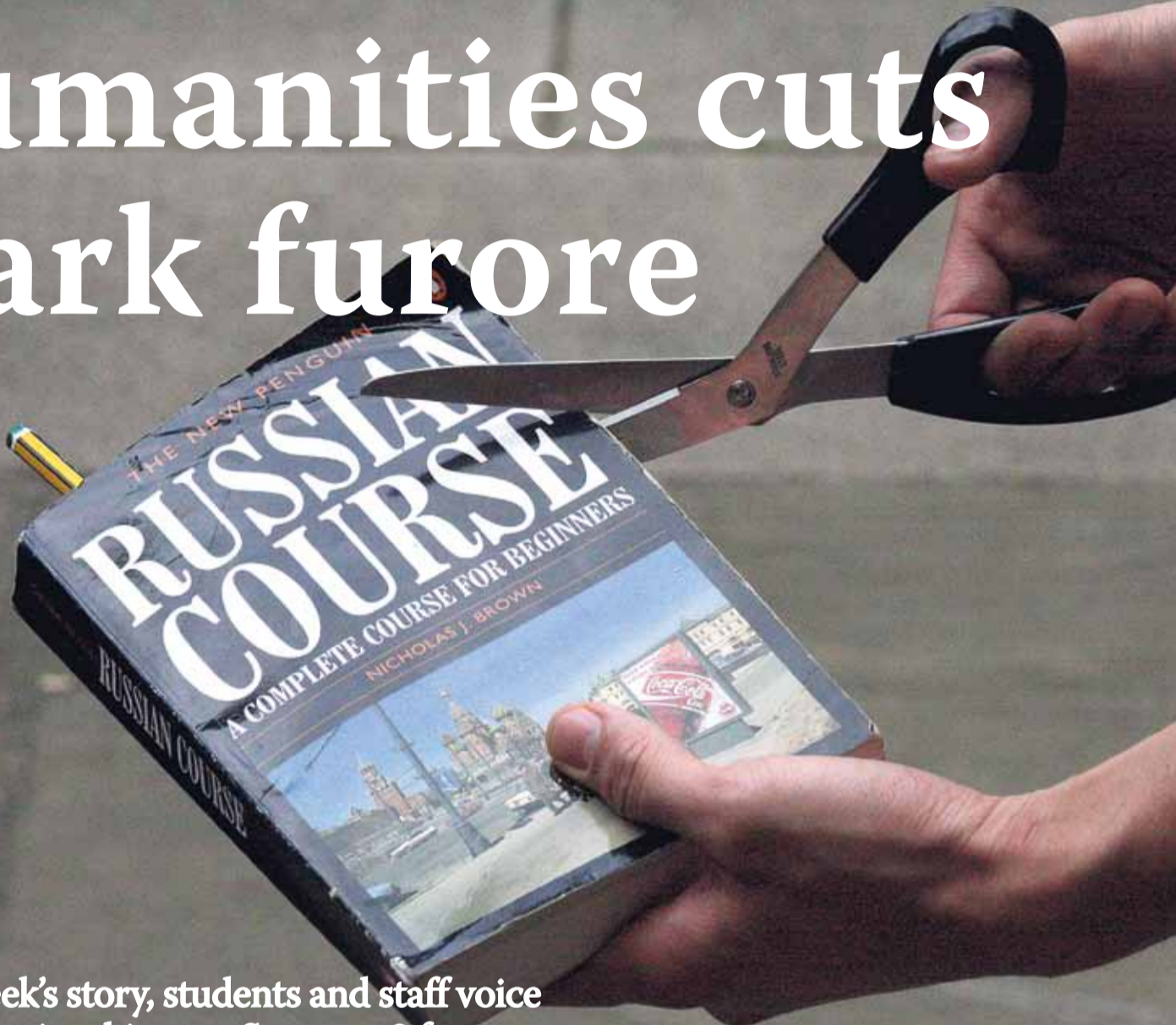




Humanities cuts spark furore



After last week's story, students and staff voice their concerns in a big way. See page 3 for more

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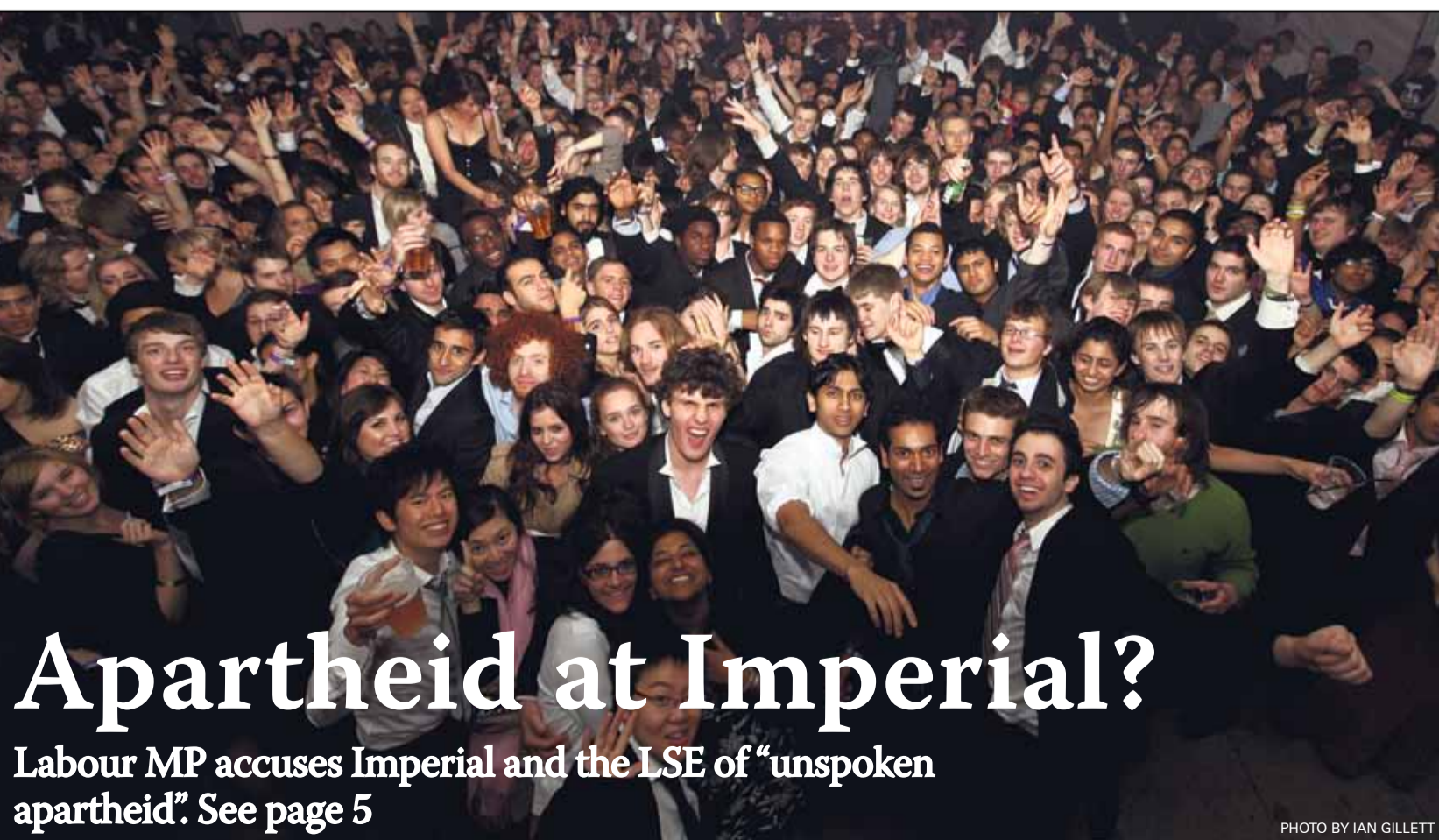


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Wolverine shows us
his claws



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Apartheid at Imperial?

Labour MP accuses Imperial and the LSE of "unspoken apartheid". See page 5



Medical students elect their new exec for next year, whilst IC are yet to vote

Sathyan Balaji

The medical school's election results were announced at the Reynolds Bar last Friday.

After weeks of intense campaigning, the endless treadmill of lecture shout-outs, Facebook groups and poorly photoshopped posters finally came to an end at the 'results bop'. Calling it a 'bop' was perhaps a little strong considering the turnout, but this wasn't surprising considering that we are now approaching the climax of exam season. While the support at this bop was a little weak, the support at the voting polls certainly was not. An impressive 45% of medical students voted in these elections and this was despite the fact that 9 of the 16 positions were only contested by one person.

The reason these figures are impressive not because more than half of medical students didn't vote, but because in comparison to the central unions' and other faculty union elections this actually is a pretty good turnout. Most other elections at Imperial struggle to get even 25% of their students to vote.

The unions' are student run organisations which look out for student interests, the people who run them have an important role in campus life. So when someone chooses not to vote it shows that they don't feel like the union is relevant to them and that they really couldn't care less who runs it. This reporter feels that if three quarters of IC students feel this, then it is a sad state of affairs and one that needs to be addressed.

The medical students on the other hand obviously feel a greater sense



Anil Chopra, who felix interviewed earlier this month, was elected as the new ICMSU President

of ownership and belonging for their union that has led to this higher participation. They care about their union and, despite the lack of competition for many of the positions this year, continued to vote. If ICU ever wants to improve its turnout, perhaps it should look towards the medical school for inspiration.

Even though the Medical elections are over, there are still a few central union elections that need to be completed.

Voting for ICU Council Chair and other council seats opens today (Friday 29th May) so make sure to go to imperialcollegeunion.org to cast your vote. As well as the ICU Council positions, voting is also open for the Graduate Schools Association positions, however, there are a few positions that are vacant and might require a second vote in October. Voting closes for all positions on 2nd June with the results announced soon after.

Finalists battle it out for Summer Ball prize

The Battle for the Ball comes to a close tonight in dBs from 19:00 onwards.

The competition has run for the last three weeks, picking out the cream of the Imperial crop, separating the musical chaff from the wheat, choosing Imperial's ripest artistic fruit, to give one lucky band the chance to open for Athlete at the Summer Ball.

Rock-pop band Cosmo Jones won the first heat with relative ease, seeing off Free Yard Jam and Arun Rao (who wasn't actually available for the ball in any case).

The second heat was won by Jimmy and the Banned in a Gillette-Mach 3-razor-close contest with the ridicu-

lously entertaining, far-out experimental rock band Kensington Gore. Nick Read, Jimmy and the Banned's bassist also won the unofficial prize for "Best Rocking Out by a Bass Guitarist".

The final heat was taken by "We Play Parties", in only their second gig as a band. On the same night, Sharp Noir (painfully cool blues group; you make your own decision about the name) delivered a strong set to clinch the wildcard prize, securing their place as one of the four bands in tonight's final.

Voting will be open to anybody who attends so the winner may come down who can drag the most friends down the gig. In any case, it's a Friday, take a break from revision and clear your head with music from Imperial's finest.



Jimmy and the Banned will be in the final tonight!

Leaks, protests and petitions; the complete reaction to Humanities cutbacks

As last week's article sparks massive student furore, News Editor Dan Wan, investigates further into the ever-expanding fiasco which surrounds the proposed cuts in Imperial's Humanities programme

In response to last week's article in felix reporting on the abolishment of select Humanities courses, disgruntled students are staging a protest alongside a petition demanding that the College rethink their strategies to cut four languages entirely from the daytime Humanities programme.

Coupled with the leakage of information on the proposed cuts from staff of the Humanities Department itself, an angry reaction has been sparked across students from all departments and faculties as increasing numbers were made aware of the drastic cuts, which are due to take place as of the next academic year. It has been confirmed College plan to reduce the Languages undergraduate provision by 60%, with four languages courses at all ability levels being abolished entirely. The remaining languages will only be offered as higher ability-level classes. Furthermore, four non-language courses are also to be discontinued.

The news broke late last week; simultaneously from two outlets. Friday's release of last week's felix coincided

with a mass email sent out collectively by the staff members of the Humanities Department. The Felix article was in response to a recently-passed paper from Senate, the College's top decision-making body, which outlined and reasoned the proposed decreases in Humanities provision from next year. A Staff Consultation Paper was also issued to lecturers and teachers within the Humanities Department earlier that week. The paper effectively told them of the many jobs at risk within their department as a result of the cuts.

In an incensed response, they decided to leak the information telling of the proposed course cuts via a mass email to all students who are currently, or have previously studied, a language at Imperial. Their email urged students to "make [their] views known" in order to "preserve the Language Programme for [them] selves and future students."

A further statement from the Languages staff has been made since.

continued on page 4

STUDENT RESPONSE

Letters to felix
Since last week's felix article, letters have been sent to our editors. Each conveys a similar concern with regards to the cuts in language provision. They are from a variety of individuals across the student body, including an ex-ERASMUS student worried that the trimming of language courses will prevent future students from gaining valuable and life-changing experiences as part of the same scheme. For the full selection of letters, flick to Letters to the Editor on page 6.

General consensus amongst the student body
felix ventured out across campus, and asked wandering students for their opinions on the now well-publicised cutback in humanities courses. 100% of students asked responded negatively, with some even laying into College.

"I think that cutting something as beloved by students as the language courses, with reasons that are flimsy at best, will be detrimental to the university's overall quality and a grave disservice to current and future students. I'm extremely disappointed in the university for making this decision." – Louis Constant

"At best, cutting humanities won't do anything to help the geekdom at Imperial. At worst, it'll affect personal growth and employment opportunities." – Sanjay Choolun

"I'm not sure whether learning something like Japanese would improve my employability, and it may not matter hugely to my future prospects, but I didn't come to university just for my prospects, I came to broaden my horizons and do new things so I'm all against the cuts." – Stefan Piatek

If Imperial students need one thing during this recession, it is a good broad education. Driving students down narrower and narrower pathways does nothing other than reduce their employment prospects." – Ian Swords

COLLEGE CLAIM LESS IS MORE. IS IT? LANGUAGES STAFF STATEMENT

What exactly is being cut from the Humanities programme?

- Russian, Arabic, Japanese, and Italian daytime language courses at all levels of ability.
- All 'Beginner' levels, equivalent to GCSE standard and below, generally termed 'Level 1 & 2' in the remaining languages, with Mandarin an exception (Mandarin Level 1 and 2 cuts to be under review the following year).
- These language courses will be reduced from current three to two hours a week of teaching time.
- Four non-language courses; Art in the 20th Century, Modern Literature and Drama, Film Studies, and Roman Empire

Why is College cutting Humanities courses?

- Contrary to what was first thought, the Humanities Department is not suffering entirely because of newly acquired budgetary constraints placed across all departments in College, though in an official statement, College do describe their proposals to bring "long term stability in very challenging financial circumstances".
- The official line, according to the Review of Humanities compiled by the Strategic Education Committee, is that the course cuts are a "refocusing of direction" the department is taking. This is to "bring it into line with the strategic aims of College."
- An official College statement claimed that "many options having grown up in response to sporadic demand rather than a clear strategy and need."
- College also comments on the issue of lower ability language classes, saying "the [Strategic Education] Committee found that the breadth and level of language provision was too broad and agreed that it was inappropriate for the College to continue to teach languages at GCSE level or below as part of degree programmes."
- The non-language courses being cut as daytime choices to undergraduates are "ones least in line with the strategic goals of the College and the least popular with students." Remaining courses are to be taught with the view of providing students with "transferable skills".

What are College's "strategic aims"?

- The College want us, the students, to be trained in the ethics of our respective disciplines and science communication. They also wish students to have a broad understanding of the history of subjects we undertake as part of our degrees, stating the above are a "vital part of scientific life". Basically, courses that are largely irrelevant to students' chosen degree streams are to be severely limited as optional evening hobbies, rather than degree-credited modules.
- College state that "some employers have suggested that Imperial graduates would be even more competitive in the jobs market if they demonstrated stronger communications skills."

"We are deeply sympathetic towards the student body at Imperial. The choice of languages to be retained as credit courses and those to be cut seems quite at variance with the requirement for scientist and engineers to operate in an increasingly global context. In addition, reducing the day courses from three hours to two per week must lead to lower standards."

The Strategic Education Committee's report concludes that it is necessary to bring the direction of the Department into line with the strategic aims of the College. If this is understood to imply that the Languages Programme is considered not to be in accord with these aims, this view is strikingly at odds with the recommendations of the UK's most prestigious scientific institutions that all engineers and scientists should be encouraged to study a foreign language."

It is particularly unfortunate that none of the cuts were ever discussed with the languages staff."

HANNAH THEODOROU IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

"I expected that there would be considerable discontent from the student body in response to the Humanities review, but I did not anticipate that it would strike a nerve with so many students. However, students have to understand the considerable impact Higher Education funding cuts, which are out of Imperial's control, are going to have on some aspects of teaching at Imperial. Something has to give as a result, and unfortunately languages has had to suffer significantly. I will work with members of College to see if we can reach a solution which will be the best compromise for all."

GRISKIN DAY, NON-LANGUAGES COORDINATOR

"It is a real blow to lose some of our most popular and long-standing courses. Hundreds of students who have already indicated their preferences face disappointment as courses are withdrawn. They allow students to explore a rich cultural context which they might not otherwise have an opportunity to experience. If Imperial graduates are to compete for jobs, they have to show that they bring something extra. It is very sad to see opportunities for students to enhance their CVs being reduced rather than expanded."

felix 1,434

Friday 29/05/09



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OF THE WEEK

Letters to and from the Editor

Let us know your views: comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk
Letters may be edited for length and grammar purposes
Views on these pages are not representative of *felix*

Erasmus needs the languages

Dear Editor,

I am writing on behalf of the Imperial College Erasmus Club, but also on a personal level, to register our strongest possible opposition to the proposed cuts to the languages programme for the coming years. Like many other Imperial students, I have personally benefitted tremendously from the fantastic language tuition offered by the Humanities programme, both on a cultural level and as preparation for the year I spent on exchange in Switzerland. And like hundreds of other Imperial students, I am immensely grateful to College for allowing me the opportunity to have spent a year abroad, surrounded by a culture, and people, completely new and different to those back home. This is an immensely enriching experience which I would urge anyone considering it to take; going on exchange was probably the best decision I've ever made and I know many, many other ex-Erasmus students would say the same.

So it is with great sadness that I read the news about these cuts, because I know this will directly deny that same opportunity to many more students in the future, and many more will likewise be denied the chance to come to Imperial in return. This will restrict

the students eligible to go abroad to only those with prior knowledge of the host language, and will therefore have the greatest impact on exchanges to the less mainstream, and often more interesting countries. This will make for a culturally much poorer college.

We at the Erasmus club are completely mystified as to how a 5% college-wide budget cut can result in the decimation of one of the most valuable parts of the College. Does the College really care about student satisfaction? If so, can they not see that for a set of challenging optional courses to be massively oversubscribed by students means that they are extremely highly valued? Does the College really care about graduate employability? If so, do they not realise how valuable even basic foreign language skills are in the UK jobs market, where they are so hard to come by?

I speak not only for the present members of the Erasmus club, but above all for our future members, for prospective students, for those who will lose out, in urging the College to reconsider these proposals. We understand cuts must be made, but please, use some common sense; Languages are simply too valuable to the College and to students to be culled in this way.

Yours sincerely,

Christopher Thomas
Erasmus Club President 2008-09

Save our languages programme

Dear Felix,

I was alarmed at an email I received from the Humanities department warning that Imperial College would be cutting its language provision in 2010. Higher-level language courses and beginners' classes in languages such as Japanese and Italian would be no longer taught.

I am currently a third year Erasmus student studying in France and I have benefitted greatly from the wonderful teaching and support from the Imperial humanities department. Not only did I come to France with ample knowledge of the language to succeed in everyday life, I had a good base on which to build my vocabulary and improve my grammar. Studying a language is a very enriching subject and I think that it is important for students to still have the opportunity to learn languages as part of their degree.

Whilst studying in France I have met many students from different European countries who have had not only free but compulsory language lessons as part of their degree. Of course it is important to learn English as it is the language of science but many students I knew spoke another European language, other than English, that was not

their mother tongue. Languages are a great benefit and rewarding to study. It is a great achievement having a conversation with somebody in a language that is not your own.

Languages are important for business and science, we must give up this "why bother everybody speaks English anyway" attitude. Speaking another language opens the number of people you can communicate with and also makes you very aware of your competency in your own language.

Please do not let the languages programme at Imperial College disappear. My Erasmus year has been very rewarding and I hope that the opportunity will remain for people to study languages for years to come.

Laura Shemilt

Dear Christopher and Laura

Firstly, I am glad that you are keen to use felix as a means of expressing your alarm at the imminent humanities cuts. I hope that you will be glad to hear that several students have already complained about the potential cuts and a demonstration has been planned for the 3rd June outside the Faculty Building.

In the meantime, we will try to keep everyone up-to-date with the latest developments regarding the humanities courses.

Hope to see you on the 3rd

Yours Sincerely

Jovan Nedic
Felix Editor-in-Chief

We are ever vigilant about fluent speakers

Dear Sir

On page three in the last issue (1,433), one of your students interviewed about the cuts said that 'people in language courses are more fluent than they let on'. This accusation is one that we take very seriously. The entry levels are clearly given; see the website. <http://www3.imperial.ac.uk/humanities/undergraduate/foreignlanguagecourses>

All language staff are aware of this problem and are vigilant. Out of 1,350 students who take languages, very few try to cheat. This year for example, one such was identified and barred from the Humanities programme.

We would not like the impression to be given that language classes are not run professionally.

The Language Section, Humanities



Provocation over precision

Kadhim Shubber
Deputy Editor

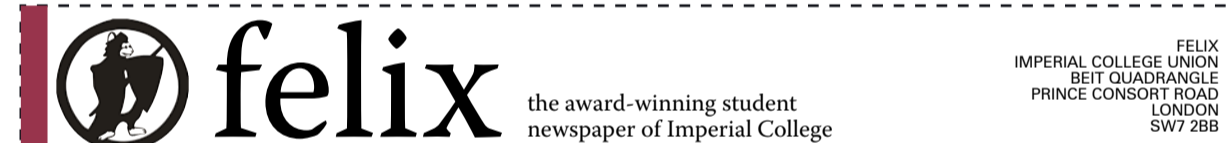
When Diane Abbott spoke in the Houses of Parliament, about the mythical 'apartheid' in higher education and the supposed dominance of white students at Imperial and the LSE, she failed to address the core issue by being dramatic instead of precise.

The use of the term apartheid was dishonest. An emotive and highly charged term, apartheid at its simplest refers to the South African regime from 1948 to 1994 but when used out of this historical context it implies a broad economic, social and political system of denial and discrimination of people of a certain ethnic group. This is not the case at Imperial or the LSE, or for that matter any higher academic institution in the UK. Indeed coupled with her assertion that there is a dominance of white students at Imperial and the LSE, one wonders if Ms. Abbott knows anything about Higher Education in the UK.

There is an important question to be addressed regarding black students in higher education, namely "Why is there a low proportion of black students at Russell group universities and a high proportion of black students at former polytechnics?" However Ms. Abbott has cheapened the discussion by being needlessly provocative and thus (whether wilfully or just out of carelessness) distracted the debate from the key point, which is the failures of the support system available to black students before they even make their UCAS applications.

Ultimately, Ms Abbott has done her constituents and the debate a disservice. By flagrantly raising the spectre of racism she makes it more difficult to have a productive and candid conversation on this issue. And by refusing to acknowledge that Russell group institutions like Imperial and the LSE admit students based only on their academic achievements, she has achieved nothing of any value, except maybe to garner some media attention for herself.

Don't forget to fill out the letter and return it to us if you think that Diane Abbott's comments were inappropriate



FELIX
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BEIT QUADRANGLE
PRINCE CONSORT ROAD
LONDON
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Diane Abbott MP
House of Commons
London
SW1A 0AA

Imperial College Union
Prince Consort Road
London
SW7 2BB

Dear Diane Abbott,

I am writing in response to the comments you made on the 20th May during the Westminster Hall debate on the London Metropolitan University.

I am bitterly disappointed by your use of the word apartheid in describing the ethnic composition of Imperial College, as the word is entirely inappropriate. Apartheid implies institutionalized segregation and racism, and its use in this context for the sake of rhetoric cheapens its historical significance.

Furthermore, both Imperial College and the London School of Economics pride themselves on their international reputation and their strong multicultural and multi-ethnic communities.

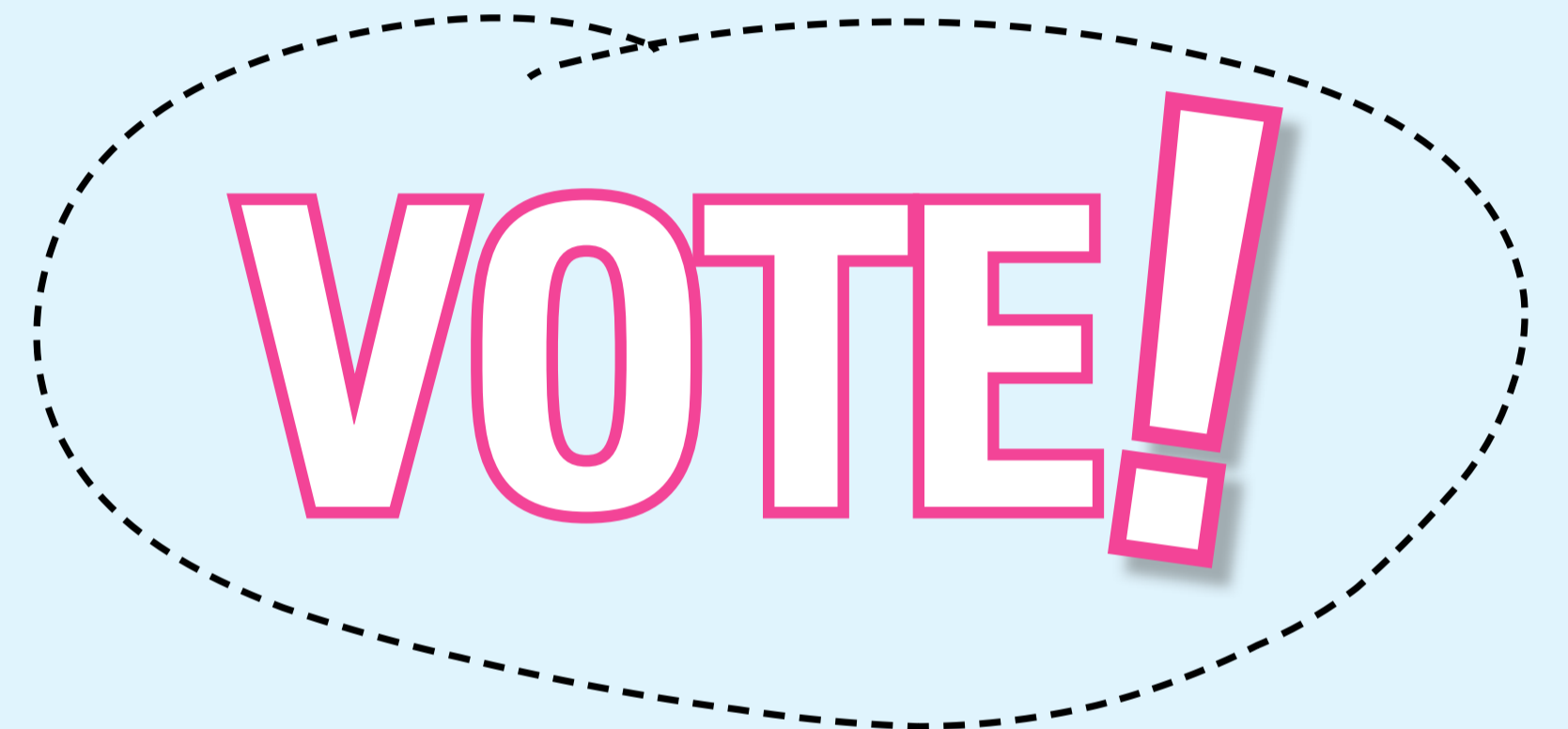
I invite you to come to our South Kensington campus to witness first hand how diverse Imperial College really is.

Kind Regards

(fill signature, course and date)

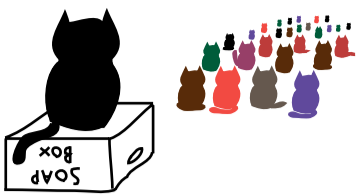
eVoting

GSA, POSTGRADUATE & SUMMER ELECTIONS 2009



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imperialcollegeunion.org/vote



Ossian Hynes wants you to help save humanities



“The humanities department courses allow students to spend some of their time devoted to other interests”



I was outraged to hear through Daniel Wan’s article in *felix* last week that language options will be cut by 60%. Levels 1&2 in all languages except for Mandarin will no longer be offered and 4 humanity options will be axed.

I have studied different humanities course every year at Imperial, some for credit and some not. All were a welcomed chance to explore other interests outside my field. It seems I am not alone, as 900 students have already joined the protest group on facebook called “Save the Languages”, which I started on Sunday. Additionally 600 students have signed an independently organized petition. Either the college did not know about the strength of the student feeling on the matter, in which case the system of student representation is not adequate, or they just didn’t care.

Even in the retained lunchtime courses, they propose to cut the teaching time from three to two hours a week. To do the entire A2 French syllabus in a year on just two hours teaching a week seems ridiculous. This is exactly the same reason why evening courses of an hour and a half a week are no substitute; students need more teaching and support; not less.

Another problem is the effect that these cuts will have on the Erasmus program. For instance, cutting back on beginners’ Italian will effectively stop the exchange with Italy. Not many schools offer Italian and therefore students arriving at Imperial will not be at the required level to start an advanced course. Whereas before it was possible to start a new language at Imperial, spend you’re third year abroad and graduate completely fluent, this would no longer be possible.

We understand that college have

given three main reasons for cutting humanities. Firstly, they are trying to make the schedule more flexible by not having the constraint of a protected two hours lunch break for humanity options. Secondly, the long term strategic aim of Imperial is to integrate science communication and ethics as compulsory courses into all degree programs. Thirdly, some believe the beginner language courses are too basic to contribute to an Imperial degree.

I believe they are missing some really important points. Timetabling is no reason to cut 60% of the offered courses there must be ways to free up say Friday lunchtime, and work around it, or offer extended evening courses for credit. As to the courses being too basic, I completely disagree.

My experience is students score lower in humanities than in their main degree. Restricting the beginner courses to the first and second years, would

also mean they would count a minute amount towards your final degree mark.

I chose Imperial above other universities, specifically to do the Erasmus program to Spain. Dredging up my distant GCSE knowledge, I started at Level two Spanish (a level they’re planning to axe).

I am not a natural linguist, so this was not an easy course for me and I devoted a lot of time to it struggling with grammar, and lists and lists of vocabulary. In the exam I scored just 40%. However it allowed me to spend last year in Spain with a Solid State research group and now I am fluent in Spanish. This year abroad made my degree and I know the same can be said for nearly everyone else I’ve known doing the program.

The very nature of Imperial as a university devoted to science, engineering and medicine means that it

needs to offer ways for its students to follow other interests. The humanities courses allow students to spend some of their time devoted to other interests, something which with all the pressures at Imperial is a welcome change.

One final point, although the group is called “Save the Languages”, it is also intended to campaign for college to reconsider the other humanity courses cut. Please join our group and voice your opinion on not just the language cuts, but also your thoughts on the other humanity courses.

If you with me and feel that college should hold a proper consultation with the students, then please come along to our protest Wednesday (3rd) at 12:00 on the Queen’s Lawn where we will march to the faculty building to hand in petitions and wave flags. Many of us, including myself, have exams, but this is important for future students, so I hope you will join us!

Gilead Amit feels the other side of editorial meddling



“I am an atheist (εἰθῑst). Not, I wish to take great pains to point out, an idiot (ἰdῑst)”



Those of you with more time on your hands than you should by rights admit to having may remember spending some of those extra minutes last week reading a comment piece about a Jewish wedding. For the sake of pedantry, the piece was mine, the wedding was my sister’s. This wallowing in successes past is not the result of premature nostalgia but rather a desire for clarification. You see, accompanying my article, in the very place where Ossian Hynes’ red crowd is above, was a picture of an undeniably Jewish wedding.

So far, I am compelled to admit, so good. Nothing the most perrickery of purists could carp or cavil at. A piece about a Jewish wedding deserves a suitably descriptive and relevant picture and such, you have been led to understand, was indeed the case.

The picture, as overflowing with Judaica as it unquestionably was, and

containing more black beards than you could shake a stick at without being accused of starting a pogrom, was crucially lacking in one, albeit minor, respect. The wedding being depicted was not my sister’s. I will, when pressed, grant that I am regularly unable to ‘spot the 5 differences between these two pictures of Mickey Mouse to win a family holiday for 3 to EuroDisney’, but I have long prided myself on the ability to pick out one bride from another at twenty paces. No matter how far away I held last week’s copy of *felix*, however, I was able to spot subtle yet incontrovertible hints that the people celebrating were unknown to me.

This grieves me terribly, for I now feel that I should have gone to a greater lengths to ensure authenticity in the photographic evidence. Not only would it have provided you with a much needed dose of spiritual uplift, but the sight of my sister in her wedding finery would have given you pleasant mis-

conceptions about my own physical appearance.

The mismatched brides, however, are not the only differences between the ceremony I cherish in my heart and the one so painfully portrayed in yesterday’s prosaic pixels. The groom (and I should hope so too) is also a different figure. Even the guests, unless someone has had the audacity to scribble over their faces with a black magic marker, are entirely different.

But beyond mere personalities, the procedure in the picture was a great deal more orthodox than the one which I attended two weekends ago. Not that we didn’t try to make it more traditional. My parents and I argued with the happy couple till we were blue in the face to scrap the wrestling-in-pig-fat part of the entertainment, and it was only by dint of long and weary persuasion that we convinced them to cancel the swastika decorations hanging down from the bridal canopy.

At the end of the day, however, to say nothing about earlier on in the afternoon, my family is not a religious one. We are open and even defiantly proud of our ancient cultural heritage, but we do not, as a rule, believe. I say ‘we don’t believe’ in the same way as I am wont to say ‘I don’t drink’ – with the unfortunate implication that I am something of a solipsistic camel: refusing to grant the existence of anything and with absolutely no need for fluids.

To cut to the heart of the matter with the finely-sharpened bludgeon of logical progression, I am an atheist (εἰθῑst). Not, I wish to take great pains to point out, an idiot (ἰdῑst). I include the pronunciation guides for these two words so as to make the distinction abundantly and inescapably clear to readers at home and abroad.

An idiot, for those of you who have just tuned in, is someone who jumps from one branch of the shaded and leafy tree of faith to another, mistak-

ing the reflected light he is following for the warm natural glow of reason felt by those who tread the solid ground. The gradual descent from the trees is proving a recurrent theme in human evolution, but this particular specimen of foliage is proving especially comfortable. In short, I have no patience for those enlightened souls who cast off the chains of religious fervour only to make their new-found freedom as restrictive as any imprisonment.

Though the historical and literal meaning of the word ‘atheist’ seems to imply a vehement faith whose central tenet is ‘there is no God and Dawkins is his prophet’, it is time for that to change.

But wait. It seems unfair of me to lure you into what was ostensibly a perfectly friendly comment piece only to hit you with an opinion when your guard was down. Not to worry, I’ll come back to my personal beliefs later. If you’re very good, next week you’ll hear how they got me in trouble at Speaker’s Corner.

Rhys Davies has been having a secret affair



“With sacred sanctity, I peeled back her outer garments and spread her before me.”



It’s dark when I leave the Halls. It wraps another layer of secrecy about my business.

I must confess. Since the start of the year, I have been having an affair.

It started out small. I looked up when someone mentioned her name. I caught sight of her in passing and she of me. I thought nothing of it. Until that time in the night. I woke up in a cold sweat. This burning feeling in my chest; this compulsion that must sated. I knew I had to meet with her.

Dressing quickly, I set off. I had occasionally visited my paramour in the day, or even in the early evening if we both felt that way inclined. It had been free, it had been easy; we had been comfortable. But not now. Now, I ached for her. I smiled secretly to myself, thrilled with the thought of my nocturnal adventure.

I found my way to her house. I say house – it more of a hostel, for her and those like her. It’s quiet now – so few

people around. This is where the fun begins, the foreplay. Sometimes, she’s there, waiting for me on the ground floor. Sometimes, she is spread out across a table in anticipation. Sometimes, and these I love the most, I must seek her out, to toil after the reward.

She’s coy but I know where to look. Experience has taught me of her hiding places, little nooks out of the way where she thinks I won’t find her. But then my eyes catch sight of her and I stop, and my heart stops with me.

She is beautiful, I can’t deny, though ever-changing. Sometimes she is older than me, sometimes merely a child. Sometimes she is world-weary, other times she is fresh, ready for me. Sometimes she is rubenesque, sometimes she is a size zero. But always, always beautiful to me.

I took her by her colourful clothing, always something new for each visit. I led her lovingly onwards, away from the prying eyes of others, jealous of what we have. I set her down gen-

tly and breathe in her scent. I knew it won’t be long now.

With sacred sanctity, I peeled back her outer garments and spread her before me. My eyes watered for the sight before me and I drank it in. My lover didn’t blush; she wasn’t ashamed by what she had to show. My eyes pored over her details, every one an intimate part of her. I knew I cannot control myself any longer.

I reached into my trousers and re-mounted my instrument, gripping it tightly save I spill. I looked to my lover, she said nothing. She let me continue.

With the utmost delicacy, I began. My love tells a story, and I must remember it. With my instrument, I marked out her finest points, worthy for eternity. Tattoos of passion, our love is consummated. My eyes darted back and forth, and my hand moved faster. She could barely take it all.

Then we were done.

Glancing around, I modestly re-dressed her. When that was done, my

hand rested longingly over her but we both knew that we had done enough for one night. Now was the time for rest. Like a groom and his bride, I carried her back to her resting place. I returned home, content.

Sometimes, we escape together, for the weekend, or the week, or longer still. We play our games in new locations, but the moves are the same.

I am truly, madly, deeply in love. With these thoughts ringing, re-mounting in my head, I head for my mistress’ place once again. It is as late as it was on that first night, so long ago. As I step inside her domain, I am surprised by the people there. There was never usually this many. There shouldn’t be this many!

Fearing for my love, I hurry upstairs, taking the steps two at a time. Breathless, I reach the top and can barely take in the sight before me. There is my paramour, on the table. Surrounded by other men. Each with their instruments directed at her, the same look

common in their glances. They have her. And she enjoys it. The slut.

Dejected and rejected, I sink to the floor. How could this have happened? I was cheated on...by a book.

Yes, I have a love affair with books. Outside of drunken Medic piss-ups, love can be hard to find in Imperial but I thought I had finally found someone who understood me. Who accepted me for me.

Now is the zenith of the revision period and the libraries are busier than ever. On the one hand, I applaud of this; they are a fantastic resource, deserving of our patronage. But, the converse is that it’s becoming so very difficult to obtain the right textbooks. I have seen students do unspeakable things to get hold of Vander’s Human Physiology. So I send this plea out to you all.

By all means, revise. But revise conscientiously...

...you might be breaking someone’s heart.

phoenix out now

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Imperial alumna running for European seat Europe or bust!

Sameer Bahal & Kajann Prathapan

Imperial College graduate Jan Jananayagam is running in the forthcoming European Parliament Elections as an independent candidate. *felix* caught up with her to find out why she claims to stand out.

Briefly what do you stand for?

I stand for strong civil rights and against the erosion of the freedom of individuals and communities. I stand for financial transparency and better regulation in areas from MEPs's expenses to the management of investments and pensions.

I oppose the lack of transparency of international institutions such as the IMF, which uses taxpayers' money to prop up failing governments and economies. I have already helped to bring a legal injunction to prevent the IMF from lending to a recipient country that would have used the funds to buy weapons of war and to commit crimes against humanity and/or genocide. I stand for small businesses and entrepreneurship, having run a small business myself; I know what is important to encourage entrepreneurship. I stand for an ethical foreign policy. I stand for equality and diversity.

Why are you standing as an independent candidate?

I want freedom in formulating policies and do not want to feel obliged to vote with the party line if I disagree with an issue. Anyway, I do not feel I fit into a particular party with the strong

civil rights issues I believe in and being business friendly.

I also feel in many ways that I am a protest candidate, protesting against injustice in Palestine, Tibet, Tamil Eelam and Kurdistan. Protesting against the lack of action in the discrimination faced by communities in these areas. If I was a candidate in a party, this message of protest might not be heard as loudly.

Why should people be interested in your campaign?

My campaign is different to the other candidates as it is primarily, civil rights orientated.

In the last few months, I and many tens of thousands of others have tried to influence the British government and main political parties to do something tangible to stop the war in Sri Lanka. But we were unable to stop the forced starvation and aerial bombing of an entire people.

I know how hard it has been to meet foreign ministers to lobby for action and the difficulty faced to change policies even when the policy is wrong in the first place.

This has led many to campaign against the system, challenge current foreign policy and yearn for change. With some of the other parties, the candidates are seasoned MEPs, will they bring about the changes that is needed, something that has been elusive, thus far? As a human rights activist, I have the background to shake things around.

People are also worried about the BNP and with MP sleaze affecting the main parties, focus has turned to the smaller parties and independent can-

didates as a protest vote, as an alternative to the BNP.

What gives you the experience to be an MEP?

A few years ago, my company sued the Commonwealth Secretariat for expropriating the ownership of my company's e-commerce software. Due to diplomatic immunity granted to the Secretariat under the Commonwealth Secretariat Act, meant that there was no initial access to the UK courts.

As a result I was forced to take the matter to an internal tribunal set up by the Commonwealth, all of whose jurists were appointed by the Commonwealth Secretary General. Unsurprisingly the Commonwealth jurists ruled in favour of the Commonwealth Secretariat.

I appealed this decision at the Royal Courts of Justice arguing that the internal rules of the Commonwealth Secretariat, which prevented appeal to the UK courts, combined with the Commonwealth Secretariat Act, which granted immunity to the Commonwealth Secretariat violated the European Human Rights Act on two counts – the right to an independent and impartial court and the peaceful enjoyment of my company's property to have been violated by the Commonwealth Secretariat. The judge at the appeal ruled in favour of my company and condemned the Commonwealth Secretariat.

This episode gave me confidence to speak out against injustice – if I am able to successfully take on an inter-governmental organisation of many independent member states, like the Commonwealth Secretariat, then I am

not afraid to speak out and take action against single governments or anyone else.

As an MEP, I will not be afraid to speak the truth. I will challenge unethical policies and fight for the voiceless.

How did your time at Imperial College shaped your views?

It was whilst I was at Imperial that my human rights activism had started. At the time, the Government of Sri Lanka had begun a policy of 'war for peace', which resulted in the death of many innocent civilians due to heavy shelling and aerial attacks. I co-founded HURT, a human rights group, and worked alongside different societies at Imperial in participating in marches, leafleting and raising awareness through the media.

Nearly 15 years on, I am now the UK spokesperson for 'Tamils against Genocide', an advocacy group that seeks to obtain convictions for genocide against high-ranking Sri Lankan officials and the state.

You are calling for more research funds for science and technology – why is this so important?

In order to compete with the USA, China and India, it is imperative the EU nations work together and invest more into research of technology and science.

Looking at the USA, research is commercialised and with a large domestic market, ideas from research are picked up and put to use. Europe is a natural export market and by working together, with regards to technology and computer research, there could

be a greater pooling of data, allowing greater competition.

How do you think the EU should continue to tackle climate change?

This is a very important subject and should involve greater investment in green technology by EU nations to find ways to reduce carbon emissions.

MPs expenses have been a talking point recently, what will you claim as an MEP?

In my current job, having to split my time between London and Munich, I am known, amongst my colleagues, for being very thrifty when it comes to expenses. My colleagues often tease me for always flying with EasyJet, so as an MEP, I expect nothing to change – old habits die hard!

Finally, what does a vote for Jan mean?

A vote for Jan is a vote against the BNP – what more of a clear message can we send to a fascist party than to say that Britain is a nation of tolerance that accepts a vibrant mix of cultures and ethnicities. A vote for me will be a vote for ethical values, diversity and liberty.

More information can be found at

www.vote4jan.org

The European Parliament Elections will take place on Thursday 4th June 2009. If you've registered, don't forget to vote! If you haven't registered, then you don't get to vote. Pretty simple really.



For stress relief try action movies

Hugh Jackman and the team that produced X-Men treat their fans to a thrilling and utterly enjoyable film

X-Men Origins: Wolverine

★★★★★

Director: Gavin Hood
Writer: David Benioff
Skip Woods
Cast: Hugh Jackman,
Liev Schreiber,
Danny Houston

Jonathan Dakin
Film Editor

Every X-Men fan has waited for this moment for a long time, and they have finally been granted what they wanted: Wolverine solo! Everybody's favourite mutant finally gets his own movie: all about him! He is, after all, the best character in the X-Men (you can argue with me all you want, I don't care), and was certainly the best part about the X-Men trilogy (although I do love Halle Berry who should hopefully have her own X-Men film about her character Storm being made soon), mainly because the dynamic and enigmatic Hugh Jackman steals every scene he is in.

Wolverine's premise is that he is a mutant. he has a brother called Sabretooth (Schreiber) and they are somehow almost immortal, and in a very slick and stylish opening we see how they have fought in every American war, enjoying the killing and destruction because it is the only thing they know how to do well. Then we come to the (almost) modern period, and Wolverine and Sabretooth join a gang of other mutants who go around attacking people until one day he discovers that his brother loves killing a little too much (dun dun dun!) and so

quits. And then the rest of the film is about how he gets his steel claws and tries to go hunt his brother down. The plot isn't too important, because as we know what is going to happen (if you have seen the first X-Men films then you know how this one will end), we just want to see how it happens. The action begins and never stops, with car chases, explosions, fighting and escaping, all the way through to the action-packed but slightly confusing ending.

The ending is pretty spectacular even though it doesn't really make a whole lot of sense, but it is an adrenaline filled pulse-pounding climax, which is unusually unique and different from other action films. I loved the fact that the action was non-stop: it is about time that good action films made a comeback. Luckily there isn't too much character development, as Wolverine's character endears himself to us through screaming and fighting, but when he meets the woman who melts his iron heart, we do see a more tender side to him, adding depth to this savage beast.

All of the supporting cast are enjoyable to watch (although I have no idea why the man from the Black Eyed Peas is in it – but at least he isn't too bad), with loads of X-Men characters making brief appearances (including a special guest star!). Liev Schreiber is very good as Sabretooth, relishing every second he has on screen, but *X-Men Origins: Wolverine* is Hugh Jackman's show, and he is content to let everyone know that: thrashing and smashing his way through every moment.

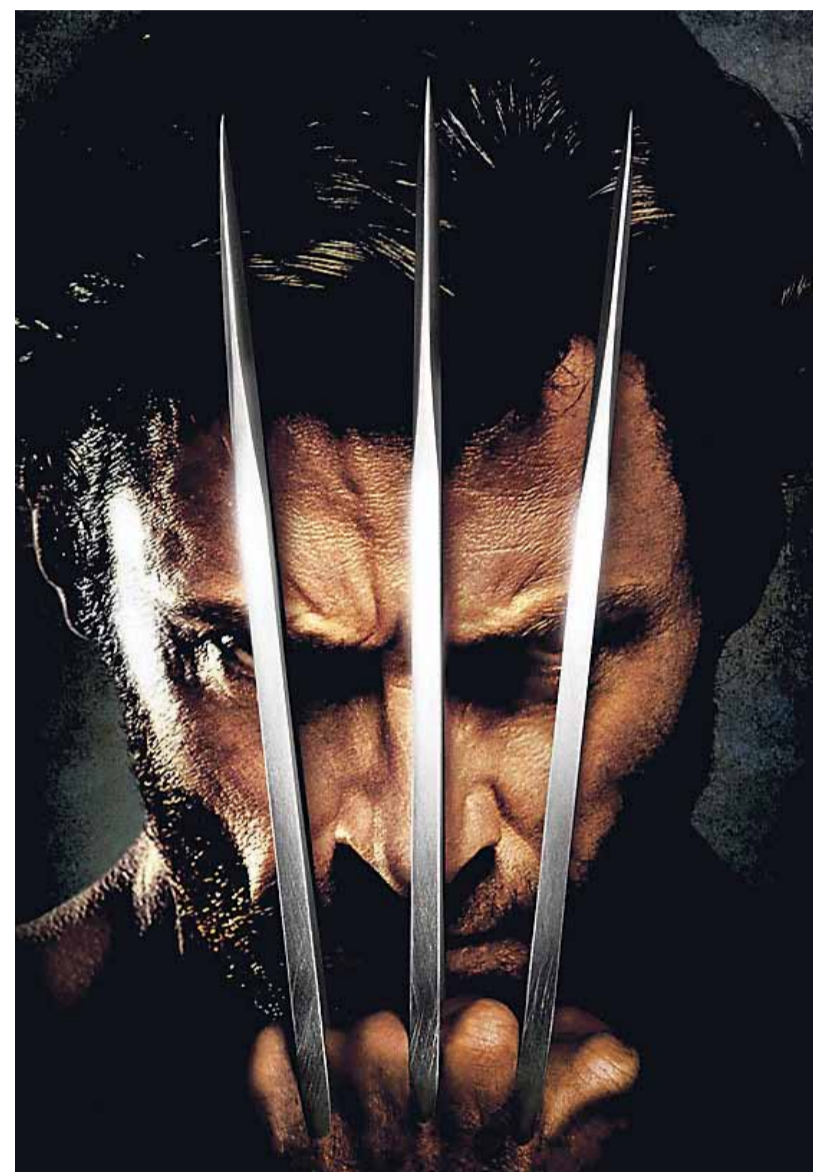
I am very happy to say that Gambit, an X-Men favourite whom fans have

been waiting to see for a long time, lives up to the hype surrounding his character, and is pretty awesome, delivering everything you want and expect him to.

I can see why people wouldn't like this film. It is very much an all-action-not-much-plot type of movie, and if you enjoyed X-Men 2 then I'm not sure how much you would like this. I do have to point out that as good as the film is, there is a huge, glaringly obvious and unbelievably stupid plot hole that doesn't really make much sense at all, and instead of it being a 'twist' at the end, it is just confusing and deters you momentarily from the enjoyment (and by the way - stay until the credits have rolled to see an additional ending). But other than that, there aren't really any other criticisms I have for it: being an action movie and superhero movie fan I had a really great time and liked being involved in the pure spectacle of the whole thing. It is very unique for an action film, and so adds another dimension of vitality and freshness which means you are never bored. But just because the style of the film is original doesn't mean they don't avoid cringingly painful cliché moments, usually involving Jackman screaming in angst.

Hugh Jackman and the rest of the Marvel team have really done well to make this a success, and with the next X-Men Origins film coming out in a year or so I am waiting to see if Magneto can live up to Wolverine (I doubt it!).

The only question I was left wondering as I left the cinema was when the next Wolverine film is coming out: because if it is anything like this one then I will be first in line to see it!



So the guy has steel claws, it's not like he uses them or anything

There really are worse things than revision

Fighting ★★★★★

Director: Dito Montiel
Writer: Robert Munic
Ditto Montiel
Cast: Channing Tatum,
Terrence Howard,
Zulay Henao

Jonathan Dakin
Film Editor

For a movie called Fighting, there is very little fighting in it. Unless you take into account the people in the cinema fighting their way out of the fire exit because of their uncontrollable need to escape the awfulness of this film.

Fighting is advertised as a 'sport drama' action film in the vein of *Rocky* and *Rambo*. And that is what I, and every other person in the cinema, expected to see. But unfortunately, this was not a sporting drama, or an action film, or even a thriller; it was a social drama with a few bare-knuckle fights interspersed between scenes of the 'gritty' mean streets of New York and a sappy love story.

The plot consists of a down-and-out tramp, played by Tatum, who stumbles upon a man who says he can help him earn money by fighting. And that is it. The rest is one hour and forty min-



Zuzanna would give Fighting four stars just for this photo of Channing Tatum, but Jonathan vehemently disagrees

utes of character building, with three two-minute fights shoved in for good measure. That's right: three fights. It just doesn't make any sense. I know

Or a proper plot. And the character building was not even very good - I am a big fan of Terence Howard, but I spent most of the film not knowing if his character was meant to have learning disabilities or not (and I don't think he knew either), which goes to show that not even he was convinced by the tepid script. Tatum on the other hand is just there for eye candy; his acting consists of pathetic puppy dog, angry puppy dog, vulnerable puppy dog, and caring puppy dog. But let's be honest: he was only cast for his striking good looks and well-chiselled body-something the women in the cinema moaned with delight at every time he took his top off (which happened extremely often). I on the other hand, not being someone who fancies him, just wanted to see some beat-em-up action scenes, not drool over the main man, and that is probably why I really didn't like it. There was a sexy lady for us straight men in the audience, but unless she was Eva Mendes hot (which she wasn't), there was no way she was going to force any oestrogen into the sausage-fest testosterone filled environment that this film choked us with. She didn't even get her breasts out – something that I was very disappointed about, and may have given this film an extra star rating for if she had. We saw his flesh the whole way through: why not see hers too? After all, it is only fair to give us something to enjoy in a film this dire.

As I said before, the film is called Fighting, but there isn't much of this at all. And when it does happen, it is slightly disturbing. I thought that the fighting in this film would be boxing or something, like Rocky, but instead it was bum fights replacing the bums with Abercrombie and Fitch models. They fight bare fisted, and they beat each other to a pulp in front of wealthy businessmen spectators who are baying for blood. I doubt in these credit crunch times Wall Street bankers could afford to pay the rent, let alone pay to see street fighters beat each other up. So the fighting, when it did happen, was brutal, with heads being smashed against walls and, um, heads being smashed against floors, and err, heads being pummelled into bloody pulps. So it wasn't 'legal' fighting, it was something you could watch on You Tube if you were sick enough to want to see starving men (who look like models) attack each other. They weren't cool fights like in most action films: they were just sadistic.

Please, I urge everyone considering watching this film not to be fooled by the name and the advertising. Unless you want to see a 'deep' film about a runaway hobo with daddy issues and anger problems, and let's not forget a schmaltzy heart of gold, then do not see this. *Fighting* is only for people who want to see one thing and one thing only: Channing Tatum walking around topless.



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

Art naturally

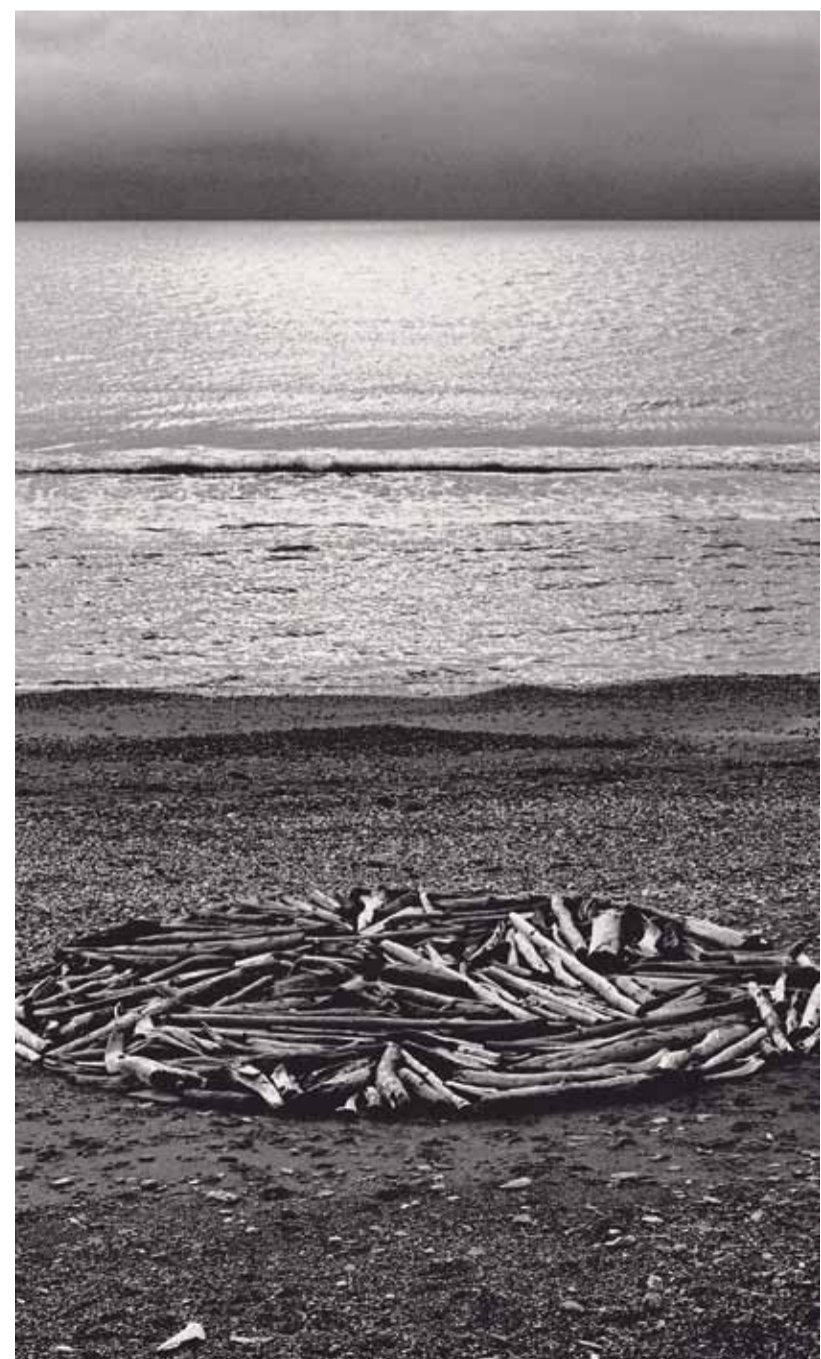
Isabelle Kaufmann

Landscape has been a subject in art for centuries. Two upcoming exhibitions explore a modern-day take on this theme, addressing human interaction with the environment.

Tate Britain shows a major retrospective of works by the contemporary English sculptor and painter Richard Long (Richard Long – Heaven and Earth, 3 June – 6 September 2009). Long's work is based around the solitary walks that he makes through remote landscapes of Britain, Mongolia or Bolivia. During these walks he leaves marks behind – traces in the snow, trails of crushed grass, or circles of stones - and records these with photographs, maps or texts. For Long, walking is a means to explore relationships between time, distance, geography and measurement. Each of his walks is also led by a particular idea. Nowhere, a straight line in a grass field denotes the direction of Long's own path. A line in Scotland, a row of stone slates reminiscent of pre-history monuments, traces the footprints of our ancestors. Long's work can also be given another topical meaning. The marks that he makes do not cause any damage to nature, yet they interfere. No matter how much we take care of the environment, we will always leave our traces behind. The exhibition at Tate Britain will show photographs, as

well as sculptures and paintings made from mud, stones and wood.

Radical Nature – Art and Architecture for a Changing Planet 1969 – 2009, at the Barbican Art Gallery in London (19 June – 18 October 2009) looks at the landscape endangered through urbanisation and climate change. Designed as a fantastical garden the exhibition shows installations, sculptures, films and photographs that have emerged out of environmental activism and experimental architecture over the last forty years. Some of the exhibits politicise our relationship with nature. In Agnes Denes' 'Wheatfield – A Confrontation downtown Manhattan is overgrown by a wheat field, thus questioning urban living and globalised agriculture. Fallen Forest by Henrik Håkansson is a section of lush green forest - flipped on its side to grow horizontally. Other works in the show present utopian visions. A version of Richard Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome, a spherical structure made out of a lattice of triangles and inspired by natural structures, has been recreated for the exhibition. Buckminster Fuller, an experimental landscape architect concerned with sustainability and recycling, envisioned that these domes could be used to shield entire buildings, sections of cities or even to create airborne metropolises that would float like balloons.



UFO landing sites aren't as high-tech as you might have thought

Army of Super Soldiers

Katherine Goates

Armies of super-soldiers, selected on the basis of genetic make-up and constantly monitored for weaknesses. It may sound like something from the realms of science fiction but a report by the US National Academy of Science claims advances in science, especially neuroscience, could make super-human soldiers a reality.

Published last week and funded by the US army, the report gives a revealing insight into what science the military could be funding in the future. Focusing on areas of science deemed "high-payoff" – reliable enough to turn into useful technologies, the report features images not dissimilar from Star Wars' Stormtroopers.

However, many of the proposals bring up ethical issues. Descriptions of biosensors warning both soldiers and command of potential weaknesses can be countered with sinister images of robotic individuals programmed to become kamikaze assassins. Worries also surround the potential discrimination of using genetic tests to decide which individuals are best suited to which jobs.

Although Zak Paul, one of the neuroscientists on the reports research panel emphasized they were not looking at making "killing machines", his own research focuses on the role of oxytocin in empathy and trust. "There are lots of stories of soldiers who refuse to shoot other soldiers," says Zak. "If you could get rid of that empathy response



Deadly super soldiers of the future – seem less scary now?

you might create a soldier that's more prepared to engage in battle and risk their life."

But the report does not just focus on improving a soldiers abilities as a combatant, new technologies could also save lives. Knowing which sol-

diers are more susceptible to stress could limit or prevent combat stress reactions from battle. Monitoring attentiveness could reduce errors in the field, and brain imaging could show whether training had been understood by recruits.

Fish may feel pain, say scientists

Louisa Garnier

A new study has found that goldfish may feel pain, and react to it in a similar way to humans.

Previously, scientists believed that fish brains are not sufficiently developed to allow them to sense pain or fear. Fish responses to harmful stimuli were thought to be simple reflex actions.

But now researchers from Purdue University in the US and the Norwegian School of Veterinary Science have demonstrated that fish may in fact experience reflexive and cognitive pain, as humans do. These findings could raise questions about current slaughter methods and standards of care in research using fish.

Report co-author Dr Joseph Garner from Purdue University said: "We wanted to see if fish responded to potentially painful stimuli in a reflexive way or a more clever way." To test these pain responses, the researchers attached small foil heaters to two groups of goldfish and slowly increased the temperature. Half of the fish were injected with pain-killing morphine and the others received saline solution.

The scientists expected the morphine-injected fish to withstand higher temperatures before reacting. However, both groups of fish showed an initial response by wriggling at about the same temperature, leading the researchers to believe that the responses were involuntary reflex actions rather



"We've got feelings too! Not to mention sole..."

than cognitive reactions to pain.

But when the researchers later observed the fish in their home tanks, they noticed that the two groups exhibited different behaviours. The morphine-injected fish acted normally as they had before the experiment but the saline-injected fish acted with defensive behaviours, indicating fear and anxiety.

Garner said: "The fact that their behaviour changed so much really strongly suggests there is something going on with their memory and experience of that event that is not a reflex. I believe it does show that fish feel pain."

Journal reference: *Applied Animal Behaviour Science*.

Chiropractic cracking the free speech skeleton

Duncan Casey

What does the word 'bogus' mean to you? Do you think 'rubbish'? 'Worthless'? 'Bill and Ted'?

Unfortunately, the English courts have ruled that to them it means 'deliberately dishonest', and in a case that has chilling ramifications for every scientist, journalist, writer and investigator in the country, have used that definition as the basis for allowing the British Chiropractic Association (BCA) to sue Imperial graduate and a science writer Simon Singh for defamation.

Chiropractic is an alternative therapy that, at its most basic level, claims that almost every ailment of the human body can be cured by cracking the joints in your spine, allowing the unrestricted flow of 'natural intelligence' throughout your body and restoring it to function. While this may have made sense when chiropractic was first made up/discovered in 1895, physiology has come on some way since then; in common with many such 'alternative' approaches, chiropractic hasn't kept up. To be fair, the technique does show some moderate success with lower back pain – although the effect is similar to taking painkillers and stretching and is both more expensive and potentially risky for the patient. However, it has never been shown to be much use for anything else.

The case centres around an article Singh wrote for the *Guardian* around a year ago, based on a leaflet the BCA had produced called Happy Families. It's terrifying. In it, the BCA alleged that:

"There is evidence to show that chiropractic care has helped children with: asthma, colic, prolonged crying, sleep and feeding problems, breathing difficulties, hyperactivity, bed-wetting, frequent infections, especially in the ears"

As in, if you manipulated the spine of a new-born baby (and they do recommend treating newborns in this way), you could make it stop crying. Well... possibly, but probably not in a good



way.

Recommendations like that, based on little or no evidence of efficacy, can lead to people getting badly hurt – even if it had been proven to work, I'd be hesitant before letting someone shove around the vertebrae in a baby, and this 'treatment' doesn't have that distinction. In his article, Singh said roughly the same thing, pointing out that despite the fact that "there is not a jot of evidence", the BCA "happily promotes [these] bogus treatments".

Now, science only makes advances through endless doubt and self-criticism of existing ideas. If you ever present at a conference, you'll probably face some pretty hostile questions: the grown-up response is to reach for your evidence, and to argue based upon the interpretation of independently verifiable facts. The BCA response was to sue.

Worse still, the notoriously plaintiff friendly libel courts of the UK agreed with them. Singh does not suggest in the article that the BCA deliberately aim to deceive; simply that they promote therapies which do not work. However, the judge Justice Eady felt that the word 'bogus' implied deliberate deception, and as such Singh is

now forced to defend a point of view he does not hold. The utter lack of serious evidence for any of the BCA's claims is now irrelevant to the case, and will not be examined in court.

It is essential that journalists and scientists, especially (but not exclusively) those in medicine and health care, be allowed to speak their mind and discuss the evidence without fear of litigation.

This libel action is not any form of rebuttal of Singh's claims: in fact, it's a straightforward attempt to gag him, to prevent the airing of any criticism or debate about their beloved therapy. If successful, the case may set a precedent allowing all sorts of dubious, unproven or downright fraudulent practices to flourish in the UK, safe in the knowledge that the courts will protect what little reputation they may have from critical analysis.

Singh and his legal team announced at a public meeting last week that they are currently investigating the feasibility of an appeal. It is in all our interests that he is successful.

For updates, join the Facebook support group or subscribe to legal blogger, Jack of Kent, who has been following the trial.

Human nose is too cold to catch bird flu

Jacob Aron

Whilst we are all more focussed on swine flu these days, the threat of avian influenza or "bird flu" is still present. New research from Imperial College and the University of North Carolina suggests we may not have to worry however, because our noses are just too cold.

It sounds strange, but the 32° Celsius of the human nose is not a high enough temperature for avian influenza viruses to survive, according to the study published in *PLoS Pathogens*. The viruses normally infect the guts of birds, typically a warmer 40° Celsius, so the researchers suspect that our lower temperature protects us. The avian influenza viruses normally enter the human body through the nose, so are unlikely to infect people and cause illness.

There is also the possibility that a human influenza virus could mutate by adapting proteins from an avian influenza virus. The study shows that a virus of this form would also struggle to take hold at 32° Celsius, just like the regular avian influenza virus, so we would be safe unless the virus mutated

further.

Thankfully, no one had to catch the flu to conduct this research. Cells from the human airway were grown in the lab and then infected with a selection of human and avian viruses. Whilst the human varieties thrived at both 37° Celsius, our core body temperature, and at 32° Celsius, the avian viruses could only grow well at 37° Celsius.

Professor Wendy Barclay, one of the authors of the study from the Division of Investigative Science at Imperial College said:

"It would be impossible to develop vaccines against all 16 subtypes of avian flu, so we need to prioritise. By studying a range of different viruses in systems like this one we can look for warnings that they are already beginning to make the kinds of genetic changes in nature that mean they could be poised to jump into humans; animal viruses that spread well at low temperatures in these cultures could be more likely to cause the next pandemic than those which are restricted."

Read Jacob's other stories on: www.justatheory.co.uk



Is bird flu harmless to humans?

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Bodyspacemotionorsomething...

Bank Holiday weekend celebrated the annual rehang at the Tate Modern, with the aptly named 'Do It Yourself' festival. **Rosie Milton** and bare-footed friend went along to do just that

Over the bank holiday, the Tate Modern staged for the public a friendly art festival, aptly titled 'The Long Weekend', and hosted the re-creation of 1970's artist of Anti-Form Robert Morris's interactive installation: 'Bodyspacemotionthings'. Using both the indoor and outdoor spaces of the infamous turbine hall and capitalizing on the beautiful weather (a work of art in itself, surely!), the Tate provided a mini fair of burgeoning creativity and the chance for visitors to run amok amidst artworks. Well, almost. Morris's installation of 1971 was one of the first of its kind – the first exhibit in the traditionally regimented and frozen space of the gallery, also theoretically known as the 'white cube', where the boundaries between artwork and audience were always defined – to subvert this role and provide the eager arts amateur with a fully interactive exhibit. It consisted of a gallery space installed with plywood structures and metal supports: slopes, spheres and tunnels of varying shapes and depths throughout. The response to this 'adult's playground' was extraordinary: people descended upon Morris's vision of physical interaction tearing off their clothes, piling on top of one another and gladly snagging their flesh on the splintered wood, all in a revelry of youthful rebellion. They met the chance to break the 'rules' with relish. Flash forward to last weekend, 2009 and we approached 'Bodyspacemotionthings' with obvious trepidation. Giant plywood climbing frames loomed and loud hollow sounds of wood clanging on concrete rang out through the hall, met with the chatter of excited children, adults and the elderly even, all patiently queuing for each working part of the exhibit that they could manipulate themselves. It certainly wasn't the frenzied Bacchic revelry of the 1970's, but then I wasn't really expecting that, living in this health-and-safety-conscious society of the modern age. Instead we felt

constantly overshadowed by guards on walkie-talkies, only allowing 'four at a time' and shepherding us into orderly lines. This policing created an environment sadly lacking spontaneity and the many children running around this unlikely jamboree altered the exhibit's significance from its original purpose: as a radical innovation in art. The initial exhibit had been potent in its meaning and responded to accordingly. The Tate Modern houses many works that were ground breaking in their time and in order to fully appreciate their position within the history of art one has to bring some imagination into the gallery space of today. Morris had been interested in theatre and performance, and experimented with the abstract forms of minimal art and the energy of the stage, sometimes within the gallery space, resulting in an art of process. Records of the creation of these active artworks in both film and photograph are important to us for our experience and understanding of them. Those who were watching the works being 'made' at the time were part of the process themselves, and it is this agency which we can relive by recreating it on screen. At the entrance to the 'Bodyspacemotionthings' exhibit, a television screen showed a video of recorded excerpts from the 1971 exhibition: a girl walking inside a giant rolling tube and the back of another, nude, walking gradually towards the plywood structures.

Although at the time of our visit we were not nude (unless you can count my friend's bare feet) and we were not perversely frenzied, I still feel as if we contributed to 'the process' that afternoon – if only in retreading the bold stomping of the past with our own softer, brooding footfalls.

'Bodyspacemotionthings' has been extended to the 14th June at the Tate Modern

Visit the Tate Modern, Bankside, to interact with Robert Morris' recreation of his pioneering 1971 installation - for free!



It was refreshing to see some abandoned disregard for health and safety



Visitor participation at the Tate Modern's 'Do It Yourself' festival

Street Ballet straight from Brazil

The Barbican delights again over the Bank Holiday weekend with a dance act as exotic as their homeland and with as much boundless energy and charisma. **Caz Knight** reports back on Bale de Rua

What words come to mind when one thinks of Brazil? Sexy, beautiful, party, dance, exotic, exhilarating, vivacious, Caipirinha – in short everything the U.K is not and never will be (unless your only view of Brazil comes from watching City of God.)

Bale de Rua is all of these things, bringing a sample of Carnival to the City of London. Bale de Rua ("Street ballet") was founded by Marco Antonio Garcia – who has also masterminded the extraordinary mix of choreography, lighting and set design – in 1992 as a community project for marginalised youngsters in Uberlandia, a small city in the heart of Brazil. Ten years of perseverance, hard work and dedication later the troupe was discovered at Lyon's Biennale de la Danse and since then they have delighted crowds all across Europe throughout several tours. This group of lithe, agile bodies (fifteen men and one woman) have enough electric energy between them for ten fold more as they step, jump and fly for seventy five minutes through the history of Brazil.

The show begins with a light, feminine energy as old-school samba plays, the troupe dressed in snappy white suits and trilby hats. As time progresses and the dancers strip down, the story adopts a darker, fiercer more masculine feel which harkens back to the days of slavery and the passage of Brazil's people from mother Africa. The drum beats boom with earth shuddering bass emanating from the speakers and through the floor, giving the proceedings a voodoo quality, the magic made more real when a dark figure is made technicolour as he is spat on with paint by the other dancers – one of the many brilliant devices Garcia has used to make the production even more special. Slaves sail across the seas in large metal bowls and then slam these down creating a mighty boom.

For all the primordial, and sometimes overpowering, energy created by these sculpted, macho dancers, they have no qualms about donning gypsy dresses and acting the pious peasant woman and then adorning themselves with flora. In what is perhaps the most beautiful scene, huge coloured flowers grow from the scaffolding and the stage is bathed in UV light so that the dancers recede from vision as the fluorescent flowers strapped to their heads, arms, chests and knees whirl about the stage. The music shifts back and forth be-

tween samba, favela funk, hip-hop (with a dose of live rap) and that powerful drumming which tailors perfectly to the routines on stage. Break dance, Capoeira and body popping are a few of the acts that accompany on stage py-

rotechnics which make every moment vibrant. The troupe perform with vivacity, each one bringing their own individual dimension and each one clearly loving every moment along with the audience who give them a thoroughly

well deserved standing ovation as they take their final bow. Although criticised for trying to pack too much in, the show never feels cramped, for this is entertainment which seeks to delight through performance and not through

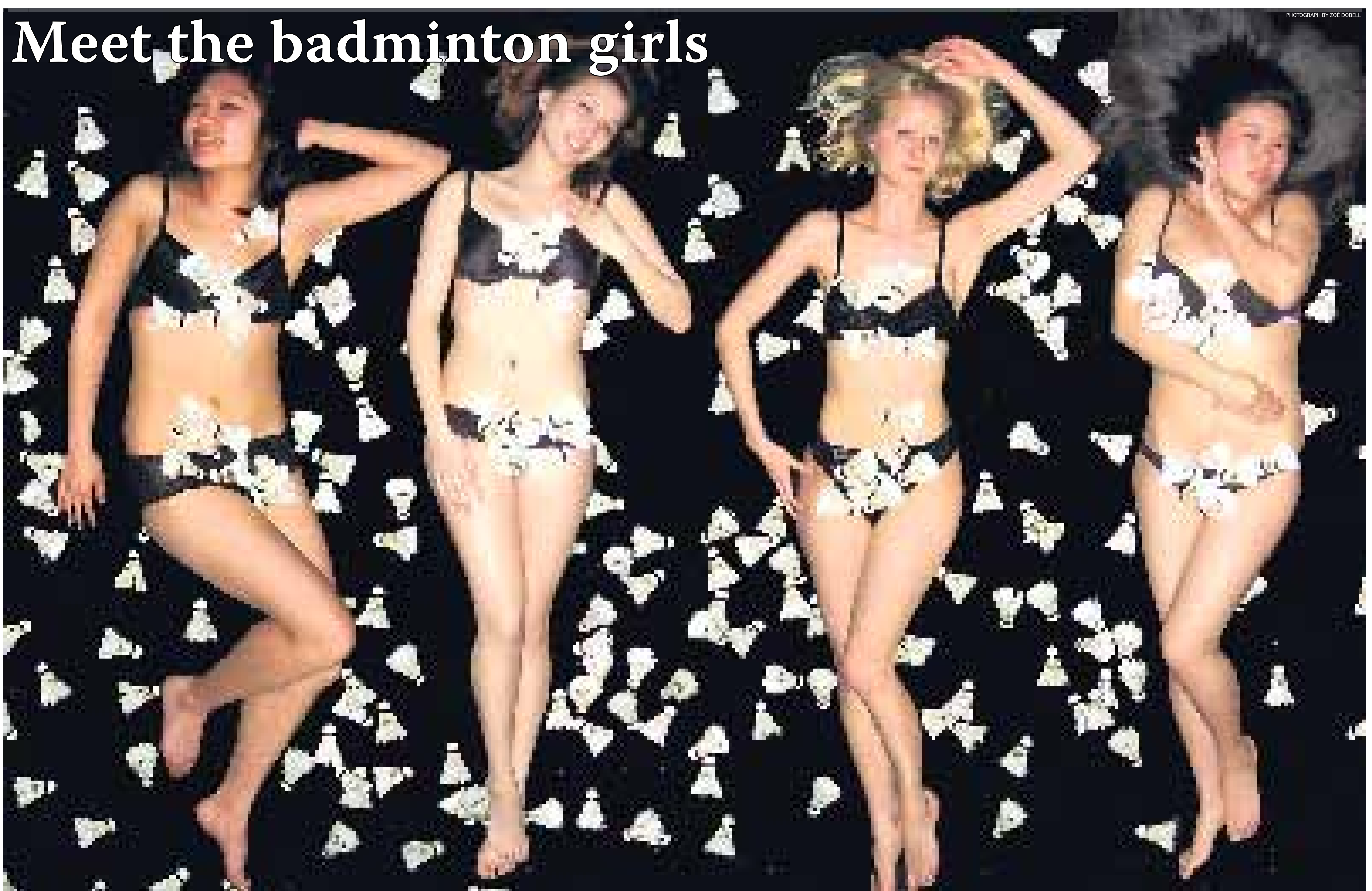
Catch them while you can: Bale de Rua perform for a final time at the Barbican on May 31 2009



Bale de Rua: juxtaposing masculine ferocity with feminine vibrance and telling the story of Brazil. Courtesy of Eric Deniset and Stephane Kerrad and Frederic Desmesure

Meet the badminton girls

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZOË DOBELL





Imperial takes on Metric

Christopher Walmsley interviews Jimmy Shaw, guitarist from the Canadian indie rock band Metric...

CW: So its been four years since your last record ‘Live It Out’ does the way your new album ‘Fantasies’ was written greatly differ?

JS: It was different in the sense that we sort of started more from scratch than we’ve ever started before. When we made ‘Live it Out’ we had been touring for like three years straight on ‘Old World Underground’, writing as we were going. ‘Live it Out’ it was just kind of a representation of what we had been doing on tour for so long so when we got back together to start the process of writing and recording the new record, it was more like us designing what we wanted to sound like for the future than representing what we already started to sound like.

CW: I imagine you were pretty frustrated when your record leaked on the internet?

JS: We respond by streaming the album in its entirety the same day, and you know what, it feels like it’s only helped. I know that statistically illegal file sharing, but I don’t feel like it hurts us. I mean I don’t feel it’s right. I feel like if I were going down the street and see a front door open, I’m not going to go in and nick their toaster. If I was, then I guess I would be OK with stealing music too. People hide behind their computers in a lot of ways. If you’re a thief, go on and steal your music but if you’re a great person and you don’t steal anything else ever, I’m not totally sure why you would steal music.

CW: So what do you have to do to try and keep an album under wraps and not leak before its release?

JW: We finished our record and sat on it for six months. It only started leaking only when we sent it out to the industry, which is really ironic because it’s the industry who are always complaining that they don’t have any jobs anymore. But where do the leaks come from? I mean for me musically, the only real downside is that I’ve spent a couple of years of my life trying to make that record as good as it can possibly be and every single sonic little quality has a lot to do with that. If someone gets an [illegally] downloaded copy, I don’t know what that sounds like. It kind of makes me feel like all the energy that I may have put into these

songs and their production has all kind of been futile, because there could be someone blog reviewing the wrong version of the song. Everyone now just dreams about making a million dollars off their blog, but try not to use my music to make that happen.

CW: I’ve heard Broken Social Scene are working on a new album, can we expect any metric involvement?

JS: I hope so, it just all depends on the timings of it all.

CW: Do you think the break, with everyone’s solo stuff has enriched the band?

JS: Yeah I think so; a band is like some sort of weird medium between marriage, and family. You have to stay really committed to both the idea and the people, what really helps that commitment lasts is that you constantly make the decision to be part of it, and when the band gives you freedom it makes it a lot easier. I think the fact that we exercised some freedom really helped everyone come back with fresh ears and a fresh mind, and we don’t have the idea that we’re stuck together.

CW: The production of fantasies sounds a lot bigger, and perhaps more polished, contrasting with the raw feel of ‘Live it Out’. Was that a conscious decision dictated by the new direction in sound?

JS: We tried a lot of different sounds and production ideas until what felt comfortable made itself apparent. The album is probably more influenced by the last chapter of 2001 than any band or record, we watched that a lot. ‘Jupiter and beyond the infinite’ I think it’s called. It’s more imagery like that than like preferential sound.

CW: You put this record out yourself. Is that because you don’t feel satisfied with working with major labels?

JS: In my experience major labels have one way of working, and if you happens to be one of the 300 bands that it works for, great. If you aren’t, then you’re going to get fucked. The record companies all know that they’re fucked too, but I don’t feel that way about music, I feel more optimistic about my own



position in it than I think I ever had. A band can record a song, put it on the internet and have two thousand fans overnight. As far as I am concerned, the death of the record industry is the best thing that’s ever happened to music. Get those fuckers out of the way!

CW: You’ve supported lots of bands, who would you say was a favourite?

JS: Its not going to get better than The Stones. Well, I guess if you could go

back in time and open for the Beatles, but I think Rolling Stones, Madison Square Gardens, is kind of like one of those gigs that nothing is ever going to come close to. It was pretty awesome.

CW: Are you playing any UK festivals this summer?

JS: Yeah, I think we’re doing Glastonbury, one of the wireless shows in Hyde Park, and then Reading and Leeds.

CW: What’s your favourite

festival?

JS: I really like Coachella, I’ve never played Glastonbury, Reading’s like a massive Carling-fest. It great if you like swimming in a giant vat of Carling.

CW: I think it’s changed, the Carling branding has been removed so you might have a different beer to swim in this year

JS: Wow, imagine if it were all orange juice...

What we think is sounding sharp or falling flat

b Blackout Crew: like blazin squad grew up and melted their brains with MDMA	HEALTH: our favourite weird noise band	#
Flat 	Morrissey, I think it's time to retire...	Sharp

Apologies, Tytus

The review we published last week of Fleet Foxes was not by Victoria Brzezinski as was printed, but by Tytus Murphy. Sorry, Tytus! We can't change what's already printed but we hope you appreciate a printed apology. After sitting in felix's dingy basement office for hours on end staring at a screen the size of Africa, your eyesight starts to deteriorate and it's surprisingly easy to miss your mistakes.

Stag and Dagger festival fun

Alexandra Ashford
Music Editor

Stag & Dagger is a music event where lots of exciting new bands get together and all play on one day, in one city. So you buy a wristband in the early evening and stagger around from venue to venue trying to catch as many bands as possible as you get progressively beered up before crashing on a sofa in the small hours of the morning at the final venue where electro DJs try to keep you dancing.

I went up to t'north to the Leeds one, but it also takes place in London and Glasgow every year. The wonderful thing is that for the price it would cost to see one band, you can see several, and be exposed perhaps to new bands you wouldn't have chosen to see when they play on their own. In turn, the bands get people coming to see them live who perhaps wouldn't have heard of them before and may become fans.

It's a bit like the Camden Crawl but with equally good bands for half the price. Here's a review of each band I chose to see, but I missed out on some amazing bands such as the Mae Shi, Twilight Sad, White Denim, and the Manhattan Love Suicides because of time clashes.



Crystal Antlers 8:30pm

I didn't know anything about this band before I saw them and I was planning on going to see King Creosote instead, but once they took to the stage I was transfixed (and also had most of a pint to finish).

Their music sounds like psychedelic garage rock with howling vocals and one crazy guy who just bashes the hell out of various percussion instruments with the energy of a madman. I have since gone home and tried to listen to them on record but it just isn't as good as the live experience.



Telepathe 10:50pm

I still haven't worked out how Telepathe is supposed to be pronounced despite asking several people. "Is it telepath/telepathy/tele-pathy?" there didn't seem to be any consensus on the matter. Telepathe are two girls in mens' t-shirts with lots of keyboards, and they were amazing. If you haven't heard of Telepathe, I can guarantee you will pretty soon when they get scooped up by mainstream newspaper journalists who like to tell squares what's hip.

I would describe them as electro-pop but that would make you think of music like Little Boots and they couldn't be further from that sort of contrived lowest-common-denominator rubbish.

Cursive 11:50pm

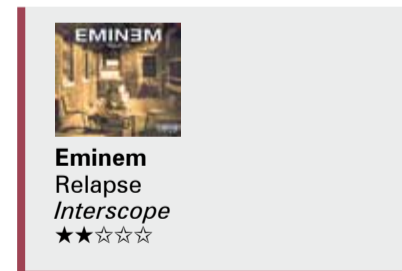
When I got to this venue there was already a crowd of scrawny boys with emo haircuts and moshing tendencies surrounding the stage, but no-one should let this put them off a band as enjoyable as Cursive.

Yes, their music is the sort of American indie punk that appeals to the teenager within you, but don't feel bad about it! I think that perhaps for some of us, watching this band was a bit of a guilty pleasure, but we revelled in it, dancing and singing along.

The highlight was when they played an only just recognisable cover of Beyonce's "Single ladies", showing that this is a band that doesn't take itself seriously, unlike the majority of slightly emo indie bands made up of middle-aged men.



Slim again, Eminem returns from a shady break



Hesham Farag

Ever since his mainstream debut with The Slim Shady LP back in 1999, Eminem has been synonymous with controversy and shameless bad taste, whilst being responsible for some of the most verbally and graphically explicit lyrics to have ever aired. It's one of the main reasons he gained such massive attention and appeal across the world, and this shock value didn't subside through out the release of his following 3 albums over the next 5 years.

All of this of course is no news to any listener of hip-hop and rap. But what is surprising, is that, after a 5-year hiatus he has managed to surpass himself in his latest outing, in the form of his and

Dr Dre's love child: Relapse.

As some of you may know, he has spent part of this time in rehab for addiction to sleeping pills, and as anyone who saw him on Friday Night with Jonathan Ross last week will find hard to believe, he has now been sober for over a year.

This is a point he will not let you forget throughout the record, starting with the intro, which is a humorous mock-up of his discharge from hospital, starring Dominic West, better known as Jimmy McNulty from the T.V. series The Wire.

Other than this new subject that he has introduced to his material, much of the same themes from his previous releases remain, including: his mother, drugs, violence and sex. The latter of which is incorporated into the track, Insane, (which by the way, is fucking insane! And not in the good way, but rather the way in which it was first intended) by way of a rather graphic description of one of my less favourite sexual practices: felching. [Ed note: see urban-dictionary.com]

He then goes on to fondly reminisce about the times spent luring women into his car, alluding to Lindsay Lo-

han (whom he affectionately refers to as a c'nt) and Britney Spears, in Same Song & Dance, the title referring to the struggle they put up as he gags them to facilitate what you can probably guess will follow. This track serves to remind us that he still obtains an extremely vivid imagination and ability for just as vivid story telling (or so we hope).

Then comes my favourite part of the album, the second single, We Made You, or rather the backing vocals it contains, beautifully supplied by soul singer Charnagne Tripp. Which helps break up the monotony of a weak, pop-culture reference soaked pop song, which at times sounds like it was made with a mind on it's music video prospects.

Eventually we arrive at a song that I was expecting (but not hoping for) more of in the album, a heartfelt retelling of his gradual demise to prescription medication. Déjà vu is scattered with excuses and lies that he makes in order to convince himself he needs to take the pills he's taking and paints a lucid picture of the course an addict's mind takes on it's way down, not typical Eminem, but a decent track nonetheless.

Towards the end of the CD you begin to miss the old Eminem, why's he trying to sing? Why's he putting on those shitty voices? Until you reach the 20th track of this 20 track album, Underground. He's back! The same, aggressive, flowing, dark Eminem we've been familiar with for so many years. Why did he have to leave it until the very end before he re-emerged?

You would expect the music behind the lyrics to be pretty good considering it's an entirely Dr. Dre production, and nothing less should be expected from a music producer who has a PhD in exactly that (Haha).

And yeah, they're alright, not up to what I was expecting, but by any normal standards they certainly raise the quality of the album above that based on the other components alone. However we aren't concerned with normal standards here. What I was expecting was one of the longest running producers in this genre to make something special, and he hasn't, which is disappointing.

That's not to say that it's all crap, by no means is that the case, there are still 2 or 3 tracks that boast his talent, one that stands out especially being: Old

Times Sake, which reeks of old Dr Dre and Eminem when they were at the top of their collaborative game and it's a shame that hasn't seeped into the rest of the album.

As I listen, I can't help but think: Dr Dre has an album of his own due out this year, he would have made plenty of beats for it, obviously kept the best of them for himself, but what to do with those that are usable but not quite up to high standard? Use them for a collaborating artist's album also coming out soon? Maybe.

So what I am I saying? I certainly wouldn't spend money on it, but it's definitely worth a free download and a listen every now and then if only just for the entertainment that his humorous lyrics have to offer as it should still be appreciated that there are few artists around to stretch the boundaries anywhere near to the extent of Marshall Mathers.

So yes, I'm glad he's back, I just wish he came back the way he left. In one of the interludes (Steve Berman, skit) a brief reference is made to him having made 2 albums during his time out, if that bares any truth at all, I just wonder...

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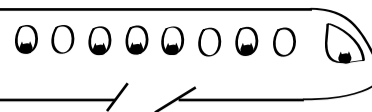
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Travel journal: to keep or not to keep

Dylan Lowe
Travel Editor

Ever find yourself wondering the names of places you have been, and of people you have met, during your travels and find them forever lost from memory? I get that. In fact, it is exactly why I can't write a much more intriguing article about a more exotic holiday location – I simply don't remember enough.

I did think it is about time I start keeping a travel journal.

But is it actually necessary? There are better ways to maintain memoirs of my adventures, other than scribbling like a recluse whilst all the action is happening. Photography, for instance. Clichéd may it sound, isn't a picture worth a thousand words? Or through conversations with my travel companions? After all, memory are locked away and easily divulged through reminiscence.

And truth to be told, bluntly, I simply can't be arsed. No more than three entries later, unmotivated by my lack of progress, I gave up writing.

As I now sit behind my desk, glaring into the computer screen with the greatest writers' block known to mankind, I have begun regretting it.

The photographs are of little help. They might have successfully captured a millisecond of the prized moment, they still fail to depict what goes on during the minutes of separation between each shot. Further, there is simply no way to convey the status of my mentality, my emotion, or anything brewing in the subconscious level. While imprints of those absorbed by my senses may remain lodged somewhere in my head, I am afraid the feelings related to these observations may be lost forever.

And that it isn't practical to ring up my travel companions every time I stumble across a hotel, a person, or an item whose name I can't recall.



Sadly, I stopped logging my journey some five pages later

What I do recall are instants where I sat through bus journeys or waits for trains, idly spent musing in a John Dorian fashion. These valuable hours could have been put to better uses, like writing an entry in the journal.

It would have been a good time not only to record past events for recollection. The tranquillity provides the perfect opportunity to reflect on my encounters, think beneath the surface, and put my thoughts into ink before it vanishes indefinitely.

Besides, I have to have some kind of pastime, especially when I finally get bored of whichever novel I happen to be reading.

There is, however, a rub: what if I lose my journal? What if I am to go rafting at three in the morning, in a drunken spree, and accidentally drop my journal into the frozen waters beneath? Will I be able to bear the loss, seeing it drift along the current, letters dissolve and fade into nothing?

In fact, I know someone who did exactly that.

Simple. Just as you would back up your photographs along your travels, reserve a spare copy of the travel journals.

Without hassling the photocopiers, the obvious method is to type up the entries and save it digitally. Better still, start a blog – when your family and friends are waiting impatiently for the latest tales of your adventures, you wouldn't want to disappoint them.

But then, by the end of the day, with all of the excitement and anticipation occupying your precious time, is it worth the trouble?

At least make an effort. For your own sake, you will not regret it in a few year's time when your memory decides to fail you.

And trust me, you wouldn't want to be in my position right now.

Eye candy of Morocco

Where on Earth is the Moroccan paradise for innovation, alternative lifestyle, shopping, and the demanding palate? Dylan Lowe has found the answer in suave Essaouira

Mind you, the place isn't what we Brits would define as a seaside resort.

First up, Essaouira doesn't have a beach littered with chipies, English-speaking beer-serving bartenders, and nude sunbathers' foul-mouthed disputes over sun beds. The waves, chopped up by the mighty Atlantic Ocean, extinguished any hopes for a casual swim (but made it an ideal spot for windsurfers). Gustly breezes made the sea shores an unsuitable venue for anything more than an afternoon stroll.

It didn't stop us, however, from abandoning the majestic – and overly-touristy – splendours of Marrakesh for a coach bound for this 'off-beaten' city. There would be, as we perched on our terrace before the foamy ripples hours later, no regrets.

"Looking for riad? I show you riad."

There were several peculiarities in

"women neglecting their household roles to engage in 'masculine' work is a violation of social conduct"

scenes of this sort. Finding a Moroccan, whom I suppose you can define as a *faux* guide or tout, approaching a pair of backpackers fresh off the bus



Street scene in Essaouira

and 'assisting' their search for a riad, was not one of them. The individual concerned complaining afterwards about too small a tip wasn't either.

What was unusual as the fact that our Moroccan – and escort who saved us the trouble of getting lost – happened to be female.

In this ultra-macho Muslim state, where the lads and lasses remain in accepted segregation prior to marriage, for women neglecting their traditional household roles to engage in 'masculine' work is a violation of social conduct. While sexism is encouraged, dishonouring it could get you much more than just regular scorn in the neighbourhood.

Apparently not in Essaouira.

Just as the name makes a fine tongue twister challenge (pronounced es-soo-WE-rah), its inaccessibility (unreachable by plane or train, no vehicles permitted within Medina) meant Essaouira is reserved exclusively for those who take their travelling a bit more seriously, not to the blasé weekenders. But it is changing. The city has long been the eye candy of Morocco, with its authentic 18th century Medina named a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 2001.

So where the Western liberals have descended upon in their holiday making, it was bad news for the Moroccan men and their cultural integrity. Not so



The view from our riad room - priceless



Looking down the atrium



Shop selling paintings



A massive pile of junk, quite literally

much for the women, who have finally cast away their crockery for the better career prospects.

It didn't matter how many definitions of a *riad* you have read: a glimpse at the real thing would solve all mysteries. My *Lone Planet* might call it "a traditional house set around a garden courtyard, restored and established as guesthouses". After hauling ourselves and the rucksacks across one maze of a Medina, we found our accommodation shoved into a rugged back alley. Instead of opening up a Pandora's Box of interior design disasters, we discovered the rose petal-clad fountain glazed in sunlight from the atrium, the colour-coded tiles daubed beneath our footsteps towards reception. Three flights up later, we erased any remaining reservations and called the riad our new home.

The view was persuasive enough – where better to recline in utter relaxation than facing the very ramparts Orlando Bloom scuttled across whilst repelling Saracens in *Kingdom of Heaven*, and overlooking the very streets where Orson Welles filmed his adaptation of *Othello* some fifty years ago?

The city's artistic links don't end with the movie industry – it had more to do with the talent of individual Essaouirans.

A short walk away from the hotel revealed just how high the standards of innovation Essaouira delivers. Beside merchants selling paintings of immense quality, I spotted a shop exhib-

iting statues composed of welded junk. The unseen genius, whom I recognised in a glance, had locked himself in his workshop, away from the storefront, where his affair with imagination flared alongside the forge.

And let's not forget that Essaouira hosts the Gnaoua and World Music Festival annually.

"Essaouira is reserved exclusively for those who take their travelling a bit more seriously"

Another art form Essaouirans seemed to have perfected was hospitality. We were jostled around like sacks of gold in the frigid markets of Marrakesh, where customers are customers and customers only; shopkeepers in Essaouira may feel the urge to dig into our wallets, they would still treat us with the dignity we deserve.

There was this one occasion where Anna had fallen ill with some sort of stomach discomfort: whilst shopping for ceramics she asked for a chair to

sit on, as the pain became unbearable. Our salesman happily obliged, before rushing off and returning with glasses of gingered spice tea. The owner of Café Salma, a favourite spot of ours, gave Anna a delicate wooden sculpture of a camel upon hearing it was her birthday.

Speaking of food, I had hardly a moment where I went about Essaouira empty-stomached. This place may well be the living incarnation of any gastronome's dream. We were never too far from a restaurant that served tajines at affordable prices; just as we licked our fingers (quite literally as Moroccans eat with their hands) and contem-



Terracotta on display

plate an unsavoury treat, the patisserie was always around the corner. Came nightfall and the kebab places livened with aromas luring patrons to their doorsteps, but if the hunger couldn't wait that long there were chickpeas, giant doughnuts and crêpes in ready supplies.

Failing to mention its seafood would be unjust to the city – all of the country's maritime resources originate from the Atlantic coast where Essaouira is located. A quick visit to the fish souk, a semi-open square where all fishy matters of trade are dealt, would shake your apparent knowledge of marine biology to the core. We took the



Fish souk

time to make a few purchases, brought it to the fish grills nearby: it made a perfect luncheon as our seafood came back chargrilled, served with bread and salad, all for a mere Dh 25 (£2).

Essaouira is where the customs of the Arabic world and Western influence coexist in perfect equilibrium. Even so, this beautiful balance is threatened by the increasing conversion of the city into yet another tourist hotspot, and the misinterpretation of Moroccan youths on our values.

It is a sad thought; but at least I had the privilege to appreciate it at its prime before the floods of tourist overflows the Medina.



The Taste of Home? Your mum

Rosie Grayburn
Food Editor



As many of you reading this will appreciate, I have become a little bit obsessed with a certain food programme on iPlayer. Great British Menu has really captivated my imagination, excited my palate and ruined an hour of my dissertation work every evening in the past few weeks. The competition aims to find 4 dishes that represent a Taste of Home that will be cooked in a banquet for troops coming home from Afghanistan. Some of the best chefs in the country have offered up their 'Taste of Home' with the obligatory gastronomic twist. Quotation marks fly across the menus like they are going out of fashion. What is the difference between 'chicken' and chicken, anyway? Is it the thought of chicken on a plate, or the scent of a chicken wafted across the dish? Or is a carrot called Chicken, by some strange interspecies twist?

Anyhoo, the chefs' offerings included [Dover Sole] Fish Fingers with Mushy Peas, [Duck] Pie with [Duck] Scratchings, Corned Beef with 'HP' sauce and Lancashire Hotpot with pickled Cabbage. There is obviously a lot of regional rivalry here which makes the competition even more enjoyable. It also brings a lot of fond, nostalgic memories to mind. Despite being a Northerner by association, most of my memorable culinary memories reside in the south. They include Fish Fingers with lemon juice accompanied by Sesame Street and Sardines on hot, buttery toast with a side of SuperTed.

Obviously the chefs competing have put a lot of thought, imagination and top-quality ingredients into what they think is a 'Taste of Home'. I would re-

ally like to find out what your Taste of Home is, be it tea and biscuits or Spam. Send me a short email (food.felix@imperial.ac.uk) with your name, year of study, course and what your Taste of Home is, and why?

Before I run out of steam, let me add my mini fortnightly compendium of quick recipes for you to try. This week, I thought beans would be a good idea. Tinned beans are so versatile and super-cheap. They form the basis of many summer salads, dips and soups. Here are a few quick cook ones for your belly:

1. Broad bean and feta salad. Drain and rinse a tin of broad beans. In a bowl, mash up 1/2 a packet of feta cheese and stir in the beans. Add a dash of olive oil then scoop into pitta breads for a tasty lunch.

2. Lentil Salad. Chop 1 onion, 1 red pepper and a few lardons of bacon (optional). Cook in a little oil until softened then add a drained tin of green lentils. Stir for a couple of minutes then season and add a dash of olive oil. Serve with grilled meats or hard boiled eggs.

3. Bean Spread. Take a tin of your favourite beans (cannellini beans work well). Drain and rinse the beans then mash them in a bowl with a dash of olive oil. Add a handful of fresh parsley and a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve on hot, buttered toast or as an alternative to mayo in sandwiches.

I hope you enjoy the rest of the food page this week. David Stewart lays into overpriced British Grub at the Overpriced Borough Market and I've given you (another) dish to try out. In the meantime, good luck in your exams and don't forget to send any nostalgic food memories my way. Ta, duck!



Coconut Chicken

Serves 4

- 25g butter
- 4 chicken breasts, diced (or Quorn works very well, too)
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1 red chilli, finely chopped
- 400 mL coconut milk (tin or from powder)
- 300 mL chicken stock
- Several of handfuls of vegetables (e.g. okra or spinach)
- Salt and Pepper

Cook the chicken in the butter for 5 minutes. Add the onion and chilli to the pan. Cook for 4 minutes, or until the onions are soft. Add the coconut milk and chicken stock. Bring to the boil and simmer for 10 minutes, or until the chicken is cooked through. Stir in your chosen vegetables. Cook for 5 minutes then season appropriately. If the sauce is still quite liquid, reduce it by cooking with the lid off. Serve with noodles or rice.

Roast gets a roasting

David Stewart lays in to all those copycats out there. Miaow!

Roast ★
The Floral Hall, Borough Market
www.roast-restaurant.com
Best bits: Venue, ingredients
Worst bits: Lack of imagination, high prices



There isn't a single week that goes past without some uninspiring journalism about how British cuisine is doomed/misunderstood/world-beating. Perhaps my feeling about the restaurant Roast typifies my view.

One can't help but notice a revival of classic dishes from around the UK (Yorkshire puddings, Lancashire Hotpot, Treacle Tart, and so forth) and help but think that preserving traditions (even bad ones) has great merit and makes the world a better place. So I am all in favour of such a revival but where there is a genuine movement for something - a fashion, if you will - there are also hangers-on.

These are people who find out which way a trend is heading and copy it without adding anything substantial. Roast is to the British Food Revival what Top Shop is to Couture. Except it's worse than that. Top Shop at least creates affordable versions of the latest thing that almost anyone can buy. Roast produces mediocre versions of what people should be cooking in their own homes and charges the prices that only the well-off can afford. Roast shows us in fact, just how far we have yet to come as a nation and shows us that the population need to learn how to cook.

I don't want to dwell on the absurdly boring food for too long but it is necessary to prove my thesis that I mention some of it. Perhaps the food is exemplified by Dorset crab cake with fried squid, chilli and soured cream (£15.00) where a few flakes of crab are drowned in mashed potato and covered in na-

cho dressing. Or perhaps it's exemplified by English calf's liver with marrow fat peas and smoked ham hock (£19.00) which fails even in conception to work.

How does such a place succeed then? It is admittedly a nice venue. It is admittedly sourcing fantastic ingredients from downstairs in Borough Market. But that's not the real reason. It's that people (particularly ones with more money than sense) can't cook. This is the sort of food which should appear on one's dining table on a daily basis. Its easy food; its food your mother probably cooked for you for Sunday Lunch. I was flabbergasted to find out by watching Celebrity Come Dine

With Me that that venomous little vile, vitriolic prepubescent brat caught in the body of a bald man seethe-pot Toby Young, literally hasn't the faintest idea even how to roast a fillet of beef (which he shouldn't be doing anyway). So naturally when someone does the eminently possible and produces some devilled kidneys on toast some incompetent fathead like Young goes wild, even if charged over a tenner for it.

Roast is really is no better than paying someone to hand you a towel in the Gents when you can get the thing perfectly bloody well yourself, thank you. It is as acceptable not to be able to cook this food as it is not to be able to wipe your own arse.



Eating a Roast at Roast is just too ironic to behold. Even more ironic is the £20 price tag.



All about the underpants

The belated underpants issue is finally here - a cock up last week caused the delay. Special thanks to Thomas Edgar for providing original photographs for this week.



Package accommodation

- 1) CK
- 2) G-Strin*

Yes, G-string, whether size challenged or not.

Water retention

- 3&4) Topman:

A heavy night. And no, your underpants aren't as water-proof as you wish they were. Visit row 14 in the 24h Sainsbury, next to the baby wipes.

The WTFs

- 5) Ginch Ginch:

Let mama sing you a lullaby.

New Chanel N°5 Advert



Audrey tautou is added to the list of glamorous women - among Audrey Hepburn and Nicole Kidman - to speak for the legendary Chanel No. 5 perfume. The No.5 "film" - not to be mistaken as an ordinary "advert" - tells a story of a brief but sensual encounter between Tautou and a man on the oriental express to Istanbul.

The film was directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet, who collaborated with Tautou in Amelie. The film crew spent 4 months filming in Nice and Istanbul for the 2-minute short film. The budget of the film was rumoured to be \$25 million. Chanel has named May the fifth as the "No.5 Day" in New York, and the first No.5 film was released on Channel 5 in the UK. Surprise surprise, the 2009 expression of the film was unveiled on the Chanel website - on 5th May.

The RCA fashion show

The RCA is showcasing their graduates' creations on the 10th June. The world's only post-graduate fashion school is dedicated to designing a full range of fashion gears, from hats to footwear. To name a few designer alumni of the college - Julien MacDonald, Philip Treacy and Daniel Kearns (who now works for McQueen).

36 postgraduate students will put their final collections on the catwalk. There will also be static displays of footwear and accessory designs.

The brilliant show will take place just to the back of our union building, in

the Henry Moore Gallery at the Royal College of Art on 10 June 2009. There are two shows for the day: a 4pm one and a later one at 7pm. Each show lasts one and a half hour.

Although usually nobody has to pay to attend fashion shows, the shows cost £12 and £24 respectively.

The £24 ticket includes a glass of complimentary champagne and canapé. Considering most fashion shows finish in 20 minutes; paying £12 to see more than 10 collections in one go is still a bargain.

Book your tickets online at the RCA website: <http://web.rca.ac.uk/world-pay/fashionticket/fashion3.html> or call them at 020 7590 4566.



SICK



Cummerbunds
They are definitely back baby, and are also a must to be honest. If you own a proper dinner shirt, you will know why they are a must, mainly because the pattern on the shirt doesn't go all the way to the bottom, so you do need one. Also don't get a multi-coloured one, because that is shit!



Spats
First, a lesson. This can worn by both sexes although you should probably leave the bright ones to the females. They protect your feet and ankles from mud, water and basically any other bit of sewage that you might find on the street.



Cravats
To complete this effective high-jack of the fashion page, Хангман brings you the cravat. A lovely neck-piece worn by gentlemen of Croatia (that's where the word comes from) is now worn by some of the most esteemed gentlemen of the world. Need some proof, just look at Basil Fawlty, now he was a true gentleman and pulled off the cravat with absolute style. Make sure you get yours now!

Хангман

less SICK



Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Finally something interesting
Allegedly
Hangman Editor

Battle of the James'...



Known for: Being one bad-ass, sun slicking outlaw in the Wild West

Nationality: Confederate American

Favourite weapon: Smith and West-ern revolver

Criminal Record: Massive. He robbed banks and killed people

Interesting Facts: The news of his death was questioned by many as they thought that his was a hoax, until in 1995 they dug up his corps and used DNA testing with relatives to confirm that it was actually him. Let's face it, this guy was an absolute legend. Even when he was alive, people thought that he was amazing, and it was only after his assassination that his ideology and actions propelled him to legendary status. Plus he was portrayed by Brad Pitt who is a bit of a lad, therefore by direct contrast, Jesse James was the biggest pimp daddy of them all.

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



Known for: Winning a pie eating contest against some really skinny runts to win the race to be Deputy President (Welfare) next year

Nationality: Maccam, wait no, that's not right... it's that other northern one... Geordie!

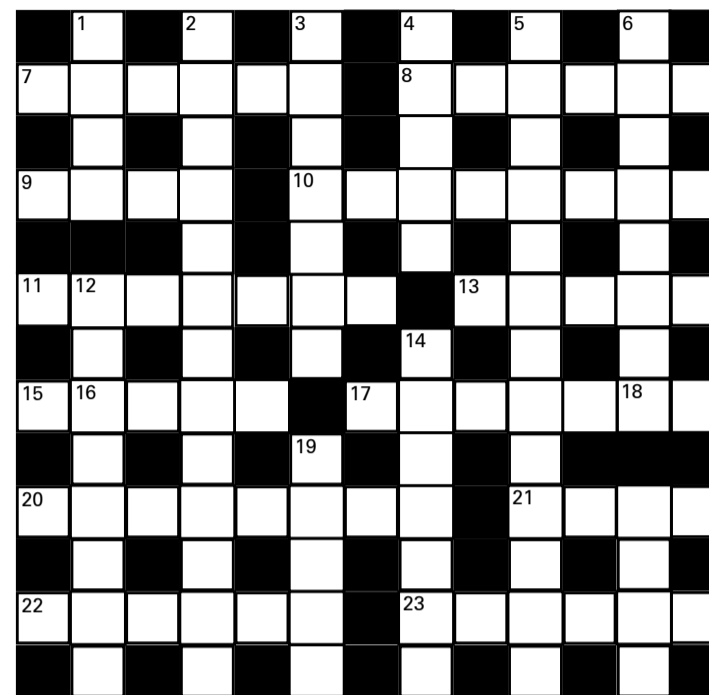
Favourite Weapon: The ladder of his stupid old fire engine that they all call Jezebel. I think he secretly wants to be at one with old Jez, poor girl

Criminal Record: None, we think

Interesting Facts: Apart from his fondness of pies and classic vehicles, John also has a fascination with sailing the high seas and is in fact a member of the University Royal Naval Unit where they go around in little dingy's playing battleship all day. But then the big aircraft carriers come along and absolutely shit all over their little boats. Oh well...

sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

A Quickie (Crossword) 1,434



ACROSS

- 7. White-rum and mint cocktail (6)
 - 8. Lachrymose edible bulbs (6)
 - 9. Broad, flat, thick slice (4)
 - 10. Boats used to excavate riverbed sediment (8)
 - 11. Frugality - Socio-monetary construct (7)
 - 13. Bring together (5)
 - 15. Without content (5)
 - 16. Religion of the Talmud (7)
 - 18. Nietzsche's 'Ubermensch' (8)
 - 19. Oblivious Springfield schoolbus driver (4)
 - 21. Keg (6)
 - 22. Funereal oration (6)
- DOWN
- 1. "Downstairs" security for the ladies (4)
 - 2. Early universe hypothesis (3,4,6)
 - 3. "Downstairs" security for the lads (7)
 - 4. Pugilist (5)
 - 5. Modernist female novelist (8, 5)
 - 6. Not exactly lies, but (8)
 - 12. To be shared by all (8)
 - 14. Group of five (7)
 - 17. Jovially stroll (5)
 - 20. Roman garment - Type of "partay" (4)

Solution 1,434



Scribble box

Surprise, surprise, **Möchten sie mein Mannschaft** were the victors. Team Shotgun seem to consistently finish everything not too long after them, but it's just not quick enough. What's even better is when random people send in the solutions because that really screws the points system up! Anyway, here's another one for you all.

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 or sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Go!

Hangman has got bloody bored with reading about Ravi Pall's life each and every bloody week. Therefore we've locked him in the basement and taken over his column. It's like a coup d'etat, except lamer.

I honestly have no idea what you do each and every day. I can only stalk, say I people at a time so unless you're Rachel d'Engel, I have no idea what you're doing now, what you did yesterday or what you're going to do tomorrow.

I can only imagine therefore that your activities fall into three categories. (a) Things that are expensive to do and therefore I do them because I'm a douchebag with too much money who lived in Beit in my 1st year.

(b) Things that restrict physical contact with other human beings and therefore I do them because I've been psychologically damaged by my parents insistence on academic success

(c) Things that I read about in Vice magazine or some other pretentious 'culture' magazine that essentially dictates to people who think that they 'go against the crowd' and therefore I do them because I have a crippling need to appear cool around art students.

Hangman falls into none of these categories, mostly because we're a

Dingbats 1,434

Team Shotgun finally take the first set of points this week, however, will they continue to collect the points over the next couple of pages? Well you'll have to read to find out.

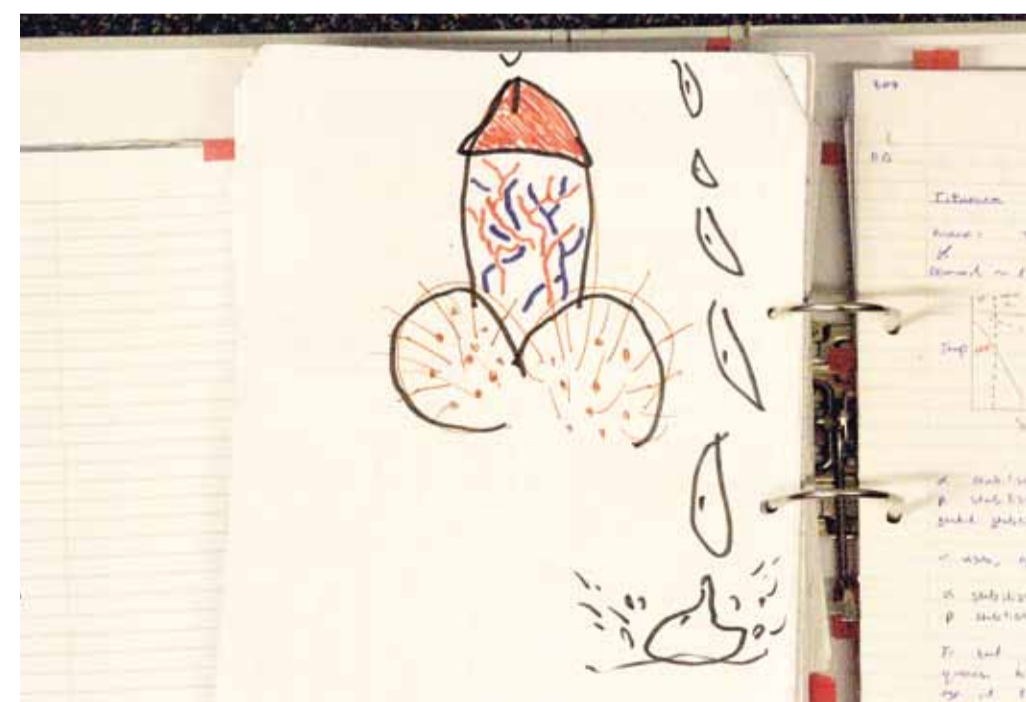
Again, like we pointed out last week, we want you to try and form a sentence with the words/phrases in the dingbats in order to get the points, so lets see what **Team Shotgun** came up with.

Imagine that (4), a bad spell of weather (1) here in the UK! Well it's **up to you (3)**, you can either run to the **forest (6)**, or you can run down the hill and fall **head over heels (2)** and crack your crown. Nothing you see here is **recycled (5)**, everything is original content and we just want the points so we can beat **Möchten sie mein Mannschaft** and get the iPods :-)

1	ICE ³	2	Close <u>harm</u> E	3	£
4	H ₂ Ose				1
5	YYY Men	6	Glass E...ll		0
					0
					0

- 1,433 Solutions
- Bad spell of weather
 - Head over heels
 - Up to you
 - Imagine that
 - Returned/ Recycled
 - Forest

Check this bitchin' contribution to my notes



Many thanks to Ben Hanson for this rather graphic addition to my own personal notes

Do your notes have any contributions so bitchin' that you think that the rest of Imperial needs to see it? Well if the answers yes then send them to sudoku.felix@ic.ac.uk.

We should all be thankful to the artists who give up their free time to draw the images that

have graced this space because lets face it, revision is boring and a comical penis right bang in the middle of your notes doesn't half brighten things up. So let the penises march on!

Finally how come va-j-j's are nowhere near as funny? Sorry ladies, they're just not.

Horoscopes, still the same shit but a different issue

I can't be arsed to think of a sub-title so I shall fill the space with a big... space []<- see

<p>Aquarius</p> <p>This week you sit an exam. Not all that surprising seeing as it is exams time. Opening the paper, you erupt with gle!</p> <p>You can actually do it for once... and looking at questions 2 and 4 you realise that they were on the past paper you went through this morning as revision. You stand up and splaff all over the paper. You are asked to leave and get zero.</p>	<p>Taurus</p> <p>It's far too soon for baby p jokes, but not too soon for the fuck head parents of the poor baby, so here we go. You try to hide what you've done, but the legal system gets you (a little too late, but better late than never). The judge sends you to jail where you get shunned by murderers and thieves alike. Whilst asleep in your cell one night, a bunch of them come with the warden and hand you a piece of rope. 'Do the honourable thing like Shipman did, otherwise we'll rape you ourself and then slit your eyes out!' Die assholes die! (Fair? Ed)</p>	<p>Leo</p> <p>This week, <i>felix</i> brings you a new angle on facebook rape. Forget about adding them to every gay group known to man and adding everyone on there as their friends, the hilarity factor may be large, as they will be getting a lot of gay friends, but it won't be the ultimate rape. Next time try this... just delete their account. That's right everyone, welcome to Facebook Murder!</p>	<p>Scorpio</p> <p>You come to find that your facebook has been epically raped. In a fit of rage, you tear open a can of whoop-ass, ripping out their hair with your teeth, ramming it down their eyes and pulling it through their nose. Facebook Death has taken a new meaning, but then you realise that it wasn't your facebook, someone else logged onto your computer. Life sentance coming your way.</p>
<p>Pisces</p> <p>In this weeks exam you realise that there is someone sitting in your seat. You try to tell them to move but all you get back is "chill out bro, there's more to life than where you sit in the exams." You look at him and say "Not when there's a knife in your back." OK so it's exam season and we're struggling a little bit, but don't worry folks, we'll be back on form next week...</p>	<p>Gemini</p> <p>Молим, немају Српки? Сачемо ми бидети, јебемлити мајку фашистичку! See, now if they kept the language courses, you'd be able to understand that.</p>	<p>Virgo</p> <p>Oh you have taken your last exam, and are leaving Imperial. Looking back there are some things that you will have done differently, and others that will bring a smile to your face. However, remember that these stories will remain useless and remain cooped up in your head. We here at <i>felix</i> bid you a fond farewell, please drop by soon.</p>	<p>Bagittarius</p> <p>"Bom-dia" Brilliant, banging booms below bellow big, bushy bearded big. Bazillion Brazilians, bearing bright bras (beneath, bustling bosoms) booying boistrously below bright, boundless, beaming bodies. Billions board Brobdingnagian boat, boasting 'bout beachy Brazil before bestowing beautiful, bespoke banjos.</p>
<p>Aries</p> <p>This week you finish exams, get rather inebriated and take a rather large American girl home. Meandering home you stop off at a few offies to pick up the chavtastic drink that is Smernoff Ice to ensure that you don't sober up. Once home you are shagging like bunnies on speed. Come morning she will have crushed you to death. She was a big 'un.</p>	<p>Cancer</p> <p>So back to this American whale. Before you are violently crushed to death, you did manage to find that most elusive point in a lady- her natural frequency. This will happen on the fourth shag. As you are bashing her from behind, you start to slap her arse, varying amplitude her bum wobbles like jelly until it splits open.</p>	<p>Libra</p> <p>Still with this American, you run out of johnies, but lets face it- you are both still rampant as fuck. She assures you that you can pull out before your white army is released. You think meah, why not? Her offer of going on top is a winner. Just as you are about to explode, she drops all of her weight onto you, screaming "be the father of my baby". You cannot pull out.</p>	<p>Capricorn</p> <p>I think we can push this American a little further. After she screams that she wants you to father her baby, she refuses to get off of you. You struggle to breath and bash her side, hoping to find that natural frequency and shift her off. As the last atom of oxygen is squeezed out of you, you pass out and die. When you get to heaven, God sends you to hell for shagging Lady Gaga. Ha ha, Fail. Pint?</p>

Green light for Racing Green

Continued from back page

48V electric motors to give very impressive performance characteristics. With the current gearing ratios, the vehicle can achieve a top speed of 45mph in about 4 seconds. This year, a dedicated team of students have been working hard on improving the vehicle for the next race in the series. Modifications include the introduction of an active steering system, a complete redesign of the cooling system, better control strategy for the fuel cell to get more power out of it and a chassis redesign to cut down on weight.

IRG03 is the successor to IRG02 that will race alongside other universities in this summer's Formula Student Championship held in Silverstone in the new Class 1A category for alternative fuels and low carbon technologies. For this year's competition IRG03 will feature a 4.4kW fuel cell in a very battery heavy vehicle to power four 11kW electric motors that can be overloaded to 25kW giving the vehicle an overall peak power of 100kW.

The vehicle also features an adjustable suspension assembly with carbon fibre wishbones and a CompactRIO control system, which acts as the brain of the car, to control all the power electronics. The fact that the vehicle supports 4 independently controlled elec-

tric motors allows for a high degree of control of the vehicle and also allows for the use of regenerative braking. Regenerative braking recovers braking energy during the race to make the vehicle more efficient and is similar to the Kinetic Energy Recovery System (KERS) that is currently used in Formula 1 cars.

The predicted performance of IRG03 is equal if not better than its IC engine counterpart, and given that it is the first vehicle of its kind in the world, it will undoubtedly cause a big stir this summer when it hits the track at Silverstone.

Imperial Racing Green have also produced a spin-off project called Racing Green Endurance, which aims to design, make and race a zero-emission sports vehicle to go around the world in 80-days against other green vehicles designed by teams from around the world. The project is still in its early stages but looks very promising and further highlights Imperial College's commitment in the field of greener automotive technology.

For more information about Racing Green or Racing Green Endurance please visit their websites on:

www.imperialracinggreen.com
www.racinggreenendurance.com



We are looking for **HAYFEVER** sufferers and **NORMAL VOLUNTEERS** to help with **allergy research**

If you are interested in taking part in research to help us understand the causes of nasal allergies and develop new forms of treatment, and if you are between 18 and 55 years old please

contact us for more information:

Telephone **0787 285 0275**

or email your contact details to

a.goldstone@imperial.ac.uk

**Department of Allergy
Royal Brompton & Harefield NHS Trust
and NHLI Ethics Committees
Fulham Road, London SW3 6HP**

The research has been approved by the Brompton Harefield & NHLI Research Ethics Committee

Physiotherapy... it's more than just a rub down

Sally Waters MCSP SRP

"Mens sana in corpora sano": a healthy mind in a healthy body is as important an adage today as it was in the classical era, whether it is exam time or not!

Physiotherapy has been an essential part of mainstream medical science for more than 100 years and has been an intrinsic part of the NHS service since its inception after WW II. The service is also recognised and supported by private health care insurers.

Although there are various specialities such as neurology, the most significant area of practice addresses musculo-skeletal conditions. These can vary from back and neck pain, sadly both common and debilitating, to work related upper limb disorders and injuries to the muscles, nerves, bones or joints, often sustained either on the sports pitch or after the dance floor! Headaches, for example, can be caused by cervical spine dysfunction: a painkiller addresses the symptoms, physiotherapy treats the root cause.

Treatments are evidence-based, firmly rooted in the scientific approach of modern medicine and backed up by comprehensive research.

The qualification for physiotherapy nowadays is usually a combination of degree followed by hospital based clinical and practical study – I was lucky enough to train at St Thomas' under the world renowned James Cyriax. Physiotherapy is fundamentally cur-

ative; in other words patients come in with specific problems which we treat by the application of well established techniques. Manual therapy is the most important of these. This ranges from gentle mobilisation (within the range of movement of the joint) to full scale manipulations (outside the range).

Where possible we prefer the gentler, less extreme approach but we recognise that there are occasions where manipulation is a necessity.

Curing problems is not the end of treatment: rehabilitation and preventative measures are just as important. We adopt a holistic approach, identifying the cause of the condition and then addressing it by correcting any abnormal movement patterns, muscle imbalance or postural dysfunction. This often takes the form of tailored exercise programmes and advice. After all, prevention is always better than cure.

Sally has worked as the senior physiotherapist at the Imperial College Health Centre for the last 17 years and is available for consultations at Ethos. She has lectured at college and provides advice on ergonomics and carries out work station assessments. Sally has also worked as a consultant for the Royal Ballet School and English National Ballet.

If you want more information about physiotherapy, feel free to contact me on 07747056761 or sally.waters@hot-mail.co.uk

The unskilled 4s put two past the skillful ladies

Hockey

IC Women's 1st XI	1
IC Men's 4th XI	2

Jack Cornish
Sports Editor

A scorching Saturday was blessed with the annual challenge between the elite ladies and the lowest standard men's team (although the newly formed men's 5th team will take on the really 'social' players next year – RSM you are more than welcome). A minibus a team, the men's team were first to depart the union and first to arrive at the fortress. The ladies were of course left waiting for Beresford who was hanging like a chimpanzee from a monkey puzzle tree upon her arrival quarter of an hour late!

The warm up was serious...very serious...there was jogging, stretching

and inspiring team talks from both captains. Cornish had been appointed Ladies coach for the day and the men were in a hodge-podge away kit resulting in Ladbrooks making a last minute change to the odds in favour of a ladies win. Cornish put his £5 down.

Umpires Lacey and Baker-Brian both had interests in the ladies team and the respective ladies Clayton and Parkes certainly tried to use their female influence to sway the umpires even more in their favour. It wasn't to be however... Baker Brian was up for some tough love in the evening and decided that whenever Parkes delved for the ball he should reverse the decision in the men's favour. The men took advantage of this and soon scored a goal. Unfortunately the pitch side BBQ was at a critical point and that is all I have to report on this one!

Reynolds continued to hold the ladies up at the back, and Summers in goal had very little to do in the first half. He did however manage to work

on his sun tan and bask in the afternoon rays. Mandalia made his move from the bench and made an immediate impact with the ladies as per usual.

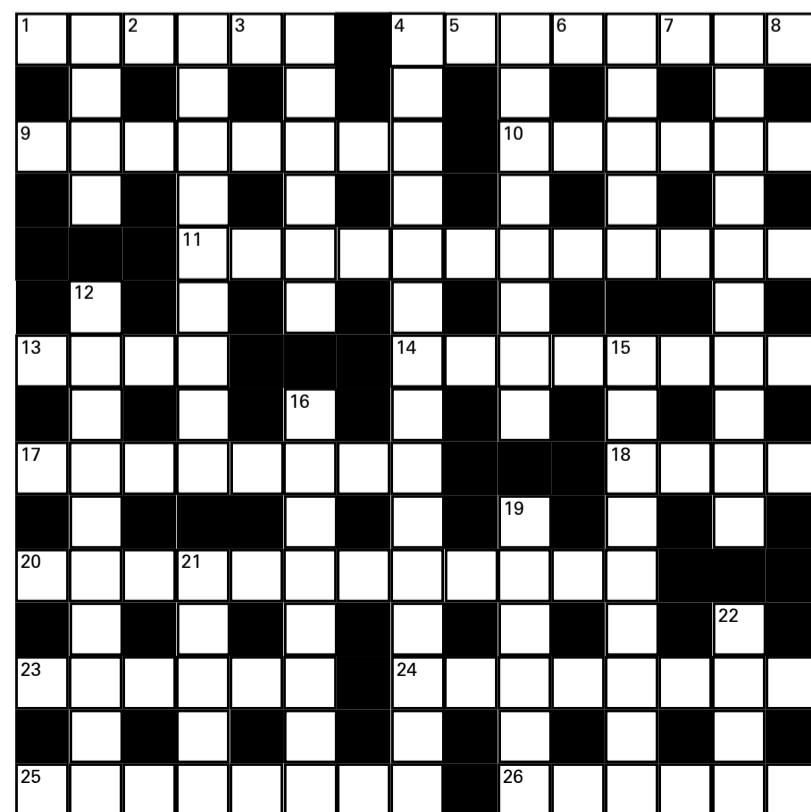
The half time team talk was once again inspirational. The girls were fired up, Cornish made sure the girls were playing to their full ability and soon the equaliser came. Middlebrook was essentially marked out of the game, but Poore and Toombe managed to continually feed the forwards, but time after time the male strength was too much. It was only towards the end of the game a deciding goal was scored. The men were the victors for a second year in a row, but only just!

The hockey club now looks forward to the two remaining events – President's Day this Saturday offers the opportunity to catch up with all the old-boys and girls, while the India tour continues to gather momentum before nearly half the club jet off to New Delhi for a two weeks trip of a lifetime. Two events that are sure to grace these pages.



Men's 4's win despite having a legless, female goal keeper who's lying smashed on the floor

Crossword No. 1,434



ACROSS

- 1 Somewhere conducive to rapid growth, like a heated mattress (6)
- 5 Friendly bishop met by Agency, only outside (8)
- 9 Condemn German part of speech with Church (8)
- 10 Polite form of address for mother and lady (6)
- 11 Redeeming feature, one that a flashy jacket might have (6,6)
- 13 Boy with English book (4)
- 14 Express anger and dispatch aircraft (8)
- 17 Tennis player, attractive one, writing on wall (8)
- 18 Require chav to take drug (4)
- 20 Carefree dwarf to become fortunate (5-2-5)
- 23 Herb from wetland with two points left behind (6)
- 24 Strange comic, one associated with wealth (8)
- 25 Skip French – mistake – for playground game (8)
- 26 Put some of bread in pen or stable (6)

DOWN

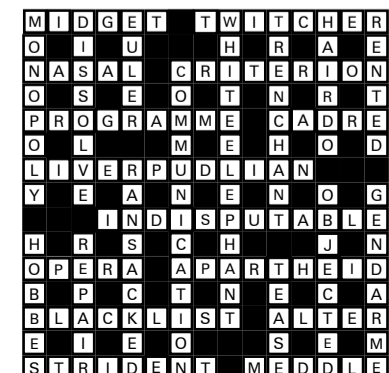
- 2 Round five: the Queen gives six balls (4)
- 3 Surprise! King and quiet little person are in storage space (9)
- 4 Money falling on the French internet provider (6)
- 5 Director's ill-conceived blips: 'E.T.'s Revenge' (6,9)
- 6 A third of committee on flat land raise an objection (8)
- 7 Poet has gold lair (5)
- 8 Weaving machine heard in a sign for eminent people (10)
- 12 I withdrew from toilet bowl; Joe's outside with energy for unnatural writing (10)
- 15 Loud nun confused by tumbling onto a single sensitive part of anatomy (5,4)
- 16 Interpret ruling as exceptional (8)
- 19 A religious symbol? This clue isn't (6)
- 21 Young animal protects chic model (3-2)
- 22 Discover daughter underneath fish part (4)

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

Congratulations to **Ian Gilmore** who was the first person to get the correct answer in this week, again. 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 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 1433





Imperial: Start your engines

Billy Wu

Imperial Racing Green will race the world's first zero-emission hydrogen fuel cell vehicle, the IRG03, of its kind at the Formula Student Championship at Silverstone this summer.

Racing Green is a student led project at Imperial currently involving approximately 100 undergraduate students from 8 different departments to design, make and race hydrogen fuel cell vehicles.

A fuel cell is a device that converts a fuel, usually hydrogen, into electrical energy. It does this with a much higher efficiency than conventional methods that rely on the burning of the fuel as seen in internal combustion engines found in most of the cars you see driving around. However, the main attraction of this technology is that it has the

potential to be completely zero-emission; the only by-product of a fuel cell is water!

Racing Green has already successfully produced two go-kart sized vehicles, the IRG01 and the IRG02, the latter of which raced in the Formula Zero Championship. Formula Zero is the world's first race series to feature only zero-emission hydrogen fuel cell vehicles and featured 6 teams from around the world. Last summer IRG02 went to the opening race of the series in Rotterdam and eventually finished, controversially, in 3rd place, with the format of the event working against the Imperial team.

The IRG02 features an 8kW Hydrogenics fuel cell and a supercapacitor system which provides power to two

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Imperial 2nd XI duck out of BUCS

Peter Swallow

After scaring off the opposition and getting in to the BUCS knockout rounds without playing a match, Imperial 2's faced the tough task of going to London Met to play their 1st team (who had built up a reputation for being frivolous with the laws after trying to end a game they were losing against the our 1st by claiming bad light). The team met at the tube station with the notable absence of next year's secretary Rohan, who decided he'd show everyone how responsible he was by turning up over an hour late (even though he had been rang an hour earlier to make sure he was playing) and offering no excuse for this, although it must be mentioned that his hair looked extra shiny on this occasion.

Play started in glorious sunshine with London Met batting first and out came two rather large batters who proceeded to throw the bat at everything. Both players managed to hit a few boundaries before giving a wicket to each of the opening bowlers Navin and Sri. Upon getting the 2nd wicket Rohan showed his worth the team by saying "we're into the tail now lads", to

the no 4 batter who went onto to become London Met's top scorer with 60. After a couple of wickets had fallen to Andy and Pete, Sri returned to remove the top scorer and trigger a London Met Collapse to 160 all out (which was less than they got against IC 1s) with Sri taking 5 wickets in an excellent performance.

Buoyed by his bowling performance Sri came out to open the batting along with Adnan and they both made a mockery of the bowling and raced to 40 runs between them before London Metgate 2 occurred. The players claiming the ball had become misshapen swapped the new ball for an old dog ball. Soon after attempting the same shot as he played many times with the new ball Sri was caught out as the ball looped to the player at mid-on. This triggered an extremely disappointing IC collapse with only Shiraz and Mat Tarr making decent scores. In this overall disappointing performance the "Thanks for coming award" goes to Rohan who turned up late, said the worst sledge of the day and topped it off with getting a golden duck. Finally a note to all the women out there when Shiraz says you are fit, it's not a compliment...



Despite barely playing this season, most of the lads still remembered to bring their cricket attire