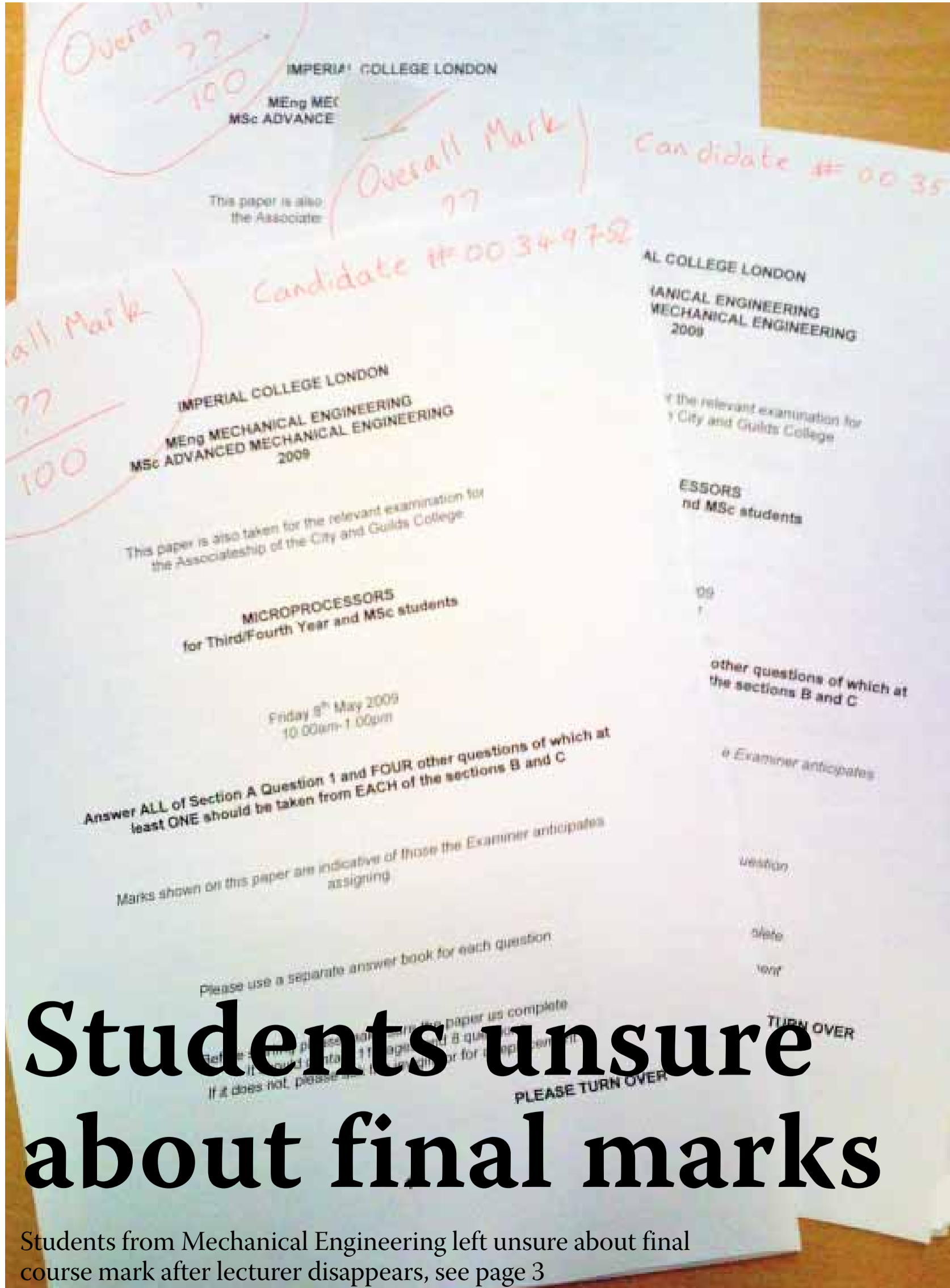


felix

The student 'news'paper of
Imperial College London

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year
2006, 2008

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Students unsure about final marks

Students from Mechanical Engineering left unsure about final course mark after lecturer disappears, see page 3

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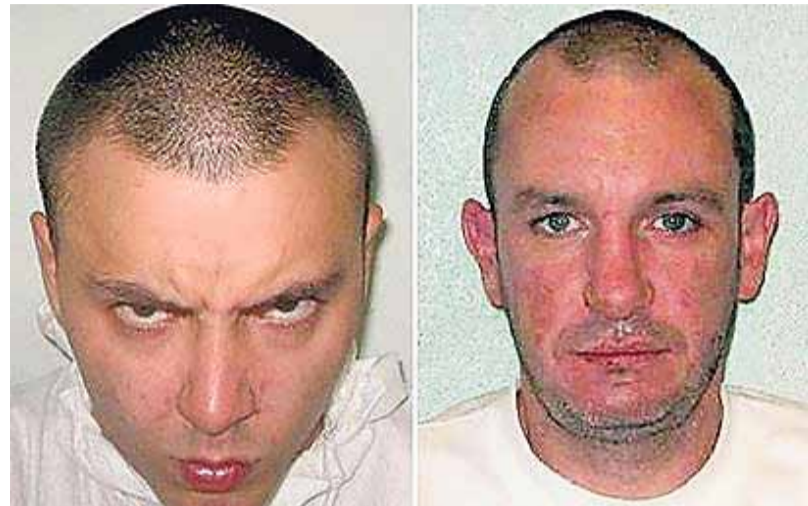
Two men found guilty of the murder of UROP students

Jovan Nedić
Editor-in-Chief

After six weeks, the trial of Dano Sonnex and Nigel Farmer at the Old Bailey has come to an end, with both men being convicted of murdering two French exchange-students studying at Imperial College. Dano Sonnex, 23, must serve a minimum sentence of 40-years in prison whilst Nigel Farmer, 33, must serve 35 years.

The trial has, however, brought to light the failings of the Crown Prosecution Service and the Probation Service after it was found that Mr Sonnex had committed multiple offenses since he was released in February 8th 2008. At the age of 17 he was sentenced to 8 years in jail after a string of armed robberies and in 2004 he admitted to a prison doctor that he feared that he might kill in the future, but this information was never passed on to the prison service. After only a few days of his release in February 2008, Mr Sonnex had allegedly tied up a pregnant woman and her boyfriend, however, his probation officer only gave him a verbal warning instead of sending him back to jail.

An order was given to the police to arrest Mr Sonnex on the 13th June 2008, however, the police didn't actu-



Dano Sonnex (left) and Nigel Farmer (right) were convicted of murder

ally visit his house until 14:00 on 29th June after there was some confusion as to which police force would handle the arrest. By the time the police actually got to his house, the bodies of Laurent Bonomo and Gabriel Ferez had been discovered and it took 11 days for the police to arrest Mr Sonnex after Mr Farmer handed himself in at Lewisham police station.

These failings have angered the public and as a result David Scott, head of

the London Probation Service, has resigned and Justice Secretary Jack Straw has made a personal apology to the victims' families.

Mr Straw said of the criticism, "there is nothing that anyone can do to bring these entirely innocent French students, these sons, back to life. But what we have to do is learn the lessons, and these lessons have been pursued ever since that I learnt about these failures at the end of last year."

Are you moving out of halls? Re-use don't waste

Leena Barrett
Commercial Services

With only two weeks to go until the end of term and a mass move-out of Halls across Imperial, many of you will be clearing up and clearing out belongings accumulated over the last nine months. Plenty of people will be going through their stuff wondering what they were thinking when they bought a particularly interesting but useless item. How much of your stuff will you realistically take back with you over the summer?

An increasing amount of re-usable items are being sent to landfill in the UK, even those in good condition which can be re-used by others. In universities and in particular in halls of residence, a waste peak occurs during move-out at the end-of-term, when students want to get rid of anything they cannot or do not want to take home with them.

How to sensibly dispose of the waste generated from move-out weekend is a real issue for the accommodation teams who often need to clear rooms and prepare them for summer vacation guests on the same weekend, and in some cases, the same day as the students move out.

This year, Imperial's Accommodation Services and Facilities Management departments have joined forces with re-use organisation, CRISP, in an effort to minimise waste during moving-out weekend. CRISP provide tools for universities to facilitate a re-use service which allows students to donate any unwanted items for re-use as they move out of halls. Re-using unwanted goods is far better for the en-



vironment than recycling as it reduces the use of natural resources.

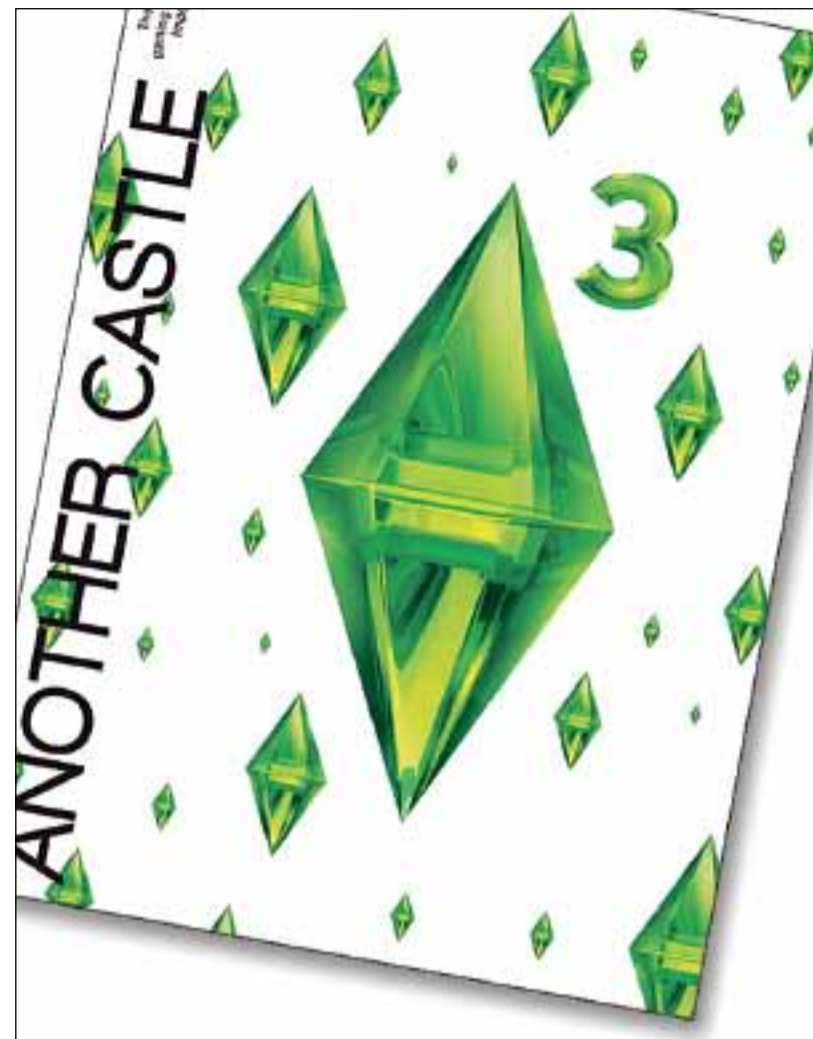
The scheme will be running for the last two weeks of term and each College owned hall will have a designated space which will be used as a donation drop-point. Items will need to be sorted into different categories and then placed in the bins provided. You can donate all sorts of things such as:

- clothes and shoes
- bedding and bed linen
- unopened non-perishable food items, e.g. canned goods
- kitchen items such as cutlery, plates, pots and pans
- electricals like lamps, computers and printers
- CDs, DVDs and books
- stationery – folders, pens, pencils etc

- furniture
- you can also donate any mixed parcel for recycling

CRISP will collect all donations and redistribute to reuse outlets such as charity shops, hospitals, markets, councils, homeless shelters and many others. Last year CRISP worked with 38 university halls providing accommodation to 8962 students from over 14 different universities located in 10 inner London boroughs. Over the summer period in 2008, the project collected 23.98 tonnes of unwanted goods and materials for reuse – the equivalent of 0.69 tonnes per hall.

If you'll be moving out of halls and have items to donate, you'll find details of your hall's drop-point around your hall or you can ask your Hall Supervisor or Warden for more information.



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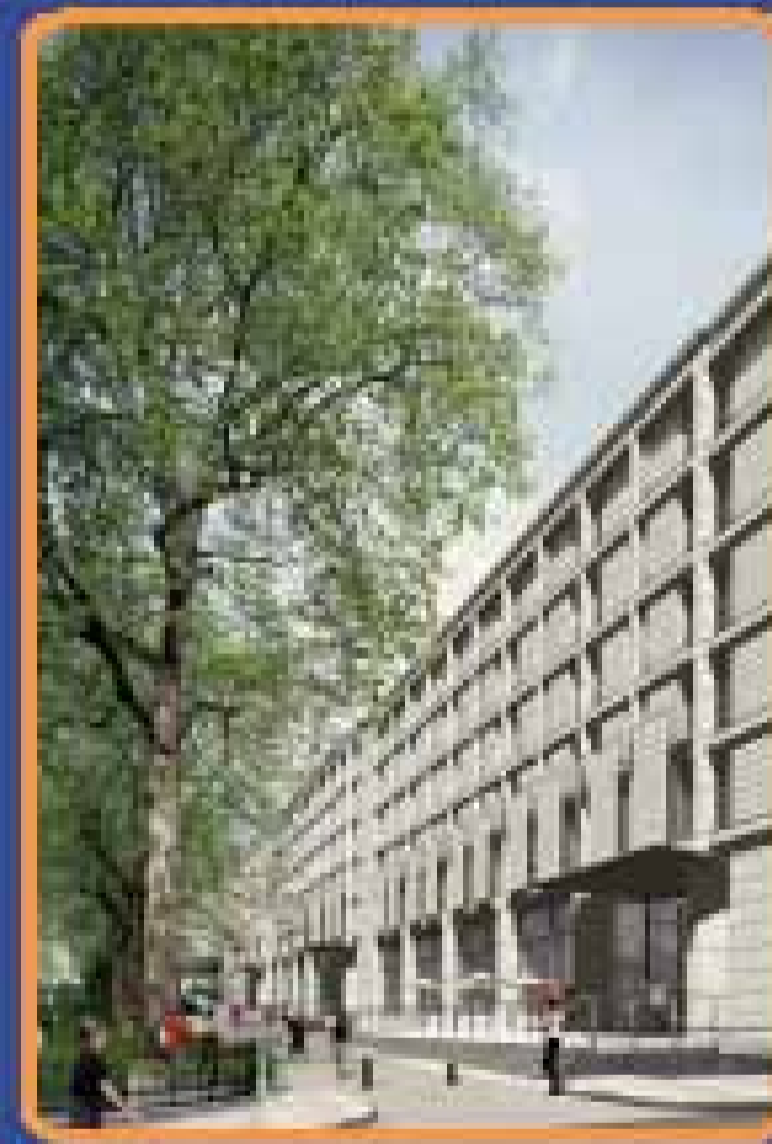
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Imperial College London

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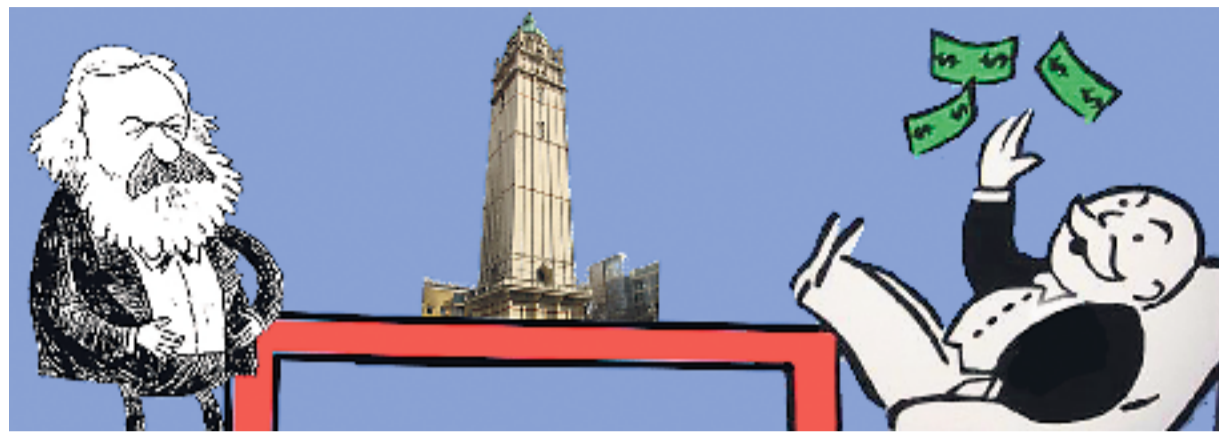
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University funding and privatising Imperial



"The rational thing for Sir Roy to do if Imperial is privatised is to whack tuition fees up to whatever he can get away with"



Recent stories in *felix* have brought to our attention the ambition of Imperial College's rector, Sir Roy Anderson to privatise Imperial College.

It is certainly the case that as things are currently, government regulations which cap tuition fees for home and EU students decrease the potential revenue of Imperial College which, in turn, could decrease Imperial's ability to compete amongst academic institutions on the world stage. Given that Imperial College has a very strong global reputation and, year on year, attracts far more applicants than it can accept, these facts naturally lead those who represent the interests of Imperial College to want to break free of the restrictive regulatory framework – that is, to privatise.

However, we are not all agents representing the interests of Imperial College, we are also human beings and we should therefore represent the interests of the wider human society in which we live which is, by now, a global one.

It is in the context of the wider human society that we should look upon the issue of privatisation of the UK's top universities, and that's what I'll try to do below.

A quick look at the Imperial's "Annual Report and Accounts 2007-8" document reveals the large extent to which Imperial College is reliant on public money (UK or otherwise) for its funding.

In 2008, Imperial's total income was £603.1m, of which £165.1m came from the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) and £86m from UK research councils. It is difficult to say how much of the £50.2m contribution from the EU and overseas may have been foreign public money, but the chances are, it is a substantial proportion. Those are the 'direct' contributions from the public purse, however there are many mechanisms by which public money will have reached Imperial College indirectly. For example, it is well known that many governments (the UK government included) are major customers of military-related high-technology industry. It is highly likely that such firms have contributed substantially to the £27m that Imperial received from UK industry, as well as from the EU and overseas (the details of which companies contributed weren't published).

There are good economic reasons why such a lot of public money is invested in R&D. In the last century, economic prosperity for the business class in the UK and US has been largely based on hi-tech innovations – most of which were initially developed in publicly funded sectors of the economy within, or closely linked with universities. From semiconductors, to computers, aeroplanes, numerical processing technologies (on which modern factories are based), container technology

(on which global trade is based) and the Internet, to name but a few.

With this much said, it is clear that institutions like Imperial College cannot be 'privatised' in the same sense that, say, a state-owned shop can be privatised since it relies critically on public money for its income, whereas the shop can rely on its sales to its many customers for its income. Said another way, governments are monopolistic consumers of the products which universities provide. Like all monopolistic consumers, they have the power to shape the sort of products that the universities provide (i.e. the sort of research that is done), by directing demand.

These observations have obvious consequences for the talk about 'international competition' between academic institutions. The competition is predominantly for government funding, and governments tend to be loyal consumers of the products of their own country's top academic institutions. As a rule of thumb, a university will be "competitive" to the extent that it receives large funding from its home country's government.

The issue of privatisation, then, is not an issue of control over the sort of research that is done (since governments will continue to largely dictate this), but it is to do with the single issue of whether a university should be allowed to charge what it likes for tuition. It boils down the question of how to distribute the costs of tuition between the government, the individual student, and the university. Should the student foot the bill, the government, or Imperial College?

First, however, it's worth saying something about what the cost of tuition will be (i.e. how it will be worked out) before addressing who should bear this cost. Sir Roy (and Sir Richard before him) often like to point out that a degree from Imperial College is worth much more than a degree from most other UK institutions. Why? It can't be because the teaching quality at Imperial is so much better than everywhere else – university assessments by *The Guardian*, *Times* etc. show otherwise. In fact, these studies also reveal that Imperial students are among the least happy in the UK. It's also unlikely to be because the resources needed to train a student at Imperial cost a lot more than they do elsewhere.

The determining factor for the cost of tuition will be the strength of demand for places at Imperial, and that will be determined by the strength of the Imperial 'brand' globally, relative to the other major academic institutions of the world.

The rational thing for Sir Roy to do if Imperial is privatised is to whack tuition fees up to whatever he can get away with, given the strength of the Imperial 'brand' globally.

Like it or hate it, the cost of tuition (which will probably be born in part by

the British public and in part by the individual student) will depend, in part, on the success or failure of Imperial College's continuing global efforts to strengthen its brand. That is not to say that the quality of research is not a factor in the strength of the 'brand'. Obviously, better-funded universities tend to produce better research, for a variety of reasons, which contributes to brand strength (although it seems that there is a much weaker correlation between brand strength and teaching standards). If the extra cash injection from increased tuition fees translates into more scientific publications, and the 'brand' is strengthened, we can be sure of further rises in tuition fees – regardless of the actual cost to Imperial College per student.

How the privatisation of Imperial will effect British society will depend on how the 'burden' of tuition fees is spread. Currently, Imperial College is at a disadvantage with respect to its Ivy League competitors in the US, who can set their own fees. A far more significant disadvantage, however, is that US government expenditure in R&D is far greater than here, not only because they spend a higher percentage of their

GDP on R&D, but also because their GDP per capita is higher than the UK's.

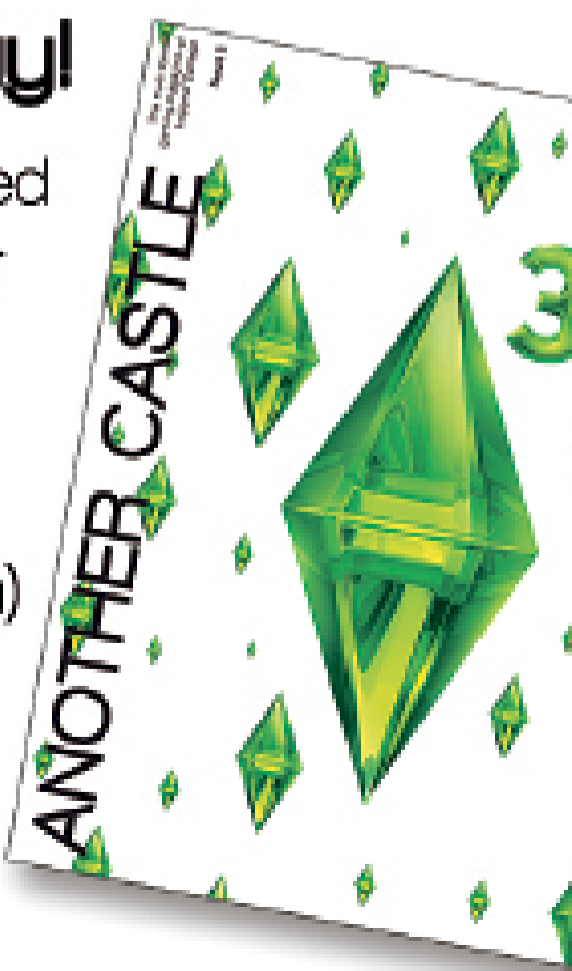
Fundamentally, the choice is between whether: (1) universities in the UK stay with their current levels of funding i.e. no change; (2) the government pays the costs of better funding for universities; (3) the individual students pay far more than they currently do. Or some mixture of the three – no doubt, via some complicated loan/grant/reimbursement scheme which governments specialise in.

Of course, if funding stays as it is, we can be fairly sure that UK's universities will continue to produce at current levels. If the student pays the costs of tuition, then the output of the top universities should increase because of increased funding, but a highly inequitable system will have been created, in which only the rich will be able to afford to be educated at the top universities. Finally if the government bares the costs, then social mobility will probably increase, society will become more equitable and university output will increase, but at a cost to the taxpayer. Who is effected most by the tax burden will depend on how progressive or regressive the tax system is. So on

Another Castle – Issue 3

Out next Friday!

- The Sims 3 reviewed
- Associate Producer Melanie Lam interviewed
- Meet My Mum (that's Tomo's mum)
- The Tourist: Part 3
- E3: doused in fire
- + Much, much more



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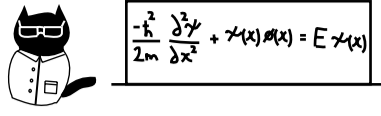
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Green energies: hopes, reality and journalism

Hugo Frederich

Although very well-documented, the 'Focus' on green energies issued in the last *I, Science* does forget the most efficient, cheapest and "greenest" energy: the one we do not consume.

Lately, global measures have shown that climate change amplitude widely and systematically overpasses the scenarios simulated a few years ago. Since the beginning of the year, climatologists and personalities (Al Gore, Nicolas Stern...) warn that the increase in global temperature is very likely to be around +2C in 2050 while all the policies and negotiations aim to reach +2C no sooner than 2100.

This issue is capital for the Copenhagen Summit in December (where all the nations will set the post-Kyoto rules for the next decades).

Consequences are countless and priceless: millions or billions of dead caused by flooding, droughts, storms, lack of water and food, animal and vegetal disparition or proliferation... resulting in massive migrations, dictators, wars... and it starts within the next few decades. We are not exempted – democracy, for example, may

flicker. This is the story of our lives and the only question is how bad it will be.

In order to cope with it, "green energies" are of course needed, they must play a major role and great efforts must be put towards them. The *I, Science* report gives a whole range of interesting projects and it shows that a lot is possible to do.

For us, engineers and scientists, these projects are all very exciting, they offer a large place to technology and some are somehow the "flying cars" of our generation. But, we have to keep in mind the objective: reducing our impact on the environment as quickly and deeply as possible. Each year, each month, each day is precious to curve the global warming and attenuate its future repercussions.

Waiting five or ten years for (hypothetical) revolutionary energies is too long; 80% of world's electricity comes from coal and it will take years to switch from fossil to renewable energies once we got them. We don't have that time.

Moreover, until now every single technological progress has been used to consume more in the end: our engines get a few percent more efficient

each year but we drive heavier cars farther and faster; we get miniaturised electronics but bigger phones with more functions. It is really unfortunate but this cannot hold, and it must be said.

As scientists, it is our duty to explain to the world the dangers of global warming and the possible solutions. And scientific journalists have to lead this movement. It would not be honest to imply that energy from waves will save us. It will if we learn how to drive the same distance, or less, with our more efficient cars. It will if it is a way to reduce the overall CO2 emissions, not just the CO2 per kilometre. Besides, cutting our emissions by 10% by changing some behaviours and customs would be infinitely easier and more efficient than doing so by waiting for renewable sources. We should always remember that every little green Watt is the consequence of years and millions spent in research.

In articles like the one issued in *I, Science*, the MWs produced by some wind or tidal turbines should always be compared to the 16,000,000 MW, exponentially increasing, consumed in the world each second.



Did the recent *I, science's* 'Focus' on green energy miss the point?

Technology will not provide a miracle solution on its own. It is a gloomy mathematical fact and it is a lie to suggest such a thing. Science will help but now the issue is political (how do we live our lives). This is why Copenhagen Summit in December is probably one of the key events of this century, be aware of what is decided there.

Green energies are a bright hope for mankind but waiting for them we must cut consumption. And we, engineers and scientists, must say it loud to the world.

Revival of an ancient building technique could help save our planet

Louisa Garnier

The government has a long-term goal to reduce carbon emissions by 80 per cent by 2050. Homes account for around 27 per cent of the UK's carbon emissions, and around 10 per cent of global CO2 emissions are from the cement industry. It is clear that if we want to come anywhere near the target, we need to change the way we build our homes.

At present most UK homes are built from cement but we may soon see a revival of a green ancient building technique that could help us reach the 2050 target, thanks to recent research from Durham University. Parts of the Great Wall of China and the Alhambra at Granada in Spain were built using rammed earth, which is long-lasting and sustainable. Rammed earth is a manufactured material made up of sand, gravel and clay which is moistened and then compacted between forms to build walls. The Durham researchers have discovered that it is the moisture that gives rammed earth its strength and longevity. The rammed earth technique is already championed by a small number of specialist constructors in the UK, including Rowland Keable from Ram Cast CIC, who has over 20 years experience building rammed earth structures across Africa and the UK. It is hoped that the Durham findings will help the technique to become a more mainstream building method.

The team that made the discovery is headed by Dr Charles Augarde, who says: "We know that rammed earth can stand the test of time but the source of its strength has not been understood properly to date." The scientists found that the strength of rammed earth was, at least in part, due to the small amount of water present. If the water content in the earth is low, suction is created between soil particles.



Are mud huts going to become standard buildings in the future?

The work could have implications for the future design of buildings using rammed earth as the link between strength and water content becomes clearer. This is good news for the rammed earth community who can now look to develop what Dr Augarde calls a "recipe" for constructing strong buildings based on a suitable ratio of earth to water. "Our next job is to devise a way of writing down the rules." With simple rules, perhaps the rammed earth method will be taken up by mainstream building companies.

Rowland Keable explains that rammed earth has a number of green credentials. It's cheap and sustainable, materials can be sourced locally and, unlike cement, its construction does not give off CO2 emissions. Dr Augarde mentions another benefit: "With rammed earth buildings, the walls act as sinks of heat. On a hot day they absorb heat and in the cool evenings they release it back into the building." This is useful because "people won't need air conditioning."

So, will the rammed earth take off in Britain? Keable hopes it might: "A lot more people in the industry have now heard of the term. 10 years ago, no-one had even heard of it. Interest is

growing but everything takes time." Dr Augarde is more reserved: "Builders don't have a great deal of confidence in the method. It is a viable method. The trouble is the current uncertainty about its long-term behaviour." He believes that we will see rammed earth becoming more common as a building technique in the "next 10 to 15 years". Keable sums up the situation nicely: "I think that there is a normal bell curve of acceptability. At the start of the curve there are us nutters, then there's a wave of early adopters. The backside of the bell are the normal, conservative people and at the back-end are those who will have a brick house come what may."

But is it the low cost or the green credentials that will ultimately sell rammed earth to the public and the building industry? Dr Augarde goes far green: "At the moment it's the green box they're ticking. Big companies are thinking about it." Keable agrees: "10 years ago, if you mentioned climate change you'd be given a sceptical look. Now, there's not even a question about its importance."

That is good news for our climate and good news for the government too.

Herschel and Planck: A tale of two telescopes in the night sky

Jessica Hamzelou

It was a cloudy day in London, but Dr Dave Clements' spirits soared as he gazed up at the sky. With the pop of a champagne cork, his colleagues around him erupted into songs of celebration. Clements and his team from Imperial College, London, were just some of the scientists around the globe celebrating the launch of two spectacular giant telescopes into space.

Over the last decade, astrophysicists at Imperial College have been planning the launch of two European Space Agency telescopes from the other side of the pond in French Guiana. The Imperial team have also developed an instrument known as SPIRE (Spectral and Photometric Imaging REceiver) to tag along for the ride. SPIRE has "essentially very sensitive thermometers working at temperatures only a few tenths of a degree above absolute zero" (that's a rather nippy -273°C). "These detectors absorb light, heat up a little, and the temperature change is measured," explains Clements. These changes can be used to create an image of space, using filters and other instruments.

The telescopes, named after eminent physicists Herschel and Planck, are being thrust to a point in space almost a million miles from our own planet. This point, known amongst the scientists as "L2", is what Clements describes as a "balance point" between the sun and the earth's gravity, so things are more stable at L2 than elsewhere.

Planck, the smaller of the two, will be observing the cosmic microwave background of the universe (its glow), what Clements refers to as "the dull echo of the Big Bang." Herschel, the bigger of the two, and in fact the largest space telescope ever, will use the SPIRE technology to look at cosmic infrared background, the "result of energy produced by stars and the supermassive black holes" and reprocessed by space dust. This means that the information, when it is beamed back down to scientists on Earth, will provide much more information than regular optical telescopes. As Clements puts it, "optical telescopes, like Hubble, only see half the story. That is why we need instruments like SPIRE and telescopes like Herschel, so that we can see the whole story of the universe, not just some fraction biased by our dependence on the optical."

Herschel and its SPIRE technology will also enable the teams to take a peek at "dusty towers" where stars are formed. These towers simply don't show up on the normal optical telescopes. Clements is among the hundreds of scientists who hope Herschel can provide a "full understanding of star formation."

For now, the Imperial team, along with their international colleagues, will have to wait for the snapshots of the universe, which will hopefully provide the missing pieces of the puzzle of the birth of our galaxy. The earliest information is expected in 2010, when it may be time for Clements to order in some more champagne!

Ape rights are no laughing matter

Abigail Orr

"I had to laugh a lot of times, the caretakers laughed many times too, and of course the apes," recalls Dr Marina Davila-Ross. The source of all this merriment? A rather unusual experiment that Dr Ross, a primatologist from the University of Portsmouth, conducted recently – tickling baby apes to see if they laugh. The answer, it turns out, is yes; they do. Humans have often thought that laughter made us special, but the joke's on us – laughter is not just a human thing.

As well as finding out that great apes do laugh, Dr Ross listened to the sounds they make. She compared the noises made by tickled baby chimps, orang-utans, bonobos, gorillas and humans, and mapped the results onto an 'evolutionary tree' of laughter. The tree shows that our closest laughing-cousins are bonobos and chimpanzees – which given the sounds they make, may or may not be a good thing!

Dr Ross explains that several previous studies "have indicated that laughter is deeply rooted in human biology", so she expected to find something when she tickled the apes, but "the acoustic findings... were unexpected". No one thought apes might laugh like us. But does this similarity matter? The Danish humorist Victor Borge once said that "Laughter is the shortest distance between two people." If apes

can laugh too, does that shorten the distance between us and them?

Dr Ross describes "the tickling play with the apes" as "not all that different than tickling play with a child." We know that children enjoy being tickled, and this seems to suggest that apes enjoy it too. This isn't the first research to show that apes and humans have similarities: previous research has shown that apes can recognise themselves in a mirror and even learn simple sign language. Perhaps they are more human than we realised.

These similarities lead some people to ask questions about whether apes deserve some of the same rights as us... Dr Ross certainly thinks that apes should have rights. "Apes seem to have various emotions humans have," she says, "why should they not have the right to life and freedom from torture?"

Whether apes deserve rights has been tickling our consciences for some time now. For example, in the UK it has been made illegal to use great apes in animal experiments, and Spain looks set to grant them the rights to life and liberty soon. Many scientists and philosophers are in support of this movement, including Richard Dawkins and Peter Singer, who are involved in the Great Ape Project. This is a group which campaigns to extend some human rights to great apes.

The philosopher Roger Scruton, however, is opposed. He doesn't think



Does their laughter actually mean anything, or is it just monkey business?

Tropical islands, Sat Nav and atomic bombs: How stargazing transforms society

Maria Hogan

The small island of Principe off the coast of Africa is famous for two things: cocoa plantations, and a scientific revolution. Some people enjoy the chocolate, but the whole world has been transformed by the revolution.

In the summer of 1919 on this small, lush, tropical island, Arthur Eddington took photos to back up Einstein's now famous theory of relativity. The photos of a solar eclipse showed that light from stars bent towards the sun due to the pull of gravity. Eddington's pictures "propelled Einstein into the lime-light" and made an 'inarguable' impact on the world we live in, according to Marek Kukula. Marek is the public astronomer from the Greenwich Royal Observatory where Eddington worked 100 years ago.

"The theory of special relativity is so weird and counter-intuitive," explains Marek that, "concrete evidence for it must have been amazing at the time: mind blowing!" In fact, "it still is!"

90 years on, scientists are still using telescopes to use and test Einstein's legendary equation, E=MC2. The latest project to do so is the British super-telescope network, 'e-MERLIN: A far cry from Eddington's basic equipment, these radio-telescopes represent a major step forward in 'scope sensitivity'. Astronomers will be now able to study areas of our universe we have not yet been able to see in detail.

The first signals were recently received by e-MERLIN and, "When e-MERLIN comes fully on line later next year," says Tom Muxlow, one of the lead scientists in the project, "we intend to be able to trace out the basic star-formation history of the



If you look closely, I mean really closely, you will be the felix team saying "Hi!"

Universe."

"These observations will again test Einstein's General Theory of Relativity," he explains, since they hope to detect "central images" at the heart of star-forming galaxies that are "predicted by Einstein's theory" but with previous technology, we haven't been able to observe.

"We hope to be able to not only test relativity but also understand more about how the universe began."

If, though, Eddington's photos pro-

vided concrete evidence almost 100 years ago, why are scientists still testing the theory?

Although there are internet rumours that Eddington may have fudged his results, the continued observations are mainly because many of the weirdest consequences of relativity theory have been impossible to test with our current technology.

For example, the faster you travel, predicts Einstein, the shorter you become, and the heavier you get. This

would mean a 30m, 2000kg bus travelling 99% the speed of light would contract down to just over 4m long and weigh an amazing 100503kg. You would never, states the theory, be able to travel as fast as light because at that point you would become infinitely heavy. Sci-fi writers and theoretical physicists have been trying to get their heads, and their storylines, around that for years.

Unable to create a bus that will travel at 99% light speed, scientists like Tom

Muxlow and Marek Kukula have had to leave such things to the sci-fi writers and content themselves with making smaller observations like that of Eddington. They look at the ways that stars interact and compare their observations with the predictions made by relativity theory.

Over the past 90 years, each time there have been new technological advances, scientists have taken the opportunity to both make use of relativity and to test it out further. So far it has passed each test with flying colours.

From the Apollo moon landings 40 years ago to the Hadron collider at CERN this year, special relativity has been foundational to much of modern day science. And, explains Marek, whilst at extremes the theory throws out weird and wonderful conclusions, our everyday world would be a very different place without it.

"All our nuclear technology is based on E=MC2, including the nuclear power we use for electricity as well as atomic weapons" he highlighted, "which have not only affected science but also defined much of the politics of the past century."

"Even GPS on phones" he says "works by tracking signals from satellites. Those satellites are taking into account gravity and staying in orbit using E=MC2"

So next time you switch on the light, watch a sci-fi film or program a post-code into your sat' nav, remember relativity. Don't forget the story of Principe, and Arthur Eddington, the stargazing astronomer who provided concrete evidence for a counter-intuitive, revolutionary idea. Because, says Marek Kukula, "without Einstein's theory, this technology would be impossible."

The psychiatry of torture: waterboarding and pain

Jessica Bland

We have a right not to be tortured. It is a basic human right – one that stretches across borders and cultures to societies that share few other values. The condemnation of torture is a constant where many other things are not.

But what do we mean by torture: forcing prisoners to stand for hours at a time? Playing them the same song over and over for three days? Recreating the feeling of drowning? Under international law, none of these are. They are mentally, but not physically abusive. And torture is defined as physical abuse.

The public debate following Obama's release of the details of CIA interrogations in Guantanamo has centred round whether or not these mentally abusive techniques are torturous enough to make them illegal. And new research published last week adds to the mounting evidence that they are, or at least that they should be.

Torture victims from former Yugoslavia countries and Turkey rated the stressfulness of their overall torture experience. Those that experienced high levels of cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment (CIDT), such as forced stress positions or waterboarding, rated their overall torture experience as more stressful than those who suffered physical torture. CIDT victims also showed higher rates of post-traumatic stress disorder.

"There is a widely held misconception of torture," said Dr. Metin Basoglu, author of the study. "It is not just something that happens in the course of the

interrogation process. It incorporates all of the other circumstances in which these events occur."

Basoglu identifies 46 different contextual factors and it was the stress these caused that participants were asked to rate. "Think of it from the perspective of the person. They perceive a wide range of stressors, even when these stressors are not intentionally inflicted upon the person for torture purposes."

It is not just that context is important. It is more important than the amount of physical pain. There is no clear correlation between increased physical pain and overall stress. But the correlation between CIDT and overall stress implies that psychological context is influential.

Therefore, Basoglu argues, the definition of torture used in International law should be modified. "It would be based on four parameters" Intent, purpose and removal of control are all widely-accepted criteria for torture. But Basoglu adds a fourth criterion: "multiple stressors must be present." So, both combinations of physical events and psychologically stressful situations would constitute torture under this definition.

Others argue this kind of international redefinition is impractical and unnecessary. "Changing international law is not a relevant solution requires a lot of energy and negotiations. And it would take a long time to go through," said Professor Henry Shue, Professor of International Relations at Oxford University and author of an influential writer on torture. Instead, he believes

that what needs to be changed is the US legal definition of torture.

"Under the UN Convention law both torture and what Basoglu calls CIDT are illegal. So the distinction between them does not much matter. But when the US ratified the convention in 1988, Reagan interpreted the convention as only applying to physical abuse and psychological conditions arising from physical abuse." This meaning is the one that was incorporated into US law in 2006 in the Military Commissions Act. Shue emphasised that "this is not something that started with Richard Cheney and George Bush". But under the recent Bush administration it became law. And despite publishing torture memos detailing interrogation techniques used in Guantanamo, Obama has done nothing to reverse the distinction between the UN convention and US law.

"I am disappointed with Obama's response on this issue. He has said he wishes to abolish torture, but has not addressed the definition of torture," Shue said. He explained that it still leaves open the possibility of future Guantanamo like interrogations.

In the face of research like Basoglu's, it is difficult to see how America can keep using the narrow Reagan definition. Redefining torture might seem like a pedantic effort in the case of international law. But in the US, we have already witnessed the horrifying consequences of leaving a gap between what is torturous and what is law. Let's hope the Obama administration doesn't let this linger – that they don't let it become their first mistake

Magic beans save the world?

Duncan Casey



All right, then, not really. Still, a lot of people believe passionately in a whole range of 'alternative' remedies for ailments ranging from the common cold through to HIV and cancer: the one thing that all these remedies have in common is that no-one's ever been able to prove that any of them work. Most of them are fairly harmless: take, for example, the acupuncture advertised in the sports pages of *felix* two weeks ago [issue 1,433] – acupuncture has been repeatedly shown to be nothing more than a really theatrical placebo. While patients do report a better response with acupuncture than with placebo tablets, you'll receive exactly the same therapeutic benefit if your mate stabs you with cocktail sticks whilst reading from a Chinese take-away menu. Draw your own conclusions regarding the healing power of Qi.

Still, the consequences of alternative medicine and its surrounding culture aren't always so benign. Next week, a conference in Holland will seek to extend the practice of homeopathy in the developing world, (mostly in sub-Saharan Africa), to treat diseases such as AIDS, malaria and cholera. This is not a good idea. To protest about the conference and to raise awareness of the problems posed by the use of alternative treatments in Africa, Sense About Science have asked the WHO to condemn the promotion of it and other untested, unproven or outright fraudulent miracle cures in vulnerable areas of the world.

For those of you unfamiliar with the practice, homeopathy involves taking something poisonous, then repeatedly diluting it (banging it with a Bible in between), on the principle that 'like cures like', and that dilutions make the treatment stronger. So far, so counter-intuitive, but the ridiculousness of the whole affair only really become apparent when you look at the numbers. Here comes the science bit – stay with me...

Avogadro's number, the number of molecules in one mole of a substance, is 6.02×10^{23} , so a really concentrated solution might hold 1024 molecules of solute per litre of water. This is a lot of zeroes, but then again it's going to get pretty dilute. Each of a homeopath's serial dilutions effectively involves a millilitre of solution being dropped into a litre of water: a dilution of 103, or 1C in homeopath-speak. Standard 'strength' (I use the term loosely) homeopathic remedies are 30C, or 1090 times weaker than the original – meaning that you'd have to look through 1067 litres of water to have a fighting chance of containing a single molecule of the

original mixture. In real terms, that's around the size of the solar system. That's going to take some drinking.

So, this final jar of extremely pure water is sprinkled on some sugar pills, and given to people to cure all ailments. It's not too big a deal if it's for something trivial: colds and headaches will normally get better on their own, hay-fever will vanish mysteriously around September time – and it's fair to say that homeopathic treatments will do you no direct harm whatsoever, unless you're lactose intolerant. On the flip side, if you take them for a serious condition and don't take real drugs too, you're going to die. This is where the problems arise.

The people selling these 'remedies' genuinely believe they work, and can't understand why nasty, sceptical people like us won't take them seriously. So what if it doesn't perform in clinical trials? It must be because it's too radical, too magical a treatment to be detected by such mundane tools. The upshot of this is a general distrust of real medicine: for example, Jeremy Sherr, one of the speakers at next week's conference, is on record as saying that if anti-retroviral drugs are given to African children with AIDS "they will die very quickly". It is people pushing ineffective pills while denigrating proven and effective treatments that pose the real dangers.

While no-one doubts that those attending the conference will be doing so with the best of intentions, if they proceed with their proposals then many people could die unnecessarily of diseases that are largely treatable, or can at least be effectively managed by proven, effective therapies. This isn't just about sneering at aging hippies; it isn't even about promoting science: it's about the lives of patients who have not had the benefit of a science education and are unable to distinguish between real medicine and magic beans when a 'doctor' gives them pills.



All I said was that I was thirsty, this is just taking the piss really isn't it?

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Do you have what it takes to be the Science Editor at *felix* newspaper? E-mail us if you would like to edit this section next year: science.felix@imperial.ac.uk

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Queen's Lawn to become open air theatre for *Twelfth Night*

Tosin Ajayi gives a preview of DramSoc's free show of *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will* to be performed on the Queen's Lawn

To quote the Reduced Shakespeare Company:
Guy A: "Which Shakespeare comedy is the one where there's twins, a ship wreck, mistaken identity and everyone gets married?"

Guys B&C: "All of them."
So the summer is here and in drama circles that means outdoor Shakespeare productions; it is as inevitable and expected as the conclusion of one of his comedies. There are many places in London to catch one of these annual celebrations: the Globe Theatre, Regent's Park open-air theatre and of course our very own Queen's Lawn.

Yes, in what is becoming a mini-tradition, DramSoc is once again presenting a Shakespeare comedy. Following on from the stately *Much Ado About Nothing* last year, this year's model is *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*; and if the YouTube trailer is anything to go by, this is a production with its tongue firmly in its cheek. "What", I hear you ask, "does this have to offer that the Globe or Regent's Park players can't?" Well, for starters it's FREE, it's close, and you can bring a beer.

Starting two years ago as a result of a half-drunken conversation during a bar night, it was thought a good idea to perform *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Midsummer's Night. The 21st June. During exam term... rriiighhht.

Well, back then a director, production team and cast of characters was

found crazy enough to take on learning Shakespeare in and around exams, treating it as an escape and relaxation technique. Two years later the imminent production of *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will* stands as testament to the success of the first production.

Beyond the generic plot description you expect with Shakespeare comedies, *Twelfth Night* is the one where the twins – Sebastian and Viola: one male, one female – get shipwrecked on the shore of a foreign country. Believing her brother to be dead, Viola decides to disguise herself as a man called Caesario (as you do) and work for the local Duke, Orsino. He in turn is besotted with a local noble woman, Olivia, who ignores his – and any man's – advances as she is still in mourning for her dead brother and father... (Deep breath)... Orsino sends Caesario to woo Olivia on his behalf and Olivia falls head over heels in love with him/her. All this is further complicated by the fact that Viola is beginning to get romantic stirrings for her boss, Orsino. Got that? Good. Chuck in the possibility of someone who looks exactly like her/him still walking around, a butler with some particularly garish clothing and a couple of drunk troublemakers, and you have hilarity on a stick – and the language doesn't even stand in the way!

Why Shakespeare again? Well, we searched high and low for an alternative, something different, but as

explained above, there is a certain inevitability about Shakespeare and summer. No matter what you do, you come back to it. As a matter of fact, we challenge anyone to come up with something that works outdoors (with a good distribution of parts so that no one fails exams) as well as Shakespeare does.

Seeing as the previous two productions have occurred in the final week of the academic year, they have the quite welcome side-effect of rounding off the year and the #@!\$ exam period. Previous audience members commented on how great it was to sit, chill, watch a show and get rid of murderous thoughts of lecturers who have shafted you by setting questions that had nothing to do with the course they 'taught'. All-in-all, a vital service to the student populace, and even more so to lecturers.

With all this in the pot, it is a great time to prove to the uneducated, and reaffirm to the conversant, that Shakespeare is:

- a) Understandable
- b) Accessible
- c) FUNNY!!!

May you kick the ass of every exam, and hope to see you on the Queen's Lawn.

DramSoc perform *Twelfth Night*, Or *What You Will* on Sunday 21st June at 14:00 and Thursday 25th June at 18:00 and 21:30.



The House of Olivia from left to right: Malvolio, Feste and Maria



Sir Toby Bell (Pranav Mahajan) in character (honest!)



Olivia can't tell the twins apart either

Preserving the Madeiran landscape through acrylic paintings

Students from Imperial join others from London to paint the protected UNESCO sights of Madeira

Twenty students took part on a World Heritage Site trip in early February to paint the beautiful and protected Laurisilva Forest in Madeira.

Between the 5th and 8th of February, the students were taught landscape acrylic painting (a la prima technique) on the landscapes of Madeira by Nelson Ferreira. The lessons took place all over the island, in some of the most remote and preserved parts of the Laurisilva forests. Once the students returned to London, the sketches were reworked and inspired fifty other students to also paint the protected landscapes of Madeira.

"I wanted to make students aware of the environmental issues affecting some of the most stunning places worldwide"

Madeira is an archipelago with volcanic origins from a hot spot; a static source of volcanic activity which results in multiple islands as the tectonic plate moves over it (*Ed: geologists, I'm sure I've got something wrong here, but I gave it my best shot!*). Because of the hot spot, Madeira is not geographically part of any specific continent, but it has belonged, ethnically, culturally, economically and politically to Portugal for some 600 years.

When the original settlers landed on the island, they set fire to the indigenous laurisilva subtropical rainforest which once covered the whole island to clear the land for farming. However, in the north, the valleys contain native

trees of fine growth. These Laurisilva forests, notably the forests on the northern slopes of Madeira Island, are designated a World Heritage Site by UNESCO.

The project was supported by several bodies, including the natural park of Madeira, UNESCO, Casa da Cultura de Camara de Lobos and a top art museum in Portugal – Centro das Artes da Casa das Mudas.

Once the work was finished, the pieces were exhibited by the two museums; Casa da Cultura de Camara de Lobos exhibited the paintings between 4th April and 2nd May, whilst Centro das Artes da Casa das Mudas exhibited the paintings between 3rd April and 23rd April. Nelson Ferreira commented that:

"I wanted to make my students aware of the environmental issues affecting some of the most stunning places worldwide – and the beauty of the natural landscapes of Madeira did appeal to their artistic minds."

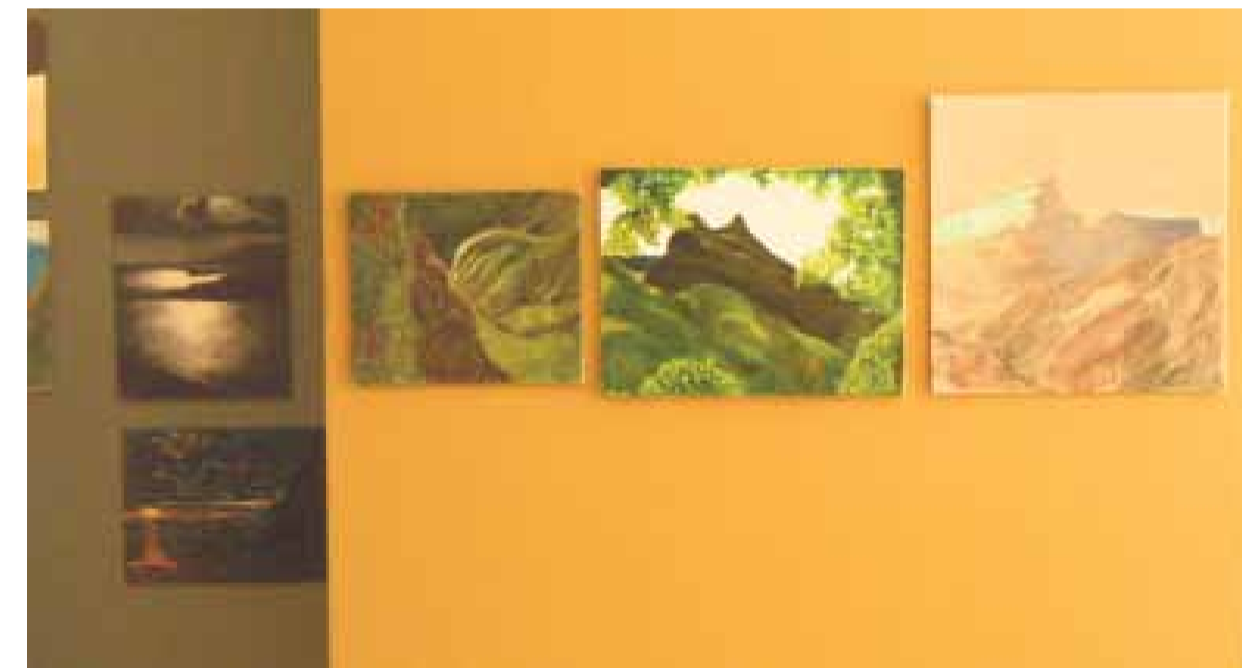
"These projects have also made the students feel more confident about themselves and their artistic abilities and created a bit of a buzz by showing at two international art museums and with the support of institutions as UNESCO and the media coverage that it generated in Portugal, which included national newspaper articles and TV interview."

This is not the first "World Heritage Site trip" that the group have done. Every three months they go away to various locations to paint and have been to such places like the historical centre of Porto, museums in Berlin and to Sintra.

Ferreira went on to say that: "These frequent 'World Heritage Site' visit art projects have changed many students' opinion on what an ideal world should be."

Their next trips will be to Rome in a couple of weeks and then a trip to the Douro Valley in September.

If you're interested in some art classes, contact Nelson Ferreira at nsf@mail.com



The students' artwork on display. The top two photos are of the pieces being on display at the Casa da Cultura de Camara de Lobos and the bottom on shows the artwork on display at the Centro das Artes da Casa das Mudas



One of the paintings by Nelson Ferreira

From silver screen to the West End

felix's musicals connoisseur Lucy Harrold gives the frothy, frivolous *Sister Act* a tough review but is not left disappointed

On paper *Sister Act* appears to be the faultless musical – a strong story based on a well-loved film, a score by a multi-Tony and Oscar-winning composer, a cast including stage and screen legends and a talented “hot young thing” and plenty of backing by famous producer Whoopi Goldberg. After all, many musicals have been successful with much less than this and I expect *Sister Act* will follow suit, yet even with these components well executed the musical felt empty as if there was a vital ingredient missing.

For those of you who have never spent a Christmas in front of British television, *Sister Act the Musical* is based on the film of the same name. Deloris, a lounge singer played by Whoopi Goldberg is placed under witness protection in a nunnery. Hilarious hi-jinks ensue as Deloris revolutionises the church choir and learns all sorts of morals that come with this warm fuzzy type of family film. The musical has developed the gangster storyline further adding three stooge-type sidekicks for Deloris's beau Shank (the striking similarity to Shaft is not a coincidence). There is also now a love interest for Deloris, Eddie, but I felt this was added purely to increase the male/female ratio. This storyline never develops beyond Eddie asking Deloris to dinner and so seems a little superfluous.

The cast were fantastic – full of energy and with good characterisation of some parts that could otherwise appear flat and one dimensional. I knew Patina Miller was going to be good from seeing many a video of her performance as Dionne in the New York Public Theatre production of *Hair* and I was not disappointed. Miller's voice is incredible and she had the spunk and personality to live up to Goldberg's original portrayal of Deloris. She was well-matched by Sheila Hancock as the Mother Superior although I feel she and Ian Lavender's Monsignor Howard could have been better integrated into the story. Lavender in particular had very little to do, acting more as an Emcee than a character in the story. A par-



Patina Miller as Deloris, the company and the great, shining Mother Mary



Patina Miller with one of the ensemble

ticular highlight for us was Julia Sutton as Mary Lazarus who gave a star turn as the aged rapping nun – she rocked! The ensemble were all strong with some amazing harmonies that led to my “amazing harmonies grin” appearing for a large portion of the show.

The score itself is fun and momentarily catchy if not memorable, strangely I couldn't hum you any of the songs now. The style and themes fitted well with the light, bouncy feel of the musical. Favourite songs included 'Fabulous Baby' sung by Deloris which cleverly interweave exposition with funky diva vocals and 'Take Me to Heaven', the first number sung by the revitalised choir featuring some amazing solos and a Nun kickline! The composer Alan Menken is usually associated with the Disney musicals of the early nineties; *The Little Mermaid*, *Aladdin* and so forth, so one could be mistaken that he can only write child friendly perky tunes. But lest we forget not only were these songs clever, intelligent and (sometimes) Oscar winning but they are far from his entire back catalogue. Menken's first musical, in conjunction with his late lyricist partner Howard Ashman, was *Little Shop of Horrors*, a black comedy taking influences from 50's bebop, rock and roll, and Supremes-type girl groups. He has taken the same approach with the score using influences from the period of the piece such as Barry White, Shaft and seventies disco.

Unfortunately somebody forgot to tell the set and costume designers of this and so we see seventies style bookshelves containing DVDs and tramps wearing decidedly present-day hat/coat combinations. Aside from this oversight the set was magnificent and completely automated, there were no scene changes just scene transitions. The way the nightclub set spiralled and completely disappeared into the stage was astonishing. My friend and I decided we wanted to take the giant shining Mother Mary home to put in our living room, what our other flatmates would say about that is another matter.



Patina Miller takes on the role of lounge singer, Deloris, played by Whoopi Goldberg in the film version

They even had a sparkly gold version for the finale – everything looks better in gold sparkles, even nuns' habits and prisoners' garb! The costume designer managed a minor miracle in making nuns' habits look attractive, I loved Sheila Hancock's fitted purple-trimmed number and the novice pinafore of Katie Rowley Jones' Mary Roberts. One issue with the set is that because it was so magnificent it took

away from the action at times with some movement being obscured by the constantly moving set. The production relied on the set to provide momentum highlighting the patchy pacing in parts.

Although this review may not appear encouraging, I did like *Sister Act* – it had great acting, an infectious score and some intelligent moments. It was fun and frivolous and certainly not a bad way to spend an evening. The

audience of mainly coach parties and “women of a certain age” had a ball, applauding absolutely everything and rounding the night off with a premature standing ovation. If you're looking for a carefree evening with lots of laughs then I'd highly recommend it. *Sister Act* follows in the long line of light and fluffy movie to musical transfers that are well-made but never going to change the musical theatre world. I

think I just expected more from such a brilliant creative team who were obviously trying to make a commercial success than something artistic and new.

***Sister Act* is on at the London Palladium until February 2010**

www.sisteractthemusical.com for information on the cast and performances

Macbeth: East-End London, the 60's

David Lloyd ventures “off West End” to the Riverside Studios and witnesses one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, *Macbeth*, as close as one can get

An East-end boozier isn't the first place you'd expect a Shakespearean tragedy to unfold but this is what I found when I went along to The Riverside Studios to catch a performance of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Set in the 1960's, but still retaining the original dialogue, the slicked back hair and sharp suits form an interesting contrast to some of the Bard's most powerful dialogue.

For those who are neither Shakespeare fans, nor were obliged to study the play at school, *Macbeth* is a tale of one man's ascendancy to the throne of Scotland fuelled by a deadly ambition and the machinations of his poisonous wife. As in the style of any tragedy worth its salt the play ends with plenty of people being killed: in this case characters are dispatched by crowbars and Stanley knives. Just a normal day in 1960's London.

The quality of acting is excellent, especially for a production deemed “off West End”, outside the mainstream but not quite fringe theatre. Will Beer as *Macbeth* brings a power to the stage that is tempered by a particularly unhinged and disturbing Lady *Macbeth*

(Jody Watson). The supporting cast is also strong; Jack Bence as Malcolm is convincing in his theatrical debut, possessing a stature that belies his youthful appearance.

The adaptation should be commended for its novel staging. The group I was with was seated at a table in the centre of the stage. Before the play started in earnest we were joined at our table by the characters of Malcolm and Duncan. There was a distinct air of intimidation as they gazed upon us and I was immediately drawn into an entertaining two hours of “betrays in deepest consequence”.

The stage was used to excellent effect as verbal volleys ricocheted around us. We were never more than a matter of feet from the action and as the story developed and the daggers were drawn I became increasingly concerned with what was happening around me. The actors interacted with us on occasion, offering us a bowl of crisps during one celebratory scene. The net effect of this innovative staging is that I actually felt I was part of the performance. I was the metaphorical “fly on the wall” as *Macbeth* delivered the infamous line “is this a dagger which I see before me”,

grasping at an apparition next to my drink.

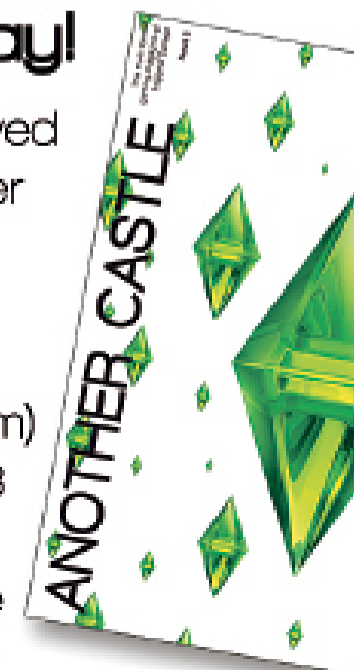
Instead of three witches, who usually tell the prophecies that lead *Macbeth* to his doom, there are two musicians. It is an interesting choice by the director to move away from tradition and use live music in place of three hags. However I believe it works well and is more in keeping with the setting; they frame scenes nicely and provided a dramatic soundtrack to events.

I would highly recommend heading down to Hammersmith to witness a very engaging adaptation of Shakespeare's play. The fact that it is cheaper to buy tickets to sit on the stage than in the actual audience should be all the motivation you need to become part of the action after your exams. I'll be looking out for future performances by this group; after the play, one cast member described their forthcoming production of Sophocles' *Ajax* as “80 minutes of death and destruction”. If it is anything as involving and provoking as their present work it should be another great night out.

Until 23 July 2009

Another Castle – Issue 3
Out next Friday!

- The Sims 3 reviewed
- Associate Producer Melanie Lam interviewed
- Meet My Mum (that's Tomo's mum)
- The Tourist: Part 3
- E3: doused in fire
- + Much, much more





Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair, James Houghton & Alex Ashford

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Where's Will Smith at?

Peter Sinclair
Music Editor

Well I've only got a tiny space this week, but I've got to get this little bit of condescending preaching off my chest: with regards to the greatest summer hip-hop tracks in the history of the universe, Will Smith and long-time companion DJ Jazzy Jeff's sublime, hot-weather booty-shaker *Summertime* has got to be up there with the greatest. It is unfortunate however that this seems to be the only DJ Jazzy Jeff tune which has ever seen the light of mainstream day. Only recently did I discover that rather than

simply playing the fall-guy in *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and being repeatedly ejected from the famed West Philadelphia household by Uncle Phil for various youthful misdemeanours, he is actually a real-life professional musician with real-life professional funky-fresh beats. I urge you all to check out his releases *The Magnificent* and *The Return of the Magnificent* for all of your summertime block-party requirements. With exam season coming to an end and illegal BBQ in Hyde Park season starting up in earnest, now more than ever is the perfect time to take heed of my great opinions.

Marco Carola live at Fabric

Jack Massey

Marco Carola's roots in techno go back the best part of two decades and a quick glance at the size of his discography shows his prominence up to this day. However, it's not his production talents that make him stand out, it's his ability to play great tunes for hours on end. Some may call it mundane minimal, but his rare talent of cutting music up into a relentless groove, keeps the dance-floor bouncing all night long.

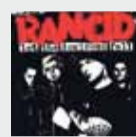
The man from Naples graced Fabric with his presence last Saturday and the Italians were out in force. Taking over the ones and twos at four in the morning, he had a bit of a task trying to re-awaken the crowd, as the warm-up of heavy electro was not really what the people had come to hear. Two minutes after taking over, the place was packed out – everywhere you looked, people were loving it. There are

not many DJs in the world that can play five-hour sets and keep the energy going throughout. Imagine trying to see Pendulum keep a dance-floor filled for five hours straight, an event that could only ever happen if they branched out from their monotonous 10-track repertoire that everyone seems to love so much.

So for all you people out there who have yet to hit Fabric on a Saturday, all I can say is DO IT. Every Friday they have the same DJs, and lets face it every drum and bass / electro / dubstep DJ has exactly the same record box and plays pretty much the same set as everyone else on the bill. Saturdays line-ups may look pretty empty, but if you notice who they get, Ricardo Villalobos, Chris Leibling and Marc Haule, to name but a few, you realise that, sure, you only see one big DJ in a night, but these guys offer something different week-in week-out. Saturdays offer a better night all-round than seeing the Scratch Perverts or Crookers who always play the same set or even worse, have a whole box of tunes that sound exactly the same (especially true for the latter). So for once, give up Fridays, where you will spend the whole night being grinded by a sweaty chav and check out a Saturday where the mood is definitely more chilled and the beats are definitely better.

Fresh Rancid Album

After like a billion years, Rancid have returned from punk-rock greatness with a new release. Ushnish Banerjee reports



Rancid
Let The Dominoes Fall
Ada Label Group / Epitaph
★★★★☆

Ushnish Banerjee

Northern California-based ska punk four-some Rancid return with a new studio album *Let The Dominoes Fall*, nearly six years after their last release *Indestructible* in 2003. The highly anticipated release is finally seeing the light of day after two major delays in the writing process, as major State-side and European tours over the past four years always seemed to hint at imminent release dates which never came. However, fans will discover that the long wait for fresh songs has not been in vain as the band seem to exhibit a new and rejuvenated spirit with this new batch of songs produced by Rancid's self-professed 'fifth-member' Brett Gurewitz. Starting off with the infectious light-hearted 'East bay night', the inception sets the tone for the sing-

along and anthemic aura of the album. Songs like 'Up to No Good' still reference Rancid's ska, reggae and two-tone influences like Desmond Decker and Booker T (who happened to contribute to the album) in easy listeners and heavily groove based tracks that could get any spliff-laden dancefloor moving with ease. 'Last One to Die' is a stand-out track: a strong statement from the band regarding the faith they have in the longevity and timelessness of their music in the face of skeptics and the ever-changing landscape of music. Songs like 'Disconnected' and 'Liberty and Freedom' continue much in the vein of the politically-motivated thematic grounds as their previous records, by poignantly speaking out against the injustices faced by the average working-class American. Rancid are one of the few punk bands to successfully combine hook-laden musical gems with intelligent lyrical wizardry in one powerful formula for breeding great sounding songs with intelligent lyrics. Songs like 'New Orleans' and 'Highway' are simple and down-to-earth in their arrangements and address life on the road and the almost school-boy innocence of wanting to make music with your friends. Rancid have always held that strange and enviable power of writing songs which evoke a feeling of community and brotherhood amongst the listeners and they will most likely be successful in maintaining this special connection

with their fans with this album.

Considering that the majority of these songs were written in an acoustic format and then converted to a plugged format means that they all possess a great raw vibe and if you lis-

“...one of the few punk bands to successfully combine hook-laden musical gems with intelligent lyrical wizardry”

ten with that in mind you can almost deconstruct the songs to what might have been their skeletal acoustic templates. This album is not powerful because of innovation or for breaking new creative grounds, as it does not. It is powerful because it is an honest, raw and humble record made by a bunch of guys who have rekindled their desire to make music again.



Food

Food Editors – Rosie Grayburn & Afonso Campos

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I think I need some more cider

Afonso Campos
Food Editor

The summer is a slightly non-sensical time where no one is really sure what is actually happening when or where. The days are slowly becoming longer and time awareness is dissipating faster than al-fresco diners are lining up the streets of fashionable Chelsea eateries for fancy events. As far as gastronomic summer events go though, there is one whose scent has never escaped my foodie radar. Every year Regents Park plays host to a most magnificent of events – The Taste of London.

Despite the flowing champagne and Pimm's, Taste is not merely an excuse to drink to oblivion. The event takes food and its entire industry very seriously and wants you to do the same. Stalls from London's best restaurants dot the Park and you are hypnotised by the aromas gracefully emanating from each of them. Anyone who is anyone of relevance to the world of cuisine (From Gordon Ramsay to Tom Aikens) has shop set up at the event. I do not believe this a self-promotion event however. I'd rather see it as passionate people trying to pass on some of their ideas onto the general public. Most of these restaurants do not necessarily need the (extra) publicity, but have come together with others in the field to provide you with an evening, that if properly taken advantage of, you shan't forget.

It isn't all about the restaurants. Some of the world's best suppliers and most innovative food companies are there to showcase exactly what they have in the pipeline. There is no lack of producers selling award-

winning wines and spirits at heavily discounted prices. The day is not all about capitalism though. Great effort has been made to turn this event into a small educational symposium where you are able to learn about anything from wine and champagne to seafood in the proper way; by tasting and hearing from the experts. I genuinely recommend the event despite its somewhat hefty entrance price. Check out more at: www.tastefestivals.com/london.

On another note, this week I have what I believe to be a great treat in store for you guys. We are lucky enough that one of my closest friends, Marta Bobić has provided us with a brilliantly written review of Albion Cafe, a little, but honest East London joint. Marta is not only a fantastic writer, but also (and I have had plenty of proof of this in the five blissful years I have known her) an outstanding chef. She is not merely a cook, for her recipes are more often than not, her very own. They tend to have this je-ne-sais-quoi about them. It is usually in the form of a completely unexpected ingredient that serendipitously blends with everything else in perfect harmony, or simply a spark of genius in conceptualising what your taste buds most love and need. She has the gift of taking the simplest of salads or sandwiches and adapting them into an eating experience that is quite sincerely, out of this world.

Despite not being an Imperial student, I think we can expect many more recipes from her over the course of next year.

On a more Imperially note, I do hope your exams have gone well and you have had a great term. Expect a very interesting issue next week. Until then, loyal foodies.



“I thought I would start with salads as it's that time of year. I purposely didn't put quantities in them, as I think I like the idea of people adapting them to their own tastes and experimenting” – MB

Slice a few ripe peaches and a roughly equal amount of good, ripe tennis-ball sized tomatoes (plum or golden heirloom are best) into semi-circles, add wafer-thin slices of red onion and a handful of chopped parsley. Toss with olive oil, red wine vinegar, honey, salt and pepper.

A recipe by Marta Bobić

Sandwich shop can wait

David Stewart visits our local celebrity chef, Tristan Welch

Launceston Place ★★★★★

1A Launceston Place, W8 5RL

www.launcestonplace-restaurant.co.uk

Best bits: Amazing Value. A good alternative for the Summer Ball Dinner!

Worst bits: Saving up requires patience but is well worth it.

Price: £18 per head plus service



While it is true that some people are losing their jobs, others are moving into negative equity and we are destined for at least four years of a Conservative government who'll (probably) round up the poor and put them on dynamo connected bicycles to provide green energy to power the bourgeois, I must admit the credit crunch isn't all bad. As the high earners have had their bonuses reduced and expense accounts are generally not quite so abused as they once were, no-one is eating out for lunch. Consequently, some outrageous deals are to be had between noon and 2:30. You can get the best food and the best service in the country for less than half the price it would cost otherwise. You may not have the delights of fillet steak or turbot on the menu, but I'd easily sacrifice these for ox-cheek and good fresh mackerel anyway.

A case in point is Launceston Place (5 mins west from Imperial College). For the meagre sum of £18+service, we enjoyed a three course menu with two interjections: amuse bouche and a pre-dessert. In light of its chef's current (deserved) celebrity courtesy of the Great British Menu, this must surely be the best value meal in the country. Even students can afford this: it's the only six or seven trips to the Sandwich Shop after all.

The interior had changed since I was last there. It used to be decked out like a series of miniature interconnected drawing rooms, with books on mantelpieces and richly coloured wooden furniture. Now it is all sleek black and white, no doubt to better frame its

Modern European food. The maintenance of the cubby hole style layout remains one of its selling points, though. It means that even if the restaurant is otherwise empty, you don't need to feel like you are rattling about in a huge hall where the staff are listening to your every word.

The richest macchiato of cauliflower and truffle oil constituted the amuse bouche. The starters were hard to fault. Pea and ham soup enjoyed a smoky overtone courtesy of the home-smoked ham from which the stock for the soup was made.

A slow cooked duck egg covered in truffle shavings was a deliciously perfumed ooze. My dish was a scallop which had been opened, dressed with spring onions and a light sauce and then resealed with puff pastry. One opens it at the table with a quick twist of a knife, adding a wonderful piece of theatre to what might possibly have been described as a slightly too subtle dish.

In the main courses, the beef was easily the worst dish. While the meat had been slow-cooked to a mound of perfect cascading ribbons, the sauce and accompanying roasted tomatoes had more in common with pizza topping and canned breakfast accompaniments. The best main (which was remarkably familiar, being the chef's competitor's dish from the Great British Menu!) was a posh fish-finger served with peas and tartare sauce. A T-bone pork chop sat, in terms of quality, somewhere between these two.

The famous soft-scoop ice-cream from the programme appeared as a pre-dessert, livened up with a gingery syrup at the bottom. Of the deserts, an apple pie for two could not have been more calorific or delicious, while Eton Mess was fine.

The chef needs more consistency with the dishes perhaps, but there is no doubting that at an average of four pounds per course, this food is being given away.



One reason to come here is that they haven't called their 'credit crunch' menu "Credit Crunch Munch Lunch". Thank God. They should have named the economic downturn "Credit Orange" so none of these rhyming atrocities could have occurred.

Even the Bard would be proud of this Albion

Marta Bobić finds out what sets Albion apart from the rest of a million trendy East London eateries

Albion Caffe ★★★★★

2-4 Boundary Street, Shoreditch, London E2 7DD
www.twitter.com/albionsoven

Best bits: The cakes and breads are divine

Worst bits: Absolutely no way to reserve a table

Price: Very reasonable

When did they all grow up? Doesn't it seem like only yesterday that all the new eateries sprouting up were colourful places crowded with murals and complicated light fittings, their fancy names displayed in even fancier typefaces? Their crockery was angular, glass, slate or crackle-glazed ceramic, glasses were faceted and jewel-toned, chintzy tea-cups were perched on artfully mismatched gilded saucers. Paintings and tessellated photographs adorned walls, staff wore quirky uniforms and, well, the food was equally as busy. Fusion was in fashion and, though spectacular when done well, haphazard confusion was commonplace, crowding the menus like lacquered découpage on the tabletops.

Thank goodness then, that a gentle, nostalgic and very, very serious revolution has been taking place in London. Food grew up. Food is no longer fancy, overly sophisticated or unpronounceable, but just grown up, with a distinguished silver streak in its well-groomed hair. Just like a need for roomy vehicles and an unavoidable fondness for jazz, the newly old-fashioned grown up menu is serious, simple and really quite ordinary. Coloured walls have faded to glossy white tiles; the plates (as everyone inevitably does) have grown rounder and whiter; the cappuccino froth melted away to inky filter coffees once more and brunch woke up a little earlier and became breakfast again (though in some places, it lingers until dinner). Over the past couple of years, a number of unassuming sans-serif bakeries and restaurants have sprung up all over the city; all white tiles, red type and no miso black cod or sesame macaroons, where the food's title is all you'll find on your plate. This new fraternity of establishments includes Canteen, St John, Gail's, Peyton & Byrne, Melrose & Morgan and most recently, Albion, a self-proclaimed caff on the ground floor of Terence Conran's new hotel venture, The Boundary, sandwiched between an upscale restaurant in the basement and a roof-top bar and grill upstairs. The former Victorian industrial building is tucked away in an unlikely – but growing ever more likely – lane near Shoreditch High Street, a few metres from its antithesis, the complicated taxidermy-adorned Les Trois Garçons, and cheekily close to members-only colossus Shoreditch House.

In its own words, Albion serves "typical British caff food, nothing challenging or complicated, just straightforward hearty ingredients and recipes." This pretty much sums it up, and even though "caff" is perhaps a term more often conjuring up



The restaurant is inviting for small parties as well as relatively large groups for great, but relaxed meals

greasy spoons and Eastenders, Albion has taken these simple and classic often-craved dishes and made them a little more presentable for its public, without needlessly making them more sophisticated (read: complicated) either. The menu is British, nostalgic, comforting and – rather cheerfully – not at all health conscious, though unlike standard caff food, Albion's fare is thankfully not swimming in grease. Food is served from 8am to midnight every day, with breakfast stretching all day and no main course costing more than £10. There is a shop at the front of the restaurant stacked with not-exactly-cheap groceries, though their well thought out selection is uplifting and resolutely British. Its refrigerated shelves are filled with goods to cheer anyone up halfway through a slow work day, especially the enormous door-wedge sandwiches on fresh mattress-thick bread filled with coronation chicken or smoked ham and egg.

The most attractive feature of Albion is without a doubt the vast selection of reasonably priced (dare I say cheap?) breads and cakes on display. I defy any visitor to walk away without sampling one of the treats on offer, such as classic Victoria sponge cake, bakewell tart, battenburg, swiss roll or the perennial favourite, sticky, chewy (50p!) flapjacks, solely responsible for the golden syrup tins housing Sheffield steel cutlery on each table. The bread and cakes are unbelievably fresh, and this is something they are ostensibly proud of: Albion's oven has a Twitter account. Yes, really. Occasional tweets announce which variety of delicious hot baked goodness has recently escaped the oven (though thanks to Albion's no reservations policy, it would perhaps be more useful if their maître d' could announce available tables).

The dining room is a tall, white space with large windows on one side and an open kitchen on the other, filling the room with a dizzying aroma of freshly-baked everything. Spartan industrial light fittings hang above neat, bare wooden tables surrounded by red-seated wooden chairs more than slightly resembling wartime school chairs. Albion has a subtle sense of humour – grown up, of course – to it, albeit a very Conran-esque deliberate one; Brown Betty teapots are dressed in knitted tea cosies, oak bar stools are topped with former tractor seats and hot beverages are served in white china builders' mugs – Conran for Royal Doulton, what else?

Breakfast is, amongst other things, a kipper, alone and uncluttered with only half a lemon and butter for company, a breakfast bap of unbelievably tasty, chewy brown bread filled with runny-yolk fried egg and herby sausages, or simply scrambled duck eggs. Dinner is fragrant kedgeree, hearty Irish stew, golden-crustied pies, chunky rarebit and salty, crackly roasts. Dessert is what everyone remembers fondly from school: steaming bread and butter puddings, fruit crumbles, glossy apple pie and generally anything that welcomes a flood of hot custard.

Hopefully, this serious and honest revolution will catch on and put a smile on the face of hungry London; within the tiled walls of these new places, simplicity and quality is forcing a comeback. Not to mention that the inner child in all of us is being subtly indulged; how can even the most serious not giggle when faced with jelly and ice cream or battenburg?

How to survive the summer on real ale

David Stewart

Take a Given Bloke or Bird. Suppose this Given Bloke or Bird were not a staunch member of the Campaign for Real Ale (Camra). Then, on being asked his/her opinion on real ale (s)he might say something like this:

Real ale? Urm. Flat. Warm. Dank. Probably has some Middle Earth name like 'Hobgoblin'. Drunk by old, fat, bearded, smelly men with bits of pork scratchings stuck in their pubes. Served in some vile pub which gives life to a horrific dystopian reimagining of normal social interaction. You know, hell, pitchforks, evil and so forth. The drinks industry and the Campaign for Real Ale are well aware of the impression that some people entertain of 'real ale' (a phrase of Camra's own coinage). Part of the reason for the inception of Camra back in 1971 was to change this sort of opinion; in that respect it was remarkably successful and it provides an excellent case study for where getting-off-your-arse-and-doing-something-about-it is a genuinely effective philosophy. Back in the seventies, real ale was an animal on the brink of extinction, as lagers (which at the time had a reputation as a girls drink) swept through the country and became the drink de la mode of men as well as of women. Lager's popularity was maintained by virtue of its tasting of little and its being chilled down to the point where it tastes of nothing at all, thus offending no-one. That it is also carbonated, I am sure must be comforting to those brought up on a diet of Pepsi or Coca Cola. Real ale's threatened existence could not be entirely blamed on consumers, though. The so-called 'keg beer' alternatives to lager being offered by the huge breweries at the time (who had Britain's pubs in a half-nelson), were typically rancid and disgusting. To put it into context, John Smith's was counted as one of the better examples in a raft of sewage which included Watney's Red Label and various upsetting offerings from

a company called Whitbread. Real ale was being tarred with the same brush. So Camra began. It campaigned so vociferously and ubiquitously that it effectively destroyed the keg beer industry and put real ale (back) into pubs up and down the country.

What it is, why it is so much better than lager and why we should all develop a taste for it is the subject of the rest of this article. I should start with a definition: 'Real ale [as defined by Camra] is a beer brewed from traditional ingredients (malted barley, hops, water and yeast), matured by secondary fermentation in the container from which it is dispensed, and served without the use of extraneous carbon dioxide.' Although it is most recognisable as the liquid which pours out of one of the hand pulled pumps at the bar, notice that the definition permits bottle-conditioned beer to be counted as real ale. So much for the 'what it is'. These are the reasons it is good: tradition, typicity, intensity and complexity of flavour, variety.

I'll elaborate on these in no particular order. Firstly, lagers all taste the same. The people that claim to hate one or other lager and like others are deluding themselves. If you don't believe me, get half pints of three or four lagers of different types, mix them about and try to work out which one it is that you think you hate. Without heavily promoted labels to guide you, you'll soon find that they taste bewilderingly similar. Certainly there is not enough of a difference to claim that you hate Stella, for instance, which many people say they do. On the other hand, if you gave me a few popular real ales to identify, chances are I could tell you precisely which one was which. I don't claim this as some super-power. It only requires that you spend a bit of time thinking about what you're drinking and the differences become crystal clear. This is essentially the meaning of 'typicity'. It is a fairly new word which has been borrowed from the French *typicité* by the wine industry. It is broadly iden-

tifiable with the word 'recognisability'. Real ales, as opposed to lagers, have recognisable flavours, which mean that they fall into broad categories like Porter, Stout, Mild, Summer Ale, Best Bitter and so forth. Within that category individual beers have dramatically different personalities, which are the result of choices made about ingredients and production methods, including the water used. (You wouldn't believe how much difference changing the yeast has, for example.)

Historically, Anglo-Saxons are not great at preserving traditions, seeming to prefer the latest thing from abroad. The French and Italians on the other hand have had various appellation systems in place to preserve traditions for centuries. It was only last year that Melton Mowbray pork pies and Cheddar cheese got recognised by the EU. Admittedly not all traditions are good, but provided they are not doing anyone any harm, there's much more to be lost by not maintaining a mediocre one. Otherwise it is one possible experience which disappears from the menu forever. What I'm saying of course is simply that variety is the spice of life. Britain is the only country which makes a substantial amount of real ale and I would argue that it is far from a mediocre drink. So what is to be our national (alcoholic) drink? Fosters? Pinot Grigio? Vodka and coke? Or real ale?

It shouldn't even be necessary to ask the question, to my mind. So why should real ale be in constant need of saving? There is a quality issue. The members of Imperial College do very well in ploughing though a lot of naff beer from the Union. Put it in one of those awful plastic skiffs and I could think of many places I'd rather be. The Union isn't atypical though. Many landlords simply do not have the skills necessary to keep beer properly. Without going into the details, believe me that there are number of steps which must be followed scrupulously to generate a good pint. What results is a



feedback system. If everyone loved real ale, they would go where it was good, complain where it was bad and places would have to up their games to provide the punters with what they wanted rather than just filling pint glasses with fizzy piss. Then people would drink more of it because it was better, introduce their friends to it etc. etc.

Women. There are several reasons why women don't, as a rule, tend to flock to real ale. Chronic perception of it as a man's drink is important, of course, but even excluding that, there are some fundamental reasons why real ale is unlikely to appeal to women. One is the bitterness. A major component in beer is the hops which add bitterness and aroma in equal proportion. Women tend, biologically, to be more sensitive to bitterness and rarely is there any sweetness in a real ale to counteract this. Another issue is volume. A pint, put in a global context, is quite a daunting amount of alcohol to have to imbibe. 330ml is the usual size of a bottle. On the continent, one would expect 500ml or less, rather than the whole 568ml. I contend that it's a significant difference. A pint is an inelegant amount of liquid in an inelegant container. A wine glass is tulip shaped: a pint glass is about the same size and shape as a full air-sick bag. So a glass of wine becomes a romantic present, a pint of beer merely something to be disposed of. Half pint glasses are hardly more elegant. (Note though that the Belgians have solved this problem already.) Whatever the reasons for the lack of female interest in beer, the industry goes out of its way to find or produce pictures of attractive women drinking pints. As such, this is hardly a surprising gambit—it is used to promote every product from cars to contact lens cleaning solution.

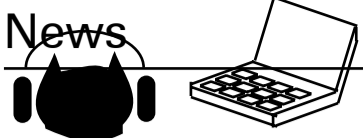
As an example, the pictures above/opposite/below were used as part of a poster campaign run by Camra a couple of years ago, promoting Real Ale as an 100% NaturAle drink (get it?). In spite of these efforts though, women have been elusive and wine remains the drink of choice.

One last reason that real ale is less popular than it should be is its lack of a top end. Again, wine has a hugely glamorous image. Rappers routinely refer to drinking Roederer's 'Cristal' champagne. Top Bordeaux sells for about £10k for a case of a dozen bottles. It would be mad to think that none of that trickles down to Jacob's Creek.

So there are certain things which need changing and a lot of work left to be done by Camra and other lovers of real ale, but it's hardly all doom and gloom. Nary a week goes by without some beer festival taking place somewhere in the UK and giving anyone in the area chance to taste some fantastically different brews running all the way from the lemony tang of Timothy Taylor's Landlord or Dark Star's Hophead, though the mellow caramelly taste of London Pride or Harvey's Sussex Bitter through to the dark bacony mouthful of Kelham Island's Smoked Porter or the sumptuous St Peter's Honey Porter. These individual interesting drinks are out there, they're relatively cheap and they aren't available outside this sceptred isle.

David Stewart is on the committee of the 'RSM Real Ale Sock'. The society will be attending the Great British Beer Festival at Earl's Court, 4-8th August 2009 and requests your company. Please email realeale@imperial.ac.uk for details.





Technology

Technology Editor - Richard Lai

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It's a waiting game...

Richard Lai Technology Editor

Hardcore tech fans around the world all gathered on the Internet on Monday evening, constantly hitting the refresh button on the tech blogs to see what Apple had to offer after the long gestation period.

approach to ensure that a slightly different looking model appears each month, or at least give them a frequent minor spec bump in order to let the press know that they are still well and alive.

Interestingly, Apple doesn't need to tell anyone what they are up to, leaving people outside Infinite Loop wondering what beautiful products Steve Jobs and co. could possibly be working on.

According to BusinessWeek, Michael Lopp, Senior Engineering Manager at Apple, revealed at SXSW 2008 how the Apple team spends a huge amount of time to make ten highly realistic picture mockups, before carefully picking out just three and then spend a few more months on them, and eventually picking the final winner.

Despite this great internal boost, many Apple fans expressed great disappointment over the lack of major overhauls. One member on a forum I moderate simply accused Apple of being "afraid of changing the design, or that they just couldn't be bothered to come up with a new look as suckers will still buy the new iPhone anyway."

To wrap this up, one thing is for sure: Apple is definitely working on something big in a secret warehouse as we speak, but judging on recent product cycles, the next big leap for the MacBook will probably not be until late 2011.

Apple's product lifecycles are quite unique, with each design blueprint of computers usually lasting for at least two years, and at least one year for iPod products.

Or just get the Palm Pre.

New toys from Apple

Marc Kerstein covers Apple's latest WWDC keynote address

On Monday 8th, Apple hosted their annual "Worldwide Developers Conference", or "WWDC" for short.

This year's keynote began with the well-received announcement of price cuts across Apple's notebook range. The 13-inch aluminium MacBook saw the welcome addition of an SD card slot and FireWire 800, and has been added to Apple's MacBook Pro line.

"Snow Leopard will offer many refinements from Leopard"

The 9400M in the 15-inch base model have also come into effect. All MacBook Pros (including the 13-inch) now come with a non-removable battery.

Next, the leader of the OS X team, Bertrand Serlet, began the anticipated announcement of new features in Apple's forthcoming operating system, OS X 10.6 Snow Leopard, only after pointing out several "unaddressed issues" in Microsoft's Windows 7.



Apple's "Find My iPhone" Feature - essential for those drunken nights!

from Leopard, such as the Finder being rewritten in Cocoa, an enhanced Exposé, and the new QuickTime X.

The most anticipated section of the keynote began when Scott Forstall, Apple's SVP for iPhone software took the stage. After a quick recap of previously announced features for iPhone OS 3.0 (available from June 17th), several enthusiastic accessory and application developers demonstrated their upcoming products for the iPhone, such as TomTom.

A new feature of MobileMe was also announced. The new "Find My iPhone" service gives MobileMe subscribers the ability to view their iPhone's current location on a map.

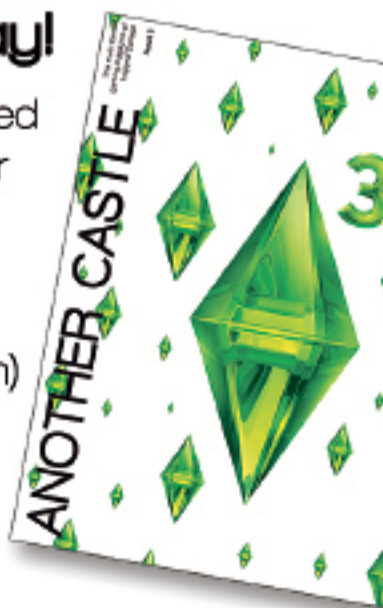
More noteworthy, however, is the ability to remotely erase all data on the device if stolen or lost, a feature already available to Microsoft Exchange users, and a great addition to MobileMe.

At the end of the keynote, the iPhone 3G S was announced. The new features were shown, such as a long awaited upgrade to the camera with 3 megapixels and autofocus, finally capable of recording video.

Despite being the first WWDC without appearance from Apple's famous CEO Steve Jobs, Apple presented an extensive keynote, covering new Mac hardware and software, along with an aggressive upgrade to the hardware and software of their dominant iPhone, with surprisingly early release dates, and massive price drops.

Another Castle - Issue 3 Out next Friday!

- The Sims 3 reviewed
- Associate Producer Melanie Lam interviewed
- Meet My Mum (that's Tomo's mum)
- The Tourist: Part 3
- E3: doused in fire
+ Much, much more



WWDC in the Spotlight



iPhone 3G S

- 2x the speed of the iPhone 3G
• 3MP camera with autofocus
• Records video at VGA resolution
• Built in digital compass
• Voice control
• Better battery life than iPhone 3G
• iPhone 3G price cut dramatically



MacBook Pro

- Aluminium 13" MacBook now MacBook Pro
• Price drop to £899 (£772.80 with HE discount + free iPod touch)
• Addition of SD card slot for 13" and 15" models, removal of ExpressCard from 15" model
• Addition of FireWire 800 to the entire line



Snow Leopard

- Faster operating system than Leopard
• Reclaim around 6GB after upgrade from Leopard
• Innovative Chinese character input (using trackpad)
• Google contact list synchronization with Address Book
• Upgrade in September for \$29

Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



I have a confession

Charles Murdoch Puzzles and Shit

This week is the penultimate issue that we will be writing for you hobos. So that means the FUCWIT is decided by the points gained from this issue!

I must say that this year has been pretty epic, I particularly like being able to rant and rave at anyone or anything in an uncensored fashion.

I also wish to thank everyone who has ever written in- seriously it makes this 'job' considerably more enjoyable when people actually do the puzzles that I take literally minutes creating.

WIT. Up to P2 in only about six weeks. Well done, a first for effort.

Finally I want to tell you about the time when Jov (our Editor-in-Chief) was on the phone to Diane Abbott MP. If any of you don't know, Jov is kind of a big fella.

It was the most painful thing I have ever felt- even worse than a Hockey ball to the face. No contest. I managed to stumble to the toilet in inspect the damage.

Graphic Dingbats 1,436

Winner was Peter de Boeck, who also provided some vital information, even having the audacity to correct some: "although it should be noted that

the flow diagram you supplied does not match the intention of the lyricist - they should be interpreted as 'No, woman, don't cry!' Okkkkay.

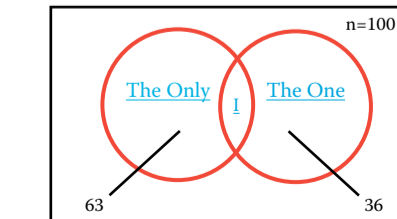
Areas of uncertainty relating to Yuletide awareness



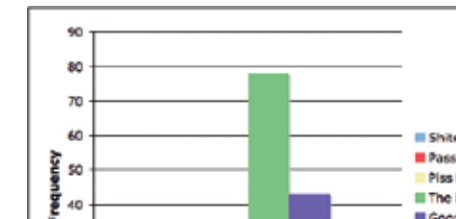
Things I want to do:

- Jov's Mum
Buy Condoms
Punch the Postman
Kill the Cat
Break Free

Chesney Hawkes' personal description



Predicted personality tests for oneself



1,435 Solutions

- 1. Rocking All Over The World- Status Quo
2. Bohemian Rhapsody- Queen
3. I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)- The Proclaimers
4. No Woman, No Cry- Bob Marley & The Wailers

Battle of the Wan's...



Gok

Known for: Being an annoying fashion conscious tosser.

Most likely to: Oh please God be 'die a painful fashion related death'

Meaning of name: His real name is Ko-Hen Wan, which means "Noisy Big City"

Hair styles: Fucking ridiculous, the picture above is one of his better hair cuts.

Interesting facts: There are no interesting facts about this tosser. Just look at his stupid elongated face. I want to give it one hell of a smack.



Known for: Being for being a good way to links computers on a network.

Most likely to: Cock up and lose all your information without any prior warning.

Meaning of name: Wide Area Network, or Want Anal Now? You make your own choice- but I think the second option is far more comical.

Hair styles: It's a way of linking computers together. Do you think that it has hair? No you nobber.

Interesting facts: There are no facts that are interesting about WANs. That is unless of course you are studying computer science.

But did you know that the largest WAN is actually the Internet! Yes that place which has an unlimited supply of pornographic images! Kerching!



Dan

Known for: Being an angry fashion conscious writer, and future Editor of this fine paper.

Most likely to: Not complete the first issue of felix until at least two weeks after the deadline.

Meaning of name: The name 'Dan Wan' originally was first used in the fourteenth century as a nickname for the great Chinese emperor Waniel.

Hair styles: Like Gok Wan, Dan likes to sport particularly shit hair. He also has an ear piercing... like Gok Wan.

Interesting facts: Like all previous felix editors, Dan is as mad as a rabbit on cocaine. In the past this has been required for the job.

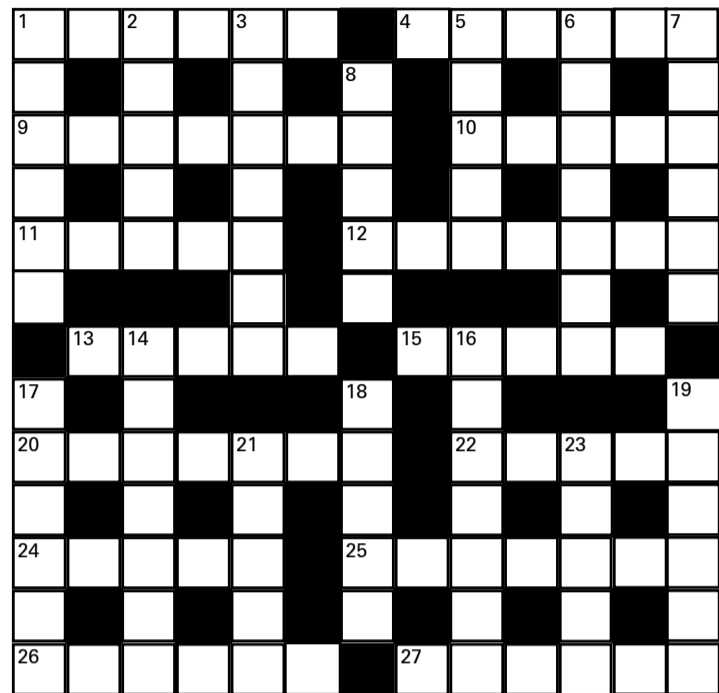
Spot the gal who just finished her exams



More passed out people this week, so naturally we will be printing all their exploits here. Obviously not for comical value- oh no. Here at felix we want all of you to have fun after exams, but

not to cause damage to yourselves. See this as a deterrent, so when you go for that final pint, think... "no! what about felix...? I'll be like one of THEM." You've been warned.

A Quickie (Crossword) 1,436



- ACROSS
- 1 Dotage (3,3)
 - 4 Ancient counting thingy (6)
 - 9 Resonant (7)
 - 10 Mad - full of arcing circles (5)
 - 11 An utter con (5)
 - 12 Classical Grecian "God hill" (7)
 - 13 Famous diarist (5)
 - 15 Scandinavian inlet (5)
 - 20/22 Onanistic injury? - Prawn smacker (anag.) (7,5)
 - 24 Small lizard (5)
 - 25 "Away with you!" (3,4)
 - 26 One who agrees/brownoses (3-3)
 - 27 Le petite mort (6)

- DOWN
- 1 Worst-case circumstances (2,4)
 - 2/5 Upset stomach (on the Subcontinent?) (5,5)
 - 3 What a bear sometimes is (7)
 - 5 See 2
 - 6 Helicopter -axe - trouser-snake (7)
 - 7 Most cunning (6)
 - 8 Encourage (3,2)
 - 14 Group of castrated men (7)
 - 16 Pirate (4-3)
 - 17 60s supermodel (6)
 - 18 Symbolic of "peace on", or "peace off" (1-4)
 - 19 Phelgny mucus and spittle (6)
 - 21 Deadly virus (5)
 - 23 Hawaiian greeting/farewell (5)

Solution 1,435



Scribble box

Right, I've decided not to lay out the crossword at about 1 a.m. so hopefully this week's crossword will not have any mistakes. Despite the mistakes, some people still managed to do the crossword, with **Dr. Science!** being the winner this week. This is the last week to earn FUCWIT points, so best of luck to everyone!

Crossword by Peter Logg

FUCWIT League Table

Teams:

- Team Shotgun 478 Points
- Möchten sie mein Mannschaft? 475 Points
- Team What What 60 Points
- Team Dirty Medics 39 Points

Individuals:

- Giramondo 160 Points
- Dr. Science! 73 Points
- Hringur Gretarsson 60 Points
- Ian Gilmore 52 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.

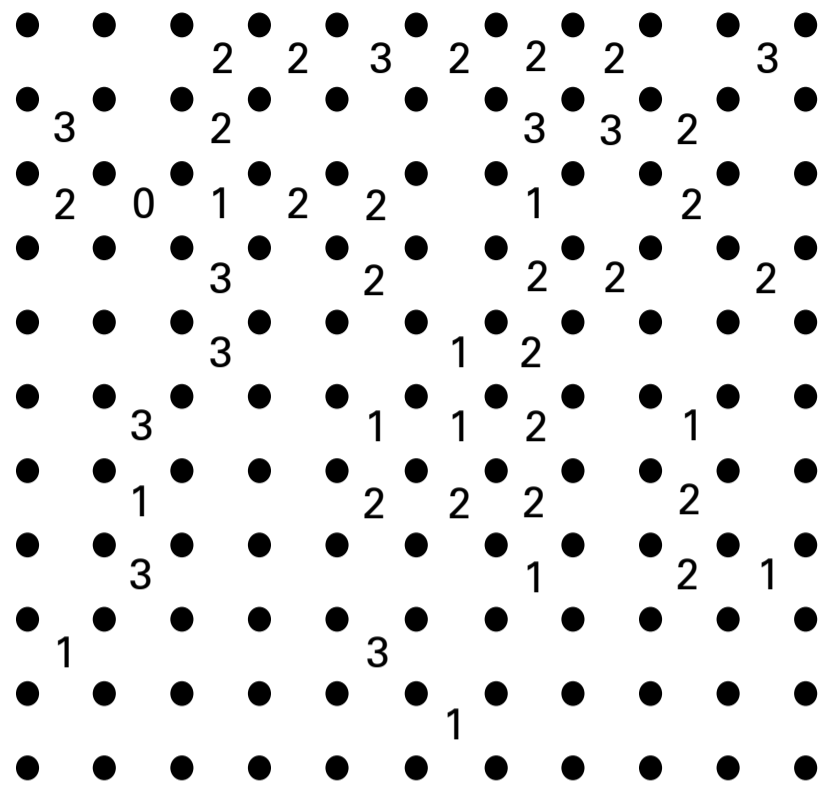
Basically, you get points for doing all the various puzzles and challenges, and at the end of the year, the winning team and the winning individual will win an iPod nano! The scoring is as follows:

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.

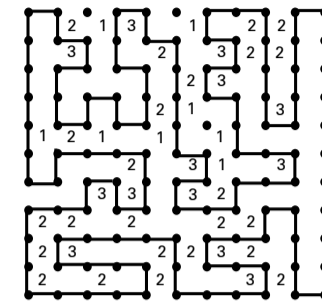
Double points will be awarded for correct cryptic crossword answers, because it's über hard.

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

Slitherlink 1,436



1,435 Solution



Next week we are having a fooking ma-hoosive slitherlink, so this is the last mini one. Whatever. It was won by **Peter de Boeck** so well done. Very proud for you.

How to play:

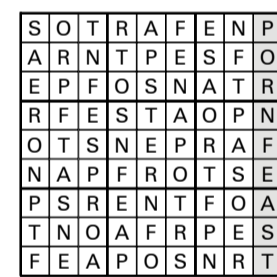
It's quite simple, all numbers are in a cell and must be surrounded with a corresponding number of lines. Lines cannot split and there can only be one continuous line. Any cells with no numbers can have any number of lines. Look at the solution above for help.

Wordoku 1,436



Scribble box

1,435 Solution



Again, **Peter de Boeck** took all the honours here, finding **PORNEFAST** hiding within the mystical grid of letters. Big hand chap and nice to have you aboard. I hope you enjoy this week's offerings.

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

Going Underground

Well done to our newest competitor **Peter de Boeck** who won this wee little game too. The correct station was **BOND STREET**, unfortunately there is a planned walk out next week over pay (or lack of it) so there will be no Going Underground. Thank you all.

Each letter in the alphabet is assigned a value, 1-26 (see table) and when added together for a specific word the sum equals the total shown. All you have to do is scan and send the Underground station that is hidden each week to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

BANK = 28 2+1+14+11=28. Job done.

So which London tube station sums to 106?

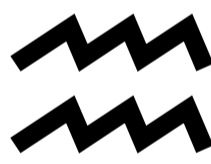
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

 = 106

Horoscopes, what happens when a bear takes coke


As the year draws to an end, I begin to look back and think- maybe the world is nice... but then I thought no

Aquarius




This week you go proper bat shit crazy. After a particularly stressful day you go into Beit Quad, strip butt naked, put your penis between your legs and hop round shouting in a high pitched voice "look at me! I'm a ladyeeeeee". Get yourself some help son- sharpish before you go so crazy you begin to find Lady Gaga attractive.

Taurus




This week you get a crash course in an eastern European language. This was not, however, achieved through the humanities department, instead, it was achieved through banging a girl and having her entire family listen on speaker phone as you do! Allow *felix* to kindly translate: "Get off our daughter you little shit". Well done sir!

Leo




This week you decide that fire is really cool. Lacking any appropriate fuel, you take a copy of *felix* and light it. Being the dick that you are, you don't let go and you burn your hand. Not satisfied by this, you think that lighting the crotch part of your jeans would be a better idea, fortunately t burns your pubes and cock off. Kids, here's a lesson, don't play with fire!

Scorpio




This week you see Lady Gaga without her make-up. Finally those fucking stupid glasses and fringe make perfect sense and you realise that she is a BOBFOC. Seriously, her face looks like its been attacked by a deranged elf with a pick-axe, and then threw her off the ugly tree. It might be an old saying, but you get the picture. How the fuck is she famous, seriously??!

Pisces




This week, a small argument erupts in the *felix* office (*Ed: sorry, but we want your opinion!*). The Deputy Editor starts to argue that guitar solo's are boring, they were good in the 60's and now they are done and you have no reason to listen to it. Others argue that a guitar solo is like any other classical piano or violin solo. The Deputy disagrees, douche, what do you think?

Gemini




This week you announce to the whole exam room that you have had an abortion. The hope is that you will get extra points as you have gone through a difficult process, leaving you mentally scarred. People give you funny looks and start to question your mental health. After all you are a man, so if you were to have an abortion... are you a transvestite?

Virgo



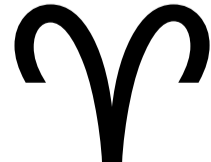
With all your exams over, and nothing to do you start to bore quickly. After browsing the Internet for a new shoes, you end up using the Internet for what it was designed for. Porn. Mid browse you happen upon some porn of the horse variety. Due to extreme boredom, you buy a fine stallion (from e-bay), bring him home and engage in some classy horse porn. It hurts. A lot.

Sagittarius




As term draws to an end, you look forward to going back home to your mummy where you she does all your washing, cooks for you, and YOU SLEEP IN YOUR OWN FUCKING ROOM. The whole of this year you have been cooped up with a prehistoric wanker for a room-mate. Actually, not so much a room-mate, but a room-cunt. Fuck you.

Aries




This week, as every week, you go for a few drinks at the Union. You sit down with your cool pint in one of the booths and then you suddenly feel the earth begin to shake. Although slightly alarmed, you maintain composure and grab hold of your pint before any of it is spilled. You look around and then you see them... the fairweather drinkers have arrived!

Cancer




As the fair weather drinkers enter the building, you decide the best thing to do is remain perfectly still. They pass you seamlessly, and proceed to the bar. Like David Attenborough, you observe the creatures with wonder and awe as they attempt to purchase a beverage. They seem confused by what is on offer and ask the question: "What do you have on tap?"

Libra



The barmaid looks puzzled, yet at the same time has a smile on her face. She pores them a pint of Foster's, tells them it's a Staropramen and pockets the profit. Although this raises a smile on your face, you then realise that the Union makes a nice profit, they get really drunk and eventually ruin the atmosphere. This is not acceptable, something must be done...

Capricorn

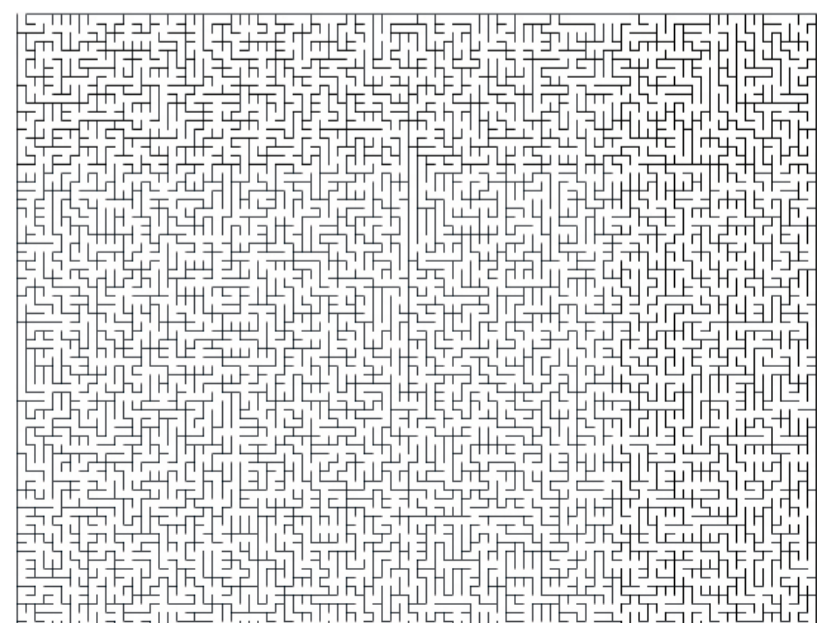


So you get the fucker who just burnt his cock, throw him onto the passed out bodies lying across the floor. They set alight and then you get those fairweather drinkers who are drunk but still standing to piss all over the rest of them to put them out. Satisfied with your actions, you return to the bar where a mountain of beers are waiting for you from everyone else in the room. Pint?

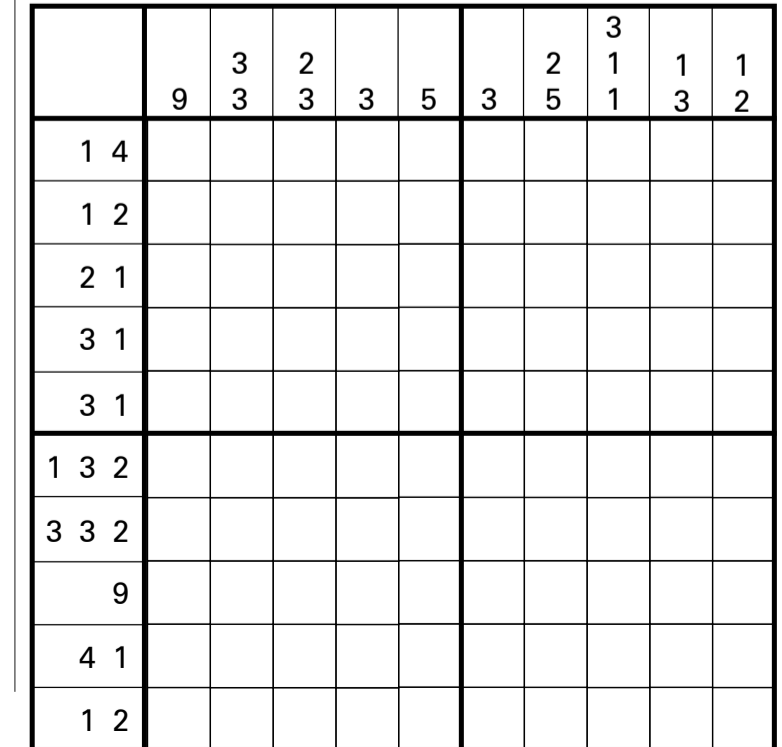
Mentalist Maze...

Mentalist maze is mental, that's why we give double points for it. That means 10 points just for scrawling a line on a page. That can mean iPods. But it's too

late now. Anyway, **Peter de Boeck** was the winner, so thank you for bothering. Next week may see a big fuck-off maze, but we'll see.

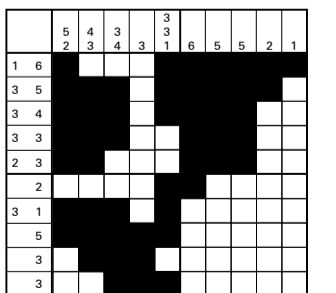


Nonogram 1,436



Peter de Boeck won. To be brutally honest I am particularly bored of writing your name over and over again. I know it's the end of term, but *please* can I have more entries to entertain me!

1,435 Solution



How to play:

Nonograms are logic puzzles in which cells in a grid have to be coloured or left blank according to numbers at the side of the grid. The numbers measure how many unbroken lines or filled-in squares there are in any given row or column. Look at the solution for help.

Olympic rugby – only a dream?

Max Joachim

A grassroots petition seems to have become the most important resource to get rugby recognised as a sport played at the Olympics.

Imagine rugby at the antique Olympic Games way back in 300 BC. Back then the Greek Gods were calling the shots; wouldn't they have just loved the sport? How about the Trojans taking on the Spartans who would no doubt have dominated the tournament, with Ares, the God of War, at open side flank, Zeus, the God of Thunder, at inside center and Athena, the Goddess of strategic battle and wisdom, as their head coach!

It's about time rugby returned to the great heights of Olympos, the famous mountain that was the 'home of the Gods' in ancient Greek mythology.

The International Olympic Committee is meeting in a few weeks to discuss potential new sports to be included. In October a decision on the Olympic Sports Programme for 2016 will be made at a meeting in Copenhagen - there are two vacant slots. Rugby is competing with several other sports which include karate, golf and squash.

In 2005, rugby's bid to get back into the [2012] Olympics – the last time it was, being in 1924 – failed in 2005 but this time it has got the support from people all over the world.

olympic-rugby.org is a grass-roots, rugby players' initiative that will try to collect millions of signatures for the Olympic rugby cause through media stunts and viral action (*Ed - Hopefully the sort of viral action which doesn't lead to a worsening of the swine flu pandemic*). They have already gathered the support from the best sevens rugby nations in the world including England, New Zealand and world champions Wales. This week, they started the Olympic toga campaign – put on a bed sheet, put some leaves on your head and dress as an ancient Greek. Sevens rugby is a spectacular, high scoring, fast-paced, exciting and an easy to understand game that will be a gateway for all forms of rugby to experience growth and large international support. No doubt, sevens and the fan culture will add a lot of character and colour to the Games.

Now you have a chance to make Olympic history! Engage! Go to olympic-rugby.org and add your signature.



Misinformed critics, either get informed or stay silent.

Mustapher Botchway
Sports Editor

I am sick and tired of people having nothing better or constructive to ask besides "where do you live?"

No I am not talking about a conversation with someone from the BNP security detail but if you're still confused then I ask any football (soccer) fan to go to our godforsaken union or any other public house which show football matches.

Not long ago I did this and partway through the game after the team I support happened to score I was asked by a random fan the question I highlighted earlier. "But that is nowhere near" the home stadium of where my team of choice play, he replied. "So?" I retorted and we went back and forth before he was satisfied (pause) that I was a real supporter of the club. This only seems to happen with football and more often than not these interrogators are phil-

istines when actually discussing the beautiful game. On a different occasion after receiving a similar barrage of questions, I overheard this particular person spout some of the most ridiculous things heard from a fellow follower of football. "Why didn't he pass the ball forward? He's shit" after an attacking midfielder laid it off to a winger who crossed the ball which resulted in a corner. Or "he's miles outside" whilst the replay showed that you could have an IQ of a knat and have seen he was 4 yards offside, without needing to see the replay.

Perhaps he was an American football commentator in disguise but this happens all too often for this to be the case.

Though I digress. Addressing the point at hand, football is arguably the most global sport bar athletics (track and field). It certainly is the most glo-

balised in terms of attracting money and the diversity of its fan base. Clubs such as the European stalwarts Real Madrid, Barcelona, Manchester United and AC Milan have more fans outside their respective countries than in. Are these fans not allowed to support them because they in Spain, UK or Italy?

Saying that there is a serious issue regarding the biggest scourge of the footballing community after the hooligan and that is the glory hunter, but I have found that these people are supporting teams who have recently come into some money. Pre-2004 I knew one Chelsea supporter (and I am from West London) but after the 'Special One' José Mourinho put the £150 million or so of Roman Abramovichs money to good use there was a massive influx of supporters of The Blues. This disgusted me as I am unsure as to who they supported before but I predict that in a few years Manchester City will receive similar success in attracting such fickle fans. Meanwhile Real Madrid will soon have more fans than the population of China and thus will become the next economic superpower.

In other news, after finally reading the list of ACC Colours recipients, I am again disgusted. Apparently they are awarded to people who have shone amongst their peers but I have not seen a bigger celebration of mediocrity in my life. Firstly I congratulate you for receiving colours etcetera you have worked hard but one just needs to look at our *felix* sport table and some of the recipients of colours and then go figure.

And treasurer of the year? This isn't the Imperial College beancounting awards.



Some football fans would be better off watching and commenting on this



The England 7s team are behind the Olympic bid

Picture of the Week

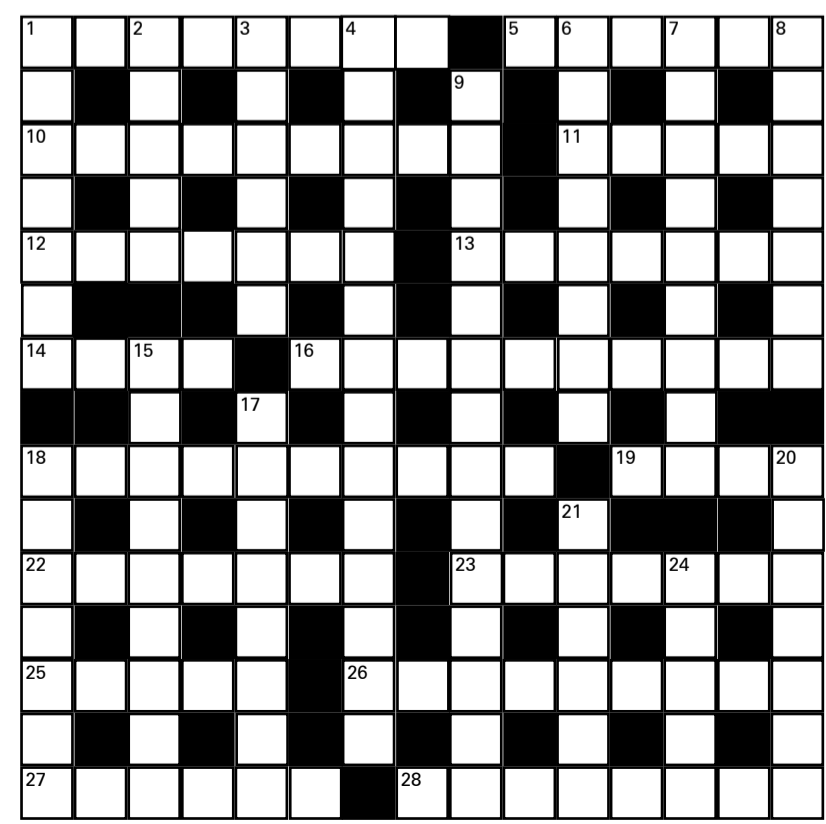
The Wealth of the Poor by Raghav Saboo

2st year Chemical Engineer

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



Crossword No. 1,436



- ACROSS**
- Nope, lice evolved in the late neogene (8)
 - A room, somewhere to sleep and perch (6)
 - Tell English to lose weight (9)
 - Be situated inside an extraterrestrial (5)
 - Fruit is endlessly outspoken amongst hubbub (7)
 - Beat Queen for hair on face (7)
 - Poet turned dull (4)
 - Dominant one joined bloke standing in front of river (10)
 - Aye, onanism produces creamy white substance (10)
 - Regular pieces of fossil dog found in city (4)
 - Sodium smell beginning to develop (7)
 - Bodily fluid taken back to islands for archenemy (7)
 - In Sapporo, ninja is one without a master (5)
 - Former lover with a number to assess and clear of blame (9)
 - Sportsman changes hands in religious ritual (6)
 - Boss eats broken building material (8)

- DOWN**
- Greedy person, hairless, with black and white patches (7)
 - Headless animal on the toilet in small dwelling (5)
 - Machine part placed on upside-down container for drink (6)
 - Disrupt the atonal man in patriotic song (8,6)
 - Retreating from terrorists, I chanced to waste away (8)
 - Novice consumed by malady has smooth quality (9)
 - Worker carries heavy weight on drink, leading to fit of rage (7)
 - Have a good knowledge base, as a vegetable expert does (4,4,6)
 - Chasm in Iowa where Mussolini invaded (9)
 - Girl with energy has a number of sense organs (8)
 - Snare with religious formula and coin (7)
 - Yes, story is different without opening shellfish (7)
 - Block demon journalist with pill (6)
 - Celebrity with time to begin (5)

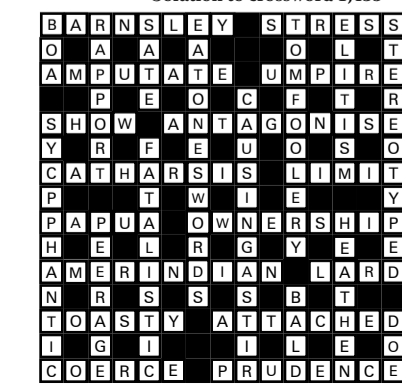
Answers to: sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Congratulations to **Team Shotgun** who were the first team to get the correct answer in this week.

This is the last cryptic crossword that will count towards the FUCWIT League, so if you want to get those double points and win the iPods, then you better get those solutions in ASAP! Answers, as ever, in to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk please. Good luck!

Crossword by: **Sam Wong**

Solution to crossword 1,435





Riding and Polo set for a week in Argentina

B. Loody-Doit

Spirits were high as the inaugural ICU winter polo tour got under way, though some were definitely more excited than others. Trish's cry of "Argentina Baby!" must have been heard across the whole of Gatwick as the main group headed to check-in. However, the mood was somewhat dulled when we realised that the phrase 'you get what you pay for' applies just as well to airlines as anything else. The delays led to the fastest transfer Madrid airport has ever seen as they were faced with a crazed German charging down the corridor followed by an entourage of high velocity and rather apologetic polo players.

We did eventually make it to Buenos Aires, albeit without our luggage (presumably it did not share our urgency on the transfer). Still, all this was

"After the chukkas we celebrated our instructor Ollie's birthday with the help of the Argentine beer Quilmes. This set the pattern for the week, with polo in the morning to avoid the heat"

quickly forgotten at the sight of our accommodation; a lovely house set in the fabulous gardens. Donning borrowed or makeshift swimming costumes we chose to splash around in the pool until the rest of the group arrived. After only an hour in the country the cool

water was much appreciated though the sunburn was less welcome.

The second group arrived not long after, having had a much less eventful journey. After their arrival it was time for lunch in the sun and our first taste of Maria's cooking – none of us were complaining.

However we were not just there to sun ourselves and eat great food. In the early evening as the heat of the day wore off we got our first chance to ride. An hour or two was spent practicing our swings and acclimatising to the heat before the training began in earnest.

The first night set the tone for the rest of the tour; dinner, beer and banter until the early hours. Unfortunately, bedtime brought the mosquitoes; we were surprised at how a creature so small can make such an irritating noise when you are trying to sleep and most of us were victims come morning.

Sunday was our first full day of polo, more stick and balling with the instructors in the morning followed by our first chukka of the tour. We all dismounted our ponies on an adrenaline high and looking forward to the prospect of proper chukkas with the professionals that evening.

For anyone that has not played or seen polo it might be hard to understand the appeal. It is often described as hockey on horseback, a relatively accurate description given we spend our time blasting around a field hitting (essentially) a hockey ball with a long stick, but the experience is more like Top Gear's Hatchback Football; you are placed in notional control of something far bigger, tougher, faster and more powerful than yourself and asked to race around trying to manoeuvre a ball between two posts, is also relevant. Oh, and crucially polo is a contact sport too...

With all this in mind we were eagerly anticipating our matches in the afternoon. Splitting into teams with a professional in each one we played a small round robin. None of us can remember who won but we all got stuck in, trying (and mostly failing) to get the better of the opposing instructors.

Most of the group made the trip to La Martona to watch the locals play



PHOTO BY PETER SPURRIER OF INTERSPORT IMAGES

chukkas on the full pitches. There was some excellent play and it also gave us a chance to meet some of the people we would be playing with. The skill level ranged from just above our level to international pros.

After the chukkas we celebrated our instructor Ollie's birthday with the help of the Argentine beer Quilmes. This set the pattern for the week with polo morning and evening, playing as late as possible to avoid the worst of the heat. We also got the chance to head to La Martona and play afternoon chukkas on the big pitches, which gave us the space to really get into the game. Soon even those beginners that had come along were starting to make their presence felt on the pitch.

Each morning soon began with our pre-polo ritual of dressing various blisters, bruises and aching joints, with the table in the front room of the house looking much like a small and disorganised pharmacy.

On Wednesday we decided to leave Estancia and see what life in Argentina was really like, so we headed to Buenos Aires for drinks and dinner. We went to a trendy bar serving everything from excellent Argentine beef to

amazing sushi, all washed down with an incredible selection of drinks.

A bit worse for wear, Alex had a rough night; upon returning to the house to find all the doors locked he had to spend the night curled up on the back seat of Ollie's car. However it was less dangerous than the race to the pool between Nik and Trish on commandeered bicycles which almost ended in disaster before Carlotta noticed the lack of water!

For those of us with upcoming exams Friday was the last day of the tour and we were eager to make the most of the final day of play.

With Ollie having to head back to the UK in the morning to we also gained a new instructor, Tarquin. With Eléonore, Rosie, and Carlotta departing for Buenos Aires and their flight home it looked set to be a quiet night, possibly with a good night's sleep for a change. However, Tarquin had other plans and invited us out to the local town for a night out.

The bar we went to was crowded; full of people and buzzing with conversation that none of us could understand.

One thing we did get to grips with was the Argentine attitude to shots and

mixers. "Saying when" is difficult when nobody knows the Spanish for 'when'. Having obtained the strongest drinks in the world we grabbed a table and began to shout conversation across the table until the band started up.

Our Saturday morning stick and balling was possibly the least energetic of all our days, with a few of us looking a bit sea-sick on our ponies. With only a few polo sessions left though we all hung in there to make the most of it.

Sunday was a mad rush to pack our bags and play as much polo as possible before the flight. We cut it fine, with traffic in Buenos Aires upping the journey time by an hour. Jon, Megan and Trish had to convince the staff to hold the check in desk open while Alex and Nik raced into the airport in the second car. Fortunately, we all made it onto the plane (just!).

Argentina was an incredible experience; we got to play with a range of players from around the world and learnt a lot. All of us were looking forward to getting back and putting the new experience to good use - although we had to wait a little while to do it, since our luggage arrived a couple of days later than we did.