of pride, claiming that the best thing he derived from reading the ancient Greek playwright Aristophanes was learning how to make a good frog noise. The mud-slinging, from both sides, is endless.

But, instead of becoming entangled in the interminable debate on the Arts-Sciences divide, the Two Cultures, and all the rest of it, I simply want to tell you about a little book by a writer who I think bridges the gulf so effortlessly that, for him, the two worlds merge seamlessly into one. The writer is Primo Levi and the book is called *The Periodic Table*.

Primo Levi was born into a Jewish family in Turin, northern Italy, in 1919. He took a degree in Chemistry at the University of Turin, and followed a career as a professional chemist, predominantly in the paint and varnish

industry, before eventually retiring in 1975 to concentrate full-time on writing. He published memoirs, short stories, novels, essays, and poetry, all available in good English translations.

The central experience of Levi’s life, which informed nearly everything he was to write afterwards, was the year he spent as a prisoner in Auschwitz between 1944 and 1945. His deeply moving and very personal account of his time there, *If This Is a Man*, established his reputation as a writer and eventually became accepted as one of the masterpieces of 20th century autobiography. Though *The Periodic Table* draws on this harrowing experience in several chapters, it mostly concentrates on the rest of his life, as a chemist in his native Italy.

It is a book which steadfastly resists categorisation. Perhaps I can best describe it simply as a book of stories, each one linked in some way to a chemical element, or to ideas associated with an element. Many of the twenty-one chapters are autobiographical, often episodes taken from Levi’s life as a chemistry student and later professional chemist; two chapters, ‘Lead’ and ‘Mercury’, are completely fictional, and the final chapter takes the form of a kind of prose-poem, on the story of an individual atom of carbon.

The ever-familiar periodic table of

the elements, Levi boldly proclaims, is poetry, ‘the bridge, the missing link, between the world of words and the world of things.’ It is simultaneously the framework which brings order and harmony to matter and the device by which Levi ties together the stories that make up the book. In some chapters the chemistry itself plays a central role, while in others the reference is more oblique: ‘Iron’, for example, really concerns Sandro, the fellow chemistry student, resistance fighter, and man-of-iron who introduces Levi to the joys of rock-climbing in the foothills of the Alps.

Levi has a rare gift for finding beauty, even mysticism, woven through the everyday and the mundane. Under his hands the asbestos mine where he works as

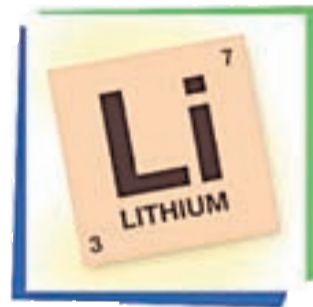
an analyst is a benign incarnation of the tiered Inferno of Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, and the University laboratory where he learns his trade becomes almost a religious temple, a ‘House of the Lord’, where the lone chemist is locked in a primal struggle with Matter, who stands ready to trip him up at every turn, ‘as solemn and subtle as the sphinx’. One of my personal favourite chapters, ‘Chromium’, is actually about – of all things – a chemical mystery concerning bad batches of an anti-rust paint, beautifully interwoven with the story of Levi’s slow spiritual recovery

and awakening after his return to Italy at the end of the War.

Levi speaks of chemistry in an unusual and wonderful way, as a kind of mystical union and struggle between the mind of Primo Levi the Chemist and the base elements with which he works, in spirit perhaps not very far from the transmutations of the alchemists. His terms of reference are very wide, encompassing languages, philosophy, and literature, and with barely a hint of pretentiousness he slips in references to everything from Aristotelian philosophy to Flaubert’s *Madame Bovary* to Ibsen’s *Peer Gynt*. Clearly he is very well-read, but then I think a fairly surprising number of scientists are, though they may suffer, perhaps, from a tendency to keep it quiet.

Ultimately, despite the chemical titles, and the many technical details of applied chemistry scattered through the text, the focus of each story is always centred, quite firmly, on human beings. The elements serve as a brilliant extended metaphor for tying together Levi’s scattered examinations of such broad topics as work, love, and happiness. This makes the book a rare thing: it is both science writing, and – yes – Literature.

Please, fellow students, read this book. Even if you are the hard-headed sworn and bitter enemy of anything branded ‘Literary’ or ‘highbrow’, make an exception just for this. Because Primo Levi deserves to be read. By everyone, but especially by scientists, by you. So, beg, borrow, or dare I say it buy a copy, and begin.



Sneaky Kissing in Carnaby Street

Caz Knight

A Carnaby Kiss. Gentle alliteration combined with onomatopoeia; just the name of this exhibition sounds like the caress of your loved one’s lips brushing your lips (or otherwise). Now I have been sufficiently cheesy I can get on with telling you that ‘Carnaby Kiss’ is anything but, and the last thing it evokes is the sickeningly kitsch effect that St Valentine’s day has on every other high street in the land. St. V and capitalism have a lot to answer for. Although that “holiday” has passed us by, what this collection of photographs gives us is a celebration of love, friendship, youth, fashion, sexuality, freedom, expression, freedom of expression and freedom of fashion and feeling. And we don’t need any excuse to celebrate all those wondrous things in an age which is becoming ever more “1984” (God help us). And what better place to hold such a collection than in Carnaby Street, W1. Nestled away from the hordes swarming over Oxford and Regent Streets, Carnaby is an age-old

institution, particularly trendy in the Sixties. It remains an absolute delight with its quaint cobbles and boutique selection of stores. When (not if) I am slightly richer, I will spend my money here instead of at the often characterless designers of Bond Street. Enough of this and back to the photographs.

Gregg Stone is the photographer who has worked with many fashion brands for magazines, on campaigns for West End shows (such as the *Pet Shop Boys* musical) and, more interestingly, has worked on an evening of *Burlesque* for Stephen Fry at couture house Hardy Amies. His inspiration was the Robert Doisneau’s iconic “Kiss”, and so he set about capturing kisses in the Carnaby area and compiling them all in time for Valentine’s day.

Despite the slightly shabby, bland and unprofessional appearance of the Carnaby, its redeeming qualities are the art on show and the massive red lips couch featured in many of the works. Here one sees men and men, women and women, men and women, woman and mannequin, friends and some



Robert Doisneau’s Kiss alongside a modern interpretation

people looking as if they have just met. What is interesting is the sheer range of subjects, backdrops, fashion, emotion and finishing effects. The kisses range from happy, passionate, silly, romantic, epic Hollywood and, even, indifferent! Colour is a key feature in all of them: vivid and mirroring the vibe of Carnaby Street perfectly. Some of the photos are left untouched, where as some have been enhanced to resemble something more surreal and psychedelic. The names themselves are enticing: Lips in Motion, Fur Coat Kiss, Kiss Me, Love

Life, Gothic Kiss. With only 32 photos to look round, I strongly urge everyone to go and have a look before the exhibition closes. With so many exquisite shops to peruse afterwards, the visit is well worth it. The “gallery” is also running a competition where one can win a romantic weekend for two in Carnaby including a stay in a five star hotel and dinner at a Michelin Guide Thai restaurant. The Carnaby is open 11am-6pm and is located right opposite Soccer Scene (Beak Street end of Carnaby Street). Until 16 March.

My Vain Fair Ladies at Vanity Fair

A celebration of celebrities, but do we really need to fuel “heat” magazine culture asks David Paw



One of the more deserving celebrities: Dame Helen Mirren by Lord Snowdon, 1995

Once took a copy of *Vanity Fair* on the train while visiting some family in the north. Twenty minutes into the journey, the woman next to me asked me what I was reading. I showed her the cover. “*Vanity Fair*,” she said, “isn’t that a woman’s magazine?” I replied no, and so she asked “so what actually is it then?”

Go to any good newsstand and more than anything, you will be overwhelmed by decisions. I didn’t know that enough people in the world existed to warrant several titles on truck racing, and the Borders on Oxford Street is a veritable Ripley’s Believe It or Not! of discovery. Sandwiched somewhere between *GQ* and *Vogue* lies *Vanity Fair*, though in reality its real home would be sat between the titles of *The New Yorker* and *Hello!*

Vanity Fair is a complex beast. Part serious journalistic enterprise, part style bible and part altar of celebrity worship, its niche is difficult to pin down. In a word, it is unique. Unique not only for its innovative and revealing journalism, its rich heritage of literary excellence in showcasing works from new writers and its acerbic, intelligent style, but also for its persona-defining photography and wonderland of imagery.

The title was launched by Condé Nast in 1913, coinciding with the juggernaut of modernism, the dawning of the jazz age and the public’s first taste of the avant-garde. The magazine was soon competing with *The New Yorker* for the title of the city’s greatest culture journal. Towards the latter end of the decade, the magazine achieved great popularity and attracted the great and the good, featuring writers as diverse as T.S.Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Wolfe and P.G.Wodehouse, and included amongst its regular staff one Dorothy

Parker. Even today, it is known for its sensitive and revealing journalism – the identity of “Deep Throat”, a source in the Watergate scandal, was revealed in a 2005 issue, while the actress Teri Hatcher used it to admit being subjected to abuse as a child.

A victim of the Depression, it folded in 1936 before its relaunch in 1983. As photography took the reins of portraiture from paintings in the 20th century, this is reflected in the magazine, and in the walls of a single large space in the National Portrait Gallery studded with the great and the good. The first rows of photographs to your immediate left as you enter chronicle the magazine’s first incarnation, while the remainder chart the modern equivalent.

The black and whites in the first section are an inspiring collection. Legitimately great, they are littered with such names as Monet, Einstein, Picasso, Joyce and Stravinsky. This barely gets beyond the surface. Also recognised are athletes – Jesse Owens strikes a pose while Babe Ruth cradles his slugger like a newborn. Louis Armstrong wipes the sweat from his cheek while Virginia Woolf lazily glances into Maurice Beck and Helen MacGregor’s lens. Many of the early photographers were also recognised in their own right – Edward Steichen’s portrait of Anna May Wong, the first Chinese actress to feature in a Hollywood film, is up in all its husky, repressed glory while the number of pictures by renowned portrait photographer Baron de Meyer are innumerable.

When we segue into the modern era, it becomes all too familiar. The realisation is instantaneous. It is obvious enough when you are there, and anyone familiar with the magazines’ famous covers will commiserate. Is this exhibition one with something important to recognise, or is it little more than the

glorification of celebrity culture? Most reviewers have already lambasted it for the latter, pointing out that the Brazilian supermodel Gisele Bündchen stark naked astride a pale grey steed is neither a) art nor b) intellectually justifiable by sane parameters.

After all, it’s the obvious thing to do isn’t it? Despite the industry accolades, the prestige of working for the title and its legitimate content, it’s still pap nonsense, isn’t it?

Well, yes and no. On the one hand, we have the best of the last hundred-odd years – the political heavyweights, the artists and tastemakers, writers and critics who have all helped to shape the way we think and see the world. On the other, we have a hackneyed and superficial collection of glorified would-be

achievers. Of course, no one would say that of the truly great talents included, but between these, who has heard of the remaining assortment of society types and artists? There seems to be a heady divide between the magazine’s first run, and its eighties revival. And while few would dispute the importance of the figures included in the former, almost without exception the majority disparage the modern images, glossy and buffed to digital perfection.

The period surrounding the 1920s and 1930s were an exciting time of change. Bebop and the blues were gaining footholds in the clubs and irreversibly reshaping the musical vernacular, the United States introduced a little thing called consumerism and not least of all modernism, with its power-

ful engine of change and progressive outlook, recalibrated the thinking and actions of a myriad of disciplines from commerce to philosophy. *Vanity Fair* back then was a reflection of the best of this, as it is now. The communication networks were relatively infantile and the mass media didn’t exist, and no one would have even considered globalisation a foreseeable reality. The notion of “celebrity” was a comparative scarcity and reserved only for those who warranted the limited run of space in the media at the time.

The sheer amount of exchange and communication between today’s media and the public has made the modern notion of celebrity a commodity for commercial consumption. And as the publication in the early half of the century helped convey the massive changes in ideology and thought at the time, so too does its modern equivalent for the current state of affairs. These are vacuous times and where better than *Vanity Fair* to reflect on the notion of celebrity and its trappings? After all – if the eighties were defined by greed, the nineties by communication and the noughties by celebrity, it’s hardly going to translate into something deeply meaningful in an era-defining magazine, is it? Granted, many of the pouts and arrogant, narcissistic group portraits (described as “[supernovas] of celebrity”) are hardly modest announcements. For those in the public eye, to garner an Annie Liebovitz portrait in *Vanity Fair* is to signal that you have arrived, and increasingly, success is a benchmark that few are inclined to play down. But it isn’t meant to be timid or soft-spoken. Nothing now is about being either, and the magazine’s portraiture does a terrifyingly accurate job of depicting this.

There is a “portrait” of Faye Dunaway constructed and shot by David LaChapelle, modern photography’s greatest advocate of maximalism. Seen from above, she is draped euphorically across a yellow New York taxi as a baying technicolour mob of fans, press and paparazzi savage her and feast upon her public image, a golden Academy Award statuette drifting haphazardly in the crowd like a child lost in the front rows of a Black Sabbath concert. The scene is arresting, unashamedly attention grabbing and uncaringly self-serving. And if that isn’t a reflection of our time, then what is?



Hilary Swank by Norman Jean Roy, 1995. A physique even Wonder Woman would be jealous of

Confessions of a student director

Tom Chandler tells us about his... interesting... experiences in Dramsoc, directing *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*

You see, I don't really know how I got to the position I'm in now. At some point I must have mentioned that I'd be interested in directing a play, because the next thing I knew I was being offered one. From that, somehow, I got here: sitting next door to a room full of actors undressing for a Felix centrefold.

Perhaps I should explain. From the beginning, I had begun my final year at Imperial, and whilst I had greatly enjoyed myself until then, I had never taken advantage of the huge variety of clubs and societies the Union has to offer. I like going to the theatre (who doesn't, right?) so I thought to myself, if I were to get involved in a society, it

should be something I enjoy. So, forgetting that I already had two years of the Imperial grind under my belt, and making a mental note to stock up on biro for the term while I was about it, I rocked up to Fresher's fair and headed to the DramSoc stall. I had been to a few DramSoc performances, and as well as thoroughly enjoying myself, the level of talent and technical quality of performances had impressed me. Their flyer mentioned something about DramSoc Fresher's workshops – to get newcomers involved, show them around and see what the society is about – so the next weekend I found myself there. And that's where it all begins to take off.

I bumped into a friend, who after a

few minutes of chit-chat tells me she's stage managing the Fresher's play and would I like to assist her? 'Great!', I thought – I'm in there already, and it's my first day! Fatally, I would later let slip to this same friend that I might be interested in directing. A few whispers on the grapevine later and I find myself before a committee of few familiar faces, proposing a play called 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses'. You can see how everything has kind of snowballed.

A couple of nail-biting weeks, involving some major prostitution of myself in order to put together a production team, I find myself back outside the DramSoc 'store room', awaiting the now slightly more familiar committee's decision. Who knows what happened on the other side of that door, or which gods smiled down on me, for after being summoned back in, I heard the great news: 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses' was to be the next DramSoc play. Less than two weeks, 27 auditions and many tough decisions later, the play had a cast. Now what on earth was I going to do with them?

I had a vague idea what would be required of me – now I just had to conceal quite how vague an idea that was from the actors. Directing tip number one: the most important part of gaining respect and maintaining discipline among actors – who, incidentally, are an unruly lot – is to pretend you know what's going on. In a sense it's much like acting, but in real life. Sounding confident and making it look like you're writing purposeful notes in the margin of your script is particularly advantageous to this end. But somehow, while I was pretending to know how they should be acting, things started coming together in a way I hadn't expected. I was getting a feel for this.

In the rollercoaster ride that is directing, this was the calm point on the long ascent when you start trusting that your seat belt will hold and sneak-a-peak at the view. Spoke too soon, way too soon.

The stomach-twisting plummet back down. Directing unfortunately adheres



To direct properly one must practice 'the disapproving eyebrow'



The essential eye-extraction phase of the rehearsal period. They are replaced with photosensitive eggs



Stage combat is like real combat, but with less posing and flouncing

to the rest of life: it's always the things you least expect.

Les Liaisons Dangereuses is a passionate piece of work, and as with every good play of this type, there is no shortage of time spent in the bedroom (not to mention the chaise-longue, or, given half the chance, the floor!) It's all very well dealing with passion (something one might have experienced), and trying to make the amore between two characters look realistic; even directing prostitute encounters is okay, but a rape scene? How do you ask someone to pretend they're being violated? How do you get it to look realistic without making the actors feel uncomfortable? Directing tip number two: I recommend having the lower inside leg as Position A, upper thigh as Position B. "Now page 48. Valmont: when you say 'Lets just get ourselves more comfortable, shall we?' can you move your hand between Positions A and B..."

Second mildly unanticipated struggle has been getting Sami (the aforementioned Valmont) to keep his clothes on in some of the scenes. There may be a silver lining to this problem, though, considering what they are up to next door [see this week's centrefold for the results]. He must be in his element in there. Moments before going in he was performing the male equivalent of make-up: his exercise regime. Apparently he's been at it for 8 weeks. Press-ups, sit-ups, skips; hundreds of them – every day!

I fear that I might be giving the wrong impression. I'm loving this – directing I mean. It hasn't been easy getting to

this stage. There have been times (like yesterday, today, and tomorrow I expect) when coursework has piled up to such an extent that I doubt an ending still exists. But I've never been alone. I have received lots of support from the DramSoc committee; ranging from tips on how to keep my troublesome wards in line, to the organisation of the most comprehensive and, frankly, beautiful publicity campaign the society has seen. (Have to keep them sweet, you see, otherwise they'll make me write another article!). Look out for posters, flyers on the walkway, a projection on the union building, a stunt or two around campus, and the outcome of all the white face paint, hairspray and clutched material that I've seen walking in next door. (Flick to the centre of this publication for the last one.)

Sure, there have been times when I didn't think we would ever get to where we are now. Times I thought half the play would need prompting; times I thought the duel would consist of picking up the swords and someone losing an eye. Multiple times when I was convinced that we'd never get through the whole play without someone cracking up. But it's pulled together so much in the last few weeks, I can honestly say I am proud to put my name to it.

My only regret, in my final year, is that I didn't saddle-up into this directing fayre ride sooner.

***Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is showing at the Union Concert Hall this week, from Wednesday 12th to Saturday 15th March.**

The moment Art changed forever...

Despite a lack of seating and insufficient complementary coffee and biccies, Emily Wilson is left impressed

Duchamp, Man Ray and Picabia is a major new exhibition at Tate Modern, and one that I was particularly excited about seeing. I was already a fan of this period of art, and was semi-familiar with Duchamp and Man Ray, though I'd never heard of Picabia. This is the kind of exhibition I go to see even if I'm not writing about it. Not only that, this was my first ever press viewing. I got to see the exhibition before it was open to the public, when it was open only to journalists there to review it.

Going to a press viewing was certainly good fun, and a chance I'd jump at in the future. Not all the labels had been transferred to the walls, and there was still the odd workman wandering around. It's quite fun to see the exhibition as a work in progress. Also at press viewings, the staff are particularly nice to you, because they know you're there to judge them, though I was extremely disappointed by a total lack of free coffee/danish/biscuits/goodie bags. I think being a member of the press should entitle me to delicious freeness – you'd think they'd make more of an effort to bribe me, really.

Not that they needed to bribe me, because this exhibition was very good indeed. Something that particularly impressed me about this exhibition is how it displays beautifully the development of art during the period. You get to experience and understand the transitions from Impressionism to Fauvism and then on to Dadaism and Surrealism and Modernism... few exhibitions of this type could manage this. It's an excellent lesson on how artists influence each other and how movements come about. Despite this being a great success of the exhibition, it wasn't made its obvious aim and wasn't discussed directly. I think they're missing out on an opportunity here. The Tate hype suggests what they're going for here is showing the relationships between the lives and works of the three, and how they influenced each other. I don't come away feeling this has been achieved, compared with the Matisse/Picasso exhibition of a few years ago, which worked along the same lines (this remains in my mind as the best exhibition I have ever experienced, and will be a tough one to beat).

So, the exhibition centres on three artists: Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968), Man Ray (1890-1976) and Francis Picabia (1879-1953). These three friends had significant influence on the progression of modern art, including the creation of the Dada movement. Walking round the exhibition you can easily find the parallels between their work, but there are also obvious differences. Duchamp started out as a painter but later moved into more unusual media (like urinals), though for many years he was thought to have given up art to play competitive chess (who wouldn't?). Picabia was a painter all his life, while Man Ray dabbled in different media including photography. In case you wondered, which I did, Man Ray's real name was Emmanuel Radnitzky. He was doing me a favour there – I don't think I want to spend the rest of this article having to type that out over and over again. Sometimes it's difficult to keep track of which is which, but Picabia strikes me as being sinister and somewhat of a smug, dirty old man. Duchamp is possibly the most well-known, and comes off as the ring-leader of the "group". Man Ray is the



Fountain by Marcel Duchamp 1917. Another example of the artist's radically varying pieces

one that consistently appeals to me the most – his character is more mysterious, but I generally prefer his art to the other two.

From the first room, you come to ap-

preciate they were a chummy bunch. For a start, they liked taking photographs of each other. "Francis Picabia Behind the Wheel of His Car" by Man Ray is a case in point. The description

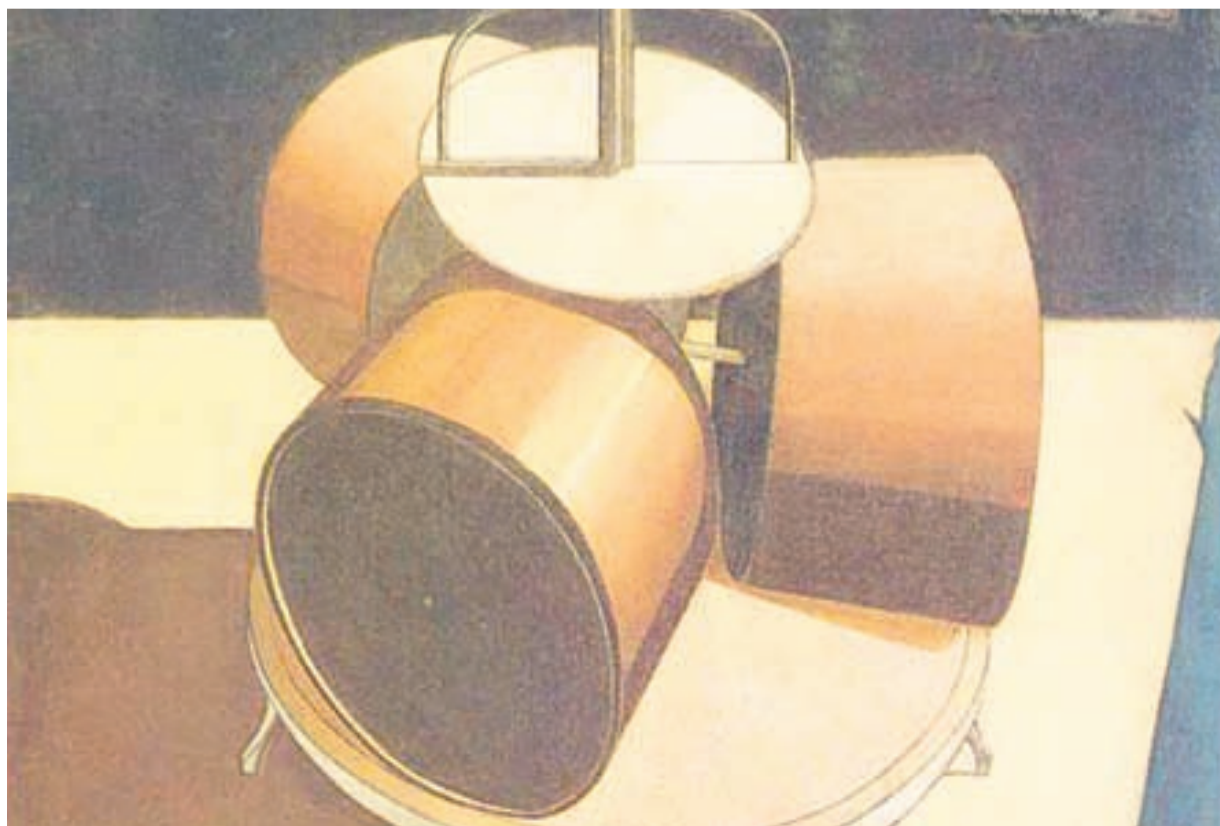
says "they shared a love of fast cars and the good life, and often went to the south of France together", which is a fair first impression to have of them. In fact, the labels and descriptions in the

exhibition frequently amuse me, describing the antics the three got up to. I enjoy how their little anecdotal stories are worked in, though I'm not sure this was a deliberate aim of the narrative.

"Adam and Eve" by Picabia in the second room suggests this is going to turn into another sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll article. It doesn't dominate (which is a relief – I'm bored of writing about it), but sex and nudity come up again and again in this exhibition. I will say this about Picabia: the dude knew how to draw a good scrotum.

Not all of the art I like. Room three has some beastly stuff in it. "Nude Descending a Staircase" by Duchamp is supposed to have caused scandal amongst the art-appreciating public of the time, being revolutionary and influential. I think it's fairly awful myself – a flurry of sketchy lines and brown. "Bride" by Duchamp, next to it, is even worse, with more brown mixed with unsettling fleshy tones. On the opposite wall, "Cut-Out" by Man Ray is somewhat better. I'm a big fan of crisp lines and simple shapes. Man Ray is winning me over already.

I quite like how all three have a tendency to write the titles of the paintings on the paintings, as in "The Rope Dancer Accompanies Herself With Her Shadows" by Man Ray. He has excellent handwriting, all swirly and artistic. Picabia's handwriting (see "I See Again in Memory My Dear Udnie") is much less nice: the block capitals of an over-determined eight year old.



Chocolate Grinder by Marcel Duchamp



ICSM MusicSoc blow, bang, fiddle and strum

See them in their full glory on 8th March at St Johns Church, Paddington and on 16th March at St Stephens Church, Gloucester Road, both at 7:30pm.

felix@imperial.ac.uk



Dramsoc shows us a Dangerous Liaison

See the players in Dramsoc's Les Liaisons Dangereuses in the UCH from 12th to 15th March

felix@imperial.ac.uk

Man Ray's "Untitled (Aerograph)" is rather nice. He uses an airbrush to create a fine haze blurring into itself to produce shape and depth. He describes the technique as "a purely cerebral activity" because it allows the artist to paint without ever touching the canvas. Another point to Man Ray!

Picabia's definitely the most sexual of the three. "Ad libitum; Your Choice; At Will" is clearly sexual in some way, with its bulbous pink shapes, but I'm not sure what exactly it's supposed to represent. It's like he knows what we're thinking and he's playing with our dirty little minds.

Room four I like very much. Picabia wins me back with his "Mechanomorph Drawings" which are just the sort of thing I adore at these exhibitions. Black inked line and shapes with letters and words twisting around them. They're glorified doodles of the kind I spend my younger teenage years producing. Picabia's "Daughter Born Without Mother", a crisp and technical painting of a machine, is pleasing. I can't really say why. Perhaps the green colour on the dull, muddy brown background, or the use of paint to create shadow, or just the technical precision of the line.

I'm put off Man Ray when I discover his fondness for cross-dressing. He created the female alter ego Rose Selavy, who carried on working when he got pissed off with the art community and went a bit underground. The photographs of him/her are amusing. He makes an oddly good lady. In the same room (five) there is a photo of Duchamp with a star shaved into his head. The caption thingy says "no-one knows exactly why Duchamp shaved his hair in this way". Apparently Picabia said: "He had had a special cut and had had done it totally for himself – and a little for me too. It amused us both". Right, well, that explains it. Another example of the quirky fun these three artists had together.

In room six one of my exhibition highlights is "La Voliere" by Man Ray. He's using the airbrush again and he does it beautifully, contrasting the soft, fading colours with the sharp black lines of the frame of a mannequin. This definitely wins the award for 'Piece In The Exhibition That Emily Would Sneak Into Her Handbag If She Thought She Could Get Away With It'. My birthday's coming up, so perhaps some of you could chip in?

Room seven is Tate's favourite. They've been all arty and clever hanging sculpture from the ceiling to create shadows on the wall. They do look damned good. Shadows are not something you usually notice in exhibitions, and they can almost be better than the art casting them. Duchamp's famous urinal is in this room. In the context of the exhibition, you wonder why it's so iconic. Most of Duchamp's work is very different, and arguably much better. Tate fuels this misconception by using it to advertise the exhibition, which is a shame. Of course, this is only a replica, and there are others like it elsewhere. I think it's important not to forget that.

Duchamp's spinning discs ("Rotor-reliefs") in room eight are wonderful. Colourful and hypnotic, producing swirling patterns. One features a goldfish. They seem out of place, like Tate bought them from Habitat and are now trying to trick us into believing they're art. They seem far too modern, but were created in 1935. Picabia's "Conversation I" is a creative use of naked bodies. They're splashed with colour and dotted about on a black and white striped background, like classical statues falling into a black hole.

I'm always disappointed by how art exhibitions tend to end on a low. Picabia evidently went mental with boobs and dingy colours. "Minos", a jumbled



Cinq Femmes 1941-43, Francois Picabia. Dirty bugger. Oil on canvas by the way

juxtaposition of naked forms, wildlife and faces, in a lot of brown, is a good representation of the kind of art I despise. "Transparency", also by Picabia, is an ugly, angry-looking naked woman being molested by a giant pair of hands. Ugh. Duchamp's "L.H.O.O.Q." will no doubt sell a lot of postcards. It's the Mona Lisa with a moustache and goatee. I'm not exactly inspired. Apparently if you read the title out the French way, it sounds like the French "elle a chaud au cul" = "she has a hot arse". Well, yippee. An artistic triumph

there, Duchamp. On the bright side, the wooden chess sets made by Duchamps and Man Ray are lovely. I'd like to be able to hold the smooth carved wood pieces and possibly steal one as a souvenir (again, one for the handbag).

The last room, "Eroticism", is just an orgy of raw nudity, and I'm not in the mood. The exhibition lost me here, and I couldn't be bothered to pay attention anymore. Picabia, dirty-minded old fart that he is, should go away now please.

Overall the exhibition is excellent.

The content, layout and information are all of the high standard we expect from Tate. One small gripe I will add is that there is no seating, which pisses me off mightily. It's a fair effort slowly walking round these rooms, and I would have appreciated the occasional break. It's nice to be able to sit down and admire the art from a distance, and maybe do a little people-watching. It's also particularly annoying having to stand up when you're trying to take notes to write an article! The exhibition benefits from having a wide range

of subject matter and media to play with, so it's exciting and varied, holding your attention throughout. This would be a good choice for people who don't always have much patience with art, or budding art-lovers – in addition, of course, to life-long art fanatics like me.

The Duchamp, Man Ray and Picabia exhibition runs from 21st February – 26th May 2008 at the Tate Modern on level 4. Students get in for £9



Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair and Susan Yu

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Peter Sinclair
Music Editor

Hahaha – the *NME* Awards. Now I know I said I didn't care about them, I know I'm being a hypocrite, but this is too good to resist. The winners of the *Shockwaves NME Awards 2008* were announced last week to much pomp and fanfare, confirming in the process the rumours that the popular alternative music scene has indeed ascended up its own arse and disappeared into an infinite loop of self-congratulation and self-importance. The situation is similar to the game 'Portal', except instead of shooting portals, you shoot arses. And instead of the premise of the game being to escape from the test facility, it is to give kudos to awful bands and to make me generally depressed. And instead of Weighted Companion Cubes, you have...etc.

I wasn't expecting a sudden epiphany on *NME's* part this year – it was obvious they were going to give awards such as 'Best Album', 'Best Radio Show' and 'Best Dressed' to celebrities with mediocre albums (Klaxons – 'Myths of the Near Future'), mediocre radio shows (Zane Lowe) and questionable dress senses (Noel Fielding). It's not like I was eagerly awaiting the announcement of the winners so I could engage in the ritual berating of the *NME* and the lamentation of the loss of times gone by when it was the *real* alternative, which of course accompanies the event every year. No, the reason I am condescending to mention the *NME Awards* is because, ironically, of their non-music awards, which serve as a troubling illustration of the mindset of the readership (outside of poor musical taste).

A prime example is Pete Doherty, the troubled young poet (no less than half an English Literature degree to his name) and frontman of indie group Babyshambles, took home the 'Hero of the Year' award. All congratulations are due to the man who managed to not smoke crack or shoot up heroin for an entire year. Perhaps if we all took his example and stopped smoking crack and shooting up heroin, we too could be recipients of this prestigious accolade. Not to mention get a lot more done.

Furthermore, the award for 'Best Live Event' went to the corporate-sellout-prepubescent-indie-scenester-£130-per-ticket-rapefest(s), the 'Carling Weekend: Reading and Leeds Festivals'. For those who haven't attended, there is actually an *NME*-sponsored stage (the 'NME Stage') at the festival, so it is not much of a surprise this got a mention but I'm sure we would all appreciate it if they were a bit more subtle and a bit less shameless with their advertising.

I was going to stop but OK one more. 'Villain of the Year' went, for the third year running, to George W. Bush. Why? I have absolutely no idea. Neither does the *NME*. Neither does anyone.

I'm really sorry. I promise the next column I write will be about something I like and I won't mention *NME*. I don't enjoy being grumpy. I just need to calm down and relax, smoke some crack and shoot up some heroin, and the next column will be lovely.

Cardigans release best of...

The fabulous Susan Yu lends her ears to the latest, greatest Cardigans compilation



The Cardigans
Best Of Cardigans
Phantom Sound & Vision
★★★★☆

The Cardigans, one of the most successful musical exports from a nation that brought us super-giants like Abba and The Hives, are set to release their top-drawer gems in their greatest album. Thumbs up. With over six million albums sales in the bag and a music career spanning 14 years, is it really any wonder that The Cardigans have received numerous accolades and a widespread fan-base? *Best Of* is the long anticipated amalgamation of the band's twenty-one or so finest hits taken from their past six studio albums, comprising huge stormers like 'Lovefool' (from the album 'First Band on the Moon') which featured in Baz Luhrmann's blockbuster romantic tragedy that is *Romeo and Juliet*. Having been catapulted to international stardom by this track, The Cardigans continued to go from strength to strength with established classic tracks such as 'Erase/Rewind', 'My Favourite Game', 'Carnival' and more recently, corks including 'I Need



sunny summer days with the appearance of jangling, Smiths-esque guitars, a quick tempo, strong sense of rhythm, epitomizing the pleasantly upbeat feel-good factor that is the hallmark of their music. The sanguine atmospherics are then replaced in the wake of languorous sleep. The achingly-beautiful 'After All', conjures a jazzy, lounge piano bar backdrop – Persson's coaxing cooing simply oozes longing, whilst conveying a palpable sense of hopelessness that is tinged with fragility – "On a night like this, you can hear the words, see behind the word"

Their second album, *Live*, sold obscene amounts in 1995. This is the LP that fundamentally got both fans and critics alike, all around the globe, to take imminent notice with

Some Fine Wine and You Need to be Nicer'.

The Cardigans are greatly defined by their lead singer. Nina Persson's prominent vocals show remarkable versatility, playful and coquettish with a strong hint of longing on tracks like 'Lovefool' (with its saccharine and teasing tone – "Love me, love me, say that you'll love me" combined with the dynamic disco beats, making it highly infectious and exceedingly memorable) or raw and somewhat dark and edgy on the lines of 'My Favourite Game' and 'War'.

This greatest album is suitably chronologically arranged, beginning with early material taken from their debut album *Emmerdale*. 'Rise & Shine' and 'Sick and Tired' are both quintessentially light-hearted, reminiscent of breezy,

'Carnival' and 'Daddy's Car' emerging as attention grabbing tracks, solid in terms of the rich texture, with many splashes of colour provided by splendid string refrains, use of synthesizers and guitar hooks, irresistibly putting a huge happy grin on your face.

A change in direction from the bright and chirpy melodies present in previous albums lead to *Gran Turismo*, where The Cardigans adopt considerably more moody soundscapes. Ultimately, it gave rise to the rather addictive hit – 'Erase/Rewind', with its sultry, purring vocals, ambient electronics, subtle back beat and 'Higher' being 'their closest to Gospel' coming from the horse's mouth. Surprisingly, having listened carefully, the intimate nature of this reflective piece is putatively spiritual. Other standout tracks include 'I Need Some Fine Wine And You Need To Be Nicer', taken from album number six – *Super Extra Gravity*. This sure is a feisty rocker, centered around simple yet immensely catchy guitar riffs, sharply portraying the long odyssey that relationships entail, 'the good times and the bad times, which inextricably to booze, with effects of high alcohol consumption.

One does not need to hesitate to say that *Best Of* brings together a well-chosen compilation of treasures from a vast collection by The Cardigans.



This collection is further available with a bonus limited edition double disc including B-sides and rarities for the hardcore fans out there.

Nu-rave kings Hadouken! headline Koko on the NME tour

Hadouken!
Koko
18th January, 2008

Koko: A majestic venue for a mesmerising band. Well that's what I thought until last minute announcements were made that age restrictions were being scrapped, filling Camden's palace with sweaty children running around in a neon blur of glowsticks and tacky jackets.

The *Shockwave NME* tours aren't just about the headliners. The line-up for all the gigs have been impressive this year, but Cut Copy really take to their own becoming more than just a support act. They weren't there to warm up the audience, although that was done without them breaking into sweat, they were there to play for their fans who seemed to be as interested

in their glockenspiel-popping beats as they were in the main act.

Hadouken! stormed the stage and in a mist of flying glowsticks and sounding the alarm bells they launch straight into 'Bounce', making even the pre-pu-

bescent teens 'bounce their balls.' The stylish Alice Spooner seems to be the backbone of this band, pumping out the synths that make Hadouken! who they are.

Named after one of the greatest

moves in Saga Megadrive's Street Fighter (three older brothers and a childhood of consoles teach a girl something) these guys can really throw a punch. Each song is a new explosion of energy knocking the audience into a frenzy.

With a debut album set for release, vocalist James Smith tests the water with a few new tracks that show Hadouken! will last, and that their indie grime synth metallic mind-blowing noise can create more than the odd hit. And then more of the 'old', 'Dancing lesson', 'Liquid Lives' and of course the legendary 'Tuning in' before the beats of 'That Boy That Girl' called for bedtime for all the 'Hoxton Heros' and 'Indie Cindies' – there was school the next day after all. This last blow from the band threw the audience into a final cyclone and set me up for a kebab!

Eman Malhas



Hadouken!

Mit unleash German electro-mayhem

One Little Plane + Born Ruffians + Mit Camden Barfly

A couple of Saturdays ago, I was treated to a trio of semi-underground music at 'Kill 'Em All', held at The Camden Barfly. The venue itself is a nice little place – although part of a large chain of venues with locations all around the UK, the Camden branch manages to maintain an individual feel and an intimate atmosphere. I'm not sure if it was due to the trendy Camden folk it has as clientele, the general grotty-chic of the place, or the reasonably priced Brothers, but either way it has my approval.



Edi Winarni going fucking mental

And the nice bag check-in man was a Ghostface Killah fan, so there were thumbs up all round.

The first band of the night was an unsigned acoustic singer One Little Plane, stage name for singer/songwriter Kathryn Bint. Admittedly, as soon as the acoustic guitar is taken from its case and a young hippy-esque lady stepped up to the microphone, there was a small but detectable wave of 'here we go again' which made its way around the room, constructively interfering in my eyes and throat which promptly rolled and scoffed respectively. I was soon eating my scoff however as, far from the 60's knock-off cliché I was expecting, Kathryn Bint makes lovely music. Her voice is wispy and ethereal, perfectly matched to the nostalgic, poetic lyrics, rich in metaphor and ooh just loveliness. Also, I later found out the innocuous backing guitarist was Kieran Hebden (Four Tet), which was rather unexpected.

Born Ruffians were next up, a Toronto based indie band, treating us to some tone-saturated guitar twangs and lyrics about being a teenager and the like. Admittedly, I'm not a fan of indie at the best of times, but their set really was a low point, embodying most indie boy clichés I could think of. Cardigans, predictable 4:4 timings punctuated by pretentious 18-29s here and there to mix it up a bit, falsetto tones. Yes, Jeff Buckley made it OK, but Jeff Buckley could pull it off. Listening to a couple of tracks on their Myspace afterwards made my opinion soften a bit. Although it pains me to admit it, they have some catchy tunes, and the lyrics aren't ALL about being a teenager and getting dumped. Some, such as 'Foxes Mate For Life' are quite witty and intelligent (it's because they are in love). Generally, though, I had a very negative impression of this band after they had left the stage. Not my cup of

Darjeeling.

The final set and main event of the night was an absolutely stunning performance by German electro three-piece MIT. It's hard writing about music you love without sounding over the

The music itself was enough to make their set good, but it was the stage performance of the band, vocalist Edi Winarni in particular, which made it excellent. Singing in a mixture of German and English, the combina-



Mit at the Camden Barfly. Photographs by James Houghton

top and ridiculous, but this was probably the best set I have seen in I don't know how long. Comparisons between MIT and their electro-Germanic forefathers Kraftwerk seem to be made whenever they are mentioned (which has been regularly recently due to an up-coming album), however apart from being German and being suckers for the Moog, the two bands have little in common. MIT's sound seems to have evolved from much heavier, darker roots, using the electronic edge to make their sound more menacing while remaining danceable. Like that scene in *Blade* where all the vampires are dancing in the club before *Blade* comes in and slaughters them all. Think 'The Knife', but less poppy and without the chilly Nordic feel.

tion of his feminine voice and visceral delivery made the performance both fundamentally unnerving and breathtaking.

Sadly, after a brief visit to the UK, MIT are back in Germany for a while, but if you happen to be in Manchester in May you can catch them on the 1st. Go see this band if you get the chance.

So that was my night at 'Kill 'Em All'. After the bands finished we went downstairs and got pissed while dancing to filthy electro remixes of 90s RnB tunes, courtesy of The Filthy Dukes. Although it took me well over an hour to get home from Camden, I went to sleep happily tapping my feet and trying to make my mouth sound like a Moog.

Peter Sinclair

IC Radio Presents: Single Column

Les Savy Fav
Patty Lee/Sweet Descends
★★★★

'Patty Lee' has wonderful guitar tones that recall The Stone Roses' John Squire, and are almost hypnotic. Harrington's vocals are very immediate, and throw in some poetic lyrics ("She moved like smoke and sounded like ice") and you have the makings of a great song.

'The Sweat Descends' opens with a few notes not sounding too unlike the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' 'Y Control', but when Harrington's fierce, yelpy vocals once again enter, we know we are getting something altogether more different. It's a very energetic song, and never fails to keep your interest throughout.

These are two very, very impressive songs, and I would urge anyone to seek these out – you won't be left disappointed.

Mit Shah

The Tunic
Cost Of Living
★★★☆☆

At first, you could be forgiven for confusing this band with so many other rock groups we've heard over the last few years – their sound rings so many bells. Listen a bit harder, though, and you notice that unlike all the other bands with their inane lyrics, these guys have tried to provoke thought and possibly even emotion with 'Cost of Living'. The track is also very well produced, so it sounds pretty nice. Definitely worth a listen!

Chris Birkett

Ida Maria
Stella
★★★☆☆

'Stella' tells the story of God giving the world away to a 43-year-old prostitute from Manhattan in return for a night with her, and musically is almost as innovative as the theme. The tune is catchy and the chorus memorable. Ida Maria's vocals, quite hoarse at times, are reminiscent of Janis Joplin, whereas the manner in which she sings and lyrics themselves resemble the work of Lou Reed. A lively single, fairly different from usual mainstream indie but still without that much to brag about. It will, however, attract listeners of various musical styles.

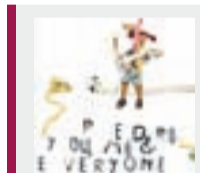
Kate Agathos

The SeLF
Somebody Nobody
★★★★☆

The new single from The SeLF captures the feel of The Verve at their anthemic best. As a mid tempo soundscape seeps from the guitars, singer Herman Stephens delivers heartfelt lyrics of substance with aplomb. The way the song ebbs back and forth from verse to chorus in an uncomplicated structure makes the track easy to listen to, yet also emphasises the songs towering nature. If The SeLF can produce an album's worth of songs like this, expect them to be leading thousands of lighter-holding fans at a festival soon.

Nat Roccoft

New album from Pedro out on the 8th of March – BUY IT



Pedro
You, Me and Everyone
Mush Records
★★★★★

Those indie buffs amongst you may remember James Rutledge as part of the early naughties band The Dakota Oak Trio until the tragic death of co-member Dave Tyack – a tragedy that had a profound impact upon Rutledge who stepped back from music for a few years, only to remerge in his latest reincarnation – sampling god Pedro.

You, Me & Everyone is a truly enigmatic album where track boundaries have no meaning, themes and melodies slide in and out to be repeated later, and a diverse range of influences are combined (including free jazz, psychedelics, African rhythms, hip-hop, electronic and classical genres) to cre-

ate a beautifully crafted musical Tower of Babel.

This album should come with a health warning – it's a form of psychological graffiti. It is really probably best for those naughty, naughty people amongst you who may or may not dabble in certain cheeky forms of herbal cigarettes to stay sober whilst listening to it, or risk succumbing to the mental aura of mind-bending samples in a way that left The Beta Band's lone pigeon wandering the streets barefoot for three years.

Perhaps put best in his own words, after spending a prolonged period listening to jazz and primitive noise, Rutledge quite literally dreamt up *You, Me & Everyone* one night. "I was walking around the corridors of my old secondary school, and I could hear different parts of the music that I'd been working on repeating and sliding

into earshot as I tried to find where it was coming from. When I finally got to the gym, they had finished playing and were all stood staring at me. It was glorious and

terrifying."

Glorious and terrifying indeed. You join the album by stepping over the body of a comatose biker into a party that is already well-established, and tentatively open a door into to a room where a pink rainbow flows into a huddle of tiny penguins. Uber trendies wearing 80's style futuristic shades mingle with kids from the ghetto, shaven headed monks sit on the floor playing xylophones as, all dressed in black tie, three members of the London Symphonic squeeze past with their instruments to the next room. When 'Spools' reverses into your consciousness you can't quite remember what street you live on, but it doesn't matter because you're having a damn good time, but that woosy feeling you're experiencing persists into 'Lung' and you go around telling everyone the guy on the decks really is DJ Shadow. Then, feeling a tad bit pale, you're hit by a blast of syncopated beats and you realise you're well on the way to your first ever musical whitie.

By 'Green apples' the middle-aged man with the pink shades and grey hair (who you suspect never escaped the summer of love) is handing you a glass of water and telling you to chill out and take it easy but unfortunately the simmering flutes, twittering of birds and the improvisations of the 5-piece jazz band jamming in the corner are all a bit too much to take for your poor confused brain. In the end, *You Me &*



James Rutledge AKA Pedro

Everyone packs up and rolls away in its VW Campervan on the back of a golden swan on a never ending acid trip, leaving you bleary eyed but satisfied that you've had one hell of time.

Steven Burgess





Nightlife

Nightlife Editor – Francesca O'Hanlon

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Francesca O'Hanlon
Nightlife Editor

Holy cow, it's been a hectic week. Well not really, I had one big night and then five days recovering, but it was worth it. On Thursday last week, me and Jack headed down to Fabric for the Breakbeat championships. While I could chitter on for hours about how good it was, instead, I would like to discuss the Fabric bouncers. I hate bouncers. They are rude, aggressive and just generally patronising. Why do they feel it necessary to just screw up a night by being absolute arseholes? For example; Why do they always make you feel so guilty about being drunk? Everyone is drunk, it's a Friday night, even your parents are sitting at home watching *Have I Got News For You* with several bottles of wine giggling at the topical humour that they explain to you that you will not find funny because you have not read nearly enough of *The Times/Guardian/Independent*. Anyway my point was that bouncers are fannies and here is a perfectly good example of their fanniness in action:

BOUNCER: No you can't come back in you're drunk.

CLUBMAN/WOMAN/ME: I'm not drunk, I always throw up in my bra and then put it back on...

BOUNCER: No you don't.

CLUBMAN/WOMAN/ME: Yes I do

BOUNCER: No you don't.

CLUBMAN/WOMAN/ME: Yes I do

BOUNCER: No you don't.

CLUBMAN/WOMAN/ME: Yes I do

BOUNCER: No you don't.

CLUBMAN/WOMAN/ME: Yes I do

BOUNCER: No you don't.

CLUBMAN/WOMAN/ME: Yes I do

BOUNCER: Then you need to sort your fucking life out.

Anywho, so after this event, I wasn't expecting much politeness from the Fabric bouncers when, at six in the morning, as the club was closing, I ran back downstairs for a wee. All the toilets were locked, but instead of laughing at me as I got more and more red in the face trying to hold it in, they ushered me into a little building connected to Fabric, (turned out to be the head bouncer's house) let me do my business, then offered me a cup of tea! I politely declined (too much weeing) and they walked me out, made sure I didn't get into a shitty minicab where I would be offered champagne and then killed, and bid me farewell. Although a small interaction, it was a very important one, because it completely restored my faith in bouncers. Well done big hench-Fabric-men in bomber jackets.

So that is it for this week. If you too have a new found love of bouncers, you can write in to tell me, or if you want to write a review, that's also very welcome. Or in fact for any reason write in at nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Also if anyone has any funny stories of nights out, send them in. Mainly for my enjoyment, but who knows- we may print them too! As always, have a messy week, not so much so that you wet yourself but more so than going wild and spending an extra 50p on the itbox.

I heart 1001 and so will you

It really is the club that has everything. Even a policeman pretending to sell crack



Café 1001. Full of young trendy people who shop at Topshop

Kadhim Shubber

"You've got the right attitude, no problems", booms the doorman as I'm ushered inside Café 1001; a unique venue that you'd be foolish to avoid. This is a café/bar/club that says no to queuing for entry, monotonous nights out and unimaginative music.

Situated at the end of Brick Lane, the venue is the perfect place for an all-round night out. Burgers, chips, baguettes and even fruit are all available at 1001- this is like no other club you've been to before. Revellers congregate outside smoking, talking and eating; there's seating provided in the form of picnic tables. You might have made some guesses about the dress code by this point. Curries, Burgers and picnic tables do not mix with expensive dresses and brand new loafers. Leave all the pretentious West End bullshit behind and dress like an interesting human being. Think more Crackbitch than Jack Wills. At the very least, dress like a NORMAL human being.

At some point, you're going to have to go inside, so you know... go inside. No need to phone a friend to get yourself

on the guest list or search desperately for a European model to gain entry. If you're not wearing diapers you probably won't need your ID either, there's no entry fee and no "let me stamp your hand" crap. Head straight up the stairs in front of you, into the first room, if you don't know what music you're hearing... That's a good thing, embrace the fact that you're finally in a club where the DJs are artists, not just people who know how to fade from one track to another. Café 1001 has a great variety of music, live acts and international DJ's from soul to electro to house to dub. Stop for a moment and take in your surroundings.

The décor is relaxed and the lighting gives you a feeling of sepia-toned happiness; throw your self down onto the cushions or grab a couple of sofas and... chill.

It's time to get down to the basics - drinks. Head on through into the second room, ignore the forty year-old man in a babygrow dancing in a circle and go straight to the bar. You've got a great variety of drinks, from cocktails to cans of beer and they are reasonably priced. Not as cheap as Cheap-

The best of East London in the upcoming week (Look forward to some long bus journeys home)

I hate to admit it, but with exams around the corner it might be time to start hitting the books rather than hitting the London nightlife. Before all that though, why not have one last week to clear your head (and your bank account). Here's a week of some varied East London club nights, sure to satisfy your need for good music and beverages.

Sunday 9th March – Clockwork Bar – Islington: 5 squid after 9pm. Sunday night doesn't have to be one of rest, why not ramp up the intensity with a night of drum and bass at Clockwork Bar? The fortnightly Metalheadz Sunday Sessions is a great way to end your weekend with a bang.

Monday 10th March – Cargo – ILUVLIVE: £6 in advance, £8 on the door. For Monday we have some live music, with the ILUVLIVE UK Urban Showcase at Cargo in the East End. Featuring artists such as Taio Cruz, Bassy and beatboxing from Faith SFX, it's something different at a cool venue.

Wednesday 12th March – Dogstar – Brixton 808 Volt: Free Entry- from 4pm-2am. It's halfway through the week now, and time for something a little different. Dogstar, in Brixton, is the 'first DJ bar in London' and plays a variety of music including Brazilian, Latin Hip Hop and Baille Funk. Drinks are cheap and with free entry it's worth a look instead of your standard Wednesday night.

Saturday 15th March – Sosho – 2 Tabernacle St, EC2A Lasermagnetic: £5 entry-9pm-4am. Last but by no means least, Sosho on a Saturday showcase Lasermagnetic. A night of cool electronic disco, they mix some great cocktails and you'll be rubbing shoulders with a very international crowd.

Alistair Owen

skates but less expensive than West End clubs. A can of Red Stripe is £2.40. Either way, it's a hell of a lot of fun to lie back on a sofa, sip your beer and watch some tripped out guy dancing by himself.

The only fault of the club is the fact that it closes at 12pm. However this isn't really a problem because there are many other clubs and pubs in the surrounding area. Regardless of what

you're looking for- clubbing, food, conversation, techno, live music, a heavy night, a chilled night- Café 1001 has got it. It's even been in a music video – check out Bloc Party's 'Prayer'.

You'd have to be crazy not to put Café 1001 at the top of your to-do list, so gather your mates and get down to Brick Lane for food, dancing and fun the likes of which you'll never find in the West End.

Fabric hosts the Breakbeat Awards

Jack Massey

How many times have you stood on a dance floor, looked about, and wondered how many people around you are actually feeling the music being played?

In my opinion, too many clubs are being filled with people who are there solely because they want to get pickled and not really because of a love of the music. Don't get me wrong, I love a good pickling, but I hate getting onto a dance floor, where the atmosphere created by a DJ rocking the crowd is lost because people are hearing but not feeling their work.

However, last week at Fabric was different. For a club which consistently plays host to the best in breaks and drum 'n' bass, even a casual Thursday night was huge. The complete range of breakbeat's finest performed, from legends such as Krafty Kuts, through

to new-schoolers such as Rektchordz, all in aid of the 7th annual International Breakbeat Awards.

Even in the international room, displaying breaks from across Europe, the atmosphere was massive. Every time the b-lines dropped, the floor went crazy, the highlight for me was how much DJ Deekline rocked Room Two. Everyone in that room was hanging by his every mix, scratch and drop. This reminded me of what breaks is about, loving the driving bass lines and pounding beats.

The best DJ award went to Stanton Warriors and best producer to Plump DJs, who also picked up Best Single and Best Label.

Alas, now only 12 months until the 8th annual championships, which I am most certainly planning to go to. Not for the awards themselves, but for the atmosphere and DJs that made it an incredible night out.



The incredibly talented Krafty Kuts.... Wearing a pair of Skechers?



Fashion

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Wallet versus conscience

Daniel Wan discusses whether you should spend that bit extra on ethical clothes

Organic and fairtrade food has undergone a sharp rise in popularity in recent times, and fashion is seemingly following suit. Ethical awareness is becoming a large part of fashion marketing. London Fashion Week held a section for ethical fashion initiative Estethica. It provided the chance for 'ethically-qualified' – companies to showcase how much they've done to keep the production and sale of their clothes morally squeaky clean. So no Malaysian school children, no monkeys chained to sewing machines and no hamster-fur coats here.

These companies are having us believe that being fairtrade and ethical is actually as important to them as making money. I splutter in the face if anyone that believes it. It's just a giant marketing tool and, in some cases, a very good excuse for charging the gullible consumer even more for their clothes and accessories. However, maybe I'm being utterly cynical. I just find it hard to imagine the CEO of a major fashion outlet, whilst sitting in the back of his diesel-imbibing Bentley, thinking what the next kind of organic hemp he's going to produce his next line of handbags from. Ulterior motives or not, surely it's a good thing that more and more companies are becoming ethically conscious.

But what actually is ethical clothing? It is fashion that takes into consideration the people behind the production and sale of the clothing, and the impacts on the environment of producing these clothes. Obviously, not all clothing outlets source their stock from underground Thai sweatshops, and in the modern world we live in, fewer and fewer can get away with it due to growing public concern and, hence, media scrutiny. However, Eco fashion designer Tamsin Lejeune, founder of the EFF, the Ethical Fashion Forum, claims there are labourers "working

under sweatshop conditions for less than \$1 a day". This type of exploitation occurs in some of the poorest areas of the world, including Asia and South America, where society is probably less concerned with ecology and ethical treatment of their workforce. Hence, less media coverage and investigation; the general public are less taken back by the shock-tactic media exposé we seem to be affected by.

A company that has made their name based on their fairtrade labour practises and environmental policies is Los Angeles-based American Apparel. The now common high street retailer is vertically integrated, meaning that they possess total control over manufacture, wholesale and retail duties. Standards and policies are procedure-wide, so regulation is tight and there is little ambiguity between the several different firms that would normally be used in garment production. In this way American Apparel can guarantee 100% ethical clothing. A sense of consumer trust has grown with American Apparel's reputation in both the US and the UK. American Apparel can afford to charge a little more to cover the costs of having fair trade standards; their LA-based factory pays an average of around \$12 an hour, and an \$8 minimum. This being said, American Apparel's other marketing pitch is the fact that their clothes are timeless. They last longer than the average sweater, and taken out of the cupboard 20 years later, their style will still be relevant. I'm part of their target market and in all honesty, the latter pitch is the one I relate to much more than their eco-ethical marketing when I buy from AA. I'm guessing that the majority of people that shop at AA do so because of style rather than principles.

A quick survey around Imperial, and most agree. Responses ranged from the more heavy-headed; "if you want to be fashionable, you're not going to care," to the more sympathetic: "there are concerns but who can afford to think



Despite their glum exteriors, these people are Happy. Happy, I tell you!

about it?" Overall, ethical and eco morals seemed to have very little bearing in their choice of clothes. Paying an extra few quid for the peace of mind that their new top was made without detriment to anyone or anything seemed absurd to the average Imperial student. Most claimed knowledge of the infamous Nike sweatshop scandals in the late 1990s, but only one person I spoke to said they had stopped buying their products. Many hadn't really thought about the clothes they buy involving some degree of moral malpractice until I questioned them about it. They simply "weren't aware" and "didn't notice" the issues that are brought up by today's Nazi-efficient production lines. Is education the key to getting the average schmuck to finally turn to ethically produced clothing; finally making a stand against this 'fast-fashion' culture and turning the head of every director of every fashion outlet in the country? No. Fair trade and eco-friendly clothing costs more. People are more concerned about their own personal wealth, and not that of

the guy who stitched up the seams of their T shirt.

It seems it's not just us who are more concerned about fiscal standings. Even Don Charvey, founder and director of American Apparel, is "getting bored" with the whole morally clean marketing. "There are other companies that pay crappy wages that are winning awards for their financial performance," he openly expresses.

I can't see the day that Primark stops attracting hordes of bargain-craving women, and the day when a cash-strapped single mother turns to ethically valued shops to clothe her children. The vast majority of people willing and able to pay extra for their clothing will be the purchasers of ethical clothing, and that is the truth. Maybe one day a revolutionary icon under the devious guise of 'Waniel Dan' will resurrect the hippy mind set of the world that hooked the 60s into tree hugging, making our own clothes from home-grown cotton, and getting off our faces on shrooms. Ok, maybe not that last part.

Fashion pointers from the RAG team

Alice Johnston

With London Fashion Week having just finished, it's all about Brits doing things the way we always have, with an edginess and quirkiness seen nowhere else. Capturing this perfectly are graphic print tees, such as those from Portobello boutique I Saved Laurence. Neon blues and pinks sit well with prints of sunglasses, safety pins, Godzilla and many others. Think Henry Holland but cuter and less self-important. Even American companies like Urban Outfitters stock entirely different collections in this country to those in the US. It's all about layering, having fun with accessories, and the typical Urban Outfitters rockstar twist.

I know you may not believe this, but the hippie look is back, only in a newer, sleeker way. Boho's older, more sophisticated sister, if you will. Think of the Stella McCartney floral jumpsuit or the festival look we'll all be championing come June. Glastonbury is, of course, the archetypal festival, with the flip

flops and summer dresses look abandoned in favour of the more practical wellies. Hunter wellies are the classic choice, or for a kookier look funkywellingtons.com have all prints and colours imaginable.

If vintage is your thing and the stealthy 70's revival currently creeping up on us is what you're aiming for, the vintage shops of Kingly Court, Carnaby Street are just the ticket. There's plenty to choose from but one of my personal favourites is Sam Greenberg. For girls, if you have the balls, their jumpsuits are bang on trend or for something slightly less frightening try the 70's day dresses, retro t-shirts and A-line skirts. For the boys, vintage checked shirts, plimsolls and casual jackets rule. Their menswear is also stocked at Topshop, Oxford Circus.

I should also mention the King's Road's best-kept secret, Les Néréides. This family-run French jewellery boutique has some of the most interesting, yet wearable jewellery I have seen, and the shop always smells divine! I am as

big a fan of Accesorize as anyone, but I am getting a little tired of seeing people with exactly the same jewels as me. Les Néréides has something to suit everyone's taste. Le Barbe Noire range has skulls, crossbones, pirate ships and dazzling jewels. Diamantine is multifaceted jewels in all the colours of the rainbow that positively shimmer in the light. Or if the ethnic/tribal look is more up your street then the Twiggie range is perfect, with browns, oranges and wooden detailing.

It is a well-known tactic among the more fashionably-orientated girls of Imperial that in order to avoid the horror of someone having the same Summer Ball dress as you, the key is to get in there early. A new find in this arena is a brand called Xterity. Their pieces are stunning, based on classic couture with incredible attention to detail, each dress has its unique flair. Even if these are too pricey for us mere students they make a pretty gorgeous daydream.

If you, like many others of the fashion pack, are feeling jaded with the day

dress or bored with your skinnies and the fashion magazines are full of size zeros in unattainably expensive clothes, why not seek inspiration elsewhere?

This year's Imperial College fashion show is the perfect place to see what the new season has to offer. Many of the brands mentioned above are being kind enough to lend us their clothes for the fashion show. The show is in aid of Michael Sobell House, a hospice in North-West London.

Boys take note too... we have pieces from menswear brands such as Lyle and Scott, the Rudolf Dassler collection at Puma, Urban Outfitters, surfwear from O'Neill, suits from Hawes and Curtis and tuxes from Moss Bros. Oh, and there will be girls in underwear!

The fashion show will take place at Guanabara, Holborn, on Tuesday 11th March. Tickets are available from www.union.ic.ac.uk. For more info visit www.icfashionshow.co.uk or email [rag.fashionshow@ic.ac.uk](mailto:fashionshow@ic.ac.uk)

COOL



Floral print

So pretty! But stop it looking too girly by pairing it with trainers or canvas tops.



Butterflies

Wear butterfly prints in hair accessories, bags and purses. This darling hair slide is from Miss Selfridge, wear in an emo sort of way. It is the print for Spring, stars can go fuck themselves. Although I'm not sure how.



Topshop does Fairtrade

I hate it when companies, clothing or coffee, only do a line of Fairtrade alongside their other offerings which are presumably made from forced child labour. Nonetheless, the Fairtrade tees that are available from Topshop are pretty sweet.



Teenagers

I hate you all, with your bright H&M clothing, and your insouciant faces. It's got to the point where I'm now happy to be IDed, like, ha! I beat you time! I'm no longer attractive to weird 20-somethings with Lolita complexes. It's a hard life. Well at least I'm not over 30. I need therapy.

LAME

Paris Fashion Week, Fall '08 RTW

A report on the last major Autumn/Winter 2008 catwalk shows, dans le joli Paris by David J Paw

Paris is known as the “church of fashion” for a good reason. No other city in the world can lay claim to its pedigree and heritage for all things sartorial – this is the city, after all, that saw Paul Poiret liberate women from the suffocating restraints of the corset, Christian Dior usher in the New Look and Coco Chanel revolutionise women’s dress. The city’s governing body for fashion, the *Chambre Syndicale*, chooses very carefully not only whom it allows to show for the prestigious and biannual couture shows, but also its ready-to-wear shows. If London is a creative hotbed of eccentricity, New York is sleek city chic and Milan the home of unabashed glamour, then Paris is the place where the future of fashion takes shape.

A glance at the list of shows reveals a depth of talent that even Milan would lie, cheat and steal to obtain, and it is no coincidence that Paris is the last city on the schedule – any other city or series of shows would be swept away in its wake. The *crème de la crème* is here – and you’d better be on your toes.

Balenciaga

Every season, the industry’s elite make their way to the Balenciaga show early in the morning for fashion’s equivalent of what critic and fashion historian Colin MacDowell once described as “the scrubbing of the chapel steps”. This small but roaring house means business, and is back in a big way after creative director Nicholas Ghesquière’s recent tour de force collections. The last couple of shows, though eventually influential, had been met with a twinge of disappointment. But for fall,

Ghesquière pulled out all the stops.

Jackets that had been moulded, sliced and sculpted to form the body-defining pieces that Balenciaga himself favoured were redefined in shiny, slick plastics and latex that fused classics from the archives with Ghesquière’s own sci-fi tastes (who could forget the manic robo-leggings from spring 2007’s show?). The powerful glare of studio spotlights was transformed into benign, mesmerising shapes by meticulously cut black satin in one piece while skinny cigarette trousers in muted shades of grey balanced the rich, creamy contrast of colour in gorgeously draped velvet and taffeta tops. But this was a more mature iteration of his previous collections – powerful enough to steer the choppy course of fashion, but wearable enough to be snapped up for more than sheer collectibility.

Chanel

Some designs are so iconic and classic that they barely need to be altered. The Porsche 911 and Fender Strat are two such designs. The Chanel tweed jacket and skirt combination is another. Karl Lagerfeld provided an effortless meditation on current trends recast in a whitewashed space, complete with carousel and a viewing platform that models returned to once completing their short route for further viewing. Beautiful trailing coats and peplum jackets hit the sweet spot while full-length separates were considered in a looser fashion than Marios Schwab’s earlier body-conscious incarnation. Lagerfeld focused heavily on unforced, easy interpretations of Chanel classics laid out with heavy fabrics artfully torn and roughly hewn – a certain celluloid male model would approve, no doubt.



(Left to right) Chanel; Balenciaga; Lanvin; Junya Watanabe; Chanel

A high-gloss, shiny, wet-look cocktail dress retained the archetypal silhouette while matron-like Nazca print jackets added interest later in the collection to light separates. In an interesting turn, Lagerfeld also sent out a few looks for the gentleman seeking fashion enlightenment, Chanel-style – appreciated if only because Chanel menswear is as rare as chicken’s teeth. The show felt more like a token nod to trends than a hard-hitting, season-defining collection – but for a house with such a timeless aesthetic, it hardly matters when much of the defining is already in the past.

Yves Saint Laurent

YSL’s fall show felt like an Ultraviolet spinoff colliding headfirst with Asimov’s *I, Robot* (or should that be *I, Fembot?*). Models filed out sinisterly identical in short, abbreviated bobs and slit black sunglasses. Like Karl Lagerfeld, head designer Stefano Pilati’s collection was essentially a fresh take on YSL classics executed with a singular vision and unerring verve. In this case, a slick, updated futureshock vision of precision cut, techno-organic and super-slick looks that quietly flaunted their (admittedly impressive) credentials. Asymmetrically cut day-dresses with casually loose shoulders preceded high waisted, wide-legged trousers that presented a louche take on classic YSL. Even the simplest staples were reinterpreted with a self-assured aplomb, like a breathtaking white shirt with dramatically-sculpted sleeves, belted above a rising black velvet skirt with gold bordering. Or how about a subtly funnelled brown velvet

sports jacket with gold hardware?

Pilati played tactically with colour, showing sparing glimpses of cerulean and pale yellow in amongst a sea of predominantly black and brown. Standouts included a simple belted white dress with flecks of black that turned out to be feathers, and a sheer flowing white shirt paired with gloriously loose trousers embellished with a constellation of sequins. At 39 in total, the collection was appropriately succinct, considering the Homeric timescales of other similarly large houses. And as YSL owners Gucci (PPQ) will be glad to note, Pilati’s rising profile amongst the Paris elite will only be good for sales. After years of inconsistency and a couple of lukewarm receptions, most people suspect they won’t be the only ones.

Lanvin

After some severe deliberation, I concluded that it was impossible not to love Lanvin. Creative director Alber Elbaz’s designs appeal to the hyperfeminine traditionalists with their classic silhouettes and air of refinement, and they appeal to the buyers and women who want extra panache with their working look. Not least, they appeal to the critics who laud Elbaz’s highly personalised, bold and innovative collections that have been as consistent as their similarly rising sales figures. A beautifully proportioned pencil skirt constructed of ribbon and layered in ruffles was paired to a dark gunmetal silk blouse while the same pleatlike details reappeared on a gorgeous black cocktail dress. There were svelte, darkly sexy one-shouldered dresses in satin



and huge statement coats for the daring, tastefully opulent jewellery turned the glam up to 11, but even these were outshone by incredible dresses studied with gleaming gold sequins.

In amongst the smorgasbord of design details was the added plus that it was, in fact, mostly practical and workable. In contrast to other highly conspicuous and highly touted designers, Elbaz's designs never overpower the wearer and always allow her – and not the clothes – to be the focus of attention, rather than setting up a vapid and frankly neurotic “fashion safari” of key pieces from famous designers. Thankfully, in amongst the seething mass of trends inundating editors and the public, Elbaz remembered the small oversight that clothes can and should be gorgeous. And the fashion world is a better place for it.

Junya Watanabe

One of the quieter personalities of Paris Fashion Week, Watanabe described his fall collection in two words: “geometric sculpture”. Sometimes less is more, and Watanabe understands this perfectly. With a collection that would give New York drape artist Doo Ri Chung a run for her money, he presented a panorama of shape and form that was true to its descriptive namesake. Geometric, precisely-draped tops fell effortlessly across languorous split skirts dramatically folded into thick bands or left loose, and fluid draped jersey dresses formed an interesting visual continuity with sharp, tucked and folded jersey tops with layers rolling down the back in a beautifully executed exploration of line, layer and volume. Every piece was a puzzle of shapes and lines that one could happily lose oneself in.

Tailoring was also represented by precision-cut jackets with dramatic creases and soft folds rippling invitingly across the fabric, or familiar shapes with odd details such as the replacement of conventional sleeves with cape-like openings. The models were almost as mesmerising as the clothes themselves, faces shrouded in black cloth with headpieces resembling said sculptures – the designer's play on words could refer to the obvious statement of the models, or the referral to the clothes themselves visually representing an aesthetic more conventionally associated with the world of art. A painstakingly twisted, teased and contorted full-length top was a complex riot of shapes and proportions like something from the dark landscape of a Guillermo del Toro film. The world of fashion is changing, and with the encroachment of embarrassing ce-



(Left to right) YSL; Lanvin; Maison Martin Margiela



lebrity capsule collections (read: cash cows) for high street chains and the amateurish efforts of would-be society designers, it is reassuring to watch the unearthly glare of near-genius wafting unmistakably by. Stunning.

Alexander McQueen

They say that beauty is a commodity – if you don't appreciate it, someone else will. Some may lament the fact that women will lie, cheat and steal for an Alexander McQueen gown but for the fashion faithful, this is a perverse cause for celebration rather than consternation – it is reassuring that things so beautiful can exist in the world. It makes the world a more wondrous, fuzzy place to be, and though the view is undeniably rose-tinted, those inclined more towards the aesthetically indulgent escapist reveries of fashion were not the most realistic group of folk to begin with – think of them as lost causes.

Not that they could care less. When Alexander McQueen revealed this collection on Friday, the fashion world was turned upside down and the planets realigned themselves around earth and more specifically, around McQueen himself. Various described as arguably his most confident collection and the most stunning since fall 06's memorable collection (massive, sweeping Edwardian gowns and birds), fashion's great romanticist produced an incredible collection of dark fairytale princesses and sweeping colonial grandeur in a dark bloom of blacks

and an explosion of deep Indian reds. Light, feminine ballet-length dresses with ruffled hems or embroidered details were mated with teased, frizzed hair or enigmatic shawls that recalled all the eccentricity and charm of a fairytale dream.

Exaggerated silhouettes in matte black and tartan expanded into capacious and bunched-up dresses, and tartan and heavy monochrome prints manifested themselves in pieces with frothy, ruffled collars and jacket borders. Snowflakes embroidered onto one black chiffon dress spilled over the hem and burst forth in a wonderfully frivolous display, and splendid head-dresses adorned the final half of the collection, which ushered in a fitfully regal display of pomp embellished with a newfound softness. The jewellery was opulent and the details indulgent, and it was obvious no expense had been spared in what was an over-the-edge

and most assured experience. Where others had failed, he has conquered – McQueen's risky no-compromise approach has paid dividends (his company has just gone into profit). What a way to celebrate.

Sonia Rykiel

The longstanding “queen of knits”, Rykiel isn't the first person you think of when someone mentions *joie de vivre*. But after last season's spirited finale when the models ran out at the end laughing and giggling as if – God forbid – they were real people, Rykiel seems to be working the goodwill like no one else. In a bizarre show that brought a smile to every face in the crowd, Rykiel showed an ageless series of looks that would have had women of all ages grinning with delight. Though there was an abundance of colourfully splashed knits and minidresses in

shades of ice cream flavours, the season's focus on austere was referenced in black tailoring that was still offset by zany coloured tights and coats. Rykiel worked her own brand of fun that was neither too urbane (Anna Sui), nor kooky (Marni).

Another dominant theme was the trapeze silhouette, worked into sweater dresses and oversized coats, eventually progressing to billowing full-length evening gowns with zesty art prints. But though the clothes were undeniably gorgeous (and will sell by the shed-load), the focus was all on the models. Bowler hats and dippy black-rimmed spectacles added to the cartoonish exaggeration brought about by the beams on their faces – it's not every day you see Russian superwaif Vlada Roslyakova beaming like she fell off the set of *Bring It On*. And was that the first high five ever seen on a runway? Who cares. Here's to next season!

Maison Martin Margiela

There is always an understated excitement crackling restlessly in the air before a Margiela show. A talismanic force in fashion, the fashion sorority always sternly considers the designer's commentaries on trends future and present. Heavy rock coursed over the hall's sound system as spotlights glanced up and down irascibly before the show. And then the first looks came out. More critique than marketing business tool, Margiela's show focused on those difficult trends that, though they are hot as of now, it's almost laughably funny that they came along at the same time.

Funnel necks were explored on motorcycle jackets, print blouses and sweater dresses, resembling gargantuan donuts or less savoury restroom contraptions – you almost felt bad for the models wearing them. And the padded shoulders. Oh, the shoulders. Raised, pinched and suspended until they resembled the Hong Kong skyline or a vigilante's cape, they grew, curved, contorted and joined until they had come full circle and mutated back into the funnel neck, as gloriously experimental and over-the-top as only Margiela can do. This didn't stop countless editors, enthusiasts and bloggers pondering their meaning, however. But give him more credit than that – not everything he shows has to be deliberated upon like an oracle's enigmatic message. The show was anarchic, bold and sexy – and like everyone else, we'll be waiting to see the store collections.



(Left to right) Junya Watanabe; Alexander McQueen; Lanvin



Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Sebastian Nordgren

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Azfarul "Az" Islam
Games Editor

Ye Gads! I've missed yet another issue! Ah, well. This term is drawing to a close now and one wonders what words of comfort to offer everyone (and myself) as we enter the lull before the storm. The storm of exams of course. Yeah. I said it.

Silly things, exams are. I mean, they serve no *real* purpose beyond annoying the hell outta you, really. Ah, well. If the College must embark on such insipid paths, then so be it.

Either way, this means that Felix Games won't be as prevalent next term, sorry to say. On the other hand, I do urge you to look forward to issues focusing on the breadth of gaming and the likes of Metal Gear. Hopefully, those should make it up for those of you who like a dose of regularity to your gaming section.

The theme this week is *Randoms*. It's a somewhat hard word to ensure that the articles in this issue are as unrelated as possible beyond the fact that they have some to do with gaming.

This issue marks the debut of Jen, who takes it upon herself to balance my more modern slant with some trips back to memory lane. For her first article, she deals with the revered *Baldur's Gate* series (in comparison, I only played the PS2 action-adventure versions, heh). Speaking of which, Alex has me trying to play Planescape: Torment and while I'm not into much into RPGs (particularly D'n'D based ones), the plot, world and characters sound so interesting I have this itching urge to give it a whirl. Until then, I think I'll satiate my plot desires with some good old Terry Pratchett. Incidentally, there are a bunch of adventure games based on his brilliant Discworld series and those are, yet again, a bunch of titles I really want to play.

Alas... there is but little time with the exams arriving, but hey, frequent breaks are good during studies, right?

Speaking of time, it appears that we have lost a gaming stalwart in the form of Gary Gygax. For those of you not in the know (I only found about his existence recently... when I read about his death – the irony), Mr Gygax is known for being one of the co-creators of the *Dungeons & Dragons* gaming saga. May he rest in peace.

Speaking of peace, Alex is spewing some righteous flamebait in order to break it. This week's peeve: idiotic people in multiplayer games. The kind that keep asking what they should build and then ask you why. They're the same ones who are oblivious to the amassing enemy hordes in front of their base and are usually more of a handicap than anything. Huzzah.

Viral Shah offers his advice with his review of the SteelSeries Ikari gaming mice while James Porter, of Wargaming fame, reveals all about the boardgame *Citadels* in *TableTops*. Last, but not least, Sebb trains *Crysis* players in the *Way of the Ways*.

And now, I bid thee farewell till next time! *ninja smoke vanish jutsu!*

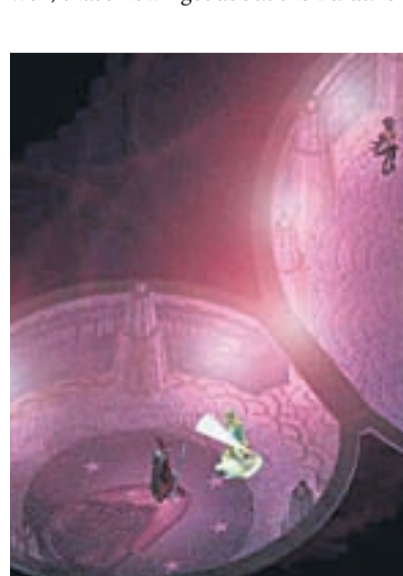


Pixels: By Baldur's Gate!

Jen Strangeways reminisces about a portal of old where even cakes are armed



Did you ever have one of those moments when you were talking to your friends about something you love, really getting into it, waving your arms around madly, raving about that one thing which you think is just so cool, and then waking up and realise that they were all looking at you with a glazed expression of incomprehension? Just me? Ok, well, that's how I get about the *Baldur's Gate* series of games.



Anyone getting a Star Wars vibe from the lower left bit?

The series consists of the original *Baldur's Gate*, released in 1998, followed by the *Tales of the Sword Coast* expansion, *Baldur's Gate II: Shadows of Amn*, and the *Throne of Bhaal* expansion for BGII.

The basic premise is a 'real time' RPG based on the *Dungeons and Dragons* gaming system, but don't let that put you off if you're not a tabletop gamer. You create and control your own char-

acter, guiding them through a beautifully complex, gripping main story arc whilst also having the freedom to pursue other minor paths in and around the main one. On the way, you meet various NPCs of whom you can choose up to five of to join your party and control as you do your own character.

The real beauty of this series, and the thing which makes it so timeless, is the total customisability of its gameplay. If you're a diehard D&D player you can turn on all the options to make it seem a lot more turn-based and true to the original system.

Examples: you can choose to view dice rolls as characters make attacks, have the game auto-pause after each turn, etc. Alternatively, if you like a more fast-paced, realistic game, you can switch everything off, give all your characters AI scripts, and watch them do your unholy bidding... I mean, take care of things themselves.

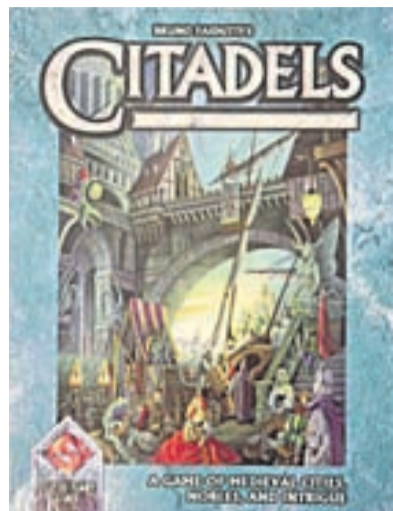
From a roleplaying perspective, the interactions your character has with other characters in the game are controlled by you picking your character's responses from a list. The exact thing you want to say may not appear, but you have the opportunity to be as good or as evil as you like. Of course, if you play evil and run around murdering people, there are consequences... This is taken further in BGII, where char-

acters in your party will converse both with you and with each other, form relationships (which you have the chance to screw up royally – realism!), and leave your party if they disagree with the life choices you're making. The actual gameplay is comprised mainly of running around completing minor quests – solving some actually challenging puzzles, usually being betrayed by the people who asked for your help, and generally destroying anything which gets in your way.

Visually, BGII is stunning even now. Although going back to BGI can be a little irritating after playing with the far superior graphics and resolution of BGII, this is actually solvable via a neat little free mod available online which simply shifts all the BGI game content into the BGII version of the excellent Infinity engine. You view the characters from above, which is nice if you feel like playing God, and the controls are similar to many real time strategy games. The required specs are laughable, BG will run on your PC (Mac versions are also available). It seems complicated at first glance due to the sheer amount of control you can exert over events, but it's actually really intuitive. And very, very, pretty. I can't describe it. Go buy the game. It's under a tenner for the whole series on Amazon. There's no excuse.

TableTops: Citadels

James Porter embarks on a royal quest to quell thievery, as an assassin



Citadels is a card game set in medieval Europe. Bustling market towns, royal seats of power and fortresses are springing up. Every round players select a new character (bishop, assassin etc.) to play in that round. Characters do things like collect extra gold (especially the merchant) or make you the king. Then each player will take a turn – gathering resources (gold and district cards), building parts of their city (e.g. a tavern or a castle) and activating their unique power. Points are scored according to the number of pieces of gold it costs to build the districts in your city, and the game ends when someone has built their eighth district.

In Citadels each player is competing to build up his or her town. This is done by spending gold to build districts, which are taken from your hand of cards and placed face up on the table. When a player has built eight districts the round is completed and the person with the highest combined value of all their districts wins. Additionally, you get a bonus if you have eight districts and if you have at least one district of each colour. There are five colours representing different types of building. Blue is religious, yellow is royal, red is military, green is trade. For example, a monastery is blue and costs three gold

to build. The fifth colour, purple, is a collection of miscellaneous buildings with various special powers. For example, the University costs six to build, but instead of being worth six points, it is worth eight. The different colours (except purple) also link to the characters; the merchant will collect income (one gold) from each trading (green) building, whilst the warlord funds his campaigns from red districts.

Citadels is a light-hearted and, at about an hour's playing time, has a reasonable playing length. It is also flexible, as three to seven players can play. The number of players has a considerable effect on the gameplay. Games often end up quite close, since if someone gets ahead then their opponents can gang up to try and hinder them. This is often done by taking the assassin character and attempting to make the front-runner miss his or her go.

Each round the player with the king token takes the character cards and shuffles them. He or she then places one face down in the middle of the table, so that a character is not available that round. Additionally, only the king knows who it is. He or she then selects a character (keeping it secret) and passes the other cards to his or her left. This is repeated until the last player has a choice of two characters, placing the last one face down in the middle of the table. In this fashion no-one knows exactly who any of the other players are. Then the king asks the assassin to reveal himself. The player who took the assassin proceeds to take his or her go. This involves collecting two gold or drawing district cards and then getting the opportunity to lay a single district card in their city, paying the appropriate amount of gold.

They may also activate their unique ability; for the assassin this is declaring a character to assassinate. However, the assassin does not know for sure (they may have a good idea) who each player has taken, and who is not being played this round. So it is a bit of a guess.

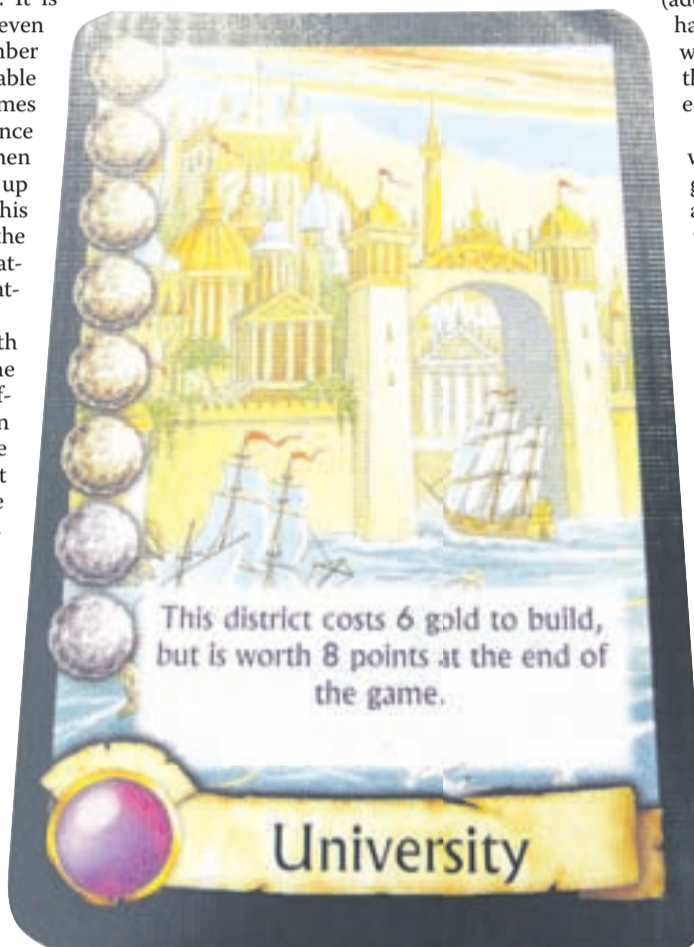
Then the king calls for the thief. The thief takes his turn and also selects a character (that cannot be the assassin or the assassin's target) to steal from. When the character's turn arrives, they lose all their gold! The thief takes

(you can tell I'm talking from experience here).

The other characters take their turns in order, and if no one answers to a particular character it is because they weren't chosen and play passes to the next character. In the next round the new king (whoever took the king card last time) chooses a new character and play continues as before. The rounds continue until a player or players complete eight districts, when the gold cost of all your districts is counted up (adding any bonuses you may have accumulated) and the winner is the player with the highest total (not necessarily the most districts).

This is a tactical game where being able to second guess what other people are doing will give you the edge. You never want to hold too much gold or too many cards, as people will target you ruthlessly (seriously, though, this is quite a jolly game!). Additionally, it is good to diversify your city. Having many districts of one colour will make the corresponding character very valuable to you for collecting gold, although it will become easy for the others to guess who you are. Choosing expensive buildings is risky because you will have to save up (cue the thief), but cheap buildings are easily destroyed by the warlord. It's your choice; it's a gamble!

If you would like to play Citadels or other board games and card games, there is a regular session on Monday evenings run by the Wargames society. Don't worry if you aren't familiar with a game – we routinely explain games. Email wargames@imperial.ac.uk for more information.



Byte

Zack and Wiki Flash



<http://ms2.nintendo-europe.com/zackwiki/enGB/index.html>

Now, this is a conundrum but a good one. One of the Wii's premier puzzle games gets the demo treatment in le Flash form.

While Tomo vouches that the actual game is quality (albeit getting a tad frustrating), all I have is the demo to go by. And y'know what? If this snippet is any indication then we have quite an enticing puzzler in our hands. It may be a single level but it's a pretty interesting teaser. Like adventure games of yore, point-and-click is the way to go although the selectable items are clearly marked meaning that you spent more time pondering and less time groping for random pixels.

Regardless of how quickly you solve it, it's a tantalising distraction at the very least.

Azfarul Islam

Tower of Goo



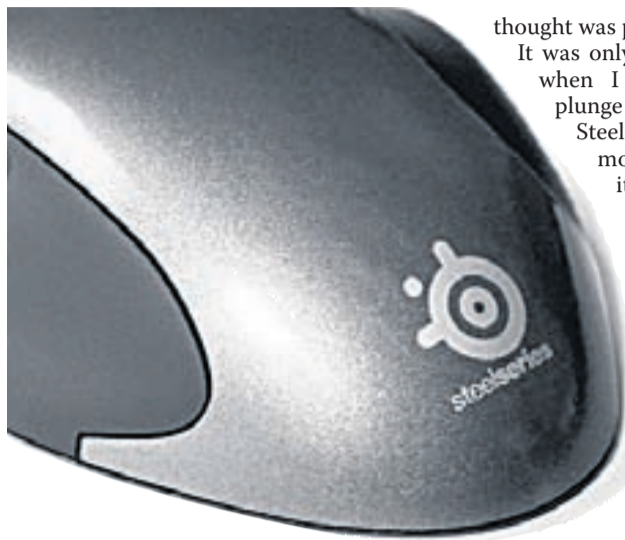
<http://www.experimentalgameplay.com/game.php?g=17>

Sometimes while researching this column we come across a game concept that seems so obvious that we wonder why we haven't seen it before. Tower of Goo, then, is one of these concepts. Part of the Experimental Gaming Project, which pushed five MIT post-graduates to create 30 games in 30 weeks, it's one of the greatest experiments we can think of. Back to the game, in which you build a tower using goo blobs as girders: creating the sticky equivalent of the Leaning Tower of Eiffel. It's so simple that it works throughout – the art is cute and cartoony, but never distracting; the music is upbeat, but not annoying; and the physics engine that the game is built upon is solid. And all made in a week. We recommend getting the *unlimited* version, as it ups the difficulty enough to keep you coming back.

Sebastian Nordgren

The SteelSeries Ikari: razor sharp?

Viral Shah unsheaths the coveted SteelSeries Ikari and wields it in the name of the PC Alliance



thought was perfectly adequate.

It was only a few weeks ago when I finally took the plunge and purchased a SteelSeries Ikari optical mouse to see whether it made any difference to my gaming aptitude.

You may be wondering "why not go for a laser mouse instead of an optical?". Steel Series actually recommends the optical version of the Ikari, rather

than the laser, for FPS gaming as it can cope with extremely fast mouse movement slightly better. They recommend the laser for MMO/RTS gamers who use the mouse with a high sensitivity setting but still require a high degree of accuracy. In actual fact, the overwhelming reason for getting a laser mouse, and indeed the main reason why they were invented, is because they are much better at tracking on shiny surfaces that normal optical mice can't cope with. Suffice to say, if you use a proper mouse mat, either a laser or standard optical mouse will serve you fine.

To test the Ikari I got stuck into some Team Fortress 2. This has been a game of choice for me recently so I thought it would be the perfect game to test some

quick-paced, high sensitivity, run, jump, shoot, repeat gaming along with the occasional slower sniping.

The Ikari's design immediately stands out from the instant you first wield the device. The first thing that struck me is that this mouse is huge; its definitely not for people with small hands. Once I got used to the size, however, I found it very comfortable and a pleasure to use. Steel Series called in a number of professional gaming teams, including SK gaming, to co-design the device and subsequently the mouse has a very finely tuned design. It doesn't have many of the superfluous features of other gaming mice such as weights or glowing scroll wheels like you get on Razors, so you're left with just an excellent mouse. By far the mouse's best feature has to be the DPI switching button: storing, in the mouse itself, two different sensitivities that can be preset! The user can switch between high and low sensitivity with just a single click of a button (albeit with a 3 second delay); enabling him/her to use it for different applications. Try using a Razor's high sensitivity for photoshop and you'll be battling to keep the cursor tame.

Gaming with this mouse was a lot of fun; the glide is smooth as silk and the accurate CPI (counts per inch) for those "Headshots" had my friends cursing me within minutes of starting a TF2 game. They say the gear doesn't make the gamer but this mouse sure does help if you use it right (see below).

By this point, you're probably aware

I really like this mouse. However, if you need it spelling out for you, this is the best gaming mouse I've ever used! There is no comparison with any non-gaming mouse and beats the Razors that my friends own hands down in terms ergonomics and ease of use. So if you are one those people gaming with that old default mouse or just someone who feels like an upgrade I cannot recommend this highly enough.

How to get the most out of your gaming mouse:

- If you normally use a regular mouse with inferior CPI, you'll probably notice how zippy your gaming mouse might appear – this is not the idea, re-adjust the sensitivity lower so that it feels comfortable again. You want to be using the extra counts per inch for accuracy, not decreasing the number of inches you have to move.

- Turn off 'mouse acceleration' for games; with this kind of setting on, faster movement increases with distance moved and this will undermine the accuracy of your mouse as well as degenerating your reaction/physical speed).

- Turn off 'mouse smooth'; perhaps preferential (Steel Series have it as an option in their software), but I feel it dumbs down your mouse's high sensitivity by rounding off your movements.

Another Take

"Well, I might add that – compared to my old Logitech – I wasn't blown away by the high CPI (I play with low sensitivity). Light, smooth-glide and the comfort key are appreciable however."

Derek Chow



Mouse, they're probably one of the most overlooked aspects of a computer. The average user will perhaps understand the need for more GHz or a larger hard-drive but it will never occur to them to question the rodent which falls out of the computer box. Now for the most part your standard mouse is sufficient to meet the demands of the majority of people so this isn't such a problem. But if you are a gamer (and if you are reading this I assume you are) things are very different. A decent mouse can mean the difference between life and death, or so I've been repeatedly told. You see until recently I was that average user, fragging away with my good old Microsoft Intellimouse, which I

Embark on the Path of the Crysis

Sebastian Nordgren completes his training and returns with words of wisdom and warning

I liked Crysis, but I never thought the aliens (yes, there are aliens, if that was a spoiler you really need to get up to date) were too swanky and I didn't like that there were no ways around them other than by destroying them. I did, however, love the first half or so of the game, when your only enemies are Koreans who, uncharacteristically for enemy AI, can't see you through bushes, trees, rocks or mountains. This led me to experiment with a variety of different ways of playing this section, particularly on the first level. Here are some challenges for those who thought the vanilla Crysis experience wasn't enough.

The Way of the Ninja

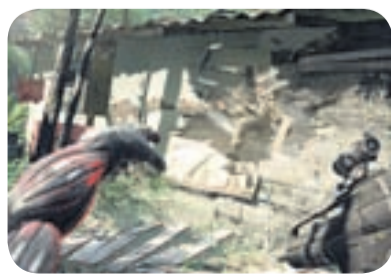


He's so good, we can't see him

You may think that ninjas don't exist anymore. You are mistaken. For proof, look behind you. Whoops, too

slow! Ninjas are stealthy assassins, and so must you be to follow The Way of the Ninja. Except minus the assassin part, because you're not supposed to kill anyone. You're also not supposed to be spotted by anyone (because if you were, that wouldn't be very ninja, would it?). Use your nanosuit stealth to your advantage and duck from cover to cover, always in the shadows, always mere feet away from your unsuspecting enemies. Enemies whom you shall leave alone, not out of mercy, no, but because your Way is one of enlightenment and patience. Venture forth and be like the shadows!

The Way of Jean-Claude van Damme



Van Damme, being the greatest action hero ever (ever), takes no prisoners. He also has no use for firearms of any sort, dispatching his enemies by swiftly breaking their limbs – if that limb happens to be their neck, so much the bet-

ter. To follow The Way of Jean Claude Van Damme, you too must kill without remorse, engaging each enemy in brutal melee. Try tossing still-flailing opponents at groups of enemies – instant satisfaction guaranteed! Now get out there and kick some ass.

The Way of the Anaesthesiologist



Aww, look at him sleep... noob

Maybe you haven't noticed that Crysis has a tactical attachment that fires stun darts. Well, it does, and it is the only weapon of choice for the anaesthesiologist (I should have chosen a shorter name for this one...).

Dispatch your enemies, but only for periods of a minute at a time, when they will awake groggily to find you have already passed. Carrying both the SCAR and the AK is highly recommended, allowing you to shoot opiates faster than Heath Ledger (was that too soon?).

The Way of Sam Fisher



Sam Fisher is a stealthy assassin of Splinter Cell fame, but unlike the ninja whose powers of stealth extend into the supernatural, Sam is a mere mortal who still wishes to remain undetected. To this end, he only ever dispatches enemies using his trusty silenced side-arm, and so must you too to follow The Way of Sam Fisher. Acquire two such pistols, creep from the shadows and deliver a classic 2-1 tap: 2 in the chest, 1 in the head. Now you too can get double-crossed by the US government and thrown in an African prison, left to plot your revenge on your former masters!

The Way of Tommy the Turtle

After jumping out of your plane, you land in the water just off a small beach. On this beach is a turtle, Tommy. He is your new best friend, in fact, he is

your only friend. Tommy doesn't care if you kill, maim or dismember your enemies, but insists on coming with you wherever you go. Unfortunately for you (and Tommy), Tommy can't walk very quickly, so it falls to you to carry him with you wherever you go. And should Tommy die from a stray bullet, you should terminate the guilty with extreme prejudice, then take his lifeless corpse with you as a testament to the bravery of the only creature who ever truly understood you. Bury him on a mountain overlooking the island that he knew as home – a place now fraught with your anguish for failing Tommy. Throw yourself off that same mountain, for life can never be the same.

Now, go out into the world of Crysis and experiment – perhaps you too shall discover another Way, in which case we'd be very happy to hear about. Perhaps the Way of the Bunny beckons? Or the Way of the Snake? But I will not slow down your progress into the self-discovery inherent in the Ways by telling you too much too soon. Venture out and find for thyself.



Flamebait: Team torture tactics

Alex Stublely won't tell you if your base is encircled and you're about to die; you'll know soon enough

I'm sure many people enjoy having a large team game whenever there's an abundance of people free, whether its 10 AM and your maths lecture group is meeting up in the computer rooms for a quick game of DotA or it's a Saturday afternoon and people gear up for a long game of SupCom: FA.

Team games are naturally far more complicated than their 1v1 counterparts, while retaining the variability of a large FFA with the added bonus of a few people to cover your back. That final statement is the ultimate double-edged sword though; you usually have to rely on other people to survive and achieve ultimate victory. Now I know some people aren't great at games, they might lack the necessary hand-eye coordination, or they might simply not be able to memorize various important statistics for optimum play, but team games are the best place to nurture the newbies and forge them into the deadly little machines you desire, bless them. No, the people I hate to have on my team are the ones who know nothing about teamplay, somehow believing that somebody else knows every strength and weakness of their playing style and as such they demand to be treated as an angry beast to be lashed into a fighting state and pointed in the direction of the nearest foe.

They are the people who have to be notified when you need help, or if you are planning an attack on the enemy base rather than looking at the situ-



ation and gauging the consequences themselves. Sometimes they will take it upon themselves to ask "can your 6 workers take on that army of doom?"; or simply asking "what are you doing and what should I do?". Others might start ordering players around like they think they know what everyone is best at and exactly what works in a given game. Now, I enjoy micromanagement in the games I play as it adds that little bit of extra complexity, but I don't want to micromanage my allies like some fancy bot, nor do I want somebody giving me orders that don't play to my own strengths or current position. I know what works for me and unless they are new to the game in question, my allies

know what works well for them.

Why can't some gamers take on the initiative for themselves and actually act on their own opinion at times? Each member of a team increases the overall workload of thinking and vigilance, and as such each member has to contribute their own share to the team. A decent player can babysit their own living "bot", but unless they are made of crystalline initiative, saturated with vigilance and reinforced by the typing skills of the almighty keyboard gods themselves they will simply become a bottleneck for the team as a whole.

There's the common saying in books and films "Don't try to be a hero, it will only get you killed", but I beg to differ

in games. More shy gamers should be heroic, arriving unannounced with all guns blazing for the final push of glory, emptying their bases to aid their allies' last stand without being asked to or even simply trying to put out fires and functioning as a standalone by taking opportunities against your opponents and using your allies as random forces to react to and take advantage of. As far as I'm concerned, if you can't become a hero for your team, you might as well become an hero.

I've known players for years who are good at games and good in teams, players who are good at games but bad in teams, players who are bad at games but good in teams, and finally players

who are just bad in general. And you know what? If I had to choose between newbies who are proactive and will always try to be a thorn in their opponents side and bowl them over with pure zeal and the n00bs who for all of their reasonable skills look to others for everything except the most basic functions, I would choose the team players.

So here is a message to those out there who look to others for leadership in games: I don't want to micromanage you, if have to ask something based on the current state of affairs, instead figure it out yourself. If I have to ask you to do something urgent you have already failed the first step on the road to teamwork, and if you respond to said request by asking questions like "What with? Where? Why?" then you clearly have to go back to 1v1s until you can keep tabs on everything that's going on as the multiplayer battlefield is clearly too complicated. I am not your master, I am your ally, an equal to be helped and who helps in return, nothing more, nothing less.

If people can't keep up with the current state of affairs, then at least spare a thought for those who are actually working to support their teams while banging their heads at your lack of desire to actually play the game. And those who don't pull the weight that their actual skills would suggest know who you are, and I WILL be facepalming in your direction.



NEWS

Metal Gear Solid 4 emergence

After a period of torturous waiting and a rather befuddling trailer during the Tokyo Game Show last year, Metal Gear Solid 4 finally emerges from a media blackout. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on what you were expecting), plot details have been kept classified. What was revealed, however, was a solid, honest-to-goodness release. The **12th of June, 2008** is the glorious day when MGS fans will revel. However, it's not just those in Japan who will be celebrating since this is the first time Konami has committed itself to a simultaneous worldwide release (and that means the UK as well!). Finally, no more leaks, no more secrets and certainly no place to hide. Summer can't come quickly enough!



I see. "Pwnage" indeed.

"Pwnage" copyrighted?

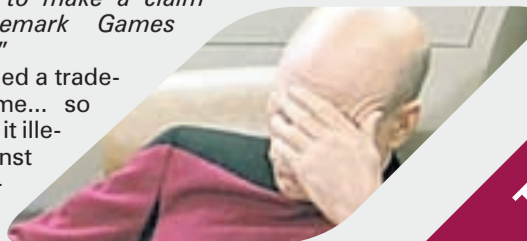
People do stupid things: fact. Heck, it's not so much fact as being the largest genetic/memetic defect we can possess. But hey, we're cool with it, right?

Internet slang probably won't count as one of the most intelligent of human inventions but it's silly enough to warrant some juvenile-fueled usage once in a while.

Finnish-based *Futuremark Games Studio* think not. No, they think it's a serious concept and have ended up filing a trademark for the word "Pwnage". Yeah. It's rather mind-numbing to think about the lengths people go to "protect interests". According to the Executive Producer, Jukka Mäkinen:

"...we want to protect ourselves from squatters (or what I call campers) - people looking to trademark the name on false pretenses, just to make a claim against Futuremark Games Studio for its use."

Err... wait... so you filed a trademark under your name... so other people wouldn't use it illegally and make a claim against something... that you don't really own.



There are other reasons to play games besides the gameplay?
Surely you jest!
Join us next time as we explore the other side of gaming!



David vs Goliath. Green vs Red/Blue

stoic tv recently caught up with Green Party London Mayor Candidate, Siân Berry, to find out about her policies, how she would look after London's students and whether she has a realistic chance of winning

James Lewis

In just under two months' time many Imperial students will be able to vote in the mayoral elections. There are some big names in the running including the incumbent mayor Ken Livingstone, the one and only Boris Johnson and Brian Paddick, a former senior police officer. In addition, there are many well respected and noteworthy candidates from outside the three main political parties. Siân Berry is standing for the Green party and she recently visited the stoic tv studio to tell us about her plans for London.

The Green party currently has two seats on the London Assembly (the body which scrutinises the mayor's

decisions and has the power to change the annual budget). They have already helped to triple the cycling budget, make walking around London easier and encouraged the selling of more local food. The greens are certainly not new to London politics and have proven that they are a viable option.

If elected, Siân Berry would bring in cheaper public transport so that it could compete effectively with cars. The money to support cheaper fares would come from the effect of more people using the system and the scrapping of unnecessary projects such as the Thames Gateway Road Bridge. The congestion charge would remain as it appears to have been a success; traffic growth has stopped in contrast with

the rest of the country, but it can still be improved. She successfully campaigned for the introduction of the emissions-related congestion charge, which needs to be tightened further to cover more vehicles. She was critical of Brian Paddick, who has suggested increasing the size of the congestion charge zone to cover Greater London. Instead a more sophisticated method of road charging should be brought in.

One of the big issues for students in London is affordable housing; as mayor she would aim to increase the number of houses for rent and keep house prices low. There are thousands of empty houses in London and many second homes which national policy should be tackling with higher taxes. There are also many brown field sites available; however the majority are currently used for commercial purposes. As mayor she would stop this trend and build more affordable homes and renovate empty properties. One of the main priorities with existing housing would be to install good insulation in all homes to make them more energy efficient which would help to reduce our energy deficit; a problem the government hopes to solve with nuclear power. A power source which generates hazardous waste for which there is no method of long term disposal; clearly a safer option is needed.

She's sceptical that many people will vote for Boris. He has many dangerous opinions, for example he has said that the political correctness should be taken out of policing. If the conservatives were to win it would hand them a monopoly over the London assembly giving them complete control of the London budget. The idea of a green



Siân Berry taking questions in the stoic tv studio



Find out more about Siân Berry and her policies by visiting her website: www.sianformayor.org.uk

candidate beating Boris is not unrealistic; in 2006 he was beaten by a member of the green party in the election for rector of Edinburgh University.

It is her belief that crime involving young people is not going to be solved by gimmicks such as mosquito alarms. If the greens win then better community policing will be introduced. In a six month trial in Fulham units were given more money so they could work around the clock. This resulted in a halving of burglaries. There should also

be more money for youth services with money given in longer term grants so they can get on with their jobs and help young people stay out of trouble.

The greens are a serious, well organised party and to underestimate them in this election would be a mistake. Make sure that when you vote in May you make an informed decision and elect the best person for the job.

To watch the full interview with go to: stoictv.com

IC Radio recommends... Riot Noise, live

Lia Han
IC Radio

Cast your mind back. If you were around during Freshers' Week, you may have stumbled into dB's for Kids Will Be Skeletons and All Hands On Deck's gig night, where Riot Noise headlined. Many of you will have consumed a ridiculous amount of alcohol by this point (as well as having had your ears raped by that Geldof

girl DJing) but those who remained, indeed, witnessed ROCK in the making. Not only did this band manage to convince two ladies (who must have been freshers straight out of an all girls' school) to let all five members stay in their halls (sadly the band decided the cramped man-gasm ride home at 3am was a better offer), but the gloriously long-haired frontman, Marty, recently used Level 10 gift-of-the-gab to get backstage at a Guns'n'Roses gig and then party with the Rose.

Back in their hometown of Bristol, Riot Noise are slowly becoming a much – talked about band in their own right. They formed from the remaining members of Red Top Matches less than a year ago but they are already beginning a 3-week tour of the States next week. This band, I must admit, have taken a lot of flak. Although my boyfriend thought they're great, I remained highly unconvinced. Considering my boo's top bands spanned Motley Crue, Faith No More, Husker Du and a hint of Weezer; what the hell was I letting my ears (and possibly eyes if it's circa drag-queen Motley Crue era) in for?

It was a spiritual awakening of the musical kind. Spiritual, if we replace Jesus with a fallen Axl Rose and God with Gene Simmons, or Bruce Dickin-

son (he looks pretty regal). I'm a child of the 90's and will always be true to that. My teenage years were dominated by Nu Metal; Slipknot, Linkin Park (shudder) and Marliyn Manson. I am not ashamed to say this, no matter how much I've grown out of it! However, I'm also a peripheral child of the '80's and I'm very glad that my generation is one of the last to fully appreciate the origins of rock music today; Beastie Boys, AC/DC, Queen, KISS, Sex Pistols; they all put in their own contributions. Unfortunately I never saw these bands in their heyday; reunion gigs are one thing, but it's the drugged-up, puking on stage, Nikki Sixx that I really, really want to see. Some bands have recreated this essence (although without the drugs and body mess) extremely well; QOTSA and even, to some extent, The Darkness and Mika. Riot Noise excel where these bands can't producing no frills, straight-up hard rock that is reminiscent of Sunset Strip in '84. With songs like 'Fight the People' (quite Rage Against the Machine-y) and 'San Francisco' with guitar solos from the greatest guitarist I've seen in my 19 years on Earth, it's hard to fault Riot Noise technically. Each song is crafted with style and their work ethic is undoubtedly notable; two practices a week and



Riot Noise performing in dB's way back when during Freshers' Week

a tour in America with Tattooed Millionaires (as well as supporting Electric Six) – it's a joyous sight to see the band still letting loose on stage.

There is one BUT. A big, red – raw red – BUT. And that is this; I wouldn't really buy a Riot Noise CD. I probably wouldn't play Riot Noise on my Ipod. And that's my personal taste but I think it's one which is generic of people who are my age, who weren't around when the renaissance of rock happened in the

'80's. I can appreciate the sound, style and flair but it's simply not built for my taste. As a live band, Riot Noise belong on a stadium – in front of large crowds where girls lift their tops – and on TV where they horrendously insult and do a Britney on air. They will achieve many, many, things and it will be their performances that will get them noticed. If this was a review of their single, I'd give them 3 out of 5, but as a live review, it's got to be full marks.



What a charming individual

Easter: death, cocoa and lard

Next week Every Nation Christian society is holding its CSI Jerusalem event. Tosin Ajayi discusses the event along with the meaning of Easter and how its significance has been lost to ovoid confectionary

The Great Easter Egg Giveaway:

Tesco : £3 for 3
Asda: £1 an egg
Sainsbury's : Half price
Morrisons: 99p
Poundland: 4 for £3

And hurray! Mini eggs are back (if they ever went away). So the big Easter chocolate gorge starts. The supermarkets are falling over themselves to chuck cheap chocolate down our throats. And all this because some Jewish dude died 2000 years (ish) ago, so the name Easter would seem to imply.

Huh?

What just happened, did I miss something? So some dude dies and once a year we all celebrate the fact that he's dead by the consumption of vast quantities of cocoa and lard? It does make you think: What the hell is Easter about?

All evidence points to it being a good excuse for a holiday especially to break up the school year. And for researchers, a good half-hour away from the office for a knees up.

Is it the only time of year when you can legitimately express your love for oversized bunny rabbits?

Or, was Mel Gibson right in his detailed graphical representation of one man's unrelenting 12-hour torture, complete with never ending whippage.

Whatever is closest to the truth, we

do know that some dude existed back in the day, was nailed to a cross and a holiday was set up to commemorate this. How chocolate got involved we don't know.

The dude (here on in referred to as Jesus) still generates controversy, especially about who he was, and what happened on that cross. Some say he died but somehow just got better, hung around for a bit then went to heaven.

Some say he never died, but minced off to some other country, had kids and ended up in a rocking chair.

Others say he was on the cross, but he didn't die, passed out, and escaped from his tomb when he regained consciousness.

Considering that we're talking 2000 years old, this is one heck of a cold case to reopen. But what do you know, some people are gonna try.

CSI Jerusalem is an attempt by a medical doctor to figure out what happened. Would a human body be able to withstand the kind of abuse portrayed by Mister Gibson in his film *The Passion of The Christ*? Physiologically, what would actually happen to a person that experienced such abuse? And do the most well known historical accounts of events tally with medical findings?

So what of Jesus then, why did he go through this? Some say he was inciting rebellion, but his whole life was about love not hate. Others say he riled those



Mmm... Mini eggs. Hold on, haven't we lost the plot along with the meaning of Easter too?

in power and bit off more than he could chew, but many in power supported him prior to him being arrested. Still others say he, being directed by God, chose to die in this manner for the purpose of bringing us closer to God.

So, about the only thing we can say with any certainty is Easter started


with Jesus, did he crack open the first Easter eggs? Are we even sure he died sometime in the spring of 33 AD? The search for answers carries on, and maybe CSI Jerusalem can shed some light on all this. Someday, someone will market a chocolate Jesus, and finally all the different ideas about Easter will be

consolidated.

"CSI Jerusalem: A Medical Analysis of the crucifixion" is being held by Every Nation Christian Society on Thursday 13th March at 6.30pm in Huxley Lecture Theatre 308.



IMPERIAL • ENTREPRENEURS
An Imperial College Union Society





lastminute.com Co-founder and mydeco Founder, Brent Hoberman comes to Imperial

Students of Imperial take note - an entrepreneurial fervour is gripping the university and steadily changing business perceptions campuswide!

Imperial Entrepreneurs, the official Union Society at Imperial, is playing a pivotal role in this reform.

Its flagship event, *The Garage* (named after the location of inception of many booming start-ups, such as Apple and Microsoft), provides an opportunity for students to learn from and engage with successful entrepreneurs that have created or are in the process of creating high-growth companies, offering real value to society and solutions to everyday problems.

Imperial Entrepreneurs' sparkling past speaker line-up is set to reach new heights with the attendance of lastminute.com's Co-founder Brent Hoberman, who started one of the UK's most successful technology companies to date.

On the 11th March 2008 at 6.30pm, Brent Hober-

man will be presenting at *The Garage* in Room 308 of Imperial's esteemed Computing Department (Best in Europe, Fourth in the World – The Times, 2006).

The event will give students, external entrepreneurs and Investors alike, the opportunity to learn how lastminute.com successfully rode out the Dot.com boom and bust, leading to the company's sale to Sabre in 2005 for \$1.1bn. Besides the hugely valuable advice, the event also serves as a valuable location for networking with high-calibre individuals, a necessity for success in the business place at any level.

In attendance will also be Seedcamp, the organisers of Seedcamp Week, providing young European entrepreneurs with access to incredible mentors, team members and, if successful, €50,000 in seed funding – select winners from 2007 will form a panel open to questions from the floor. Ever wondered what the first six months of being in a startup are really like? How the team dynamics play out? How you go about securing further funding? Answers to all of these and more will be revealed from a cross-section of experiences...

As at every Imperial Entrepreneurs event, complimentary beer and non-alcoholic refreshments and snacks will fuel discussions and contact-exchanges long into the evening. You never know who you're going to meet – In 2006 for instance, James

Murray Wells of Glassesdirect.com received £2.9 million in funding from Index Ventures, a meeting attributed and directly facilitated by an Imperial Entrepreneurs event.

You are invited to attend this exciting and rare occasion for free (Imperial students, external guests £10) – just give us a minimum of 30 minutes of your time and we promise to broaden your horizons.

Imperial Entrepreneurs - Ideas Empowered.

Event Details:

Date: Tuesday 11th March 2008
Time: Start 6.30pm till 10pm
Location: Computing Department Room 308, South Kensington Campus, Imperial College London (entrance via Blackett Building, Prince Consort Road).
Entry: Free (free beer/refreshments)

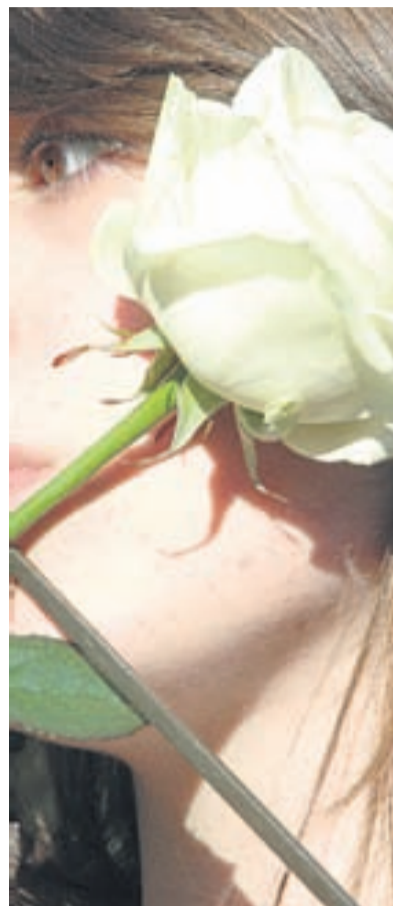
Registration:
Email info@imperialentrepreneurs.com
Brent Hoberman in the subject line.

www.imperialentrepreneurs.com or
Imperial Entrepreneurs group on Facebook



Needy McNeedy: dishing it out since lunchtime

She's been helping since before Pluto was downgraded to just being a rock: agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk



There comes a time in the life of every person when they find their calling. I haven't found mine yet, but I think I'll sort you poor fools out first and ignore my own issues for a while. Email agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk, because otherwise I'll have to start publishing the contents of the IT security digest emails, which aren't even funny adverts for Viagra, they're just crap stockbroker tips.

Dear Needy Mc Needy

I'm having a mid-degree crisis. My flat mates are out every day and I've taken to stalking the people who live across the road from me. There's a man and a woman, and I like to imagine that they are in love. I make up little stories in my head about them. I can't stop doing this and the lack of concentration is making me fail my degree. How can I stop watching my neighbours?

IHaveGingerPubes

Dear IHaveGingerPubes

You are not stalking, you are people watching, definitely my favourite sport.

To enhance the joy of stalking, I suggest making baked goods (cupcakes are my particular forte) in the likeness of your subject. I find unrequited interest to be a wonderful artistic muse. Write songs about your neighbours, and when you walk past them in the street, hum them under your breath. Teehee!

Needy xxx

Dear Needy Mc Needy

The other day, I was alone in my room in halls and I needed to borrow a calculator, so I looked in my roommate's desk. Under the formula sheet and past exam papers, there was a stash a DVD called "Fat Girls 5" and a pink plastic replica of a woman's, you know, bits. My roommate and I lead completely separate lives and don't really speak. Should I confront him about what I saw?

FannyHowzer

Dear FannyHowzer,

Definitely. Fat Girls 5 is the worst in the series of Fat Girls DVDs; you must at least mention the incident so that you can tell him FG5 pales in comparison with FG2 (my personal favourite). The poor guy probably needs some sup-

port, what with Imperial being full of skinny bitches; his needs clearly aren't being catered for.

I hope to God you didn't touch the plastic fanny, and instead took pictures of it with your mobile phone as possible future blackmail material.

Needy xxx

Dear Needy Mc Needy (a.k.a. Slutty McSlut)

During one of my Management lectures, there is a couple who show an increasing fondness for PDAs (Public Displays of Affection). This has gradually intensified from a gentle caress of the hand on thigh scenario in the first week, to kissing of shoulders and full on snogging in the latter weeks, and I fear this may turn into full on penetration by the final week of term. Surely this type of behaviour is far from appropriate; please advise me on the best course of action.

Fed-up Disgruntled Not Getting McAny

P.S. I am also deeply in love with one of the JCR Sandwich Shop Ladies but one problem at a time.

Dear Fed-up Disgruntled Not Getting McAny

What on Earth can you mean, far from appropriate? This couple is providing a service to Imperial. They are probably hired and planted in your lecture theatre to demonstrate the good old act of procreation to the vast number of students at Imperial who, like yourself, aren't getting "McAny." Given that you're the entrepreneurial type who takes management lectures, I would suggest investing in a good quality video camera, tape the actual penetration and sell it to SciFiSoc, who I've heard have a secret corner for that kind of thing. Make sure there are visible nipples, as that'll bump the price up somewhat.

Now, about the JCR Sandwich Shop Lady. I'm assuming it's the cute red-head, in which case I can't actually help you, but I do have (by chance) the number of one of the men, if you're interested in that kind of thing. He thought my urgent glance in his direction was a "lets fuck" glance, when it actually meant, "don't forget that you've taken my money and have not yet handed me my food." I no longer use the burger bar.

Needy xxx

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



Aquarius

ROFLZOR-REXICALS. I just heard the funniest joke, only I can't remember what it was... D'oh. Don't you

just hate it when that happens... you're set for some rib tickling and then some arsehole lets you down right at the last moment. Come to think of it... there's some kind of horrific irony in this 'scope really isn't there? I'm going to burn your family alive with a soldering iron.



Pisces

The Pisces symbol is actually one of those optical illusions. The two 'curved' lines are in fact parallel and straight.

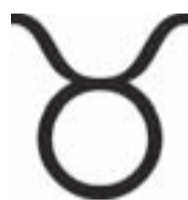
Don't believe me? Get a ruler out and try it for yourself. You calling me a liar? I'll do you in. Get the hell off my H to the o,r,o, sizzle copes Horoscopes page this instant or I'll shank you. Prison rules. If I see anyone with a ruler out in lectures, so help me God I will end them.



Aries

Is it me, or does this symbol look a little bit like a clunge? OH YEAH, I SAID IT! If this turns you on more than the page

3 photos, then you've got problems. I'd hit that baby. Yeah I'm talking about that baby I'm going to beat up later, it's how I get my kicks – what the hell is your problem arsehole? Time to get gacked up rock'n'roll style.



Taurus

This week I've somehow developed an acute computer keyboard phobia. I'm writing this horoscope by prod-

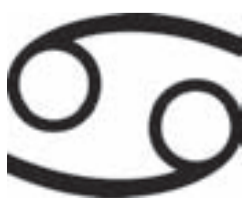
ding the keyboard with two 6 foot long bamboo canes. It's extremely unproductive and it's making my arms and eyes hurt more than that time I saw that German porn movie starring your sister. Dogs shouldn't be made to do such things. Don't ask how that video hurt my arms.



Gemini

This week your become fascinated by papier-mâché. You hoard copies of The Sun, The News Of The World, The

Times but definitely not the Evening Standard, oh no. Your girlfriend comes home one evening to find you dressed as a paper mannequin of Tony Blair. Out comes the Shocker: "Two in the snapper, one in the crapper. Brace yourself love."



Cancer

Shank Rules 101:
1) Always conceal your shank beneath at least four layers of clothing. Two as a disguise, two for

your body's own safety. 2) Aim for the kidneys from behind your victim. 3) Twist the shank upon insertion, that way the bleeding never ceases. 4) Immediately drop the shank after pain is inflicted for an effective blood splatter.



Leo

This week you have a flier fight in the office. The bitter, gruelling ordeal lasts for four whole days. Paper blades soared

through the air, Black Sheep hologram fliers shatter all over the place and your business cards get lodged into the Raconteurs poster. Tell no one. Casualties of war were inevitable but we will remember the eighty-eight victims lost in the Felix Wars Fall 2008.



Virgo

The nurse knocks on the door. "One moment," your breath is heavy, "this sperm receptacle is far smaller than

I was expecting. Give me a sec." There's spaff all over the shop. DILEMMA! Do you A: Grab an old sock and wipe it all up, B: Blame the Albino kid sitting in the corner or C: break the door down, punch the nurse in the baps and run away screaming incoherently?



Libra

Whilst writing the final horoscope, I've coughed up a bit of bile. It tastes prett... oh hold on...

...
Ok, that wasn't pleasant. My keyboard is covered in vomit and my right eye ball has popped out and the mouse has run off with it.
...
Sigh, moan.



Scorpio

This week you lose your marbles. You could have sworn you packed them away in the cupboard, safe from

your little sister Tilly. Hold on, or was it last week? WERE THEY EVEN MARBLES? Perhaps it was my Pogs that I put in the cupboard? Oh GOD. GIVE ME TWO NORMALS FOR MY SHINY. THERE'S A CAR COMING! WATCH OU...



Sagittarius

This week a manta ray barbs you in the chest. This week a man shoots you with a sniper rifle whilst your sitting in

the back seat of a cadillac. This week your car crashes in a tunnel in Paris. This week you get alcohol poisoning. This week your aeroplane crashes in Munich. This week an aeroplane crashes into your office desk on the 64th floor. Bad luck.

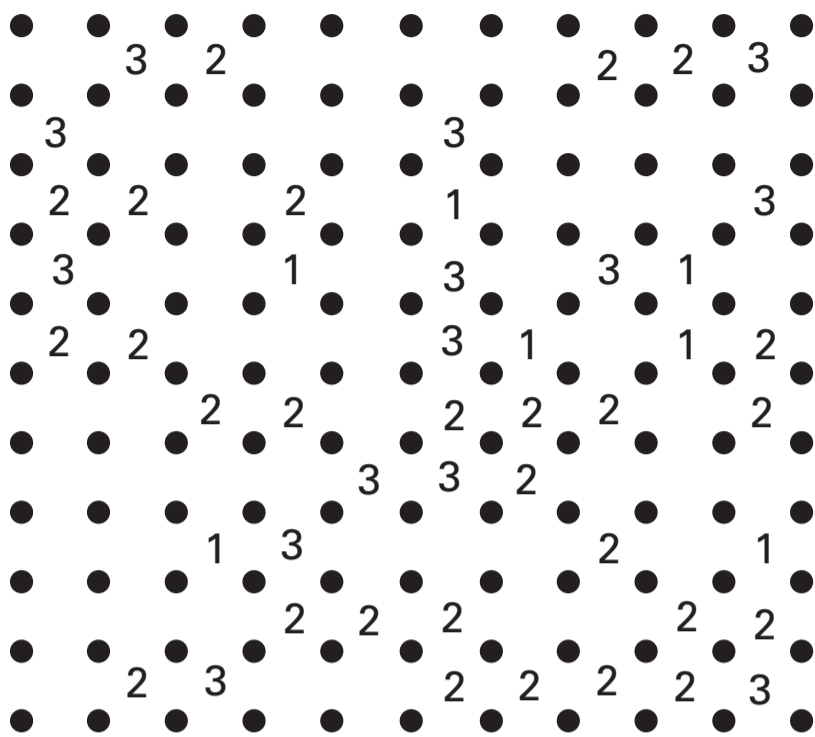


Capricorn

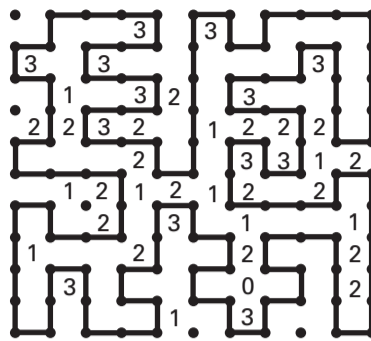
This week.... oh my god he's turned his back... for the love of God... please, help I'm trapped down here in the

Felix basement and the editor makes me lick his nipples, call him "The Sergeant" and beats me if I don't write upon request. HE'S COMING... RESCUE ME!!! I KNOW THE SECRET OF ANGRY GE...

Slitherlink 1,399



1,398 solution



The winner of Slitherlink 1,398 was **Hringur Gretarsson** again. Congratulations-of-ultimate-super-win to you! Pat yourself on the back and get on with this week's now. We'll give a prize out in the summer. The more entries, the better your chances.

How to play:

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

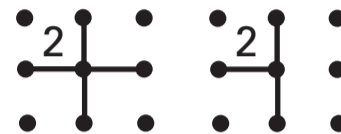
lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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.

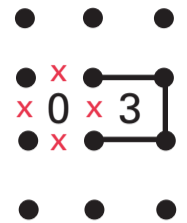
Remember, the line must form a loop, so the line cannot branch. The following situations are not allowed:



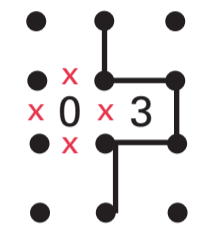
Squares are not allowed either. There are never cells containing the number 4 in Slitherlink.

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:



Wordoku 1,399

		O	U		C	
	C	L	T		O	
O	L		D	E		
				C	U	
C	O				E	D
T	A					
	T	P		O	C	
P		T	D	U		
	C		O	U		



1,398 Solution

I	R	T	C	P	N	E	S	F
S	N	O	I	E	T	R	C	P
C	E	P	S	O	R	N	I	T
T	P	C	R	S	E	O	N	I
E	I	R	P	N	O	C	T	S
N	O	S	T	I	C	P	E	R
O	T	N	E	R	S	I	P	C
R	S	I	N	C	P	T	O	E
P	C	E	O	T	I	S	R	N

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 1,398 was no one. Was it a bit too hard chaps and lasses? The hidden phrase was: **INSPECTOR**. Keep those entries coming in.



This week's texts:

"Felix, you are a cat. Do you like fish? I you do you can lick my..."

"Maths is killing me :(!! Help help! XX"

"Want to look good? Try a photo for life at iconicphoto.co.uk"

"Gilbert Dougherty is a filthy Irishman. He spills beer and washes the floor with stagnant water. He then drinks it. Murk him for it! JT X"

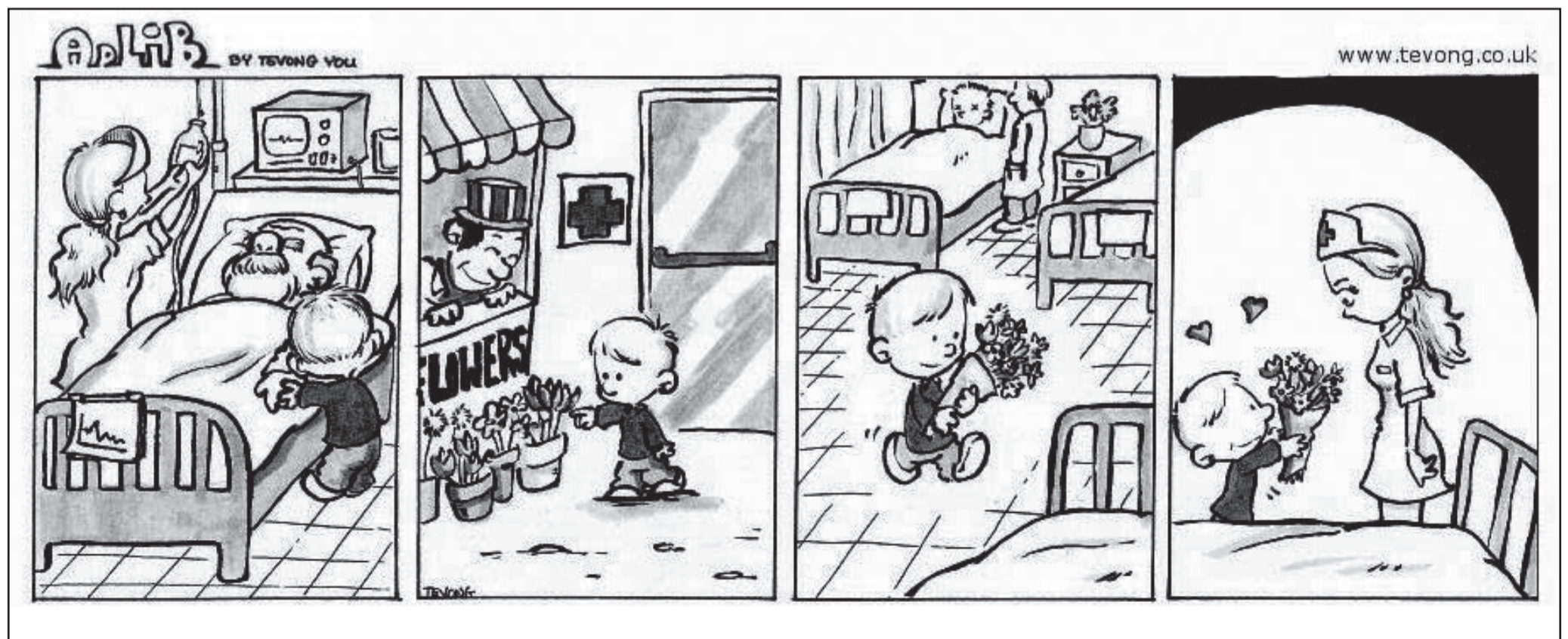
"JT is a nasty person. He has got tiny feet and when he walks he tips forward slightly because his centre of mass is all screwy. Murder him for it! GD X"

07980 148 785

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

Adlib by Tevong You

www.tevong.co.uk



Logic Puzzle: Phobias

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 students at Imperial have five different odd phobias. Can you find out which student has which phobia, what that phobia is and how it started?

1. The woman who hibernates is either suffering from Chionophobia or Alliumphobia and either has the fear of chins or the Fear of Snow.

2. Angelina either avoids Jimmy Hill or wears gloves to avoid her phobia. The woman who has a fear of bums either has Hobophobia or Xylophobia.

3. Myrna suffered from Geniophobia or Hobophobia. Either Myrna or Evelyn is the woman who has fear of chins (which means avoiding Jimmy Hill or wearing gloves). The woman who wears gloves all the time to avoid her phobia has not got Geniophobia.

4. The woman who has a fear of chins has Geniophobia or Hobophobia.

5. The woman who avoids France in an effort to avoid her phobis either has Hobophobia or Alliumphobia which is Fear of Wooden Objects or Fear of Bums.

6. Tina has either Chionophobia or Hobophobia which are either Fear of Chins or Fear of Snow.

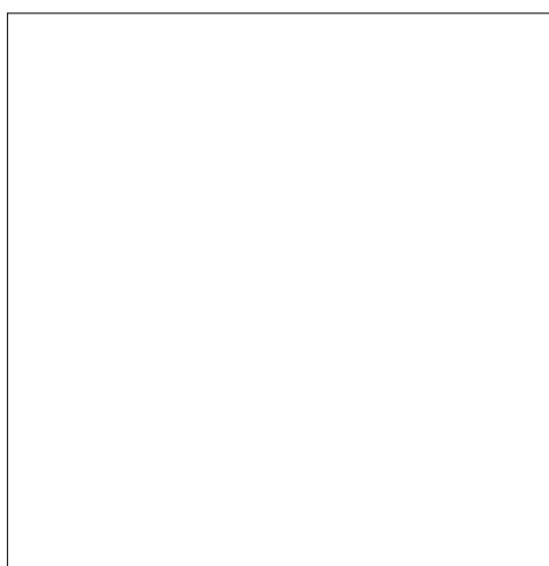
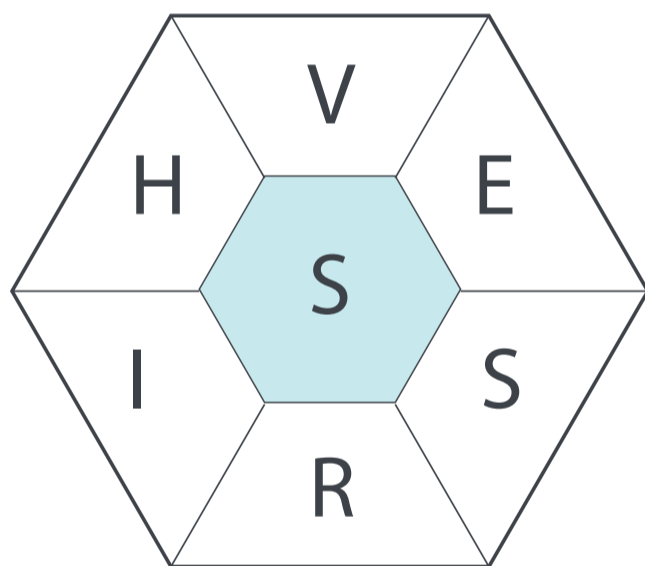
7. Lydia either avoids the French or wears gloves to avoid her phobia. She either has Geniophobia or Alliumphobia which are either Fear of Bums or Fear of Garlic.

(Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental!)	Geniophobia	Chionophobia	Hobophobia	Xylophobia	Alliumphobia	Fear of Chins	Fear of wooden objects	Fear of Bums	Fear of Garlic	Fear of Snow	Hibernates	Avoids Jimmy Hill	Wears gloves	Avoids France	Avoids the French
Angelina															
Evelyn															
Lydia															
Myrna															
Tina															
Hibernates															
Avoids Jimmy Hill															
Wears gloves															
Avoids the French															
Avoids France															
Fear of Chins															
Fear of Wooden Objects															
Fear of Garlic															
Fear of Bums															
Fear of Snow															

Last week's solution

Name	Position
Aussie	Felix Editor
Muppet	DPFS
Tweedle Dee	President
Lizard	DPCS
Athena	DPEW
How Outed	Secret
Felix	Gay Haircuts
Live!	Naked Photos
Met Police	Bigamist
Stoic	Frogs and Bears
IC Radio	Love-Child

The Polygon of Horrific Humungous Higglywiggilies



1,396 solution:

DELIVER

Congratulations if you got ladette!

Other words included:

delve, delver, derive, devel, devil, dive, diver, drive, drivel, elver, ervil, ever, evil, eviler, level, levied, levier, lieve, liever, live, lived, liver, livered, reive, revile, reviled, rive, viler, veiled

How to rate yourself:

Under 14 words: Dawg? What you doing? Get back in school and learn yaw words.

15 - 24 words: Come on champ. Only

mummy would say your doing brilliantly at this point. Get thinking!

25 - 34 words: Impressive snake! You're hotter than a Caribbean beach formed from hot coals.

35 plus words: Like a milkman, you always deliver the goods.

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.

Local Rudeboy by Rayvon



Wednesday 12th - Saturday 15th March

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

a play by Christopher Hampton



Innocence will be tempted, limbs entwined, duels demanded and hearts crushed
War has been declared



imperial
college
union

Union Concert Hall, Beit Quad
Doors open at 7:00pm
Curtain up at 7:30pm

Students £4.50
Non-students £6.50

The Bottle is back!

The Royal School of Mines report on their successful trip down to Camborne



This year saw the 106th Bottle Match take place down in Cornwall deep in the land of the inbred and the illiterate. For those of you out there who haven't heard of the Bottle Match it's the second oldest varsity match in the country played between the Royal School of Mines and the Camborne School of Mines. Initially focusing on rugby, it then expanded over the many years to encompass football, hockey, squash and golf and is the highlight of the RSM calendar. Why, you say? Well, it ticks all the boxes of an awesome weekend; sport, alcohol and more often than not some public displays of nudity...

Setting off on Friday midday was a mission in itself with the busses showing up two hours late. However, this did give most people the chance to get a few cheeky morning pints down before we even set off so the mood was not all together compromised. It seemed our luck was going from bad to worse as a combination of traffic accidents, broken toilets and broken wipers delayed us even further although, as pointed out by most people, it wouldn't be RSM if things went according to plan (in fact I think most people were surprised we even had a plan..).

All in all we managed to roll into Newquay for 9.00pm and send the squash players on their way to Falmouth in the hopes of bringing the overall score to 1-1 after the golf teams' narrow defeat to CSM earlier on in the day. Alas, it wasn't to be, news returned of their unrewarded struggle and it was off to Weatherspoons to drown sor-

rows for all.

After all the games had been played, off we went to their union, through fences, fields, forests and bogs to reach an empty union as CSM were late in arriving, we were all very understanding as technology has yet to arrive to CSM and it was a cloudy day blocking the sun so they had clearly lost track of time. They were there eventually and after we ate something which I was told was curry it was time for the prize giving ceremony and my £27 pound dirty pint, both of which turned out to be quite unsettling and seemed to go on forever. The traditional food fight broke out and then it was time for the DJ to play some NOW albums from the early 90's. I'm told there was dancing and good time had by all; I could only witness the event from a dark cor-

ner with my head in my lap most of the evening.

Heading back to London on Sunday the weekend had taken its toll on most bar a few eager freshers who were still nursing a can or two of Carlsberg, their livers have yet to deteriorate as most do after 3 years at university, bless....

All that is left to say is a HUGE THANK YOU to everyone who came along. Supporters, the weekend would not be the same without you guys keeping the spirit and dare I say it... banter (ref. Sanders, Mark) alive. Players, the passion everyone played with this weekend was immense, it's clear how much this means to all connected to the RSM, you guys were awesome.

Charlotte Atteck
RSM Sports Officer



CSM robot getting taken down... Scum

Golf and squash luck out to CSM

Jon Downing & Zhi Yang

The 2008 RSM Golf Bottle Match was truly a memorable experience. The golf course was nothing short of spectacular, with well-maintained fairways and views overlooking the coast and ocean.

From the start, we knew we faced an uphill task as our opponents were more familiar with the golf course and more acclimatised to the windy conditions. Also, the greens were considerably faster and more unpredictable than those we were accustomed to back in London, handing a further advantage to the more experienced opposing team.

Although these factors were to our disadvantage, we managed to stay almost on par with the CSM team with our first pair, Oliver and Craig, being all square and our second pair, Zhi and Nara, being one down after nine holes. We continued to fight and the first match ended up in a tie. However, our second pair lost eventually three down with two to play and thus we conceded the title to our opponents. Despite the defeat, our team enjoyed the match and we will look to avenge our defeat next year!

After spending 7 hours chilling on the coach to Newquay, the squash team realised that they still had another 45mins taxi to go to Falmouth. Even though it was already 10 p.m., the token squash team was still up for a bit of squash banter. Strolling in across the squash courts, we were confident, since last year we managed to beat them 5-0 in London. But as we stepped in it hit us, like the shock of a slap in the face, we were out of our league. The ringers in their team were obvious. The team had been at the courts training since 7pm. To add to our sporting enjoyment a large crowd of CSM supporters were positioned in stands behind the glass court. They too had been training their beer drinking hands.

As someone famous once said 'squash is boxing with racquets'; the lightweights on their team were pretty quick to beat us down. We scraped a few points but the first four games were dismissed quickly. I went go into it. The only convincing brawl of the evening was our first seed Rob Nagle, who managed to keep decent rallies going. Unfortunately for Rob their first seed was training to be a squash coach, fortunately for us he's not going in to mining; Camborne - Probably the worst school of mines in the world.

Men's hockey Sharpley Cup returns after 7 years

Spencer Lai

After seven years, we have finally brought the Sharpley Cup back home after the victory against the evil CSM.

It was a cold Saturday morning somewhere in Cornwall, where the RSM Men's hockey team battled the CSM after the ladies' match. After a good run around the pitch as our warm-up, we were up for this big match. The match began with a right-hand side attack from David Holder and the first ten minutes of the match we were constantly attacking in their 'D'. We then quickly saw the skills from our midfielders, Mikey, David Whittleston, Andy Bromfield and Nic Jones, from the creative passes and the dominating control of the ball. However with a bit of luck, CSM managed to score the first goal from a short corner twenty minutes into the game. Shortly they scored against us, we put our bodies in front of the CSM goal and may be our black shirts made them scared where Andy Bromfield found a gap in the CSM defence and he never disappointed anyone. Andy's goal was important and we used it as the platform to score another goal by Yung very shortly into the second half. Later on after the second goal from RSM, CSM put a lot of pressures onto our defences.

This is the time when we showed to our supporters that RSM has an all-round team. Our defences were amazing, Chaz Murdoch made lots of fine tackles on the right-hand side; Matt

James put up a massive performance in the middle with Sam Philip; Sam used his experiences and made some good decisions and Ade our goal keeper saved us from losing to the white and blue shirts (CSM).

However, every big match came close. CSM scored after our second goal from a short corner (also with a bit of luck) to level with us. But very shortly our forwards saw the weakness of the CSM defences when they tried to control the ball in our half. First Andy scored again to put us 3:2 ahead then a great pass from Andy to Steve Smith into the CSM 'D' and a fantastic partnership from Yung and Steve paid off when Yung scored a cracking goal which is his second of the match. This weak point at the CSM defence was created by the excellent performance from Nic Jones which opened up lots of space in the CSM half. Nic was awarded the Bottle Match Man of the Match with a £20 alcoholic drink at the party.

We were fighting until the end because CSM never gave us a break and they scored eight minutes before the end of their deaths to make the score 4:3 to RSM, which is the final score of this year Bottle Match Hockey. The celebration began after the match with lots of alcohol (and of course we also have the choice of non alcoholic drinks) in RSM style and this celebration continues until the after Bottle Match bar night on Thursday.

Finally I would like to thank all the

supporters who came down to Cornwall with the teams, without your support and most importantly the banter

we will not have a great match. Also thank you to CSM, hard luck try again next year, and thank you to Charlotte

for organized this great Bottle Match weekend. One last word from me: Bloody well done RSM Hockey!



The victorious men's hockey with the Sharpley Cup



Imperial College
Royal School of
Mines

13
4
2
0
0
0

Rugby
Men's Hockey
Women's Hockey
Men's Football
Men's Squash
Golf

10
3
4
6
5
1

Exeter University
Camborne School of
Mines



The Return of The Bottle!

Joseph Franklin

There was fire in the bellies of the RSM during the warm up and by kick off insanity ruled the bodies and minds of the Royal Miners. A poor kick from CSM saw the first scrum of the game on the half way line. Historically, the CSM have had dominant forwards, however, a clean pick up from Flannan O'Mahony caught Camborne off guard. A short pop to Rob Phillipps set him carving up the defence, followed by a chip and chase. The perfectly placed kick slowed just over the line, Phillipps following all the way to make the grounding; 5-0 to RSM after 30 seconds of play. Understandably CSM did not take kindly to this and came back strong, running their forwards phase after phase into the RSM pack. Camborne were kept at bay with big tackles (the only type seen in the Bottle Match) from the second rows, Ben Moorehouse and Stephen MacAttack. Keeping discipline, the RSM waited for the opposition to make mistakes, followed by precision kicks from the RSM fly half to relieve pressure. A slow kick from CSM number 10 was charged down by Joe Brown, with their full back unable to retrieve it, Brown hacked it through once more, collected and scored, putting the RSM into the lead by 10 points.

CSM were becoming predictable with cross-field kicks from their fly half, most of which to no benefit with RSM running it straight back. One kick, however, bounced into touch inside the Royal's 22. A quick line out from RSM saw the catcher isolated from the rest of the forwards; turn over and CSM had the ball in a dangerous position. Enthusiastic, over-committing to the subsequent rucks gave CSM an overlap, quick ball to their number 8 put him in for a try. A missed conversion and the score sheet read 10-5. Attack-

ing runs from centres, Nathan Alliston and Adam Foley, and quick rucking from the back rows, Mark Sanders and Richard Simons, gave RSM a strong platform. CSM gave away a penalty which gave a line-out on the CSM five yard line. The ball was collected by CSM however superb ripping of the ball from McLellan gave the ball back to RSM. CSM then penalised for playing the ball on the floor put the RSM in striking distance of the posts. A beautiful kick from James Stewart and the ball was neatly slotted between the



The RSM rugby team with The Bottle!



Good old fashioned rivalry, a CSM shirt being burnt

uprights; 13-5. Despite relentless attempts from the home team, the score remained unchanged at half time.

The second half started without O'Mahony, who was receiving attention from paramedics for a head injury. This allowed one of last year heroes, Simon Jones, on the pitch to put his stamp on the game. The CSM kept the ball under their jumpers, keeping it tight in their forwards. Tough scrum-maging from the RSM gave the CSM scrappy ball, but they held possession, forcing penalty after penalty ten yards from the RSM line. Massive tackles ensued, with the most unlikely of players guarding the CSM slow ball. The ball was held up twice over the line, but the tough defence failed, and CSM capitalised, scoring a well deserved try; 13-10. There was definitely a feeling of panic through the RSM camp, however, pressure was relieved whenever the ball went wide, through the RSM hands, with Tim Chalk making yards

each time down the wing.

End to end rugby followed, nevertheless the final whistle was looming and CSM were getting desperate. A big push in the scrum from Orlando Brown, and instinctive hook from Thomas Coggrave saw the CSM pack turned over for the first time. With a scrum inside the CSM half, the RSM smashed the ball up the middle with the demolition ball; Nathan Alliston. After smashing two of the CSM out of the way, a delicate touch put him in a position with only one man to beat. Alliston chooses neither left nor right and goes for the central option into the CSM fullback. Unfortunately the ball slipped and was not grounded, a scrum follows and CSM have one final attempt, trying to run it from behind their own line. A knock on in fear of the RSM hits and the final whistle blows; RSM win 13:10; pitch invasion as a consequence and the Bottle is returned to its rightful owner- the RSM.

Footballers schooled by CSM

Spencer Lai

This was always going to be a tough match as we had players missing and players on injuries but I still feel we had a chance. Camborne decided though that they weren't going to play fair and play only 2 CSM players, the rest being ringers.

We arrived to the ground with plenty of time so watched the first half of our heroic hockey players for inspiration in the battle that lay before us. We had to find our own changing room of which the only one free was the ladies' (clearly some poor attempt at psychological warfare from Camborne). But we rallied ourselves and marched out as one to the pitch to have our warmup. The first thing that we noticed was how utterly crap the pitch was, it had lines all over it like a tractor had been let loose. The second thing we noticed was the high level of organisation Camborne had, they were a team with only one goal (well actually lots more but I'll get onto that) and that was to win.

A few minutes before the hockey finished the ref called both captains over and I won the toss and decided to stay the way we were facing. The game kicked off and it was clear Camborne were stronger than us showing slick passing and a strong desire to win the ball back if anything went astray. It wasn't long before they got their first goal and then not long after got their second. And then as if it couldn't get any worse poor Dave Holder was taken off to hospital in an ambulance forcing a substitution and a slight change

of formation. I cant really remember the order of events after this up to half time but we conceded another headed goal owing to their superior aerial ability, suffered another injury forcing a substitution and then Nic English was booked. The challenge was most probably a bookable offence but a Camborne player had committed a far more cynical foul moments earlier and got away unpunished.

At half time I did not have many options so all I could say is to get stuck in as it was the only way we would get back into this, if we didn't we were going to lose.

For the beginning of the second half this seemed to work in holding the score as it was and not conceding for 10/15 minutes. Rowan Baker (our keeper) pulled off some amazing saves and won every one on one. But then a wonderful through ball completely unlocked us allowing them another one on one which they finished well. To compound the misery we suffered an injury to one of our players that was subbed on earlier, we were down to 10 players for a while as our final sub was not ready (he wasn't originally going to play). We managed to stabilise things for another short while but they won a free kick about 35/40 yards out, they pitched the ball into the area and Gerry Vega put the ball gloriously into his own net with a header any attacker would be proud of. After this the game lost any momentum still left but there was still time for Camborne to make another through-ball which they finished and we got another booking as

Stu Walters put in a late tackle that their player whinged like a little girl about.

At the final whistle we congratulated Camborne on their win and then had to make a swift exit to get to the rugby without even having time to shower. As for man of the match, we voted Camborne's number 14 who bossed the game from start to finish in the centre, and they voted for Rowan our keeper for a solid performance despite conceding more than he would've liked to. Next year though, they will be beaten.



Nice dress!

Ladies just miss out

Spencer Lai

On the 23rd February 2008, the mighty RSM ladies Hockey team had made it down to the deep wilds of the southern, in bred, daffodil growing region of Cornwall (yes Susie that's right!! .. it's the county we were in!) any way I digress..

The team woke up at the never before seen hour of 6.45 (who knew?!) and made their way downstairs to await the coach, which duly arrived complete with windscreen wipers.

On arrival the CSM team appeared to be undertaking some interesting scare-tactics in the form of stretching exercises. Of course we ladies fear not for that kind of caper, since we had already warmed our voices and muscles up at the pre bottle match bar night (CSM idiots!)

The match began with frightening battle cries and a push back by Sangy. We knew the war of the two sides had begun as 'banter' from both sides began to ring in our ears. The first half was an incredible match of skill from both sides, with some excellent passes being made and some awesome runs. Many a time did we get the ball into their D and frightened the goalie. However, at half time, the score was 0-0. We had rattled their sub-standard cages.. in fact so much they were actually yelling and shouting at each other and not at us (we're just THAT good!).

After a half time speech by Sammy and Charlotte and a quick team reshuffle we were ready to rock again. Unfortunately, the Chunky Social

Miscreants scored 2 goals in a row. B*atches.

Not taking any of this rubbish from the Camborners we fought back and soon after the amazing skills of Miss Sarah, came out in force. The goal was a beauty, pure gold.. the short was taken and crack.. right in the back of the D... they didn't know what was coming! Play continued with an amazing goal from Susie-Q who, at the goal post, neatly walloped the goal past the feet of the blundering goalie.

The game was on! However, CSM scored a 3rd goal that was definitely over the backboard!!! Crip threw a rightful glare of hat at the ump, ripping off her helmet (so play had to stop) and promptly refusing to put it back on until she'd been heard and the decision reversed. She got a green card.

The author asks why no-one remembers Sammy doing a Green pint, clearly this needs rectifying! The evils then scored a forth goal (cheating wotsits) and time was called; only after Emma thumped a girl in the shin for being as ugly as sin.

A good game by all we fought hard and nearly reached the ultimate goal of that cup! Next year we'll back, better than before and we will win it, oh yes. We'll drink champagne, absinthe, beer and Crème de Menthe (for sammy) from that cup and guard it with our drunken lives from the cheating scumbag hags from Cornwall.

Congratulations to all who played, definitely one of our best matches of this year; I only hope our supporters didn't make them cry too much, not!

IC Boat Club's women successfully gain starting places for next year's WeHoRR participants

Christina Duffy

The 68th annual Women's Eights Head of the River Race (WEHoRR) took place last Saturday 1st March at 10am from Mortlake to Putney.

The processional rowing race takes place on the outgoing tide with the winner completing the course in the fastest time. IC was represented by a women's senior eight (S2), a women's novice eight (Novice Acad), and by Jenny Forrester in a London composite entry (S1). Each crew lines up sequentially and is timed over the 4.25 mile distance. Not only are crews racing for victory but their finishing placement determines the clubs starting places the following year.

Weeks of gruelling land and water sessions under the iron fist of Coach James Blackley had the novice crew prepared in peak physical condition. The novice boat, of which I am seven of nine, was assigned number 239 of 251 due to there being no novice entry last year. Fire raged in the belly of each crew member after some inspiring motivational speaking from James and senior women's coach Ross Smitheman before setting off from the IC boathouse on Putney embankment.

Although initially impeded by some steering-deficient crews, top Cox Katie Oliver impressively manoeuvred us across the river to our designated banking position just short of Barnes Bridge. At 10 am the Saxon sounded and soon the first crew from Thames RC came hurtling under the bridge towards Putney. IC's Jenny Forrester followed in boat two, looking powerful in seat four.

After watching a hundred or so crews pass, the Marshal's herded the rest of the crews up to the starting position. We crawled our way towards Chiswick Bridge keeping in along the bank as the racing boats continued to pulse towards the finish. As we emerged under Chiswick Bridge we were met by strong winds, water traffic and shallow waters along the bank causing early concern for crews trying to prevent fin damage to their boats.

Tension mounted as boats up ahead began to spin around for the race wind-up. Nervous chatter was hushed and crew members stripped down into their racing gear. It was after 11 am and we had been on the water for 2 hours keeping warm and focused. We took the psychological advantage when several of our crew members had no choice but to relieve themselves overboard; shocking opponent crews before the turn and giving them something to visualise for the next seven kilometres.

With the boat lighter we spun round and set off at full concentration towards the start line at Chiswick Bridge. Stroke Selina Graham set us off into a steady rhythm before building up the pressure and increasing the speed to a blistering 34 strokes per minute (s/m) as we crossed the start line under Chiswick Bridge.

Just a few strokes into the race the blade from Bow's Kate Wylie came loose from the rigger off-setting the boat's balance. We managed to maintain our rating while she swiftly recovered the blade. A few hundred metres later a bang followed by a distressed cry of 'My seat came off!' was heard

from seat six Mackenzie Clavin. The seat was replaced on the slides impressively fast as the rest of the crew pulled harder to maintain speed. Allowing no mechanical mishap to stand in our way we strengthened and settled into a steady 32 s/m race-pace rate. Unbeknownst to the rest of the crew further disaster was unravelling as the steering controls snapped early-on in the race causing difficulty for Cox Katie Oliver who displayed outstanding navigational skills in steering us through the course in the fastest stream.

With technical difficulties behind us we approached and throttled past one-two-three-four-five crews in quick succession leaving them demoralised and feebly paddling in our wake. Motivated by their pained expressions we banged out the strokes down the Thames towards Hammersmith Bridge. Huge cheers from fellow ICBC members and family relatives pushed us on away from the Bridge. Some incredible vocal ranges were displayed by ICBC's Adam Seward and John Davey.

Holding our rate we continued steady before hitting Craven Cottage, an area we had earlier marked as our first push for home. We blistered on, tiring but refusing to slacken off. Our final push came as we passed the ICBC boat house just a few hundred metres from the finish. With gladiatorial war-cries from Cox Katie resounding across the Thames, Selina took the rating up to 34 s/m for the final push home. With every conceivable muscle aching we pounded out the closing strokes and grunted our way across the finish; exhausted, but elated.

The overall Head winner was Osiris

BC (S2) in a time of 19:32.81. Jenny Forrester's composite crew finished 8th overall, 5th in their category (S1), in 19:50.99. IC's senior women finished 23rd overall, 7th in their category (S2) in a time of 20:14.39. And our novice crew finished 147th overall, 4th in our category in a time of 22:10.92. This means a gaining of places by all crews for next years ICBC participants. Well

done to everybody involved!

With early morning training cancelled on Sunday, post-race festivities began early with a boathouse crawl along Putney embankment ending up in London RC. A great day was had by all and we wish the best of luck to the men's crews in anticipation of the Men's Head of the River Race on March 15th.



The Women's boat overtaking the competition

Dance club in Southern Universities competition

Christina Jackson

So it's 4am on a Saturday morning, it's cold and dark and the last thing you fancy doing is getting up and wearing sequins... right? Well, that was what 60 of us were doing last Saturday- the Imperial College Dancesport team were competing in the Southern Universities Competition, the second biggest in the dancing calendar.

After a two hour coach ride, including a (dodgy) breakfast at a service station and half of 'Road Trip' we arrived at UWE and jumped straight into the action.

The morning was dedicated to the Ballroom side of things and after over 4 hours of dancing a good set of results was achieved by Imperial. 5 couples earned a place in the Intermediate semi-finals, with 5 finalists in Beginners, Novice and Ex-Student. Arman Sahovic and Anne-Marie Wirth impressively took 4th in the Advanced Category.

After a much deserved break, the Latin section kicked off in the afternoon. Again, the dancing went on for roughly 4 hours before Imperial had 6 couples reaching the finals, with Arman and Nicole Papaioannou coming 5th in the Advanced final and Chris Bassett and Chrissy Jackson winning the Intermediate category.

The evenings at dance competitions are always fun and a lot of competitive

energy flies around as every university goes head to head with all the others. With 4 couples reaching the team finals, Imperial once again secured their 3rd place behind Oxford and Cambridge. Rumour has it that it's because the Oxford latin girls touch themselves more than ours, but it's a well known fact that Imperial still have the hottest team on the circuit. And by the number of trophies that travelled back on the coach with us, Imperial is definitely a force to be reckoned with on the dance floor.



Arman and Nicole

Kendo club go climbing

Tim Simpson

This weekend saw a surprising thing indeed. Normally creatures of the Union Gym, the members of Imperial's Kendo society were instead present in Ethos. It was 'Climb-Fest' at Ethos, and taking advantage of the situation our members threw themselves into the fray. This event, kindly sponsored by 'Cotswold outdoor', featured a climbing competition and also sessions for beginners to tackle the wall under the nurturing kindness of specialist instructors, in our case Ruth and Steve.

Now lets be honest here, we kendo-ka aren't normally timid people. We usually dress in armour and whack each other with big sticks whilst yelling in non-dulcet tones. Such is not the behaviour of people likely to spend a quiet night in reading a book. However, neither are we prone to going vertical. So one or two of our members were a tad nervous.

Actually, we found the session to be fun. Not only is there fairly limitless fun to be had dangling from a piece of rope, but also the staff and equipment onsite at Ethos are top notch. It wasn't long before our members were shinning up the walls like there was no tomorrow. So apart from having above-average skills with a sword we can now climb, too. A nifty combination for night time occupations of dastardly repute. All job requests to be sent via our website. Silence assured for a price.

This team-building exercise may, in



The Kendo team at the foot of the Ethos climbing wall

some slight way, have prepared us for the annual University Competition that takes place in two weeks time in Cambridge. At the moment it looks like we are up against an assortment of teams from all over the country. Our old rival UCL is taking part as well as those scarfed ne'er-do-wells from Cambridge and Oxford, and even some from the land of Robert the Bruce. Quite a selec-

tion to test our skills against. We will keep you apprised of our progress.

Nonetheless, even this clash of titans pales in comparison to the real event of the year: Imperial College Kendo Club's 10th Anniversary celebratory competition to be held at the end of May. Which we are sure you are all looking forward to of course. So keep your eyes peeled for more information.

Processed food – what is it and what does it do for us?

Gil Saville
Energia Fitness Instructor

Any food that you can buy in a can, jar, packet or bottle is processed food. That is, food that has been altered from the way in which nature presented it to us, in some kind of factory, as part of a bulk process. It is believed that all processed food is bad for our health in different degrees, and it is best avoided from our diet altogether.

There are three big problems with processed food – what is added, what is removed and what is left. In short, the whole thing.

Food additives are what are added to processed food. These have been used by for centuries. Salt, sugar and vinegar were among the first used to preserve foods. However, in the past 30 years, with the prominence of processed foods, there has been a massive explosion of foods with additives, which is a much more serious problem.

Additives are used in food to keep it lasting longer and to make it taste, look and smell like something that it is not. They enable food to sit on a supermarket shelf, or in our cupboards, for several months without going bad.

Processed foods have been altered from their natural state for safety reasons and for convenience. The methods used for processing foods include canning, freezing, refrigeration, dehydration and aseptic processing.

We tend to think of processed foods as bad, but it turns out that many processed foods are not unhealthy. For example, milk would be considered a processed food because it is pasteurized to kill bacteria and homogenized to keep fats from separating. While some people prefer to drink raw milk, most of us should consume the “processed” version we find in our grocery stores.

Another healthy example of food processing is frozen vegetables. While fresh may be best, freezing vegetables preserves vitamins and minerals and makes them convenient to cook and

eat all year around. Fruit and vegetable juice is also an example of a healthy processed food. In fact, some orange juice is fortified with calcium to make it even more nutritious.

Of course, there are a lot of processed foods that aren't good for you. Many processed foods are made with trans fats, saturated fats, and large amounts of sodium and sugar. These types of foods should be avoided, or at least eaten sparingly. Processed foods that may not be as healthy as fresh foods include:

- Canned foods with lots of sodium
- White breads and pastas made with refined white flour, which are not as healthy as those made with whole grains
- Packaged high-calorie snack foods, like chips and cheese snacks
- High-fat convenience foods, like cans of ravioli
- Frozen fish sticks and frozen dinners
- Packaged cakes and cookies
- Boxed meal mixes
- Sugary breakfast cereals
- Processed meats

Processed foods and pre-packaged meals are very convenient and popular. If you do shop for these foods, be sure to look for products that are made with

whole grains, low in sodium and calories, and free of trans fats. Make sure you pay attention to serving size, too, and balance out the processed foods you eat with a delicious fresh salad and some whole grain bread. We should eat as many raw foods as we can daily. Adding fresh fruits and vegetables to our meals and snacks is an easy way to accomplish this.

Eliminating all processed food is probably not going to happen for most of us. But we can make better food choices and supplement our diets with missing components. We can opt for the apple over the apple juice. We can choose a baked potato or salad over chips. We can choose whole-grain bread over white bread. We can take the time to read food labels. Chances are if you can't pronounce it, you shouldn't be eating it. We can choose processed foods with a very short list of ingredients; the longer the list, the more processing involved, and the more nutrition lost.

Our bodies are amazing, capable of extraordinary things. They are designed to filter out toxins at a fast rate. They have a highly sophisticated defence system. They have an amazing ability to recover from serious damage. The key lies in providing our bodies with the necessary building blocks to accomplish what they were designed to do-to keep us alive!



Good, old fashioned, processed SPAM!

Interval training

Ben Richens
Energia Fitness Instructor

This week, I'm going to talk about how interval training is an effective way to increase your general and sport related fitness amongst other things and that we don't have to do the same things we've always done in the gym if they're not getting us the results we are after.

You may never have heard of interval training before but it's the objective of this article to add an effective method for you to get into even better shape, so let's start off with the basics.

Put simply, Interval training is an interval of hard work followed by an interval of easier work repeated for the desired time. Some of this article will compare interval training to long duration steady state cardiovascular work (40 minutes + on a cardiovascular machine). This is not to say steady state cardiovascular work hasn't got its place, indeed, before you try interval training I would suggest you have some degree of aerobic fitness developed by steady state work done on a cardio machine (the treadmill, rower, bike etc...)

Interval training has been around for many years but gained wider popularity around the early 1950's when a Czechoslovakian athlete famed for his gruelling interval workouts won a number of gold medals in the Olympics of 1948 and 1952. So for people playing sports, interval training also has a high carryover as in many sports you don't move at the same speed all the time sometimes you may sprint other times stand still etc. Even for long distance sports like the marathon,

interval training has been proved to increase top speed, acceleration and the ability to sprint finish!

Interval training utilises the aerobic system and the anaerobic or alactic system (depending on the nature of the intervals) to produce energy. In the hard interval the anaerobic or alactic system will be the main system working while when in the easier interval the aerobic system will be working, what this means is the easier interval is needed for recovery so you can continue with the high amount of intensity in the hard interval.

Many studies have been carried out on interval training – one study compared three 20 minute interval sessions a week with three 60-90 minute steady state aerobic sessions a week with both groups improving the same amount, so in terms of saving time with interval training you could get the same results nearly 5 times quicker!

Increases in fitness, a higher body fat % loss and a higher increase in metabolism are just some of the other findings for interval training, one study found that after just two weeks fat oxidation had improved by 36% with interval training!

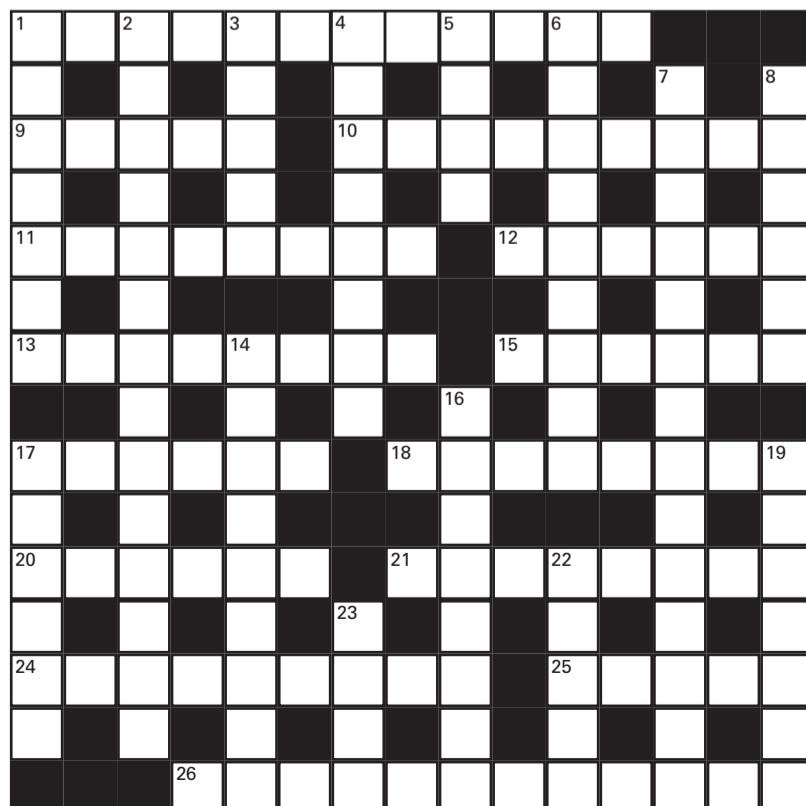
Below are some examples of how you can start interval training, this is just a guide and will change depending on your goals and fitness levels.

Remember this is not to say you should never do steady state aerobic work, only that there are definite advantages to varying the things you do and interval training is just another tool in your toolbox you can use to achieve your fitness goals.

Type	Easy interval (length/intensity*)	Hard interval (length/intensity*)	Duration
Beginner	90 seconds/60-70%	45 seconds/75-85%	15-20 minutes
Short distance sport – Badminton, etc...	60 seconds/60-70%	10 seconds/95-100%	10-15 minutes
Mid distance sport – Hockey, rugby, etc...	2-3 minutes/60-70%	20-30 seconds/85-95%	15-25 minutes
Long distance sport – Rowing, marathon etc...	2-3 minutes/60-70%	1-2 minutes/80-90%	20-30 minutes

Crossword No. 1,399

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



ACROSS

- 1 Race to hunt after a spire (12)
- 9 Put the lid back on the summary (5)
- 10 Ditch insect is quite cutting (9)
- 11 Modest secretary is tardy (8)
- 12 Corrupt king undergoes changes in spring (6)
- 13 Suppositions surround a part of the leg (8)
- 15 Cut a piece of valuable metal (6)
- 17 Annoyed in that shirt you wear (6)
- 18 A challenging ordeal revealed in a gaunt letter (8)
- 20 Honestly get back on the same side (20)
- 21 Somehow wrong age for a cart driver (21)
- 24 Chopin censored mangled rise in intensity (9)
- 25 Farewell! I die in Australia (5)
- 26 Title illustration on the cover is endlessly put together (12)

DOWN

- 1 Remove a mark from a surface (7)
- 2 Former wife talked about being thrown out of the church (14)
- 3 Student back in slip-ups (5)
- 4 Gives you the right to English honours (8)
- 5 Part of the foot soundly cured (4)
- 6 Alien cronies mess around with emission (9)
- 7 Present day found hidden in naive talents (5,9)
- 8 Older stalker loses knighthood (6)
- 14 Rectal act, somehow, in the Black Maria (6,3)
- 16 Minor ocarina thrown in the pasta (8)
- 17 Elegant tree (6)
- 19 Central turret hides atrocities (7)
- 22 Seize Greek snake (5)
- 23 Unknown future (4)



The winner of last week's crossword was **The Barbarians**. Congratulations!
Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,399

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



ICU baby... shaking that ass

Dance club report on the Southern Universities Dance Competition, see page 46



Women's football into semis

Emma Brett

While everyone else was at Varsity, the quarter-finals of the BUSA plate saw IC Women's football take eleven ladies in the "fun bus" down to Winchester. After being snapped at by the unsympathetic referee for being a minute late and having no substitute to double up as a linesman, IC took to the pitch. What Winchester referred to as their pitch was actually a piece of the hill with one goal at the top of the hill, the second goal at the bottom and the corners at different altitudes.

The match began with IC attacking downhill which was an advantage that Chin abused and it was not long before she got IC the first goal of the game. With support from Rita and Pav, Lily booted the ball over the heads of the defenders. They were outpaced by Chin, who then proceeded to chip the goalkeeper from the left.

On the right, Steph and Emma held the storm of Winchester players back, fully frustrating them. Plus, with Kate and Yoke as centre backs, Winchester had nuthin' on IC. Various chances were created at the other end but unfortunately for IC the ball refused to go in, including a wonder shot from Chloe which came off the cross bar.

Chin's second goal came a little later on from another through ball from Lily. Once again Chin outran the defenders with her gazelle-like legs. To Winchester's disbelief, she ran through their backline and netted the ball, easy

as pie. The IC team, in a state of confusion, took about a minute to realize they were 2-0 up.

Winchester began to get more aggressive and finally began to break through the IC defence, using their lumpy pitch to their advantage. Many of their crosses, however, were unable to connect with their strikers. Cheryl, in a spirit of generosity, got in the way of a cross which took a deflection, gifting Winchester with a goal and a glimmer of hope before half time.

The second half started with Winchester clearly out for blood. They were now shooting downhill and bore down on the IC goal in a tide of really big girls. IC fell back to defend with Chloe and Rita making crucial tackles which prompted a Winchester striker to shout unpleasant things at Rita, who was about to respond in a string of rude

Portuguese words had the referee not yelled at them to stop it. Minutes later the same Winchester striker chose to pick a fight with Kate, who would have been up for it despite being half a head shorter. Tension was mounting and Winchester players began mowing IC players down but as always Emma saved the day, multiple times.

Pav sealed the deal for IC seven minutes before full time. Steph made a multitude of crosses giving the IC forwards plenty of goal scoring opportunities. Pav pounced on the ball that refused to go in for shots from everyone else and slipped it into the back of the Winchester net effortlessly. The game ended 3-1 to IC Women's, meaning we were through.

BUSA plate semi-finals in some ridiculous middle-of-no-where 'away' location, here we come!



IC women's football team after their quarter-final victory

Imperial Boat Club invades Belgium

Iain Palmer

Last Saturday two eights left Imperial Boatclub at 5am to race in Bruges, Belgium.

After a few setbacks (caused largely by the attempt to navigate to a small boatclub in a foreign city without any form of map and/or directions), both crews and boats managed to arrive in time for a 12:30 race.

Conditions were especially difficult, with a roaring headwind during the warm-up, along with waves breaking into the bows of the boats. For the senior eight, going off 2nd, the start was somewhat shaky. However, a rhythm was soon found and by halfway the crew were almost upon the boat in front.

After overtaking, the speed was maintained to finish powerfully and win the race overall, in a time faster than all other crews. Crucially, the eight beat opposition that had a few weeks previously beaten us by 25 seconds, underlining the improvement in speed as a result of recent training.

In addition, the novice eight performed well, beating some far more experienced opposition and handling the conditions very well. That the crew were able to compete among senior crews is all the more impressive considering the fact that most of the eight

rowers had first got in a boat only five months previously.

The obligatory post-race celebrations were quickly begun with vigour. In particular, veteran Nigel Atkins was keen to sample the impressive range of beers on offer, and finished the night by sampling the local variety of kebab (twice). Other club members were similarly keen to sample other aspects of Belgian culture, and see what the Belgians could offer.

Thoughtfully, a long training session was scheduled the next morning at 7:30 am to help everyone out with their hangovers. This involved a '16 kilometre' outing to the 'nearby' port of Ostend, complete with headwind and conditions somewhat akin to the English Channel. With this productive, albeit painful, row concluded, the club loaded boats and began the long drive home.

The Head of the River Race, raced on the Boat Race course and one of the most important races in the rowing calendar, is on the 15th March.

With an entry of around 430 crews and over 3000 athletes, this is traditionally an event Imperial College dominate.

The results from Bruges indicate that this should once again be the case if the club maintains its current momentum and focus.