

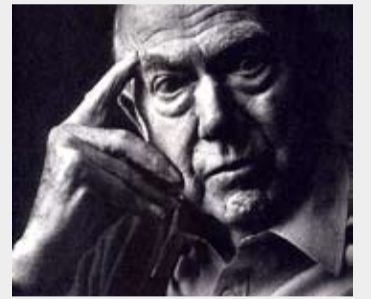


Palestinian student trapped

Felix reports on the Imperial student who is unable to attend this year. See page 4

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NUS call for nationwide ban on initiations

Jovan Nedić
Editor in chief

Late last week, the BBC revealed a video showing first year undergraduate students at the University of Gloucestershire taking part in an initiation ceremony, which led to the National Union of Students (NUS) calling for a nationwide ban of initiations.

In the video, the students are seen lined up against a wall with plastic bag over their heads, whilst a male in a Nazi style uniform shouts at them and encourages them to drink, leading to vomiting. A university spokesman said a formal inquiry was being launched into alleged "bullying and intimidation" during initiation ceremonies.

Student initiations have been in the media spotlight in the past. In 2003, 18-year-old Alex Doji died in an initiation ceremony at Staffordshire University after choking on his own vomit. Another student, 18-year-old Gavin Britton died after attending a golf initiation ceremony at Exeter University in 2006. Following these unfortunate incidents, as well as the recent BBC report, NUS President Wes Streeting told the BBC that: "We are totally opposed to student initiations. They put students at serious risk and exclude students who don't want to take part in that binge-drinking culture."

Imperial College Union [ICU] have had initiations banned for several years. In the 2007 Clubs and Societies Policy, point 63 states that: "Initiation ceremonies, or other compulsory (or effectively compulsory) degrading rituals, which affects the physical or mental well-being of members, are not permitted. Such behaviour may result in severe disciplinary action being taken against the club or society, its committee and any others involved, and may result in the dissolution of the club or society."

In light of recent events, Imperial College London have also informed their staff at Harlington and Teddington Sports grounds to keep an eye out



Students at the university of Gloucestershire taking part in the initiations

for any initiations taking part. Neil Mosley, Head of Sport Imperial, re-affirmed this publicly in my presentation at the sports captains event.

In order for a club to receive union funding, they have to ensure that any person may join that club, regardless of ability. By having initiation ceremonies, clubs were being selective and would therefore not be entitled to Union funding. ICU President Jenny Morgan commented that "Our members are encouraged to enjoy themselves and celebrate club achievements at the Union, however, they are also encouraged to behave and drink responsibly whilst doing so. Any profit made by the bars is ploughed back into the services provided to our members, for example through club funding. The best interests of our members are our main concern and so the Union does not serve alcohol to anyone who is drunk and therefore incapable of rational thought or action because the safety of our members is absolutely paramount.

We are a charity, and so while our commercial outlets are there to raise funds, doing so is in no way worthwhile if our students are at the slightest risk of danger."

At universities nationwide, initiations are mainly associated with sports teams, with many viewing them as a social bonding tool, whilst others view it as a form of bullying. Claims have also been made in the past that initiations have actually deterred students from taking part in sports teams, which was one of the main reasons for ICU to ban them in the first place.

Back in 2006 [Issue 1346], *felix* reported on initiations after the death of a student at Hull who fell down some stairs after consuming excessive amounts of alcohol.

Although fears have been raised in the past over this matter, the main arguments for and against remain. Realistically, can there ever be an effective ban, or will the ban simply cause them to go underground.

New library opens, officially

Daniel Wan
News Correspondent

Despite being open and readily available to students for weeks now, the 'new' Central Library was officially opened last Thursday afternoon. After a noisy two years and £11 million of renovation, the Library sees an entirely refurbished ground floor, whilst the remaining floors have been freshened up with a little more than a paint job.

The provision of a further 150 communal desk spaces, 90 new computers and a 30 seat capacity training room goes some of the way in making up for the years of cramped and sweaty misery students have had to endure in past years.

Amongst the stock of numerous corporate soundbites, official College releases push the idea of a 'modern twenty first century' library that will become the 'cultural hub' of College life. Around 50 decorative canvases, seemingly blank or unfinished, have been donated by Sussex-based artist Bob Brighton.

College further boasts of 'walnut

joinery', a 'glass stairway' and a 'semi-transparent think-tank area.' So, wooden floor skirting, a perspex banister and further segregation.

felix went along to cover the official opening ceremony on the 2nd of October, but were told to "stay out the way" of official photography. *felix* were further encouraged to use official photography in our coverage of the Library opening, as to avoid our seemingly dirtying presence at the ceremony. Imperial's student television station *stoic tv* were also turned away, have been informed that filming of the event would be 'inappropriate'. *felix* wonders how explicit a library opening can be to be deemed inappropriate for filming. Student media was sparse with only Live! attending.

College delightfully promise that renovation will continue in aim to improve the upper floors. This includes the much reported temperature problem *felix* covered during the last academic year. For now though, students can still be seen to be cooking their full English breakfasts on fourth floor desks.



Awe-inspiring; blindingly clashing canvases in favour of books

felix 1,410

Friday 10/10/08



Felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB. Tel: 020 7594 8072. Fax: 020 7594 8065. Printed by The Harmsworth Printing Ltd, 17 Brest Road, Derriford, Plymouth. Registered newspaper ISSN 1040-0711. Copyright © Felix 2008.

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Sorry about the mess in the office guys, will clean up before next week.

Jov

LOICATS



OF THE WEEK

We'll take you there, and beyond.

We are going to previously inaccessible places to find the energy that the world depends on today and in the future. The Atlantis platform in the Gulf of Mexico is the deepest moored floating oil and gas production facility in the world. This 58,700 metric ton semi-submersible platform has over 18 wells and a mobile drilling unit that enables us to get to previously unreachable energy reservoirs. Where will we go next? You tell us. Look beyond the limits.

See life through the eyes of our employees at our Careers Presentation, Blackett Laboratory, Prince Consort Road, Imperial College, London, 13th October 2008. Starts 18.30.

To register for the event, please visit the Careers Service website at www.imperial.ac.uk/careers

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Palestinian student prevented from attending Imperial

Kadhim Shubber reports on the complicated case of Zohair Abu-Shaban, a promising Electrical Engineering student who lives in Gaza

For Zohair Abu Shaban, the journey to achieve his dreams has been more difficult than most of us will experience in our lifetimes. Now, not for the first time, a seemingly intractable obstacle has been placed in his way, threatening to throw him off track permanently.

Zohair is a Palestinian; born and raised in Gaza City. He is 24 years old and his dream is to study electrical engineering to a level that befits his intellect. The Gaza Strip's top university, University of Gaza, only offers electric engineering at undergraduate level; a course that he aced as top of his class. His promise as an engineer is already apparent, he has won awards for his innovative project, which allows heart patients to be monitored at home through an Internet link.

The Gaza Strip is not the best location for a student with limitless education aspirations and accordingly Zohair has sought education abroad. He successfully applied to study at Imperial College London, starting like other new students on the 4th of October. He was granted a British visa without complications and also won a full scholarship from the Hani Qaddumi foundation, a secular Palestinian charity that supports promising students, to fund his time at Imperial College; the fees alone would be well out of the reach of ordinary Palestinians.

Unfortunately Zohair is unable to take up his place at Imperial. He has been unable to leave Gaza. There are only two crossings through which Palestinians could, theoretically, leave the Gaza strip. The Erez crossing, in the north of Gaza on the border with Israel and the Rafah crossing, in the south on



Palestinian student Zohair Abu-Shaban has to fill his place at Imperial within two weeks of terms start or he risks losing it.

the border with Egypt, are both under Israeli control. Zohair has been denied entry into Israel through the Erez crossing and so is unable to journey to London by this route.

The Rafah crossing is only open sporadically and for short periods of time; a direct result of the chaotic scenes this January when Hamas tore down sections of the border fence separat-

ing Gaza and Egypt. 3 weeks ago, the Rafah crossing was indeed open for a brief time and Zohair rushed to the crossing. After 26 hours waiting on a bus, he wasn't lucky enough to be one of the 60 students, out of around 400, who made it through that day. The crossing is now closed again.

Depressingly this is not the first time that Zohair has had his ambi-

tions crushed. He applied to Imperial after losing his U.S. visa for study at the University of Connecticut; he had gained a Fulbright scholarship. In May, Zohair was first told that his Fulbright scholarship had been cancelled. In an unexpected move, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice intervened and Zohair was again hopeful that his dreams would be fulfilled.

He was granted a series of visa interviews at the Israeli border and was then granted a U.S. visa. However, ultimately his visa was then revoked on the basis of Israeli evidence, which has not been made public. Presumably the evidence, if made public, would endanger Israeli sources.

Zohair's sad story is not at all unique. The 1.5 million residents of the Gaza Strip have been confined within the Strip since Hamas came to power in June 2007. Mr Yigal Palmor, the spokesman for the Israeli Foreign Ministry, although unaware of Zohair's situation specifically, told *felix* that the "basic problem is not this or that person" but rather the political situation within Gaza. Hamas have become the *de facto* rulers of Gaza and as a result "restrictions on the population as a whole" have been imposed. Preventing travel abroad, for the most part, is one of these restrictions. At the core of the issue is the fact that, as he said, "Gaza has become a hostile entity, ruled by a group that have essentially declared war".

There has been significant opposition to the effect of Israel's policy on Palestinian students. U.S. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice said in May, "If you cannot engage young people and give them a complete horizon to their expectations and to their dreams, then I don't know that there would be

any future for Palestine". The chair of the Knesset Education Committee, Michael Melchior said "We are a nation that for years was prevented from studying – how can we do the same thing to another people?" and also that "trapping hundreds of students in Gaza is immoral and unwise" while in the past Israeli cabinet ministers have called for an end to the policy of preventing Palestinian students who study in Israeli universities from entering Israel.

The College, through the International Office, has taken action to help Zohair however possible but the Office refused to go into details other than that the Director, Dr. Piers Baker, has been working hard with his contacts in the region. The British Foreign Office did not comment on Zohair's case specifically but said they had "raised the issue of Palestinian students with the Israeli government" on a number of occasions in the past and that they "would continue to do so" in the future.

Time is short for Zohair, students must take up their place at the university within two weeks of term's start; which was the 4th of October. Given that he has been accepted for a one year Masters course, it is unlikely that registry will allow him to attend after the two week limit.

While Zohair waits, it is no comfort for him to know that he is not alone. There are an estimated 600 students who have been accepted into foreign universities in Gaza, this doesn't take into account promising students who have been deterred from even applying.

This is an issue that should be debated at our university and *felix* invites you, the reader, to send in your comments.

Background on the issue

The case of Zohair Abu Shaban is only the most recent in a series of similar incidents. Many students from Gaza are not being allowed to travel abroad to receive the education they so desperately want.

The state of the education system in the Gaza Strip is poor and for many the only option to pursue a chosen subject at a higher level is to go abroad. For a country under heavy economic sanctions imposed by Israel, the US, Canada and the EU this is hardly surprising. It is not possible to take PhD level courses and there are few courses offered at a masters level. However, there are organisations to help students study abroad including the Hani Qaddumi Foundation which gave Zohair his scholarship for study in Britain.

The restrictions on the movement of people out of Gaza are not only reserved for students; since declaring Gaza a "hostile entity" in 2006, Israel has blockaded the area, preventing the movement of people and commercial goods in and out of the area. The policy is in place to reduce the risk of attacks on Israeli soil and to improve national security.

Israel's history has been fraught with conflict and war. Acts of aggression on the part of its Arab neighbours and suicide attacks on civilians within Israeli borders have created a concern for security that takes precedence in Israeli decision-making.

Hamas took control of the Gaza Strip in the general election held in 2006. Final results show that they won with 74 seats to the ruling party Fatah's 45, providing Hamas with the majority of the 132 available seats and the ability to form a majority government on their own. Hamas is considered a terrorist organisation by the Israel, the U.S. and the E.U. and it has carried out attacks on Israel for the last 20 years.

Iran's sponsorship of Hamas has caused more tension between the two groups; President Ahmadinejad has stated that Israel "must be wiped off the map", though his true motivations remain controversial. Whatever his intentions, Ahmadinejad's comments

have created fear within Israel and his ideological and material support of Hezbollah and Hamas is seen as clear evidence of his hostility to the Israeli state.

The current cease-fire, beginning 19th June 2008, between Hamas and Israel is shaky but holding. Israel fears that Hamas is using the ceasefire to regroup and rearm its forces and so it is reluctant to change its position regarding movement in and out of Gaza. There have already been breaches of the cease-fire and there is no guarantee that if sanctions are lifted the violence will cease. Hamas has, in the past, made conciliatory comments towards Israel. In May 2003, Abdel Aziz Rantisi, co-founder of Hamas said that "the Hamas movement is prepared to stop terror against Israeli civilians if Israel stops killing Palestinian civilians ... We have told (Palestinian Authority Prime Minister) Abu Mazen in our meetings that there is an opportunity to stop targeting Israeli civilians if the Israelis stop assassinations and raids and stop brutalizing Palestinian civilians."

For any government, the safety of its people is a priority, so preventing possible terrorists from entering the state and sharing intelligence with foreign allies is a reasonable precaution. Due to the highly classified nature of intelligence, it is not possible to know what the Israeli security service are worried about with respect to any of the citizens of Gaza they refuse to let out or those whose American visas were cancelled. It is also important to stress that it is very unusual for anyone to be let out of Gaza, so Israel allowing students out – a practice which happens occasionally – is generous with respect to their general policy.

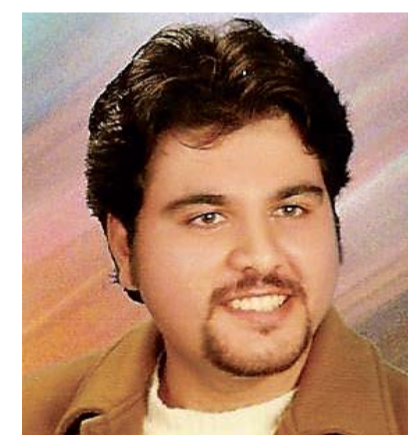
Also while Israel has veto power over the Rafah crossing at the Egyptian border, responsibility must also be placed on Egyptian shoulders. It is not in their interests either to allow freedom of movement in and out of a region controlled by an Islamist group; consider Egypt's suppression of Islamist groups within their own borders.

The question of whether Israel should essentially punish the people of Gaza

as a result of Hamas' hostility is open for debate. This is the main issue with economic sanctions – the general public get hit harder than the governing power. Those with government connections can come and go from Gaza easily; usually from the Rafah crossing. As Hamas was democratically elected, the citizens of Gaza take responsibility for their new government. However most Gazans do not agree with the destruction of Israel and Hamas' support rarely stems from ideology but rather from the daily hardships created by Israeli sanctions, the perceived failures of Fatah and Hamas' social work. Israel is left with some very difficult choices. Its actions are often seen as essential to its security, however the terrible conditions that these actions create breeds resentment and further violence.

Preventing students studying abroad could well be shooting itself in the foot, as education is a tool for peace. Allowing Gazans to access education of a high quality and at a high level could also help the situation. The blockade and sanctions pushes Gazans to Hamas, if only because they are the only institution able to pay wages; often with Iranian money.

The zeitgeist may be changing – Ehud Olmert's recent comments on Israeli security were ground breaking. But more must be done on both sides to secure peace for the innocent civilians caught within this conflict.



Zohair Abu-Shaban

3 in 4 EMA grants not paid



A week of bad news for student finances

Afonso Campos
News Correspondent

According to an estimate by the Association of Colleges, of all applicants to the Education Maintenance Allowance (EMA) only 25 to 30 per cent have received it.

The NUS has come out on record saying that "it is unacceptable that there is so much confusion around the EMA situation". The NUS has blasted against the Learning and Skills Council saying "it must act to boost Learner Support Funds to ensure there is ad-

equat support for all learners in need". The NUS goes one step further and almost demands a written apology from the LSC to all students. In this letter the NUS believes the LSC should make very clear how students can have access to some sort of support while the issue is sorted out. It is also suggested that Liberatea, the outsourcing providers for the Public Sector, "be fined for its part in this shambles," and that this money should be put back into Learner Support Funds "to ensure the money reaches those who have been worst affected".

Student discounts: Irrelevant?

Afonso Campos
News Correspondent

A new poll conducted by Zebra Technologies has found that a majority of students are unhappy with the current state of student discounts. Roughly 54% of students do not think that these discounts are properly catering for their needs, and do not take into account the current economic climate including the pinch students may be feeling alongside the rest of the population.

Students have suggested they would rather see food and transport at discounted prices than perks at popular high street retailers such as TopShop or HMV. The poll suggests that with food prices at a record high, "supermarkets should be offering tailored

discounts to students to help them out, and secure their loyalty". A struggling student is likely to favour securing basic human needs such as food and shelter over what would economically be described as 'luxury goods' like CDs or fashionable clothing. This is probably very true of any struggling Imperial student who is already dealing with the highest hall prices in the United Kingdom in an area of London that is anything but student friendly.

The NUS still has not leveraged contracts that could really help students in the way that this poll suggests it needs to be done. It is perhaps reassuring that an overwhelming majority of retailers offering student discount will honour it regardless if the card presented is NUS-issued or not.



Students are turning to baked beans and living up to the stereotype



Zohair Abu-Shaban gives a speech at his graduation ceremony

Imperial College London

For more information about how to become a student blogger, visit www.imperial.ac.uk/campuslife/blogs

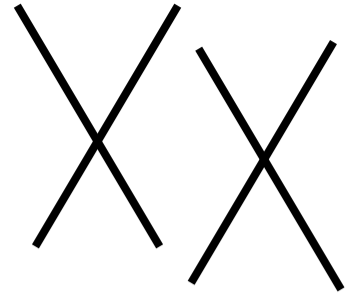
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- Share experiences with fellow students
- Tell future students what university is really like
- Show the College through your eyes with photos and video



Susie Peng

With help from: Vicky Edwards, Chris Woolley, Katharina Reeh, Clarissa Poh, Ei Mun Chuah and Drew Thomas

The XX factor

Today I received a man's razor. Great. After trawling through the packed stands of Imperial's Fresher's Fair 2008, I have come to an inevitable conclusion: I am the wrong gender.

It's not a case of me wanting a sex-change operation, I'm actually very happy being female, despite starting at a male-dominated university just over one year ago. However, during my time here, it has become increasingly clear that Imperial simply cannot cater towards the needs of its female (not nec-

essarily more feminine) students. This case with the razor serves to emphasise an unhappy truth

The fact is, with the rare exception, women are not interested in gaming, porn, gadgets, expletives, alcohol-induced vomit, or sexual innuendos – need I really continue? Women are not objects for male sexual gratification; we are thinking individuals who should be treated with respect.

I have in mind here the inappropriate subject matter that was printed in last week's edition of Felix. For our new freshers starting at Imperial, this is a

disastrous first impression.

When 'writers' such as Haxz0rMcRandy_1 have such absurd pre-conceived ideas about women, it is no surprise that sexism remains rampant even now, in our modern twenty-first century society. The majority of male students at Imperial are decent individuals, who should not allow themselves to be represented by such misogynistic, ignorant, immature journalistic filth. Here we are, studying together at an innovative, forward-thinking university – and our student paper airs views that belong to the

Dark Ages.

Does this writer really expect women to prostrate themselves before him, dressed in the lingerie he has so thoughtfully picked out for them, sobbing with gratitude?

When female students chose to study at a prestigious academic institution like Imperial, they probably weren't expecting to read about jibes on how to dress!

Enough is enough. It is time for the silent majority to make itself known. Write into *felix* now. Make your voice heard.



The Editor

About Coffee Break and Hangman

Erm, so there have been a few complaints about the Hangman section. As well as the comment article above by Susie Peng *et al.* I received an email from Chao Cui:

'I would like to bring to your attention the Hangman article in the latest issue of Felix, having read the article I am sorry to say that I am appalled and offended by the content which is demeaning and inappropriate even if it were meant as a joke. It is unacceptable for a respectable publication, to knowingly adopt the view of women being an object. This also the first felix publica-

tion that freshers are likely to see, by allowing this article to go to print what image of the college would this project to them? Do you think it's correct to allow a former Guardian Media Group Student News Paper of the Year to fall to such low standards?

I insist that the name of the author be made public, and that both he and the Felix Editor, Jovan Nedic make a formal apology to the entire student community at Imperial College, and a guarantee that no further articles of this nature be allowed to go to print. Such an article does the college no good whatsoever, and merely serves to tarnish our reputation.

If your response is unsatisfactory I will consider taking this matter beyond Imperial College Union.'

I feel that I really need to explain the Hangman and Coffee Break sections to all of you. In 2006 (same time we won the Guardian Award!) Coffee Break was the satirical section, which also included fun games and competitions. Hangman is merely an extension of the satirical part of Coffee Break. Everything that is written in there is meant to be taken with a pinch of salt and to be read in good humour. The writing in last week's Hangman was crude and blunt, and I apologise for that. In the

future I will not allow that tone to be printed. I have made my views clear to the Hangman team and I am sure that the section will be brought back up to standard.

I apologise for the way the article by Haxz0rMcRandy_1 was written, however I have no reason to apologise for the theme of that particular article. Like I said, it is meant to be satirical. Some people will like it, others won't.

As for the comment piece by Susie Peng *et al.* I gladly welcome new contributors to the newspaper, male or female. So please, if you have a concern about something at college, or about life itself, then do write to us.

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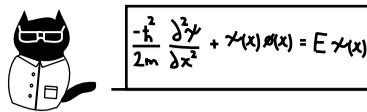
G34 Lecture Theatre, Sir Alexander Fleming Building

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Mico Tatalovic
Science editor

Podview: science podcasts review

This week Felix Whitton reviews nature and environment podcasts.

BBC Natural History



Philippa Forrester – her off the telly – takes us into the dark heart of Africa to talk to Simon King about the new series of Big Cat Diaries. His team have live coverage throughout October of one of nature's grandest spectacles, the wildebeest migration in Kenya's Masai Mara reserve. Watch out for juicy slo-mo shots of nature at its reddest in tooth and claw. Also on this week's podcast: migrating moths, house martins and honey buzzards, and the case of the disappearing ospreys. Forrester's soothing voice is the radio equivalent of a fireside mug of Horlicks.

www.bbc.co.uk/radio4/podcasts/nathistory

RSPB Nature's Voice



Corny title, and a rather lightweight monthly podcast for bird fans only. That said, they do have celebrity twitcher Rory McGrath (the 'bearded tit' from They Think It's All Over) imagining life as a soaring buzzard. The RSPB are doing plenty of good work such as setting up reserves in Sumatra with the help of indigenous people, and recreating from scratch rare heathland habitat in Bedfordshire.

www.rspb.org.uk/podcasts

NPR Environment



This goes out on US National Public Radio (their version of the BBC) and packs a 'helluva lot' into a measly fifteen minutes. Obama says science and technology will be a 'central priority' and promises to double basic research budgets over the next decade including increasing support for 'high-risk, high-payoff' research. He promises a hands-on approach with the creation of 30,000 new teachers in high-need schools. Whereas, McCain seems to prefer a more 'hands-off' approach. He promises to streamline government regulations, lower taxes, provide incentives to research, but stops short of promising a general cash figure. He does promise a few 'green' specifics including two billion dollars every year for the next 15 years on clean coal technologies, \$5,000 tax credit for each zero emission car, and a \$300 million prize for

www.npr.org/rss/podcast/podcast_detail.php?siteid=4985907

Living Planet



A weekly half-hour podcast focusing on environmental issues from around the world. Canada's Green party is making political inroads as the public become disillusioned by the lack of action on climate change. In Kyrgyzstan people are feeling the effects of climate change firsthand through crippling water shortages, while leaders in the West can only prevaricate on restricting car emissions. A sobering wake-up call – we use the resources of 1.4 Earths, rising to two by 2050 – that highlights the unsustainable way we live.

www.dw-world.de/dw/0,2142,3072,00.html

Obama vs. McCain



25 days from now, America will choose the next president of the United States. Both sides tout 'change', but there is a choice as to the nature of the change: between youth and experience, between Ivy League education and an American war hero and, frankly, between black and white. Putting all other differences aside, how would a McCain administration differ from an Obama administration on science? ScienceDebate2008 is a non-partisan group which asked the contenders 14 pressing science questions to find out. Obama says science and technology will be a 'central priority' and promises to double basic research budgets over the next decade including increasing support for 'high-risk, high-payoff' research. He promises a hands-on approach with the creation of 30,000 new teachers in high-need schools. Whereas, McCain seems to prefer a more 'hands-off' approach. He promises to streamline government regulations, lower taxes, provide incentives to research, but stops short of promising a general cash figure. He does promise a few 'green' specifics including two billion dollars every year for the next 15 years on clean coal technologies, \$5,000 tax credit for each zero emission car, and a \$300 million prize for

Daniel Burrows

Meet Sir John Pendry FRS

Lifting the veil on the man who developed the invisibility cloak.

Daniel Burrows
Science Editor

If you have read the recent news about 'Harry Potter invisibility cloaks' or 'perfect lenses', you will have come across the name Prof Sir John Pendry, FRS, a professor at Imperial College since 1981. Among other things, Sir John is behind the emergence of negative refraction 'metamaterials', in which light rays entering a material are refracted on the same side of the normal.

Materials can be constructed which sweep light around objects and hence makes them undetectable. This application created international media frenzy, captivating the public's interest and it even ended up in the Sun with the title 'Boffin invents invisibility cloak'.

The BBC was closer to the mark with their headline 'Invisibility cloak 'step closer' as the cloaking technology is currently limited to a narrow frequency band and therefore making anything disappear completely in the visible is currently unfeasible.

However these metamaterials are already being applied to other areas. Special constructions of these materials can even focus light into areas smaller than their wavelength, which could break the current 60Gb storage limit on Blu-Ray devices. As Sir John says "Using conventional materials we can't go any further - however, negative materials can beat this fundamental



I thought Pendryfest was fantastic, as I could follow many of the talks even as a non-specialist. What were your thoughts?

Well I was looking forward to it, but with some apprehension because it's a big thing - having your old friends and colleagues come back is a very emotional experience.

In the end, it was a wonderful occasion. It was a hell of a lot of organisation and I am very grateful to all those at college helped organize it including Prof Adrian Sutton and Carolyn Dale.

You have held a number of important posts throughout your career (see article), how have you managed to continue to do research while still being the heads of these large organizations?

I am a fiend when it comes to rationing my time. I had to cut my immediate group down to 2-3 students and a post doc, so the administration was very light. They had to be very good people who could propel themselves for long distances under their own steam. And of course, the number of really good sparks of inspiration you have in a year is quite limited. Einstein had a lot but not all in one day and so there is a lot of space in-between. Something is happening, but it is not happening in the frontal part of the brain.

Say you just graduated from Imperial College, knowing what you know now from all the senior posts you have held, what field would you choose?

That is a difficult question. I can tell you I ended up in condensed matter Physics by accident. Like most of my contemporaries, I wanted to do something in cosmology and general relativity. I actually messed up my finals and ended up with a 2:1, which was not good enough to do cosmology. A condensed matter theorist took pity on me and so I guess it was an accident. Since then, I have moved fields a few times, so my current field of optics is definitely an informed choice. Optics is a mature field of course, but there are new things happening all the time.

which really sparked my interest. It said in the disordered systems and localisation work you were doing particularly with Prof Angus MacKinnon, there might be applications with the conductivity of bio-molecules. Could you explain a bit more about this?

Well yes... I do know what they are talking about... and I think they are wrong! Things like silicon can come in highly ordered crystals. But bio-molecules are not like that. For example DNA, perhaps the ultimate bio-molecule, cannot have ordered stacking of the base pairs. So it can be modelled a little bit like a disordered system, which is a very difficult problem which I worked on with Angus and it's not solved today.

Would you be interested in working in that field... or are you on Meta-materials right now?

It's very frustrating. Angus gave me a backhanded compliment in his talk (at Pendryfest) on this point. He said I did some good work on it but it was ignored, as it did not fit in with the fashions of the times. I was very cross about my work on disordered systems and now, twenty years later, people are doing experiments based on things we did then. I would like to get back and pick up that thread, but I'm on metamaterials right now and this is so productive that is what I must focus on.

Your work on metamaterials has captivated both scientists and non-scientists alike. The invisibility cloak has been talked about in the pub and scientists have been amazed at the perfect lens, but what I want to talk about is the application to antennae?

Yes, I think that antennae is the metamaterial area where companies may make the first products. It is easier to make metamaterials that operate in the frequency range and the range of material properties available at those frequencies is much greater than the range of materials available at optical frequencies.

What do you think about the public's view on Physics?

I think all too often it's associated with the areas where it carries the technology all the way through to application, like the military ones: radar and the nuclear bomb. People often don't see the physics as the essential engine un-

der the hood of major advances.

For example the endoscope was invented by Harold Hopkins, who was a professor of Optics at Imperial. He realized that light entering a fibre, mapped exactly to a point of light on the other end, and it did not matter how the fibre bends in the middle. This is probably the single most important advance in modern surgery. Many abdominal operations do more damage getting to the problem then fixing it. There are now a host of operations you can walk away from, where previously there would be weeks of convalescing and potential for complications. It's all thanks to keyhole surgery and Harold Hopkins.

This has impacted my life, I had keyhole surgery to remove my appendix and I walked out of the hospital about three hours later.

These are the stories we should be telling about Physics, Physics as the Good Samaritan to the other sciences. I would like more school children to see Physics like that, as a living science.

You have never diverged into starting a company? Have you ever been tempted?

The problem with a start-up, is that it is very expensive on time and it is not my expertise. As a theorist, even one who works closely with experimentalists, I am used to generating ideas, but then you have to build on those and get a piece of kit. This kit is the thing that is patented and forms the bases of a company's worth. So you are at an immediate disadvantage as a theorist.

At the end of the day you might have something very valuable, which you can sell and make a lot of money, I then have to ask, what would I do with it? If I was a young man with a family to support I might think differently, but as it is, I don't.

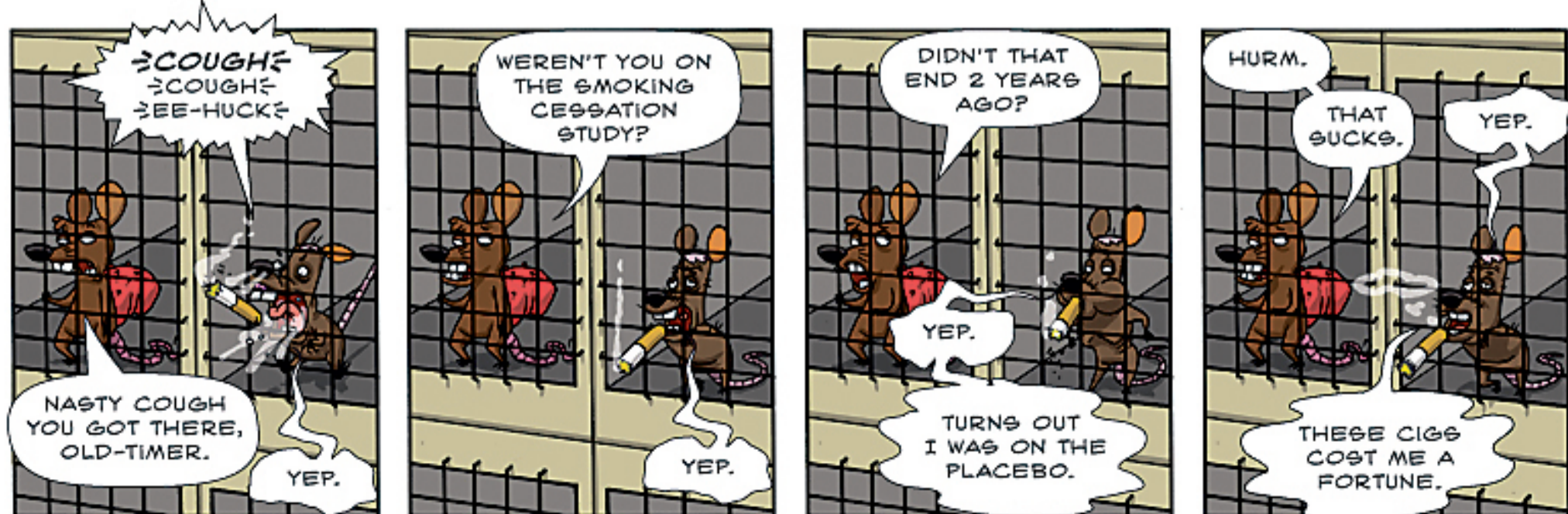
Its been 10 years, have you decided which field is next?

I am building a link between the time reversal and negative refraction. Negative refraction is like a bit of negative space and time reversal sends things backwards in time. Could they be related?

I am sure that will capture some media interest too!

Well that would be fun. It will make a nice change from the cloak I must say.

Lab Bratz Episode # 163 Smokin'



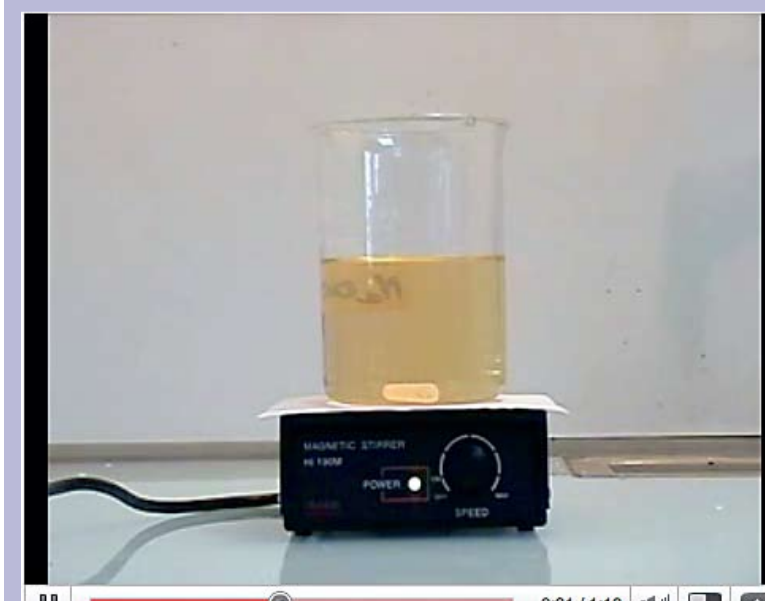
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Daniel's Unmissable Science Videos

This week - a liquid that keeps changing colour all by itself...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ch93AKJm9os

There was a throw away comment in the recent article about you in the Physics review letters,

ICURFC Freshers say hello!



Page 3 competition will start in November, make sure you're ready!



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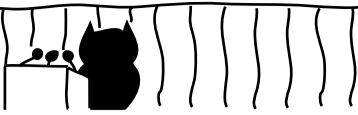
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Politics

Politics Editor – James Goldsack & Katya-yani Vyas

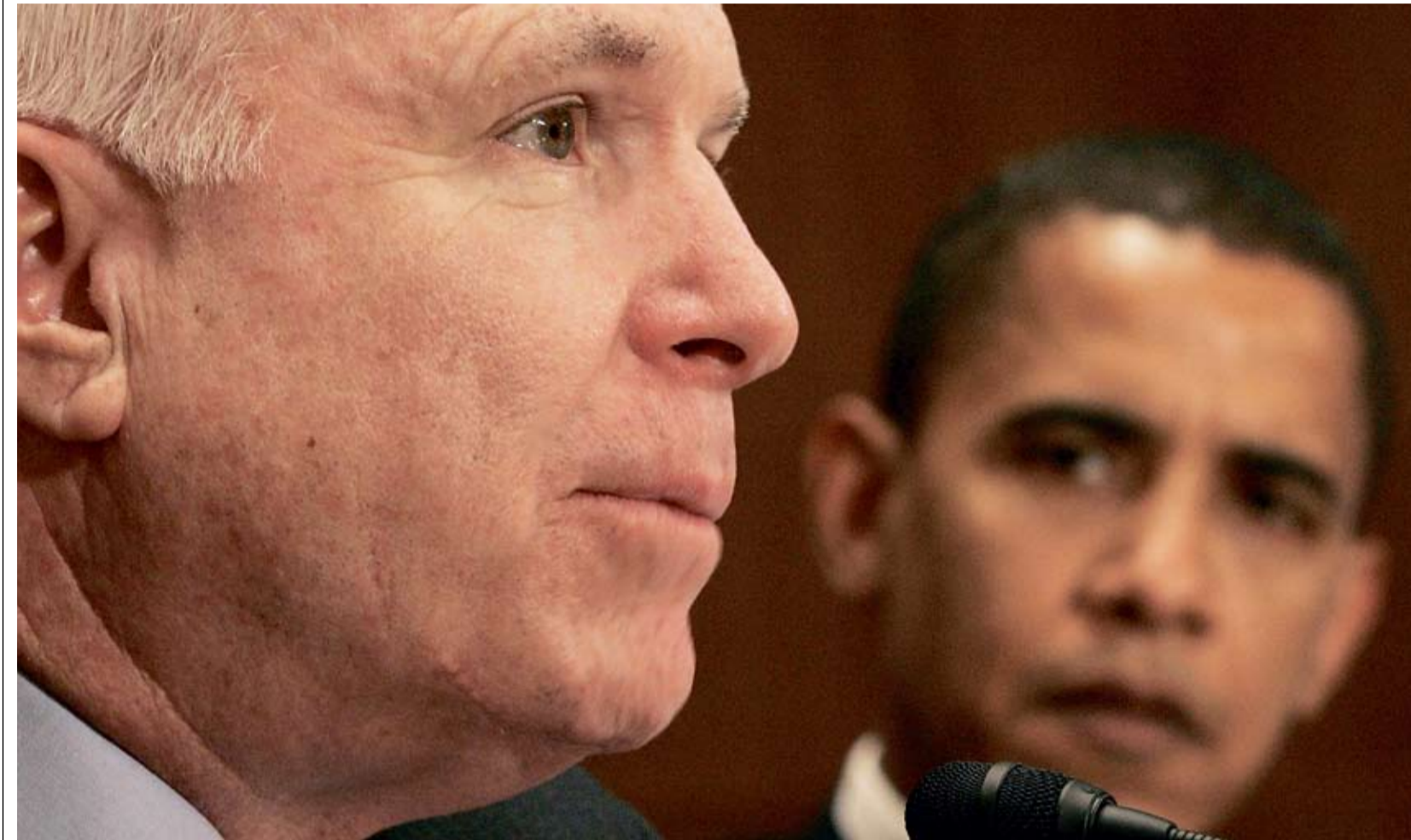
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Katya-yani Vyas
Politics Editor

Senator McCain and his “steep hill” to victory

The final 30 days: The political landscape has changed, forcing Senators John McCain and Barack Obama to rethink tactics in the final stages of their campaigns.



McCain has gone on the attack in the latest ‘townhall’ style Presidential debate, focusing on Barack Obama’s character

James Goldsack
Politics Editor

Senators John McCain and Barack Obama enter the last 30 days of their campaigns with Obama clinging on to a small, but significant lead and McCain anxious to divert attention away from the ongoing financial crisis.

This final phase of the election preparation comes during the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. Not only is the economic system in turmoil but the military is under strain, fighting two wars simultaneously. A vast majority of the electorate believes that the US is on the wrong track and public sentiment toward the departing administration appears to verge on contempt.

With two debates still to come (at the time of press) the battle will get more heated with increased advertising wars and a ground game pitting newly registered Obama supporters against older and perhaps more dependable voters for McCain.

The landscape of American politics has shifted, most noticeably in the Midwest, driven by the financial crisis, the performance of the two candidates in response and increased doubts over Alaska Governor Sarah Palin. These changes in recent weeks have favoured Obama.

McCain made the abrupt decision last week to take down television advertisements in Michigan and shift staff to other states. The retreat from Michigan, a blue state once seen by

McCain’s campaign as a prime target for shifting a big industrial state to the Republican column, has prevented a major blow for Obama. The economic downturn, which has hit Michigan especially hard, appears to be too much for McCain to overcome. Sarah Palin, McCain’s running mate, disagreed with this decision. “Oh, come on, do we have to?” Palin told Fox News, adding: “I want to get to Michigan, and I want to try!”

Wisconsin, where Obama’s once-commanding lead has dwindled, has seen a redoubling of McCain’s efforts to ensure the state turning red on November 4th. However, McCain is being forced to compete in Indiana, a state that has not voted for a Democrat since Lyndon Johnson in 1964, where polls show Obama in close contention. Meanwhile, Obama has to pump money into Minnesota to ensure Democrats secure the state in the election.

“I don’t think it’s over, but boy, other than the vice-presidential debate, you would be hard-pressed to point to anything good that’s happened to Republicans in the last three weeks,” said Charlie Cook, editor of non-partisan *Cook Political Report*.

The McCain campaign plans to get away from the financial debacle and back to questioning Obama’s inexperience – criticisms that can more easily be rallied against Palin. Economic issues tend to favour Democrats, and McCain’s decision to abandon campaigning and rush back to Washington received mixed views. His claim

to return to campaigning when the crisis has been averted has seemingly been forgotten, the crisis deepens yet McCain is back on the hard sell; this tactic appears to have been a politically-motivated PR stunt which has not worked as well as his team would have hoped. “We’re looking to turn the page on this financial crisis and getting back to discussing Mr. Obama’s aggressively liberal record and how he will be too risky for Americans” said Greg Strimble, a senior McCain advisor. However, many Americans find the prospect of a McCain presidency with Sarah Palin as Vice-President a risky and downright scary prospect.

Obama campaign manager David Plouffe has said that they are still on the offensive, hammering home the message that if voters want another for years of George W. Bush’s policies, they should back McCain. If they want “fundamental change, putting middle-class first”, they should vote for Obama.

Although poll numbers are not definitive, Obama has made large gains among white women, often cited as a key component of the electorate, as well as non-college-educated white voters. “Obama’s doing well among all the demographic groups he needs to win” said Peter Brown, assistant director of the Quinnipiac University Polling Institute, describing the Illinois senator’s lead as solid. “It doesn’t mean the election’s over, but McCain has a steep hill.”

Whit Ayres, a Republican pollster, says that the race is not over. “Every

time in the past Obama has been able to open up a small but significant lead, the McCain campaign has figured out a way to close the gap.”

Scott Reed, who ran Bob Dole’s 1996 campaign, said there’s no reason for Republicans to panic. “If you look back at the last 30 days and what we’ve been through, look at how many times things have changed,” he said. “That’s why I still have hope.”

Meanwhile, Obama is still on the offensive in Virginia, Colorado, Florida and Ohio where Bush won four years ago. “We assume all these battleground states will be competitive until the very end,” said Plouffe, cautiously describing himself as “pleased” with the progress.

To win the election, Obama needs 270 electoral votes. To reach this total, Obama could try the one-state option, going all-out to win a big state like Florida or Ohio, which would put him over 270 if he also held the states Kerry won four years ago. On the other hand, Obama could try the two-state strategy, winning Virginia and a smaller state such as Iowa or New Mexico. Obama’s advisors are also saying there is a three-state option, coupling wins in Iowa and New Mexico with one in Colorado.

Obama has an advantage in money, having chosen not to take public funds. This means he can spend as much as he raises whereas McCain is limited to the money he receives from the government. The Michigan decision was seen as a move to concentrate money where it counts however McCain’s advisors say it doesn’t reflect any problems.

politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Israeli Prime Minister calls for withdrawal

James Goldsack

Ehud Olmert, who recently announced his resignation, last Monday stated that “almost all the territories, if not all the territories” should be handed over to the Palestinians to ensure peace. This will effectively reverse the occupation of territories gained in 1967. Olmert added that the withdrawal will have to extend to eastern Jerusalem, the future seat of government for the Palestinians, a bold move as the city has long been proclaimed as Israel’s “eternal, undivided capital”.

The Israeli Prime Minister will continue in power until a new government is assembled to take over on November 3rd. Olmert announced his decision in July after coming under mounting pressure due to multiple corruption investigations. Tzipi Livni is the likely candidate to take over the premiership.

Both Ehud Olmert and Defence Minister Ehud Barak have recently called for a tougher stance to be taken against those who attack Palestinians.

“An evil wind of extremism, of hate, of maliciousness, of violence, of losing control, of lawbreaking, of contempt for the institutions of state, is passing through certain sections of the Israeli public,” Mr Olmert told the cabinet as a Palestinian shepherd was killed near the city of Nablus in the occupied West

Bank.

Some, including former Meretz chairman Yossi Beilin believe he has made a serious mistake calling for the withdrawal: “Olmert has committed the unforgivable sin of revealing his true stance on Israel’s national interest just when he has nothing left to lose”.

Meanwhile MK Yuval Steinitz accused Mr Olmert of gambling on Israel’s future. “Ignoring the distance between rockets fired from afar and the enemy sitting on top of Jerusalem reveals how little he understands the basis of security,” Mr Steinitz said.

Prime Minister Olmert furthered his previous comments by saying that any peace deal with Syria would require pulling out of the Golan Heights, held since 1967 after the six-day war against Syria amongst other Arabic nations. “We have to reach an agreement with the Palestinians, the meaning of which is that in practice we will withdraw from almost all the territories, if not all the territories.”

Mr Olmert said. “We will leave a percentage of these territories in our hands, but will have to give the Palestinians a similar percentage, because without that there will be no peace,” he added.

It appears from an interview conducted with Yedioth Ahronoth, along with news that the governments of Is-

rael and Syria have been engaged in secret talks since February 2007 and Mr. Olmert is hopeful that in exchange for surrendering the Golan Heights, Damascus will cut its ties with Iran

A withdrawal will most likely leave 400,000 Israelis stranded in the occupied West Bank and another 20,000 in the Golan Heights. The call for withdrawal and peace is a departure from comments previously made by the Prime Minister, who once believed that Jerusalem should wholly be within Israeli territory.

Whilst reflecting on his tenure, Olmert was anxious to point out that he was “not trying to justify retroactively what I did for 35 years. For a large portion of these years I was unwilling to look at reality in all its depth” said Olmert.

The fact that Mr. Olmert not only felt able to make his comments, but also to actively show disapproval for the way the situation was handled, is perhaps a change in mood he was only ready to discuss once his political career was already over so there could not be any repercussions.

His recently voted successor, Tzipi Livni, has been more cautious than Olmert. Despite his brave comments, there seems little hope for a peace agreement in the time Ehud Olmert has left as Prime Minister.



Settlers march in protest of withdrawal

Austrian far-right steal 30% in election sparking fear of neo-Nazi resurgence

James Goldsack

Heinz-Christian Strache, former dental technician and bigot, has shot to dubious fame for leading his Freedom party to 18% of the vote in an early general election last Sunday, whilst his former boss and mentor-cum-rival Jörg Haider led his extreme-right party Austria’s Future to 11%. Despite claims to the contrary, Strache has been branded a neo-Nazi by many political opponents and with good reason: keeping company with banned German neo-Nazis,

photographed giving the three-fingered neo-Nazi salute, promising to repeal laws banning Nazi revivalism, filmed in forests carrying arms and wearing military fatigues, the list goes on. “I was never a neo-Nazi and never will be” Strache has insisted, yet recently while suing Viennese newspaper *Profil* for defamation, the court ruled that he could reasonably be said to display “an affinity to national-socialist thinking”.

Europe’s extreme-right poster boy has stirred up support mostly from the 72% of Austrians who are against

inclusion within the E.U. by bashing Brussels. Strache’s current aspiration is to become Chancellor then to form a coalition with Flemish separatists, France’s National Front, Bulgarian extreme nationalists and any other extreme-right nuts under the banner of “European Patriotic Party”. However, the E.U. is not his only pet hate; Strache hates Muslims. Believing “Vienna must not become Istanbul”, it is no wonder he plans to set up a ministry for the deportation of immigrants and is pushing for a constitutional ban on

building minarets.

Liberals reeled in Vienna as the results of the election were released, with *Profil* describing the proceedings as “a unique case among the western democracies”. One hopes this is the case although in 2002, French extreme-right candidate Le Pen came a shock second in the Presidential elections and then was last year’s 4th place; perhaps liberals and left-wingers alike should be worried. This result in the election on Sunday puts the extreme-right collectively comfortably ahead of main-

stream conservatives Austrian People’s party and neck-and-neck with the Social Democrats who scraped a win. It will be very difficult for any party to muster a parliamentary majority, leaving the choice between inviting Strache into government and forming a coalition with the Christian Democrats – a coalition that collapsed in June after only 18 months in office. Attempting this coalition again and having it fail can only serve to raise support for the extreme-right, putting the Social Democrats in a very difficult position.

In 1999 the Freedom Party, under Haider’s command, stunned Europe when it received 27% of the vote and a place in government. This Sunday, under Strache, the combined far-right did slightly better, meaning that almost one in three Austrians voted extreme-right. Since his youth Strache has been heavily influenced by and involved with far-right politics; he was once engaged to the daughter of one of the founding members of the Austrian Branch of Germany’s neo-Nazi National Democratic party. A master of P.R., Strache managed to become a Vienna City councillor in the early 1990s using a combination of Haider’s techniques: snappy dressing, outrageous soundbites and populist rattle-raising, entertaining the people. The leader at the time, Haider, quit in 2005, leaving Strache to continue running the party while he effectively retired, before staging a comeback on Sunday.

Strache is widely accepted as more aggressive and rightwing than Haider, he insists on calling himself a patriot. “Thirty percent for people who portray national socialism as innocuous,” wrote commentator Hans Rauscher, summing up “who toy with anti-semitism and develop contacts with the Serbian radical party whose leader, Vojislav Šešelj, is in the dock at the war crimes tribunal in The Hague. Austria is tops again”.



Flocking in the woods with neo-Nazi paramilitary groups left a huge grin on Strache’s face

Politics



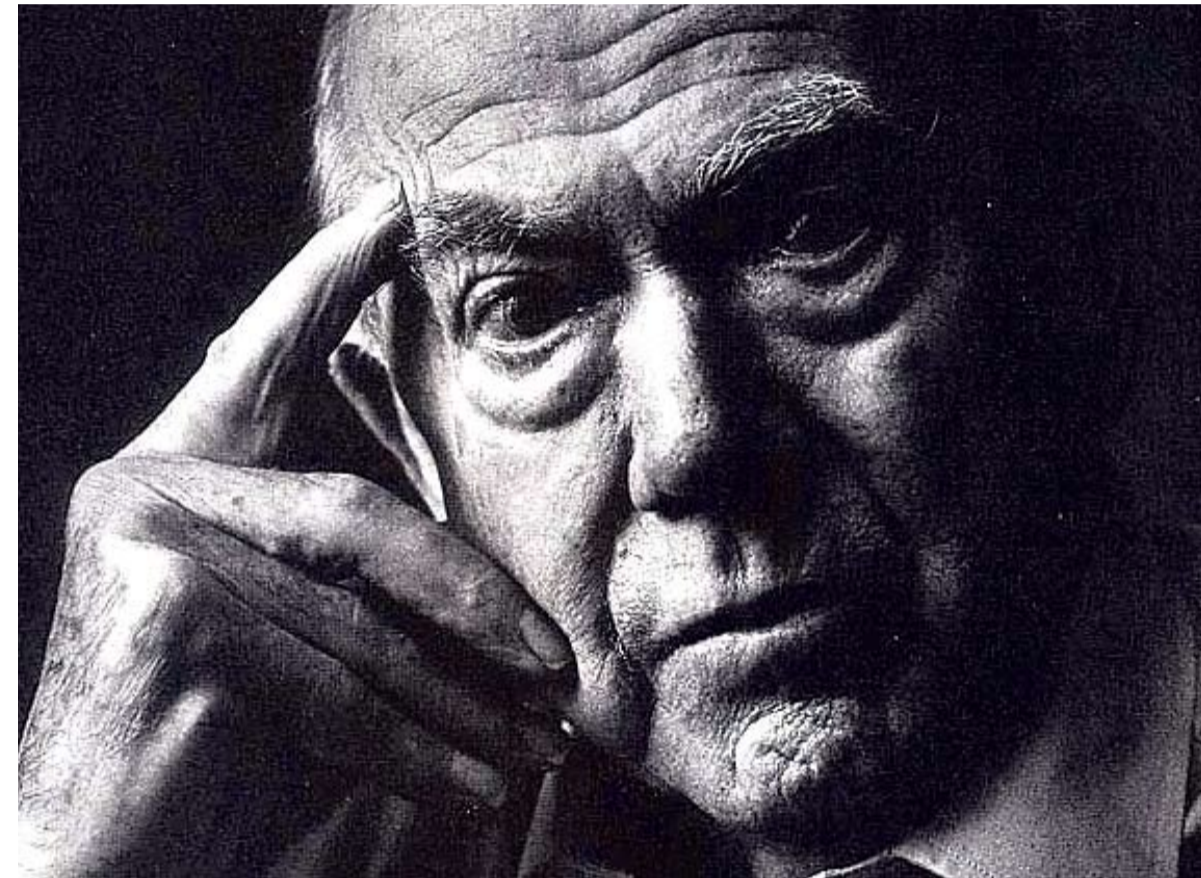
Emily Wilson
Arts Editor

Dip into the life and literary genius of Graham Greene

Caz Knight introduces us to the British writer who reignited her passion for reading

Not since I was a care-free schoolgirl, bereft of worry and academic burden, have I devoured literature as I have done this summer. My will to read was reignited and I have Graham Greene to thank for it. Like the great author's name, his books are easy to swallow and savour; leaving you with nothing but vivid images. Officially Henry Graham Greene (1904-1991), he was born in Hertfordshire and attended a boarding school there where his father took over as headmaster. His intense boredom prompted an interest in Russian Roulette which, Greene said, helped him to appreciate life and to treat his insufferable boredom which "expanded like a balloon" inside his head. Aged 16, he ran away from school to escape his "irrational melancholy" and later spent time with a psycho-analyst in London, a time he described as one of the happiest in his life. He had replaced melancholy with normal unhappiness and this, according to Freud's definition, meant he had been successfully psycho-analysed.

Greene's exciting and, at times, controversial life has coloured his huge array of literary output. Whilst working for *Night and Day* he caused the magazine to close after writing that 10-year-old Shirley Temple in Wee Willie Winkie displayed "a certain adroit coquetry which appealed to middle-aged men." His extensive travels to places such as Mexico, Argentina, Russia, Vietnam, Haiti, Cuba, Sierra Leone and all over Europe led him to be recruited by MI6, as well as proving useful in



Graham Greene, the man himself, performs the classic "thoughtful intellectual" pose, with added eyebrow

creating the often poor, hot, dusty and tropical settings ("Greenland") of his novels. Like many creative geniuses such as Beethoven, Van Gogh, William Blake and Charles Dickens, Greene had bipolar-disorder, a psychological

condition which greatly affected his writing and personal life.

Greene found his way to my heart by serenading me with the political novel, *The Quiet American*. Re-made into a film in 2002 with Michael Caine as

the protagonist Fowler and Brendan Fraser as the boyish Pyle, the book is set across Indochina, now Vietnam. Just back from the tropics of South-East Asia myself, I eagerly dove into the sweltering landscape created by Greene set in the 1950s just before the outbreak of the U.S.A.'s Vietnam debacle. Teeming with tales of espionage, political twists and turns, violence, action, smatterings of love and even a happy ending, this work of Greene will make you read until the last sentence has been gobbled up and then have you running to the bookshop/library/shelf for the next one. And so my summer continued, with interludes of Joseph Conrad (*Heart of Darkness*, *Nigger of the Narcissus*), Leo Tolstoy, a biography on the delectable young Josef Stalin, before he became the nihilistic, bloodthirsty tyrant we all know and hate, and *The Guardian*.

My next Greene discovery was unearthed from the bookshelf of my parents' home, a hardback copy of one of his latest works, *The Captain and the Enemy* (1988). Another one of his compelling political stories, it starts out with a young boy's removal, or kidnapping, from boarding school by the Captain to a young woman's flat in Camden Town where he stays through his adolescence until his emergence as a journalist. The autobiographical allusions are clear and continue as the young man flies to Panama in search of the Captain, to find that his 'father' is mixed up in the dealings of the Nicaraguan Sandinistas. Short, even for a Greene book, this is another delight and can be consumed within a matter of hours with ease.



Ok, so, Russian Roulette. Greene was into it but that doesn't mean we in the Arts pages encourage it

Early this morning I found myself lying awake thinking about who I am. A little along the lines of those "I am who I am because of everybody" adverts by Orange, I started to think about what defines me. Those of you readers who have the great misfortune of being freshers have by now probably got sick of defining yourself by name, subject and where home is. My name's Emily, I study biology, I come from Marlow in Buckinghamshire.

Meanwhile, many third/fourth years faced with the impendingness of life after Imperial might be finding themselves defined by the contents of their CV. I worked in a bookshop for two years, I've been an Oxfam volunteer, I've spent a summer as a telemarketer and more recently I spent a summer as a corporate whore. Then you've got to pad out your CV with all of your extracurricular clubs and societies – I'm an arts editor for Felix and I'm president of Imperial's Amnesty International Society. See, Mr. Employer, aren't I a well-rounded person?

This is before we get on to the Facebook definitions. Relationship status: married to my best friend (we're clearly not married, really I'm single). Interested in: men (oh but I'm married to a girl – what a conflict, tee hee!). Political and religious views: champagne socialist and rampant atheist (I like to be descriptive). And THEN we're on to lists of activities, music and films... but who cares about that because you're all just judging me on my number of friends anyway.

My point, reader, is that this is all just the bollocks we put on paper. Sure, all the stuff above is true, but how do I really define myself? I define myself by my habits and my quirks, by what I do with my weekends, and by what makes me happy. I like nights out, nights in, gigs, but not festivals, sitting in pubs with pints of Stella. I've drunk three mugs of coffee already today. I buy *The Guardian* every morning. I organise my non-fiction books by height of spine. I spend my weekends mostly alone and wandering through art galleries or around the streets of London. I have no qualms about going to the cinema solo or sitting alone in cafes and eating extravagant cake. I like diet coke, but not regular coke. I used to have a blog and I created a webcomic that never got online. I hate team sports, but I've been to the gym 7 times in the past 9 days.

What's my point? My point is that you should think about who you are when you're not a physicist or a medic or captain of the football team. What do you like doing other than getting smashed on a Saturday night? University's the place to find out, and the arts pages here in Felix are a good start. Forget what might go on your CV or whether it'll get you more friends on Facebook. Try something new. Go to a play, pop into a museum or an art gallery, write a poem, read a book. And you know what else? Write an article about it and send it to arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk – we'll print it.



You know you've made it as a writer when someone makes a film of your work starring Michael Caine and Brendan Fraser (here in *The Quiet American*). Graham was chuffed. Or not so much, what with being dead

His acute ability to conjure setting in a paragraph taking us to the exact spot of the story's backdrop is seen in *The Ministry of Fear*, reminiscent Orwellian by its greyness. That is not to say that the progression of this fantastic suspense thriller is a bore to read! It has its low moments, as does the life of anyone living in (wartime) London, the novel's setting. Ministry features less political nuance and more philosophi-

cal ideas, which are explored through the character's experience of pity and responsibility. I found myself angered intensely at Brown's feeling of responsibility to almost complete strangers, at the expense of his happiness as well as sharing in Brown's misery: Greene has succeeded in conveying the intricate thought processes of his characters. This murder mystery, with just the right amount of love story added,

explores a wide range of metaphysical issues without feeling cumbersome to get through.

Onto Cold War politics in Russia and Italy respectively in *No Man's Land* and *A Stranger's Hand*, which are two novellas designed solely as film outlines to develop characters. Only *A Stranger's Hand* was made into a film. Each is no longer than 50 pages, but once again, an extreme sense of place is created as

well as a strong connection with the characters of Brown (not the same as in *Ministry of Fear*: a possible play on 'Greene') and his love interest, political refugee, Carla (a play on his then mistress' name, Catherine). Greene criticised authors such as Virginia Woolf and E.M. Forster for the absence of religion and faith in their characters which resulted in lifeless and superficial ones. Greene believed that to create depth his characters must have some sort of religious 'element' in them. Greene converted to Catholicism upon marrying his wife Vivien, although they did not stay married and Greene went onto have many subsequent affairs. In every book I have read of his thus far the religion is consistently present even if it is a passing reference to a rosary. One of the "Catholic" books, *The Heart of the Matter*, deals with the Head of Police's perdition. Fuelled by his experience in Sierra Leone during WWII, this book is set in Greeneland proper. It is hard to finish reading this book and not feel as though we too have experienced the hammering rains of West Africa; the dank humidity punctuated with mosquitoes and the padding of our "boys" feet on stone floors. Henry Scobie, like Brown in *Ministry of Fear*, is shackled by his pity for his once loved wife, Louise. He yearns for peace and his wish is fleetingly granted as Louise departs for South Africa, but returns as he takes a mistress in the form of child widow, Helen. Love quickly turns into pity, which doubles as Louise returns home. Scobie damns himself by continuing the affair whilst continuing to take communion with Louise at Mass. In the end, through his suicide, he forsakes God at the expense of his soul so that the two women in his life can be happy in a world where he is not. At times I did not feel positive enjoyment reading this book for it is too potent, too successful in recreating human emotion and turmoil: I felt dragged along through the grind of his dam-

nation, but came out the other side in awe of what Greene has managed to do, again.

True, his novels thus far often follow what I call the 'Greene Formula'. This is the appearance of features such as Catholic allusions, some small and some the main feature of the novel. Another is the single, troubled but sturdy woman with whom the protagonist inevitably falls in love; references to English public schools; the protagonist who suffers from pity; sepulchral smiles and fond references to women's powder and other ablutions. One of my favourite lines in any book would be taken from *Ministry of Fear*, "All the way upstairs to his room he could smell her. He could have gone into any chemist's shop and picked out her powder, and he could have told in the dark the texture of her skin." Brown's passion is so blatant from his attention to such a small detail of the woman he loves. To the less neurotic mind these would go unnoticed, but as I read the books in reasonably quick succession (Greene wrote them over several decades), I began to see a pattern emerge. It is a credit to his talent that such a formula can be reused and can still manage to create works that baffle, are original and make me feel as if I have read much, much more than just one author over the course of five books.

Greene certainly is a genius in the way he manages to transport one to places and through experiences with relatively so few words. Quite a contrast to friend and fellow Catholic, Evelyn Waugh, author of the *Brideshead Revisited* institution. I am in complete agreement when Waugh said of his friend, "the words are functional, devoid of sensuous attraction." This is lean, fat-free fiction leaving nothing but stark realism; effortlessly good, although one comes out feeling gorged, replete as if having feasted on the fatty goodness of Waugh's sensuous narratives.

Nope, we hadn't heard of it either

Timon of Athens is the Shakespeare play most people don't know about. Caz Knight sees it performed

Timon of Athens made its mark on Shakespeare's Globe this summer despite running alongside many other much more well known, cherished and understood of the Bard's works. Rarely heard of, even among those familiar with Shakespeare, it is a hot topic for debate among the learned as to the date of its creation, its creator(s) and performance circumstances. Scholars are divided on whether or not it was actually finished and whether playwright Thomas Middleton was a collaborator with Shakespeare on Timon.

Thus, director Lucy Bailey took on a challenge by realising this complex and obscure work. In doing so she has managed to present it in a fashion that will appeal to audiences with an appetite for digestible summer entertainment.

Also described as a 'poor relation' to some of the other major tragedies such as *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, this play is described both as a tragedy and as a problem comedy despite the death of its main character. Set in Athens, Lord Timon is a popular, wealthy and generous man bestowing on his loyal friends numerous epicurean banquets rank with wine and women. However, the sudden loss of his fortune sees Timon forsaken by his supposed brethren and transformed into a misanthrope

and so he casts himself asunder to live life in rags in the wilderness. Upon discovering hidden treasure he plans an assault on the city in a fit of bitterness towards mankind.

The play's negative view on excess, expenditure and money have made it an unpopular candidate with wealthy, paying audiences in the past and it seems a little ironic that Timon, rife with the notion of lost riches, is brought to the Globe at this time of economic uncertainty. It has also been chastised for its lack of any serious female characters (bloody feminists). The only women to appear in Timon are those fit solely for the sexual whims of the banquettes. For those of you who care, this cast sees many women in roles besides those of the whores. The production's fantastic design team have really outdone any previous performance at the Globe by a very dynamic and interactive set design. Vulture-like, black-clad demons dangle down and pounce upon Timon and his friends and scuttle over the huge net which is cast over the theatre's open roof. The churlish and disgusted philosopher, Apemantes, strolls through the standing audience before making his presence felt on stage to berate Timon for his indulgences. The ugly notion of greed, juxtaposed with the jocular banquet atmosphere is brilliantly conveyed by calypso drums get-

ting a sinister makeover when played over deeper, heavier drums.

Simon Paisley Day as Timon makes a stupendous effort in portraying the lavish host and carries the play through its comic to tragic status by his transformation into the loin-cloth wearing pessimist. The play has moments of lewd hilarity as we see Timon, very

convincingly, take a dump into a hole and then (accidentally?) smear it over one of the senators who have sought him out after hearing of his discovered treasure. Such a moment shines in a comical sense but momentarily detracts from the dialogue and subject matter: a point made by other critics also in reference to the elaborate set design.

Whatever its faults, this highly original and fun production has totally shaken Shakespeare up for audiences and given them a delightful evening's entertainment in an extremely different theatrical setting while still successful in conveying the play's themes and gravitas.



Timon of Athens is about an angry caveman apparently

Red squares and black-on-black

Emily Wilson gets a swanky press invite to witness the arts event of the year: Rothko at Tate Modern

Mark Rothko, born Marcus Rothkowitz in 1903 in a part of Russia now actually in Latvia, is famed as one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century. Scanning through a time line of his life, he was fortunate enough to receive fame, fortune and critical acclaim throughout much of his career, but suffered from much ill health before his dramatic suicide at his studio in 1970. A new exhibition at Tate Modern looks over his later works, which are adored by art buffs (this exhibition has attracted rave reviews and universal admiration) but, in my experience, are often unappreciated by the rest of us because of their perceived simplicity and lack of any subject matter. I certainly had little time for them up until now. But is this exhibition likely to change minds or does it merely cater for the already converted?

Before I embark upon the Rothko press view, I consume the world's smallest cappuccino in Tate Modern's espresso bar (it claims to be "medium"). It would have been quite cute had it not cost me £1.90. I may be forced to keep the cup for further use just to feel like I'm getting my money's worth. The gift shop on the same level as the exhibit has a multitude of repetitive postcards that don't inspire hope for the exhibition, and a wide range of gifties in that rusty Rothko red. The woolen scarves are rather handsome, but £45. Sigh. Following on from the diminutive cappuccino, this is another example of monetary raping by Tate to compensate for their free museum entry. It should be noted that admission to the Rothko exhibition is £12.50 and for us students it's only reduced to £10.50. That's a fair few pints in the union.

This is the second press viewing I've been to. The first (who remembers Duchamp, Man Ray and Picabia? Anybody?) was practically empty, but this one is rammed to the gills. There are a disgusting number of film crews present, who make noise and tut if you get in their shot, almost ruining my enjoyment of the whole thing. On the bright side, the crowds of arty farty journalistic types makes for some

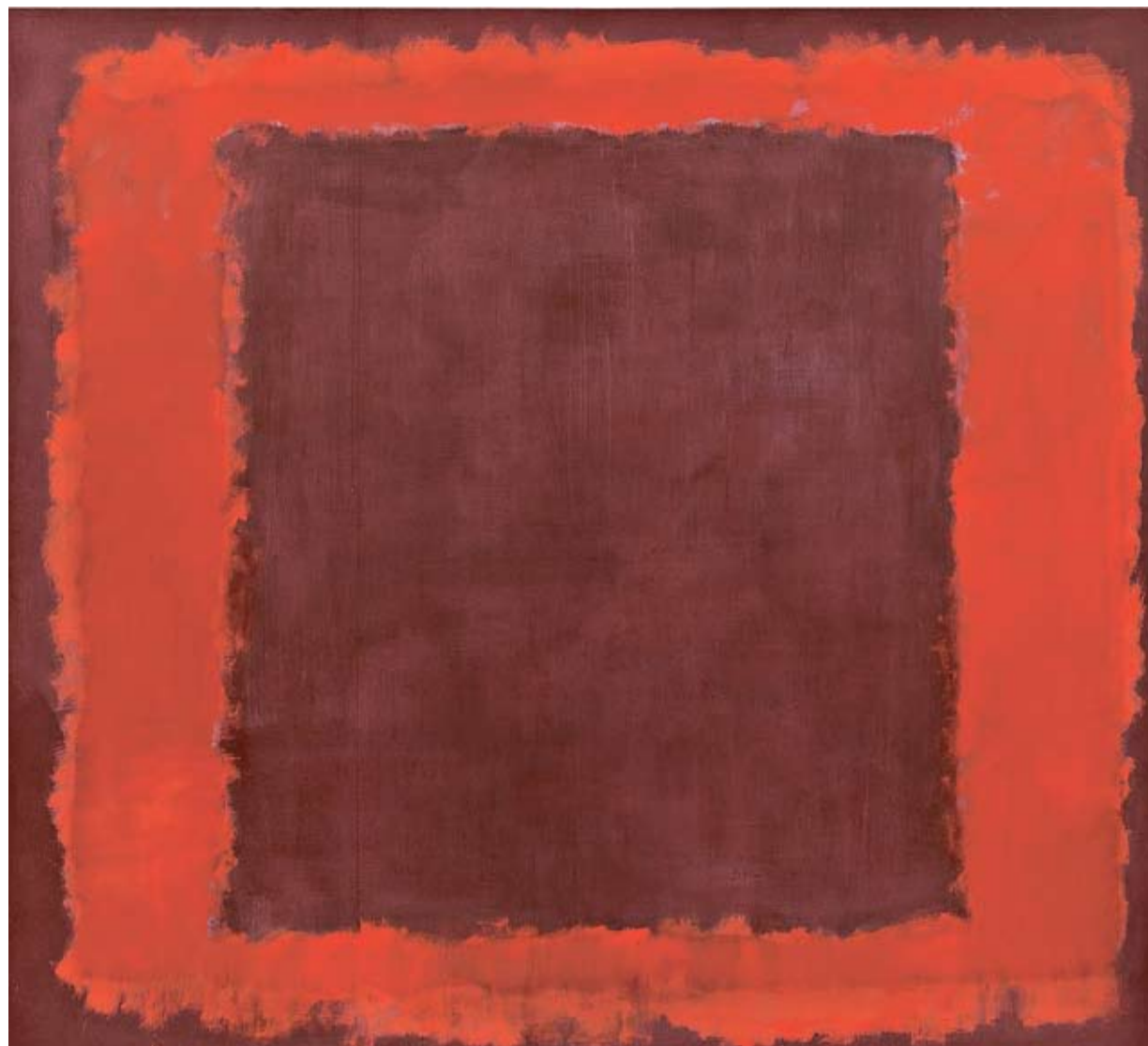
good people watching. Everybody here seems to know each other (except me, of course). There's a lot of "DARLING!" and embracing going on. An added bonus: within 20 seconds I've got my eye on a young man with some exceedingly sexy geek chic going on. Oooh.

Something that will strike many visitors is that many of the rooms are in relative darkness. This is a bit startling at first, and doesn't aid me when I'm taking notes, but it is necessary. It complements the painting beautifully, adding to the rich and moody atmosphere.

The Tate is clearly very proud of getting its hands on nine of the Seagram Murals, and the press release bangs on about them at length. The Seagram Murals were commissioned in 1958 to decorate the fancy Four Seasons restaurant in Manhattan's Seagram building. The original commission allowed for seven paintings. Rothko produced 30 canvases, but he withdrew from the commission and they never made it to the restaurant. These nine are the biggest of Rothko's works here. Orangey reds, a little brighter than some of his others, they involve hollow squares and rectangles, in contrast to the simple blocks of his other canvases. They take pride of place in both room 3 and the press release, dominating the exhibition. Chronology aside, I'd have preferred them not to be so intimidatingly early on in the exhibition. I'd rather have been eased into Rothko, perhaps coming to a steamy climax with them at the end.

Room 4 is a good room after my uneasiness in the vast room 3. Here there are some rather charming photos of Rothko's studio, which is the kind of thing I like to see in these special exhibitions. Also in room 4 is "Black on Maroon" (1958) which you can walk behind to view, behind glass, the back of the canvas signed by the artist. I like that. I also like the display about Rothko's painting techniques, with a splattering of art conservation expertise here. This reveals the technical brilliance of Rothko that is so often underestimated.

Room 5 is another good one. "Untitled" of 1964 (most of Rothko's work is untitled, which I find lackluster



Rothko really REALLY liked his red squares. If you're not a fan of red squares you probably won't like the Seagram Murals that Tate Modern are so proud of. And, let's face it, you probably won't like Rothko at all

– he should have come up with wild and abstract titles for the poor things) is simpler and crisper than a standard Rothko, and really very elegant, while still in the usual earthy reds and browns. "No. 5" (1964) is seemingly black on black but really isn't. The more you look at it the more you see it's actually a deep bluey purple black on a reddish maroonish black with a paler tinge where they meet. It is precisely like staring into velvet, or a black

hole. I adore that about Rothko. It's like he's working with infinity, looking into the abyss. Into a deep, dark, blackened soul. I could get poetic here. I wonder if different people see different things and feel different emotions when confronted with Rothko. They're dark and empty, but to me in a comforting way – like cuddling up in a warm, dark, velvety blanket at night. But I can imagine for some this could be terribly morbid and depressing, like staring into the

mouth of death.

In room 6 there's a chance to sit down, which the balls of my feet appreciate (I wore 3 inch heels. Why? Because I'm very very stupid). This is a good room to sit down in awhile because it's more black-on-black (and yet not black-on-black) paintings. There are four of them, superficially identical but the more you look the more they vary. The one on my left is glossier, the one behind me plummier, another has



Egads, it's not a red square! Does it look a bit like the seaside at night?

more distinctive boundaries between shades of black.

If you're an art rookie you probably won't like this exhibition, which is its flaw. It's inaccessible and elitist (and the ticket price doesn't help). If you don't get it, fuck off. We're not going to explain it to you. The exhibition launches in without proper introduction or explanation. It's difficult to get any sense of Rothko's life or the story behind his work without forking out for the audioguide or paying dedicated attention to the free mini guide. Upon reading this for the first time (half way through the exhibition, so I kick myself) I realise the exhibition "starts" when Rothko was already an artist in his prime. It starts with The Seagram Murals because there's at the beginning of the period we're covering.

It all makes sense to me now, but I'm disappointed. I came here eager to find out how an artist gets to this style, this ever-repeating format of dark colours on dark colours. I want to see the journey, the development. I think it's important to see an artist in their context – within the history around them and among their fellow artists. I don't feel like I'm getting to know Rothko in this exhibition. To me, an exhibition about an individual artist should make you feel like the artist is a friend of yours, helping you to understand what they were thinking. I like to leave an exhibition teary-eyed because the hero dies at the end. But Rothko isn't my friend here. I'm making friends with the paintings, looking deep into their souls, but I'm not looking into Mark Rothko's soul.

If you don't come here with a keen, open mind you're going to be bored.

Let's face it, it all looks the same. Block colour on block colour, hint of haziness where they meet, if you can see where they meet at all. Even I'm struggling to pick out key pieces to tell you about. In room 7 we do get a sudden splash of variation. The reds get a little brighter, yes, but now we're getting some shape. Squares and stripes and bars. All still untitled, these simple pieces are not distinguished from the previously very simple pieces, but the slight contrast makes them seem so suddenly busy and rebellious. But in the grand scheme of Art these are still almost blank, lacking in topic or subject matter.

Room 8 is different again. A series of canvases split on the horizontal into two colours. Where the split occurs varies around the pieces and I wonder if this is significant. The colours are also different – more blue, more light grey. But the brush work is rougher, scratchier. The line splitting the colours makes me think of horizons, of looking into the distance or at the sea-side or the sky at night. You can almost pick out objects or structures in the distance like it's a landscape. Room 9 is much like room 8 with canvases split between two colours like horizons. But these, again difficult to distinguish because they're all untitled, are black on top and grey on the bottom. The canvases are slightly different shapes and sizes each time, but the colours and the outcomes are the same. Room 9 is, unexpectedly, the last room. I can see the exit. Usually when I reach the end of an exhibition I'm quite keen to escape, but today I'm left a little wanting. I don't feel like I've got to the bottom of Rothko.

I feel guilty about skipping both the

curator's tour and the audioguide, like I might be missing the point or denying myself the explanation. But shouldn't an exhibition be self-evident? It really really isn't. I don't know what to conclude here. It's not what I'd hoped for. I have no better knowledge of Rothko as an artist than I did when I walked in. I worry that visitors, including you readers, will be let down by this. So many people will visit and hate it, not get it or find it boring. But on the positive, these paintings are astoundingly beautiful. I adored the blocks of dark colours on dark colours, the black on black, more than I ever expected to. I could have stared into them for hours. They're spiritual and thought-provoking. Walking through this exhibition is like meditation. Rothko's work is a religious experience, and I understand now why the Menil chapel in the Houston, Texas, is filled with his work. Against all my atheist beliefs and anti-religious sentiments, a church would be the perfect place for these soul-searching paintings. On the wall out by the espresso bar there is a Mark Rothko quote that I think sums it all up rather well: "If people want sacred experiences they will find them here. If they want profane experiences they will find them too. I take no sides".

The Rothko exhibition is on until 1st February 2009 at Tate Modern. Admission is an eyebrow-raising £12.50 (or £10.50 to us students) but why not treat yourself to celebrate the start of a new year? Open 10am-6pm and late night until 10pm on Friday and Saturday, so you've got no excuse

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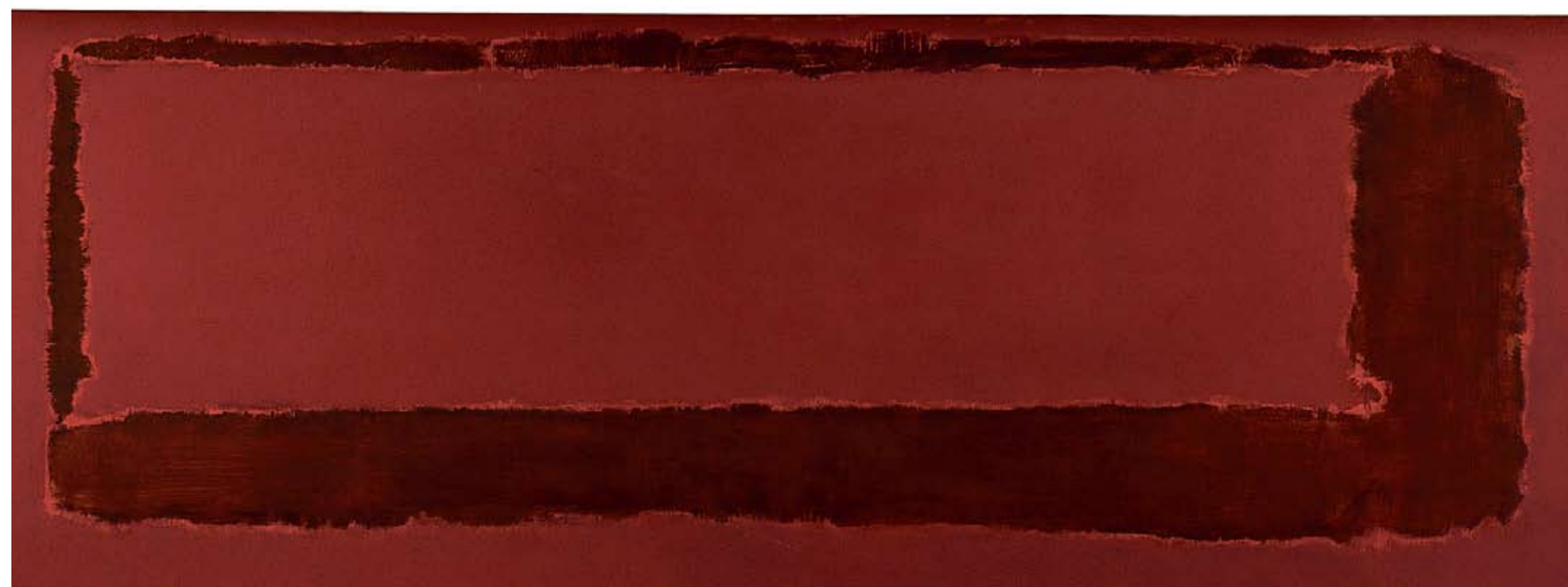
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See? More red squares. I had about 8 different press images to choose from, all red squares. I thought about flipping some round to see if anybody noticed (but didn't, I'm a good girl)

The Great Culture Crawl

Chapter One – Fun (for Fresher's)

Baker Street

Plenty to get up to here especially for anyone new to London and wants to get all the standard tourist attractions out of the way. Madame Tussaud's houses a collection of celebrity waxworks. You can buy a ticket for about £50 to London's "Top 3 attractions" and get Tussaud's, the Eye and the London Dungeons (London Bridge tube station) thrown in. Next to it is the London Planetarium. A short walk away is one of my favourite London parks, Regent's park. Serenely beautiful it also offers places to dine, pretty flowers and events such as a current sculpture exhibition and a Frieze Art fair which features 150 of the most exciting contemporary art galleries in the world. It runs until 19 October. The main attraction of Regent's Park is London Zoo, another thing yet to be discovered by me. For some absolutely delicious made-to-order paninis then outside the park's north-western corner is a little café on Wellington Road. The name escapes me and so you will have to persevere. Apologies if you stumble across the wrong establishment and get food poisoning. Man up. On the up side London's best public convenience 2008 is moments away up the road!



South Kensington

What shall I do to fill those hours between lectures? Go to the library and go over my lecture? Not a chance! It is a theory of mine that to work hard and succeed one needs a peaceful and happy mind and so rest, leisure and pleasure and mandatory. If this comes to you in the form of said library studies then this is will be great for your degree. If not, there is much to distract you within the realms of South Kensington. For one, Kensington Gardens is directly opposite the Royal Albert Hall which is located right next to Beit Hall of residence. This park I like to refer to as Hyde Park's younger and much more beautiful sister. Hyde Park is alright for running and has a pretty section but is, in fact, just a patch of grass. Kensington Garden feels a lot wilder and overgrown which will come as welcome relief if you are missing your more rural homes. The Serpentine art gallery is located within the parks perimeter and is currently showing Richter's art. (As in the 'Richter scale' except this is a different Richter). The three big museums cannot have escaped your notice. The Science Museum, The Natural History Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum offer something for each and every taste and are also the cause of the gross over population of children around Imperial on the weekdays. Each museum is free and Felix can provide press tickets for special exhibitions at the V&A in exchanged for your words on what's there and whether its worth seeing.

Soho

Ensnared between the grandeur of Mayfair, the retailers of Oxford Street and Theatreland, Soho is made up of quaint criss-crossing (largely) pedestrian streets and is regarded as the centre of London's colossal gay scene. Here you will never be want of something to amuse you whether it's an especially flamboyant queen, irresistible boutique, mouth-watering café, restaurant or vibrant bar. Sex shops aplenty, gays, girls and straights alike will find things that float their boat here. Girls, Paradiso Boutique in Old Compton Street has underwear to die for and check out Moaz next door for awesome falafel. Soho pretty much overlaps onto theatre-land; the West End. As a London student you are probably the luckiest people in the world in terms of just how much the city has to offer you in terms of entertainment. The shows on at any time in the West End will cater for everyone, especially those who abhor the musical, commercialised shit churned out for tourists. Stuck for where to begin? We artsy editors here at Felix will point you in the right direction and even give you free theatre tickets. All you have to do is muster your finest writing skills and produce a review! For the less theatrically inclined, the Royal Academy is a hop over Piccadilly Circus in Piccadilly itself and houses some beautiful collections of painting, sculpture and more and is always sure to have a stupendous paying exhibition on at anytime. I even saw Sir Stephen Fry walking out in the summer. Swoon. Again, press tickets can be arranged for you as Felix writers. The Photographer's Gallery will be a treat for those who love photography and it is also free and situated in Great Newport Street adjacent to Leicester Square tube station. Otherwise stay clear of Leicester Square as it's nothing but a hive of tacky tourist attractions (Ripley's Believe it or Not). However, if that is just what your in the mood for, jump right in. The Trocadero is home to sex museum Amora which is actually worth a look (although admission is £12), great for a first date, believe me!



Camden

Ahhh sweet, sweet Camden. With its bridge that is home to surly punks who will swear and spit at you if you dare to take pictures of them! The glorious loch with flashy new eateries such as Hi Sushi and Lloyd's bar juxtaposed with the gangs of copulating Goths further down (just close your eyes). It's often possible to feel pretty drab and conventional in Camden even though your attire may turn heads in the Sherfield building. If you do feel as if your wardrobe needs a shake up then this is the perfect place to accessorize with quirky tees, skinny jeans, tutus, funky tights and way way more. Anyone with a penchant for body mods (tats, piercings, scarification etc) will find top-notch establishments here to get the work done. Cold Steel for piercings and Evil from the Needle for tats and I can personally assure both are clean and professional and do a fantastic job. For the foodies Camden is a haven with lots of hidden gems serving awesome nosh. Out of selfishness I will not divulge, go and discover your own! The stalls also do cheap, greasy Chinese, Indian, Mexican etc. Which is also great if junk is what you crave. I would recommend taking time off lectures/in between/on a day off to visit as weekends get awfully crowded and if you work done, gormless walkers then going on a Saturday or Sunday is not recommended. The legendary Koko's is right outside Mornington Crescent tube and puts on many live bands and club nights and is sure to feature in your social calendar at some point. If you would like a more refined evening try the Jazz café which is highly recommended for jazz lovers. There is no need to say Camden offers a huge range of bars which cover all tastes, the Loch being a good area. The Dublin castle is down and dirty and good for indie. Further down the road the Edinburgh castle is a very pleasant, calmer setting; delicious food. Camden Arts centre isn't strictly in walking distance of its tube station but is worth a visit for the café and gorgeous garden if nothing else. The houses of poet John Keats and psychologist Freud are within a quarter of a mile radius.



Written by Caz Knight designed by Rosie Grayburn

Southbank

Accessible from about 6 tube stops, South Bank spans a large chunk of the river and is a very pretty place to go for a wander if only to soak up some of the ambience. Glorious on a sunny day and also gorgeous at night to see the twinkling lights of London reflected on the Thames. Crossing any bridge and looking east, St Paul's can be seen in all its splendour set against the City's backdrop which is oddly peaceful. The London Eye is here for those wanting a different perspective on the city. The Eye is another spectacular thing to behold at night when it is lit up with pretty colours. The London Aquarium has its home by Westminster Bridge and for something a little more 'cultural' the South Bank offers everything. Here lies the National Film Theatre, the National Theatre, the Hayward Gallery (always something random and quirky going on here as well the more conventional arts) and a book market. There are lots of bars and restaurants, Benugo is particularly delicious for sumptuous Maris piper potato wedges, but don't expect student prices! Any sk8er boiz (or girls) among you may like to hear that there is a much frequented area and beautifully graffitied area for skaters and skateboarders. Big Ben and all that jazz is not far if you feel like soaking up some British Heritage.

Brixton

OK, OK, normally it is more famous for an evening's shooting in McDonald's and it's pretty easy to score drugs outside the tube station (remember everything in moderation), but Brixton has its charms and I find myself oddly fond of it. It has a large number of more grimy, underground dance clubs many opening their doors when others are in the process of closing. It also offers a surprising number of very charming and smart bars which you'd expect more from Fulham Road. Dogstar in Coldharbour Lane is an example of this, serving up banging tunes alongside tasty Mexican food. Further up this road Joy Boutique sells a quirky range and men and women's clothing as well as a random range of novelty items. If you're partial to delectable Caribbean food then Brixton, well known for its African and Caribbean population will definitely fill your needs. It has its own market a few paces up from the tube and its place on the Victoria Line means its extremely easy to reach from central London. Another of my favourite Brixton haunts is the Ritzy Cinema which shows an excellent selection of films (both Limited and Nationwide release) and has a harming bar selling alcohol which can be consumed in its screens. The food upstairs in the café is truly delish too and even if you are not planning on seeing a movie, the Ritzy is worth visiting for this reason alone. The Carling Academy will almost certainly have something to tempt you whether it's rock or dance music or reggae and it's a brilliant venue. One very unique club in Brixton is Mass which used to be an old church and now plays home to the fetish club Torture Garden. University is a time of experimentation and doing things we will look back on with either shame or pride and this club night is a perfect way to discover any hidden fantasies that might lurk beneath your seemingly tame scientist's exterior. As fetish clubs go this is pretty mainstream and it is more about the fancy dress rather than whips and chains. By fancy dress ANYTHING goes, let your imagination run riot. The only thing unacceptable is 'streetwear' (jeans, shirts and the like). Inside you will find everyone to be down to earth, open minded and friendly which is more than can be said for most of your 'standard' club nights.



Improvement works may affect you particularly at weekends. Check before you travel: look for publicity at stations, visit tfl.gov.uk/check

Live from Bosnia and Herzegovina

Lucy Harrold joins “homos and hen nights” for Eurovision-based fun, frolicks, fisting and a singing turnip

As I entered the theatre, not even having a ticket at that time, I was greeted by smiley men urging me to take a badge and a barrage of women who looked like rejects from the Claire's Accessories bargain bin advising me my night would not be complete without a flag or a clacker or a strange glowing hooter. Once I finally got my ticket and found my seat I began to feel rather apprehensive about the evening, not helped by the sounds of said clackers and strange glowing hooters, and people generally shouting at each other. My companion, Dale, and I both agreed this would be a night at the theatre unlike any other as we compared the countries we would be representing according to badges given at the door; I had Sweden and my friend had Italy.

I don't know why I chose Sweden, I guess it has something to do with my love for Ikea, meatballs and ABBA (but NOT Mamma Mia, if any of you mention that film I will not be happy). I have always loved Eurovision and so wanted to see if this “Almost Eurovision” would live up to the reality and my friend, although a fan of musical theatre, had never been impressed by Eurovision so needed to be converted to this most tacky of art forms.

So far so much like a night at the union, but as the curtain raised to reveal the stage, crammed with as much glitter as is humanly possible, I realised perhaps this won't be so bad after all. Then our hosts for the evening entered: Boyka, an ex-Olympic pole vaulter cum lifestyle programme presenter played by the hilarious Mel Giedroyc, and Sergei, a children's TV presenter played by Les Dennis and his hilarious

toupee. This set up was all to make us believe we were part of the audience for the Eurovision Song Contest taking place in Sarajevo, Serbia-Montenegro and it worked! They even had Sir Terry Wogan appear in a video intro, thus giving kudos in the eyes of the Eurovision fans.

And so to the show itself; the general premise of the Eurovision Song Contest (in case you didn't know) is that each country presents a song and then all the other countries vote for their favourite, or their neighbour, or anyone but the UK. The Eurovision Song Contest is well known for its cheesy dance routines, dodgy lyrics and removal of clothes part way through routines. Eurobeat has this and much more. Also like the Eurovision Song Contest, Eurobeat had some songs that I found really dull, such as Iceland's take on Bjork and Germany's attempt at a Kraftwerk cum performance art type piece which Dale found uproarious but I didn't get at all.

Then there were some songs that were absolute genius, my favourite being Poland - the eventual winner of the evening. Poland's entry was “Together Again” performed by Toomas Jerker and the Hard Pole Dancers (great name, I know) and is probably the campest thing I've ever seen. This production number included everything you could ever want: men dancing with briefcases then stripping off their business suits to reveal spandex unitards, a cute lead singer and a dancing routine that involved fisting (Dale almost had a fit at this point).

We both decided we were in love with Toomas Jerker and would be voting for the Poles, having the chance to do so just before the interval. The Eurobeat producers have taken advantage of the fact we all own a mobile phone to create a live voting system whereby you text your three favourite countries



You might have guessed that a Eurovision musical was going to be a little bit camp and these sexy, young Polish chaps provide conclusive evidence of that fact.

to cast your vote. I, of course, managed to cock this up by trying to vote for Sweden and genuinely felt a bit of a twat given that this was make believe.

We returned after the interval to find out the results and to see the half time entertainment, which was a side-splitting tale about the joys of Sarajevo sung by Boyka dressed as a turnip. By the time we reached the live results I was actually really excited. The results were given via a large video screen with the ensemble members as the different correspondents, from the incomprehensible Irish reporter to the Russian reporter being forced to change the results by the KGB. There were also regular visits to the ‘Green Room’ featuring whoever wasn't in the process of changing costume to give the results (as each ensemble member plays many different parts). As previously mentioned, Poland won causing me to whoop so loud I still haven't got my voice back, but also meaning we got to see their amazing performance again. This time the lead decided to remove his shirt halfway through and run around the auditorium topless. Sigh. The things I have to see for you, dear reader. We left the theatre on a high and spent the entire walk to the tube humming along.

The show itself had very few negative points but was let down by some technical aspects. Throughout the first half sound was a major issue with the show being stopped for 10 minutes to fix microphones. Even after that it was still difficult to hear what should have been some very funny lyrics over the backing tracks. These are issues that should have been sorted out during previews and so I was disappointed to see that safety curtain lower half an hour in. The cast did cover this up well, making it feel part of the show with a very funny comment about Lehman brothers providing the electricity funding.

I also found that a bright, raucous production didn't sit well in ornate Novello theatre and the atmosphere just felt strange. We were encouraged to talk after the productions, discuss our views, interact and generally make lots of noise; something that disagrees with my theatre-going etiquette. I was fine once I got over the fact that I was allowed to whoop and laugh until I was hoarse. The audience was also a strange mix of both traditional theatre goers and what my friend referred to as “homos and hen nights”.

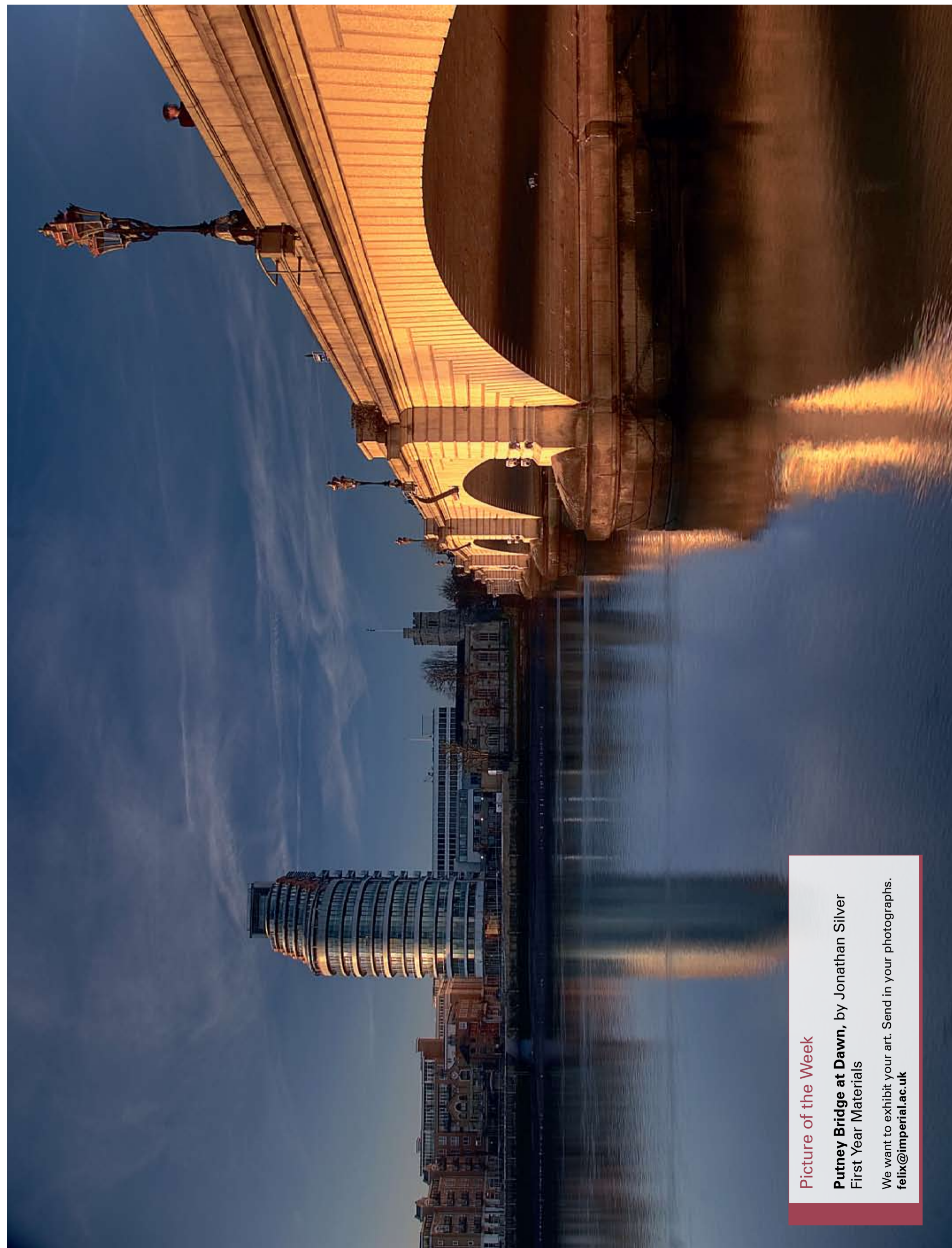
This is one of Eurobeats' charms; managing to captivate everyone with a genuinely intelligent, topical humour brought out spectacularly by our hosts Dennis and Giedroyc, who came out with the classic “loosen your genital cuffs”. The humour also works on many levels from the subtle to the sensational, from slapstick to political humour and word play (much of this focused on bad pronunciation of English - arms/arse etc.). The ensemble did a fantastic job of making us believe these ridiculous characters could actually be real, but without taking the show too seriously. The songs are catchy and well written, each sounding individual yet all somehow encapsulating that feel of Eurovision.

Eurobeat manages to combine clever dialogue with completely over the top production values to give something that will appeal to everyone from “homos to hen nights” to drunken Freshers' nights out and even your Mum and Dad. Eurobeat is Eurovision at its good old-fashioned best and is one of the best nights out I've had in a long time. In fact, I think Eurobeat might actually be better than Eurovision itself.

Eurobeat ends on 15th November at the Novello Theatre. Go see it - it's glamorous, glitzy and gay!



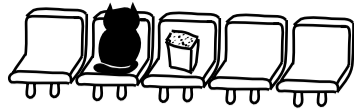
Hmm, we love the smell of sequined spandex in the morning. Yes, they keep their socks on throughout



Picture of the Week

Putney Bridge at Dawn, by Jonathan Silver
First Year Materials

We want to exhibit your art. Send in your photographs.
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Butch and Sundance

This time Felix ignores the new releases bombarding the cinemas to give you a closer look at a must see classic.

Zuzanna Blaszcak
Film Editor

While writing this review I wonder, how many of the people reading the Felix film section have seen this classic movie. Half of you? The problem with famous old films is that everyone knows about them or has, somehow or other, heard of them. How is that a problem you might rightfully ask. Well, the problem is that these movies become cultural references used all around us but are seldomly watched by our generation. Speculating away, I am risking a statement that over the summer I became one of the few of our readers to have spent the most enjoyable two hours of their lives in front of a TV screen, being blown away by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid to the wild wild west of the US of A.

For those few of you who don't know the story, Butch Cassidy (Paul Newman) and the Sundance Kid (Robert Redford) are a pair of outlaws in the Wild West, known throughout the dry and yellow country for their love of bank robbing and terrorising of trains. And love is exactly the world I wanted to use, because one of the main things fueling the story and the movie is the obvious fondness for what they are doing that emanates from the two anti-heroes. At the start of the film Butch, Sundance and their Hole in the Wall gang enjoy a fairly peaceful life of law breaking, knowing that Butch's wits and Sundance's mastery of the pistol has put them out of reach of the local law enforcement, that is of course until the day when a special unit is created, trained and sent out to track them down and 'deal' with the notoriously gentle robbers. A simple story, isn't it? Banal even. But the execution - that's where this film dazzles.

First off - the cinematography, Conrad Hall, who won Oscars for *American Beauty* and *Road to Perdition* was first recognised for his portrayal of the



Legendary hunks playing legendary outlaws.

great American expanse of nothing in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. It could be that the wild west is in itself so beautiful that the shots are breath-taking even in sepia tone, but I think it takes a master's touch to evoke a sense of belonging in that desolate land.

But the heart and soul of the movie is found in the friendship and camaraderie between the two outlaws. Redford and Newman give the performances

of their lives, proving that good acting doesn't equal tears and drama on the screen. Good acting puts a smile on your face, pulls you in, gives you a glimpse of what it's like to be Butch and Sundance, takes you along for an unforgettable adventure.

Never pass a chance of watching this gem, you'll regret it.

Welcome to the Film Cynic Clinic

Where am I again? As if you hadn't heard it enough already, and just in case you'd forgotten, welcome to Imperial! Over the course of the next few weeks you will proceed through a series of ancient rituals and rites, as you are enrolled into the wonderful congealed mass that is Imperial College London. You will learn hundreds, potentially millions of new names and faces, each of which you will subsequently forget. Your Facebook account will swell beyond reasonable proportions, full of people you'll probably never speak to again, communicating only with polite, embarrassed smiles as you pass them on the walkway.

You'll discover why your Student Hall only had one tiny photo on the website, and as you sign the six-figure rental contract you'll understand what living in London truly means. You'll realise that your generous Student Loan will buy you at least two loaves of bread from Waitrose (organic, fair-trade, healing bread mind you) and that you can afford to go out about once every two years.

Where was I again? Oh yes, films. Wonderful things really. Well apart from the crap ones. But then I suppose you could always put crap films in the same category as comfort food. Perfect for when you just can't be arsed and need something warm and stodgy to settle down with on the cold winter nights. Think James Bond - but with Pierce Brosnan; think Bridget Love Four Hill Weddings Actually Notting Jones or think Atonement - no wait, don't think Atonement. It's probably incorrect to describe the Oscar-winning tragic drama as warm and stodgy.

As the soft rubber coating of Freshers' week begins to come off the solid metal rod of teaching, you might find yourself in need of some mindless relaxation. Now to avoid offending genuine Film Critics, I wouldn't dare say

that all films are just escapist follies. But go into any HMV and you'll find a large shelf that are. Nowadays twelve quid will buy you an hour and a half of distraction - not a bad deal when you think about it. Provided they are consumed in moderation, they can provide that little piece of essential relaxation. And strangely enough, all these films seem to come from one place.

You could think of Hollywood as being a giant McDonalds, churning out slabs of reconstituted horse packaged in a cheerful bright box. "I'll have a Big Mac and fries" translates approximately into "any of those films with Will Ferrell in and throw in a bit of Ben Stiller on the side". When you open the things up they're hideous affairs of the congealed remains of Z-list actors, fused together with the sickly sauce of Hollywood's bodily fluids. If you're lucky you might get a bit of cheese chucked in, in the form of a veteran comedian, like Leslie Nielsen. But most of the time you'll be left feeling short-changed.

However, like the fatty fast-food forays of McDonalds, you'll keep finding yourself late one night lured to the glowing light of the DVD player. You know how dreadful it really is, you know that it'll never satisfy you in the long run, but you still keep going back. Why? Because every once in a while, it tastes so damn good.

Important Reminder:

Remember to pay your TV licence. Especially if you don't have a TV. Because if you don't you will automatically become a smaller addition to the Axis of Evil, slightly below Iran but above North Korea. For those living in halls, who are yet to receive their death writ from the TV Licensing Agency, be prepared. The agency tends to avoid using the widely accepted principle, innocent until proven guilty, and assumes you are a cheating, signal grabbing criminal. Still, it's nice to know that someone is looking after our vulnerable state media.

In cinemas Simon Pegg teaches us how to lose friends and alienate people

Zuzanna Blaszcak

For reasons unknown even to me I expected more from Simon Pegg's newest comedy *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*. And I wonder why, after all it is a Simon Pegg movie and *Hot Fuzz* should have been indication enough of what to look out for in this, let's just say, fairly well publicised release.

Maybe the reason I expected more is the story. The rise and fall of a British journalist (Simon Pegg) making his way in a New York magazine devoted to the life of stars promised to be new, original even. A perfect way to give us an inside view of how celebrities are created. And, because it's a comedy, I envisioned a movie dripping with cynicism, wit and with a spice of bitterness - precisely the feelings that come to mind when looking at another 'shocking' photo in the London Lite. Obviously I misunderstood the tag lines.

Hence my surprise, because *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*

is very much a laugh out loud type of comedy with stuff/people falling over, cute dogs dying funny deaths and the main character treating the audience to numerous ludicrous facial expressions. And although there is a noticeable lack of satire, the dialogues are worth mentioning. If you've been to the cinema recently you probably recall the 'please turn off your mobile phones' spots by Orange mobile where a panel of guys listens to actors trying to sell their idea for a movie. If you enjoy the inappropriate, rude and disarmingly hilarious sentences that leave their mouths you will laugh shamelessly at Sidney Young's remarks and the fact that any of his attempt at an effective wisecrack ends in the room going quiet.

That's what kind of humour to expect. Now about the acting. Joining Simon Pegg in his ventures in the Sharp Magazine and the New York high-life are Kirsten Dunst (the love interest), Gillian Anderson (the bitchy publicist Eleanor), Megan Fox (the clueless ce-

lebrity that every guy, including Sidney, dreams of), Danny Houston (the 'bad guy' and Sidney's love rival) and Jeff Bridges (the boss whose nostalgia for his student years allows Sidney to keep his job). I'm sorry to say that both Dunst and Houston are pretty bland and forgettable. For that I blame the fact that Kirsten has a girl-next-door look and persona that, while cute, doesn't stand out. Danny Houston on the other hand didn't bring enough life to the stereotypical character he plays and his big, straight posture only deepens the impression of looking at a cardboard cut out. But Jeff Bridges and Gillian Anderson come out shining despite their limited 'on air' time. With one look Anderson manages to make it crystal clear that Eleanor is a cold, calculating beast that gets what she wants. While Simon Pegg shows again that to do comedy you need to leave self-consciousness outside the door.

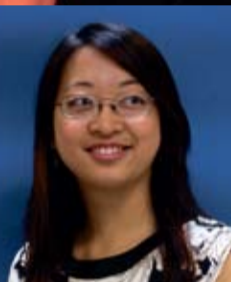
If Freshers' Week depressed you, this movie is a cure I would recommend.



Simon Pegg and Kirsten Dunst make for an unlikely couple



Photos: Tom Roberts



Lily Topham
Deputy President
(Clubs & Societies)
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Amazing Freshers' Fair Welcomes New Students

Welcome to a new year at Imperial and a new year of Clubs & Societies. We've just had our biggest Clubs & Societies event of the year - Freshers' Fair.

A big thank you to all the Clubs & Societies, organisers, volunteers and of course all the students who came for making this year's Freshers' Fair our biggest and most successful ever!

Despite last minute changes of the plans due to forecasted bad weather (which in true British tradition almost failed to materialise), over 6,000 students came to campus to visit the 340 stalls, talk to Clubs & Societies, sign up to mailing lists, pick up freebies and get involved in all the amazing things that the Union has to offer.

There was a great atmosphere throughout the whole campus, both in College and over the road in the Union. The Main Dining Hall and Ante Room were buzzing with Arts and Social clubs as well as numerous external companies.

Just outside the Main Dining Hall in the Queen's Lawn Car Park were all the Faculty Union mascots.

In the Great Hall all of our overseas Clubs and Societies showcased their individual cultures and customs with some of the most lively and colourful stalls on campus.

The relocated RSM and CGCU clubs swelled the numbers in the JCR which also housed the food and drink and gaming societies.

Upper Dalby Court not only had its own

isolated gale-force weather conditions, but a lot of the outdoors Sport Clubs as well as Gliding club who brought one of their gliders along for all to see. The rest of the Sports clubs filled the Business School Foyer which was packed with eager students all day and proved a highly successful rain-based contingency plan.

Over the road in the Union, things were no less busy. The stage in the Beit Marquee was used to showcase a huge variety of clubs all day, including a Fencing demo, a Kendo martial arts demo and even a bit of audience participation with a Boat Club race-off supervised by ex-Olympian Steve Trapmore! Beit Quad also saw its first high-striker, organised by the Royal College of Science Union.

Meanwhile, the rest of the crowds in the Union had plenty to see with all the adventure sports and media clubs in the Marquee bringing along their assorted equipment, cameras and televisions, as well as all the charity, social, religious and martial arts clubs who were housed in the rest of the Union building.

This year, Freshers' Fair did not just stop at 4pm. It continued in the Beit Marquee with the Freshers' Fair Afterparty and a stage show featuring great music and dance performances from Chamber Choir, Classical Guitar, String Ensemble, Musical Theatre, Dance Company, Gospel Choir, Afro-Caribbean, Hindu Society, Funkology, Capoeira and Dance Club. The show also featured a fair bit of audience participation with a free salsa lesson proving to be lots of fun.

The night was finished off in great style with Jazz & Rock showcasing one of their student bands and Music Tech closing the show with their student DJs. The whole night was brilliantly compered by one of our very own students: Billy Feenan and teched by Dramsoc.

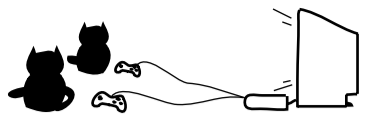
There are many people without whose help and efforts in the run-up to the event and on the day, Freshers' Fair simply could not have happened. My thanks go to all the Clubs & Societies Committee Execs and Faculty Union Execs who turned up at 7:30am to help set up, all the clubs who turned up and made it a great day, everyone who helped tidy up and of course, all the students who came along to the Fair and made it what it was. Thanks also to all the clubs and Billy Feenan who put in so much effort and wonderful performances to make the Afterparty the most successful Freshers' Tuesday night ever!

My thanks also go to all the members of College who didn't have to help students take over campus, but did! To Paula Consiglio for letting us use the Car Park; Terry Branch and the Security team and Tim Ashton, Peter Seal and the Fire Officers who kept us safe all day and who were so understanding with the change of plans; Courtney Richards, Steve Fooks, Graham Watson and their teams from Estates; Neil Mosley, Nick Gore, Grant Danskin, Alissa Ayling and all the Sport Imperial team who looked after the Business School Foyer; the receptionists at the College Main Entrance; Iain Reid, the

Ethos receptionists, the Student Hub Team and the Communications Team along with Pamela Michaels who helped us distribute the Wet Weather Plans and let all the students know what was going on; Emily Moss in the Conference Office and the Conference Office staff for all their help in booking things and helping to set-up on the day; Ian Morris for all his help in the Sir Alexander Fleming Building; Ian Gillett for coming along to speak to all the clubs at the Club Officers' Introductory Talk and Rodney Eastwood for letting us use the Business School Foyer.

My special thanks to Paddy Jackman and Jane Neary for all their help both in the run-up to the Fair and on the day - without them so many clubs would have been displaced without anywhere to go. Thank you for letting us take over the JCR on one of your busiest days, for helping us out in our moment of need and thanks also to the JCR staff for being so patient as hundreds of students took over the room on Tuesday! The whole Union owes you all a huge debt of gratitude.

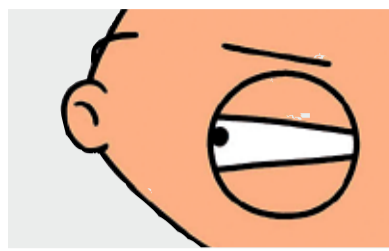
We hope that you all enjoyed the Fair and that you got the chance to see and meet all the Clubs & Societies that Imperial has to offer. All you need to do now is join up and start participating. You can join any of our Clubs & Societies online at imperialcollegeunion.org, simply log in and browse all our Clubs & Societies!



Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Tom Roberts

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Bargain Hunt: The Game

Struggling with budgetary requirements? Tom Roberts has his priorities in order and offers a few tips on how to fuel your gaming habit without spending a small fortune

Tom Roberts Defector

I did it. I'm sorry everyone. It's not the best way to start the year, but I did it. On Sunday morning at 11:32am I betrayed my footballing love and embarked on a lustful affair with FIFA 09, fuelled by attractive aesthetics, a desire to conquer uncharted and mystical territory, new buttons to push, and a fully fleshed out package (matron!).

After ten years of inseparable matrimony, 2008 was the lowest of low points in my previous relationship, and the time came for Thomas Anthony Roberts and the Pro Evo series to go our separate ways.

Sure, it's not the be all and end all. We're still on good terms and if we meet at a party or something, we'll definitely converse, appreciate the good ol' times and glance in each other's general direction. We might even have a quick fumble. I certainly haven't ruled that possibility out although I'm not sure my new missus would be best pleased.

My relationship with Pro Evo became stale. Heck, I barely touched her during the 2007-08 season, I was that tired of the old dear. Ever since the glorious days of Pro Evo 5, things have never quite been the same again. The relationship slowed down, became less exciting. The little things began to niggle at me more. The things that I brushed off before because my undying love was all conquering. But part way through 2008 I began to have eyes for fairer beauties. It's an old cliché but the grass started to become greener on other football pitches. We even tried to reconcile our differences last week when she unveiled her latest build to me, playable on Xbox Live. Initially I was aghast, the flame began to reignite and I felt that giddy excitement in the pit of my tummy, but who was I fooling? Myself. It was time to put the past behind me and move on.

And here I am. FIFA 09 has moved in with me and flowers are already beginning to bloom. The memories of Pez (that was my pet name for her, heh! Sniff) still remain, and sometimes I feel like I treat Fifi (what?) too much like my old flame, which I'm not sure she's keen on. But we're getting along just fine. She really is a looker, but what she lacks in charm and intelligence she really makes up for in other areas. I don't think I've ever seen such a fully-fleshed out slice of fun! There are so many things to discover, so many secrets to unlock and I can definitely see this relationship lasting for at least a year or more. But then there's the parents. Mr Konami was a fairly modest, sedate fellow who rarely interfered with his baby's development, but I hear Mr EA is a hulking juggernaut of a beast. Quite meddling in fact, and if he gets his claws in there could be consequences that ripple through our new relationship.

Anyway, you're probably all shouting, "Get a blog emo kid," but I'll leave you with this: if anyone wants a threesome, I'm well up for it.

If you want to write something sensible on these pages, email games.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

Living in London, as you're probably already aware, is an expensive and challenging undertaking. With so much to do and see, budgeting becomes a balancing act: do I skip breakfast and lunch every day this week, whilst running the risk of catching the bad AIDs and incurring the wrath of my ever-watchful mother, just so that I can afford to venture to Elephant & Castle on a Friday night in search of strobe lights and grade-B stock hookers at the Ministry of Sound? Then, to top off your hedonistic addictions you're probably a big fan of video games. With such a meagre loan, how are you going to afford to live and rescue Peach from the clutches of Bowser at the same?

Hopefully, the following guide will give you some ideas about where you can pick up games more cheaply. Initially, the article was aimed right between the eyes of our fresher university companions but having spoken to a number of my friends, many of whom still rely on GAME to supplement their cyber addiction, gaming poverty is more widespread than I had originally thought. On the other hand, if you're the gaming equivalent of David Dickinson and you've uncovered some places that sell games even cheaper than chips that I haven't stumbled upon, do get in touch and we can spread the love in a future issue.

On the Highstreet

Buying games on the high street really is a good way of burning money fast. At



Fleeing you and taking your money to the bank – laughing – since stores opened!

40 quid a pop for most console games, you'll be drinking tap water and eating chopped tomatoes out of a can for the following two weeks. Not even the Napolina variety. If you must have a game on release day, then you're going to be paying a premium whether you go online or not. If you do choose to head to the high street, shop around. On High Street Ken for instance, many a time Zavvi has bettered GAME. Blockbust-

ers, a bit further down the street, has a penchant for pricing new releases at £29.99. In fact, your best bets are the supermarkets: only this week I managed to get FIFA 09 for just under 30 notes. And yes, I am ashamed I bought a FIFA game, see elsewhere on the page for a flimsy attempt at justification. Supermarkets only tend to stock the most mainstream titles though, so buying Disgaea 3 on release day for less than

top dollar will be nigh on impossible. So far GAME (replace with Gamestation if you like) has hasn't fared too well in this article, but their pre-owned sections aren't that dreadful, where you can often pick up older releases on 2 for £20 offers. Likewise, with dramatic price cuts on all titles – whether pre-owned or not – after 3-6 months in most stores, it's certainly worth waiting before buying. I managed to pick



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Games

up Company of Heroes and Lost on the PC together for £15 from GAME not so long ago.

Internet Retailers and Search Engines

Now that I've figuratively shat on the high street, we can move on to the internet: serious business. Many internet retailers root themselves into the fertile soils of the Channel Islands so that they can dodge various tax costs; play.com, hmv.com and Tesco Jersey are just a few. Thankfully, they actually lop a bit off the RRP rather than bunging the extra wedge into their teak coffers. New PC releases often start at £17.99 and console games come in at £29.99, or £34.99 for the heavy sellers. That's a hell of a saving on PC games especially. In the wake of play.com's success, a plethora of websites have sprung up, all trying to out-price each other. Competition is excellent news for the consumer, but trawling every site is a tedious process. Find-games.co.uk cuts out this faff. Simply enter the name of the title you're after and it will give you a link to the best price on the interweb. Simple. A sister site also exists for DVDs (find-dvd.co.uk). You could use kelkoo or whatever, but frankly most other comparison sites are unwieldy and don't cater specifically to a gamer's needs. Find-games.co.uk is especially useful when it comes to older titles since you'll often discover prices slashed far more on one site compared to the others as they attempt to shift some older stock.

Obviously, the main disadvantage of internet retailers is the postage delay. Times vary for different websites, and different people will tell you different stories about their individual experiences. In my view, use the cheapest site when it's not urgent. Gameplay.com is one of the best sites for pre-orders, often breaking release date. Shush, just don't tell the publishers!

Finally, spare a thought for websites belonging to electronics stores such as Comet and Currys. Often they have ridiculous price cuts on games, down to as little as a fiver for 360 and PS3 titles



You'll struggle to find the new releases much below the RRP anywhere. Supermarkets might knock off a tenner though. I'm so sorry Pez, dear

that they want shot of quickly. They should also appear on find-games.co.uk.

Second Hand Games

eBay is an obvious source of cheap games, but one that requires careful monitoring. Always make sure you check out the seller's feedback and if he's labelled his item: "L@@K AWEZOMES GAME FOR JU – NEED FOR SPEED EA PWNAGE TRIPLE SIXTY VERSHUN!!lone11" you probably want to avoid it. Prices often baffle me here too; people frequently bid higher than if they used find-games.co.uk and sometimes even above the RRP, which probably says a lot about the IQ of the average eBay user. My mum included.

Whilst you'll struggle to find the more obscure titles on Amazon's Marketplace, compared with eBay it's a decent alternative for finding cheap, second hand games. The main bonus is that there's no need to deal with irritating people, vastly inflated postage

costs and the shifty atmosphere that eBay has procured with its popularity. There's also a safe buying guarantee up to £2,000 should your item not meet the advertised specification or fail to be delivered.

Gaming Forums

Now we're descending into the real sticky-taped spectacles depths of internet bargaining. Sir Dickinson would be proud. The internet is frequented by millions of people everyday and guess what, they're not actually all paedophiles. I know, I know, I've revealed one of the internet's biggest secrets there; one that could potentially put the editors of The Sun and The Daily Mail out of business, but it's the truth. Gaming forums are a hive of like-minded individuals, many of whom buy and play far too many games, many more than they can possibly consume let alone afford. If you join your favourite site's forum, you'll likely find a bargains thread peppered with links to websites

selling games at very low prices. Using these forums is a great way of getting games cheaply, the only real danger is that you'll still spend 40 quid, although on three games instead of one. Hell, you don't even have to talk to people on the forums. Just sign up and lurk in the background, reaping the benefits that your fellow gamers sow.

Better still, if you're feeling brave join a forum that has a Swapsies thread: one where gamers list what they've got on offer and what they're after. For the cost of postage, this is easily the most effective and cheapest way of getting through many, many games. Bearing in mind that no-one is going to swap Little Big Planet for Quake 64, you're best bet is to complete a new game as soon as possible and then venture to such threads whilst your cupcake is still hot. With much smaller communities than say eBay and written interaction between forum-goers, you'll soon get a feel for the more trustworthy individuals and filter out the shady dealers. Gaming forums are a treasure trove: I

managed to pick up an Xbox 360, with a wireless bridge, four games and some other bobbins, for about £100-150 cheaper than if I'd bought it online.

And finally...

It would be criminal of me to write this guide without mentioning hotdealsuk.com. Founded in 2004, the idea behind the site was to filter through all the advertising waffle that is thrust through our retinas everyday and spread the word on the best bargains in all walks of life. A quick glance at the site shows me that I can get Iris with Judi Dench what-off-the-telly for £1.99, Smash Court Tennis 3 for a tenner and a huge box of Coco Pops for £2 from ASDA. You can filter the site for whatever you're interested in and when a new bargain is spotted users affect its ranking by voting depending on how 'hot' they deem the deal to be. Most forums link to hotdealsuk.com regularly so it's probably not necessary to watch it constantly, but it's worth keeping an eye on.

A more recent phenomenon is quidco.com. In a nutshell, the website acts as a cashback scheme. After creating a quidco account, you simply log in, click on an affiliate link from within quidco.com which takes you to your favourite website, eg: play.com, and then shop as normal. Quidco alters your web browser's cookies so that when you purchase something from play.com they know you found the website by going via Quidco. You're then given a percentage of your purchase back in cashback form; anything from a few to ten percent or so.

Eventually you are 'paid' by Quidco, who will transfer what you have accrued into your bank account. I haven't actually set up an account myself, but some people I have spoken to have made hundreds and hundreds pounds from Quidco, especially since it can be used on just about any major website, including non-gaming ones.

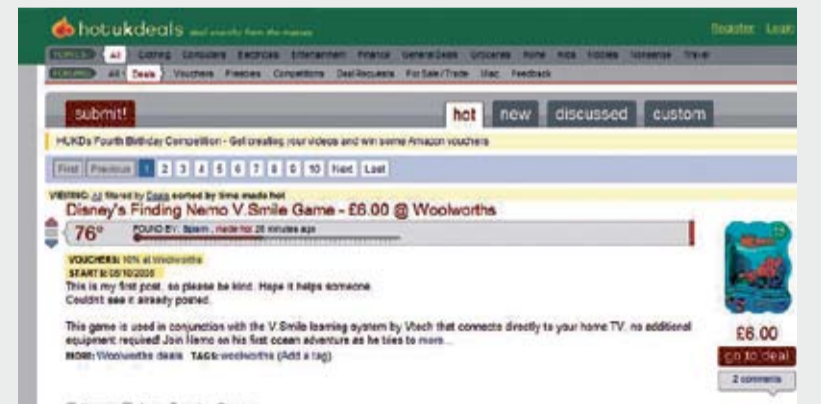
So, there you go. As a rule of thumb shop around, especially on the high street. Unwrap yourself from any cotton wool you might be cocooned in and do investigate the 'darker' depths of the internet. And don't just go for the latest releases, there's a plethora of older gaming goodness out there for much cheapness.

These tips are by no means exhaustive though: I've omitted the bargains available on Steam, rental websites, indie-devs and flash based sites, the latter of which have surprisingly sophisticated games, all for free. Hopefully though, this guide will give you food for thought and food for your belly!

Four web addresses any thrifty geek should have bookmarked



www.find-games.co.uk



www.hotdealsuk.com



www.avforums.com/forums/gaming-bargains/



www.eurogamer.net/forum_thread_posts.php?thread_id=2204



Food

Food Editors – Afonso Campos & Rosie Grayburn

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Rosie Grayburn
Food Editor

As we settle down to this academic year we all make that fatal mistake of signing up to ALL the clubs and societies at the Fresher's Fair. You are rushing about, crashing from this induction to that initiation... lectures fit in somewhere. It's time for fast food. You have to use your loaf.

Toast can be transformed by even the biggest nonce into a scrummy snack or dinner. You can use any bread you like: brown, white, seeded, rye, pitta, nan, bagel... Have a try of these nutritious ideas for the simplest and cheapest ingredients.

Sardines: Toast your bread and butter heavily. Open a tin of sardines in tomato sauce and mush with a fork. Pile on top of the toast and eat. I recommend one tin per slice of bread for greediness. For the more demure among you, half a tin per slice. If you prefer sardines in oil, give the sardines a squeeze of lemon before devouring. Sardines are very very good for you as they contain a lot of omega 3 and essential oils.

Bruschetta: Chop a tomato and season with salt and pepper. Add a dash of olive oil and mix. Tip onto your toast and VOILA a homemade bruschetta! If you have any parsley or basil lying around, add that too. Boys – pay attention to this recipe. Tomatoes contain lycopene which is incredibly good for your sperm/your little soldiers.

Fish fingers: Cook 3 fingers of fish as per instructions and sandwich between two slices of toast. Smother in ketchup and munch. Bird's Eye now does a value version of their fish fingers – HURRAH for student budgets!

The alternative bacon sarnie: Fry a rasher or two of bacon and add a couple of tinned plum tomatoes to the pan to warm through and pick up some of the juices from the bacon. Tip the contents of the pan onto a slice of toast and add another slice on top. PHWOAR.

Beans and Egg: Beans, beans, good for your heart: the more you eat them, the more you... This simple dish of baked beans topped with a poached egg has been proven to be the cheapest and most nutritious meal you could possibly eat! Fibre, protein, carbs... the whole kaboodle! To poach your egg, boil about 2 inches of water in a pan of your choice. Crack the egg carefully in the water so the white doesn't spread too much. Turn off the heat and leave the egg to cook for 3 minutes. Scoop the poached egg out of the water and place it on top of your mound of beans on toast. Mum would be proud.

If you have any ideas for this year's food section please do get in touch. Seeing as we're in the winter months, I am looking for comfort food for us to slurp at in bowls with a hunk of bread – stews, soups, a hug in a bowl. Send us your recipes, restaurant reviews and articles to food.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

Also, if you live near a cheap and fabulous greengrocer, friendly butchers or market we'd like to hear about them to pass on the know-how! Besotex xx

Scrummy noodley goodness

Step away from the Pot Noodle... Take refuge in Tampopo for some funky fast food.



Welcome Fisherites, Southwellians and all new Evelyn Garden dwellers! You are now

Tampopo ★★★★★

140 Fulham Road
Phone: 0207 370 5355
www.tampopo.co.uk

Best: A student friendly 20% discount Sun-Thurs. YEY!
Worst: Expensive drinks
Go for...: If you go before 7pm you can partake in the amazing value Eastern Express. Choose a main and accompaniment for £6.95 e.g. Mee Goreng and Gyoza (dumplings).
Takeout: Take a look at the menu on the website, call up and order. The restaurant does not deliver but you can pop round the corner to pick it up.
Price: Under a tenner per head

a resident in SW7, surrounded by yuppies and may find it daunting to venture beyond Sainsbury's to find grub. But I employ you, Fresher, to try the fantastic noodle emporium just around the corner from halls.

Tampopo is anything you want it to be. It is a pile of healthy, tasty stir fry when you can't be arsed to cook or it is an affordable hot date with that Physicist you pulled the other night. Not only this, but they are friendly to students – all shout HURRAH! The nice people at Tampopo give students 20% off the whole bill Sunday-Thurs day. It's incredibly good value which is a rarity in SW7. Also, takeaways are on offer if you don't fancy a restaurant environment.

Hungry Accomplice and I went down to Tampopo the other night. At 9pm

on a Monday night the place was buzzing with a mix of bankers and students sharing huge tables, scoffing noodles or slurping at soup.

Hungry Accomplice was ravenous so we opted for 2 courses. If you are feeling thus, Tampopo do a vast sharing platter with satay, dumplings and other tasty morsels... but a healthier option is to share a salad. We shared Gado Gado, an Indonesian salad. The egg, al dente veg, fresh tofu and prawn crackers were presented like crudités centered around a bowl of satay sauce. This version was suitable for sharing and gave us a real chopstick work out, but I'd have preferred the street food version for shovelling purposes where the whole lot is mashed together and smothered in sauce.

Our main courses were Chicken Pho and Kway Teow. My Pho was Pho-tastic. The Vietnamese soup noodle dish

was presented in a trough-like bowl and there was no shortage of chicken! The broth was flavoured with star anise and red chillie and was so fragrant it should be in competition to be the next Herbal Essences. Hungry Accomplice's Kway Teow was a lip-smacking sit-and-shovel dish. Happily, there was no short-changing of ingredients among the pile of noodles. Tampopo never fails to fill up our bellies and put a satisfied grin on our greedy gobs.

Tampopo is super-fast, fresh food and with a bill of less than £20 for 2 it's amazing value too. Give it a try, fresher, and let me know what you think. It's also a brilliant place for pre or post-cinema munchies as it's right next door to the pictures! And don't forget your student card for that all important 20% off. Isn't it fun being cheap?

Rosie Grayburn



Yummy yummy noodles... down they go... down into my belly.

Cafe Forum - Gooney pizza galore!



£1.40 for a cup of sweet, sweet nectar in this quirky little cafe.

Cafe Forum/House of Coffees

★★★★★
Gloucester Road
(Turn right out of the tube station)

Best: The pizzas... oh baby
Worst: Pre-lecture queues in the morning for £1 sausage baguettes and coffee

Café Forum, or should I say, House of Coffees, is a legendary pizza-house/café situated at the top of Gloucester Road near the tube station. It is my belief that Café Forum is the old name of

tas and generous salads it also serves up those legendary pizzas

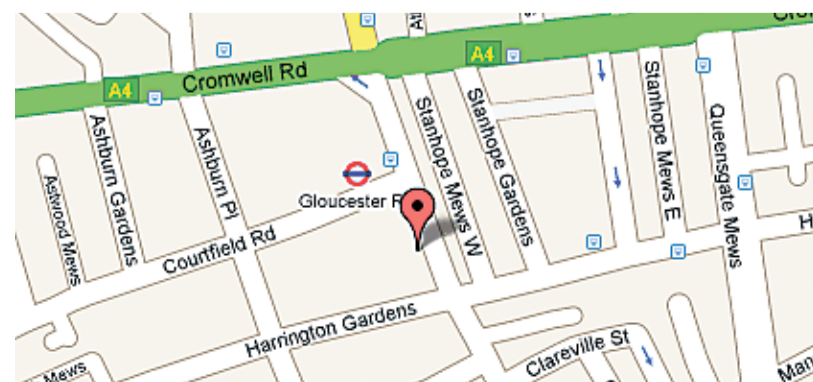
The pizzas are out of this world. The bases are gooney, crunchy and extremely addictive. You choose 4 from a whole host of veggie, meaty or fishy toppings and you have the freedom to choose your base size, depending on your appetite (small belly £3.75, medium tummy £4.95, large stomach £5.95). Order your toppings, size and 10 minutes later, and perfection is served in front of you. And if the pizza wasn't enough, their desserts are tasty too. Try the apple strudel and cream for £3.20.

The value for money of this heavenly caff is almost the best bit. Café Forum is very cheap indeed. A HUGE regular

coffee is freshly prepared for you for just £1.40, and you get a free croissant with it in the mornings. If the pizzas don't take your fancy and you go for a salad, you can get a large bowl of incredibly tasty chicken salad for £3.95. So as you can see the prices are good.

For me, Café Forum was a great post-rugby match destination on a Wednesday evening. However, it offers such variety that it can be what you want – a quick stop for lunch, or a great place to sit and chat in the evenings – all the paninis and pastries are reduced after 11pm. Café Forum is a must for students, I highly recommend you give it a try!

Hungry Accomplice



Forget the SAF or the JRC: venture out to Café Forum. Map provided for navigationally challenged students. Red blob marks the spot.

felix needs you!



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

Felix is actively recruiting again now the new year is here. We are specifically looking for:

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

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

This weeks TV, with a bit of a twist

David Stewart

It's another week of credit crunch TV ahead so here are a selection of the best of the coming days' viewing to entertain you out of your financial worries.

Friday night kicks off with Big Cat Live (BBC1 7:30) which sees David Attenborough visiting homes around London with a handheld camera to document the behaviour of particularly oversized or vicious domestic felines. Don't miss tonight's episode of Coronation Street (ITV1 8:30) as Liam tries to convince Maria that own-brand baked beans are just as good as Heinz while costing only half as much. Things are hotting up on Saturday with Casualty (BBC1 7:40): there's been a mass suicide at Lloyds TSB HQ, but can Charlie convince the stress-weary bankers that status isn't everything? Or chill out with Trinny and Suzanna as they explore How to look good in leaves (ITV2 8:00) where the pair visit parks around London and show you how to make a fashionable garment

for the cost of a travelcard and a ball of string. Sunday is never dull with an episode of Merlin (BBC1 6:30) to look forward to, provided you can make-believe that the 'dragon' isn't just a horse covered in red crêpe paper.

Monday night TV as usual is cancelled due to budget restrictions but wind up your radio and tune into some reruns of The Archers (BBC Radio 4 2:00-10:30). On Tuesday the must-see programme is Who wants to be a homeowner? (ITV1 8:00): Chris Tarrant hosts the ever-popular game show in which contestants attempt to answer fifteen questions to win a variable rate mortgage from Halifax. On Wednesday all eyes will be glued to the BBC News at Ten: Revolution Special (BBC1 10:00) as another American banker involved in the sub-prime mortgage fiasco is sent to the chair taking the death toll to seventy three -- don't forget to defrost your popcorn! Finally Thursday is movie night as all the channels club together to pay for Casablanca (all channels 6:00).



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- **Copy editors** with an eagle-eye for grammar mistakes to form part of our crack team

Yes, it is in twice, but that's because your contribution matters to us. Email me at felix@imperial.ac.uk

What are we offering? Come and get a taste



You may have already read how we're one of the most successful professional services firms. You may have also heard about the breadth and depth of the career opportunities on offer. But shouldn't you discover more about us for yourself?

When you come along to our upcoming Open Presentation, we'll kick things off with a short talk. After that, you can spend the rest of the evening asking our friendly staff questions of your own. What training will you receive? What kind of skills will you learn from some of the foremost experts in their field? How will we help you to balance your work with your other interests? Get the answers direct from people who know. People who've been in your shoes.

Get a taste of what life with us is like. **It's your future. How far will you take it?**

Event: Imperial Open Presentation
Date: Wednesday 15th October, 2008
Venue: Skempton Building, Imperial College London, Exhibition Road, London SW7 2AZ
Time: 6.30pm



Discover more at www.deloitte.co.uk/graduates

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Imperial College London International Students

Orientation Workshops October 2008

Monday 13th October, 1-2pm SAF Building, Lecture Theatre 1 (room G16)
Personal Safety and Crime Prevention
 Come along and meet our local Safer Neighbourhood Police Officers

Tuesday 14th October 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Immigration Issues for non-EU/EEA students
 This workshop is essential for any student visa holders.

Wednesday 15th October, 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Postgraduate Life
 How to make the most of your PG studies and succeed in your research

Thursday 16th October, 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Using your Money Wisely
 The manager of our local Natwest Bank will offer money saving tips

Friday 17th October 1-2pm, SAF Building, Lecture Theatre 1 (room G16)
Student visa renewal
 For students who have a student visa expiring in October 2008

Monday 20th October 1-2pm SALC, Room 2, Level 5 Sheffield Building
Adjusting to student life in London
 How to cope with unexpected change when far from home

Tuesday 21st October, 12-1pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Working during and after your studies
 For students who wish to work whilst studying or afterwards

Wednesday 22nd October 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Post Study Work
 How to apply for permission to stay and work in the UK after your studies

Thursday 23rd October, 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Financial issues for international students
 Including council tax, TV licences, financial assistance, and insurance

Friday 24th October, 1-2pm, SAF Building, Lecture Theatre 1 (room G16)
Student visa renewal
 For students who have a student visa expiring in October 2008

Pippard Lecture Theatre = Level 5, Sheffield Building
SAF Building G16 = Level 1, Sir Alexander Fleming Building

Bookings for all sessions will open on **Wednesday 8th October** contact: **Imperial College International Office**, Level 1 Sheffield Building, South Kensington Campus email: international@imperial.ac.uk t: +44 (0)20 7594 8040

Some workshops will be repeated at **Silwood Park Campus**, see our website for details: www.imperial.ac.uk/international



Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Imperial student looks in mirror...

HaxzOrMcRandy_1(2.0)
L33t interweb Haxzor

Activities that are usually considered routine for most people are more often than not discarded by Imperial males. Such routine activities include, but are not limited to, showering, grooming, trimming toe and ear hair and brushing teeth. I don't think I need to re-iterate my comments about their dress. Unless you have had a night of copious drinking like myself, it really is not that hard to find your way to that room in your house with the sink and toilet.

One Imperial Student, Dave Gormless, took our advice with mixed results. After hours of scrubbing himself, the IC biochem student (because obviously biochem students are ugly) looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. The shock has motivated Dave Gormless to work harder than ever. If you're never going to get a girlfriend with your looks, you may as well try and get a job in a city and use cash instead. No?



Look at him. Waste Gash.

The 1st still won't get him a job in the city

He's going to need some sort of awesome CV or something

Ross Goldberg
Really Fat Dead Guy

There's nothing like the collapse of our financial system to ruin the career hopes of Imperial students. If you haven't already realised this, please read on. Quick! Your future is literally disappearing by the second.

As you pile up your student debt with nights out at Boujis or trips to the V&A or dinner out with your friends you wouldn't be blamed for thinking that it'll all be fine when you get your high-flying job in the city.

Sure the 26 hour days will almost kill you and the huge amount of time

you'll spend with people who only talk about the markets will chip away at your soul bit by bit until you're a shell of your formal self. But all that doesn't matter, what matters is that you'll have a really hot suit and tons of cash.

The greedy U.S. homeowners/Barack Obama/the free market has a different plan for you however. Instead you'll be forced to send your worthless, boring CV that doesn't do anything except display your abysmal lack of internships, to an ever diminishing number of banks who will only be able to offer you £30,000 a year job with NO PERKS. Scared? You should be.

There is no hope. However if you

really insist on putting your 4 years of scientific education to waste and pursue a selfish lifestyle instead of helping mankind through scientific research then you should do a few things.

1. Get comfortable in a suit, employers can sense when you're uncomfortable. Wear a suit everyday, even wear it to bed. Become one with the suit.
2. Spend every free moment you have doing internships, what do you do when your lectures finish? You go make coffee for an MD at Citibank
3. As the title suggests, get an awesome CV or something (the something being, get a life and some proper aspirations you fucking tool).

Response



This piece is a response to the Comment article written by Susie Peng with contributions from Vicky Edwards, Chris Woolley, Katharina Reeh, Clarissa Poh, Ei Mun Chuah, and Drew Thomas.

Dear Susie Peng, her female associates and the two dudes who only went along with the idea because they thought it would increase their chances of getting laid, Hangman takes your comments very seriously and has thought hard and long (lol) about how to proceed henceforth. We have done two things:

1. Wrote a much more offensive reply to your letter which the Editor would not let us publish... bitch
2. Taken HaxzOrMcRandy_1 to the top of the Queens Tower shot him ex-

ecution style with a 9mm Browning automatic pistol (sweet). He is now to be replaced by his son HaxzOrMcRandy_1(2.0). If this is not enough indication of our dedication to the female population of this 'prestigious academic institution', we just don't know what is.

Perhaps we can discuss this matter further over drinks. Call me. Oh right I didn't give you my number... kthnxbye!

Secretive Hangman Editor

Evil Oxford rector is totally right



"If you come round here again, I'll use the blue laser!!!"

Called evil by many for proposing a rise in the tuition fee cap, I believe Oxford rector, Lord Patten, is onto something. By making home students pay more, universities will get more money and therefore I will have to pay less! "How does this work?" I hear you ask. Well, I'm foreign!

Being foreign, I pay 5 times as much as you unwashed English bastards;

and let's not even get started on the filthy continentals. By paying your fucking share, I get to come here and get my education for cheaper so I can spend more time and money stealing your women and your jobs.

I applaud this old white man, even though I never would do the same for any other. Huzzah, pip pip, and see you at the Wharf!

How's Jovan doing so far?



Ross Goldberg
Really Fat Dead Guy

Who are we to judge other people's editorial skills when our section is often rude, crude, crass, sexy, insulting, and lacking in wit, misogyny and restraint? We're the fucking Hangman Team that's who!

There has been some good and some bad from Jov's time so far. Let's start with the good and move onto the bad.

- Good:
1. He managed to sneak the issue into every single Fresher's bedroom, yes that was Jov. Not me. Don't call the police.
 2. He exposed the high-prices of accommodation at Imperial which is probably why the Fresher's were so subdued at the Mingle. Or just that they aren't hardcore.
 3. He put a fridge in the office, then he put a beer in the fridge. After that we got drunk and I think it was by the 4th beer that he started touching me

EPIC FAIL

and I don't want to talk about this any more. But we love *felix*, so saying what was good is understandably easy. The hard part is swallowing our pride and admitting that some of the content in the paper that Hangman associates itself with isn't perfect.

- Bad:
1. Grammar and spelling. Please do not look at last weeks issue closely... you're going to fish out last weeks issue and look now aren't you? No? aw cheers bruv
 2. We feel like the Hangman/Coffee Break pullout was, well some people use the word 'offensive', I prefer the term 'complaint-provoking'. Although we file this under bad, meaning BAD-ASS.
 3. There are never more than two things wrong with Felix! Who do you think we are Live!?

The Hangman give Jov a verdict of, out of ten, EPIC FAIL. Check in next week to see if he's improved.

Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

Photoshop Competition - 2



This weeks winner. Team Joseph Gobbels.



Next weeks RAW image for you to go wild. See www.felixonline.co.uk

Hello again. Welcome to another damn fine edition of Coffee Break. Honourable mentions go out to Team Joseph Gobbels who won last weeks photoshop competition. That picture made many of the guys and girls down in the felix office cry hysterically with laughter. Well done, have a gold medal, and your on your way to winning an iPod. I would also like to make a special note about this weeks RAW image of the Live! stand. Live! is one of our big rivals within the Imperial College student media. A big shout out to our friends over there. Keep up the good work, even though the picture of an empty stand is somewhat amusing. I have hope that next weeks entries will bring the picture to life.

A bonus point will be given to those Photoshop masters who to manage to write something amusing in the domain name banner.

In a more personal matter, I would like to say something to the freshers. "Please stop being so unhealthy!" As a hall senior I'm surrounded by freshers everywhere I look. All of them are sick with freshers' flu. All it takes is a few square meals or a vitamin tablet and you'll be sorted. You guys are contagious and I'm getting ill. Now I have my suspicions that it's all the drinking I've been doing this week but I'm going to stick with blaming it on the freshers.

Another rant, I'd like to defend current felix editor, Jovan Nedic, for last week's issue of felix. Sure there were grammatical errors. Maybe even a few spelling mistakes, but I am disappointed with the individuals who have slandered the issue. Most of the student body understands that it's the first issue of the year, and there are bound to be mishaps along the way.

Why then are there some people who call for the editor to rethink his ideas, some even stating the newspaper is going down. It's a student newspaper people. Not The Guardian. All the news, games, sports and comments are intended for the general student. So please a little understanding this week?

As what to look forward to... Snakey B makes an appearance this week, with next week seeing the start of Sikh MC. The FUCWIT league continues and is going strong. I'll lay out a league table when the competition really fires up.

If anything in this or its associate sections offend you in any way, please bear in mind I'm not responsible for the Hangman team. Those guys are crazy and as a result don't blame me.

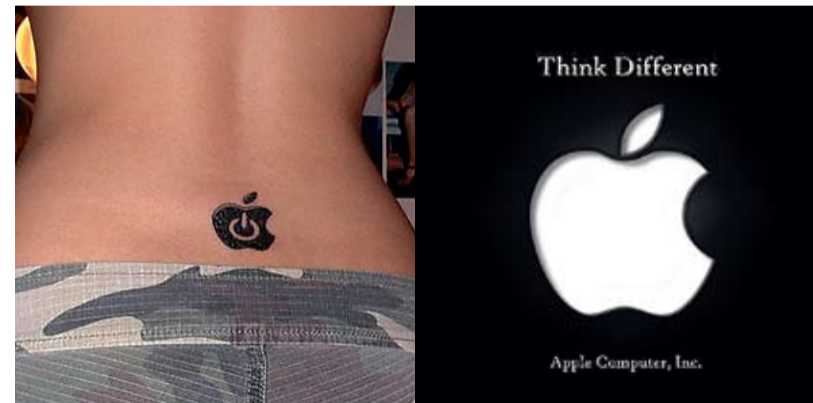
This weeks winning entry is a beautiful piece of art. Stop for a moment and examine it. This team flipped the face to match the lighting effects in the imposed picture. With a magical flourish, they made the eyes

all squinty so he'd look vulnerable. Finally in a move that clinched the prize, they opened the mouth, giving him a baby like look. Opened the mouth in such a way, he could only be portraying an innocent baby.

Joe Gobbels has certainly set the bar high and if you want to get a shiny gold medal you are going to have to up your game. This weeks image provides a blank slate for all Live! related jokes so go wild. The high res picture can be

found online at www.felixonline.co.uk. Click on Coffee Break in the sections tab. Email your entry to coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk with your team name with your photo and you'll be entered into the FUCWIT league.

Stuff IC Students Like!?! :)



I really don't know what to think.

3. Apple Mac:

You're sitting in the library. You look to the left of you. You look to the right. Apples everywhere. No not the delicious kind, the knob kind. There's even a job at apple to be a campus rep, but only if you're a huge mac super freak. However, and it makes me sad to say it, macs are awesome. Heck we have at least 8 down here in the felix office. It's like a mac mega dream. Who needs lots of video games.

Spore is all you need right? We've all seen the students sitting around the JCR on the sofas; drinking their coffee. Some even reading the student newspaper. The evidence is there, if you want to look like a smug fucking git, grab yourself some California designed - Chinese assembled gadgetry and think of the geeky possibilities. Also you get to feel superior because 'macs don't get viruses'. IT'S NOT BECAUSE THEY'RE GOOD IT'S BECAUSE NOBODY MAKES VIRUSES FOR MACS.

Drink with me, I'm Snakey B

and this week I'm dressed as Muhammad Ali



I get no respect at Imperial. I get nothing. Every night drunk douche-bags chug me down but there's never any care. Sometimes I get spilled, you know every now and again I even get thrown back up! It's disgusting I tell ya, I get no respect. No respect at all. Things are about to change though.

Snakey B is back, as Muhammad Ali. You know me, I float like all those pot-heads at the back of Sheffield and I sting like the daily rejections meted out Imperial guys by members of the opposite sex. And let me say something to all those haters out there. I am the greatest drink in the world. No I'm not the greatest

I'm the double greatest. Not only do I knock Medics out but I pick the bucket in Reynolds Bar for them to vomit in and then drink from. I'm so fast that last night, an engineer took off a girls clothes and came in his pants before they hit the ground. Snakey B, as Muhammad Ali, peace out Imperial. Who will I be next week?

Tamara Slutatapova

E-mail: agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Hello, I am Tamara Slutatapova. The Felix editor asked me to help guide you through the inevitable emotional and social disasters of the coming year. For the boys - to advise you on how to woo and secure a decent looking girl at Imperial. I am concerned because, from my personal experience of Freshers' week, your shortcomings (ha!) both in conversation and wallet size leave much to be desired. Perhaps it is a lost cause and by the end of the year I will have to simply direct you to the nearest art college for easier and prettier conquests. For the girls - I will help as much as I can. You must un-

derstand, I struggle to imagine your position. Evidently, you are not pretty or generous enough to have secured a man before uni. Instead, you have infiltrated the male world in order to capture one off-guard. I look forward to reading and empathising as best I can with you over a skinny non-dairy decaf organic Fairtrade latte.

*Dear Tamara, I met a lovely boy in Freshers' week and he took me to his room to watch Sleepy Hollow. Everything was going great. So I was really excited about seeing him the next night so I put on a really cute t-shirt from Camden and some sexy jeans from Topshop. However, when I went to his room, he started acting really funny and started getting out trashy underwear that he suggested I wear. What's going on?!
Confused Camden shopper*

Dear Confused Camden shopper, This all sounds very familiar to me. I used to go out with a hunky-looking footballer until I found some suspenders and crotchless pants (suspiciously labelled "XXL") and size 13 stilletos. I'm not sure which was worse, the stilletos being from Shoe Zone or the fact that my man of the month wore it all on weekends. However, perhaps your man has just been picking up bedroom etiquette from Hangman. Any man trying to accessorise an outfit with a piece of rope is not to be taken seriously.

Dear Tamara, Instead of picking up Freshers' flu, I

*seem to have picked up something of the red and itchy variety. What do I do?
Itchy & Scratchy One Man Show*

Dear Itchy & Scratchy One Man Show, I assume you are a sports player and have participated in Snakebite-fuelled incestuous Wednesday night at the Union. You only have a few more days when you're contagious so I suggest you call all those girls from school who laughed at your big calculator and airplane magazines and pay them back. Good luck and enjoy.

*Dear Tamara, I was always the best in my school and my teachers had me down to win a Chemistry Nobel Prize. However, after a week of Imperial, I have realised that I will never belong in the front rows of the lecture theatre and never be one of the clever people here. What can I do to improve my self esteem?
Back Row Fresher*

Dear Back Row Fresher, Your first year at university is a time to better yourself and grow as a person. You must concentrate on the more important things in life - your looks and your social status. You will find the two go hand in hand. If you cannot beat the kids sitting in the front rows, show them why they wish they could sit with you in the back rows (but never allow them otherwise it loses its mysterious appeal). Frequent Ethos to meet other like-minded people and steer clear of carbs.

Wordoku 1,410

J	M			O		E
	O	E		M		
S			V	E		
	S	N				O
A	N				S	V
	E			S	H	
			N	V		S
		O			M	E
H		E			V	O

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 will be mentioned here. This is the first one, therefore there is no winner from last time. Thanks to Chaz for coming up with the words!

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



Aquarius

I would like to point out that these Horoscopes are definitely not done by a half-pissed student. Felix takes

pride in the fact that each week a professional clairvoyant is kidnapped and in order to write them. Claims that she is then released back in to Imperial gen. pop. are unfounded.



Pisces

This month you will fall deeply in love with a Fresher. You will dance, sing, drink and chunder all over DB's floor

(in that order) leaving her not very impressed. Then she'll leave you for a PhD student who has been slightly too close to the Nuclear reactor. She's gone forever, you fucked up bad my friend.



Taurus

This week you will realise that that girl you have been wooing for all last year, working your magic on the

dance floor and buying all those drinks for still doesn't know your name. Worse still she thinks you're called Kevin. Might as well fuck off me thinks.



Gemini

The fact you even belong to a group called Gemini means you should probably end your life in a horrible

horrible way. Perhaps by provoking a crack addict in the early hours of the morning. What are you like a cheesy pop/rock group from the 80's? That's probably quite mean, but whatever, I detest you all. Peace!



Leo

This week, does anyone know what the best (Blackthorn excluded. I'd rather drink from a chunderpuddle)

alcohol percentage to price ratio of beer in the Union? Reply to Felix editor Jovan Nedic who wants to get drunk. Prizes are available in the form of a free pint of that beverage.



Virgo

There's a lady whose sure all that glitters is gold, and she's buying a stairway to heaven. When she gets there she knows

that if the stores are all closed with a word she can get what she came for. It isn't you. All the sins you have committed this Freshers, such as abusing innocent students with your barf, have landed you into the Second Circle of Hell.



Scorpio

Does anyone except for the Americans give a shit about your star sign? Apparently so. The reason you are

reading this is because you are thick enough to forgo the scientific method that you should have sworn your life to, after being accepted by Imperial.



Sagittarius

Imperial College London, currently recruiting women. Unsuccessful much? Let's brainstorm: perhaps we should

have merged with UCL. No, wait, then we'd have arts students. Barfastic. Them with their varied interests and presentable clothing. We could never let them taint the hallowed, uninteresting, and highly pretentious halls of IC.



Capricorn

When I said that I'd do this I thought it would be easy. Just think up 12 random paragraphs and job done. Turns out that

is much harder. You noticed? Turns out I'll be needing 12 more next week..... This is really hard. I need to find a flaming hot Polish lesbo to help me out. With writing the horoscopes, that is.

Design by Alice Rowlands

Fellwanderers battle trolls, mountains and reindeer in a tin

Imperial fellwanderers took a summer trip to Jotunheim National Park in Norway, Christopher Mark reports on their adventures



"Trolls," our guidebook stated, "are legendary creatures, hostile to humans, found lurking anywhere in the mountains." And in the mountains we definitely were, on the Fellwanderers' 2008 summer tour to Jotunheim National Park in Norway, home to the highest mountains in Northern Europe. The plan was to complete a circuit of the park's central region over a nine day period, hopefully bagging Norway's highest mountain on the way. (And dodging the trolls, obviously.)

And so it was that, thanks to the magic of Ryanair (who optimistically define Stanstead as a 'London' airport), a group of eleven bleary-eyed fellwanderers were to be found queuing up in the departure lounge at 4.30am, one Tuesday morning in July.

Despite hernia-inducing over-weight rucksacks and the presence of five kilos of porridge mix (granular white powder in unmarked clear plastic bags - oh dear), everyone made it to the plane intact, and we were soon wandering around Oslo taking in the sights. Oslo actually achieves the rare distinction of being one of the few cities more expensive than London, fortunately the prison-like Anker Hostel (suggested corporate slogan: Resistance Is Useless) and the local Subway franchise enabled everyone to make it to the bus the following morning feeling reasonably human.

A five hour drive north put us by the shores of 18km long Lake Gjende, at the Gjendesheim road-head and hut, where Dave, Jon and Nathaniel promptly jumped in. And regretted it, unsurprisingly - Gjende is 1000m above sea level and fed mostly by glacial meltwater!

Apart from the spectacular scenery, one of Jotunheim's most attractive features is that there are no roads within the park boundaries, nor any permanent inhabitants apart from the staff of the mountain huts. So al-

though only extending over 3900km², there's a real feeling of isolation. Not that we felt very isolated the next morning:

Our first day's hike, from Gjendesheim to Memurubu, included the Bessegen ridge. One of Norway's most popular hiking trails, the day consisted of a steep 740m climb onto the Veslfjellet ridge, which in turn drops down a steep, exposed scramble onto Bessegen proper, a narrow spine of rock separating Lakes Bessvatn and Gjende. Bessvatn is about 10m below the ridge - and Gjende is about 400m below, down a sheer cliff face. A great scramble and even better views, even if half of Norway seemed to be on the ridge at times! (Very attractive they all were too - definitely more so than the denizens of the average UK mountain.) We did note, though, that we seemed

"Very attractive they all were - definitely more so than the denizens of the average UK mountain"

to have bigger rucksacks than anyone else - something that got harder and harder to ignore as we completed the final climb and then long descent down to Memurubu hut, halfway along the northern shore of Lake Gjende.

As the mountain huts can often be expensive, we'd opted to carry tents and about half of our food - this kept the trek affordable, but there were definitely times when all the gear just seemed far too heavy!

After packing the tents, the next day was definitely less spectacular than the

first; a long, tiring slog alongside another lake, Russvatn, and then over a col to the hut at Glitterheim. An Indiana Jones style footbridge over a gorge provided a diversion and some amusing video footage, but by the time we reached Glitterheim some members of the group were clearly struggling, summer term dissertations and exams having taken something of a priority over fitness! It was decided to reduce the planned route by skipping the hut at Skogadalsboen, and having a rest day at Glitterheim. Fortunately, the hut was operated by the DNT (Norwegian Hiking Association) and so was cheap to sleep in, especially as we could provide our own food - in this case, my famous 'Meaty pasta with meat sauce'. Critical reviews were, well, critical; Evelyne succinctly described it as 'dog-food'. Still, it did the job.

After a day of card playing, we bid goodbye to our bunk-room and headed onwards to the road-head and large hut complex at Spiterstulen. Gorgeous weather and a pleasant ascent of the col at Veslglupen gave way to torrential rain in the last hour of descent to the hut; our original plan to camp was hastily discarded as we negotiated a group discount for a bunk-room. This was easier than it sounds; although none of us could tell Norwegian from alphabet soup, everyone we met spoke better English than we did, frankly.

We planned to stay two days at Spiterstulen, both to try and summit Galdhoppigen (Norway's highest mountain at 2469m), and also to try and get a closer look at some of the glaciers in the area. So the next morning about two thirds of the group assembled for an early breakfast before starting up the trail to Galdhoppigen (literally, "Big Peak" - imaginative types, these Norwegians). Total ascent from Spiterstulen to the summit is 1363m - in other words, the climb to the top is greater than the entire height of Ben Nevis, the UK's tallest mountain, from sea level! A steep walk followed by the crossing of a

large snowfield put us at the base of the summit ridge, and a couple of hundred metres scramble over loose scree and boulders put us on the eastern end of the summit ridge at Svellnose, about 220m below the main summit, which was about a kilometre away along a fairly narrow ridge. Unfortunately, the weather, which had been overcast all morning, was rapidly closing in, and

"Extreme poker - could be next year's big thing"

with visibility dropping we decided not to continue along the ridge, which had a lot of snow cover. With hindsight, we regretted our early start; the weather cleared up by late afternoon, and with better visibility we probably would have had the confidence to reach the summit. Still, the herd of reindeer we encountered halfway down partly made up for it.

The next day Mairead, Joe, Jon, Yvonne and Catarina decided to join a guided group to go walking on the Svellnos glacier, hiring crampons from the hut. Roped together, they got a great look at some crevasses and ice-pillars close up. Dave, Anna, Nathaniel and myself meanwhile decided to hike out to have a look at the northern tongue of the Veobreen glacier. Without the equipment to get onto the glacier itself safely, we settled for a quick game of poker on a flat rock by the glacier's snout. Extreme poker - could be next year's big thing.

Putting Spiterstulen behind us, the next day saw us pushing up the valley to the hut and roadhead at Leirvassbu. The valley walls on each side towered at least 1000m above us for the first few kilometres, making for a gentle but spectacular walk to Kyrkjeglugen, right beneath the mountain known as Kyrka ("Church Steeple"), named for its spec-

tacular near-vertical summit pinnacle. Camping beside Leirvassbu hut at 1400m, we finished the last of the food we'd brought with us, while a copy of the board game Risk (in Norwegian!) inside the hut allowed everyone to unleash their inner tyrant to their heart's content.

Leaving Leirvassbu, the weather, already sunny, was perfect; we crested the low col above the hut to reveal the most gorgeous views down the snow-covered Langdalen valley to Himalayan-looking mountain ridges in the distance, under a perfect blue sky. The day's hike was relatively short, over alternating snowfields and talus slopes to a very steep snow-covered slope leading up to a col immediately before Olavsbu - our destination for the night.

The hut was small and wonderfully remote; washing facilities included a deluxe river pool by the front door, complete with bobbing rafts of ice which hadn't yet thawed. Needless to say most of the group went straight for a mind-numbingly cold dip, followed by an attempted group photo sitting on the largest ice raft. Unfortunately it wasn't quite thick enough to take the weight of Dave, the first person to reach it, who sat poised on the edge for a moment before disappearing through it with a startled yelp.

Dinner and breakfast were provided by the hut; unlike the others we used Olavsbu was "self-service", meaning that you helped yourself to a selection of tins and packets and paid for it all in an honesty box. Dinner featured tinned reindeer and a brand of tinned vegetables called 'Sodd', while breakfast was packets of a dried porridge called 'Grott' (appropriate name!).

Bidding a fond farewell to Olavsbu and its magical location (and slightly less magical "traditional toilets" - think wooden seat over a large box) we descended through rotting snowfields and, lower down, a birchwood carpeted with flowers to reach Gjende, our final hut, at the western end of

Lake Gjende. Shortly after we reached it, I was ambushed coming out of the bunkhouse and dropped in the lake - a traditional Fellwanderers way of saying thank you to a trip organiser. Still, I managed to drag next year's president, Nathaniel, in with me - if I was going in, so was he!

Sadly, that was the end of our Norway adventure; a boat the next morning took us the length of Gjende back to Gjendesheim and the bus connection to civilisation, and a return to Stanstead via a bar in Oslo. We'd hiked 88km not including the side trips to Galdhoppigen and the glaciers. A fantastic trip and thanks in no particular order to Nathaniel, Dave, Anna, Mairead, Catarina, Joe, Jonathan, Yvonne, Evelyne and Nick for making it so memorable!

Sitting looking over the pictures weeks later in London, I for one wish I was still there.

"Dinner featured tinned reindeer, while breakfast was packets of a dried porridge called 'Grott'"



Tours, tours, tours...



ICHC hit Germany...



Jack Cornish & Mustapher Botchway
Sports Editors

Another week has passed for sports at Imperial and already we have been inundated with info to put in the section. This week there are tour reports from Hockey, Rugby and Ultimate Frisbee which are worth a read, especially if you still need more convincing that tour (and sports) really is an amazing thing.

The interest in the sports at Freshers' Fair was amazing and it was good to see so many budding and social sports men and women signing up. Boat races, matchbox, fives, and the chanting all supplemented the sports played on Wednesday in a good hearted fashion.

For those of you who couldn't make it to the trials or are still contemplating which sport to play needn't worry, some clubs are running a second day of trials in the near future and most run early/midweek training sessions during the season. Contact the relevant club captains for more information. Those of you in teams already, fixtures start as early as Monday so bring your A-Game to the table and do IC proud!

Still contemplating joining a sport? Experience the camaraderie and the (level 5) banter at the union on a Wednesday and rest assured your decision will be made easier, more so if you spent the £6 entry fee on beers instead!

Rugby tackle Argentina

Alex Johnston
ICURFC Tour Secretary

The tourists departed in two groups, one group early on Sunday morning and the others later that afternoon. Chumble (Richard Simons) thought it appropriate to stay in a hotel next to the airport the night before. Despite his best efforts and the 3 or 4 wake up calls delivered by members of the touring party, Chumble was late... "Won't happen again" he promised.

The touring party was reunited in Buenos Aires, the first day was spent getting over jet lag and consuming copious amounts of steak. Player/coach, well more coach, Jovan Nedic summed up the good exchange rate and cheap steak with what was to become the tour phrase, "I'm so happy". The phrase could be likened to his mood on and off the pitch for the duration of tour! After a day of touristy activities the team had their first training session in the evening of the second day. Needless to say the team was a little rusty.

The first match was against San Antonio on the outskirts of B.A. After a superb match, brilliantly controlled by fly half Kieran Burge, IC were victorious with Malcolm Simm being named as Man of the Match. The third half as the Argentines called it, involved huge slabs of deliciously cooked meat washed down with lots of beer and the controversial Fernet (Argentine Marmite equivalent in alcoholic form). Mark "Four day hard on" Saleme demolished the language barrier demonstrating why Lebanon should be granted accession to the World Trade

Organisation. Half way through the festivities, Chumble disappeared, prompting one of our hosts to come up with the gem, "Dónde está CHUMBLEY". Chumble was discovered asleep on the 68 seater, double decker tour coach commissioned for our services by Joe Harris. Once Anjit had finished coaching the girls u16's hockey team, the two sides boarded the love bus to head to a club. After departing the coach, Joe Harris was violently assaulted by an act of revenge by an Argentine grandma, his favourite shirt was never going to be the same again after being drenched in bleach. After the beast had been calmed the two sides proceeded to what looked like Paradise Island. Argentine clubs tend not to get going until late, and this place was no exception. After we got suitably lubricated, the huge club started to pack out and Kieran Burge made a cameo appearance to the stage show (two stunners and one midget in a gimp mask...). The boys crawled home in drabs and drabs at all hours of the morning for reasons only known to themselves.

After B.A the tour headed to Mendoza, where we were due to play the same team twice. On the way there, the tour bus had a fight with a dog. The tour bus emerged victorious, poor dog. To give us a chance to really experience Argentine culture we stayed with our hosts the night before the first game. The first thing my host said to me in very broken English was "You like party? You like girls? You right place" We knew it was on. The Argentine's didn't disappoint; they had organised a house party for us at one of the hosts. At the

house lots of young lassies turned up and Bevis was unstoppable, "Hola Chicas" was being thrown around like knickers at a Prince concert, whilst JJ was thoroughly getting his friend on. The Fernet was being demolished. The two teams headed out to a local club at about 1am where mayhem was to ensue. I am not at liberty to disclose what happened next (I have no recollection) but some ridiculous shapes were cut, "half head" was attained and other forms of debauchery occurred. When everyone arrived at the match in drabs and drabs at 12.45 for our 1 o'clock K.O we felt the Argentines had played a cruel trick on us. Nick Johnstone, Anjit, James Pettit and Tom Coggrave made them pay in the loose, whilst Thomas Carroll gave a master class in 'Smash n Bosh'. Needless to say the victory was sweet but we still had things to work on. After chilling out in Mendoza, rafting, wine tasting and cactus wrestling we returned for our second match which was not going to be as easy. Captain for this match, Chumble, lead with a barrage of pointless and misguided motivational speeches. "Can we stand

in the sun, I'm cold in the shade" and "Boys keep the language down, there are children around". Jovan made his first and only appearance to the tour side and had to be restrained and substituted after 20 minutes. This was a hard match, TC and Howard demonstrated some superb defence. Kieran had to depart through injury, leading Alex Johnstone to be ushered to full-back and the immeasurable Freddie Chalk going to 10. Good work from Malcolm, Bevis, McFadge, Jack Goring and Badger in the tight gave Freddie the platform to launch his lightning attacks with great lines from Joe Harris and Sasha Maitala all performing to clinch the win. Man of the Match Anjit had a superb all round performance. During the post match celebrations Chumble stole himself a couple of moments to psyche himself up for the captain's speech, which he delivered elegantly. After saying our goodbyes we headed off for the overnight trip to Cordoba.

Our departure was not without event, Borja (the only Spanish speaker amongst us) decided that it was ap



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