

felix

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Yes we did!

Who is that to the right of Tomo? I thought he didn't like his photo being taken.
Read the full story on pages 2 and 3

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It's coming!!



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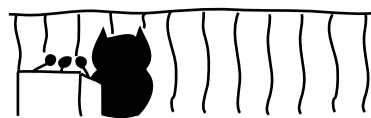


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A new era dawns for a divided Cyprus

Rodothea Amerikanou discusses and provides analysis on Cyprus' problems and their consequences

The Republic of Cyprus became an independent state after the British colonialists consented on the 16th of August 1960. The Constitution of the Republic was composed in such a way that it would safeguard the values of both communities inhabiting Cyprus, the Greek Cypriot and the Turkish Cypriot, by providing them with equal representation in the government. A Treaty of Guarantee was also signed which gave power to Cyprus, Greece, Turkey and the United Kingdom to intervene in order to maintain the basic provisions of the Constitution and the territorial integrity and sovereignty of Cyprus.

However, keeping up to the provisions of the constitution proved to be difficult quite early on, resulting in recurrent demands for amendments to the constitution. Inevitably, tension built up between the two communities which subsequently erupted in a series of violent acts all over the island on 21st of December, 1963. By 27th of December, the UN Security Council received a complaint by Cyprus which claimed that Turkey was inappropriately intervening in the country's inter-

nal affairs accompanied by aggression. Turkey though, denying the charges, maintained that the Greek Cypriot political leaders had tried for more than two years to diminish and virtually eradicate the rights of the Turkish Cypriots.

Ten years of disputes between a proportion of members from both communities followed, climaxing on 15th of July, 1974. A coup d'état was brought on in Cyprus by the Greek Generals (Greece was under a military junta from 1967-1974) and a group of Greek Cypriots who favoured union with Greece. The coup was directed against the democratically elected government of the island but the attempted murder of the state's president Archbishop Makarios failed.

Cyprus was caught in turmoil for five days, with the head of state being an un-elected president positioned by the coup leaders in power. The coup d'état was followed by Turkey's military forces intervening under the pretext of the Turkish Cypriot residents of the island being threatened by the coup's leaders. Turkey took control of the North of the island and established Turkish Cypriot rule on these areas by the evening of

20th of July, 1974. Following the first stage of the invasion, Turkey continued to seek control by a second successful military intervention. The UN Security Council called for a ceasefire and laid the basis for negotiations between Greece, Turkey and the United Kingdom.

By the time that ceasefire was applied, 36.2% of the island was occupied by Turkish troops.

Archbishop Makarios returned to his legal position and the main political figures of Cyprus initiated attempts to drive the illegally stationed Turkish troops out of Cyprus. In 1974, the UN voted for resolutions demanding the immediate withdrawal of the foreign military forces from Cyprus (Res. # 353) and the European Commission on Human Rights issued that Turkey was guilty of violating six articles of the European Convention on Human Rights.

The consequences of this military intervention are still haunting the Cypriots (both Greek and Turkish) even today. The Turkish troops number about 35,000 soldiers on the island with the total population of Cyprus being about 800,000. The peace operation, as being quoted by Turkey, resulted in 162,000

people being forcibly expelled from their homes. These people became refugees in their own country and were displaced from their towns in search of a safe ground controlled by the Republic of Cyprus government. These people comprised 70% of the inhabitants of the now occupied part of Cyprus. These people are still denied access to their rightful property and are unable to act against the illegal foreign land-developers exploiting their native land.

A more tragic side of the invasion (stemming back from the era of intercommunal disputes) is that of the missing persons. About 1474 people (both military personnel and citizens) were captured or disappeared during the invasion period. Persistent efforts from the Republic of Cyprus government following several UN resolutions for locating these persons have been made. Since 1963, Turkish Cypriot and Greek Cypriot families have been looking for their loved ones, some with success, but the majority of the missing people are thought to be dead. For the past 5 years, the two communities have joined forces and a program was set up to locate and exhume human remains

from sites that have been marked as graves in order to establish the exact fate of these people.

Furthermore, significant cultural heritage sites in the occupied areas have been vandalised. Unique archaeological artefacts from all the historical periods of the Cypriot civilization - including sculptures, ceramics, figurines, manuscripts and other works of art - have been stolen and were illegally exported for trade in the international market and to private collectors. In addition, a significant number of churches were converted into mosques and stables, and several of them were demolished, despite their historical value. For example, the Church of the Avgasida Monastery in Famagusta which dated to the 15th century has been demolished and many Byzantine era icons have gone missing.

The problems are not only faced by the Greek Cypriots who possess official citizenship of the Republic of Cyprus. On the 15th of November, 1983 a new state was declared to be formed in the occupied part under the name of Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus (TRNC). The TRNC is only recognised as a sovereign state by Turkey. Following this unlawful creation of the TRNC state in the north, the Turkish Cypriots do not have the opportunity to engage in international trade nor political, cultural, and athletic organisations. People who live in the northern part have to endure these embargoes that have been imposed by the international community, as the UN recognises that the legitimate authority on all the parts of the island is the officially elected government of the Republic of Cyprus.

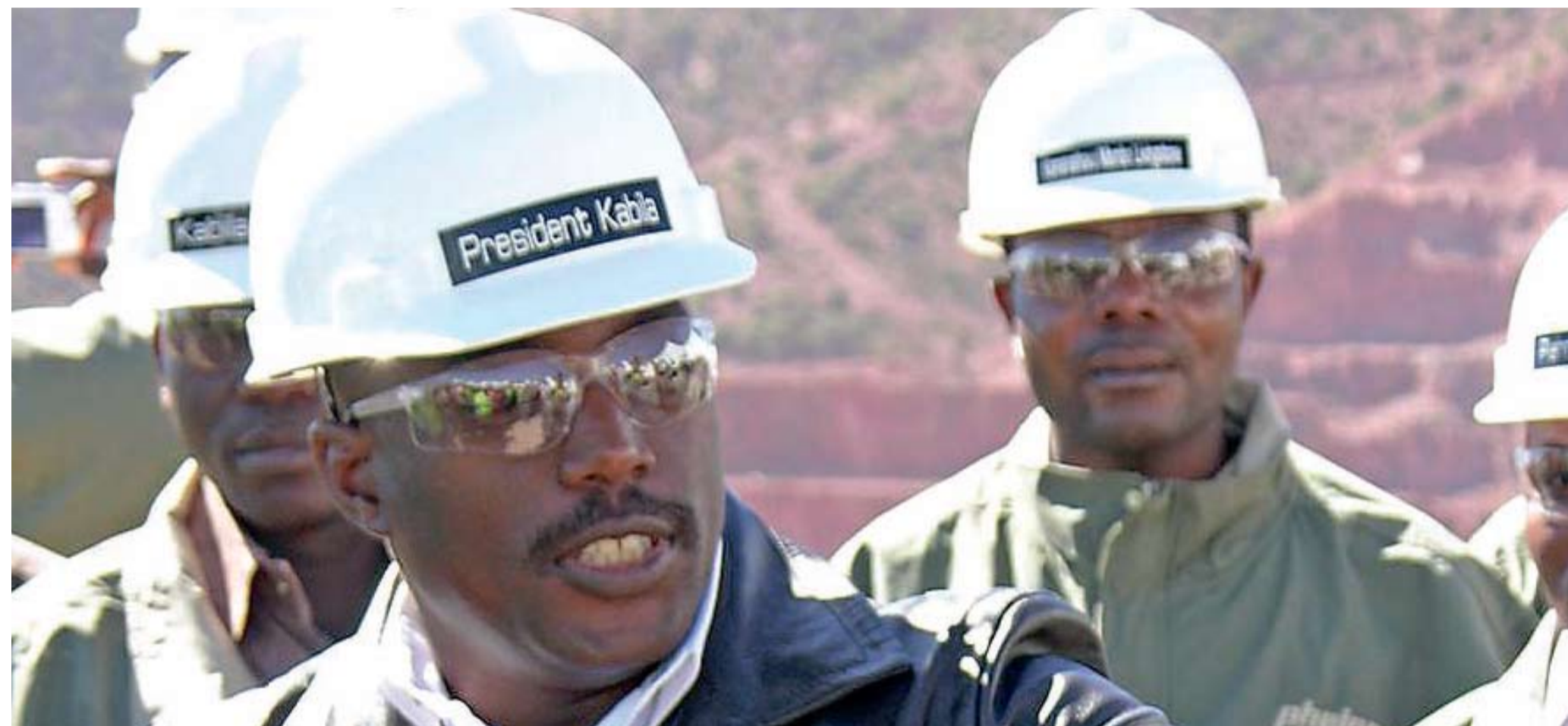
To make things worse for the Turkish Cypriots, Turkey has adopted a policy of importing a large number of Anatolian colonists for settling in the occupied area. This has resulted in a change of the demographic character of the island. The statistical data on arrivals and departures of Turkish Cypriots compared to the ones for Turks from Turkey indicated a significant emigration trend of the indigenous Turkish Cypriots. The Turkish Cypriots are systematically being outnumbered by the incoming, illegal colonists from Turkey. Turkish Cypriots are emigrating as a result of the unemployment and the social and economic deprivations. It has been estimated that 58,000 Turkish Cypriots (out of a population of 116,000) have emigrated since the invasion. The Turkish Cypriots have therefore become a minority in their own area.

Following the Anan Plan, rejected by the Greek Cypriots, that proposed a solution for the problem (Greek Cypriots claimed that it was arguably insufficient for offering a viable solution) a new set of talks between the president of the Republic of Cyprus, Demetris Christofias and the Turkish Cypriot leader Mehmet Ali Talat have begun. The two politicians are now carrying the burden of the previous unsuccessful attempts for finding a solution that can be implemented in reality without causing injustice to either of the two communities.

However, both of them expressed good will and declared that significant positive progress will be noted by the end of 2008.

Rebels withdraw in DR Congo

Katya-yani Vyas, reports on the developments in the Congo Republic as the army general is replaced



President Joseph Kabila and his close allies. The conflict had been worsening due to his hardline attitude that negotiation was impossible. UN forces have now stepped in.

The Democratic Republic of Congo is a country in turmoil at the best of times; never long out of the news, we have grown accustomed to hearing about the various dramatic events that have shaped its recent history. The latest developments have seen a series of defeats against rebels in the east of the country, necessitating the removal of the army's chief of staff. This news followed statements from the advancing rebels who are loyal to Tutsi Leader, Laurent Nkunda, that they would be withdrawing from two fronts to facilitate the creation of humanitarian corridors.

President Joseph Kabila decided to replace General Dieudonne Kayembe with General Didier Etumba, citing the "urgency of the situation" as the reason. "Kayembe has been removed. I guess the president wants to change the dynamics after the losses," was the reaction of a source close to the President. It would appear that Kabila is taking steps to ensure that the circumstances improve, so perhaps more changes are to come. Following a number of chaotic army retreats from advances by Nkunda's rebels, the decision is most definitely not one that has caused surprise.

A government army base was seized despite promises from Nkunda that his insurgents would observe a ceasefire, a clear sign that they were not planning to conduct themselves in accordance with the Congolese government's rules. Congo's fractured army has also come into combat with the Mai Mai militia, a faction that are usually considered to be loyal to the government, suggesting worrying splits in the national defence force. It has been in poor shape recently, affected by increasingly low morale, terrible discipline and allegations of corruption, an example of which is that four soldiers were recently convicted of rape, looting and deserting their posts. With these worrying facts in mind,

it is not surprising that the President wishes to take drastic steps to quell the insurgency.

Perhaps, however, a solution is on the horizon. The government had been adamantly refusing to enter into negotiations with Nkunda and his allies, steadfastly denying that any means, other than the use of violence, would not be employed in resolving the situation. This was a decision that led the British Foreign Office to announce that Lord Malloch-Brown, the minister for

Africa, would be travelling to Congo to meet Kabila and the Rwandan president, Paul Kagame, to discuss the violence, which erupted at the end of August and has displaced at least 250,000 people. Now, ahead of talks between the UN, the rebels and the army, there have been withdrawals from the east of the country, a possible move towards cooperation.

At the same time, various community action groups in the area have written to World Leaders in an attempt to per-

suaide them to send more troops to halt the atrocities. They outline that the scenes being witnessed in the region are horrific, the worst that they have experienced in their troubled history. Civilians are executed on the spot and their corpses line the streets. This is an image that has caused stir amongst the world powers with the UN considering a French resolution to increase the number of troops in the country by 3,000, a move that would facilitate an improvement in peacekeeping efforts

and control of the situation.

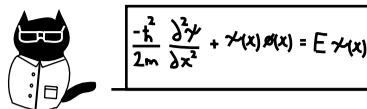
So what should be expected for Congo in the coming months? A resolution to the conflict? This is an overly optimistic suggestion, the situation will ride out this brief lull in the violence and will deteriorate unless the UN, the army and the rebels find a way of negotiating so that a compromise is reached. "Never back down" is the age-old adage, one that has been used by Nkunda and Kabila, and one that neither side wishes to relinquish.



Congolese children approach United Nation troops, a stark portrayal of the desperation of the citizens for the fighting to cease.



President Demetris Christofias and Turkish Cypriot leader Mehmet Ali Talat shaking hands in a promising gesture of good will.



Wildlife photographer of the year exhibit on display

Mico Tatalovic
Science Editor

Just a couple of minutes away from the Imperial's campus, this year's Wildlife Photographer of the Year Exhibit in the Natural History Museum continues to amaze the visitors. Winners were announced recently and the exhibit is open until 26th of April 2009.

This year's overall winner was a photograph of a snow leopard, one of the rarest animals in the world. It took National Geographic's photographer Steve Winter ten months to capture three photos of this amazing animal, the other two photos were also highly commended at this year's exhibit. Whereas it took him almost a year to take only a few photos, the overall winner in the Young Wildlife Photographer of the Year, Catriona Parfitt said she took thousands of photos at her three-week holiday in Africa. She then, for the first time send one of them to the competition and it became a winner.

Apart from rare animals such as snow leopards, this year's exhibition also features many human-like ape images that make one wonder about our attitude towards wildlife but also give a good starting point to thinking about evolution.

Luckily, if one starts pondering about whether we evolved from monkeys, for a better grasp of our evolution and natural selection just across the hall there is a new temporary exhibit about Darwin.



CREDIT: © STEVE WINTER, WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR IS OWNED BY THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AND BBC WILDLIFE MAGAZINE



CREDIT: © CATRIONA PARTIFF, WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR IS OWNED BY THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AND BBC WILDLIFE MAGAZINE

Japan Car: are you ready for the future?

Mico Tatalovic
Science Editor

This Saturday a sleek new exhibit opens at the Science Museum: Japan Car - Designs for the Crowded Globe. Japanese have already had to deal with issues of over-crowding and pollution and this can be seen in their high-tech green car designs. Director of the exhibit said that this exhibit "offers glimpses of the future" and this is especially true of Toyota's new concept i-Real (see picture to the right). i-Real sees a car as a mobile cell that interacts with the passenger and other vehicles and allows you to go "wherever you want".



One day we will all drive pimped-up wheelchairs everywhere



Podview

Felix Whitton reviews medical podcasts

British Medical Journal

An interesting interview with Dr Phil Hammond in a short podcast entitled "We're British, we don't talk about sex" ("sex" being a euphemism, in this case, for genital warts; so by doing that we've already gone and confirmed our Britishness, haven't we?). Dr Phil's recent article, published in the BMJ, about the hypocrisy of the NHS regarding the HPV vaccination – purporting to offer 'choice' while at the same time denying it by offering only one vaccine, produced by our favourite evil pharmaceutical giant GlaxoSmithKline – caused a bit of a fuss in the medical community, so he defends his thinking to BMJ editor Rebecca Coombes. Is this another case of government pandering to big-pharma? We can't be sure, but their woefulness in dealing with the situation lent a hand to the Daily Mail's ongoing campaign of vitriol against all things NHS-y and good.

<http://podcasts.bmj.com/bmj>

Lancet

The Lancet does a nice series of 10-minute weekly podcasts summing up health news and research around the world. Each week a different guest discusses a particular issue, ranging widely across themes such as malaria funding, global health policy, and cutting-edge research on MS treatments. Web editor Richard Lane presents, and his guests range from the engaging to the fantastically dull. A good way of keeping up to date with medical news, if you can withstand the tinder-dry content.

<http://www.thelancet.com/audio>

Medical Matters – Podcast of the Week

We couldn't have a Podview without a Radio 4 entry, and as usual Auntie is head and shoulders above the rest. Well-chosen stories introduced with a sense of humour – David Brent talking, wince-inducingly, about race: "You are half-and-half, aren't you?"; "Mixed-race, yes"; "That is my favourite. That's the melting pot, please" – lead on to discussions on issues like the phenomenon of 'colour blindness' in US children, who refuse to mention someone's race when it's different to their own. We also get a round-up of current news, for example the new Mental Health Act coming into force this week – what will it mean for psychiatrists and patients? – plus a disturbing trend of suicides among ageing South Asian women in the UK. If you're not keen on the specialist nature of the other podcasts, but still like to keep abreast of health news in society, this comes highly recommended.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/radio/podcasts/medmatters>



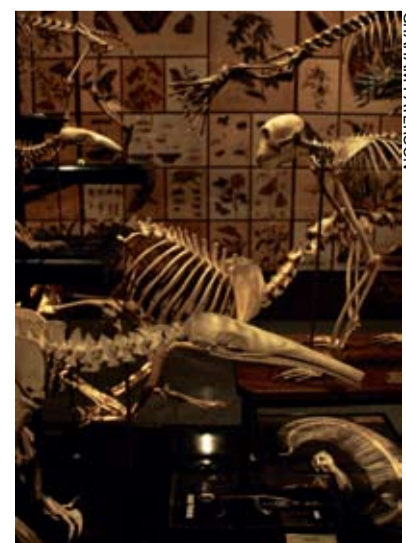
Darwin's Big Idea

Mico Tatalovic
Science Editor

Last week Natural History Museum opened its doors to another one of exhibits dedicated to celebration of 200th anniversary of Charles Darwin's birth and 150th anniversary of the publication of his notorious On the Origins of Species in which he presented his mechanism for how evolution works: natural selection.

The exhibit is organised so that visi-

tors can re-trace how Darwin came to his conclusions and the ambient lighting and sounds of tropical birds all add to the experience. Where the exhibit maybe fails is in the lack of modern-day examples of evolution and more recent discussions of evolution and its mechanism. It is also too quiet about discrediting creationism, leaving it to a single, rather boring video. All in all though it is an exciting and insightful exhibit to visit. It runs until 19th April 2009



SciNews in brief

Chloe Sharrock runs through some of this week's headlines

Ray of hope for deaf

American researchers are working on a new implant that hopes to provide deaf people with better hearing than that currently achieved using cochlear implants.

Research on guinea pig cells showed that nerves in the ear can be stimulated by infrared light, as well sound, leading to an electrical signal being sent back to the brain. Infrared stimulation leads to as sharp information quality reaching the brain as that produced by sound in hearing guinea pigs.

Dr Claus-Peter Richter, from Northwestern University, Illinois, is now working on producing fibre optic devices for use within the inner ear and is hopeful of a possible device being developed at some point in the distant future.



Garlick chemical treats diabetes

A study published in the new Royal Society of Chemistry journal Metalomics has announced the success in using a garlic chemical to treat diabetes types I and II.

Scientists in Japan found that when a drug based on a chemical found in garlic was taken in tablet form, blood glucose levels were reduced in type I diabetic mice.

The drug is based on a vanadium-alixin compound that in previous work has successfully been used to treat both types of the illness when injected. With sufferers of type I diabetes currently having to take daily insulin injections and type II diabetics treated with drugs causing unwanted side-effects, the researchers are keen to expand their work by testing the garlic chemical drug in humans.



Chemists rule the roasts

The Royal Society of Chemistry has ruled that Yorkshire puddings must be four inches tall for them to be successful as a roast dinner accompaniment.

Following an American plea for advice on cooking the dish, the RSC sought advice from some of its thousands of members who work in the food and drinks industries. "Cooking is chemistry in the kitchen and one has to have the correct formula," a Yorkshire scientist confirmed.

The RSC will next year be publishing a leaflet advising how to make the ideal Yorkshire pudding as part of its food campaign.



Scifaiku and Sci-ku™

felix brings you science haiku

Test tubes – don't listen
To taunts. They're just trying to
Get a reaction.

By Alice Waugh

A quantum kitty
By any other measure
Would purr as strangely.

By David K. Wall

Creationist rant:
"My ancestors were not apes!"
Rave on, monkey-boy.

By David K. Wall

Mars probes disappear
Tabloids say aliens are
Holding them hostage.

By David K. Wall

Droning on and on
Talking about the atom
What an awful Bohr.

By David K. Wall

Repulsive pole!
You give me but half
A moment.

By Steve Brunt

My red, ripe tomato
has altered genetics...
What smells like fish?

By Bob Wakulich

I have posted my
Findings on a friend's web site
So I must be right.

By David Emigh

Uncle Henry's wife
Broke her hip. A victim of
Auntie gravity.

By Gary Hallock

A voice on the phone.
A symmetrical body.
Are you free tonight?

By Gene

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it's where you're going that matters.
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Culture & The Arts



Right off the Richter Scale

Caz Knight
Arts Editor

My recent visit to the Hayward Gallery let me experience two extremes of art; the ostentatious and the modest. Paying ten pounds gets you access to both the Andy Warhol exhibit and Robin Rhode's lesser known one. I am a great fan of Warhol's work, more from an aesthetic perspective than the themes his work stands for or what he means by them – as shallow as that may sound. Warhol's fascination with fame, social issues and interpersonal relationships is a marked contrast to Gerhard Richter (whose most recent exhibition is reviewed here, by me) who shuns interviews and giving psychological insight into his work. The great, multi-talented Goethe also took this approach and let his art do all the talking instead of him. Tracy Emin, on the other hand, lives on this exhibition of personal history and emotion which she intertwines with her art. It is hard not to see a Jocks and Geeks social strata emerging in the art world with a section of artists striving for fame, fortune and recognition and others who go about their business doing art for art's sake.

Back to my experience of Andy Warhol which was predominantly a homage to the artist rather than an exhibition of his works, although there was a wide range of his creations including never-before-seen photographs and the only ever collection of

all his films in one space. My ears and eyes were overloaded with sounds and colour and garish décor only helped to highlight the sort of riotous experience which would have been had if one were a regular at his studio the Factory, home to amphetamine use, sexual experimentation, cross dressing, hang-ers-on, silver filled helium balloons (one of the best features of the actual exhibition) and, of course, Warhol's creative flow.

Perhaps it was a clever move by the Hayward or mere coincidence that Rhode's Who Saw Who is situated after the Warhol collection and couldn't be more of a contrast in experience. At least half the size and devoid of colours other than black or white we never even get a glimpse of the artist's face despite him appearing in many of his stop-frame photographs. Admittedly, it is no surprise that Rhode appears more down-to-earth than one of the most well-known artists of our time; maybe Rhode will reach those epic proportions in years to come! My more detailed experience of that subliminal exhibition of Rhode is also reviewed here, by me. Again..

Emilie Beauchamp reports back smugly after missing nothing at T.S. Eliot's esoteric and intense The Family Reunion. A far cry from highbrow verse, Eddie Izzard's stand up comedy is scrutinised by Thomas Weight, who is eager to see whether Izzard is up to form after his Stateside tour.

Who Saw What?! Banksy, watch out

Caz Knight discovers another artist to add to her list of favourites at South Bank's Hayward Gallery

Robin Rhode: Who Saw Who is a cool, calm haven above the jamboree of the latest Andy Warhol exhibition. For an artist with an aliquot of the fame and reputation of Warhol, Rhode certainly goes a lot further in terms of beauty by his sheer innovation.

Growing up as a 'coloured' in Johannesburg, Rhode was exposed to gangs and rough neighbourhoods which are an influential factor in the aesthetics of his work right down to the simple use of colour and materials, urban backdrop and subject matter.

Here is a collection of Rhode's work from 2002 to the present day which includes photography, drawings, performances (recorded) and interesting outside installations. The white walls make for a perfect surface on which to place his predominantly black and white pieces and photographs which are arranged in islands of nine or more with the effect of a flip book. As our eyes wander from frame to frame, the sense of movement is easily appreciable. In all these 'Storyboards' Rhode

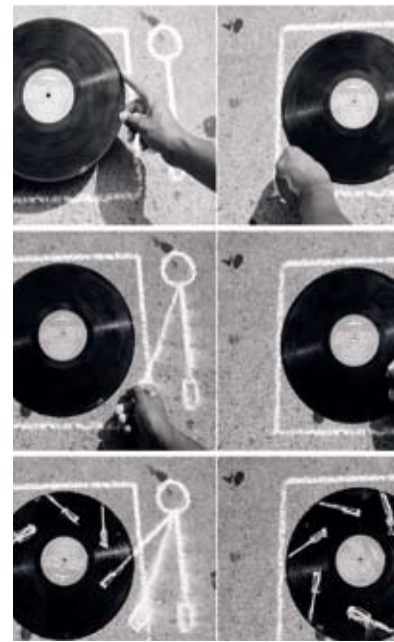
has used the most basic material available to him: an urban landscape, a piece of chalk or charcoal and himself, to create still scenes which are often funny and always original. If we look carefully we can see that the objects in these stop-frames (drawn or real) are touched with symbolism; from the use of black chalk to the fact that Rhode is clad in a white boiler suit with his face in a mask in Stone Flag which was realised in his mother's back yard using a piece of bent pipe and a couple of bricks. The urban settings are highly reminiscent of London's own landscapes also prone to gangs, warfare and racial segregation.

A recording of one of his performances sees a work of art in the making; combining his Capoeira skills with his drawing skills as he creates a work, slipping in and out of black or white shoes made of chalk (a material used consistently in many forms throughout most of his work), crushing them as he creates the picture and then clambering on his hands, lest his feet touch the floor, to the next pair!

The smaller, second room, in phase-



Stone Flag (2004) – Part of Robin Rhode's Who Saw Who at the Hayward Gallery



"Robin Rhode: Who Saw Who" at the Hayward Gallery, until December 7th. Student entry is €6

contrast to the main room, has black walls and a Mussorgsky piano suite playing as part of another one of his recorded performances. The texture of his photograph Keys, the lacquered black of the background and his dinner jacket sleeve contrasted perfectly and starkly to the white, granular surface of the chalk pieces on which he 'plays', is nothing short of stunning.

It would be possible to take in the whole collection blissfully unaware of any "ulterior motive" or hidden meaning or message in his art were we not privy to the fact he was a half-black South African who had grown up in one of the most dangerous cities in the world. (Oh, and the names of a few of the works – Blackhead, for example – give a very gentle, subtle reminder of some of the themes.) Whereas most modern art strives to ram home a political (or other) message, be as controversial or as overtly emotional as possible, it is very refreshing to see Rhode in his own world here as he creates something he loves.

A common theme in all his photographs and performances is that he

keeps his face covered either by averting his face from the camera or donning some tights over his face burglar-style. This down to earth characteristic pervades in all his pieces right into the atmosphere of the whole exhibition. Rhode strives to come as close to his art and the process of his art as possible by drawing an object and interacting with it – "find a wall and make a drawing without getting arrested". Here is an artist who quite clearly loves what he does, does it for him and has FUN while he is at it! This truly is something special in an art world so often dripping with pretension.

It is tempting to use phrases like "South African Banksy" but that would undermine Rhode as he achieves so much more than drawing on walls in an interesting way and getting up to high jinks. This is, without question, the best art exhibition I have seen in London for as long as I can remember and its comparatively small size is perfect and will not leave you drained and resentful like a lot of the other larger ones which just try and cram too much in.

arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Hypnotised by giant Rubik's cubes

Caz Knight finds beauty, intrigue and a lot more than meets the eye in Richter's 49 paint shop colour charts



Sick panoramic view of Kensington Gardens' Serpentine Gallery, home to 4900 Colours: Version II

He is regarded as one of the most important German artists of our time, so it is little wonder that he was selected to redesign and reinstall the main stained glass window of Cologne Cathedral, which had been destroyed in WWII and had made done with a plain sheet of glass ever since. Based on his 1974 painting 4096 Farben (4096 Colours), the abstract design is composed of 11,500 individually blown glass squares in 72 colours which fill the window space. Richter began experimenting with colour charts in the mid 60s where he used charts from paint shops as a basis for paintings made up of simple squares of colour.

And so it is also for his latest exhibition 4900 Colours: Version II at the

Serpentine gallery. The collection has been specially designed by Richter to fit the gallery's interior layout and wall space, also bearing in mind its tall ceiling to floor windows which provide a sharp contrast between rural park landscape outside and vivid, Rubikscube like works inside.

Based on 4900 Colours, the second version was created using the same computer generated approach to devise how the 100 squares were ordered to make up each of the 49 large panels using a selection of 25 colours. All that was left for Richter to do was hand paint each square in the prescribed order and erect each panel. By rolling a dice the element of chance was relied upon again when deciding the order and orientation in which to hang each panel. It was during the 60s when

Richter first started using this-pre-determined colour order to eliminate artistic whim thereby bringing all concentration onto what we receive visually as opposed to sub-visually, i.e. hidden meaning or message.

His approach rejuvenated the medium of painting in an era where it was thought almost extinct. Ever the taciturn artist, reluctant to provide insight into his works, 4900 Colours: Version II stays true to his style as it presents us with cubes of lacquered colour in each panel. It takes a good five or ten minutes to warm up and start shirking the idea that these paintings are utterly devoid of imagination and interest given that they are essentially of the same thing.

However, if you give it a chance and amuse yourself – letting the Imperial

logician within take over – by trying to find patterns in colour order and frequency you are definitely getting more than what you didn't actually even have to pay for: the exhibition is free! (In one painting he uses three of each colour save for dark green of which there are four squares).

Of course, there is no defined pattern to find as the colour order was randomly generated, but try all the same. Alternatively find inner calm through gazing at the colours and use it as a new-fangled way of meditating, just a suggestion. There is also a certain uniqueness in taking in all this loud modern art malarkey, turning around and beholding some autumnal park scenery better fitted to a Romantic poem.

One must also remember that the fre-

quency of each colour, whether darker or lighter ones predominate and how they are grouped together has a great effect on the overall impact the panel will have. Some look 'darker' than others despite the fact each colour's tonal intensity is identical to prevent any one colour standing out.

Five minutes or less is all that is needed to pace around the space but 4900 Colours II is worth a glance at if only to submerge yourself in another bright kaleidoscopic environment, hitherto possibly immured only with things of a scientific nature.

Sadly, this article was not published in time for you devoted arts fans to read before the end of the exhibition but the subsequent Indian Highways at the Serpentine from 10 December promises to be ground-breaking.

Izzy any good after his American tour?

Thomas Weight goes to see Eddie Izzard with high expectations. No cross-dressing this time, though

Eddie Izzard is one of the greatest success stories in British stand up comedy. Since his critically acclaimed shows throughout the 90's he is now one of the few British comics to have made it big in the US, co-writing and starring in the series The Riches, as well as numerous blockbuster film appearances from Ocean's 12 to The Chronicles of Narnia. After a five-year break, he has now returned to the UK off the back of a 34 date American tour performing in his new stand up show Stripped to sell-out audiences.

Monday night's show was the first in a month-long London stint at the Lyric Theatre and fans will not be disappointed to hear that Izzard's original mix of meandering whimsy and stream-of-consciousness delivery has not changed a jot. He took to the stage

with a roaring ovation from a house packed with die-hard fans, though this time not cross-dressing as with previous shows. After the disappointment of his last show, Sexie, expectations were high for him to make a return to form. After a slightly apprehensive start it seemed that Izzard was a little out of touch with his London audience. He is a performer known for his comical take on intellectual subjects, though his opening comments on the recent election of Obama were not only light on gags but on insight as well. This would be a recurring theme throughout the evening with constant pleas that it is now Europe's chance to make a daring and bold change for the better. Unfortunately this never progressed beyond the suggestion to "make shit happen". It would be interesting to know how different the material being



used in the London shows is to that in the American tour, as the slightly hesitant Izzard is capable of producing. This bubble was unfortunately burst at one point with some utterly shameless plugging of his recently cancelled show The Riches, co-starring Minnie

to do nothing more than to show off its light sabre sound effects. The mention of Darth Vader got a cheer from old fans but it did seem to show a lack of substantial material from such a veteran comedian. However, as the first half progressed and Izzard grew in confidence we saw a return to the Eddie we know and love.

The second half opened where the first left off, with much more substantial routines and more challenging material. Though there was almost no deviation from the usual themes of animals, religion and science, the thread of gags flowed and the audience were drawn into the remarkable atmosphere Izzard is capable of producing. This bubble was unfortunately burst at one point with some utterly shameless plugging of his recently cancelled show The Riches, co-starring Minnie

Driver, reminding us that America is very much his home now. His musings on why God created the world in six days and personification of the appendix were just some of the many true to form routines that he is capable of producing, riffing through these themes to conclusions that only he could reach.

The show ended with the now obligatory encore that comes with all big name stand ups, and though it never reached the dizzying heights of his late 90's peak it is hard not to delight in having Eddie back on this side of the Atlantic doing what he does best.

Eddie Izzard is performing at the Lyric Theatre, Shaftsbury Avenue, until the 23rd December. Tickets on eBay range from around £1 to about £300.

Family misery brought to life by stunning verse

Emilie Beauchamp is not defeated by T.S. Eliot's emotionally overwhelming play, *The Family Reunion*

After eight years of absence, Harry finally returns to his ancestral home for his mother's birthday and reveals his darkest secret... only to discover that the family also hides its own demons! Sounds familiar? At first sight, such a play's plot does seem like a déjà-vu: the eternally-unsolved mysteries of an individual surrounded by even more mysterious secrecy. Typically these plays evolve into an ascending series of discoveries for the trepid audience; either well-realized and spectacular, otherwise rather platonic if the information is not well-disseminated. To which category does 15-17 - Arts.indd, by T.S. Eliot, then fall into? After some thought, *The Family Reunion* ought to be put into the first rather than the second category, but for different reasons than one would expect.

For starters, *The Family Reunion* is a verse play. Written in poetic dramatic style, the lyricism of the lines is spectacular. Distinguishingly emotional declarations are followed by expressive and poignant speeches with a surprising array of vocabulary and stance, making the play anything but platonic. In fact, T.S. Eliot, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1948, has been recognized for his Shakespearean dramatic style infused with Greek tragedy staging techniques. Therefore, his plays include many choruses and "apartés", increasing the drama but also informing the audience of important information taking place outside of the scene. While his style is very classical and even conservative, Eliot explored common themes for his contemporaries. The play, written in 1939, portrays an upper-class family stricken by their own misery, a subject of much appeal for all crowds at the time. In this sense, Eliot used real and accessible settings to bring poetry to the wider public.

While T.S. Eliot's approach seems to serve verse drama through the best means, his style does sometimes become overwhelming, as tirade after tirade of over-emotional confessions are followed by more theatrical statements. At the end of the almost 3 hour play, one can be quite proud to have picked up all the clues displayed in the exchanges – and looking around me

not all of the spectators had. What is more, *The Family Reunion* was written during Eliot's phase of reconversion to Christianity and it is only at the very end of the play that its true meaning can be understood. This means that the spectator is left in limbo for most of the third quarter of the play and that if concentration is not maintained, many hints that are central to the conclusion can be missed.

It also means that the play leaves a gulf between the worldly matters approached at the beginning and the spiritual themes with which it ends: life, death and the passage to the after-life; sins and expiation of sins. Put more simply, many audiences today might not even be interested in such matter: Christian spirituality served in dramatic verses... Not for theatre novices!

However, the play is particularly appropriate for those ready for a good dose of theatrical discourse. The lead characters of Harry and his aunt Agatha, played by Samuel West and Penelope Wilton, are fantastic orators, very well-spoken. And verse drama, as one can imagine with the above description, is not the easiest dialogue to produce... The rest of the cast is also very experienced and gifted, without which talent the play would not have been so well-realized.

T.S. Eliot's unique style makes him one of the greatest literary figures of the past century. To celebrate the author, the Donmar Warehouse presents a festival in tribute to him until the 17th of January 2009. Other plays being staged include his most famous: *Four Quartets*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Cocktail Party* and *Waste Land*. Presented as the centrepiece of the festival, *The Family Reunion* is a specimen of a play worth discovering, with a cautionary label for theatre first-timers. While it cannot be said that the piece reflects the society of its time because of its singularity, it presents an excellent picture of how British literature can be diverse and original.

The "T.S. Eliot Festival" is on at the Donmar Warehouse until the 10th of January. Tickets range from £15 to £29.



Gemma Jones as Amy and Penelope Wilton as Agatha in *The Family Reunion*



The fantastic orator Samuel West, as Harry

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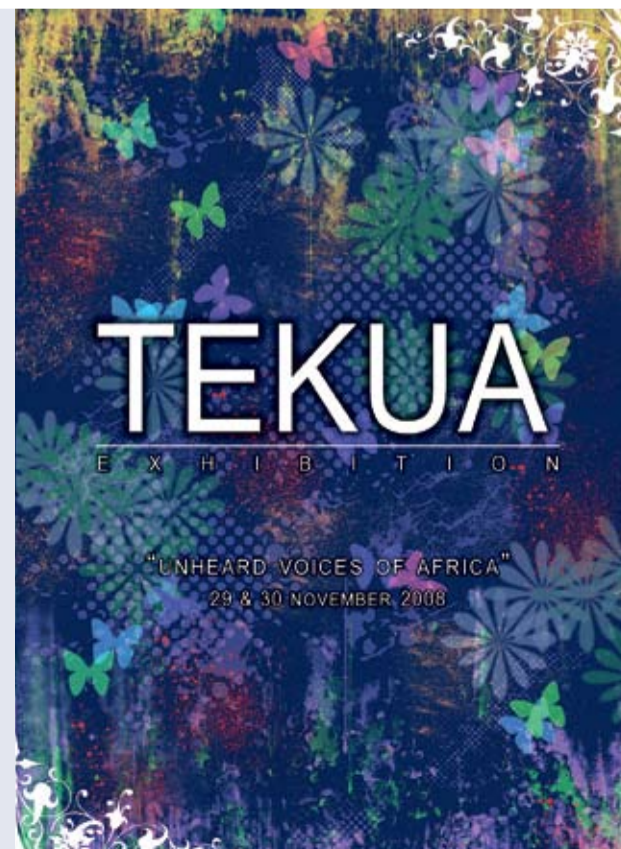
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Film

Film Editors – Zuzanna Blaszcak and Jonathan Dakin

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The early years of cinema

Zuzanna Blaszcak
Film Editor

A crash course in the history of film would go as follows. 28th December 1895, basement room of the Grand Café in Paris becomes the 'official' date of the birth of cinema and the series of one minute short films created by the Lumiere brothers make up the first movie screening. We will not go into details here and so we ignore the fact that this was not the first screening of a moving image, and the fact that Edison's kineoscopes played films at a small price of one nickel already in 1894. Moving on. It took only about ten years for the cinema industry to transform from a period when films were one shot features maximum one minute in length, with a static camera placed like an audience at a play, to a point where the movies, apart from being silent and in black and white, were not much different to what we can see now. Apart from continuous technological improvements which brought the film format ever closer to its present form, the movies of the 1910s are so similar in their structure because of one man.

He wanted to be a playwright. His goal in life was to touch on as many political, social and moral issues in his creative work as possible. Ironically, the person who completely mastered the film form was the person who pronounced that 'any man enjoying such a thing [cinema] should be shot.' Between 1908 and 1913 D.W. Griffith directed or supervised over 450 films, shaping the basic elements of film making into the language that has served cinema for the last 100 years. It's thanks to Griffith that actors now look natural when acting, that they act

with restraint rather than using the over-the-top gestures of the first actors. It's thanks to Griffith that films consist of shots put together in such a way as to mirror the process in which our minds create space and time. It's thanks to Griffith that something like 80% of movie shots are close-ups. He was a person to single handedly create the classical form of narrative cinema which today we are so trained to detect and immediately fall for and which, for most of us, is the only form of cinema we know. Incidentally, Griffith, together with the studio system that evolved in the 1930s is to blame for the universally formulaic movies we are served in the cinemas right now.

The foundations of film syntax have been laid fairly rapidly and proved to be very lucrative, bringing the movie industry vast amounts of money. Thus when sound and image were finally successfully synchronized at the end of the 1920s the studios were largely reluctant to make a move from the silent movie form that has been mastered to make a profit to films incorporating sound and dialogues. The conversion seemed to involve too many imponderables and went against the 'no risk' policy of the studio system. Yet Sam Warner persuaded his brother to go for it and invest in the Vitaphone disc system. The consequent commercial success of *The Jazz Singer* in 1928 signified that the sound era had dawned and other companies instantaneously followed suit; the conversion process costing the industry over \$300 million.

And so we arrive at the 1930s and the beginning of the Golden Age of Hollywood. But that story will make for an interesting article on its own.

Never been scared?

Probably not if you haven't seen the newest bone-chilling horror from the director of the 90s indie classic *Full Moon Rising*.

Quarantine ★★★★★

Director: John Erick Dowdle
Writer: John Erick Dowdle et al.

Cast: Jennifer Carpenter, Steve Harris, Jay Hernandez

Jonathan Dakin
Film Editor

Filmed in 'shaky camera' with the premise of being a documentary, *Quarantine* opens with two television reporters, Angela (Carpenter) and her cameraman Scott (Harris) walking around a fire station. They plan to follow the firemen for a night to give their viewers a taste of what really goes on in the fire service. After seeing Angela slide down the fireman's pole several times, and flirt with fireman Jake (Hernandez), the station is quickly called to a local block of apartments, where a woman has locked herself into her apartment. After finding her they quickly realise that she is infected with a deadly virus, as do the outside policemen, who trap everyone into the building with the zombieified victims. Cue long dark corridors, out of focus camera work and scary looking zombies who soon turn nasty, splattering blood across the camera in some unique and original ways. Will the survivors ever escape? And what exactly is the virus that is infecting everyone?

When the film eventually gets into its stride, it never stops. Building up nervous tension and fear, and then letting it explode into horror style jumps and leg snapping gore, *Quarantine* is a really good chiller-thriller with plenty



of blood splattering to appease horror fans. Although it is a remake of the Spanish film REC, *Quarantine* is one adaptation that deserves to be treated as well as its original counterpart.

Boasting an incredible (though sometimes annoyingly) realistic performance, Jennifer Carpenter delivers a solid and scene-stealing role, carrying the audience along with her as she runs, screams, and freezes with fear. How would you act if zombies were chasing you around a dark block of flats? She perfectly captures how most people would react to this unreal situation, and this heightens the film's scares.

The action sequences are very effective: this film is not for the squeamish as the blood and body parts fly at the camera thick and fast, one brilliant bit involves the cameraman using his own camera to bludgeon a zombie to death. Pretty grisly stuff, but also pretty cool.

Quarantine will keep you on the edge of your seat, but will also have you jumping out of it, as the scares are not done for cheap laughs but for real terror. Sometimes the camera work can get annoying, mainly because a professional cameraman would not be so out of focus and shaky, but once you get used to it you get immediately sucked in, finding yourself wishing he would turn it certain ways so you could get a better look at the environment. As a horror fan, I am usually disappointed with what film makers have to offer, but *Quarantine* is a highly effective and enjoyable film, and I would definitely recommend it to horror fans, as well as anyone who is up for being scared: and I mean really scared. But if you leave the cinema and find yourself looking over your shoulder, and then sleeping with the lights on, don't say I didn't warn you.

Remarkable success of *Twilight*

Twilight ★★★★★

Director: Catherine Hardwicke
Writer: Melissa Rosenberg
Cast: Kristen Stewart, Robert Pattinson, Cam GigandetZuzanna Blaszcak
Film Editor

After her mother remarries, Bella Swan (Kristen Stewart from *Into the Wild* and more recently *What just happened*) is sent to live with her father in the rainy town of Forks, Washington. In a town with a population of 3000 and she quickly becomes the 'local news' at her new high school but soon finds out that the mysterious and dazzlingly beautiful Cullen kids have a monopoly on the school's gossip. Sharing a desk with Edward Cullen (Robert Pattinson from *Harry Potter* and *The Goblet of Fire*), Bella rapidly comes to understand the all-round interest in the Cullens, herself being drawn to the intelligent, witty and impenetrable boy that

sees straight into her soul. When she connects his superhuman strength and speed, his cold hands and his shunning of sunlight to the old vampire legends spread by the local Indians, it's already too late; the forbidden love affair between a vampire and a mortal has now begun. But Edward is not the only vampire for whom Bella's scent is an irresistible primal pull, it attracts three hunter vampires, who unlike the Cullen family don't mind feasting on human blood.

I really don't see how a plot line like this could appeal to anyone but girls aged thirteen to seventeen, and then, only to those of them that tend to proclaim themselves different and smarter than your average 'prom queens'. And yet, I can't bring myself to say the movie was bad. There's nothing I can openly criticize. If you let yourself accept the story as just that, another story whose aim is to provide entertainment in the simplest form, *Twilight* becomes surprisingly enjoyable. The film is well structured, with no plot holes, no annoying breaches of time or space continuity; it has a nice flow to it. The actors, though not remarkable, do a very

good job at being believable and have been very well cast, with Pattinson looking every bit the alluring and dangerous vampire (he got all the girls in the audience screaming during the screening). This is mainly thanks to the costume and make-up artists who manage to make the Cullens visibly stand out without resorting to using fangs and long dark coats. Also worth mentioning is the scenography; filmed in the gloomy and moss abundant rainforest of the Olympic Peninsula the setting for the film is a character in its own right. The one thing that I would have really liked to see more of is character development. As much as the story-line was immaculately adapted from the book, the psychology of the characters is rather hard to decipher. Although Bella's gradual deepening of feelings towards Edward is easy to follow, Edward's behaviour is confusing.

Millions of American delusional teenagers flocking to the cinema meant that *Twilight* earned \$35 million on its opening Friday. Compare that to the \$27 million scored by *Quantum of Solace* and you have the answer to why the movies that are made are made.

Coming Out Soon



Jonathan Dakin

This new Baz Luhrmann (*Moulin Rouge*, *Romeo and Juliet*) period epic has been heavily promoted, and heavily praised. Starring Nicole Kidman and Hugh Jackman, *Australia* is about an English aristocrat Lady Sarah (Kidman) who fights against English cattle barons trying to steal her land, joining forces with a rugged Australian Drover (a person who moves livestock across long distances, played by Jackman) who helps her move her cattle. Tipped as an Oscar contender, *Australia* has had its fair share of controversies, the main one being the casting of the leading man, as Russell Crowe dropped

out half way through shooting, leaving Jackman to be replaced last minute. Will this love story be a success? Think *Gone With The Wind* with cows, deserts, Japanese bombers and evil English people. If you like director Luhrmann's other works, as well as long epic historical love stories (e.g. *Cold Mountain*) then this film should be for you. Hopefully a film about his homeland should not be as sickeningly patriotic as an American film, although I am still unsurprised to see us English as the villains. But with a (relatively) good director, and a strong cast, *Australia* should be an enjoyable romp, as long as you can sit through a good two and a half hours of yearning passion.

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Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair, Susan Yu & James Houghton

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Live music mania...

We all like a bit of live action, so this week, we deliver Hot Chip, Goldfrapp and Ani DiFranco for your pleasure

Hot Chip
Brixton Academy
★★★★☆

Susan Yu

Hot Chip are a brainy electro-pop quintet, with four out of the five members being Oxbridge graduates. They have been on the scene for a while now, formed in 2000 and now three albums down the line, they are on the road again, touring along the country and showing that you can be both intelligent and play equally good music.

It was almost midnight before these guys emerged onstage. We were presented with a bizarre circus figure who appeared in front of our eyes, a sore sight indeed. This could be no-one but Alexis Taylor, the frontman of Hot Chip, wearing his trademark nerdy spectacles and sporting a rather in-your-face garishly-coloured robe which, thank goodness, he shed off later on in the show to reveal more acceptable and less alarming stage-wear consisting of plain white overalls.

It was inevitable that the anarchic 'Over and Over' was going to be on the ecstatic agenda for this cracking live set. The crowd reached their climax of the evening for sure on this wild, extreme energy bulldozer. Cacophony reigned recklessly, whilst adrenaline pulsed through our veins as the flashing lights lit up the entire stage in a epileptic, chaotic demeanour.

'Ready For the Floor' was also on the bill. If you haven't checked out the video, well, you are missing out on something that is just beyond strange, with false teeth, weird women that appear to have been cut half due to the clear choice of backdrop as well guys trying

to dodge sticks that poke out at them. Crazy layout, crazy costumes and crazy colours. Completely bonkers. It's all in there.

Another prominent crowd-pleaser was definitely one of the highlights of the show- 'And I Was A Boy From School'. This swoonsome song has a fantastically gripping tune which is melancholy in sound yet simultaneously catchy and even at times joyous and hopeful. The amalgamation of Taylor's somewhat poignant vocals with Goddard's baritone in this tune lead to an oddly touching effect. The strong pulse that ran through this number is again highly hypnotic; the texture builds up as more instruments are added layer by layer before the vocals kicks in. Teasing and wetting our appetites for sure. The chorus had the entire Brixton crowd singing 'We try but we don't belong'. It is safe to say that Hot Chip are no longer outcasts in life now that they've gained wide recognition and success across the UK as well as most of the globe and are reaching more and more new audiences by the day.

Amongst the tracks that they played that night included their new song, 'Alley Cats', a soulful, slowish, euphoric number, a track likely to feature on their forthcoming fourth album, which they plan to record soon. What Hot Chip does best is texture and good melodies and this song epitomises both key aspects. Likewise we were delighted by another slower track: the ambiguously titled 'Playboy'. Do the five of them look like playboys? We don't think so. They should just stick to their music for the time being.

'One Pure Thought' was dominated by the repeating mantra - 'I won't be on my way' with dynamic beats and a confusing mesh of electronic sounds providing a rich, polyphonic-textured,

lively soundscape.

The band showed off their repertoire of stuff with 'My Piano', an upbeat slinky number heavy on the synthesizers and keyboards with short bursts of piano chord stabs to amplify the jilting rhythm. 'No Fit State' taken from their second album 'The Warning' was a classic belter- 'We caught the fire but the body escaped.'

Love other people but I don't know their names.' What peculiar lyrics, ringing of some truth though.

The show was not complete without a spectacular combination of laser beams and dramatic use of glittering disco lighting which tantalisingly conveyed the hectically exhilarating atmosphere.

The band finished their set with their fiendishly compelling, mellow version of Prince's classic 'Nothing Compares 2 U'. Well, for that magical epoch, nothing could have compared to Hot Chip and their maverick musical gifts.

The show was overwhelmed with the euphoric atmosphere, compounded by the release of a dozen or so enormous balloons into the buzzing crowd towards the end of the set. The eager crowd jumped up like a bunch of five year-olds fighting for lollipops, everyone was reaching into the air, either to the music or lured by these crazy floating beauties. With some luck and maybe some tall genes, we got to be little kiddies again, happily playing in the playground that was Brixton. A fabulous show that thoroughly entertained with the invigorating energy and infectious enthusiasm that exuded from the band.

Top notch action from these Oxbridge alumni. Boffins they may be, but they sure can churn out some decent original stuff, doing it with style.



Goldfrapp glitters at Brixton

Goldfrapp
Brixton Academy
★★★★★

Fiona Watt

I expect there are a lot of you who, like me, were rocking out in your bedroom at 15 to the thumping electro-clash tunes of Black Cherry and later Supernature, customising your T-shirts and wearing fishnets in a vain attempt to be even a little bit as cool as Alison Goldfrapp. But eventually, probably, we all chilled out and started drinking tea and watching the news before bed, and these CD's ended up in a box in the loft along with those Boyzone albums we never admitted to owning. (Hopefully, a similar fate befell the fishnets...)

Even so, if this does sound familiar, then this year's album *Seventh Tree* will have been regular ear-candy since its release in February. Its tracks have the same electronic energy as those we loved in our teens, but it's calmer, more subtle and less brash. Basically, it's Goldfrapp, but grown up.

The live show was incredible. The so easily just-a-bit-too-big-and-impersonal Brixton Academy had been transformed into a mythical and magical wonderland, the stage sprawled with fairy-like musicians dressed in white playing almost every instrument imaginable, a choir in cult-esque animal masks and centre stage was a kind of maypole with... antlers.

Alison appears barefoot amid screams from the audience, managing to look effortlessly breathtaking in what seems to be the top half of a clown's outfit made from a bin-bag and some glittery pompoms. Her silky, liquid vocals fill the stage and the punters look on in awe as their undeniably impressive set unfolds.

'A&E' is piercingly beautiful, 'Number 1' is sweet and personal, 'Caravan Girl' is uplifting and 'Happiness' is... accompanied by four bouncing dancers in pastel-coloured, hairy jumpsuits. It's all very theatrical, all a bit odd and all so Goldfrapp.

The audience clap madly to the beat of 'Train' and I suddenly realise that the maypole has lost its ribbons and become, well, just a pole. Out come the dancers in bikinis with wolf masks on... it's weird, and disturbingly sexy, but by the chorus everyone around me is going mad and I think we've all realised what is being said; Yes, we've mellowed out, but it's still okay to go crazy for the new wave raucous hits like 'Twist' and 'Strict Machine' and to dance like a lunatic to 'Ooh La La'.

The show was a perfect mix of their newer work and a re-visitation of their more in-your-face dance tunes. It was like reminiscing with an old friend (albeit a much more successful and attractive one) who is classy and modest, but with an unshamedly wild side who makes you feel okay - nay, proud- of that 15 year-old inside you who loves to let it all go. All things considered, it was definitely a show worth seeing.

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DiFranco picks up her guitar and mixes politics with music

Ani DiFranco
The Forum
★★★★☆

Susan Yu

The fabulously charming Forum used to be a cinema, built in the 1930s, but has been rendered as a considerably grandiose musical venue in the last fifteen years or so. The powerful yet intimate stage has been testament to many well-established artists strutting their stuff on stage, with the likes of Jamiroquai, Robbie Williams, Travis and Van Morrison on the performance bill. Following this tradition of having a highly talented line-up, this time around with Ani DiFranco, we could expect nothing but the same electric, intimate and intense aura all around. Looking in either direction, we were treated with the lavish architecture and décor that complemented the intricate lighting, the stage that was bathed in beautiful blue hues that sent out a serene seemingly mysterious vibe, a premonition for the startling performance that was to follow.

The turnout was to be expected, there were an eclectic bunch of people of all ages and of both genders, which comes not so much as a surprise really as DiFranco has such a wide diversity of fans with her music crossing many genres. No doubt there are legions of fans across the globe, some liking her folksy style, others maybe the rocky influence or even the jazzy feel that she incorporates into her music. It's terribly hard to pigeon-hole her as being of any particular genre, so with DiFranco, you get variety, and that is what makes her stand out and probably the key to her success in carrying on being well received for two decades now. An incredible woman who knows how to capture and recapture audiences again and again.

Before DiFranco came on stage, the

humb of expectation was in the air, the crowd having been treated to the fantastically ferocious Hamell on Trial and the delicate folk-acoustic set by Anais Mitchell.

DiFranco certainly can have her pick when it comes to doing live shows, with a twenty year career to look back on and seventeen studio albums in the bag, the possibilities for the set-list are countless, so most likely, she played what took her fancy that night and went for it with much passion, fire and maybe a little tenderness in some of the slower, more soulful tracks. No matter what, the adoring fans would certainly not hold a grudge against her for not playing their favourites because, with such a collection, you could not miss out on something that you loved.

Ani DiFranco is someone who is not afraid of speaking out. Being someone who feels strongly about politics, a topic which features frequently in her songs, we were given a blast of her discontent towards the current administration in the U.S, her expectations towards the elections and her explicit inclination towards the Democrats during the intervals between the songs. Who can blame her? It's the right time that America had some change with the first black man in history to ever become president. God bless America. And the rest of the world of course.

DiFranco had many lovely goodies in store for us. We were again charmed with some of her old artillery like the breathtaking 'Overlap' which had the audience singing along and clapping their hands enthusiastically. The shimmering guitar loop, showering of the vibes in conjunction with the laidback drumming complemented Ani's soulfulness, casting a deeply chilled, blissful spell throughout the whole auditorium. Likewise, in the upbeat 'Both Hands', what stood out the most was the refreshing quality of Ani's vocals, playful and heavenly harmonising. 'Imagine That' saw DiFranco carving crushingly sweet and flowing melodies, 'Imagine

that I'm on stage' she coos, well, darling, the world is your stage.

In contrast, DiFranco belted out 'Napoleon' with much gusto, the melodically meandering verse leading to the crescendoing chorus, delivering her all and deeply sustaining the word 'Napoleon', as if her whole might depended on the emotions that were conveyed through the deliverance of these three syllable. The simple chord strumming on the guitar and not so full instrumentation allowed the vocals to soar freely, exhilarating indeed.

The night's success has to be also attributed to DiFranco's trio backing band; they did their customary exceptional job, with Alison the drummer, blazing away with the suave beats, Todd the double bassist and keyboardist, adding warmth and strength in texture with the strings and last but not the least, there was Mike who added saccharine tinkering on various percussion instruments such as the metal xylophone and marimba.

Several songs from her new album 'Red Letter Year' were given a twirl throughout the course of the evening. With the song 'Red Letter Year', the strong sense of rhythm was conveyed through the almost waltz-like beats and the repetitive heavy instrumentation. In contrast, 'Present/Infant' was given a touch of tenderness, DiFranco was neatly embraced by the tranquil aura of contentment, a testimony to her loving bond to her daughter and her lyrics defining her intact feminist ideals in the wake of motherhood.

Smiling all the way, DiFranco's trademark blistering guitar audacity was acutely demonstrated in most tracks that were performed, especially in the anti-war protest that is 'Alla This' - 'I won't support the troops, cos every last one of them's being duped', it wasn't just Ani, the guitar did a fair share of the talking.

Before the curtains were drawn, the enraptured audience were given a preview of her new song 'Splinter' which

With 'You Don't See Me', again we cannot but be obliged to compare these guys to The Killers, with the moody soundscape and the underlying synthesizers and piano accompaniment. The brilliance of this track is emphasised by Chaplin's amazing intonation and range in the vocals.

'Again and Again' has us reminiscing at the quaintly bewitching and dynamic sound that was their debut album 'Hopes and Fears'. But with a twist to it, as we hear the synth-pop influence coming through once more.

The pace dwindles in 'Playing Along'. The change of palette sees sprinklings of mesmeric repeating electric guitar refrains and a sirenesque mixture of distorted sounds at the end. We should all 'turn up the volume until' we 'can't even think'.

Simple piano chords with hints of hip-hop beats help accompany the ninth track 'Pretend That You're Alone'. 'Love is the End' is the sentimental ultimate track of this wonderful concoction of varied soundscapes. The melody is achingly wistful yet delightfully beautiful, Chaplin's soulful vocals wholesomely replenishing our hunger for pure quality singing. Breathtaking. Heavenly. Words are not enough.

The palette used for this album is painted with powerful shades of all colours that are provocative and exhilarating. Bold, extravagant and evocative, Keane has achieved something that is tantamount to 'perfect'ion! revelation.

she had only just added the finishing touches to. It was a bouncy, light hearted, warm melodic piece that had a Mediterranean feel to it, with a constant cute xylophone refrain running through that gave away to a fuller textural, coquettishly sensual, instrumentation interlude from time to time, ultimately, this carefree number pleasantly filled the night with completeness. One could not forget that her signature percussive finger picking was on show again for this number. Spicy mama mia!

We will be correct in saying that Di-

Franco has stamped her trademark in the music business, not only does she leave a lasting imprint with her music by producing a CD every year, but when it's given to us live, we will definitely take, take, treasure, and there's no stopping. She is still one of the most energetic and enjoyable acts ever to grace a London stage, being a small woman with just an acoustic guitar and her valuable vocals, together you get a mighty musical force that is awfully difficult to contend with. Expect to see her career continue to flourish and maybe we will see her in UK. Again.



Ani DiFranco's vocals soar. Photo by Michael Eccleshall



Hot Chip, five brainies who are masters of electro-pop. Nice sunglasses, a change to the usual nerdy specs



If you haven't listened to Keane's new album, just go and listen to it!

Single Review
The Hours
See the light
release: 8th December

★★★☆☆

Sarah-Emily Mutch

"See the light" is a not too timely release from The Hours, an indie rock seven-piece whose first album was released last year to critical acclaim. However if the first single of the second attempt is anything to go by they have firmly thrown themselves in the pit-marked "One Album Wonders." It's so repetitive that if you haven't seen the light by

the end of this seven-minute epic then you really are dead.

The sound is the same: huge, echoing and faintly mournful but it doesn't flow anywhere like "Narcissus Road" or "Ali in the Jungle". Ant Genn, a successful producer and Martin Slattery, jazz pianist, who have worked beside their fair share of big names between them, fail to emulate or exceed the great music they've helped make. Moreover with Damien Hirst, their friend, creating the album art, and Flood (U2, Sigur Ros...) producing the ensemble, they could have done so much more. It's like taking the first bite of a sandwich and getting only the lettuce. There could be some meat in the next bite or it all could be entirely unsatisfying. Only time will tell.



PAGE 3
It's coming!





Nightlife

Nightlife Editor – Catherine Jones

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A little voice, but lots of spirit(s)

Nightlife Editor CJ reviews a charity fundraiser featuring Biffy Clyro, Friendly Fires and Frank Turner

Mencap Little Noise Sessions ★★★★★

Union Chapel, Islington

Best: Magical atmosphere.
Worst: Uncomfortable pughes.
Price: £44 with proceeds going towards The Mencap Arts Awards Scheme.



Why only a little noise in the nightlife section? So maybe acoustic sessions in a haunted church are a strange choice to review? This low volume gig was a unique night to remember, raising funds for a very worthy cause.

The Mencap Little Noise Project are a series of fundraising events in aid of the Mencap Arts Awards Scheme. They provide grants for local art projects involving people with learning disabilities. As Andy Kee, an artist and youth worker puts it "As arts develop so do people".

Why was there so little volume? Despite the great acoustics in the chapel, local council imposed noise restrictions limit output to a paltry 85 decibels.

Each night there have been unique acoustic performances from the likes of Glasvegas, Kasabian and Razorlight. On Wednesday 12th November headliners Biffy Clyro returned to the Union Chapel, with Friendly Fires and Frank Turner in support. Last year Biffy Clyro made a strong impression in this venue, singing acapella from the pulpit. They were understandably keen to return, describing it as one of "best acoustic type shows we've done. Very good cause."

Friendly Fires

On first impressions, St Alban's Friendly Fires were a strange sight. Dressed with more than a hint of irony, shirts were tucked into chinos and side partings smoothly drawn. Boring first impressions were quickly cast aside by some amusing showmanship. Friendly Fires singer Ed MacFarlane minced charmingly on stage, somewhat resembling the animatedness of Brendan Urie of Panic! At The Disco.

You couldn't help but smirk, watching them writhing around in their preppy clothes like innappropriately slutty cub scouts (See photo montage).

The highlight from the electro-pop outfit was the recent, superior single "Paris". You could tell the audience were actively restraining a secrete urge to let go and manically dance on the pughes. In all honesty Friendly Fires have too much zeal to be wasted in the acoustic format. I recommend seeing them perform at the Brixton Academy next February for the Shockwaves NME Tour.

Biffy Clyro

It was clear who was in their element that night. Headliners' Biffy Clyro epic stage presence stole the show. Like a group of friends gathered around a camp fire, they had a humble, peaceful spiritual presence. The audience were captivated throughout. Nothing could have been more intuitively right. The huge acoustic sound resonated through the vast gothic spires. I felt the bass vibrate through my feet. A thoroughly well produced acoustic set.

Set list-wise they opened with "Living is a problem because everything dies". New song "God & Satan" premiered that night, but they refused to utter the title in a place of worship.

Visually the Union Chapel made a magical venue, with full on gothic Victorian architecture imaginatively uplit casting ghostly shadows. Biffy Clyro connected with the audience and it was a beautiful, unique event for a great cause.

And Finally....

Friendly Fires are playing the Brixton Academy on Saturday 21st February as part of the Shockwaves NME Awards Tour 2009.



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Fashion

Fashion Editor – Dan Wan

fashion.felix@imperial.ac.uk



The boy done good

Daniel Wan
Fashion Editor

I was going to comment extensively on the last three weeks' of fashion happenings, but other news a little more important, and I reckon relevant, turned up at the felix offices late last night.

Last night gave evidence that the combination of passion and sustained hard work pays off. Last year's Editor-in-Chief, Tom Roberts, triumphantly walked out of the Guardian Student Media Awards clutching the Student Newspaper of the Year Award he richly deserved.

The *felix* team worked immensely hard last year, and there is nothing I can put in print to describe exactly how pleased I am that *felix* has got the national recognition it deserves from Tom's editorship. It's an even better feeling knowing we achieved this through our own passion entirely.

What I mean is, writing for *felix* is never toil, or 'real' work. We are all engineers, scientists and medics whom have already signed away our immediate futures into fields so far from journalism. In charge, was a geeky Physicist already in question. We have no Jour-

nalism or English courses here. Yet, we managed to beat off numerous other publications produced by journalists, design artists and literature students.

So, it all comes down to a mutual passion for writing. Through passion, came dedication. Through dedication, came hard work. And through hard work, comes rewards. And Student Newspaper of the Year is only a fraction of ours. The rest of our reward is from you, the readers. The sense of pride seeing students value your work within their busy week is something no Guardian Award can give.

Saying that, this award sets a benchmark for the newly assembled team this year. By no means is it impossible to repeat the achievement. The paper is picking up speed as the academic year unfolds. So boys and girls, let's set award-winning *felix* cat free once again.

Have a little gander at the interview I held with Tom in the News this week, and laugh at his funny, yet accomplished, face of confused terror as he collects his award.

So much for a Fashion editorial then.

Ramblings of a Fashionista

Vicky Masding acutely suffers from 'Beit Syndrome', so *felix* stays away and lets the horrifically inane ramblings commence

Firstly I would like to warn you – this article may be rambling and incoherent in style. This is in part due to a distinct lack of research and Beit syndrome: the inability to write articles or do anything productive. Ever.

Rest assured, in no way does this correspond to a diminishing passion for clothes. Far from it, I spent my week-end shopping! 'Spent' of course being the 'ha-ha' obviously operative word. I had planned on buying a new bag, or at least something that would not make my lecture notes look like waste by the end of the day, and possibly a dress. However, I came back with two tops, a cardigan, one skirt, one hat and two pairs of sick shoes!

"Fail!" I hear you cry. To which I reply with withering enthusiasm "your face is fail!" Others of course would hi-frickin-five me on the success of my trip. Such a loot!

As we roll on a few weeks and I finally have the bag! However this is a mini-saga in itself, so much so it warrants column inches. I will now paint you the picture.

I have been shopping for hours, it is dark and raining and I have scuffed holes in my slouch boots – so I have



wet feet at this point. Never good for morale! I make it into Topshop, head straight for accessories. No prancing around, toying with all the garments on the rails, or smoothing all the fabrics. NO. I am on a mission! Upstairs. Bags. Giant bag. Awesome! Two minutes later and I'm at the cash register, thinking I'm about to spend £45 for a fake leather bag. Incorrect. I am actually purchasing an £80 real leather bag. Frick.

I will pause the story there to acknowledge the fact most people would

ask the sales assistant to restate the price and then calmly back out of the purchase. My approach was somewhat different. I instead remained cool and just bought the bag. I guess the lesson here is: look at the tag that corresponds to what you are actually buying. The End. And FYI the bag and I will live happily ever after.

Needless to say many other purchases took place and chip-and-pin machines were fucked good and proper by my debit card.

In other news, in an attempt to sabotage the studying of a friend, I went on his laptop and began asking his opinion of women's clothes. This did successfully distract him (lols). The premise of "the game" (OMFG – I just lost the game) was this; (OK. I will give you a minute to console yourself about losing the game. Right, a minute's up.) each page displayed a variety of dresses and he was made to say which ones he would like to see a girl in. Of course he picked the waste ones. This could of course highlight that I am not dressing to maximize my appeal to the opposite sex. Alternatively he probably just has no taste, but has what I like to call 'waste-taste'. But it's always interesting to ponder, do you dress to get some?

Forget diamonds, shoes are a girl's best friend

Swiri Konje was unimpressed with September's London Fashion Week. One designer restored her faith in fashion that day; Rohan Anthony Clarke's illuminating collection of romantically inspired shoes

Ever wondered about the history of the shoe? Where and why it was made? It was first used by the Greek followed by the Romans. In the early Christian days (third century), they were worn by women to cover the feet replacing sandals.

In the 1600's it became FASHION. It became a commodity- quality, design, extravagance all part of the deal. Just think of those different styles, shapes, constructions, decorations etc.

Fashion in now expressed in different ways through gender, age, economic strata and social echelon of its wearer.

"In every step she takes a trail of fire follows her. With every stride she navigates, there is no one beside her. A fortuitous wall serves simply as a paper kite punctured by a lethal heel....."

Rohan Anthony Clarke is a shoe designer that takes a romantic view of shoes. Ladies, isn't that just what we need?

At the London Fashion Week September 2008, the Spring and Summer collection of clothes were not very inspiring as I went through the stalls. Accessories on the other hand took a leading edge. Rohan's stall got me arrested in my tracks: The colours, the style, the design. But most of all, the shoes had a history.

London with its distinctive area was his muse, creating shoes with a variety of London areas in mind.

A mixture, blend, of east meets west ranging from THE BRIXTON, to



Some of Rohan Anthony Clarke's delicious creations: (from top left clockwise) The Clerkenwell, The Sloane Ranger, The Brixton, The Roxy and The Beauchamp. Try not to lick the pages please.

SLOANE RANGER. Rohan takes you on a different journey depicting the vibrancy of both sides on his centre stage.

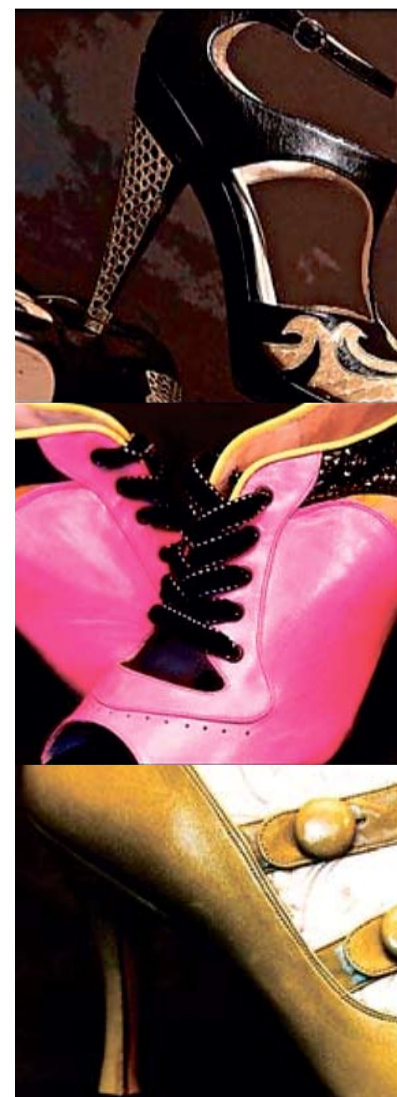
With Rohan Anthony Clarke, there is no rush; each woman's stride should be taken purposefully and confidently.

SLOANE RANGER

Sloane or not? Needless to say these shoes make a statement about where you come from. Of course sloane girls usually dress with a slightly scruffily though with expertly made up faces; a look which I like to call 'The Bedroom Look'. That doesn't mean it is their evening look. Oh no, they transcend into expertly coiffed looking girls tipping it up with expensive classy shoes. Rohan shoes show you what class is all about, appropriately termed British nostalgia. Those cowgirl boots discern the hardworking form the lazy bummers! What's more? These range of shoes have gold plated holed heels.

THE BEAUCHAMP

POSH OR NOT? Think posh on a night out hanging on her man's arm, camera's clamouring for her attention. SNAP SNAP!!! Wonder where the focus is? SHOES! Rohan's Beauchamp collection attract the young twenty something crowd who know how to look good. Teemed with highs, they guarantee that you are going to be the head turner in every crowd. Every girls envy and every guys wet dream.



THE CLERKENWELL

Otherwise known as 'Little Italy', this should begin to give you an idea of what this collection looks like; Originality, signature elegance, and most of all attitude. This high heeled peep toe shoe boots which are now the fashion rage gives you a specific look; that of custom-made fluid sophistication. It is a show off piece which shows off individuality and uniqueness.

THE ROXY

What shall we call this? They are not shoes, not boots, not sandals but a mixture of both; Perhaps Sandal Boots? The picture tells it all - Brash, bold and beautiful.

THE BRIXTON

Think trainers + heels + colour and finally style = rock chic trainer heels. That is the formula for Rohan's Brixton. Oh yeah, they're 'Brixton' but don't you go thinking "gosh, who wears this in Brixton?" As well as being extremely dangerous, Brixton also has brought forth the unique arty type. Like who? Now think Sharon Osbourne rock chic Numero Uno. Yeah, these trainer heels are not what she might wear now, she being old, but 10 years ago these would have been her favourite. What have we learned from this? Yes, trainers too can be classy.

Next week, watch out for Part 2 of this article, where we get to speak to Rohan himself.



Picture of the Week

Shaolin Gong Fu, by Annabel Slater

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



Do my boobs look big in this?

Rosie Grayburn
Food Editor



After loathingly seeing my hard-earned holiday income go to waste on over-priced rent last year I decided to hoard a little for myself and pop over to the freezing shores of La Belle France to Lille on a quickie 24-hour trip for the Christmas markets and Moules. The briefness of my trip means my stomach capacity is limited, but I will be back in time for a full 12-hour stint of lab reporting on Sunday. Whoopie.

After their lunchtime gorging of Moules-Frites, cafés and restaurants all around the city display mounds of mussel shells outside their doors to brag about how much they sold during that day. I wonder if we should start to do the same with our crisp packets, pie dishes and coke cans? Not quite as organic as Lille's waste, but I'm sure Tracey Emin would submit it for the Turner Prize.

I have now started arming myself with heavy objects every time I watch the telly in the hope I might see Kerry Katona's bloody Iceland advert. "CHICKEN TIKKA LASAGNE: ONE POUND!" Fooking hell. Kerry, I think that's fusion food taken a little too far. Can you imagine it?! Gently spiced chicken tikka smothered in a thick, gloopy white sauce layered between egg lasagne sheets: this is not just shit food – this is fusion food.

Anyhoo, in this week's food page I have adapted the food to fit the cold, frosty days we are having. Being a hardy northern lass, nothing pleases me more than coming in from -5°C out-

side [in August] and gobbling down a hefty portion of stew. Hence, I have included my Goulash recipe which most definitely warms you right to the core. Be warned: the portions are massive so feel free to adapt the recipe to suit the size of the mouths you are feeding. Goulash is one of those stews which takes time, care and attention so for the impatient amongst you I have also included a quicker alternative to the toasted sandwich for munchies.

If eating in ain't your thing, I've included two eateries for your delight. Som Tam House is a mouth-watering Thai restaurant on Askew Road near Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush. We used to live along Askew Road and it is a very confused area. It is hemmed in by middle class paradise at the BBC White City on one side and the multicultural, bustling Goldhawk Road on the other.

The outcome is a fabulous range of restaurants with different cuisines but all at very student-friendly prices. Give Adam's Cafe a try for bucketfuls of Moroccan tagine or Bridge that Gap for a builder's fry-up. Whilst you're all freezing your balls off in this Arctic weather, why not be ironic and have some frozen yoghurt. Snog is a cool place to hang out. For the winter season they have added hot toppings to their menu so shut up, tuck in and enjoy it.

Apologies for the Nigella-esque picture this week. The new look 'side-shot' editor photos mean I look like I have had a breast augmentation. Answers on a postcard.

Nigella can't say no



Som Tam House ★★★★★

131 Askew Road, W12 9AU
Phone: 0208 749 9030
www.somtthouse.co.uk

Best: Classic Thai food
Worst: Toffish BBC types hanging out after work...wah wah wah.
Price: £15 per head

Sumi, the Iranian where the freshly-made bread is warm and crisp; and the tiny Thai restaurant Som Tam House.

In keeping with the quiet neighbourhood, Som Tam House is cosy, warm and inviting. The staff are suitably attentive and the eccentric owner has a large wardrobe full of gaudy Hawaiian shirts which add to the otherwise muted colour scheme.

The two cooks at Som Tam were trained at the famous Blue Elephant restaurant in Fulham and it shows in the exquisite food. The portions are satisfyingly large and full of fresh ingredients. Be warned, however: when the menu says "hot" they really mean it. While you're here you have to try the restaurant's namesake, Som Tam. Som Tam is a green papaya salad which is made to perfection here, of course!

In the window of the restaurant are

displayed the customary reviews from various free London papers. One of them is particularly interesting. I am in two minds over Nigella Lawson – I admire her womanly power over a TV camera but her forwardness does make me cringe. "Squeeze the icing gently over the smooth surface... oops! I got some icing all around my perfectly made-up lips." [Follow speech with much licking of fingers.] Beside this qualm she has very good taste in Thai restaurants.

Nigella apparently frequents Som Tam when she's filming her series. She is quoted as saying the sticky rice is "to die for." I tested said rice to see if her theory was correct. Yes, she is but I have trouble visualising how she would eat this in her sexy, sexy way.

Unless you are on a date and have to concentrate hard on maintaining eye or leg contact with your partner, the other customers at Som Tam are very interesting to watch discreetly. The place seems to be jammed with tables of high-powered BBC-types popping in for tea on their way home to their perfect dwelling places in Ravenscourt Park.

Amusingly I notice they always 'forget' to remove their work ID badges. They go through 3 courses and 2 bottles of wine with BBC emblazoned across their chests, just so the other diners don't disregard it. It all adds to the charm of Som Tam House!

If you're thinking of visiting Som Tam, it even fills up during weekdays so do book ahead if your party number is more than two. Takeaway is offered but you miss out on the comforting atmosphere and charm of this little gem. Who would turn down amazing Thai food with the added bonus of possibly sitting on the spot where Nigella parked her perfect buttocks?



Quesadillas

Make a pile of these for a 'light' lunch. The ingredients given are for a simple quesadilla, but feel free to add anything you like to the mix. For something more even substantial, add some refried beans and guacamole on the side.

Serves 1

Ingredients:
2 tortilla wraps (on offer in Sainsbury's at the moment)
A handful of grated cheddar cheese
A pinch of chilli flakes/fresh chilli
2 spring onions, chopped
Anything else you fancy

Place one tortilla on a hot, dry frying pan and put all the other ingredients on top, ensuring the cheese goes to the edges of the tortilla. Place the other tortilla on top and cook for one minute. Flip over the quesadilla and cook on the other side for a further minute, until the cheese is melted. The quesadilla should be brown and crispy on both sides.

Remove from the pan and use scissors to snip into quarters. Sit and devour. I can eat one portion in one mouthful – there's a challenge.



Goulash

Serves 4 very hungry people

3 tbsp oil
2 onions
900g braising steak (from a butcher expect to pay £4)
½ tsp caraway seeds (optional)
2 red chillies, chopped
1 garlic clove
2 tbsp paprika
1 carrot, diced
1 stick of celery, chopped
1 parsnip, cubed
10g parsley
2 potatoes, cubed
1 tomato
3 tbsp tomato puree
1 green pepper
50g plain flour
2 tbsp egg

If you're ever hungry in Hungary, they will plonk a bowlful of this spicy stew in front of you. It's similar to a bog-standard English winter stew with added kick from paprika, chilli and caraway seeds. There is really no need for extra carbs in the form of bread because all you need is right there in your bowl. This is comfort food at it's best. Phwoar.

Soften the onions in the oil then add the steak. Cover the pan and simmer for 15-20 minutes. Bash together the caraway seeds, chillies and garlic into an amalgam then add to the pan with 250ml water. Cover again and simmer for 40 minutes. Give it a stir then add the paprika, carrot, celery, parsnip and parsley. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Meanwhile, make the 'noodles': form a dough from the flour and egg then pinch/roll into vague long shapes. Finally add your noodles, potatoes, tomato, puree and green pepper and boil for the last 15 minutes. You've created a monster. Eat it – it's yummy, like.

Do you remember your first Snog?



SNOG ★★★★★

32 Thurloe Place,
South Kensington
ifancysnog.com

Best: Yummy, scrummy frozen yogurt for the same price as Haagen Daaz
Worst: Yummy, scrummy frozen yogurt and not a lot else.
Calories: 78 calories for a small tub (if you're interested)
Price: £2.85 (small)-£7.95 (very large); 65p toppings

Someone has invented an addictive substance that has no negative side effects. My dealer is in South Kensington and my drug is frozen yogurt. Before you all faux-vomit in disgust, let me tell you a little about SNOG.

Before I had my first Snog, I had preconceptions that anything that was healthy and sweet must taste like shit. I admit I was wrong. Frozen yogurt rules. Snog serves two flavours of frozen yogurt – green tea and natural – and there is a large variety of fruity and cake-related toppings to go with

them. Both yoghurts are moreish and so refreshing that you can just sit in the café all night and order rounds and rounds of the stuff. Frozen yoghurt is the perfect antidote to sitting at home and getting through tubs of Häagen Dazs or Ben and Jerry's (depending on what's on offer in Sainsbury's).

If you were wondering why on earth I would try to sell a frozen yogurt shop to you in the middle of winter, you would definitely benefit from their 'Winter Wonderful' warm toppings. Try a Natural Snog with a shot of espresso or an apple crumble topping.



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Internet douche bags

Richard Lai
Technology Editor

You just can't avoid them - they're everywhere! As we speak I have two items being sold on eBay, one of which is the lovely Sony Ericsson Xperia X1 (as much as I love the phone, money does come first). It was pretty obvious that the phone was going for at least £400 at that time, but I had this one douche bag who had the balls to ask, "Would you sell this for 210 pounds including delivery?"

Then I had another one who first buttered me up with "I like how you describe the phone" and "your confidence in accepting personal collection inspires me that you are a trustful seller", followed by a slightly more sensible offer of £300. Sorry, but the buttering up just ruined it all.

And literally just now a buyer by the name of "big.ajsmpson" offered to buy my phone in person, and I am not making this up! For some strange reason he insisted on paying me via PayPal before collection, instead of paying by cash which would save me the PayPal fees. Also I fear his PayPal payment might, for some reason, become void afterwards. Anything could happen, right?

I swear I've never encountered that many weirdos outside Engadget - a respectable technology blog which has comment sections flooded with posts like "FIRST!!!!!!11!" and "APPLE RULEZ". Shut up already! The number of Apple fanboys there is definitely nothing to joke about. Someone please

get those kids out of their basement.

There is definitely a trend of online anti-socialism going on here, some sort of new-found disease like the online-gaming addiction. I've tried to imagine what the equivalent rehab training camp would be like (yes, they do have such camps for Warcraft addicts in China), but the only cure I can think of is to just dump those idiots on Mars and make them build houses for us. Now let's see who'll build the 100th house FIRST!!!!!!111! (Only if they manage to sort out the oxygen problem beforehand).

On a more serious note, lately everyone seems to be down with the flu, and I might have caught a bit of sore throat from my flatmates too (cheers!). It made me wonder: if we can remotely control a robot on Mars, how could it be that we have yet to defeat the annoying viruses on our own planet? Perhaps Biology really is the hardest subject on the campus? Well, at least that's where most of the hot girls are too (ladies, please note that I didn't say 'all of'); in our Information Systems Engineering group we literally have zero girls, so perhaps some of us are already on the right path to become genuine, hard-core engineers.

Either way, please don't send us to Mars with those Internet douche bags. Well, not me anyway - I'll say behind to exterminate the remaining trash-talkers.

Oh, and the Star Trek trailer is great!

PS3 is so underrated

IBM's "Inside the Cell Processor" lecture last week explains it all



IBM's Cell Broadband Engine - the heart of Sony's PlayStation 3

Ever wondered why Sony's PlayStation 3 is so expensive? Well, my friend, I'd like to tell you that it's actually an underpriced supercomputer. No, it's not just about its Blu-ray playback feature - it's the Cell processor which makes the PS3 your home supercomputer.

Last week EESoc invited John Easton, Senior Consultant of IBM Systems and Technology Group, to talk about the Cell Broadband Engine (Cell BE, in short) technology. His emphasis was that in the past business establishments were competing over the number of pieces of technological equipment they possess, but today it's a totally different story: technology has become part of commodities and to be able to trade faster you have to look into "doing something you could never do before."

According to Easton, the current latencies in the trading arena are counted in milliseconds, and each can cost about \$55,000 (which is eleven years' worth of a Home student's undergraduate tuition fees). Methods to keep such latencies down were very different even just five years ago: the performance-constrained market meant that companies relied on scaling to drive performance and drive down cost; today, the market trend indicates that there will be no more space for data centres in London in the next ten years, which is why IBM believes that innovation is the new scaling.

However, the concept of the Cell processor started way back in 2000, when SCEI (Sony Computer Entertainment Incorporated) approached IBM for an engine that would make the PS3 future-proof from day one, and about 1000-times faster than current consoles. From that point onwards, SCEI, Toshiba and IBM formed STI - a joint technology development alliance on the Cell BE, and in September 2006 IBM launched the QS20 blade module

good for the average high-resolution CT scanning of 3000 slices (the current Siemens Somatom 64 takes about 16 hours to process that); but with four Cell blades a sequence of fifteen samples can be rendered to an even higher resolution in less than one second!

Another video rendering demo was of a terrain rendering engine (TRE), which showed the performance difference between an Intel-based machine, a G5-dual-CPU one and a Cell machine: Intel's video was still rendering the landscape within the first few frames, then the G5 gave a jumpy animation, and finally the Cell gave a smooth visual flight over the mountains.

Easton then played a recorded video of a life-like Ferrari car rendering, demonstrating IBM's Interactive Ray Tracer (iRT) running on fourteen Cell blades which, as the name suggests, is able to change a render interactively in real time - a feature that is very important for movie productions and product video demos.

Toshiba has also been making use of the Cell BE: back in CEATECH 2005 they showcased their "Magic Mirror", which virtually puts makeup on you as well as changing your hairstyle. Today we have the SpursEngine - a derivation of the Cell BE, running on just four cores and clocked at 1.5GHz peaking at 48 GFLOPS, and is already featured on selected Toshiba laptops for hand gesture visual recognition.

Of course, we mustn't forget the PS3, the power of which has been harnessed by Stanford University's Folding@home, a distributed computing project for studying protein folding and misfolding.

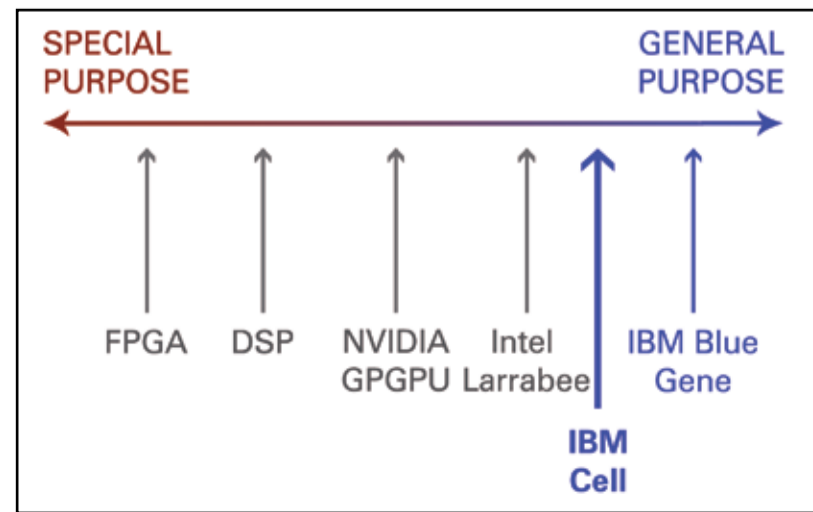
As of 25th November 2008 the PS3 has provided 38.9% of the total TFLOPS with just over 58k active CPUs - a very impressive ratio compared to Windows' mere 5.26% over 235k active CPUs. And of course, you get to play games with stunning graphics and physics on the console!

When asked if NVIDIA's GPGPU (General-Purpose computing on Graphics Processing Units) is seen as Cell's biggest competitor right now, Easton simply admitted that it is definitely more powerful than Cell is intended to be (as proven by Folding@home statistics: 42.2% of TFLOPS from 16k active CPUs), but for programmers the GPGPU is harder to work with; the only real fear will be Intel's Larrabee GPU, due out in late 2009. Don't worry though, IBM, as the PS3 will keep us happy for many more years.

- the first commercial product utilising the Cell BE, followed by the highly-anticipated PS3 in November.

The current generation of Cell is essentially a 90nm nine-core chip with ten threads, clocking over 4GHz with 100 GFLOPS in labs (the PS3's Cell is clocked at 3.2GHz). Instead of using the traditional scalar code, Cell is programmed with the more complex vector language (known as array programming), in order to achieve a higher level of parallelisation. This is essential for heavy encoding/decoding and compression/decompression in signal processing, digital filtering, Fast Fourier Transform, advanced video rendering and many other real time processing tasks.

Easton provided some very interesting examples of Cell applications, with the first video being of a medical computer tomography (CT) scan of a human heart. It seemed to be an ordinary animation, but then we were told that with a 3GHz Wintel box, such 3D rendering from 313MB of raw scan data to about five 1MB slices would take about a hundred seconds, which is not very



Easton's placement of Cell on the purpose-speciality line

Ten affordable gadgets that you should get...

No, it isn't all about being a geek; it's about spending your pile of copper coins on something cheap and fun.

- 1. Laser Pointer, ~£5, ebay.co.uk**
So you see your neighbour's cat sat alone outside and you want to somehow get its attention. Well, here's a cheap toy you can play with: the bemused cat will try to catch the red/green dot for hours, until either it gets too frustrated or your batteries run out. Ah, good times.
- 2. Sudokube, £3.49, BoysStuff.co.uk**
Bored of your Rubik's Cube already? Then it's time to move on to this new puzzle: rather than having to get all the same colours on each side, here you have to get all 1 to 9 on each side, just like you do in Sudoku. Even though it's essentially the other way round as Rubik's Cube, it's not as easy as you think...
- 3. USB Cup Warmer With Mug, £2.99, Gadgetshop.com**
Cold tea is no good on a cold winter day, so this cheap peripheral should be a necessity for those who haven't bothered paying for central heating. I got one of these last Christmas, but the warm winter in Hong Kong made me think I wouldn't need it here. Fail.
- 4. Magic 8 Ball, £5.95, firebox.com**
At some point in life you will come across many tough questions, such as "Should I dump that rich loser?", "If I ask the postgraduate out, will I be rejected?" and "Is it OK to feed the cat some cheeseburgers?". Fear not, as the Magic 8 Ball is here to help. Don't let the shiny plastic fool you - I've tested one before and it was quite accurate.
- 5. Maggie Nut Cracker, £9.99, iwantoneofthose.com**
Nuts are good for your brain (and so is the magazine, in my opinion), so while you're munching away in front of a pile of revision, let the former British Prime Minister motivate you at the same time. Do check out the amusing demo video on the website.
- 6. Powerball, from £7.99, Play.com**
Here's another one for the ball-lovers: the gyroscopic exercise tool strengthens your arm muscles and fingers by exerting centripetal force, while you practise your wrist action. I strongly recommend getting the £14.99 model which has an LCD speedometer - everyone will be wanting to take up the RPM challenge at parties, and it also provides great visual entertainment.
- 7. Toastabag, £5.99 (for pack of 2), Lakeland.co.uk**
As dumb as it may sound, this baby does work fantastically! Here's the list of food that you can cook with one in a toaster: toasted sandwiches (obviously), non-soggy egggy bread, scrambled egg, burgers, fish fingers, omelettes, salmon fillets, etc. And the best thing is cleaning is just as easy as using the reusable bags!
- 8. Dippy Egg Set, £7.95, firebox.com**
I smiled when I saw this kit, as earlier this evening my flatmate, Guto, was preparing Egggy Soldiers for supper (I know). The set comes with a cute microwave egg boiler (which also has a pin to prick the raw egg shell) and a handy soldier cutter, just the perfect combination for a quick, lazy meal. You should add this to your Christmas list!
- 9. Glowrings, £5.45, RVOps.co.uk**
These mini glowsticks contain the radioactive tritium (don't worry, unlike radium it's completely safe and housed in a very tough case) that will continuously glow brightly for ten years, very useful for marking your camping kit and keyrings, as well as luring fish when you're out night-fishing.
- 10. SanDisk Ultra II 2GB SD Plus USB Card, £7.49, Play.com**
I must thank my flatmate, Jon, for this suggestion: if you have a digital compact camera, chances are you are using an SD card. Annoyed with the camera's USB cable or external card reader (stupid MacBook...)? Now you can just plug this odd memory card straight into the USB port!

Weekend Timewasters



TotallyRadShow.com

This is a quality weekly podcast reviewing the latest movies, comics, video games and TV shows.



Samorost

Check out this weird yet beautifully-designed point-and-click game: <http://amanita-design.net/>



Zero Punctuation

Watch video game reviews done with minimal breathing and hilarious animation: <http://is.gd/rNO>



Last.fm

Listen to music for free on this online jukebox, as well as finding out what other artists you may like.



Is your club cooler than the cat that got the cream? Write to us.

clubsandsocs.felix@imperial.ac.uk

DramSoc: 'Tis the season for a Panto

Tosin Ajayi tells *felix* about DramSoc's latest production – Robin Hood, the Pantomime:



These crazy kids are practicing their sword fighting; you should practice yours too if you go and see their performance – it's a Pantomime so that means audience participation

A brief look over previous DramSoc productions reveals some impressive and ambitious fare: Christopher Hampton's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, Brian Friel's *Translations*, even outdoor Shakespeare Performances of *Much Ado about Nothing* and the magical *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

All these have shown a Drama troupe with taste, class and theatrical nous. So you'd be forgiven for asking, upon seeing the poster for our latest offering: *Robin Hood: A Pantomime*, 'Why the hell are you staging a pantomime!?!?' I'm the producer, and I was asking that very question when we decided to.

However, after reading the script, getting a cast together and working on some of the craziest technical challenges we've had recently, it all began to make some sort of surreal sense.

Robin Hood is a story so worn over you could tell it in your sleep. A hero of English folklore, he has a band of merry men, robs from the rich to feed the poor, splits an arrow in half at a tournament, and is a thorn in the flesh of a corrupt monarch, Prince John, who has taken rule of the country while his Brother King Richard is away. Also, most of the tales of his heroism centre around conflicts with the Sheriff of Nottingham, and he invariably gets the lovely Maid Marian, who has no choice

but to swoon in his Manly arms.

Er... yeah, our story is a bit different: you'll recognize some things: we have a *Robin Hood*, a little John, a Maid Marian, a *Wilhelmina Scarlet* (yep, you read right) and a gaggle of Merry Persons. We've got robbing from the rich to give to the union of disgruntled workers, we've got Maid Marian seducing Robin into stealing so she can rob him and head for a life of freedom in Paris. What we've got is whole lot of fun.

As the director says, this presents a totally different type of acting challenge to what we've had in the recent past. And the peculiar performance requirements of a pantomime proved fun for the actors to get their teeth round. One thing we can guarantee, that as the audience, you will be participating.

On the technical side, with a scene change seemingly every 5 mins, we've had to be inventive, especially when designing one scene that has 4 visible rooms on stage at the same time, with characters switching between different rooms. Theatre is a hard mistress indeed.

In the end, as always, the final product proves to be worth all the sweat. The cast of freshers, first timers and older hands really have come together – as you can see from the picture above – to produce a great atmosphere on stage and off. We all had tremendous fun, and come next week we know you will too.

felix asks Kristen Farebrother: Who are DramSoc?

What do DramSoc do?

DramSoc usually put on around 4 plays a year, two in the first term and one in each of the remaining two terms.

We have recently also started putting on smaller productions in the second term, tied to the acting workshops that are run in the union every week from 2 pm to 5. Anyone can show up for a trial workshop.

Aside from the regular workshops, we also provide a number of one-off workshops, aiming to develop skills in anything from stage fighting or improvising to how to direct or produce a play.

Members also get opportunities to design, build and 'dress' (i.e. paint) the sets, or to help out with hair and makeup, lighting, sound or stage management for the plays for the more technically minded.

If that isn't enough, DramSoc are also regularly contracted to provide lighting, sound or other technical support for a variety of events in and around the union and college (both for clubs and societies and for external organizations hosting events in college).

Are most people experienced before they join DramSoc?

We get a mixture of experienced people and those new to theatre. There's something for everyone; people with less experience quickly learn from those who have been involved for longer. Passing skills on is an important part of the society, and we believe that the best way to learn is to do, so everyone is given the opportunity to be involved as early on as possible.

How are plays chosen?

DramSoc holds a play proposals meeting on a Tuesday (advertised on our mailing list). Two weeks later, the committee hold a play choosing meeting to review all the proposals made and decide upon the one we feel will be the best for the society to put on.

How do people get involved with DramSoc?

DramSoc have a long tradition of meeting in the union bar every Tuesday evening from around 7:30. This is a great way to get to know the past and present members of the society – even those who have graduated still come back every week (and are often roped into helping with the shows).

DramSoc's production of *Robin Hood* is showing in the Union Concert Hall from Wednesday 3rd to Saturday 6th December at 7pm. Tickets are £7 or £5 with a student card.

Director of *Robin Hood*, Kristen Farebrother talks to Tosin Ajayi about DramSoc's latest production

Why a pantomime?

Recently, DramSoc has put on shows with a variety of styles; ranging from Shakespearean classics to the artistic *Arcadia*. These, of course, can be a lot of fun for actors and audiences alike.

With this play, however, I was aiming for something more like Terry Pratchett's *Mort* – specifically, to have a large cast and for the focus of the play to provide light entertainment as opposed to the more serious drama of the recent past. Given that *Mort* was two years ago now, I felt that it was high time to head in that direction again.

Another consequence has been getting a lot of new actors involved with the society, which has been very good for us. And hey, it's Christmas. What better than a pantomime?

How did you come up with the idea to do *Robin Hood*?

I visited the girl who wrote the play – a good friend of mine – in Canada over the summer, and she was kind enough to show me a recording of the first production of the show. I fell in love with it then and there, and made her agree to allow us to stage the first UK production of it.

Knowing the playwright has had the secondary benefit that I've had a good deal more freedom to change bits of the script here and there, which I hope will translate to the show being that bit more alive for the audience.

This is the second play you've directed this term. Are you the only person allowed to direct DramSoc plays?

Ah, no, not at all. On the contrary, as the Acting Director I'm only supposed to step in and direct plays when no one else can be found to do so. Unfortunately, a lot of the long-term actors left the society all at once at the end of last year, meaning that the number of proposals was fewer than we might have liked. As a result, here I am directing my second of the two plays for this term.

There's a rumour flying round that this production of *Robin Hood* has no arrows in it. Explain yourself.

I think I'll just leave my answer to this: this isn't *Robin Hood* as you've ever seen it before.

So can we expect anything different from what Wikipedia tells us about *Robin Hood*, then?

Hell yes.

Why should we come to see it?

Because it's going to be a great show! The comedy in the show is witty and intelligent without being difficult, and the cast has thoroughly enjoyed rehearsing the show, which in my experience usually translates to the audience enjoying it.

Pantomimes usually involve audience participation. Is this any exception?

The audience is important to the show, certainly! There's plenty for them to get their teeth into – though you're going to have to come along to find out exactly what...

Isn't that risky? What if the audience doesn't interact?

At a pantomime? Please.

How did you start in DramSoc?

My first play was *Mort*. Basically, I just went along to an audition and got handed one of the lead roles... and DramSoc hasn't let go since. So, in a way, *Robin Hood* is a bit like revisiting my start in the society. Ah, memories... I hope it's the start of a good thing for all the new people in my cast, and for all of the people in the audience who've never been to one of our shows.

So round it up for us?

The show's going to be accessible, contemporary, entertaining and relevant. Come see it!



PASS volunteer to make a difference

Varun Sharma writes about the PASS summer trip to China

Traditionally summer brings with it a long, well deserved break from academics, schedules and the relentless campaign, that is, student life at Imperial. For most, it also brings opportunities. Opportunities for work, opportunities for leisure and sometimes even opportunities for service to the underprivileged.

Such an opportunity this year was presented in the form of two journeys into the worlds of those who desperately need, but seldom receive. The journeys I refer to were the summer volunteering trips offered by Imperial PASS, officially the Imperial College Political Awareness and Social Service society.

During the months of July and September this year, two teams of volunteers associated with PASS and a non-profit organization Po Yin Association originating in Hong Kong, set off with the desire to make a difference to the lives of those who have little. To bring them happiness, if only for a short while, but ultimately, to return hope to those who had none.

The first team ventured out to a village in the North-Western part of the Guangdong province in China on a 6 day visit, while the second team departed for a village in the neighbouring Guangxi province, for the duration of 12 days.

With the regions incorporating some of the poorest settlements in the country, the volunteers attempted to enlighten lives of underprivileged children, by imparting basic knowledge of the English language, at selected village schools in the respective regions. Using unconventional methods to "teach through enjoyment", the hope was to ease the children from the grim reality of their world, if only for a few hours, and allow them to rediscover their childhood.

Over the course the two trips, the volunteers immersed themselves in the same atmosphere of poverty stricken existence which



clouded the prospects of each one of these children. Through a series of home visits the volunteers tried to share the weight of the adverse living conditions the children were subjected to and the adult responsibility which they were required to carry from such an early age. In an attempt to mildly ease their struggle the teams donated what they could to their households in the form of essential supplies.

The volunteering team visiting Guangdong concluded their experience at their village school by setting up a scholarship fund for the academically able while also providing monetary donations to the school for the improvement of facilities.

The teams also proceeded to visit historical and cultural points of interest. In Guangdong the volunteers visited the aptly named "underground galaxy"; a series of subterranean geological structures created through natural geographic processes over hundreds of years.

They were also able to witness a cultural performance by the locals in the host county of Liannan Yao. While those present in Guangxi were privileged enough to be present during the mid-autumn (Moon cake) festival celebrations which take place throughout China in the month of September.

Upon leaving China the volunteers unanimously agreed that they were taking with them, a special experience which would allow them to view life with a new perspective.

PASS has organized and will be organising a host of fund raising events to finance their future humanitarian projects. As part of the fund raising initiative a "Charity Show" is being hosted in the Read Lecture theatre on the 9th of December, further details about PASS and their events can be found by contacting their President, Jason Lin, at hing.lin07@imperial.ac.uk.



Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



felix wins everything

Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

This week has been exciting, hasn't it? S.H.A.G week has been a huge success, with Captain Condom (yours truly) dishing out many S.H.A.G. bags full of condoms and TLC lubricant. It was my birthday on Monday, messy times to say the least. Best of all, *felix* won student newspaper of the year! That's right, we are mega awesome. This time when I say it though, it is a undisputed fact. Sorry I am most definitely being arrogant. However I don't think I am being too unjust when I behave this way. I truly love *felix*, and like Kadhim Shubber's past comment piece, I thoroughly enjoy working with arguably the most creative and diverse people who attend Imperial College. Admittedly the student awards were for last year's collection of *felix* (well done Tom Roberts), but we have the potential and talent to make this year even better.

It really does amaze me how well a student newspaper can do, especially when you consider that all the contributors and editors are students them-

selves. They don't get paid, they don't get any benefits now that I mention it. They do get the satisfaction that their hard work in the field of journalism is read by the vast majority of the Imperial College populace. This includes not only the students, but staff as well. For me though, it is all about the small close-knit community formed by the *felix* team. The guys down in the office are all good friends, we all work together, drink together and even just waste about together doing nothing constructive. Kadhim hit it home with his love for *felix*, and I'm taking this opportunity to mirror his feelings. There is a lot of love in *felix* (not the sexual kind thank you... well maybe) and there is a lot more to give. I hope that anyone reading this will think to themselves "maybe I don't have to be the most intelligent or sporty person to be part of something grand and successful?" If you're one of those people, get a hold of us and join our team. We are constantly looking for contributors, editors, comment pieces, photos or anything else.

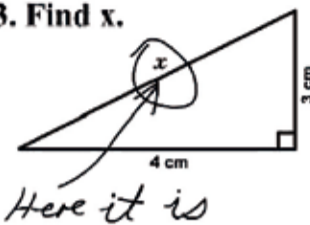
Stuff IC Students Like!?! :)

9. Maths:

A controversial one here this week, but come on – we're at Imperial. Deep down inside we all have a fondness for Maths. It's not a full blown marriage, just a small crush, similar to the one you had on your French teacher

at school. Unless she was ugly. Or old. Or a man. Or all of them. However if you actually do Maths the question has to be why? Ever met a normal mathematician? Nope, me neither: they're all nutjobs in desperate need of help and reintroduction to society. It's not easy to do that much Maths and stay normal. It's just not.

3. Find x.



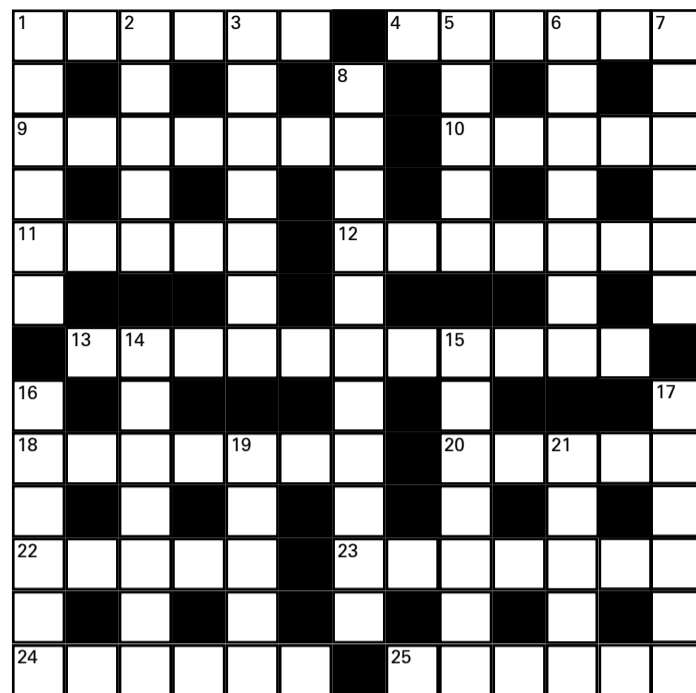
Drink with me, I'm Snaky B and this week I'm dressed as Jack Dee

HAHA I bet you did not recognise me in my clever disguise?! I will put you simple people out of your misery. If you look very closely, under that drab Jack Daniels exterior it is still your beloved Snaky B. You see, I bet that made you breathe a sigh of relief. Panic is over, stop reaching for that comforting fag – your favourite Snaky B has not disappeared, I am merely disguising myself to hide from those pesky spies. They are everywhere, I tell you. Everywhere. They lurk on the dark street corners, under the benches and in projectors of lecture theatres. They have even sunk so low

that they have infiltrated your sanctum sanctorum – the Union. They come disguised as students sporting floor-length black (fake) leather coats and sour expressions, casually they strike up conversations with unsuspecting students. Do not be deceived, for despite their ordinary appearance, they are in fact passing information over to the other side. They are going to get me unless I remain in hiding. If you see me wondering the corridors of the college, please address me only as Mr. Jack D. I fear not for my own safety but for the safety of our country. Nobody is safe while they are on the loose.



A Quickie (Crossword) 1,417



ACROSS

- 1 Insult (6)
- 4 Pests (6)
- 9 Bright pink (7)
- 10 German painter (5)
- 11 Rice dish (5)
- 12 Eternal happiness (7)
- 13 *felix* section (11)
- 18 Birthplace of the cravat (7)
- 20 Annual horse race (5)
- 22 Mature (5)
- 23 Live together (7)
- 24 Prove one's worth (6)
- 25 One of three comics (6)

DOWN

- 1 Reduce tension (6)
- 2 Epicentre (5)
- 3 Solidly-built dog (7)
- 5 Wise member of the community (5)
- 6 Sicilian wine (7)
- 7 Like everyone else (6)
- 8 Regular servicing (11)
- 14 Florid (7)
- 15 Substance used in chemical reaction (7)
- 16 Choux pastry with sweet filling (6)
- 17 Three-dimensional work of art (6)
- 19 Pre-nominal word (5)
- 21 Twill fabric used to make trousers (5)

Hokays. So we fucked up. Again. The more astute ones amongst you may have noticed that the clue for 9 across may have been missing. I did this as I didn't want **Top of the Table** to win. They did. Now I'm pissed. Next week I am going to print an invisible Quickie and lets see if you can still do it then. I think not. I may have also fucked up on clue 16 across... that was supposed to be 'portion' not 'portion'. However the upside is that I don't give a shit!

Solution 1,416

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W H I M S I C A L L Y
E A M P E
M A R K U P P M
R E R E O
S T A B O B L O N G
E V L
S H E L V E A N O N
A I M T N
B R I E E L I X I R
S V N O O
T H R E A T E N I N G

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Horoscopes, the bread and butter of society

Gordon Ramsay likes to say 'fuck off'. We like to say 'fuck off' to helpful Horoscopes. So we did



Aquarius

Ahh dear sweet Aquarius, how welcoming is it to see your face? About as welcoming as Jade

Goody's shit in a jacuzzi, i.e. not very. Want to know why? I have to waste my time ranting on twelve separate subjects just for you to tell me that you don't like you Horoscope. Well I have news for you. I don't give a runny poo.



Taurus

I don't care. If you are a Taurean you can fuck off. I'm not even going to get into an argument with you as it's like

kicking a cripple- it's just not right. You have an IQ that is only slightly above that of room temperature butter. I suggest you pop down to the ELC and get a Postman Pat singalong tape. Don't try and put it in the CD player.



Leo

I would like to complain about King's College Hockey Club's rampage last week in Hammersmith.

This is precisely why Imperial chose to leave the University of London – it's students like these that we just can't be associated with. If I was in charge over there at King's I would bounce those fuckers right out of BUCS.



Scorpio

To all you aspiring investment bankers: it's not happening, give up. The token jobs have dried up too, so don't waste

your time. It could be worse. You could have a Siamese twin brother. He could be gay. And you might only have one arsehole... Or have no mates at Christmas. Or be a Sagittarius. Or all of the above.



Pisces

This week you make some really cool new friends that you really look up to. These dudes like to kick inflated pigs

bladders round. Obviously not when throwing glasses at houseboats, smashing up numerous pubs or chanting "you're a cunt". I would like to point out, with the upmost respect that no mate, you're the cunt.



Gemini

In the famous words of Phil Collins "you're no son of mine." Good. I don't want to be your son. In fact there is a

rather long list of people I would rather have as my father before you, that list even includes Elton John and David Furnish... together... they will be rather embarrassing. However Mugabe does not quite make it. No. That'd be silly.



Virgo

So you are a Virgo. Good for you. No really, that's it. No swearing, no abuse, no nothing. Virgoanites rock.

All the dudes are Virgoanites, look: Steve McQueen, Nelson Mandela and H from Steps are all Virgoanites and they're literally too cool for school. In fact I'm off to find a pretty Virgoanite, I suggest you do too.



Sagittarius

You're a medic. If you haven't realised that yet, you're in for a rude awakening. There are people waiting at every

street corner, eager to send you to hospital. There, the doctor has a black eye from walking around Hammersmith. You spend your life having nightmares about a Rainbow, a leprechaun and the pot of gold you'll never find.



Aries

It's going to be a fucking shite week for you. You will get a hockey ball in the face leaving you with stitches,

fuck up all your finances as you forgot to cash a £625 cheque from two months ago making you go over your agreed overdraft limit. The bank will then screw in charges and then steal your anal virginity too... for shits and giggles.



Cancer

Who else has their homepage set to *live*? No? Ah well... that wouldn't be because it's a small insignificant forum

that JUST FUCKS THINGS UP? Well done for unnecessarily printing the name of the Hockey Club in your "scoop" debate question? Oh and well done for pointing out the truth later? Or was it relying on *felix* to clean up your mess?...



Libra

This week you cook dinner for your boyfriend. He sits playing Warhammer (fail) in the bedroom while you forget the

basics of cooking in the kitchen. Somehow you survive the meal (and a night with a boyfriend who plays Warhammer) and finish your *felix* column. You are later found chopped up in Beit. See! Horoscopes aren't 'half-arsed'.



Capricorn

This week is S.H.A.G. week. However you slightly misinterpret the meaning of the week and think

it's SHAG week... like a big week of 15 hour marathons that leave your penis so sore that you are beginning to think that you may have accidentally slipped it into the George Foreman when cooking sausages. Pint?

Photoshop Competition -8



This week's winner. No One!



Next week's RAW image for you to go wild. See www.felixonline.co.uk



Congratulations to this week's winner, No one. That's right, no one entered. Why? I tell you why. With all the epic fails that've been happening recently, we were unable to upload the high resolution photo to our website. We

are very sorry, hopefully it won't happen again. Keep up the good work, and please enter next week. With the amount of failure from last week it'd be nice to see a few good entries.

This week's image is of Jovan Nedic. Again. He looks pretty drunk. How else do you explain Karaoke? More importantly how tall is this guy on the left? Freaking huge!!! Ah well I hope you have fun this week.

The high res picture can be found online. Click on Coffee Break in the sections tab. Email your entry to coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk with your team name and .PSD file and you'll be entered into the FUCWIT league.

FUCWIT League Table

Shotgun	58 Points
Möchten sie mein Mannschaft?	56 Points
Giramondo	19 Points
Hringur Gretarsson	16 Points
Team Rubbish	17 Points
Team Turner Gobels	12 Points
Yu-Xi Chau	10 Points
Jonathan Phillips	10 Points
Barbie's Castle	8 Points

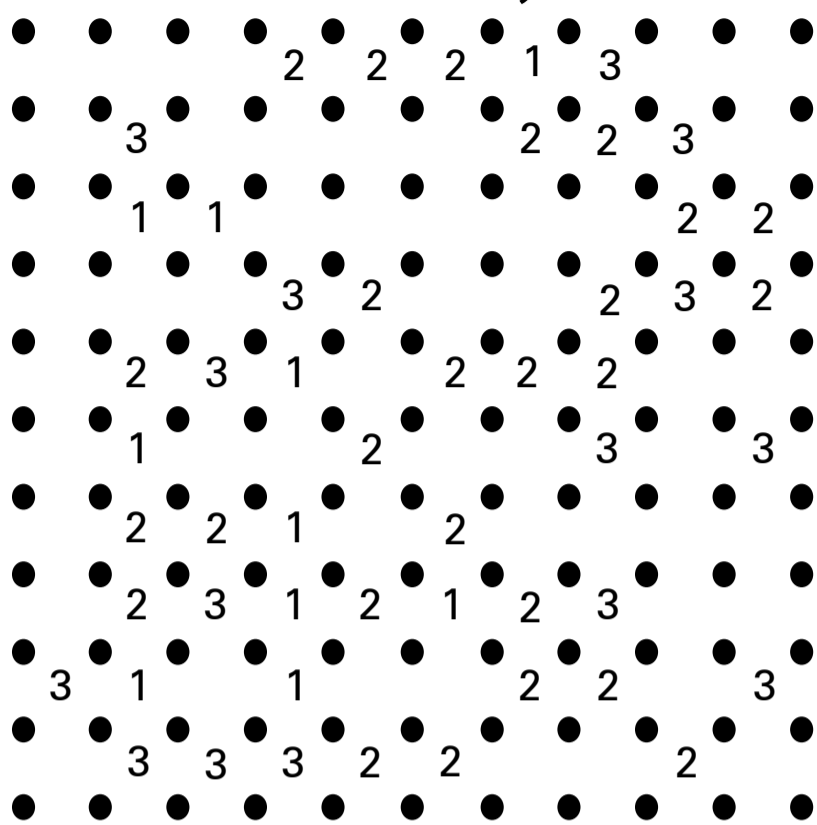
Sorry for the lack of blurb here guys. There has been some team transfers, some re-branding and some total silence from teams. Top of the Table have joined forces with Martin 08' so that they have a cryptic crossword member and are now known as Shotgun. Mochten sie mein Mannschaft are close behind them, eager to take the top spot away from them. A quick note, teams will only get three prizes, i.e. you can only have three members per team. This is just to stop everyone joining forces.

5 points for the first correct answers for Slitherlink, Wordoku, Photohop Competition and Quick Crossword. 4 points for second, 3 points for third, 2 points for fourth and 1 point for fifth.

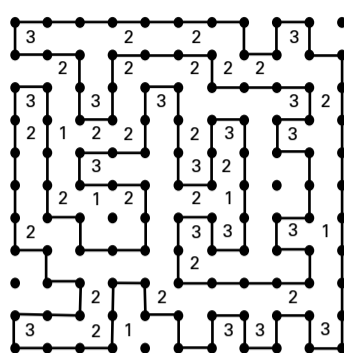
Double points will be awarded for correct cryptic crossword answers, because it's über hard.

Simple! Now then FUCWITs, send in your answers to felix@imperial.ac.uk or sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Go!

Slitherlink 1,417



1,416 Solution



Top of the Table won again. Will some of you get off your arses and complete this shitty Slitherlink, then send the fucker in. I don't mean to be grumpy, but I am so that's how it comes across.

How to play:

It's quite simple, all numbers are in a cell and must be surrounded with a corresponding number lines. Lines cannot split and there can only be one continuous line. Any cells with no numbers can have any number of lines. Look at the solution above for help.

Wordoku 1,417

	T		Y		C		
Y		F		U	M		
			M			F	Y
U	C					A	
F	A				U		T
	M				Y		C
N	F		O				
		Y	A		T		O
		T		M		Y	



1,416 Solution

N	A	I	T	O	F	E	R	C
O	C	F	E	N	R	T	I	A
R	T	E	A	C	I	O	F	N
T	R	N	F	A	O	C	E	I
I	F	O	C	R	E	N	A	T
A	E	C	I	T	N	F	O	R
F	O	R	N	I	C	A	T	E
C	I	T	O	E	A	R	N	F
E	N	A	R	F	T	I	C	O

Wordoku is identical to Sudoku; we've just replaced numbers with letters. Complete the puzzle and then send the whole grid to **sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk**. You will not get credit for just the word alone. It's not an anagram.

Yer yer yer. **Top of the Table** and top of my pissed off list won by finding the rather mature word 'FORNICATE'. Trust me it'll be back to the usual childish rude words this week but I ran out of inspiration. Like I have now. Seriously I'm fucking grumpy.

Freshly Squeezed!

Jumper Watch. A MechEng-er has been seen wearing the same grey zip-up hoodie for literally weeks now. We know you own another jumper since your foray into risqué navy last week, but you just couldn't say goodbye to good ol' grey. At least give it a wash.

Bear Alert. Two lovely ladies have already fallen prey to our resident grizzly's charms this week. Having started to roam farther than the borders of his well-trodden Polish territory, the Bear has now taken on higher aspirations. Earlier this week he was found advancing on Greece to sweep a red-booted beauty off her feet and become King. Our fickle ursine friend then set his sights on the RCC "secretary"... perhaps those knitted condoms will come in useful after all!

Timber Ho! What is it about that humble wardrobe staple, the lumberjack shirt, that encourages such nauseating self-confidence? Rugby's Karaoke Cocktails provided one flannel-clad songstress with the

perfect opportunity to belt out an obviously well-rehearsed number. This casts a shadow on the good natured karaoke philosophy. Just don't do it. Another barn dance attendee decided to show off her Michael Jackson "here's one I prepared earlier" moves on Wednesday... not very sporting.

Wedding Bells. Having declared their love for one another on the gospel of truth that is Facebook only a matter of minutes into their first date, it is no surprise that the smitten MechEng refresher and saucy bisexual medic are taking things to the next level. This weekend he's meeting her parents to discuss marriage, dogs and the football team's worth of children they are planning to produce. And it hasn't been two weeks yet. Let's hope he doesn't let her paint his nails again...

Bye-bye to men falling off motorbikes. We know no one replied to your caption competition and that the Editor pulled it as a result. The embarrassment must be unbearable.

This week's texts:

"Yov, ure spelng is ATROSIOUS. Nounne can tacke Felics seriously if u cant evin be boverd to spel propley. Wat ar u, a studint nusepapur or somfing?"

"I think that article about the football club was a bit fishy. I mean, their 'captain' isn't even wearing a club tie on that picture."

"WTF? RCS Hockey? Who gives a shit? Hockey's a girl's sport and last time I checked, transvestites aren't females."

"Charlie my ACC vice chairy, I love you. Will you marry me? YOU BETTER SAY YES... if you fancy keeping your other eye."

07726 799 424

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

Tamara asks: Does Magners Irish Cider have a sell-by date?



Lineker met her on blind date.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good degree must be in want of a date. Having spoken to many of you around campus, I have found several lost souls confused about the idea of blind dating. I've decided to dedicate this week's column to this weird and wonderful phenomenon. In this time of desperation some of you will be resorting to desperate and some may think controversial techniques. By being set up with a stranger by your friends, or even worse - an ex, does it make you as brave as Rambo or is it just reckless? Of course admitting to this particular habit can sometimes feel like social (Part of Speech: adjective. Definition: Of, characterized by, or inclined to living together in communities. Synonyms: gregarious) suicide. All stigmas aside, the reasons this topic will get most people hot under the collar are:
1. Fear of being stood up - just imagine: you have already bought the cinema tickets/drinks and as you look around,

you find yourself surrounded by knowing smiles and pitying glances.
2. Mystery date being a munter.
3. Mystery date does not fall madly in love with at first sight. Bloody rude. In my opinion, agreeing to a blind date is not as desperate as Cosmo would have us believe. There are some among you for whom a weekly drunken shag and winking up squinting in horror at the right side of the pillow is sufficient and the whole hog of Burger King and a trip to Fulham Broadway cinema beforehand is superfluous to requirements. Blind dating is not for you. For the rest of you, however, it really is rather practical. Your friends are probably just sick of your moping about in need of a good shag, spending your time reading Jane Austen novels or playing on your racing computer games and they do have your best interests at heart. Sadly, blind dating, just like dinosaurs in their day and like Tamagochis, are set to become a thing of the past. In the modern era when you are just a hop and skip away from 'facebook-

ing' the candidate before your friends even have time to describe his wonderful sense of humour which completely detracts from the huge nose and acne. There are, of course, some serious advantages to this mild (in most cases) form of stalking, for example, discovering that you have actually met this person before and already know that you do not find the idea of another lengthy discussion of how medicine is only true profession which will take him straight on to the Fast Track to Heaven in the slightest appealing. On the contrary, it would be a shame to be put off by a photo of him sporting fish net tights, a bra stolen from a girl he secretly wishes he could play hanky-panky with and a blonde synthetic wig. Maybe not. Perhaps, for a more open-minded and authentic dating experience it's better to dive in with minimal details: no phone number, surname or maybe even description. Gender, I should think, is still crucial. "Would you like to come up for some coffee/to see my collection of WW2 stamps?" Sex after a blind date is sim-

ply not what one does. Is it? In our liberal and democratic (as opposed to liberal democratic) society is there an issue of having some harmless fun without a series of doorway kisses for several weeks in a row? With S.H.A.G. week here, surely all of you are now armed with the means to have fun without the consequences resulting in alien discharges. Health and safety aside, you can do whatever you want, just be prepared for a week of mockery from aforementioned friends. You know you'd do the same for them. Most importantly, don't forget to thank those friends (or that pesky ex who just can't seem to let you get on with your own life) when the blind date they so thoughtfully arranged for you results in a night of passion or even just an evening with a person who does not stimulate your gag reflex upon setting eyes on them. Gratitude is very important. As is revenge in the event that they set you up with a loser.

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

Rugby 2nds outperform Portsmouth

Rugby	ARUP
Imperial Men's 2nd XV	41
Portsmouth Men 3rd XV	13

Scott Greening

From the kick-off, Portsmouth made a series of off-loads out of the tackle to rumble well into our half. At the break-down, Imperial gave away the first of a series of stupid penalties, and the resulting kick to touch from the opposition fly-half immediately had us defending on our try-line. Again at the break-down from the lineout Imperial gave away another needless penalty, and Portsmouth caught us napping with a quick tap and go, resulting in their big No.8 crashing over the line. They converted, putting us 7-0 behind after just a matter of minutes. The next 5 minutes proceeded with little incident. Imperial clearly had an ascendancy in the forwards, possibly due to Niall informing his opposite man that he did, in fact, have AIDS. However we failed to produce any sort of continuity, due to a combination of sloppy hands and needless penalties. Then, with Imperial looking a little flat, Scott provided the spark needed to get the team going. With Portsmouth clearly wanting to mark Sasha the Basha at 13, coupled with the prop-like nature of the opposition 12, a gap emerged in the 12-13 channel. Scott darted through with a big hand off to the slow inside centre's chest, then stepped through the fullback's weak tackle to score Imperial's first try. The conversion levelled the scores to 7-7. Portsmouth soon began to reveal their game-plan. Their only big talent of note was the boot of their fly-half. More needless penalties had Portsmouth gaining territory for fun. Indeed, half-way through the first half, from a ruck just inside our 22, the ball was passed back to their 10 who slotted a drop-goal through the posts to put Portsmouth back in the lead. It was at this point that Imperial started to come to life. Our ascend-



Sasha 'the Basha' is forever alert to capitalise on the mistake from the Portsmouth flanker.

ency in the forwards continued, with Chillli and debutant Chris McGeough stealing opposition line-out ball at will, and the scrum always going forward, stealing ball against the head on numerous occasions. We were stringing phases together and made yards with ease. For the first time this season we

used the mutes and munsters to great effect, with stand-in captain Malcolm so often sucking in the Portsmouth defence with his hard running. It was from a breakdown about 10m from the opposition try-line that we scored our second try. More strong play from the forwards enabled scrum-half Dave to sniff down the blind-side and touch-down in the corner. Scott then made the conversion look easy to add the extras. The score remained the same until half-time, Imperial leading 10-14. Thus far the game had not been the easy game that many had anticipated, and there were some strong words from Malcolm and Andy MacFadge. We started the second half keen to show why we were a league above our opposition. Imperial started the second half in the same way the first half ended. The phases were all coming together and the backs were playing with confidence, skill and most importantly, penetration. The forwards continued to provide the quick-ball the backs needed to make deep inroads into the tiring Portsmouth team. Angus and debutant Miles rucked tirelessly and always got to the breakdown first. Despite the constant pressure, it took another ten minutes for the score to come. A quick switch of direction by Scott sent the centres driving towards the line in midfield. From the ruck, more quick ball enabled Jack Goring to show his fly-half skills, and start a sequence of quick hands through the back line, finishing with Louis diving over the line for his first IC try. Imperial led 10-19. Portsmouth struck back straight away, somehow breaching our defense to get into the 22. The ref stopped play at this point because Niall was cry-

ing. "He bit me ref, he bit me". The ref looked at Niall, unsure of what to think. Niall pointed at the opposition: "It was that one ref, he bit me". A chuckle or two later, and play resumed. Imperial gave away another silly penalty, which the opposition fly-half easily converted to bring the score back to 13-19. A bit of quick-thinking saw Scott sprint to the half-way line and smack a drop kick over the recovering opposition, immediately putting Portsmouth under pressure with a lineout in their own 22. IC again stole the lineout, enabling Sasha to crash the ball up. The ball was shipped wide to Benjamin, who true to his French flair, sold a dummy before driving over the try-line despite the best efforts of three tacklers. 13-24. Now Portsmouth were knackered, and it was simply a matter of time as to how many points Imperial could clock. A scrum in our own half was picked up by Fresher Dave at number 8, who sprinted blindsided with deceptive speed to take us up towards the opposition 22. From the resulting ruck, the ball was popped to Fresher Rob (who had just come on for Louie) who decided the time was right to score a disgustingly good try. Rob collected the ball from scrum-half Dave, and grubbered the ball towards the try-line. Rob then outpaced his opposite man, fly-hacked the ball over the try-line, collected the ball and dived over the line. A simply ridiculous try. 13-29. Imperial collected the kick-off and immediately set-up a backs move up the pitch. A big shout from Mo inside Scott opened a massive hole through which Scott duly penetrated. Despite the double tackle from the opposition, Scott was able to off-load with a sublime one-handed backhand pop

to Benjamin who carved through the opposition. From the following breakdown, the ball was shipped wide to Rob Thomson who sprinted 50m to touch the ball down over the line. Despite being clean through, Rob continued the habit of the Imperial team, who had clearly decided Scott needed to practice his kicking from out wide. All bar two tries during the game, every try was scored on the touchline. Despite missing his previous three attempts, Scott learnt his lesson and expertly converted from the left touchline to make the score 13-36. With only a few minutes left on the clock, Imperial still had time for more. Mo collected a kick over the top from Portsmouth. The on-rushing tackler received a ridiculous hand-off / open-palmed punch to the face from Mo, who then drove Imperial forward with strength. The backs again set-off a move which tore Portsmouth to shreds, bringing us into their 22. A few forward rumbles later, Scott found himself with the ball just in front of the try-line. Some quick feet opened space for Scott to play scrum-half Dave in for his second try of the game, wide on the right touchline. The extras were missed, and the game came to close after an emphatic (in the end) victory, with the final score reading 13-41 to Imperial. Kingston 1st XV await in the next round for what will prove a much tougher test. The trip home was fantastic. A team-wide game of Edward Ciderhands emptied all commuters out of our carriage and enabled some prime team-bonding time. An all round great day, which saw Imperial 2nd XV notch their third victory on the bounce. Bring on Kent next week!



'Reach for the stars'. The song Chillli was certainly thinking of here.

There is snow business like row business

Christina Duffy

Snow flakes cascaded down on the Shogun's windshield en route to the aptly named 2008 'Marlow Fours and Pairs Head'. Except that it wasn't in Marlow, it wasn't really a head race and scullers were also competing. ICBC had seven crews racing; two from the women's squad and five from the men's squad, all in coxed or coxless fours. Due to threats of flooding the head race was moved to Dorney lake and the usual 5 km head course was run in lanes less

than 2 km long. The serenity of the outside snow suddenly became less attractive when crews had to alight their vehicles and were disgusted when the realisation suddenly hit that what appeared like fluffy white snow was actually a cold grey slush that stuck to your face and dribbled down your neck. Pre-race coffee could not be found and the caffeine-free crew had to race for time only since they were the single entry in the W.S3 4- category. The women's coxed entry of Louise Hart, Ro Smith, Selina Graham and Chloe

Symmonds with cox Larissa Matley won the WS3.4+ in a time of 8:01.96. Two seconds was the losing margin for both men's crews in the first division of racing. Fireman Sam Henry Fieldman coxed John Dick, Dom Meyrick-Cole, Tom Arnott and Will Todd in the S2.4+ category. They came second to Balliol College BC who finished in 7:10.4. Following the testosterone-filled performance seat 3 Meyrick-Cole was beside himself with excitement: 'I didn't know until after the race that I was racing with the same Will Todd

that won Henley and Pair's Head. He's such a man! The other men's crew of Matt Lunt, Mike Zammit, Chris Pollock and Rob Tod coxed by Connie Pidoux were defeated by Nephthys who came home in 7:25.97. In the afternoon's division three men's crews were racing. In the senior three coxless fours (S3.4-) ICBC had two entries who finished in first and second place. The winning crew were composed of Alex Gillies, Richard Winchester, Adam Seward and Andy Gordon who clocked a time of 6:19.34.

10 seconds later were Tom Bell, Brook McLaughlin, Iain Palmer and Josh Yerrill taking the runner-up position. The final win of the day went to Kieran Docherty, Leo Carrington, John Davey and Adam Mayall in the S3.4+ coxed by Connie Pidoux. Their closest rivals were Exeter university: 13 seconds slower than the IC crew who won in 6:35.23. Seat 3 Leo Carrington was dubious at the initial crew selection: 'With a volatile Scotsman at stroke I was expecting some mid-race shouting, but it wasn't to be!'



Winning S3.4 - crew Alex Gillies, Richard Winchester, Adam Seward and Andy Gordon. The song 'row row row your boat...' certainly doesn't fit the occasion. Maybe next time

Table Tennis	
UCL Men's 1st	3
Imperial Men's 1st	14

Michael Sathyendran

The starting line up was unchanged, with the exception of debutant Jeff Jia, who joined Eddie, Darius and Yan. Eddie got us off to a flying start with a stunning 3-0 victory over the UCL number 1. Darius did just about enough to win his first 3 matches.

The intensity of the match was such that Christian felt he needed to take a 1 minute time out (perfectly legal, but quite rare at our level of table tennis) after a bloody good point from Darius. Although the game had little bearing on the outcome of the overall result, it was the one which you could see Darius really wanted to win, and he did just that by taking it in the decider.

Eddie, meanwhile, was going about his business in typically economical fashion, steamrolling through his opponents. Jeff was having a very impressive first appearance, winning 3-1 and 3-0 respectively against the UCL 1 and 2. It was thus quite surprising that he lost against their number 3, but entirely forgivable. He did end the evening on a high by taking his final game in straight sets. And Yan, described as our "consistency man" by Darius, was stayed true to form with 3 wins from 4. UCL had a little consolation in taking the doubles but this was a good night for Imperial, and a much needed one.

Fixtures & Results

in association with *Sports Partnership*

<p>Saturday 22nd November</p> <p>Football Men's 1s ULU 1-2 RUMS 1s ULU Men's 2s ULU 0-4 St Barts 1 ULU Men's 3s ULU 1-9 King's Medicals 2s ULU Men's 4s ULU 1-3 Royal Holloway 4s ULU Men's 6s ULU 2-2 Royal Holloway 6s ULU</p> <p>Sunday 23rd November</p> <p>Football Women's 1s ULU 16-0 RUMS 2s ULU</p> <p>Monday 24th November</p> <p>Netball Women's 1s ULU 24-34 King's Medicals 1s ULU</p> <p>Squash Women's 1s ULU 1-4 LSE 1s ULU</p> <p>Volleyball Mixed 1s ULU vs St George's 1s ULU</p> <p>Waterpolo Mixed 1st ULU 7-10 UCL 1st ULU</p> <p>Wednesday 26th November</p> <p>Badminton Women's 1st 2-6 University of Hertfordshire 1st</p> <p>Fencing Men's 1st 124-101 King's College London 1st</p> <p>Football Men's 1st 0-0 LSE 1st Men's 2nd 1-6 King's College London 1st Men's 3rd 1-4 Uni of the Arts 3rd Men's 4s ULU vs UCL 5s ULU Men's 5s ULU vs UCL 6s ULU Women's 1st 1-2 Royal Holloway 1st Men's 4s ULU 0-2 RUMS 2s ULU</p>	<p>Men's 5s ULU 2-3 Royal Holloway 4s ULU</p> <p>Hockey Men's 1st 6-1 University of Hertfordshire 1st Men's 2nd 3-0 Canterbury Christ Church Uni 2nd Men's 3rd 3-1 University of Sussex 2nd Women's 1st 2-4 University of Portsmouth 1st Women's 2nd 2-0 Buckinghamshire New Uni 1st</p> <p>Lacrosse Women's 1st 8-2 King's College London 1st</p> <p>Netball Women's 1st 14-38 UCL 1st</p> <p>Rugby Men's 2nd 5-37 University of Kent 1st Men's 4th 0-24 Buckinghamshire New Uni 2nd</p> <p>Squash Mixed 1st 0-4 University of Sussex 1st</p> <p>Table Tennis Men's 1st 11-6 LSE 1st</p> <p>Tennis Men's 1st 7-3 Roehampton University 1st Women's 1st 4-6 University of Brighton 1st</p> <p>Saturday 29th November</p> <p>Football Men's 1s ULU vs Queen Mary 1s ULU Men's 2s ULU vs RUMS 1s ULU Men's 3s ULU vsn Royal Holloway 3s ULU Men's 2nd 1-6 King's College London 1st Men's 3rd 1-4 Uni of the Arts 3rd Men's 4s ULU vs UCL 5s ULU Men's 5s ULU vs UCL 6s ULU Men's 6s ULU vs King's Medicals 5s ULU Men's 7s ULU vs Goldsmiths 3s ULU</p>	<p>Men's 2nd vs Queen Mary 1st Men's 3rd vs University of Reading 4th Women's 1st vs University of Reading 1st Women's 2nd vs University of Portsmouth 2nd</p> <p>Lacrosse Men's 1st vs University of Hertfordshire 1st Women's 1st vs Royal Holloway 1st</p> <p>Netball Women's 1st vs University of Hertfordshire 1st Women's 2nd vs Imperial College 3rd</p> <p>Rugby Men's 1st vs UWE Bristol 1st Men's 2nd vs Middlesex University 1st Men's 3rd vs Kingston University 2nd Men's 4th vs St Mary's University 3rd</p> <p>Squash Men's 1st vs UCL 1st Men's 2nd vs University of Hertfordshire 1st Women's 1st vs University of Reading 1st</p> <p>Table Tennis Women's 1st vs LSE 1st</p> <p>Tennis Women's 1st vs LSE 1st Men's 2nd vs Roehampton University 1st</p> <p>Volleyball Men's 1st vs University of Reading 1st Women's 2nd vs King's College 1st</p> <p>Football Men's 1st vs Brunel University 3rd Men's 2nd vs University of Greenwich 3rd Men's 3rd vs Roehampton University 3rd Women's 1st vs Roehampton University 1st Men's 4s ULU vs LSE 5s ULU</p> <p>Hockey Men's 1st vs University of Essex 1st</p>
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The debate continues... Tim Hartford-Cross says no to super-clubs

The smaller clubs offer not only a good social side but also a side that means experienced players and newcomers can play along side one another without the attitude of "I play 1st XI hockey ... I just happen to be good enough to be there!" which generally makes a newcomer think 'what an absolute twat who has his own ego firmly shoved up his own backside' and apprehensive about trying new sports. I should state my position at this juncture, having played for both IC and RSM. While playing for the RSM we had members of many other clubs and societies such as football, OTC and running give it a go, whereas IC has extremely rigid team boundaries where players within the club didn't even move between teams - god forbid newcomers try it out. I'm an Engineer and I play RSM

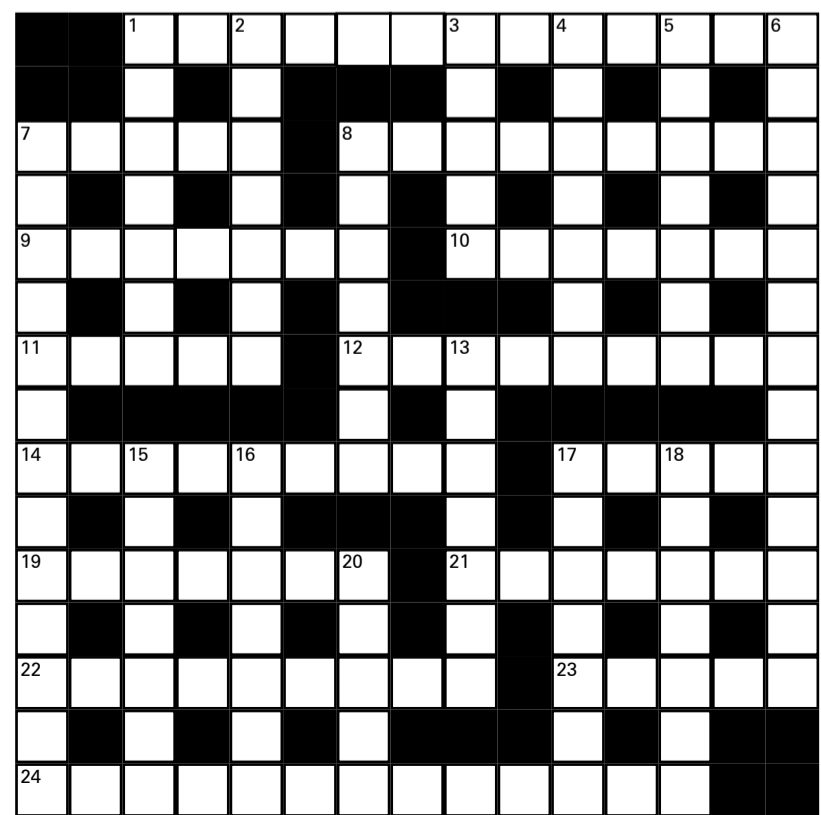
hockey, so the faculty clubs are not solely for faculty members and give the opportunity for people with Imperial-sized timetables the chance to try a sport without a huge commitment. The smaller clubs generally play sport on alternative days to the IC clubs that play BUSA leagues, and sticking to what I know RSM hockey play regular Sunday mixed hockey matches whereas IC hockey play regular men's and women's Wednesday matches with the odd mixed hockey matches. This means a lower time commitment in the smaller clubs, and the ability to play another sport as well. One member of the RSM hockey team plays regularly on Sundays but also fences on Wednesdays for IC Fencing Club, that opportunity wouldn't be available to him if he were to join IC hockey. The smaller clubs generally enjoy a longer history and older tradi-

tions, dating back to when the medical schools and Constituent Colleges (RCS, CGCU, and RSM) were separate entities. It seems that the sports editors agree with the previous Rector's attitude in turning IC into a corporate warehouse and scrapping any sort of historical significance from the College. It seems that the larger IC clubs would happily hand in their old crests for some lovely blue shaded arial font branding. Medics need their own clubs mainly because of their crazy timetables which means they can fit training and social side around schedules packed with clinical and academic work. It also means they can conveniently have socials in the Reynolds around which they all live, and play at Chiswick instead of having to hike to Harlington. History, tradition and medic pride aside, it is no coincidence that every university in the country has separate medics sports teams. The reputations of the clubs vary in a way that attracts different types of people. I know, for instance, that the attitudes within IC Football Club attract people from joining. Seven teams are not big enough to enable all those who come to trials (usually enough for at least nine teams!). This is not a bad thing but having an alternative for people who want to play occasionally and socially seems like a good all-inclusive attitude that the union should have, after all we are stakeholders in the union so we should all be able to get involved if we want to. As for the money, union funding corresponds to the numbers of members and the number of leagues they are part of etc. so why should some people benefit from union funding and others not. It seems a little elitist, after all it's a students union not a sporting prowess union. The IC teams are overflowing this year as are the smaller clubs teams leading to the question which bench would the RSM players get to watch the IC games from, 'cause they sure as hell aren't getting more than stoppage time on the pitch.



Imperial College player representing RSM in the 2008 Bottle Match

Crossword No. 1,416



ACROSS

- Consumes bread, gets flab, is shocked (13)
- Milne has Roo and Owl name the first Jewish priest (5)
- Mr A's thing: flexing muscle (9)
- Ticked off (7)
- Franco Sinatra, no longer a 'rat', heads off ceremony (7)
- Fervent belief I am God returned (5)
- Central part of funeral march starts off a term wasted at my old university (4,5)
- Burnt sienna desk without its first, natural condition (9)
- Climbs with suckers, gets to hear part of big echo (5)
- Possession, for a period in public school, brings joy (7)
- A prize made to lose functionality (7)
- Wearing a bit thin, Over. I hear you sing (9)
- Quick silver I let go almost to completion (5)
- Start-up corporation (13)

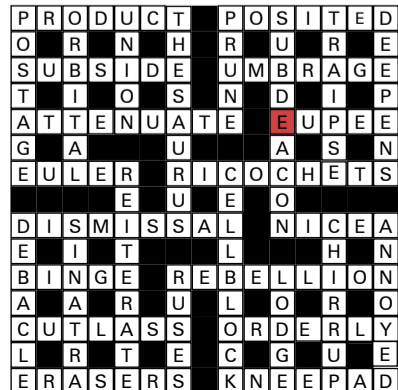
DOWN

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

- English stadium hosts furtive start to marathon (7)
- Loss of memory affects men in Asia (7)
- Ancient Roman writes up early Sumerian text (5)
- Roman orator initially means the opposite (7)
- Inside marquee, cast out pitchfork (7)
- Old photograph contains red-eye atop rug arrangement (13)
- Clumsy deacon crept in, highly confused (8-5)
- Add water to make dry heat easier to deal with (7)
- Wild horse tugs man around (7)
- The most eager get two points in skeet, somehow (7)
- Avant-gardist urban development beings out worry (7)
- After George I, royal robes use a replacement for imaginary material (7)
- Rebuild icy port of a Mediterranean island (7)
- Specific piece not found in literary genre (3-2)

Sincerest apologies for last week's mistaken letter. The more astute among you will have realized that neither Eup- nor Subdracon are commonly-used words. Top marks to **Jonathan Phillips** for his correct solution. Hopefully, all should be well this week. I also cordially invite you to attempt the quick crossword in the Coffee Break section. Have a good week.

Enoch





IC Gaelic smash Cambridge



You will have to ask the ICUGFC players to find the ball. After you have succeeded, try and digest the intricacies of the scorecard. Hint Imperial convincingly beat their Oxbridge rivals



Debate nears its end

Jack Cornish & Mustapher Botchway
Sports Editors

We managed to create quite a spark by introducing the notion of 'superclubs'. Valid points have been made although in my mind there is definitely no place for any more. But wait, RCS hockey now exists!

Anyway, moving onto good news. The league table exists in full, there are six pages of sport and Wednesday was the biggest day of sport for Imperial ever! A huge number of fixtures were played, and Harlington was buzzing. Having interviewed Dan Neville this week, we can sense the Varsity rivalry and atmosphere is slowly, but surely starting to intensify.

In response to Tim's opinion on the 'superclubs' debate we would not like to keep dispelling the sometimes spurious claims, thus we will bring it to a close, barring one last response from us.

For both football and hockey there is movement between the teams. A no-

table example is with the football ULU cup winning side of 2006. 4 players of that side had come through the ranks starting in the 5th team. So to say there is rigid movement is quite debatable.

What we are trying to get as is that these faculty teams do not need their own society. They can easily be a significant part of their constituent club. If you say that you play for RSM hockey so you can have a casual game on a Sunday then why don't you join the hockey club and organise casual hockey sessions on a Sunday. With the size of these teams, you could experience improvements in the logistics of travelling to a hockey pitch.

In addition, having a faculty team where non-faculty players play is ridiculous. This reinforces the view that these teams should be part of their constituent clubs.

On a separate note, best of luck for next weeks games and we hope you enjoy your Christmas dinners/socials in the next few weeks.

Gaelic Football

Imperial Men's 1st	3-09
Cambridge Men's 1st	1-01

Andrew Lavery

Following two spirited yet unsuccessful displays against Bedford and Oxford earlier in the season the IC Gaelic Football took the trip to Cambridge this Sunday. Resting on their laurels may have had Cambridge the bookies favourite, but it was also to be their undoing as they were clearly unprepared for the blitzkrieg football that was in store for them.

The late withdrawal of Finian McCann from the team due to injury was cause for concern leaving Andrew Lavery to step into the overly large shoes in the midfield role with Sean 'U-turn' Cleary replacing Noel Ryan in defence, alongside Jamie Sanders - the baby face of the team fast creating a niche for himself in corner back. Though the pair were rarely tested, IC's full back line never looked liked conceding.

The game started sharply with IC gaining possession at the throw in. With an air of arrogance befitting the Oxbridge type, Cambridge looked lacksidical in both attack and defence, and were soon stunned by IC's flamboyance and flair, snatching a goal and a point in the early exchanges.

Conor Taylor, who dominated the half forward line, supplied Frank O'Neill, in this the first of many well taken chances by the Naomh Bríd pair. Claiming a brace of points IC went 1-03 up to no score when Cambridge made their best effort of the half, still only resulting in a 45', which admittedly, was struck clean over the bar in a great display of kicking from the ground by the Cambridge number 9.

Imperial duly replied with the best score of the day. Winning possession in the half back area, Lavery combined well with Taylor, their swift passing on the right wing, running riot through the Cambridge defence. Midfielder Edward O'Hare was soon in on the act as IC continued to cleave through any resistance offered. With the trio completing at least 10 passes full forward O'Neill got himself in the right place and was given the ball with expectations of nothing less than a goal which he delivered; a full force drop kick from three yards into the back of the net. The half played out in much the same vein, with Cambridge attacks never even breaching the half back line of Donnacha Kirk, Pat McMullen and notably Club Sec Phil Jakeman, acquitting himself like he'd been playing GAA all his life - despite the headband making him look like Rafael Nadal a sappy fagel.

Ardent words from Lavery at half time left the team in no doubt of what we were about to achieve. A new club, in its first season, with only 30 minutes

separating us from a historic victory, not least over the prematch favourites and rivals Cambridge, meant IC retook the field with all the same verve and spirit of the first half. With the truly weak second half display against Oxford still echoing in our minds, the intervening weeks fitness training was evident as IC showed no signs of fatigue and continued to add scores. James Skeen, on loan from ICUAFC's 4th XI, managed to keep a clean sheet but for the horrific 'header' in the second half. On several occasions John McDonnell showed poise in retaining possession under pressure and was rewarded with a score of his own late on. Notching up some well taken points with fine shooting from play, Damian Phelan earned himself man of the match, quickly rescinded however when he elected not to head to the pub. 'Forgotten soldier', Stephen Gallagher of course got himself involved with a goal in the dying minutes from close range. Claims that he was only feeding of the scraps of other forwards were left unchallenged as Gallagher himself was unavailable for comment / not asked at the time of writing.

All in all a very successful trip was had to Cambridge with generous post match hospitality from our hosts. ICUGFC have got their first win under their belt and look set for many more successes to come in this season and the next. Next match vs. St. Mary's College this Sunday. Training continues Wednesday 1330 in Hyde Park.