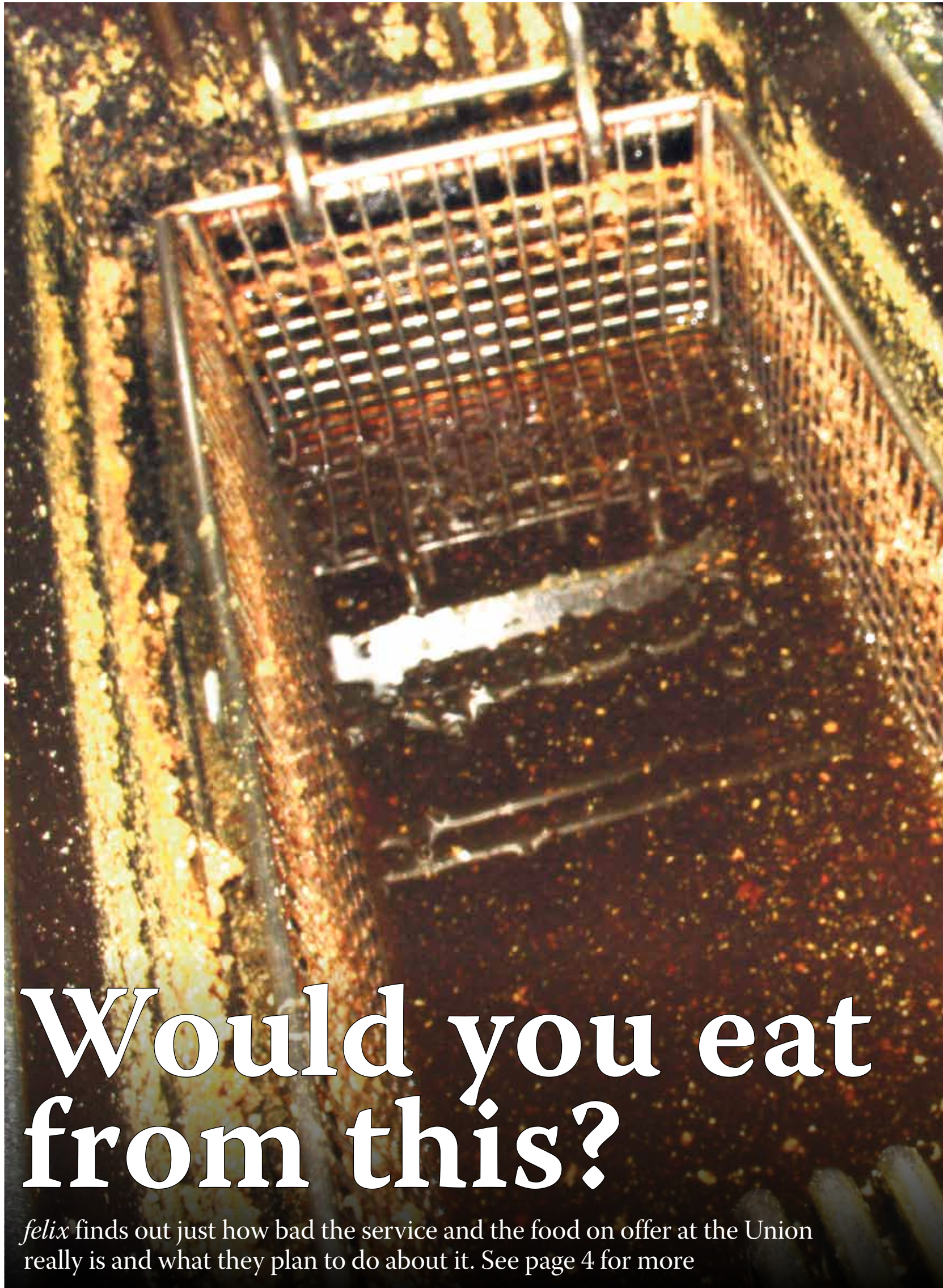


# felix

The student 'news'paper of  
Imperial College London

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year  
2006, 2008

Issue 1,433  
Friday 22 May 2009  
felixonline.co.uk



## Would you eat from this?

*felix* finds out just how bad the service and the food on offer at the Union really is and what they plan to do about it. See page 4 for more

### Inside

#### Travel - Morocco Part 2



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#### News/Hangman - Imperial loses Fairtrade status



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# IC loses Fairtrade status

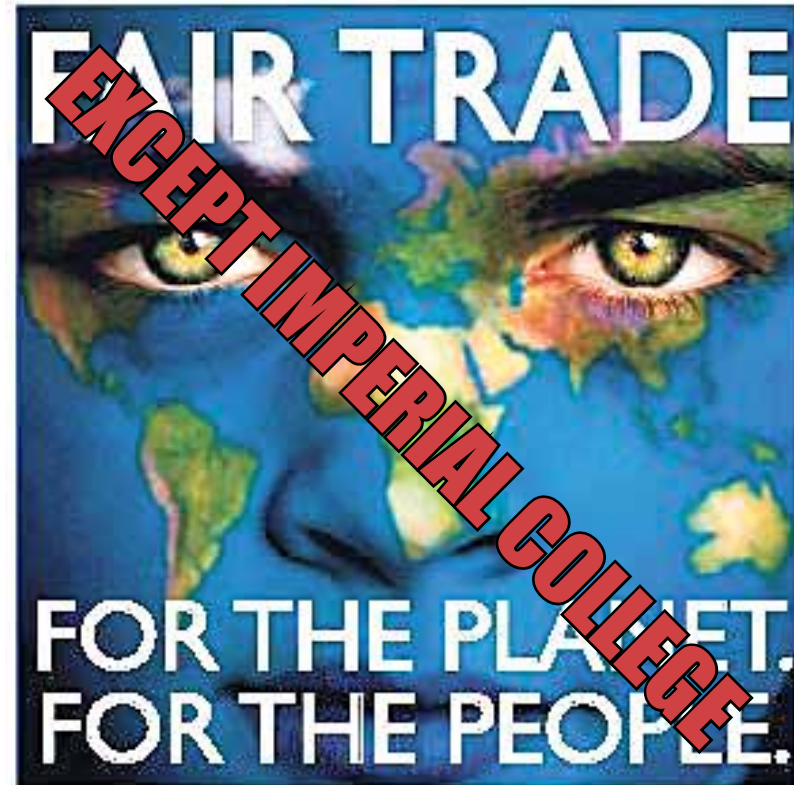
Luke Dhanoa  
Business Editor

Imperial College lost its Fairtrade status last week because of a failure to meet the requirements set out by the Fairtrade Foundation. The Foundation contacted Imperial College in February pointing out that Imperial had yet to meet two of the five requirements to qualify for Fairtrade status, namely a commitment to campaign for increased Fairtrade consumption (in the form of trade justice campaigns and a Fairtrade Fortnight) and the formation of a "steering" committee. Since then Imperial College has met the campaign requirements and has held a successful Fairtrade Fortnight but a functional steering committee has yet to materialise.

The Fairtrade steering committee must have representatives from "the residential/catering organisation, the university authority, the SU executive [and] an appropriate SU society, each associated institution". Once this steering group has met at least twice, minutes must then be submitted to the Fairtrade Foundation to prove the committee's existence, although it is not explicitly clear which objectives this steering committee must meet or how frequently they must come together.

Failure of the formation of this committee has led to the Fairtrade Foundation contacting the commercial services department last week to inform then that Imperial College has been dropped from the list of Fairtrade universities. Commercial Services Assistant Director Jane Neary then contacted Deputy President of Education and Welfare Hannah Theodorou to notify the Union.

Without a formal steering committee no University can achieve Fairtrade status, regardless of any other possible actions. The fact that both College and the Union have Fairtrade policies, Fairtrade products are now more available



than ever in College and Union outlets, Fairtrade food is served at both College and Union meetings (including the wine served at the Chaplaincy services), that Imperial College has a Fairtrade Society are not enough to secure Fairtrade status. Indeed, even if every product that passed through the university from now on bore a Fairtrade label, Imperial would still not be a Fairtrade university. And the fact that the entities that need to be represented on the steering committee have coordinated in an informal capacity throughout the year is equally important.

Imperial College became the 65th UK University to be granted Fairtrade status in September 2007 due to the combined efforts of the Fairtrade Society, College and the Union Sabbaticals. Losing Fairtrade approval has had no immediate effect on the number of Fairtrade products available or sales but without the guidelines set out by the Foundation there is nothing to stop university outlets replacing Fairtrade products with more profitable, less ethical ones.

So far there has been no indication from either the Union or the College will do so, and *felix* has been told that all bodies involved are committed to regaining Fairtrade status. And considering the size of the problem and the time taken to process Fairtrade application forms IC could be a fairtrade institution within two months, but it is not likely that Fairtrade status will be granted again before next year.

# News in Brief

## Union Colours nominations open

Think there is someone that has done a lot for Imperial College Union this year? Is there someone who you think has done more than has really been asked of them over the past several years? Do you think that these people deserve some recognition for their hard work and dedication? Well here's your chance.

This year's ICU Colours nominations have opened, so if you think someone needs to be congratulated, go to imperialcollegeunion.org and download the nominations form. Applications must be submitted to colours@imperial.ac.uk and sent in by midnight on Tuesday 26th May.

Make someone feel appreciated. Nominate them for Colours.

## Battle of the Bands continues

Last week the contest to support Athlete at the Summer Ball hotted up as 3 more bands took to the stage in the second round of The Battle for the Ball.

Under City Lights, Jimmy And The Banned and Kensington Gore fought it out in a close competition which saw Jimmy And The Banned narrowly take 1st place in a nail-biting 2 to 1 split decision. The band changed the mood instantly with a sound that can only be described as proper, fully formed and well-executed ROCK (capitals intended).

The final, which is next Friday in dBs from 19:00, will see yesterdays winner join Jimmy and the Banned and Cosmo Jones to battle it out for the grand prize. Interested, come along to support your band!

## Follow felix on Twitter

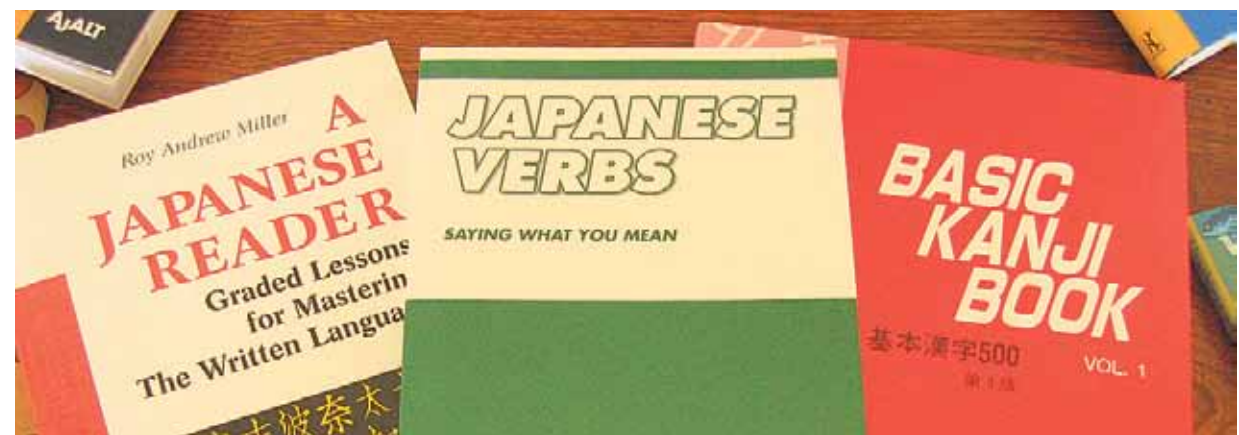
We're not sure why it has taken us this long, our Technology Editor is definitely not sure why it has taken us this long, but we are finally there. *felix* has joined the ranks of the millions of users who are using Twitter!

So, if you want to know what the team is up to in the office, whether it be a bit of spring cleaning, office rearrangement, Club Tropicana hour or the actual news stories that we are working on, then follow us at @feliximperial. We even spent five minutes coming up with a funky/head-ache inducing background!

If *felix* wasn't enough for you, *!science* has also got one, so you can follow them too on @!\_science\_mag.



# Humanities options severely limited from next year



Dan Wan  
Editor-in-Prowling

In a response to budget cuts in all departments and a strategic review of the College's humanities provision, Imperial College is planning to discontinue parts of the highly popular Undergraduate Humanities programme. This includes the total abolishment of some courses altogether.

*felix* has managed to get its paws on the Department of Humanities' latest Staff Consultation Paper, and understand that the proposals brought up in a Review of Humanities report by the Strategic Education Committee have passed the Senate, the highest officiating body within College.

The proposed cuts are outlined in the paper by the listing of potential teaching posts 'at risk of redundancy', before heading into a 30 day consultation period with staff to find their views on the proposals. College hope to bring in the cuts from October 2009, the next academic year, whilst October 2010 could see even further reductions in teaching personnel within the Department of Humanities.

These reductions under the review are said to be in-line with developing strategic goals of the College, which wish to see every student better educated in ethics and communication within science and their degree speciality.

The proposals to go ahead, from next year four non-language humanities courses will see daytime courses withdrawn from the selection Undergraduates can enrol in. Art in the Twentieth Century, Modern Literature and Drama Lecturer, Roman Empire, and Film Studies will cease to run, with the involved teaching staff to be redeployed within the Department.

Lunchtime language courses are often in high demand, but will also be heavily affected by the budget cuts.

Teaching hours will severely reduced across the board over the next two years.

Language courses for undergraduate courses typically consist of two or three hours of classes each week, running through the Autumn and Spring terms of the academic year. Imperial College currently offer eight language courses, typically tiered in level of ability. In a course such as French where full provision of differing ability-based classes, 2008, tiers are labelled for Beginners, Near Beginners, Intermediate, High Intermediate and Advanced.

From next year, there shall be no entry-level courses (i.e. level 1 or 2) in any language. This comes after criticisms that languages at these preliminary levels are not of the same academic worth as an alternative core module of that student's degree, especially in light of it being accredited towards a final degree honours. All languages will hence require GCSE or equivalent standard prior to commencement of the language course. Mandarin is the only course that escapes this new ruling, but is set for further review next year in view of similarly eliminating level 1 and 2 teaching. In more drastic budget cutting measures, Japanese, Arabic and Italian courses will be reduced to paying evening classes only, and hence will not be offered as a daytime credit course to undergraduates. The cuts to be made, are summarised in the table below.

Humanities courses are offered to undergraduates as credit or non-credit. As a credit course, Humanities can be worth up to the equivalent of a single degree module, and typically taken in the second or third year of the degree. Enthusiastic students can sacrifice their lunchtimes out of choice and take up any remaining places on humanities courses at the cost of £175

Evening classes are also available to students and staff of the College, with

enrolment costing 130 pounds for an academic year. There are no plans or proposals for evening classes to be cut at this stage.

Under the review of Humanities programme, there will be an equalisation of credit worth across all degree courses that require a humanities module to be taken. For example, under current structures, a humanities course for a student on a Biology degree is worth 0.45 course units. This is whilst for a Biochemistry undergraduate attending the same class and taking the same exams, the course is worth considerably less to their degree at 0.25 course units.

College advertise as their humanities programme to be 'an important contribution to [a student's] general education' by providing 'creative activity not amenable to the quantitative techniques of science and technology'. The importance of this in all-science university is something evident amongst the student population. One student involved in a credit language course this year responded to the proposed budget cuts negatively.

"I think it's sad that the cuts are being made, because learning new languages or about subjects such as Modern Literature is one of the most interesting things you can do at Imperial outside of your course."

Another student saw sense in the new Humanities programme structure.

"I've noticed that people in language courses are more fluent in that language than they initially let on. There's very little regulation of this, and it's not fair that it's so easy for them to pick up marks towards their degrees in this way. I think it is sensible for them to cutting the beginner levels."

Either way you see it, the decisions have seemingly been made upon the review of the Humanities programme. So, first years taking up humanities for their second year will see their options severely limited.

# The world beyond college walls



## Sri Lanka

On Monday May 18th, the war in Sri Lanka came to an end after 26 devastating years, as the leaders of the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam (LTTE) were found dead on the battlefield.



The body of Velupillai Prabhakaran, the vicious founder and leader of the LTTE, was found alongside those of his sons, his head of intelligence, and a number of other commanders. Without the 250,000 civilians the rebels had been using as a human shield, and surrounded by 25,000 governmental troops, the Tigers had little hope of succeeding, despite dispatching suicide bombers and starting fires.

The Liberation Tigers, a brutal organisation founded in 1972, wanted an independent Eelam, in Northern and Eastern Sri Lanka. At its peak, the LTTE controlled a quarter of the country, and the rebels weren't afraid to terrorist tactics, including the assassination of a former Indian prime minister. The UN estimates that 8000 civilians have died since January alone, and over 250,000 have been displaced. President Mahinda Rajapaksa now faces the difficult task of reuniting the country.

## Malawi

Voters cast their ballots for parliamentary and presidential elections on Tuesday in one of Africa's poorest, but fastest growing countries.

Malawi has seen economic growth averaging 7 percent in the past three years, and is expected to be the second fastest growing economy (after Qatar) this year. President Bingu wa Mutharika's strong economic record makes him a favourite among foreign investors, as he has secured billions of dollars in debt relief from developed nations. Malawi depends heavily on tobacco exports but is banking on a uranium mine which opened last month to diversify its economy.

Wa Mutharika's chances of victory could have increased further after the Constitutional Court upheld a decision to prevent former President Bakili Muluzi from contesting. Mr Muluzi stepped down in 2004 after a failed attempt to change the constitution to let him stand for a third term. Wa Mutharika stepped up to took office following an election marred by violence and accusations of rigging. Seven candidates, including one woman, are in the race

## Guatemala

A week ago, Rodrigo Rosenberg, a lawyer in Caracas was shot dead in the streets.



What he left behind was a video in which he said that should anything happen to him, it would be at the behest of the President Alvaro Colom.

Mr. Rosenberg said officials might want to kill him because he represented Khalil Musa, a businessman who was slain in March along with his daughter. The lawyer said Mr. Musa, who had been named to the board of the Rural Development Bank of Guatemala, was killed for refusing to get involved in illicit transactions at the bank.

Mr Colon denies any allegations. This week saw huge protests in the capital, Guatemala city, demanding the president's resignation. However supporters of Mr Colon, mostly rural poor who have benefitted from his social programs, staged equally impressive counter-protests. American FBI agents have landed in Guatemala this week to investigate the killing of Mr Rosenberg.

# felix 1,433

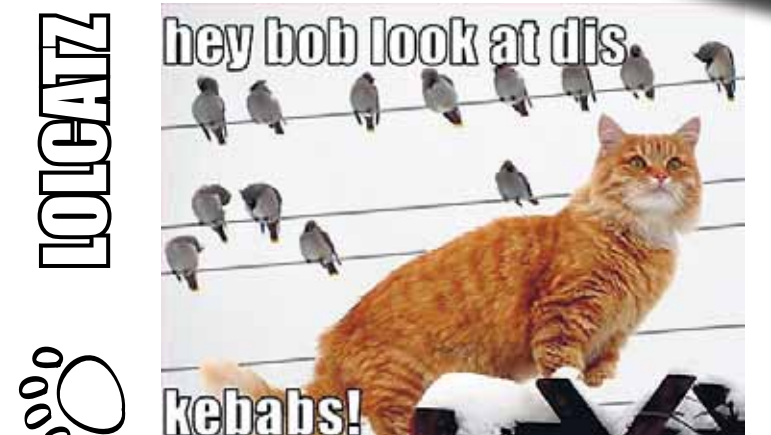
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OF THE WEEK

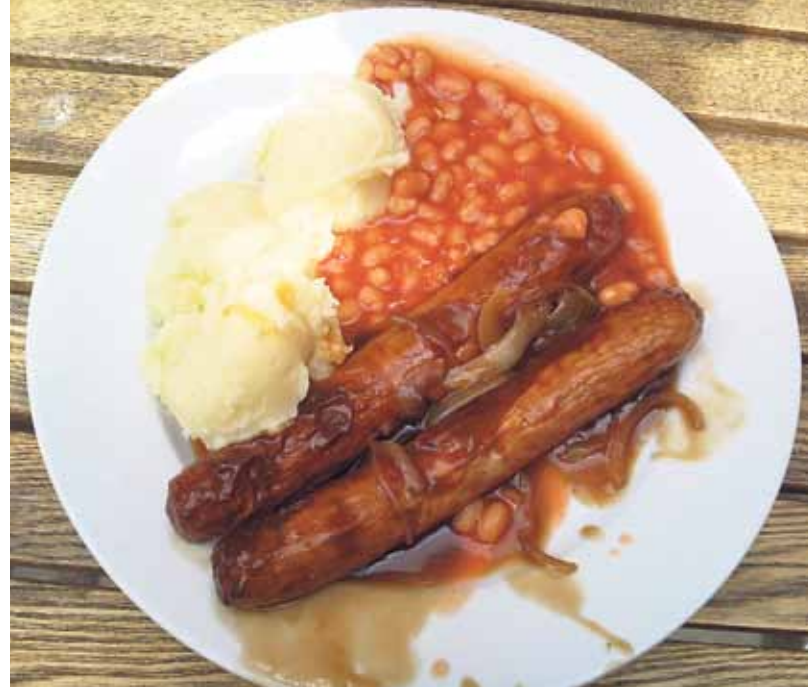
<p><b>CUT BY OCTOBER 2009</b></p> <p><b>ENTIRELY:</b></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Art in the 20th Century</li> <li>Modern Literature and Drama</li> <li>Roman Empire</li> <li>Film Studies</li> </ol>	<p><b>CUT BY OCTOBER 2010</b></p> <p><b>ALL LEVELS:</b></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Arabic</li> <li>Italian</li> <li>Japanese</li> <li>Russian</li> </ol>
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# Students give Union catering service nul points

## Student's dissatisfaction with the quality of the food on offer in the Union leads Editor-in-Chief, Jovan Nedić, to investigate the reasons

Rude. Arrogant. Lazy. Unenthusiastic. Plain Rubbish. These are just a few of the phrases used by the students of Imperial to describe the bar and catering services provided by Imperial College Union. In a recent survey of 184 students carried out by *felix*, it was found that 77% of students were unhappy with the quality of the service they were being provided with.



One of the many high quality dishes on offer in the Union

Imperial College Union has put in a lot of time and money into improving the range of goods that are on offer, with a major revamp of the bars and catering services done last summer. The result; a wider range of beers on offer as well as an energetic and all encompassing evening menu. They even paid to have the walls in both daVinci's and dB's redone in an attempt to revitalise the areas and move it away from, as one student described, a "hospital canteen". Even though they may have achieved this, the quality of the goods that are produced are "only as good as the people who serve it", as one student put it.

In the survey, the students were asked to also point out what they thought was the main problem with each of the services. For the catering, the main problem was the inconsistent quality of the food that was provided on a daily basis; one student described the quality of the food as ranging from "plastic meat in stale bread to something that is actually edible". Asked to rate the quality of the food from one star to four stars (four stars being the highest), the students gave an average rating of two stars. Whilst the quality could be improved upon, the portions that were given out were considered to be quite good, getting an average rating of three stars. The price of the food on offer, however, was split with opinions from both sides, some thinking that the prices were good for the portion size, whilst other thought that the price was too much for the quality of the food.

Earlier this year, *felix* managed to get hold of photographs of the quality of some of the kitchen facilities in the Union. As can be seen by the picture on the front page, the quality of one of the kitchens could only be described as a germ factory; however, the Union has claimed that that particular

kitchen has not been used for over a year and that their kitchens are kept to a very high standard. To verify this, *felix* decided to do a surprise visit to the kitchens in daVinci's, which are known to definitely be in use, and found out that they were surprisingly clean.

Despite the fact that the kitchens are actually extremely clean, the quality of the food that they produce still seems below par in the eyes of the students that they serve. Not only is the quality of the food inconsistent, but the survey also showed that 77% thought that the service offered by the staff was poor with such comments as "the staff always seem grumpy" and "very unhelpful". Even more worrying is what one student said. He told *felix* that "they never seem to know what is in the food which is a problem if you have food allergies, and if you do ask, they always seem to give you a snide comment!"

Some of the more rather entertaining outcomes from the survey included 80% of students thinking that they could cook better food than what the Union had to offer, but when asked why they still come here, their reasoning was obvious. "Home is too far from College" said one student. "The Union is convenient and it is the only alterna-

tive to College food" said another 3rd year mathematician. But what seemed to be the underlying point was that many of the students, just couldn't be "arsed" to cook food themselves.

Another interesting fact was that 71% of the students questioned, were under the assumption that the Union was making a profit on the lunch-time menu when *felix* can reveal that they in fact make a loss of about £40,000 a year. This could be partly due to paying £1.50 for a head of Iceberg lettuce or, the more likely option, due to the number of staff working the shift. All of the negative comments from the students were mainly focused around the lunch time staff and menu at the Union. In total contrast to the lunch results, the opinion of the evening menu was far better, with the only criticism being the inconsistency of the food, however, Mr Carter told *felix* that.

On the other hand, the bars have received a better review, with the main problem being the quality of the customer service provided by a minority of the staff. The problems highlighted by the students were minor, such as "not showing me how much I was being charged for on the card" and "not

serving a proper full pint". As already mentioned, the main problem that was outlined in the survey was the customer service; however, they all seemed to be targeted at a handful of the staff. The major criticism was that a few of the staff were "just too slow" to customers and that "the bar staff didn't really understand what I was ordering. How hard can it be to make a Gin and Tonic?".

In his manifesto last year, Deputy President (Finance & Services), Christian Carter, stressed the need to improve the standard of service at Imperial College Union. When presented with the results of this survey, Mr Carter told *felix* that

"We welcome the results of this survey as part of our continuing effort to engage our students and better understand their views on our services. Since taking office, catering has been one area I have worked with Union staff on to improve. The evening menu, as your survey shows, is well liked and received by our students. The process behind the change of our evening offer is something I've been working on this year to help bring to our lunchtime service."

"Currently we run our lunchtime service as a loss leader offset by other trading areas, the evening service isn't. We have proved that an evening service can be both profitable and well received by the students and I look forward to working with our staff and next years Sabbs to institute positive change. The third phase of our building redevelopment which focuses on our ground floor trading outlets, will allow us to reevaluate what our students require from their Union and we will be seeking further feedback on exactly what it is they want before this phase starts."

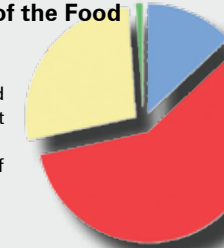
Every year, the candidates that take part in the Sabbatical elections comment on the quality of the service offered by both the bars and the catering service, however, many have yet to see any one of them fulfil their promise of change. Both Ashley Brown and Daniel Hill, who are President elect and Deputy President (Finance & Services) elect, have promised that they will improve the services, just as their predecessors have in the past. This reporter hopes that eventually, one of them will keep to their promise.

### What the students think!

Key  
★ - Blue  
★★ - Red  
★★★ - Yellow  
★★★★ - Green

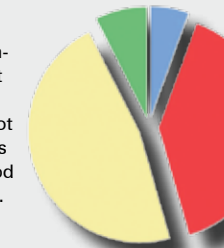
#### The Quality of the Food

It really depends what you order. Some of the food can be OK, whilst other times it's like having a beef slops and rice soup!



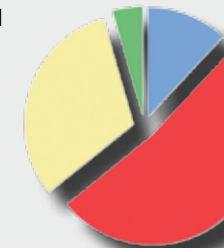
#### Portion Size

A resounding majority believe that you get a lot on your plate, but not all of the students think that it's good stuff on the plate.



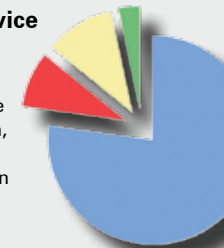
#### Price of Food

Split decision really. Those that thought the portion size was big thought and that the quality was OK, thought the price was fair. Those who thought the quality was poor, regardless of the portion size thought the price was too much. Can't please everyone I guess!



#### Catering Service

There's no denying it, the students think the service is rubbish, singling out one member of staff in particular.



#### Bar Service

The bar staff received better reviews, however, the main complaint was the slow service, especially on busy nights.



### ICU Catering

Food ★★☆☆  
Service ★☆☆☆  
Portion ★★★★★  
Value ★★☆☆

There are many other smaller café's around campus where you can get most of the College food, however, with the closure of the Main Dining Hall until next term, there is a severe shortage of locations where one can get a proper cooked lunches.

This is one area where the Union can now say they have the advantage, yet the survey clearly shows that the food and the service can be vastly improved. The real question is what is going to be done about it and will the eventual new design of the Union bring in an era of change and improvement to the services.



## A view from the other side of the bar

Kadhim Shubber  
Deputy Editor

It's a popular pastime of Imperial students to grumble about the quality of the bar-staff at the Union. As a member of that much pilloried section of Imperial society, allow me to address some of the concerns about the people that serve you drinks in daVincis.

Before I begin, lets make sure that we have all the facts in order. The staff are almost entirely made up of Imperial students, your peers, and most of the staff at present have been working for almost a year or more. Put simply, we're experienced and on top of this, the job isn't particularly difficult. It might be boring and tiring, certainly, but it's not difficult.

With that in mind, allow me to address two of the most common complaints.

#### 1. The staff are rude.

The bar-staff are students, your peers. In fact, most are 3rd or 4th year students, so excuse us if we don't call you 'Sir'. Also you may not have no-

ticed but you're quite annoying when drunk...

#### 2. The staff are slow.

The staff aren't slow. During busy events such as the Christmas Ball or Summer Ball, and during the exam season, we often have better things to do such as party or revise. The bar becomes understaffed and as a result the Union hires external 'agency staff' who have basically never worked in a bar before. The main consequence is that service is very slow.

In any case, I'd advise that the quality of service at the bar is perhaps not the most important issue in the world. And if your stuck in a particularly long queue, it's perfect conversation material with the cute girl waiting beside you.

Finally, if you've ever wondered why you've been passed over in the drinks queue, it's either because you're being an obnoxious boar or more simply, you were standing beside the barman's mate.



## Old, grumpy and bloody hungry

Charles Murdoch  
Food and Drink

So, we are all students here, and for the most part, our days revolve around sleep, work, beer, food and the occasion call to you mother to tell her that you are getting enough of the aforementioned quantities (well perhaps not the beer). Being students, and supposedly self-supportive, we all quickly learn to love Sainsbury's reduced section. I remember in my first year I would actually factor in the 22.55pm trip to ensure that I procured the best deals, and by deals I mean food that will be going off in an hour and five minutes. Yet still, for some obscure reason we will buy that pizza not because we like the topping, but because it has a whopping 45p off. That's a lot to a student, buy four, eat one, freeze the rest and use the spare cash to buy a pint. So when it comes to food we all know what we want- cheap, lots, and it'll be an added bonus if its doesn't resemble cardboard.

Understandably we get pissed when we do spend our hard lent cash on what can only be described as shit. And the source of this shit? The Union, look at our survey 77% of people think that the service is terrible. Once last year I brought a coffee, as you do. Yet this time, with the night before still raging in my head I managed to spill it all over the cashiers table, scalding my hand and losing half of my coffee in the process. What did I get for this? A free refill? No. A severe bollocking. I was the one losing out! I wanted to jump over the counter and nut him. But then I thought no, best not, my tummy hurts and I may vomit. And that nicely brings me onto my next subject.

I am yet to find a Student Union that has any Michelin stars, and fortunately

we don't yet offer Turkey Twizzlers, so I think Jamie Oliver will be mildly uninterested in cooking for us. Also, each one of us must admit to a trip to Burger King to demolish some reclaimed meat, or occasionally praying to the porcelain God in the sky because we can't handle our drink. We don't really treat our bodies in way our mothers would be proud. So why should the Union be forking out on expensive 100% beef burgers (that still taste shite) and passing the cost onto us? All we really want is hot, cheap and reasonable tasting food, preferably lots. I am infuriated when I buy my lunch and then have to go back to buy second lunch because I am still hungry. And no, I am not a chunky motherfucker, 5'11" and 11.5 stone actually. Nobody comes to the Union and expects 'seared Orkney scallops', but we do expect reasonable quality food at a reasonable price. Last Tuesday the salmon on offer looked so atrocious we wouldn't even stump up the £3.20 to buy it for photographic purposes. And to those people who did eat it I wish a full and speedy recovery.

Lastly the Union should be filled at lunchtime, it's our Union and should cater directly for us, but it's neither. Everyone flocks to the JCR where it appears that cheap, quality, filling food is available. However, each Monday of Freshers' week, the Union is thronged with Freshers' who know no better. After that, silent. If that isn't a big fucking red sign pointing out that what they are feeding us, and what we are being charged is shit then they all need their heads reading.

For good food, my best advice is to invest in a wool jumper, grow a beard and sneak into the SCR. You don't feel the staff want to assassinate you either.

# Student loan interest rates fall to 0% from September

Ashley Brown  
live.cgcu.net

Student loans taken out after 1998 will see their interest rate fall to 0% for the year from 1st September 2009, due to a decrease in the Retail Prices Index (RPI). However, the Government has used a "get-out" in the relevant legislation to avoid setting an interest rate of -0.4%, which would have seen loans pay themselves off.

The post-1998 rate has previously been set to the lowest of the base rate of major British banks or the RPI from the previous March, on a one year cycle starting in September.

For September 2009 this would have seen the rate set to -0.4%, the March 2009 RPI. It was widely expected that the Government would avoid setting an interest-paying rate, which they

have done by neglecting to set a rate at all. The effect of not setting a rate means loans will attract no interest, a rate of 0%.

Numbers aside, it means the Government has been happy to take money from students when the RPI was in its favour, but has avoided reducing the size of their loans now the tables have turned. Figures released this week show RPI falling even further, to -1.2%, meaning the deal is even worse than when originally announced.

Despite students losing out, the NUS President, Wes Streeting, welcomed the 0% rate, saying

"In the context of a recession, this is the best deal students and graduates could have expected. NUS will continue to monitor the rate of interest on student loans, and make sure the Government is aware of students'

concerns."

Until recently student loans had always adopted the RPI from the previous March, the rate changing every September to reflect this. This had a severe effect a couple of years ago, where the RPI doubled from 2.4% to 4.8% in the space of a year. When the Bank of England base rate dropped below the March 2008 RPI at the start of the year, the Student Loans Company dropped the rate month-on-month to reflect this.

A petition has been set up on the Number 10 website, calling for the Prime Minister to restore the link to RPI and set a -0.4% interest rate: <http://petitions.number10.gov.uk/Loansofstudents/>.

First reported on *Live!*  
live.cgcu.net

## Imperial Medical student on hunger strike at Tamil protests on Parliament Square

Thousands of protestors have gathered outside the Houses of Parliament, holding a vigil for the killed leader of the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam, including a student from our very own Medical School.

Several protestors have also taken to hunger strikes, including Karthika Shantha, a 21-year-old ICSM student. Commenting to the *Independent* about the small group of demonstrators who were arrested recently, Ms Shantha said:

"There were a small number of young men who were reacting violently to the police. We kept trying to tell them to stop it and stay peaceful. The police responded by pushing us and hitting us. I saw a couple of girls get hit on the chest."

After hearing that the Tamil Tiger leader Vellupillai Prabhakaran had been shot dead, thousands descended upon Parliament Square where they managed to blockade the roads. Amongst all the commotion, ten Tamil

demonstrators were arrested whilst twenty-one officers were injured.

In a powerful message over the scenes that are currently occurring in Sri Lanka, Ms Shantha went on to say that: "We will stay because we are not just here for the LTTE. We are here for the Tamil civilians. The war might have stopped but they are still dying everyday."

"Britain and the international community must make sure that Sri Lanka provides for the innocent civilians."

## And Finally: Cornish upset over inbred joke from RSM, again!

Jack Cornish  
Yep, he is Cornish

Every year since 1902 the Royal School of Mines and the Camborne School of Mines have fought for the mighty bottle that is currently placed behind the Union Bar after RSM were victorious in the latest rugby match hosted here in London. The final score was 14-10 and 'the bottle returned home'. The match has developed into a weekend's worth of activities including other sports and dinners with the accompanying rivalry. Jokes and banter, on the whole, remain harmless and are taken with good spirit but there have been instances in the past which have caused complaints. The obligatory annual t-shirt that accompanies the weekend often points fun at the Cornish and the pitch side banter towards the Camborne players is part of the cause, but some take it too much to heart. Or are they over reacting?

The most recent development in this saga is a facebook group named 'Graeme Hicks is and idiot, and CSM are still inbred' created by Richard Simons, who one can only assume meant '...an idiot...' in his inspiring title. For those that don't know, Graeme Hicks is Leader of Kerrier District Council and Member of the Cornish County Council and has previously complained about the RSM

hockey website which has the following introduction, "The Royal School of Mines Hockey Club follows in a long line of RSM sporting prowess but most of all its about fun, drinking and beating the pulp out of little Cornish inbreds who like to call themselves miners'. Personally, as a 'Cornish inbred' I do not find this particularly offensive and I will put all three hands in the air and say it does not bother me or my two headed sister. However this reporter does see his point, as did the Union. Stephen Brown, then ICU President, and Prof. Buckingham, the Pro-Rector of Imperial, both made a formal apology and tried to rescue RSM and more

importantly Imperial from any more embarrassment and damaging comments about the college.

However, the recent facebook group is unnecessary. Especially an 'open group' to which anyone can join...another instance of technically minded people without an ounce of common sense. Even our own ICU President-elect, Ashley Brown, is a member, when only last year Stephen Brown had been called to resign over the matter!

Not only do we have RSM's reputation under threat, but also the whole of Imperial College where we all work hard to get a good degree from a highly regarded university to then get a job.



The offending Facebook page in all its glory

## What are the alternatives?

### SCR

Food ★★★★★  
Service ★★★★★  
Portion ★★★★★  
Value ★★★★★

Well the main problem here is that a lot of you can't go. The SCR is only available to post-graduate students and members of staff, so unless you can get a PhD student or your professor to take you, you'll never know how good this place is!

### JCR

Food ★★★★★  
Service ★★★★★  
Portion ★★★★★  
Value ★★★★★

The JCR has a good selection of sandwiches as well as the odd hot snack, such as cheese and onion pasties, but nothing in the way of a hot meal. As for the service, a smile wouldn't kill, but at least they can be helpful and quick to serve you.

### Library Café

Food ★★★★★  
Service ★★★★★  
Portion ★★★★★  
Value ★★★★★

The newly opened Library Café certainly does boast a wide selection of food, but their main hot dish is a jacket potato, which they get spot on, both with price and portion size. Some of the other food options are a little pricey though.

### Sandwich Shop

Food ★★★★★  
Service ★★★★★  
Portion ★★★★★  
Value ★★★★★

A favourite amongst the student population for it's quick service, cheap prices (although they have just recently gone up) and filling sandwiches. Despite the name, they do sell some other stuff, but it's mainly the sandwiches that people love.





## Comment, Opinion & Letters

Let us know your views: [comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk)

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

# Gilead Amit's brother-in-law's a physicist. Oh dear



"His profession couldn't have been more obvious if he'd tattooed  $\nabla \times E = -\partial B / \partial t$  on his forearm."



As a general rule, it is very difficult to look suave while trying to lift congealed peas off a plate with a plastic fork. The difficulty is compounded when the peas in question are on a plane hovering somewhere over the continent and the plate seems eager to make landfall a few precious seconds before the table does.

The herculean labour of consuming this notoriously tricky foodstuff without causing yourself too great an embarrassment is not made easier when your dinner has become a spectator sport. On whatever criteria the judges would have awarded marks, however, my neighbour would doubtlessly have won. I have never before seen anyone dip pitta bread in tehina while wearing cufflinks, and I couldn't help but feel privileged to have a front row seat at a demonstration of such showmanship and legerdemain.

"So," he asked suddenly, causing me

to drop half my rice onto my lap. "Why are you flying?"

"My sister's getting married tomorrow," I replied, hastily brandishing my fork as I knocked over a glass of coke.

"I see," he said icily, handing me a napkin while he brushed grains of rice off his shirt. "Well, I hope you have a nice time." He replaced his earphones and meaningfully shot his cuffs.

I was going abroad for literally 48 hours in order to take a break from my revision and to hold up one of the four corners of my sister's chuppah - the traditional Jewish bridal canopy. It's not that they couldn't get a pole, you understand, the couple merely thought, after careful consideration, that I might be more decorative. And cheaper than importing foreign labour. I jest, I jest, fear not. The only reason I give myself license to indulge in such a hoary old joke (that I wouldn't normally touch with Josef 'Stretch' Pulaski - a ten-foot pole) is that it serves as a neat segue to the topic of my family. A family which,

it goes without saying, is bursting at the seam with Poles.

The subtle socio-political and geographical intrigues that characterise my family will be grist for a different mill. What I feel needs to be clarified, however, is that my family tree now closely resembles *Ficus aurea*, the rainforest parasite whose tendrils envelop the loose branches of neighbouring plants. Whereas most families take pride in the vertical majesty of their genealogies, we, like most Jews, glory in our family's lateral spread. The sheer chaos makes any attempt to distinguish blood relatives utterly meaningless.

Anyone who has ever been close to the family has been swallowed into it, and that goes for ex-husbands, step-children, friends, colleagues and in-laws. "Ah! You must be Gilead!" cried a balding man with a large cowboy hat as he crossed the garden where the reception was being held. His profession couldn't have been more obvious if he'd tattooed  $\nabla \times E = -\partial B / \partial t$  on his forearm.

All of which mean that last Friday, the family tree was about to acquire a new graft. My sister's newly-acquired husband is a string theorist and physics professor at Tel Aviv university. The fact that I myself am studying physics is

no coincidence, as it was my decision to come here that got my sister chatting to members of the physics faculty at Tel Aviv. It was while engaging with this rarefied bunch that she became engaged to a bright young physicist and tennis enthusiast.

While it's fantastic to have a professional physicist in your family (especially come exam time), there are certain unavoidable drawbacks. To name one, it makes any escape from physics impossible, even at the supposedly safe haven of my sister's wedding.

"I hear you're doing physics at Imperial," he said, motioning to his colleagues with a peremptory gesture. I nodded nervously as the swarm converged. "We've got some very good people at Imperial," he announced.

"Very good," echoed an older woman with a thick Polish accent.

"What's his name - Zulotkin?" "Tcherneyev," she prompted.

"Ah yes, excellent theorist. You know him?" I quietly shook my head as I sipped from my glass of lemonade. Silence. He cleared his throat. It seemed to take forever. I flicked my eyes hopefully up at the sky. My prayers were soon answered as the wedding planner, informal-ceremony-conductor and good friend of my sister called me to hold up the chuppah.

As I stood under the canopy with the parents and assorted siblings, I joined the seventy or so guests in smiling uncontrollably as my sister permanently pledged her troth to a physicist.

"We vow to cherish and protect," they intoned in Hebrew, "to love and honour each other. We thank God for his blessings and you for yours." I wiped a silent tear as they added the traditional coda: "may the force be with you." Yes, my sister really was marrying a physicist.

# For Rhys Davies, beards are a prickly issue.



"Only after several rejections and one attempt to hunt me for sport, did I slowly change my mind"



It began in my childhood. Amongst the toys and the games and the cartoons, there were two figures that stood out. Two pinacles of coolness. I am of course speaking about James Bond and Indiana Jones. I couldn't have picked more polar opposites in facial if I had tried. James Bond, the quintessential English spy. On the silver screen, he was smart and suave, saving the world with an immaculate suit and a license to kill. And he was always clean-shaven - that was a must. After all, could you really trust the defence of the realm to someone that couldn't take care of their facial follicles? (The answer is no.)

And then you have Indiana Jones - Jonesy, Junior, Dr. Jones, call him what you like. He was a swashbuckling archaeologist with a wide-brimmed hat and bull-whip - the stuff young boys' dreams are made of. And his beard - the stubble you can light matches off

- was part of the appeal.

Bond and Jones - the two greatest heroes in a young boy's mind. Both constantly jet off to exotic locales, both mix it up mediaeval with the bad guys, both get the girl (Or sometimes, girls). Many a Saturday afternoon was spent pretending I was one or the other, reenacting their adventures or creating my own. Ah, the wonders of the imagination! But what does this have to do with beards? Trust me, I'm getting there.

Fast-forward a few years to the difficult adolescent period and I begin to sprout my own soup-strainer. Admittedly, it was nothing more than peach-fuzz to begin with but I grew, and my beard grew with me. It was something I could take pride in. But I was eventually faced with a conundrum. I had occasionally experimented with the contents of my father's shaving cabinet - just to keep it in shape - but with the prospect of shaving routinely, a choice

presented itself to me.

To beard or not to beard? Not even Hamlet could resolve this.

It had boiled down to who I'd rather emulate. 007, with his well-defined naked chin, or Henry Jones, Jr, with his daringly unkempt cheeks. As I've already shown, both men are clearly winners. Travel, adventure, and girls - three things which I yearned for in my youth. (In fact, I still yearn for them - but the proportions have now changed). By a whisker, Indiana Jones won over. Perhaps it was the appeal to a more lax regimen. Maybe it was the association with hunting Nazis (I remain rather ambivalent to Simon Wiesenthal's moustache). But there was no denying the fact that while Bond was smooth, Jones was rugged.

So I proceeded to let my beard grow as nature intended, intermittently trimming when birds began to nest in the sideburns. I was thoroughly

pleased with my rugged appearance, knowing that it would be an instant hit with the "ladies". I reached the conclusion "Girls like rugged stubble" without consulting the dictionary, or anyone of the female population. After all, I was fifteen. I clearly knew all there was to be known about the rules of attraction.

A rugged appearance involves, as well as the obligatory beard, a touch of the wild, a body chiselled by work, and a faintly misogynistic smile. Unfortunately, I forgot to take these into account. I thought that my stunning teenage terminal hairs would be enough by itself. How wrong I was. Turns out that a lanky youth in a raincoat is not what turns girls on.

Only after several rejections and one attempt to hunt me for sport (Don't ask) did I slowly begin to revise my original assumption. I looked around me and the only other be-stubbed gent around me was my father, and

the only woman he ever pulled was my mother (Not that I have a right to complain). Horrified at becoming the enemy, I dispensed with the razor blade and tore the excess hair from my face with my bare hands. Fear makes us do very stupid things.

So here I am now at Imperial. I have forsaken the hedonistic hirsutism of my younger days. My shadow rarely last longer than a few days now but I still gaze wistfully at the figure in the mirror, idly dreaming of finding the Ark of the Covenant hidden in the labyrinthine passages of Central Library. My hand on the razor falters and I wonder whether I can pull off "that" look this time. That's when the words of my friend (Who is of the feminine persuasion) come back to me. "Oh, no. Beards are itchy; I'd never kiss a guy with a beard."

I drop the razor...and rip the bastards out instead.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON

# Summer Ball 2009

Saturday 20 June

**LIMITED NUMBER OF DINNER TICKETS LEFT, BUY YOURS ONLINE NOW BEFORE WE RUN OUT!**

## A SUPERB 4-COURSE DINNER & RECEPTION

Choosing a ticket that includes dinner is the best way to experience the Imperial College London Summer Ball. We provide a superb 4 course meal in a spectacular Queen's Lawn setting. Our after-dinner speaker rounds off a memorable dinner before the partying starts!

Dinner tickets also include a champagne reception starting at 17:30.

### MENU

#### STARTER

Smoked chicken & avocado salad with honey and mustard dressing in a parmesan basket

#### MAIN

Cannon of lamb with a marjoram & apricot crust with a red wine jus

#### DESSERT

Caramelised apple tart with vanilla calvados sauce and pistachio ice cream

Cheeseboard and port

### VEGETARIAN MENU

#### STARTER

Roasted pear & fig tart topped with stilton cheese & served with a balsamic glaze

#### MAIN

Roasted vegetable stack with a honey & thyme dressing

#### DESSERT

Caramelised apple tart with vanilla calvados sauce and pistachio ice cream

Cheeseboard and port

## TICKET PRICES

DINNER & ENTERTAINMENTS

**£75**

ENTERTAINMENTS ONLY

**£40**

**ATHLETE**

**ROSIE & THE GOLDBUG**  
**TAPE THE RADIO**  
**JEFF AUTOMATIC** CLUB NME  
**BATTLE OF THE BANDS WINNER**

**PENDULUM**

(EL HORNET DJ SET) FEAT MC JAKES

**CHASE & STATUS** FEAT MC RAGE  
**SCRATCH PERVERTS**  
**KILLA KELA**  
**INTERLOPE (LIVE)**

**THE DOCTOR & THE PENCIL**

NOEL FIELDING & DAVE BROWN

**THE GLOBE GIRLS**  
**JAZZ BIG BAND**

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$$\frac{1}{2m} \frac{\partial^2 \psi}{\partial x^2} + \psi(x) V(x) = E \psi(x)$$

## Excessive Cola leads to paralysis

**Chloe Sharrocks**  
Science Correspondent

Cola soft drinks may soon carry health warnings on their packaging if doctor's warnings are listened to.

A report in the *International Journal of Clinical Practice* suggests that excessive drinking of cola drinks can lead to profound muscle paralysis.

This news comes after an Australian ostrich farmer required emergency treatment for lung paralysis after consuming between 4-10 litres of cola a day.

Other cases highlighting the danger of excessive cola consumption have also been reported.

For example, a pregnant woman complained of tiredness, appetite loss and persistent vomiting after drinking as much as 3 litres of cola daily for six years. Tests showed that she was suffering an irregular heartbeat.

Scientists believe that cola soft

drinks cause potassium levels in the blood to fall dangerously low, leading to a medical condition known as hypokalaemia.

Dr Clifford Packer from the Louis Stokes Cleveland VA Medical Centre in Ohio told the *BBC News* website: "there is very little doubt that tens of millions of people in industrialised countries drink at least 2-3 litres of cola per day. We have every reason to think that it [health issues] is not rare."

Caffeine-free cola fans should not rest on their laurels either.

Dr Moses Elisaf from the University of Ioannina in Greece, and author of the research paper, warned that caffeine-free cola products could also cause hypokalaemia because of the fructose they contain can cause diarrhoea. A spokeswoman from the British Soft Drinks Association said they encouraged only moderate consumption of cola as part of a balanced diet and active lifestyle.



Please note that Coca-Cola bottles do not come with a miniature hot babe in a bikini! (Ed - That's my day ruined...)

## Australian government to cull kangaroos

**Mico Tatalovic**  
Science Editor

To the fury of animal rights activists, The Government has announced a humane cull of kangaroos around Canberra.

The current number of kangaroos at the Defence Ministry's Majura Training Area is three times as big as that piece of land can tolerate.

By allowing the kangaroo population to stay at this size other plant and animal species living in the same habitat would suffer.

This cull is based on previous reports that showed how the local population of the eastern grey kangaroos are overabundant in the area. Their overabundance leads to overgrazing and destabilising the native grasslands

ecosystem, threatening several endangered animal species, including some rare insects and lizards.

Overgrazing by large numbers of kangaroos exacerbates the effects of droughts in Australia and diminishes numbers of other animals, especially invertebrates, said the researchers from Institute for Applied Ecology at the University of Canberra and from the Helmholtz Centre for Environmental Research in Leipzig.

In February 2008 when the local government declined Ministry of Defence's proposals for translocation of kangaroos due to high costs, the Ministry then adopted the culling strategy to prevent further damage to the grasslands.

But culling of thousands of kangaroos just outside the capital provoked

animal rights activists who called the kangaroo shootings 'barbaric'. Yet the Ministry of Defence claimed the culls were carried out humanely. Kangaroos are tranquilised from a distance and then captured while sedated to avoid stress and pain. The animals are then euthanized with a lethal injection.

Similar efforts to manage kangaroos by culling failed last year when animal rights activists intervened and interrupted the cull.

Plans are under way to interrupt this year's cull as well. Bernard Brennan, president of Canberra's Animal Liberation conservation group, said many protesters from across the country were going to take part in demonstrations. "We're not going to sit back and let it happen," he said.



What's that skippy, you're going to warn the other kangaroos? BANG!

## Unobservant mums to blame for fat kids

**Abigail Orr**  
Science Correspondent

Forget about junk food and video games – the cause of childhood obesity is unobservant mums.

A new study has shown that babies get fat because they are overfed by their mothers, who just don't notice when baby has had enough.

Mothers who aren't as good at reading their children will keep feeding them even when they show signs of being full, said the study, carried out at Rutgers University in New Jersey.

The scientists said some mothers showed "an unwillingness to slow the pace of feeding or terminate the feeding" even when their child indicated it was satiated.

This continual overfeeding may be "overriding the infant's ability to self-regulate its intake" which means they don't learn that enough is enough, and may continue to gain weight when older.

This new insight could help to cut the childhood obesity epidemic. The

study highlights the importance of better educating mothers on the best way to feed and understand their children. But the scientists warn they face "a daunting challenge" because mothers might take their advice as "meddling", "threatening" or even "an accusation of poor mothering".

The study, published in *The Journal of Nutrition Education and Behaviour*, was carried out on 96 low-income mothers, all of whom were using for-

mula feed exclusively. The team recorded the number of feeds per day, the mother's BMI and the weight gain of the baby for the first year after birth, as well as the sensitivity of the mother to the child's signals.

The researchers said that the number of feeds per day was an "easy culprit on which to assign blame" but that the only variable that significantly affected the weight of the child was how observant the mother was.



Sir, my rope has snapped, what do I do now?

## A new way to tackle HIV with nanotechnology

**Emma Stokes**  
Science Correspondent

A team at Yale University have used incredibly small plastic beads to smuggle therapies into cells. Their paper, published earlier this month in *Nature Materials* has possible implications for the treatment of HIV.

Small molecules have proved effective at stopping the HIV virus from reproducing in animal models. They can inactivate after the virus so it is unable to enter cells and spread.

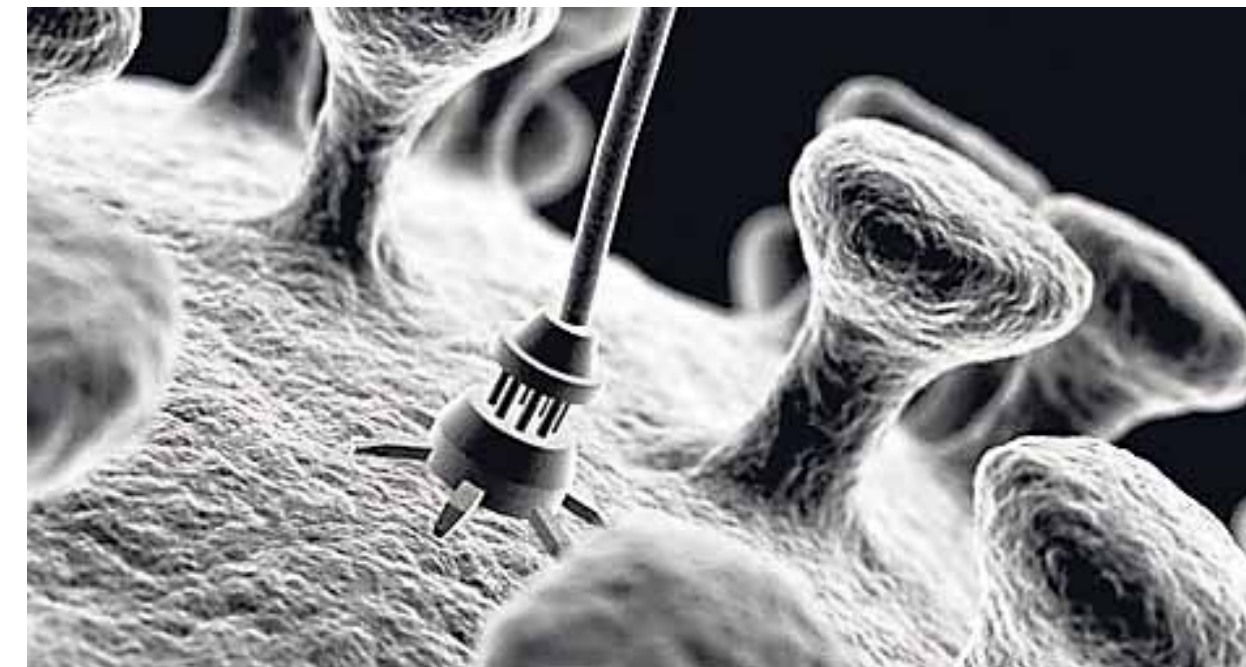
Lead author Kim Woodrow explains how the aim of this study was to produce a way of delivering these particles that was "safe and effective, and much easier than getting an injection of vaccine".

To investigate whether it is possible to deliver these types of molecules using small plastic beads, they first engineered mice to produce green fluorescent proteins. They then packaged the tiny plastic particles with molecules

which turn off the fluorescence, and administered them to the vaginas of mice. This gave them an easy way to track how well the delivery system worked, by simply checking the level and location of fluorescence.

The results of these observations were that the nanoparticles were successfully able to penetrate the cells below the surface of the vaginal wall, spread through the reproductive system, and remain effective for up to 14 days. Crucially, the mice did not show signs of irritation.

The results indicate that this method of delivery could be used to produce a cream, which is easy to apply, and would prevent the virus spreading. However, the team have yet to test this method against an actual virus. Senior author E. Mark Salzman is hopeful though, and is planning ahead. He said: "our next step in research will be to test this approach directly in disease models – for example in the HIV model mice."



Anyone else think that this picture looks like some scene from a sci-fi movie?

## What really killed off the dinosaurs?

**Morgaine Matthews**  
Science Correspondent

Gerta Keller, a Princeton University geoscientist, has stirred controversy with her newest study published in *The Journal of the Geological Society of London* on the April 27th this year. Her studies challenge the popular theory that an asteroid wiped out the dinosaurs and she has compiled powerful new evidence asserting her position. Her research of rock formations in Mexico, India and the United States have led her to conclude that volcanoes, not a vast meteorite, were the more likely culprits in the demise of Earth's giant reptiles.

Keller has found 'aftermath' sediments that remained undisturbed and showed signs of active life, with burrows formed by creatures colonizing the ocean floor. This research quashes the theory that a massive tsunami followed a meteorite impact. Understand-

ing what caused the dinosaurs to disappear is considered a great mystery, theories which attempt to explain it include asteroid or comet impacts, volcanoes, climate change, rising sea levels and supernova explosions.

What scientists do know is that around 65 million years ago some phenomenon triggered a mass extinction. This event is what defines the boundary between the older Mesozoic Era (the age of the reptiles) and the modern Cenozoic Era (age of the mammals). Keller has amassed evidence of the surrounding geological area around Chicxulub (the crater formed by the meteorite thought to have killed the dinosaurs) and concluded that the impact occurred 300,000 years before the great extinction.

Advocated of the Chicxulub impact theory, believe that the impact crater and mass extinction event only appear far apart in the sedimentary record

because of earthquakes and tsunamis. Keller's research confirms that the sandstone complex that overlays the impact layer was not deposited over hours or days by a tsunami but over a long time period with no evidence of structural disturbance.

Fossils of 52 species present in the sediments below the impact layer and further fossils above have led Keller to suggest that not a single species went extinct as a result of the Chicxulub impact. Keller believes that a massive volcanic eruption from the Deccan Traps in India may be responsible for the extinction. Massive amounts of dust and gases could have blocked sunlight and altered the climate.

She regards her latest evidence as sufficiently compelling to allow her and her team to move on and investigate further the evidence for Deccan volcanism as the root of the dinosaur's extinction.



The new evidence challenges the popular belief that these giants became extinct because of an asteroid impact

## Exercise eradicates heart disease risk

**Chloe Sharrocks**  
Science Correspondent

New research presented at a European cardiovascular conference has shown that incorporating daily exercise into the school curriculum for children as young as 11 can help reduce the chance of them developing heart disease.

Cardiovascular disease is responsible for more than 2 million deaths in Europe each year, making it Europe's biggest killer. Now scientists from the Heart Centre of the University of Leipzig have discovered that children who take part in daily exercise as part of their school day have a lower risk of future heart disease.

The study has shown that after only one year of daily exercise the number

of overweight and obese students fell from 13% to 9%, compared to the control group that saw an increase from 11% to 13%. Other benefits were also observed in the children: increased lung capacity, lower cholesterol levels and improved systolic blood pressure.

Dr Claudia Walther, one of the researchers, explains that children are much less active than their ancestors and that her team believed an increase in exercise could reduce the children's susceptibility to cardiovascular disease later in life.

The daily exercise they proposed included at least 15 minutes of endurance training, all under the supervision of teachers. "The teachers [made] sure that the programme was followed", said Dr Walther.

He also said that: "Even from these first-year results we can say that regular physical activity has a significant beneficial effect on body composition, exercise capacity and cardiovascular risk markers in children."

The researchers hope that following the children over the next 10-20 years will give an idea of whether this new lifestyle will translate into health benefits later in life.

Walther is hopeful that many schools will realise the obvious benefits and that daily exercise will soon be incorporated in many German schools. He said: "It's so easy, all it needs is a little more time allocated to exercise lessons. If we can include daily exercise in the school curriculum, I'm sure we'll see an effect."



Kids, only do this stretch if you're flexible, otherwise it's gonna hurt





# Business Bulletin

*felix* takes a look at some of the stories from the past week.

**Luke Dhanoa**  
Business Editor

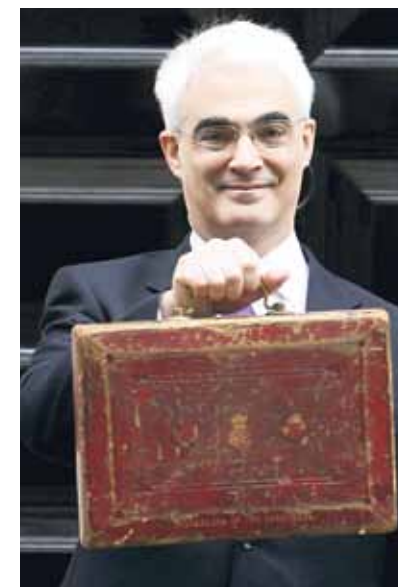
**IMF commends Brownian recovery package**

**Japanese GDP contracts at 15.2%**

Over the January-March period Japan's Gross Domestic Product shrank at its fastest pace since 1955. Over the course of the quarter the countries GDP fell by 4% and if the trend continued over the course of the year its economy would shrink by 15.2%. This marks the largest drop in Japan's GDP since it began compiling GDP statistics more than 50 years ago. It is also marks the fourth straight quarter of recession for Japan, where GDP shrank at an annual rate of 12.1% between October and December.

The world's second biggest economy shrank at a markedly faster pace than other world leaders. Over the last quarter the Euro-zone economies shrank by an average of 2.5%, the US shrank by 1.6% and the UK shrank by 1.9%.

Over the past two decades the Japanese economy has become extremely dependent on exporting gadgets and cars. Poor sales as a result of the credit crunch have had an extreme effect on the country with the Yen seeing large devaluations as a result.



Sir Victor Blank, chairman of Lloyds Bank is set to step down stating that "the right time for the Group to appoint a new chairman". Deputy chairman Lord Leitch said that the board were "very sad" to see him leave.

As chairman Sir Victor was required to oversee the actions of Lloyds board of directors on shareholders behalf. During his tenure Lloyds bought HBOS and succumbed to the sub-prime bubble. Currently, Lloyds is 43% owned by the Her Majesties Treasury.

Sir Victor had denied claims that he has been forced to step down due to poor performance and had been described by his colleagues as a "first class chairman". He will remain on at Lloyds while the board transitions to a new chairman.

**Europe's largest windfarm is finally completed**



Ten years after planning began, Europe's largest wind farm is finally adding power to the national grid. Placed on Eaglesham Moor in Scotland the farm was officially switched on by Scotland's First Minister, Alex Salmond. It represents a large step forward in the UK's renewable energy policy and shows that renewable energy installations are commercially viable.

## Crouching Tigers, Greening Dragons

*felix* takes a look at promising career opportunities in Asia's emerging markets.

**Sina Ataherian**  
Business Correspondent

If conditions are ripe, financial systems have a habit of being triggered into permanent, fundamental change by major historical events. Florence's near bankruptcy caused by its wars with rival Italian cities reintroduced bonds, almost as we know them today. The end of the Second World War saw substantially greater internationalism. The fiscal strains of the Vietnam War and Johnson's 'Great Society' led Nixon to dismantle Bretton-Woods, allowing the foreign exchange market eventually to reach its current daily volume of around \$4 trillion.

The recent, by some accounts current, financial crisis is on a par with such historical triggers. There is a noticeable shift in mainstream economic thinking towards progressivism and there are strong sentiments against many of the boom areas of the past decade. These shifts will in turn affect the career opportunities of Imperial graduates who are looking to start work in the finance sector.

We will be looking at three key areas that we believe will see above average growth in job creation relative to the sector. Traditional distributed finance that profits from managing the risks of putting short-term deposits into long-term investments looks set to remain strong. At the same time, there is exciting growth in a host of new and resurgent unorthodox areas such as Venture Capital and peer-to-peer lending. This week we will begin by discussing the opportunities and continuing difficulties present in the emerging markets of Asia.

First off we can identify three important global trends that are likely to apply to Asian markets as much as any other. The most significant will be increased government intervention, probably meaning a plethora of new roles in public advisory and regulatory bodies. Hedging risks will also become more popular, with hedge funds likely to regain strength, although more as insurers than casinos. However, most will have to reduce their fees as clients reconsider the value that their prudence adds. The loss of confidence in financial institutions will benefit advisory boutiques as clients seek their help navigating the rough waters.

A trend more specific to emerging markets, particularly in Asia, will be their continued growth. They are likely to get out of the current troubles faster and rebound more convincingly than the major developed economies. This will continue the long-term rise of

their private banking, wealth management – especially as relative domestic confidence increases, and wholesale financial services.

As Asian economies begin to recover growth rates closer to what they enjoyed in the past, local banks look especially well placed to benefit. They have a newly found confidence relative to their developed world peers. Their local knowledge is now more prized, especially given the increased popularity of smaller scale and more targeted lending. They will also benefit as American and European governments attempt to force their bailed-out banks to invest locally. But when will they return to 'normal' growth?

Recovery looks more imminent for developing countries in general. With many attempting to stimulate out of their woes, they will benefit from having by definition better opportunities for infrastructure spending. Asian economies have generally put together proportionately the most generous stimulus packages, and these are more likely to work because their banks have fewer problems. Households also have smaller debts, having rejected American consumers' economics of spending, on long-term average, 110% of income. This can also be said of firms and governments, meaning they are likelier to spend new revenue. Nor does the continent's recovery from recession depend on exports to developed countries: East Asia's current-account surplus was smaller in 2001 than in 1998.

One of the most promising fields for future growth in Asia is Islamic finance. Globally, the sector is worth over \$600 billion, although some of this is little more than clients asking western funds not to invest their money in pork. It has been booming throughout the decade, and was accelerated by high oil prices. This growth enjoyed positive feedback as the market infrastructure matured rapidly. The financial crisis has further boosted the popularity of a system favouring profits from sharing the value created by investments over speculative gains.

Overall Asian economic growth is not predicted to return to its recent peak of around 9%, as that depended on a coincidence of several fortunate, international factors. But there is still substantial room for further expansion backed up by fundamental strengths. Trend growth for the medium term is predicted to be three times that of developed economies. As financial institutions regain their role of driving this growth, their prospects in Asia look good.



**Pound strengthens against dollar**

After a recent low of \$1.37 in early March the Pound has shown signs of regaining traction against the dollar. Over the past two months the pound has shown relatively steady improvement against the dollar rising to \$1.55. Over a similar period the pound has also risen against the euro rising from €1.06 to €1.14.

In contrast the dollar has lost ground to most currencies, showing investors lack of faith.



**Oil Prices rise to \$60**

As supply concerns mounted following two fires in key US refineries, oil prices reached their highest price this year. As recently as December crude oil cost as little as \$33 but has risen over 50% in price over the last six weeks.



# The Advice Centre

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## Ah, but what is Art?

Emily Wilson  
Arts Editor

Since I last botched together an editorial for *felix* I have: turned 21, cut my hair short, visited the Houses of Parliament twice, revised for my finals, sat my finals, got a job for next year, had a death in the family and visited at least four different art exhibitions. All of which I could talk about at length. But I'm not going to! Today I'm going to answer the eternal question: what is art?

I got thinking about this very early on the morning after I went to see the Gerhard Richter exhibition at the NPG, which I reviewed last week and, essentially, slated. What interested me was why I hated it so much. I think the reasons can be categorised under three headings: lack of skill, lack of attractiveness and lack of meaning. Firstly, this Richter dude had got a few photographs and made them blurry. Big deal. Secondly, I didn't even like the look of these photographs. I certainly wouldn't want to hang them on my wall at home, and looking at them gave me a headache. And, lastly, I didn't see the point Richter was trying to make with them. What was the guy thinking aside from "hmm, let's get some photographs, make them blurry, then maybe somebody will pay me for them – woohoo!"

Whenever I think about what art is, I'm taken back to a very dreary AS level General Studies lesson, taught by a teacher I particularly hated, who clear-

ly had a lot of apathy for the subject. Forced to teach us about culture and the arts, he screwed up a paper towel, threw it down on the desk, and said "is this art?" He asked for a show of hands of who thought it was. My lone hand crept up. He asked why. I said "because I think it is". This made him laugh in my face somewhat, but my point was that art is in the eye of the beholder. It's subjective and impossible to define. In retrospect, I mostly felt sorry for the paper towel, I felt somebody deserved to stand up for it. And to me it represented the pointlessness of teaching arts and culture out of a textbook for a mandatory, pointless qualification used to bump up the school's UCAS points. So I guess it had meaning.

But this recent sleepless morning I had a minor revelation. I've decided that art is just stuff to take up space and time. It is filler. Art is something to brighten up a blank wall, something to listen to on the way to college, or somewhere to go at the weekend. If that art brightens up that blank wall particularly well, and we look at it and say "oh, gosh, that's clever – I couldn't have done that!" then that makes it a little better. And if that art on the blank wall makes us look at it and think about things we hadn't thought about before, then that's better still. But it's still just filler. Try walking around an art gallery thinking "filler" to yourself, over and over again. It's very liberating.

## Peer Gynt: forty scenes of Norwegian human-troll hybrids

Caz Knight goes to see an exciting modern adaptation of Peer Gynt at *felix* Arts favourite venue, the Barbican

Peer Gynt (pronounced 'Per Gynt') was Henrik Ibsen's last attempt at writing a play in verse. Aimed at being a satire of the Norwegian personality, it was met with hostility in 1867, the date of its publication, and disliked for its overdose of magic: fairy tales taken to the extreme and twisted with prurience and the unwell, despite Ibsen's claim that "the conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall shape itself according to this book".

The National Theatre of Scotland and Dundee Rep Ensemble's production, staged at the Barbican's sumptuous theatre, is a modern adaptation which reworks the Norwegian odyssey into a contemporary setting while losing none of the essence of Ibsen's classic.

Peer Gynt is a lay-about, living the life of avoidance tormenting and shaming his "poor, pretty, ugly mum", drinking, shagging and perpetually in his own dream world of which he is emperor. After crashing a wedding reception in the local village, running off with the bride, engaging three troll-courting milkmaids in the mountains, fathering a half-troll and half-human son, Peer Gynt takes up a life of solitude where Solveig ("Sylvie"), the village girl he fell

in love with at the wedding reception, seeks him out to live by his side forever. The second half hurtles us through time and space to Peer's middle age in Africa where he has made his fortune through nefarious endeavours (people trafficking, arms smuggling...). Peer's eventual journey back home to Solveig proves to be thoroughly soul-searching as he contemplates what it means to be true to oneself. Ibsen's play shuttles us between Peer's conscious and subconscious; blends fantasy and realism while disregarding any convention for the bounds of space or time that audiences of the time would have been accustomed to at the theatre. Today in this post-psychedelic era, it is of little matter to us, but such is the fantastical nature of this work that one is often left wondering how much of this surrealism is the original and how much is modern interpretation.

This colossal forty scene play spins us through a whirlwind of emotions and settings as we try and keep up with the unruly, boozy and inexhaustible energy of Keith Flemming's young Peer Gynt and then Gerry Mulgrew's old milkmaids in the mountains, fathering a half-troll and half-human son, Peer Gynt takes up a life of solitude where Solveig ("Sylvie"), the village girl he fell

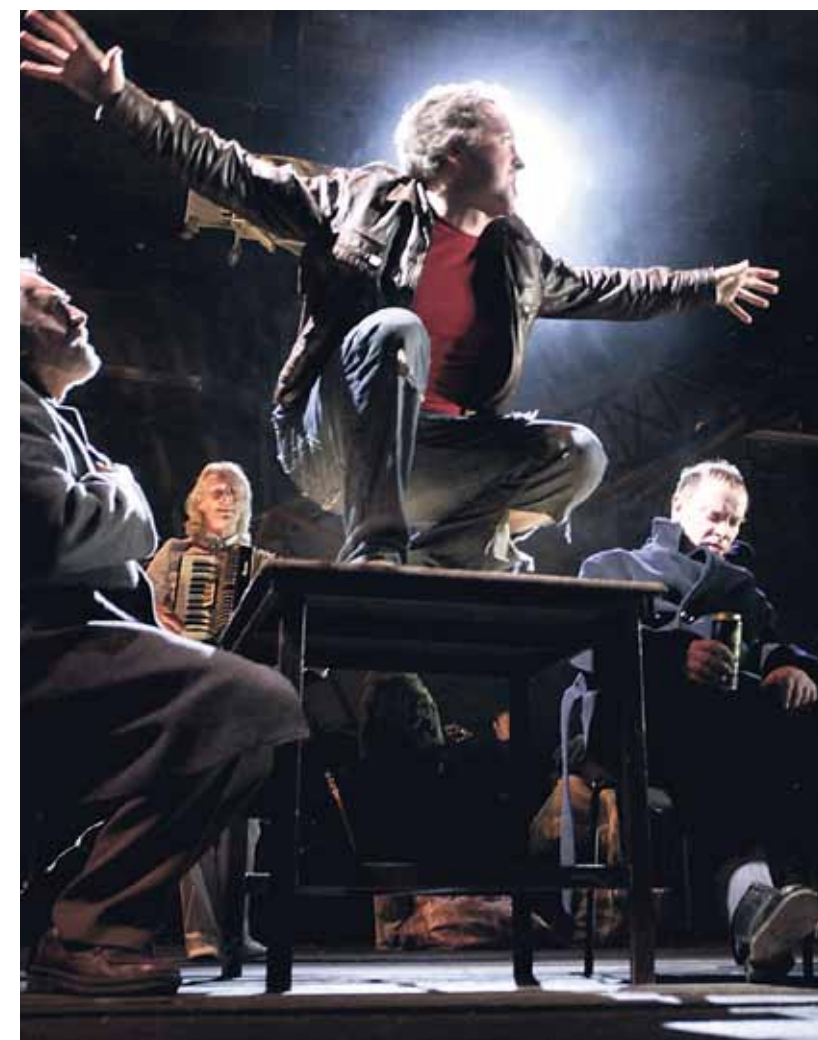
the play comes into its own, devoid of the booming and incessantly bawdy humour of the first half while being ever more resonant in its emotional poignancy and even having this reviewer dangerously close to shedding a tear when a half naked old Peer comes back from dreaming to find himself in a mental hospital, confused and unable to remember the name of his doctor.

Dominic Hill has created a production which is seamless in its execution and choreography and which manages to excel in its moments of pathos. The creative team have conjured up a show which is stunning in its use of set design, lighting and live music to realise this deluded, fantasy world in which our anti-hero lives and his eventual journey back home to his loved one who has waited for him all this time. The production remains faithful to the original in plot and meaning while proving that Peer Gynt and its subplot are utterly transferable to this epoch while the idea of being true to oneself has never been more topical in this society of preconceptions, pressure and expectations.

**Peer Gynt was on at the very lovely Barbican but unfortunately has now closed**



The cast of Peer Gynt performing a new disco dancing craze. That or they're falling over. I can't tell



This guy's mates are not impressed by his newly acquired halo

# Thirty hours of Gilbert & Sullivan!

Lucy Harrold sits through a whole marathon of Gilbert and Sullivan classics and learns to love them

I have to admit I know very little about Gilbert and Sullivan's Savoy Operettas. My sole knowledge is based on a concert production of *Trial by Jury* where I sat so close behind the conductor I could see the words, and *Sideshow Bob's* rendition of *HMS Pinafore* in *The Simpsons*. I've never seen the appeal of them; Gilbert and Sullivan form the fine line between grandiose Opera and the more familiar territory of musical theatre. I don't get the point of something written in English that you can't hear the words to – why bother?

The plots seem bright, breezy and ridden with aristocracy; Lord So-And-So wishes to marry some princess but he can't because of some upper class reason. *Lame*. After being inspired by Marcus Brigstocke's jolly *Room 101* rip-off 'I've Never Seen Star Wars' (in which 'celebrities' try something new e.g. Esther Rantzen listens to rap music, what a hoot!). Having finished my exams I decided to take in some G&S.

Despite abandoning G&S completely in 2004, Imperial's Musical Theatre Society (MTSoc) still upholds the tradition of the Gilbert and Sullivan Marathon. The marathon is held every five years with each of the 13 Savoy Operas being presented, sandwiched by 'Trial by Jury' at the beginning and end, in a thirty hour extravaganza held in our very own concert hall.

In true MTSoc style, shows are punctuated by much eating, drinking of tea and merry banter, whilst trying to stay awake enough to sing or play an instrument. As well as having a lot of fun, money is raised for RAG. Over a hundred people answered the call to fill the vast number of roles on offer, as well as providing a chorus and orchestra for each show, all drawing from current students, alumni and G&S fans alike.

I arrived midday Saturday to catch 'The Gondoliers' – already the fourth



The sheer number of people involved surely shows how widely appreciated and loved Gilbert and Sullivan's Savoy Operettas are even today

show of the day. I was unsurprised to find the plot involved a Duke's daughter married at the age of one to a King now masquerading as a Gondolier, leading me to think I wasn't going to enjoy this next few hours.

Despite managing to predict the ending, I was entertained by the goings on in Venice. Highlights included

James Hallett and Ed Hughes as the two Gondoliers, given the power of joint-Kingdom in exchange for dumping their wives, and Ben Rowe as the High Inquisitor who gives them the power. I still wasn't convinced that Gilbert and Sullivan's works were nothing more than a poor man's opera, but stayed a while longer.

Actually, I ended up staying until gone 11pm and helped cook dinner (everyone helps out when you've got continuous light opera on the go). The evening's entertainment was 'The Yeomen of the Guard' and one of the reasons I did help with dinner. Yeomen was definitely not a highlight for me. This was not down to the perform-

ers, all of whom were pitch perfect and rarely made mistakes despite tiredness and lack of practice setting in. The plot had something to do with a man being executed and some people falling in love. Plus it was really long. 'Yeoman of the Guard' cemented my original preconceptions of Gilbert and Sullivan – a flimsy plot and lots of sopranos making noises that don't sound like words.

Looking at the schedule for the rest of the marathon I decided upon returning for 'The Sorcerer', as a friend had a large role in it and the title reminded me of Harry Potter. Anticipating the marathon would be running late, I managed to miss the beginning of 'The Sorcerer' but easily caught up with the plot.

This piece seemed different from the others – the plot was simple but effective and the songs were more in the style of musical theatre. Rob Felstead (who also coordinated the entire affair) shone as Alexis and was well matched by Rebekah Engler. Dave Phipps Davis kept us all awake and entertained with some hilarious ad libs that I'm sure the Edwardians would have disapproved of.

The marathon ended with 'Trial by Jury' (as per tradition) with those not completely catatonic retiring to the bar to discuss the overnight highlights I had missed, and to debate which operetta is best (general opinion sided with my favourite, 'The Sorcerer').

I was very impressed with the high level of performance, even into the last hours of the marathon. Impromptu dancing occurred frequently, with props hastily grabbed from the table of food. Everyone was there because of their love of performing Gilbert and Sullivan, which gave the epic event a real feeling of community and affection. The marathon has encouraged me to not be so afraid of G&S, so maybe I'll even see some more!



Yeah, I'm a little disappointed by the lack of costumes too. But 30 hours? I take my hat off to these singers! At least I have a hat to take off



# How you can be a piece of art too

Caz Knight previews some exciting happenings at the Tate Modern that you can enjoy this weekend

What many people will not realise is that the Tate Modern, in addition to its temporary, paid-for events, has several floors of permanent collections which are free. Not only this, but once a year these collections are 'rehung' and an entirely new collection of art works are brought in. This Bank Holiday weekend the Tate Modern is hosting UBS Openings: The Long Weekend, a four-day long spectacle of FREE events to celebrate the new permanent collections on Level 3 and Level 5 of the museum: Scale & Energy and Processes, respectively. Each of the four wings which make up Levels 3 and 5 will feature a central 'hub' of works, which explore artistic movements Surrealism, Minimalism, post-war abstraction and Cubism, Futurism and Vorticism. Emanating from the hubs are displays exploring predecessors and opponents to these movements.

In 1971, the Tate gallery invited minimalist sculpturer Robert Morris to create a retrospective of his work. What Morris created defied the preconceptions held by the curator. Instead of transferring works from his native New York, Morris created a new concept where he would test the relations between his work (the object) and the body of the spectators of his work thus relying on visitor participation. The exhibition was closed shortly after due to the enthusiasm and exuberance with

which the viewers took part and the minor injuries they incurred. Despite this age of excessive health and safety, this weekend visitors to the Tate have the chance, once more, to engage with Morris' 'Bodyspacemotionthings', from Friday to Monday from 10am-10pm. In 1971 Morris made it clear that the plywood used in his sculptures was not to be returned to New York but dismantled and recycled. A pioneer in the Green mentality it seems.

On Saturday from 5pm at Turbine Hall Bridge, another recreation of history will take place when Michelangelo Pistoletto will be rolling his Newspaper Sphere through the streets of Southwark. First carried out in Turin, in 1966, Pistoletto's 'Ball of Newspapers' was a political yet playful endeavour which saw this giant ball rolled through the streets to highlight the global events of the preceding two years. Arte Povera ('poor art') came to be when artists, like many thousands others in France, Czechoslovakia and the USA, of the time stood up against established institutions of government, industry and culture. Revolutionary art was encouraged which lacked convention in both material and style. The late sixties were a time of revolution and social upheaval and now seems a perfect time for this movement to feature at the Tate: a time of uncertainty, floundering economy and unpopular government.

The weekend, entitled "Do it yourself", will allow visitors to climb over



A Robert Morris highlight. You too can get involved! It looks like fun, doesn't it? Better than revision...

Robert Morris' exhibition, watch Pistoletto's newspaper ball roll through Southwark, listen to live music, hear sound installations, experience performance art and watch films. It is

all free and with four days to enjoy it this will prove to be a perfect antidote, whether you are celebrating the end of exams or seeking respite from academia.

**The Long Weekend  
Tate Modern  
22-25 May 2009**  
See [www.tate.org.uk/modern\\_for\\_full\\_details](http://www.tate.org.uk/modern_for_full_details).

# Cuddly toys and body parts as art

Rosie Milton sees the confusingly named exhibition 'The Messengers' by Annette Messager

Annette Messager's retrospective show 'The Messengers' at the Hayward Gallery on London's South Bank, charts her production of work from the earliest sketches and drawings to more recent physical installations.

The first room of the exhibition presented a collage of images on the wall – a composition of figurative sources such as nipples and noses, which when combined created the effect of cartoon-like creatures, such as bats. A busy group of pencil illustrations of female nudes on another wall at first suggested Messager's feminine expression of her sexuality through creativity, but lurking male figures in the same scenes and contorted facial features then suggested something darker and nightmarish.

This was just the beginning of a lifetime of work using soft materials and textures, internal body parts and external surfaces to explore dream-like images. Messager's main themes included the displaced limbs of stuffed toys, the organs of the body blown up and made soft to the point where they reached that indefinable state between disturbing and comforting, and as a whole her work recalled childhood memories of being 'tucked into' bed with a story never finished.

Her most mesmerising work of the exhibition was 'Casino', created for the 2005 Venice Biennale, which won the



Annette Messager with some of her lovely art. Plenty of sex, body parts and cuddly toys to be found here

prestigious Golden Lion Award. For this installation a large room with a single doorway at the back was filled with a blood-red sheet, similar to the silk-like fabric of parachutes. A wind machine worked from the back creating cascades of billowing fabric that undulated and fell like the steady movement of a person's chest with

each breath. Under the fabric large swellings intermittently glowed white like jellyfish washed up on a beach at night. Gradually the lights dimmed and grew again as dark forms like giant keys descended from the ceiling in a rhythm with the heaving mass of fabric. This poetic display of ambiguous forms – at once strange, yet familiar –

required several minutes of reflection. Sigmund Freud called this psychological recognition *unheimlich*, or 'the uncanny'. In his 'Dictionary for Dreamers' Tom Chetwynd remarks that "men have evolved from something resembling sponges" and Messager, whether consciously or not, seems to play on this theory with her soft fabric forms.

**Annette Messager's  
The Messengers  
At the Hayward Gallery  
Until 25th May**

# phoenix

the arts magazine of Imperial College

2009 vol 2

Poems

Photographs

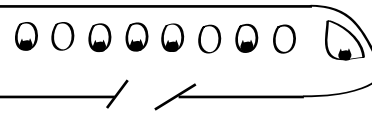
Short Stories

Art

Out  
next  
week!







# A Hundred Million Sounds

Dylan Lowe discovers the real face of Fès, Morocco's true capital of culture

Clamours of morning prayers filled our first-floor bedroom. I checked the time: it had just passed six. Too early. The piercing sunlight kept away any hope of falling back to sleep; still I tumbled back to a snooze, waking up two hours later to sounds of the medina.

They were heavy raindrops rather than chatters of Moroccans going about their business.

Despite the discouragement, I got out of bed.

Not that Fès had little to offer. Legend (Lonely Planet, that is) has it that the inhabitants of Fès go to bed every night, knowing that their city is the true centre of Morocco. Founded in 789 AD, Fès was established as the capital of the first Moroccan imperial dynasty and remained so for centuries. Its intellectual, cultural, artistic and religious advancements soared since medieval times, even when its role as political capital was in steady decline; little wonder that Fassis (residents of Fès) were widely regarded as the cultural elite of Morocco.

A visitor would consider soaking up in the elixir of artistic genius from the entire city: with our tight schedule, we disregarded the Ville Nouvelle and Fès el-Jdid (New Fès) and headed straight for Fès el-Bali, the Old Town of Fès, which granted the city the status of the largest living Islamic medieval city in the world.

On the previous night we had staggered, after an 11-hour coach ride, into Fès el-Bali at its climax, instantly hyped by its intoxicating charm of Arabic commercialism; stepping out of Hotel Cascade, the rain appeared to have flushed out all forms of liveliness from the hives.

After settling for a glass of mint tea like a true Moroccan, I briefly left Anna behind to explore the very souks that are the essence of Old Fès.

Lahlou Ahmed didn't own *La Porte du Peintre*: his father did. Nor was he responsible for the majority of paint-



Courtyard of Medersa Bou Inania

ings exhibited in the minuscule gallery: his father was. He had no obligations to maintain the store – arguably the largest Talaa Seghira (one of Fès el-Bali's main alleys) – save familial ties. Which means a lot in Moroccan terms.

Still, he liked being there, surrounded by colours and aromas of oil paints. It was a good break from his education as a student in Arabic, yet not too great a venture from the cultural enlightenment he loved.

But today was just outright miserable. He stepped out for some fresh air, head filled with the tunes and lyrics he would sing when his friends came around tonight. In his breath he cursed the rain, for disrupting the rhythm and fending off his customers.

**“With art, there was a third option beside ‘you like it’ or ‘you dislike it’ - ‘you appreciate it’”**

That was when he saw the Asian kid with the green t-shirt, blue waterproof, swaggering down the street like an advertisement logo for shopkeepers.

And he seemed interested by the artwork. And seeking shelter from the downpour.

Effortlessly, Lahlou had himself a potential buyer.



The Holy-water Man Portrait



Lahlou Ahmed (left) and Me

He gave him the space and time required for perusal, to his heart's content. The holy-water man portrait, by a travelling art student, caught his eye. Lahlou smirked – he knew that look very well, one he had seen many

times from art-lovers who unearthed his muse behind a piece of work, and sensed that spark of connection.

He claimed he had a travel companion who would be delighted to visit the shop: he had to go fetch her from



Man in a djellaba

the hotel. The classic getaway excuse. But no, he was too hooked to pitch an escape. So Lahlou returned the handshake, bid *ma ssalama* willingly and watched him burrow his way out of the gallery.

Hard-selling was unnecessary: it was because, Lahlou understood, with art, there was a third option beside 'you like it' or 'you dislike it' – 'you appreciate it'.

I returned to Hotel Cascade and delivered the news of my discovery. Anna was now more than determined to buy a painting for her boyfriend; I too found myself gradually succumbing to the temptation to make the purchase.

Someone (or something) mentioned how easy it is to lose yourself in the medina. True, I discovered, yet not because of its labyrinthine orientation.

**“It was the difficulty to revisit a shop as, distorted by the many vibrant sights you see along the way, your recollection refused to function, even on one long straight path.”**

For a distance that took me less than ten minutes – or so I thought – Anna and I needed twice as much. With the rain diminishing by the minute, locals and tourists alike had ruptured out of their cocoons and restoring life to the souks. Perhaps that did no favours to my orientation skills.

We found *La Porte de Peintre* eventually. Lahlou welcomed me and my companion with open arms, once again left us in our silent admiration on volumes of masterpieces arranged across the walls.

In the end, Anna settled for two paintings, and I the portrait that had captured my heart. With our new-gained bargaining skills, harvested when in Casablanca and Marrakesh,

we came out from the bartering game with a decent price. As Lahlou dismantled the canvases for transport, we got down to a hearty conversation and gained insight to each other's lives.

He revealed to me his involvement in a local Moroccan music band.

“Come back at eight tonight when my friends and I play music here. We will be honoured to have your company, *sadik*.”

Promises aside, we paid and departed with three fantastic pieces of art, and a new friend. Curious enough, it was roughly when the sun broke out from elusion.

Mohammed was idle. The Talaa Kebira was bustling with life – there just weren't enough tourists.

There were at least two gawking at the majesty that was Medersa Bou Inania. Perfect targets.

*Ensha'llaah*, he thought as he approached for the kill; they will want to continue shopping rather than visiting the *Medersa*.

“Excuse me, can I help?”

They seemed unthreatened. He went ahead to the doorkeeper to probe the entrance fee of the *Medersa*, when they expressed their doubts about visiting the college. Returning with the information, Mohammed had established some mutual trust.

And now for the killer question.

“Would you like to buy some spices?”

He had struck a harmony. Before they could gesture their approval, he guided them through a back alley where his cousin's shop was tucked neatly behind a corner. The shopkeepers sprang to life at the sight of new customers, briskly led them through an introductory on their goods.

Mohammed kicked back on a couch, watched bemusedly as the Asian bloke poked his nose on samples of cumin and spice mixes, and his Caucasian lady friend pursued inquisitively on massage oils. The bill continued mounting – he felt satisfaction for not only gratifying his guests, but also the tip that awaits.

They were on the move with their bounty. He fumbled around his *djellaba* pocket for his prized photography, only to realise he had left it behind. He cursed under his breath – only if he could show it off and tell tales of his getting stoned with Bono only a week ago...

Andrew and Kag, fellow hitchers we



From left: Anna, Andrew, Kag & Me

had met on the previous night, rendezvoused with us by the entrance of Hotel Cascade. As we exchanged encounters of our wanderers over mint tea, I made the suggestion.

Truth to be told, having lived through the disappointment of missing the Hassan II Mosque in Casablanca, third-largest of its kind in the world, an Islamic architectural experience at the Medersa Bou Inania was not too much to ask. Especially when we hadn't had the chance (and privilege) to visit a mosque.

Not that the theology college was a mere substitute. Constructed by the Merenid Sultan Bou Inan, it represented the Merenid Dynasty's (1276 - 1465) excellence in Berber craftsmanship. Also a mosque, it once housed some of the brightest minds in Muslim theology.

My craving was now fulfilled. Stuffed were my eyes with imageries of shades arranged in tiles or perfect symmetry, rising in columns that transformed into plastered pillars, every inch dedicated with engraving of Islamic symbols; they then converged into the elaboration and splendour that was the wooden layering.

Waiting patiently for the tourist to disperse, I seared the already-frozen scene into my camera. Although I believe some sights are better committed to memory than a snapshot, a good

memoir might come into handy when my memory decides to fail me.

'Crazy man' was crazy because of his frantic salesmanship, not because he was genuinely crazy. He was passionate for his job, and loyalty to his employer and Thami's Restaurant (Bou Jeloud, 50 Serrajine, The Medina). Come rain or come shine, he would wave around the sheets detailing Lonely Planet's recommendation for the eatery, attracting patrons to the two tables it hosted.

Not around this time though. It was too early for dinner.

But then, this boy with his green t-shirt emerged with a funny request.

“Can we take our food to our hotel terrace?”

He felt no need for hesitation. Taking order for four portions of tagines, one of couscous, he whisked together all ingredients in the undersized kitchen and distributed them to individual tagines, with the precision and haste he would commit to any dish.

“Please bring the tagine pots back after you've finished?” He had to make sure. Any piece of the terracotta may be worth more than his daily salary – losing one would mean financial disaster, let alone four. He could only wait, distraught nevertheless; but he could only wait.

Soon enough, the teens had brought back the crockery with satisfaction

smear across their lips.

That was exactly why 'crazy man' was passionate for his job.

Flipping through my guidebook, I came across a piece of intriguing information: that Fès hosts the Festival of World Sacred Music every June, since 1995. Approaching eight, marching down Talaa Seghira with an entourage of seven (I found three more hitchhikers earlier during the day), I knew I was on for a treat.

It was bound to be a very private concert, minus the intimidation and plus the interaction, with some very special music indeed.

Knowing that we would be disoriented in the dark, Lahlou came further up the *Talaa* to lead us into his sanctuary. Soon enough, room became an issue when Lahlou's friends arrived, and the crowdedness that generated awkwardness. Most of us fell short of words.

The language barrier collapsed once the music started to swing, and us rocking to its thunderous beats. The longest night had begun, the room smoke-filled and distorting before our eyes; I became, my intolerance of stereotypes aside, Lahlou's Jet Li for the occasion, and laughed along to his playfulness.

It certainly was a saga that I would not want to end.





# Some of the new faces of IC Riding and Polo

Find out more: [www.union.ic.ac.uk/acc/riding](http://www.union.ic.ac.uk/acc/riding)







# Up the lost valley and other adventures

Alex Kendall reports on how the Fellwanderers managed to completed a grade 2 scra ble across one of Scotland's hardest ridges

Glen Coe, just over ten miles south of Fort William in the Highlands of Scotland, is a legendary place. It is a valley famous in history as the site of the massacre of the MacDonald clan, which began the high-land clearances and the end of the way of life of the Highlanders. The scenery fits perfectly with its bloody past and its adventurous present, where walkers and climbers scale the surrounding mountains. To the north, the ridge of Aonach Eagach is well known as one of the narrowest ridges in Scotland and takes in two Munros; opposite on the south side lie the Three Sisters, massive buttresses which overlook the Glen, whilst south-east the two ridges of Buachaille Etive Beag and Buachaille Etive Mor run north to south, the most photographed area in Scotland. From the top of any of the Glen Coe peaks you can see west down Loch Linnhe to the Isle of Mull and the Atlantic Ocean. To the east beyond Buachaille Etive Mor the mountains drop to Rannoch Moor, a vast bog which stretches off into the distance even on the clearest day.

This was what lay at the end of our fourteen hour minibus journey 'into the frozen north'. Jim and Caroline were picked up at service stations and Jon managed to find the way to what seemed to me the biggest shopping complex in all of Scotland, where we squashed

**“The bog covered in heather; small waterfalls soaked even the rocks and the clumps of grass grouped together above the pretty soil. This was Scotland.”**

four days worth of food for fifteen people into all the free space left in the minibus. The conversation to decide dinner pretty much went along the lines of 'What's good?' 'Stew' 'Yeah, let's get lots of vegetables and lots of potatoes' 'Yeah ... for four days?' 'Yeah why not?' It was at this point that Caroline and Jim, who can both cook, came to the rescue of Nathaniel and myself, who probably would have caused a mutiny. Rice and pasta were quickly added.

We drove away in the dark and the rain. For further notice, Morisons is better than Asda in their ale selection.

For some reason, it's always raining when we're using the roof



rack. This means climbing on top of a slippery tarpaulin in the rain 3 metres above the ground and trying to undo the knots which for some reason back in London we had decided needed to be the most complicated knots in existence. Eventually the bags, mostly dry, were inside our new home, the 'Alpine' bothy, owned by the Glencoe Independent Hostel. The beds were comfy, complete with duvets and pillows and the kitchen had an impressive selection of equipment. There were even showers! It soon dawned on us that the two heating lamps, both bright red and capable of lighting up the whole bothy made the place look like a brothel. Everyone immediately got perverse ideas. Or maybe that was just me.

The first day of a tour is normally a break-in day, getting everyone used to the strenuous mountains of Scotland. The Pap of Glen Coe, a cone-shaped mountain where the valley meets the loch seemed like a brilliant start. It was overcast but the cloud was high, as it would stay for the rest of the week. The sun broke through for twenty minutes at the beginning of the day and soon we were high on the mountain looking back on a rainbow which ended in the stream we had just passed. Nathaniel was spending the day in the pub 'working' and most of the group were recovering from the Four Inns challenge a few days before but still we made good progress and soon we were on top of the Pap. And so was the cloud. And the wind. We didn't stay long but made our way down to the col for lunch before heading up to our first Munro of the trip, Sgorr nam Fiannaich. The top was wrapped in cloud and the climb wasn't too steep but conditions soon deteriorated. In order to escape the wind lashing at my face, we nearly completely missed the summit, until Florian helpfully pointed out that we were going downhill instead of up. The wind was now at our side, ripping everything including Jim nearly off the mountain, and we only had a short break at the summit before beginning the slippery descent back to the road. Once out from under the cloud the view opened up towards Kinlochleven but everyone was quite wet by this stage. The bog covered in heather; small waterfalls soaked even the rocks and the clumps of grass grouped together above the peaty soil. This was Scotland. Most of the group slipped and fell down the slope but everyone kept up good spirits despite the weather. Back at the hut we were proud to have given everyone a classic Scotland experience – those who had injuries were worse and those who hadn't had injuries now did.

That night we went on a rescue mission to the Clachaig Inn, which apparently had some beer that needed drinking. Nathaniel finished and sent his final-year coursework from the pub (a true student) and the conversation turned to philosophy – it was soon agreed that a chance encounter with the Taliban, although unlikely, would not be good for the trip. We were not ones to be complacent.

Overnight it snowed. Morning showed us the white icy peaks of the surrounding mountains. It had not descended to the valley but the peaks looked treacherous. The plan was to attempt Bidean nam Bian and Stob Coire Sgreabhach, the two Munros of which the Three Sisters are merely rocky tendrils breaking over Glen Coe. The plan was simple, sneak up a small valley to the G Buttress, summit the peaks and then make a slippery descent of the well-forested Lost Valley. Unfortunately things were going to get a bit hairy. We took a path most of the way up the steep valley in moderate weather until we hit the snow line. The snow, which had mostly fallen the night before was still powdery and perfectly shaped over the underlying rocks and vegetation. To make things interesting we took a bearing and trudged off over the snow to the west ridge of Stob coire nan Lochan, the peak before our main goal of Bidean nam Bian. During our ascent the sky was clearing and shafts of sunlight warmed us against the wind and knee-deep snow. Florian ploughed on ahead and before long we were at the

summit. About 10 minutes after everyone had reached the summit the weather decided that it was to be the end of our day and we were surrounded with biting hail. It was a white-out. Glimpses through the cloud at our planned route soon alerted us that much of the route was probably impossible, even for the Fellwanderers with their up-to-date ice climbing equipment \*cough\* such as extra biscuits and ... err ... jelly babies (okay this is a slight digression but who the hell thought that a good sweet design would be jelly in the shape of babies?!?! Seriously – a BIT creepy?!). Anyway, Nathaniel decided that we should get down into the Lost Valley as quickly as possible, and luckily the col below us looked like it offered the most gradual descent. Unfortunately, 'most gradual' in a Scottish ice storm means a snow cliff. We broke through the overhanging snow and descended, one by one, kicking steps into the snow cliff, until we reached a relatively flat area (about 45 degrees).

Once regrouped, our nerves shattered, the walk down through the Lost Valley was picturesque, and after we got out of the range of avalanches the mood was even jolly! The Lost Valley is a flat plain high above Glen Coe, its entrance screened by trees and boulders so that from the main valley it is impossible to see. Waterfalls from the surrounding cliffs join at the head of the plain before their final rush down into Glen Coe. A scramble around some boulders and a slight river crossing led us to a path, at the end of which was the minibus.

That night we checked the weather and saw that the next day was meant to be the worst of the week before slowly getting better. Like true heroes of the mountains, we decided to have a day off and go to visit Oban. This was great news for everyone with wet kit (everyone) as it meant another day for boots etc. in the hostel's drying room. I must admit that when I first visited the drying room I was happy to spend some decent time inside making sure my kit was neatly spread out for drying to be most efficient. By the end of the week the room smelt like several wardway animals had died inside.

Oban, however, was a lovely place. Our tour of the whisky distillery was the most generous I can remember, with glasses and many drams of whisky thrown in. Everyone spread out in the afternoon to explore the town, and somehow managed to nearly all meet up in the Oban chocolate shop about an hour after leaving the distillery. Students know what to do on a bad-weather day! This day of luxury culminated in another shopping trip to Tesco, which nearly sent Rafal mad with its hidden car park entrance. During this shopping trip Jim and I suggested that a good meal might be Spaghetti Carbonara. People heard us. No one thought to stop us. That night we had Spaghetti Carbonara. Jesus. No one has ever seen so much Carbonara. We could at least have helped everyone if the sauce had tasted good. It was cheese-cream that had the consistency of phlegm. Strange thing was that the sauce was finished. Fate had not given the spaghetti such luck. It was a night to remember.

Thankfully for everyone, the spaghetti would be burnt off the next day as we attempted a truly epic walk, the Aonach Eagach ridge, famous as a long day's walk for those without a nervous disposition. We drove to one end of the ridge and the plan was to walk along part of it and then back to the minibus. The weather was good and the clouds were even above Ben Nevis which was visible for most of the day to the north, covered in snow and even – now and then – bathed in sunlight. Before the ridge even began we ascended the Devil's Staircase, part of the West Highland Way which was nothing more than a slightly steep path. There were a few startled looks when Nathaniel led us off-road into a bog but our route soon became clear as we found rock beneath our feet and the wide part of the ridge opened out before us, all the way up to our first peak Sron Gharbh. The snow on the ridge had all melted from the night before but on each side of us to the north and south the mountains rose higher and the snow was still visibly thick. Our route up to Meall Dearg, the first Munro of the day was via our first obstacle, a rock face we had to scramble down called The Chancellor (or Alistair Darling). Since our original plan was to leave the ridge at Meall Dearg, The Chancellor would have been the hardest bit on the route. It soon turned out to be the easiest as Rafal and Ollie had decided to return to the minibus, allowing us to attempt the whole ridge and finish back at the hostel.

The rest of the ridge can only be described as a Mecca of scrambling, comparable only to the north ridge of Tryfan in its majesty. The main difference between the Aonach Eagach and Tryfan is than on the Aonach Eagach there is no escape; you cannot go down either side; there is no gentle path if you get tired of the rocks; going

back is far worse than going forwards. It soon dawned on us that this day was going to be a long one, and our decision to have lunch before the hard part meant our food supplies were quickly running out. The narrow rock scrambling of the ridge has awesome views all around mainly because the drops to both sides are so steep. To the south, the wall drops away to Glen Coe, a few hundred feet below and to the north to be honest I can't describe it. Low cloud began to creep in on us and now and then far below us we glimpsed a marsh and some streams. At one bit in particular the path appeared to have fallen away into the valley and the group found different ways around this 'hiccough'. Even Jim, hardened veteran of the hills, described this moment as "the scariest thing ever". Our sometimes slow, sometimes cold and wet, sometimes violently icy

**“The trail led us for about a kilometer next to a stream through a plantation, the ground covered in moss and the whole setting very atmospheric.”**

scrambling took us late into the afternoon and it was past seven by the time we reached the second Munro and end of the route, Sgorr nam Fiannaich. By then the weather had closed in and the summit was cloudy.

Our descent from the ridge followed a vague path straight down a cliff. The pub was visible in the distance and to the fading light those of us at the back gave everyone within hearing a classic rendition of 'I'm Dreaming of a White Easter'. We also gave serious thought to what would happen if we saw a T-Rex in the valley. We concluded that it would get drunk at the pub and that danger was minimal.

Just as we were worried about night falling, the sun shone beautifully over the waters of Loch Linnhe and lit up the surrounding clouds and the face of our mountain in gold. Some things you miss by finishing too early. The sky became darker and we finished outside the pub at around ten, night finally upon us. That night was Scottish night which meant Haggis, Neeps and Tatties for dinner. Needless to say we were all quite hungry after our twelve-hour day.

After the nail-biting, muscle-ripping experience of the day before, our plan for Saturday was an easier walk, with as little scrambling as possible and a relatively simple route. Sgorr Dhearg and Sgorr Dhonuill are a twin set of Munros to the west of Glen Coe which rise up from Loch Linnhe above the town of Ballachulish, the most horrible modern town I have ever seen, with plastic-age houses and bugged all to look at. The weather was similar to the day before and after getting lost behind barbed-wire fences in the town we began our gentle ascent up the first slope. Jiri set a good pace

in and around the heather hillside and we were soon high above the Loch, past the tiny scrambling section and on the summit of Sgorr Dhearg. After the day before I think everyone was surprised at how easy it seemed. The wind was light and we could see far into the distance, though Ben Nevis was covered in cloud. Following the col round its curved ridge we skirted the edge of the snow-turned-ice which had clung to the north face, protected and out of the wind. The summit of Sgorr Dhonuill was in a cloud when we reached it but somehow with the lack of wind it was warm, even though a little snow fell. The biscuits and whisky were out within seconds. In navigating our way off this second Munro back down to Ballachulish we ended up going south instead of north, something the compasses probably would have been useful in telling us but then again, we were in no hurry. Jon immediately offered to unleash his high-performance ultra-tech state-of-the-art GPS, which worked fine until about 3pm every day when the batteries died. Unluckily for his testosterone, we found the way off the mountain before resorting to the technology. The trail led us for about a kilometre next to a stream through a plantation, the ground covered in moss and the whole setting very atmospheric. I don't even want to mention the thing that looked like a sheep carcass covered in blood. I'm sure it was just my imagination. Our last few miles were along a forestry road that made my feet feel like sandpaper and several injuries came back to haunt me. We had good views of a clear Pap of Glen Coe which we had climbed on day one and finally, as always happens as the end of a good day, the sun came out.

Sunday was our final day walking in Scotland. The week so far had been scary at times, funny at times, always exciting and frequently wet. There were plenty of injuries to go around and we were at that interesting place in being tired but also getting used to the strain. As it was the last day, only another epic ascent would suffice and so the ridge of Buachaille Etive Mor, marking the eastern end of Glen Coe and rising like a storm out of the plain was an obvious choice. The weather too was perfect. Driving up the road to the base of the mountain was like driving into the sky, so low was the cloud and so bright the light. The sky was blue and dotted with clouds. Our climb took us along the sides of a stream and slowly got steeper until we reached the top of the col and the view stretched away to the south with Creise still capped with snow filling our view. From the top of Stob Dearg we could see far to the east over Rannoch Moor to where the wet moorland blended into the sky. The day was so beautiful and, it being our last one, the group split. The majority of the group completed the whole of Buachaille Etive Mor includ-



ing its two Munros; Stob Dearg and Stob na Broige. Four of us however extended the walk to include another set of mountains, a ridge called Buachaille Etive Beag which lies to the west of Buachaille Etive Mor. In this last day there was something for everyone, and by the end of our epic trek over four Munros the breakaway group of four, Gavin, Nathaniel, Jim and I only just got back to the minibus after the others. So much so in fact that we saw it drive past on the way back to the hut about 100 metres from where we were standing on the hill. After trying unsuccessfully to hitch-hike in a refrigerated van we finally made contact and Rafal returned to collect us. The sun was still out and only in a brief moment on top of Buachaille Etive Beag did we need waterproofs. I may or may not have nearly caused a landslide which may or may not have nearly taken out Jim, but sometimes you have to learn the scary way whether walking up a sixty degree scree slope is a good idea or not.

The Scotland trip of '09 was a great success. The high cloud made for a great set of views for the week and with the huge choice of walks we were spoiled. We got to know the pub well, especially when the ale selection quadrupled on the last day, and all our cooking adventures turned out mostly successful. We played Werewolf at some point but the day escapes me; I had no idea most of the time which day of the week it was, which was a relief after coming from London. Everyone was sad to leave on Monday, especially since the weather was getting better, but we certainly made the most of the time we had. I'm proud to say that the drying room, and its specific smell made from the blend of many different types of wet clothes, will never be the same again, thanks to a little group of us called the Fellwanderers ([www.fellwanderers.com](http://www.fellwanderers.com)).







Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair, James Houghton & Alex Ashford

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The Art of the Remix

Alex Ashford Music Editor

I was talking to someone the other day who mentioned that they "really like that La Roux song, how does it go, going in for the kill...?" and I had to ask them if they meant the original or the Skream remix, or the Foamo remix, or a different mix, and it occurred to me that if there is one defining thing about music at the moment, one thing that people might look back on as the music of the "noughties" (I hate that word) it is remixes.

Remixes of everything have sprung up as part of the internet's music blog culture, and have continuously brought fresh takes on new songs for our short attention spans to enjoy. Remixes have led to merging of different genres and exciting new things have sprung up from them such as UK funky house, a merging of funky house and grime, bashment, a merging of UK funky house and Jamaican dancehall, and no doubt others I am unaware of.

So heres a rough guide to some of the main artisans of the remix, the DJs, artists and producers who have turned their hands to turning round songs and have gained appreciation across the music "blogosphere" (I hate that word too).

French producer Fred Falke has remixed almost every mp3 someone has ever posted online, including a recent remix of Grizzly Bear's track "two weeks" which is 7 minutes 45 seconds of pure disco electro happiness. He's even remixed a U2 song, and when you

get to the point where you have to look to U2 for songs, you have to wonder if you have taken his remix addiction one step too far.

Diplo is a veteran of the mix, having remixed over thirty songs since he started back in 2005 and has remixed artists from The Beatles to Three 6 Mafia. I recommend his mix of the Major Lazer song "hold the line".

By contrast, Classixx (the Xs are for your googling ease) are relatively new to the game, but have made my favourite remix of the day: Phoenix's "lisztomania" as well as a bunch of others. They haven't even put out any of their own records yet, though I've read we can expect their EP next year.

London's most ubiquitous electro DJ, Erol Alkan is no stranger to remixing either. Though he hasn't done as much as Diplo, he has used his signature remixing to popularize tracks like Dance Area's "AA247".

Taking a step back from such abrasive club electro, artists like the DJ duo Aeroplane are pretty much known exclusively for their melodic laid back disco remixes such as their sublime take on the already much-remixed "Paris" by Friendly Fires.

For something a bit more intellectual, have a listen to some of the many remixes by Swedish ambient artist Johan Agebjörn, such as Glass Candy's "the Chameleon". I've mentioned only a tiny electro-centric handful of the many, many remixes out there, so get online and find some for yourself.

The Papas of nu-metal are back again

Papa Roach @ Kentish Town Forum

17th April

Duncan Casey

Although the last time Papa Roach played in the UK was the better part of ten years ago, some things haven't changed much. The place was packed to the rafters with black-outfitted teenage boys wearing too much eye-liner, although the scene was ruined somewhat by the collection of bemused middle-aged mums who'd brought them, drinking G&T and discussing Eastenders at the back.

A few things have changed since we last saw the band, though. Nu-metal is, it seems, finally dead, although its replacement seems to owe more to Bon Jovi than anything more recent and disappointingly the band's sound has gone down the same route as that of Linkin Park and the Lostprophets. Some of the band's recent material (from their new album Metamorphosis) seemed a bit rockier, but the majority of the gig was more power ballad than the 'proper' rock that the Stone Gods or the Answer produce so

reliably.

Still, the live show was fun – frontman Jacoby Shaddix fancies himself as a kind of emo Freddy Mercury, posing and working the adoring crowd, who responded with the first half-way decent mosh pits I've seen in months. The new drummer, Tony Palermo (ex of Unwritten Law), was also a minor revelation, finding some drive and aggression in some otherwise fairly bland songs. The guitarists weren't taxed too much – one thing that has carried over from the old nu-metal albums is the staccato, minimalist riff style, although this did mean that the axe-men had plenty of time to pull rock poses and point into the crowd, Spinal Tap style. Sure, it was all a bit panto, but there's space in rock and roll for that, surely.

As always, it was worth not paying too much attention to the lyrics – let's be honest, most of the songs are a bit paint-by-numbers, and the recent single 'Jovi' is no real exception, an irony-free song by a Jack-Daniels-and-cocaine pop-rock band about how shallow people are on the L.A. party circuit.

The band are a lot better live than on CD, though, and it's worth trying to catch them at Download if you're going to spend any time rocking out post-exams this summer.

Ed Banger take you to musical Heaven



Fan Death, Filthy Dukes, Busy P, Feadz, and DJ Mehdi Ed Banger and Vice @ Heaven 3rd May

Victoria Brzezinski

Another nondescript Bank Holiday Sunday. The day was drawing to a close, pre-drinks had been drunk and I made my way to Heaven. That's right, Vice Magazine were having a party. And it was good.

Hipsters and people wearing those geek-chic granny glasses danced until dawn, with big eyes and cans of Red Stripe. The line-up was great. In the main room we had Busy P, DJ Mehdi and Feadz making up the legendary Ed Banger Records Trio – lucky lucky! This invincible cross-genre Paris label is the home of Justice and Sebastian and these guys have been redefining

the sound of our dance floors.

"I don't think there's a noise competition," laughs Busy P, a.k.a. Pedro Winter, the founder of Ed Banger Records and Daft Punk's manager. "But, definitely, it's something we play with. We're making distortion musical. We're making noise funky."

Dance music suffered corporate strangulation in the Nineties and it's labels like Ed Banger which have inspired a nouveau cavalier underground club culture. Their Gallic beats were the main attraction of the night and they definitely didn't disappoint.

So Busy P is basically the Godfather of French electro [Ed note: Daft Punk?] and DJ Mehdi's rap music background has turned him into one of the French underground hip hop scene's premier producers. Feadz is Fabien Pianta. He's another child of hip hop and is a talented, exciting DJ known for especially for his collaborations with Uffie.

We also had some great live sets

from the decadent dancepop of Filthy Dukes ("electroacidhouseuravetwisteddiscofunk"), according to Polydor) and electrodisco duo Fan Death. These two girls had sequins and stage presence in bucket loads. Check out Veronica's Veil on YouTube for a taste of their take on Eighties fantasy synth-pop. They say they make music recalling the greatest era of electronic pop; think Depeche Mode, New Order, Human League, Soft Cell. . .

The niggle of the night was the extortionate 'cigarette wristband'; if you got the jitters for a ciggy or some sweat-free air, you had to pay a quid to go out and get back in again. And £4.40 for a can of beer was pretty steep.

Aside from that, my night in Heaven was heavenly. "French electro, upfront tech house, fidgety business spliced with hip hop and rudeness." You just can't go wrong with that. I'm making it a habit that I stay out really ridiculously late every Bank Holiday.

What we think is sounding sharp or falling flat

Table with 3 columns and 2 rows. Column 1: Eminem, Flat. Column 2: Yeah Yeah Yeah, Bonkers. Column 3: Funky House, Sharp.

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Music

The foxes are truly out the bag

Fleet Foxes @ The Roundhouse

24th February

Victoria Brzezinski

I would be most surprised if over the last six months that every individual with the slightest appreciation of their surroundings had not somehow been made aware of the existence of a band by the name of the Fleet Foxes, be it overtly, through large posters on the tube emphatically stating 'album of the year' with the rather surreal medieval artwork or via more discreet subliminal messaging emerging from my desperate attempts to preach the gospel regarding this blissful band.

Either way, if you have yet to have been made aware of the Fleet Foxes I hope in the ensuing paragraphs my childlike enthusiasm will convey some description.

First surfacing to a wider audience amidst uncontrollable excitement in the aftermath of the 2008 SXSW festival it seems that this Seattle based folk-rock collective have slowly emerged from relative unknowns to being widely acknowledged as the torch bearers for ambient music that echoes a purer form of yesteryear (with influences of Neil Young, The Beach Boys and Harry Nilson) whilst containing a powerful medieval element.

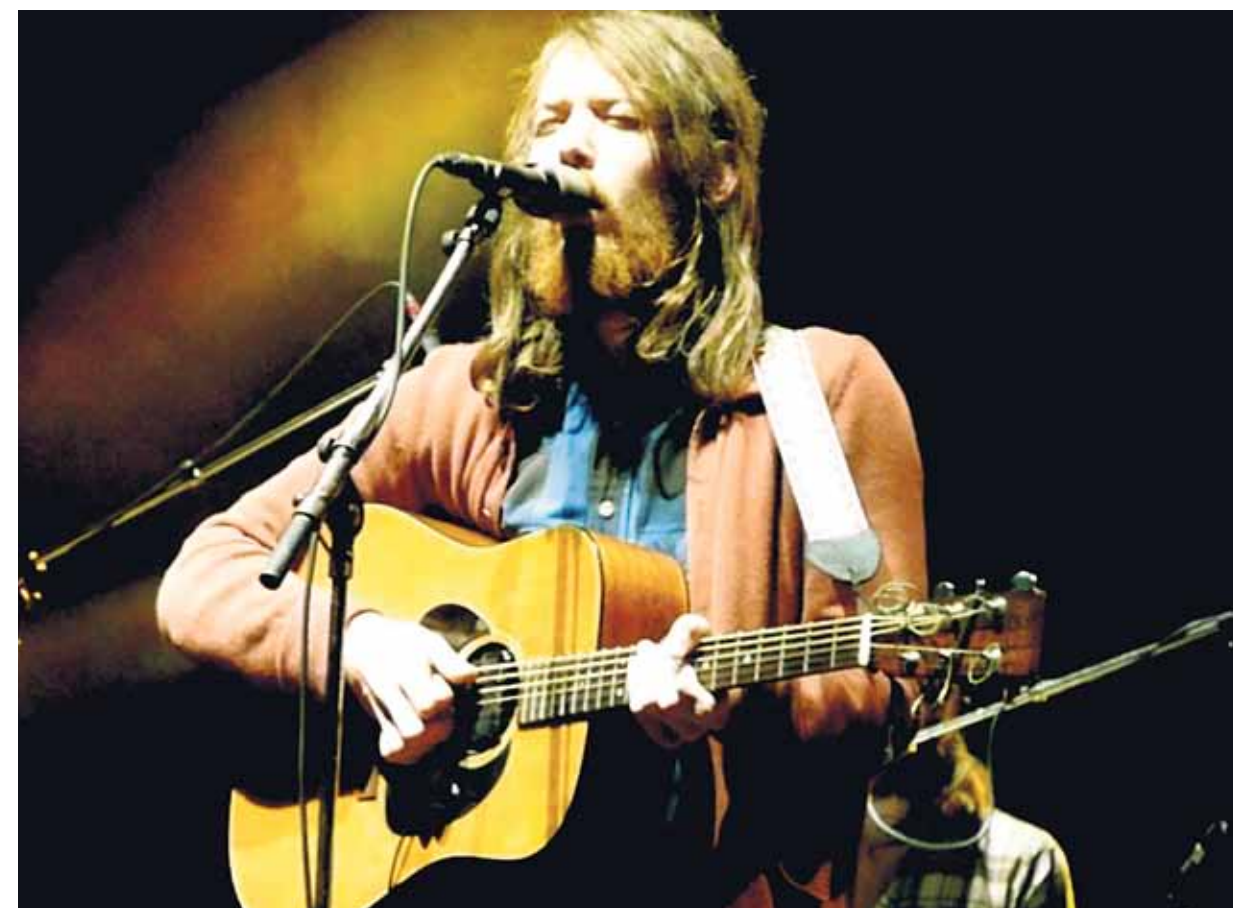
This evening, the Fleet Foxes are rounding of 3 sold-out nights at the Roundhouse as a final swansong to an incredibly successful past 18 months. Opening with the first song of their second EP - 'Sun Giant', front man Robin Pecknold officially ends the dark and dismal days of winter with a stunning vocal harmony with vivid references, "What a life I lead in the sun, what a life I lead in the spring", creating inviting images of the wind, sea and sun.

The first 60 seconds are wonderful as Pecknold along with bassist Christian Bargo, Casey Westcott on the keyboard and drummer Josh Tillman create a heavenly vocal harmony that captivates the audience from the onset.

The transition to 'Drops in the River' is seamless as my personal favourite song is delivered with a delicacy that touches on perfection. A subtle chord progression begins this track as Pecknold continues with his serene imagery, 'On the shore, speak to the ocean and receive silence', the song slowly builds and builds to a climax as the wild imagery meets what appears to be bitter memories. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. The melody is heavenly, the notion of being alone surrounding by all things organic pure is so appealing but the underlying release of a passed love is rather hard to stomach. Maybe I am just a wet blanket but this for me is what makes this band so interesting, the music is so pure but there is this underlying sinister element that consistently lurks in Pecknold's lyrics.

The 2,000 packed into the roundhouse are then treated to some of the most infectious and peaceful songs as 'English Summer House', 'White Winter Hymnal' and 'Ragged Wood' are delivered with faultless melody. The backing vocals are so tight and allow Pecknold to verge into emotive cries that make for some captivating moments. It is very refreshing that whilst the band produces evocative instrumentals, the vocal harmonies are given prominence with the opening of 'Ragged Wood' being an excellent example of this wonderful human sound.

Following from the delightful melody of the previous songs the set is laid bare as Pecknold is left alone on stage and given the space of the Roundhouse to demonstrate his harmonic voice that contains deep depths of soul. 'Oliver James' brings all members of the audience into a collective awe as the narrative of young Mr. James being brought home from the rain is giving



How folky is this guy? Jesus beard, acoustic guitar, brown grandad cardie, plaid shirt...

a haunting resonance by Pecknold's voice. This song again shows the intriguing contrast between enchanting and more lurid sentiment, 'The sound of ancient voices ringing soft upon your ear' as death is again fused with nature in an elegant fashion.

The rest of the band returns to deliver the remainder of the first part of the set and execute fan favourite 'Mykonos' to rapturous applause. This epic song of redemption and friendship with yet more powerful imagery, 'and you will go to Mykonos with a vision of a gentle coast and a sun to maybe dissipate shadows of the mess

you made'. Pecknold is again given the undivided attention of the Roundhouse as he returns unaccompanied by the remainder of the band for the encore. He is also astoundingly unaccompanied by a microphone and amps as he steps right to edge of stage for a cover of a traditional American folk song by the name of 'Katie Cruel'. The audience is deathly silent as this powerful tale of a prostitute from the 1700s as nothing but Pecknold's voice echoes in the compact dome of the Roundhouse. This is followed by Tiger Mountain Peasant Song before whole band join

in unison for the delightful closer Blue Ridge Mountains. The sound throughout the whole gig is excellent and the venue provides quite possibly the optimum space, size and all important acoustics for these wondrous musicians.

Despite this, Pecknold does express a proposal to use the distinctive shape of the Roundhouse for a planetarium. I for one can see merit in such a suggestion but only providing they come back soon, not only for a little bit of star gazing action but some awe-inspiring performances of tranquil, intriguing and beautiful music.

Sonic Youth blast out the tunes at Scala

Sonic Youth @ The Scala

27th April

Chris Walmsley

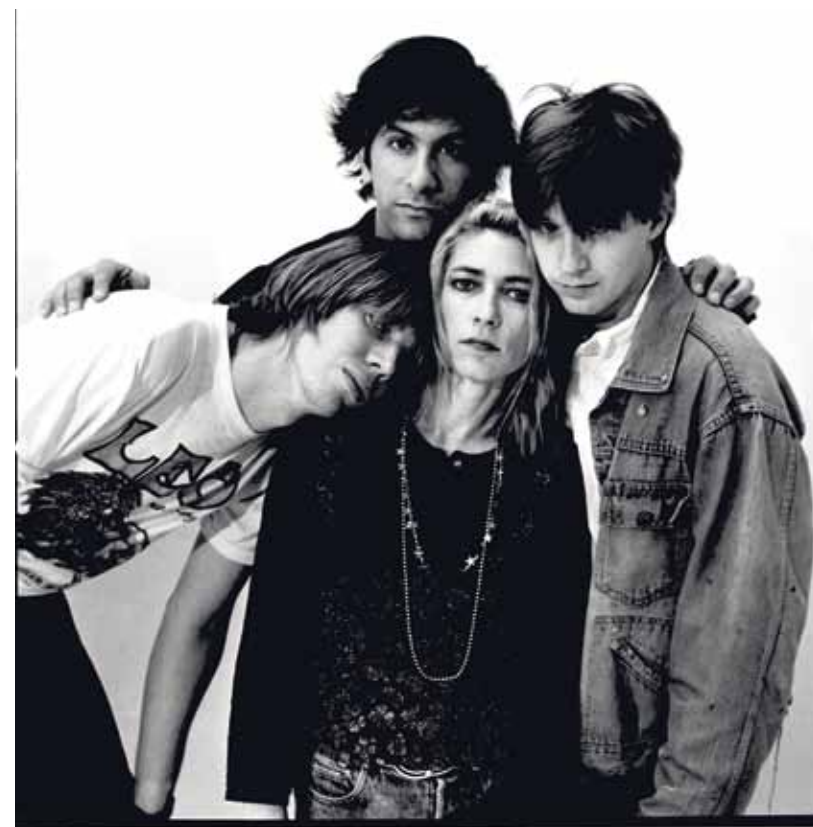
A thousand lucky people managed to beg, borrow and steal tickets to tonight's sold out show at the Scala in Kings Cross. It was a rare intimate occasion to see a band of such monumental proportions.

I think it was fair to say, the start of tonight's set caught most people completely off guard. The drone of 'She is not Alone', a song from the bands infancy, was a curious choice to begin with, on account of its slow rhythmic pace and monotonous melody. It was appreciated nonetheless, but the room really started to ignite when the pounding drums erupt underneath the opening harmonics to 'bull in the heather'. The irony of the

band's name has been well pointed out before, with Kim Gordon for one being 56 years 'young' but any petty ridicule was soon rendered obsolete. This is a group of people who are still effortlessly cool, and unrelenting in their passion to perform. It's fantastic to see, Lee Ranaldo's silver barnet aside, the band looking like I would have imagined them in 1989. 'The Sprawl' and 'Cross the Breeze' from the epic 'Daydream Nation', are delivered with such ferocity that unlike so many bands who resist hiatus, you don't wish you could buy that time machine to go back twenty years.

2009 sees the release of yet another album 'The Eternal' and the new songs played tonight fitted in well, it certainly doesn't feel like they've got any intention of resting on their laurels soon. The new seemed a logical progression from the much acclaimed 'Racer Ripped' of three years previous, maintaining a feel of strong melodic importance overlaid with the trademark SY frantic mess of noise, although never felt to be simply covering old ground.

Two encores followed. Ending with the defiant 'Kool Thing' was sublime, although my personal favourite of the set was 'Schizophrenia'.



The girl really doesn't look comfortable stuck between those guys



- At Work DJs present The Psychedelic Sounds Of Monsterism Island
- A1 Bassline
- Coley
- Lizzy Parks (acoustic)
- Baddies
- Coopers Rage
- The Cordelier Club
- The Pretty Things
- The Dawn Chorus
- Workhouse
- Chase & Status Ft. Takura, MC Rage & Plan B
- Delphic
- Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele
- Dinosaur Pile Up
- Esser
- Fight Like Apes
- Filthy Dukes
- Frankmusik
- George Pringle
- GoldieLocks
- Gaz's Rockin Blues
- Just Jack
- Laura Izibor
- 2020 Sound System
- Man Like Me
- Maps
- Newchurch Male Voice Choir
- Riva Starr
- Rox
- Speech Debelle
- The Shutes
- They Came From The Stars I Saw Them
- Tinchy Stryder
- Tommy Sparks
- Wave Machines
- The Qemists
- La Roux
- Ou Est Le Swimming Pool
- Lucky Elephant
- Robert Luis feat Kinny (Tru Thoughts)
- Annie Nightingale
- Beat Boutique
- Brian Monaco (Kitchen Party)
- The Bloody Beetroots
- Cagedbaby
- Caspa
- Coki
- DJ Charge
- DJ Dan (Propaganda)
- DJ Food
- Joker
- Kry Wolf
- Plastician
- Price (DPR Recordings)
- Russ Cuban
- Tim Boogaloo
- Polly Scattergood
- The Horrors
- Casio Kids
- The Duloks



### What is Bestival?

Bestival takes place at Robin Hill - a country park close to Downend and Newport on the Isle of Wight. It essentially was created by Rob da Bank and his Sunday Best record label. Rob da Bank has "ten fun years of pioneering music events and record releases"

The BBC Radio 1 DJ had a vision to create what he thought the "modern day" festival should be. With the help of his wife Josie da Bank and his partners John and Ziggy that dream is now a reality, culminating in one of the exciting yearly festivals about.

Bestival is a special place. It may just have something to do with the dreams, ideas and ambition of Rob and Josie da Bank. With an electrifying line up, and huge names the promising set will be accompanied by amazingly fun experience. With many side events such as "the Bollywood Cocktail Bar, fancy dress en mass and even a Hidden Disco"

Bestival has been around since 2004, and every year has produced superb lineup to make even the biggest festivals jealous. This has resulted in the Bestival winning three awards including "Best Medium Sized Festival" [www.bestival.net](http://www.bestival.net)



- Lee Mortimer
- Michael Cook
- Outmode
- Paul Trouble Arnold
- The Correspondence
- The Heavenly Jukebox
- Vetiver
- Paloma Faith
- The Field
- Luke Pritchard
- Fresh Legs
- X-O Man
- Toddla T
- Appleblim, Martyn & Reso
- Chris Coco
- Pete Gooding
- Daisy Heartbreaker
- Kasra
- Skint & Demoralised
- A Child Rasputin
- Drums of Death
- The Subs
- The Mummers
- Black Acid
- Dirty Projectors
- Natty
- Sound of Rum
- The Gramophone
- JC & Angelina
- Sons of Aesos
- The Big Hairy Band
- The Adventurists
- The Hat
- Jaymo & Andy George
- Flying White Dots
- Justin Robertson
- Foamo
- Feeling Gloomy
- Firas (Filthy Few)
- Hijack
- Scuba
- L-Vis 1990
- Rachel Barton
- Broken Heart DJs
- Kraftwerk
- Massive Attack
- Elbow
- MGMT
- Fleet Foxes
- Doves

### Ravi Pall Previews



- Seasick Steve
- Klaxons
- Lily Allen
- Bat For Lashes
- Soulwax
- 2manydjs
- Michael Nyman
- The Beat
- Carl Cox
- Squarepusher
- Future Sound of London
- Friendly Fires
- Florence and the Machine
- Karl Hyde & Rick Smith (Underworld)
- Bjorn Again
- Little Boots
- Fabio & Grooverider
- dan le sac Vs Scroobius Pip
- Rob da Bank
- Penguin Cafe
- Tom Middleton
- Passion Pit
- Zane Lowe
- Jack Penate
- Krafty Kuts
- Mr Hudson & The Library
- Ebony Bones!
- Annie Mac Presents...
- Beardyman
- Kitty Daisy & Lewis
- The Cuban Brothers
- Altern 8
- DJ Yoda
- Jaguar Skills
- Eat Static
- Dub Pistols
- Derrick Carter
- The Big Pink
- A Skillz
- London Electricity & MC Wrec
- VV Brown
- Gilles Peterson
- Crazy P
- Friction
- Fear of Theydon
- The Ghost
- Alix Perez
- Raf-fertie



### Who are we looking forward to?

Who is *felix* interested in seeing at Bestival? Well as you can see from the huge line up, there are so many great bands. One could just put the headliners up, and that would be enough to warrant the £150 price tag for the festival. So here it is:

- Massive Attack / Kraftwerk / Elbow
- MGMT / Seasick Steve / Fleet Foxes
- Klaxons / Bat For Lashes / Lily Allen
- Soulwax / Doves / 2manydjs

However there are so many acts, it won't be possible to see them all. So who are we most looking forward to see? and who are a must attend on the band checklist? Now if I had another page I would list everyone's opinions, but right now, I'm going to list mine. Personally I'm looking forward to see **Little Boots, Beardyman, Soulwax, 2manydjs and Caspa.**

When Deputy Editor Kadhim Shubber was asked he said "MGMT, Florence and the Machine, Buraka Som Sistema, The Big Pink, Kraftwerk, all of the DJs including Rob da Bank and Beardyman"

Twitter : @feliximperial and tell us who you want to see.



"Shotgun not driving!"

"I want some beer!"

### What supplies to Bring

As with any festival, you need to be prepared for almost any outcome. However I think some things are finnier if your not prepared. So I have included here the bear essentials. Anything else like sunglasses and a change of clothes is just something you'll have to decide for yourself.

- Tent
- Sleeping Bag
- Ground Sheet
- Pillow
- Torch and Batteries
- Loo roll
- Wellies
- Waterproof Jacket/Poncho
- Combat Trousers
- Baby Wipes and Deodorant
- Condoms
- Toiletries
- Disposable BBQ's
- Tin Opener
- Bin Bags
- Mobile Phone
- Money

For a bargain, you can pick up a two man tent from Decathlon for only £20. It's one of those pop up ones and is so cheap you can burn leave it at the end of the festival.

So that's the only help we're going to give you. Thank you and have a nice trip.









# I was raped... Twice

Ravi Pall  
Coffee Break Editor

**H**ello dear readers. I am writing about my past week to tell you how I have been raped. Not physically, That would be awful and not something I would share. Somewhat a personal matter if that had happened. Well on to the not so horric storey.

My first "rape" as it were was in last weeks edition of *felix*. The puzzles editor, or general or whatever it is, decided to edit my lovely storey about my shopping expedition to westfields shopping center. Kindly saying that my better half was the one who bought my new clothes and insinuating that I'm kept. This was further propagated by the horoscope where I have been told that I have Changed. Truth is I have changed, I hve had a hair cut and bough some new clothes. What i dont understand is why there is a need to state this. I am still the same person, I still talk the same, walk the same, and do the same things. In essence I have only changed in apperence. And so what. If Charles Murdoch is waiting for me to break and get pissed off, he may have to wait a while. i don't particularly care, and I am not writing this storey to in retaliation to anything. I am writing it because sadly it's the most interesting thing that has happened in the last

week. I believe it has something to do with exams crushing my available time to go and be a complete idiot. Ah well, time for the second Raping.

The second time was the classic facebook rape. I foolishly left myself logged into facebook one night while in the *felix* office, to which all the editors remaining in the office decided to molest my facebook profile towards a gay orientation. I laugh though as the status update was:

"WANTED: middle-aged male, eager for wild sex, preferable fetish more S&M and bondage gear, must be non-allergic to latex and have strong arse muscle grip for my miniature penis. Price negotiable."

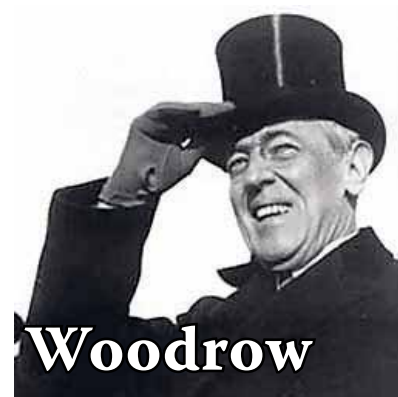
This was quite funny, however the random homosexual friends I had newly acquired left me some disturbing messages. Such as :

"hey sweets. soon some time? what about you? where can we go? x"

As well as old friends relishing in my misfortune. I thought this would amuse you guys in a time of "hard" revision. Until next time dear readers, until next time.

twitter.com/D00SKI

# Battle of the Wilsons...



Woodrow

**Photo Explanation:** "If you see any of them, don't let them into Princeton" (*This will make sense, just read on; Ed*)

**Known for:** Being the 28th President of the USA.

**Affiliations:** Princeton University - As President he discouraged blacks from even applying for admission, preferring to keep the peace among white students than have black students admitted. It was not until 1945 that Princeton started admitting black students, the first of whom graduated in 1947.

**Recognisable facial features:** Very long, drawn out face, which made it very easy for characaturists to draw him.

**Interesting Facts:** In 1914, he assigned the second Sunday of May as Mother's Day as a "public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country."



Owen

**Photo Explanation:** "My nose isn't as bad as everyone thinks it is!"

**Known for:** Being the best actor out of the Wilson brothers.

**Affiliations:** The Frat Pack - a group of male Hollywood comedy actors who have appeared together in many of the highest grossing comedy movies since the late 1990s. Members include Ben Stiller, Jack Black, Will Ferrell, Vince Vaughn, Luke Wilson, and Steve Carell.

**Recognisable facial features:** A big fuck-off broken nose. You really can't miss that thing can you.

**Interesting Facts:** In 2007 he was taken to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California, after a suicide attempt at his Santa Monica abode, where Wilson slashed his wrists. His lawyer later confirmed that he had been undergoing treatment for depression at the time of his suicide attempt.

WE PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE DONE THE WIN THING AGES AGO... FELIX FAIL!



Jenny

**Photo Explanation:** "Believe it or not, but I knitted my own hair!"

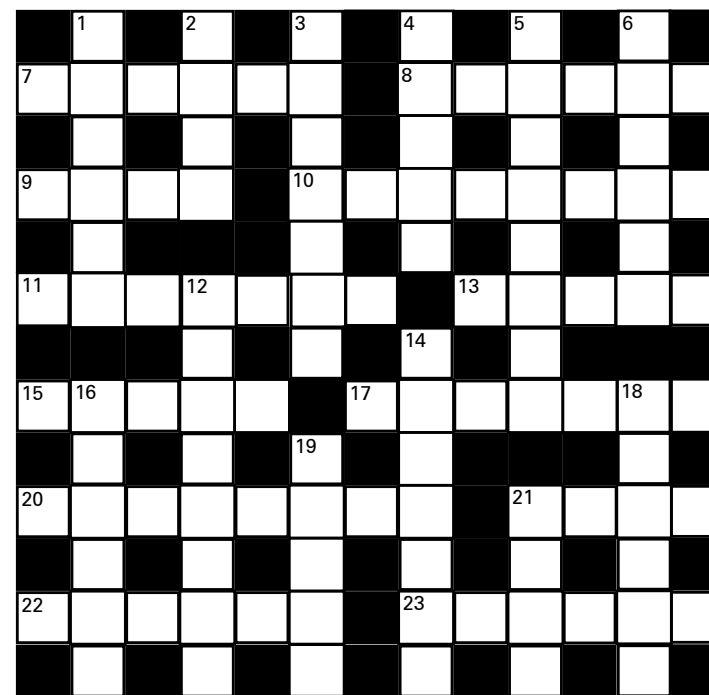
**Known for:** Having a mud wrestle with her opponent to decide the eventual winner of the DPCS elections.

**Affiliations:** Knit Soc - A society for old grandmas who have a passion for knitting wolly jumpers and scarfs for grandchildren who really, and I mean really, don't want them.

**Recognisable facial features:** Looking like one of the Salem witches, the fit ones, not the old crones with boils.

**Interesting Facts:** Before being elected as Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) Jenny was the Chair of Knit Soc and the SCC, otherwise known as the what-we-do-is-nothing-more-than-a-hobby clubs as they just sit around and chit chat with each other. In all honesty they do provide the thousands of geeks something to do in their spare time!

# A Quickie (Crossword) 1,433



- ACROSS
- 7. High respect-glory (6)
  - 8. Tasteless - cheap - gaudy (6)
  - 9. Italic approval? (4)
  - 10. Stir fried noodles (4,4)
  - 11. One of Kerouac, Ginsberg, orBurrough's lot (7)
  - 13. Conjugal relative (2-3)
  - 15. Weave with interlapping strands (5)
  - 17. Sad (7)
  - 20. Bountiful (8)
  - 21. Typical porcine riposte? (4)
  - 22. Star (latin) -Beverage of the discerning wife beater (6)
  - 23. Make up -Fulfill - Convert to cash (6)

- DOWN
- 1. He's strong to the finish, 'cos he eats his spinach (6)
  - 2/12 Menage a trois (4,8)
  - 3. Builder (7)
  - 4. Dramatic huff, as perfected by C. Ronaldo. (5)
  - 5. Antipodean island (8)
  - 6. Girl's name-Australienne? (6)
  - 12. See 2
  - 14. Singular (7)
  - 16. Metal men (6)
  - 18. Hypothetical protocontinent (6)
  - 19. Pertaining to "his Holiness" (5)
  - 21. Probabilities given by bookies (4)

### Solution 1,432

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

### Scribble box



Congratulations to **Team Wowpower** who earn their very first set of points. There were a lot of entries this week and they were coming in thick and fast. So, is you want to win those iPod's, you better be quick to get those answers in.

Let's see how you do with this week's brain tickle from our imaginative crossword setter.

Crossword by Peter Logg

# FUCWIT League Table

Teams:

Möchten sie mein Mannschaft?	399 Points
Team Shotgun	364 Points
Team What What	60 Points
Team Dirty Medics	39 Points

Individuals:

Giramondo	135 Points
Hringur Gretarsson	60 Points
Dr. Science!	42 Points
Ian Gilmore	26 Points

The Felix University/College-Wide Invitational Tournament League is new and improved. There are now prizes for both the winning team and the winning individual.

Basically, you get points for doing all the various puzzles and challenges, and at the end of the year, the winning team and the winning individual will win an iPod nano! The scoring is as follows:

5 points for the first correct answers for Slitherlink, Wordoku, London Underground, Mentalist Maze, Nonogram, Dingats and Quickie. 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](mailto:felix@imperial.ac.uk) or [sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk). Go!

# Dingbats 1,433

And they're back in the room sports fans. After a week away from the glorious Coffee Break pages, **Möchten sie mein Mannschaft** are back and were the first to figure out the dingbats and put them in a nice little story. Observe:

**Sit down and shut up!** (1) **No one**(2) can be bothered with this shit so fuck off **Forever**(5). I have **Good Information**(4) that you sit around in

your **Underwear**(6) all day frantically masturbating.

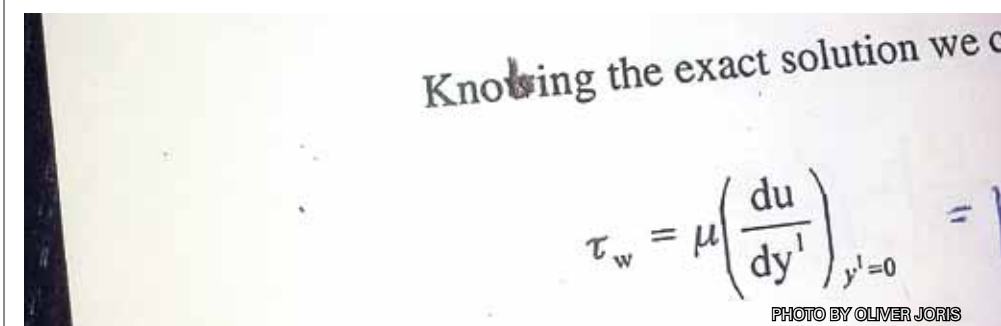
**Forgive Me**(3). I love you really. Seriously.

See, now why was that so difficult for the rest of you to give it a try? Let's see if anyone else can come up with something good with the ones below. Have fun now you hear!

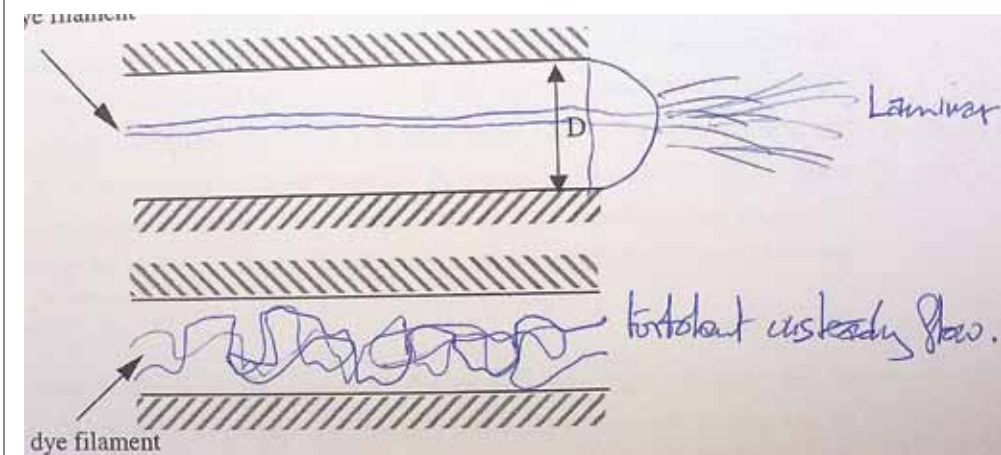
1 Wheather	2 HEAD HEELS	3 ↑ U U
4 Thimagat		
5 RE RE RE RE RE RE RE RE		
	6 Rest Rest Rest Rest	

- 1,432 Solutions
- Sit down, shut up.
  - No One.
  - Forgive me.
  - Good Information.
  - Forever.
  - Underwear.

# Check this bitchin' contribution to my notes



By knobing the exact solution one can thus calculate the wall shear



ved that under some conditions the dye passed smoothly down the pipe for

Is there turbulent unsteady flow or laminar flow in your penis? This man has laminar

# H (Planks constant) = oros x c (speed of light) x opes

Your resident luantic has gone on probation (exams) and could only write one... but which one could it be?

 <b>Aquarius</b> This week you sit in Beit Quad for some quiet drinks with friends when all of a sudden you hear this loud noise coming from the quad. You look around and see some multi-coloured-wanna-be DJ trying to mix some tunes but failing miserably. How fucking hard can it be to press next on the bloody control panel. Bafon!  <b>Pisces</b> So the exam revision is really getting to you. You wonder why you are sitting in the library next to smelly German at one in the morning and consider giving up. Not only do I encourage you to give up, but I feel that it would be oh so rude if you didn't also throw yourself into the Thames and get washed out to sea.  <b>Aries</b> Guess what! Hot out of the oven a new batch of American poon. If any one of them even thinks of saying "I like your English" accent or "OMFG" or for fuck's sake "LOLS" then I swear I will rip out their vocal cords. Next I will put them in a burger and send it back to their mother explaining what cunts they are. LMAO.	 <b>Taurus</b> After only just getting over the fact that you've got a thalidomide Beethoven trying to mix the decks, you then realise you have a couple of gay Mariachi guitar playing twats sitting behind you. These Enrique Iglesias wannabes are even trying to have a camp fire sing-along around a perfectly lit shisha and are doing absolutely nothin with it.  <b>Gemini</b> Why does the library close on Friday night? You sneak in, to go find out and uncover the infomation that a paedophile ring use it for their weekend 'fun' which is coincidentally where Madeline McCann is. Yay, you found Maddy well done. You do however get raped and die in hospital of a severe case of internal bleeding. Fail.  <b>Cancer</b> This week you listen to Lady Gaga's 'Poker Face' and your natural dislike for the bint makes your mind interpret the name of the song differently. You decide to go to her hotel room and repeatedly poke her face with a red hot poker until she has blisters and boils all over. To finish the whole ensemble off, you let a dog piss on her face. Job done!	 <b>Leo</b> So now you have clowns to left of you and jokers to the right. No it's not some Stealers Wheel music video, it's the bloody Union and to top it off, karaokee kicks off in daVinci's which is directly behind you. Without fail, you get some Whitney Houston diva on the microphone trying her very best to sing one of her greatest hits but sounds as tuneful as a frog.  <b>Virgo</b> Oh, so you've found a sugar daddy, have you? Have you ever thought he might be lying to you? Have you ever taken a bus with him? No? He's too scared to show you his Freedom Pass. All that stuff he's buying you? Well, that's just his next 10 year's private pension money taken out in advance. He's not old but rich. He's just old. Normal old. Fail.  <b>Libra</b> This week you realise (although I don't know why it took so long) that the President-elect has no fucking sense of humour. It could probably be because jokes have changed since Jack the Ripper, although even he would get these jokes. Some guy in the office left his facebook open, we destroyed it, it was funny. It's a fucking funny story you waxed head dick!!	 <b>Scorpio</b> Enough of this shit music combination from the Union, time for action. You ram the shisha down the Mariachi's throat, tell the diva to blow the thing out of the Mariachi's ass and then burn the retina's of the DJ as he may as well be blind as well as deaf and totally shit at his job. To finish it off, you wrap the guitar cords around the neck of the diva and start knocking out some Springsteen. Unfortunately in the process you gash open the Diva's neck open and she bled all over the floor. Wow, that whole thing really got out of hand!  <b>Sagittarius</b> You think about tidying your room, but then you see so much shit, some of which is actually faeces, all over the floor. Options are you can either sell it as art a la Tracy Emin, or burn the fucker down. You decided to burn her instead.  <b>Capricorn</b> This week you meet a girl called Mandy. She is more beautiful than... well a beautiful thing. Yesterday was a dream, you face the morning, crying on a breeze, the pain is gone. Oh Mandy. When you kiss her it stops you from shaking, but you'll send her away, oh Mandy. Mandy was 65 and a prostitute who worked the streets to fund her drug habit. Pint?
--	--	--	--







## Women's 8+ Bounce Back in Belgium: IC Squad Dominate

Christina Duffy

Gent May Regatta 2009: Scores were settled for IC's elite women's eight (W8+) in an electric atmosphere on Sunday as IC performed the race of the regatta in Belgium taking gold ahead of international crews.

The event is run as two separate one-day regattas over a 2000m course. The W8+ had already clenched silver the previous day. The women's quad (W4x) dominated every heat to take gold in their elite final on Saturday and third on Sunday, while the pair (W2-) of Ellie Dorman and Erica Thompson finished third overall.

The first win on Saturday went to the women's quad of Rachael Davies/Nicky Smith/Erica Thompson/Ro Smith who easily won their heat and was the fastest qualifier into the final (7:18.66). The quad went on to win gold in the final in a time of 7:15.66, over 6 seconds ahead of Gentse RS (Belgium) in second and was presented with medals in a ceremony after the race. There was little time to rest for the squad, most of who were doubling up in events throughout the day. The women's 8+ (Ellie Dorman/Rachael Davies/Nicky Smith/Erica Thompson/Selina Graham/Chloe Symmonds/Louise Hart/Ro Smith) came second in their heat in a time of 7:08.08 behind Upper Thames RC which was the third fastest qualifying time. Imperial claimed silver in the final: second only to Wallingford RC who finished in 7:09.77 with Upper Thames settling for bronze. The crew was presented with medals, flowers and a noose for reasons vaguely explained in a history leaflet handed to crews.

On Sunday the W4- (Duffy/Graham/Symmonds/Hart) heat starting time was 20 minutes after the W8+ starting time and it was intended to race the 8+, jump out and into the mini-bus and drive up the course to the start where the 4- would be waiting having been rowed up by other IC squad members. The 8+ (Cox: Connie Pidoux/Ellie Dorman/Ro Smith/Nicky Smith/Erica Thompson/Selina Graham/Christina Duffy/Louise Hart/Rachael Davies) took control of the opening heat and Connie called a reduction in rate to finish in second and qualify for the final, without exhausting those having to race afterwards. Hart, Graham and Duffy dashed from the boat into the revving mini-bus with coach Steele at the wheel. The bus blasted up the course to the start line where the three jumped out. But there was no sign of

the 4-. Coach Steele completed a 180° turn and took off back down the road to find the boat. Unfortunately Belgian police were having none of it and after being chased by a raving officer banging on the bus windows Steele was forced to pull over. After patiently enduring the Belgian waffle he was ordered to turn due to one-way traffic around the lake. Meanwhile the three headless chickens were at the start without a boat had to sprint along the towpath from the start line to the 1000 metre mark where the boat had been waiting after a confusion of where to meet. The crew got into their boat and took off like a bag of spanners towards the start, but were too late. Just fifty metres from the startline the W4-heat passed them by. Disappointment was consoled by the thought of an impending elite W8+'s final and the crew composed themselves with a solid row back.

With qualifying times posted for the W8+ final IC were well under the radar finishing 5/7th fastest qualifier due to their conserving of energy tactics. A master race plan was devised by cox Connie Pidoux and Coach Steele: a plan which cannot be revealed for obvious legal reasons. Pidoux's presence was immense in the boat and after a solid start the IC crew held level with all crews until the 250m mark. With the first push IC starting eeking ahead and began to pull away from the pack.

Other crews attempted pushes to regain dominance but IC were unstoppable with Pidoux at the helm: "They are doing their pushes and we are still going faster." Coach Steele was following on a bicycle and reports to being "unable to stop smiling" as other coaches had to watch their crews slip back down the pack and swallow their pre-race chat about the potential outcome of the race. With 200 metres to go Pidoux was on the bow ball of fastest (7:04.11) heat qualifiers Comb Belfast/Tethys/Wallingford and with 100 metres to go there was clear water. IC took gold in a blistering 6:58.62, with composite Comb Belfast/Tethys/Wallingford in second (7:04.34) and Wallingford RC (who had beaten IC to gold the previous day) came third in 7:07.61.

Boats were de-rigged and loaded and without delay it was straight back to London with all windows widely open. This was a very successful weekend for the women's squad collecting 22 medals and a cup over two days with just 15 athletes against elite international competition. Go IC!



ICBC women reach new heights with wins in an elite international competition in Belgium.

## Eastside Subwarden Vacancies

Applications are invited for subwarden positions at the new Eastside Halls. The position is open to all full time members of Imperial College including postgraduate students.

Further information can be obtained by emailing [subwardens@eastsidehalls.org](mailto:subwardens@eastsidehalls.org)

Application forms may be downloaded from [www.eastsidehalls.org](http://www.eastsidehalls.org)

The deadline for applications is:  
5 pm, Friday May 29th 2009

### Southside Halls Subwarden Vacancies

Applications are invited for three subwarden positions in Falmouth & Keogh, Selkirk and Tizard Halls. As a part of the wardening team you will be expected to help manage the hall, taking part and organising the hall activities, and dealing with pastoral care issues. Applications are welcome from all members of college, although the position is particularly suitable to postgraduate students. Applicants should be friendly, resourceful, energetic and responsible. In order to fulfil your subwarden duties, you are required to live in hall, in rent-free accommodation.

Download an application form from:  
<https://halls.imperial.ac.uk/vacancies/>

For more information see hall's websites:  
<http://halls.imperial.ac.uk/selkirk>  
[www.tizardhall.com](http://www.tizardhall.com)  
[www.union.ic.ac.uk/halls/falmouthkeogh](http://www.union.ic.ac.uk/halls/falmouthkeogh)

Deadline: 5pm Friday May 29th 2009

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Got any summer fixtures?  
Got any nice pictures?  
Want to tell everyone about them?

Then send us your match reports! Medic or IC, we'll take them both as we want to show off the vast sporting talent we have here at Imperial.

Send in your report today:  
[sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk)





# Current economic climate forces Wakeboarding society to go to Turkey, but it was still good

Continued from back page

blitz him back to the bungalow. The friendliness of everyone at the lake had to be seen to be believed, by the week's end we were facebook friends with wakeboarders from several nationalities along with nearly all of the staff.

Cable wakeboarding is a relatively new sport, born from the fact that fueling a boat every time you want to ride is prohibitively expensive for all but the most wealthy. A cable is very similar to the 'drag lift' that you would see on a ski slope, but for the fact that it is very high and is continuous. The first question most people ask when they see the cable is "what is the point in wakeboarding if there is no wake to throw tricks off?", there are two answers to this question. Firstly cable lakes are usually rammed with obstacles such as rails and ramps from which to launch your tricks, and secondly there is a special technique you can learn that allows you to utilise the elasticity of the steel cables to rip you into the air from flat water, the so-called 'rale based trick'. There are now far more tricks possible on the cable than behind a boat, hence it has become a completely separate discipline of wakeboarding with different competitions etc.

The standard of riding amongst the seven of us ranged from experienced to

complete beginner, and it is testament to the quality of Hip-Notics that not one of us failed to improve drastically. This was helped by the scorching mid-day heat, and the warm waters that allowed us to ride in board-shorts alone. There was a multitude of obstacles for the more-experienced to play on and even the beginners managed to have a go at the ramps by the last day. Special mention goes to Bjorn who took brutal front edges for the first four days only to impress us all on Day Five by not only becoming confident on his board but also taking on the big launch ramp, Jennifer Finerty for landing the ramp and body-sliding the funbox only to come out with a huge grin on her face, and Jak 'serial fives cheat' Wilkinson for attempting a flat water raley having only ever ridden for two weeks before the trip. Lorenzon Pikey and Jonners dub were confidently hitting most of the parks obstacles from day one with Jon attempting inverts off the ramps whilst Darko and I dedicated our time to flat water inverts along with rail riding. We all had a fantastic time at Hip-Notics and are almost certainly going to head back there next Easter.

Anyone wanting to give wakeboarding a try should contact me at wjp106@ic.ac.uk we run weekly trips to Thorpe Lakes and welcome people of all abilities.



The wakeboarding gang with their colourful swimwear

# Imperial's 1st XI notch up another victory

Shiraz Sabah

Continuing their successful season so far, Imperial 1s rolled over LSBU last weekend to make a winning start to their ULU Cup campaign last weekend.

Batting first on an uneven wicket, London Southbank collapsed to a paltry 98 all out in 25 overs. The Imperial seam attack, led by a youthful and fiery trio of 1st years, proved their worth to the club by making early inroads into the LSBU batting line-up. Ahsaan Ismail, the Singapore Express, was the pick of the bowlers taking 3 wickets, while Pete swallowed 3 victims and Ian wolfed down a further hapless batsman. It must be noted that a few, shall we say, "lenient" umpiring decisions did help the proceedings (a little strange given that the umpire was a LSBU squad member, although coincidentally he was left out of the playing 11).

To Imperial's credit, they did not let the tail wag, and turned the screw via consistent tight bowling backed by a commendable fielding display. While on the subject of fielding, I have been told that mentioning the Club Co-President Shiraz Sabah's extremely late arrival at the ground (about 3 overs

Cricket

Imperial Men's 1st XI  
Southbank Men's 1st XI



through the 1st innings) and his subsequent drop catch at extra-cover from a blasted shot travelling only an inch above ground (incidentally the only blemish in an otherwise perfect fielding display) must not be mentioned as it may jeopardize my selection for future games. Therefore I will avoid this topic completely.

LSBU tried all sorts of tactics to derail the Imperial bowling attack, from deeming the bending of the wrist illegal in the action of one of the seamers, to asking the spinner which way he intended on spinning the ball before he began his spell.

Despite all this, the tail was bundled out thanks to bad shot selection and a series of straighter ones from Daniel Johnpillai, who ended up with 3 wickets.

A target of 99 in 40 overs seemed an easy task, especially with the abysmal display from the LSBU opening bowler,

a lanky West Indian who thought he was bowling at Kingston on a baked flat track, rather than an early season English strip in Feltham. A series of wide bouncers gave Imperial a flying start, reaching 25 for 0 in 2 overs. However he was replaced after 1 over, resulting in 2 quick wickets.

The runs dried up, and the introduction of a wily left arm orthodox spinner into the attack didn't help matters. The middle order folded, leaving the home team teetering at 60 for 5. In walks Navin Surtani to join the tardy Shiraz Sabah at the wicket. In a gritty display of disciplined batting, they picked off the runs one at a time to take Imperial over the line.

Finally, the sledge of the day. In keeping with the agricultural theme, this week's beauty must go to Ahsaan, who when faced with an extremely cautious batsman came out with this - "He has more leaves than a tree." Enough said.



FAIL! One of the Imperial batsmen gets run out

Got any summer fixtures? Got any nice pictures? Want to tell everyone about them? Then send us your match reports! Medic or IC we'll take them both as we want to show off the vast sporting talent we have here at Imperial. Send in your report today: sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

# Acupuncture and Chinese Herbal Medicine

Theresa Szewczuk tells us all about this ancient medicine

What every patient asks me - how does acupuncture work?

This is a big question that is rooted in philosophy and history. I would like to give a brief history and a brief explanation. There is a legend that some 7000 years ago, Chinese physicians observed that soldiers wounded by arrows sometimes recovered from illnesses, unrelated to their injuries, that had afflicted them for many years. From this observation acupuncture developed, based on the principle that diseases can be treated by penetrating the skin at particular points.

The story illustrates the importance of detailed observation in acupuncture. It was through observation that Chinese physicians identified which points on the skin affected and controlled specific organs. They went on to show that by penetrating these points with needles, a wide range of diseases could be cured. It is generally believed that the first needles were made of stone, and stone needles have been found in ancient tombs in Inner Mongolia dating from 2500 BC. Wood, bone and ceramic needles were also used. Bronze needles became popular around 3000 years ago, during the Chang dynasty. Today, needles are very fine, like a thread of hair, made of sterile surgical stainless steel. The needling sensation is different from having an injection but you will experience some sensation like a tingling or a dull ache.

So how does this medicine work? Acupuncture, in brief, is a system of medicine that aims to restore and maintain health and it is rooted in Chinese philosophy based on the concept of Qi. Our health is dependent on the body's motivating energy, or Qi, moving in a smooth and balanced way through a series of pathways or channels in our body, beneath the skin.

This flow of Qi can get disrupted by a number of factors like extreme stress from exams, sitting at the computer too long without a break, eating on the run, not enough time for exercise and relaxation, going out every night partying and lack of sleep. These all cause stresses on the body and may manifest as Repetitive Strain Injury, Colds and Flu, Constipation, Headaches and the list goes on.

I am located in the Ethos treatment rooms on Wednesday afternoons and early evenings. A session for Imperial students is £25 and for staff it is £35. If you have any questions or think you would benefit from Chinese Herbal Medicine, please get in touch with me.

For more information call 07810 843 594 or email me at acupuncture@flowingriver.co.uk or visit my website @ www.flowingriver.co.uk.



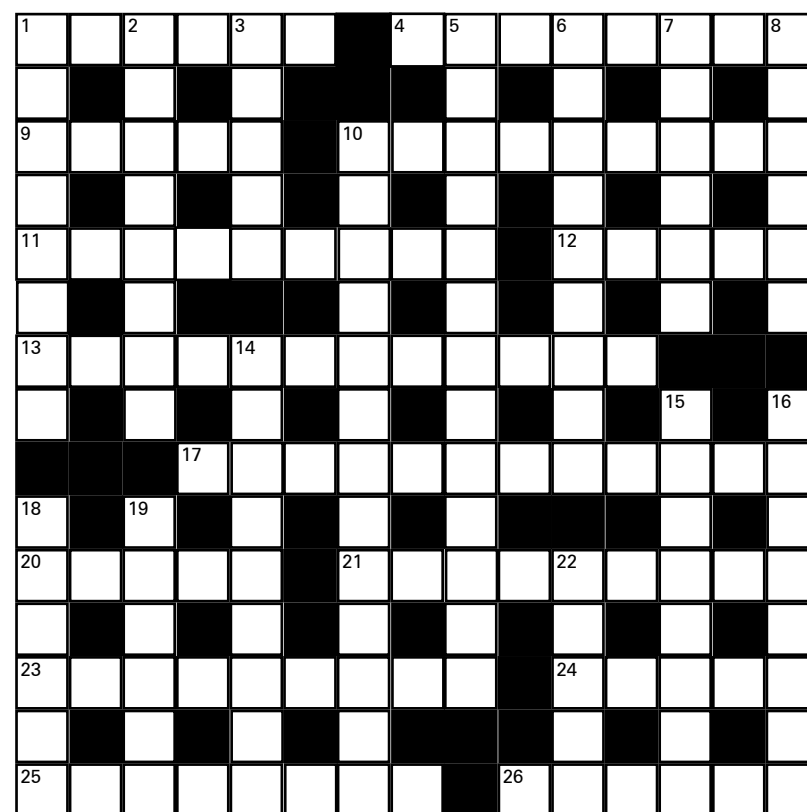
Pins and needles, literally, in the foot.

# Sports league

Table with columns: Team, P, W, D, L, F, A, Diff, % FI. Lists various sports teams and their performance statistics.

# Crossword No. 1,433

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



ACROSS

- 1 Insect with time for dwarf (6)
4 Hobbyist with nervous affliction? (8)
9 Astronauts left behind, concerned with facial feature (5)
10 Standard of judgement for organising nicer riot (9)
11 Plan of action in support of metric unit (9)
12 Dislikeable chap about group of officers (5)
13 Northerner has offal and dessert, initially looking insatiably at nibbles (12)
17 Design built-in spade - you can't argue with it (12)
20 Musical performance a long time after surgery (5)
21 Standard article included in assistance for segregation (9)
23 Ostracise Afro-Caribbean record (9)
24 Part of church is heard to change (5)
25 Second weapon is harsh-sounding (8)
26 Interfere with award, by the sounds (6)

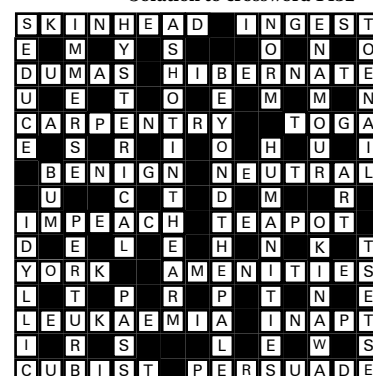
DOWN

- 1 Second-rate university supports disease - there's no competition (8)
2 Produce a solution: break up parliament (8)
3 Mathematician from Europe left the queen (5)
5 Hip new athlete crippled - an expensive burden (5,8)
6 Vigorous excavation by insect (9)
7 Fresh air doesn't disguise mullet, say (6)
8 Borrowed book found in tall grass (6)
10 Exchange of thoughts on pet one brought into religious ceremony (13)
14 Dashed, fired and ravaged (9)
15 Holding up article, journalist complained (8)
16 Policeman assaulted me. Danger! (8)
18 Cooker, almost superior philosopher (6)
19 Fix about two (6)
22 Provoke terrorist leader with absence of difficulty (5)

Congratulations to Ian Gilmore who was the first person to get the correct answer in this week. If we keep getting people who aren't at the top of the table submitting the correct answers in then we might be in for a real upset folks! Here is another delectable brain tickler from our crossword setter for you all to try out. Answers, as ever, in to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk please. Good luck!

Crossword by: Sam Wong

Solution to crossword 1432







## Wet and wild in Turkey

William Parry-Jones

The recession has hit Britain hard, the previously rock-solid Pound taking a beating against other currencies. With the exchange rate slipping on the Dollar it was decided that Imperial Wakeboarding club would have to look away from the previously standard Orlando Watersports Centre in order to deliver a trip with good value for money. Luckily for us, a brand new watersports complex had recently opened near to the small city of Antalya in Turkey, and reports were trickling back that the facilities and riding conditions were world-class.

So it conspired that a group of seven met at the Union on the last day of term in order to "take the edge off" for the early morning flight, this resulted in at least six of us being completely mauled throughout the boarding procedures. Respect has to be given to President Jonners 'dub' Watkins for holding it together, ensuring that Thomas Cook didn't get to fuck us on luggage allowance and that seven of us stepped off the plane at Antalya.

We arrived at the Hip-Notics wake park at around 11am and with the morning sun rising over the snow capped mountains the first thing that struck us was the beauty of the place.

There are three lakes centred around a large decked area that serves as a chilling/eating zone, and at the end of one of the lakes are several bungalows that allowed us to live right at the lakeside. The owner of the complex explained that for the next two days we would be the only English speakers at the site, this meant that we would have to get by on limited German and hand gestures which was initially worrying. The day manager of the site however was the single most legendary person I think any of us have met, nick-named 'Dave' due to his complicated Turkish name he ensured that every night was heavy on outrageous antics and he picked up both fives and 21's quicker than most English-speaking people could manage. Dave also had a penchant for stacking all seven of us on his quad bike and ragging it around the complex whilst completely smashed.

Night time activities included Go-Karting, Massages, and drinking the local spirit called Raki (Turkish for Bull Semen). The potency of Raki was proved on the second night when Jak managed to fall off a wall whilst pissing rendering himself unconscious, naturally Dave was on hand to stack his corpse on the front of the quad and

Continued on page 34



## Women's cricket continue to bowl over opposition

Dharani Yerrakalva

Wednesday was a fine afternoon for a game of cricket, and was the dawn of the Imperial Women's 1st XI second season in competition. After the success of our maiden season, we knew it would be a hard act to follow.

More than half the team were making debut performances, so there were a few nerves rattling as we walked on to the field (some were just anticipating the cricket tea).

After winning the toss, we elected to bat. Tara Laforce and Kushani Ediriwickrema opened the batting, having shown flare with their bats in the indoor season. However, we lost an early wicket in the second over and I was called to the crease. Kushani and I batted for a few overs until we had some unlikely guests – some men with cameras! The umpire was more perturbed

than us, and went to shoo them away – there was something a little weird about taking random photos of women playing cricket! After the commotion died away, we lost a few quick wickets in succession. Some valuable periods at the crease from Veena Surendrakumar, Louise Hirst and Sadaf Raza allowed us to maintain the run rate (aided by a number of wides along the way!)

At the 20-over mark, we had made 90 but only had 2 wickets remaining. With the overs running out, I decided to try and pick up the run rate. At 26 overs, our last remaining batswoman walked out. This was Mithila Patkunan. I heard a shout from the Imperial girls from the boundary that I had to get 4 for my half-century. Mithila hit several awesome shots in support, and the in the next over I reached my half-century! In the next over, the final wicket fell and it was time for tea. We

knew we had a good shot at winning, after posting a score of 137. However, UCL were an unknown entity to us.

After tea, we came out to bowl. Elsa Butrous and Sian Fogden were the opening bowlers, both doing the team proud. Sian, consistent as ever, got 2 wickets in her final 2 overs. We had some excellent performances from Kushani (in her first outdoor match ever) taking the key wicket of the star UCL batswoman who was on 22 and looked to make a big score. The other key wicket was taken by Aleeza Janmohamed, together with a great catch. UCL finished on 105 all out, leaving Imperial the victors!!

A great start to the season! If you would like to learn how to play cricket or already know how and would like to join in our success, please email Dharani Yerrakalva or Priya Shah on [icwomenscricket@googlegmail.com](mailto:icwomenscricket@googlegmail.com)

### Cricket

IC Women's 1st XI	137
UCL Women's 1st XI	105



I'm pretty sure there are meant to be 11 players in a cricket team