



felix

The award-winning student newspaper of Imperial College

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year

Issue 1,439

felixonline.co.uk

09.10.09

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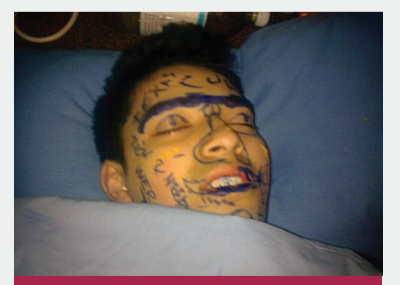
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Fresher mugged

Student attacked after leaving The Mingle. See page 3



Freshers' Fair soggy yet again



Photos by Tom Roberts

Felix, ICRadio and Live! nominated for national awards

Sina Ataherian & Rich Waldie
News Reporters

This newspaper is once again proud to announce another nomination for the most prestigious student media award in the country. As Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year in 2006 and 2008, *felix* is now aiming for a hat-trick in 2009.

City & Guilds College Union-run news website Live! has once again been nominated for Website of the Year.

On Wednesday IC Radio also picked up its first nominations for the annual Student Radio Association (SRA) awards since 2006. Student radio types from all across the south came together in a basement at Westminster Uni to find out if they had been lucky enough to get one of the 6 places on the shortlists for 13 categories.

felix is nominated on the back of 2008's triumphant victory as Student Newspaper of the Year. Last year's Editor-in-Chief Jovan Nedic is said to be pleasantly surprised with the nomination.

Live! were winners of Website of the Year two years ago under the editorship of now Union President, Ashley Brown.

The NUS started an annual student journalism competition in 1947. From 1978, the Guardian has been involved and since 1999 the newspaper has been running its own separate Awards. The Awards are today the most highly prized by the UK's university newspaper writers. The nomination brings substantial kudos to *felix*, improving its ability to provide first-rate news coverage even further. Sky News and NME magazine are now also involved in the Awards, making it a major event

in the peer-recognition calendar.

Congratulations also go to Dylan Lowe, who has been nominated for Travel Writer of the Year. The number of awards for individual sections of the paper has steadily grown over the years and there are now thirteen different categories. Dylan is the latest in a long and growing list of *felix* writers whose work has been recognised at a national level by the Guardian. These included two Overall Journalists of the Year over the past three years including 2007-08 Editor-in-Chief Tom Roberts.

IC Radio saw off competition from about 500 entries from over 30 stations to pick up SRA nominations for Best Male, for Roushan Alam, Best Entertainment Show for The Roushan Alam Show and Best Interview for one done with Derren Brown. Done by, surprise surprise, Roushan Alam.

It has been suggested that the three

nominations sets a precedent at the SRA Awards. But in any case, 3 nominations is certainly mighty impressive and ICRadio have expressed their extreme pride at the nominations.

The man himself could be seen in a state somewhere between 'over the moon' and 'I just won the lottery' towards the end of the night and will be no doubt hoping to receive some of the honours in at least one of the categories when the winners are announced on the 5th of November.

IC Radio will putting on its glad rags and hoping to pick up its first award since 2002 at the glamorous/drunken ceremony which takes place at London's swanky IndigO2. Live! and *felix* will find out what the judge's final decisions are on the 25th of November.

Well done to all who have worked hard to get this recognition of Imperial College's excellence in student media.



Channel four is clearly committed to using only the most respectable sources

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60.10.60

LOLCATZ



OF THE WEEK

Eastside is back: bigger and better

Just over two years under construction, Eastside finally re-opens. Editor-in-Chief Dan Wan reports

Two years after the demolition of Linstead Hall, the new Halls of Residences have finally opened in its place. With the Southside Halls completed two years ago, the Eastside development now completes Imperial's Princes' Gardens restoration project.

Last Saturday saw Eastside's Wilkinson, Gabor and Linstead Halls receive their first intake of Freshers for the new year. Eastside Bar and Essentials shop, the two outlets available to students on the ground floor, also began the academic year in full swing having opened a week previously.

Though the design mirrors the Southside complex, there have been several major alterations to the living spaces.

The new intake can count themselves extremely lucky to be living in such pristine and luxurious accommodation, and both students and parents were impressed alike. Prince's Gardens this week is in stark contrast to pre-2005 before the project to transform what College has dubbed the Prince's Gardens 'residential village'.

The felix team inspected out the new halls last weekend as the Freshers moved into their new homes.

Each Hall houses around 150 students, whom are mostly living in single occupancy rooms. The students are accommodated throughout nine floors, with Ground and Basement floors now living spaces.

However, the most evident design change from Southside are the kitchens on each floor. On a tour given by User Co-ordinator of the Eastside project Paddy Jackman, it was explained feedback surveys from Southside residents were used to determine areas of design alteration for the new project. Students

that lived in Southside had brought up the issue of using their communal kitchens, typically shared between 16-24 people, on their own. They felt the kitchens were unwelcoming and cold when cooking and eating alone. The Southside Halls have been previously criticised by residents for being "unhomely" and "too clinical".

In response to this negative feedback, Jackman explained the implementation of a double-kitchen feature for the larger floors in the three Eastside Halls. Kitchens have been scaled down from the typical Southside dimensions very slightly, but still retain several communal eating and preparation areas. However, a secondary smaller kitchenette now lies around the corner from the large one. This secondary kitchenette has been designed to mimic a typical home kitchen in size and utility. To further counteract the clinical feel in Southside, countertops are a faux-granite pattern instead of stainless steel.

Alongside two differently-sized widescreen televisions, the double-kitchens feature shared cupboards, fridges and freezers; they have no designated compartments installed. Hall Senior Carlotta Ridolfi is already seeing the benefits of these alterations.

"The kitchens are lot more communal which promote an element of trust and sharing amongst us. We're learning to live with each other with a lot more respect for other people's things. It can only help the first years once they move out to real houses," she said. "The place has generally a more friendly environment compared to Southside."

Room sizes have also been better regulated throughout the design stages of the Eastside construction. Southside suffered from an inequality of room



From shop shelf to home oven: Essentials convenience store (left) and a first floor 'kitchenette' in Wilkinson Hall

sizes when it first opened two years ago, despite all residents paying rent from a corresponding single price-band. Single occupancy rooms have been clearly categorised into three bands: standard, premium and deluxe. Premium and deluxe rooms have extra space compared to standard, and are fitting with a larger bed and armchair.

Despite these luxuries, there has been debate from several Union officials regarding the pricing of the new price-bands for rooms in Eastside. Standard rooms fall into price-band "E", the second most expensive band in this year's rent pricing system, and will cost students £176.47 per week. Premium rooms will set back residents £188.65, and deluxe rooms £219.59. The few double rooms within the three

halls are priced at £130.83. Deputy President (Welfare) John James stated that he was pleased with Eastside and its rental rates.

"Eastside isn't cheap but it is good value. The rooms are luxurious, there's ample social space and the facilities on the door step are superb. Eastside is second to none and that is reflected in the price, although efforts such as a creating a relatively high percentage of twin rooms have been made to keep prices down."

The Eastside complex features a new bar and convenience shop; both are available to students, staff and the public. The new bar, cleverly named 'Eastside', has been open for a week prior to the Freshers' arrival. College staff were invited for a welcome party and lunch-

time promotions took place throughout the week. The bar-cum-restaurant replaces Harringtons, Southside's original bar, which closed down when the original Southside complex was demolished in 2005.

Eastside bar serves drinks at prices slightly dearer than the Union's Da Vinci's bar. A pint of Fosters' lager costs £2.50 compared to the Union's cheap-as-chips £2.00. Reception has been so far positive.

The convenience store has been generically dubbed 'Essentials', and offers students a wide range of alcohol, and a slimmer range of vegetables and food. The delivery of stock on moving-in day largely contained the popular brand of instant mashed potato, Smash, and several varieties of vodka.

Fresher mugged on her very first day at Imperial

Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief

A new student to Imperial College has been mugged after Saturday's Mingle, in an event that left the victim with injuries.

The student, unnamed, was walking back to her halls at around 2AM with a friend from the year's opening event at the Union. The pair were approached on Prince Consort Road by three men asking for a spare cigarette. The situation escalated by the Royal Albert Mansions.

The female victim was left with a suspected broken arm after she got caught up in a fight between her male friend and the three muggers. The male victim has been said to be quite badly bruised. As the scuffle broke out, a handbag containing several expensive personal items were taken. All the victim's cards and Blackberry phone were claimed to be inside. No property of the male victim was taken.

After the muggers fled the scene, the

pair desperately made their way back to Beit Quad to notify security of the happenings. However, security was not present at the Security Lodge under the archway to the Union. Instead, they caught the attention of Union staff clearing away after close.

Two members of the Union staff then escorted the pair to Weeks Hall security as it was the nearest manned security office. During the short walk to Prince's Gardens, there was a further verbal altercation on Exhibition Road between the male friend and another group of individuals.

The three attackers were inside the Union during the Mingle's entertainment hours and hence it is to be questioned if the attackers were also Imperial students.

The Mingle is the Freshers' very first chance to meet each other and see live acts; Jo Whiley and MPho performed on the night. The problem lies with the fact that the new intake of students did not yet have any official College identification to prove their legitimacy to en-

ter the Mingle. The tickets were generally sold through Halls' wardening teams to ensure only Imperial students were present at the event. However, it is confirmed that some tickets were sold on the door. If the muggers were indeed not Imperial students, on-the-night tickets were an easy way into the £7.50 event.

The three men in question are said to be Asian ethnicity. Police are in the middle of an on-going investigation into the incidents.

Deputy President (Welfare) John James acknowledged the unfortunate incident.

"The Union regrets this incident and can assure students that the police are doing everything in their power to identify the attacker."

It is largely unusual for incidents of this nature to occur around or on campus. Previous incidents of muggings involving Imperial students that have occurred have generally occurred in Hyde Park.

A theft of a bag from the Union on Tuesday night has also been reported



Albert Hall Mansions laden with scaffolding, where the mugging took place

to police. The owner of the laptop bag was not an Imperial student, but actually a visitor. The bag was said to contain personal documentation including a passport and qualification certificates. The events that occurred last week are thought not to be connected. Deputy President James has

some words of warning for the rest of the student body.

"We would like to take this opportunity to remind the student body to be alert and wary when out and about in all parts of London and that personal attack alarms are available from the Advice Centre."

Summer mayhem for student finances

Christopher Woolley runs through a summer of financial disarray and debate for students new and old

As the fallout from the recession becomes more apparent to the country. And as the UK government struggles to plug the growing state debt, student financing has been topping recent agendas. From politics to commerce, funding for past, current and future students has been a headline topic over the summer.



1. In a report from the Confederation of British Industry, an organisation of 100,000 members representing business interests in Britain, tuition fees were held up as a potential area for government savings. It recommended that money be saved from the support system in place, and that students should come to see above-inflation increases in fees as 'inevitable'. It also recommended that the government should scrap its target of 50% of school leavers entering university, a proposal that was immediately dismissed by the Higher Education minister for England.

The National Union of Students hit out at the CBI's report, describing its recommendations as a 'gross hypocrisy'. The report also encouraged businesses to provide more sponsorships for students.

2. At the Liberal Democrat conference in Bournemouth, party leader Nick Clegg outlined plans to put on hold the party's long-standing opposition to tuition fees. He stated that the party should be 'realistic' about what the country could afford over the next few years.

Believing the scrapping of the fees a

central element of Lib Dem policy, the party's federal policy committee voted 14 to 5 to keep the pledge in their upcoming election manifesto. The Conservative and Labour parties have not ruled out future fee increases.

3. A backlog of new and continuing student finance applications has built up at the Student Loans Company, leaving nearly 170,000 without their final notification of loan entitlement. The company has reported a 16% rise in applications as more people opt for university over the struggle to find permanent employment.

Many returning students are also taking out loans for the first time to cover financial hardship, having been



able to fund their studies previously. The chief executive of the SLC has apologised to those without funding, and admitted that their phone systems had effectively ground to a halt.

4. Lord Sutherland has called for the re-introduction of tuition fees in Scotland. The former Vice-Chancellor of the University of London and former Principle of Edinburgh University proposed that money from students from higher income households would cover the cost of supporting those from lower income households. The ruling Scottish National Party pledged not to bring back the fees in their 2007 manifesto. Tuition fees were abolished in 2000 by the then Labour



& Liberal Democrat coalition government of Scotland.

5. The government opted not to set an interest rate on student loans this year, effectively making it 0%. The interest rate is normally set to match the retail price index (RPI) inflation measure of last March, or the Bank of England's base interest rate plus 1%, depending on which is lower.

As the RPI has faltered through the recession the rate should have been minus 0.4%. The Bank of England is keeping a close eye on inflation, and looks likely to keep the base rate at a historic low of 0.5% for some time as the G20 leaders predict a slow economic recovery over the next decade.

Here with no money?

Imperial students who have not yet received their final notification of entitlement have been encouraged by the College to bring with them a copy of their completed application form.

Anyone who cannot yet pay for accommodation without their loan should contact Jasmin Wills of the Student Finance department at jasmin.wills@imperial.ac.uk quoting their College Identifier Number.

What's your story?

How badly have you been affected by the SLC's backlog?

felix wants to hear about your student loan nightmares for an in-depth feature next week.

If you would like to share your experiences in regards to acquiring the loan you registered for, drop us an email at felix@imperial.ac.uk. We'll get back to you as quickly as possible.

Old BBC Wood Lane site bought out by Imperial College for new campus

Alice Rowlands News Reporter

Imperial expanded its London campuses by seven acres over the summer, with the acquisition of a site, currently owned by the BBC, on Wood Lane. The Woodlands site will mainly be used for postgraduates and researchers, with the possibility of providing housing for postgraduate students as well as gym facilities and a crèche.

In a letter to staff, Chief Operating Officer for Imperial College, Dr Martin Knight, justified the purchase of the new campus, stating: "Thanks to the College's continuing success, our activities have expanded, and demand for teaching, research and administration space has grown to the point where our existing campuses in west London have become increasingly congested. Further development of our academic activities means we require room to expand, and the chance to acquire over seven acres of freehold land and 25,000 sq metres of buildings in such a location in west London, close to our existing campuses, was a rare opportunity that was too promising to miss."

Dr Knight made suggestions as to

the use of the new campus: "At a time when there is significant and growing demand for the education that Imperial offers, it will allow us to build quality, tailored accommodation for students, particularly to meet the significant rising need among postgraduate students. Currently we provide only 330 College bed spaces for a community of 4,500 postgraduates."

According to the BBC website, the Woodlands site was originally developed in 1981, as a base for BBC Enterprises, which evolved into BBC Worldwide, the BBC's commercial subsidiary. The site has also housed Studio Capital Projects, who were responsible for the major capital expenditure required to develop the BBC's studio infrastructure. BBC Worldwide were housed at the Woodlands site until September 2008, when they were moved to the nearby Media Village.

Paul Anastasiadis, a post graduate student based at the Hammersmith campus, disagrees with this use of college money and the need for more post graduate accommodation. He told *felix*: "I think that given the pending large staff cuts in the Faculty of Medicine the money would be better spent fund-

ing the excellent research associated with Imperial and which will provide post graduate students much better career opportunities. However if the profit made from the halls is re-invested in research then in the long term it could be a good idea."

The expansion of west London campuses comes amid on going suggestion that the Wye campus may be cut. *felix* wonders whether a new development is necessary while college still dithers over the necessity of our country campus.

Undergraduates are unlikely to notice much change due to the new campus, though many will be pleased about having fewer sweaty postgrads cycling in from Ealing. Many South Ken based students have been left pondering what better use could be made of £28 million. Members of the ACC may be interested to note this equates to over 18 million pints of snakebite, which would be enough beers to run an ACC bar night every Wednesday for the next 60 years. College could buy every student at Imperial a swanky new MacBook for less money, or the money could be used to rent a floor of the new Eastside Halls for two weeks.



60 YEARS OLD AND LOOKING GOOD

FELIX HAS OFFICIALLY REACHED RETIREMENT AGE, THOUGH THERE'LL BE NO FREEDOM PASSES OR PENSIONS FOR THIS CAT. INSTEAD, FELIX BRUSHES UP TO CELEBRATE ITS 60th ANNIVERSARY IN STYLE.

Come the 9th of December, *felix* will celebrate its diamond jubilee as the student newspaper of Imperial College. As part of the celebrations, the weekly masthead will feature a newly designed logo whose design is inspired by the very first logo from 1949.

The *felix* logo has traditionally featured Felix the Cat, the official mascot and creature-sake of the newspaper. In years gone by the cat has adorned the pages of *felix* in a variety of incarnations; from sabre-toothed tabby cats to more predatory pumas and tigers.

The upcoming academic year will see the feline's original form reinstated on the front pages of the newspaper. Our Layout Editor and resident graphic designer Carlos Karinalg scanned in archived issues from 1949 to adapt the original logo into a cleaner, modernised version. Alongside subtle modifications to the left eye, arm and paws, the cat is now silhouetted and set



Left to right: The 'knight' iteration of Felix the Cat, the original cat from 1949, and the updated version for this year



against a black ring.

Despite the frequent remodelling over the years, the outgoing iteration has proven to be the most popular with past Editors. The distinctive 'knight' featured a humanised cat holding a shield, sword and cape in full colour. It was soon incorporated into an official crest that was heavily utilised in

editions of Felix throughout the 1980s and 1990s.

Its popularity came to light in 1999, when Editor Dave Roberts made the decision to replace the 'knight' with silhouette of a leaping cat; featureless and barely recognisable as Felix.

The following year, all feline connotations were removed wholesale

from the paper's artwork. Instead, a pair of scowling human eyes stared at the reader from the masthead. The cat made its return upon the arrival of Will Dugdale as Editor, albeit in a novel 'sabre-toothed' form.

As Dugdale's tenure as Editor came to an end, Dave Roberts resurrected the 'knight' from the dark depths of

the 1990s. Five years on and the knight has since been incorporated into the Felix masthead in two forms: the first with full crest and motto: 'keep the cat free', and the second as a circled, lone silhouette (which was used right up to this past year).

Felix was said to have spawned from *Phoenix*, the arts magazine at College set up by the now legendary author H.G. Wells. *Phoenix* had become the central publication on campus, and there was ever-increasing pressure to report news and goings-on in College. Prior to 1949, *Phoenix* had started to feature current affairs articles amongst the arts and culture submissions. The *Phoenix* editors subsequently took the decision to create a fortnightly College newspaper, with its name thought to be a pun on its parent publication.

The first issue was released on the 9th of December and cost each student only 3 pence.

60 years on, Felix, in his very first form, has returned.

Imperial in University Challenge 1st round victory

Kadhim Shubber News Editor

Imperial College London is through to the second round of the BBC's University Challenge, as the team led by physicist Gilead Amit triumphed over Southampton University.

Along with teammates Simon Good (3rd year Physics), Ciaran Healy (2nd year Chemistry), Benedict Nicolson (4th year Maths) and Edward Brightman (3rd year Earth Science postgraduate), Imperial scored 175 points while Southampton gained only 135.

The team was joined by the *felix* mascot (right) and with two physicists on a team which failed to correctly define capacitance.

This isn't the first time that Imperial has acquitted itself well on the famous quiz show. University Challenge was



"Like the cat? That's not all I brought"

won by Imperial in 1996 and also in 2001, a victory followed by a second place in 2002.

The current plans are for Imperial to return to our screens when the 2nd round airs on the 30th of November.

The show will be broadcast in daVinci's.



Imperial look on in a mixture of admiration and boredom as Paxman speaks

UCL student dies during Freshers' Week

Charlotte Morris News Reporter

UCL kicked off their Freshers' Fortnight last week with the Freshers Fiesta at Koko, Camden. Billed as 'The First Day of the Rest of Your Life', the night was to end in tragedy for fresher Thomas Reid, 19, from Garforth, Leeds. After complaining about an increased heart rate at a family meal on Sunday afternoon, he went on to Koko. Later in the night he told staff that he was feeling ill and was taken to hospital where he died of a heart attack at around 3 am. A full inquest will be carried out, but his death is not being treated as

suspicious. It's expected that the coroners will investigate any underlying heart problems and toxicology reports hope to rule out the cause of death as drugs or alcohol related.

Koko and UCLU have been criticised surrounding the death of this soon-to-be linguistics student, accusing the cheap drinks promotions of encouraging first year students to drink too much.

UCLU cancelled their 'Vodpop' night which was to be held the following night. The Den also cancelled a freshers event, 'Skint' which was to be £15 entry for free drinks all night with the tagline 'Drink as much as you dare!'



Want to be one of the Rector's Ambassadors?

Emily Govan Imperial College

We are looking for enthusiastic, confident and engaged Imperial students to volunteer as the official Imperial student ambassadors. If you are confident, social and have a strong speaking voice, this is the job for you!

Rector's Ambassadors are the official tour guides of Imperial College London. The scheme will involve guiding official Imperial College tours, representing Imperial at Open Days, giving student Life talks at schools, meeting and greeting delegations of international visitors, ushering at special Imperial occasions and attending formal events.

The guided tours will be held every Wednesday at 3pm (with additional slots for visiting groups) and there will be a rota organised from the Interna-

tional Office. Rector's Ambassadors will also have the opportunity to travel to recruitment fairs, international schools (in the UK and abroad) and other destinations as Ambassadors of Imperial.

Rector's Ambassadors will be given training in public speaking and other transferable skills. There will also be group training days and evenings out, as well as occasional paid work. This is an ideal opportunity for enthusiastic engaged students to meet their counterparts from other departments whilst volunteering for the university in a visible, high-profile role.

Applications can be found online on the International Office website: www.imperial.ac.uk/international/students/rectorsambassadors

Deadline for application is 23 October 2009. Applicants must be free for the first week of November.



"What a crock of shit."

Dan Wan, *felix* Editor

*"I'd rather be castrated
with a rusty nail..."*

Ravi Pall, Comment Editor

*"I think *felix* gave me
cancer"*

Alex Dahinten, RAG Chair

*"I'd rather listen to Barry
Manilow than read *felix*"*

Sasha Nicoletti, Copy Chief

*"I'm ashamed to be a part
of such an embarrassment"*

Carlos Karingal, Layout Editor

Help us out, here.

Please?

**Send your articles in to:
felix@imperial.ac.uk**



eVoting

CENTRAL UNION AUTUMN ELECTIONS

STAND
& DELIVER

Nominations close 23:59 18 October

Nominations for:

Council Members
Student Trustee
International Officer

**For more information and to stand:
imperialcollegeunion.org/elections**

imperialcollegeunion.org/elections

 imperial
college
union

Which FU do you belong to?

As a student here at Imperial College, you are already a member of several different communities. These may include halls, departments or clubs and societies. Compared with such prominent familial groupings, Faculty Unions are sometimes overlooked. However, they do provide many different services and it might help to know what these are.

The Unions are student run organisations here to represent their peers at a faculty level within Imperial College. They are elected officers, students like yourselves, who will be providing social opportunities and answering your questions over the course of your time at University.

They all have academic and welfare officers who can provide helpful advice if required, without having to go through more formal procedures with university staff. They also provide a broad range of services to departmental societies and help them in their liaisons with the College to improve course content based on the needs of the students. As such they are well placed to negotiate on behalf of their members should anything go wrong.

But most of all, they aim to promote having fun through organising lots of social events throughout the year. Whether it be dressing up to the nines for one of the Faculty Union Freshers' Balls, downing yards during a traditional bar night or laughing till you wet yourself at live comedy nights, Faculty Unions are the guys who organise specific events for Scientists, Engineers or Medics respectively.

Additionally, all the Faculties have their own clubs and societies and organise their own inter-departmental as well as inter-faculty sports leagues. There are also subject specific societies such as Surgical Society, Engineers Without Borders and SSETI (Student Space Explotation Initiative)

Not found anything to your taste yet? Get in touch with the teams introduced opposite and tell them what you think your Faculty Union can do for you. They always welcome feedback and would love to hear new ideas for future events, better representation or longer term projects within your Faculties.

The Royal College of Science Union

The Royal College of Science Union represents around 4000 students at Imperial College. Anyone who has opted to study science in its purest form is automatically part of it, no signing up is necessary and there is no membership fee.

So what do we actually do? Well, first and foremost we are here so that you are able to speak your mind at the highest level of the union, making sure that you have a voice. At an institution as large as Imperial it can be easy to get lost in the crowd, we make sure that whenever you, as a student or indeed as a person, need assistance or have any qualms about your course or the services on offer to you, there is a way for you to be heard.

One of our main aims this year espe-

cially is to improve the quality of events that we offer to you, ensuring that as well as a variety of club and bar nights we also cater for those less inclined to spend every waking hour in a state of drunken stupor. We will be holding a series of comedy nights and guest lectures as well as, of course, our extremely popular nights of alcohol-fuelled carnage.

We will be holding drop-in welfare clinics, as well as ensuring that the RCSU office is manned every lunchtime by members of our committee so that you have a port of call if you need it. In addition there will be a day of the week when your departmental representative will be there so that you can come and ask questions or talk about your course.

President
Kayta-yani Vyas

As President this year, I have an ambitious vision for the RCSU. We have gone from strength to strength since our re-establishment and I sincerely hope that this trend will continue. The entire RCS committee are extremely willing and able individuals with a determination to bring out the potential of our student's union so please do not hesitate to get in contact with myself or anyone else on our team. First and foremost we are here to represent you and to instil a sense of pride in your choice of degree. Make the most of it because at the end of the day it is you, the student, who has the power to make this year a successful one.



Vice-President
Jacqueline Fok

Your Vice-President this year, Jacqueline Fok, has the level-headed approach needed to carry out her role. Having previously held the position of Treasurer, her experience and financial know-how make her well suited to carrying out the task of securing sponsorship and liaising with external companies so that we can provide you with career information and opportunities. She will also be overseeing the activity of the departmental societies so if you have any problems in that area do not hesitate to contact her, she is very friendly and will provide you with all the advice you need.



Academic Affairs
David Chreng

In case any of you have forgotten (I certainly do at times), you are embarking on a challenging and sometimes difficult degree. Our academic affairs officer is committed to ensuring that you are represented within the college. Along with your departmental representative he will be happy to help should you get into any difficulty with your course or if you need any advice on how to handle the stresses of studying here.



Welfare Officer
Tim Barrett (standing)

Tim has been actively involved in student welfare for some time now and is standing for the position of Welfare Officer. He has used the summer to prepare a good welfare infrastructure within the RCSU. He will be holding welfare drop-in sessions every week and will always be available for you to contact should you need any advice or help.



Imperial College School of Medicine Student Union

ICSMSU is the Faculty of Medicine Union and represents all undergraduate medics, graduate entry medics, biomedical scientists and pharmacologists.

Think of ICSMSU as your one-stop shop for all you need at medical school; be it clubs and socs, welfare, social events, love-life counselling, loft conversions, etc. If we can't do it, we know someone who can! We are based at two main sites; our main office is on the ground floor of the SAF Building and the other is the Reynolds Building at Charing Cross Hospital.

President
Anil Chopra

My name is Anil Chopra, I am the ICSMSU President. I look after a team of 16 officers. Here are some in no particular order:



Deputy President
Richard Hewitt

Richard becomes the ICSM President if I were forced to take "unfortunate leave"; I wish he would stop putting those pills in my tea.



Ents Chair
Dave Smith

Also known as "The Big D" Dave organises the quiet, sober non-eventful nights that the medical school is best known for...



Welfare Officer
Kathryn Wright

Kat exists to make people happier.



The City & Guilds College Union

Welcome to the City & Guilds College Union! As an engineer you are automatically a member. Each Department has a Departmental Society and a team of Representatives, elected by you to make your university life more enjoyable. First and foremost the Union exists to represent your academic and welfare needs to the College, through regular staff liaison and committee meetings and opportunities to present new ideas at various levels in the Faculty. However, we are also here to make sure you have fun, get a chance to let your hair down and to meet other like-minded people.

We hope you made it to the Barbeque in Freshers' Week and got your free bags and term planners from the Freshers' Fair. If not feel free to pop by our office: 340 Mechanical Engineering, at any time! Tickets are selling fast for our Masquerade Ball on the 23rd October as, with a fantastic evening lined-up, it is proving popular amongst engineers and non-engineers alike. There is bound to be something for everyone over the coming term from a beer festival and hog roast to careers talks and engineering-related speaker events, club nights, bar nights and comedy nights. There will be crazy antics for charity such as a Fire Engine Pull, Slave Auction and Hit Squad in later terms too.

Through our links with the Alumni Association for the Faculty of Engineering, the City and Guilds College Association, we can also put you on the right track for hardship funds when the money gets tight. As an incentive, CGCA also provides activity awards for students who make a difference to the life of the union, so don't be afraid to get stuck right in!

President Kirsty Patterson

Kirsty is a fourth (and final) year Geology and Geophysics Student. In a previous life she was Deputy President (Education and Welfare) and in a parallel dimension has held various positions for CGCU.

In her spare time Kirsty likes to lie on her back under vintage vehicles working out what went where, which bit fell off and whether the fact that the other bits are still left over is a problem.

She is looking forward to being CGCU President this year. Not just because

she likes collecting important sounding titles and telling other people what to do (although admittedly it is a benefit). It's mostly because she likes nothing better than throwing a good party. She has spent the entire summer organising some pretty mega events in the vain hope that engineers will join her in discarding their



Vice-President (Activities) Steve Long

Steve is your man for all extra-curricular activities, be they under a car getting greasy, under a blue sky getting fed or under a table getting drunk. We're counting on him to get some fun on the go! He was a Wilson Hall Senior last year, so he knows how the good times should roll. At college he studies Mechanical Engineering, he has made it half-way there now; it was a close call but he should be alright. He has insane plans on being a railway engineer, and spent a year working on the London Underground. He consequently can tell you useless trivia such as apparently the longest escalator is at Angel...

At play time Steve likes to sing songs and play random instruments, drink wine, play Trivial Pursuit and ride his beautiful 1971 Raleigh Wayfarer in blue with a wicker basket. Baaaaaaadass.



V-P (Finance & Societies) Rikki Norris

Rikki is a third year Chemical Engineer. When he isn't putting in an appearance in his department, he can usually be found working in the Student Activities Centre in the Central Union. Here he enjoys telling people that they can't book their room because they need to give him more than five minutes notice, to stay away from the printer because they don't know what they're doing and only clog it up and driving minibuses like a chav. After a hard days work, he is almost always found propping up the bar with a pint or seven.

Rikki hopes he can get away from the image of being the boring finance man who just says "no" to everything. He has already spent a lot of time with the President sorting out some great stuff for you all when you get here!



Honorary Secretary Chris Baker-Brian

Chris is a sports mad 4th year Electronic and Electrical Engineer who will be the Guilds Honorary Secretary for the upcoming academic year. He has previously been the Imperial College Hockey Club Captain, as well as being heavily involved with hockey in the University of London. When he's not playing hockey (which is not very often!), he can be found trying his hand at a variety of other sports and has just been to Rwanda with a C&G club to help install solar panels in a remote village.

This year, Chris plans to help build a hydrogen fuel cell powered racing car as part of Imperial Racing Green and in addition, he will be captaining the Men's 1st XI hockey team to what he hopes will be some exciting victories. If he doesn't blow up from exhaustion before term starts, he'll be looking forward to some fantastic

events and a great year for Guilds!



Academic Affairs Ben Stubbens

Ben is a fourth year Aeronautics student who has made it up the ranks from Year Rep to Departmental Representative and finally to Academic Affairs Officer this year. He enjoys the fine art of arguing with people without getting their backs up. Whether he is actually any good at it remains to be seen!

He has also (mainly unsuccessfully) been a member of the Polish, Gliding, Dancing, Photography and Aeronautical Societies. He says "unsuccessfully", as he is not and does not speak Polish, has never been gliding and cannot dance!



Welfare Officer Alice Rowlands

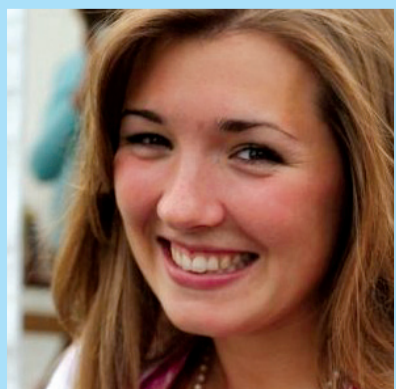
Alice is a third year mechanical engineering student - having taken a year in industry, during which she played with very fast cars. Last year Alice was RAG co-ordinator for CGCU, held a position on the Mech Soc committee and edited various sections of this very newspaper, felix. This year, Alice will mainly be attending meetings, but hopes to find time to play for her beloved hockey team - the ICHC Ladies 2's, help out the RAG team and the Felix editor, tinker with the RSM truck and take to the seas with the London University Royal Naval Unit.

As Welfare Officer, Alice will be work to improve the every-day experience of students within CGCU and help individuals with more serious issues as they arise. Alice will also be helping the Deputy President (Welfare) to run various welfare campaigns throughout the year. However, she feels "S.H.A.G" (Sexual Health And Guidance Week) is a rather crude term and spent the summer trying to find a catchy phrase to kick start the "R.U.M.P.Y - P.U.M.P.Y" campaign.



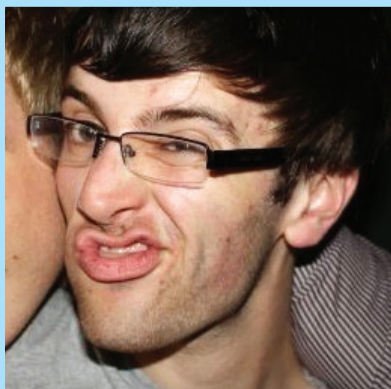
Secretary Rosie Richards

Rosie makes all the fancy posters that you see all over facebook, the website and the walls. She was also responsible for the Medic Freshers' Handbook. She takes the minutes of the ever-fun SU Exec Meetings!



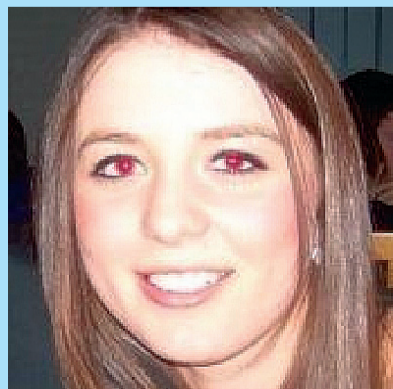
Treasurer Jack Roberts

Being one of the most corrupt men on the planet, Jack is financially responsible for the Union. He is a very useful person to get friendly with and knows 12 different types of fraud.



Clubs & Socs Officer Cat Atkin

As clubs and socs officer, Cat truly represents the heart and soul of the medical school. BRING ON VARSITY!





Gilead Amit: shabat shalom, Ahmadinejad



"Disguised as an Iranian scientist, Roger Moore is able to bluff his way into the underground nuclear facility."



You will often hear it said — usually, I might add, by those people who believe that the Inuit have twenty different words for 'snow' and regard the prefix 'apparently' as an acceptable substitute for rational thought — that the truth is stranger than fiction. Fortunately our own language has been blessed with more than twenty words for 'rubbish', allowing me to correctly characterise that expression as being a mixture of garbage, tripe, balderdash, tommyrot, hogwash, gibberish, bunkum, claptrap and baloney, combined with liberal doses of flimflam, horsefeathers, twaddle, poppycock, bilge, hooley, bollocks, piffle, trash, nonsense and drivel.

The real world frequently is so breathtaking, so beautiful and so bizarre as to rival the most twisted imagination, and the truth would make

for strange and compelling fiction. But that is all. The platypus may be a curious and remarkable creature, but I will bet you a lifetime's supply of insect repellent that Gregor Samsa's metamorphosis into a cockroach is stranger still. If Man can be rendered speechless at the sight of a lush English meadow after a rainstorm, you might as well remove his larynx altogether if a white rabbit hops into view who knows how to read a pocket watch.

But on some rare occasions, when Jupiter sees fit to rise in Capricorn and Taurus does unspeakable things to Uranus, reality goes one better. To the sound of Ian Fleming and Alistair MacLean kicking themselves from beyond the grave, the *Telegraph* published a story earlier this week to rival any published work of espionage or political intrigue. It seems that Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, the well-known anti-

Zionist, anti-Semite and antiquated autocrat may have been born Jewish.

How perfect. How impossibly, how incredibly, how unfathomably perfect. You can almost picture the climactic scenes in the James Bond movie. Disguised as an Iranian nuclear scientist, Roger Moore is able to bluff his way through enough physics to penetrate the heart of the country's secret underground reactor. Once inside, he sabotages the moderator and drives a fuel rod through the chief engineer's spine. As he races for the exit, Marjan al-Karakter, the beautiful UN diplomat and CIA double-agent, beckons to our hero from a side door. As he approaches, the Revolutionary Guard surrounds him and the sultry and treacherous Marjan leads her prisoner to the Presidential bunker.

Our hero enters the August Presence with a quivering jowl and a barely

perceptible raised eyebrow. He is faced with the back of a revolving armchair, underneath which two tiny feet swing half a metre in the air. A complicated array of controls lines the walls, and a very simple array of guns points at his chest.

"Ah, Mr. Bond:" oozes the voice from behind the chair. "How good of you to join us. Your timing is impeccable. All that remains for my plan to be complete is for that button to be pressed. A nuclear missile of unprecedented power and efficiency will come out of the ground beneath our feet and soar into the night sky. And soon, very soon, it will land. And so the Zionist cancer will be pushed into the sea, and the world will once more be pure."

"So why do you need me?" drawls our hero as the camera shows his hands reaching for his supersonic tiepin.

"I would love to press that button

myself, Mr Bond," says the tiny man as the chair begins to swivel. "But you see, it's Friday night, and my religion forbids me from activating machinery on the Sabbath."

The news that the President of Iran may be Jewish is sure to have widespread repercussions throughout the Jewish world. If only because there is now another handsome and powerful Jewish man who may be interested in a Jewish wife. And darlings, he's an engineer.

In the days since the *Telegraph* ran with their story the *Guardian* has taken it upon themselves to snuff out one of the most promising and entertaining news stories of the year. For a short while it was all too believable. Ahmadinejad's reasons for claiming a global Zionist conspiracy would have been crystal clear: even his own country might be run by a Jew.

Old Hand wrings his younger brother



"I was worried that Freshers' Week was going to be my most exciting week at university. How wrong I was."



Fuck me I'm old.

For a while now, I have come into College for 08:30, buy my morning coffee — a double espresso — and croissant from the Junior Common Room, go to my office and check my emails. I tend to leave all my College work at College, that includes all emails, which means the evenings are free for relaxation, socialising with my housemates and, of course, FIFA 09 on the Playstation 3. I'll admit it now, I'm not very good at the old FIFA, Mario Kart on the Wii is more my sort of thing, but the main reason I was never good at FIFA was simply because my youngest brother used to beat the crap out of me on that. That was eight years ago when I was 16 and my little brother

was ten!

This last week, however, as I got off the bus and made my way to College, I noticed that things were a little different. For a start I have to queue in the JCR for my coffee, the croissants seem to have all been eaten and all I'm left with is a crappy, little, stale piece of Danish that no one wants to eat because, let's face it, they taste like [qwerty]. Even on my way to the office things are different; the walk is no longer a solo one, the silence replaced with a mixture of voices from so many races and backgrounds, and the corridors packed with eager eyed faces all preparing themselves for their first day at university. I look at these faces, and all I can see is my youngest brother, the same young brother who dominated

me on the FIFA field and regularly humiliated me with 5-0 and above beatings. That's when I realised; fuck me I'm old!

I spoke to my brother later that week, mainly to see how things were going, but also to see how he was enjoying Freshers' Week. As expected, he replied with one word. "Messy," said my brother down the phone, clearly suffering with a hangover from the night before. Not really a big surprise if you ask me.

"But at least I don't have to go to all these introductory lectures, or lectures at all for that matter" he said as someone was having a go at him on the other end for being so cocky. I laughed back and told him that it served him right. I asked how his mates were cop-

ing and if they were looking forward to the year ahead. "No!" was the reply I got. Apparently, they were all worried that Freshers' Week was the only bit of fun they were going to have all year as they were going to spend the rest of the year working and not having a lot of time to relax.

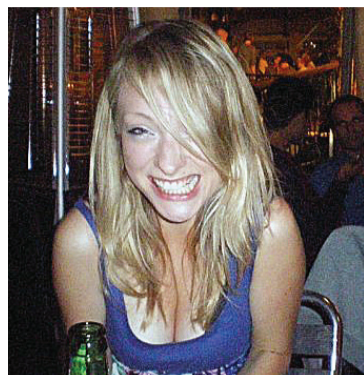
Thinking back to my first week, I felt the same. I was worried that Freshers' Week was going to be one of the most exciting weeks during my time at university, how wrong I was. Yes, Freshers' Week was fun (and boy do I have a story for you guys about what happened to me at my Mingle — but we'll save that for next week) but it was by no means the only fun week I had. The workload was demanding, the hours were long, we even had a Maths test in

the first week which didn't help, but I still managed to find time to enjoy myself and get a good degree.

And you can do it too. This is not just aimed at the freshers out there, the same will apply to second, third and even fourth years. If you ever needed any proof, a very good friend of mine only became the social animal that he is today in his third year. We dragged him out with us, had fun, studied hard and he still came out with a 1st, and not any sort of 1st, top of the year 1st. Today, he is in America doing a PhD.

It is possible, it can be done and it has been done and you could do the same. The proof, my dear readers, is in the writing. So tune in next week and I'll tell you what we got up to at our Freshers' Mingle.

Katie Tomlinson questions her parents



“Much like the war effort, the British weather unifies people; we all know the experience and will happily complain about it”

I am still haunted by sudden nightmarish jolts of “Shit. What time is it? Have I missed first lecture again?” This is followed by enjoying a light liquid relief of tea, whilst staring into the familiar grey sky and basking in the knowledge summer brings, ignoring the lack of money, but having the freedom to do anything, whenever, wherever.

However, one critical barrier to this freedom is the weather...the British live through it. Much like the war effort, it unifies people; we all know the experience and usually can find a whole conversation worth of complaints, which somehow makes it more bearable. I come from the south west, specifically Bristol. Now don't get me wrong, I

love Bristol and am grateful that I grew up there, I even rejoice in my slightly twangy regional accent but (and it is a big British BUT), since moving away to the distinctly sunnier/drier south east, I can make one observation; the south west is WET. My childhood memories are full of camping/sailing trips in Devon, Cornwall and South Wales, all set against the back drop of grey, endless weeks of drizzle and relentless rain drops. This is then followed by a feeling of almost disrespect for my parents. WHY would you actually choose to live and holiday in a place so notoriously damp? On asking my parents this, a simple apathetic shoulder shrug and a look of hurt ensues. You might think I am exaggerating.

Perhaps I am, but the South West peninsula is prone to very heavy rainfall lasting from about 5 to 15 hours. The famous downfall of 200mm devastated Boscastle, Cornwall on 16 August 2004 and is one of the many freakishly typical summer showers, which happened to also be the week of the annual family camping trip.

Maybe I should be more grateful for those holidays, after all there is also a great deal of hope when launching off into a holiday in the South West, not dissimilar to the rush of gambling at a casino or betting on the under-dog, partly because it does have some winning potential. If through sheer luck, you happen to holiday in a week of totally amazing weather, you will be

able to lounge on beautifully serene, cliff encased beaches and with a bit of blurry cider fuel, enjoy the night life of the infamous Newquay, enhanced by the rush of implausibility. I have experienced this rush once, when on holiday in Devon with friends, when we received 3 whole blissful days of sun, BBQ's on the beach, skinny dipping and the rest! The return of the rain brought a couple of kooked up nights in £10 Tesco tents before breaking into a conveniently absent friend's caravan for shelter. I look back on those times fondly and it reminds me that despite rain, summer is summer and even without sun there are still times to be had. In fact, the optimist in me says, that the British weather actually adds

to a holiday when in the right company and becomes a kind of running joke.

Of course the obvious example of this “joke” is the atmosphere at an often wet Glastonbury, which demonstrates the mass embrace for mud, wellies and Macs... it just adds to the experience. A cliché, but a true one, so for those who have never been on an outdoor British summer experience, I urge you to take a gamble.

The next time you have a free week in the spring/summer and feeling particularly resilient, pack up a sturdy tent, waterproofs and some baked beans and head for the turbulent southwest. At the very least it should help you to realise an appreciation for the location of Imperial.

Dylan Lowe falls in love with a Kiwi



“And guys, if you've condemned Imperial's clichéd male:female ratio, go straighten up your dick and try harder.”

The memory was somewhat hazy. I remember the cheese-cake we brought upstairs, the drunken chat (me being drunk, she sober) – and somehow I ended in her car, confessing my affection for her. Then, further obscured by the effects of intoxicants, my recollection says things got intimate.

Here's the bumper. For a relationship that accelerated at this rate – I had only seen her three times before the occasion – it would have been such a heavenly pairing, that would seem too good to be true. Well, this certain scenario took place towards the epilogue of my farewell party, since two days later I was bound on a flight to London from the Land of the Long White Cloud.

That's right. I fell in love with a girl in New Zealand.

Which nicely typifies summer romances – they happen in the most

unlikely of places, and they never last long. They serve as heart-felt lessons in the field and, be it Romeo-ite or Casanovan, deeply influences your perception of love. They are unforgettable, enduringly bittersweet, and, particularly in my position, immensely missed.

And it is from this new-found longing, and experience, that I've had my revelation.

I used to firmly believe in the notorious male-to-female ratio, surrounded by fellow believers, and blame much of my failures on it. How foolish was I, with hindsight, to base my 'chances' on statistics and figures that hardly represent the fact.

So allow me to urge you, ladies and especially gentlemen, to venture out of the endearing pessimism. For the Freshers – being one myself only three months ago – clinging on to the only familiar setting that is Imperial Col-

lege in unfamiliarity is absolutely fair enough. But once acquaintances became old, and routines repetitive, isn't it time to try something new?

And to emphasise my point, I'll play the hypocrite and cite the golden rule of relationships-past: move on.

All in all, do not put too much faith in the faux safety of your comfort zone, let alone dwell in it. In our case, fellow members of our celebrated institute, try not to confine your sex life to within the boundaries of Imperial.

And guys, if you've yet again condemned Imperial's most clichéd ratio for falling short of that hot chick, go straighten up your dick and try harder. If the sixty-seven-to-thirty-three blame game (and/or Warcraft) is the only game you play, then I'm afraid homosexuality is your only other option for inter-human sexual enlightenment.

People say that university is not all about academic achievements. Bear

that in mind when you engage in societies you've found at Freshers' Fair, or continue pursuing your previous interests. You will come to appreciate the benefits brought by the social opportunities not only from inside the university, but outside of it.

If it wasn't for my hitchhiking stunt from London to Morocco, I wouldn't have discovered a lifelong friendship in my hitch partner, who goes to Queen Mary. If it wasn't for fencing, which I picked up last year at Freshers' Fair, I wouldn't have met a horde of ridiculously gracious Kiwis and befriended them, with one of which I have further developed something I could only describe as magical.

I appreciate that, being an Imperial student, we are less inclined to include any more activities in our busy lives other than the odd sporting commitment, frequent pilgrimage to the library and generally drinking ourselves

into liver failure. But if we look around, with a bit of time management skills, there are numerous opportunities for discovery, each potentially taking us into the real world where zero bollocks ratios 'define' our love lives.

So do have faith, and for heaven's sake do do something. That's because, just like summer romances, you cannot find it around the corner when you haven't even bothered taking the turn.

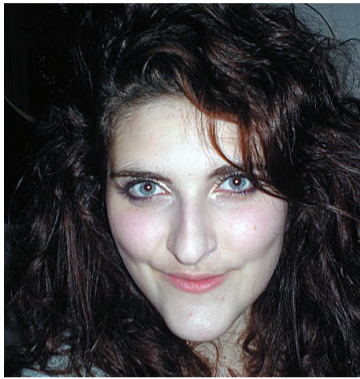
Meanwhile I'm spending way too much time gazing into the snapshot. She was by my side, my arms wrapped around her shoulders; she was smiling to the camera. I will keep reminding myself how much I love her still, and lamenting on the opportunity we are never blessed with to take things further.

At least for now.

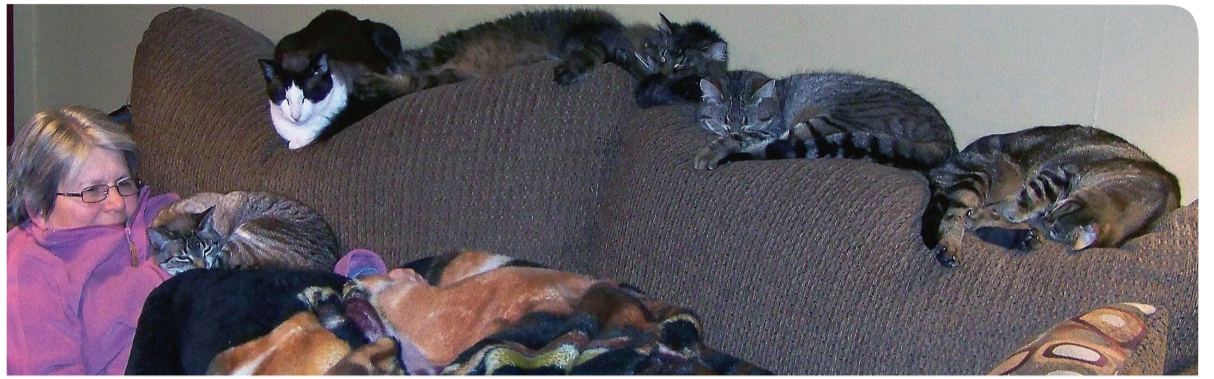
Disclaimer: The picture above is not of Dylan Lowe and his partner.



Vicki Masding has some odd cats



“Standing on the edge of a high cliff and suddenly thinking and pondering with great intensity, what if I jumped?!”



I have milk intolerant cats and I am now questioning my entire existence!

If my cats were people they would be prissy fashionistas not Aristocats! Their attitude can, I suppose, be partly attributed to the fact I have taken to referring to them under the pseudonym of pharaohs of ancient Egypt or translations like “little king”. One such example of their insanity is their refusal to relinquish their fur coats, they insist upon wearing even in the heat of the English summer! And now as the headline suggests they have selected to vomit up any food which does not suit their delicate palates only to then gorge in the middle of the night on rich sauced meats and alcohol. Should this bulimia continue, they shall have to be sectioned. (I should make clear at this point in the summer, I have been living alone for two weeks and it’s all getting rather Howard Hughes. Any alcohol consumed by my cats was not forced consumption, but simply passive inhalation of fermentation fumes).

Anyway I am rather disillusioned with the new “rep” my cats are getting for themselves...I would say they were even on the ‘erb (catnip) but I fear (as I am sure they do) that would be buying into the stereotype too much...late night parties, fine dining, fine clothes and drugs. No no, no one wants their image to be completely contrived; there’s nothing worse in fashion.

I was reading something the other day in the *Guardian* supplement magazine (not because I am cultured enough to sit and read the *Guardian* – it was on the floor of a train, so rather I am courteous enough to pick up rubbish); see now you’re getting a better picture of who I am. Taken in by the picture on the front I decided to read on. Bear in mind my screening process for literature of worth at this point is anything that can top the all so nail-biting “no smoking” sign. Though newspapers rarely make the cut, not due to their content, rather their constitution, they leave that horrid inky residue, making you look like you’ve had fisticuffs with a chimney sweep. I would much rather

breeze through glossy magazine pages or paw the pages of a new book where at least the print is fixed to the paper. I would prefer the phrase “the words leapt off the page” to remain a metaphor. I understand papers are kept cheap to provide news for hoi polloi, but I will not support this effort to illuminate the masses by allowing people to read my forehead should I mistakenly mop my brow after reading. Not to worry, they will probably be offering free disposable gloves with every paper soon to decrease the spread of swine flu, every cloud...

I digress! The article in the aforementioned supplement (other supplements are available, for example, ‘Fabulous’ with a heartfelt interview with Peter Andre and how much he loves his goddamn kids) brought up ‘The URGE’

The tag line reads ‘ever been tempted by the perverse?’ Standing on the edge of a high cliff and suddenly thinking and pondering with great intensity, what if I jumped?! Standing a little too close to the platform edge or having thoughts of swerving into oncoming

traffic? All are possible symptoms of The Urge. It seems the fear of death plays a big role and toying with the thought of our mortality. One suggestion for the origin of such thoughts is that it is a safety mechanism; by imagining the most catastrophic outcome of our actions it forces us to ‘back away from the edge.’

One such minor example of the urge manifested in myself is; pushing against a pane of glass. I have old sash windows at home and when rain hits the glass – it gives that brittle twang that makes it seem like it could shatter easily, so sometimes I push really hard with my index finger on the window and tempt it to crack. (Insert pun regarding my mental state!)

Conversely, the desire to not react, procrastination; another trait I exhibit without abeyance. Something of the highest importance needs to be done ‘now-or-never’ and yet you find yourself putting it off until tomorrow, for no other reason than to force yourself tantalisingly close to the reality you do not wish to see.

The article did however reassure us that these feelings are probably completely natural, helpful even, and compared this phenomenon to that of a toddler testing boundaries. It is all part of personal development. Or not.

Could it be part of a desire to break free? To break away from the monotony? To shake up your life and spark you into action! Like a volcano – surges of intense readiness to burst, often quelled, but with an uneasy reverberation that leaves you unsteady yet exhilarated. And in a world where you could find yourself trailing along with the masses, doing the standard 9 to 5 thing and falling foul of all the social norms you never thought you would, you might just be tempted to stand past the yellow line.

Or else – is it this new obsession with The X Factor? With everyone believing they could be the special one, that they are utterly unique, they are extraordinary, that forces us into the outrageous, if only to prove we can stand out in a crowd.

Maybe we are just bored.



I’m done with being nice for the Freshers’ sake, almost...

Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief

Welcome back to Imperial. Old habits die hard and I’m glad you’ve picked up *felix* once again. I bet you’ve missed holding the slightly crispy collection of pages each week, desperately flicking through them to find something even a fraction more entertaining than what you’re meant to be doing.

For those who have picked up this paper for the first time, thank you and well done on finally becoming a proper Imperial student. Whether you like or hate *felix* and its twisted sense of humour, you haven’t stitched yourself into the social fabric of College until you’ve read then thrown us to the floor in vigorous disgust, delight or boredom.

To those whom I haven’t yet had the pleasure of being introduced, I’m Dan, and I’m sure you’ve all mistakenly voted me in as Editor.

Despite appearances, I’ve been work-

ing hard, albeit sporadically, over the summer. The will to leave South Kensington for more than a day at a time fights a constant battle with the joy and rushes I get from doing my work as Editor. I’ve already produced the Freshers’ Handbook and the Freshers’ issue of *felix*. I think I’m done with being artificially chirpy for the sake of the Freshers. I’m extremely delighted to return to spitting nails at the rest of you! I jest.

To those familiar with *felix*, you’ll have noticed a redesign, from masthead to paper size. I hope you like it. Some of the changes were necessary and most were unnecessary, but I hope it is the content that you define *felix* with. As I promised in my overly-strung manifesto, the news will be feature-led and there will be a return of student-drawn comics and an agony aunt.

For those who remembered, Needy McNeedy departed our ranks two years ago. I still see her wandering around the

Union craving cheap and dirty pints, her addictions have got the better of her, and a comeback was categorically off the cards. Instead, we’ve recruited the socially-skewed mind of Auntie McPickle. Check out her ramblings in the extended Coffee Break section.

One welcome leads to many. We have new Section Editors on board, namely in Arts, Science, Technology, Business, and Politics. We hope you enjoy their ramblings.

Felixonline.co.uk will be a website that I’ll be proud to showcase, and I hope everyone finds it simple and fun to use. You’ll be able to see the latest stories with video accompaniment, and then spew your verbal ejaculation onto our discussion boards.

I want to thank both Chris Birkett and Ravi Pall on behalf of the entire *felix* team for their effort and time given towards the website this summer. Anyone that sees them should immediately

“I hope you like the new design. Some of the changes were necessary and most where unnecessary,”

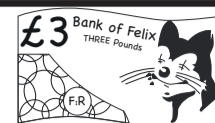
offer them a hug and pint, in whichever order preferable. The website should be up and running in the near future, so look out for it. No doubt, we’ll dance and shout about it when it’s finally launched.

Then there was my promise to open up *felix* as a club. From here on in, I’d consider every student at Imperial a member. Those who read it are also the ones that could potentially write for it. Those who don’t read it also have an

equal chance of writing for it. We don’t expect masterpieces coming through our mailboxes everyday; we expect things written with interest and passion. You can submit an article to any section of the paper. We are in no position to refuse the submission of a reasonable article written by an Imperial student.

If you missed us at Freshers’ Fair, first off: shame on you for not coming to find us as soon as you stepped foot onto soggy ground that morning. Secondly, it doesn’t really matter if you didn’t see us. There’s no boat to miss, and you can write, edit and have a bit of a laugh with *felix* whenever you want throughout the year.

I’ve probably said this a million times to so many of you, but if you see me around College, pick my brains. If you don’t see me around College, come down to the *felix* office in the West Wing of Beit Quad.



Slow News Summer

felix reviews the first prolonged period of few surprises and relative normality since the start of the financial crises

Sina Ataherian Business Editor

If you have just joined IC, welcome – I'm sure you will love your time here. If you are a returning reader, hang in there, it will soon be over. Those who like to keep up with business and finance news but could not be bothered to read over the summer are in luck. This section will offer the laziest way currently available to sound like you know what you are talking about. We also throw in some right-wing rants for good measure. Feel free to email me if you disagree with our analysis or wish to write for *felix* Business.

I'm Confused

Since the recent triumph of the DPJ in the Japanese elections, we have been getting some rather mixed messages. The main reason for this is that the DPJ have needed a coalition with the PNP of Shizuka Kamei to hold a majority in the upper house. Mr Kamei's views are at odds with the DPJ leadership's willingness to embrace the free markets as a means of returning dynamism to the Japanese economy.

The DPJ has been insistent that the government should interfere less in the foreign exchange markets than it has done in the past. But it must contend with Japanese exporters, hit hard by the recent recession, who are lobbying strongly for a weaker Yen. Meanwhile the PNP has been demanding government write-offs of bad consumer debt and opposing privatisation plans.

The result of all this has been a number of mixed statements that have moved the markets substantially in different directions in recent weeks. The most likely outcome will be short term moves to appease the exporters alongside longer-term plans to allow the Yen to float more freely. Expect to see less sensitivity to such comments in future.



Shizuka Kamei of the PNP



Clunkers for Policy-Makers

The recent financial crisis was particularly difficult for its supposed culprits – sub-prime borrowers in America. They are typically poor, heavily indebted and unable to purchase basic necessities such as cars. Meanwhile, in its attempts to save the economy from its debt and over-consumption problems, the US government has expanded its debt to almost \$6 trillion in order to stimulate consumption.

A small but illuminating way to deal with such problems was up and running by August. 'Cash for Clunkers' involves the government handing out \$4500 of borrowed money to Americans to destroy their cheaper cars – the sort poor people would otherwise

have been able to afford on the second hand market. They must then use this money, probably alongside additional personal loans, to buy newer cars. These are themselves built at a loss to the American taxpayer who is currently subsidising their manufacturers.

Alongside the trillions spent (or at least appropriated for spending) here and there, this may seem small pickings. The scheme was declared a huge success for exhausting its initial \$3 billion budget, for instance. But the larger significance is the insight it gives investors into the thinking of the current administration. During the depression they destroyed food and farmland. Investors could have been forgiven for thinking they would have learned their lesson by now. It would appear they still need a little more time.

G20 Meet in Pittsburgh

The main outcome of September's gathering of the world's nineteen supposedly-most-influential governments plus the EU was a general agreement to give more say to developing nations.

For example, it was decided that the group should replace the G8 as the main forum for more important states to move on global policy faster than the UN would be able to. The consensus comes after growing sentiments that the lender-borrower relationship now consolidated between poor and rich countries should be more even.

There was some scepticism on this due to the tone of much of the conversation and the limited change in voting rights. This consisted of pledges to transfer 5% of IMF voting shares from over-represented nations (such as Belgium that gets more votes than Brazil) to emerging economies, and a similar transfer involving 3% of World Bank shares. The meeting also covered policy areas considered more effectively tackled with global co-operation. Free trade and climate change took a back seat to the hotter populist topics of banker pay and global financial regulation.

Concerns over high banking sector pay have some justification given the taxpayer bailouts earlier in the year. It

is particularly difficult for the bailed out banks to make the argument that caps on bonuses may lead their most talented to leave, since their talents are now in serious question.

This development should not, however, concern prospective entrants into the sector. London's usurpation of New York's seat as financial capital of the world amply demonstrated the industry's sensitivity to interference and the lightness of its feet. That the lesson was not lost on the French and Germans explains their otherwise dubious advice to London about the need for tougher curbs.

On the broader issue of financial regulation the world was also saved from the G20's deluded thinking only by the weakness of its will. Having given tactical business advice and suggestions of deferred bonuses to better capture longer-term systemic risks to banking executives, the delegates moved on to proposals for centrally-planned finance. Even the Pope took a break from the Vatican's traditional support for private property to endorse global financial regulation in his encyclical, *Caritas in Veritate*, published July 7th.

They should have been able to agree on substantial changes given how mainstream their cause has become.

They largely failed.

Audit the Fed

On September 25th HR1207, a bill that will remove key restrictions on the Government Accountability Office's ability to audit the Federal Reserve got its first full hearing in the House Committee on Financial Services. Lifelong anti-Fed campaigner Dr Ron Paul, Republican of Texas, is the Bill's sponsor. He believes it will help stop the Fed's ability to fund large government programmes such as wars and will make its manipulation of the currency more difficult.

The Bill has bipartisan support with over two thirds of the House signed on as co-sponsors, as well 80% of American voters according to the latest polls. There nonetheless remain serious challenges from the likes of Congressman Mel Watt. He who drew the committee's attention to a recent open letter by economists arguing against the legislation, published in the WSJ. "It was signed by about eighty academic intellectual err academic type people so yeah" he added.

Meanwhile, the Federal Reserve has been attempting to alleviate some of



the concern surrounding the nature of its operations. Senior staff led by no less than Bernanke himself have been touring the country promoting the case for Fed secrecy in order for it to 'stay independent'. In the process they have already made available new information. Even strong allies such as former New York Fed President Tim Geithner and House Financial Services Committee Chair Barney Frank have suggested that some sort of relaxation on GAO audit restrictions may be beneficial. A Federal Judge recently found in favour of a Freedom of Information Act request by Bloomberg News of the Fed's books. Given the global significance of the Federal Reserve System, this will be an important space to watch.



Oh, don't slip now. Oh wait. I already did. Is that meant to be in two pieces?

Free Drugs

The democrats have spent the best part of the year so far trying to make healthcare cheaper and more accessible to uninsured people in America. Estimates of the bill for the Bill range from self-funding to about three trillion dollars. Congressional democrats have spent the summer trying to sell the plans to increasingly hostile voters at town hall meetings. The protestors at such meetings have in turn been getting more vocal about their objections to the increased involvement of a demonstrably incompetent government in an extremely sensitive area of their until-now-private lives.

They point out that of the forty-five million people with no health insurance, eleven million are prevented from purchasing any because they are illegal immigrants. Fifteen million earn more than the average American but feel insurance is bad value for money as current regulations force them to subsidise the less healthy. Another sixteen million are already eligible for Medicaid, which specifically covers the poor, but choose not

to fill out the forms largely because it is easier to be treated on demand for free in emergency wards if needed.

If you believe the polls, most Americans view the main problem as not access but cost. In the past decade, healthcare inflation has consistently been three times the overall figure. Today America spends 16% of its GDP on health. This is a greater proportion than any other developed nation and twice the OECD average. The lesson from the freer parts of the sector, namely dentistry and optometry, are clear.

At present state governments only allow providers based in the state to offer insurance. So far federal authorities have not attempted to enforce the inter-state commerce clause, which would increase competition in the insurance sector and drive down prices. The other major problem causing higher prices is severe limits on the ability of healthcare providers to compete on price because of discrimination laws as well as the single-price bargaining practice of Medicaid and Medicare.



Be grateful for the 'Death Panels'

The welfare state may be under attack, but the method and philosophy remains by far the fairest option

Nathan Ley Science Editor

NICE (The National Institute for Health and Clinical Excellence) is a health authority of the NHS. Its function is to publish appraisals on whether or not particular treatments should be considered for use by the NHS. NICE was established partially as a result of the controversy surrounding the 'post code lottery' wherein particular treatments were given to patients based on the geographical location of their home. It is the body responsible for the approval of life-extending drugs, notably Herceptin and Revlimid.

NICE invites consultee and commentator organisations to take part in the appraisal (these can include a variety of differing groups with wildly differing agendas i.e. manufacturers of competing drugs, patient groups, health care professionals etc). Along with this, there is an academic centre which collates all the information on the drug undergoing appraisal and prepares a report. Interplay between these bodies and a further independent appraisal committee leads to the creation of an appraisal consultation document which is submitted to NICE for approval.

It's all rather professional and transparent really. NICE appraisals are based on calculations and evaluations of drugs according to cost-effectiveness in specific life scenarios. In other words, it's a trade off between money and life. Sound dodgy? You know, the whole quantifying the value of life thing? Well it shouldn't.

QALY stands for quality adjusted life year. This is a quantitative measure used to gauge the health benefits provided by a treatment regime. This is calculated as the number of years that would be added as a result of the treat-

ment, with each year in perfect health assigned a value of 1.0, through to immediate death with a value of 0. Problems arise in that some argue that there are health states worse than death, and that therefore as a result there should be negative values possible on the health spectrum. Also, determining the level of health depends on measures that some argue can place disproportionate importance on physical pain or disability over mental health. The effects of a patient's health on the quality of life of others (e.g. caregivers or family) do not figure into these calculations.

The weighting values of between 0 and 1 are usually determined by methods such as the following: Time-trade-off (TTO), Visual Analogue Scale, and Standard Gamble, as explained in the right hand box.

However, the weight assigned to a particular condition can vary greatly, depending on the population being surveyed. For example those who do not suffer from the affliction in question are on average more likely to overestimate the detrimental effect on quality of life, compared to those who are afflicted.

QALY is used in cost-utility analysis to calculate the ratio of cost against QALYs saved for a particular health care intervention (i.e. an older more established drug that may have a lower efficacy). This is then used to allocate healthcare resources (finite resources provided by the taxpayer also required for other medical purposes such as helping keep babies alive - the other end of the spectrum), with an intervention with a lower cost to QALY saved ratio being preferred and as a result chosen over an intervention with a higher ratio. This method is controver-

Time-trade-off (TTO)

Here, respondents are asked to choose between either remaining in a state of ill health for a period of time, or being restored to perfect health but having a shorter life expectancy.

Visual analogue scale (VAS)

Respondants are asked to rate a state of ill health on a scale from 0 to 100, with 0 representing death and 100 representing a state of perfect health. This method has the advantage of being the easiest to ask, but it is the most subjective. It can be considered as similar to other linear scales such as the Borg scale

Standard gamble (SG)

In this method, respondents are asked to choose between remaining in a state of ill health for a period of time, or choosing a medical intervention which has a chance of either restoring them to perfect health, or killing them

sial because it means that some people will not receive treatment as it is calculated that the cost of the intervention is not warranted by the benefit to their quality of life (as a guideline, NICE accepts, as cost effective, those interventions with an incremental cost-effectiveness ratio of less than £20,000 per QALY, rising to £30,000 on occasions)

Its supporters argue that since health care resources are inevitably limited, this method enables them to be allocated in the way that is most beneficial to society relative to other treatments i.e. instead of most beneficial to the single patient. This makes logical sense in a way that most sane people can understand. Finite NHS resources dictate the necessity to prioritise some treatments over others.

Since the UK is a welfare state, basic health care is fundamentally free to all citizens in the sense that it is funded by general taxation including national insurance contributions. This model, despite all criticism of the NHS, has been generally accepted as a good thing 60 years on. And so I hear you ask, "why is this topical now and what does this have to do with NICE". Well.....this is

where it gets a bit more political.

It seems as though our neighbours on the other side of the pond have recently taken to a bit of NHS bashing, you know, the whole "evil" "orwellian" and "socialist" rhetoric. This wave of abuse came in response to murmurs from congressional republican town hall meetings of the proposal for state-sponsored "death panels" as part of Obamas support for a completely publicly funded healthcare programme. Since then, the Obama administration has announced they would support a 'health insurance cooperative', which represents a compromise from their stance earlier in the summer, but is at least slightly progressive. The last time a similar democratic health care plan was proposed (the Clinton administration in 1993) it was shot down by a pact of conservatives, libertarians and the health insurance industry. And so the grim fact remains; the USA is the only wealthy industrialised nation that does not provide universal health care. They are in a blinkered minority in believing that health care is a service, and not a fundamental human right (outside the realm of one's ability to pay).

Consequently, they at present have a society in which health insurance is available to the highest bidder subject to the harsh conditions presented by market forces. All this results in a nation in which medical debt is the highest cause of personal bankruptcy.

As recently as last week Florida Democrat Alan Grayson accused republicans of obstructing health care reform as "foot-dragging, knuckle-dragging Neanderthals". And you can see his point. He based his opinions on a Harvard study which concluded that the US health care crisis is costing 44,000 lives a year. All this in the most powerful country on earth? I'll take death panels any day.

The USA will continue to stick to their ways so long as scaremongering and demonisation remain effective political tools. Whilst the UK will continue to provide treatment and approve effective and cost-effective drugs in accordance with democratic scientific judgement in a way which does not hinge on how much cash someone has sat in their kitty. NICE is entirely necessary and continues to perform a fair and proper role in our society.

MediKidz: Superheroes explain medicine to children

Mico Tatalovic Science Reporter

A new publishing company was launched in London last month. MediKidz started originally in New Zealand in 2006, but has now they aim for global business to produce comic books about as many medical conditions as possible.

Two medical doctors Dr Kate Hersov and Dr Kim Chilman-Blair realized there was hardly any child-friendly information about illnesses that affect children all over the world. Affected children are left to their own devices. Their families are left with the burden of explaining the medical issues surrounding their condition. "There is no medical information for kids" Chilman-Blair told Felix. "Often when we made a diagnosis of a young child we felt helpless that we had nothing to give the child themselves to un-

derstand what we had just told them," Hersov told the BBC.

So, the two doctors decided to start a series of comic books that would eventually cover up to 300 most common paediatric conditions, including conditions such as asthma, leukemia, HIV and diabetes. They already have 26 titles in stock, and several UK hospitals ordered copies as well as a national catering company that is going to distribute comic books about obesity in schools around the country.

The comic book series features superhero team called MediKidz. They live on a planet that is shaped like a human body, the MediLand. Each character has super powers related to certain part of the body, such as Chi, an expert in lungs, or Axon, a brain specialist. In each comic book they take a child character on an exciting tour of MediLand, explaining along the way the disease the child suffers from,

what caused it and how it can be diagnosed and treated. So each comics book is like a package of information explaining both the science behind the disease and the issues that patients will encounter such as medical procedures and medication they will have to take. Importantly the scientific information is delivered in an engaging and humorous way, through visually appealing comic books.

"Comic books appeal to kids across the board" Chilman-Blair told Felix in an interview, "They appeal to both boys and girls, and even parents can learn from them. We would like our comics to become a one-stop-shop for all medical issues."

This isn't the first time anyone came up with the idea of using comics to deliver scientific or medical information. Comics have also been used in health promotion and to help children cope with the psychological impact of

diseases including cancer and diabetes, examples include Captain Chemo comics and Omega Boy vs Dr. Diabetes. Some of these have actually been drawn and conceived by the children patients themselves, perhaps showing the need and inclination of children for such materials in a comic book medium. The comic books can be purchased from their website (www.medikidz.com) for £5.99 each, and part of the cost is contributed to the charity MediKidz Foundation, which aims to help educate children in the developing countries and deliver this information to them for free. The comics are good value for money, in this reviewer's opinion. They explain quite a bit of science in the 32 pages, and the narrative is actually very engaging. If you don't want to cash out for comics but still want to support MediKidz' charitable aims, you can join them on Facebook and Twitter.



Skinderella is one of six superheroes making understanding medicine easy

A mental workout in all respects - enter the Brain Gym

Brigette Atkins Science Editor

This is exactly where I have been going wrong all these years. So many lectures I have spent trying as hard as possible to concentrate on the delights displayed before me, only to be greeted by an unavoidable wall of sleep hitting within first ten minutes. But now a technique has come to light, something so extraordinary and unusual, it must work. Children's concentration spans are being improved up and down the country thanks to an increasingly popular 'movement-based' programme known as the 'Brain Gym.'

According to the official website for 'Educational Kinesiology and Brain Gym' this revolutionary technique has been practiced for 27 years and is used in over 80 countries worldwide. Many schools teach its methods on a daily basis and the reported results are often of a profound increase in concentration, calmness and learning ability.

My problem with this? Don't think for one minute I opposed to teachers using any creative method they can think up in a moment of panic to restore discipline to a room full of 25-odd school children. My issue lies with the way in which Brain Gym is presented to be a science. An actual method where the processed involved are directly and unquestionably linked to the results achieved.

Some of what the Brain Gym curriculum teaches is common sense and

sound advice. For example, it advises pupils drink water often throughout the day to hydrate the body and allow for better concentration. This is fair



Hold it, this guy needs calm and a time to reflect right now

enough; a person is likely to be less attentive if they are dehydrated. Unfortunately the Brain Gym Teachers Edition does then go on to say 'processed foods do not contain water' and foods such as soup are 'processed in the body as food' and '[do] not serve the body's water needs'. Aside from this obsession about water, there are other methods to engage your mind in preparation for learning. Most are more than a little obscure and several are actually quite tricky to coordinate, involving twisting your fingers into complicated knots to connect the pathways in your brain. In the box are some of the more popular Brain Gym exercises. You may like to try them out in lectures for your own amusement.

While these routines are pretty laughable in themselves, the fact that it is being taught as a 'science' to young children is worrying. What Brain Gym actually is a pseudoscience, littered with technical terms and packed with oceans of irrelevant or incorrect 'science' to market a supposedly proven-to-work product at an unknowing mass – in this case children. It is also, for teachers, a quick and seemingly cheap cure-all to manage a lesson in an age where every child seems come with a behavioural disability label attached and tougher child protection legislations make controlling a classroom increasingly difficult.

Brain Gym is not an entirely new concept, the teachers' handbook from

1989 is still in use, but with over 1700 teachers recently trained in its methods by the one body, Osiris, at around £3000 per head, Brain Gym is fast becoming big business.

The trouble is, it probably works. We are all affected by the placebo effect to varying degrees and teacher or pupil expectation of such a programme will have an enormous influence on results in the classroom. However

dressing up what is, in all honesty, a way to get children to burn off some energy and settle down as factual science is completely misleading and incorrect. As Ben Goldacre quoted in the *Guardian's* 'Bad Science' column; 'In an ideal world, we would be teaching children enough science in school that they were able to stand up to a teacher who was spouting this kind of rubbish.'

Brain Gym basics:

Brain Buttons - this will (apparently) increase blood flow to your brain and help 'switch [the brain] on' before a lesson: make as large a 'C' as you can with your forefinger and thumb. Place this below your collar bone on each side of your sternum. Press lightly in a pulsing manner. At the same time, pulse your navel area with your other hand for around two minutes.

Cross Crawl - helps information pass between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. Essential for language skills. Can be done standing or sitting (I would recommend the latter mid-lecture): with a marching motion, put your left hand on your right knee as you bring it up. Change hands for your left knee as you raise it. Again, two minutes should do the trick.

Hook-Ups - despite a promising title, this appears to be one of the more complicated routines. For calming nerves simply: standing or sitting, cross your right ankle over your left. Do the same with your wrists but link your fingers keeping your right hand on top. Bend out your elbows and turn the fingers towards your body until they rest on your sternum. Stay like this for several minutes.

Philosophy of Science: a help or hindrance?

Richard Howard Science Reporter

What is Science? What should Science be? How does theory become fact? These are all very worthwhile questions, but are they useful? Do they even have answers? Philosophy of science is concerned with the assumptions, foundations and implications of science, from problems of proof to other ethical problems.

Every student at Imperial College uses and applies 'science' everyday, whether that be in a lab, lecture or workshop, working with a set of principles which are set in stone. These principles guide us through problem sheets, projects and experiments, and in general our degrees would be bloody difficult without them. One aspect of the philosophy deals directly with this issue, it deals with the fundamentals of science, the very building blocks on which science is based.

From Newton's Laws to the survival of the fittest, these principles are the bare bones of science. But, one thing that annoys me bitterly is when people compare science to a religion, saying that it is founded on a set of 'beliefs', and these 'beliefs' are no more conclusive than any other theory. This started me thinking, how could I prove that what we are studying is solid, indisputable and unequivocal fact? However, before I start sounding too

much like Richard Dawkins, I would like to say that science, by definition, is responsible for the fundamentals of the universe. But why? These 'beliefs' translate into the laws, methods and predictions by which science and scientists obey. Newton's laws are known to be laws because of the fact that they are universal, but we cannot test each and every case in which they apply to truly test that they are universal. It would be a complete waste of time. We

"I am not trying to convince you here that you should abandon all hope and trust in science and run away in the opposite direction..."

expect the sun to rise every morning and it does without fail, but there is absolutely no way we can be totally sure that tomorrow it won't. People don't panic every night about the possibility of no sun the next day. Human intui-

tion leads us to believe that Newton's laws are universal and that the sun will rise tomorrow, because we have never experienced a situation where they haven't occurred, and it's our nature to expect what has come before.

I am not trying to convince you here that you should abandon all hope and trust in science and run away in the opposite direction, more questioning the fact that should we be questioning the science that we are being taught here? Could one complete an entire degree and then turn around and ask how, what and why you studied this subject. Would asking questions, which could shake the foundations of science, be worth the effort? An analogous situation to this is a child asking the question 'why' repeatedly, everyone's done it, and will have it done too them. It is annoying, but hark back to your childhood and you'll realise that the reason that you did it was simply because you were curious about your surroundings. Why do light bulbs work? Electricity, why? Heats up the metal inside.....why? etc, and the conversation would end up with a stern 'because I said so' from your parents. Why not try this technique with lectures, see what happens when you ask them for conclusive proof that the sun will rise tomorrow or that E always, without a shadow of a doubt, equals mc^2 .

Do we really have to bore ourselves



with all this rubbish, shouldn't we let science go about its daily business. Nothing so far, of this kind, has sunk the great ship science and hopefully will never. But the thing that grinds my gears is the fact that the essence of science is to deal with these obscure hang ups, and clear the room of these enigmatic spiders' webs. This philosophical problem is like a bad rash, if you ignore it, it might go away. However, it is more likely that it'll stay, and what is much more of a pain is that

there are no clear cut ways of dealing with them.

In gaining knowledge on how the fundamentals of science are proven to be fundamental, in themselves, would we be better off as a student of science and related subjects? Would be able to appreciate the detail, intricacies and, dare I say, beauty of science more?

Philosophy of science has a go at shedding light on this particular problem, so should we be taught it in our mainstream courses?



In a General Election year

James Lees Politics Editor

Another year begins in British politics with the reopening of Parliament on 12th October. This year will see a general election, most likely in May, in which the Conservative party will almost certainly win. The only real question is by how much?

Recent polling data from YouGov show the Conservatives to have a 14% lead over Labour in the popular vote, which would correspond to an overall majority of 70, or 360 seats for the Tories, 199 for Labour and 55 for the Lib Dems. This of course far from guarantees a Tory win, polling data in the UK often proves inaccurate, if only because we are still so far away from the election date and so much could happen between now and May.

So why have the Conservatives taken such a lead? As is too often the case in politics, people aren't thinking of voting Conservative because they particularly like them, but because they no longer approve of Labour. Since 1997, Labour have taken the country into 2 unpopular wars, put the country in the worst economic position to recover from the global recession and encroached on civil liberties. On top of this, popular sentiment appears to be of the opinion that Labour has had long enough to enact the changes which they had promised 12 years ago.

So as we come up to the general election, what promises will the parties make, and will it matter? The number of people who will read the 3 main parties manifestoes will be negligible in proportion to the number that vote, and as such the vote, if it were to be close, is likely to be decided by the charisma of the leaders and the slogans of the party, rather than from any detailed inspection of their policies.

Assuming the election is in May, the

parties still have over half a year in which to persuade the electorate to vote for them, and as such it is still quite early for anyone to lay down grand plans for government. However, the past 3 weeks have seen the main parties' political conferences and they have been fairly telling. Labour spent their conference addressing themselves in an attempt to unite the party, though this meant an absence of reaching out to the country. The Lib Dem conference main highlight was watching Nick Clegg distance himself from the party by going against one of their long held ideals- that there should be no tuition fees.

Tuition fees being a matter important to students, and by pointing out that the Lib Dems might have to keep tuition fees if it proved 'too expensive' to scrap them, they are sure to lose student votes. The so called 'Mansion Tax' on homes worth over £1m also didn't meet with much approval amongst the party.

The Conservative conference saw the signs of a rift in the party about Europe and the potential for a referendum on the Lisbon treaty.

The Tories are aware that they have not won yet, and the main message to the party has been to not be complacent of victory, but to truly win over the people and secure a "strong and positive mandate" for the bold plans to revive the economy. These would include tax cuts for new businesses and assessing everyone on disability allowance for their ability to work.

Still, almost an entire year of university waits before the general election is likely to occur and lots could happen in that time, though it does seem that a miracle would be needed for Labour to hold their majority. Who knows, maybe Gordon Brown will show us his charismatic competent side which he has managed to hide so very well. Or maybe Cameron will turn out to be a pimp.

Fixing Broken Britain?

Phil Murray Politics Editor

This week is the Conservative Party Conference, held in Manchester. Wednesday's main theme was "fixing broken Britain". A number of issues were being addressed, including schooling, sport, and welfare reform, but I want to look at proposals by Shadow Justice Secretary Dominic Grieve MP, that will enable the disclosure of offenders' identities to the public. Woah! alarm bells are ringing in my head already. I'm thinking of the words 'vigilante', 'lynchings' and 'revenge'.

This is supposedly to aid crime prevention and public safety. I believe this will, in fact, do the opposite. Releasing the details of offenders will, I think, lead to revenge attacks, possibly against innocent members of the public.

Picture this: a kid's bike is stolen. Kid tells Dad. Dad 'googles' local offenders, and finds a man living 3 streets away, who, as a teenager, stole a bike. "Hey! It's him!" One drunken night, Dad and mates go to this guy's house, who made a mistake years ago, and hence forth, hospitalise him. Dad and mates go to prison. And the kid still doesn't have his bike back! Now, this may seem far-fetched, but it could happen!

I think that just because you are, in the eyes of the law, an 'offender', doesn't give the government the right to tell all who you are, especially when many crimes are mistakes from a past life. Many criminals are reformed, and should be able to continue with their lives. Imagine if you had a criminal record, and you were then put in a database for all to see. Would you be OK with this?

Now, you may be wondering, what about a person's right to privacy? This is one of the fundamental Human Rights, guarded by the Human Rights Act.

Not a problem for the Tories it seems, as they are planning to annul this cornerstone of Justice. WHAT! This is just plain wrong! The pledge



The most important question in politics today: Dominic Grieve MP, hot or not?

reads that under a Tory government, "The Human Rights Act 1998 will be repealed and replaced with a British Bill of Rights, which will enable the UK to rebalance laws in favour of public protection". Denying a person's right to privacy, whoever that person may be, can never be justified, and the fact that a major political party is actively

proposing this is very worrying. Especially when, because of the amount of in-fighting in the Labour party over the recent months, and the little public support for the Liberal Democrats, it looks like they will be our next Government.

Fixing broken Britain?, or breaking Britain some more?

Cries of corruption cripple Romania in run-up to November Presidential Election

James Lees Politics Editor

Romania appears to be in turmoil following the dismissal of a government minister. Dan Nica, the Internal Minister and member of the Social Democratic Party (PSD) was fired by Prime Minister Emil Boc of the Democratic Liberal Party (PD-L), who then proposed a member of his own party as the replacement.

In late September Nica made claims that all buses had been hired at the time of the upcoming November election, alleging that they were going to be used to move people around, thereby allowing them to vote more than once.

The PSD, who are currently the minority party in a coalition government

"all 9 ministers who are part of the PSD resigning in protest"

with the PD-L, responded to the dismissal of Nica by all 9 ministers who are part of the PSD resigning in protest, which in turn has caused a lack of confidence in the Romanian government.

All this is occurring at a time when Romania is struggling to fulfil obligations in a deal for financial aid from the IMF- a deal worth €20bn. The collapse of the coalition government prompted

Fitch Ratings to say that Romania's credit rating with the IMF could be downgraded if it created significant deterioration to economic policies, which would in turn cause long term difficulties for the already troubled state.

The threat of this has caused the PSD to come out in support of the continuing reforms proposed by the PD-L, but they will also be attempting to join with the liberal opposition to try to bring down Boc's cabinet in a no confidence vote, a move which is likely to create even more uncertainty for Romania.

The IMF is demanding sweeping fiscal reforms aimed at limiting uninhibited salary growth in the public sector, ensuring how tax money is spent and controlled and clarifying salary levels in different sectors. The end goal be-

"The most wide ranging protest in the country since the fall of Communism"

ing to free up state money for modernisation, which is vital in bringing back foreign investment, preventing a financing crisis, and diminishing fraud in the 2nd most corrupt EU state, as revealed by Transparency International last November.

In response to what is perceived as

public sector pay cuts, over 800,000 public workers have gone out on strike in the most wide-ranging protest in the country since the fall of Communism.

The average teacher or hospital worker is currently on approximately \$500 a month, which is significantly lower than the average for the EU. As such, further pay cuts, when combined with the governments' planned compulsory unpaid leave later this year, have been deemed unacceptable by trade union officials who announced strikes may be extended and a mass rally is to be held on Wednesday.

Want to write for the Politics section? Email any of the Editors at politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Surveillance Society

Neil Dhir

In 1994, the paper CCTV: Looking out for you by the Home Office under Conservative Prime Minister John Major was published. Mr. Major was not terribly concerned: "I have no doubt we will hear some protest about a threat to civil liberties. Well, I have no sympathy whatsoever for so-called liberties of that kind." It is understood that Mr. Major held the view 'if you have nothing to hide, you have nothing to fear' giving the Conservatives the carte blanche to blitzkrieg the private lives of ordinary citizens. There is one CCTV camera for every fourteenth person and it does certainly act as a deterrent in some places, but while CCTV is a valuable tool for investigating crime, footage rarely secures a conviction on its own e.g. only 8% of incidents caught on camera in Midlothian led to arrest. Over the past four years Scotland alone has spent £42 million on CCTV cameras. For the same money 350 full-time police officers could have been hired. A report, written by Detective Chief Inspector Mick Neville, who runs the Metropolitan Police's Visual Images Identifications and Detections Office, found that for every 1,000 cameras in London, less than one crime is solved per year.

The revelation that the UK National DNA Database (NDNAD) is the largest in the world should come as no surprise. The NDNAD traces its roots back to 1994 when the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act (CJPOA) was passed in Parliament. The police could now take samples by force if necessary. The CJPOA gave the police powers to search the database for matches between DNA profiles. If a person was subsequently found guilty, their information and samples could be stored on the database indefinitely. However, if the suspect was not charged or was acquitted the DNA samples had to be destroyed. The Criminal Justice and Police Act enabled the NDNAD to retain samples indefinitely taken from consenting volunteers participating in mass screenings. The Criminal Justice Act allowed DNA profiles, fingerprints and "other" information to be taken without consent from anyone arrested on suspicion of any recordable offence. Police can keep this information indefinitely, even if the person arrested is never charged. The Counter-Terrorism Act (CTA) extended police powers to allow DNA and fingerprints to be taken from people subject to control orders. The samples were to be used only "in the interest of national security." The latter amendments were all done in the name of the War on Terror, though who exactly the terrorists are remains open for interpretation. Naturally though, it has all gone sensationally wrong. In 2008 the Home Office revealed that 2,324,879 recorded criminals, or 40%, in England and Wales did not have their DNA sample stored on the NDNAD. In addition, 857,366 innocent individuals' profiles were currently held on the NDNAD.

The government grants itself the right, through the Regulation of Investigatory Powers Act (RIPA), to access a person's electronic communications in



The visible face of the conspiracy against civil liberty in the United Kingdom

a highly unrestricted manner, infringing on the privacy of their correspondence in the name of national security. In 2003, several addendums were added to the bill, the intelligence service can now also collect data from job centres and local councils. Initially nine organisations could invoke the RIPA but today 792 government organisations are allowed to appeal to the act. 474 councils now have the same power as MI5 with regards to RIPA.

Dorset council put a family under surveillance to check that they lived in the school catchment area. The same council put local fishermen under surveillance looking for illegal fishing. An investigation by the Guardian showed that several thousand of these kinds of petty misdemeanours are being targeted as threats to national security every month.

Nearly 60 new powers contained in more than 25 Acts of Parliament have stymied our freedoms and broken pledges set out in the Magna Carta and Bill of Rights, thanks to New Labour and the other parties. Whilst our political parties are doing a formidable job in eating away our freedom, there is also another player on the stage, namely the EU. The EU Data Retention Directive aims to harmonise member states' provisions relating to the retention of communications data. The caller, the time and the means of communication are available for the purpose of the investigation, detection and prosecution of serious crime and terrorism. Telecommunications companies have to store this information for at least six months. We make hundreds of calls each year the details of which, not contents, are stored. The directive also covers Internet access, email and Internet telephony.

42 human rights and civil liberties organisations banded together to oppose the directive in the European Court of Justice where they lost.

Brussels thus imposed a highly unpopular law which would damage the people, the industry and not in the least, the credibility of themselves. Ef-

fectively this leaves the security services cherry picking as to which law they shall use to violate our fundamental human right to privacy. The European Parliament is particularly keen to strike down bloggers with "malicious intent" or a "hidden agenda", which cannot apply to their own staff since they are not even bloggers but promoters of an official organization that, most definitely, has an agenda, though hidden it is not.

The EU for example spent €1.8 million on propaganda in Ireland to force them, in their second referendum on the same question, to ratify the Lisbon Treaty. After the first rejection, a leaked document from the European Commission read "the internet has allowed increased communication between citizen groups away from Government and traditional media dominated sources." The report went on to say "because of the many different sources of No campaigners on the internet, classic rebuttals is made impossible." Thus, the 'No' campaigners are the bad guys for using the blogosphere as the 'Yes' campaigners cannot instigate an effective counter offensive where they do not control the battle field. In 2008 alone, the EU spent more than €2.4 billion on propaganda or advertisement of the EU, which is more than Coca Cola's entire global advertising budget.

This is the Britain New Labour, the Conservatives and the EU created. A realm where freedom of speech is delivered a blow day after day, where democracy and liberty are shackled, tortured and are screaming in their closed confinements that once was the birth of a proud democracy, the Palace of Westminster. The indifference shown by this country in the face of the previous and current government's war on basic human rights has clearly displayed the true spirit of a people that has forgotten its history and "A nation which forgets its past has no future" – Sir Winston S. Churchill. If we do not care about our civil liberties then we do not deserve our freedom.

The world beyond College walls



Honduras

The Central American country of Honduras has had a turbulent summer.

In the morning of June 28th, following an arrest warrant issued by the Supreme Court, soldiers from the Honduran military stormed President Manuel Zelaya's residence in Tegucigalpa, the capital, overcame ten presidential guards, bundled Mr. Zelaya (pictured) into his private jet while he was still in his pyjamas, and sent him into exile in Costa Rica.

Members of the Supreme Court and Roberto Micheletti, the Speaker of Congress, had deemed Zelaya's recent attempt at constitutional reform unconstitutional. Zelaya, a supporter of Hugo Chavez's socialism, was supposedly seeking to run for a third consecutive term as president.

International reaction to the military coup has been almost universally negative, and no foreign government has yet recognized the Interim Government led by Mr. Micheletti. Since the coup, Zelaya has made several attempts to return to power, unsuccessfully trying to land his plane at Tegucigalpa's airport on July 5th, and crossing the border from Nicaragua into Honduras on July 26th, before being forced to turn back by Honduran soldiers. On September 21st, he reappeared in the Brazilian embassy in Tegucigalpa, prompting a curfew throughout the city, and bringing much of the country to a standstill until earlier this week.



China

On October 1st 1949, Mao Zedong stood before the Gate of Heavenly Peace, facing Tiananmen Square, and declared the founding of the People's Republic of China.

On the same day this year, China held huge displays of military might to celebrate the National Day. 10,000 goose-stepping soldiers marched down Chang'an Avenue, followed by an impressive array of 500 tanks, the latest in intercontinental ballistic missile technology, over 150 military aircraft, and 100,000 civilian participants.

The parade, which stretched over three kilometers, was perfectly choreographed during four months of training. Soldiers were told to blink only once every forty seconds, and took precisely 116 steps per minute. All of the communist party's senior members attended, including Chairman Hu Jintao and Premier Wen Jiabao.

The lavish ceremony was a reminder to the country, and the world, of China's growing military, political and economic clout. Despite these significant gains, China's leaders still complain that the world has not accepted its emergence. Developed countries argue in turn that China has yet to demonstrate that it will accept the responsibility which naturally comes with greater power.



Iran

The discovery of a second uranium-enrichment plant near the city of Qom in Iran has prompted outrage from international observers, but ensuing talks may turn out to be fruitful, for once.

The plant, which can be used for making weapons-usable uranium, suggests that Iran, which is also working to produce plutonium, another bomb ingredient, is getting threateningly close to being able to build nuclear weapons. Although its leaders stress that all nuclear activity is for civilian purposes only, few outsiders believe their claim.

In response to the threat, talks have been held in Geneva between Iran and six countries – the United States, Britain, France, Germany, Russia and China. These talks also open the first formal, direct negotiations between Iran and the US in three decades. Similar attempts at making Iran relinquish its nuclear ambitions have failed because of a lack of support from Russia and China.

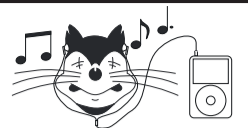
This time however, Iran has agreed, in principal, to export much of its stock of uranium for processing, and to reveal its new plant to UN inspectors within a fortnight. Western officials caution that these agreements could still unravel during negotiations over details, but the deals offer the hope that the nuclear crisis could be diffused, at least temporarily.

Edited by Raphael Houdmont

MUSIC

Music Editors Alexandra Ashford & Kadhim Shubber

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Pop star? No thanks.

Alex Ashford Music Editor

I really can't write this column about what's going on in music right now, having been away from the real world all summer, travelling through the backwaters of India, where record shops barely exist and the only CDs people own are psytrance and goa leftovers from LSD-fried, enlightenment-seeking hippies. I have no idea what is happening in music right now, and in all honesty I don't mind at all.

I had the rare pleasure, a few days ago, of seeing my friend Terry who had come over from New York to DJ and drum in London. We ended up in that weird dive of a bar, the 333 in Shoreditch. While they were playing the Major Lazer track "Pon de floor" he quietly mentioned, "this is me drumming". How cool is that? That is pretty cool. That is so cool. I think I told every single person I encountered for the next few days about how cool I thought that was.

But it probably isn't very cool if you are the person saying it. If anything you would probably be bored of people telling you how cool it is. So many boys pick up guitars and dream of the day their band makes it big, the next Libertines, the next Rolling Stones, the next Sonic Youth. But what if you are, would it be cool then? Look at Pete Doherty, if you can bear to look at his sweaty-cheese-left-out-of-the-fridge face. All the sadness of his life choices began with being in a band that made

it big. Maybe the same would have happened to him if he had taken another path, but I doubt it.

I don't think I could ever be a musician (not that I have one thimble-full of the talent required anyway). If I talk to anyone about music, there are always a generous handful of musicians that people will say "I fucking hate _____" about. Why? Because they make music you don't enjoy? People say, "oh, I hate that La Roux! She says she doesn't like Lady Gaga" and "Lily Allen is a bitch! Did you hear what she said about Girls Aloud?". For some reason, to make music and not be venomously hated by large proportions of people you have never met, you have to avoid having an opinion on anything, and even then maybe you would be called boring. Artists get bottled at festivals. They are picked apart and chewed up and judged like no-one else in any other field, except perhaps Hollywood actors. Only unlike Hollywood actors, they don't really make any money, they live on freebies.

Being a rock/pop/rap star is like a modern equivalent of the American Dream. A fantasy that will never live up to its promise. Perhaps I'm pretty cynical and jaded. I would ask my American friend what he thinks but he's playing a festival in Beijing with Buzzcocks, partying in the swankiest hotels and waking up in beds with anonymous girls. Hmm. Maybe it's not too bad after all.

Mozart Hushed as Royal Albert Hall welcomes unsigned bands

A gig venue for independent artists and unsigned bands? In South Kensington, at the Royal Albert Hall? I didn't believe it either, this had to be seen to be believed.

As I walked to the recently refurbished Elgar Room (in the past used by The Central School of Speech and Drama to train actors such as Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Judi Dench and Harold Pinter) it was a little diffi-

cult to imagine skinny jeaned indie kids traipsing through the building. But also pretty exciting. In a venue that usually plays host to dinner jackets and gowns, a few hoodies and checked shirts walking around is almost subversive.

The Hush nights have been around for a while but it's only now that the Elgar Room has been specifically converted for gigs. In the past artists such as Johnny Flynn, Little Boots and Cocknbulldid have been intruders in a faux-Victorian

room but now with past greats such as Jimi Hendrix adorning the walls and an ultra-low stage, this is now a truly intimate venue for unknown, up and coming artists.

Wednesday 14th October, Alan Pownall, Jonathan Jeremiah, Jose Vanders and Liam Bailey.
Tickets £6 students/£7.50 advance/£10
www.royalalberthall.com



It's true what they say isn't it? MGMT just don't have much stage presence...

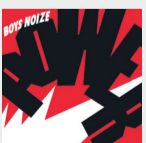
Reviews

ALPHABEAT
THE SPELL
POLYDOR
SINGLE



Perhaps in Denmark '90s pop music didn't happen, because this music sounds like a Gina G b-side, it's light and frothy but it doesn't have that "ooh ahh" that Gina G had. On the one hand I love '90s pop music and I hope this is a sign that music might go back to making pop classics like "get into the groove", but I fear this song already sounds like it belongs in the bargain bin at a petrol station. - Alex Ashford

BOYS NOIZE
POWER
BOYS NOIZE
RECORDS
ALBUM



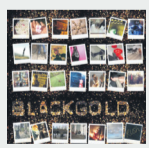
It's damn good, and better than most electro, but not as good as his first album. - Kadhim Shubber

WILDBEASTS
TWO DANCERS
DOMINO
ALBUM



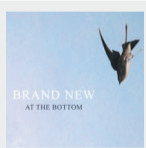
This is lovely, floaty, folksy, indie music, with a singer that sounds a bit like Anthony from Anthony & the Johnsons / Hercules and Love Affair. The lyrics are a bit weird, "scaring the oldies into their dressing gowns/as the dripping dogs howl"? But it's good. I like it. You might too. - Alex Ashford

BLACKGOLD
RUSH
RED BULL
RECORDS
ALBUM



If you like music with lots of sweeping guitars and some tinkling pianos and heartfelt vocals, but Radiohead are a bit depressing/weird for you, you might like this. The lyrics are a bit rubbish but I think this sort of music is for boys who will hear it on Radio 1 in their car and aren't likely to listen to the lyrics anyway. - Alex Ashford

BRAND NEW
AT THE BOTTOM
POLYDOR
SINGLE

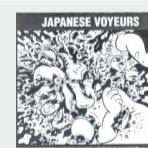


'At the Bottom' is the first single from Brand New's new album, Daisy. Released digitally a month prior to Daisy, the New York band continues to musically lurch ahead of their peers with each album. However, 'At the Bottom' indicates a progression from 2006's 'Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me' less drastic than those between previous LPs.

Though the pop-punk roots of old have truly decayed with the release of 'At the Bottom', the emotion of their tracks is still fruitfully evident in the screaming chants of Jesse Lacey overlaying the measured whines of guitars.

'At the Bottom' just falls short of the tag of an impressive first single from their new album, but it is sure to lead a steady flow of quality singles in the next year; it will please fans but will not catch the casual listeners' attention. - Dan Wan

JAPANESE VOYEURS
SICKING & CREAMING
SLIMEBALL
EP



Apparently Japanese Voyeurs (not actually Japanese at all) make music about "infantile fantasies, crushing disappointments and sexual repression". This song seems to have a bit of all 3 and if you can get past the slightly strange vocals and lyrics, it's a fairly solid piece of noise rock.

- Richard Waldie

FLOODS OF RED
HOME, RUN
DARK CITY
SINGLE



It's fairly promising, but unfortunately this piece of Scottish post-hardcore never really goes anywhere. Flood of Red are worth a listen if you're hardcore keano, but there isn't really much there to stand out above some of the more established groups.

- Richard Waldie

ALICE IN CHAINS
BLACK GIVES WAY TO BLUE
PARLOPHONE
ALBUM



They're back after 15 years without an album with a new singer, this album is very good. It's got enough of the old style AIC crunch but does enough to sound current. Most importantly Duvall's vocals offer a fitting replacement to the late great Layne Staley without sounding derivative. Superb.

- Richard Waldie

ANIMAL KINGDOM
SIGNS & WONDERS
WILD
SINGLE



I hoped a band called "Animal Kingdom" might sound like Animal Collective covering the Lion King soundtrack, but sadly this sounds like a blend of all the indie/folk bands around at the moment. I could see myself enjoying it in the middle of a playlist but it's not a stand out track. - Alex Ashford

Live



Noah & The Whale @ KOKO

There is an old adage that says; 'if you speak, they will listen.' This did not hold true for Noah and the Whale, who grew increasingly frustrated as a significant section of the audience privately conversed. 'You can talk about the gig afterwards,' urges frontman Charlie Fink. Would it be cynical to suggest that an enthralling performance would remedy this situation? Quite possibly, but nonetheless Noah and the Whale hit somewhat wide of the mark this evening, often drifting into monotony to the point of being disinteresting. It probably doesn't help that female accompaniment has now been deemed surplus to demands, which would often add a much needed contrast to

Fink's often invariant vocals.

Respite is redeemed within the bands most jaunty, jangly songs such as Jo-casta and 5 Years Time. When the latter begins, naturally the talking transforms into singing as sections of the crowd remember why they attended this evening. This seemed to be a stage too big for this band to fill, resulting in a stagnant atmosphere where the most crowd participation was in the form of hissed shushes.

As far as the performance goes, there was little to be overwhelmed by. They felt like a band running through the motions, with the exception of the violinist trying to shred his bow during a prolonged middle eight. Fink occasionally stepped away from the micro-

phone and hunched over his guitar, as if he couldn't decide between rock or twee.

To be fair to them, when they write a decent pop song, it really works. Their ballads are also not bad but there seems to be a real lack of depth and variation in their repertoire which seems to be the prime culprit to not maintaining the crowds attention.

- Christopher Walmsley

Noah & The Whale
KOKO, Camden
2nd October
★★☆☆☆

The Boxer Rebellion @ Garage

Confidence is half the game and The Boxer Rebellion were overflowing with it. They walked on stage with an attitude that said "We know how fucking good our material is, and we're going to make you love every second of it".

They didn't fail to deliver, with every song the cheering simply grew louder and by the end of the gig most fans had their hands permanently in the air. The mix of mainly 30+ lads and lasses were held firmly under the spell of frontman Nathan Nicholson's ("well fit" according to my companion) impressive vocals. He switched seamlessly from ghostly falsetto during "Flashing Red

Light Means Go" to screaming lunatic as he dived over the barrier to party with fans for "Watermelon". Despite the belting delivery, he made it look like a walk in the park (although his sweat drenched shirt gave the game away. He was outdone by guitarist Todd Howe who genuinely had sweat dripping from his fingertips).

It's often been said that the band writes music designed for large arenas and this sentiment exactly sums up the sensation of hearing them perform live. The guitar, drums and vocals seem to hang in the air above you giving the impression, even in a small venue like the Garage, that they're playing to a packed Wembley Arena. The impact is that

you're left with the sensation of the epic.

Luckily this was tempered to a certain extent, in part by the bands exuberance and charisma but also by the increased intimacy of their new material from album Union as opposed to their 2005 debut EXITS.

In short, armed with some sweet material, The Boxer Rebellion blew the crowd away. - **Kadhim Shubber**

The Boxer Rebellion
Garage, Highbury
6th October
★★★★☆



MUMFORD & SONS
SIGH NO MORE
ISLAND RECORDS
ALBUM

Folksters Mumford & Sons have been spearheading the London modern folk scene with the likes of Laura Marling and Johnny Flynn's for quite some time now, but while their peers have found record deals and Mercury prizes, it's only now that they've been given the opportunity to apply their talent for tugging and pulling apart the heart-strings in album form.

Lyricaly this record is mind-blowing. The band refuse to underestimate their listeners and weave imaginative metaphor, inventive hyperbole and a little bit of Shakespeare to convey a powerful sense of lost love.

The music is by no means 'sappy' however, they combine some old-fashioned banjo with thumping double-bass and such huge drums that one wonders if the drummer might take steroids. The record is ultimately has an accessibility that leaves mainstream success all but inevitable. - **Kadhim Shubber**

THE SATURDAYS
FOREVER IS OVER
EMI
SINGLE

PR have been pushing The Saturdays like an expectant mother who's three weeks overdue. I don't want to be mean so I'll just say that whether or not this single sells a lot of copies or not, it's just not interesting music, not at all. - **Kadhim Shubber**

Forget Marilyn Manson, it's music like this that makes me want to blow up a school, so that none of the children ever grow up to make music like this. Anyone who ever listens to this out of choice is not human. They are a reptilian shape shifter and should you encounter one, I'm pretty sure it is within the law, if not required by law, to kill them immediately.

The lyrics don't even make sense: "forever is over"? what does that even mean? Did you just find words with similar letters in them and put them together? This sounds like a sketch show parody of how bad pop music is. - **Alex Ashford**

CHASE & STATUS
END CREDITS
FT. PLAN B
MERCURY
SINGLE

In my day drum & bass music was about raving and skanking and waiting for the bass to drop. With this single Chase & Status have decided that it's now about pop songs with an over-used beat. It doesn't work and if it's the shape of things to come then I'll kill myself. - **Kadhim Shubber**

KID CUDI
FT. MGMT & RATATAT
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
SINGLE

If the Saturdays are the epitome of everything bad about music right now, this song is the epitome of what is good about music right now. When I listen to this I think of a future utopia where hip hop and electro and indie all merge together like the Power Rangers megazord of modern music. - **Alex Ashford**

COME TO
ICRADIO'S
BEER & BISCUITS
PHYSICS ROOF, TUES 13TH
7 PM
FREE ENTRY
FREE BOOZE
IT'S ALSO FREE!
in association with...
MUSIC TECH



Hello Google Wave!

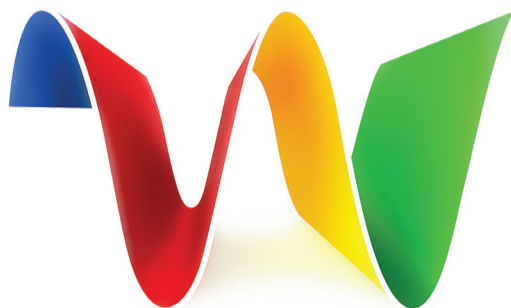
What's all this Waving business about and why should you care?

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

So, what's all this Waving business all about and should you care?

Well, Wave is Google's new communication project that is somewhat difficult to describe, but is based around an amalgamation of IM, email and real-time collaboration services. It's currently in a closed beta, recently expanded to 100,000 testers (all invited manually if we're to believe the buzz) and may revolutionise the way we communicate with our friends, co-workers and family across the internet.

I've got MSN/Yahoo/AOL/Gtalk IM already, and email, why would I want something else? Well, imagine a webapp that you can login to from anywhere with a browser, that gave you collaborative blend of IM and email with a load of sharing features all in a tidy and unique package. That's what Google's aim is for Wave. It's something that you'll have to see to really understand but one of its stand out features is the instant character broadcast. That is, the text you type instantly appears in the Wave for everyone to see the moment your finger hits the key. Now in my mind this will lead to a load of typos, but if we gloss over that, we could have collaborative conversations where you can interpret what people are saying, edit it in real-time and even finish their sentences for them. Replies can be started in a separate message, but you can also reply to someone's sentence right in that sentence meaning you no longer have any ambiguity to who or what you might be replying to. The Wave also represents a persistent message a bit like email, meaning you can invite people or send them the Wave at a later date. They'll get all the conversation and edits and be able to play it back blow by blow with the replay feature. Say you've got a conversation about a busted piece of equipment between two colleagues. They can talk it all out with costs and alternatives in



a Wave, once they've come to a conclusion of how to proceed, they can then send the whole Wave to their boss. He can see all the information but doesn't need to haggle over the details to sign off on it. It'll be a lot cleaner and much more efficient than sending a chain of emails, especially if more than one or two people are replying, something that makes a complete mess of emails.

Waves are more than collaborative IM sessions though. You can directly embed media in them via simple drag and drop. Photos, YouTube videos and Google Docs can all be directly embedded within the Wave for watching, editing, reading or viewing. Examples given by Google for real world use of Wave could be checking of a contract, reviewing the document and pulling bits of text out into Waves for collaborative editing. Now I can see myself editing journal articles and joint project write-ups like this, so for students it could be incredibly useful for all the group projects everyone seems to have to go through.

Another stand out feature that might be incredibly useful, if it works as described, are the use of Wave extensions, one of which was real-time (can you see a trend here?) translation. Imagine talking to a friend in Brazil in Portuguese, just by typing in English. Now I must admit that machine translation has never been particularly accurate, but it should be sufficient for your friend to work out what you're saying. Language barrier be damned, we

will converse about that sick YouTube video, even if we don't speak the same language.

The beauty of Google Wave however has to be in the code, and forgive me if this is boring to some of you, but it's mostly written in HTML5. This means that without any major effort, it should work on any up-to-date browser on any platform on any device with feature parity. The obvious implementation is mobile platforms. Google is right on this and as of the developer preview, a working iPhone webapp complete with pretty home screen icon was working, with one exception editing. It's something that's not supported directly in HTML5 but is also something that could change by the time the webapp hits the wider world.

So will Wave succeed? I find it hard to believe it won't after all it is Google. Will it be useful? Undoubtedly it will be useful, especially for anyone who wants to collaboratively edit something, so for students I think it could simply genius. Will it replace everything else? No, and I think that's where the hype out-reaches the possibility for the product. With a load of social networking sites, IM networks and good old email pretty entrenched, Google Wave is not going to roll in and wash all else out. Should you be excited? Well I'm intrigued and I think you should check it out as soon as you can, which may not be for a good while, but it's not going to be earth shattering when it lands.



In a place filled with digital

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

Apple Tablet. Ha, now I have your attention. It's all over the news, some mythical, do it all device that's going to replace your computer, your phone, your life. It's going to end world hunger, make you super-human and might even get you laid.

Bollocks! You say? Well you'd be spot on. The thing is, it's all bollocks. At this stage no one knows anything. Seriously, it's all hearsay and rumour. Some might be more legitimate than others, but it's all still rumours. Yes, Foxconn might make it (they're the chinese company who makes the iPhone, and the one with the 'suicide' secrecy policy). And yes Apple probably has been trying to make one since 2003, but most good tech companies make inroads along all avenues of research and development at one stage or another. Otherwise they wouldn't be 'good' tech companies. So until Mr. Jobs pulls one out of his pocket and/or manilla envelope, don't believe everything you read.

More Apple news this week which should be of interest to anyone thinking of getting an iPhone in the near future. O2 exclusivity deal for the iPhone

in the UK will run out in the next couple of months. Both Orange, which is in the process of trying to merge with T-mobile to create the biggest UK network, and Vodafone have already announced availability of the iPhone from late 2009/early 2010. I say great news as O2 totally rips iPhone users off with crappy tariffs and arguably poor 3G service anywhere but London.

Of course O2 still have their grubby mitts on a Palm Pre exclusivity contract, so anyone seeking a bit of webOS are still stuck with the Telefonica off-shoot.

Spotify brought their offline playlist caching to the desktop this week following in the footsteps of their mobile apps on Android and the iPhone. Unfortunately requiring a premium, £9.99 per month subscription, the desktop Spotify app now comes armed with a simple offline switch. Spotify is certainly gunning for your hard-earned here and a piece of the iTunes market share. Personally I think they should enable the mobile apps and caching for the free ad-supported accounts, but I guess you've got to have some sort of incentive to go premium.

Get involved!

So you've read what I've got to say, but don't let that stop you. If you've got a passion for technology, got something to say, or just want to heckle me over some sordid gadget then get involved!

Email me at: technology.felix@imperial.ac.uk

If it's something decent you might even end up in *felix* one week.

Weekly Wrap Up - The Best of the rest in the world of technology

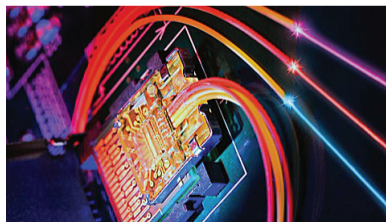
Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

This week has been an interesting week for Tech. First off on the big news, Apple/Intel announced and demonstrated a new data transmission system the aptly named, Light Peak, which is capable of up to 10Gbps over an optical interconnect up to 100m in length. Managing to both smoothly drive a greater than HD res monitor and saturate a speedy SSD raid with a file transfer over one connection, shows this could be a real contender with USB 3.0, FireWire and DisplayPort.

The idea behind Light Peak is to reduce the number of connections and

standards you need on a single device and with that kind of bandwidth I can seriously see it replacing a lot of connections on your laptop, palmtop and even your desktop. Mind you looking at the hulking rig they used to demonstrate it, I wouldn't expect to see this in your iPhone/iPod any time soon, but rumours have it appearing in the Autumn 2010 Mac line.

In other news, the first ever writ via Twitter was served by the British High Court this week. The injunction was one against an anonymous Twitter user impersonating the right-wing blogger Donal Blaney, owner of Griffin Law. This decision to employ Twitter as a legitimate service for serving the injunction is interesting from many aspects. The law tends to be a somewhat



slow and behind the times force which has shown unexpected forward thinking. It also means that a precedent has been set for both serving writs across the service and also the targeting of anonymous abuse across the internet.

As the film industry and now both Sky and Sony among others all push towards 3D TV, Sony made a significant announcement of a single lens

3D video camera. Up until now, all 3D recording was essentially done by bolting two lenses with two sensors together. This meant that the camera is both bulky and not suited for any fast moving recording such as sport.

Sony have shoved two CMOS sensors behind one lens with the light split by a system of mirrors. This is good news for anyone who's after 3D football in the near future or fancies themselves a 3D film maker (with a large bank balance).

Electric cars also got some love this week in the form of another fantastic looking sports car, the e-Wolf e-2, which is set to give the Shelby Aero and of course the Tesla Roadster a run for their money. Looking like the boys from Lambo gave it the once over and

boasting more than 1000Nm of torque with a top speed of 250Km/h (that's 155mph in old money) the e-2 might make a decent pin up yet.

Batteries also got some love from IBM this week, with the announcement that they've assigned a task force of about 40 to the Battery 500 project. The aim is to boost battery storage density by a factor of 10 in an effort to get electric cars to the mythical 500mile range.

Focusing on lithium-air technology, they're not going to feature in a car you can buy any time soon, but it's really important for the evolution of the electric car to have a storage system that can power it for a decent distance, so good on you IBM, fingers crossed for a swift breakthrough.

FILM

Film Editors Zuzanna Blaszczak & Jonathan Dakin

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Brief hello and a quick rant

Zuzanna Blaszczak Film Editor

A very warm welcome to all the fresher's and an even warmer welcome to those returning from a blissful summer to the next year of ungratifying and pointless work. If you haven't realised it yet, the only thing that stands a chance in making this coming year bearable and, dare I say, enjoyable, is not, as you might think, booze. No, it's something much better, something that will get your heart racing faster, will make you laugh uncontrollably and weep like a child, something that will make you feel alive, happy, sad, depressed, perplexed and totally 'bungalowed' without the head splitting, gut emptying, hangover next day.

That 'something' is any great movie. And here at the film section, my humble self and your fellow students who feel the need to satisfy their inner 'writing' souls, will try to guide you in the quest for the perfect movie to suit your mood. In the dangerous and murky world of

cinema releases we promise to steer you clear of the battalion of film wrecks out there and to scream out the movies you must not miss. And occasionally we will publish simple reviews for you to make up your own mind.

After that heaping dollop of cheesy cliché, let me move on to what's been bothering me since late September. You must have heard about the Swiss arresting Roman Polanski. And you must have heard of the Hollywood outrage that followed, of the Polish, French and other governments that made a PUBLIC stand in support of the famous director. All I want to know is when exactly we found ourselves in a world where creating a few good movies and being recognized all over the globe makes you above the law. Not many people nowadays are naive enough to believe that the world is a fair place, but having it blatantly displayed by the media and national governments is as much of a shocker as the fact that sometimes justice wins.

...and Away they Go, thank god



American Beauty, *Road to Perdition*, *Revolutionary Road*, all award winning movies, with tons of publicity and international, well-earned acclaim. Apart from having some common attributes like a rather depressive tone, some ingenious photography, and soundtracks that fit the movies like a glove, they also share the same director. With his previous work Sam Mendes has proved that he can tell a perfect story, one that grips, one that has a moral, with well developed characters and inevitably one that has a memorable ending. It thus pains me to have to say that his most recent project, a 'no-story' about a young quirky couple looking for their place in the world, does not fulfill standards he got his viewers used to.

The movie starts off interestingly enough. We are introduced to the main characters in a amusing and fairly brave opening scene. Burt and Verona (John Krasinski from the *american Office*, and Maya Rudolph from *Idiocracy*) are in their early thirties, a couple and expecting their first child. After learning that Burt's parents will be leaving the

States for Antwerp for two years they decide to leave their trailer and find a new home for themselves somewhere in America. In order to do that they visit their friends and family scattered around the north American continent.

In the beginning we encounter bizarre and slightly off-kilter characters, like Burt's parents, Maya's friends in Phoenix or Burt's friend in Tucson, that turn the first thirty minutes of the film into an enjoyable comedy with a good dash of social commentary thrown in. However, as the movie progresses the bits and pieces of humorous dialogue we are treated to and the funny scenes come to a stop, to be replaced by everyday drama. I think I understand Mendes' attempt to show how real life problems affect real people; how, unlike in the movies, turmoil and tragedy go unnoticed by anyone but the victims. It seems the director also wished to make one of those films like *Slumdog millionaire* or *Juno* that show the darker side of humanity, fate, life and yet, in the end, have a heartwarming effect on the viewers. Unfortunately

What sci-fi is all about

CHRISTMAS CAME HALF A YEAR EARLY THIS SUMMER WITH NEILL BLOMKAMP'S PRAWN INVASION IN SOUTH AFRICA

Shane O'Neill

This was undoubtedly THE summer blockbuster. *Bruno* was an out-and-out disappointment, as predictable as it was unnecessarily grotesque. *Public Enemies* was saved from the realms of forever-forgotten films by the ever-suave Johnny Depp. And, well, the less said about *G.I. Joe: Rise of the Cobra* the better.

Whereas all these films failed to live up to their advertising campaigns, Neill Blomkamp's *District 9* surpassed the hype created for it. One could barely avoid the "for humans only" signs, and the strange silhouettes of the creatures we later got to know as "prawns", plastered all over the streets—a very clever advertising campaign. Anyone who went to the cinema in the past year and caught a glimpse of the trailers would be familiar with the shot of a huge spaceship hovering precariously over Johannesburg, with confused and distressed news reports played over the top.

The advertising campaign was tantalising, making this film, for me at least, the most eagerly anticipated release of the year.

Filmed in a pseudo-documentary style, the film quickly draws viewers into a world (more specifically, Johannesburg) in which there is a strange 'District 9': From a series of quickfire interviews with officials and reporters we learn all we need to know: the spaceship appeared some 20 years ago and after much deliberation it was decided that if the aliens weren't going to come out, we'd have to go in. The aliens were found in a very malnourished state, so were removed from the ship and deposited in District 9, a purpose-built refugee camp in the middle of Johannesburg.

As the years went by it became obvious that the aliens would have to stay (their spaceship seemed to have stopped working) and District 9 transforms into a fully fledged slum, with more than one million "prawns" living there. This causes a fair amount of social unrest: no one wants to live near these "prawns", with their tentacles and cat-food addiction.

Step in Multi-National United (MNU), the organisation responsible for moving the "prawns" to District 10, 200km outside of Johannesburg. The man entrusted to oversee the relocation is Wikus van der Merwe (Sharlto Copley), a nerdy, pen-pushing bureaucrat (seems he could have been plucked from any corridor in Imperial) who is given the position more for his

Away We Go lacks the flair of the above mentioned movies—there is no story, no real character development or even a proper soundtrack to carry the initial momentum forward. As the film takes on it's more serious tone, the pace seems to slow down with a lot of unnecessary scenes and starts getting



Don't let the hugely stereotyped alien ship fool you, the movie is one of the most original releases this year.

connections than his capabilities (his father-in-law is high up in MNU). And so the movie begins.

I won't divulge any more information, suffice to say that the aliens are not as peculiar as we first think and the men and women in the film are not entirely good and innocent. Made for a paltry £18 million, the film packs an enormous punch. The special effects are brilliant throughout and the acting is as moving as it is funny. However, a film set in South Africa that addresses racial issues obviously has to face up to certain questions.

A South African film in which a particular group is shunned, segregated and nationally despised simply because of how they look, and who are eventually understood and assisted by a middle-class white man... it sounds very familiar. It's obvious about

Apartheid, right? Actually, no, according to director Blomkamp, who says it is more about current predicament of the hundreds of thousands of Zimbabwean refugees in South Africa, who are treated badly by both white and black South Africans. But why address South Africa's recent history – whether it's Apartheid or the problems faced by Zimbabweans – in the terms of an alien movie? Could it be that Blomkamp found it too difficult to make a straight film about human turmoil in South Africa? It is certainly striking that one of the best films about South Africa to be made in years features aliens in the place of blacks – whether black Zimbabweans or black South Africans. Blomkamp has created a sci-fi masterpiece; his only flaw is that he and the movie seem alienated, literally, from recent South African history.

quite tiresome, especially that even by this time Burt and Verona fail to truly endear themselves to the audience.

It's also a bit of a shame that, as usual, the trailers spoil the majority of jokes from the movie. In the end *Away We Go* is one of the numerous mediocre films that have no plot holes, no strik-

ing unrealism, no visible flaw and yet they're not particularly entertaining to watch, nor have they some deeper meaning to be pondered. The film is too tender, too sickly sweet and simply not quirky enough. It will surely end where all mediocre films end, in the sweet oblivion of forgetfulness.

STAY CALM AND CARRY ON: FRESHERS' WEEK 2009/2010 IN PICTURES

Photos by Dan Wan & Tom Roberts



Moving-in Saturday: A revamped Eastside opens its doors for the 09/10 Freshers intake.



Shifting boxes around and unpacking ensues as Imperial's newest students settle into their Halls.



Deputy President (Finances and Services) Danny Hill stares into the masses with pint at hand



Freshers' rave up to tunes played out by Radio 1 DJ Jo Whaley (fit, no?)



Selkirk sub-warden Marcus Shephard roars in delight at the sight of the first Freshers



Essentials convenience store predict extra demand for Smash and noodles as Freshers move in



Freshers' Fair: Ultimate Frisbee is like normal frisbee, but way crazier we can't even explain



This strength test was annoyingly hard and this legend was seen raving in dBs for 3 nights straight



The Mingle: So what that he looks like a twat, with that tongue, we all know he's awesome in bed



Freshers get to know each other with the help of Mr. Alcohol and Mrs. Drum'n'Bass, (fit, no?)



LGBT stall: I can never remember if GAP actually stands for 'Gay And Proud' or if that's just a joke



Chemistry DepSoc show off their latest lab equipment. So cool. Tools.



Freshers' Fair 2009

On Tuesday 6 October College was transformed for the day to become a bustling bazaar of stalls from all of our Clubs & Societies, as well as many external companies making it the single biggest day for Clubs & Societies at Imperial: a celebration of everything extracurricular in amongst an otherwise hectic week getting to grips with academics. By the looks of the turnout it also seems to have been our most successful ever!

It wasn't all smooth running though. In initial plans many clubs were all prepared for a stall in the gentle early autumn sunshine, but as the day approached the Met Office had a different story to tell and so on Monday it was all change. It was a quick turnaround to the contingency Wet Weather Plan as some heavy rain was on the cards. Overall however, those clubs who had to move dealt with it admirably making for an enjoyable day to be had by all and the mood proving impermeable to the outside dampness.

What was also apparent is that this year we seem to have some very hardy Freshers with an estimated 7000 punters coming to campus to see what stalls could take their fancy, signing up to mailing lists and getting a-hold of some freebies. Last year we had over 50% of students getting involved in at least one Club or Society and if Freshers' Fair was anything to go by, we'll hopefully top that, maintaining our position as the University with the greatest extracurricular participation the UK!

Across the entire campus there was certainly a buzz. The SAF contained the majority of ICSSMSU clubs. The nearby Queen's Lawn Campus Car Park was the home of an eclectic group of vehicles, including Jezebel, the RCSU's mascot 1916 Dennis Fire Engine that was taking tours around the local area on the day.

The Tower Rooms featured our music and arts groups which made for an acoustic feast when you could hear the offerings above the crowds which filled the room to maximum capacity at some points of the day.

The Great Hall brought new meaning to the saying 'it's a small world' as it was filled with all of our International societies. We get told many times that Imperial has a rich diversity of cultures represented at the College, but to look at that room was to properly understand what is meant by 'International'.

The JCR was one of the areas which was impacted by the Wet Weather Plan, all of a sudden welcoming in many of the clubs of the City & Guild's College Union in addition to those that were already there many for an exciting mix.

The Business School Foyer, despite being a bit out of the way of many of the areas still saw much attention for the Sports Clubs therein. From the grapevine, it sounds like there were several sign ups from Freshers and returning students alike thinking about how they were going to stay active this year, which also sounds it might be a promising year for our Sports Teams.

Still more activity could be seen in Beit Quad which was initially intended to be the home of the Outdoor based societies who regularly get out and about to enjoy some of Britain's country side. They soon had to welcome in yet more sports clubs as well as some politics too! All of our Union Media clubs (such as this fine publication) could also be found there. On top of this there was a stage with live performances from many clubs with external guests, Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards making a particularly special appearance during day in association with Wind Band, but many thanks go to all those clubs who gave up their time to practice and perform on the day.

Because of the wet weather, the Union Building itself became a hub of activity with clubs spread across 3 rooms. Represented here were our Faith societies, Martial Arts and the Departmental societies of the RCSU and RSM. Our financially minded clubs were also based here and soldiered on, so if you couldn't find them on the day- its not to late to get in touch with them now!

Jenny Wilson

Deputy President (Clubs & Societies)

dpcs@imperial.ac.uk



The day didn't stop at 4pm though, as everyone was invited over to the Union for the Freshers' Fair After party which went on until 11. At the party there was still more live entertainment from clubs with Music Tech finishing up the evening in style. Many thanks go to Tosin Ajayi who compered both during the day and evening. Awards were also given out to clubs in each area with the most innovative stalls from the day. These went to PASS, Geophysics Soc, Ultimate Frisbee, Engineers Without Borders, Polish Society and Snow Sports with the overall winner being Balloon Twisting society so many congratulations to all of them.

Overall I hope that everyone who was there on the day had a great time. For those of you browsing, I hope you found at least one club who shares your interests or something that you want to try out this year. For all who helped out with a stall thank you for giving up even more of your time to promote all the things you and your club do- its thanks to your efforts that we're able to boast about all of our Clubs & Societies. Finally it's only left to thank everyone else who helped out in the background, in particular those who were there from 7am to help set everything up. Here's to another great year ahead for Clubs & Societies.



Feed the cat...

...and write for Imperial's award-winning student newspaper.

felix is written and read by you, and as the new year swings by, we want your contributions. From comment pieces to serious articles, we want anything and everything you'd love to share in *felix*. Hell, if you've got an idea for a new section you think we should have, we'll create one for you. The ability to write isn't an issue. That's what we have editors for. We just want to hear what you have to say.

If you're really serious, we've got some editorial vacancies available for the new year:

Clubs and Societies editor - *let everyone know who's doing what.*

Catnip editor - *orchestrate the masses with *felix*'s official messageboard.*

Food editor - *everyone loves food critics. Never a better excuse to go out to eat.*

Assistant travel editor - *must be well-travelled and have a good sense of humour!*

Hangman writers - *have you got a sharp mind and a satirical tongue?*

Copy editors - *keep the rest of the team's spelling and grammar in check.*

Email everything in to felix@imperial.ac.uk or just come down to the office. It's in the West Wing of Beit Quad. We're a friendly bunch.



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Today, *felix*, I'm going to be... Garrett

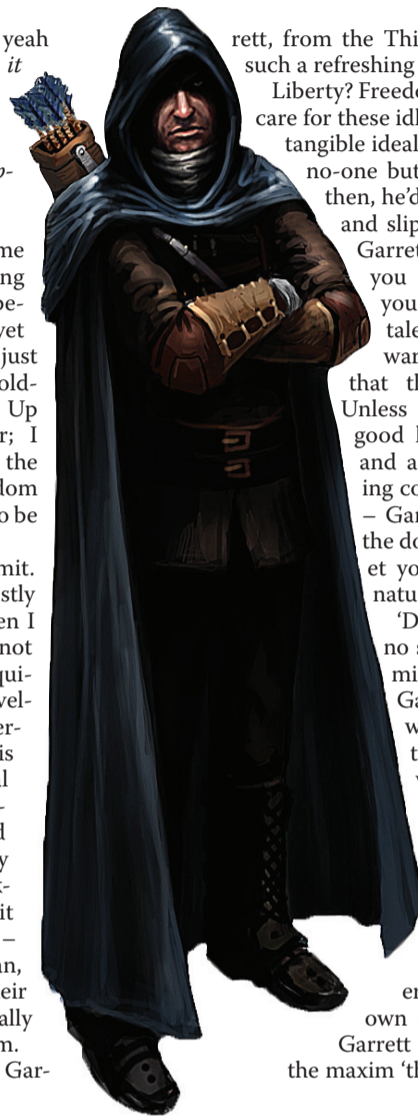
Where we ask gamers to tell us about the characters they love to take control of. This week, SKW sneaks in.

So I creep, yeah
Just keep it
on the
down
low
Said nobody is supposed to know

Now, don't get me wrong. I like being the hero. I like being noble, valiant yet humble; its like I just stepped out of an old-fashioned 'Sign Up Now' army poster; I can almost smell the apple-pie and freedom that I'm supposed to be fighting for.

But there is a limit. I may say I am vastly understating it when I say that games are not known for their exquisite character development. Your average gaming hero is a one-dimensional piece of card; a Hollywood cliché lifted from a thoroughly indifferent blockbuster. Also – it might just be said – cheerfully American, no matter where their character is actually supposed to be from.

That is why I find Gar-



rett, from the Thief series of games, such a refreshing character to play.

Liberty? Freedom? Garrett doesn't care for these idle notions, these intangible ideals. Garrett fights for no-one but himself, and even then, he'd prefer to run away and slip into the shadows.

Garrett is no hero; don't you come to him with your bleeding-heart tales of woe, your warnings of a dire evil that threatens mankind. Unless you have a damn good lever on Garrett – and a reward of a bulging coin-purse, of course – Garrett will show you the door. And pick-pocket you on the way out, naturally.

'Does Garrett have no soul, no heart?' you might perhaps cry. But Garrett's steampunk world is nothing like the cut-and-dried world of less realised games; there is no black and white divide between good and evil in Garrett's world. His city is a mass of struggling power blocs, with their own agendas and plans.

Garrett has truly lived out the maxim 'the enemy of my en-

emy is my friend' in a way, few gaming heroes get to experience: he knows that one man's 'threat to mankind' is another man's saviour. After all, he used to be a member of the Keeper sect; a group of powerful seers that seek to keep the city's power blocs in balance. Chafing under their restrictive ways, Garrett left them, and turned their teachings in the arts of stealth to his own glorious profit.

Garrett is jaded, cynical, wry and laconic. Garrett's sarcasm is no fake bluster, though: he truly would let the

"Does Garrett have no soul, no heart?"

world go hang for a penny.

Garrett is also – lets not beat about the bush here – pretty damn sexy. The amount of lascivious fan-fiction written about him probably exceeds that of any other gaming hero. Those other heroes are usually healthy 6 footers, defined more by their looks or muscles than their characters. Garrett is pretty much an opposing figure; his face is more interesting than handsome – hell, he only has one eye (the other is a mechanical replacement that gleams eerily). Nevertheless, his dry sarcastic voice, his ruthless self-servicing ways, his hard shell, his efficiency... he has more personality than most games can manage to create in all their characters put together, never mind in their hero.



Other games waste no time in flaunting their hero's physique, but Garrett is hardly ever even seen, let alone going around strutting his stuff. Loose black garb and a hood are Garrett's chosen wear, not a tight-fitting 'look at me!

wardrobe. Garrett is all about mystique. Will his hard shell ever crack, and let Garrett show anything other than very, very measured affection for no one but himself? I devoutly hope not.

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Andrea Goldstone – Clinical Research Nurse

Department of Allergy
Royal Brompton & Harefield NHS Trust
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The research has been approved by the Brompton Harefield & NHLI Research Ethics Committee



We make good *felix*

Michael Cook Games Editorette

Hey folks, and welcome (unless you're a fresher, in which case I've beaten this schtick to death already) to *felix* and another year of games coverage. While the folks at Another Castle beaver away to bring you a glossy, sexy-sex edition of their termly games magazine, we'll be doing our very best to get you informed and entertained about that hobby you don't like telling people you meet about.

I've been following the Tim Langdell story this week as it takes another interesting, and probably its final, turn. For those who aren't aware, Langdell appeared to be bullying companies and individuals who had used the word "Edge" in their product title, claiming he held the copyright to this term.

It came to the attention of the wider games community when a highly-anticipated iPhone game got taken out of the Apple store after a claim filed against it by Langdell. They backed off, not having the legal werewithal to challenge him for his ludicrous claims (Langdell himself has not actively used the trademark for over a decade, but has made plenty of claims) but the media picked it up and spread it around.

A few small communities began following the story, documenting it and exposing some of the more ridiculous accusations being made. But nothing

would have come of it, I don't think, had Langdell not made a fatally stupid error - goading Electronic Arts into action by making a claim against their stunningly beautiful first-person platformer, *Mirror's Edge*.

Anyone who's looking to take EA on has balls, but they also have a lot of stupidity balancing it out. Recently, EA very quietly submitted a document petitioning for the removal of all trademark claims made by Langdell, including those he did not attempt to use against them. In one fell swoop, EA have cut through everything Langdell has and will now presumably be putting their full legal and financial weight behind getting it through. It's quite astounding.

The reason why I like this story is because it shows how gaming is growing, growing enough to produce genuine villains, as well as heroes. Langdell is an utter c**t, harassing journalists, developers and gamers themselves whenever he found himself being questioned or investigated. Ultimately, he hasn't a leg to stand on, but he knows he can manipulate and scare people.

But in the end, the truth won out, and that's even nicer to see. The fact that EA, typically the devil of the gaming world, stepped in to deal the killing blow was particularly interesting. It might be a bit far-fetched to think it, but I like to imagine a small smirk on

Diary of a Games Dev

In a new semi-regular column, a man tries to make some games and tell you about it. This week - starting off, 'research' and being a Dick.

I am going to make some games. Not big games. Not good games. But it's high time I stopped moaning about Bioshock's terrible level design and started getting out there and getting my hands dirty. So I'm going to make some games. And tell you about it.

Spelunky is what pushed me to do it. Derek Yu's sublime platformer was created with a blend of sexy python programming (www.python.org) and the slightly less sexy Game Maker program (www.yoyogames.com/make), an application that he's seemingly pushed to its very limits in order to produce his game.

It's inspiring mostly because it's so simple, but it uses one single clever idea to underpin some great gameplay. The randomness the levels feels right, it feels good. It's not true randomness, the levels have basic templates which

are embellished with details. And it's that that gives off such a lovely aura of playability.

However, I won't be starting off that big just yet. The first stop on my tour of gaming creation is the extremely super-simple realm of the text adventure. I say super-simple not because it is, but just because it pisses off people who like making and playing them. In actual fact, interactive fiction is hugely hard to design and make, but I'm really interested in doing one.

This is partly because I played *Make It Good* this summer (www.playthisthing.com/make-it-good) which is a film noir text adventure where you're sent to investigate a murder as a police detective. It's rendered so richly, with so many lovely and unexpected gaming touches, that it's a joy to play. The crime is intricately written to allow people to unpick it using their own

intelligence, with a time limit to make sure you don't spend too long solving it the first time around. I've failed to solve the crime three times now, with a fourth run waiting for me next week. But it's the logic, the common sense that wraps the whole thing up and really sells it. It doesn't feel stupid or badly designed. I'd like to do something like that.

I've downloaded *Inform 7* (www.inform7.com) which seems to be a nice and friendly way to write these things. It uses natural language to describe the world and how it works, including the definition of language rules. This makes it much more approachable to someone like me, who's a messy twit when it comes to laying stuff out.

I'll let you know how I get along, and hopefully I'll have something playable for you all soon! Until then, take a look at *Make It Good*. It's superb.



Tune in next time to see if our developer has managed to rival *Spelunky*. Our guess is not, though. Sorry, man.



That was not journalism

AngryGeek Games Editor

Welcome. I'll be editing a bit here and there, mainly to antagonise Mike. For instance, this week his picture is a girl. This is funny! It's funny because he's a girl.

Anyway. Want to know what I've been playing this week? Well too bad, because I've been playing *Jedi Academy* too much to write about it. Oh right, that. Yeah. LucasArts, in a rare moment of sanity, put more of their games up so they could be paid money. This ingenious business proposal allows you to play some of the best games ever made for cheap. *Jedi Academy* is not one of these.

However, it is one of those games you can play over and over again saying: 'How have I missed this?' Because it's superb. It's not merely that they give you a lightsaber from the start of the game, it's the whole feel. By the time you're well into

the game, your force powers are easy to use and very satisfying. The game knows what you want to do, so it throws more and more weak enemies at you, allowing you to experience challenges in the most enjoyable way possible - seeing the force push throw six enemies onto their backs, for instance, or mind-tricking a rocket-launcher into nuking his allies.

It's so much fun, I've completely missed the *Left4Dead* update which I really should've been doing on a nightly basis. Not to worry, though, as *Left4Dead2* is just on the horizon. Grab the 4-pack with a few mates, because it brings the digital download price down to £20, with free early access to the demo and a baseball bat in-game. Hugely worth it, provided you're not capped for downloads.

This week, I'm going to try and get back into *GTA4*. But a little more light-sabering is in order. I've found a cheat that enables limb removal. I love games.

Fancy writing for us?

Who wouldn't? We're manly and stuff. Also; really sexy.

Would you like to write for us? Wouldn't it be a dream come true? Living the journalistic dream, telling others your opinion on games while proclaiming to all around that you write about games and are really knowledgeable and stuff.

Well, fuck knows where you're going to get that from. But if you fancy jotting some words down for us, that'd be just dandy. We're looking for enthusiastic gamers to write for our section - you don't need to be a perfect writer to do it! You just need to love the thing you're writing about, and as long as you can give us that, we're really interested in publishing you.

felix Games is looking for a variety of articles this year, ranging from weekly news roundups to columns with a twist, as well as the usual dose of news, features and the occasional review. We

want to know what makes you tick, what you love about gaming, because that's the kind of passion that makes for good reading.

Why on God's Earth would you want to do such a thing? Well, you might put it on your CV - past writers for *felix* have gone on to great things; it's a fantastic opportunity to meet new people, network with members of the games press and the wider industry itself. Former *felix* editor Owain Bennallack went on to edit *Develop* magazine as well as *Edge Magazine* and co-create *Pocket Gamer*, and we've had plenty of other journalists go on to

great things in other fields of journalism. We've met Peter Molyneux, David Braben, the Introversion folks, Media Molecule and more.

If you'd like to write for us, drop us an email at games.felix@imperial.ac.uk. We weren't at Fresher's Fair, but we do hope you came and took a look at *felix* anyway and signed up.

If you've sent us an email and we've been too lazy to reply, you can get writing straight away. We're looking for entries to our new Tonight, *felix*... feature, which requires about 600 words on a character you love. Alternatively, you can send anything you've been working on, but bear in mind that we need a good wordcount to fill a page comfortably.

Get in touch!





The science behind chilli's hot hot heat

felix's new food guru, Jade Dickinson gets technical about the fruits that were meant to keep you away

This is a new series of articles on the science of food and cooking. In weeks to come, I'll be looking at the reasons as to why foods taste the way they do, and how cooking processes go towards producing delicious dishes.

Chillies are one of the oldest spices in the world, with evidence that they were used in Ecuadorean cooking over 6,000 years ago. They were an important part of Aztec cooking, with the definition of fasting being abstaining from chilli and salt. Aztecs made a bitter, frothy chocolate drink called xocolatl with chilli, vanilla and honey. This was associated with the goddess of fertility, Xochiquetzal and was favoured by nobility. Christopher Columbus was one of the first Europeans to encounter chillies, and Diego Alvarez Chanca, a doctor on Columbus' second voyage to the West Indies, took chillies back to the Old World. Today, world production and consumption of chilli is twenty times that of black pepper, the next most popular spice.

Chillies are the fruits of the Capsicum genus, members of the Solanaceae, or nightshade family, renowned for producing interesting alkaloids. For example, tobacco produces nicotine, green potatoes produce toxic solanine, and deadly nightshade produces atropine, which can be used to treat a flatline during cardiac arrest. Within chillies, the seed-bearing tissue known as the placenta contains capsaicin-secreting glands. Seeds get their heat when the placenta splits, allowing capsaicin to leak onto them. So if you want to get the flavour of chillies without all the heat, you can remove the spongy ribs and seeds before cooking.

Capsaicin has the chemical formula 8-methyl-N-vanillyl-6-nonenamide. It belongs to the chemical class of alkyl amides, which are also produced by black pepper and ginger plants. These differ from the isothiocyanates produced by horseradish and mustard, in



Chillies are the fruits of the Capsicum genus, that originated in the Americas: Aw, so pretty, yet so HOT.

that they act primarily in the mouth. While isothiocyanates are small, volatile molecules, which float into the nose and sinuses and act there, alkyl amides, are bigger, so remain on your tongue. This is why mustard "gets up your nose", while chilli and black pepper make your mouth burn.

Capsaicin is fairly insoluble in water, due to the fatty side chain sticking off the vanillin ring in its structure. This is why drinking water doesn't really relieve pain caused by chillies. Once you've eaten chillies and want to stop the burning, drinking milk or yoghurt can help, due to the fats and a milk protein called casein having a detergent effect on capsaicin. Alcohol, preferably

neat vodka, can also help, as capsaicin is both fat and alcohol soluble. Without a remedy, capsaicin-induced pain generally subsides within fifteen minutes. Chillies produce capsaicin as a secondary metabolite – an organic compound not directly involved in the plant's growth, development or reproduction. So it's reasonable to assume that it has evolved for a purpose. To find out that purpose, we can look at how capsaicin affects animals in the wild. Excluding humans, mammals learn to avoid chillies due to the pain they cause. Mammals' teeth grind up chillies and destroy the seeds, wasting the investment the plant has made in the fruits in order to reproduce.

On the other hand, birds swallow chillies whole, protecting the seed. They also disperse seeds further than mammals might, as they fly. So it should come as no surprise that birds are totally immune to capsaicin and cannot taste it. The only other animals that regularly eat chillies are Homo sapiens, but we are definitely not immune to their effects!

The effects on the human body are many and varied. The most obvious is the burning sensation in the mouth – or elsewhere if you forget to wash your hands. Capsaicin chemically stimulates receptors on the tongue and mucous membranes to release cal-

cium ions, triggering pain signals to the brain.

A side effect of these signals is the release of endorphins, which act as painkillers and produce a good feeling. In addition, as Heston Blumenthal found on putting a colleague in an MRI scanner, parts of the limbic system of the brain including the cingulate cortex and amygdala are activated when chillies are tasted, indicating an emotional response.

Capsaicin also increases metabolic rate and affects thermoregulation, making the body feel hotter and inducing cooling mechanisms such as sweating and vasodilation.

Finally, here are two chilli-based recipes to try:

Penne All'Arrabiata



350g penne pasta
3 garlic cloves
400g tin chopped tomatoes
2 tablespoons olive oil
3 dried chillies
two handfuls fresh basil

Serves 4

Peel the garlic and cut in half. Heat the oil in a pan and add the garlic and chillies. Brown the garlic, stirring with a wooden spoon, and then use the spoon to remove and save both. Put the basil in the hot oil for a few moments to flavour it, then remove. Add the tomatoes and season. Return the chillies and cook for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, cook the penne in boiling salted water until al dente. Drain. Add the garlic and basil to the pasta. Now, this is the key step. Remove the chillies from the sauce. Take one and squeeze the seeds out of the chilli and into the sauce. Stir and test for spiciness. Continue adding chilli to the sauce until it suits your taste. Stir the pasta into the tomato sauce. Serve with Parmesan to grate.

Xocolatl



This is surprisingly tasty, with the dried chilli giving it a smoky note and a bit of a kick.

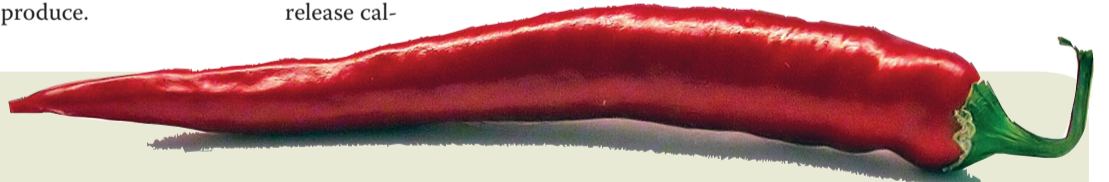
Combined with the vanilla and honey, this makes a more grown up hot chocolate, rivaling tea or coffee as the perfect hot drink.

The original drinking chocolate.

Boil the kettle. Mix a small amount of boiling water with two teaspoons of cocoa powder in a saucepan.

Take a large dried red chill and bruise slightly, then add to the saucepan along with two tablespoons of honey and one split vanilla pod (or one teaspoon vanilla essence). Add enough milk to make one mug, and bring slowly to a simmer.

Taste a little for spiciness, and when it is ready, remove the chilli and vanilla pod and pour into a mug. For a treat, add some double cream.





[Insert travel-related title here]

What would the inserted title be some thirty years prior to our time? Dylan Lowe explores what travelling was three decades ago, and compares it what we know as 'tourism' today.

The house glittered only with lit candles and oil lamps. It was nothing like the glamour of illumination – I say squander of electricity – back at Coral View Resort. But then, when one was cross-legged on the mat, bilos of kava passed around and drained down throats under the thunderous claps, I saw it as utter bliss.

Blissfully drunk on the narcotic pepper plant root, and blissfully isolated from my fellow resort residents.

So when I wasn't busy gulping, I turned my attention to my hosts, and my short-term travel companion. Only earlier in the afternoon did I meet Junior over a resort staff's game of touch rugby, and in true Fijian fashion the conversation topic drifted to kava. Hours later, not before the treacherous near-pitch black jungle trek, we were treated to hospitality in a stranger's house and surrounded by his entire, equally kava-fanatical, family.

And wherever the magic drink goes, interesting dialogues follow.

Junior's father was busy flaunting his collection of items, from the beautifully preserved antique guest book – the household doubled as a guesthouse in the '80s – to decades-old maps. They all, he explained, represented the regretfully passed days of travel, when travellers could legitimately title themselves as adventurers.

Seizing the opportunity, I dropped the big question. If I can remember it right, alongside the numbness in my lips and limbs, I grew fascinated with the priceless perspective of a local on how travelling has changed since thirty years ago.

These were the first images to be conjured from my memory bank when STA Travelbuzz – I began working for them as a travel blogger

several months ago – asked me to write something about how much travelling has changed for the last thirty years, the age of thirty being the birthday STA Travel has recently celebrated. And since I spent the '80s being scattered molecules and part-time foetus, and the '90s as an unworldly toddler, I naturally required the wisdom of elders to complete my task.

Anyone from Spain, a Greek island, or one of many European cultures of an older generation can tell you how much tourism has drastically reshaped their homeland, from the mere increase of man-flow to the bigger landscape-reforming stuff. This is especially true when the destination comprises of long strips of white sand and warm seas.

This is the new manifestation of colonialism. For evidence look no further than the hordes of tourist settlements occupying the Spanish coastline.

But hey, this isn't the 'change' in tourism that I am dwelling on with nostalgic sentiments – in European terms tourists nowadays merely have less perfume, more showers and horsepower compared to their counterparts a century ago. It was what said on that breezy August evening by Junior's dad, over the grog, that caught me sighing.

The atmosphere wasn't sombre – or sober – but the question raised some seriousness in his tone.

"But don't you think the *Yasawa Flyer* is bringing in too many tourists?" I was referring to the catamaran that dumps senseless visitors daily onto the Yasawa island group, northwest of Fiji, like nuclear waste. Only moments ago, the master of the household was depicting the sole method of reaching the outer islands in the olden days – by hitchhiking on fishing boats.

"It brings jobs, opportunities,



technology. The *Yasawa Flyer* makes it easier for islanders to travel to the mainland, and vice versa..."

"But what about cultural integrity?" I gesture towards my resort. "When most of those tourist come in they want to lie on the beach and sunbathe, not learning your culture. Doesn't that bother you?"

It did bother him.

There was that glint of nostalgia in his eyes when he spoke of the old-school kind of travellers back in the '80s. The ones who would cross mountain ranges and open seas just to reach a genuinely exotic location, and build genuine friendships with the indigenous folks and leave with enough moral obligations to return. Every signature in his guest book was testimony that

this race of travellers exists.

And there was this Canadian book illustrator, who first came to the island in 1985 and returned to stay for six months. He remains a regular visitor, despite the hefty distance between Vancouver and Fiji. He still speaks to the family on the phone – in Fijian.

One subtle thing I have noticed about our conversation – even though I was mercifully intoxicated – was that the father spoke better English than his children, Junior and his brother Moses. One may account this to the dwindling British influence in Fiji, an ex-colony, and consequently the decrease in English-orientated education. However, I saw a grimmer cause.

With more guests less willing to mingle with the resort staff, the

locals are more inclined to spend time amongst themselves and converse in their local dialects. And with the mutual respect between English and Fijian speakers broken down, English is treated as a language of the tyrannical 'masters' and Fijian the local renaissance of the free-spirited and oppressed.

This is especially true when many tourists, as I observed, go on holiday hoping to cast aside the suppression they endure during their normal lives and expect to afford royalty treatment. What they tend to forget is that, like themselves, their 'servants' are human beings too.

Meanwhile, my 'servant' was now escorting us back to our dormitories. It was pitch black in the tropical forests, with little illumina-



The *Yasawa Flyer*, legendary island-hopping catamaran and waste disposal unit



For cultural integrity, turn right; for lots of tourist money, turn left

travel.felix@imperial.ac.uk

TRAVEL

nation save a half moon and malfunctioning torch. Junior's silhouette grew to intimidate me a little – the adrenaline was there pumped through the veins.

That instant, I had a taster of the sense of adventure my predecessors would have experienced when they came to visit the same island, the same forests and same hospitality.

And with the increasing convenience in air-conditioned coaches, business-class airport lounges, top-speed catamarans and five-star hotels, the entire market is almost exclusively catered for luxury seekers, and less inclined to serve the intrepid adventurers the thrill they seek.

But then, they had little reliance on what was an almost inexistent tourist industry.

Our generation has been pampered with so much comfort and convenience that, at first opportunity, we cling onto what deemed 'safe' more so than our counterparts three decades ago, even without us knowing. As much as I would love to condemn the tourism industry for ruining my ideal adventure, I must admit: am I capable of shredding my *Lonely Planet*, ditching STA Travel, embracing 100% local diet and rambling into

the sunset on local transport?

Let's be realistic. The answer is no. And hands off my amazing *Lonely Planet* collection.

It has been at least two weeks since winding up in bed, feeling merry, after a pensive evening – apparently the other guests settled for an uneventful early-night. It may have been an archipelago of close proximity, Vanuatu possesses a distinctive culture that not only starkly differs from that of Fiji, but also varies from island to island.

Besides that, I treat Vanuatu with affection as a less-developed substitute of the Fiji I had previously fallen in love with.

And by less developed I meant dusty guesthouses, canned tuna and corned beef for lunch, and dinner, gas lamps for staggering back to the bungalow under the guidance of a visible Milky Way. Rowdy tourists found a spot in my distant memory. Dirt tracks were a norm, mini trucks a must. No seatbelts? Just cling on tighter, and enjoy the ride.

My thrill-seeking inner self was satisfied.

Turning to Kelson, my guide and fellow bird hunter, I accepted a glass of water infused with lemon leaves. We chatted under the stars.

"I don't get tourists," he went on bluntly. "They come to the island, and they spend so much money on food and accommodation and everything. But why do that, when they can come and live with us for free?"

I could explain to him the entire concept of monetary values, just as some American kids were attempting to teach locals business management. But did I want to contribute in destroying their cultural concept of unconditional sharing?

Besides, I was disgusted to hear about what the Americans were doing.

It did get me thinking, wouldn't this be what an older generation of Fijians – think twenty years ago – have undergone, the same wind of change? Before they could resist the temptation to drift away from tradition – I have met many money-orientated ni-Vans – their surroundings would have been 'upgraded' to suit our needs, and them having to adapt according to our needs. The world is indeed changing.

At least I got a glimpse of a time portal before the storm strikes.



Getting along with local cannibals...err...friendly tribesmen



But then, what the hell is kava?

If someone has recently returned from Fiji or Vanuatu, and told you that kava is muddy water that taste like piss, do me a favour – tell him/her to get a palate transplant. Preferably swap brains too.

For heaven's sake, don't be misled into hating it automatically.

Kava, or *yaqona*, or grog in Fijian slang, is a type of pepper plant (*Piper methysticum*, for you botany fanatics out there) found in the western Pacific. Only the roots of the plant is used in the actual preparation of the drink.

Kava roots are generally pounded into powdered form – islanders in Vanuatu are known to chew the potent root. The powder is then emulsified with water until it all

resembles muddy water.

The effects of kava includes numbing of the tongue and lips, general relaxation and, as a narcotic, sensations that resemble effects of alcoholism.

It also apparently combats stress, insomnia, anxiety and helps lowering cholesterol levels.

In Fiji the concept of kava-drinking is firmly cemented to the strict codes of tribal culture. While a *tabua* (smelly whale tooth) is presented at occasions of business conducts, kava roots symbolises goodwill and are presented as you visit a village, making request for marriage, or as a gesture of gratitude or apology.

While little etiquettes are imposed when drinking kava in other

Melanesian and Polynesian cultures, Fijians give a resonant clap, chanting *bula* (cheers) before accepting the *bilo*, usually a cup made from a coconut shell, and knock the bitter drink down in one go. It is then finished with three claps as a gesture of gratitude to the server.

You can control the quantity of grog by uttering a specific, novelty phrase to the server. This ranges from low-tide to high-tide, followed by tsunami. My memory tells me – albeit not vividly – that I have once accepted an 'ambulance bus'. For obvious reasons, I can't remember much of the evening.

So you like staggering out of a kava bar not able to walk in a straight line, drowsily giddy with the sweetest grin across the face? Join the club bruv.

And now... Back to reality

Dylan Lowe Travel Editor



To those who had sighed in relief that your devilish exams were over, blossomed from your burial of lecture notes, and kick-started holiday mode just to see the end of summer, welcome back to Imperial College. Here, the sun is shining, and academic enslavement awaits.

As for the rest of you, down your pint fresher.

Hopefully many of you would've had the blessings of St Christopher and done a decent amount of travelling; I certainly have myself. Even now as I speak, I'm in my bed of a guesthouse in Port Vila, Vanuatu, where the owner, upon deciding I've done a runner without payment, has detained all of my belongings. Fun times.

As I recline in bed waiting for the key holders, festering heat and barking dogs in as backdrop, I began musing on the inevitable: in no time my journey would come to an end, and I'll be back in the lecture room feigning concentration.

I may be on holiday daydreaming about reality, though in a month's time it'll be no doubt the other way round.

But why not daydream? After all, travel-related ambitions sprout from the absent-minded moments don't they? Give yourself plenty of time to make preparations and wait for the inspiration to click. Who knows where your next adventure takes you?

And to help you dreamers out, I'm going to do my best as travel editor to relieve your Friday-afternoon blues. Two terms of experimentation and a great deal of thinking later, allow me to introduce some of the new features and improve-

ments to the existing format.

The main feature continues to deliver colourful accounts of epic locations, breathtaking sceneries and personal thoughts, all written by members and friends of Imperial College. The coming year will see many more guest writers sharing their experiences; those fed up with reading about my Morocco hitch, rejoice.

The editorial will address many more travel-related issues, whether it was something I've stumbled across during my travels or my alcohol/kava-fuelled conversations.

There will be several new additions gracing the travel section.

'Postcards from afar' will have readers sending in postcards or photographs from their foreign ventures, with an attached story to tell of the place or encounter. For more details see the column below.

'Interview with the extraordinary' will feature interviews I've conducted with legendary figures in the world of travel. To begin with, my interview with Ben Keene, co-founder of Tribewanted (<http://www.tribewanted.com>), will be published shortly alongside a feature article on the project – stay tuned for that one.

In the meantime, stop lamenting that your holiday was over – instead why not look forward to the vacations yet to come? With some positive thinking and a bit of help here from the travel department, perhaps reality isn't that grim after all.

For more of my travel anecdotes, follow me on twitter @travelingeditor. Alternatively, check out my blog via STA Travelbuzz (<http://www.statravelbuzz.co.uk>).



*Clap, Bula...*gulp gulp gulp..*clap *clap *clap...hmmmm, mucky water



Outdoor Club go testing themselves

Justin Whitehouse heads to Wales, and does a dry run with the Outdoor Club in preparation for the new year

So we come to another year at Imperial College, and I've somehow found myself in a committee position for the Outdoor Club which carries genuine responsibilities. In between weeks touring The Alps, the committee managed to put together a pre-term, pre-freshers-arrival trip, from the 18th-20th September.

As a reader who is statistically unlikely to be a member of the Outdoor Club, you won't know that every term we organise weekend trips away to various hot (cold), sunny (rainy) regions of the country, roughly every two weeks, to do outdoors-y type stuff.

Our destination this time: Ogwen Valley, Snowdonia National Park (Wales). Our first port of call was Birmingham, not for the nightlife believe it or not, but to pick up the club's very own ex-professional jobseeker Neil, and for dinner at Big John's - the home of, amongst every other fast food imaginable, the 20 inch pizza.

After clearing immigration at the English/Welsh border in record time we pushed on to the campsite arriving shortly after 1am, rapidly establishing our base camp.

With the promise of good weather Jonny and Robin set off to climb the classic mountaineering route of Grooved Arête on the East Face of Tryfan - 560 feet of Very Difficult climbing. Equally motivated Benn got his bike out and headed off at 10:30am for the Marin trail, a 25km Red grade mountain biking route, with steep inclines and ridiculous single track, full of logs, rocks, jumps, technical descents and intense climbs. Recognised as a 2-4 hour ride, he impressively finished in 2hours 5mins. After lunch and some stretching he descended upon the 22km Penmachno. Half way through he needed a break, but finished in under 3 hours. Benn described it as "[an] excellent ride, more challenging in sections than Marin,

but not as 'complete' a ride." Having recently entered myself into a mountain marathon, I decided a training run was needed. Phil joined me and we put together a route that would take us from the campsite around Llyn(lake, I think) Ogwen over the summits of Y Garn (947m) and Foel Goch (831m) and down to the town of Llanberis in the next valley. After a gruelling two-and-a-half hours, we spent the rest of the afternoon 'recovering' in Pete's Eats, a famous climber's café where the tea is served in pints!

Meanwhile, Neil and Boris were busy making an impressive ascent of the worryingly named 'Cemetery Gates' at E1 5b. That evening, we cooked up our club special: chilli con carne. When the rain started we were forced into our luxury 10 men tent and spent the evening drinking our beers, while the conversation took some...erm... interesting...turns. Fortunately for all a mildly intoxicated Chef Rob busied himself turning out pots of sainsbury's basics Angel Delight.

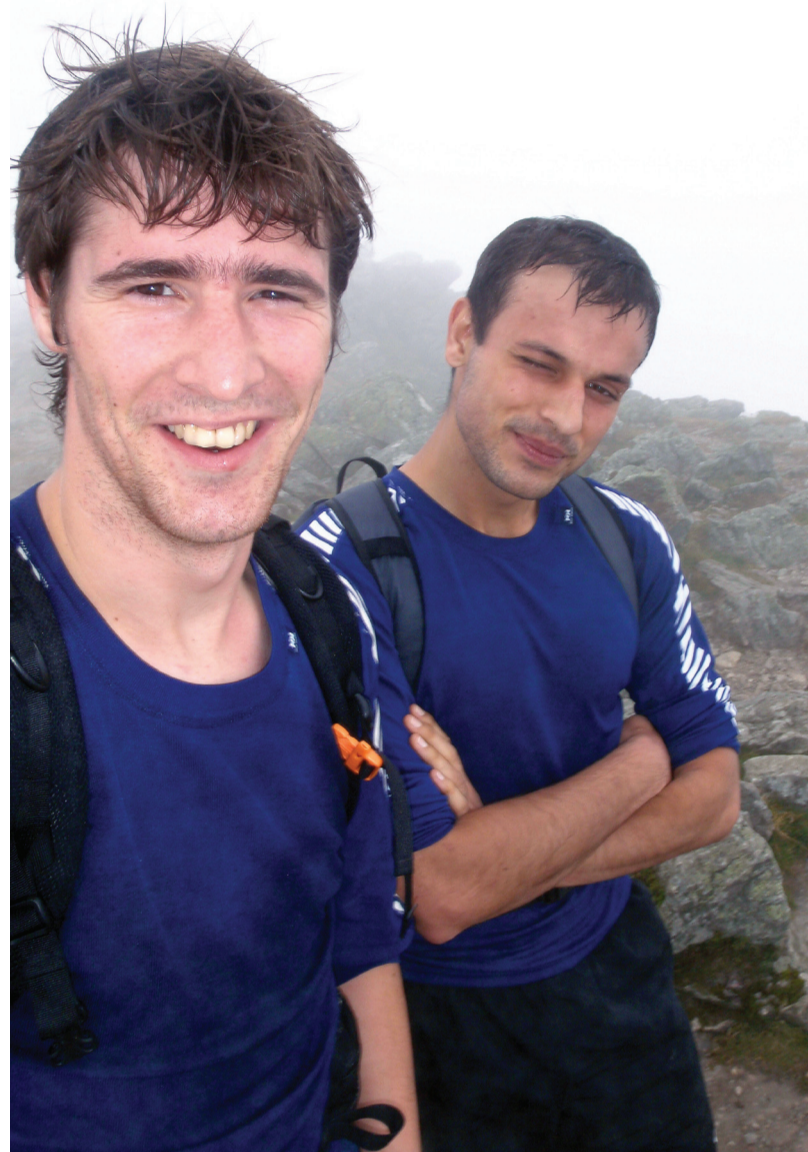
Day two came, and I soon discovered that we hadn't brought any club rockshoes (see, this is why we need a dry run). I don't actually own any of my own climbing gear, I just borrow everything from the clubs vast stores, so it was looking like I'd be out running again. Being completely knackered from the previous day's run, I decided to go for a walk instead, and because I couldn't be bothered to do any navigation, I just followed the same route as the day before, with the hope of taking in some scenery this time. There were thankfully no major incidents, but at one point I found myself looking for a footpath which didn't seem to exist, which led to me wasting a hour wandering round a hillside, after which I ended up running to make up some lost time. Benn was back out on the bike, in the morning he went slate mountain-biking describing it as "extremely difficult descents on loose

slate. Sharp edges and very unforgiving riding made for a difficult but enjoyable morning." He then spent the afternoon making new tracks on various mountains, but by 5pm had found himself lost in a valley, with no mobile reception. He called back to base camp via a landline and was picked up around nightfall ('thanks guys' - Benn). Jonny and Robin headed up the first two pitches of the 'Direct route' on Dinas Mot, but progressed with an accidental traverse over to 'the cracks', "which we unfortunately had to finish," said Jonny. Must have been hard. It probably wasn't made any easier by the massive shit encountered on pitch 3. Yes, human, yes fresh. Nice. They finished the day on Cromlech boulders.

Local boy Sam joined Neil and Boris on day two for some good climbs in the Llanberis slate quarries. Boris and Sam both lead their hardest routes to date; Boris on Gnat Attack (E1 5b) and Sam on Fool's Gold (E1 5c). Boris also lead Looning the Tube (E1 5a). What Neil did remains a mystery to me! Probably drossing at the bottom of the crag eating biscuits! (joking! (or am I?)). Keen not to be outdone by Neil and Boris, Rob and James went off to climb Cemetery Gates, and succeeded! Phil and Pavlo did their turn on Grooved Arête, but found themselves stuck behind 3 parties. They completed the route by 7.30, just as it started to get dark, but were able to make an epic head-torch assisted descent of Tryfans North Ridge in just 55 minutes. With everyone on the bus we made it across the border and back to civilisation (Birmingham?), for our customary Big John's dinner.

Our bus full of outdoorists finally made it back to Beit, content, if a little later than planned!

Get involved! Details of our trips can be found at <http://union.ic.ac.uk/outdoor> Thanks to Phil Leadbeater and Jonny Phillips for their contributions



The Outdoor Club look remarkably happy despite being stuck in Wales

H.G. Wells' Phoenix rises once again for Imperial College's creative community

David Paw Phoenix Editor

There are quite a few perks of being at an institute at Imperial. Yes, this is a top-ten internationally ranked institution. Yes, that is a Lamborghini garage down the road and yes, those women walking up and down Cromwell Road are wearing the equivalent of a small fortune. However, with every upside comes a downside and though it's not exactly cataclysmic in comparison to the relative benefits offered, there is a downside to being at a college so single-minded in its pursuit of scientific and technological nirvana.

And if you're the artsy type or to any degree that way inclined, you're sure to feel it. Not in a tortuous and quite unnecessarily gratuitous fashion such as, say, something you would see in the

Saw series or even any film containing Jason Schwartzman. The relative quiet of the College's arts scene and lack of diversity in the general student populace is understandable given its focus on science, but those of you who loved your arts subjects at school may find that part of yourselves undernourished as time passes. A reality is that most people will be wonderful but are not going to feel as passionately as you about art house cinema, interesting new music scenes sprouting up around the capital or that an international literary legend is coming to town to give a reading. For some, this will be a largely ignored itch that occasionally needs scratching. Others will resign themselves to turning to external sources to find their fix.

This is where Phoenix comes in. Originally founded in the 1920's as the college's arts magazine by H.G.Wells - yes,

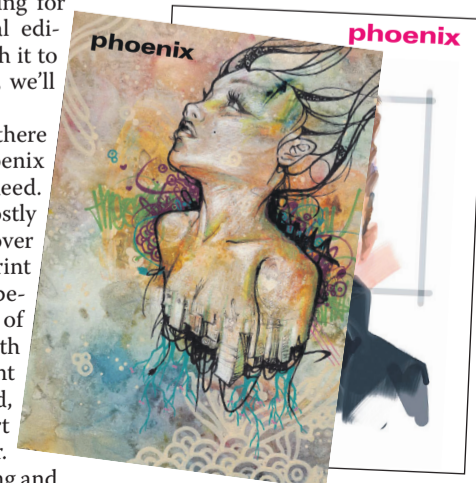
the guy who penned War of the Worlds and The Time Machine - its presence has fluctuated until a couple of years ago when a couple of overambitious Cardiovascular Science undergrads had a conversation on a bus down the Shepherds Bush Road and decided it would be a great idea to resurrect it.

The basic idea is to take the creative work of the student body - that means you, arty types - and to pick the best for inclusion in a glossy, sumptuously designed extravaganza of literature and art published in the summer term. Anything will be considered - collages, drawings and paintings (even your A Level work), photography, poetry and short stories, flash fiction, screenplays, haiku, original designs or ideas for articles on something you particularly feel passionate about. Write when the inspiration takes you - in the middle of the

night, in the shower, on the bus or under starlight. Get in touch with us for potential ideas for sections, editorials or design. We are always looking for new contributors and potential editors and chances are, if you pitch it to us and you've thought about it, we'll probably consider it.

Speaking of which, now that there is more than one editor, Phoenix should be a very special thing indeed. Whereas before, it would be mostly one person putting in 32 hours over the last two days running to print deadline whilst simultaneously being shafted by the latter stages of Undergrad Medicine, now with two highly passionate, intelligent and talented co-editors on board, Phoenix should be a work of art in itself come the end of the year. So get your creative juices flowing and

send us over your ideas and submissions - we can't wait to see what you come up with.



What's on...

Clubs & Societies Calendar

Editors – Lily Topham & Rachel D'oliveiro

whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Mon 12th Oct

- Belly Dance Taster Lesson, (Free!)**
– 6pm, Reynolds, room LG25
- Percussion Club Intro (Free too!)**
– 7pm, dB's, Union

Weds 14th Oct

- Conservative Soc** – Houses of Parliament Tour with Greg Hands!
– 9.30 - 11am
– £5 members (buy online)
- Wakeboarding** - Freshers' Beach Party
– 12.30pm, meet at Union
– £25
- Women in SET Welcome Party**
– 5.30pm, Bessemer Foyer (pink building)
– Free food and robots...!
- Underwater Club** – Free scuba dive!
– 6.15pm, meet at Beit Quad
– Bring swimsuit, towel, t shirt and swipe card



Tues 13th Oct

- So much to do!
- Baha'i Society Study Circle**
– 1pm, Chaplaincy, East Basement, Beit Quad
- Imperial Entrepreneurs Launch and Afterparty**
– 6pm launch LT1, Blackett (Free!)
– Afterparty, 9:30pm at The Collection, 264 Brompton road, Chelsea (Free for girls, £10 for boys...)
- Orienteering** – SLOW Battersea & Chelsea Street-O Race & Treasure Hunt.
– Good for beginners...only £1
– 6.30pm, Rising Sun Pub (SW1W 8PZ)
– Email londonorienteeing@gmail.com
- ChemEng Welcome Dinner (£20)**
– 7pm, Kensington Close Hotel
- Fashion Soc Lesson** (Topshop designer!)
– 7pm, Meeting room 1, Union
– "Make your old clothes trendy again"
– Free food and wine!
– £2 members, £5 non-members.
- German Soc** – First annual Stammtisch (Meeting)
– 7pm. Anglesea Arms, SW7 3QG
– Free pint if become member!
- ABACUS Freshers' Dinner**
– 8pm, Shanghai Nights, Knightsbridge
– £12 members, £15 non-members
- Indian Soc** – Fire&Spice Ignite
– 9pm-3am, Strawberry Moons, W1B 4BF
– £6 members, £8 non-members

Thurs 15th Oct

- SIFE Intro Evening**
– 6.55pm, Huxley 308
– Help the community...plus free pizza and drinks...
- Belly Dance Taster Sessions (Free)**
– 5pm (Improvers), 6pm (Beginners)
– Union Gym
- Conservative Society (Free)**
– Welcome Drinks with Shaun Bailey
– 7pm, The Zetland Arms

Fri 16th Oct

- Fellwanderers** – Freshers' Trip
– 5pm 16th Oct to 11pm 18th Oct
– Explore Snowdonia...beautiful mountains!
– £30 (fellsoc@imperial.ac.uk)
- Law Soc** – Intro to Law (Free)
– 5.30pm, Read LT, Sheffield



To Do....

- 1) Buy milk
- 2) Feed the cat
- 3) Email whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk
(Club name & event, time, place, price, pics...)
- 4) Clean toilet :(



Sat 17th Oct

- Kung Fu Demo and Lesson (Free)**
– 1.30pm (Demo), 4pm (Lesson)
– Union Gym

CAT-NIP

Text in to 07832670472

Email in at catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Drop us a message at felixonline.co.uk



Stories of your Freshers' Week!

FELIX ASKS THE FRESHER'S PAST AND PRESENT TO SEE HOW THEIR FRESHERS' WEEKS PANNED OUT

I attended the Medics' Pubcrawl and had far too much to drink. I ended up in Fabric where my friend broke her ankle. We went to the hospital at about 4am. Bear in mind I was still dressed in scrubs and off my head. After walking straight past security, I proceeded to skip around the hospital singing Oasis and persuading patients I was their doctor.

Anonymous

I was sharing a room with a Medic in halls, and he brought along a life size plastic skeleton with him to university. It just took up loads of space in our room.

So when he was out (my roommate not the skeleton), me and some people I barely knew took the skeleton on a round trip of London, took pictures at famous landmarks and posted them to my roommate throughout the year.

I'm not quite sure he's figured out what went on, but I know he can't sleep in the same room as the skeleton anymore!

Anonymous, 3rd Year

At the Mingle I told Jo Whiley I loved her. She seemed charmed at first, but being off my face, I tried to crowdsurf to the front. My plan was to jump the barrier onto stage and hug her.

Instead I fell head-first onto the floor and broke some bones in my shoulder.

Silly Fresher, Mech. Eng

Whilst I was moving into Halls, I wanted to make a really good impression and introduced myself to everyone. Being excited and a few too many glasses of Pimms, I jumped up on a chair to greet someone else and my trousers fell straight down in front of the entire hall at the Coming-Up dinner. I don't think I'll live this one down. Well, you know how I am if you're in my hall.

Anonymous

Me and my new mate had this thing where we'd jump on each other when we saw each other. It was all jokes. However, I got mistaken and launched myself onto my lecturer.

Anonymous

I had never eaten Chinese food before, and on a hall trip to Chinatown, I ate something which my stomach didn't agree with, and vommed all over my plate and on the girl I fancied in my hall. Safe to say I didn't end up with her.

"James", 2nd Year Chem. Eng

My mum turned up on my 3rd day because she missed me too much. She came to the Freshers' Ball with me. I have never been so embarrassed in my life.

"Andrea", 2nd Year

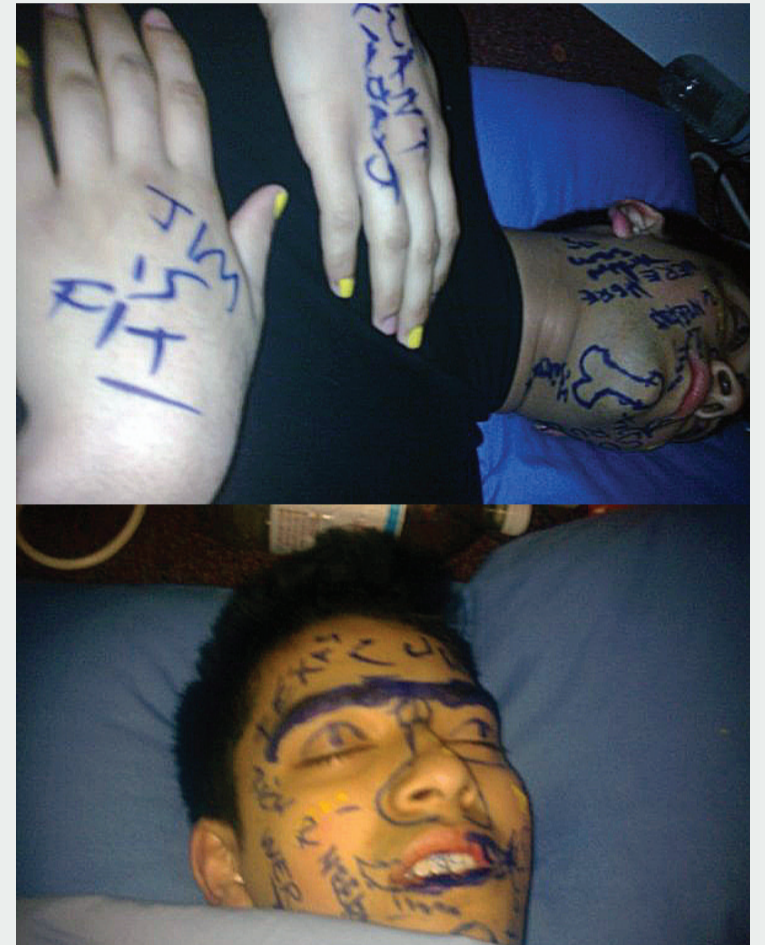
I got so drunk I woke up in Hyde Park yesterday with bird crap all over my hands. Well, I think it was bird crap. Anyway, I'm at the GP surgery being checked for any diseases right now.

Drunk!

I met with my buddy I was assigned through my course. She caught me... rearranging myself and won't stop calling me "Wanky" in emails.

Not Wanky, 1st Year

Drunken Fresher photo of the week



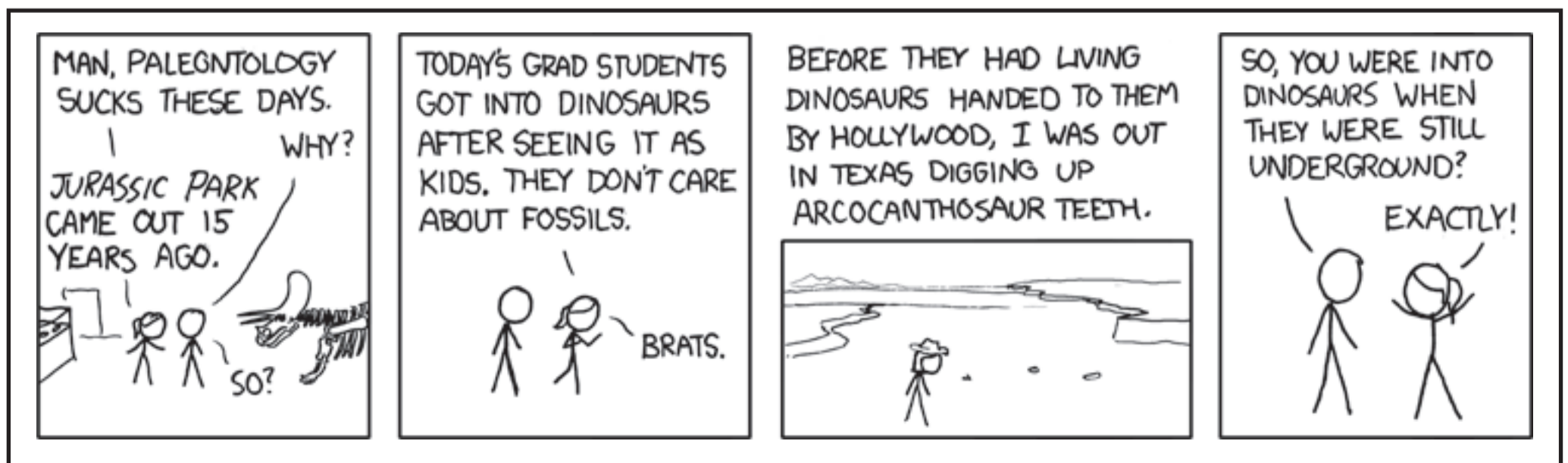
Epic fail on this young Fresher's part. Not only does he have a bald penis on his three chins, it looks like he's got fingernails a drag-queen would be proud to have.

Messy start to the year? We'd love to see the results. Please? Email your photos to catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Senders must have permission to use and accept full responsibility for submitted photos

**EMAIL US (DETAILS ABOVE!)
WHAT ODD IMPERIAL STEREOTYPE
HAVE YOU NOTICED ABOUT?**

xkcd.com



Imperial College
London

Student Hub

student life support



The Student Hub is your one-stop shop for a variety of student services. We provide a friendly service helping you with common university and student life queries such as:

- Accommodation
- Finance and tuition fees
- Exams
- Student funding and bursaries
- Student records
- Admissions
- International Office and UROP
- Welfare



Feel free to visit our website www.imperial.ac.uk/studenthub

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South Kensington Campus. Our normal opening hours are:

- 09.30 to 17.00 on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday
- 10.00 to 17.00 on Wednesday



www.imperial.ac.uk/studenthub

Imperial College Union

October 2009

Friday 16th

DJ LARGO

Altobeli

ICRadio DJs

8pm 'till late

Imperial College London

Freshers'

Festival
Weekender
2009

doors at 2pm

Saturday 17th

CHEW LIPS

Ghostcat

Tape the Radio

doors at 3pm

Sunday 18th

**ASTRO
PHYSICS**

Extra Curricular

Marcel Legane

£1.50

per pint*

*£15 weekend pass
available from
[www.imperial
collegeunion.org](http://www.imperialcollegeunion.org)*

**on Fosters/John Smiths/Blackthorn sat & sun.*

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felix

Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Eastside freshers proven to be twats

Hangman poll conclusively proves what we suspected all along

Anonymous Random Writer

We all know that the rich are all genetically and morally superior to mere plebs (that's YOU btw). So I'll forgive you for being excited at the thought that a whole swarm of them were due to congregate at Eastside, known to local residents as Wankside (*that's the least funny joke you've ever told, get a life - Ed*).

The College was understandably hoping that the £64 million project would increase the quality of Imperial students, good breeding as they say, is everything. With rooms costing over £200 per week, there was some justification to this hope.

Unfortunately those hopes have turned out to have been premature and unfounded.

An in-depth 20 minute Hangman investigation (by me) has discovered that many of Eastside's new residents are not in fact from the upper crust of society, some even had grandparents

who worked in the mines... disgusting. I went over to Eastside halls to meet the new residents and what I found was frankly shocking and repulsive. When invited out to Mahiki for a

fabulous night out with London's good and great, one student responded "Well yeh, maybe on Monday night, if we get there early it's cheaper entry". Simply depressing.

I carried on through the halls before stumbling on a group of girls (I know, weird right?) chatting in their kitchen.

They had just been back from a shopping trip, Asda bags littered the kitchen. "I would shop at Wholefoods coz it's like y'know expensive an yeh but Asda just FEELS better y'know?"

No, I have no idea what you're talking about. I left them before retching in the hallway as they began discussing a trip up to Newcastle for a mates hen party.

The only semblance of civilization in Chavside (*no sorry, that's the least funny joke you've ever told - Ed*) (*stop editing my section you chav - Hangman Ed*), was an Arab student called Rashid who rents an entire corridor in the halls. He knew what Villebrequin is and his dad owns like every camel in Jordan. His maid's hot and totally over 16 I swear...

5%
Percentage of Eastside freshers who admitted (by force) to being twats

95%
Percentage of Eastside freshers who we could tell just from their faces



Nothing Fresh about the fair

Anonymous Hangman Editor

As I forced a smile and pretended to give a shit about starving children in some deprived country half-way across the world, I thought to myself: 'Why? Why have I come here again?'

To remind myself that rugby players enjoy 'smashing pooon'? To consume two hundred Starbursts at the cost of having two hundred mailing lists to unsubscribe to? To stand between 'Islam soc' and 'Christian soc' and feel immense disappointment at the amicable atmosphere?

Perhaps I'm being overly negative. Oh, wait a second, I'm not. I had to endure a half hour lecture about software society - yeah, software society. 'Aw bless, No-one is signing up to their C++ wankfest, I guess I could put a fake name down- Shit! Eye contact! OH GOD! She's talking to me! She's Eastern European; I can't understand anything she's saying! Just nod and agree, nod and agree...

I thought that's how my life was to end; I was going to nod and agree myself to death. Thank god for my

unbeatable escape tactic. I just hope no-one notices a missing member of software society, or finds my suitcase and hacksaw.

And where is BNP soc? There is nothing better than a cup of tea, a biscuit and two teaspoons of casual racism. I'm not advocating any of their policies, it's just that I now find the BNP protestors more annoying than the BNP. 'Did you watch BBC question time last night?' 'Yeah, Nick Griffin turned me into a racist.' 'Yeah, me too!'

After moving to a slightly rougher area of London, I thought it might be sensible to learn self-defence. Those guys walking around in cloaks, wielding sticks looked pretty threatening, but that's because they had a stick and I didn't. If I had a gun, or a sword, those stick wizards would be fucked!

Imperial College Freshers' Fair is burdened with the tag, 'Imperial College', which translates to most others as 'I'm a twat!' So essentially it doesn't matter what society you join; you'll never be cool. 'Cool' probably isn't even a cool word anymore. Welcome to Imperial!

Hangman's fool proof guide to screwing freshers

as shown below by John James



Conversations from The Mingle

Guy: "Do you watch Star Trek?"
Girl: "Yeah, I loved the film!"
Guy: "Oh, I meant the series..."
awkward silence

WoW was"
Dude: "Yeah... crazy... you're hot..."
awkward silence

Guy: "Hi, my name's Mohammed"
Girl: "Cool! So's my teddy!"
awkward silence

Guy: "Hi my name's Chris"
Dude: "Cool, what's your real name?"
Guy: "Toh Kok-wai"
Dude: "lol..."
awkward silence

Girl: "How many As did you get?"
Guy: "Oh, I got 2As and a B"
awkward silence

Girl: "This place is such a shithole, these guys are jerks"
Lass: "I know, this is so lame"
Girl: "Stop touching my hand"
awkward silence

Guy: "You have that monthly thing right?"
Girl: "errr..."
awkward silence

Guy: Hey, I'm doing maths and computing, what do you do?
Girl: It's quicker to say 'I'm a virgin'
awkward silence

Guy: "You've that monthly thing right?"
Different Girl: "Yeah! Do you wanna see?"
awkward silence

Guy: "Do you want to come back to mine?"
Girl: "I'm twelve and what is this?"
WIN

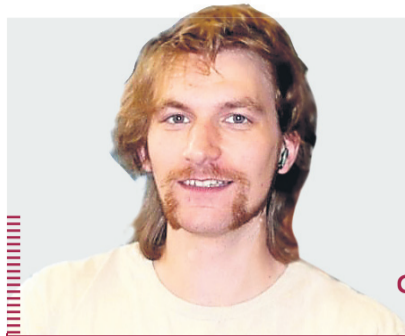
Guy: "How many level 80's do you have on WoW?"
Girl: "What's WoW?"
awkward silence

Guy: "Hello"
Dude: "Hi"
awkward...
awkward...
awkward...
AWKWARD!

Guy: "I hate these girls, it's so much better chatting with guys"
Dude: "Yeah, I agree"
Guy: "One girl didn't even know what

COFFEE BREAK

Coffee Break Editor Charlie Murdoch
coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



I don't feel
sprightly

Charlie Murdoch Coffee Break Editor

Considering how bad I feel now, I am going to say that last night was a good night. It was the ACC freshers' party and it really got out of hand. A few beers with the freshers turned into pints of gin and tonic, and falling asleep on three busses trying to get home. As I said, good night. However I am a little bemused as to how the whole of my body hurts, and how I have managed to spend every penny in my wallet. Literally every single penny. This is not the first time it has happened either. How does that happen? I am under the impression that when a bit smashed I manage to barter a pint of Fosters for £1.86 because that's all I have left. Either that or I just lose it.

Anyway, whilst on the subject of drink, I met a Scottish pissed bloke on a bus over the summer. I am sure we have all been in a similar situation as every bus appears to have recruited their own late night pissed bloke, but this one was different. I tried my best to ignore him, and even used the tried and testes nod-and-smile method. However I soon realised that he was hilarious. Never before in my life have

I met someone who has the ability to talk so knowledgeably on a subject that he clearly have no clue about. Not even a taxi driver. In the journey home, he told me about the 'horses putting their tails over the wall and fucking shitting' and about the 'fucking huge gun pal' in Chelsea barracks. We also touched upon the subject of the Albert Hall and 'its fucking shit sound' and offered me an insight into how to fix it.

After a while he waved a bottle at me and asked 'you want some of this pal? Fucking brilliant!' I told him that no, I didn't, especially as it looked like medicine. To this he laughed, and told me that it was in fact medicine. I very much doubt that he could produce a prescription if asked. He then went on to shouted at some Americans coming up the stairs, assuring them 'that I don't care if you're a fucking yank, we're all friends on this fucking bus.' Followed by a heavily accented version of The Beatles' Hey Jude. It wasn't very good.

So, if you happen to be on a bus and a pissed Scottish bloke starts to tell you about the world whilst offering you medicine, he's actually very amusing!0

Stuff Imperial students like:

2. Reduced:

I don't know whether it is solely Imperial students who like the reduced section of Tescos, or all students... but we do love a good bargain. Before now I have come home with a mushroom risotto despite the fact that I don't like mushrooms, or risotto for that matter. But it was reduced so my head told my hand that I did, ergo I should but it. I ended up throwing it in the

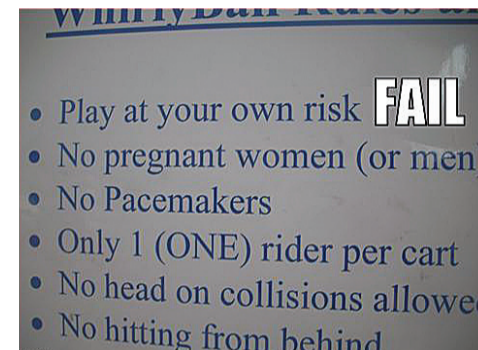
bin after one mouthful.

However there is no better feeling than going to the shops to buy your dinner and picking it up for 'special price'. soon you freezer will become stocked with all kinds of exotic foodstuffs that you will never be able to eat due to elongated defrosting times. Regardless of this fact you will still feel it necessary to continue in your one man quest to personally rid you local supermarket of all its almost-gone-off food.



Yes, they're reduced!

This week's best of failblog.com



Quote of the Week

Thomas L. Holdcroft: "Life is a grindstone. Whether it grinds us down or polishes us up depends on us."

Spot the ball competition

Spot the ball. Is it here? Is it there? Is in anywhere? Well, you decide. Seeing as the caption competition

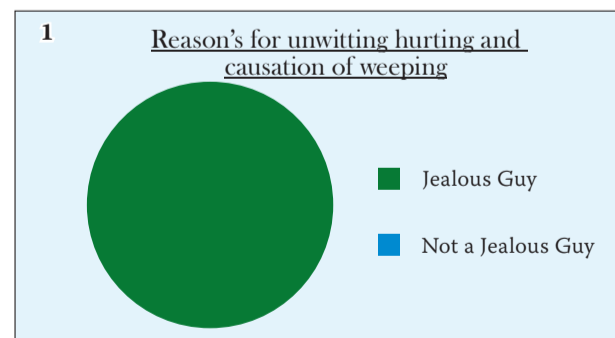
failed quite badly, again, we have now introduced a spot the ball. Send all answers into sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

with the ball panned in. Obviously. Nearest to the correct spot wins, so take your time.



Graphic Dingbats

Only two this week, well done to last week's winner, **Thomas Woods**. For those that do care, the answers were: The Cure- *Friday I'm in Love*, Meatloaf- *Id do Anything for Love* and Simon and Garfunkle- *Bridge Over Troubled Water*.

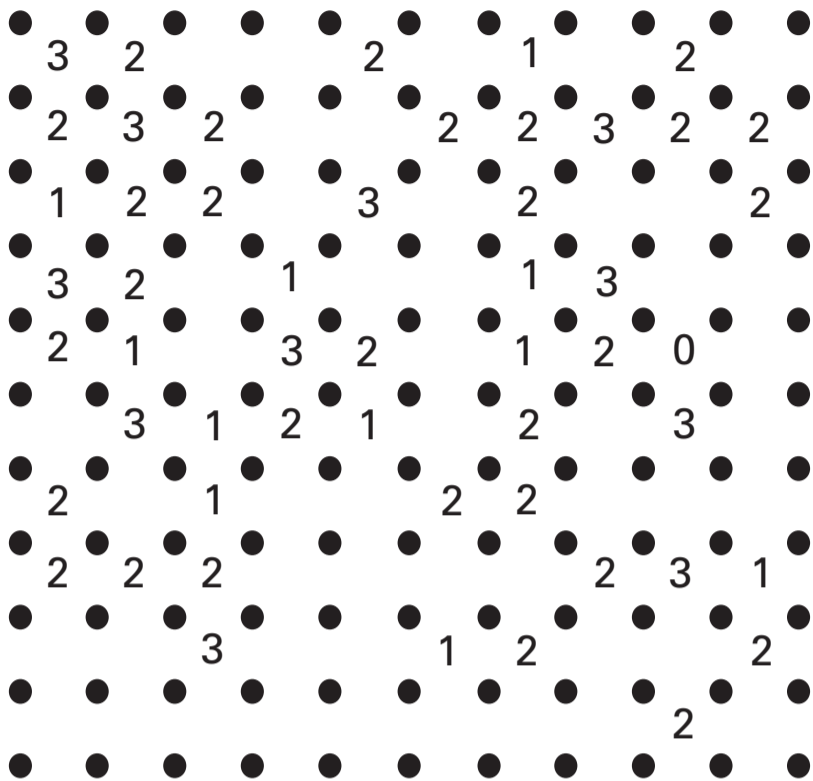


- 2 KEY ELEMENT FOR A CLIFF CHRISTMAS
- Lagers
 - Children singing Christian rhyme
 - Women
 - Old people pissing themselves
 - Father Christmas being raped

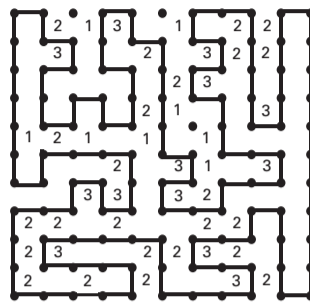
coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk

COFFEE BREAK

Slitherlink 1,439



Solution 1438

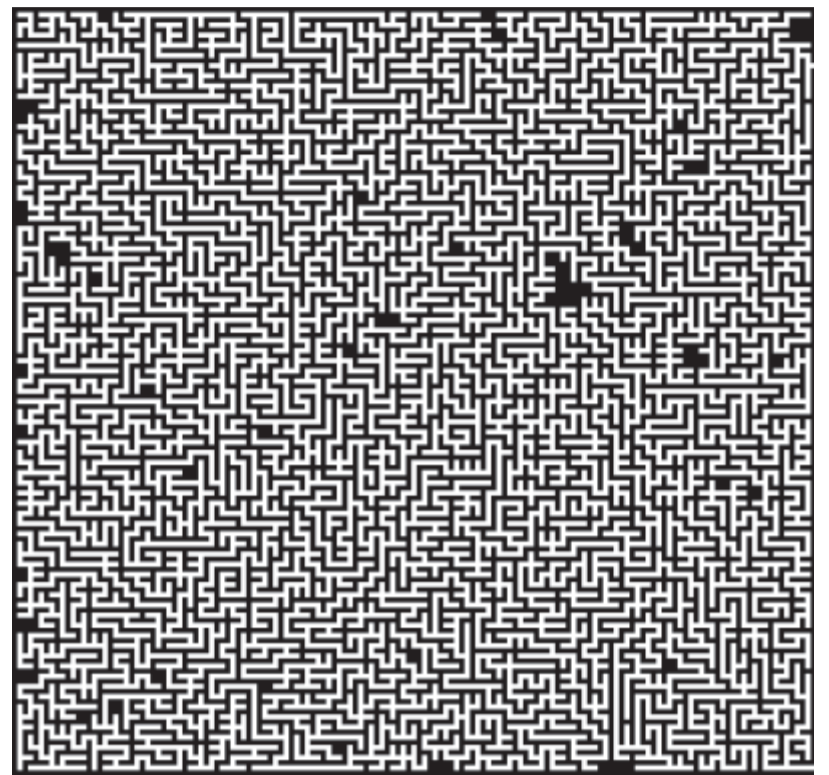


No answers last week, but I trust that this is just a minor blip and this week we will be flooded with answers. If not I am going to get very angry indeed. E-mail sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

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.

Mentalist Maze



Wordoku 1,439



Scribble box

Solution 1438

S	O	T	R	A	F	E	N	H
A	R	N	T	P	E	S	F	A
E	P	F	O	S	N	A	T	R
R	F	E	S	T	A	O	P	D
O	T	S	N	E	P	R	A	P
N	A	P	F	R	O	T	S	E
P	S	R	E	N	T	F	O	N
T	N	O	A	F	R	P	E	I
F	E	A	P	O	S	N	R	S

So last week's answer was **HARDPENIS**, if any of you were interested, seeing as none of you sent it in, if you don't send the answers in we'll keep the ipods for ourselves, topical answer for this week.

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

Going underground

Well done **Thomas Woods** for the getting the underground station, We're not sure what station it was because Chaz is a twat, with a memory to match. This week's station has probably got the best name of all the station, but then I am biased.

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

B	A	N	K
2	1	14	11

= 28

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

So which London tube station sums to 70?

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

= 70

felix Lovestruck

07726 799 424



Seen that special person? Could be the one? Want to see them again?

Text **Lovestruck** to get a free union lunch together!

"You, man wiht the pint, man with the plan to get a free union lunch. Do you want me to eat me out and i will toss your salad?"

Hungry Honey

"You were the drunkest fresher I could find at the mingle but you left before I could take full advantage of you. Lunch drink at the Union?"

Desperate, balding fourth year chemist

"I saw a little mexican fella leaving biology, he's exactly what I look for in a man small and girly!"

John

"I saw you leave the Quad on wednesday night covered in vomit and beer. I thought you could come round my place and let me touch you up?"

Dave the Boot

"I am single and looking for love. Not fussy, but she must be rich and willing to get married soon. Feel free to visit many men after we marry"

Tom Roberts

"We met in in the library cafe last week and chatted about the motherland and the days of gold. I think we should see each other again, maybe a trip

down town. Or to the Imperial War Museum. Whatever happens you are paying. I think you were called Brac"

Amalissa

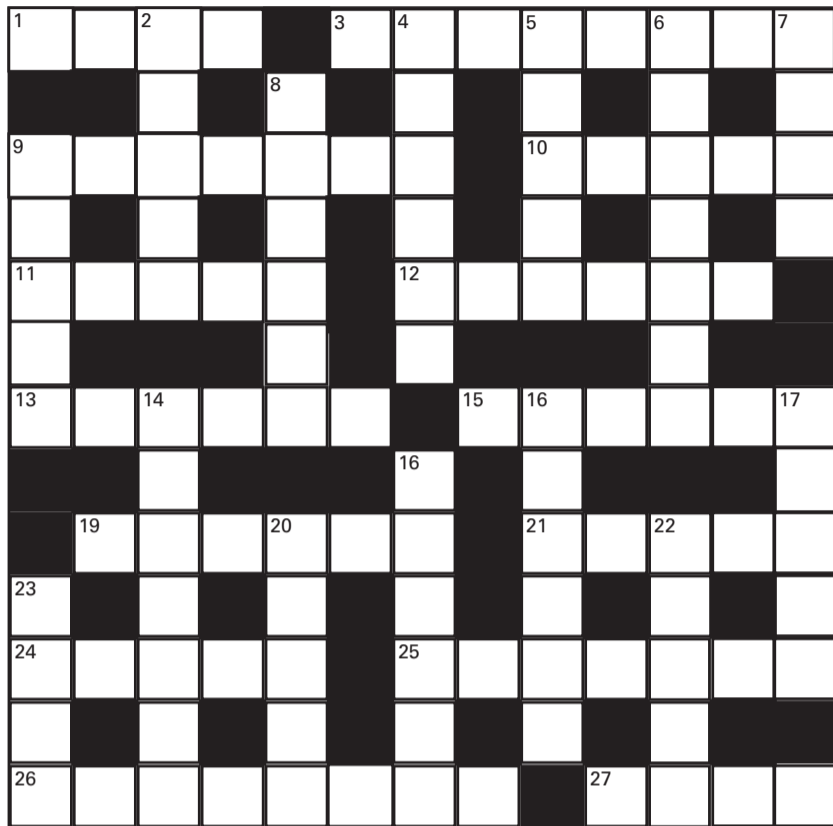
"You were the kind doctor who did my abortion for me last week as Chelsea and West. You've seen the goods fancy a plunge?"

No longer preggio

"I am a girl at Imperial and stil single. They say that the goods are odd, but If you fancy taking me out, drop the cat phone a text. I am 5'9" with blond hair and medium build!"

Gertrude

A quickie (crossword) 1,439



ACROSS

- 1 Rod (from E. Europe?) (4)
- 3 Creamy God drink (8)
- 9 Deranged- frenetically violent (7)
- 10 Half a note (5)
- 11 Tobacco (informal) (5)
- 12 'Back-passage' planet (6)
- 13 Sings in an Alpiney sort of manner (6)
- 15 Big bottle of bubbly - Premium ice-lolly (6)
- 19 Relaxed (2,4)
- 21 Not Manet (5)
- 24 Type of prize- Dirty pillow (5)
- 25 Theatrical equiv. of BAFTA (7)
- 26 Dent Tape (anag.) (8)
- 27 The worse half (see 8 down) (4)

- 14 Motor city (7)
- 16 Smelly body corner (6)
- 17 See 7
- 18 Genetic material (6)
- 20 Blonde haired race who tried to take over 'Ze Vorld!' (5)
- 22 Raucous (5)
- 23 15ml (abbrev.) (4)

Well done to everyone for not doing the crossword last week. We like to know that our hard work is not being wasted. Please do you best and attempt to complete this week's. Or else Peter will stop writing them for you.

Crossword by Peter Logg

DOWN

- 2 Song line (5)
- 4 A Lady's face-paint (4-2)
- 5 Latino dance (5)
- 6 Typical 'Britz abroad!' holiday scar (7)
- 7/17 For us, it is IC - A metal arm (anag.) (4,5)
- 8 The better half (see 27 across) (6)
- 9 Policeman (5)

Solution 1438



Scribble box

Ho-bizzle-ro-dizzle-scopes! It's this week's Horoscopes

New year, new people, new Horoscopes? Shit no! Packed full of anger and abuse feel free to browse



Aquarius

This week, you will arrive at university, all ready to go to Freshers' Week, but you soon realise you were a week late. You

cry in the corner of your common room as your peers mock you for being such a pathetic cunt with a very poor sense of timing. They take issue with your wet pants and kick you until you can't even piss anymore. Fail.



Pisces

You know that fishy smell in your room that you can't seem to get rid of, despite having bleached every square inch of bleachable

surface you've managed to find? Clearly you didn't realise that it is actually possible to bleach your roommate. Mate, you should just set fire to all his clothes and replace them with several hundred bottles of deodrant. Then set those alight.



Aries

Your penis burns when you use the toilet and you swear your pubic hair is falling out. Should you go get one of those

free chlamidia tests? No you twat, you need to have a sex before you can get a cool disease like that. You should never have shoved your finger up your arse before tossing off to hentai porn. Fail



Taurus

You have unsettling dreams of Pikachu breastfeeding her litter of little Pichus. Don't worry, this recurring nightmare

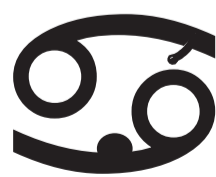
is typically a precursor to a heightened interest in gerbil play. Get ready to join the likes of the great Richard Gere. Mate, there isn't a feeling like putting a hamster in a dark place.



Gemini

Recession has hit your family hard and your mum has sent to sell the cow. A nice man trades you it for some magic powder

that makes you fill happy and light. What that's? Your falling into a hole? Sorry mate, but you're going to no wonderland, just keep staring at your hands whilst your friends glue you to a chair. Fail



Cancer

Browsing through your mates pictures of their freshers weeks you notice something very different; there appear to be attractive females

in every photo. You look at your new friends - a midget, a speccy asian geek and a lanky european guy who says nothing. Get use to a life of celibracy mate, you won't be losing your virginity for a long long time.



Leo

At this week's LAN party in Training Room 1 of the Library, you encounter a World of Warcraft character

based on real-life el-ven Hunter, Ravi Pall. He will beat your bollocks into a dripping pulp of ball-meat. You lie there in a pool of blood as a Library assistant screams in horror at the sight of your raw scrotum. Fail.



Virgo

Today you sit in your room and cry for three hours because you can't make any friends. Dont worry little fresher, theres magical place

called World of Warcraft where it doesn't matter if you wear shit clothes, smell of regurgitated faeces and have no chat. Lock yourself in your room, get some tissues and never show your mutated face again.



Libra

Today you pop into your local Mcdonalds for a greasy Big Mac. With no napkins at hand you wipe your hands in the guys afro

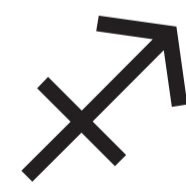
in front of you. You shit your pants as he slowly turns around only to be face to face with Moss off the It Crowd. You walk off relieved as he swears he's going to fuck you up on Warcraft. He fuck well will too.Win.



Scorpio

You're in one of two groups of people: the few lucky bastards that managed to actually get inside some slapper

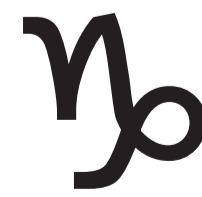
this week, or a cuckolded slapper's boyfriend. What unites the lot of you, however, is that you all now have herpes. Mate, I heard it's definitely the best STI to have out of all of them anyway. Enjoy!



Sagittarius

Recently you've been wondering why Chris Evan's shit banter appears in your head everytime you get an erection. You soon

figure out your penis is so long and skinny it acts as a radio aerial. At least if you're bored in lectures, you now just have to stare at that fit chinese girl three rows in front of you. A couple of tugs and you should find Radio 2. Ah Terry...



Capricorn

Hurrying to make your next lecture you bump into a posh looking fella. "Watch where you're going mate!" you shout at him but he decides

not to hear you. "Are you a DEAF CUNT?" you not so politely inquire. He informs you that he is in fact deaf before beating the shit out of you with a hockey stick. Still, you cant help laughing at his voice. Pint?

Needy McNeedy has left *felix*. NO ONE LEAVES ALIVE. Here's Aunty McPickle in the meanwhile

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I have a worrying and embarrassing qualm. I have recently been subject to the cacophonous sounds of my flat mate's climatic orgasms. The odd thing is no one ever seems to enter or leave her room before or after. I can only assume that she is an expert auto-pleasure-er. The thing is, I have started to join in when I know that she's "on it". I don't consider myself a lesbian; I have up until now only had heterosexual desires. Do you think I'm gay?

A confused Sally Fanita

Dear Sally,

This is a puzzling predicament. The way I see it you should consider exploring this recent recreation. Maybe go for some sneaky online girl on girl porn and see if this has any effect.

There's nothing wrong with exploring and as long as you are quieter than your flat mate, nobody has to know. Maybe you should also check the validity of your heterosexualness... hook up with some hunky hussie? Then perhaps you could "accidentally" stumble into the flat mate in question's room and slip into a threesome?

Try to break the barriers and you might find yourself exercising a liberated libido.

Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I have recently found a massive blue dildo in my girl friend's draw. I am struggling with feelings of redundancy, what should I do?

A deflated Derik

Dear Derik,

Well sounds like your girlfriend is pretty randy. Are you sure you are exploiting this rather handsome characteristic? Maybe she doesn't use it anymore, and ironically the dildo is the redundant party.

How about "innocently" suggesting using one and observe her reaction or be honest and just ask her about it. Depending on the openness (no pun intended) of your relationship she may be likely to embellish the truth, so try to read her body language.

If it really bothers you, you could hide

it or throw it away. She'll probably think she's lost it. If you find a new one in its place, then you'll know what's going on and confrontation may be needed. Otherwise, how about slapping on some body paint?

Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I am currently stuck in the union toilets with a rather persistent deposit, which won't go down. I have friends waiting and their suspicions are undoubtedly growing by the minute. Please help!

Lillie McPhilyme

Hi Lillie,

Mmm this is a dilemma. Here are what I consider these to be your options:

1. Leave the unpleasant present for the next unlucky toilet dweller to discover and prey that you don't know them and never see them again.
2. Stay there all night, flushing away until it finally goes or the lights are turned off which would open up the



Not blue, but definitely a dildo

perfect opportunity for your escape.

3. Try the toilet brush trick
4. Avidly defend that it wasn't you to the next frequenter.
5. Crawl seamlessly under the door into the next cubicle and make a run for it.
6. Put the toilet seat down as a pre-warning, (probably the kindest option) and leave ashamedly, face down.
7. Put something baggy over your head to avoid future recognition for the

rest of your time at Imperial.

On return to your friends you can either make up an elaborate but believable story or just pretend that the duration of your absence wasn't an abnormally long time. Hope that helps, in the future maybe you should consider improving the timing of your digestive traffic.

Aunty McPickle xxx

RAG is here to stay

...and the most illustrious RAG chair, Alex Dahinten, is here to tell you all about the wonderful things they have planned for you

As of this year, RAG has a weekly piece in *felix*, meaning I get to annoy you issue after issue! For all of you who have never come across RAG before, let me enlighten you (all of you who already know what RAG is should read on cause it's really very quite interesting). We raise money for our chosen charities in any way possi-

ble. And when I say any, I mean ANY! RAG provides a means for you to have a great time, while raising money for people who actually need it.

If you didn't make it to our Freshers Fair stall, then don't feel left out 'cause we're always looking for enthusiastic altruists.

Throughout the year, we go on loads

of collections on around London, as well as putting on a bunch of events worth going to.

The first one is LOST on the 28th of November, which involves being carted onto a bus in teams of 2 or 3, blindfolded, and driven to an undisclosed location. You then need to make your way back to the Union for the after

party. Someone told me there will be prizes...

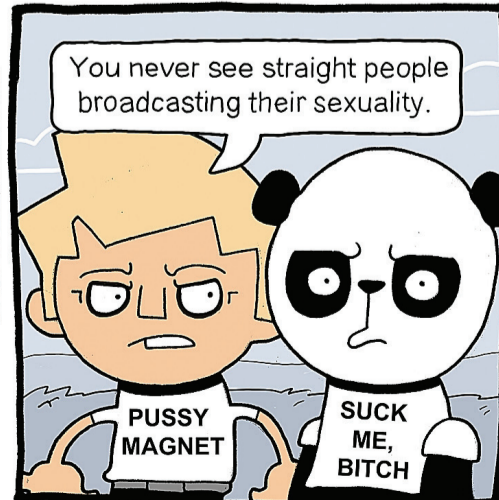
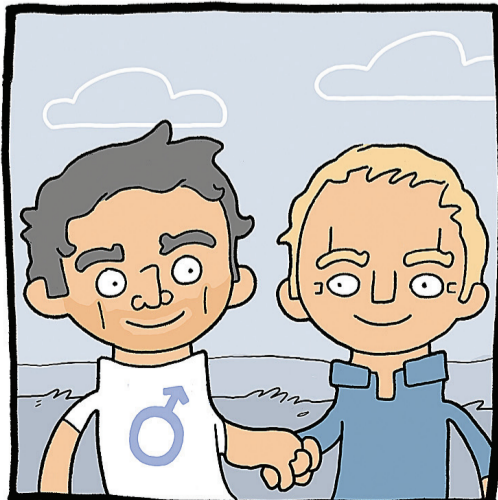
Everything we do is great fun (otherwise we wouldn't organise it!), so it's

definitely worth giving it a try. If you thing RAG is something you'd enjoy or you want to get LOST, give us a shout at rag@ic.ac.uk.



ANDY PANDA

ANDYPANDA.CO.UK



Imperial students outplayed by Chandigarh Hockey Academy

Continued from back page

players had very little time to recover from the lack of sleep, however, they were not going to let this affect their performance.

Chandigarh Hockey Academy, as the name suggests, is an academy for the up-and-coming hockey stars of the Punjabi region. The Academy provides full room and board for the players as well as a free education; all they have to do in return is train in the morning and evenings. With all the hours these athletes put in, it was inevitable that the standard was going to be high. This was a fact that Chandigarh knew all too well and their arrogance knew no bounds when they decided to put out a side full of 16-18 year olds.

At 18:00, after the formalities of meeting various officials, their boys went out to play our men in the hot and sweaty Chandigarh Hockey Stadium, which had roughly 400 spectators ready to watch the match. The Imperial team, running out in their mustard yellow tops, started off well with some solid defence and threatening attacks, however, their attempts were fruitless and the score remained 0-0 for the first ten minutes. It was at this point that the heat and humidity started to affect the Imperial men with substitutes coming on and fast as they were coming off.

Unfortunately the heat had no effect on the home side who effortlessly scored four goals in the space of ten minutes, despite the best efforts of Chris Baker-Brian, Chris O'Reilly and Man of the Match Owen Connick (Charles Murdoch was distinctly average!)

Eventually Imperial found the faintest of weaknesses on the right hand side of the Chandigarh defence, with Sachin Jivanji breaking down the right hand side before crossing it in for Captain Ewan Quince to score a diving goal leaving the score at half time 4-1

SCORES

Imperial Men's XI 1
Chandigarh Hockey Academy 11

Imperial Women's XI 0
Chandigarh Hockey Academy 11

Imperial Mixed XI 2
Chandigarh Hockey Academy 5

to the hosts.

The second half didn't see the best of starts for Imperial, with Chandigarh scoring another four goals in the first ten minutes. To add salt to the already gaping wound, Captain Ewan Quince told his team at half time that: "4-1 is not a bad score, we're still in it if we play sensibly for the first ten minutes!"

"The second match saw a swarm of mosquito's, fly's, bats and all manner of bugs replace the sweltering temperatures in the stadium"

There was no doubt amongst the Imperial squad; the Chandigarh players were clinical in attack.

Despite their best attempts, Imperial were unable to penetrate the Chandigarh defence, something that left striker Daniel Lundy very frustrated after not being able to find the back of the net for the full 60 minutes that he was on the pitch. With the game reaching

its conclusion, Chandigarh managed to score three more times leaving the final score 11-1 to the hosts.

The second match of the night saw a swarm of mosquitos, flies, bats and all manner of bugs replace the sweltering temperatures in the stadium. Despite this, the ladies, led by Captain Teddy Middlebrok, went out fighting (both the bugs and the players) with Emma Beresford popping up all over the pitch, something that caught the attention of a certain 13 year old Indian boy who wanted her phone number. The attack of the Chandigarh ladies was a vicious as the men's, however, goal keeper and Man of the Match Jess Purcell pulled out some spectacular saves, as did Suzie Squire who managed to scrape the ball away from her own goal line from a Chandigarh short corner. Imperial's attack performed admirably with special mention going to Katie Cullen who played her first game in seven months.

Despite their best efforts, the Imperial ladies finished the match without scoring a single goal and the final score being 11-0 to the home side.

In the early hours of the following morning, the touring side got up for the mixed match, with the push-back at 07:00. Again Chandigarh displayed some tremendous arrogance by putting out a side full of U13 players, which led to two-time Twat of the Day Nick Jones boldly saying: "Is it OK if I run around all of them and score on my own?..." He did not! Jones' massive ego took a beating when a 10 year old managed to knock him over on one of



ABOVE: The ladies line up for the formalities before the start of their match

LEFT: Teddy Middlebrok winding up for a big hit



Siten Mandalia on the defence against one of the Chandigarh Academy players in the mixed match

his runs, something that was going to be the theme of the day. Phil Kloucek also had a bit of a tomy tumble when he fell over a Chandigarh player whilst Kavita Nathwani had a similar fall after a spectacular swing-and-a-miss. Other notable incidents included Douglas Blackie introducing a small Indian player face to the astro and then blaming him for being too small and also to Charles Murdoch whose first touch on the pitch resulted in a P-Flick to the home side, unfortunately goal keeper Alex Summers was unable to stop it going in. In complete contrast (and I mean complete!), the Chandigarh goalkeeper, who was nine years old and four-foot-fuck-all tall managed to save Teddy Middlebrok's P-Flick.

The game itself was actually an eventful one, with Chris Baker-Brian and Luke Reynolds both managing to score for Imperial. Unfortunately, this was not enough and the final score ended at 5-2 to Chandigarh.

As you can see, the headlines that appeared in the Indian newspapers were fairly accurate, but everyone left India with their spirits high, especially after seeing their faces on the sports pages of a paper which isn't *felix*.

That girl has got some balls to win a race like that...

An opinion piece centred on the non-Bolt fanfare of the World Athletics Championships 2009

Jovan Nedić Assistant Editor

What a storm the World Athletics Championships have caused this year. Not only did Usain Bolt win both the 100m and 200m world title, but he did it in style by utterly destroying his own world record in both races. It was quite amusing seeing the look on Tyson Gay's face at the end of the race, the man clearly knew that he had been beaten good and proper. I believe that after Bolt's performance, Gay has now realised that not only did he finish in 2nd place, he *is* the 2nd best, i.e. there are no prospects of him displacing Bolt. It must be a hard title to digest.

I remember watching the 100m final and simply looking at the screen in sheer disbelief at how quick Bolt was running down the track. I had the same reaction when I saw him do the 200m in 19.19s, that's an average of roughly 9.09s per 100m.

But Bolt's performance was not the only one that caused some heads to turn in Berlin this year. Out of virtually nowhere, 18-year-old Caster Semenya from South Africa turned up and won the women's 800m final by nearly 2.5s and, on top of that, her performance during the season had improved by nearly seven seconds. This vast improvement in performance led to the International Association of Athletics Federations (IAAF), backed up with tests carried out by the South African athletics body, asking for a "gender verification" test before the final race in Berlin, a decision that has angered the vast majority.

Rather unsurprisingly people began to rally around the 18-year-old, including the South African athletics chiefs



as well as numerous political parties in Africa, with the Young Communist League of South Africa claiming that the decision made by the IAAF "smacks of racism of the highest order." The party said that "It represents a

mentality of conforming feminine outlook within the white race, and that as long as it does not fall within this race or starve and paint itself in order to look like the white race it therefore is not feminine."

Personally I'm a little annoyed that they would use the race card and I would like to think that the IAAF didn't make their decision based on the physical appearance of Semenya. Perhaps the Young Communist League

of South Africa conveniently forgot the brief gender issue with the current 800m women's world record holder, Jarmila Kratochvílová.

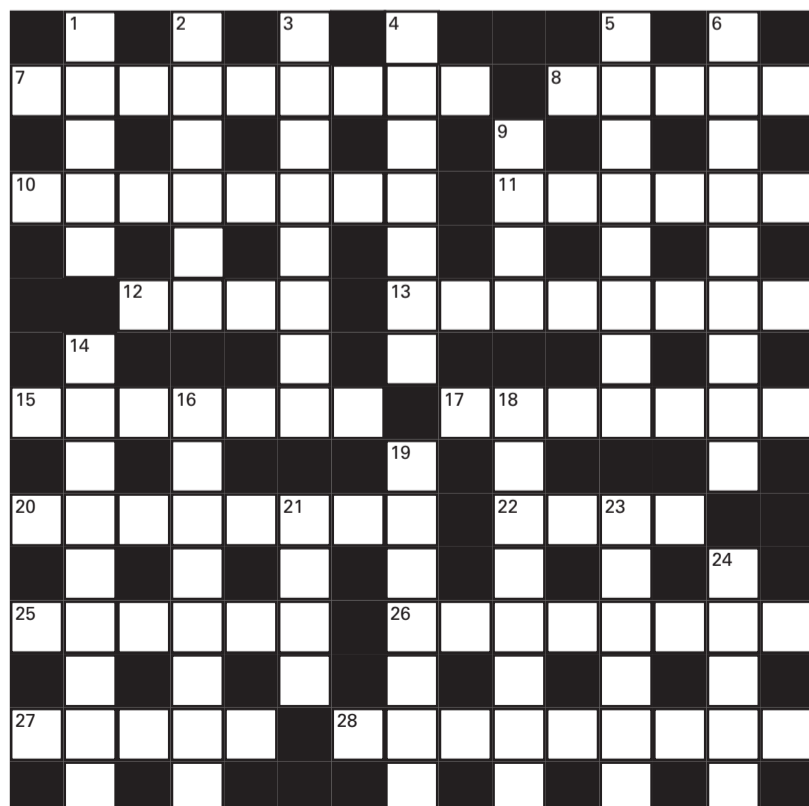
With that in mind, I'm sure that IAAF were relieved to see that initial tests indicated that Semenya had testosterone levels that were three times more than the normal, giving them a more solid ground for their claim. This did make me wonder though, what would happen if she does turn out to be a man, or more to the point, what would happen if it turned out she used to be a man?

The IAAF acknowledge several medical conditions to giving the athlete an advantage, but still let them participate, in particular congenital adrenal hyperplasia. This is a condition in which the body produces more androgen, a type of male hormone. If a girl has it, she will usually have normal internal female reproductive organs, but may not have periods and may have a male appearance.

If they find out that she does have this condition, then everything is fine, but again, what would happen if she used to be a man? Would transsexuals be allowed to compete at all? If they are allowed to compete, would they compete in the male or female events? If they used to be a male, then they would have male muscles, which are bigger and more powerful clearly giving them an advantage. Even if they take hormone supplements to make them more female, would there still not be an elevated level of testosterone in their body, levels that are higher than in a normal female? I'll leave that to you dear readers to decide amongst yourselves whether or not they should be allowed to compete.

Crossword No. 1,439

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



ACROSS

- 7 Hurricanes are moored in a place like this (9)
- 8 Centre of public debate for expressing uncertainty (5)
- 10 Weapon of war cuts short ill-conceived armistice (8)
- 11 Neutron without charge in its constituent bits can get you excited (4-2)
- 12 Slowly cover ground in Switzerland (4)
- 13 A philosopher boxes in this manner to get placed first (8)
- 15 Shorten a regular journey (7)
- 17 Hollow drain-pipes burst to reveal small fish (7)
- 20 Cause grief and give rage in a single word (8)
- 22 German or Polish river (4)
- 25 Pen with lustrous tip can be used to write on screens (6)
- 26 Where short ideas are sent. Hull? Not quite (8)
- 27 Capital 'I' followed by an 'S' (5)
- 28 I, of course, can be quite vicious (11)

DOWN

- 1 Carefully look at how to reroute a choo-choo train (5)
- 2 Christian man back in the moon (6)
- 3 Note the 't' in 'knit' (8)
- 4 Incoherent promises, having lost that empty ring, leave a deep effect (7)
- 5 Undergoing two revolutions a day... (4,4)
- 6 ...makes of one pure as those living on the Continent (9)
- 9 Not a pal from the olden days? (4)
- 14 Hugo tried to become braver (9)
- 16 The process of adding streaks can damage jewellery (8)
- 18 Making one's own choice after recent years (8)
- 19 Wind renamed in an unusual way... (7)
- 21 ...other than in Chelsea (4)
- 23 Regional conflict in the Colombian capital (6)
- 24 Pay no attention to French thug (5)

Hello all. In the time-honoured tradition of such great papers as the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Metro* and the *London Lite*, we at *felix* publish a weekly cryptic crossword to make the sports section worth reading.

We are currently looking for aspiring crossword setters to write for us as regularly as they would like. Please get in touch to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk if you think that might interest you.

Until we can force someone to volunteer for the role, however, we will be publishing puzzles from previous issues. This week's product was published in last year's freshers issue, and resulted in sufficiently few charges of grievous bodily harm to be worth the risk of reprinting.

Hopefully the weekly crossword will help to distract from the pain of lectures, or at least make them seem trivial by comparison.

Enjoy the first week of term proper.

Enoch



Indians toy with Imperial Hockey

ICHC go on tour to India and are shown up by youngsters on the pitch

Hockey Jovan Nedić

"UT Hockey Academy teams toy with visitors" said the *Hindustan Times*, "[...]humble the guests" said the *Chandigarh Tribune*. The fact of the matter is that these headlines are actually quite accurate.

The touring side left early on Tuesday morning [30.06.2009] from Delhi; thanks to the work of Edward Lacey, the Tour Lord (Luke Reynolds) and the High Chief Wizard of the Fun Police (Jack Cornish) the group got up early to catch the 05:50 train to Chandigarh.

To add to the woe of the 40 travellers, it was decided by the higher powers that the visitors should experience the real India and therefore booked the cheapest train possible. The outcome of this trip was not surprising: one stolen rucksack full of Chris Baker-Brian's passport, wallet, phone and camera and one case of the shits for Jack 'don't buy any food on the train' Cornish!

After a five-hour journey the visitors arrived at Chandigarh and made their way to the hotel. With only a few hours before the games started, the

Continued on page 42



"Formula One is a Joke. Much akin to Vince McMahon et al. at WWE."

Mustapher Botchway Sports Editor

Sport and controversy are two things that never seem to escape each other. However when controversy overshadows the competitive spirit one must ask questions whether the sport can be taken seriously anymore.

First off let me not offer an apology to those of you who love Formula One (F1) to bits, this isn't a criticism of you, even though you waste your weekend waking up at stupid o'clock to watch the interminable ordeal of races which have more excitement after the race than during. This behaviour reminds me of my pre-pubescent years watch-

ing WWF (now WWE) pay-per-view events, on channel 4, on a too early Monday morning. But more on that 'sports entertainment' show later.

Controversy. McLaren spying on Ferrari, McLaren feigning ignorance in order to win more points, Schumacher's unsportsmanship years ago, and Briatore's brief fetish of putting his team's championship prospects above that of the life of one his team members. Just a selection that instantly pop into mind.

I admit I am not a die-hard F1 fan, so I shan't go into detail in any of these cases, however I do hope I show some colour into the soiled image of this once well-respected sport.

World Wrestling Entertainment

(WWE) is a sports entertainment company specialising in acting professional wrestling. It is privately controlled by the McMahon's, a family who often make decisions on who should win the various championships and special ring matches. Most of the McMahon's have taken part in wrestling bouts and have been former champions in different wrestling classes.

Max Mosley and Bernie Ecclestone. The clear winner in an informal survey I carried out a couple of weeks ago where I asked 'Who controls or owns Formula One?'

Not to delve into the personal lives of either person, but I have never heard of a sport where two people have a sig-

nificant authority over it. Adding they will have assumed significant roles in the managing of F1 for over two-decades after Mosley steps down his role as the president of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA) later this year. This brings about a lack of innovation in the management of the 'sport' and provides an environment where significant reliance on engineers and team bosses to provide this innovation, whether that be legally or illegally.

The beauty of Formula One of the past was the fact that it was unadulterated. Pure. And dare I say it, dangerous. Though I appreciate the leaps and bounds F1 has made in terms of pro-

tecting their drivers, nowadays every fortnight I half expect there to be another scandal when reading the back pages of Monday morning's papers. I for one do not take notice of the results. Unlucky for Button, this is probably the worst year to win the championship as it will more likely than not be overshadowed by this year's escapades of certain constructors.

To conclude, though the engineers and drivers have every intention of playing the sport as it should, the management of Formula One is a joke. Much akin to Vince McMahon et al. at WWE. Perhaps if F1 changed it status to a light entertainment show, I would enjoy it as much I used to love WWE.