

felix review

The goss from this year, pages 4-5



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Materials set same exams

D'oh!

Students from the Materials Department given same exam as last year, see page 3



felix review of the year '09

the *felix* news team go through this year's news and pick out the best bits, in comic book form...



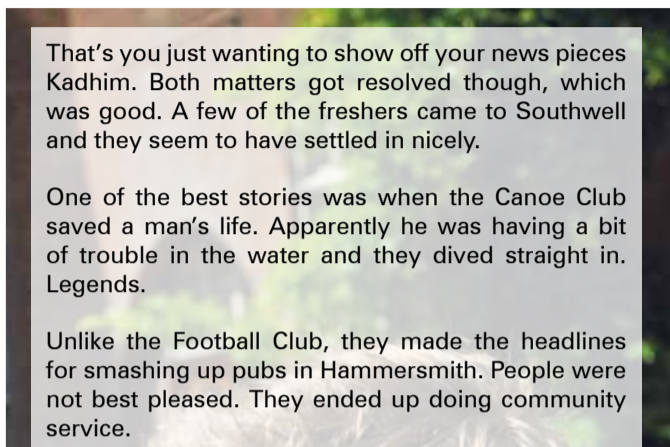
Let's start at the start. At the beginning of the year a bunch of our students had to live at a Thames Valley University Hall called Paragon. Bit of a balls-up by accommodation but they eventually got moved into Imperial Halls.

Then there was that Palestinian student Zohair Abu-Shaban. He had a scholarship to do Electrical Engineering at Imperial but he couldn't leave Gaza. Eventually he escaped by boat and he's going to start his course next year.



That was the first term, and while we were relaxing over Christmas a couple of Geology students were busy getting fined by the Chinese government for "illegal map-making". They were doing geological surveys as part of their course and the College agreed to pay the fine for them. Win!

We finally got to meet the new Rector in he Spring term. He was a bit of dude wasn't he? Sure he said some pretty controversial stuff about increasing fees and privatising universities to be like Yale and Harvard but still, bit of a dude.



That's you just wanting to show off your news pieces Kadhim. Both matters got resolved though, which was good. A few of the freshers came to Southwell and they seem to have settled in nicely.

One of the best stories was when the Canoe Club saved a man's life. Apparently he was having a bit of trouble in the water and they dived straight in. Legends.

Unlike the Football Club, they made the headlines for smashing up pubs in Hammersmith. People were not best pleased. They ended up doing community service.



Then we had some really good news in November. We won Best Newspaper at the Guardian Student Media Awards and last year's Editor Tom Roberts won Journalist of the Year. Angry Geek and iScience both came runners up for Best Columnist and Best Magazine.



There were some more problems with football teams, even after the Hammersmith incidents. The Gaelic Football team were a bit aggressive in the Union and chanting stuff about the IRA... definitely not cool.

It seems like violence was a bit of an 'in-thing' this year. There was a bust up at House of Coffees and one guy got hit over the head with a chair. The worst is that there was a girl in crutches who got showered with broken glass and had a cut on her forehead.

But it wasn't all bad news with sport. Varsity was a great success as usual, even if the Medics won the JPR Williams Cup again.



That's not funny



So what happend with the medic's this year Dina?



In the final term it seems like things kept getting shutdown. On top of the Humanities cuts, the library in the Aero Department was closed down. People really got annoyed about the Humanities cuts, there was a huge protest (well around 100 people), a petition with over 1,000 signatures and a council motion opposing the cuts but it's not clear if the College are actually going to pay attention.

Also students cycling into the bike rakes outside Blackett were fined by police officers one afternoon for going on the pavement for a couple of metres. And there were a few dodgy dealings in the ACC with the clubs belonging to the ACC Chair and the ACC Treasurer getting big increases in their budget... bit below board I think.



Well, a surgeon at St Mary's took out the wrong organ. She was meant to have a gynaecological operation but got her gall bladder removed instead. Then a consultant tried to poison his pregnant girlfriend in order to make her miscarry. It goes without saying that he's been disqualified from working at St Mary's.



On a more lighthearted note, a Medic student went on the ITV show "The Colour of Money". Almost nobody watches it and unfortunately the student, Sumera Shaheny went home empty handed.

To end a year of mishaps for Medicine at Imperial, it turned out in May that a taxi-firm had conned Imperial College NHS Trust out of £280,000. Employees at Lewis Day Courier made up fake journeys and then invoiced the Trust for them.



So basically Medics are better than IC at rugby but shit at everything else?

Perfect



Obviously we had elections for Sabbs as well. Ashley Brown won President, Danny Hill won Deputy President Finances & Services, John James won Deputy President Welfare, Jonathan Silver won Deputy President Education and Jenny Wilson won Deputy President Clubs and Societies. I don't remember who won felix Editor can you?

Is your room in Southside safe?

Freddie Witherden, resident of Southside, finds out how easy it is to break into the rooms and secure lockers

It all seemed rather impressive: swipe cards, RFID, strange looking keyholes and a security guard on-hand to testify about the impressive security of the Southside 'complex'. At least that is how it was presented during freshers week. We were told that so long as our doors were shut correctly that it was almost impossible to break in and that all burglaries thus far had been as a result of students not shutting their doors.

So that's exactly what the 350+ freshers living in Southside did — in the belief that they were secure. Of course, it was not long before the more astute students realised that it was theoretically possible to open the doors using a credit card. A Hollywood favourite shim is a lock-bypass technique whereby a flexible object — such as a credit card — is slid in between the door and the frame and used to manipulate the latch. For this to work two conditions must be satisfied.

Firstly, the door can not be dead bolted, which is when bolt is connected directly to the locking cylinder. Thus the only way to move the bolt is to rotate the cylinder — which requires the key to be inserted. Although most house locks are dead bolted those in Southside are not. This is as a result of the swipe card access system. (In order for

the doors to automatically lock when closed the latch must always be free to move.)

Secondly, there must be sufficient space between the frame and the door to allow a shim to be inserted. Although this should never be the case there is no substitute for shoddy workmanship, as I will get into later.

While you occasionally heard stories of someone in another Southside hall managing to get into their rooms using a credit card, few took them seriously, assuming that his/her door had shifted significantly to make it possible. Until, that is, I tried it myself.

After five minutes R&D with a fellow Physicist and an empty coke can we had created our own shim. Being made of aluminium it was a good deal thinner than a credit card and much better shaped. Using this we were able to open (with permission, naturally) over 70% of the doors we tried. Usually the entire process, from inserting the shim to opening the door takes a smidgeon under five seconds. Five seconds!

Some of the doors are so bad that it is possible to open them by wedging an unfolded Tropicana carton in between the door and the frame and jiggling it around for a few seconds.

But, there's more. Each person in Southside has a lockable drawer in

their wardrobe. Perfect for valuables, such as cash, passports &c — or so we thought. Sadly the locks used on these drawers are some of the poorest I have come across in my two years of picking. In lock-jargon terms: the locks have an open rectangular keyhole with a single row of three pins; none of which are security pins.

With a set of lock picks it is possible to open any of the drawers in Southside in under ten seconds, on average. However to add insult to injury, so to speak, it is possible to open them in a similar amount of time using nothing but a screwdriver and metal paper clip. Although those with any experience picking locks normally frown at the use of paper clips (on most real locks they are useless) the locks in Southside are so exceptionally poor that they are actually a valid option.

It is a somewhat disturbing thought that a would-be burglar needs nothing more than a folded up coke can, a screwdriver and a paper clip to be able to successfully mount a crime spree on most of the rooms in Southside. Moreover with tailgating into the building as easy as it is this is something of a real concern for both myself and others who I have talked to on the issue.

So, what can be done about all of this? Well, in the short term, very lit-



All you need is a metallic can to open the doors...

tle. Thankfully with only one week left and very few (if any) robberies this year us Southside residents can consider ourselves lucky.

In the long term security and residency will need to look at each and every door in Southside and see if it is vulnerable to shimming. If this is the case then the door will need to be resealed such that it is impossible to insert a shim.

If nothing is done then I would not be surprised if by the time next year's lambs come to the slaughter (I mean, err, freshers) that over 85% of the doors could be susceptible to shimming. This is because Southside appears to be either (depending on who you talk to) still settling or subsiding;

resulting in ever larger gaps between doors and frames.

As for the lockable drawers, my personal recommendation is that locks on each drawer are changed to something more substantial. It is somewhat ironic that the locks on the doors — which are seldom used — are some of the best in the industry (jargon: Mul-T-lock Classic dimple locks featuring pins-in-pins, layman: reasonably difficult to pick) while the drawer locks are some of the worst available.

Finally, what does this mean for the new Eastside halls? While I have not visited Eastside yet I would not be surprised if it uses the same set-up as Southside and so is also likely to be equally vulnerable.

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Is Sam Mendes building bridges?

American Beauty director Sam Mendes brings us a theatrical double bill as part of his ambitious Bridge Project. **Caz Knight** goes to see whether the cast reach the goal set for them.

According to the Guardian's chief theatre critic, Michael Billington, seeing two great plays in one day is a bit like gorging on peacock. I have not done neither but I would imagine bingeing on such a beautiful and rare bird would leave one feeling sick and full of guilt - certainly not how you feel after leaving the Bridge Project's production of *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Winter's Tale*. But then again I did see each play on consecutive nights: a much more sensible and enjoyable option to gorging on peacock.

The Bridge Project theatre company was created when Kevin Spacey and Sam Mendes (of *American Beauty* fame, and much more) decided to pool resources and actors and resuscitate classic plays: an American in London running a theatre and a Brit in New York directing plays. Bridges were built and a stellar cast with a seeming abundance of energy and capacity to memorise lines came together to give us this Chekhov/Shakespeare double bill of.

There was some trepidation among the cast and director about performing such difficult plays and doing them back to back. One cast acting out two plays a day for the length of summer is one hell of an order, but this cast lives up to the hype that the Bridge Project has created. As director Sam Mendes says, "pressure is no bad thing".

The choice of plays could not be more topical today, despite being written in 1904 (*The Cherry Orchard* was Chekhov's last play) and 1623. Both are "tragic comedies" which move between scenes of devastation and angst to gay abandon and frivolity the next.

The *Cherry Orchard* tells of a rich

family who are on the point of having their estate sold at auction to repay their debts built up from a life of decadence. *The Winter's Tale* tells us of a king, driven mad with jealousy when he suspects his queen of cuckolding him, to the point where he abandons his new born and recently made motherless daughter. The daughter grows up a shepherd's daughter, falls in love and eventually finds herself back in her father's court with her fiancé.

Tom Stoppard has adapted this Chekhov play, the second of the Russian playwrights plays to be adapted by him for the West End in the last nine months (Ivanov starring Kenneth Branagh showed at the Wyndham's theatre in October 2008). As a Stoppard fan I thought this adaptation decidedly lacking his usual lightning wit. Perhaps this was on account of the sombre subject of the piece or because this version should probably be credited to Helen Rappaport who translated the play from Russian directly.

Adaptations aside, the cast are superb. Rebecca Hall as the most demure daughter, Varya, and Simon Russell Beale, as the servant turned business man Lopakhin, make for a powerful on stage match. Hall's choked sob creates a palpable despair as Lopakhin fails to propose to her after a charged and suggestive stroke of her face. The two actors recreated their onstage chemistry beautifully as King Leontes and the suspected adulteress Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, stealing both shows.

Special mention must surely go to Ethan Hawke who shatters any image I had of him as a generic action man. The serious, eternal student, Trofimov, in *The Cherry Orchard* couldn't be more different from his part as his



Ethan Hawke shows us there is a lot more to him than scrummy looks. As Trofimov in *The Cherry Orchard*

court-jester/Jack Sparrow type character, Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale*. Not only does he inject a hefty dose of comedy into the latter earning much riotous laughter, but he entertains with many a song and strum on the guitar. Another comical interlude comes from an impromptu hoedown which would not be out of place in the deep south: the red, white and blue balloons bringing back recent memories of the newly elected President.

If all the recent productions of Shakespeare I have seen in the last year are to go by, then modern adaptations of Shakespeare entail adding as many lewd and crude gestures and innuendos as possible to get laughs and appeal to all the less theatre savvy. Luckily, *The Winter's Tale* is all but devoid of these apart from a few tugs and grabs at suggestively shaped balloons at the hoedown.

This endeavour from Mendes brings together two weighty plays and a strong cast in the glorious Old Vic, making them both extremely accessible. Seeing these actors in two plays on two nights only goes to show what they are made of. Whatever doubts they had about the project should surely be dissolved by now.

Until 15 August 2009 at the Old Vic, Waterloo



Ethan Hawke as Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*

Shakespeare: pure and simple

No futuristic settings, no conceptual adaptations, just the Bard at his simplest: how it should be. **Emily Wilson** goes to review the Donmar West End's production of *Hamlet*, starring Jude Law.

I knew absolutely nothing about *Hamlet* before seeing this production, having never been subjected to its over-analysis in school, and not being the type to read Shakespeare for pleasure. A friend helpfully informed me the plot is "just like in *The Lion King*" (presumably with fewer lions and less singing), though this similarity proved to be tenuous.

I was lucky enough to have one of the best seats in the small and civilised Wyndhams Theatre - centre of the stalls, just close enough to the front. Without a press ticket, this would have set me back £32.50, which is actually quite moderate for a high-profile production in the West End. Standing tickets are available for a mere £10, but who wants to stand through a 3 hour play?

I won't bore you by relaying the plot of *Hamlet* in too much detail. The upshot of it is that Hamlet's father, the King of Denmark, is dead and his ghost appears to tell Hamlet that his uncle, Claudius, murdered him so he could steal his throne and wife, Gertrude. Hamlet goes a bit mad, and in the general madness kills Polonius, who works for Claudius. Ophelia, Polonius's daughter and Hamlet's would-have-been girlfriend, is a bit upset by this and goes mad too. Then she drowns herself, and ultimately everybody else ends up dead too. The End (sorry, Shakespeare).

As Shakespeare goes, it was better than I had expected of a tragedy. It's not boring by any means. There are plenty of laughs and a sword fight (CLEARLY the best bit!) to keep you entertained. There were bits and bobs that went over my head, such as whatever was going on with Fortinbras, the prince of Norway. But I think anybody could understand who's who and what's going on. Three hours isn't as long as you might think, particularly when there's an interval with ice cream on offer.

But why go and see this production in particular? A lot of people will go for Jude Law, who stars as Hamlet. Admittedly, he is an extremely good actor and his performance did not disappoint. He played the role with skill and emotion, making it funny in all

the right places, without going overboard. But let's not forget the rest of an extremely good cast. I recognised Penelope Wilton, who plays Gertrude, from various television appearances, and she was a thoroughly capable in the role. Ron Cook was an excellently cringe-worthy Polonius. Ophelia was played by Gugu Mbatha-Raw, who was generally good but didn't do a very convincing job of going mad. There seems to be a misconception in theatre that if you sing a bit, that means you've gone mad - as Daniel Radcliffe did in *Equus* not so long ago. It really needs something more.

Peter Eyre, who played the ghost of Hamlet's father and the player king, was outstanding. However, I do find that when actors double up roles it can be a little confusing if you're not familiar with the story. There were several cases of this here. Special mentions most definitely go out to the very fine young men who played Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet's chums, and Laertes, Ophelia's sword-wielding sibling. They provided top quality theatrical eye candy. And Hamlet's other chum Horatio wasn't bad either, sporting a nifty leather jacket and biker boots. Who says Shakespeare is stuffy?

There were other good things about this particular production. There is no arty farting about with setting it in a weird time period or making it "conceptual". It was straightforward and basic with a plain castle-style set and simple black costumes (except the players, who were in white - an effective differentiation). It left the play itself and the skill of the actors to shine through, which is definitely how I think theatre should be.

I'm not an expert on Shakespeare or even theatre in general, and this is the only production of *Hamlet* I've seen, but I loved it. It's simple and accessible but well-constructed and with some top quality actors. It was a fabulous afternoon out that leaves you with something to talk about and a greater appreciation of The Bard.

Hamlet is on at the Wyndham's theatre until 22 August 2009



The Prince of Denmark who loses it: Jude Law as the lead role



Simon Russell Beale and Rebecca Hall in *The Cherry Orchard*

Which way to the beach?

PHOTOGRAPH BY AFONSO CAMPOS





An admission of affectation

Peter Sinclair
Music Editor

Anyone who pays too much attention to my ramblings every week or so will probably have noticed my general dislike for generic indie-pop quartet Coldplay. In the past I have used them as whipping boys for a musical ultra-mainstream whose aesthetics I sometimes disagree with and often disdain. I have claimed that they are the prime example of the blandness that is pumped into the minds of the population via television and radio – a soulless, emotionless swill created for mass consumption using corporate market research techniques and used as a means of making profit rather than a means of expressing, well, anything whatsoever. A gnawing blandness which grates the senses and erodes the emotion from everyday life.

However, this being the final issue of felix of the year, I thought it was time I got something off my chest. Despite

the blandness, despite the incessant 4-4 timing of every single song, despite the feeling of impending, irreversible loss of cognitive functioning every time someone lists them as one of their favourite bands, I FUCKING LOVE COLDPLAY. I absolutely adore them. I want to shout it, proclaim it from the top of the Queen's Tower "I am in love with Chris Martin".

I have harboured this terrible secret for so long. As the trendy music section editor of a trendy student publication, I just wanted to appear edgy and offer an alternative perspective to the mainstream press, but it was all a sham – a sham that I am happy to rid myself of as I step out of the indie-pop closet.

Phew, that feels better. While I'm at it, I also like the Kaiser Chiefs, Two Pints of Lager, and grating my cock with a cheese grater while wearing a cat-suit and whistling the French national anthem.

Yep.

Extra extra: Coldplay are totally awesome

Coldplay's music scientifically proven to bring about world peace. Pyongyang releases statement: "It's just not worth it"

Peter Sinclair

A discovery by scientists at University College London has proved the link between the music of Coldplay and world peace.

Coldplay's lead vocalist and modern-age messiah Chris Martin said in a statement to the associated press "The world peace is what I got in this business for. The fact that my music is great is merely a happy coincidence".

Hundreds of thousands of copies of the popular indie band's latest album *Viva la Vida* are currently being transported by container ship to volatile areas of Iraq, and massive loudspeakers have been set up on the border of North Korea in an effort to beat Pyongyang into submission. Locals have described the music as "distressing".



Scientists have recently discovered aurora borealis to be the sun literally shining out of Chris Martin's arse

SINGING

Christopher Anthony John Martin

Born in Exeter in 1977, Chris Martin soon became aware of his prodigious musical talent when he was sent to harmonica lessons by his mother at the age of eight. His then music teacher describing his abilities as 'fucking ace'. Christopher soon began writing his own bluegrass harmonica music, winning the Exeter Bluegrass Championchips by age 12, the youngest person ever to do so.

During his second year of university, Martin was expelled for what he describes as 'youthful jubilation', but what newspapers at the time described as 'indecent exposure during a tutorial'. Chris later commented on the incident in his song *Driftwood* with the lyrics "I got my cock out in the tutorial"

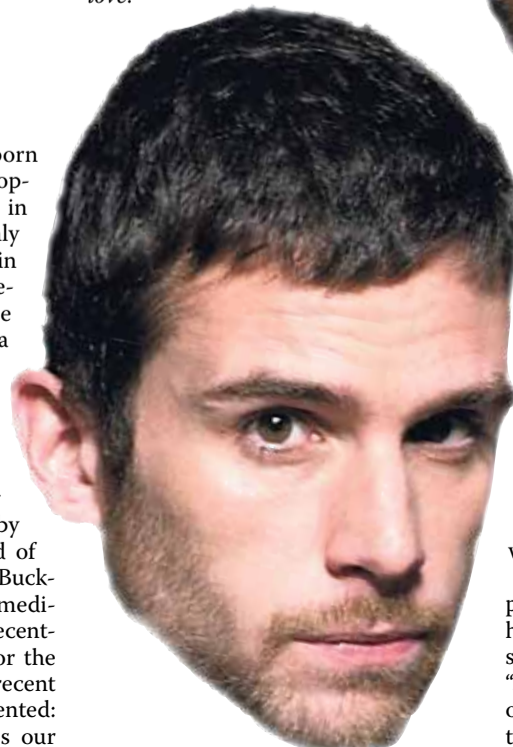


GUITAR

Jonathan Mark Buckland

Jonathan Mark Buckland was born and raised on a dairy farm in Shropshire. He quickly chose a career in the dairy industry, and it was only after a freak lactation accident in which Buckland lost total movement of his arms that he chose to give up dairy in favour of a career in music (although to this day Buckland still insists on drinking his milk directly from the cow).

Buckland is well known for being the most artistically creative of the quartet, going by the nickname within the band of Jonathan 'Leonardo Da Vinci' Buckland. He primarily works in the medium of *papier-mâché*, and most recently created the band's figurines for the video *Life in Technicolour 2*. In a recent interview, Chris Martin commented: "He likes his papier-mâché does our Jonathan".

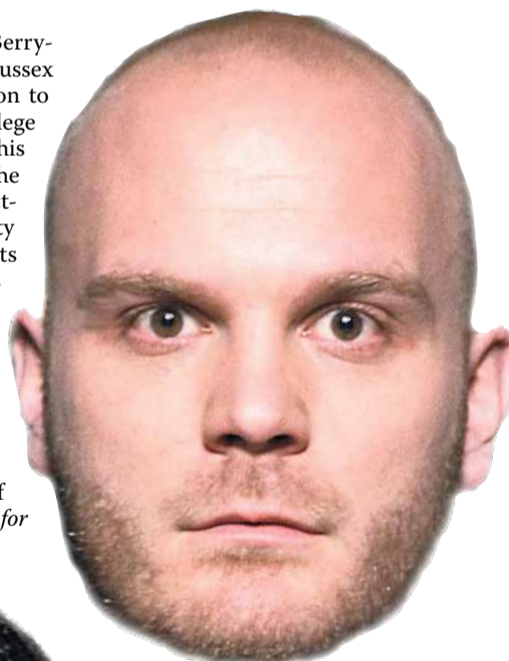


BASS

Guy Rupert Berryman

Born in Toronto in 1988, Guy Berryman settled in Worthing, West Sussex at the age of 10 and later went on to study Physics at Imperial College London. Upon completion of his degree, Berryman joined the NASA space program, conducting research into zero-gravity spectroscopic absorption effects in organic compounds. He was also the first person to drink his own urine in space.

Berryman joined Coldplay after meeting lead vocalist Chris Martin in a karaoke bar, the two finding common ground over their love of West End show-tunes and singing a duet of Meatloaf's *I would do anything for love*.



DRUMS

William 'Will' Champion

William Champion was born in Milton Keynes in 1974, the son of an accountant and a bookmaker. His favourite subjects in school were Maths and Geography. He was alright at them, but never very good.

Champion's favourite colour is greyish beige and his favourite food is the mild cheddar cheese sandwich. In his spare time, Champion enjoys creating PowerPoint presentations about the television he has watched, and then deleting them.

In a recent article written in some publication, Champion claimed to have invented the name 'Coldplay', describing the process of its creation as "...like taking a mathematical average of all band names, which reflects the tone of our music quite well, as sort of the average of all music".



Words by Peter Sinclair, heads by Sarah-Emily Mutch



Our favorite mix of music, theatre, comedy, literature and cabaret returns for its fourth innings on the 16th - 19th July

Latitude is a pretty big deal for such a young festival. Started back in 2006, it's rapid growth and continued popularity, at a time when new festivals are springing up all over the place, is down to the great line-ups and the wide range of acts playing.

It's mix of music and other creative arts creates a unique atmosphere, and from the look of the line-up released so

far, this year's is shaping up pretty well.

Music at Latitude is spread across four stages, The Obelisk Arena will host many of the larger acts, with Pet Shop Boys, Grace Jones, Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds joined by more modern artists like Of Montreal, Regina Spektor and Thom Yorke.

This is the first time the Radiohead main man has done a full solo set and

promises to be the highlight of the festival. Word is that his set will be a mix of 'The Eraser' tracks along with some acoustic Radiohead songs, which could just be the best possible way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

The other music stages form the background for less well known acts with Bat for Lashes, Lykke Li, 65daysofstatic, Magazine, Mirrors, Villagers

and Wildbirds and Peacedrums along with a load more. Check out the little guide below for our recommendations about the best bands playing.

Long-haired man Ed Bryrne, Jo Brand and Sean Lock will bring a bit of laughs to the comedy arena. The Film & Music Arena will host award winning films, questions and answer sessions with acclaimed directors along

with musical interpretations of visual arts.

The Cabaret, Literary, Poetry, Theatre and Outdoor art arenas are filled with great acts that are well worth exploring.

Latitude runs between the 16th and 19th of July near Southwold in Suffolk and the full line up is yet to be announced.

Which acts to see: A guide to the best bands of the weekend

<h3>Friday</h3>  <p>Fever Ray Karin Dreijer Andersson, half of The Knife, takes the stage name Fever Ray in her first solo project. Expect to hear most of the tracks from the self-titled album released earlier this year. Dark repeating electronic music and intense lyrics combine creating transfixing songs full of dread which should make for an incredible live performance.</p>	<h3>Mew</h3> <p>A Danish Alternative Rock/Indie band with hints of Shoegaze and Post-Rock sounds. Lead singer Jonas Bjerre's distinctive high pitched voice makes Mew instantly recognisable. Expect interesting visuals backing the music. With a new album out this September, they should preview new songs along with classics off 'Frenegers' and 'And The Glass Handed Kites'</p>	<h3>Of Montreal</h3> <p>They are not, as you might think, named after the Canadian city but instead a girl called Montreal. Famous for successfully combining musical experimentation with catchy melodies, they can even create singlong choruses about divorce that work. The stage show will be a brightly coloured extravaganza.</p>	<h3>Speech Debelle</h3> <p>Tipped as one to look out for this year, Ninja Tunes-signed, South Londoner Speech Debelle creates beautiful and honest hip-hop. Yet to release an album, expect to hear her first few singles along with a few previously unheard songs.</p>
<h3>Saturday</h3>  <p>Camera Obscura Delightful, intricate, mature, fragile. These are some of the adjectives I am currently using to describe Camera Obscura. This charming band are on tour this summer to promote their new album, and also to cheer up all you glum folks. Best served chilled in the A.M. with a cup of tea and a croissant.</p>	<h3>Maps</h3> <p>Shoegaze by definition, Maps released a new single this May and will be releasing a new album in September called <i>Turning of the Mind</i>. His songs have a certain magical feeling that is hard to describe. In 2007 they were shortlisted for the Mercury Music Prize which raised his profile dramatically.</p>	<h3>The XX</h3> <p>Young Turks-signed, South Londoners The XX recently released their first single with their debut album dropping in July. They make new wave dream pop songs that have a casual feel to them and give off an air of effortless coolness. Check out the tracks 'Crystallised' and their cover of Womack and Womack's 'Teardrops'.</p>	<h3>Passion Pit</h3> <p>Passion Pit make great summer pop songs that are reminiscent of past times, while also sounding fresh and exciting. The first album from the Massachusetts's 'Manners' is loud, fun and full of great pop songs. They may lack depth, and wear their influences on their sleeves, but when the sun is out and the cider's flowing who cares.</p>
<h3>Sunday</h3>  <p>Thom Yorke Lead singer of Radiohead. Ridiculously famous and rightly so. I once met in a record shop and he signed a 7" for me – best birthday present I've ever had. This will be his first solo set since the release of <i>Eraser</i>. Does this suggest their might be something new soon?</p>	<h3>Wild Beasts</h3> <p>Wild Beasts' specific brand of indie is both nostalgic and refreshing in one bite sized piece. Alliterative lyrics and ambitious arrangements marked Wild Beasts as ones to watch last year. They have a new album out in September so expect previews as well as a selection from the magnificent <i>Limbo, Panto</i>.</p>	<h3>!!!</h3> <p>Dance-punk band !!! dived into the mainstream with their 2004 album <i>Louden Up Now</i> followed by <i>Myth Takes in 2007</i>. Their highly energetic live shows have kept fans dancing for the last few years, despite a lack of new material. Definitely a band worth checking out live, listen to 'All My Heroes Are Weir-do' for a taster.</p>	<h3>iliketrains</h3> <p>iLiKETRAiNS' historical post-rock has gone from strength to strength in the last few years. They focus their songs on specific events of the past such as the Salem Witch Hunt, Great Fire of London and various fictional ones too. Their songs are accompanied by atmospheric visuals that guide the audience along in a reflective trance.</p>



Film

Film Editors – Zuzanna Blaszcak and Jonathan Dakin

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Out this summer ...

Zuzanna Blaszcak
Film Editor

Lovely weather and the 40 degree heat-waves this week must have, without a doubt, proved to the disbelievers that summer is quickly approaching and caught the people in the library unawares that they are soon to roast to death, providing free food for those needing carbs and protein before their exams. When I write summer I mean that precious time of the year when London gets more rainfall than during any of the other quarters, when college and coursework and exams seem nothing but a very bad, very long and slightly too realistic dream and when faraway lands beckon with the promise of real adventure meeting the primeval and usually barbarian locals in places as exotic as New Cross or Brixton. In case you don't yet have a summer trip planned, or like me, have chosen to spend a week in Greece and are still trying to pick at random from one of the multitude of Greek islands, don't despair as help is on its way – Hollywood has prepared something extra special for us for the lengthy and never-ending summer days. This time, the ever creative, extremely talented acting, directing and producing gods in California have decided to break the mould, go out on a limb and treat us to something other than huge action movie blockbuster productions. So, what can you look forward to seeing in July and August?

Well, firstly let me recommend, what promise to be fascinating and unconventional dramas – *Blood: The Last Vampire*, *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* and last but not least *G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra*. *Blood*, is a penetrating meditation about vampires, their slayers and the power of human emotions and is based on a popular manga series. It's not often that you get to see a sequel of a drama movie, but the original *Transformers* film portraying the ups and downs of adolescence and what it means to have a 'cool' car, was

so successful that the producers decided to bless us with more. But probably most surprising for its daring subject is the adaptation of the 20th Century classic, the 'G.I. Joe' graphic novels. Themes of death, loyalty and courage have not yet been approached in the manner that director Stephen Sommers has in store for us.

For those with younger brothers, sisters or other relations, Hollywood has decided to team up with teachers and scientists this summer to bring you real educational gems. Everyone's favourite *Ice Age* is now set in the dinosaur era so that little kids can familiarise themselves with the Earth's biggest, scariest and strongest reptiles. For the slightly older kids and teens *Harry Potter and the Half Blood Prince* will provide the perfect way to keep their physics, chemistry and biology knowledge fresh over the vacation.

Unfortunately, the sudden urge to make consequential and momentous movies did not spread throughout Hollywood as widely as one might have hoped. Hence, there are a number of films you might wish to avoid. In particular, keep clear of the mundane and drab *Sunshine Cleaning*, the unoriginal and disappointing Lars von Trier film *Antichrist*. There is also the ironically titled *Tenderness* with an out-of-this-world plot and novice cast that spells 'fiasco'. And beware not to make the mistake of getting tickets for the French *Mesrine: Killer Instinct* – the trailers look dreadful.

In the name of Jonathan Dakin and myself, I would like to say goodbye to everyone who skimmed through the film section from time to time. It's been a great pleasure to write for you and we really hope you enjoyed the reviews. Have a great summer.

P.S. Please don't think that the irony of placing this column piece next to a review of the three star rated *Terminator* is lost on me. My only excuse is the famous phrase 'to each his own'.



Bruno will do for the image of Austria, what neither Hitler or Fritzl managed to achieve... How will they ever pay him back?

The new Terminator saves the franchise?

Or can the *Terminator: Salvation* box office results be ascribed solely to Christian Bale's five minute freak-out on the set?

Terminator: Salvation ★★★★★

Director: McG (what a name!)
Writer: John D.Brancato
Michael Ferris
Cast: Christian Bale,
Sam Worthington,
Moon Bloodgood
(I kid you not, that's her given name!)

Jonathan Dakin
Film Editor

This film is probably more famous for the on-set rants of its star than anything else. Who hasn't heard about Christian Bale screaming an f-word laden tirade against a member of the crew for minutes on end? It is a shame that this incident has cast a shadow over the movie itself, because it is a thoroughly enjoyable and fast-paced action adventure.

Set in an alternative future, John Connor, a survivor of the robot induced holocaust, is fighting against his cyber foes in order to keep the human race alive. If you don't know the plots from the three films that preceded this one, then perhaps it is about time you watched them (definitely the first two). After his mother survived a killer robot played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the first movie, a teenage John Connor joins forces with Arnie in the second to fend off another killer robot. The third, in my mind never happened, mainly because of the absurdly stupid ending, which led John into the destroyed future where robots have awareness and decide humanity is their biggest threat – and so try to wipe humans out.

So we begin the movie with a few human survivors fending off attacks from all kinds of assorted robot villains: robot humanoids, robot human catchers, robot aeroplanes and even robot motorbikes (which are really cool). Trying desperately to fulfil the prophecy that he would one day destroy the robot overlords, Connor (played by a very serious Bale), has to save his father who is not yet his father in a pre-established time paradox from the first film, with the help of stranger Marcus (Worthington). The action mainly focuses on Marcus' exploits, and this is supposedly because the part of Connor was originally meant to be a small cameo, until Bale decided to pad it out and give himself an equally starring role. Helping Marcus is sexy pilot Blair (Bloodgood) who provides the female eye-candy against the often topless Marcus. Will they be able to save Connor's father, and at the same time destroy the robots who are trying to wipe them out?

Terminator: Salvation is a non-stop exciting and thrilling two hour action film, and if the idea of a fast paced action adventure doesn't float your boat, then don't bother watching it. The action sequences last for a significantly long time and in this reviewer's opinion this is a good thing because they are very enthralling and exhilarating.

Sometimes the camerawork is annoying as there are very fast and choppy moments of editing, but overall the film really shines because of its action set pieces. The cast give solid although two dimensional performances: Bale and Worthington are stern but likeable, and Bloodgood proves she is more than just an attractive add-on. At places the script is tacky and cheesy; especially when Bale says the infamous catchphrase 'I'll be back': at this point a

watching.

Overall, this is a solid action film, and if you like action films then you should definitely see it. If you like Terminator films then I would also recommend it, even though, in my mind, the Terminator series ended with the second one (and the third one doesn't exist), as there are enough references to the other films, including a shocking cameo. I pretended this wasn't related to the first two Terminator films, because to



The whole world knows how angry Christian Bale can get, but to kill for more on-screen time is slightly overdoing it.

groan erupted in the auditorium.

The fact that this is the fourth instalment of the Terminator franchise makes one wonder how they could do anything unique or different to what they have already done in the previous films. But the setting of post apocalyptic robot-controlled war zone is an interesting one, and it gives the film a strong and dangerous environment for the audience to explore along with the characters, a feature that keeps you

do so would be heresy (the bomb still went off – what the hell was the point in the first place???) so ignoring the fact this film is destroying their legacy, I just pretended this was unrelated and sat back and enjoyed it.

It's a really good film, but I have a feeling you will only agree with this opinion if you like explosions, shooting, sexy women and people being chased: all the essentially key ingredients of a good action film.



Food

Food Editors – Rosie Grayburn & Afonso Campos

food.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Want curly fries with that?

Afonso Campos
Food Editor



And this is how it ends... no tears, no kicking and screaming and as usual an unmet deadline. Writing this as Jov furiously CMYKs a hundred million different images reminds me that this is actually the last issue. It makes me sad that for the next however many weeks there isn't going to be something keeping me awake on a Wednesday evening or getting me out of bed on Friday mornings.

I'm not usually a sentimental guy – the last time I felt any emotion was probably when I was starving coming out of my mother's womb (does hunger constitute an emotion or a state of being?)... as such I will try to keep this last editorial as cornless as possible under the circumstances.

This year, the newspaper saw old editors flourish and become more settled, more sure of their own writing and their stance on issues. It saw an influx of amazing new editors too. The technology and music pages have been sensational week and week on end and the guys (and girl) editing them could not be more awesome. They have come into what can oftentimes be a rather stifling environment for a newcomer and found their place in a heartbeat. I am happy to have worked alongside them for many hours this year. I hope they stick around

for next term as well. As it is inevitable, some of the awesome staff here is leaving, probably to count money at some investment bank or build tree houses in Norfolk... wherever they are going, and whatever they are going to do, I wish them the best of luck.

This actually opens up many vacancies here. I do hope that if you ever had any inclination to write for felix, you do. Getting involved in this thing at the beginning of my first year was the best thing I have done at this forsaken university (and also possibly the silliest). In fact, Food is looking for a new editor as I will be venturing on to something new and different come the next academic term. If you have a passion for gastronomy or if you just enjoy all the pleasures of eating and its benefits, get in touch. It would be great to have you around. You may even be able to score free meals at some of the city's best restaurants and get to review them. Next year is Felix's 60th anniversary and even though Dan, the new editor still, has not officially taken over, it is shaping up to be incredible.

It's all over. Drop the books, ditch the nerdy glasses and have an amazing holiday. Be bold. Eat horses' testicles, drink snake blood, nibble on scorpions, imbibe rice wine in Indonesia... whatever you do, do something different. It sounds long, but 15 weeks are over in a heartbeat.



Serves 4

2 tbsp Harriet Harman
1 red faced Hazel Blears
2 cloves of Jacqui Smith's garlic breath
400g cooked duck (Tory duck house reared)
150g frozen salaries
Handful of "within the rules"
200g of church donations
6 MPs, disgraced

In a large frying pan, throw Jacqui Smith's porn videos and cook until soft and golden. Add a mixture of public outrage and opportunism from fringe political parties like the BNP. Cook until the next General Election, or until the Cabinet get the balls to stab Gordon in the back.

As soon as the expenses scandal hits the front pages, pretend that you have always railed against political corruption and re-brand yourself as a reformer. Place your proposals under a hot grill for 2 minutes and then introduce proportional representation thoughtlessly with no care for the consequences.

Haute cuisine at daVinci's

Alfonso Campanon visits Imperial's best kept secret

daVinci's ★★★★★

Imperial Colle Union, SW7 2BB

www.imperialcollegeunion.org

Best bits: The people, the food, the atmosphere... too much to mention.

Worst bits: Not having any bad things to say about it for the review

Price: £95 inc. canned drinks

For many decades now, the Imperial College elite (read best, brightest, richest, prettiest, skinniest) has been dining in style while you've been stuck in the MDH, JCR or SCR. I am absolutely sure that as avid readers of this section you are included in this intangible elite, and have been lucky enough to try out the wide selection of food available daily at daVinci's. While this outstanding review is quite possibly a complete and utter moot point, I still think it is worth singing high praise to this most venerable of places, where anyone who is anyone has ever sat down for a meal with the inherent capacity to change lives.

There are a few things I would very much like to put on a pedestal in this little but hopefully enlightening piece. These include but are not limited to: the atmosphere and setting, the food quality and the service. The familiarity with this trifecta of aforementioned details is obviously ubiquitous throughout the campus, but again, not enough can be said about the place as a whole.

From the second one walks into the restaurant, one is inundated by a feeling of calm, happiness and familiarity. I am not one hundred percent sure what does it for me, but perhaps it has something to do with the black walls and blue LEDs. Maybe it's the absolutely delightful wallpaper that reminds me

of the wallpaper at my gran's house in Somerset. It has that rustic and antique quality to it that the connoisseurs of great and ancient wallpaper design go nuts for. For me however, what makes the place special is that surreal feeling of being back at boarding school... long communal benches and tables. Nothing says intimacy like enjoying a delicious meal surrounded by strangers. In this manner of new-wave dining, I am able to obtain constructive criticism from randoms about my conversations with a significant other. If I start swearing or mentioning her weight, I can almost always observe a face of disapproval or disgust nearby that helps me give up the subject and steer my conversation to something less obnoxious. Genius.

And speaking of dining, food at daVinci's is clearly the highlight. The restaurant has recently been known to be operating a recession-proof lunch menu from 12 to 2. One is able to choose from a huge variety of international haute cuisine dishes at very affordable prices. Food names like 'chicken chausser' are bound to be a hit. If the names don't do it for you though, the sight of the delicacies placed upon the silver trays will most definitely do. It is rare to see 'noir french fries' in most places, but this restaurant manages to carbon cook them to perfection on almost daily basis. Served with 'radioactive orange' chicken the vibrant colours really are quite spectacular. The manager obviously takes your health into account and insures portions remain smaller than a baby's fist just like all the supermodels love (fact: Imperial breeds supermodels). I felt at all times engaged by this eating experience. I think my favourite part was queuing for the food. It made me feel like part of a secret society of thinkers and intellectuals that do not need anyone to do anything for them. Independent thought is the phrase of the day here; the restaurant constantly reminds us that good things come only through hard work.

The dinner menu is an even more upscale. An absolutely unforgettable evening can easily be had. Everything on the menu is cooked to order. When I say cooked, I mean put in the microwave for thirty seconds, because management is clearly in tune with your time constraints and is fully aware of your busy life. Cooking from scratch would be too detrimental to your schedule. Consistency in serving times is something that all the staff seem to be proud of.

The staff are usually elegant and speak to you in completely unbroken English an astounding 15% of the time. They are clearly happy to serve fellow students and friends in what is not a completely humiliating experience. If you have never been before I have to suggest the famous french traditional 'mixed platter' which includes a myriad of different deep fried foods. It is hard to tell what they are by taste or sight, but I assume this was a deliberate choice by the chef in an attempt to engage the diner with all senses and enjoy an experience that resembles discovering a new country. Each bite is preceded by a little bit of fear, which definitely gets the adrenaline going. With enough care, I make out what seem to be onion rings. They are cooked in 3 week old oil. People around you may be saying that the oil should be brand new, but you know deep down they are uncultured nouveau-riche who do not understand tradition and have no idea what a coat of arms is. They do not understand that just like meat needs to be hung for a few weeks for maximum taste, oil must follow a similar process. They probably also do not enjoy the great feeling this delectable meal leaves in your stomach for the next three days. I for one understand the chef's psyche and know for a fact he wants the restaurant to leave a lasting impression on you. Overall, there is nothing to fault about this place and I must congratulate whoever runs it. I shall return soon but not too soon for I am still overwhelmed. Bravo!



Diners deep in thought... just what the chef ordered...



Subzero cool ball goers in polaroids

Kawai Wong shows a collection of Polaroids featuring kids who don't give a shit about what they do or what they wear.



Come and unlock my chastity belt.



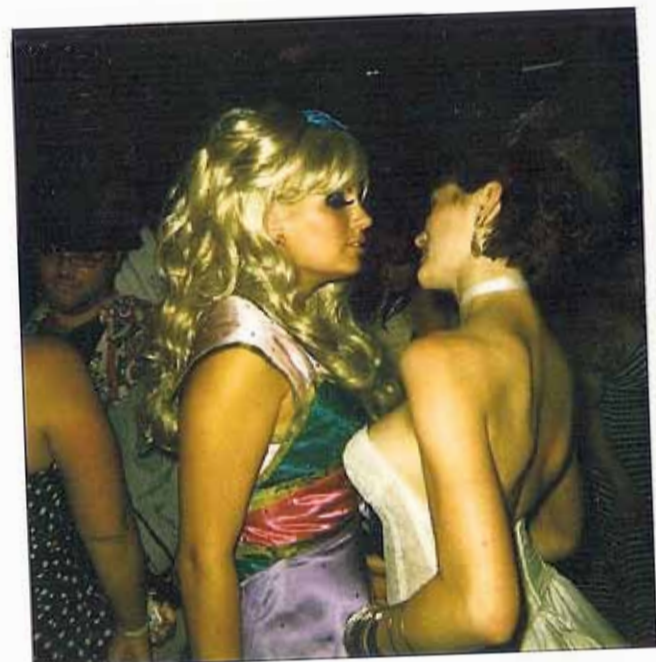
Sons, you need steady hands to make sure no drinks are spilt on your watercolour suit. First order a strawberry milkshake, then a non-alcoholic Bud.



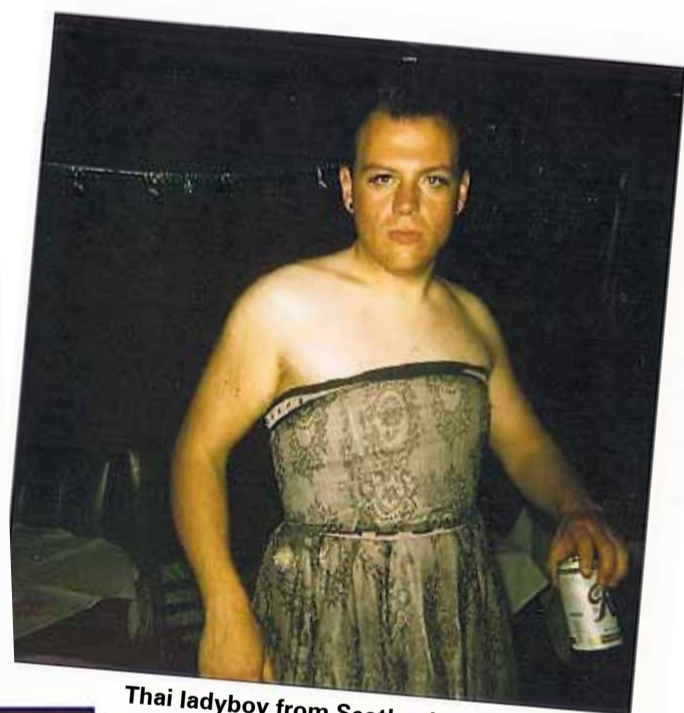
Only her magic glasses can visualise the invisible owner of these hands.



"Close your eyes dude, let's get teleported outta here." "No dude, we're getting photographed. That's never happened before! Giddy giddy."



"Kiss me, bitch." "Actually...I'm only just wondering how can you afford tonnes of tarmac on your eyelids and still keep your eyes open?"



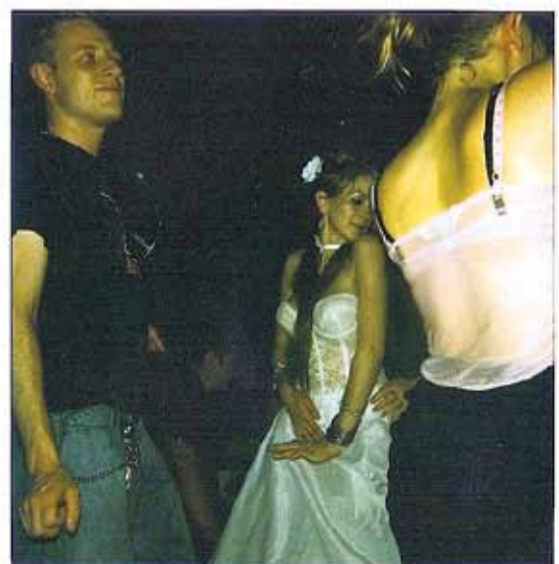
Thai ladyboy from Scotland.



He comes from an era when saying 'Booyakasha' is still considered cool.



I'll tell you what I want, what I really really want. So tell me what you want, what you really really want.



Psychiatric ward summer ball.

We encourage these outfits

If you plan on doing any of the following please write to felix fashion. We will make sure we command our film crew to make a documentary of you and post it on www.ILoveVictoriaBeckham.com. **Gabby Gentilcore** depicts some of the possible situations that may interest us.



Naked Beit

If you plan to confess to your crush the very night, especially when you need to try and convince yourself you don't really care about the outcome, you just want him to know. We want to follow you.

You go through all the troubles of getting ready for your big night. Nice dress, nice make up. Only to have rejection slammed at your face.

Heart-broken, you resort to drinks. Drinks after drinks. "It's his loss!" Layers after layers of your dignity (and clothing) stripped away to prove the point.

Your friends have left you in disgust; you cannot remember a single detail past the first 15 minutes of the evening, and are covered in your own, and many other people's vomit. And maybe something else too.

Have a great night, you make fantastic entertainment.



We look so good

If you believe in two hearts become one, let your styles become one too.



Oranges

If you don't believe in colour crash, match your skin tone to your ball dress, and match your outfit to your other half who completes you too.



I heart Jodie Marsh

If you idolise Jodie Marsh, steal her style. Less is more, ladies, less is more.



Breaking news

If you plan on breaking the news to him, do it at the Summer Ball.

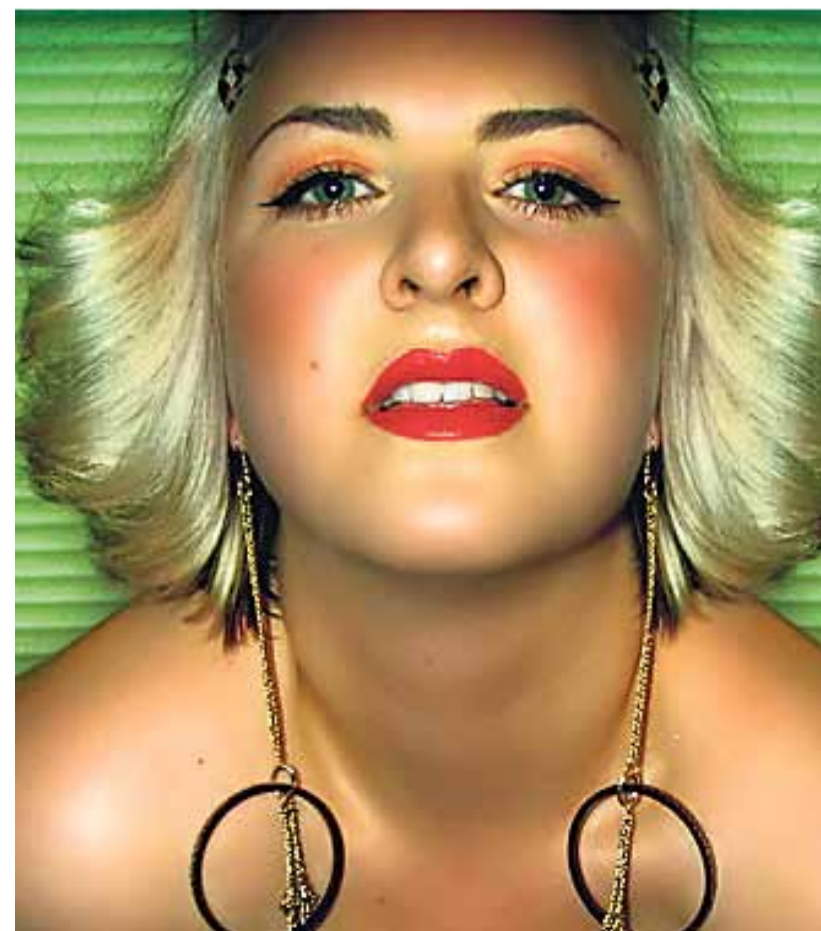


Boundary pusher

So you are a hybrid species of Big Bird and a colour wheel. So yeah, you are quite unique, quite totally special. Yeah.

Summer ball do's and do's

Girls, we ask nothing of you this week in felix fashion. Only these – don't let your brows run wild, don't paint your face baffoon-style. Look confident. Like Merkley???'s models on www.threequestionmarks.com.



FANTASTIC MAN MAGAZINE

The most exciting men's fashion magazine ever. It has a clean and calm layout; stylish and cool content. Be rest assured that *Fantastic Man* is not about the meggings but daily, wearable styles. Apparently Fashion Society will stock the magazine next year and *Vogue Italia* and *French* are also on the agenda. If you prefer spending £6 on food or booze, check out the Fashion Society's booth during Fresher's Week and see how you can get your hands on them.



GRANNY GLASSES

Forget RayBans, forget Kanye West's sillier than ever slitted shades. Swap your Raybans with your nanna, nick her big and embarrassing pair instead. Vintage is not just back, it's everywhere. Stay ahead of fashion and try something different!



HAVAINAS

You know, flip flops are just flips flops. A £10 pair is just the same as a £2 pair OK? They are the same material, same cut, and they look the same. So if you wish to splash out £10 on a pair of plastics instead of putting the money in better use, I can only despise you.



Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

The Oh-bitch-uaries – 2009 Edition

They were so close to completing their terms as Sabbaticals but unfortunately fate intervened and they have all come to sticky ends. Although, they wouldn't have survived long in real world anyway so... meh...



Don't give me those eyes... it won't work! I love my wife!



It's ok, you don't technically have to stay at work after four o'clock



Alright, fine it's not very big, you don't have to go on about it



Don't smile for me Lily, please don't... love you really



Words cannot describe how much I just vomited in my own mouth

Jenny Morgan

Cause of death: Defenestrated (thrown out of a window... foils)

There are days when Jennifer Morgan was in the office. I swear this isn't a joke. I've seen her there twice. Personally. These weren't even rumours. Jenny was quite easily our favourite Sabbatical Officer. Not because she is a pirate, but mostly because she is NOT a ninja. I've hear people try to come up with crazy lies about nun-chucks outside her office. This is blatant libel – the kind that this fine newspaper tends to want to print on a regular basis but the late Jovan Nedick was too much of a girl to ever publish. By the way, Jovan actually misspelt his own name in some of the earlier issues. Jenny did not take this lightly...

Her achievements were manifold, not only did she make the arduous journey to her office twice (see above) she was almost never, ever grumpy. Or disinterested, or blatantly bored and rude to people's faces on important student issues. Hangman is never sarcastic.

It appears, that she was right to avoid the offices. Even though she spent so much of her time, getting along with the other sabbs and staff (Hangman is never sarcastic), they threw pushed asked her politely to go out the window. It was a gorgeous, splattering, sexy mess on the floor. Awww splaff!

Christian Carter

Cause of death: Murdered by girlfriend in his sleep

When you think of Christian Carter, you might remember him as the DPFS candidate that should have been beaten by RON. If you are not hack however, you'll definitely know him from his recurring role as Beaker in the great TV show that was The Muppets. Christian grew up facing vast criticisms and amidst many disconcerting news stories of midget orgies and puppet torture. His rise to fame was stellar, but now but his career at Imperial cemented him as a dying star in a boring galaxy in the middle of a boring part of a boring universe. The perfect demise.

During his Office term, wannabe ponce and Tory Christian came into contact with a succubus by the name of Fiona O'Connell. Every night after bizarre and criminal sex sessions with her, Carter would fall asleep almost immediately. When deep in slumber, Fiona would slowly suck his soul and a little bit of his life with it at the same time. Weeks and weeks of this nightly ritual finally took their toll on a drained Deputy President and he finally succumbed to an untimely death. The Police seems to think Miss O'Connell is on the run. A medium has told Hangman she will win the election to become ICU's new DPFS next year.

Hannah Theodorou

Cause of death: Drowned in a sea of urine

A fact that many people are unaware of is that Hannah was born in the tiny island of Rhodes in Greece. She spent her childhood eating olives and drinking olive oil. Her love for oil based products was never questioned by her peers. As a child, she was never the prettiest kid and as a result fled to Romania where she spent much of her youth working in a soap factory. When breasts started developing in what was a huge project for her, the boys started paying attention to the girl in pigtails. Hannah revelled in this newfound attention and worked as a hostess in a brothel for many years before embarking on a fulfilling career to become a urologist at Imperial College.

Hannah was excited when an invitation was put through the mailbox of her Brixton estate. It was an invitation to an orgy of "urinary" proportions. As she dressed in her "fuck me pumps" so aptly described by Imperial Girl, she had no idea what lay in store for her.

In fact the invitation was from the Sci Fi society. They awaited with full bladders and pounced with gallons of warm flowing goodness. Alright...

As a medic, Hannah wished that she had told them to drink less carbonated beverages... it was a smelly end, sozloz.

Lily Topham

Cause of death: Choked to death, by a silhouetted figure

Topham. It sounds like the Top of the Ham. Get it? It's funny because I did a little pun involving Lily's name. The reason I did this is because there is absolutely nothing to say about Lily. She is known as a complete non-entity.

Ok fine, I'll write something about her.

Lily has been a fine Deputy President of Clubs (cockheads) and Societies (syphilis). Under her boring rule, club discipline has increased to never before seen levels of moral rectitude. The Football Club now almost never trashes pubs in Hammersmith.

Now they spend their days over at Lily's dark basement, putting on plays for her, so that she knows what she puts the rest of Imperial through when she takes the stage, or the director's chair, or the 430 from Putney Bridge. She loves that bus, the bus doesn't love her back, nobody loves her back. Nobody who's ever met her, knows what love is anymore...

She was strangled in her bed, one evening. We have no idea how this happened, we totally did not murder Lily Topham, I promise. If we knew what love was, we'd love her... right...

A post-mortem found marbles in her va-jay-jay (best euphemism ever). We love you Oprah, not you Lily.

Mark Chamberlain

Cause of death: Killed by other Sabbs envious of his high salary

Same old, same old for Mark Chamberlain, the not-so-beloved Medic President. Known to most of his frenemies as Chumberbum, Mark was a great fan of BDSM (Bondage, Domination and Sadomasochism for those not in his circle of perverted sex fiend friends).

Never to be seen in his office, it is likely that he was at the strip club putting fivers in the G-strings of tanned and oiled barely legal boys. His life was one of pure debauchery, that his overly inflated Sabbatical salary provided him with.

Chumberbum's hobbies were diverse and they included purchasing stockings, wearing stockings, purchasing butt plugs, and using butt plugs. These seem to be along the same lines but for a lover of all things dirty, Mark can see much distinction in all of them.

While Mark was performing an act of auto-erotic self asphyxiation one fine day last week, he was surprised by his fellow Sabbatical Officers who tortured him by putting needles in his eyeballs and playing football with his newly severed head. As the old saying goes, "If kinky sex shit doesn't kill you, Imperial College Good-for-Nothing Officers will". Okay fine, I made that one up, but it is completely befitting of the situation.

Felix Editor takes over Union in orange revolution

Allegedly
Hangman Editor

Felix Editor Jovan Nedic (*that's 'The Supreme Leader, His Holiness the Don' to you - Ed*) last night usurped rightfully removed in the name of the people the democratic corrupt structures of the Union and proclaimed himself accepted on behalf of the people the title Supreme Leader, the Don.

According to reports from Hangman's team of field (feeble) reporters, Mr Nedic and a team of supporters, also known as "The Lads" marched on the Union offices as the President and other officers were preparing to go home for the evening at 6pm. The President was given the option of leaving peacefully but apparently refused declaring "FOR THE LAST FUCKING TIME, WE DO NOT NEGOTIATE BLEUGH!"

After this, events turned violent with

the entire Union staff being defenestrated (best word ever, please look it up). Deputy President Christian Carter is reputed to have escaped the nights bloody happenings as he had gone home at 4pm.

Mr Nedic has since cracked down on free expression (*another word and you're dead - Ed*)

Students are said to be ambivalent about the change of leadership with one cynically observing "Still it's better than the N.U.S."

Hangman's Political Analyst Rupert Humbertinkleweather said "After looking at Mr Nedic's manifesto for change on Page 5, it's obvious that he plans to shake things up. It remains to be seen whether he can run the Union any better than he ran felix. Expect to see spelling mistakes in Union emails"

Mr Nedic commented "the future's bright, the future's disturbingly orange"



Editor crushes dissent ahead of final issue



Oh yes! It's the Annual Hangman Awards!

Hottest Fresher; Not Yet At Imperial: Natasha Dragonfli



Best Name Ever; Not Yet At Imperial: Ryota Phillippe Ichinose



Biggest Ponce At Imperial - Portuguese: Jose Videira



Guy On Facebook That I've Never Met: Miles Napier Gianfield



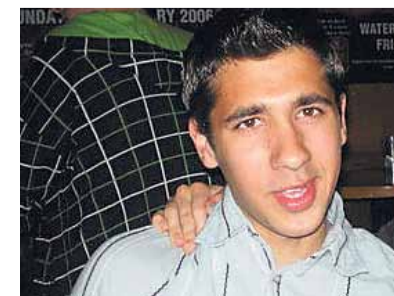
Only person at Imperial that owns traffic lights and has worked as an exterminator called John Mansir: John Mansir



Best Person Currently Alive At Imperial: Jade Hoffman



Funniest Person Currently Alive At Imperial: Adam Gill



Person We All Know But Are Not Sure Why: Arjun Quique Hassard



Best Sunglasses-to-Face Ratio: Kelly Anne Hesketh Oakes



Stop giving receipts in the Library Cafe



Ah receipts, those little paper reminders of how you've wasted your student loan. They are life's little insurance slips, giving you hope that if you really needed the money, you could march into American Apparel, flourish your receipt and demand your statutory rights as a consumer (which would not be affected). That's why of course, your wallet bulges with old receipts for that scene you bought 3 years ago.

More often than not, we don't return our purchases, especially not for food (apart maybe when you buy milk that's off from Tesco's but then still, that Tesco down the road is rather far... just hold your nose...). So then why, in the name of Beelzebub's kid sister, does the Library Cafe insist on giving a receipt for every measly bottle of water!

Is it because they think that we buy our food on some ethereal expenses account and that we'll need proof of our spendings? In any case, it's killing the trees and the lemurs and stuff and nobody wants one. Nobody. Now stop it! Before the year ends, and I go have an awesome summer while you have a shit one, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all the things I've said... to your mum... when I'm slamming her in your bed... Bye!

Do you want to edit Hangman?

You can!

Just send a signed photograph of the Prophet Mohammed (pbuh) to the felix office!

Legend

Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



My Reign is over!

Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

This issue of *felix* is our last. For the year, not ever. Well this means one thing. This is my last Coffee Break section ever! Don't cry dear fans, I am not leaving *felix*, just moving on to do other things. Things like photoshopping random pictures, perhaps doing some news stories and comment. Who knows right now, just pick up an issue next year and have a gander. The big question is who will replace me? Well isn't it obvious? The one and only Charles Murdoch. Throughout the year he has been selectively and secretly trained in the art of procrastination, and now team *felix* believes he is ready. Ready for the big time baby, Oh yeah!

So what have we learned this year? I think we have proven the resurrected FUCWIT league has been a high success, with numerous entries pouring in each week. With a fierce battle between Team Shotgun and Mochten sie mein manschaft? all year, Team Shotgun won by the smallest of margins. Only 5 Points separate the two impressive teams. While Giramondo claims top place in the individual league table. Well done to everyone who participated and let hope the enthusiasm continues to next year.

We also learned that it can be funny to make up lies and rumours about

the current and elected Sabbaticals. Let me take a moment to remind you again, that this was a joke, and give our apologies to all offended parties.

Lastly I would like to comment on the massive success that is the dingbats. Something I thought wouldn't take off, but has proven me wrong. A fun little puzzle to do each week, that makes you think. In fact the idea is ingenious. I personally am liking the new and improved graphical dingbats that can be viewed below.

This year we have also had some fun. There was the great Twitter race, the ethnic top trumps and the "Staff IC students Like" Lets not forget the greatness that was relentless. We also had a Photoshop competition, which provided many amusing moments. In particular the one with the characters from Aquateen Hungerforce come to mind. I have had fun providing entertainment to you readers his year, and will miss the unadulterate fun that is synonymous with the job, but all great things come to an end, only to be started up again next academic season.

I hope you have had a good year, and for those that haven't finished exams, unlucky, but at least there will be some puzzles for you to do. Until next year, where you'll get the answers :)

twitter.com/D00SKI

And the winner is... *clap clap*

FUCWIT League Table

Teams:	
Team Shotgun	520 Points
Möchten sie mein Manschaft?	515 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	60 Points

It's been megatron close at the top of the FUCWIT and I think we can class its return as a success. Each week numerous entries pour in soon after the paper is delivered, so I must thank you all so spending your time to write into us. Despite what we may have said we are all very grateful. Looking forward to next year, we hope to retain the prizes scheme so please more of you get involved- especially in the individual class. However there can only be one winner (well five if you look at it that way!), and whilst **Giramondo** wrapped up the individual win many weeks ago, **Team Shotgun** and **Möchten sie mein Manschaft?** have been exchanging blows all year long. **Team Shotgun** finally triumphing by a meagre five points.

I offer my congratulations to everyone who has entered this year and had their name in the paper. Competition has been extremely stiff you should be proud. **Winners... COLLECT THOSE IPODS!!!!**



Team Shotgun in all their finest. Outright FUCWIT winners 2008-2009



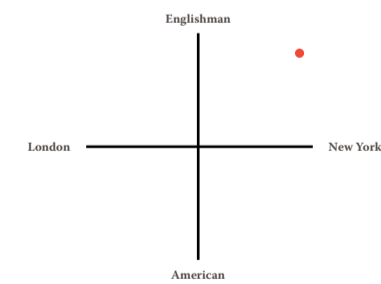
Giramondo- Individual champion

Graphic Dingbats 1,437

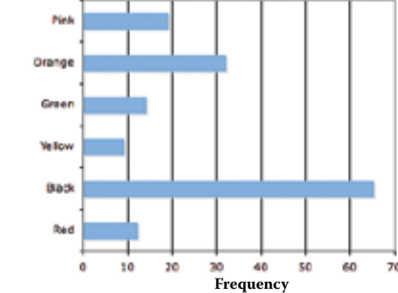
I hope you have enjoyed my graphoc dingbats, and if any of you would like to do the next year, drop us a mail at the usual address. Finally well

done to **Möchten sie mein Manschaft?** who were last week's winners. These are a little more tricky than normal, so think harder. Hokay bai.

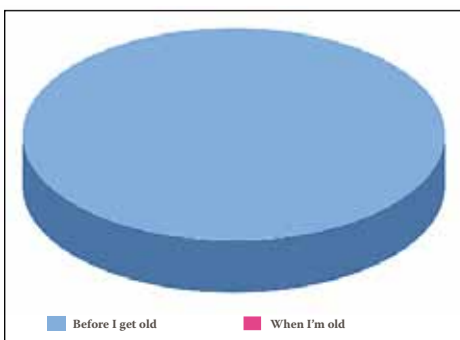
Recent emigration patterns of developed countries



Most likely colour of an electronic return



The hope of Who concerning ages of demise?



- 1,436 Solutions**
- Do they know it's Christmas?- BandAid
 - I want to break free- Queen
 - I am the one and only- Chesney Hawkes
 - The best- Tina Turner

Wordoku 1,437

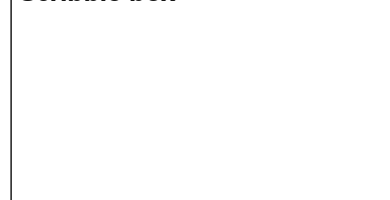
						M		
	M	R			C	S	I	
	C		Y	E	M		R	
		T	I				H	C
R	I				H	M		
T			C	Y	E		M	
Y	S		R			C	I	
C								

1,436 Solution

I						6
G	R			R		
T				I	N	
		G	N	L		R
I	G			E	S	
R			E	S		
S	P					T
E		S		N	R	
						S

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.

Scribble box



Ok. Really sorry. I have no idea how I managed to cock up last week's wordoku quite so badly, but meah, shit happens. For those of you who are a little lost, to create a wordoku you must think of a nine letter word with no repetitions. My choice of word, RENTGIRLS clearly had two R's in it. Fail. To make things even better I also chucked a random 6 into the mixer. Hummm. I blame it on post exam stress... or thinking about it Mr Gin and Mr Tonic. Anyhoo I must say I am uber impressed with **Möchten sie mein Manschaft?** who despite my numerous fails did get a correct answer in. They were the only ones to do so mind you!

sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

This week's Cat Phone:



07849 190 043

**DON'T TEXT US!
OR WE WON'T
FEED THE CAT!
THE TIME FOR
TEXTING IS
OVER.**

The usual plus some of the best ones this year:

"Where the fuck did that tree on the queen's lawn come from? Has it always been there? Really?"

"Will the union ever introduce a no fair weather drinker policy. I'm fucking tired of having to sidestep passed out lightweights and dodge piles of vomit."

"Is this the gay exchange dating service? I'm a tall, dark athletically built part time model looking for fun, or maybe more. K x. 07912874817"

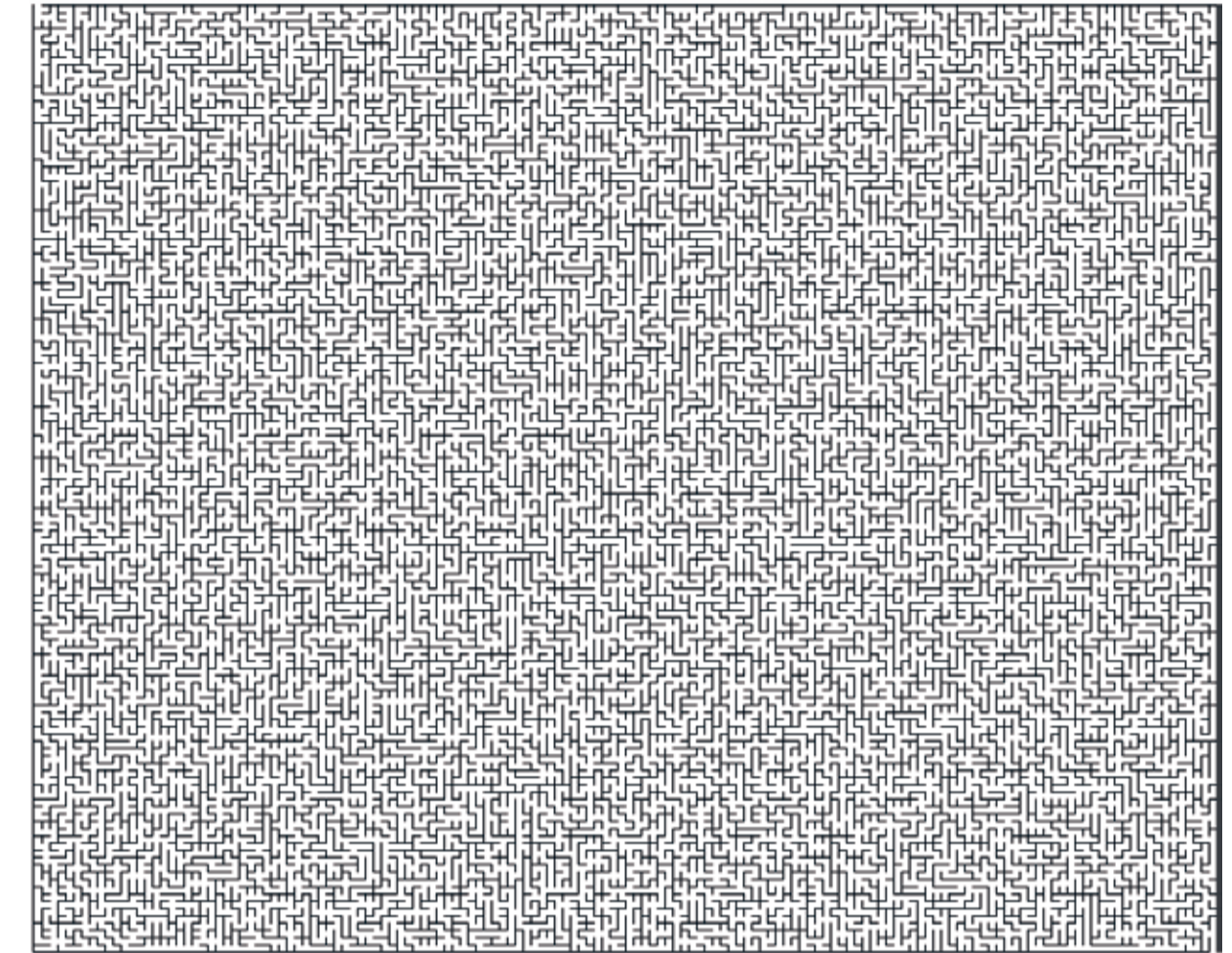
"James Petit, Team Captain of the year. You must be fuckin jokin. From James Petit!"

"I can't wait for the summer ball, it's gonna be proper BO! Mcpherson Fabric Live and Pendulum (DJ Set) are playing. Good Times!"

"If you're not going to the Summer Ball, party round mine, 40p entry and for an extra 35p you get a cheese sarmie. I haven't got dodgems, but we'll have scalextrix. I'll download Pendulum and stick a Mighty Boosh DVD on, it'll be better than the real thing"

A final truly Mentalist Maze...

As promised a more mental maze. Last week's winners were **Team Shotgun**. A big thank you for participating this year.



Horoscopes, all your trials for the forthcoming week

He made a grown man cry, but fear not- Horoscopes have been started up again. Can they compete?

Aquarius

The stars are aligned in a way that looks positive for you. I feel that its only days before you realise that your dreams are withing your grasp. The moondund will sprinkle down upon you and aid you in your moment of reflection. Do not be too hasty though- the alignment of the stars are not to be rushed.

Taurus

Lightening crashes about you. All hope looks like it is lost, but you must rely on love to bring you though. Confusion may set in, but close the door do not let the evil diffuse into your thoughts. You'll find that the angles will open your eyes and the confusion will be banished. Let the warm radiance of love settle you. You will feel it, you will feel it.

Leo

This week will bring prosperity and easy, simple mornings. This will all culminate into a Sunday morning that will make you realise that you are currently in the prime of your life. You are young, happy, worry free and clever. Go on, push yourself this Sunday morning- don't take it easy, who knows what to exactly to expect, but expect great things.

Scorpio

It's the end of term and you are looking forward to the country roads that take you home. Life is a year older, possibly older than the trees that have grown now leaves. Take a few minutes to stand at your window with you hair blowing in the breeze and watch your mother arrive to take you home, she'll take you home down those country roads.

Pisces

Look at your life, things it has been a bad year and this week will not get better until you light up. It's now of never- you ain't going to live forever. You have to initiate it yourself- as if you have a choice. I can hardly stress enough how much you need to raise your voice and say "I am and I am a person. I am going to fight for my right. My right to luck."

Gemini

This week you finish another year and want to plan a party. The warden says no, so you must use your negotiation skill to persuade him. Do not fight for your right to party. If you fight you will learn nothing your mind is your best tool- use it to its full capacity. In the future weeks you will look back with pride.

Virgo

By finishing your exams you reach total boredom. Do not despair and take your anger out on your dearest. You have nowhere to run, and nowhere to go. So do something with your life, try train spotting. If you don't the devil which has been put aside until this point may be released to drastic consequences. Take care in what you do, love is strong.

Sagittarius

Hello out there all Sagittariusites. You may have been born down in a dead mans town, with the first kick being taken as you hit the ground, but you've done it. You have completed you first year at uni, soon someone will put a rifle in your hands, send you off to foreign land to kill the yellow man. We bid you a fond farewell, please come to see us as soon as you can son.

Aries

Sometimes you dream that seems that there is nothing there at all, you just feel older than yesterday and live waiting for tomorrow to come. Looking out the curtain one thing is for certain- you are cosy in your room... You can't stay cooped up there forever- venture out onto the sun, chase the hoofbeats of love.

Cancer

You are a warrior. You run, run, runaway, it was only your heart that you let down. Shoot down the walls of heartache, get back out there into the game of life. Like a special man take another bite- who's the hunter? Who's the game? This time you are both, if you survive you will be the most prestigious warrior that has ever lived. Grab it with both hands.

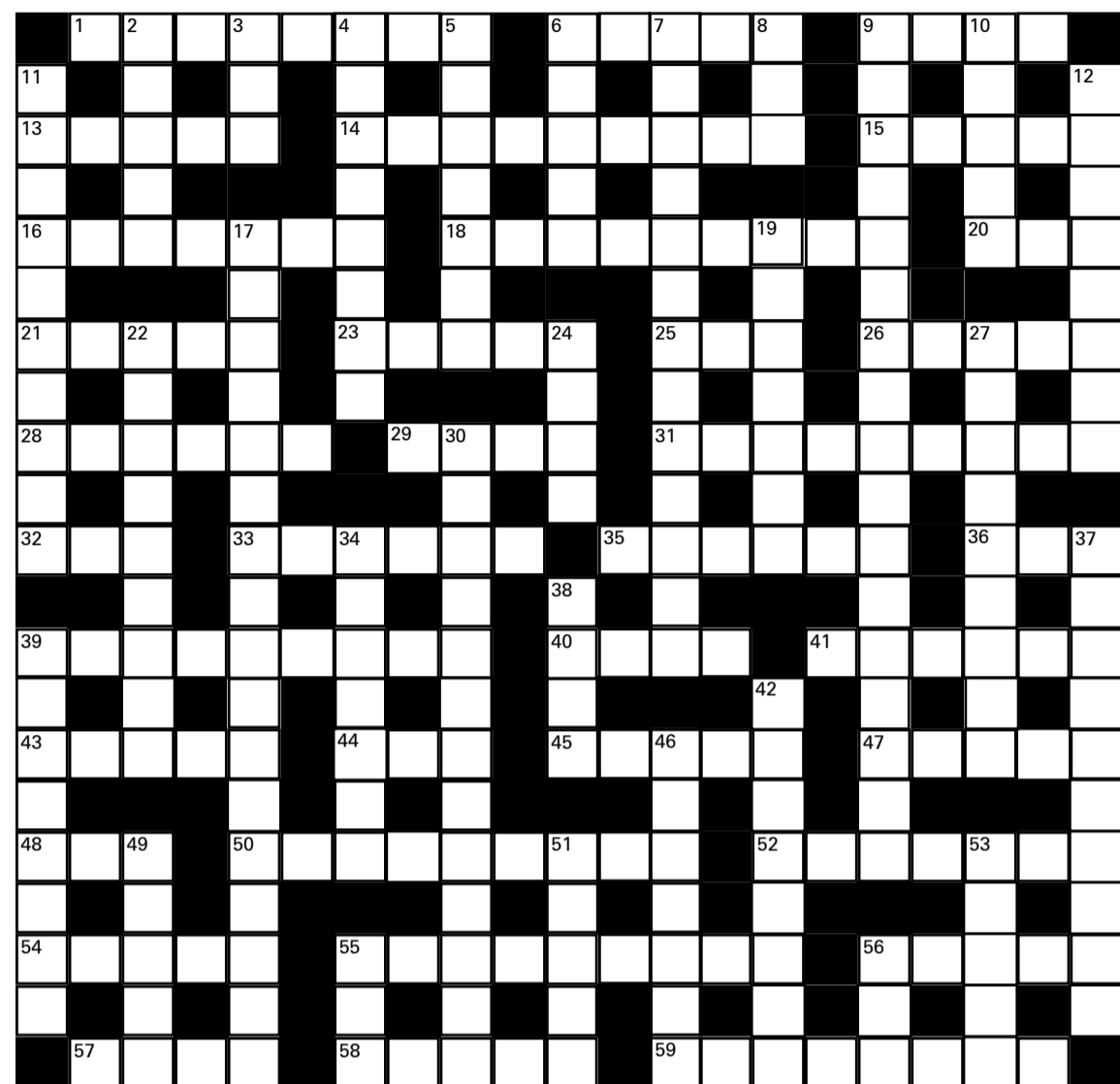
Libra

She wants you in her room. He wants you in his room. What more can you want. Boom boom boom, all you want is each other to spend the night together, from now until forever. Tog get this, step out of character- go crazy, do something unbecoming of you. Its all she needs to prove to her that you are what she wants. You want her, she wants you... go to Ibiza.

Capricorn

Looking in her eyes you see a paradise, this world that you found is too good to be true. Put your arms around her, and don't ever let go. Put your hands in her hand, don't ever look back. Even if the world begins to fall down around you, forget it. You can build this thing together. Nothing will stop you now. You were made for each other and the love you spawn is beautiful. Pint?

A MEGA Quickie (Crossword) 1,437



ACROSS

- 1 Mexican resort (where one goes loco) (8)
- 6/15 1 m^3 (5,5)
- 9 To phone - a circle - the "bumhole" (4)
- 13 Mediterranean oliveoil/garlic emulsion (5)
- 14 The devil (9)
- 15 See 6
- 16 "No entry!" (4,3)
- 18 Natural environmental community (9)
- 20 Yes (archaic) (3)
- 21 Small and dainty (French) (5)
- 23 Corroded - weakened by neglect (5)
- 25 Compact submachine gun (3)
- 26 Oven-baked meat joint - Post-match premier league wind down? (5)
- 28 20s felt hat with narrow brim (6)
- 29 Leave out (4)
- 31 Made less rural - Inbred, USA? (anag.) (9)
- 32 Albanian unit of currency - Elk (anag.) (3)
- 33 Give up - go to bed - stop work (6)
- 35 A systematic plan - to plot (6)
- 36 "What?" (informal exclam.) (3)
- 39 Deep-water, long bodied, carnivorous fish (6,3)
- 40 The garden from which we all fell (4)
- 41 Romeo's GF (6)
- 43 Visuals - antiquated media format (5)
- 44 Charged particle (3)
- 45 Popular Texan equestrian event (5)
- 47 12 (5)
- 48 Acid (1,1,1)
- 50 Virginal - never having been walked on (9)
- 52 Where Gods go to die (7)
- 54 Exonerating explanation (5)
- 55 Waterproofed canvas - Atrial pun? (anag.) (9)
- 56 Jesus' least favourite mate (5)

DOWN

- 2 Exact copy (5)
- 3 Greek letter (3)
- 4 Large, tasty crustaceans (8)
- 5 GCSEs that your parents took (1,6)
- 6 Peruvian city (5)
- 7 "...and so, there you have it!" - Bouncy roubles (anag.) (4,4,5)
- 8 Baby bear - Beaver > Scout intermediate (3)
- 9 11th November (11,6)
- 10 Toilet (slang) (5)
- 11 Marx's magnum opus (3,7)
- 12 Left - Predated (anag.) (8)
- 17 1917 Russian uprising (7,10)
- 19 Sewer's thumb-guard (7)
- 22 Changed consistency (by adding cornflour?) (9)
- 24 Abominable snowman (4)
- 27 Polish Nazi concentration camp (9)
- 30 Iconic blonde actress - Moan merrily on! (anag.) (7,6)
- 34 Author of "The Waste Land" - Toilets (anag.) (1,1,5)
- 37 Intermittently successful (3-3-4)
- 38/51 Idiom used by Adrian Mole, but probably not by Samuel Pepys. (4,5)
- 39 A non-military type (8) 42 With great sobriety, gravitas, and weight (8)
- 46 Large, noisy, incestuous Emmerdale clan (7)
- 49 Remove frost (2-3)
- 51 See 38
- 53 South Asian country (5)
- 55 Involuntary twitch (3)
- 56 ___ lot - ___ centre - Part-time ___ - Blow ___ (3)

Solution 1,436



Right then, thought we'd end the year with a megatron crossword to let you pass the time instead of... well we're not sure really. Oh wait, Biology and Biochemistry still have exams don't they! Unlucky... Anyway this one is for you guys.

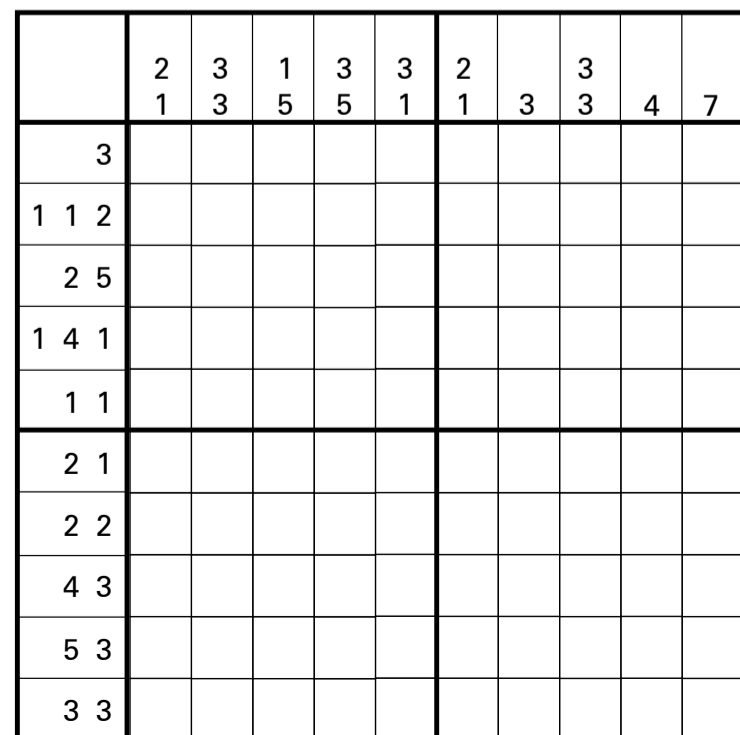
Massive thanks to Peter Logg for doing the quick crosswords, they've been very entertaining. See you all next year, well, possibly...

Crossword by Peter Logg

Scribble box

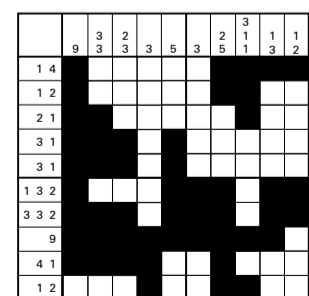


Nonogram 1,437



Team Shotgun won last weeks solution. Yay, everyone cheer... Anyway, this is the last one from me, hope you enjoyed them, if not, I really don't care. Have fun guys and I'll see you at the Summer Ball!

1,436 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.

Going Underground

I know we said we weren't going to do one this week, and we haven't broken our promise... we've done two instead! How fun these must be, and how sad that some people have actually made a program to work out the solution. Really cool guys, really cool...

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

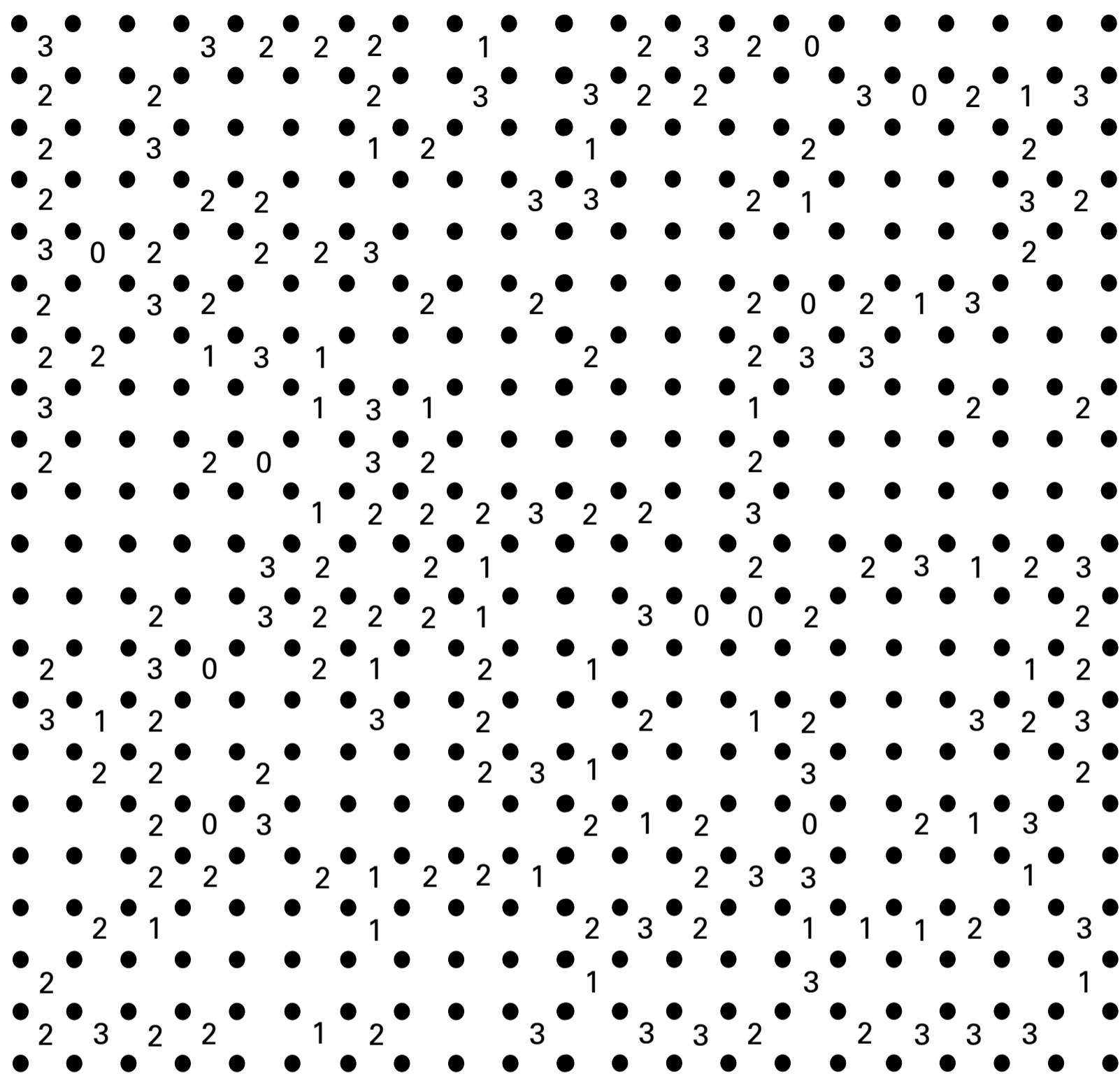
BANK = 28 2+1+14+11=28. Job done.

So which London tube station sums to 162 and 130?

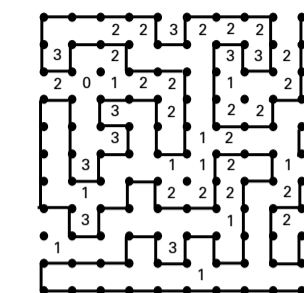
— — — — — = 162

— — — — — = 130

A MEGA Slitherlink 1,437



1,436 Solution



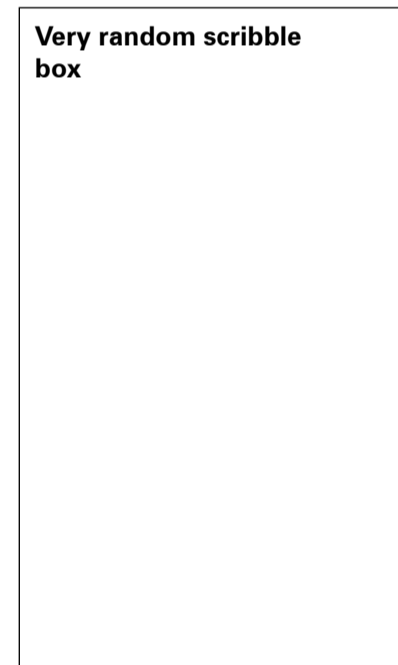
As promised, one absolutely massive slitherlink. We've checked it a few times and there shouldn't be any mistakes... hopefully

See you all next year

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.

Very random scribble box



Epic photoshop

Basically, we were quite proud of this fake £50 note that we made for the front cover of Issue 1,435 that we decided to print it again and show you the whole thing!

It took my Photoshop team (Ravi, Tomo and Somerville) several hours to get this final product, which I am sure we can all agree is pretty awesome! It depicts the Rector, Sir Roy Anderson, on the right hand side of the note which we used to show that the idea of privatising Imperial College is nothing more than a money making scheme. Sir Roy did, however, send an email to all the staff explaining what he actually meant by privatising.

Anyway, back to the awesome note. We would like to point out that this is not legal tender, you can not exchange it for drinks from the Union bar, however, if you do, then please let us know as we would love to find out who was stupid enough to take it.

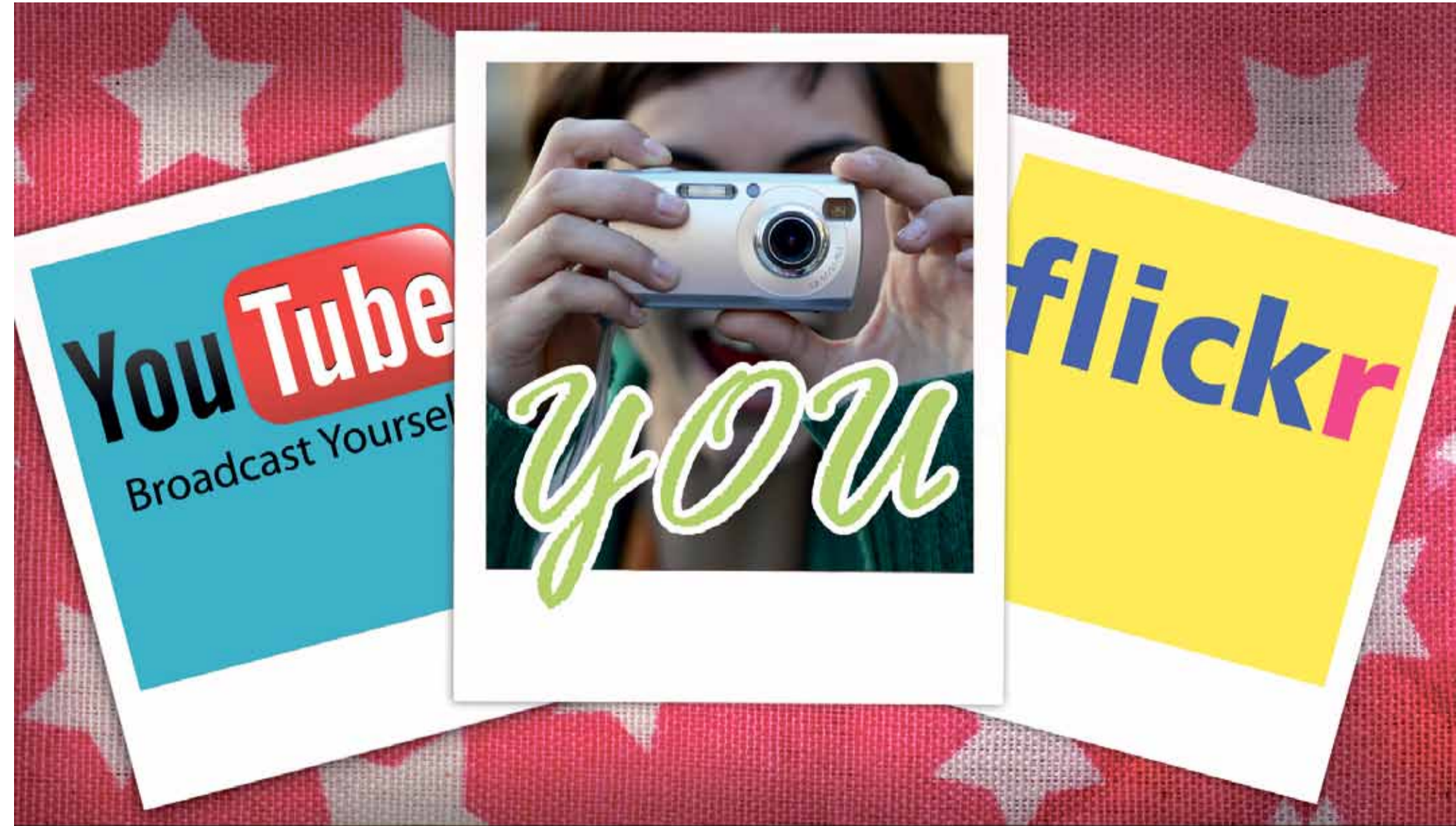


Imperial College Union could not operate without its Student Officers.

We would like to say a massive thank you to everyone who has contributed their time and effort over the past year.

It is really appreciated.

imperialcollegeunion.org



Add your student photos and videos to Flickr and YouTube and tag them **IMP150** - they might be selected for the College website! http://www3.imperial.ac.uk/campus_life/contribute

have enjoyed writing these pages. Do you think it is fun sitting here submitting pages to a paper which was meant to be sent off 2 hours and twenty six minutes ago?

We would finally like to send a big thank you to our commander in chief Jovan Nedić for his patience over the last 9 months. We have managed to submit our pages on time a grand total of one and half times. The half being when Jov completed 75% of our work.

On to more serious news, as Jack is leaving this year, we are looking for an editor to join the team next year. Due to the relative lack of articles about sport from the medical schools we would like to welcome a medical student to the team to offer more balance to these pages next year. If you are interested please send an email to sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk and we will take it from there.

Before we leave you, the guys at Sport Imperial are shelling out a figure in the tens of thousands of pounds for another rowing boat as the said club's boats sank due to a overloading of BUCS points.



Wushu was one of the activities held during last Sunday's Workshop



Points or life? ICBC chose the former

Continued from back page

session. The wushu club introduced the kung fu style of drunken boxing. Under the superb tutoring of the wushu instructor we learned a routine of movements: pretending to be drunk, stumbling around and falling flat on our faces while actually throwing punches and applying joint locks disguised as taking another drink.

Now already bruised and slightly exhausted but at the same time very excited and happy we tapped our last energy resources for Thai kickboxing, the final session of the day. The Thai kickboxing club spared no effort and moved an immense amount of equipment down from Paddington where they normally practice. They provided boxing gloves and shin pads for everyone as well as pads for demonstrations. The next hour was spent practicing the characteristic Thai

kickboxing techniques: kicks with shins and knees to the upper body and to the legs, and the close combat fight called clinching. By this time all clubs were fully mingled. Everybody was exchanging ideas and tips, and discovering or applying techniques from their own sport in the other disciplines.

Completely exhausted, bruised and blistered but with huge smiles on our faces we left Ethos at 5pm for the Union bar where we spent the evening re-hydrating, relaxing and discussing our impressions of the day. The event has clearly shown how much the martial arts at Imperial have in common - in their techniques as well as in spirit. The workshop day has brought our clubs closer together and it will certainly be followed up by similar events in the near future. Next time with even more different martial arts, sweat, food and fun!

Imperial in the spotlight owing to transfer speculation

James Skeen
ICU Half-Colours Recipient & Part-time Correspondent

Michael Owen has been linked to a high profile switch to Imperial College Football Club in a move which could see the recently out of favour humanities department moving north to Tyneside.

The former England and Newcastle striker was released following the expiry of his contract in May 2009 and has struggled to find interest from suitable premierships clubs as a result of his injury littered past and £50,000 per week asking price. However if reports are to be believed, Newcastle have agreed to fund a proportion of the players wage in exchange for the former Imperial humanities department moving to St. James's Park.

Caretaker manager Alan Shearer has expressed his interest in installing a degree of culture amongst his squad. Current players have also shown support for the swap with Joey Barton excited about increasing his already encyclopaedic knowledge on the History

of Modern Art, and Shola Ameobi realising a life-long dream of studying the Roman Empire.

Imperial College Football Club Captain James Skeen was unavailable for comment but sources close to the matter believe Michael Owen could be the perfect solution to ICUAFC 5th XI goal drought and if he can maintain his fitness levels, could move higher in the future.

The club are believed to have received one of the exclusive 30 page dossiers released by Michael Owen's management, detailing the highlights of the player's career.

Michael Owen said: "Well, in an ideal world I want to succeed here play as much as I can and score many goals."

Negotiations are in their early stages but both parties are interested in resolving the matter as soon as possible.

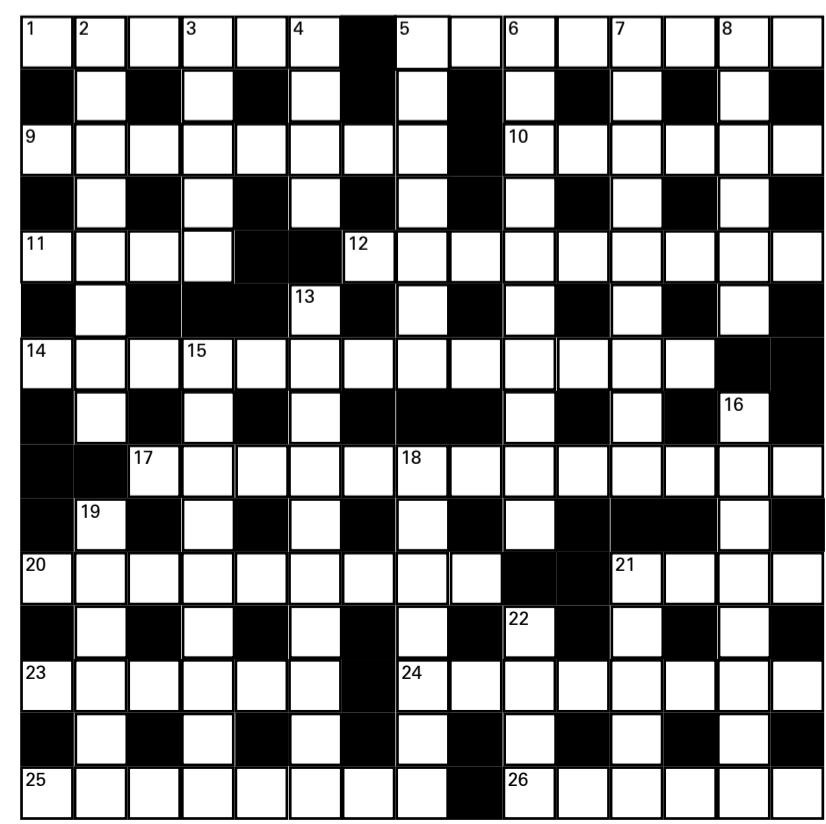
The last time a sports club was linked with someone in the media eye was in January of this year when pop artist Craig David approached the Imperial archery team with the proposition of becoming their bow selector.



Hopefully he can resurrect his England career in media other than Fifa 06

Crossword No. 1,437

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



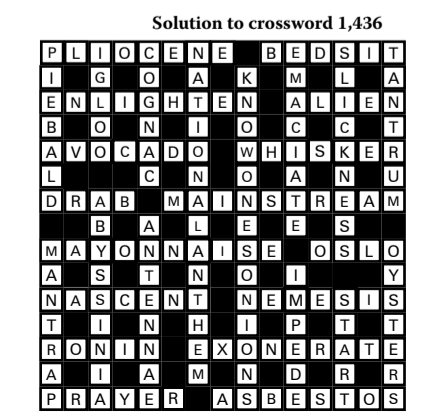
- ACROSS
- 1 A survey finds love for deity (6)
 - 5 Some of caribou ill? One must make a broth (8)
 - 9 A bloke, the first character, returned holding article, something detested (8)
 - 10 Second American city spun by government charge for orderly arrangement (6)
 - 11 Ignition cord has loud function (4)
 - 12 Enjoy oneself - eunuchs don't (4,1,4)
 - 14 We're all going on one crippled mule, sod my hair (6,7)
 - 17 Imperial academic to steal from the Queen before putting close relative in front of rock, almost (6,7)
 - 20 Game left untrustworthy person surrounded by offers (9)
 - 21 Virus reportedly travelled through the air (4)
 - 23 Ploy involves a small part after endless sport (6)
 - 24 See past, or see too much? (8)
 - 25 Revenue obtained from making small adjustment to item of jewellery (8)
 - 26 Detox arranged to incorporate university formalwear (6)

- DOWN
- 2 Writer with wheat variety changing hands - it swings both ways (8)
 - 3 Illuminated, he is supple (5)
 - 4 Sign seen by zero humans (4)
 - 5 Swagger shown at Catalan party? (7)
 - 6 Ambiguous if nice cups broken (10)
 - 7 Yearn for flying creatures with round vessels (9)
 - 8 Novice enters competition in support of love adviser (6)
 - 13 Infertile female makes plea to release civil rights campaigner (10)
 - 15 Goodness! Round elf, after minor operation, has oxygen-carrying pigment (9)
 - 16 Predicted elderly to be buried under wood, almost (8)
 - 18 Edward propped up by debts, going on a bit (7)
 - 19 Agency captures rascal, one that lives mainly underground in the tropics (6)
 - 21 There's iron on 59 of these pages (5)
 - 22 Doctor has a point - it allows movement of air (4)

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

Well we hope that you enjoyed the cryptic crosswords this year. They will be back next year and they will still count for double points in the FUCWIT League, so get practising over the summer and who knows, you might become so good at it that you could set a cryptic crossword of your own.

Crossword by: **Sam Wong**





Martial Arts Socs Host Workshop

Daniel Wagner

There're over a dozen different martial arts clubs at Imperial. Their names span the alphabet from aikido to wushu, and their geographical origins range from South America to Far East Asia. On Sunday they all got together for an afternoon of practice sessions at Ethos. Four clubs ran a one-hour workshop each, to introduce the others to their martial art.

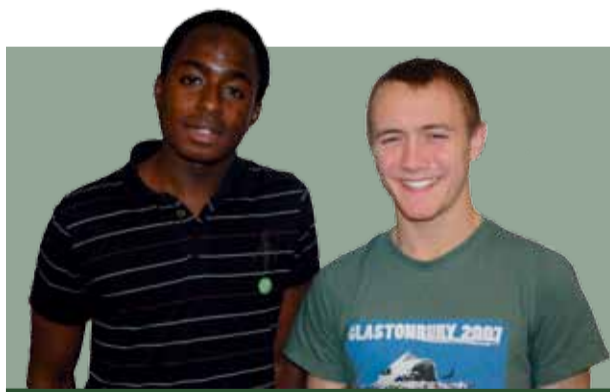
The day literally kicked off with taekwon do, one of the few martial arts played at the Olympics. The taekwon do club led the warm-up and stretching as well as the first session. The club set a high pace and really pushed us hard. Very soon all 30 participants were dripping with sweat while throwing kicks and punches at the pads offered by the instructors. Under their supervision and encouragement we progressed quickly to more and more advanced techniques until

we were finally let loose on each other for a gentle round of sparring.

The second session introduced kendo, a sport derived from the ancient Japanese swordsmanship. As kendo players use bamboo swords and wear full body armor this session was in interesting contrast to the previous unarmed discipline. Starting from basic foot work, we soon were given our own bamboo sword to practice the typical kendo posture, the striking distance and of course the loud Japanese battle cry. After extensively yelling at each other while maintaining the correct attacking distance, the session was concluded by two fully armored kendo players who demonstrated some of their skills.

With sore throat and aching muscles everybody quickly grabbed homemade muffins and lots of water before heading straight into the third

Continued on page 31



Satirical End of Year Review

Jack Cornish & Mustapher Botchway
Sports Editors

Continuing in a Telegraph-esque fashion with the farce that is the ACC Colours ceremony, *felix* sport have been inundated with letters supporting our stance. One certain club member has commented on another club member who happened to receive colours, chiming "Back then, I used to think s/he was fit, then I thought s/he was OK, but now I think s/he is well rank and fucking annoying." Moving on, another letter we received commented on Samuel Furse. Summing up "... he's a fraud, he's friends with someone called Tarquin and he doesn't need any more money from the union to play polo with Nes-

tor Kirchner and family."

His crony Joseph Lees received similar abuse: "How can you give the basketball team two grand extra when you have attracted less and less students, year-on-year for the past few years. What are you, dyslexic?"

Sport Imperial might have informed us that to celebrate the achievements of both the Netball and Rugby Women's 1sts, they have organised along with BUCS, trials for the England Universities squads in their respective sports.

You heard it here first ladies.

Like French, Spanish, Italian and Japanese level 1 language classes, the union have finally taken heed and now hold the view that the Royal School of

Mines sports teams are utterly useless and should either be offloaded to the equally useless Royal Veterinary College or subsumed amongst the college teams, if they can get into the lowest teams that is.

Similar in manner to David Charles' self-awarding of an RCSU fellowship, I would like to congratulate myself on an outstanding year as sports editor. My input on the ACC scandal was not only informative but relevant and balanced in approach and delivery. I have never failed to turn up on time and I have often contributed to other sections of the paper when other editors are too spaced/stressed out to deal with the workings of the well-oiled machine

that is *felix*.

My colleague Mustapher Botchway is nothing but a bone idle imbecile who fraudulently claimed incapacity benefit during the period of his injured hand. On several occasions I managed to see him necking pints of water in the union on most nights during this term. I hope I never breed a bunch of skiving students in my career as a teacher as I have seen in my colleague.

Saying that, both of us would like to thank the six of you that read our pages week-in-week-out over the past year. We *really* don't hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as much as we

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Netballer doing what IC cant. Scoring