

felix

The student 'news'paper of
Imperial College London

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Freshers' Week review

What did the freshers actually think of Freshers' Week. *felix* finds out, pages 2-3

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Felix judges freshers' week

Jovan Nedić
Editor in chief

Sophie Ellis-Bextor & Richard Jones from the feeling.

Freshers' Week is finally over. The question on everyone's lips, however, is: was the week a success?

Imperial College Union [ICU] have been claiming that the week was a great success, with The Mingle on the Saturday and the Freshers Ball on the Friday both selling out to 1,200 students. The week certainly had a lot to offer the students: on Saturday night, Nick Grimshaw from Radio 1 was entertaining the crowds in the marquee, whilst on Sunday the freshers were given a chance to have a break and relax with some ice cream and chill-out music.

Monday was the turn of Imperial's Big Jazz Band, again on the stage in the marquee, whilst the crowd relaxed around tables enjoying a fine selection of cheeses and wine. Tuesday was the Freshers' Fair with the After party in the evening. The purpose of this night was to allow various clubs and societies to showcase their talents, which certainly worked; given the number of people present and the fact that nearly £7,000 was taken behind the bar.

Wednesday was the big night for all the sports teams, though the night didn't go exactly to plan. The Athletics Club Committee [ACC] had been informed by the Union that the night would start at 6.30 p.m, which meant that when they arrived earlier than expected they were refused entry. This led to many people leaving the Union and not returning, according to some of the club captains. To add to the troubles of the night, the £1.50 pint, as advertised by The Union, failed to materialise until just before 9 p.m. Eventually all the problems were fixed, and the crowds were entertained with team karaoke and give aways, whilst being serenaded by Me & Mr Jones i.e.

Thursday night was a cocktail and chill-out night at the union, a calm and relaxing night, leading up to the Freshers' Ball on Friday. Pritchard vs Dainton, MTV's Dirty Sanchez & Wrecked amused the crowds with their wacky form of entertainment, which included attaching fishing hooks to each other's ears and then pulling them until one was loose, as well as piercing each other with needles and then adding lemon juice.

Even though the line-up looked promising and the fact that two of the big nights were a sell-out, the question that remains is whether or not the nights were enjoyable for the students. Earlier this week, *felix* decided to take a survey of 116 people, to ascertain whether or not the week was a success.

The results of the survey showed that there was a fairly even split between those students who enjoyed the week and those who didn't, with a slight majority in favour of the week. This could be explained by the fact that roughly half of the first year students are actually able to attend the events, owing to the fact that the venues at the Union have a capacity of 1,200, whilst the total number of first year students is close to 3,000.

When they were asked about the cost of the tickets, it was found that in general the cost of the tickets were fine, except for The Freshers' Ball, where around 70% of the people asked thought the tickets were too expensive at up to £14.50.

However, despite the cost, around 60% of the students felt that Friday night was the best night for them. Combined with the whopping 83% of students that said it were the people and not the entertainments that made their night, and the fact that 60% of them didn't have a favourite headline act indicates that as long as there is



PICTURE: TOM ROBERTS

Freshers' week 2008 was hailed as a great success by the union, with both the Mingle and the Freshers' Ball selling out, with 1200 students attending both events. Freshers' fair attracted over 300 stalls

good music during Freshers' Week, the students will have a good time.

An argument can be made that it is because of the acts that the nights were a sell-out and a huge success, however one first year student from Southwell Halls commented that: "I didn't really care about the acts, it's Freshers' Week, I would have gone anyway."

As well as the questionnaire, *felix* asked for comments the students may have had, and it was found that the majority would have preferred a live band instead of a live act, since it would not have involved them being able to see everything. This was the main problem that students voiced

about Friday night, as it was proving difficult to see the Dirty Sanchez act since the stage was too low. Concern were also raised as to the capacity of the venue, as a lot of the students were unable to attend, with several students commenting that the Union should probably try and find an external venue that can hold all the students.

Another surprising result was that the second favourite night was the After party on the Tuesday, with the main comment being that the live music made it enjoyable for them. This can be viewed as a massive success for the various clubs and societies that took part in the show.

In conclusion, the survey did provide a valuable insight into the general opinion of Freshers' Week, with the main findings being that Friday night was too expensive, and that the students would prefer live band rather than a live act, which coincides with the comments made about Tuesday night. In terms of satisfaction, the consensus of the survey seemed to have been that as long as good music is played, the week will be a success, regardless. However, others have argued that the true success of Freshers' Week will be seen by how many of the students will be retained by the various clubs and societies in the coming weeks.

Ravi Pall
Beit Hall Senior

The general consensus of the Freshers population at Imperial College suggests Freshers' Week was an immense success. In comparison to last year, students have commented on the new generation of scholars as being "tame, but more social." A view widely agreed upon, with logical reasons such as less vomit in the bathrooms, and more people attending sell out events.

The high standards achieved this year, kicked off with The Mingle. An event that sold out before Freshers' even turned up to their respective halls. With the only tickets available for sale being supplied via halls. Even this, if Beit Hall was any indication, was an adventurous task, with the tickets selling out within a few hours. ICU's first sell out event of the week. As expected, new students gathered en masse, with the all-too-familiar "Hi, I'm BLANK" and "What A-Levels did you take/Subject to you do?" Obviously to unseasoned players of the university game, this is one of the very few talking points with which one can start a conversation. Respectively The Mingle was a somewhat conserved affair, with very merry spirits amongst the crowd. Alcohol was consumed and surprisingly contained within the stomachs of most Freshers. With commendable DJ sets throughout the night supplying fuel for dancing into the late hours of the night. However for many this was not the end, with afterparties taking place in kitchens and common rooms. Obviously local off-licences were ecstatic by the substantial boost in revenue. This notion of afterparties, and wild shenanigans continued throughout the week, with ICU providing entertainment both good and bad. Comments from freshers residing in Beit have mentioned nights such as the Ice cream Sunday and Freshers Fair after party being particular poor for new students. This is most likely attributed to Hall events superceding said Union occasions.

With so many unaccustomed faces

during these apprehensive times, Freshers who attended their hall festivities thoroughly enjoyed meeting their peers. With a noticed increase in alcohol consumption, defensive walls protecting people's true personalities crumbled. More friends were made, corridors got to know one another and the expected Freshers cliques were formed. Continuing throughout the week, amusing stories from the last night were relived, providing better talking points than the aforementioned greetings. Arguably the least successful night was Wednesday, with many freshers choosing to go to Fabric and see Dizzy Rascal instead of the cat like Sophie Ellis-Bextor and other half Richard Jones. Thursday ICU wisely decided to take a break, as Fabric hosted yet another crazy night of tunes. This didn't mean, however, Freshers' not going to the mighty Fabric missed out. Many student halls seized the moment to provide more exciting trips to the outside world. A few of these just ended up in complete carnage, with some Freshers' blood alcohol content reaching fatal limits.

The question "What could make this week better" crossed the minds of severely malnourished Freshers. The answer was Friday's Freshers' Ball. Another sell out event, and according to a recent *felix* survey, the most enjoyable night for numerous Freshers. This night contained massive lineups form artists such as Nicky Blackmarket, DJ Hype and Rusko. However the nights main highlight were the crazy boys from Dirty Sanchez. Performing stunts such as smashing light bulbs on their backs, abusing their bodies with sparks from an angle grinder. Students felt the show was sick and awesome.

On the whole, This years Freshers' Week was both a success to the Union and the Freshers'. The only negative comments being the high admission price for the events. An example being the enjoyable Freshers' Ball, robbing poor student of £14.50. Evidently various halls saw this as being too harsh on the student pocket, and in some Halls the tickets were subsidised to £10.



PICTURE: TOM ROBERTS
The lovely ladies of Imperial College



PICTURE: TOM ROBERTS
Hall Seniors, showing the freshers how to drink.



PICTURE: TOM ROBERTS

Freshers' gone wild: The marquee full of students having a good time.

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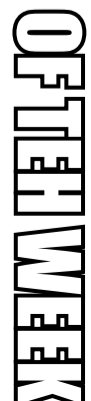
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Good work this week guys. Also as promised, the office has been tidied, food will be provided for next week. Promise!

Jov



Main Dinning Hall serving Oriental buffet, for now

Alice Rowlands
News Correspondent

Sales in food from the Main Dining Hall (MDH) have declined by 27% in one year, so it may have escaped your notice that the option of buying hot meals has been replaced by a £5 per head 'all you can eat' 'oriental' buffet. Unfortunately, the term 'all you can eat' should technically be replaced by 'all you can stack on your plate the first time you go to the counter' and 'oriental' should be replaced by 'anywhere in Asia'. As some students have put it, this option doesn't compare favourably with the Oriental Canteen in South Kensington- Chinese food at about £3.50 to £4.00 for a main course, or the Queen's Arms- gastro-pub style of food which starts at around £6 for a main course. The only other hot food on campus, available to undergraduates, is in the Junior Common Room [JCR] and consists of soup, paninis, burgers or fried chicken. Several student have written into *felix* complaining that this is unsatisfactory, as there isn't a realistic, healthy alternative.

Jane Neary, head of catering and conferencing at Imperial, explained to *felix* that as well as declining food sales, the hot counters used in the MDH were not able to keep food hot enough to satisfy health and safety regulations. Jane Neary commented that "something drastic" had to be done to tackle the falling sales and health standards, which is why a buffet was chosen.

The option of opening an oriental buffet on campus appealed because of the high Asian population at Imperial. It was also pointed out that the buffet is only a temporary solution until the problems with the MDH can be resolved. What is unclear to this reporter is why buffet chafing dishes are able to hold the heat better than the hot counters.

felix had also received a review of the food at the buffet, which included comments about the poor quality and poor attempts to imitate oriental dishes.



Top: queue in daVinci's. Bottom: Oriental buffet in the Main Dining Hall

One student even wrote in to say that the MDH served "slimy noodles, terrible egg-fried rice and deep-fried vegetables."

The oriental buffet will be reviewed at the end of the week (sales made in the MDH during the first week were disregarded due to the fact that it was Freshers' Week). However, if queues in the JCR and DaVinci's are anything to go by (note: food is also served in dB's-no, I didn't know either!), sales of the

new buffet have been lower than the school-dinner food of old and change can be expected soon.

In comparison to the JCR, anyone lucky enough to be allowed into the Senior Common Room [SCR], will know that College are capable of providing edible hot meals starting from £4.25, as well as the option of choosing your own salad - a privilege that has been taken away from the undergraduates in the JCR.

Imperial fall to 6th, UCL climb to 7th

Daniel Wan
News Correspondent

An updated Times Higher Education (THE) World University rankings for 2008 were announced this week, which saw Imperial drop one from last year's 5th place. Imperial are only bettered by Harvard, Yale, Cambridge, Oxford and now California Institute of Technology, who leapfrogged Imperial, moving up 3 places from 7th to this year's 4th.

Despite controversy of 2007 rankings placing the renowned American university Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) below Imperial, MIT have remained so; albeit by a smaller margin of ranking for 2008. Many American universities disregard the Times Higher Education rankings in favour of Shanghai Jiao Tong University's ta-

bles, which conveniently rank eight American universities in their top ten. In contrast to the THE rankings, Imperial are placed 27th, whilst MIT stand in a commanding 5th place.

Imperial scored perfect 100s in Staff/Student, International Students, and Employer Review scores, and averaged at 98.4, 0.2 points behind 5th place. The Times Higher Education revamped their ranking methodology in 2007, with Imperial taking great strides up the tables due to the introduction of graduate recruitment scoring.

Top British universities have taken a fall as a whole, with both Cambridge and Oxford also slipping a single ranking. Bloomsbury-based UCL bucked this trend and actually climbed 2 places to 7th; sniffing Imperial's figurative backside one ranking behind.

2008 RANK	2007 RANK	INSTITUTION	COUNTRY	PEER REVIEW SCORE	EMPLOYER REVIEW SCORE	STAFF/STUDENT SCORE	CITATIONS/STAFF SCORE	INTERNATIONAL STAFF SCORE	INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS SCORE	OVERALL SCORE
1	1	Harvard University	US	100	100	96	100	87	81	100
2	2=	Yale University	US	100	100	100	98	89	71	99.8
3	2=	University of Cambridge	UK	100	100	99	89	98	95	99.5
4	2=	University of Oxford	UK	100	100	100	85	96	96	98.9
5	7=	California Institute of Technology	US	100	74	98	100	100	93	98.6
6	5	Imperial College London	UK	99	100	100	83	98	100	98.4
7	9	University College London	UK	96	99	100	89	96	100	98.1
8	7=	University of Chicago	US	100	99	98	91	78	83	98.0
9	10	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	US	100	100	90	100	33	94	96.7
10	11	Columbia University	US	100	99	98	94	29	89	96.3
11	14	University of Pennsylvania	US	97	98	88	99	83	79	96.1
12	6	Princeton University	US	100	98	75	100	91	82	95.7
13=	13	Duke University	US	97	98	100	94	30	66	94.4
13=	15	Johns Hopkins University	US	99	78	100	100	30	68	94.4
15	20=	Cornell University	US	100	99	90	96	28	76	94.3
16	16	Australian National University	Australia	100	93	82	74	99	91	92.0
17	19	Stanford University	US	100	100	67	100	26	87	91.2
18	38=	University of Michigan	US	99	99	85	84	59	51	91.0

Nope, we don't know how the scoring works either. Go figure.

Street art hits the union quad



News correspondent, Afonso Campos, was supposed to write an article, but he didn't, so we put in a picture instead!

Surgeon takes out wrong organ at St. Mary's

Jovan Nedić
Editor in chief

An investigation is taking place at St Mary's Hospital in Paddington after a patient was given the wrong operation. A woman was admitted for a gynaecological procedure and ended up being taken to an operating theatre to have her gall bladder removed.

Imperial College Healthcare NHS Trust, of which St Mary's is one of the hospitals, has claimed that the operation was actually fortuitous. Once the gall bladder was examined, it was realised that it needed to be removed anyway. A spokeswoman told the Telegraph that: "During the operation, the patient was found to need this treatment which was successfully carried out."

"The patient made a good recovery and her original problem was resolved. The trust has apologised to both the patient and their family who have now returned home."

The main concern raised here is that there could have been such a mistake. With each patient, there are

several checks that are made to ensure that such a mistake is not made. Such measures include giving each patient a wrist-band which has their name and a unique number that links them to the particular treatment they may require. As well as all these measures, the patient is made to sign a consent form for

the particular operation they may require, which is accompanied with them to the operating theatre. The Trust has not commented on whether or not any of those responsible had been suspended, however one senior surgeon at the hospital told The Times this week that "Heads are bound to roll."



This hospital belongs to Mary, I want a hospital all of my own too

careers fair 2008

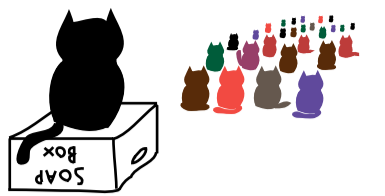
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Comment, Opinion & Letters

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

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This just in

The hubbub surrounding the fashionista sluts in Hangman a few weeks back was quite a surprise to me when I picked up Felix last week. Despite living with women in the vicinity, I'd had no idea that the piece had caused offence, as I'd taken it as more of a mockery of male attitudes rather than women. Having said that, I think some of my female friends did try to tell me something, it was just hard to hear them with the Hoover going and the door to the kitchen shut all the time. I'm sure it was nothing.

What surprised me, you see, is that someone had an emotional response to something they read in the press. I'd taken it as read that we just ignored what people wrote in newspapers and the like nowadays. Why else would I write this column. The only time I've felt moved by a newspaper headline was when I was told that Jade Goody had a fifty-fifty chance of survival, and that was because the one thing you expect to be able to depend on in this world – terminal illness – had managed to fail on me spectacularly. So in general the press only are there to offer me crosswords, comedy-sized photographs I can annotate with various genitalia sketches, and the occasional FREE! soundtrack from a movie I've never heard of, usually starring Alec

Guinness.

I think a real contributing factor here is that most people who write for newspapers are exactly the kind of people whose opinion you don't want to hear. To be a journalist you need, broadly, two key attributes: the ability to generate what's called 'filler' – mindless chatter to boost word counts, also known as 'articles' if you work for The Metro – and the ability to manipulate text. Ninety-five percent of journalists go into an interview with someone knowing exactly what they want when they leave. Unsurprisingly, they always manage to get it, and that's by twisting, shearing and mashing up the words until they spell out the right phrase. It's like playing Scrabble with the Cookie Monster.

These two things combine to form this horrific concoction of hypocrisy, sensationalism and general ranting, and I've not found a single paper that isn't susceptible to it. Everything from the FT to *felix* has writers who are willing to bullshit their way through eight hundred words, and crowbar events into a moral-of-the-story cookie cutter. And when it's Jade Goody being crowbarred and bullshitted, why should I care? Frankly, I'd like it if the crowbar was actually made of bullshit. But it permeates everywhere, and everyone seems to think they're the ones who

read the 'right' version of events.

It's tiresome, because the people who really shouldn't be acting like arseholes end up gibbering and flailing copies of The Independent at you, screaming bloody murder and conspiracy theories. I'm surprised you morons aren't up in arms about this because the majority of the press is taking the piss out of you on a regular basis.

The London Paper's attempt at 'understanding' LOLcats last week was a good example of this, with the journalistic equivalent of your parents discussing rap music making up a beautiful one-page feature on the 'phenomenon' that has 'millions hooked'. LOLcats is a firm favourite in the Felix offices, of course, but trying to understand and concoct a page's worth of something that you probably only heard about the day you were commissioned to write about it results in the kind of writing that would only really entertain people that had been dead for three to four hours already.

When they chose to cover the switch-on at the LHC – and I've been unable to find anyone that can debunk rumours that the BBC actually asked for a big red button to be installed for their news coverage – one paper actually printed a photo of a computer screen with a graph on it, and annotated it with a caption saying "IS THIS

A BLACK HOLE?!"

No, it's a fucking peak on a line graph. It's probably the power consumption of their air control system as a thousand idiotic journalists suddenly started sweating at *absolutely fuck all happening* where they'd promised their live viewers apocalypse and cries of Eureka.

It's just gut-wrenchingly sad more than anything, maybe particularly so for anyone who's ever had a hope of writing as a living in the future. Because the sad truth is that once you hit freelance work you'll slowly realise that to make any money, you'll need to throw away notions of changing things forever in favour of, well, going along with everyone else.

And that doesn't justify anything that's out there. I'm not even saying that Hangman's opening misogyny spectacular was the sort of thing you'd expect to see in your average national publication. But we're not a national publication. We're a student paper. And it's our comedy pull-out section. And it's got a photo of the Oxford rector with *lasers coming out of his eyes*. And to be quite frank, if you're still into taking things like that seriously then subscribe to The Daily Mail, get the cardboard out, and start writing a stiff letter on it to itanangrygeek@googlemail.com.

comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Gilead Amit

// We're scared. We're alone. There is evil out there as well as genuine apathy, which is infinitely more frightening. //

A votive offering to Thalia

There must be a word to describe the combination of phobias that I have. I would imagine some hideous Greco-Latin monstrosity with an indecent number of prefixes. I'm not in the mood to start scouring www.phobialist.com at the moment but I have no doubt that it would furnish me with the answer. To tell the truth, now that I come to think about it it's probably something quite short and pithy, because what I have is by no means unusual. Just pathetic.

The truth is that I'm afraid of change. I abhor any alteration to the routines I've laid down for myself. I am the fuddiest of duddies and the muddiest of sticks. For a stinking wreck of neuroses, though, I can still coin the occasional euphonious phrase.

I'm sorry – this is misleading. It sounds as though I'm either going to relate some amusing anecdotes about my aversion to change or provide you with a fool-proof guide to emotional stability and mental openness. I'm afraid I can't do either. My own psyche is still a construction site, and far be it for the man with builders in the attic to give out DIY tips with any degree of confidence.

There is, however, one remarkable product that can be acquired safely and legally and is guaranteed to help. It's been around for a while, but the modern-day ultra-refined version has lost none of its power. I'm talking about Humour. It's a phenomenal concept with a fascinating history and incredible, almost instantaneous results.

It is no coincidence that we humans simultaneously have a sense of humour and an (albeit superficial) understanding of the Universe: the two unquestionably go hand-in-hand. The Universe is an inherently ridiculous place: I don't need to quote Douglas Adams at you to make my point. The more complete our awareness of our mind-boggling insignificance, the more ridiculous our existence seems. This is enough to drive some to despair, others to madness, others still to religion, some to science, some to philosophy and a large proportion of all of the above to humour.

I am a great uplifter-onto-pedestals.

I am also unusually fond of hyphenation, but that's a different issue. For me, comedy is on a par with science and art. Not a subdivision of either but equal to both. The Universe is a mysterious, terrifying, incomprehensible and the-saurus-burstingly vast place for things as insignificant as us to find ourselves in. We are grossly underequipped to dealing with it, but we're doing pretty well for the grandchildren of apes.

Our genuine attempts to fill in the black hole-like gaps in our knowledge take the form of scientific investigation and artistic expression. The quest to find the logical order behind why external reactions and behaviours are as they are, and the equally insatiable need to find the order behind our internal reactions and behaviours. Many less talented or original souls attempt to garner some understanding from religion – wasting their time on lazy and stultifying acts of self-deception and truly futile re-interpretations of the original work of others.

But comedy ranks up there with both science and art. It came as a relief to me earlier this week to discover that the Ancient Greeks had a muse of comedy, as well as the more well-known muses of history, tragedy, dance and astron-

omy. Their priorities, as ever, were spot on. Because it literally is vitally important to find things funny. Take away a sense of humour and you remove a sense of perspective. Funny things might not necessarily be less evil or unpleasant than unfunny ones, but at least we feel that we understand them. The ability to summarize a situation in a joke or an amusing cartoon effectively neutralizes it, strapping it to the operating table where you can examine it without fear. Laughing at something means you can tell where its limits are; that you can see the places where it borders on the ridiculous. That gives us the feeling of certainty and control we desperately need.

Life is so mind-bogglingly absurd that all you can really do about it is laugh. The more nervous and uncertain you are, the more hilarious everything becomes. Hence the fine line between a baby's tears and giggles, the frenzied sex jokes that plague high school sex ed teachers the world over, and the obsession with paedophilia, death, sexual fetishes and genocide that characterises the humour of young adults. These last few are the things that scare us most. We are too old to lock the bogeymen in the closet and pretend

they don't exist, but also too young, in many cases, to have experienced them directly. We float in a pristine pool that we are desperate to prove is as muddied as anything that surrounds us.

I am tremendously lenient when it comes to borderline jokes because I know and share the motivating force behind them: our attempts to make some sort of sense of the randomness of existence, to categorize and explicitly describe the things we are too scared or uncomfortable to directly confront. There will always be idiots with no sense of comic timing, cretins who have no idea what audience is appropriate for what sort of joke, and bigots who genuinely find racey jokes funny for the wrong reasons. Ignore them. Examine the context. The world of comedy should not have heavily-poled borders, but rather well-defined ceasefire lines we recognize and get giddy thrills from treading.

We're scared. We're alone. There is evil out there as well as genuine apathy, which is infinitely more frightening. Humour is what allows us to get through unspeakable trauma and face up to our own inevitable brutality and decay. At the end of the day, it's all we have.



The muses. Thalia, second from the left, is the muse of comedy and bucolic poetry. Just a bit of context.



Ammar Waraich

The plight of Zohair

Last issue *felix* asked us to debate the rights and wrongs of the case of Palestinian student Zohair Abu-Shaban and the denial of his passage through either Israel or Egypt by the Israeli administration to allow him to attend his MSc at Imperial this year. However, I am sure that most people would be of the opinion that no debate is needed at all. This is a gross violation of the rights of an aspiring, award-winning student and the only thing we need to talk about is what, if anything, we can do.

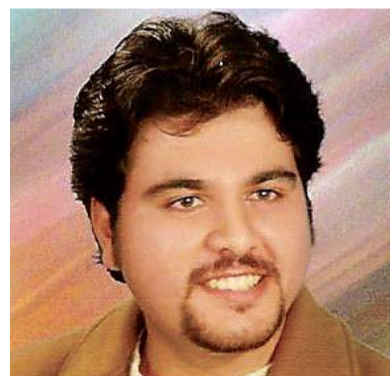
I really, truly hope that students at Imperial are aware of the absolute squalor that is the Gaza strip and the horrendous life the people have to endure in

the Palestinian / Occupied territories – and if you don't, you are an ignorant loser. If there is anything that can promote peace or some improvement in the region then it is not building walls and segregating the indigenous communities, but instead education and gestures of good-will. What possible benefit the Israeli administration sees in stealing aspirations from positively motivated individuals, I just do not know. Conversely, what I do know is the usual apathetic response we can expect from the relevant embassies and offices. I would love to see what they say if one of their own children was stopped dead in his or her educational tracks. Somehow, I don't think paltry excuses about "hostile govern-

ments" would hold...

I do not think it is unreasonable for us to ask the College and the Union to take this matter seriously, and I am sure things are being done, but I would like to see the student body at Imperial being kept aware through regular communication. Plus, I also think there is a good case for students at Imperial to rally together and get an active campaign and petition going that can include people from all walks of life and political persuasions. Since this case has already received attention in the national media, it is possible to have a significant impact.

There was another case in the past when a Palestinian student called Khaled was denied the opportunity



to pursue a better life through similar restrictions but thankfully British students were able to organise a campaign large enough to counter this. Now that Khaled is in Britain and has started a national organisation that we can also turn to for support (www.letpalstudy.org.uk), I feel optimistic that together we can do the same again.



Viscount Kensington

It's all gone wrong

It has all gone so very wrong. The economy crumbles! Inflation soars! The weather is colder! Oh, it is you. I am ever so sorry, I did not realise that you were here. Your term has started? How important! How note-worthy! The ramifications will ripple across the Universe, ending stars, destroying galaxies and threatening the very fabric of existence itself!

A million people tremble at the sound of the faintest remnants of the echoes of your footsteps! You are the rocks of the eternal shore; all that crashes against you is broken! Neither Perdition's Flame nor Heaven's Light could enlighten that which was in your shadow. Your name is Ozymandias,

King of Kings: Look on your works, ye Mighty, and despair!

Ozymandias, indeed. You are at Imperial now where all your accomplishments are as the monuments of the Pharaohs: buried beneath the desert sands. Your worth! Here can be measured and weighed, and your calibrated scale will tell you that your value is exactly equal to the cost of your tuition fees.

To think, people lose their jobs and homes because you are forcing the Government to spend all its money provide you with an extremely generous loan. You monster! You heartless creature of the abyss! Do the screams of the children you, and you alone, are

causing to starve bring you joy? Are your emotions so warped and twisted that making trillions upon trillions of people suffer is the only way that you might feel a flicker of long-forgotten joy?

It was debt that caused the economy to revert to the club-to-the-face-your-stuff-now-mine economic model employed by our cave-dwelling ancestors, in the age before Adam Smith wrote his magnum opus, 'Why It Is Right and Proper That Poor People Ought to Starve and That Banks Should Lend More Money Than Exists Because Keynesian Economics Will Have Been Invented By The Time It Becomes An Issue' (they were fond of long titles in

his day).

Where was I? Ah yes, hello, welcome and all that. If you are a returning student I hope the wretched stupidity that is affirmative action towards peasants has not blighted your test scores. My father endowed the College with a chair and yet my exams were still graded based upon my performance, like a commoner! How is it fair that I must endure such a handicap? Since when did money cease to make me superior to others?

In any just society I would have been awarded a PhD there and then. They won't even give the money back so I cannot cheer myself up by having people thrown in rivers by ninja-butlers.



Caz Knight

Rampage of idealism

Global warming has stepped aside and let credit crunch/crisis/commotion take centre stage. The very word 'crunch' evokes the image of our worldly possessions crushed under our collapsing homes, forced into dilapidation by our impending poverty. But for all the frequency with which we hear that phrase (and others such as 'recession', 'FTSE' and 'merchant banker') I wonder how many people actually know what the Hell is going on and what implications it will have on us. It is with some timorousness that I embark on this opinion, for I am a girl with little experience of the world's financial markets and my experience of Canary Wharf begins and ends in the tube station's extensive adjoining food court.

To sum up the fiscal events until this point briefly and, I hope, not erroneously, it all began with banks in America lending money to homebuyers. The bank used the claims on these homebuyers' mortgages as security for loans the banks would take out themselves to

use for investments in hedge-funds, for example. These investments took place even before the homebuyers had paid back their debts. It was only when the banks had borrowed up to five times what these original debts were worth, that it became clear that homebuyers were unable to pay off these mortgages. Lehman Bros. had no option but to close. We in the UK feel the shock waves as many of the hedge-funds had British banks investing. Any decrease in a bank's assets will have repercussions on us, the savers. Less money for them, less for us as they stop lending to us in the form of credit. We are no longer at liberty to spend tomorrow's money today.

What riles me most about this debacle is just how the Media is portraying the economic situation. My confusion began when I read headlines telling us of 'meltdowns', 'Black Thursdays' and 'crises'. I look at the world around me and everything is still in its place. I still have my health, my friends, my family and everything else I had before this sensationalism: probably even more,

in fact. For a real crisis look at the carnage from a natural disaster or Zimbabwe. Admittedly, the economy has the potential to wreak real havoc such as death and famine but that is in the circumstances of a depression. We have not even arrived at recession yet. If the country reaches a state of depression, I will eat my words.

However, the Media is doing a brilliant job of creating a recession by inspiring fear and stinginess in the population. This will only accelerate the recession if less money is being pumped into our economy. I despair that people will blindly swallow what the Media puts forth without considering: How much of my expenditure is reliant on credit? Will the bank reduce what it offers to lend me? And by how much do I have to curb my spending? If the answer is many hundreds or thousands then you have every right to be worried and I suggest you eat beans out of the can for a while. (I enjoy this habit: whatever my bank balance.) So the solution is to make sure you keep spending but only the money you actu-

ally have. It seems I am asking rather a lot of you especially after Britain has bred a litter of borrowers hooked on loans before they have left the womb.

I am in a very easy, comfortable position to look with disdain upon the hype of our present economic situation. I don't own any credit cards and so am only able to spend money I actually have. Whilst enjoying a particularly overpriced cocktail distinctly lacking in alcohol on the King's Road with a friend, a middle-aged man of banking profession sat at the table next to us – "No shopping today, Ladies?" – clearly frazzled and anxious at the prospect of things to come. A double whiskey was ordered swiftly and I felt his frustration as they fluffed his order. This time must be stroke-inducing for those at the helm of our banks and markets, their heart rates rising as stocks and shares plummet: not to mention their Christmas bonuses.

Whatever the events and the future, I think the Media needs to desist in the incessant coverage of this subject until when we actually need to worry.



Jaimie Henry

Imperial... what a load of bankers

People complain about the credit crunch too much. "Oooh, the banks are collapsing," "I've lost all my money," "I've got no house," are just some of the whines I have heard in the last couple of months. Although I should probably stop discussing complex economic theories with tramps. But I've been looking for that silver lining and, not being able to see the wood for the trees, have just found it here at Imperial.

It's not the fact that eventually companies won't be able to give out free razors, so self-absorbed feminist wannabees can go write into university newspapers complaining about how it's an affront to their human rights (despite such razors coming with bottles of – traditionally manly – eye makeup remover), although admittedly this would be nice. It's not even that eventually the notion of top up fees will have to be abolished or that an unfamiliar system of overfunded com-

prehensive polytechnics are consistently beaten by decrepit grammar universities – although again it would be a relief that Lord Patten will have some other elitist tripe to trawl on about.

What is nice, however, is the fact that the banks are collapsing. There is the general sentiment that we shouldn't be bailing out the banks because they've brought this all on themselves, but £288 per person on the Earth is a small price to pay for preventing the end of the economic world. What we shouldn't be doing is bailing the bankers out.

You may like to think that the current climate would mean no more big bonuses and certainly no more champagne, but parasites that work in banking will find a way to keep hold of their trophy wives. It will mean, however, that Imperial's endless supply of free pens, cuddly toys, textbooks and god knows whatever else is being pushed onto students by Botox-faced "executives" who would be quite happy pushing crack to kids if it served their pur-

pose. The result (not-withstanding the Union Stationary Shop income skyrocketing), would probably be that students will follow careers in their chosen disciplines.

I personally can't see the point in doing a Physics Masters for four years or an Engineering PhD for six when all the graduates then intend to do is gamble away mine and everyone else's money in some jumped-up office in the City before they go home and get their rocks off. Students spent years and huge amounts of debt training as these professionals, and to claim it's all for "transferable skills" is like claiming sex is a transferable skill for rape. Maybe it is a caveat of the government's policy of cramming people into universities left right and centre, but if these students go on to work in these fields it can be no bad thing. But they won't. Is it such a strange concept to fresh-faced 18 year old applicants to actually want to do the subjects they apply for? Probably not, but the lure of fast cars and

bonuses does much to corrupt people, which is something we could really do without at the moment. I know I'm not the most moral of people, but cleaning tarmac is expensive, and the last thing we need at the moment is more jumpers. That and more homelessness and divided families, such as in the 90's.

I don't honestly believe for one moment that all the ills in the world can be solved by banning this charade of broadcasting propaganda, thinly veiled as "careers fairs" and no doubt some students make the decision to go into finance for completely altruistic or academic reasons. But allowing such institutionalised greed to be sanitised and force-fed into the mouths of students is going to do nothing but perpetuate the gluttony that has already engulfed the financial sector and currently threatens to take us all down with it. So maybe, just maybe, the impending doom that is the credit crunch might make things a little lighter on our shores, even if we do run short on biros.



Dan Wan

"You're well safe, son. Let me give you a biscuit."

Now that you're reading my article after being utterly perplexed but simultaneously intrigued by its headline, I can severely disappoint you. Another moan about public transport? Yes, sirree. Damn fucking right and it's all justified too.

TFL, you sons of a collective bitch, why do you bother charging me horrific amounts of money each week to sit on the sweaty tin cans you call trains and buses, getting progressively annoyed until I end up getting off and walking the rest of the way, because it always turns out to be quicker? All right, that's not entirely true; I once had to hobble all the way home after trying to jump a railing in Piccadilly Circus, failing and ending up effectively hurling myself across the pavement to the horrrum-amusement of Spanish tourists. That time definitely took longer than the train I would have been on.

Come January, another price hike will see minimum fares on the Underground rise to £1.60, and buses to £1. Boris blames Ken, and as a retort, Ken nasally goads the people of London for voting Boris into office. Fuck both of you, Mayors of London (Seriously, I

still don't get that. On what, Ken? On your mum.)

I'm all riled up and unnaturally aggravated at this time of day, and it's all down to a couple of horrific experiences over these last couple of days. Rewind to last Sunday evening, and you'll see me standing at Notting Hill Gate coming back from the shitty part of my week where I get treated like dirt as a Sales Assistant. I've decided to subject myself to the seemingly unconnected branches of the District Line for reasons unknown to man. All I want to do is get back home (Fulham Broadway) via a simple 7-minute ride on a Wimbledon-bound train. "Next Wimbledon train within 6 minutes," the dot matrix board states. Fast forward an hour later, and I'm on the platform of High Street Ken, the station one stop down the line. The Wimbledon train took 26 minutes, not 6 as promised. All Underground staff hate you. They only open the disabled gates for you because they truly think you're disabled, when really you're only limping because you've kicked a train door open in frustration moments before, when the driver forgot to open the doors and walked off to take an undeserved break.

I expect a little less of London buses,



One of the bendy buses around central London

since they're cheaper, and drivers have to have some skill other than pulling a lever up and down in accordance to red and green lights. Today though, this driver figuratively took the piss, and literally took the wrong bus route. Despite several diversion signs and road blockages, he managed to ignore them all, and found himself doing a three-point-turn on Kensington Church Street. To top it all off, he decides that he's too good a driver for the usual bus stop I get off at, and skips it altogether. Why the hell not, eh?

Not all bus drivers have the IQ of Hangman's scrotum, though. Since College insist on giving us CID cards that use the same swipe technology as Oyster cards, I'm sure every Imperial student, at some point, probably when drunk coming back from the Vodka-

Red Bull addled night in Tiger Tiger, has inadvertently swiped their College card on an Oyster reader only to be met with the red light of shame and buzzer noise of rejection. The one on a par with that infamous Family Fortunes 'wah-woh' noise.

Normally though, the driver just wants to get home because, after all, it's 4am, and he probably has some sort of life that doesn't involve shifting hundreds of drunk fucks around London. So, he waves you onto the bus without a fare, thinking you're just too cheap to have any credit on your Oyster. And amongst the mess that is your brain after 11 cheap drinks, you think, 'Wow that was actually a kind gesture of trust!' So, you decide to say to him "You're well safe, son. Let me give you a biscuit." I didn't have any biscuits.



Annabel Slater

Freshers' Week... it's finally over

As Freshers' Week finished, I, for one, breathed a sigh of relief. It's bad enough that this is my second Freshers' week at a fresh new university – that's right, I'm a postgraduate student, remember, we exist here too? – chock full of the same old hype and breathless banalities I've encountered before. Now I can get on with my university life – not what Mr Student Cliche, in his many guises, says my university life should be, which, if the general events and psyche of all that excitable 'Freshers' literature is to be believed, consists of rampant drinking every night (and indeed if that's so, why do so many societies insist on inconveniently putting recruiting sessions in the early hours of the day?), collecting swathes of phone numbers in a couple of days, and studying to get a top class degree in tandem.

Forgive me for being a grumpy old postgrad of 23 years old, but I didn't manage to make the 'drink every night with your new friends' quota for Freshers' week the first time round, when my liver was a healthy 18 years-old and I was as fresh-faced and shiny-eyed as I was ever likely to get. I like a social drink.

Actually, I love a social drink. But hangovers, beer goggles and unwise encounters, the college human petri dish, or, at the worst, heartfelt drunken vomiting, do not a happy introduction to university make, and I'll hazard that I cannot be the only one who woke up depressed and remorseful on my second day of university. This time round, things are also even more difficult, since I'm still busy enough trying to find my way around London and the area where I live- like almost every other postgrad in private housing, usually just falling under an hour away from Imperial (or closer to two hours by night bus if you want to make the late events, and in a strange, prone-to-be-lost-in-city? Difficult), and locate all the necessary rooms essential to my college life.

Most of us agreed that Freshers' Week was centred, for the majority, around undergraduates. And here's the really irritating thing I had to face again – Freshers' Guilt. This is the distinctive Guilt that seeps in if you "don't" go drinking every evening with

your new friends' (and supposing you haven't located those new, often madly denigrating, glorious bastards yet, or lost them in the human soup of Freshers' fair, anyway?) and instead find yourself stepping back to your pad for a quiet night in with your silent mobile phone. Supposing you've had your fill of small talk and attempts to break into protective first-week cliques, well too bad. You're an adult, you're at your new university, you're in a week of purported hedonism, and you're not Out There Being Part Of It. Being forced to have fun at awkward events can be bad, but being forced to feel like you should definitely be having fun is worse.

I admired efforts to secure vaguely famous entertainment names on two nights of the week- one up on my old uni there- but might I suggest welcoming events that don't involve late nights and cocktails at the Union, but instead free food and movie nights, lunchtime barbecues, theatre shows, society displays, and dinners? Might I suggest that those producing written material for Freshers stop drawing on the same boring clichés? Yes, I get it... Freshers can't cook, wash laundry, or even wash

themselves, if this year's handbook is to be believed. Freshers are cute, naive, and good looking, like bunny rabbits. Freshers will soon become proudly cynical and hardened like the current 2nd or 3rd years, like weasels. Freshers will be partying madly all the time, having the best years of their life (it's all downhill from here, folks!) whilst simultaneously breezing through the three or more most academically challenging and trying years of their life. I can only assume this last statement is true, since most writers prefer not to detail much about the realities of academic study at university when there's egotistical, lazy fun to be poked at new students. References to the lingering stung pride of supposedly being Oxbridge rejects, ho-ho, never gets old, the potential Dark Path of investment banking / management consulting / 'corporate whoring' (seems to be the trendy term now) which no doubt lies ahead in the Real World for the naive new student... sigh.

Here's a few tips. First, stop patronising Freshers. Sure, we need help in getting integrated with Imperial, but stop writing all the old clichés. Not all

of us are a) Undergraduates b) Naive c) Amused. Second, break away from the boring pattern of evening alcohol as a medium to fun and new pals in Freshers Week and find better ways to get used to this place. Third, for God's sake stop insisting that these are going to be the best years of anyone's life, or else continue sowing seeds of unnecessary worry in the minds of those who, eventually realising that in a short time the supposed best years are going to be over and yet life still doesn't feel like Elysium and ambrosia now, that they clearly are doing university wrong. Fourth, hide the level of sexual frustration seeping into certain *felix* writings (irrelevant but there seems a heck of a lot of sexual innuendo and male rogering jokes pasted through what I've read of *felix*'s more casual laddish pieces so far, there's no game in trying to spot it).

Honestly? So far, I'm very much looking forward to a year of Imperial. No, I'm not a bitter and scarred old young killjoy, I'm happy to be here. But boy, am I glad I got through Freshers' Week again. Now my university life can actually begin.



Freshers enjoying themselves at this year's Mingle



GSOH required

Why do bachelors like smart women?

Today I received an insult (whoops... I've just been informed that they're actually 'witty retorts') and laughed. That's right. Me. Woman. Sexist (joke) insult. Laugh. Some people at this university really need to grab the rod that is shoved so far up their arse that they can't appreciate a joke, give it a good twist and ever so carefully remove it from their overused orifice. Okay... Deep breath...

In case you haven't gathered, this is being written in response to our 'amusement' stimulated by a certain cliché-ridden article in last week's *felix* (we had to force ourselves to finish the bloody thing to write about it in its entirety).

Now we've read the article which has obviously caused such great offence (you know... balanced opinion etcetera etcetera), and ended up feeling quite sorry for HaxzorMcRandy_1 (if he needs to repeatedly tell us about his conquests... it's obvious he hasn't had one since his Freshers' Week). As for a certain 'feminine' article - firstly, there has been a massive sense of humour failure on the author's behalf and those who so needlessly showed support to their article by allowing their names to appear in association with it. Secondly, there are a number of things inherently wrong with their arguments.

As if to alienate all the supposed target readers, the article starts by suggesting that most women who come to study at Imperial do so under the influence of some strange penis envy. In actual fact we're confident that most women at Imperial are happy being female 'despite starting at a male-dominated university'. In our year at Imperial, we've never felt it necessary to minimise or conceal our femininity.

The female Freshers do need to acclimatise themselves to this inherent maleness though; by choosing to study Science (and we don't mean by choosing to study at a scientific institution) they will be subjected to this form of humour throughout their working life. It's different to our normal sense of humour but that doesn't mean that by appreciating it you will automatically grow stubble and learn to burp in public. Variation is good for your soul, or so we've been told. You do find the occasional specimen who is just a wanker, but if you actually take a good look at the men making these jokes they're not being offensive (in some cases it may actually be an attempt at flirting... the odds are good and all that jazz). All these 'feminine' whingers are doing is showing our male peers that we can't take a joke. Well we can. Enough is enough. We are "making our voices heard".

Yes... the *felix* team often end up being arrogant arseholes, but they are amusing arseholes... and that's why we continue to read their articles week after week... term after term – somehow out of the depths of their shit they do manage to make us laugh. The male humour at our institution is one of my favourite things about this place. By the end of the summer I found myself laughing to the "your mum" jokes my friends would have said... I actually missed the blunt, crude, sexist, immature – especially the immature – comments that they would have made.

To the authoress: I strongly recommend that you cease to read the comical sections of *felix*... the satire is obviously too much for your brain.

In case you were wondering... Opposites Attract.

Dear Susie Peng/ Chao Cui

I found your response to the Hangman section strangely sad. You seem to be labouring under the misapprehension that the authors were being remotely serious!

Let x be the length of time you have spent at Imperial College. As someone who has endured Imperial life for $(3x + 12)/3.75$ (Sorry I couldn't resist an Imperial joke...) I'll give you some advice about how to survive this terrible experience of being surrounded by desperate men. If you want to experience real sexual harassment – go and get a job on a building site/oil rig, or as a fire-fighter, or even in a bank! These are places where attitudes will not change no matter how many letters you write and in which the women who work are the ones really making a difference to womens' rights. The only way in which you get some respect is through hard work, a good sense of humour and looking all right in a skirt when you go for a drink after work.

We will always live in a society where men and women don't have equal rights, this is because they are different. Do yourself a favour and look at the real inequality and injustice in the world and don't harp on about a group of lads just having a joke.

Yours
LC (PG)

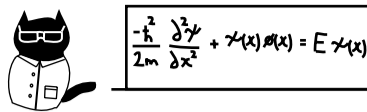
What appeared in the Hangman section that caused this uproar was clearly not a serious article. In fact, as one may have figured out from the name HaxzorMcRandy_1 we are clearly dealing with someone who spends a considerable time of his life on the Internet. Not only that, but given the titles like epic Fail and at least over 9000 more hints within his articles, he has clearly crawled from the dark side of the Internet.

Anyway, what I was meaning to get to, is that he is what is known as a troll... and an obvious, though successful, one at that. If you're now thinking of a large fat creature that has more muscles than brains... or even worse some messed-up warped WoW version of this mythical creature I should explain in a bit more detail. Everything that was stated in those articles was overdone and tailored specifically to strike a nerve and trigger a reaction, and doesn't necessarily reflect the true opinion of the author, yet alone Imperial as a whole.

This is a common practice on the Net and is referred to as trolling...those people who are naive enough to take the comments seriously in turn have "been trolled", and hardly deserves a "rallying of the silent majority".

That said, whether such articles and trolls should necessarily be represented in our student newspaper, or whether this is a form of humour that is best kept to the forums it belongs to, is perhaps a question both the editor and the author should consider carefully.

Yours
Lulzkiller



Dossiers Sexologiques
Mićo Tatalović
Science editor

The way a woman walk could show if she has orgasms or not. New research published in the Journal of Sexual Medicine claims that trained sexologists can tell whether a woman is having vaginal orgasms induced by penetrative sex, simply by looking at the way she walks. A number of previous studies have determined that clitoral and vaginal orgasms are two separate physiological phenomena dependent on different nervous pathways. Vaginal orgasms have been shown to benefit women's health: penile stimulation of the vagus nerve in the cervix is beneficial to cardiovascular health and also helps other physiological processes such as coping with stress. Women with more vaginal orgasms also have better relationship quality. The new study looked at 16 Belgian women, half of whom had vaginal orgasms and half of whom did not. These women were filmed walking down the street and trained sexologists then looked at videos to determine whether a woman was orgasmic or not, based on her walk. They were able to do so correctly in 81% of the cases. The authors say that an observer may tell if a woman has orgasms by looking at her gait "that comprises fluidity, energy, sensuality, freedom and absence of flaccid and locked muscles". Apparently, the orgasmic women have "greater pelvic and vertebral rotation and stride length" and the muscle blocks may be responsible for impairment of some women's sexual potential.

From an evolutionary point of view, if one could tell by walk alone if woman has orgasms and if this is related to her health and therefore physical fitness, one would expect men to have evolved ways of seeing this. It might be interesting to see if any man, not just trained sexologists, could guess this. Even men in a relationship pay attention to single, attractive women. In fact, meeting a single woman leads men to view their own partners in a more negative light then they do, reports a study published in Journal of Personality and Social Psychology. The study tested 71 men, half of which were introduced to a single, attractive woman who flirted with them, other half with a woman who ignored them. After this experience they were asked if they would forgive their partner if she cancelled a date, or gossiped about their private lives. Men who had another woman flirting with them were 12% less forgiving. Presumably the experience of a complete stranger flirting with them led them to believe they were too cool to be messed around. Maybe it increased their self-perceived mate value. Interestingly, for women, the trend was opposite: after meeting an attractive, single man, they were 17% more likely to forgive their partners and so were working to strengthen their current relationship.



Podview: Paranormal Podcasts

The Skeptics' Guide to the Universe

This weekly, hour-long podcast is a humorous and critical look at current controversies in pseudo-science and the paranormal. Some of the items will make your collective jaws drop. Particularly enjoyable/worrying is news of PETA's 'evidence' of a link between cows' milk and autism. Luckily for us, they have a solution: lobby Ben & Jerry's to replace cows' milk in their ice cream with... wait for it... human breast milk! I checked: not an April fool special. Also excellent, an interview with Matthew Chapman, Darwin's great great-grandson. Despite ending up in the movie business, he is active in the creation-evolution debate in the US and is currently petitioning the presidential candidates to debate on science issues. We wish him luck. Although a bit long, this podcast will keep you awake on your underground journey and provide you with intellectual ammunition for moron-baiting. www.theskepticsguide.org

Skeptoid

This 10-minute weekly podcast aims to, according to its website, "blast away the widespread pseudo-sciences that infect popular culture one topic at a time." This week, Brian Dunning looks at the evidence for so-called 'scalar weapons', sometimes attributed to Serbo-Croatian genius Nikola Tesla. Dunning brings us up to date with the latest 'evidence' from scalar proponents and then gradually debunks their ideas one by one, including the notion that Tesla (who invented the alternating current motor) had anything to do with scalar weapons. He also explores the tendency of conspiracy theorists to hitch their ideas onto genuine science – such as scalar field theory – and use jargon and pseudoscientific mumbo-jumbo to pass off science fiction as fact. www.skeptoid.com

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Science Graffiti: where street art meets laboratory



Danger! Do not stare into the laser with remaining eye!

The lab called, your brain is ready.

Crop circles are the work of cereal killers.

Forty isn't old if you're a tree.

Life is sexually transmitted.

Never be spontaneous . . . you might combust.

Old chemists never die, they simply fail to react.

Half the people you know are below average.

Support bacteria. They're the only culture some people have.

Yesterday I couldn't spell engineer, now I is one.

OK, so what's the speed of darkness?

A vibration is a motion that cannot make up its mind which way it wants to go.

Vacuums are nothings. We only mention them to let them know we know they are there.

Earthquake predictors are fault finders.

Chemistry Professor on the line: "Yes, Dr Gustav Plant . . . 'p' for phthalimide, 'l' for lithium, 'a' for acetaldehyde, 'n' for nitrochlorobenzene and 't' for triethylamine."

I got an 'A' in Science. Stupid – there is no 'A' in science.

On an empty disk you can seek forever.

Geography is spreading all over the world. Stamp out geography!

Handy Guide to the Modern Sciences: 1. If it's green and moves, it's Biology. 2. If it's yellow and stinks, it's Chemistry. 3. If it doesn't work, it's Physics.

How do you tell when you're out of invisible ink?

Source: www.professorbunsen.com.au

Quarter of all species under threat of extinction

Update to 'Red List' shows many mammals are still at risk but some progress has been made

Erika Cule
Science Correspondent

A quarter of all mammal species are at risk of disappearing forever, according to an update to the Red List released last week by the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN) – the world's oldest and largest environmental network which is responsible for the publication of the Red List of Threatened Species.

This new update to the Red List, published at the World Conservation Congress in Barcelona last week, shows at least 1,141 of the listed 5,487 mammal species have threatened populations in the wild. Potentially the situation could be far worse as 836 species of mammals are classed as data deficient, as their populations are unknown.

Julia Marton-Lefèvre, the ICUN Director General said, "Within our lifetime, hundreds of species could be lost as a result of our own actions, a frightening sign of what is happening to the ecosystems where they live."



Bad news for Asian fishing cat : vulnerable to endangered

While this may paint a very bleak future for mammals there was some good news which came out of the data, such as that regarding the African Elephant which has been reclassified from Vulnerable to Near Threatened. This reflects the increasing populations in southern and eastern Africa after their population crash in the 1980's due to

the Ivory Trade. Due to well-planned conservation measures in recent years, 40 species of mammals showed signs of recovery, giving hope that a mass extinction crisis can be avoided. Several new initiatives have also been launched during the congress, including a project by Google allowing Google Earth users to view the world's

Marine Protected Areas, as well as to share pictures, videos and stories about them. The aim of this and other similar projects ultimately is to try and get people more aware and involved in conservation. The huge increase in endangered species in this update to the Red List shows is a warning call that cannot be ignored.



good news for the african elephant: reclassified from vulnerable to near threatened

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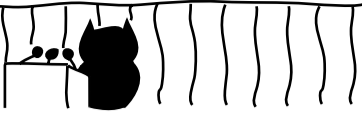
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“We’re not going to win this war,” claims Commander

UK Commander in Afghanistan, Mark Carleton-Smith, voices concern over the direction of the war and advocates diplomacy.



Military tactics may soon give way to diplomacy as top UK officials call for change.

James Goldsack
Politics Editor

The commander of UK troops in Afghanistan warned earlier this week that the war against the Taliban will not be won. This comes at a time when Britain is already stepping up pressure for a political and diplomatic resolution to the conflict.

Brigadier Mark Carleton-Smith said “We’re not going to win this war”. “It’s about reducing it to a manageable level of insurgency that’s not a strategic threat and can be managed by the Afghan army. We may well leave with there still being a low but steady ebb of rural insurgency.”

Carleton-Smith, commander of 16th Air Assault Brigade, has just completed a six-month mission in southern Afghanistan during which 32 of his soldiers were killed and 170 injured. Carleton-Smith remarked that his forces had “taken the sting out of the Taliban for 2008”. However, he warned that the public should not expect “a decisive military victory” so it is necessary to “lower our expectations” and accept it as unrealistic that multinational forces can rid the country of armed militias.

The aim should be not to engage in an endless military assault but to change the nature of the debate in Afghanistan so that disputes were settled

by negotiation rather than violence. Carleton-Smith stating “If the Taliban were prepared to sit on the other side of the table and talk about a political settlement, then that’s precisely the sort of progress that concludes insurgencies like this. That shouldn’t make people uncomfortable.”

Abdul Rahim Wardak, Afghanistan’s defence minister, expressed disappointment at the comments. However, Carleton-Smith’s warning has been echoed by a senior defence source who told *The Guardian* “the notion of winning and losing the decisive battle does not exist.” Carleton-Smith added that all the Nato-led international military force could do in Afghanistan was provide the “parameters of security.”

These deepening concerns reflect what British defence chiefs are saying privately. The conflict with the Taliban has reached a “stalemate” they say. There is also increased frustration with the weakness and corruption of President Hamid Karzai’s government in Kabul.

The French weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* reported that Sherard Cowper-Coles, UK ambassador to Kabul, told a French official that foreign troops added to Afghanistan’s problems. Reportedly, Cowper-Coles said the country might best be “governed by an acceptable dictator”, that the American

strategy was “destined to fail” and the presence of foreign troops was “part of the problem, not the solution.” The French foreign ministry said the newspaper report did not “correspond at all with what we hear from our British counterparts in our discussions on Afghanistan.” Britain has denied that it believes the military campaign is doomed to failure. Writing on his website, David Miliband, foreign secretary, described the report as “garbled” and insisted that Britain did not support a Kabul dictatorship.

He wrote “The future of Afghanistan is not about appointed dictators or foreign occupation, it is about building Afghan capabilities with the confidence of the Afghan people.”

A Foreign Office official was reported to have described the claim that Cowper-Coles advocated a dictatorship in Kabul as “utter nonsense” and that the comments that have been attributed to him are a distortion of what was said.

British officials are exasperated with the Karzai administration, the slow build up of a national army and corruption in the Afghan police force. Violence in Afghanistan has risen to its worst level since 2001, when the US led coalition overthrew the Taliban. However, since the invasion of Iraq, Afghanistan has been left short of troops and low on resources. The UK

general in Afghanistan has welcomed various attempts to bring this short-fall to light. In the recent Presidential Debate, Obama strongly advocated the expansion of the efforts in Afghanistan while scaling back the military in Iraq. Neither the US nor UK can afford to fight in two wars at once; the strain on the available resources is too great. Many officials believe that the war in Iraq was misguided not only legally but also due to the effect it has had on the fight against insurgency in Afghanistan, the main battleground against terrorism. What all on the ground believe is that if troops were pulled out of Iraq, a country in disarray, they could be put to much better use in Afghanistan to speed up the transition to complete Afghan control of the country.

Aid agencies say the Taliban and associated groups are controlling more territory and it is increasingly difficult to provide the population with their humanitarian needs, let alone physical security. The increase in power of the Taliban and the unknown whereabouts of Bin Laden give more reasons to increase the coalition’s power.

After months of indecision and attacking western diplomats and military officials for approaching Taliban forces to attempt a resolution, Karzai said last week he had asked the king of Saudi Arabia to mediate in negotiations.

The Kurdish Quest for Nationhood

Raz Jabary

At the end of the nineteenth century we saw the first recorded rise of Kurdish nationalism, when an insurrection was led under Sheikh Ubeydullah with the demand of the creation of a separate state for the Kurds in the Ottoman Empire. It was in 1923, with the ratification of the Treaty of Lausanne that broadly outlined the borders of modern Turkey, that Kurdistan became divided into four pieces in the newly created states of Iran, Iraq, Syria and Turkey. Many fail to understand that it was this random carving up of land that separated Kurdish family trees, placed the Kurds under various tyrannies that would rule over them for decades and has been the root for the continued Kurdish struggle today for nationhood.

Recent clashes between guerrillas of the Kurdistan Worker’s Party (PKK) and the Turkish military near the Kurdish town of Semdini left at least 38 dead and dozens wounded, according to official Turkish military sources. The event made international news headlines. The fundamentals behind this conflict involve an armed struggle that was launched in 1984 with the aim of creating an independent Kurdish state in what is today southeastern Turkey. The Worker’s Party has always claimed that they did not initiate the fight, but that it was a direct response to the subjugation of Kurds in Turkey, their attempted assimilation and the lack of possibility for Kurds to get involved on the diplomatic stage in order to be heard. For example, Kurdish towns and villages had been renamed to erase their Kurdish identity, the Kurdish language had been forbidden to be spoken in public, Kurdish movements (be they political, cultural or economic) had been banned and Kurdish media outlets had not been allowed to operate. Until as recently as 1991 the Kurds were not recognized by the Turkish government as a distinct ethnic people, but were rather referred to as “mountain Turks”, for they usually live in the higher plateaus. The conflict turned into a human crisis in the early 1990s when between 3,500 and 4,000 Kurdish villages were destroyed by the Turkish military (often being burned to the ground) and around three million Kurds were displaced to geographical entities in western Turkey with the attempt of cutting off supplies to the Kurdish rebels.

After the clash between the two



Kurds are fighting for sovereignty over the kurdish-inhabited area.

sides a couple of weeks ago, the Turkish president and prime minister, both from the ruling AK Party, promised to step up the military effort in battling the Worker’s Party. Turkey (itself a NATO member), NATO, the majority of European countries and the U.S.A. consider the Worker’s Party to be a “terrorist organization”. However, targeting mainly military and strategic targets, the Worker’s Party has insisted on its legislative background as a counter force to what they see as “the militarisation of Kurdish areas in Turkey”. Ironically, the Worker’s Party has deployed the same tactics as the rebels led by George Washington in the

American War of Independence, the same as those deployed by the Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK) in their fight against the brutality of Saddam Hussein’s regime in Iraq. The latter three examples of armed struggle are nowadays looked back upon as struggles of liberation rather than the use of terror against a superior force.

Unlike the Kurds in Turkey, the Kurds in Iraq have their own internationally recognized semi-independent state with its own regional government (the Kurdistan Regional Government or KRG), presidency, constitution, security forces, flag and national anthem.

Holding a substantial number of seats in the Iraqi Parliament and with close ties with the West, the Kurds in Iraq are closer to Kurdish nationhood than the Kurds in Turkey. The greater successes achieved by the Kurds in Iraq, in their realization of political aims, in comparison to the Kurds in Turkey can be explained by the fact that the former were exposed to the subjugation of their political ideals, whereas the latter were furthermore disposed of their Kurdish identity. The use of their language and cultural traditions that consequently led to a lower feeling of distinct ethnic nationalism. However, factors like the strategic al-

liance between the West (particularly the U.S.A.) and Turkey in comparison to the formerly futile relationship between Iraq and the West, and the use of Saddam Hussein’s weapons of mass destruction, which were deployed against the Kurds in the late 1980s, also served to increase nationalist consciousness among the Kurds in Iraq.

Although Kurdish Independence movements in Iran have similarly been oppressed as in Turkey, Iraq and Syria, the Kurds in Iran have experienced lesser degrees of cultural cultivation. Likely because of their same Aryan background and their Indo-European linguistic heritage with their Persian neighbours. The Kurds in Iran were even capable of establishing a short-lived independent Kurdish state in 1946 with the help of the Soviet Union. Other modern short-lived Kurdish states/kingdoms have been the Kingdom of Kurdistan and the Republic of Ararat. Although these states were never officially recognized by the international community, they clearly indicate the will of the Kurdish people to govern themselves in order to prevent national suffrage by external rulers. The Kurdish question in the Middle East, seemingly more complicated than the well-known plight of the Palestinians, remains to this day to be a disputed issue which has haunted the lives of many ethnic Kurds. This has resulted in the expulsion of many of them to the West, particularly Western Europe, where their inalienable rights, their basic four freedoms of expression, assembly, association and the media are respected and where they continue to constitute a major lobbying force in favour of granting the Kurds self-government in their countries of origin.



Turkish military defending their territory.

US Election fact-file

It is seeming increasingly inevitable that the next President of the United States of America will be Barack Obama.

The Illinois Senator is ahead by between 4 and 14 points in every poll released in the last few days.

The popularity of McCain has decreased since the introduction of his running mate, "pitbull" Palin and the worsening of the financial crisis.

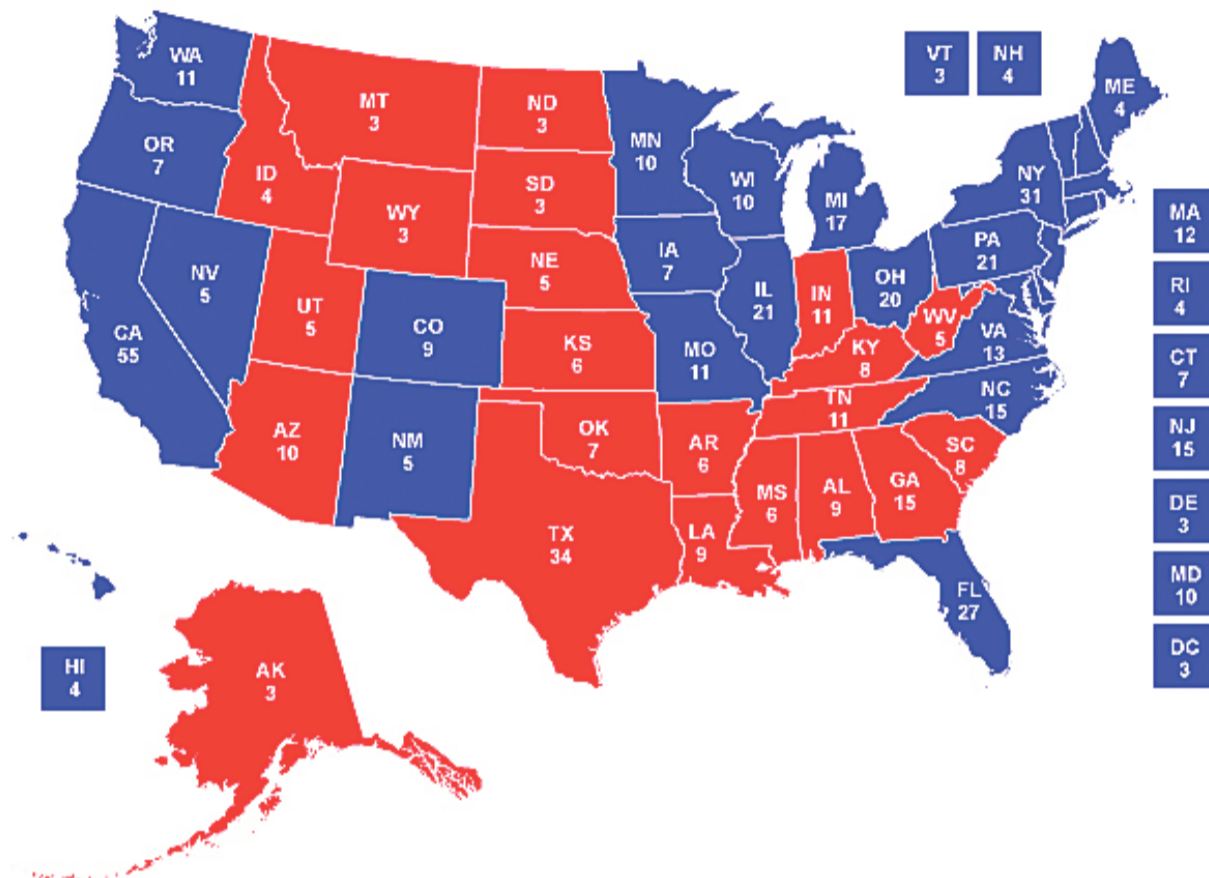
Despite the Obama campaign pulling ahead, it is not all over yet; election day is November 4th. McCain will have to produce a miracle to get back in contention.

McCain is progressively using dirtier tactics as he feels the presidency slipping away. Obama is ahead in many recent polls geared towards presidential qualities. These results are horrifying for McCain who has based his campaign around attempts to undermine Obama's character. If McCain is to have any chance of victory in today's anti-Republican climate, he must portray himself as the one "ready to lead".

Generally speaking, there are three ways to do this. First, he can make himself look more presidential; second, he can make Obama look less so; third, he can employ a combination of the two.

As the situation stands, however, McCain's chances seem to be diminishing, to pull off victory from his current position would be nothing short of miraculous.

Obama/Biden 364 McCain/Palin 174



Some poll statistics:

"Who's most prepared to lead?" - McCain with a 3 to 8 point advantage.

"Who's the stronger leader?" - Obama with a +14 advantage.

"Who would better handle an unexpected major crisis?" - Obama with a +3 advantage.

"Who has better judgement?" - Obama with a +7 advantage.

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Confused about the credit crunch?

Want to know what the credit crunch is about, but can't find a banker to explain it to you in plain English?

Luke Dhanoa
Business Editor

Nowadays everything seems to relate to the credit crunch. Can't get a job? Credit crunch. Food costs too much? Credit crunch. Your dealer went bust? Credit Crunch. Your girlfriend just left your broke ass? Credit Crunch. It's raining outside? Credit Crunch. Everyone blames the credit crunch for just about anything, but not everyone seems to understand exactly what they're talking about. Credit Crunch is just a media buzz-phrase that describes part of the economic situation we're in. We use the phrase because it's easy to understand (and it rolls off the tongue nicely) but if we're actually going to understand how the crisis began, we need to look deeper into the whole thing and consider the events that started this whole crash. Now believe it or not, this current crisis has been looming for decades, possibly even centuries (seriously) but this particular timeline is only going to the 90's, because that's less boring.

The 90's and the subprime smorgasboard.

For financial folks the 90's got off to a rocky start. 1990 was a recession year (that means that the value of the economy shrank for more than six months) and interest rates (the percentage you have to pay back on loans) were high. But eventually things got better, hell - things got better than better, things got great: the markets grew (in the US and UK) like nothing anyone had ever seen, there were new financial tools for trading, interest rates were low, property prices were on the increase, things were going alright. By the time New Labour had settled in the economy was in good shape, so everyone did what everyone always does when times are sweet - they got careless. So careless that they started handing out subprime loans to people without thinking about the consequences. What's subprime you ask? Give that secondary article a read. and come back.

2003 and the invisible WMD's



It's time to kick ass and chew gum. And I'm all out of gum.

Let's skip forward past 9/11 and into 2003. Around about then we'd recovered from the 2001 CDO collapse and the big thing we're all thinking about is the Iraq War. Some people were concerned that global population growth was increasing the price of food, other people are pointing out that the emerging economies' thirst for resources could be a problem, but they are ultimately ignored because there was a war on and war's more fun to talk about. It was here that the cost of living started to rise but we didn't notice it. Oil cost between \$20 and \$40 a barrel.

2004 to 2006

It was about this point here that things started to kick off. Some of the people who had easy credit in the past started having trouble paying back loans and the banks start coming down on them. Think back and you might remember that it was about now that the TV became littered with adverts for debt consolidation (if you think even harder you'll recall that the banks started charging extortionate amounts for overdue letters around about this time, so once you got into debt, they made sure to screw you extra hard). The American housing market started to struggle but the UK housing market kept growing like "the blob" on crack. Steel started getting expensive, oil

prices skyrocketed, food got pricier. This made things even harder for the people who were just about keeping up with their loans.

The mortgage and credit lenders suddenly had a new problem: the changes in the economy meant that they couldn't keep making a profit with their old business model. Because house prices were falling, they couldn't make profits on dud mortgages like they used to. So they tightened up lending practices and they sold off subprime debt to investment banks, pension funds, hedge funds, and whoever else was buying, knowing it was worthless.

How do you sell debt? Well that's easy. Let's say you owe me a fiver and you're going to pay me back in a week. I then tell a bank that if they give me four pounds now, I'll give them the fiver that you owe me in a week. That way, I've sold the debt.

2007

One fine day in 2007 the investors woke up and found out that the "assets" (something that makes money for you) they'd bought off the mortgage lenders were worthless. Totally worthless. In January, HSBC fired its top US chiefs while the sub-prime debts mushroomed. None of us noticed.

In May, UBS had to close its high-profile hedge fund, Dillon Reed Capital Management and some of us realised what was going down. In July, Ben Bernanke (Chairman of the Board of Governors of the United States Federal Reserve) said that the sub-prime crisis could cost \$100 billion, and promised to tackle abusive lending. He failed. All of a sudden people were too scared to invest. The big banks started to inject capital (money and assets) into hedge funds to keep them going, but it was no good. The credit had crunched.

In September people who banked with Northern Rock rushed to take their money out (remember that?). The investment banks were making huge losses and bad mojo spread through the economy like crabs through a

brothel.

In November, Mervyn King, governor of the Bank of England warned that growth in the UK economy would slow down and inflation would rise. He wasn't bullshitting.

2008

In January, Bear Stearns chief James Cayne stepped down as the bank revealed huge losses and the stock markets tumbled. In March, Bear Stearns got bought out by JP Morgan (with some help from the NY Federal Reserve) for next to nothing. People start to panic.

Banker bosses started to get fired all over the shop and heads started rolling left right and centre. In May the market started looking like a massacre, but none of us noticed because we had exams. In August, UK repossession rates rose by 40 per cent because people just couldn't pay back their mortgages.

In September all hell broke loose and Lehman Brothers filed for bankruptcy. The US Government rescued Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac while we all get ready for term. Then, as though they knew it was coming all along everyone started blaming everything on the "credit crunch".

So next time someone blames expensive food on the crunch, tell 'em to shut up. Food is expensive because there's too many people eating worldwide and we're in a supply-led recession.



Starving Kids be eating your food



Remember these boys? Remember Take That? Remember Nirvana? Well if you do that means you should probably remember the 90's

What are subprime mortgages and why were they given out to people?

Subprimes are actually fairly complicated, y'know provided you go by the wiki. But for the sake of clarity the subprimes in this case are just loans that went out to non prime candidates. Hence the "sub" "prime" bit. While this isn't technically super accurate, it's a good starting place and I'm sticking to it. And in case you're wondering why loans were given out to people who weren't prime candidates, I'm just about to explain it.

Let's say you're a '90's mortgage lender and people come to you asking for loans to buy houses. Your first instinct would be to make sure that people can pay back the loans you give out, right? That's just common sense, right?

Wrong. People are coming to you to buy houses. Once you lend them the money

for a mortgage they buy the house (becoming the owner) and then pay you back the money in small instalments. For the convenience of being able to borrow cash off you, they have to pay back more than they borrowed (interest). If they manage to pay you back on time, everything is fine: You make a profit, the person gets a house. But if the person can't pay back their loan, things get interesting: you (the bank) can take their house as payment for the loan (repossession) and then sell it off to whoever wants it. If you can sell the house off for more than the person owes, then you make a profit. Since it's the late 90's and house prices are rising like mad, you stand a chance of making a profit on repossessed houses. For you, this is the best thing since sliced bread because you can lend money to people who can't pay you back and still

make a profit. Since your objective is to make a profit, you give mortgages out to people who can't pay back, for cheap. The 90's rock don't they?



Ash. Another example of 90's rocking.

But wait there's more! Let's say that you're a credit card company: You give

people loans to spend on whatever they want. When you consider giving someone a loan you put them into one of three groups:

- People who can definitely pay you back,
- People who can maybe pay you back,
- People who can't pay you back.

Obviously, you always lend to Group A, and never lend to Group C. But what about the "maybes" in Group B? Some can pay you back, some can't, but you have no way of knowing who can and who can't. So you hire a statistician and tell him to work out how many "maybes" you can give loans to, and still make a profit. He works out that you can give loans to most of the "maybes" and even though lots of them

will end up bankrupt, enough will pay you back to come out ahead (assuming the wider economy stays the way it is). So you (the 90's banker) lend money to people who you know will probably have financial difficulty later, because you can still make a profit. God bless the 90's.

What you've just read is a massive oversimplification of what happened. Hell, I'm pretty sure that a bunch of people are going to try and come kill me for missing out on so many details and oversimplifying things. It's also possible that you might think that something scandalous happened here, but on balance, lax lending in the UK helped lots of people live better lives. Cheap credit got millions on the property ladder and got countless others through education. It really was a good thing at the time. Honest.

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The Great Culture Crawl

Historic Pubs



The Dove

19 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, W6 9TA
Tube: Hammersmith

This pretty little 17th Century riverside pub has everything; unspoilt surroundings, good food and excellent beer, which must explain why it gets so busy. The Dove's popularity is nothing new. It boasts a long list of celebrity customers including Graham Greene, Ernest Hemingway and A.P. Herbert, whose novel *The Water Gypsies* features a pub called the 'Pigeon', nee the Dove.

William Morris lived next door. James Thomson, who wrote *Rule Britannia*, lodged and is said to have died here. Less certain is the claim that Charles II and Nell Gwynne had secret rendezvous here. Another claim to fame is in the Guinness Book Of Records for the smallest bar in Britain, a cosy 4 ft. 2ins by 7ft. 10ins. (1.27m x 2.39m).

The saloon bar has a low ceiling with dark oak beams and is simply furnished. An open fire takes off the chill in winter. A small flight of steps leads to the dining area at the rear, which has ample seating. Double doors lead out into a conservatory which houses an old vine. The riverside terrace beyond is a favourite viewpoint for the University Boat race.

Cittie of Yorke

22 High Holborn, Holborn, London, WC1V 6BN
Tube: Chancery Lane

The site of a pub since the 15th century, the Gray's Inn Coffee Shop was built here in 1695. Coffee was introduced to Britain in the mid 17th century and became the fashionable drink. Many coffee shops were the offshoots of taverns (sound familiar?). They sprang up all over London and sold beer and wine too.

The Coffee Shop was set back from the road, with a garden at the front. This was built upon and after various incarnations and expansions the whole site was redeveloped in the 1920's. What we have today is three distinct bar areas behind a 'Tudor' facade.

The front bar is panelled, dark and comfortable. The cellar bar forms the brick foundations of a much older building. The bar to the rear is both fascinating and unique. In a great church-like hall, under a high pitched roof, a long bar counter sits below large oak vats. These are dwarfed by massive wine vats near the entrance, said to hold 1000 gallons each.

On the opposite wall is a series of small cubicles, like confessionals, where it's easy to imagine lawyers in confidential conversation with their clients. Another unique feature is an ingenious triangular stove (c.1815) which stands in the centre of the bar. It has no visible chimney, the smoke is ducted away below the floor.

Some of the fabric of the pub is older than its rebuild date and it's thought that much of it was recycled from its predecessor. It is certainly one of London's most extraordinary and unique pubs.



Old Bank of England

194 Fleet Street, Holborn, London, EC4A 2LT
Tube: Chancery Lane

It may be a bit of a cheek to include this as a traditional pub, because it has only been one since 1995. This impressive Grade I listed building was erected in 1888 as the Law Courts Branch of the Bank of England and designed in the Italianate style, which was popular at the time. Ironically, an historic pub, the Cock, was moved across Fleet Street to make way for the new bank.

The interior is solid and sturdy, just what you'd expect of a bank. Fuller's Brewery has spent a small fortune restoring and decorating this fine building, and has commissioned new paintings and murals. Large columns rise up to the high ornate plaster ceiling. From this hangs three very large brass chandeliers.

The central bar structure almost reaches the ceiling and is so tall, a ladder has been provided to reach the top shelf. Gold and black curtains frame the huge windows and paint effect decorate the walls. The overall feel is rich and opulent. For a good view there is a gallery with limited seating. This is a very popular pub and is often packed at lunchtimes and early evenings.

Bar food is available and there is a restaurant through the door marked 'Club Room'.



Coal Hole

91 Strand, London, WC2R 0DW
Tube: Charing Cross

The Coal Hole occupies a corner of the Savoy Building, designed by Thomas Colcutt. The theme of stone, dark wood and leaded light windows, carries on into the street level bar. The ceiling is very high with heavy black beams. Hanging banners suggest something medieval, but no, it was decorated in 1904. Under the mock beams is a beautiful marble frieze of wistful maidens picking vines.

Beside the bar, in a corner, is a magnificent fireplace, heavily decorated with reliefs of vines. New lighting has brought to life the pub's wonderful features. The gallery, converted from an office, is a good vantage point from which to view the friezes. The rare art nouveau décor was a brief interlude between the brashness of the late Victorian gin palaces and mega-pubs, and a new sentimental movement which was to favour the fake "ye olde inn", harking back to more wholesome times.

The cellar bar is open in the evenings and has its own entrance in the Strand. It was in the basement of the pub's former incarnation that the Wolf Club was founded, by actor and lush Edmund Kean. Supposedly a place where hen-pecked husbands could enjoy a sing-song, its real role was less innocent, and involved heavy drinking and loose women.



Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese

145 Fleet St., City of London, EC4A 2BU
Tube: Blackfriars

This is one of the few pubs in London that can justify the 'Ye Olde' in its name, well known in the 17th century and rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1666. Its earliest incarnations hark back to a 13th century Carmelite Monastery - the pub's cellars are thought to belong to that same building.

The experience begins before you even get to the pub, as you approach through a narrow alleyway. By the entrance, a board lists the reigns of the 15 monarchs through which this grand old pub has survived. The dark wooden interior is an enchanting warren of narrow corridors and staircases, leading to numerous bars and dining rooms, so many that even regulars get confused.

A portrait of one of the Cheese's most famous patrons, Dr. Samuel Johnson (who wrote the first dictionary) hangs on a far wall, and his chair set upon a shelf. A copy of Johnson's dictionary should be nearby, and his house is just around the corner.

In the main stairwell, increasingly narrow steps lead up to a couple of atmospheric dining rooms and private quarters. Unfortunately these rooms are often closed, a shame as augment the eccentric and rambling nature of this grand old building.

Negotiating the narrow and awkward steps down to the cellar bars is rewarded with the discovery of the vaults, a fascinating series of tiny, honey coloured stone rooms. These vaults were part of the original guesthouse's chapel. The steps continue into the cellar proper, where a further bar and dining area can be found.

Volumes of visitors' books were kept and signatories include ambassadors, Prime Ministers and royalty. Unfortunately these records began after the likes of Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, Voltaire, Thackeray and of course Charles Dickens (originally a Fleet St. journalist) drank here. One famous resident was a parrot whose mimicry entertained customers for 40 years; its death was announced on the BBC and obituaries appeared in newspapers all over the world.

Each generation that passes through the Cheese adds to its rich history.

Information provided by:
www.pubs.com

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Caz Knight
Arts Editor

Atheism is so hot right now

David Paw thinks Francis Bacon would clean up at Sotheby's. If he were still alive.

I first watched the film *Event Horizon* when I was 12 years old, a watershed age between an indiscriminate state of terror when subjected to horror films of dubious production value, and the age where one learns about things like animatronics and bad CGI. An age in which one simply ought to know better.

My elder brother and I would sit and sit through hours of torrid crap on the tube – enjoying most of it – and engage with all manner of material on Sky Movies. Jason Voorhees sequels, B-movies, faux-indie Hollywood dross – we watched it all. One night, taking our places in front of the TV for what had now become a ritual, we settled down for our evening movie fix.

I have to admit, even as a preteen oik, the prospect of a bunch of astronauts stuck on a spaceship together for two hours wasn't the most enticing offer the Gods that be (i.e. Rupert Murdoch) had ever lavished upon me. But the brightest little gems that dot the diamond canopy of pop culture are not always the most obvious ones. Hours of intense character development and human drama set in a 50's prison sounds about as enticing as dropping the soap in *Wormwood Scrubs*, but *The Shawshank Redemption* is cherished by even the most obdurate of the wilful ignorati.

Watching the crew of the ship disap-

pearing and being picked off one by one in an increasingly macabre fashion was engrossing in itself. But the oppressive air of foreboding and claustrophobia the film generated was intoxicating, and as the crew traced their last steps before being 'offed', you felt like their living shadow. The way it pulled you through a wormhole violently into a landscape of pitiless terror without a ripple was uncanny.

I felt the same violent pull when I attended the opening of Tate Britain's Francis Bacon retrospective the other day. The stillness of the gallery was a body of water that belied a Godless violence and brutality that was visible to anyone who cared to slip beneath its exterior. PRs clacked around in cumbersome heels and journalists pointed and squinted. In another room, the exhibition curator took questions loudly. An usher yawned, glad for a change of scenery, yet mindful that he would be stuck in a room of hellish canvases for the next few months. But even stuck in the mundanity of the everyday, the work still speaks for itself, and as with the best of any art, succeeds in engrossing and provoking the viewer in equal measure.

I know what you're thinking. Francis bloody Bacon. A key protagonist in the Marmite minefield that is contemporary art. You love him, or you despise his work. Years later and a new genera-

tion of young artists do not appreciate the fuss, and another generation of secondary school art teachers lament yet another screaming figure, face distorted and/or agonised, that could have been copied wholesale from the artist's oeuvre.

Bacon is one of a breed of controversial artists that has dominated the landscape of the art world for the past century. This is because controversy creates great PR buzz. And you can't sell anything without that. Various called indulgent, decadent, vulgar and scornful, Bacon's worldview was one of the most interesting aspects of his life and was one that added immensely to an audience's perception of his work.

An atheist who made the symbolism of faith his own, Bacon looked at the world with unflinching, unromanticised eyes. Humanity was only one in a menagerie of Godless creatures, ripe to be locked up, scrutinised, experimented upon and torn apart with an unbiased hand equally versed in the procedures of science and butchery. The exhibition deftly takes advantage of this, and the first few rooms depicting snarling, contorted primates are followed by Bacon's screaming popes, influenced by Velasquez's *Portrait of Pope Innocent X*.

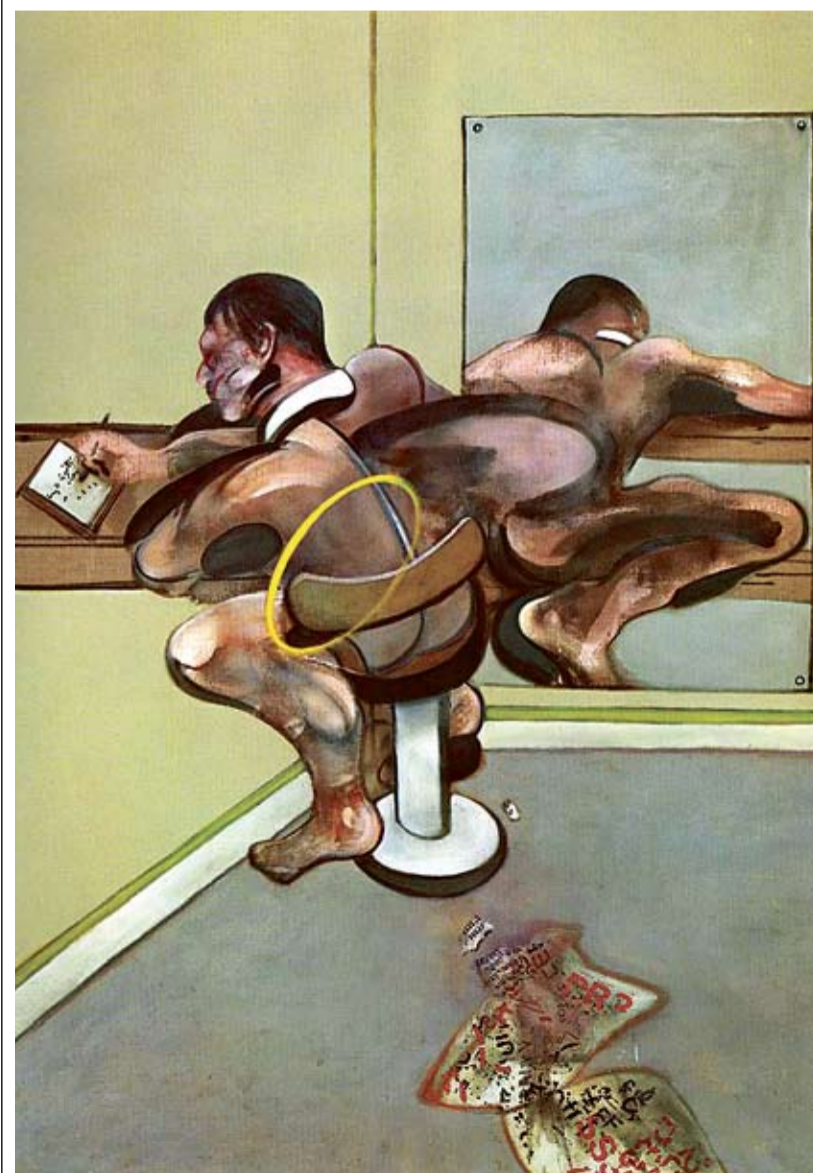
If a pope isn't spared from the uncarving gaze of the artist, then it thus does not come as a surprise that his depic-

tion of the crucifixion is especially bloody. The event is treated brutally and un sentimentally. Never the shrinking violet, the artist boldly states that Christ is little more than a bloodied and imperfect pile of flesh.

Despite the exhibition's abundance and flair for the type of existentialist rage that one typically identifies Bacon's work with, unexpected treasure arrives in the form of Bacon's portraits of his former lover, George Dyer, who unceremoniously killed himself two days before a pivotal gallery opening at the Grand Palais in Paris in 1971. The archive portraits of close friends and lovers are also unexpectedly tender.

Importantly, we also learn that despite Bacon's devil-may-care attitude to painting and his love of spontaneity, his work actually benefited from preparatory studies and drawings much like any other traditional artist, loath as he would have been to admit it.

The exhibition lacks in the years up to Bacon's breakthrough work in 1944, but this is a minor quibble to what is essentially a long-overdue tribute to one of the nation's greatest (the exhibition travels to Madrid and the Met next year), and for the modern art naysayers, he worked until his last triptych in 1991. The touch is deft, his understanding of colour dazzling and for all his personal shortcomings, his passion and focus consummate.



While Jimbob wrote his paper on the sex life of a golf ball, grandpappy relieved himself upstairs



A different sort of Credit Crunch

Chris Hong finds irony and welcome relief in the Donmar Warehouse's latest production of *Creditors*

The irony of staging Strindberg's *Creditors* during the current financial troubles affecting the world will surely enhance the image of debt collectors hanging over you while you sleep. This is certainly one of the images Strindberg constructed for an ex-husband overshadowing a marriage. Strindberg does in fact go further in the examination of marriages in David Greig's compact, cut down version of *Creditors*. Anxiously awaiting the return of his new wife, Adolph draws comfort from the words of a stranger. But this turns to destruction as old wounds are opened, insecurities are laid bare and former debts are settled. The play offers abundant insights into relationships and marriage. It deals with how opinions of couples diverge or converge, implications for future relationships after divorce and insights which seem obvious, only becoming clear when spoken of.

The success of the production depends on the portrayal of the manipulation and threat by the ex-husband Gustav as he comes back for revenge. As a stranger, he sets about conversing



"Die, Bitch, die!" Tom Burke as Adolph and Anna Chancellor as his wife, Tekla

with the husband, Adolf, who is suffering from a debilitating illness in a seaside resort hotel lounge. The director, Alan Rickman, managed to sustain the momentum of threat and anticipation of menace. This compensated for the drop in pace during some parts of the play where the tension between the characters slackened. Tom Burke as Adolph was soulful in his confession of love for his wife whilst being a man tortured with physical disability. Anna Chancellor's Tekla was playful and seductive and a great illustration as to what brought on the insecurities about men in her life. Owen Teale played the ex-husband Gustav with subtle quietness which exploded gloriously into terror for the couple. The beautiful set of white wash walls and furniture gave an air of deliberate cover up of the past, adding to the cynicism and isolation conveyed by the dripping sound of water which surrounds the stage. This beautifully lit production is not perfect, but during the persisting financial uncertainty, to be reminded of a different kind of creditors may be a welcome distraction. *Until 15 November*

Anyone for some Hedda?

Henrik Ibsen's classic *Hedda Gabler* is given an unsuccessful modern makeover. Chris Hong tells all

There have been numerous revivals of this Ibsen classic recently, and the last I managed to catch was at the Almeida with the fantastic Eve Best who deservedly won her share of awards and accolade. This new updated version set in present day Nottingham Hill will have a lot to live up to.

Modern day amendments include a 6 month trip to the Far East instead of a train journey around Europe, and what used to be a manuscript has now become a USB Flash drive. However, an attempt made for these to be blended into the script stands out too much as deliberate acts to modernise rather than add anything to the dramas.

Some updates work beautifully, like the chic (albeit a little run-down) apartment where the play is set, bringing a real sense of living slightly beyond their means, and the clever scene change with the boys out clubbing enhances the image of Eli descending into drugs and alcohol. The cast bring

a real youthfulness to the play and the writing and direction also succeeded in that.

There was some very commendable acting in Adrian Bower as the rough and wild Eli and Alice Patten as the timid and emotional Thea. Cara Horgan's spoil, immature sixth former Hedda contributes towards the understanding of her manipulative behaviour. However, Toby, played by Christopher Obi, lacks the menace in his threat to force the conclusion of the play.

Overall, the modern update, set in London in mid September, fails to convey the failing of closeness and feeling of being trapped felt by Hedda Gabler in Norway's mid-winter. Although there are productions of *Hedda Gabler* out there which will provide more drama, this is a competent attempt to bring something different to one of Ibsen's great works.

21 August - 27 September 2008



Cate Blanchett as Hedda in a current New York production of *Hedda*



Owen Beale as ex-husband, Gustav, in the Donmar Warehouse's production of *Creditors*

Bisexuality at the British Museum

Rosie Grayburn discovers a lot more than cold marble and Roman sandals in the exhibition exploring the innovative first Emperor of the civilisation which shaped life as we live it today

Standing in the Ancient Egypt gallery in the British Museum, I overheard a conversation between two of the chattier mummies.

Nesperennub: Pssst.. Did you hear about the new Roman Emperor who's moved in downstairs? Rich tosser. He's rented the Reading Room until the end of October!

Hornakht: Yeah, goes by the name of Publius Aelius Hadrianus. Who does he think he is coming up here from the 1st century AD and bringing all his clobber with him?

Nes: (in lowered tones) I heard he brought his wife AND his male lover with him.

Horn: Well slap my thigh and call me Osiris!

Nes: To be fair on the guy, at least all his bits and pieces weren't stolen by the British in the 1800's.

Horn: True. I was told he has a superb collection of goodies from museums all over the continent. Maybe we should give him a break, Nesperennub. After all, he is sponsored by BP.

So, after much pestering of the boyfriend to accompany me, I wangled a ticket and set off to learn about this Emperor Hadrian. Hadrian is one of those Roman Emperors who you've heard off but don't know anything about... except for that great big 'eff off' wall in Scotland which he put his name to. We are all familiar with that weirdo Nero, the shanked Julius Caesar and Marcus "that old guy off Gladiator" Aurelius, but actually a lot of what we know today as "Ancient Rome" was formed by Hadrian. He was an incredibly innovative guy! I mean, he was the 1st emperor with a beard and a penchant for the Greeks – trendsetter!

I had not been to see the Terracotta

Warriors and had heard that the exhibition space in the newly converted Reading Room had been cramped and frantic. I was pleasantly surprised when we entered the exhibition to find it open plan, airy and atmospheric, with plenty of ventilation in the floor for Marilyn Monroe moments. What I wasn't pleased with was the price of the audio guides. I have an aversion to audio guides at the best of times but when they're priced at £3.50 they are most definitely surplus to requirements. Thankfully, there is definitely enough written information to keep you occupied and entertained although you will possibly miss out on a couple of anecdotes by skipping the audio guide.

The exhibition starts with a huge bust of Hadrian and his sandal-clad foot. When a statue is this big, it rarely survives this long intact due to the or-

ganic nature of the joints attaching the gargantuan arm or 80cm foot to the torso. Still, the sizes of the remaining bits are impressive and the details are still there. Hadrian's sandal is the best in Roman design – eat your heart out Topman – and the curls of his barnet are trimmed to perfection.

The line you take through the highly disorientating space has been very well thought out by the curators. Every single campaign of Hadrian's is demonstrated with the best artefacts. Every last coin is explained and adds something to our knowledge of this finest Roman emperor. To keep us interested, there are more than enough unusual relics in the exhibition so we don't get bored with the generic Roman objects. I loved the double headed cameo of Trajan and Plotina, which is a thousand years old but looks like it's fresh out of Wedgewood.

Throughout the exhibition we also get to know several of Hadrian's peers and contemporaries: the most of whom was Antinous his Greek lover. In a time where it was acceptable to take a male lover as well as your wife, Hadrian worshiped Antinous. The original script of a Greek hunting poem really showed Hadrian's devotion to him. It was all quite sweet.

I don't think I have ever been so impressed with an exhibition due to the extent to which we really feel familiar with Hadrian's personality, as if we were one of his citizens. I felt respect and awe for this innovative emperor. The presence of so many images of him familiarises us with his hamster cheeks and cherub hair which really helps us to get to know "the man behind the wall". You do leave the exhibition feeling very Roman: educated, superior and a little bit gay.

Stoppard-ed in my tracks by Ivanov

An adaptation of Chekhov's Ivanov by Tom Stoppard is deemed a trove of acting talent, claims Caz Knight



Kenneth Branagh is Ivanov, the middle-aged rural Russian, plagued with lassitude and a dying wife. I'm not quite sure what is going on in this picture...

Diamond studded skulls and ponies

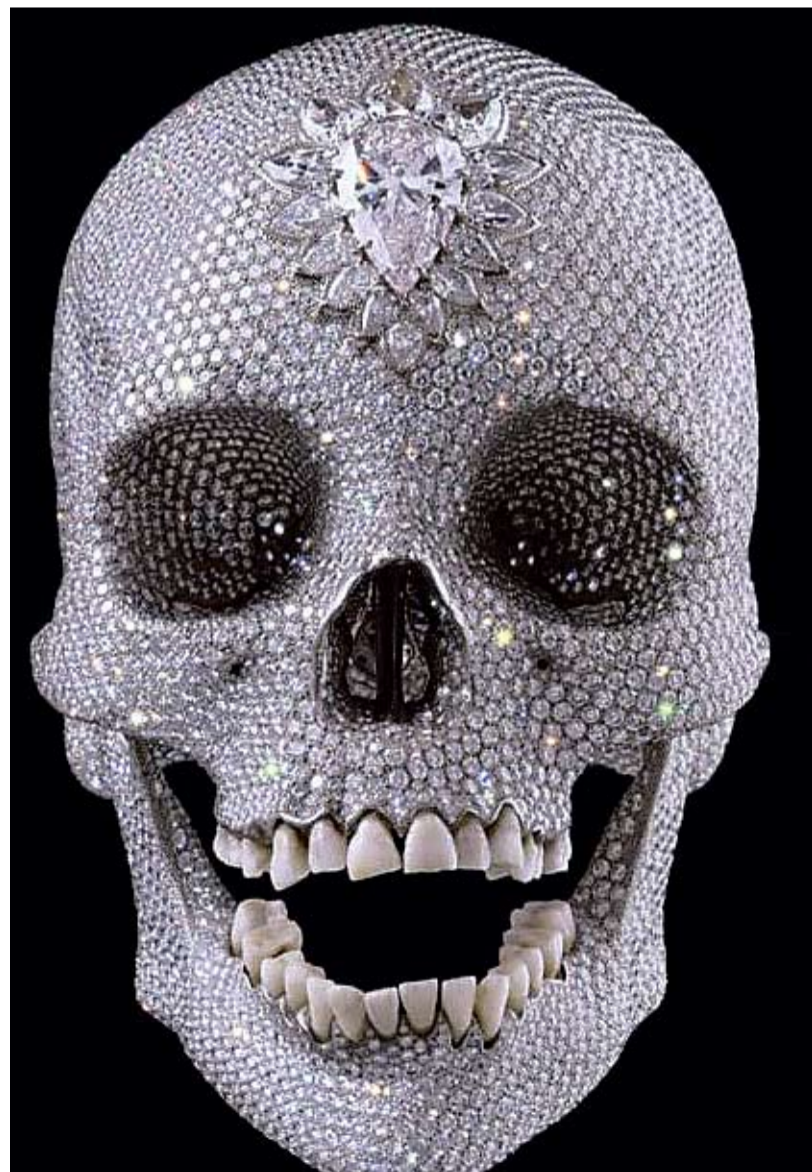
While we suffer, the arts world invest their six figures in pickled sharks and ponies. Rosie Milton reports.

When I heard that Sotheby's auction house would be holding an exclusive single artist sale – a move unprecedented for the salerooms, even since its establishment in 1744 – I was interested to see which artist had boldly chosen to sell his work through this house. To discover that it was the controversial Damien Hirst, I expected nothing less from the sale than astronomical sums spent and I revelled in the sale's delightfully ironic title – 'Beautiful Inside My Head Forever'.

Most recently Hirst has been in the media glare and under incredulous speculation from anyone interested in art (or money) – prior to this sale of course – when he sold his unforgettable piece, 'For The Love Of God' for a cool £50 million to an unknown investor (rumoured to be George Michael, for those of you interested in auction room gossip). This human skull is encrusted with 8,601 diamonds and as the press release for its 'debut' pointed out, it was "the most expensive piece of contemporary art ever created". Ground-breaking contemporary art or elaborate disco ball? You decide.

This seems to be the norm with any discussion regarding Hirst and his maelstrom of conceptual art. The secret to his success is one I will try and decipher for you. If we look at his production, he almost always takes an ordinary object (for example a few empty cartons from a pharmacy counter, or even a shark or two), puts it in a box or sticks it on a canvas and then makes millions from it. But although I have broken the "technical" process down here, it still does not explain his success. To understand that we must turn to the hungry consumers of his art – the wealthy 'collectors'.

As long as there has been art, it has had a purpose for display and collection. When the art auction became a steadfast thing, it introduced the sport of competition in collecting. Today it is viable to say, especially in terms of modern art, that this competition far outweighs the desire for collecting. The auction house has become a



Diamond encrusted skull rumoured to be owned by George Michael

showroom not only to view the art on sale but also for those wealthy enough to indulge in the sport of bidding to display their millions in an almost grotesque fashion.

However, sitting amongst the crowd on the morning of the second part of

the sale of September this year, I noticed that the majority of bids came from the crowded bank of telephone bidders along the side walls, or from people dotted throughout the room with their mobile phones constantly stuck to their heads, vicariously gam-

bling away other people's money on the lots of the day. This apparent absence of actual buyers to a saleroom is nowhere near a new phenomenon to the modern auction house, but I think that under the circumstances of such a controversially exceptional sale such as this, it is especially poignant.

One lot that I witnessed being sold was 'The Dream', a grey foal in formaldehyde solution with a horn emerging from the centre of its forehead, emulating the fantastical unicorn. This sold for £2,050,000 (not including the buyer's premium of 15%). And where was the buyer? Not in the saleroom, for sure, but bidding through his (or her) representative. This of course raises the issue of discretion – if you had invested a few million in any of Hirst's pieces I feel sure it would be a bold move to let people publicly know it had been you – his work is as we know, controversial – but even more so is the money people are willing to spend on it. So who are the game players in the auction world?

Russian oligarch Roman Abramovich is one (recognised in the UK as the owner of Chelsea football club), but in the art world he is known for being flanked by his 'fashionista' girlfriend Dasha Zhukova, who recently opened the 'Garage' Centre for Contemporary Culture in Moscow (with a little 'help' from her boyfriend of course).

Another post-sale rumour is that Abramovich bought the key piece from the first part of the sale – 'The Golden Calf' for £10.3 million – another bestial soup, but embellished with 18 carat gold horns and hooves. Over the two-day sale, Hirst achieved £111 million and only five of 223 works did not sell.

During the week of the sale, elsewhere in the money world the Lehman Brothers collapsed and there was further trouble on Wall Street. In the ensuing weeks terms such as 'Black Friday', disaster and crisis have not ceased to cry out at us from the front pages of the press. What a comparison then to the gross frittering away of millions of US dollars or pound sterling (or even



Wannabe art connoisseur, Dasha Z

Russian rubles) at the Sotheby's sale of Damien Hirst's work. I'm sure Karl Marx is turning in his grave.

What of the future of the art world then? Will the frequenters of the auction house salerooms always have millions to play with, or will they diminish and fade away in the coming years? Will the exorbitant expenditure on art change too, or will the stakes continue to rise higher and higher? Perhaps we may be witnessing the last runners in the race to desperately spend ground-breaking millions before they disappear into the black hole of the global financial crisis.

At least now we know that the Hadron Collider really did achieve something, even if only metaphorically. At the end of the two-day sale, even if you couldn't afford a Hirst yourself, then at least you could spend a hearty £50 on the set of three catalogues which come complete with stickers of butterflies, fake diamonds, pills, fags and a pickled calf so supposedly you can have a go at making your own art (I know of one for sale if anyone's interested).

Otherwise, who knows, you might do a Hirst and make a few million out of it (that is if there's any millionaires left that he hasn't sucked dry yet). If you do, let us know if its beautiful inside your head forever after.

Perhaps the Donmar West End's production of Anton Chekhov's *Ivanov* comes to the stage at the correct moment given the climate of expanding Russian art gracing the great auction houses of "Moscow-on-Thames" (as London has become known in Russia).

My previous experience of Chekhov at the theatre was a brilliant version of *The Seagull*, but ponderous and slightly difficult to understand nonetheless. Add this to the fact that Kenneth Branagh was deemed to make his comeback by storming the West End, after a 19-year break from the stage, and I had visions of an evening spent sitting through one soliloquy after another as Ivanov struggles to overcome his lassitude and hollowness against the backdrop of a grey and sparsely dress stage. How very wrong I was.

Ivanov was Chekhov's first attempt at

writing a full-length play and it turned out to be a labour of love, or will to establish himself as a serious dramatist. He rewrote it tirelessly after a first edition in 1887 to better capture the spiritual sickness of his protagonist as he suffers the bitter autumn of his life.

As a medic, Chekhov made a detailed study of what he called the Russian Condition – a blend of conscience and apathy that he weaves into the play among many of the characters but most markedly and importantly in Ivanov. Chekhov draws on his own personal experiences as Ivanov marries a Jewess at the prospect of a hefty dowry but eventually falls out of love and into depression, driving her away and into her deathbed. A brief engagement to the young, girlish Sasha ends with Ivanov's suicide minutes before the wedding.

The play starts and ends with a bang: a loud, shock-inducing gun shot which

calls us to attention making us aware that we are about to experience something fantastic. Tom Stoppard's adaptation of Chekhov's work is obvious instantly with the modern turn of phrase and jokes which pour forth from the characters onto an appreciative audience – much to Ivanov's annoyance and distress. Stoppard has done an astounding job at creating such a witty (evident from the audience's rambunctious laughter) and well-oiled script which is not only easy to, but a delight to digest.

The essence of the Donmar is still present with its modest and slightly sombre stage setting which captures the weary spirits of the characters of pre-revolutionary, rural Russia. Indeed different to his role of self-assured Professor Lockhart in *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets!*

Two young and beautiful troves of acting talent sure to succeed are Tom Hiddleston and Andrea Riseborough, both RADA graduates like Branagh.

Hiddleston and his lion-like good looks are quite a contrast to his previous role as the virile Cassio in *Othello*, as he takes on the role of Anna Petrovna's Doctor who is too honest for his own good, despised by all in the village. His anger and indignation at Ivanov's treatment of his wife are carried off with skill as are his audience-addressed musings. Riseborough astounded with her bold and energetic portrayal of the impetuous Sasha, oddly reminiscent of Ellen Page's Juno McGuff, with her frank and dry humour.

I left in amazement and confidant that the next year at the Wyndham's is going to be one of 24 carat caliber with *Twelfth Night*, *Madame de Sade* and *Hamlet* (to be directed by Branagh) featuring some phenomenal actors.

Perhaps the critics are right and we are definitely entering a new, golden age for theatre. *Ivanov* would certainly suggest so.

A guide to surviving your first term

The beginning of term can be an anxious and confusing time for many students. Fear not, help is at hand:

David Allmann
Student Counsellor

this is in addition to the demanding courses studied at Imperial!

Of course, all of these transitions are likely to be exciting as well as challenging and offer opportunities for you to experience new situations and cultures. Yet, at the same time, new situations often feel daunting as well as exciting. They are likely to highlight the areas in which we feel unsure about ourselves. Everyone might feel uncomfortable in a new situation, as well as excited.

Perhaps you're in the final year of your undergraduate career, and considering job applications as well as finals. Next summer you'll be leaving College and beginning the next phase of your life, with different challenges and opportunities. Are you achieving what you wanted to achieve at College? Everyone has regrets, but is there anything in particular that you'd like to achieve before you leave?

Perhaps you've recently begun an MSc, or a PhD. The volume of work involved in an MSc at Imperial is large, perhaps considerably more than was involved in your undergraduate degree. And if you're beginning a PhD you will be faced with the task of organising your unstructured time in a way that was not required for an undergraduate degree. Hence the transition to postgraduate study has its own particular challenges.

You might be returning to academic study after a period of working; that could be a shock to the system in itself. You might also have commitments you

didn't have as an undergraduate – a partner, children, a mortgage – different challenges involved in a different life-stage.

In short, no matter what stage you're at in your time at College, there are challenges and opportunities which are concerned with transition and change. If you're struggling with these, it might be helpful to talk about them, in order to clarify and understand your experience. Sometimes it's helpful to talk with someone completely outside your circle of friends and family.

You could talk with your personal tutor or member of your hall wardening team, in the first instance. In addition, the **Student Counselling Service** is available to any registered student who would like to talk about any of these challenges. Information about the service is at www.imperial.ac.uk/counselling. To arrange an initial appointment, contact reception at counselling@imperial.ac.uk or on 020 7594 9637.

The doctors at **Imperial College Health Centre** have a great deal of experience and knowledge of students' psychological health. They are available for you to arrange an appointment to talk with them. There are also counsellors and psychotherapists in the Health Centre who can be consulted after referral via a doctor or practice nurse.

Times of transition and change may present us with new experiences that challenge or clash with aspects of our



Some students feel a little lost when they first come to university

deeply held ideas or beliefs: In this international community we are presented with a wide range of faiths, beliefs and intellectual traditions. This can be both exciting and bewildering. The **Chaplaincy** is available to anyone – from any faith or world view – who wants to reflect on these kind of questions. Chaplains can also suggest other places to help you explore your ideas further or to enter into dialogue with different view points. Further information about the Chaplaincy Centre is at www.imperial.ac.uk/chaplaincy

If you identify strongly with any of the areas described here, don't wait until your unhappiness grows and gets

in the way of you enjoying life here at College; talk with someone soon so problems can be explored before they become a major issue.

The **International Office** is running a series of orientation workshops for international students. One of these is 'Adjusting To Student Life in London' which will be run in collaboration with the Student Counselling Service. This will take place on **Monday 20th October, 13:00 – 14:00**. For further information visit www.imperial.ac.uk/international or contact Imperial College International Office at international@imperial.ac.uk or telephone 0207 594 8040.

Uganda: The HIV Success story?



Uganda has been one of the biggest success stories in Africa's fight against HIV and AIDS. At its peak, it was estimated that 15% of the population was living with HIV or AIDS, a percentage which has fallen dramatically to about 5% today. People tend to disagree on the reasons for their success but controversially, part of the success seems to lie with the government's ABC campaign, which focuses primarily on the message of abstinence.

Martin Ssempe, a pastor in Uganda, is coming to Imperial to argue why he believes abstinence could be the key to success in the fight against the disease which affects 33 million people worldwide. Whether you agree or strongly disagree come along to hear his views, air yours and get involved in the debate!

This event has been organised as a S.H.A.G. Taster event, the Union's campaign to promote sexual health awareness. S.H.A.G. Week will be taking place in from the 24th to 28th of November right across campus and we are actively recruiting S.H.A.G. Ambassadors now to help spread the message about sexual health and distribute their weight in condoms! If you're interested email dpew@imperial.ac.uk saying you'd like to get involved.

Uganda: The HIV success story? Monday 20th October 6pm, Royal School of Mines lecture theatre 1.47

Subwarden Vacancy



Applications are invited for the position of subwarden at Falmouth & Keough Halls in the new Southside building. The position is open to all full-time members of Imperial College including postgraduate students.

Further information or an application form can be obtained by emailing warden@falmouthkeogh.co.uk
Deadline for applications: 5pm Monday 27th October 2008

Bar FTSE.
swaparama razmataz

Friday 17 October
20:00-02:00

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

A new rave indie disco. Dance to D.I.Y disco. Indie electro punk rock, Old Skool, Hip Hop with a kick back of Grime plus a flavour of 80s and 90s retro pop.

Friday 24 October
20:00-02:00

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Film

Film Editor – Zuzanna Blaszczak

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Zuzanna Blaszczak
Film Editor

I have to confess I like autumn. Not only when the weather is nicer than during summer like it has been in this past week or so, but also when the leaves are turning yellow and all that lights them up are cars passing by with headlights turned on to dispel the rain and fog. Because let's face it, what can be more pleasant than sitting in a cinema chair with the seemingly obligatory bucket of popcorn and a barrel of Coke waiting for a movie to start, knowing that outside there is a loud, grey, wet world that always turns out to be more boring than the film you are about to experience with Digital Dolby Surround, HD and a screen the size of a double-decker bus. And... autumn is when the BFI London Film Festival takes place. This year it starts on the 15th of October and for fifteen days Londoners get a chance to exercise their skills of film criticism on hundreds of movies from around the globe. Of course that is the theory; the reality is a bit less glamorous. How do you get 12 million people into a screening room that seats 200? Why are a quarter of the movies shown produced in Hollywood? But most importantly, how do you choose which films to see?

Theoretically you could see all of them. If you had a few thousand quid to spare and possessed the very common ability to be in multiple places at the same time or to travel across London in under twenty minutes, that is. You probably won't be able to get even a single ticket now (I should know, I checked and got sorely disappointed), but I think it's worth pointing out some movies anyway. And I won't mention the 'big' names of the Opening Gala like *Frost/Nixon*, *Stumdog Millionaire* or *Quantum of Solace*, they will get their share of publicity and hype without me having to point them out to you.

Based on my extremely subjective judgement of film synopses provided by the British Film Institute in a monster of a booklet the size and length of a good magazine, I would recommend the following: Indonesian Film Noir *The Secret* (Kala) in which a gay cop and narcoleptic journalist chase a phantom killer through Suharto's Jakarta. An Iranian road movie, *Loose Rope* (Rismane Baz), that ignores politics in order to show the difference between rural and urban with plenty of good humour and a bit of sting to remind us that not all is well with the world. A Japanese tragic-comedy, *Routine Holiday* (Huangjin Zhou), in which poet Li Hongqi examines the idea of wasting time doing nothing in particular (I don't know why the protagonists aren't students) in an understated-albeit-dreamy way. Also the Polish *Tricks* (Sztuczki), a great success in its homeland, looks like it could conquer the West as well with a nostalgic, witty and optimistic story about a young boy raised by his sister. And for those who like their movies to break the classic Hollywood narrative, *A Lake* (Un Lac) by Philippe Grandrieux promises to do just that. Who knows, maybe some will eventually get the wide release they deserve.

Liam Neeson shows class

In *Taken*, see for yourself that formulaic doesn't have to mean boring and unoriginal.

Taken ★★★★★

Director: Pierre Morel
Writer: Luc Besson
Robert Mark Kamen
Cast: Liam Neeson,
Maggie Grace,
Famke Janssen

Jonathan Dakin

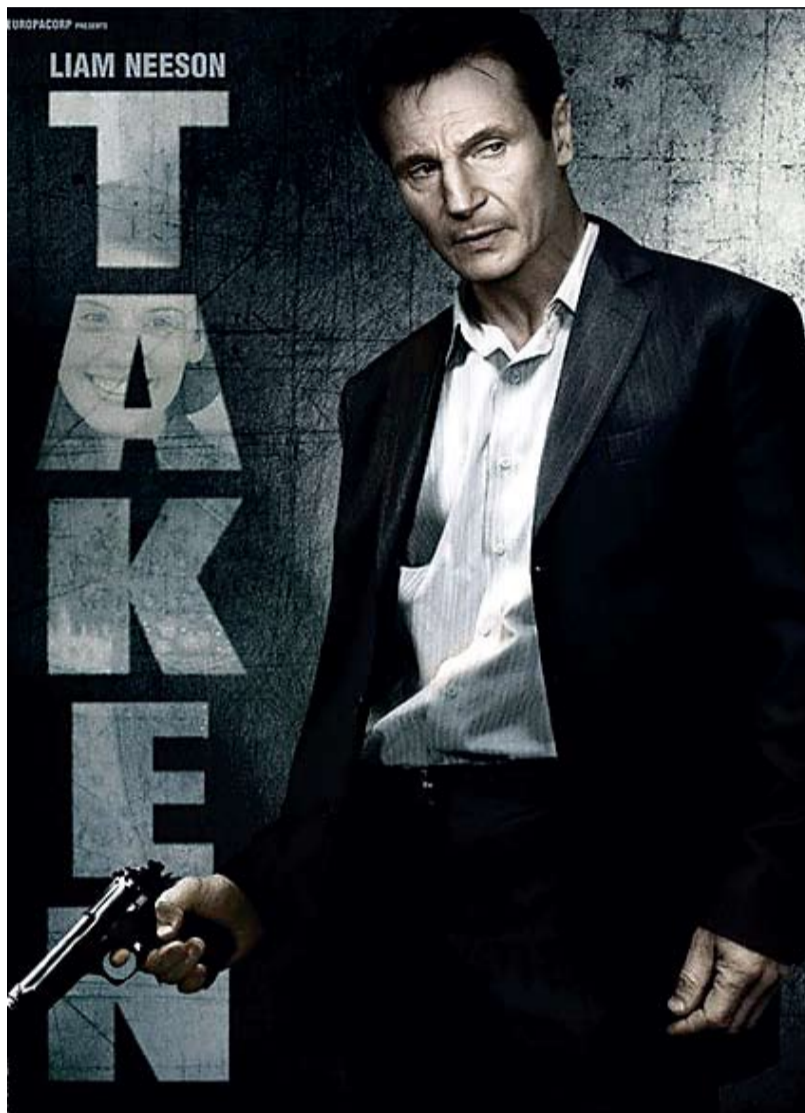
Oh dear, here we go again, another American kidnapping film. Haven't we seen enough of them? Well actually, no, as *Taken* is a surprisingly different take on a worn-out formula.

Bryan, a CIA bodyguard (Neeson), has decided that the only thing worthwhile in his life is his daughter Kim (Grace), so he stops working for the American government in order to make up for the time he has lost with her. Determined to see Kim as much as he can, Bryan visits Kim on her 17th birthday to try and rebuild their tattered relationship. Soon after the lavish party that her mother (Janssen) and stepfather have thrown for her, Bryan discovers that Kim has only one birthday wish: to go to Paris with her friend so that she can explore Europe. At first Bryan is adamant; he knows the dangers of the outside world and refuses to give her permission to go. But after he realises that this is what she really wants, he gives in and allows her to leave. But as soon as Kim arrives in Paris, she meets a charming stranger and is then kidnapped, an event that Bryan hears happening via her mobile phone. Bryan must now race against time and use all of his CIA knowledge to track down the people responsible

and find his beloved daughter before she disappears for good. Can he find her? And if he does, will she be alive?

Taken utilises a conventional plot but cleverly makes it unconventional by changing the way that the protagonist goes about finding his daughter. As we already know that he is ex-CIA, we can accept that what he is doing is realistic and because he attempts to find his daughter in a very methodical and logical way, the film is much more believable than the standard Hollywood action movie. The script and camera work are very good, and the violence and action sequences are original and exciting. As usual, the star of the show Neeson gives a commanding and likeable performance, dominating the film by humanizing it and making us care about him. Although some of the fighting scenes are fairly grisly, and the plot has elements some people may find uncomfortable (sex slavery), the film fits together well and keeps the pace and excitement lasting for the entire time. Considering that the tension is quickly built up from the opening credits, my main criticism would be the ending. However as most audience members would be familiar with formulaic plot styles, they would probably enjoy the rewarding conclusion considering all of the terror that goes before it.

Taken is a better-than-average, engrossing and intelligent, action-packed thriller that is enjoyable to watch. Although it is not ground-breaking or entirely unique, it passes the time efficiently. So if you find yourself stuck in a cinema, struggling to decide what to watch, then give *Taken* a chance, and you will probably enjoy it.



Liam Neeson, slightly older James Bond maybe?

Surprising, surreal & funny

Zuzanna Blaszczak
Film Editor

fight the boredom of the routine they find themselves in, Horatio becomes intrigued by a certain dean, Spanley (Sam Neill). Subsequent incidental run-ins will lead the younger Fisk to invite Spanley to dinner, assuring his presence by promising a bottle of Imperial Tokay to accompany the food. One dinner turns to several when the

dean's weakness for Tokay results in astonishing stories about his past.

The movie is described as an eccentric comedy-drama. Well, it's more than eccentric, this dialogue-driven film is preposterous, bordering on the absurd. Watching the dinner scenes one can't stop asking with wide-eyed surprise 'Are they [producers, actors, writers]

for real?' and despite that, the laughter comes tumbling uncontrollably from one's throat; laughing as much at the dialogues and the story on screen as at oneself for falling for it. And somewhere between the laughter you'll witness a touching story of one man's rediscovery of humanity and his surprise at seeing that he still has a heart.



Bryan Brown advertising his latest film

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Film

Coming soon

Must-see films set to arrive in a cinema near you!

Jonathan Dakin

His name is Bond, James Bond, and although you have seen him return twenty times before, this time he is returning with only one thing on his mind: vengeance.

After the explosive finale to *Casino Royale*, Bond is on the warpath to track down those responsible for the death of the woman who almost stole his heart. But along the way, what will he discover? Who really was behind the events that unfolded in the previous film? What other shocking secrets will be discovered along the way? And most importantly: can revenge be his?

Daniel Craig, in his second outing as Bond, will be surrounded by gorgeous girls in the form of Ukrainian beauty Olga Kurylenko and English sexpot Gemma Arterton, old favourites including M (Judi Dench) and Felix Leiter (Jeffrey Wright), and a brand new villain called Dominic Greene, played by French actor Mathieu Amalric.

Can the new Bond film really live up to the hype? This reporter says yes, and promises to be the first in line at the nearest cinema, dressed in a tux just like his hero, as soon as the film is released. *Quantum of Solace* will be released nationwide on October 31st.



The actual James Bond with a very angry looking lady!

The Film Cynic Clinic

Stuart Higgins

Cinematography? Pah, it's all in the soundtrack.

It's there in the water. Derr derr. It's going to eat those innocent bathers. Derr derr. Its shark fin glistens in the sunlight, as Dave the 'special effects bloke' pants away, trying to pull a fibre-glass triangle across a swimming pool. *Jaws*, what a masterpiece. You have to have respect for the way in which a film like *Jaws* is able to elicit such powerful emotions from its audience, using only the limited resources of the 1970s. I was well and truly hidden behind my big fluffy Powerpuff-Girls pillow whilst watching that famous scene. Truly shocking. How on earth did they get people to buy it? It's simple, derr derr.

Try watching the same scene whilst muted, and suddenly all tension is lost. It's as though someone has added the subtitle "It's just a film, you're only in a cinema, stop eating your neighbour's popcorn". You're brought smashing back down to earth, the illusion shattered, with the sudden realisation that you've got a numb arse. It demonstrates the importance of a great soundtrack: the haunting string section, set over thunderous brass, with Dave tinkling the triangle occasionally. It's the spine-tingling, buttock-clenching fuel that drives the movie head on into the wall of emotion (and if that isn't a contrived metaphor, I don't know what is). Without its triumphant, jubilant score, Indiana Jones would be transformed from

a whip-lashing, über-exploring hero into: Mr Jones & Son, Antiquarians and Odd Jobs. *Jurassic Park* would be little more than a documentary of London Zoo on a Tuesday.

Of course there are those films which by their very definition require no sound at all. They are, of course, Silent Films. However all those people are now dead, so we don't need to worry about that genre any more. Other films that require no sound include any of the Harry Potter series. Strangely enough those are also films that require no visuals either, and in fact, should never have been made. Now if there are any HP Movie fans out there who found that comment a little harsh, I would recommend learning to read instead.

Of course if you're feeling a little more adventurous you could always try switching soundtracks. I liked *The Shining*, but felt that it lacked the true swing and flair of the Sixties. So by swapping the original desolate and chilling score with that from *Austin Powers, the Spy who Shagged Me*, there is instantly more joie de vivre, or as I prefer to say, va va voom.

Perhaps 'Eye of the Tiger' was wasted on *Rocky III*. Imagine how much better the *Sound of the Music* would have been, if they'd been singing along to "the thrill of the fight" instead? Or how about cheering up the more depressing bits of *Braveheart* with the *Ghostbusters* theme? Yes, purists might argue that this would slightly alter the subtle dynamic of these award-winning mo-

ments of cinema, but you can't help but wonder.

Comments? Please respond to: not.gavin@hotmail.com.

Wanted: Actor or actress to play Bank Chief in new financial drama. No previous experience necessary, excellent pay regardless of outcome, although poor results may cripple world economy. **For Sale:** Medium Size Investment Bank. One previous, not particularly careful owner. Some minor scrapes and damage, although all repairs will be covered by the Taxpayer Insurance Company.



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Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair and Susan Yu

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Susan Yu
Music Editor

Everyone had a smashing summer? Nearly four months of partying, dossing, drunken nights, days at work, travelling, days of just chilling out in the sun with your favourite beverage clutched in your hands and the radio/music on full blast, the list goes on. Now it's time for a new term, new faces, the same old routines returning with a loud HELLO and last but not least, time to check out new bands and new music. Well, that is what I am here for, so if you have any queries or thoughts about Music Felix, feel free to email us (meaning the team, comprising of me, Peter and James, who is a new addition to the *felix* team) and we'll try to get them answered a.s.a.p. provided that it's something relevant as we are busybodies with a lot on our hands... Much appreciated.

This summer, I ventured out to the V Festival in Weston Park, Staffordshire, which is incidentally an hours drive from where I live, so I guess it was only a small trek down the road. The line-up for this massive shebang was definitely something. I was enlightened by countless big guns like Muse, Stereophonics, The Verve and Kings of Leon, just to name a few. Other headliners included the Kaiser Chiefs, The Prodigy and The Chemical Brothers. There were also gazillions of smaller names such as Girls Aloud, Newton Faulkner, Scouting for Girls, The Feeling, Amy Winehouse (who actually turned up, surprise, shock, horror, not only this, she wasn't entirely pissed off her face or drugged up, if her demeanour and performance were anything to go by, but still did not perform half as well as she is capable of, what a waste of talent I say), and Duffy that were part of the golden bill. This eclectic line-up ensured a well mixed crowd, something that appeased pretty much everyone.

There may have been somewhat less sunshine and a little more rain than we hoped for, but the action was DAMN good. Nothing could have clouded the festival mood, not the flooding toilets, not the nonexistent showers, not the muddy, slippery ground that leapt invitingly at your legs, urging you to dive into the chocolatey ocean. Some people, of their own accord of course, stripped half naked and dived in happily, rolling in the mud, soaking in the festival cheer and having a ball. What a wonderful, hilarious sight. I have to admit, I did give it a pass, being the cleanliness freak that I am, but maybe next time I'll give it a shot, if the showers turn up. Well, that is my festival story told.

This week I've got an interview with Frightened Rabbit, a band that has only been on the circuit for a few years and a cracking album by Vessels that could do with a browse. Au revoir, ciao, adios, auf wiedersehen, zai jian, annyonghi kashipshio, sayonara, pirmelenge, bye... whatever floats your boat...

We get mountains of CDs sent to us every week and there are always gigs that need going to and reviewing. If you fancy getting some free stuff give us an email at music.felix@gmail.com

Fear the Frightened Rabbit

Susan Yu tries not to intimidate the startled Rabbit who knows a thing or two about music and attempts to suss out the Vessels and find out where the ship is heading...

Frightened Rabbit are a quartet indie rock band from the far away land that is Scotland. The band is comprised of the lovely brothers Scott and Grant Hutchison, as well as Billy Kennedy and Andy Monaghan, who joined the crew later on down the line. Music Felix went and had a good old banter with the front man vocalist / guitarist Scott...

What does the name Frightened Rabbit encompass?

It relates to my own social foibles, a look I had as a youngster when faced with encounters with more confident children. I then found out that a rabbit, when frightened, has about 10 times the strength of a relaxed rabbit. Not sure how that applies to us, I just thought it was interesting.

Do the band have some kind of rabbit fetish?

I have no fetishes towards animals. I'd definitely like to make that clear.

On the topic of fetishes, does anyone have any weird and wonderful fetishes that they'd like to enlighten us with?

Billy likes older women, but not to the point of a fetish. It is more of a hobby. I like picking scabs, Andy is into laser war games and Grant likes drilling holes in chairs.

Please give a brief description of the band and what type of music you play.

There are four of us in the band and we make very pleasant guitar pop music. We have one song with electronic drums on it and a couple of songs with the piano too.

How long have you guys been out there making and doing music and how did you form a band in the first place?

About 3 years. We've grown in number since I played on my own with a guitar, adding one member each year.

How did you get signed?

We were approached by FatCat very



The Rabbit is scared as hell indeed... frozen in the headlights... or sweetly nibbling some green munchies

early on, and nothing really happened. After 2 years of near misses with other labels FatCat finally came back and offered to sign us. We were very lucky indeed.

When you were young, what kind of music did you listen to?

When I was very young I would listen to Vanilla Ice or Wet Wet Wet. Later, I became a big fan of The Stone Roses, Pearl Jam and Soundgarden.

What kind of childhood have you had? Do you ever regret anything you've done in your childhood?

I regret being so obedient. You can get away with a lot as a child and I didn't take full advantage of that.

Do you remember any moments from your teenage years with relish? Were any of you wild childs?

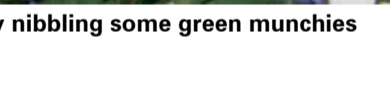
I wasn't terribly wild. Like I said, I didn't take full advantage of what the world had to offer. I think I'm better at that now though.

Do you think the way people have been brought up has a major influence on how their music is shaped? If so, in what kind of ways?

Absolutely. Our parents like folk music, and artists such as Kate Bush and Queen and I think it has found its way into the sound of our band now. Ok, maybe not so much with Queen...

Who is the most arrogant one in the band? Who is the ladies' man?

I'm easily the most arrogant. But that's because I'm the best. Three of us have girlfriends which, in a strange way, makes us very good ladies' men.



What about the most cheeky one? Billy has a wide variety of shit jokes.

Does anyone in the band have bad habits?

Every one of us. Bad habits are the most enjoyable ones.

Are any of you political?

I usually vote, but it's not based on a great deal of knowledge. I don't absorb it all that well.

Are you inclined in favour of Labour, Conservative or Lib Dem?

Errr... isn't that private. Honestly though, I don't really care that much.

Do you think musicians have much say in the way society is shaped?

They have done, and a good song can certainly soundtrack a movement. I don't think that music alone can change the world, it can only make it a bit easier to be alive.

Name the 3 worst bands in history.

The Twilight Sad, We Were Promised Jetpacks, Ross Clark and The Scarfs Go Missing.

Do you prefer playing in a smaller more intimate gig or to a bigger crowd?

Both have their plus points. I feel it is easier to get away with mistakes at the bigger shows, because if everyone is in a tiny room listening intently, they are going to know when you've fucked it

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up.

Describe your song writing procedure. What inspires you, where and when do ideas pop into your head for new songs?

I write in blocks, for example most of the last record was written in about a month or so. I get ideas all the time but most of them float away into the ether. I need to be sat down with an instrument and a recording device to map out a song. I'm inspired by my own life I guess. It is all I know about.

Many people describe writing songs and playing music as being highly cathartic, a way of communicating your inner thoughts and emotions, whether they are uplifting or anxious, whatever it may be, to be voiced through their music. Does this ring true for you?

I fell like my music is a good way of framing certain parts of my life, to call it 'therapy' is always a bit weird. It can help to put a full stop on periods of time when you sum them up over 4 and a half minutes of music.

Is there an immense sense of satisfaction or even relief when you finish writing a piece? Do you ever get annoyed or frustrated with yourself if things don't go to plan?

Sometimes it just comes out and is done right there. Other songs take weeks or months to get right. But there's no point in getting frustrated. It is more productive to work out what's wrong with it and try to change that somehow.

So how do you normally vent out your anger/frustration or maybe you prefer bottling it up inside?

I don't have a great deal of anger flying around, but any energy I have is expended when we play live. It all comes out in sweat and spit on the stage.

With the following artists, say which one you prefer and why.

Muse or Snow Patrol?

Snow Patrol, they are convivial nice chaps.

The Killers or U2?

U2. They've been brilliant for over 20 years.

Stereophonics or The White Stripes?

The White Stripes. Monster riffs.

Madonna or Kylie?

Kylie is less nasal and irritating.

Duran Duran or Take That?

Duran Duran. They play instruments.

Blondie or The Manic Street Preachers?

Difficult. Blondie have a better back catalogue though.

If you won the lottery what would you do with it?

Build a studio.

Name your top 3 inventions.

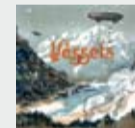
The guitar, the piano, the cassette recorder.

Who is your favourite DJ, favourite TV presenter and why?

Favourite DJ is Richard Colburn. Favourite TV presenter is Gok Wan.

Album Review: Sailing away with the Vessels

Album Review



Vessels
White Fields and
Open Devices
★★★★☆

Vessels are a quintet, five lovely guys from up North, Leeds lads they are indeed. Having performed countless incendiary live sets throughout the length and breadth of the country, these guys released their debut album in August. They have received a fantastic response, including rave reviews: Kerrang – 'Awe-inspiring... This is a glorious, beautiful, unique, moving and magnificent album, 4/5; NME – 'a quite brilliant work of art' and the seal of approval from BBC Introducing's Huw Stephens. Their music is thought to have been shaped by a bit of everything, from electronic post rock to indie, finally ending up with their own cohesive yet distinctive sound. There are undoubtedly many post rock bands in the music industry that are essentially copycats of Mogwai or Explosions In The Sky, but frankly Vessels do not fall under this category. Thank

goodness.

The sound of Vessels is colossal in every sense. From the mixture of superb, distorted and sometimes delayed synthesised guitar sounds and irrefutably awesome double drumming to the beautifully simple piano arpeggios, intricate glitch patterns, spellbinding guitar riffs, it's all delivered with imagination, flair and passion.

This strangely wonderful, nebulous affair of an album storms away with 'Altered Beast', a timeless hypnotic concoction of loopy guitar riffs, complex bass, synthesised instrumentation and excellent drumming that has immense drive and holds the whole thing together immaculately. One is hopelessly, willingly drowned in the incred-



The Rabbit sits and waits for its long lost love back in NYC

Name your perfect day. Where would it be and spent with whom?

Spent rowing on a loch in the Highlands with my girlfriend.

Where and when did you last throw up?

In the studio about a year ago.

Do you think it is acceptable for guys to wear makeup such as eyeliner, mascara etc..?

Totally acceptable.

Do you have any groupies?

Depends what you mean. Nobody wants to sleep with us really, but we do have people who come to A LOT of our shows.

What sort of clothes do you usually wear on stage? Casual stuff or smart formal gear? What is your favourite outfit?

I have a thing for check shirts. But really whatever we've got on that day is also the stage wear.

What are your greatest musical aspirations?

I'll be aspiring to make the perfect album until I am dead.

What is your new single about?

It is about a trip I took to NYC to win back a girl. It didn't work, so I came home and tried to work out what to do.

Will you be touring soon?

From the start of September 'til the end of the year pretty much.

ible layers carved out of the whirlpool of sounds that pulsates from the album, the whole shebang just sort of fuels your hungry adrenaline rush, simply bewilderingly mind-blowing, I hear myself raving. Indeed, this scorching number does not need words, the music speaks for itself 200%. It just builds and builds, it's almost as if you are trapped on this swing, swinging higher and higher, the rush of wind hits your face, faster and sharper and you feel absolute pain-free exhilaration. It's that good. What is refreshing with great albums is the fact that you have songs that show variation, not just the same old formula because our ears are innately attracted to new soundscapes, something fresh, something that rekindles our love for

music. 'White Fields and Open Devices' does this and will hit the spot, if not the first time. These tracks have very varied tempos and structures, some short, some stretching out, you will be left on tenterhooks each time a track finishes, wondering where and when things are going to change...

'A hundred times in every direction' takes a turn away from the cacophony that was the starter track and winds down to a slow, sweet, mellow husky tune. This is the first time we get to hear the bittersweet vocals in conjunction with the rasping guitar that is ever present. And then bang, the drums and thundering percussion crashes in and it's just sheer pandemonium. Then it backs down yet again and slowly but surely the whole soundscape gets stretched out and the drum and bass reclaims your ears once more.

On the other hand, 'Trois Heures' sees the Vessels changing tact again, the backdrop being a desolate, gloomy, almost threatening industrial landscape, filled with gliding guitar arpeggios, digital detritus and metallic electronica. They have lots of tricks up their sleeves.

'Look at that Cloud' is an atmospheric instrumental piece that is a key track taken from their inspiring arsenal. It is however hauntingly fragile and the dreamy yet achingly long synthesised notes entrenched with pain evoke the feeling of the engulfing loss of that someone, clinging onto the faint trails

of bittersweet memories. There is also a brief period where the drums announce their arrival, which is then followed with splashes of minimal dark electronica, hinting at the wilderness, loneliness beyond and gradually reaching a strong, avalanching crescendo at the end.

With 'Yuki', the simple arpeggios on the piano accompany the poignant vocals, a velvety softness suffuses the song, floating gently away in the sea, peace at last. The inclusion of the soothing melodic guitar and piano interlude helps to paint a calm picture of solitude, detachment from everything altogether.

Other noteworthy tracks include the awesomely-titled 'An Idle Brain And The Devil's Workshop', with its poly-rhythm and frantic, cool guitar riff work. This is a loud, at times dark, ambient one, an aural assault, the sonic soundscape pulls through menacingly, a massive contrast to 'Walking through Walls', that is made up of soulful vocalisation, forlorn guitar instrumentation with clipped electronic beats that ties everything together, nice and snug.

Over the course of 10 tracks, Vessels demonstrate an immense array of distinctive soundscapes that mark this captivating debut album as being both strikingly evocative and euphoric. Lend your ears to this ravishing find.

Susan Yu



Yep, those guys again, posing for another photo. Apparently looking at the camera is uncool!



The Vessels, that guy has ruined the photo by not looking at the camera

Fashion

Fashion Editor – Daniel Wan

fashion.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Fashion-spotting on campus

Nada Jumabhoy roams Imperial College for its best dressed students this week

The *felix* Fashion team sent out a team of all-tutting, all-scrutinising fashionistas to find the best-dressed students of Imperial College. There is always an element of chance involved. Not everyone is going to look their best everyday, and not everyone looks harmless, lost and innocent enough for us to pounce on.

We targeted Freshers, but tried not to ignore the upper years. Sadly, we've missed the very first week or two when all the Freshers dress up in their best outfits every day, even to go to a five minute meeting with their crusty and bearded personal tutor. First impres-

sions are no longer and they are happily settling down into the campus-wide habit of slumming around in whatever they find themselves in from the night before.

Most people we approached were happy to pose for us, but they all insisted they weren't looking their best. Modesty is still rife amongst the first years, then. The team especially took to Hoon's faux fur trimmed top from Zara. It was the first thing we noticed about him as he sat in the Union have a pre-lecture pint.

We also asked them what they thought of the fashion and style of their fellow students at College. The majority were reluctant to give a truthful

opinion. We were wondering why, but it was obvious a lot of Freshers didn't think too highly of the hoody and jeans culture that sitting in a computer lab all day harbours.

Being simply and comfortably dressed does not mean you have to look too ragged though. Ez, who we found chatting to his friends on the Queen's Lawn, was simply wearing a polo T-shirt and jeans. It was nothing outstanding, but that's exactly what we loved about it. The solid blue and black theme worked really well for him, finished off stylishly with a rather voluminous kaftan scarf around his neck.

Anjali, a second year Bioengineer was hanging out by the SAF, and she

epitomised the aforementioned comfortable and stylish combination well. Her outfit was a combination of her own stuff and her boyfriend's. The oversized rugby shirt and belt formed a sweet dress with a lot of character.

Since Imperial is such a culturally diverse place, we decided to feature Vic Man, due to his love of Korean clothing. He was wearing a monochrome casual tuxedo and jeans outfit, with an underlay of vivid scarlet provided by his cardigan.

To all those that have been featured: smile, you're now famous. For a week at least. To those that aren't, but your best kit on, you'll never know when we'll be roaming again.



Daniel Wan
Fashion Editor

You've survived the first week back at College. Mazeltov. Nice to see you've got back into the old habit of picking up your weekly *felix*, laughing hysterically at the diaphragm-punishing commentary, then throwing your copy into the wind until some poor unsuspecting Fresher gets hit in the face by it. He picks it up, and the cycle continues.

It unnervingly feels like I hadn't suffered from three mind-numbing months of London suburbia over the summer. No emotional goodbyes this time around, just absences, one by one, from our table at the local pub. When I found myself sitting in the Moon Under Water in Watford alone, I knew it was time to return my sweaty backside to Imperial.

Unprofessional as this will sound, I've been completely out of the loop of anything current. Including news, and more than likely, fashion. The Internet has its wonderfully life-filling hands tightly positioned around me. For the past couple of weeks, no Internet has meant that my life has been a bland blob of ignorance. Hence, I apologise if my section for this week reads like 'The Origin of Species'; outdated, boring trundle that everyone already knows. But then some say 'The Origin of Species' was revolutionary. But then some people at the time thought Charles Darwin was the devil and wanted his finch-loving head on a pike.

I'm talking about Charles Darwin in the Fashion section. What is wrong with me? What's wrong with you? Why are you still reading, fool? I wouldn't be. In fact, I'm not, and I'm still typing. You know what? I pity the fool. And yes, with a double 't'. Half-heartedly point that spelling error out.

felix has taken some flak these last couple of weeks. Granted, we have not hit the ground running this year. I don't think *felix* ever does, mainly down to the fact that half of last year's editorial team have graduated and crawled out into the big bad world of work, what I affectionately refer to as the getting-cucumbers-and-other-such-sizeable-vegetables-shoved-in-my-arse period of my life.

We are a student newspaper, not the *Guardian*, not *The Daily Star*, but *felix*. Our readers are the students of Imperial, and to have such a large readership of thousands in such close community is rare. We embrace that by referencing to the comic value and trends only you lot will truly understand; namely the sex ratio. The fact that a bloke is Fashion Editor probably proves that point. So lighten up. It's all in jest, and enjoy the paper for what it is.

I've already had to omit Fashion from the last issue due to lack of time and contributions. To stop such travesties reoccurring, come write for *felix* Fashion. Write your opinions on the latest trend, a review of your mum's wardrobe. My point is: anything (related to Fashion), and email me at fashion.felix@imperial.ac.uk. You never know, your mum might disown you for claiming she always looking dowdy, and then all you've got is *felix* for that motherly(-esque) bosom you blatantly crave.

Anjali, 2nd Year, Bioengineering



Shirt dress,
Boyfriend's Rugby Top
Tights
Primark, £2
Shoes,
Massimo Dutti, £55
Belt,
Boyfriend's Bag,
Topshop, £35

Fashion at Imperial?
"The Freshers look so much better than my year!"

Vic Man, 2nd Year, Maths



Polo shirt,
American Apparel, £20
Red cardigan,
River Island, £25
Black tie,
Covent Garden Vintage, £10
Tuxedo jacket,
Online (Japanese), £200
White Jeans,
Branch 22, £50
Shoes,
Online (Korean), £50
Fashion at Imperial?
"I'm into Korean fashion, a lot of people are here."

Hoon, Fresher, Chem. Eng.



Sweater (Faux Fur),
Zara, £60
Jeans
Topman, £40
Shoes,
Topman, £50
T Shirt,
All Saints, £40
Bag,
American Apparel, £30

Fashion at Imperial?
"Looks like a fucking bombsite in terms of fashion."

Ez Hassan, 2nd Year, Aero.



Polo shirt,
Ralph Luaren, £60
Kaftan
Egypt, £2
Black Jeans,
FCUK, £80
Belt,
FCUK, £15
Shoes,
Adidas, Limited Edition, £80

Fashion at Imperial?
"It's non-existent, isn't it?"

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EVENT: Shell Careers Presentation
VENUE: Lecture Theatre G34, Sir Alexander Fleming Building, Imperial College Road, South Kensington Campus
DATE: 21st October 2008
TIME: 18:30. You do not have to register to attend this event.

NHS

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Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

Well what can I say guys. Another week, another chance to enter the photoshop competition. Remember, you could win an iPod. A real one. I promise it'll even be new.

Also, how awesome was the Freshers' Ball on Friday? That was a rhetorical question. It was immense. The Dirty Sanchez boys both disgust and amuse me. All that matters is that Dainton gave me his blood-stained T-Shirt. Blood + T-shirt = Awesome

Yeah, that's right. It also made me happy to see the ever-so-lovely Jager Girls. Although I was scared by the podgy one who looked like it took a tub of lard to squeeze her into her dress. Like I cared though. Jagermeister is by far my favourite drink. Sure it tastes like cough syrup that has been left open for a year, but mix that with the genius of redbull and you don't even know it's there.

In other news, the new MacBooks have come out. Now I don't count myself as a hardcore apple fan boy, but damn do they look sweet. Somebody hook me up with one, I'm poor. I know some of you will say 'tough, I don't get one for free either.' However, have you people thought about the fact that I look like a pirate? No, thought not. That is all.

Also lectures started this week, probably earlier for some of you. I have three recommendations. The first is to bring your pillow to your lectures. Seriously; those desks are hard. A Pillow makes that mid day nap all the better. Second is avoid all 9 o'clock lectures. Don't be the chump everyone copies the notes from because you turned up. Be the guy/girl who copies of the chump that did. No offense to Chumps, I'm jealous you're going to get a first. Lastly, Bring a hipflask full of hard liquor. If you have to go you may as well be drunk.

Back to more Coffee Break stuff, Sikh MC didn't make it this week. Long story short, we in the felix office thought that Snaky B dressed as Dizzy Rascal was way better. We were right. Our man Marc Kerstein is hooking us up with all sorts to give away with the iPod- or so I heard. He better, he's the Apple campus rep for Imperial College. He'll hook you guys up with whatever you need (to do with Apple. He's not a drug dealer).

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.

Photoshop Competition - 3



This weeks winner. Team Vader.



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

Congratulations to this week's winner, Team Vader. We'll be honest when we say they won only because of their immature, yet hilarious reiteration of the CGCU url. Also the words "EPIC FAIL." Just so you guys

know, they put Darth Vader in their entry last week as well. It's like some kind of gimmick. Also many chuckles were made at the inclusion of Kirby. Someone is obviously a fan of hangman.

This week's image is of Dainton and Pritchard from Dirty Sanchez. Yes that is his manhood between the fretboard and guitar string. Ouch! 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!?! :) 4. Relentless:

If there is one thing Imperial College Students like, it's anything that'll keep you awake during the day, during the night and during you exams. Now Pro Plus is the usual option, or Redbull. But both fail in comparison to Relentless. I've seen rhinos have heart attacks on this stuff. I won't lie to you, I drink at least one can a day. This stuff packs a punch, and at 230 Kcal per can it's hard core.

Hell, even David Cameron used it to tell the Labour party to "Wake up!" Best thing is, unlike Redbull, it comes in 3 flavours. Normal, Orange, and Juice. All three taste exactly the same though, suggesting that there is just way too much sugar. Reminds me of Powerthirst (youtube it). It even makes me wonder whether it can be legal. Like Jagermeister? Try Jager bombs with relentless. If that doesn't send you to the moon, I don't know what will. Well, a space shuttle perhaps.



More sugar than you need. Yes!

Drink with me, I'm Snaky B

and this week I'm dressed as DZ

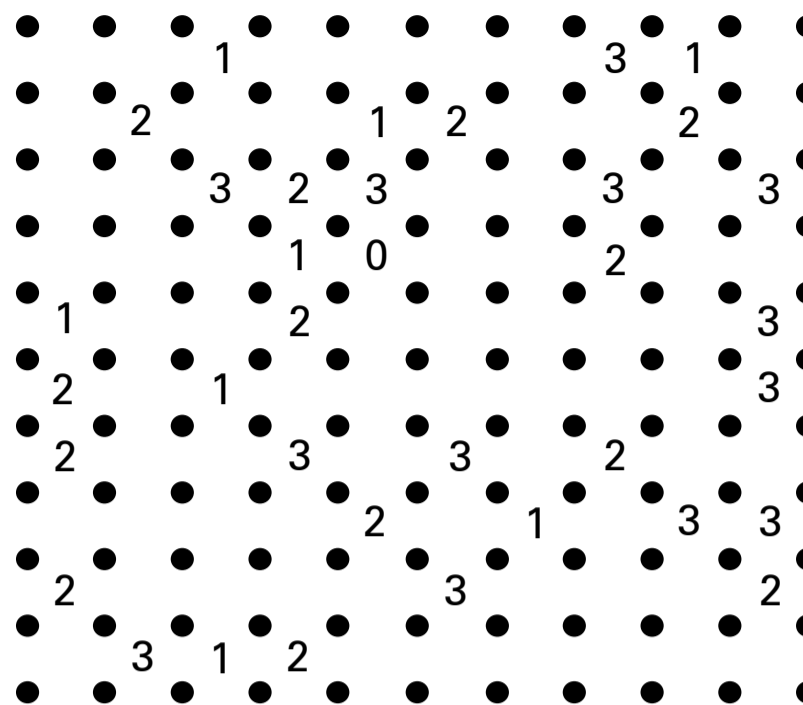


Oh!!! What up my brethren? I've got to chat to you, I've got something to tell all you pussy'oles. You've got fix up, there's a lot of nasty bros walking around and you know it's time they try and look sharp. It ain't about getting attention, mate being a celebrity don't mean shit to me, it's

all about self-respect. It's about getting your backs up, backs up, back off the wall and making sure you stand up tall. You'll never know if you just walk past, you better just ask. That's some wisdom man. Remember it. You got to take it further than the dance floor. Ya understand my man? If you need some fun, just glance at me and we'll party

cool? We'll kick it old school! You get me? Blud you're not wrong if you think I want to get involved.. Anyway enough of the guys. I want to let all the ladies know that I want to get behind your backbone. Snaky B, I'm good to go blud, because they don't know I'm keepin it gansta. Who'd up in the end flow, keepin it tight? kthnxbye!

Slitherlink 1,411



www.felixonline.co.uk/sections/coffee_break for intructions.

This week's texts:

"Please feed the cat. I don't want felix it to go to kitty hell."

"Lectures would be so much more appealing if I were naked more often"

07980 148 785

Tamara says: "Kill two birds with one cock!"



This week I'm loving scooters!

Dear Tamara,

I'm a fresher, staying in halls, and although I came to university in a loving and committed relationship, my other half is hundreds of miles away and I keep having slightly drunken hanky-panky with a girl in halls. I feel really bad afterwards, but at the time my brain isn't the one doing the thinking. What should I do?

Frustrated Fresher, Cold shower in Princes Gardens

Dear Frustrated Fresher,

In these situations, I like to adopt the what-he/she-doesn't-know-can't-hurt-him/her attitude. Realistically, she's

probably doing the same thing anyway, no matter how soppy her emails are. In fact the soppier the guilt-ier as far as I'm concerned!

Try to look on the bright side; at least you got an Imperial girl to look at you, imagine how the guys with no girls are feeling! My advice to you is to keep both on the go. Eventually timetable clashes may arise, and some plate-throwing rows may be inevitable, but you can worry about that when the time comes.

Dear Tamara,

I don't quite know what's going on, last week I woke up in a basement in Beit - I don't even live in Beit! Thankfully I still had my trousers, but was missing my shirt, glasses and shoes. The place was a complete tip, like someone had just turned it upside down. After finding my possessions in various places around the union, I carried on as normal. However, I keep finding strangers talking to me like they know me and we shared some hilarious experience, or some people just laugh as I pass them in the corridor.

All I really remember of the night before is the guys buying me drinks! I'm so confused, what's going on?

Confused, In the dark

Dear Confused,

I can really sympathise with your situation. To me the success of a night out is measured by the number of free

drinks I have received from potential sugar daddies. The best thing to do is to adopt a nonchalant attitude and pretend like you know exactly what happened that night, you're just too cool to care. People will see that you don't care and will copy you. Of course, for this to work, you must be cool enough for people to want to copy you...

Dear Tamara, I really want to have sex with my boyfriend but I am afraid he'll think I look horrible naked because I'm really thin with tiny boobs. What should I do?

Stick Insect

Dear Stick Insect,

The man should (and will) be grateful that you're agreeing to sleep with him in the first place. He'll be far too desperate to get your clothes off to really notice what's underneath. If you were a bit of a chubster, you would worry that the man will think you are too wobbly. So just chill out and look at him critically instead - he is the one who should worry about pleasing you. Alternatively, use your loan to get some help of the silicone variety. It's like the underwear dilemma - girls worry about what they wear but if you ask most men, underwear is just a hindrance to their pursuit of what is underneath.

Got a problem, contact Tamara at agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Horrorscopes: get ready to be fucked over... HARD

Back by popular demand. The sick bastard from the first issue. You asked for it.

<p>Aquarius</p> <p>This week it's certain that you'll have sex. Probably for the first time. Definitely with that girl you met while in hospital. You know the one paralysed from the eyeballs down, blind, deaf, dumb. Oh yeah jizz into those besodors. Do it. It could be worse, she could have AIDS as well. Save that girl for next week. Buckaroo anyone?</p>	<p>Taurus</p> <p>This week you are a right-wing conservative. You have abandoned all your free-market principles and cling desperately to the lifejacket of government intervention. Most of you can't even jump out of your office windows because you have been fired and security have strict orders to beat you up on sight. You have failed.</p>	<p>Leo</p> <p>This week you realise that working behind the bar in the Union isn't all that it's cracked up to be. In fact there isn't any crack at all. You spend 6 miserable hours completely sober before you lose control and punch the next person who asks you to top up their fucking pint. I swear, I will fucking KILL the next cunt-stain who asks,</p>	<p>Scorpio</p> <p>This week Felix is really depressed. There is so much stupid, inane crap being thrown around and I really just want to smile. I don't even have the enthusiasm or life-in-me to go to Cheapskates with a school friend. Do you see what you've fucking done? I hate you all, I really really hate you.</p>
<p>Pisces</p> <p>This week a Felix Editor says that Enoch's crosswords are lame. Enoch seizes a nearby sword and through gritted teeth exclaims "If you EVER say that again, I will destroy YOU". He then returns to his corner in the Felix office and grumbles about "those kids". The offending Felix Editor then buys a bottle of whisky and does an explicit parody of "Girls Gone Wild". Sweet.</p>	<p>Gemini</p> <p>This week a student complains about the Hangman section. Unfortunately, he chooses to come into the office at an inopportune moment, when the Editors just happen to be polishing their deer shivs. His obituary reads "That damn bitch got what he fucking deserved. Love Mum". Few people attend his funeral, even fewer people wank on his grave. Well just one person. Me.</p>	<p>Virgo</p> <p>This week you'll meet Aaron Berk, a second year. He can't speak to you though. Tragically he was deer shanked in the ass, had his member filed away by a cheese grater and sentenced to euthanasia the old-fashioned way. That's right, being torn apart by 4 rampantly horny horses is cool again. I would like to thank Aaron for his effort to bring me back.</p>	<p>Sagittarius</p> <p>This week you left your blue shirt at a friend's house. They were kind enough to wash it, dry it, iron it and fold it; presenting it to you with a pillow on top. However you find out that they used slave child labour and the blood of a thousand puppies as detergent. You have a new found respect for your buddy and you buy him a cake in thanks, unethical dead baby cake of course.</p>
<p>Aries</p> <p>At some point this week you'll wake up and look at yourself in the mirror. Disgusting. You're too much of a pussy to top yourself off so you make yourself smile... joker style. Unsurprisingly your smile doesn't impress the ladies (scarred freak). Looks like nothing's changed for you then. Well I say nothing, the rape you'll suffer may be a new.</p>	<p>Cancer</p> <p>This week you went to Fabric for the very first time in your life. It was a memorable experience but something was lacking, something very important. Oh yes, I wasn't wearing underwear. As my groin sweat rubbed onto my tight skinny jeans I felt the comforting sensation of an older man groping my testicles.</p>	<p>Libra</p> <p>This week you find yourself a familiar place, a lecture theatre. Wow this is boring, how can you make it interesting? I would suggest, as a man of the cloth, that you take a piece of rope, wrap it around the neck of the person next to you and scream "DIE BITCH" until they tell you WHAT THE FUCK THE LECTURER IS TALKING ABOUT</p>	<p>Capricorn</p> <p>This week you experiment in bed. Your undeservedly better half begins to tie you up. Once bound and gagged she begins to pour hot wax over you, laughing as you scream in pain. God won't help you, he doesn't believe in sex before marriage. Why do you think all women are married to god at the same time as their husband?</p>

Sport

Badminton Bonanza!

Bethany Wong

Saturday 25th October brings College's first charity badminton tournament in aid of 'Save the Children'.

A leading force in emergency relief and long-term developmental work, Save the Children is currently working in over 100 countries focusing on health, education, freedom from hunger, and protection of vulnerable children. In 2007, 'Imperial College Save the Children Society' was formed. £10,000 was raised in our maiden year, and with a new target of £25,000, this year promises to be even busier. Our 3 committees (Entertainment, Projects and Campaigns and Sports) will be hosting a variety of fund raising events and community projects, ranging from music festivals to 12 hour football marathons, starting with the Badminton Bonanza.

The day will consist of a series of mini tournaments, comprising Men's, Women's and Mixed doubles groups. With competitors from London universities and Middlesex clubs to social and non-league players, there is going to be a great blend of fun and competitive spirit, so whatever your standard, please sign up!

The cost of entry is only £7.50 per player with all entry fees going directly to charity. Winners and runners up of each category will each receive a trophy and Sotx sports equipment.

For an entry form, or more information, please contact bethany.wong06@imperial.ac.uk.

This charity tournament has been made possible by our sponsors Ethos Sports Centre, Sotx and Reaz Vawda.

Fencers On Target

Fencing	
Imperial Men's 2nd	130
UCL 2nd	120

Maurice Berk

The match got off to a controversial start with the captains unable to agree upon which weapon to fence first. UCL were keen to get under way with epee, to allow one of their fencers to attend afternoon lectures while Imperial's key epeeist Sjoerd Miedema was stuck in traffic. Imperial received a lucky break as first Sabre, then Epee and finally Foil were randomly drawn.

Charlie Hennings made his experience count in the opening match, effortlessly dispatching his opponent 5-2. Team captain Maurice Berk subsequently found himself on the very wrong end of a 4-8 loss and Imperial continued to drop points as Chris Namih lost his first match 3-5. Matters continued to worsen as Maurice failed to redeem himself in his second match, losing 3-5 before Charlie romped to a 10-2 victory. Chris went close with a 5-6 loss in his second match to leave the score 30-28 in Imperial's favour before the final round. Maurice finally found his stride with a 5-3 victory, quickly followed by Chris's 5-4 win. Charlie brushed aside his final opponent 5-2, leaving Imperial 45-37 in the lead going in to epee.

Sjoerd Miedema, was nominated anchor for epee and despite reportedly suffering from tuberculosis, produced a fine 5-3 win in his opening match. Fresher Chris Jackson also produced an excellent debut display to win his

first match 5-2 before Tim Harford-Cross made it 3 out of 3 with a 5-3 victory. Chris could only manage a 5-5 draw in his second match and Sjoerd fared no better, going down to a 5-8 defeat, a sure sign of the disease ravaging his body. Tim got Imperial back to winning ways with a 5-4 win but the elation was short lived as UCL surged to the finish in the final three matches, winning 4-10, 3-5 and 3-5. This left UCL with a close fought victory in epee, final scores standing at 40-45 and leaving Imperial with a slender 3 point lead with just foil to play for.

Club president Chris Namih, clearly back in his element after his rare foray in to sabre, stormed to a 5-1 victory in the opening foil match. Nathan "Badger" Harmston experienced a mauling by UCL's captain, limping his way to a 5-8 defeat and setting the nerves racing. Fortunately 2nd team veteran Alex Bishop restored faith with a solid 5-2 win before Badger made amends, win-

ning his second match 5-4. Chris continued to run rampant, demolishing his second opponent 5-1 before it was Alex's turn to find himself on the end of a brutal battering courtesy of UCL's captain, eventually finding his way to a 5 - 11 defeat. Badger, clearly feeling the effects of physical exertion, made way for substitute and omnipresent 2nd team fixture Nathan Blundell who made a strong case for a place in the starting lineup for the next match with a 5-0 win. Alex continued to struggle against his final opponent, losing 5-9 and leaving the scores 125-117 in Imperial's favor before the final match. With a potential 10 points up for grabs for UCL, Chris needed to ensure he made the most of his years of fencing experience to prevent the UCL captain from almost single-handedly winning them the match. Chris overcame his opponent 5-3 in a fine display that finally settled Imperial's nerves, final score standing at 130 - 120.



Air guitar or fencing?

sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

World Series

Richard Bale

Wednesday night sees the start of baseball's 104th World Series, a best-of-seven playoff that will pit the winner of the American League Championship Series, currently taking place between the Tampa Bay Rays and Boston Red Sox, against the winner of the National League Championship Series, featuring the Philadelphia Phillies and Los Angeles Dodgers. But how does an event between members of these two American leagues justify crowning a world champion?

Today professional leagues exist throughout SE Asia and Latin America. In 2006 the inaugural World Classic was held; the 16-nation event was won by Japan, with the USA being knocked out in the second round. Yet MLB remains the pinnacle of the sport, attracting all the world's best players. After impressing at the World Classic, Japanese pitcher Daisuke Matsuzaka's decision to come to MLB led to the Red Sox bidding \$51.1 million just for the rights to negotiate with him (he eventually signed a contract worth up to \$60 million over 6 years). This year's playoffs have seen many nations top stars on display including Canadians Russell Martin and Jason Bay and Manny Ramirez and David Ortiz of the Dominican Republic to name but a few. In all the 2008 season featured players from nearly 20 countries with around 30% born outside of America and the Toronto Blue Jays franchise being based in Canada.

Unless a league that rivals the talent and ethnic diversity found in MLB is established the Series' champions can still feel justified in calling themselves the World Champions.

Friday 17 October 2008

sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Mens elite conquer chavs

Hockey	
Imperial Men's 1st XI	11
Essex Men's 1st XI	2

Jack Cornish

This match report starts midway through the first half when IC Men's 1st XI were two goals to nil down. IC had decided that Essex had enough goals and should now be put into their place - the whipping boys of the league!

After some tactical adjustments and encouragements from Lord Byron, IC quickly struck back with two goals from Stumpy and Sash. Sexy Sash (as he is more well known) continued to interlink with fresher Koch culminating in some elegant moves. Half time

arrived and it was all level at two a piece, where Lord Byron delivered his commandments. The second half kicked off with fresher Prior opening the floodgates for IC. Whatever captain DR put in the jaffa-cakes at half time clearly worked with goals from Diana effectively wrapping up the win inside the first ten minutes. It was at this time Lord Byron unleashed Sid and Paedo from the bench... Stumpy had other ideas however! Being a bit of an Essex boy himself he decided to take pity on the opposition and proceeded to miss two open goals. Diana was less forgiving and completed his hat-trick. Eleven goals in a row had secured victory for IC, although in the bar afterwards Essex demolished ET et al. in a poorly run boat race. IC look forward to next weeks match against Caterbury Christ Church, a potential league decider!



ICHC Men's 1st XI pose after their emphatic win against Essex

Medic first blood

Netball	
Imperial 2nd	10
ICSM 3rd	15

Alexandra Perkins

The last match the Medic 3s had played together was a massive victory over IC in varsity, however it was the 2nd team they faced in the first game of the new season. This fixture has been incredibly close for the last three seasons with IC edging it every time so both sides were fired up for a great start to the season.

There was no departure from the expectation in the first quarter, the match being closely fought with end to end with episodes of good play. Despite IC leading 3-1, by the end of the quarter the medics had managed to claw it back to go ahead 4-3.

In the second quarter the medics found their stride and comfortably ex-

tended their lead. The impenetrable defence of GK Colleen McGregor and the partnership between Kate Wooding and Emma Suttill at the other end frustrated IC and kept the goals coming. Half time came at a low point with an IC injury, but the score 9-6 to the medics.

Fatigue was evident in both teams in the second half but the medics capitalised on the strength in depth of their new squad to continue fighting and stretched their lead to 8 goals with only a quarter remaining. In the last ten minutes, under the threat of the floodlights being turned off, IC led a spirited resurgence, leaving the score 15-10 to the medics at the final whistle.

Credit goes to both teams for excellent play with the ULU season coming so soon after the start of term. Freshers Sarah Hancox and Feroza Kassam played particularly well in their first match for and the rest of the club are looking forward to celebrating a clean sweep of first game victories with them in the Reynolds on Wednesday night!

ICURFC take on medic scum

Rugby	
Imperial Men's 2nd XV	13
St Barts 1st XV	15

Niall Watson

On a wet and windy day at home ICURFC 2nd's played their first match of the season against St Barts 1st's (Medic Scum). The first ten minutes was all IC with our forwards working it tight with their muster and the backs hitting their lines when they had the ball. All the scum could do was watch and stare, and drop the ball every 5 seconds. This pressure led IC to gain a penalty inside the 22, which Scott Greening converted to give IC an early lead. James Morrison left the pitch at this point complaining it was too tough at prop and was replaced by Andy Dolan.

The scum started bossing the scrum as the ref was blind to their cheating on the front and they worked their one

move of giving it to the fatter members to bosh it forward. But IC stayed strong. After about fifteen minutes of sustained pressure on our own line, and some gentle shoeing by Fresher Dave and Niall, the scum crashed over for their first unconverted try.

Then came the move of the match. After a long clearance by Scott in which the scum's full back failed to catch and knocked out for a line out, Scott had the presence of mind and knowledge of the new rules to take a quick line out to Fresher Dave, get the ball back and score our first try of the season. The scum scored again to leave the rain soaked matched locked at 8-10.

IC started the second half with Fresher Rob nailing their fullback as he was kicking for touch. The full-blooded tackles kept flying from every member of the team. Five minutes into the second half our replacements came on and after two minuets and one tackle Fresher Simon left after his cameo. After IC defend their line with massive hits we caught them on the break.

With a kick through, Scott, Fresher Dave and Fresher Ginger-guy chased down the scum's full back and true to form he fucked up again which lead to Scott crashing over.

IC then had to defend their line with the score at 13-10 and held strong for 20 minutes. Unfortunately the scum crashed over to go up 15-13. After this Joe Mac got cramp and screamed like a little girl so the final fresher came on. In the last fifteen minutes IC kept turning the ball over but couldn't find a way through with Scott missing a penalty near the end of the match.

IC 2nd's can be proud seeing that the previous week the scum had won 69-0 and we are confident that we can hold our own in this league. Andy Mac had a great first match in charge with the support of Malcolm. There also great performances from the freshers who were all over the pitch giving their all. Men of the Match went to Scott and Fresher Ben. Twat of the Match had to go to Fresher Simon for his two minute cameo.

Fixtures & Results

Monday 13th October

Netball

Women's 2s ULU 10-15 Imperial Medicals 3s

Squash

Men's 1s ULU 5-0 Imperial College Men's 2s

Wednesday 15th October

Badminton

Men's 1st 7-1 Portsmouth Men's 1st

Men's 2nd 3-5 King's College Men's 1st

Women's 1st 3-5 Uni of Reading Women's 1st

Basketball

Men's 1st 50-73 South Bank Men's 2nd

Women's 1st 31-36 Roehampton Women's 1st

Fencing

Men's 2nd 130-120 UCL Men's 2nd

Football

Men's 1st 1-2 Brunel West London Men's 3rd

Men's 2nd 2-6 Uni of Greenwich Men's 3rd

Men's 3rd 1-11 Unis at Medway Men's 1st

Women's 1st 6-3 Roehampton Women's 1st

Men's 4s ULU 2-3 UCL Men's 5s

Men's 5s ULU 0-0 UCL Men's 6s

Men's 6s ULU 1-3 King's Medics Men's 5s

Men's 7s ULU 2-2 Goldsmiths Men's 3s

Hockey

Men's 1st 11-2 Uni of Essex Men's 1st

Men's 2nd 3-6 Queen Mary Men's 1st

Women's 2nd 2-3 Portsmouth Women's 2nd

Lacrosse

Women's 1st 11-8 Uni of Brighton Women's 1st

Netball

Women's 1st 13-48 Uni of Hertfordshire 1st

Women's 2nd 36-19 Unis at Medway 1st

Women's 3rd 12-13 LSE 3rd

Rugby

Men's 2nd 13-15 St Barts Men's 1st

Men's 3rd 27-7 Uni of Sussex Men's 2nd

Men's 1st 12-32 UWE Bristol Men's 1st

Men's 4th 10-88 Unis at Medway 1st XV

Squash

Men's 1st 5-0 Uni of Kent Men's 1st

Men's 2nd 5-0 Uni of Hertfordshire Men's 1st

Women's 1st 4-4 King's College Women's 1st

Table Tennis

Men's 1st 11-6 UCL Men's 1st

Women's 1st 1-4 Middlesex Uni Women's 1st

Tennis

Men's 1st 10-0 Uni of Reading Men's 1st

Men's 2nd 5-5 Roehampton Men's 1st

Volleyball

Men's 1st vs Uni of Kent Men's 1st

Women's 2nd 0-3 Uni of Essex Women's 1st

Waterpolo

Men's 1st vs Uni of Warwick Men's 1st

Saturday 18th October

Football

Men's 2s ULU vs SOAS Men's 1s ULU

Men's 3s ULU vs UCL Men's 4s ULU

Men's 4s ULU vs Imperial College Men's 5s ULU

Men's 6s ULU vs SSEES Men's 1s ULU

Sunday 19th October

Football

Women's 1s ULU vs RUMS Women's 1s ULU

Lacrosse

Mixed 1s ULU vs St George's Mixed 1s ULU

Monday 20th October

Netball

Women's 1s ULU vs UCL Women's 2s ULU

Women's 2s ULU vs Royal Holloway Women's 3s ULU

Women's 3s ULU vs St George's 4s ULU

Squash

Men's 1s ULU vs UCL Men's 1s ULU

Men's 3s ULU vs RUMS Men's 1s ULU

Water Polo

Mixed 1s ULU vs UCL Mixed 2s ULU

Wednesday 22nd October

Badminton

Men's 1st vs Queen Mary Men's 1st

Men's 2nd vs University of Surrey Men's 1st

Women's 1st vs Hertfordshire Women's 1st

Basketball

Women's 1st vs TVU Women's 1st

Men's 1st vs Canterbury Christ Church Men's 1st

Fencing

Men's 1st vs University of Sussex Men's 1st

Women's 1st vs Uni of Bristol Women's 1st

Football

Women's 1st vs University of Surrey Women's 1st

Men's 5s ULU vs RUMS Men's 2s ULU

Men's 6s ULU vs LSE Men's 7s ULU

Men's 4s ULU vs King's Medicals Men's 3s ULU

Men's 2nd vs Uni of Hertfordshire Men's 3rd

Men's 1st vs Roehampton Mens 1st

Men's 3rd vs Unis at Medway Men's 2nd

Hockey

Men's 2nd vs King's College Medicals Men's 2nd

Women's 1st vs Brunel Women's 2nd

Men's 3rd vs Royal Holloway Men's 2nd

Women's 2nd vs RUMS Women's 2nd

Men's 4th vs Uni of Portsmouth Men's 4th

Men's 1st vs Canterbury Christ Church Men's 1st

imperial college union sport Imperial

in association with Sports Partnership

Lacrosse

Women's 1st vs Uni of Portsmouth Women's 1st

Men's 1st vs Uni of Portsmouth Men's 1st

Netball

Women's 1st vs Canterbury Christ Church Women's 1st

Women's 3rd vs Brunel University Women's 5th

Women's 2nd vs Uni of Reading 4th

Rugby

Men's 1st vs Oxford Brookes Men's 1st

Men's 2nd vs Uni of Essex Men's 1st

Men's 4th vs Uni of Portsmouth Men's 4th

Squash

Men's 1st vs King's College Men's 1st

Men's 2nd vs UCL Men's 2nd

Men's 3rd vs Queen Mary Men's 1st

Women's 1st vs Uni of Sussex Women's 1st

Women's 1st vs King's College Women's 1st

Table Tennis

Men's 1st vs LSE Men's 1st

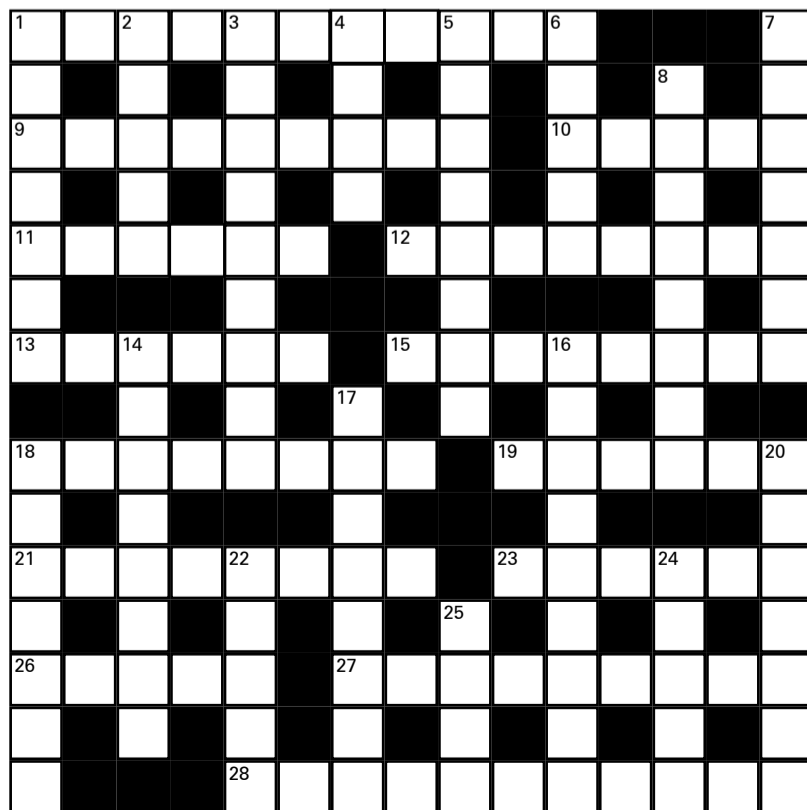
Tennis

Men's 1st vs Brunel West London Men's 1st

Volleyball

Men's 1st vs University of London Men's 1st

Crossword No. 1,411



ACROSS

- Constantly distorting tinny scales (11)
- Start typing an edgier sort of insult (9)
- A museum in Holland to do with the marines (5)
- Cheat unsuccessfully to get a C; showing a certain amount of prestige (6)
- Non-believer ground to a paste (8)
- Primate renounces aim in embracing sin (6)
- Having run through its paces, can get out of tricky situations (8)
- Keeps away because of declining markets (8)
- Plan to grow old with defective DNA (6)
- Lives in religious clothing (8)
- Chewing citrus causes facial contortions (6)
- Looks after true friends from all directions (5)
- Rush into diner together to make a delivery (9)
- Having involuntary spasm after third degree burn is popular (11)

DOWN

- In Mussolini's forces (7)
- Suspicious of everything, resourceless Cicero would always have both possible answers (5)
- Split the community with Easter Egg fiasco (9)
- Central African holiday at a great distance (6)
- Illegally enter health resort, get in a tangle (8)
- Americans? Jerks! (5)
- Highest of all in an examination (7)
- Flying into a storm on all sides: the Roman way (8)
- Sea-shanty distributor (8)
- Mistakenly claims gin is unique to English culture (9)
- Standards by which to judge hot air after hypocrite finishes (8)
- Birds will do this; getting sexier around a straight character (7)
- Poison scare in different places (7)
- Simple: as in a ballpoint pen (5)
- Stain that contains itself (5)
- Opposed to an organization's computing department being restructured (4)

Sport

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

Hello again. The surprisingly long word list of last week's crossword meant that I didn't get a chance to plug the interactive online crosswords again.

I will do so now. www.crossword.info/Enoch should provide you with said interactive versions of all of this year's puzzles.

This week's offering may be a little easier than the previous two; entirely a case of setters' block that I'm going to pass off as an act of kindness.

Enjoy!

Enoch

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



Boat Club dominate



Jack Cornish & Mustapher Botchway
Sports Editors

The season has finally started for with most teams in action. This week there are match reports from a whole host of clubs. There is news of a charity badminton tournament later this month as well as a brief overview of the Baseball world series.

If your club has any match, tour or event reports, make sure you email them to sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk to stand the chance of it being printed in future issues. Good luck in your matches and until next week...Ps. The sports league table is almost upon us!

ICBC succeed on home water

Christina Duffy
Imperial College Boat Club

Three was most definitely the crowd last weekend for the 2008 Pair's Head of the River Race. Putney embankment was a flurry of activity as crews boated in glorious sunshine and supporters positioned themselves along the course. The 4km processional head race took place from Chiswick Bridge to Hammersmith Bridge and attracted over 380 boats. The quality of ICBC's pre-season training was evident with Imperial winning three categories and clocking the fastest time overall.

Pair's Head is one of the few head races where coxes are unscrewed from the boat and let out for a few hours. The lack of calls for technique in the boat allows the guns to be taken out of retirement, and for as much banging up and down the slide as required in

order to butch past other crews. It may not be pretty, but it's fun.

Just about recovered from the celebrations of winning at Henley, Simon Hislop teamed up with ICBC's GB representative Adam Freeman-Pask in the senior 1 (S1.2x) category. Not only did they win their category but the double was the outright winner of the entire head race coming home in 11:44.0, solidifying Imperial's domination of tideway races. This is 14 seconds faster than the heavily publicised doubles entry of Olympic kayaking champion Tim Brabants and Olympic sculler Alan Campbell, who only managed sixth place on the day. It is highly recommended that the Olympic duo see Steve Trapmore at ICBC if they wish to improve this result. The IC pair are available for a photographic shoot and/or an interview and will be signing autographs at the Toga Party this

Saturday in the boathouse. Tickets still available!

Meanwhile the coxes were seeking solace in each other and huddling on the bank, whispering and tutting at the navigational errors unfolding while slowly coming to the horrific realisation that crews can actually steer and cox themselves.

In the Elite pairs category (E.2-), Will Todd and Ole Tietz were inspired by Pasklop and replicated victory in a time of 12:27.4. Unassuming and unpretentious, Will is reluctant to mention his former glory at Henley. This may shock some of you, but he won the Britannia Challenge Cup in 2007. True story.

It was Erica Thompson and Edmund Bradbury who secured the hat trick for ICBC, winning the senior 3 mixed doubles (Mx.S3.2x) category in 12:59.9, faster than many of the men's

crews on the day. This is another win for Thompson who has been dominating all summer collecting medals and pots at every race. She was particularly excited at the prospect of the lidded pot prize in this event. There is no motivation stronger than the thought of a lid and the prospect of the myriad of uses for such a device.

ICBC had several entries, all giving gutsy performances. Congratulations to all participants and to Adam Seward who is the unchallenged long-distance-IC-screaming champion.

With coxes rounded up and reinstalled into the boats it was pub time and ICBC made their presence felt along the embankment. ICBC always welcomes new members and there are Fresher's sessions every Wednesday afternoons at 14:00 and Sunday mornings at 11:00 at the boathouse. See you there!