



felix

The award-winning student newspaper of Imperial College

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year

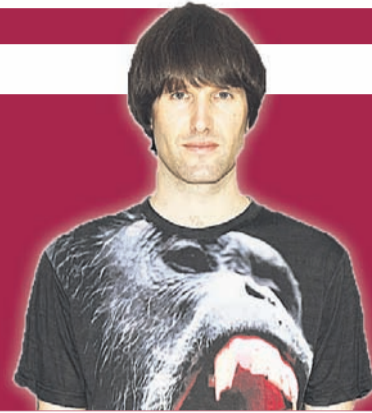
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felixonline.co.uk

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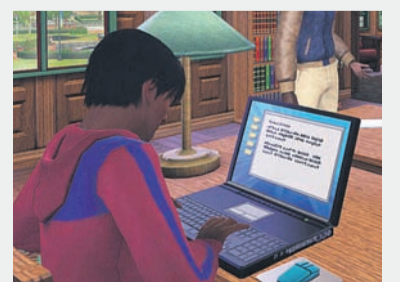
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felix speaks to three Imperial students affected by the failings of the Student Loans Company. See pages 4 & 5



Imperial Medic arrested

An Imperial College Medical Student is said to have been arrested on a night out organised as part of the ICSMSU's Freshers' Fortnight

Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief

A 3rd year student has allegedly been arrested after a night out organised by the ICSMSU for freshers.

The alleged incident was said to have occurred on the night of Wednesday the 7th of October outside the Fire Station bar on Hammersmith Broadway.

As part of the Imperial College School of Medicine Students' Union (ICSMSU) Freshers' Fortnight, the Doctors and Nurses themed pub crawl was a chance for the medical school's new intake of Freshers to get to know each other. However, ICSMSU's events are Freshers' Fortnights are notorious for attracting students from years throughout the medical school. ICSMSU described Wednesday's event as "one of the biggest nights of the fortnight with the whole medschool turning out in scrubs and nurses outfits for a pub crawl through Hammersmith" on their website.

The 3rd year student, who has been unnamed, was said not to be officially at the event, but had joined in with the night's proceedings anyway. The situation apparently escalated on the street outside the Shepherds Bush Road venue when he reportedly became aggressive towards a number of people, which included a police officer. Rumours circulating College suggest that the officer in question was plain-clothed at the time. It seems a likely concept as the Fire Station bar is merely down the road from the Hammersmith Police Station. Students in the immediate area said there was a "heavy police presence" after events unfolded.

The ICSMSU's statement was cagey



The Fire Station bar in Hammersmith where the alleged incident took place

and ambiguous about the events.

"This is a great shame. I would like to thank the ICSMSU exec and the Faculty of Medicine for their support and handling the situation very sensibly and efficiently."

A student subject to arrest and/or involved in criminal activity will face a Fitness to Practise panel held by the medical school he or she is registered under. The panel leads an investigation into the student's wrongdoings under General Medical Council's guidelines to see if the student's 'conduct has

shown that he cannot justify the trust placed in him [and] should not continue in unrestricted practice,' as stated on the GMC website.

The site also state that 'physical violence' as a criminal offence or caution is one of the 'most frequent concerns' that can lead to a Fitness to Practise investigation.

The worst possible outcome to the hearing is that of suspension or expulsion from the student's medical course as the 'only way to protect patients.'

felix continues to follow the situation.

Beats MIT but not quite UCL standard

Sina Ataherian Business Editor

It's that time of the year again. Whether it is because it reaffirms boasts of being here or because it downplays the cost of not getting into Oxbridge, we all love the Times World University Rankings. If you are happy to ignore international recognition in favour of the other mark of quality – the Times is British whereas Shanghai is Chinese – then the rankings usually make for self-affirming reading.

This year there has been a mixed blessing. Imperial has climbed up from sixth to fifth place but UCL has jumped ahead to fourth. With our own rivalry aside, UCL outperforming MIT demands a second look at the numbers. The Times uses six measures to compose their overall rankings. Two of these are relevant and objective. One is specifically staff/student ratio, as

opposed to any measure of staff time spent on students, which explains Imperial doing reasonably well. The other is the claimed cause of that problem, the staff/citation score.

Sadly this is not listed as Imperial's strong suit. Aside from a few amusing notes, such as Caltech graduates being exceptionally disliked by their future bosses, the peer and employer reviews all offer near full marks.

The last two components of the overall score clear up the confusion nicely. A full third of the marks are directly based on the internationality of staff and students.

This as an independent parameter is particularly lucky for Imperial given how many of the marks from the other measures also probably come from this source. Needless to say, Imperial score the highest in the top ten for both. This also essentially clears up the UCL puzzle.

	Overall	2008 Rank
1. Harvard University	100.0	1
2. University of Cambridge	99.6	3
3. Yale University	99.1	2
4. University College London	99.0	7
5= Imperial College London	97.8	6
5= University of Oxford	97.8	4
6. University of Chicago	96.8	8
7. Princeton University	96.6	12
8. Massachusetts Institute of Technology	96.1	9
9. California Institute of Technology	95.9	5

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60.10.09

LOICATZ



OF THE WEEK

El Salvador Project 2009: Civil Engineers do good

Raz Jabary reports back as 11 Imperial students complete the El Salvador Project 2009 with great success

This summer break a group of 11 Civil Engineering students spent their time in El Salvador constructing houses for poor communities.

The team consisted of six first years, two second years and three third years and carried out the project over the period 3rd July - 15th August.

The El Salvador Project has a voluntary basis and is currently in its eighth year of operation. It was set up by Imperial professors and students as a result of the devastating series of earthquakes and landslides that struck the country in 2001.

The students spent the weekdays over a six week period in the community of Colima, during which they built two earthquake resistant block houses and a retaining wall to benefit two families. Special trips were organised for in the weekends by the NGO of REDES (the Salvadorian Reconstruction & Development organisation), with the aim of getting the students in touch with the country's history, culture and traditions. These included visits to Mayan ruins and the Museum of the Revolution.

This year's project was held in the small town of Colima, located in the Cuscatlan Governorate which has three of the poorest regions in the country. It is about an hour and a half drive away from the capital San Salvador. A village in the early eighties, Colima gradually grew out to a small town during the Salvadorian civil war (1980-1992) with many people seeking refuge there from the fighting. The horrors of this war and the associated finan-



Mum always wondered why some of her daughters grew up to be 6ft and English. She loved them all the same thought

cial crisis are still fresh in the minds of the people of Colima. As a gesture of respect the community offered its church to the Imperial students as a home for the duration of their stay.

On site work included the making of concrete and mortar, the placement of blocks and pipelines, the tying of reinforcement bars to allow for strength of

the structure in tension and the leveling of the floor. In addition to the students hired skilled workers and some able family members aided the construction efforts.

Team work was optimum and no major problems or difficulties were encountered by the language barrier, for in addition to having three translators

on the team many members had successfully grasped a basic knowledge of Spanish.

The El Salvador Project has a board of alumni members who oversee the running of its activities. It receives its funds from sponsorship money, in addition to a personal contribution from each of the team members. Earlier

this year felix reported on the success of the JP Morgan competition in New York, where on April 17th the El Salvador Project won \$25,000 to finance its work. The team is currently competing online in the 'Give-it-Away' competition for a further astounding \$65,000 against other projects from around the globe; dependent on the number of votes it gets by May 2010.

Further help to the team was provided by the organisation of ADESCO, which is made up of men and women committed to the coordination of the aid work in the community of Colima.

Ideas for the improvement of the project's effectiveness include future Spanish classes for all members and the allocation of funds and personnel to multiple communities rather than one over a summer term.

Recapping on this year's project, team member and potential future team leader Andres remarks: "It has exceeded all expectations by a massive margin."

It combined valuable engineering experience as well as an insight of/on the country's culture, politics and traditions. We all gained friends within the group which we probably would not have met otherwise and were hosted incredibly well by the local NGO REDES and of course by the population of Colima."

Commenting on the selection process for next year's team which will soon commence, Andres says: "Without a doubt I would recommend future Civil Engineering students to enrol in this project and embrace everything it has to offer".

Decline in Imperial students' ability to write correctly

Gilead Amit Deputy Editor

Home students at Imperial College make on average three times more grammatical mistakes in their written work than their international colleagues, claims a report to be published next month.

The research was carried out by Dr. Bernard Lamb, former Reader in Genetics at Imperial College and President of the London Branch of the Queen's English Society. Aside from his achievements in the field of biology, Dr. Lamb has been carrying out analyses of undergraduate writing for more than thirty years, at Imperial as well as across the country.

Though science students may have thought they'd left their writing days behind them, communication skills are an integral part of any modern science degree. Essays, lab reports and projects intrude into even the most theoretical of subjects, and an inability to write proficiently can have unfortunate consequences for a graduate's career prospects.

"Home students should be very concerned about their verbal proficiency as it affects performance in course

work, exams and job applications. I saw a letter last week from an on-line recruitment agency stating that one third of job applicants from home graduates, even from top universities, were rejected immediately because of poor English in their CVs and covering letters, showing lack of attention to detail, poor communication skills and a bad attitude" explained Dr. Lamb.

His findings reveal a large number of students who still confuse *omit* with *emit*, *infect* with *affect* or even *inject*, *emaciate* with *emasculate*, *impotence* with *importance* and *formerly* with *formally*. He makes the point that for students working in the sciences, confusing *lead* with *led* is as egregious as confusing sodium *nitrite* with sodium *nitrate*.

The improved syntax displayed by international students suggests that students in the UK prioritise their verbal communication over the way they write. Home students are clearly more at ease in spoken English, but seem to assume this will translate to a similar fluency in writing. Unfortunately this is not the case, and many students need to make more of an effort to improve the way they write.

"Those academic staff who are capa-

ble of doing so should correct errors of English as well as of science," Dr. Lamb suggests. Advice from above will doubtless prove useful, but in the final analysis students will need to take matters into their own hands. As an obvious solution, students can make more cautious use of spellcheckers and have a dictionary on hand when they write.

"My own English was not very good at university," Dr. Lamb admitted. "When I was lecturing at IC in 1970, I had a female Sri Lankan research student who kindly pointed out my errors. To be told by a foreign student that my English was poor was humiliating but extremely useful. I started learning rules of spelling, word origins, using a dictionary more often, and playing Scrabble with her so that she could correct my spelling. Although I lost the first 80 games, we both ended up in the finals of the National Scrabble Championships, and I am now a mediocre speller rather than a bad one. One can improve!"

"For obvious reasons" Dr. Lamb recommends two volumes specifically geared for university students: *The Queen's English Society's Practical Guide to Punctuation* (by B. C. Lamb, £3 including postage, available

from him) and *How to Write about Biology* by Pechenik and Lamb (Longman, 1996, still in print and in the IC Library).

Imperial students have historically been among the most employable of UK graduates, and have gone on to careers in a wide range of sectors. Especially in these difficult economic times, it would be a shame to make anything but the best possible impression on prospective employers.

Spelling and grammar may seem like petty issues, but a lack of attention in writing can change meaning, cause confusion and give a clear impression that the writer is lacking in professionalism.

Editor's note:

Here at felix we do our best to keep such errors to a minimum, thanks to a talented team of writers, a handful of dedicated copy editors and a great deal of wishful thinking. Should you notice syntactical mistakes in this issue, however, maybe a temporary career in proofreading beckons. The felix offices are in the West Wing of Beit Quad, and copy editors are welcome all of Wednesday and Thursday every week.



LOAN DELAYS HIT CLOSE TO HOME

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF DAN WAN SPEAKS TO THREE IMPERIAL STUDENTS CAUGHT UP IN THE LOAN DELAYS

As the Student Loans Company (SLC) announce they are to hold an internal enquiry into why over 100,000 students have had their loan payments delayed, *felix* looked closer to home and spoke to a few undergraduates affected by the crisis that has hit students nationwide.

The SLC has received just over a million applications for loans in its first year as the sole authority organising and distributing student loans. In previous years, first year students have applied through their local education authority, which worked in conjunction with the SLC to send off loan payments.

Agnieszka Pinchinat, Peter Evans and Mary Harrington are three of a reported 116,000 students across the country that have still not received the first installment of their loans. Felix caught up with each of them this week to explore how the SLC's failings are actually affecting their lives as they start a new year at Imperial.

They have each been affected to different degrees; a contributing factor being the year of study they are each in. Peter seems the worst-off, being a second year student discovering the lack of cushion that College provides you with in your Fresher year. Agnieszka is benefiting from being a Fresher and living in halls, but sees trouble ahead as the financial uncertainty is added to

the new social and academic pressures she is experiencing during her new life at university. Mary, on the other hand is a fourth year Medic, and very much used to living independently. She manages to contain the stresses that having no money creates with her experience she's gained at her time at university.

All three of the students we spoke to are yet to receive any funding from the SLC, and even the most prudent would be struggling. There is little they can actively do to solve the problems in one fell-swoop. They continue to play the frustratingly slow waiting game whilst it is not just their bank balance which is reducing; morale, personal pride and quality of life too.



When asked about her student loans, she replies cheerfully, with a distinct hint of irony.

"It's messy!" Mary exclaims. It's good to see her in good spirits despite her the position the SLC has effectively put her in. As she sits behind the Student Activities Centre reception desk, she begins to explain that entire situation, and the fact she has been faultless at every step of the process.

Her application hit a stumbling block as soon as it started back in June; well before the deadline the SLC set before applications become 'late.' Though the SLC prefer the students to register for their loan online, Mary's mother isn't comfortable using computers for something so important and hence ordered the paper forms to be sent to her home. The paper forms did not arrive before the SLC 'late application' deadline despite Mary's persistence on the phone.

"I tried ringing 40 times in one day, then another 97 times the next day. Every time I was put on hold. I was in tears at this point."

The application was not only delayed past the deadline, but she would not receive any level of funding when the academic year started. The SLC had promised every student they would receive the basic level of

funding as soon as their term started, and would receive extra loan money at a further date. However, this promise was on the condition that the application had been submitted before the 'late application deadline.'

Further confusion has since occurred. She received an email from the SLC asking her to supply additional information about her family finances in order to complete the application. She immediately replied in a phone call, but was told on the contrary. Her application was complete and the loan instalments were ready to be released.

Both her Local Education Authority (LEA) and the SLC now have separate applications under her name, but neither are seemingly collaborating to solve her situation.

Mary isn't visibly anxious about her lack of money, but describes it as "worrying." She gives off the impression that she just needs to get on with things, and deal with her situation as it comes. She's happy to be working part-time for the Union as a receptionist, and the pay gets her by week-to-week, but nothing more.

"I guess I'm really lucky in the way that I live cheaply. I cycle everywhere for one thing. I can live off the £30 a week for now, but any if real expenses are needed I will begin to struggle. I'm currently bobbing up and down at the bottom of my overdraft as it is."

Mary mentions she has missed out

on things in the last few months that she'd really like to have been involved with. She decided to work over the period her girlfriends travelled to Dublin for a holiday. She was especially feeling the effects of not having any money when term started.

"I couldn't go to many of the Freshers' events I would have liked to go to. I'm not going to go there to drink lemonade," she says as a cheeky grin surfaces on her face.

Talking about other sources of money quickly buries her smile. "My mum can pay my rent for now, she's moved some money around to cover it, but I don't like asking for it."

Mary has seemingly no choice but to ask her mother for extra money, but she realises that with six other children, her mum can only do so much for her. "I take pride in being financially independent. I was the one who chose to come to London to a six year course. I can't expect my mum to support me."

Mary is looking forward to finally getting her loan, although she still hasn't any idea when it will come through.

As she gets back to sorting out databases for the hundreds of clubs and societies at Imperial, she has one last thought.

"I have a list of things I'll get once my loan comes through; a haircut and a couple of pairs of socks to name a few on it!"



Peter is a returning Materials Engineer going into his second year at Imperial.

As well as stepping up to an increased workload, Peter's dealing with living out for the first time. Living in private accommodation with friends means the security and ease of living in Halls of Residences are lost; utility bills, monthly rent and actually securing a habitable and affordable place are just a few of many trials the majority of 2nd years like Peter must endure. However, unlike most of his peers, Peter will find this shift in living arrangements much harder, owing to the fact he still hasn't received his student loan.

As required he applied for the loan during the summer break, and was due to receive the first term's worth of money on the 4th of October; a day before the academic year at Imperial started. Already settled into his new Chiswick flat, the loan did not arrive come the 4th of October. This has now left him in a very difficult situation in which he is left desperately short of money. To make matters worse one of his housemates has been forced to move out, leaving the remaining residents to plug the gap in rent that has been created. Peter despairs at the situation.

"I'm truly screwed. I could just about get away with paying my own rent for the next month, but won't be able to pay the extra rent on time without my student loan. I have about £70 left for the foreseeable future."

It is a particular bitter situation for Peter due to the fact his financial problems would not have arisen had he his loan on time. He describes the money a financial "safety net" he could rely on for emergency circumstances like the one he has found himself in.

During our meeting, Peter once again contacted the SLC to get any sort of timescale in which he can expect his payments to come through. After a solid 20 minutes on hold, the conversation with the operator lasted only a couple more. The answers to Peter's enquiries were obviously quick and well-rehearsed. His loan application would be processed in "three to four week's time" and was told that applications lodged a month before his were currently being looked through.

Despite a reported two month backlog of applications, Peter's three to four week delay seems favourable. However, this doesn't make any difference to an individual like Peter who is also reluctant to ask his parents for even more money than he already has.

"I'm going to have to ask my Dad for some more money to help me cover this rent, but I'm ashamed to do so." Despite his personal pride, it isn't happy days for Peter and most likely plenty of other students in similar or worse situations.

On a last note of half-despair half-comedy, Peter mulls over what he's going to be doing for the next few weeks.

"Looks like I'm going to live out of tins every night, doesn't it?"

felix talks to three loans victims



Agnieszka is a 1st year Computing student from Lancaster, who has also experienced plenty of trouble with the Student Loans Company.

Appalling organisation and mixed messages from the SLC meant like the other 100,000 plus students, she still hasn't received any of her loan.

Just before her A Level final exams in June, she contacted the SLC to enquire what she should do to initiate the process. As she was registered as an EU student holding a Polish passport, Agnieszka was told to send over her current passport for clarification of status.

The passport was sent by Royal Mail's Special Delivery service, and hence could be tracked. Despite the delivery status having confirmed delivery of the parcel containing her passport, the SLC claimed they had not yet received it; Agnieszka checked her personalised account on

the SLC status and said there was no update of her application.

Further investigation led Agnieszka to the conclusion that she did not have to submit her passport in the first place, making the last few months of waiting an absolute waste of time and delayed her application even further. Two weeks into term and she still hasn't received her loan from the SLC. In fact, internal disorganisation has meant that Agnieszka's means-tested application is still in preliminary stages; the paperwork to be filled in by her parents has not even been sent out by the SLC.

Agnieszka described herself as "heavily dependent" on her loan money during term time. The money was to go on necessary payments to Imperial College that the majority of first years should have no problem meeting.

"I had to ask for an extension for my hall's rent fees. However, I'm going to have to ask for another one as

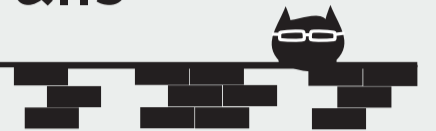
my loan still hasn't come. Imperial knew about the loan delays, but the two weeks extra still isn't enough time."

On top of this, Agnieszka is also uncertain about the situation surrounding her tuition fees. If she doesn't get the second extension she says she'll have to use her overdraft entirely.

Agnieszka seemed a very level-headed and mature first year, and was in no doubt about her responsibilities, especially financial ones. The Darlington-based SLC is doing her no favours however.

"I decided to work for the last month of my summer holidays, just to have money for when I started university. I wanted to go on holiday instead," she says with a hint of bitterness. Talking about her situation starts to remind her about "I'm always told to go to the website or I'm put on hold for two hours! I might go up there in person."

The world beyond College walls



European Union

Eight years in the making, the Lisbon Treaty is finally reaching the finish line. After Ireland ratified the Lisbon Treaty last week, this time voting in favour, the European Union is shifting gears. Irish voters backed the treaty, which aims to make the EU 'more democratic, more transparent and more efficient', by 67% to 33%, a dramatic turnaround from last year's result. The Treaty would also create a new position for the President of the EU, for which Tony Blair, the UK's former Prime Minister, is currently a favourite. Following the Irish ratification, Polish President Lech Kaczynski has signed the Lisbon Treaty on October 10th. Mr. Kaczynski, a Eurosceptic, believes that the treaty will be successful but has stressed that the EU should remain a union of sovereign states. That leaves only the Czech Republic, where President Vaclav Klaus has so far refused to sign the treaty unless his country is granted an opt-out from the EU's charter of Fundamental Rights. MEPs in Brussels will now put pressure on him to ratify the treaty before general elections in the UK which must be held within a year. The Conservative party, which is leading in the polls, is opposed to the treaty and has promised to hold a referendum on it if all EU members have not yet backed it by the time it comes to power.



U.S.A.

On Sunday, tens of thousands of demonstrators marched through Washington D.C. demanding greater civil rights for gays and lesbians. The protest took place a day after President Barack Obama said he would move to end a ban on gay people serving openly in the military. Since coming to office, Mr Obama has taken steps towards addressing gay rights issues, but protestors were saying he has not done enough, particularly on the issue of same-sex partnerships. The Defense of Marriage Act, which limits how local and federal bodies can recognise gay partnerships and determine benefits, has been criticised by gay rights campaigners, including the Human Rights Campaign, as discriminatory.



Armenia & Turkey

After a century of hostilities, Armenia and Turkey signed a peace accord on October 10th, and agreed to establish diplomatic relations. Turkey's denial that the 1915 killings of over one million Armenians was genocide has long angered the Armenians, and remains a difficult topic of discussion between the two countries. But the peace deal promises to benefit both nations, as an open border (closed during tensions in 1994) will provide access to a large neighbouring market for Armenians, and increased influence in the Caucasus for Turkey. The accord, which was reached in Zurich, has gained support from the US, Russia, and the EU (all three sent representatives to help the negotiations along). But Azerbaijan, Armenia's neighbour and a close ally of Turkey, has criticised the agreement. It wants progress with Armenia to be linked to the resolution of territorial disputes between Azerbaijan and Armenia.



Edited by Raphael Houdmont

THE INTER-UNI TRADING GAME

Thursday 29th Oct
1800
Business School LT3

Trade equities and commodities on a virtual learning platform against the brightest and most ambitious teams at Imperial.

Finalists will compete against teams from Oxford, Cambridge, LSE and Warwick at RBS headquarters for the ultimate prize.

More details to follow at www.icfinancesociety.com



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up to 30th October



Angry Geek: Feeling good to be back.



"I bet you've really missed people like me, the c**ts who write for *felix* because ... we have an opinion"



So, I'm back. Hold the fanfares. It's been a few weeks into term now, I've remembered how to hold a pen and make vague gestures with it on paper, and I can now hold a conversation with someone for longer than three minutes. I'm a student again. Phew.

For a dangerously long period over the summer, I began to live a bit like those people do on television sometimes. You know, on the news? When they interview people on the street? Those people. With their ironed clothes and their opinion on Gordon Brown, and the like. One day I went and bought a copy of *Guardian* and actually read the stories rather than just looking at the pictures. Fortunately, that all passed and I'm back to sitting in my underwear writing out equations

and growing my disgusting, filthy hair. God. Student life, eh.

Anyway, as I say, I'm settled down now and boy isn't it great to be back. Isn't it, though? I mean, I bet you've really missed people like me, the c**ts who write for *felix* because we're under the impression we have an opinion worth communicating. Last week's scintillating discussion about how the British like to discuss the weather, say, or the detailed explanation of why it's crucial that we... the cameras... surveillance society. Oh, it's all so fresh and new, I bet it's hard to pick a favourite. Much easier to just regurgitate the opinion in the *Union* as if it's your own. After all, that's what *felix* is here for.

Christ, I hate this place. More specifically – I hate you. You really are utterly pathetic. I mean all of you.

The sex bomb that commented last

week with the spectacularly obvious advice of "Looking for women? Try places that women go to." is just the tip of the lopsided and melting idiot iceberg. I watched the students collect again in groups after a long summer spent thinking up things to say about how they spent their summer, and this great thing happens – the women become performers. So you get this group of students, right, and it's the usual lot – there's the indie-style guy who's of some kind of Asian descent, there's the shorter English chap who's balding slightly and so ugly that mirrors actually peel off their silvery backing when he approaches them, and then the third guy is generally plucked straight out of a Microsoft advert. Right. And they've got a female friend. So they meet her, and they spectate. It's an informal group conversation, but after

ten seconds the blokes have arranged in a semicircle around her and they're nodding sagely like she's conducting a roundtable discussion about how great it is to have breasts.

And you know what? They're all thinking the same thing. They're all thinking, like good old Mister Lowe evidently does, that their dick is the straightest. That they're out there. Lowe might think that you need to get out of Imperial to do it, but the effect is much the same – you all think you're Shaft.

What the fuck is wrong with you people. Honest to God. The freshers have an excuse, they've still not realised that all of their ideas are about as good as Arsejuice Cola, but we're talking students in their third or fourth years here, students who still think they have dress sense, that they're

the only ones with the perfect career planned out, and that the anecdote they tell about that guy they knew in secondary school who did the thing at that place where Miley Cyrus likes to go is remotely interesting.

It's not interesting. You are not interesting. Neither are you cool, or alternative, or valuable as a human being in any way. The sooner you realise that, the sooner we can all get back to our depressing, math-filled lives. Coming to Imperial to find yourself is like hosting an AA meeting in a bar. It's counter-productive, you'll look like a moron and it'll all end with you drinking your problems away.

Not that that's a bad thing necessarily. I'm just saying, skip out the bit that requires effort.

Welcome back, all. Missed you.

Ryhs Davies: As Mad as Bicycles!



"Weird people have more fun. They do weird stuff, meet other weird people and ... do even weirder stuff together"



Salutations and good (insert time of day here) to you all. Firstly, congratulations are in order. Belated, admittedly I slept in...for a week. To second years and above, well done on passing your exams and returning to the warm, fuzzy breast of the College. To all you lovely freshers (yes, that means you), you have my felicitations in the *felix* on your entry into one of the greatest universities in the universe. So yes, welcome to Imperial!

I thought I'd start the year off with a bang. Literally. You have three seconds before it explodes. Three, two, one... oh, and good luck.

Ok, who actually just put down their *felix*? Own up. Ok, less bang, more whimper. But this brings me on quite nicely to my actual point. I, myself, am

a second year, wizened by experience, physically crippled by excessive book borrowing – well, a little. This time, last year, I was a fresh-faced fresher. To the retrospective shame of the Admissions Office, I knew next to nothing. But this, I did know; I had a plan.

In my school-days, I was regarded as smart, affable but generally a bit of an oddball. I don't know why. It may have had something to do with what I did with the squirrels (in my defence, they never found the bodies). But I decided that I would change this perception people had of me upon coming to Imperial. I could start anew! I would still be friendly, of course, but I would be quiet. I would take a back seat. I would blend seamlessly into the crowd. I would become as boring as the word brown – which is possibly the most

dull word in the English language.

This was my plan and I stuck to it like jam to the ceiling. But I soon realised that the problem with being boring is... it is incredibly boring! Apart from the occasional flash mob, crowds don't do much – they just occupy space – and as an individual in said crowd, you are a nothing. So, a dilemma arose; plain is boring, exciting is weird. What was a fresher to do?

In truth, it was ridiculously simple. We only get so much time on this big blue marble so it's important that we make the most of it. If you do something weird, at least you're doing something. If you're doing nothing to preserve your image, in the end, you're still just doing nothing. And doing something beats doing nothing every time. So I gave up my intricately de-

vised scheme and decided to be myself. Yes, cheesy, I know, but everybody else was taken. I did what I naturally do (I can't go into the particulars for fear of incrimination), and, in the course of things, I attained a more, ah, interesting perception. Thus, I stumbled upon my second epiphany of Freshers' Week.

Weird people have more fun. They do weird stuff, meet other weird people and (with any luck) do even weirder stuff together. As I reasoned earlier, doing something beats doing nothing. Well, doing something weird counts for double! I'm not one for giving advice, but you should definitely try something weird every now and then. You'll live longer, thus you'll have more time for doing weird things.

I have a feeling I'm preaching to the

converted, even if they don't know it yet. Science students are always a little different – making numbers dance against their will, quoting Monty Python verbatim, gently spooning the Laws of Nature – and Imperial is no different. Cumulatively, that's more than a hundred metric crazies of weird. With so much insanity bubbling under the surface, it makes for a pretty interesting place.

Whatever you do, make sure you do something. If you've been to the Freshers' Fair, you know you're spoilt for choice. Doing something makes you interesting (or weird, amoral, criminal – delete as appropriate), and makes Imperial interesting. Which not only keeps me entertained in the short term but also helps draw in more interesting people for the future.

Hassan Joudi: A career in Defence? No thanks.



"I'm proud of my invention, but I'm sad that it is used by terrorists... I would prefer to have invented a ... lawn mower"



As yet another academic year starts it is another opportunity for employers to recruit. The month of October sees the annual ritual known as the milk-round, the trekking of company HR teams from university to university, attending all manner of careers fairs, to interest and sign up talented final year students to their graduate programmes.

A feature of Imperial career fairs is the high concentration of arms companies, which rightfully raises some ethical concerns among the student body. Perhaps owing to Imperial's focus on science and engineering degrees, and our high-up-the-league-table status, arms companies seem to find a perfect recruiting ground here in South Kensington.

When final year students come to choose which employers to work for, after years of hard graft at Imperial, numerous factors are obviously considered like starting salary, job location and employer reputation. The importance of each of these factors will of course vary from student to student, but I would say that the ethical values of the companies we apply to, especially with respect to arms companies, is just as important.

I have called them "arms companies" up until now, but they prefer to call themselves the "Defence Industry". At last year's IC Union Careers Fair in 2008 for example, we had BAE systems and Selex Galileo exhibiting, and other "Defence Industry" big names including Lockheed Martin UK, DSTL, Marshall Aerospace, ITT and Raytheon Systems to name but a few. On their websites brochures, their 'About Us' blurbs talk about "advanced electronics", "integrated security solutions" and "land, sea and air defence technologies", but behind all the euphemisms it doesn't take an Imperial student to figure out that these are alternative ways of saying "we make weapons."

The word 'arm' is short for 'armaments', the weapons used in military warfare. These include large military hardware like jet fighters, missiles, tanks, land vehicles and battleships, as well as small low-tech

equipment like pistols, rifles, grenade launchers, munitions and landmines, and all the accompanying technologies that come with it. Few people will tell you that there is a shortage of weapons in the world, in fact the general consensus is that the world has too many weapons, fuelling various conflicts and wars in the world.

A shocking statistic comes from the United Nations Security Council (UNSC), the highest inter-governmental body charged with maintaining international peace. Arms companies in the permanent five countries of the UNSC: China, France, Russia, the UK and USA together manufacture 75%

of the world's weapons. These weapons are either sold to the country's own government (domestic market) or exported to foreign allies (foreign market). Who are the top recipients? Developing countries with the money to buy them of course, including rising economic superpowers like India, ex-Soviet states like Poland or oil-rich Middle-Eastern states like Saudi Arabia, Egypt and the UAE.

Estimates put the global amount of money spent procuring, or buying, arms from private companies at 1 trillion dollars a year, as these developed countries dedicate large chunks of their military budgets to beefing up their own armed forces. It's no secret that corruption, and political manipulation, is common place in this weapons supply chain. In December 2006 BAE systems was about to be investigated on criminal

charges relating to bribery in the sale of Eurofighter Typhoon aircraft to Saudi Arabia in a £6bn contract, until they successfully lobbied the then-British Prime Minister Tony Blair to intervene and halt the en-

jury or you are in any

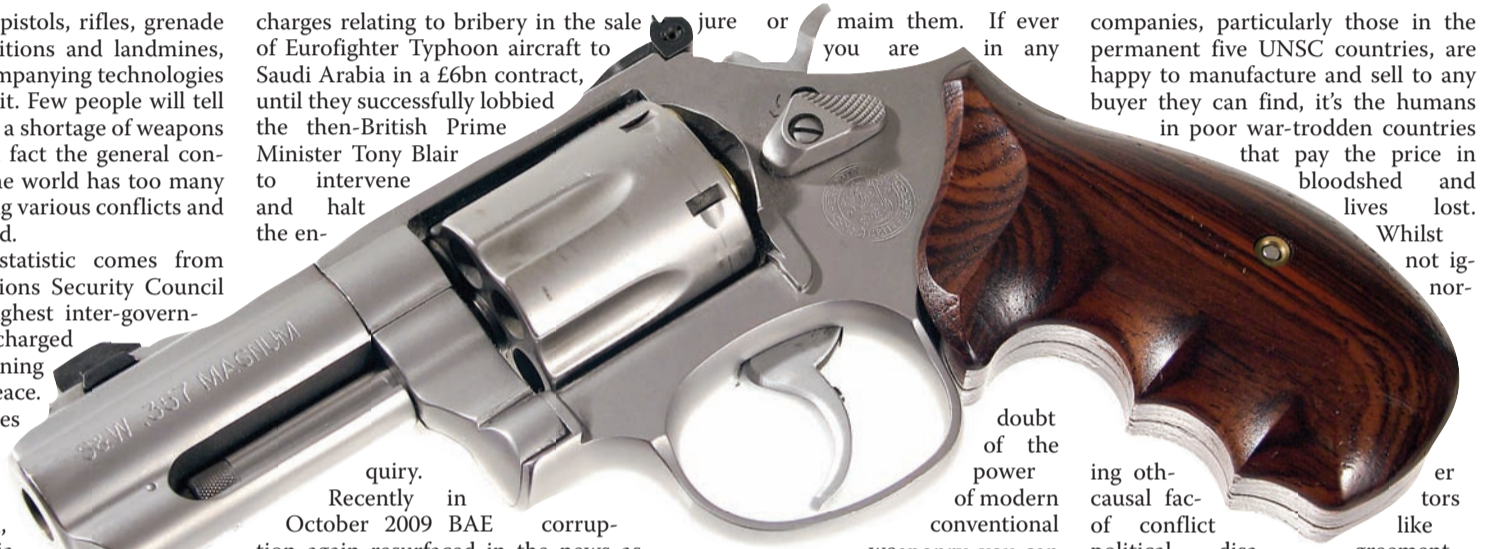
companies, particularly those in the permanent five UNSC countries, are happy to manufacture and sell to any buyer they can find, it's the humans in poor war-trodden countries that pay the price in bloodshed and lives lost. Whilst not ignorant-

doubt of the power of modern conventional weaponry, you can just walk down Exhibition Road and see for yourself. Opposite the Science Museum on the east side of Exhibition Road lies the V&A museum, where next to the Exhibition Road entrance is a section of wall damaged by bombs dropped on London by Nazi Germany during the Blitz in World War II.

The damaged section has been intentionally left there and text inscribed next to it as the picture above shows. This wall in London is the closest thing you can get to a gutted apartment block in Lebanon or a bullet-ridden school classroom in Sierra Leone. Run your hand over the deep dents in the wall, feel the hardness of that stone and imagine what that could have done to human flesh. A boyish obsession with tanks, guns and all-things military is understandable while fragging enemies in Halo 3, Call of Duty or Counter Strike: Source, but transferring it over to real life is quite frankly ridiculous.

Aircrafts and bombs are examples of larger military hardware, but small arms can cause just as much damage and human suffering because they are present in greater quantities. Post-colonial Africa is a continent characterised by civil war, and with few weapons factories of its own, it's no surprise that 95% of ammunitions and arms used in African conflicts come from outside Africa. It begins with legal sale of arms to African states, much of which occurred during the Cold War in the 1970s and 1980s when the US and USSR backed dictators of their choosing. Through the black market, thousands, if not millions, of Glock pistols, AK-47 Kalashnikov rifles and other handheld weapons fell, and continue to fall, into the hands of war lords and armed gangs.

Amnesty International estimates there are 600 millions guns in circulation worldwide. While private arms



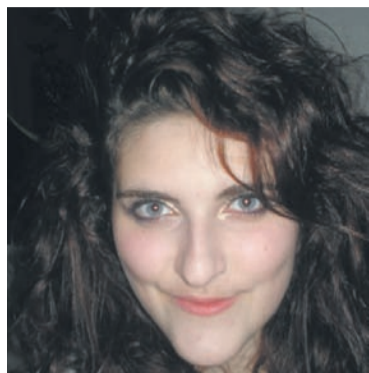
As Imperial students we learn technical knowledge and skills that most of the general population don't have the ability to learn. Surely there are more useful ways of using our technical knowledge than designing things which kill people, or worse in-

ing oth-causal fac-er tors like political dis-agreement, religious schism or access to resources, it is clear that easy availability to such weapons is a major cause of sparking and elongating conflicts. Numerous international treaties exist which attempt to control the development, manufacture, stockpiling and use of weapons. But the global defence industry is a powerful one with a long history of lobbying politicians, and for most people who work in it the impact of their products matters little, as long as the sale makes a profit.

By now you might be thinking I'm some ardent pacifist, completely against war in any situation whatsoever. Well I'm not, because self-preservation or self-defence is often necessary - like in the Nazi bombing of London in the 1940s - and for this reason, advanced weapons and the companies that manufacture them are vital. What I am arguing is that the lack of ethical behaviour of companies like BAE systems and Selex Galileo, and the ultimate use of most weapons in the world today, should be of major concern to us Imperial students who they seek to recruit. Those of us applying to the graduate schemes of companies in the "Defence Industry" should think again. There are enough weapons in the world today, but a million other ways for Imperial students to use our knowledge of science and engineering.

Mikhail Kalashnikov, the 89 year old Russian inventor of the infamous AK-47 rifle, said in an interview in 2002, "I'm proud of my invention, but I'm sad that it is used by terrorists... I would prefer to have invented a machine that people could use and that would help farmers with their work - for example a lawnmower". Echoes of this quote lie in Albert Einstein's remark on his role in the development of the nuclear bomb, where he said, "If only I had known, I would have become a watchmaker."

Vicky Masding's sacrifices for fashion



"I will seek these babies out in a mass of bland clothing, keep them captive and revel in them. Maybe not quite that disturbingly."



I do not know about you or you (my two readers), but I am currently in love with the embellishment and ornamentation on clothes I have seen. No matter how obscene, it seems to have some kind of allure. Some beading, I admit can at times be gaudy, obnoxious even, in its design; yet like those overly cocky guys performing their nightly 'gun-show' in their tight Ts and wife beaters, there is still some kind of hidden charm beneath the bravado! 'Sometimes' (with slight withering belief).

And so I am hoping this is a true affection I have found, rather than, as I sadly suspect, my overly suggestible soul has been convinced by asos.com to buy anything reflective. Conversely, I fear this love is no new fling, rather, it resembles stalker-esque behavior with

growing similarity; I will seek these babies out in a mass of bland clothing, keep them captive and revel in them. Maybe not quite that disturbingly. Nevertheless, I have chosen to take them on into the Narnia-like realms of my wardrobe and accept whatever fate they shall bring me.

I currently have a jumper that is so heavily beaded on the shoulders it is going to add some serious tone to my upper arm muscles (in relation to their current state of course...little bit of a disclaimer there). This purchase was made in Prague while "inter-railing" – a term I have taken to using when describing my Europe-wide shopping trip.

Budapest currently takes the No.1 prize for its hidden backstreet shops. One tiny shop in particular, had no

other customers, and for about ten minutes no shop assistant, so it was just me in a room full of clothes; a reality I am in no way uncomfortable with. I was however soon joined by a puppy sausage dog who was to be my spirit guide it seems, throughout the shopping experience. Eventually a young woman did appear, but the overall tone of the place didn't change, she was refreshingly discreet as shop assistants go. The only anomaly in this otherwise perfect Alice in Wonderland style situation, was the fact I was soaking wet...I should make it clear this was physical evidence of my level of devotion to shopping. I left my youth hostel in flip flops and a summer dress. It started raining. I carried on. All day. So it was far from a fashionable peak for me, in fact my fashion mistakes are probably

far more note worthy. On one particular occasion, I purchased some vintage cowboy boots – sounds fine, until you hear they were knee high white pearlescent leather with cut out design... my face just contorted at the thought. I gave them to my mum, she loved them; I realize this was unwise.

Since being back at Imperial I have forgotten how to dress. The reason being that I am Hall Senior in Beit, and as such I have had to develop a love for ketchup red and sunshine yellow t-shirts; a skill I am yet to master. The only consolation being, that they are limited edition and in short supply.

As this article has so far been chronicling my life right up to last week, I shall update you on my current state. Having woken up at 16:41 (Awwwww nooooo, not a good way to start the

year) due to staying up in the common room until four with some hard-drinking freshers, I have had the rest of the evening to watch Fringe and ponder my attire for undoubtedly another night of complete waste. I had settled on joggings and a top (I thought I would keep it vague to avoid mockery) with flip flops. I have since decided socks would be an idea and a half considering the hellish turn the weather has taken (I think it's a sign from God that I should do some work this year, no particular connection – only that he controls the heavens or whatever and I think I'm practically on parole...forgive my paranoia) Anyway, as if underpinning the essence of my day I have realized my socks are odd, not so odd it's cool, just a little bit odd, so that it is genuinely feeble.

Dominic Cottrell has a passion for psychiatry



"But apart from a brief phase of wanting to be a magician or maybe a sweet maker for me it was always psychiatry"



When I was young, I wanted to be a psychiatrist. My friends went through phases of wanting to be astronauts, soldiers or simply in charge of everything ever. But apart from a brief phase of wanting to be a magician or maybe a sweet maker for me it was always psychiatry. To this day I have no idea why any nine year old should want such a thing; maybe watching The Silence of the Lambs made too much of an impression on me (something I did not talk about during my interview) or maybe it was due to an earnest and genuine interest in other people. The point is moot anyway, as I don't think I want to be a psychiatrist anymore.

In the body of knowledge that is medicine, psychiatry sits where the pineal gland used to: for some, it is the

interface between the body and the mind; for others it is a curious structure with no real positive purpose. Of course, neither of these perspectives is fair. Psychiatrists, along with psychiatric nurses, social workers and everyone else in the field of mental health, perform a vital and by and large under appreciated job. I am not an "anti-psychiatrist" and this is not a critique of the field of psychiatry as it exists. Such a thing is beyond the scope of this article, and its author. It is an attempt to understand why psychiatry is not associated with heroic medics as, say, cardiology or emergency medicines are; or why psychiatry isn't considered a progressive success story like genetics and immunology.

Of all the medical specialities, few are as contentious in the public mind. For one thing, it's seen as slightly sinister. I suspect this is partly due to peo-

ple's fears of being reduced, actually and symbolically, to a series of neurochemical and behavioural events. This is the sentiment underlying the epithet "headshrinkers" or "shrinks"; by offering drugs to cure depressions, delusions and fears like any other ailment, there is an implication that it is possible to cure the things that make us individual: our irrationalities, quirks and flaws; the "kingdom of infinite space" becomes reduced, shrunk. It is worth remembering that until only 1974, the DSM (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders), the guidebook of American psychiatry) considered homosexuality to be a valid symptom of a diseased mind, not an integral component of identity.

This brings us to the second reason why psychiatry is often viewed with mistrust: its history has been, on occasion, very dark indeed. In its more

repressive form, the Soviet Union essentially created a new and conveniently vague form of schizophrenia, sluggishly progressing schizophrenia to isolate and silence dissidents in state run psychiatric hospitals (Psikhushka) and subject them to degrading and inhumane treatments. A little before this, an American psychosurgeon named Walter Freeman had invented a new and more efficient means of lobotomising patients severing the prefrontal cortex to calm excitable patients by inserting a long thin skewer into the orbital socket. Before developing the leucotome and orbitoclast, Freeman started with an ice-pick. Near the end of his career, Freeman was reduced to travelling the country in what he called – I kid you not – his "lobotomobile", searching for former patients to attest to the efficacy of his procedure. We live in more enlightened times and it is

unfair to judge the subject on the sins of the past. However, those looking for evidence for atrocities in psychiatry's past have no trouble finding them.

But, as I am neither a scientist, nor opposed to the medicalisation of certain behaviours, why am I having doubts about entering the profession? I suspect it's because I am unsure of how to regard many current psychiatric illnesses. I am unsure whether ADHD is an actual sickness, or a label to sanitise the notion of unruly children. As newspapers proudly announce the discovery of the gene "for" violence, intelligence and other things, I grow ever more concerned that medicine is taking on too much of a social role: the pharmacopeia replacing the prison and neurodeterminism encroaching upon self-responsibility. Maybe that's reasonable and appropriate, maybe our society has evolved. I doubt it.

Jaimie Henry: Uncle Jaimie is dying. So are you.



"At the moment, I am on placement as a mushroom (i.e. kept in the dark and shat on) at a district general hospital"



It's true. Admittedly not as acutely as the opening gambit makes out, but you, I, the rector, Noel Edmonds – we're all dying.

As depressing as such a sentence may be, I fear that as time marches on and the fresher's fortnight draws to a gentle close, the harsh reality of age won't become apparent to you young whippersnappers until it's too late. It didn't for me; it crept up on me in the same way I imagine David Cameron creeps up on the souls of the damned – cunningly and with a little too much slime for my liking. Woo, go satire.

But I digress. This whole article probably seems a little odd, but in an attempt to give it some direction I shall take you back to last December, when my ex-girlfriend was

contemplating her 20th birthday. Birthdays should be a happy affair, or at least they always have been for me: presents and general sycophancy up until one hits the tender age of 15, when this is happily replaced by the slow descent into alcoholism and the ignorance of basic contraception. For the ex, however, this seemed to have been replaced by a wistful look and a general malaise about the whole thing. She was "no longer a teenager," and despite my protests that she had been a legal adult for almost two years none of my charm could make her see that I was right and she should enjoy the excuse for megala. She said she "felt old." Up until this evening, I had put this down to the fact that she was an interminably miserable old bitch. Now I realise that, shockingly

for her, she was right. 20 is old.

At the moment, I am on placement as a mushroom (i.e. kept in the dark and shat on) at a district general hospital about half an hour outside London. This has its frustrations as we all desperately fight over who gets to stick a patient with a needle, so in an attempt to blow off some steam I took a run along the river. Then it hit me; I am old as well. My fat beetroot of a face, desperately gasping for air, had become drenched in a bottle of Evian water – mockingly telling me to "live young." I was listening to "Mack the Knife"; not The Prodigy, not N-dubz or whatever his name is – I was listening to Sinatra and company tell me that I should fly to the moon. The other day Celine Dion found her way

onto my Spotify playlist. God save me.

The more I do think about it however, my friends and I are all the same. We stay in and watch shit movies instead of going out to the cinema; we don't go to the fresher's events because their youthful exuberance is annoying and they weren't as hardcore as we were back in the day; and perhaps worst of all we have all started sitting around a dining table drinking copious amounts of reasonably priced red wine. As such, when one wakes up fully clothed on one's bed, blue lips and contact lenses still in with nothing but sore eyes and a somewhat fruitless morning glory tucked somewhere it really shouldn't be, perhaps it is time to take action.

So to what end has this article been?

Take it as a warning, children. For you should go out and get hammered and attempt to sleep with the girl you're facebook stalking. You should try eating jalapenos off a Swedish volleyball team. Definitely make spurious business decisions based on the fact that you're shouting "The FTSE's on its arse again!" without actually knowing what the difference between the FTSE and your arse is. For at the end of it all, being a mushroom has taught me one thing: death is nothing but a horrifically polite nonchalance at the morning medical handover. Now, hopefully "Mr Henry... err, up on Ward B4...no, sorry, passed away," might just become "That rich fuckwit drunken sex-maniac pimp Mr Henry has finally croaked. Old bastard."

Gilead Amit gets a kick out of a dry spell...



"All those who consider the BNP a viable option could be housed and bedded in Norfolk and quietly cast adrift in the North Sea"



Times live we in turbulent. Uncertain standards are, compasses are spinning moral, and even trusted can't be sentences properly to be constructed. Situation the political in country this testament unfortunate bears to, as noticed I am sure of you have many.

Whenever the whirlwinds of economic hardship blow across the electoral seas, the ship of state veers dangerously to the right and metaphors are blown about like chocolate wrappers whipped out of the hands of careless pleasure cruisers. The past few years have proven no exception to that rule. To usurp the televangelists' privilege of combining arrogance with disregard for scripture, these have been years that the low-classed hath eaten.

The British National Party has seen a significant and alarming rise in its membership in recent years, with counts estimating their total number of voters to be over 900,000. To put this in its

proper perspective, all men and women of voting age who consider the BNP a reasonable alternative to the bipartisan nightmare could be comfortably housed and bedded in Norfolk and quietly cast adrift in the North Sea. Until the good folk of Norfolk agree to open their gates to such an influx of potentially violent and uneducated immigrants, however, the country at large will have to reconcile itself to hearing the same tiresome intolerant and intolerable remarks.

Fortunately the British Naturalist Party seems keen to provide employment for an entire generation of foreigners, as their policies and actions have provided enough material for countless naturalised citizens to embark on profitable careers in stand-up comedy. On a more intimate scale, though, the Banque Nationale de Paris succeeds in getting poor bastards such as myself into awkward social situations.

Bellowing out things you don't believe while performing demented hand ges-

tures and peculiar facial contractions is not something any sane person would do on a regular basis. It might, for one thing, get them mistaken for a politician. But when the above contortions are done for comic effect, the average man on the street may be permitted a temporary spell of lunacy if he refers to it as sarcasm. Those of us with loftier aspirations are permitted even greater sins by virtue of vague references to irony.

Or at least, so I believed. And that was the reason I permitted myself, on a number of occasions throughout the past year, to loudly proclaim: 'Lousy immigrants – coming over here and taking our jobs!' within earshot of passers-by. The truly ironic (ha ha) aspect of the whole situation (tee hee) is that (oh, let me wipe my eyes) I myself (please stop, let me catch my breath) am foreign.

The trouble is, of course, that there is no convenient way to identify non-citizenship of a given country. There is no un-ID card or anti-passport distrib-

uted to the billions of us who would find it convenient to prove our lack of British affiliation. The difficulty is compounded by the unusual and irritating English accent I seem to have picked up from God-knows-where, and the pronounced pallor of my skin. In fact, if the latest in a series of reports by Dr. Bernard Lamb is to be trusted (see page 3), the only reliable distinguishing mark would be the quality of my English. According to Dr. Lamb, a former reader in Genetics at Imperial College, those of you whose feet in ancient times walked upon England's mountains green make on average five times as many errors in written English as the rest of us. In other words, it takes the combined effort of five foreigners to write as badly as any one Englishman. You should be proud. Or could that be prowed?

The lack of respect the English have for their own language is something of a mystery. It could be the result of a blithe, devil-may-care insouciance or

their keenly developed sense of irony. Whatever the reasons, the deteriorating level of written English among students is cause for concern. You may see this as flying close to the hot, gaseous winds of pedantry, but I beg to differ. There is nothing wrong with labor, neighbors, or, indeed, with criticizing medieval theater programs. It is as ludicrous to judge someone on their colour as it is on the basis of their spelling of color, and the growing prejudice against American spelling is indicative of the worst kind of narrow-minded parochialism. Language evolves, and that is good. But laziness and ignorance, though inevitable, are bad. To paraphrase Dr. Lamb, emaciated seamen are not the same as emaculated seamen, and semen is a different kettle of fish altogether. Or a different kettle of fish, all together.

Standards and values are paternalistic and disgusting words to use, granted; but let's face it, standers and vales are even worse.

careers*fair* 2009

Wednesday 28 October

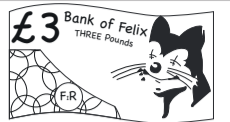
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NASA bomb Moon in search for water

NASA hail mission a success despite claims the impact did not produce the spectacular dust plume expected

Brigette Atkins Science Editor

It was set to be a big event. So big in fact, that the state of California had provided large outdoor screens for the public to view the live event. On the 9th October 2009, 12.31pm British time, the spacecraft Lunar Crater Observation and Sensing Satellite (LCROSS) crash-landed onto the Moon at a speed of 5,600mph. NASA confirmed the empty rocket had successfully crashed 100km from the lunar South Pole in the crater Cabeus. This created a new crater 60ft wide just a short distance from the proposed location of NASA's manned lunar base, set to be completed by

choosing the location for the crash, "If it turns out to be as dull as it looked, I'd imagine the soil just didn't respond as was hoped to being hit. It might mean we don't get sufficient data, which would be a shame." Anthony Colaprete,

\$79 million

The total cost of sending LCROSS into space so far. For 2009, NASA requested a budget for the year of \$16.2 billion, a 1.8% increase on last year's request

5,600mph
impact speed

The Centaur rocket component of LCROSS hit the moon at twice the speed of a bullet creating a crater 60ft wide

2024. It was hoped this 'bombing' of the Moon, which cost \$79 million to carry out, would create a six mile high cloud of lunar dirt visible from the Earth. The plume would be analysed by scientists and used to confirm any presence of water around the pole - an essential resource if people were to travel back to the Moon.

However despite confirmation from NASA that the crash was successful, viewers of the event, broadcast live on NASA's website, were left disappointed as there appeared to be little evidence of any impact whatsoever. In fact the only evidence that the spacecraft had crashed on the moon was from data relayed back to ground control from LCROSS's own infrared camera. Everything leading up to the crash went as planned following the launch of LCROSS in Florida back in June this year. The early hours of Friday morning saw the craft split into its two separate components. First, a 2.2 tonne empty Atlas V Centaur rocket struck the Moon to create a debris cloud. The main LCROSS craft, itself weighing in at 700kg, followed moments later. The idea being that it would pass through the plume made by the first part of the rocket and collect data before hitting the surface of the Moon four minutes after the Centaur rocket.

The full extent of the mission's success is still unknown. Dr Vincent Eke, University of Durham was involved in

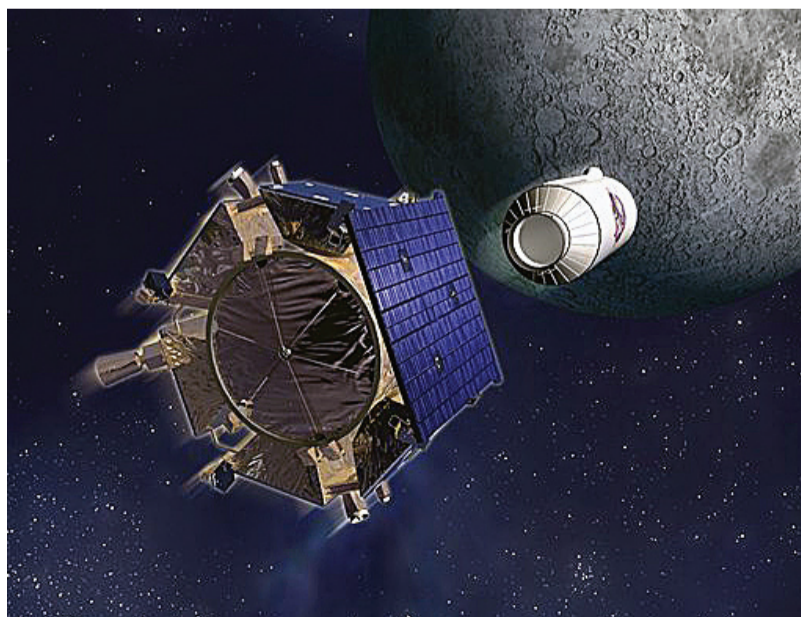
tion once the proposed lunar base was completed and could even allow for missions to Mars to be launched from the Moon.

The mission has come under fire by critics declaring it as a 'live-fire test exercise for US war strategies' and questioning the right NASA has to blow craters into the Moon's surface at will. Colaprete dismissed these views saying collisions not dissimilar in magnitude to that created by the rocket happen to the Moon several times a month and that no explosives were used during the crash. Since the first lunar probe in 1959, an estimated 170 tonnes of material has been crashed into or abandoned on the Moon as a result of more than 50 missions to the lunar surface. By comparison, only 400kg of lunar material has been brought back to Earth.

We will have to wait to know the true success of the mission as NASA have said they do not expect to announce any results for at least another two months. One known success of the mission was the burial of the ashes of planetary geologist Gene Shoemaker, which were carried onboard the craft. He is only person ever to be buried on a celestial body.

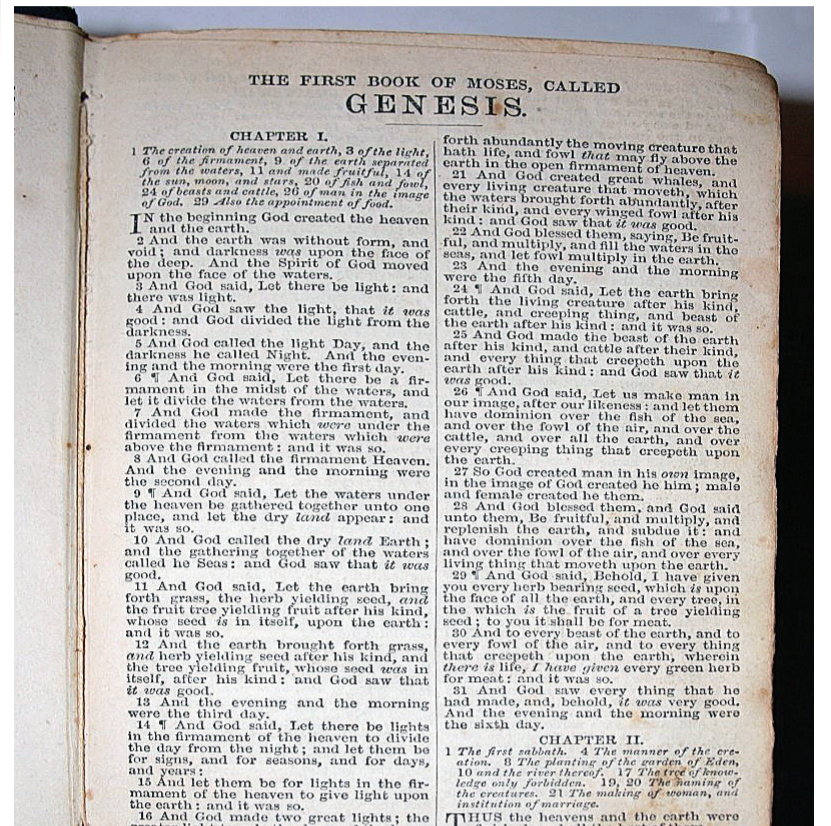
200 billion
litres of water

The volume of water that could be contained in the permanently shadowed area of the moon at the lunar South Pole



Artist's impression of the moment of separation of the LCROSS which happened on the early hours of Friday morning

The 'Creator' or the 'Separator'?



Genesis: the first book of the Bible where the mis-translation is claimed to have occurred. Professor Ellen van Wolde claims an alternative meaning

Nathan Ley Science Editor

Finally, a quote from someone of the other side that we can cling to. Respected Old Testament scholar and author Professor Ellen van Wolde has made fresh claims that the first sentence of genesis "in the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth" is in fact a mis-translation of the original Hebrew text. A "fresh textual analysis" carried out by the woman herself has suggested that the book never intended to suggest that god created the world, instead claiming that the earth was already there when he created humans and animals.

The fresh analysis of the original hebrew text was carried out in the context of the bible as a whole and in the context of other creation stories from ancient Mesopotamia.

The conclusion was that the hebrew verb "bara" (used in the first sentence of genesis) does not mean "to create", rather "to spatially separate". And so according to this, the first sentence should now read "in the beginning God separated the Heaven and the Earth". This contradicts Judeo-Christian tradition, according to which it is said god created the Earth out of nothing.

According to this, the new analysis now shows that the beginning of the Bible was not the beginning of time, but the beginning of a narration. She says "It meant to say that God did create humans and animals, but not the Earth itself", and that this view apparently fits in with ancient texts. According to Prof. van Wolde, the ancient texts state that "there used to be an enormous body of water in which monsters were living, covered in darkness", and so logically this fits.

The evidence appears scant as to the method she used to redefine the word

"bara" since it does technically mean "create", but, in her words "something appeared wrong". She said that "God did not create, he separated: the Earth from the Heaven, the land from the sea, the sea monsters from the birds and the swarming at the ground".

Furthermore, she added "there was already water....there were sea monsters. God did create some things, but not the Heaven and Earth" be-

"It meant to say that God did create humans and animals, but not the Earth itself"

fore conclusively stating that "The usual idea of creating-out-of-nothing, creatio ex nihilo, is a big misunderstanding" Quite a definitive statement there, one which we should take very seriously, and use to anger traditionalists. Finally, a spokesman for the Radboud University said: "The new interpretation is a complete shake up of the story of the Creation as we know it."

What this does for the teaching of creationism or the idea of creationism on a fundamental level, we probably won't find out and no doubt people will talk about this "finding" for a bit of light debate. However, at the end of the day stuff like this comes up all the time and this story will unfortunately carry no weight in the long term despite Prof van wolde claiming that "The traditional view of God the Creator is untenable now". Trying to get a quick few minutes of fame, perchance?

Is Darwin's theory just that, a theory?

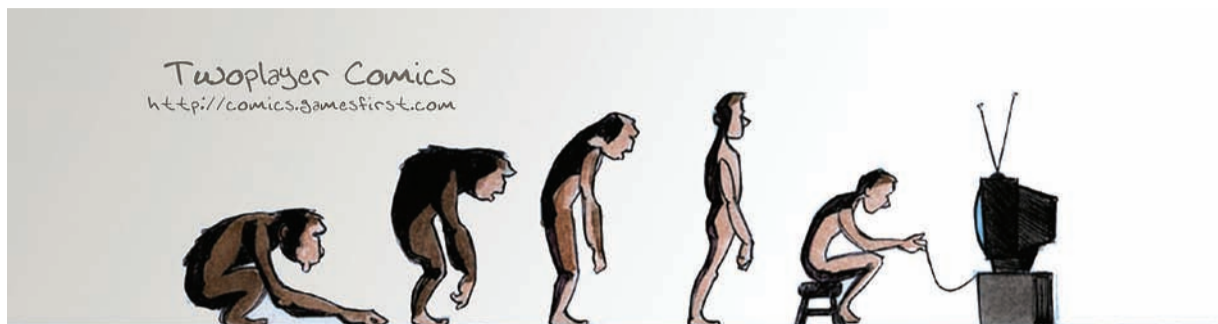
Mico Tatalovic Science Reporter

Is evolution just a theory? "If you don't know the answer to that question I do not want to talk to you," says Professor Lande, an evolutionary biologist at Imperial College London. His attitude reflects views of many biologists tired of having to re-affirm the very basis of their field of study every time they talk to non-experts. Although evolutionary theory has been the overarching paradigm uniting all fields of biology since Darwin, there are still those who not only do not accept it but claim that it is not true.

This year has seen unprecedented celebrations of the 200th anniversary of Charles Darwin's birth and 150th anniversary of the publication of his revolutionary book "On the Origin of Species". Newsstands were packed

"Darwin did not actually shed light onto the origin of species."

with magazines carrying cover stories about Darwin and his theory of evolution by natural selection; museums and universities organised exhibitions and events dedicated to the great man, the founder of modern biology. To an innocent bystander a lot of it could have appeared to be a sort of defensive response by the scientific



The evolution of man from the point of view of Games editor, Mike Cook..... oh burn!

community and their spokespeople, the science writers, to a growing public unawareness of what Darwinian evolution is and hence to growing acceptance of alternative, non-scientific theories of origin and evolution of life on Earth. Perhaps the scariest variant of this, at least to a scientist's rational mind, is the Intelligent Design, an attempt to justify scientifically literal creationist understanding of the Bible and its say about how and when life on Earth started. Theory of evolution was often featured in the media a few years before the anniversary, but it was usually in relation to Intelligent Design.

But the fundamental difference between Darwin's theory and creationism is that Darwin did not actually illuminate how life started. Darwin only explained how, once started, life could have evolved over millions of years. He called this mechanism of evolution and diversification of species the natural selection. And biologists today still relate to Darwin's theory as they work within the understanding that evolution did indeed happen in much the same way

as Darwin envisaged. Albert Phillimore, an evolutionary biologist from Imperial College London says "Darwin's insights into evolution through natural selection are fundamental to my work... Famously, however, Darwin did not actually shed light onto the origin of species. We still don't actually know exactly how important natural selection as a driver of the speciation process."

Others still work to prove or disprove some of controversial and uncertain predictions from Darwin's theory. Vincent Savolainen, another biologist from Imperial College London explains how Darwin relates to his work: "Darwin wrote about the origin of species without geographic isolation - a controversial topic called 'sympatric speciation'. It has been debated for two centuries, and I published the most convincing case of sympatric speciation so far, looking at two species of palm trees on a remote oceanic island."

But although both of these biologists acknowledge that Darwin didn't explain how life originated, and that there are still facets of his theory that

need testing, they agree on one thing: evolution is not just a theory, it's a fact. They are less shy than professor Lande to explain why this is so. Phillimore says that "Evolution is to all intents and purposes a fact. Minor nuances of the evolutionary process may be revised as we learn more but Darwin's insights into the role of natural selection in driving evolution will not. Jerry Coyne excellent book entitled 'Why Evolution is True' marshals all of the overwhelming body of evidence for evolution." Savolainen agrees with him stating that "many facts prove evolution happens, such as the evolution of diseases and emergence of new viruses".

Tim Coulson, a biologist at Imperial College London, knows evolution is a fact because he watches it happen. "I can watch evolution occurring in bacteria in my lab: over a period of weeks they adapt to changes in culture medium. Similarly, I can show that natural selection - the theory for explaining adaptation - has occurred."

But he is wary of suggesting that we know exactly how it happens over mil-

lions of years: "Extrapolating to longer time periods can be harder, for example understanding how species diverge over millions of years, because we can't watch what happens in a human lifetime. However, we can make hypotheses about what has happened and then find evidence that supports those either using fossil or DNA sequence evidence."

Nevertheless, Coulson denies absolute certainty to our knowledge of evolution, but he wouldn't expect it to be wrong any more than he would expect an apple not to fall off the tree. He says: "Evolution is an active science with many unsolved questions and indeed new questions to be discovered, but the evidence for evolution even over long timescales is as robust as, for example, for planetary motion, gravity and the expansion of the universe."

So it appears that biologists at Imperial College are pretty sure that evolution is a fact. They watch it happen on daily basis and most are happy to share that information with the rest of us. Others, like Professor Lande, are more reserved about talking to people on whether evolution is a fact or a theory. But can we really blame him? Would any physicists be willing to talk to us if we approached them with a question "Is gravity just a theory?" So, I go back to Professor Lande and explain that I know the answer to the controversial question, but would like to hear his opinion on it. Unconvinced, he promises to grant me another interview that will start with him asking me a question and only proceed if I answer this to his satisfaction: "Is evolution just a theory?"

Smart Second Skin: the intelligent dress that releases scents to match your mood

Mico Tatalovic Science Reporter

You are driving to work in the morning and a gentle scent of citrus fruits is keeping you alert. There's a fly in the car, but before its buzzing starts to annoy you the tiny sensor on your cuff button detects and zaps it with a targeted amount of insecticide. You get into the office and you smell great - that new perfume you downloaded from the web is really doing it for you. But after a stressful meeting the tiny biosensors in your clothes are detecting that you need to relax so a calming lavender aroma instantly fills your personal scent bubble.

This may sound like science fiction, but a handful of enthusiasts have been working quietly on this nascent technology. One of them is Jenny Tillotson, a researcher and a designer at the University of the Arts in London, UK.

Tillotson produced the world's first interactive scent outfit as part of her PhD in emerging textile technologies. She called her prototype dress Smart Second Skin: 'smart' because it senses the wearer's mood; 'second skin' because it interacts with the wearer and their environment, extending the skin as our interface with the environment.

Smart Second Skin combines emerging lab-on-chip technology with miniature bio-sensors. Lab-on-chip allows the storage and handling of tiny amounts of fluids on small chips. These chips can be programmed to release specific scents at specific times. "Just as people store different genres of music on their iPods, this method offers a new sensory system to collect and store a selection of fragrances close to the body: a modern iPod of the fragrance industry embedded in fashion" Tillotson says but adds, "I am more interested in health aspects linked to Aromachology, the science of fragrance, rather than just a gimmicky scent delivery system that substitutes the perfume bottle."

Tillotson's newest gadget is the button-sized eScent. It contains bio-sensors that monitor changes in the blood pressure, respiration and skin's electric potential. When they detect a change they send signals to the lab-on-chip devices, which then change the type or intensity of fragrance released. eScent detects mood changes such as stress or anxiety build-up and controls them by releasing appropriate scents to soothe the wearer.

There is ample data to show that there is a "direct link between the sense

of smell and human health and well-being" says Tillotson. "75% of the emotions that we generate on a daily basis are affected by smell. Certain odours can also relieve side effects from chemotherapy, or significantly benefit people who suffer from insomnia, muscle stiffness, bronchitis, poor concentration, indigestion, and high-blood pressure. So eScent could help maintain a good mood by releasing, for example, lavender or rose scent to increase relaxation or jasmine and citrus scent to avoid depression, when the system senses that person is getting stressed or anxious." Tillotson is currently planning an exhibition for the Institute of Psychiatry in London, UK, as "They felt that many of their patients would benefit from stress-reducing clothes."

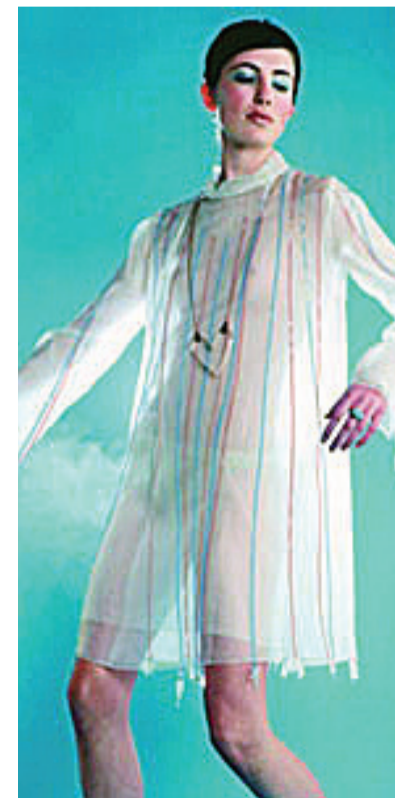
Another application of this interactive scent delivery system is eMos, a miniature gadget which senses the sound frequency of a flying mosquito approaching the skin and then triggers the emission of a small amount of insect repellent. This targeted, localised release of insect repellent avoids the need to apply large quantities of the chemicals onto our skin. It also reduces environmental effect of such chemicals. Tillotson says eScent and eMos will be on the market within the next

five years.

Joseph Kaye, an IT researcher from Cornell University, is sceptical about most existing applications of computerised scent technology. "A lot of the current technology is a solution looking for a problem," he says. "We haven't figured out exactly the right applications for it yet. I think there are astonishing things we could do with the technology but I don't think we have a good handle on what those actually are yet."

Kaye designed "Dollars & Scents" device that proved popular with the financial workers who would smell a mint if the market was up that day, or lemon if the market had gone sour. His "Honey I'm Home" transmits scent to the loved one, subtly letting them know you are thinking about them, without interrupting their work with a phone call. This idea of using scent for conveying intimacy at a distance could be the way forward. Tillotson is creating a personalised scent bubble that could convey romantic and even sexual information to others.

"One area that looks promising is Tillotson's work," says Kaye. "This is for a simple reason, that people do wear scents so there is a real potential there if that can be incorporated more into everyday life."



Smart Second Skin interacts with the wearer to produce scents appropriate to their mood and environment



Chairs and Nazism

James Goldsack Politics Editor

Nazism. It is a very dirty word. Since the end of the Second World War people have been keen to seem opposed to everything this ideology espouses.

Nazism, despite being specifically named after the German Nationalsozialismus Party, is a very wide-ranging term. Academically considered a relative of Fascism, this ideology incorporates the key elements of racism, collectivism, eugenics, anti-Semitism, anti-communism, totalitarianism and an opposition to economic and political liberalism.

Except in Germany under Hitler's Chancellorship there has never been one central movement, but rather combinations of the elements listed above.

Why am I banging on about Nazism?

Last week I came face to face with the most barbaric form of Nazism since 1945.

Chair Nazis, doing the bidding of their Führer, Simon Bird's publicist. She may not have had the moustache of murderous authority but she implemented her Nazi ideology through her band of blue-shirts.

They may have just been following orders but that was no excuse after World War Two and it certainly will not be now. The severity of the crimes against humanity exceeded anything I have previously witnessed. I hope I will never live to see such times again.

Last Thursday was Ms. Publicist's Kristallnacht, Komödie Nacht if you will.

The events of Komödie Nacht were part of a broader plan of oppression and persecution.

Before the event even kicked off, Ms. Publicist commandeered the RCSU event, forcing the Union to advertise it as "Simon Bird's Event" rather than RCSU's. The event was hijacked by a woman crazed by power.

Before the night in question, the headline band due to perform prior to the comedy were removed from the marquee under direct instruction of Ms. Publicist and forcibly expelled into DB's.

On Komödie Nacht the Chair Nazis rounded up all those standing and forced them to be seated. I was one such person and upon dissent I was given a strict verbal warning. For fear of being brutally beaten I sat back down.

Ms. Publicist had ordered that no one should be standing except against a side of the marquee. What was she thinking? What a ridiculous thing to ask. I was one of the unlucky ones who had to sit right at the back so could not see a single thing that was happening. Myself and my comrades were up in arms about this decision and tried to reason with the blue-shirts to no avail.

The iron grip of the Führer was too tight around their necks.

Throughout the whole show, whenever any member of the crowd stood

up, Simon Bird would bark at them, commanding them to be seated. It was very much a recurring theme, repeated constantly from all sides.

One member of the crowd (presumably) felt so overwhelmed by this, he attacked Simon Bird. I like to think he shouted "Down with Chair Nazism" whilst throttling him against a structural pillar. (I would like to point out for legal reasons that I do not condone violence, even when utilised in a struggle for freedom against oppression).

By the end of the performance, the guard looking over my group of the persecuted had vanished allowing us to resume our much preferred position of standing with no threat of retribution, much to Ms. Publicist's despair (I hope).

The people I feel most sorry for are those who dedicated their time and energy into making the event a success, namely the RSCU team. It is such a shame that insanity and crazed authority had to screw it up.

God, I hate Nazis.

On a lighter note, it is wonderful to see a politician striving for the right thing. Nick Clegg, leader of the Liberal Democrats and with any luck next Prime Minister of the UK, has been calling for more expenses to be repaid. He believes that the expenses audit should be widened to force those who "flipped" homes or avoided capital gains tax to pay the money they stole from the taxpayer.

For a long time now the Liberal Democrats have been the sole voice calling for changes to the expenses system to prevent MPs profiting from homes funded by the taxpayer. It is necessary to "rebuild faith in politics" to ensure that MPs pay for their unscrupulous rapping of the system.

If we cast our minds back, we will remember that the Conservative MPs had the worst record; a duck pond here, a moat cleaning there... I laughed when I found that last one out.

Tory twat.

Every MP who in some way screwed us over should be held to account. No one should be able to escape the uprising of the people demanding their money back.

This comes at a time when it has come to light that, contrary to David Cameron's promise, not all Conservative MPs have paid back expenses they claimed wrongly or immorally and even that they perhaps never will repay them.

I will not be voting for these public rapists.

However, to be balanced, retrospective rulings are very on very dubious legal and philosophical foundations. I am uneasy with such things but there is a reason this time to perhaps allow retrospective penalties: to restore public confidence.

It is obvious that change is now needed throughout the political system in this country and many others across the globe.

Tory £7,000 tuition fee proposal

Phil Murray Politics Editor

Walking into *felix* today, passing through South Kensington Station, I saw a London Evening Standard headline that read 'Tories to charge students £7000 fees'. Ouch! I picked up a copy and read the article.

Shadow Universities Secretary David Willetts has today announced he is to consider raising the annual fee cap from the current £3225 to £7000. Many University leaders back the move, including our own Rector, Sir Roy Anderson.

Student Body NUS President Wes Streetling said "It is of serious concern that the Conservatives seem so relaxed about entertaining the notion of more than doubling fees when they have not committed to a clear policy for students and their families ahead of the general election."

David Willetts went on to say that universities would need to prove the extra money would be beneficial to students, but failed to address the issues of increased student debt and student financing.

A Government university fee review



Shadow Universities Secretary David Willetts supports raising tuition fee cap

is due within weeks, with calls from the conservatives to make it a cross-party debate.

With more than 141,000 UCAS applicants left without places after clear-

ing this year, are these plans just a way of decreasing applications, rather than increasing the number of quality places available to students? Is the raise to benefit those who will have to pay?

"Critical milestone" reached for US Health Bill

Phil Murray Politics Editor

Obama's Healthcare Reform Bill has this past week been passed by a Senate Finance Committee.

Since Entering the White House in January, Obama has made this reform bill his top domestic priority, pledging to get this bill passed by the end of the year. And it looks like he might actually do it.

The US, unlike the UK or any other developed country for that matter, does not have a universal free healthcare system for its citizens. No NHS, meaning individuals have to fund their own healthcare costs, in most cases, through insurance. This system basically says 'No insurance, no hope'. The healthcare costs are rising, and with unemployment also rising, more and more Americans every day are unable to cover medical costs.

In August 2008, the US Census Bureau estimated that 46.3 million Americans, of a total population of 300 million (15%), did not have any health insurance, and millions more were under-insured. This is before the worst of the US economic problems – it wasn't until September 2008 that Lehman Brothers Bank Collapsed. The numbers would only have risen since then.

Obama's plan was to help those with insurance keep insurance, those without insurance get insurance, and to slow the growth of healthcare costs. What surprises me most is that there has been a lot of opposition to these proposals. How ethically-challenged would someone (mostly Republican Senators) have to be to not throw their

full support behind plans to help end poverty in one of the most developed countries in the world is beyond me.

Most arguments come under the lame variety of 'It's the immigrants fault', and fail to look at the poor, jobless or just plain unlucky Americans. This being passed shows at least one Republican Senator, Olympia Snowe, coming to her senses, and has broken away from the rest of her party by voting with the Democrats on the committee to pass the bill.

Senator Snowe said "When history

calls, history calls", but admits "there are many, many miles to go". Now that it has passed the finance committee, it must go in front of a Senate healthcare committee, and finally the full Senate before being passed. There is no guarantee of its final fate.

President Obama called the passing of the bill a "critical milestone". "We are closer than ever before to passing healthcare reform but we are not there yet," he said. "Now is not the time to pat ourselves on the back... It is time to dig in further and get this done."



Supporters of President Obama's reforms march through the streets of Boston

Shock over Nobel Peace Prize winner

Anthony Maina

The news surprised many, including the President's own press secretary, whose first reaction to the news was a stunned "Wow". And although he's still been unable to bag that quintessential yet elusive benchmark of lifetime achievement, an honorary degree from Arizona State University, Barack Obama can now add a Nobel Peace Prize to his already impressive stack of extraordinary achievements (which, remember folks, already includes a Grammy).

Let's put this in perspective; only three US presidents before Obama have won a Nobel Peace Prize in the award's history. And of them, two (Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson) received the award before World War 2, and the third (Jimmy Carter) received the award long after he had left office. So it surely must have taken something pretty damn heroic for Obama to carry this prize a mere 9 months into his presidency, right? Well, this is where it gets slightly confusing. Because you see, he hasn't done terribly much. Mahmoud Ahmadinejad (despite saying he "wasn't upset" at Obama's award) hasn't suddenly seen the light. Tensions in the Middle East are still arguably as high as they were at the start of Obama's term. The award comes as Obama ponders sending over an additional 20 to 40 thousand more troops into Afghanistan, which ironically enough would make this year's Peace Prize laureate a war president.

So why did the Nobel Prize Committee settle on him for the award? The

official reasons included his "extraordinary efforts to strengthen international diplomacy", and the fact that he has "captured the world's attention and given its people hope for a better future". You've got to figure it must have been a pretty slow year for peacemaking when the guy they give the award to gets it because of what he would like to do. Except it wasn't quite, was it?

Let's have a look at others shortlisted for this year's award. There's Morgan Tsvangirai, Zimbabwe's Prime Minister, whose tireless efforts to preserve unity and hope in Africa's most disheartened country (not to mention under the world's worst boss) must surely deserve some sort of accolade.

Then there are Chinese dissidents such as Wei Jingsheng, who spent 17 years in a Chinese labour camp for encouraging reforms of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) and democracy and environmental activist Hu Jia, who was sentenced to 3 and a half years in jail last year for "subversive activities", the label given to her attempts to publicize the plight of the persecuted Falun Gong minority.

Surely by overlooking the struggles of these and other leaders, the Nobel Prize committee has committed the crime of denying some of the world's most oppressed people the publicity and public acknowledgement that they crave, and indeed need. Can it possibly be fair to give the award to a man who is already the world's most famous and widely loved leader? For no other reason than him wanting to achieve what he was expected to in the first place?

And yet there are those who argue that to immediately dismiss this award



This year's surprise winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, President Obama, pledges the \$1.4 million prize money to charity

as phony and cynical would be immature and pretentious. They argue that having surmounted impressive odds by becoming America's first African-American president, Obama (and the American people) have scored a major victory over the legacy of a scarred and painful past, and given the world

a reason to believe in hope again. The platform itself of Obama's election victory was the embrace of a multilateral approach to leadership that had been long scorned and ridiculed as weak and ineffectual by the serial democracy-mongers of the Bush administration.

And one should not gloss over the fact that Obama took a stand against the Iraq war at a time when it was risky even within his own party to do so. He certainly has shown no small amount of intent to get the world to start talking again; his generous overtures to the Arab world have been met with the relief of a world weary of being forced to pick sides in George Bush's unhappy and destructive "for-or-against-us" approach to geopolitics. He has opened the door to talks with Iran over nuclear affairs, removing the precondition that Iran first abandon enrichment of uranium. North-Korea has also been invited to closer engagement with the West, and Russia has been treated with a warmth and respect neither imagined nor expected during the Bush administration's tenure.

But eloquent words, determined action and concrete results are quite distinctly different things. Ronald Reagan worked tirelessly to create a unified, free and safe world, playing an important role in liberating Eastern Europe and articulating his vision of a world free from nuclear weapons. Did he get a Nobel for all his effort? No.

Woodrow Wilson picked up a Nobel prize for his role in creating the League of Nations, a pursuit noble enough in purpose but which eventually created a body now historically infamous for being ineffectual, dithering, and appeasing a dangerous regime, ultimately failing to prevent the most devastating war of the Modern Age.

Jimmy Carter, whose role in bringing together bitterly opposed Israeli and

Palestinian sides culminated in the celebrated Camp David accords, had to wait 22 years (and do a whole lot more heavy lifting diplomacy-wise) after leaving office to pick up the coveted award.

Maybe it was, as some suggest, just another finger in the eye of the Bush administration; a thumbs up to the American people for at last electing somebody willing to adopt a style so radically different (in tone at least) to Mr Bush's. But this would seem petty, and in this writer's view highly unlikely.

Perhaps the most important impact will come from the Obama administration's reaction to the award. The president has not been slow to acknowledge that he had perhaps not yet earned the accolade, expressing his feeling that he " (did not) deserve to be in the company of so many transformative figures that have been honoured by this prize".

In accepting this award, he must know that he has set the bar pretty high for himself. A significant failure in international diplomacy or American foreign military involvement after having accepted this award could permanently tarnish a potentially monumental legacy.

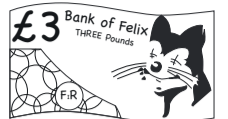
Mr Obama is famously inscrutable, sometimes leaving even his closest allies guessing at his inner motives.

Whether he accepted the award in a fit of vanity or with an eye to a grander design is something perhaps only time will reveal. So too whether giving the award to such an inexperienced president so early in his first term was a prudent choice by the Norwegians.



Morgan Tsvangirai, Zimbabwean Prime Minister, the man many believe should have been 2009 Nobel Peace Laureate

Want to write for Politics? Email us at politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Finding, Investing in and Growing

A new start-up is exciting entrepreneurs on campuses across the country. Business Editor Sina Ataherian interviews its founder James King, and its biggest success story: SpineStrength's Doug Higgins

Last week I came across an intriguing company. It was a new start-up called Find-InvestGrow, or FIG, which offers a completely unique and exciting service. If this article is beginning to sound like the ones we get paid to write, mostly for big City recruiters, it is not – they really are this awesome. The best thing about them is that they seem to do everything exactly how you would think it should be done. Investors make money from people pitching ideas to them, so it is strange that they make themselves so inaccessible. FIG allows entrepreneurs to develop their business plan online using a unique step-by-step method. If there are specific weaknesses, they help resolve them. The process swiftly identifies those ideas that deserve no more of their pursuer's time. It also allows good concepts to develop further through supporting events such as workshops, until they are ready to be pitched to investors. These are people hand-picked by FIG to understand where student start-ups are coming from and not screw them over.

At first the company seemed to have question marks hanging over them. Walking along Princes' Gardens to meet them at the new Eastside restaurant on a brisk Monday morning, I had a sense that this would or would not go well. I was certainly not surprised to meet a pair of highly impressive figures with a clear and strong vision of where they were and where they wanted their businesses to go. But I was also prepared for an offer of a free London flat as long as I first sent the key deposit to its Nigerian clergyman owner.

My suspicions about the company were based on them sounding so good. Since a certain US presidential campaign in 2008 I'm not too surprised to see big things not well covered by mainstream media, but this seemed exceptional even for them. So I asked about it, earning the decisive answer "because we've only been doing this for three weeks." We can be fairly sure of seeing and hearing a lot more about them in the coming months.

FIG offers a broad mix of services to support would-be student entrepreneurs with great ideas and potential, but not much else. They have partnerships with everyone from patent lawyers to design specialists, selected to reduce the risk of new start-ups losing out to unscrupulous suppliers for want of experience. They seem to have really thought this through.

I suggested we meet at Eastside thinking the place was an example of universities taking students more seriously and trying to nurture creativity. It turned out to be an appropriate venue for a different reason. James King, FIG's founder, was surprised at how expensive everything was. "Students are not the people to be milking," he complained. This understanding of student poverty combined with an underdeveloped sense of the value of money was further shown when

he talked about expensive campus societies.

This is also how he views his business. Clearly there are substantial costs involved in starting a new venture and seeing it through its early growth phase before it becomes profitable. FIG believes that these should, as far as possible, be taken on by the investors. As Mr. King put it, "so who would you charge - the rich investor whose got all the money or the student who is just trying to keep the idea going?"

FIG went live this September and is already supporting seven promising student-led enterprises (it was six when I first wrote this sentence and may be more before this paper gets out).

The most successful so far is SpineStrength, founded by Doug Higgins, a former rugby captain here at Imperial.

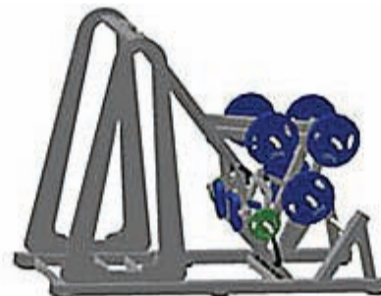
His product is an ingenious piece of



interview and found many more people with an interest in starting their own business than we expected. Three issues repeatedly came up: whether this is a good time to get started, how an idea can be developed and protected at the same time, and what to do and avoid in order to maximise the chance of success.

SPINE STRENGTH

THE FIRST EVER MACHINE TO STRENGTHEN THE NECK, BACK AND LEGS



gym equipment that allows development of neck and lower back muscles, which are needed during scrummaging. He came up with the idea as a mechanical engineering student, when he injured himself and found nothing in the gym to help his rehabilitation. What started as an undergraduate design project has now been taken on by gyms and sports coaches across the country as way to allow athletes to reduce training-related injuries.

FIG is growing fast. Mr King has an open mind about whether they will cover student enterprise abroad before other types of start-up at home. Given the intricate understanding of the company of the unique challenges faced by student entrepreneurs, this seems likely. Less than a month after beginning to get the word out, they have already been approached by companies from across Europe, the USA and the Middle East.

FIG clearly has huge potential, but this does not always translate to tangible results. Doug Higgins has come to know their value as well as their limitations better than anyone. "Without FIG I would not have raised the money. No question about it; just would not have happened. James got me talking to all the people I needed to talk to and now here we are." I suspect he may well have got the money anyway, but it sounds like FIG made the process much smoother.

felix went around campus before the

Pitfalls of Patents

Issues surrounding intellectual property also cause some aspiring entrepreneurs to delay starting their company. It is important to remember that ideas cannot go anywhere if they are never shared with anyone. "Ideas are two a penny. It's not the idea that is worth money, it's all the thinking around it," advises Mr King. It is important to discuss concepts with experienced professionals, likely consumers, and others who can help before basing a business on them.

There is also a warning about IP law firms. FIG works with IP21 because they have provided them with a consistent service and because the firm caps its own fees. Many law firms will not, since it is easy to enter open-ended contracts were they continually ask for more money.

Opportunities in Recession

We often hear that recessions are a great time to start a business. FIG was more realistic about this, suggesting it may be a mixed bag.

"Hard times force you to do things differently, so investors are going to be more open-minded, and it will be easier to talk to them," Mr King noted.

On the other hand, many companies and individuals have less money to invest. This should not be accepted as a blanket excuse, however, "we actually turned down someone who wanted to be a FIGurehead for that reason.

Another FIGurehead pointed out something he had said, which was unacceptable. Remember these people are all high net worth individuals. If they tell you they are doing badly, they probably still have at least £10 million in the bank. Or even £1 million; its way more than you need."

So the lesson is to use the recession to your advantage. You can often claim discounts because of it, but you should not afford the same opportunity to others.

One of Mr King's friends got £700 Wimbledon tickets for £250 using the 'times are tough' argument. At the same time, he has seen many investors try to gain larger equity for their investment using the same line, but climb down against determined negotiation from the entrepreneur.

Advice from the Top

A great idea is the most important thing that FIG looks for. Other than this, Mr King recommends thorough research, "you're all students; you should know how to research. If someone comes and says 'I think this [piece of gym equipment] will support the back because I think it will,' that's different from 'I've done all this research and it points to...' Know your market and your product."

He would not name the most comical evaders of this rule, but said, "I've had seven people phone up and say they want to start up look-alike agencies because 'my friends all think I look like a celebrity.' I just tell them ok, google 'celebrity look-alike agency.'" Another thing to avoid is phoning up to pitch an idea. The website makes the process extremely clear and straightforward, "but they still phone up and well, I'll listen to what they have to say but that tells me immediately that they have not looked at the website."

Another piece of advice was "I am so pleased when people tell me they would like to set up a business but are going to wait until they have a good idea...don't just say 'I'm going to do my own thing, and I'll think about what it is later.'" And if you have no good ideas yet? "Clubs and societies are a good place. I know here Imperial entrepreneurs is quality but also...sports clubs, ethnic societies...anywhere good ideas

are discussed."

I ended the interview by asking Doug how he would advocate FIG to entrepreneurial friends back at Imperial. "Look at their success. I think you just have to look at what they have done. That is their biggest selling point."

The company has already acquired office space in Marylebone to offer for free to its entrepreneurs. They also plan to roll out other benefits such as free gym membership cards by Christmas. They may be expected to set up a foundation for that, to benefit from charitable status. But yet again Mr King showed his excellent eye for business opportunities by pointing out "there are benefits to running this as part of our company, like sponsorship and other partnership opportunities." He may well be able to profit from giving people things for free.

FIG is growing fast in part because they are open to different ways of improving. Unlike any venture capital firms that you are likely to come across, they welcome suggestions from all quarters. As their target clients, students are encouraged to contact them directly if they have any ideas about how they can continue to develop and improve as a company.

As former Imperial students, both Doug Higgins' and James King's stories should inspire anyone here who has good ideas floating around their mind alongside doubts as to whether they can really put in all the hard work. There is no downside to getting started. Since FIG's business model is geared towards sharing the profits of success rather than providing expensive services to likely failures, they will give an honest, impartial and objective account of how good your idea is. You never know; Doug was probably not always sure that he would be running a million pound company today.



In other news: Tory Conference, Nobel Prizes & more

At last the likely post-May -elections Chancellor of the Exchequer has explained in detail how his government will begin to repay the record deficit. In a much-anticipated speech at last week's Conservative Party Conference in Manchester, George Osborne unveiled some of the places where the axe will have to fall.

This was always going to be a tough choice. The polls have been shouting for months that the voters want, above anything else, politicians to be honest and tell them how they plan to fix the country's finances. Yet when John Smith tried this same tactic before the 1992 general elections, it backfired spectacularly. Voters saying they want the truth about cuts are often assumed to mean they would like someone else's services and their own taxes to be cut.

The Conservatives have a very comfortable majority. This is due to the man who has worked tirelessly for the last two years to make them electable again: Gordon Brown. This was a very risky move on their part. There were many ways of saying almost what they said, but in a useless and thus uncontroversial form.

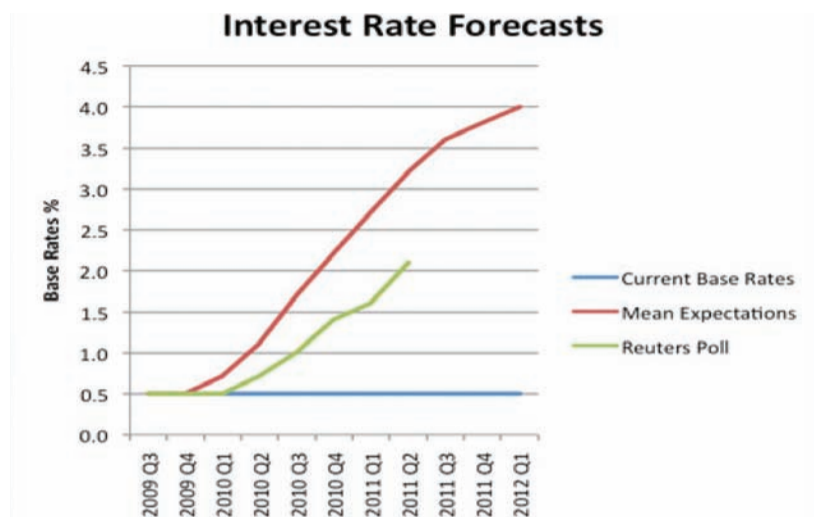
There is a real danger of investors no longer believing that the UK will remain able to respect its obligations forever, as has been universally assumed in the past. If bondholders refuse to allow the Treasury to continue rolling over its debt, there could be a serious spiralling effect. The lack of confidence can drive up the Government's borrowing costs, in turn making it less able to afford to make its repayments, further reducing confidence. The Tories decided that with their double-digit lead assured, they could gamble on the electorate's maturity. The bond markets responded well.

The man until now dubbed by the City "Boy George" for his less-than-impressive aura and clout unleashed a string of proposed savings. Yet all this amounts to only £7bn a year, so it should be taken only as a sign of things to come. Of course, political hindrances still abound; the Tories have had to promise not to make cuts to the NHS's highly wasteful budget.

This must nonetheless be compared with the alternative. Despite a desperate cabinet pleading with Brown to drop his retarded comparison between 'Labour investment' and 'Tory Cuts', he still introduced a massive array of new commitments at his own party conference last month.



George Osborne



Loans in Our Time

In a report published on Monday by the Centre for Economics and Business Research (CEBR), the Bank of England base rate is predicted to remain at its current near-all-time-low of 0.5% until 2011. The CEBR cannot see the rate reaching 2% until at least 2014. Normally, a report predicting the continuation of a destructive, fallaciously reasoned central planning decision for the foreseeable future would be cause for concern. Not this time. For once, the arbitrary whim of our central planners has fallen on our side.

The report is considered a reasonably strong guide to interest rate changes in the near future. It will also predict the pound weakening against the dollar, although this is more speculative. The authors assume that the Government will be able to cut £80bn from spending whilst raising £20bn more from taxes. They believe this will be needed to save the country from spiralling interest rates on its sovereign bonds, as investors will lose confidence if nothing is done about the deficit.

Based on this forecast, in a mixed prescription-prediction, typical of such reports, it advocates its own projections. The authors assert that interest should be kept artificially low in order to appease the economy for our failings as mortals to feed it with government spending. One could be forgiven for thinking at first that their logic corrects itself through their double blunder. In fact, they are condemning a useful outcome of the recession – necessarily lower government spending – and then advocating a means of cancelling its benefits in the long run.

CEBR chief executive Douglas McWilliams has described this as "an exciting policy mix, with the fiscal policy lever pulled right back while the monetary lever is fast forward." His argument is essentially that after some time investors will once again mistake nominal asset price rises for real increases in their value, which "should stimulate economic growth after a lag."

In years to come we will have every right to complain about the simultaneous debasement of currency and theft of our due interest that is central banking. For now though, we should enjoy paying 0% interest on our own money that Gordon Brown graciously chooses to loan back to us to cover the cost of university. We cannot thank him for lower mortgage payments in a few

years time, since low interest is practically the sole reason for grossly overpriced housing. But there are plenty of other reasons for broke students to want to borrow. They should be happy at the prediction of slightly lower repayments.

The Redundancy of Ig Nobel Prizes

In 1991 the Annals of Improbable Research began the Ig Nobel awards as a parody of the Nobel Prizes, to be given to ten achievements that "first make people laugh, and then make them think." Over the years the futility of their efforts has become increasingly clear.

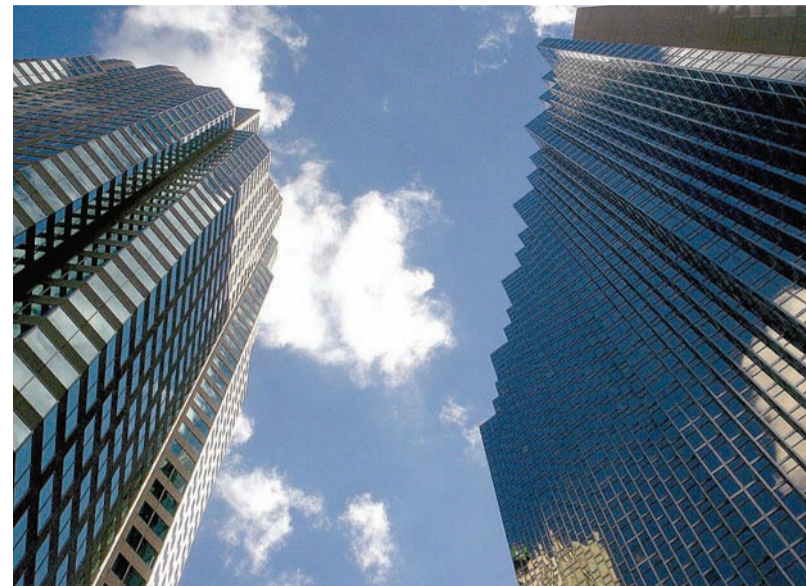
On Friday night I was ready to write an article about the farcical awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to a man who had only been President for twelve days before the nomination deadline and had already escalated the US presence in Iraq and Afghanistan. I decided for a similarly Orwellian decision to be made for the Economics Prize on Monday, before wrapping up both issues into a broader attack on the Nobel committee and Scandinavians in general.

Then something strange happened. For the first time in years, sane people won the Economics Prize. The birther/New World Order/Texan secessionist websites upon whom I rely as my primary news source and consider my intellectual home, were genuinely happy. Did this mean a balanced article was in order? Certainly not. The Nobies are after all an award of \$1.4 million that occasionally go to respectable people but usually not. People do worse things and get paid more, so why does anyone get so offended? The best way to show disapproval for the awards is to see them for what they are, like Olympic gold medals for curling.



The Annals Of Improbable Research award the Ig Nobel Prizes each year

Brief News



Strong Results for JP Morgan

JPMorgan has announced third quarter profits of £2.5bn, beating predictions.

The results came despite losses on credit cards and consumer loans because of excellent performance in the investment banking division, particularly in Fixed Income.

Chairman and CEO Jamie Dimon warned that the cost of credit will likely remain high "for the foreseeable future."

The bank repaid its \$25 billion US government rescue in June.

JPMorgan said it had also benefited from its purchase of most Washington Mutual assets, which it acquired in September 2008.

Goldman Sachs is expected to announce profits later in the week, whilst Bank of America and Citigroup are expected to post losses.

Good news for Goldman Sachs.

Fewer More Job Losses

According to the latest government "statistics" we should all rejoice because by Gordon's grace, unemployment is increasing slightly less fast than it was expected to.

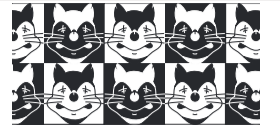
Americans spend slightly less

The end of the Cash for Clunkers programme has led to a 10.4% drop in car sales. This led retail sales to their sharpest fall for 2009, at 1.5%, less than expected, so apparently good news.

China invests £4.5 bn in Guinea

This is controversial because Captain Camara's government is meant to be less legitimate than most others. I suspect he was at least born in Guinea.





—Fashionably Artistically late

Caz Knight Arts Editor

Welcome to your first taste of what the people from the arts section of the new, contemporaneous *felix* have to offer. It came to our attention, following the first edition of *felix* this year, that an individual was indignant at the lack of an arts section. We apologise for this oversight and hope that from this issue onwards, we can provide you with an extensive coverage of events that London (and beyond) have to offer. The city you now find yourselves a resident of can

seem bewildering in the amalgamation of its points of cultural focus. We hope that this list should not only provide you with a more comprehensive guide (from those who know it as students), but also keep you busy until the next issue of *felix*, with even more on arts, theatre, dance, books, comedy. In short, anything cultural and happening. Studying at Imperial can be challenging so keeping a healthy balance of work and leisure is essential for a sane mind (this coming from someone who has been through Imperial and come out smiling with a degree!).



Latterday Saints, myths and Rankers

Rosie Milton attempts to portray the capricious world of the celebrity photographer Rankin

This article is about portraits, manifested in their physical form, and also about identity, those 'portraits' that communicate beyond their frame.

This time of the year situates a largely charged atmosphere for those beginning a new academic annum – at university, college or school. We are enrolled within a structure that nurtures our pursuit of personal greatness. I am sure you, as I, have had that introductory conversation that will either enthrall or petrify you as to what possibilities lie ahead. How we record such a period of 'self-exploration' is commonplace among the Facebook photo albums and dormitory walls of

any educational establishment's residential quarters. Yet in the past, when disposable, instantly accessible images were few and far between, the 'portrait', if not as abundant, was as readily cherished as those thousands of 'portraits' we have of ourselves and our friends today.

The two exhibitions which I posit under review, are Francis Alÿs' collection of Fabiola portraits at the National Portrait Gallery and Rankin's Rankin Live and Retrospective exhibition which took place at the Truman Brewery in Shoreditch. A personal encounter with the artist Rankin has led to my grappling with how to frame and portray the exhibition critically.

However, after debating inflection

in my tone towards this article, I will come to expose these observed nuances and site them within the contemporary criticisms of art.

In today's society, those who are most fastidiously reproduced in 'portraits' of themselves, are those we name 'celebrities'. In fact, the origin of the word comes from the Latin 'celebritas', from 'celeber', meaning frequented or honoured. The example of Francis Alÿs' collection of Fabiola portraits, currently on show at the National Portrait gallery serves to elaborate this point in a historical sense. Alÿs, in search of a collection across the world, found Fabiola in a repeated singular image from antique shops to flea markets. This Latter-day Saint has been 'honoured'

painstakingly by hundreds of amateur artists who wished to possess her portrait for their own.

Turning to an alternative facet of celebrity: that of the immortalisation of an individual through their portrait, which incidentally allows us as voyeurs to dissect and criticize openly and at length, without the depicted present physically to defend themselves. Rankin's portraits do just this. They sexualize, fetishize and glorify each sitter in the manner of the contemporary 'glamourising' of individuals through poses, setting and above all infamy.

This voyeurism was exploited in the set-up of the exhibition – a partition wall was all that separated the public from the artist and his "Rankers" – individu-

als who had made an application to be shot and contribute their portrait to the walls of the exhibition. The positioning of this small studio was fascinating to observe as a microcosm of the production of Rankin's work. It was possibly the feature that I appreciated most about the exhibition – lifting it above and beyond the static of the white cube.

The reek of celebrity was in the air – that intense pressure and tension that surrounds the protagonist himself – a vaporous mist of myth emanating through the vacuous individuals that drift about him, looking disdainfully at the 'public', yet jealously guarding their air space with him. I cannot help expressing the environment in this way, as an onlooker, a mere anthropologist, it was a fantastic challenge trying to see the artworks objectively through the gloss of celebrity. From models such as Kate Moss to any actor half worth their salt, Rankin has photographed many recognised faces. Beautifully too, with character and elegance. One cannot escape his talent as a photographer, even if he whips up ideas about himself as a person and an artist "myth" – through unabashed proclamations about his 'personal' relationship with Heidi Klum, for example – a fashion model heavily celebrated in the United States. According to the exhibition catalogue, "people who believe that he is 'notoriously arrogant' ... all adds to the myth". Even through all this transcribed 'hype' and puffery, his demands as an artist are there. All of his photographs speak of his own desires and pleasures: from physical depictions of the underside of women's breasts seen from below, to the more metaphorical, emotional desperation of young models within the fashion industry – all unabashedly laid bare as Rankin sees it.



Rankin's photography includes both celebrities such as Blondie (top right) and mere mortals (above)

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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union
ICRADIO
felix

Quick-start culture list

The Big Ones

Victoria & Albert Museum (V&A):

This museum houses a collection of art and design from around the world, including life-size architectural casts from Italy, Chinese textiles and Japanese swords. The National Art Library can be found here, but if you prefer some time out from a studious environment the fountains in the central courtyard are ideal for more reflective moments. *South Kensington*



Science Museum: (above)

Situated right near the heart of Imperial, you cannot fail to miss this brilliant and fascinating monolith of heritage and groundbreaking technology. Tours, interactive exhibits and even a 'Night at the Science Museum' where you can hang out with friends after-hours (for purely educational purpose only). *South Kensington*

Natural History Museum: (right)

You cannot have missed this beaut of a building on approaching Imperial from South Ken tube. This museum is a joy to wander round, renowned for its Dinosaur collection but also housing sections on every area of natural history imaginable: insects, plants, geology, astronomy, human biology... Entry is free although entry to the temporary exhibitions costs 4GBP for students. Expect large groups of school children at any time.

South Kensington

Tate Britain: (below right)

A more grown up version of its south bank cousin, the Tate Modern, the Britain is another spectacular building inside with endless ceilings and cool marble interiors. There is a large amount of 'older' art to work through although the temporary hangings often feature modern artists. Entry is free for most of the museum, although some of the non-permanent exhibitions require an entry fee. *Pimlico*

Tate Modern:

Yet another architectural achievement that requires no

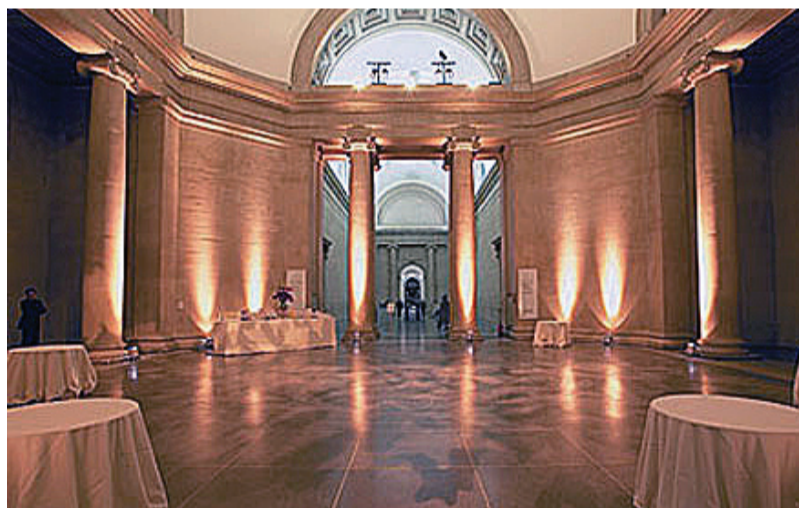
National Gallery:

This giant spans one side of Trafalgar square and contains work from some of Britain's greatest painters. Like most of the large London museums, entry fee is only required for the temporary exhibitions. The NG café serves some scrumptious fare to boost the energy required for making it round this museum in good spirits. *Charing Cross*

British Museum:

Containing all the products of the British Empire's pillaging efforts over the last four centuries... Think weird masks, Egyptian mummies and a lot more. Again, the museum is worth visiting to marvel at the marble and its construction. Catch it before everything is returned to their rightful owners! Don't miss this one if you want to submerge yourself in history itself.

Russell Square



entry fee. Expect only modern art here with most floors being permanent collections that are 're-hung' once a year. Floors 3 and 5 were rehung in May and are definitely worth a visit (includes Andy Warhol).

Southwark or Mansion House



Small and Quirky

Cartoon Museum:

Two minutes from the British Museum, this is located in a very lovely part of town. The curator of the museum produces brilliant shows, always excellently researched and teeming with information for the less informed. As well as their exhibition space, the museum has a well stocked shop and is a must for anyone into their comic strips and graphic novels. Nearby there is also an even larger, better stocked graphic novel shop.

Russell Square

Political Cartoon Gallery:

An easy one to miss, this tiny gallery has a shabby, informal charm to it with a mural on the wall downstairs by some

cartoonists. Here you will see the satirical works of artists who contribute to the comment and editorial sections of everything from the FT, Economist, Times, Guardian et al.

Tottenham Court Road

Camden Arts Centre:

Not in Camden, per se, but a haven for art you wouldn't hear of normally. It has a reading room, book shop, excellent café and a gorgeous garden to relax in set above the hubbub of the main road. Perfect for a quite day out with a loved one

Finchley Road

Proud Gallery:

Definitely in Camden, the Proud gallery kills three birds with one stone: gallery space, music venue and the one most original unusual bars in London. Once a horses stable, the cobbled floor and roughly painted white walls still remain which are adorned with mainly photographic collections of a musical nature. Past exhibitions have included Blues Greats, Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix and the current Woodstock collection.

Camden Town

Serpentine Gallery:

Another small, simple gallery which hovers on the edge of Kensington Gardens. It is always free and quick to walk around (bite sized, perfect for a lunch break) and the exhibitions have never failed to please. Jeff Koons is presently on display and his signature kitsch kiddie-porno style is easy on both the eyes and brain.

South Kensington

Wallace Collection:

This out of the way collection is not to be missed – home to some of the most ostentatious and 'frou-frou' paintings of the French Rococo and Baroque periods, as well as some fine examples of Dutch genre and still-life painting – it is housed in a beautiful period building. Try to resist touching the wallpaper though. The restaurant is excellent and entrance to the gallery is free of charge. *Bond Street or Baker Street*

ICA:

Located in The Mall, home to old money and classic grandeur, the Institute of Contemporary Arts is perhaps an anomaly but is such a treat to visit. Housing a cinema, a theatre, a bar/café and a gallery this really is an ideal place to come on any day (or night) of the week for fun. The bands and DJs that play here are always excellent and I don't think there are many places in London where one can swig whisky, listen to folk (or otherwise) within stumbling distance of Buckingham Palace.

Charing Cross



White Cube (Mason's Yard):

This small space stands alone in the centre of St. James's, literally, designed by MRJ Rundell & Associates, it is one of the first free-standing buildings to be built for 30 years in this area – so worth visiting alone for its structure. Due to its size it does not hold a permanent collection, but has regular exhibitions of contemporary artists (also known as YBAs) such as the controversial Chapman brothers and the experimental Marc Quinn.
Piccadilly or Green Park

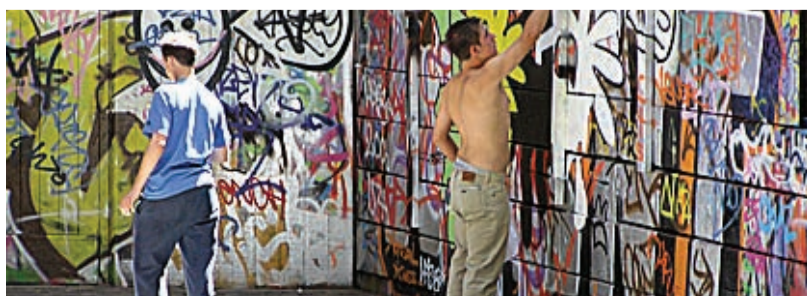
Wellcome Collection:

Henry Wellcome, medic, explorer, philanthropist, has his collection of weird and wonderful discoveries accumulated during his years traveling the world exhibited here. Includes chastity belts, human tattoos (yes, torn clean off their person) and Hieronymous Bosch's famous painting The Garden of Earthly Delights. Downstairs are always several fantastic exhibitions, usually with scientific or medical leanings, given Wellcome's status as a doctor. Adjoined is a small Waterstone's and a Peyton and Byrne café which must surely serve the best cakes in London.
Euston

Smaller Greats

National Portrait Gallery:

Slightly dwarfed by the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery features works only of people (you won't find any landscapes here). There is a permanent collection upstairs which is free and the ground floor hosts a temporary exhibition which is almost always in the Top 20 London exhibitions.
Charing Cross



ent selected from over 10,000 applicants – from amateurs to Royal Academicians, such as Tracey Emin. Entrance to exhibits normally costs around 7GBP concession.

Green Park or Piccadilly

Courtauld Gallery:

This relatively small gallery is by no means minor in its collection. It is home to a permanent group of artworks by some of the most influential artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Edouard Manet, Paul Gauguin and Matisse. There are also regular temporary exhibitions, with a number of talks and educational discussions, as the gallery is partnered with the Courtauld Institute – a prestigious and exclusive establishment at which to study the history of art. Somerset House is a fantastic building, with many of its own events, including a beautiful outdoor ice rink for the winter. Free for students.
Holborn

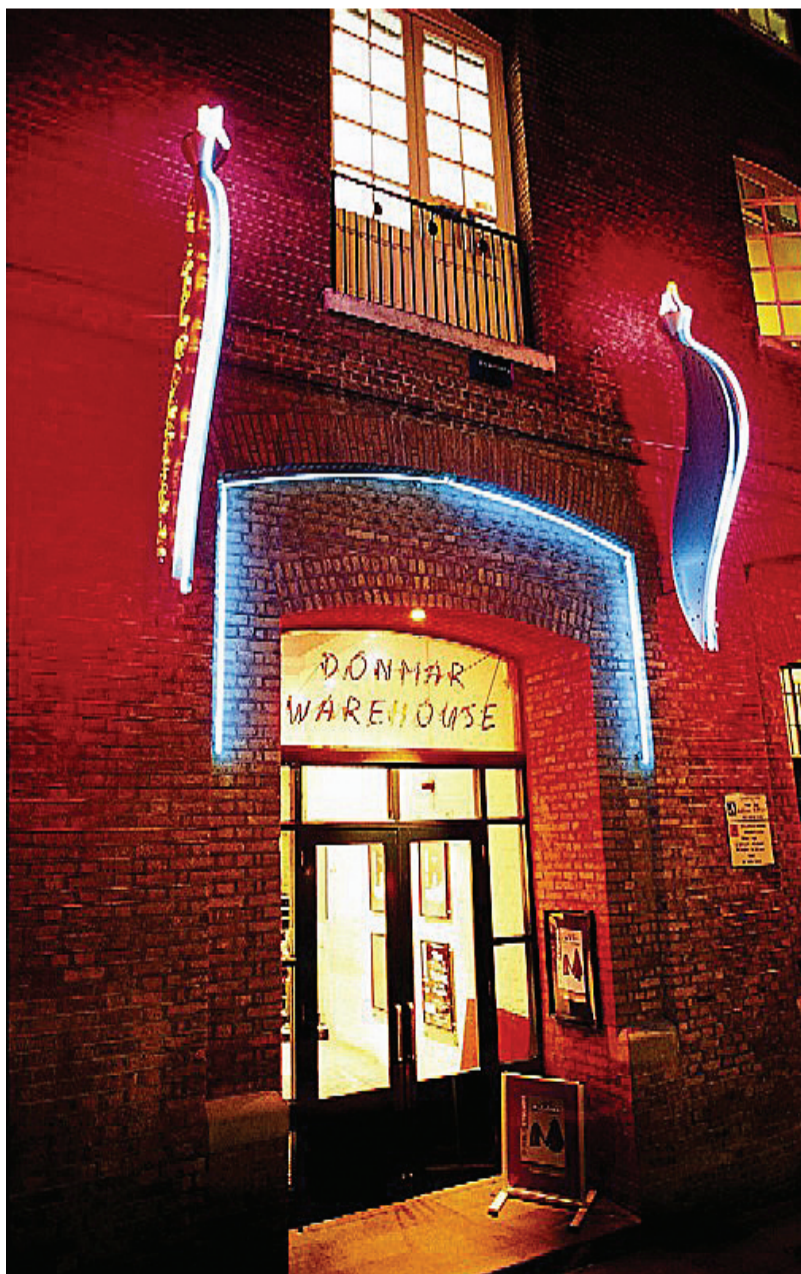
Hayward Gallery:

Situated in a cultural hive of

activity, the Hayward shares the South Bank with other great locales such as the National Theatre, The National Film Theatre, Royal Festival Hall. It is set above and back from the main riverside promenade with its concrete exterior belying the fantastic exhibitions that are laid on here. (Although many will argue that the Hayward is an architectural achievement) Expect the interior to metamorphose every time your return for a new show. For more underground art, catch graffiti artists working their magic in the area (bottom left).
Embankment

Barbican: (below right)

A bit like a much larger and more established ICA, the Barbican injects a lot of culture into an area that is otherwise an executive haven, combining theatre, cinema and art spaces under one very ample roof. The building is reminiscent of the open plan, airy and enormous National Theatre and its auditorium really is exceptional. Needless to say the food and drink on offer also make the Barbican worth visiting if only for lunch or cocktails.
Barbican



Thespian's Delight

National Theatre: (left)

An absolute palace of a theatre. Open plan, airy and set over 4 floors, this theatre on the South Bank has three sumptuous auditoriums and always has a great production on. As well as this it hosts free music evenings in its foyer and is right next door to the National Film theatre, Hayward gallery, Royal Festival Hall, London Eye... the list goes on. Escape the trains of clueless tourists here and be prepared to come out feeling treated and very relaxed.
Embankment or Waterloo.



Barbican's Theatre:

Located inside the Barbican, this theatre is one of the most spacious, comfortable and glamorous looking in London and located at one of the most happening hot spots or culture.
Barbican

Donmar Warehouse: (left)

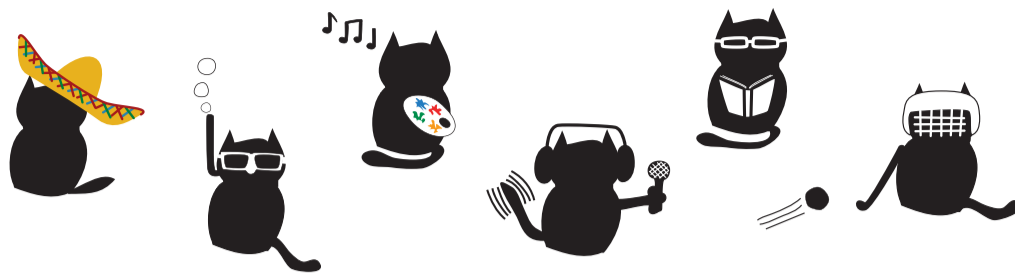
Small, black and simple and nestled down one of Covent Garden's many cobbled streets, the plays here are always amazing and always feature brilliant acting talent with many a familiar face appearing on stage mere metres from where one sits.
Covent Garden

What's on...

Clubs & Societies Calendar

Editors – Lily Topham & Rachel D'oliveiro

whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Mon 19th Oct

London Medgroup 999

- Club Night at Ministry of Sound
- £5 (buy from ICSMSU)



Tues 20th Oct

Christian Union

- 12 noon, Meeting Room 3, Union
- "I just want to be logical – How can you think my atheism is an error?"
- Discussion with free lunch and drinks!

Friends of Médecins Sans Frontières Intro

- 6.30pm, LT G34, SAF
- Hear first-hand experiences of MSF doctor, Pippa Farrugia
- Free food (from Pret a Manger!)



Weds 21st Oct

Wargames and Sci-Fi – Fentocon (Free!)

- 1pm - 5pm, Huxley 343
- Meet Sci-Fi and Wargames societies....plus trial gaming sessions!

Punjabi Society – Groundshaker

- 10pm - 3am, Sway Bar, WC2B 5BZ
- Featuring JAGS KLIMAX, DJ Sarj, DJ Indy
- Special student drink promos all night
- £4 Members, £7 Non-Members, (07772 235533 for tickets)

Thurs 22nd Oct

Imperial College Model United Nations – Bioterrorism Crisis Committee Session (Free!)

- 6-7pm, Skempton LT 208
- Use diplomacy skills to stop the virus spreading...

Fairtrade Chocolate Party

- 7pm, Level 8 Common Room, Blackett
- 50p Members, £3.50 Non-Members
- Charlie and The Chocolate Factory and chocolate fountains!

To Do....

- 1) Clean fishtank =(
- 2) Go to gym!
- 3) Email whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk (Club name & event, time, place, price, pics...) by end of Tues 20th.

Sat 24th Oct

Jain Society – Charity Diwali Dinner & Dance

- 7pm-11.30pm
- Union Dining Hall
- Full Indian buffet plus live DJ... yum yum yum..
- £7 Members, £9 Non-Members (buy online)



Fri 23rd Oct

City & Guilds Masquerade Ball

- 6pm - 3am, Union
- With New Young Pony Club...
- Dinner ticket £38, Ents only ticket £16 (buy online)
- Contact ball@cgcu.net



Week 1 of 2: Festival Review



Andrew Parson

This summer I had the delight of attending Latitude Festival in Suffolk. Having never been before and not knowing many of the artists performing, I approached the festival with an open mind, bringing few expectations with me. As it

turned out, Latitude Festival was the perfect place for this way of thinking. Not a moment went by when I was bored. The enormous selection of music, comedy, theatre, film, literary and poetry performances, plus a huge number of interesting places to eat and drink, could have kept me busy for a week (had I been given the opportunity). I could fill this review with reams of adjectives, metaphors and similes (as

so many music reviewers do) to try and convey just how brilliant this festival was, but I'd rather not waste my time or yours with such ridiculously pretentious, overly flamboyant, unnecessary and ultimately meaningless twaddle. This festival was brilliant for so many reasons, but overall, it was simply the friendly atmosphere and endless amounts of brilliant and sometimes bizarre things to see and do, that made it such a wonderful and refreshing experience.

These days, so many festivals front a warm, fun, friendly atmosphere, which simply masks an uninviting, sordid, surly, dark, dismal and somewhat menacing weekend of drugs, violence and filth. In sterling contrast, Latitude is exactly what it says it is; a pleasant and welcoming weekend that provides genuine, unadulterated and wholesome fun. I would recommend this festival to everyone, regardless of their taste in music and arts.

26 reasons why Latitude Festival is a 'must-go'

- Multicoloured sheep
- A lake
- A stage on the lake
- A forest
- Several stages in the forest
- Nick Cave
- Tasty tasty food
- Ed Byrne
- Romanian gypsy music
- No mud (it was sandy)
- Free yoghurt and cereal for breakfast
- Only 40'000 people
- Fever Ray
- Adam (The Adam and Joe Show)
- Nice souvenir cups
- Friendly security staff that ask you nicely not to break the rules.
- Sean Lock
- The Sonic Manipulator (google it)
- Thom Yorke
- Free apples and pears (Cider Tent)
- Jeffery Lewis singing silly songs
- Deck chairs
- Jessica Delfino
- Good quality programs
- No 'lets go fucking mental' chants

GLASTONBURY



Duncan Casey

Last! A warm Glastonbury! After about five years of flooding, storms and trenchfoot, the Pilton faithful were rewarded with an absolute corker of a festival, with the best line-up in years, a couple of new fields and some real, genuine sunshine (obligatory Thursday night monsoon notwithstanding). After much prevaricating, this year also saw Mr Eavis et al. accept what everyone else there has known for years. Maximo Park kicked off the festival a day earlier than traditional, with a rousing (and packed-out) set in the Queen's Head. Avoiding the crowds, we checked out beatboxer extraordinaire Beardyman in the Dance Vil-

lage, before beating a hasty retreat in the face of a small army of neon-ed up East 17 fans out looking for a trip up Irony Memory Lane. Veteran DJ Annie Nightingale led the energetic (and maybe a little mashed) masses into the wee hours, but by that point I was sat around a campfire in the Stone Circle, laughing at hippies and ruing the fact that our rather tasty bottle of single malt had been confiscated by Security on the way in. Friday's breakfast was interrupted by the carelessly-forgotten opening set of the festival proper, by the ever-entertaining Björn Again. I say interrupted, as I've got an allergy to Abba that brings me out in screaming fits, so we went to relax in the Acoustic tent which was reassuringly free of crap 70's disco. N*E*R*D brought us out of hiding, though - despite being delayed by 30 minutes due to equipment problems, Pharrell Williams was determined to give the crowd a full set - an ambition which was terminated abruptly when the stage manager pulled the plug to set up for the Fleet Foxes. Never a band troubled by a lack of self-belief, they performed the rest of their song from the front of the crowd anyway, even as the roadies were dismantling their kit around them. The Specials were the inevitable highlight of the day, though, bashing through all the two-tone classics

with an energy that belied their... let's call it 'experience', and treating the assembled throngs to an hour of intense skanking action. A little befuddled from a heavy night in the chaos of Arcadia, Saturday's action really got going around lunchtime,



with the Eagles of Death Metal's comedy cock rock. Not necessarily a band I'd pay to see again, but not a bad intro to Spinal Tap at least, who emerged after a gap of some twenty years in all their tasteful, understated glory. Dancing midgets in monks' robes? Check. Open-chord bass lines, turned up to 11? Check. Ah... the good old days were back, for a glorious forty-five minutes. Even Jamie Cullum sounded good, guest-appearing on keyboards - there must have been something in the

air. The mood was promptly ruined by Dizzee Rascal, who I still don't quite understand the point of. Featuring the single lamest tribute to Michael Jackson of the festival (we knew he'd died due to the sudden influx of paedophile jokes on everyone's phones), Mr Rascal hammered through just about every song he's ever recorded in his set, culminating in Bonkers - which, you'll be glad to know, is still rubbish. Kasabian rescued the day, with a swaggering set that finally lifted them above Oasis-tribute-act status, but they were always playing second fiddle the Boss, Bruce Springsteen himself. With more gas than most acts half his age, the rapturous crowds absorbed two and a half hours of his trademark blue-collar rock; although the Timmies and Hermiones who make up about thirty percent of Glastonbury's crowds nowadays didn't always get the point, a massive crowd cheered every song well past the curfew and into 'Boss time', thundering to a finish with the crowd pleasing Glory Days. Conscious of the increasing fragility of the audience, Sunday kicked off gently with a bit of reggae and veteran rockers Status Quo, who gathered an vast crowd considering their early slot. Enter Shikari disappointed, considering the fluency of some of their earlier live work, but Tom Jones got the

whole festival crooning along in what effectively became the world's largest karaoke booth. Madness picked up the tempo again immediately, carrying on where the Specials had left off on Friday: having not played the festival in ten years or more, they brought the full show and played through the pain induced by a drinking session the night before that immediately became festival lore. The Prodigy's lacklustre attempt to close out the festival did them no justice at all, but Blur did a superb job in their first big live show in a decade, charming the crowds and making everyone wonder why they stopped the first time around. Easily the most varied, most intense and most important festival of the year, next year is Glastonbury's 40th anniversary and the smart money's on U2 to headline. I'll see you there.





RUGBY FRESHERS 09



Ash embark on ambitious A-Z project

Kadhim Shubber speaks to frontman Tim Wheeler as Ash set out to change the music world

Tim Wheeler is a little worried, excited too of course but a little worried that Ash's alphabetic adventures might fall flat on their face. He's just flown in from New York where he and the band have spent the last year and a half recording for their A-Z single series. A matching tour, hitting 26 venues each beginning with a letter A-Z, begins on Monday in Aldershot which he claims is partly to tie in with the single series and mostly to do with having fun and "doing things that not a lot of people have done before".

The grueling schedule doesn't faze him, "I've taken up kick-boxing so I'm fighting fit" he jokes, clearly it's not the tour that's worrying him. The band are embarking on a project which says goodbye to the album and hello to quick-fire singles.

Ash's gripes about the album have been well documented since 2007, when announcing their intentions after the release of their last album *Twilight of the Innocents*, Tim declared that "I'm constantly disappointed with records I buy".

The ill-feeling stems from a desire for greater creative freedom and a reading of the musical landscape that could prove to be prescient. "The album was just so restrictive, with singles we can experiment more and not be tied down to one sound like with an album".

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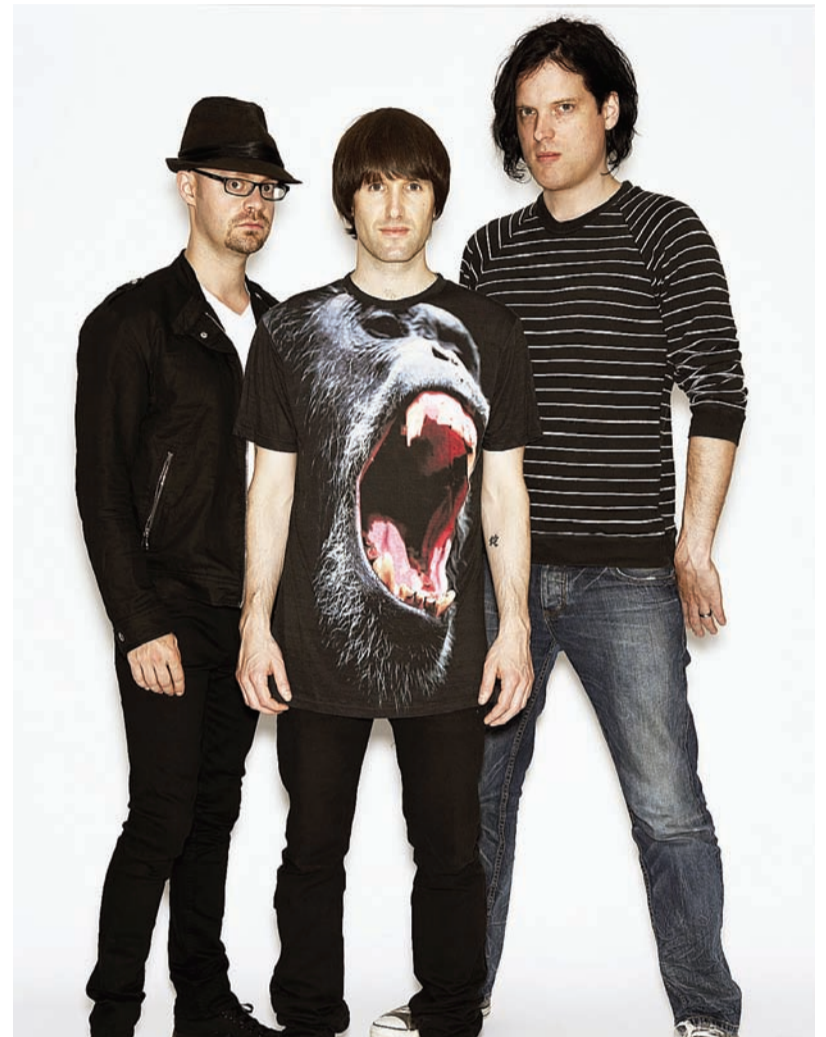
albums are forced at fans, whereas singles will allow them to become more responsive but also without the creative and financial commitment that an album requires, allow them to experiment with greater ease.

It's not only albums that have attracted Ash's ire, the band have also shunned the CDs that they're released on. The A-Z singles are available only by digital download and 1000 limited 7" vinyls. "CDs have become really disposable, people just download them onto their computers and listen to them on their iPods anyway so what's the point?". They've also offered their fans magazine-style 'subscriptions' whereby they will automatically receive the singles when they're released.

Given that Ash are so eager to tear

the rulebook to shreds it's interesting that Tim falls squarely into the Lilly Allen camp of the current debate on music piracy. He talks emotively about the vast majority of people who work in the music industry on average salaries whose jobs are directly at threat because of music piracy. To him it's a bread and butter issue, while he understands the pro-piracy arguments it's a simple case of having to make a living, "If we could afford to give our music away for free, then we would".

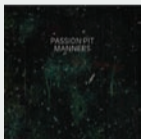
Whether or not their venture turns out to be financially successful (I suspect that with their fanbase, it will be) Ash have shown both pro and anti piracy advocates a possible vision of the future; digital downloads, subscriptions, greater interactivity with fans and ultimately, the death of the album.



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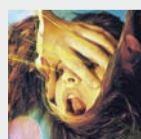
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SINGLE



It's as though they rounded up Daft Punk's guitars, Justice's child choir, Mika's falsetto vocals, and pulled it together with the synthy pop of Phoenix. This song would be fun if you were on a good night out and the DJ dropped it and you danced like a child after too many sweets. It's a one night stand of a song, really. - Alex Ashford

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This embryonic album uses abstract electronic sounds throughout, and have psychedelic themes, which can be a nice change to the sterile, produced music around today. Ultimately it doesn't tap the true power of The Flaming Lips. It's background music and greatly self-indulgent. - Luke Turner

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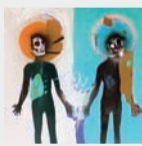
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Exhibiting a much more mellow side the Arctic Monkeys latest taster from their relatively unemphatically received third album 'Humbug' is certainly a highlight. Musically it is one of the less radical progressions of their new sound but this single, whilst probably not residing in their top draw, as previous albums have left it pretty full, is still a very worthwhile listen. - Chris Walmsley

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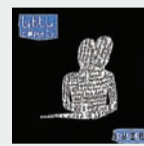
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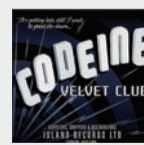
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CODEINE
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ISLAND RECORDS
SINGLE



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

ZERO 7
YEAH GHOST
ATLANTIC
ALBUM



Zero7's fourth album, has a relaxing yet uplifting chilled sound. However I feel their style is stuck a decade behind current musical trends. The album lacks continuity with each song sounding as if it's been selected from a multitude of different artists and ripped to a single disc. No song, I feel, on this album will captivate listeners. A disappointing album compared to their previous work. - Craig Glastonbury

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The band's sound is heavily influenced by the left-leaning political punk of twenty years ago, but they are much more convincing when they put the fucking placards down for a minute and sing about something they've actually experienced. The good stuff is really quite good: it's just that the bad bits are dreadful. - Duncan Casey



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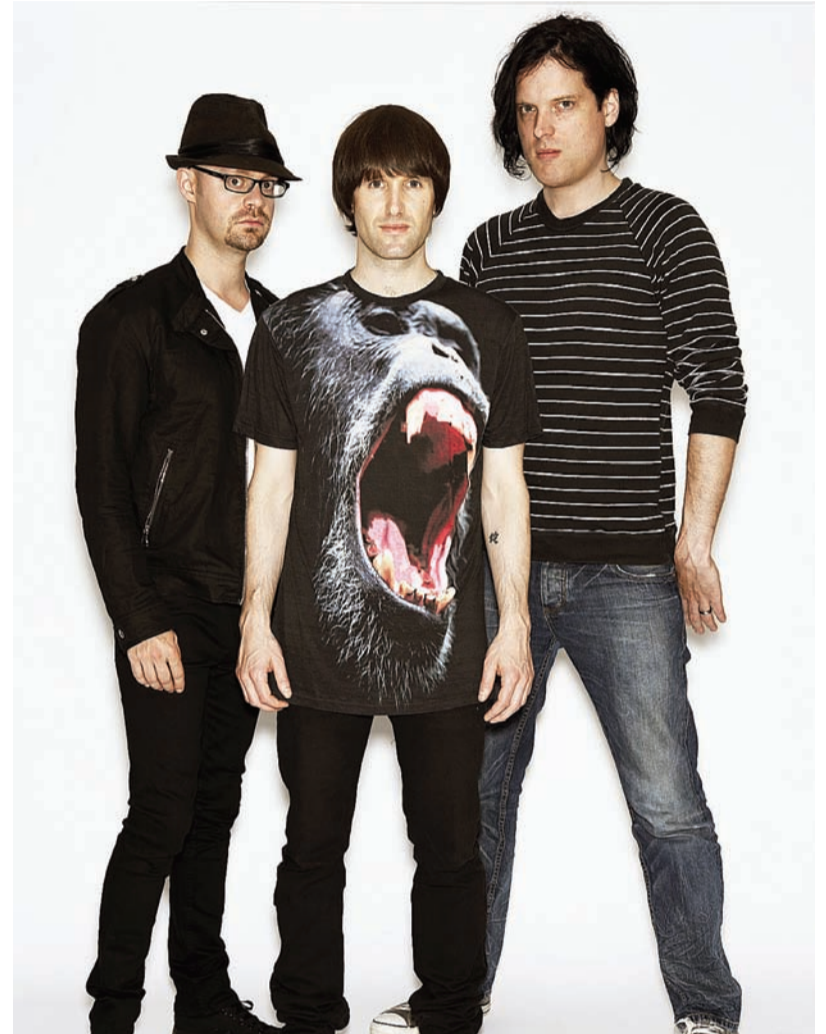
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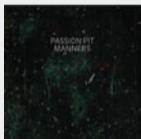
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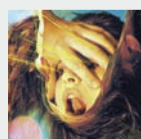
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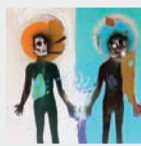
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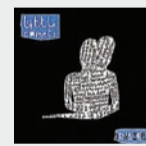
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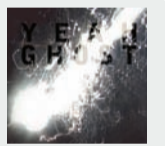
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With a name like that I pictured a bunch of dirty south rappers, in an obnoxiously luxurious lounge of a nightclub, sippin' on some purple drank. But actually this new side project of one of the Fratellis seems to be trying to prove you can make a decent rock and roll record with a skilled orchestra. Too many cooks... Alex Ashford

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Live



Mountain Goats @ Southbank

The plural still resides tonight but we are only treated to a singular affair as a lone John Darnielle briskly walks onto the stage. He gives a meek Thai greeting as thanks for the ovation he receives. Suited and gangly, with subdued confidence, his humble stage presence is warming as he directly engages the crowd.

Evidently an incredibly gifted songwriter his literate lyrics have earned a cult following, the large auditorium nestled by the Thames is mostly full. He comments on how it is strange to play such a venue, where the crowd is silent.

A stark contrast to the usual small bars he would normally frequents on tours in smaller cities. Becoming more comfortable addressing the audience, he shares a secret to his rapid strumming, turns out it was more down to polishing his trumpet than playing his guitar.

Starting on the piano for the first few songs, comparisons to such as the more serious side of Ben Folds would not be unfounded but the majority of the set is performed with just an acoustic guitar. With the lack of a backing band, or any further accompaniment whatsoever, there was a distinct lack in musical variation aside

from dynamics and as a result the hour and a half set began to feel like it was treating water more than it was swimming. Lyrically his songs fit together encompassing several series, and are interesting in their own right, yet a lot was detracted tonight as musical similarities prevailed as the set continued.

- Christopher Walmsley

The Mountain Goats
The Southbank Centre
10th October
★★★★☆

Bombay Bicycle Club @ Heaven

Lead singer Jack Steadman on stage is possibly one of the most intriguing musical sights on offer this side of the Millennium. He takes that clichéd image of a shy, semi-autistic musician who finds confidence in his music, and turns it on its head. Between songs he swaggers around the stage, guitar hanging casually off his shoulders but during the songs, it all disappears and he truly becomes a sight to behold.

A manic smile remains firmly glued to his face as his voice slides and breaks. When his right hand leaves the guitar, it slowly rises up to his face before his barely contained excitement

comes crashing down with his hand onto the strings. He frequently forgets to return to the microphone in between gleefully riffing on his guitar in front of the drummer and visibly aches to escape the microphone at the end of every sentence.

His disagreement with the microphone could be interpreted as a phobia but it comes off as simple, sheer ecstasy.

Aside from the sheer awesomeness of Jack Steadman and Bombay Bicycle Club's material in general (slight author bias), there are a few things that detract from the experience. Steadman's strangeness does at times

means that he misses or fudges lines, depending on how into the rhythm of the music you are, this is either completely missed or ruins the song. More importantly however, 80% of BBC fans are 5ft 2, 12 year old indie kids who like to "mosh". Definitely a bit irritating, and I definitely didn't jump in with them...

- Kadhim Shubber

Bombay Bicycle Club
Heaven, Under the Arches
8th October
★★★★☆



Albums that you should know

Hugh Crail looks at modern classics that shaped music today

I bet you've already heard DJ Shadow; he's a stern favourite of advertising execs and BBC sound editors. As soon as you're familiar with his stuff, he'll haunt you like a ghost. Next time you see Jeremy Clarkson rev a brand new Italian sports car or O2 brag about their latest deals in a cutting edge ad, don't be surprised if you hear the glitched drums or ethereal synths of DJ Shadow's 1996 debut album. It's famed for being the first album to consist entirely of samples; it's even in the Guinness book of world records.

Sampling, for the uninitiated, is essentially cutting up chunks of other people's recordings and transfiguring them into your own musical ideas, and to a lot of people that sounds like cheating, the Verve, for instance, have to pay 100% of their royalties for Bitter Sweet Symphony to Mick and Keith because of some strings that are sampled from a cover of a Rolling Stones song.

However this album stands as indubitable proof that sampling is just as valid as regular writing styles, no matter what money hungry, coked

DJ Shadow
'Entroducing'
Mo'Wax/FFFR
1996



up, rock stars think. Shadow mixes samples from an unholy range of sources including: Metallica, A Tribe Called Quest, Bjork, the Blade Runner Soundtrack and countless numbers of obscure bargain bin records to create a sound which is completely alien to all its sources. Expertly cut up hip hop beats accompany a schizophrenic organ, doom metal drones add darkness to Rick James funk resulting in amazingly intricate soundscapes that are so removed from regular music they can, in fact, soundtrack virtually anything.

Shadows warped taste combined with his virtuosic DJ skill made this album the benchmark for experimental music in the mid 90's notably influencing the likes of Radiohead, J Dilla and Danger Mouse. Unfortunately Shadow never regained this kind of form with the exception perhaps of the UNKLE collaboration 'Psyence Fiction'. Notable in his demise was 2006's 'the Outsider' which featured an ill-advised foray into crunk and a Kasabian collaboration. How 10 years can change a man.



Shop 'til you drop in the fashion capital of the world

You might have forsaken your suitcase's space with note pads and booze (more likely the latter), there is no reason why you should wear the same thing day in day out. **Kawai Wong** and **Gabby Gentilcore** take you on a shop crawl.

Westfield, the mammoth shopping centre that threatens to be the largest in Europe, is only a bus ride away. Self-proclaimed rock chicks should visit Bershka on the first floor, for the Spanish boutique stocks only ubiquitous in-season items. If you are a petite girl and always struggle to find jeans that fit, Bershka is definitely your first stop. The store stocked boyfriend jackets a season before the item became an insatiable buy months ago. Sequined jackets, leather leggings and block knitted tunics are just a few other items that might catch your eye.

Another Spanish boutique, Blanco has their one and only shop on English soil at Westfield. Aim for shoes, bags and accessories there. The studded strappy heels popularised by Givenchy,

"Dover Street Market is the embodiment of all things stylish and posh, without the commission-hungry sale assistants."

Blumarine and Balmain are reinterpreted by Blanco in a £50 version.

If throw-away fashion doesn't cater to your fine taste and you're more of an all things runway girl, head to The Village, where premium labels have all chosen to fly their flag on the first floor. Bags and leather goods are stocked at Louis Vuitton, Dior and Gucci. Prada and Miu Miu stock a number of ready to wear items. Needless to say, more high end fashion is available in Knightsbridge where Harrods and Harvey Nichols reside. Sloane Street, between the two legendary department stores, is home to countless designer boutiques. Giuseppe Zanotti is there, together with other fashion magazine regulars such as Dolce and Gabbana (you read it right, not D&G), Fendi and Chanel. Last but not least, the Brompton Road houses Armani's flagship store with its own café and florist. All this exquisiteness is only down Exhibition Road and take a left. While some can afford posh goods, some find it an enjoyment to simply adore. Dover Street Market is the embodiment of all things stylish and posh, without the scariness of commission hungry sale assistants. The

Rei Kawakubo's shop stocks not only Rei's own designs, but also the hottest new comers. Designers such as Mary Katrantzou, Mark Fast, Gareth Pugh, Erdem, Christopher Kane and the like. Not to mention McQueen, Yves Saint Laurent, Hussein Chalayan and Lavin. Calling Dover Street Market a shop is almost disrespectful, for it is in fact a museum that stocks the season's most creative pieces, with an option to buy. If you need inspiration for new outfits, take the number 14 from outside the V&A and check out the shop's oriental, African and vintage sections or ask their friendly fashionista staff for advice. You won't be disappointed.

There is of course the famous Oxford street. The street that houses the Mecca of the high street - Topshop's flagship store. Also found on one of Britain's best loved shopping streets is the clash of the budgets: Selfridges and Primark. One can start the day bathed in luxury and glamour, surrounded by the most powerful names in the fashion world in London's most high fashion department store.

If you fancy a pair of fetish boots, there are also plenty of independently owned fashion stores along the way. Fetish boots aside, sometimes they do cut-priced, in-season, Primark/Top Shop/River Island clothes as well. Don't ask us why, they just do. They also stock some less well known foreign high street stores, which specialise in rock chic or party wear, such as BikBok from Norway and again, Bershka from Spain.

However, some of you will want more than just your average high street and London can cater to your every shopping desire. First on our alternative shopping tour of the city is North London, or more specifically Camden Market. Full of vintage stalls and edgy clothing shops, this area attracts the urban cool folks. But also found along here are many alternative shops, as Camden is the home of Punk. Those whose style reflects their love of the late 1970's musical revolution, can find everything to express themselves at Camden Market.

Those who follow the new Indie music scene should head straight to East, or South East London, where a leather jacket, leggings and brogue shoes are a must. Home of the art school students, liberal youths, and possibly the next big thing in British music, the clothes on offer reflect the mixing pot of thought, art and the general air of creative freedom. Just off brick lane you will find the Sunday Upmarket which houses many independent designers. You can pick up an individual item for less than you may think. The surrounding area



Portobello Market. Anything from used and unused, vintage to... not so vintage. Notting Hill is so much more than that blue door.

holds many boutiques and vintage shops, as well as the brilliant Rough Trade music shop where you can find any type of music, not just the indie music that matches the surroundings.

"Just off Brick Lane you will find the Sunday Upmarket which houses many independent designers"

For those who prefer their shopping experience to be slightly more glamorous, and like to break up their day with lunch in a gastro pub or quaint local cafe, west London is for you. The Kings Road is the quintessential shopping destination for those who like their shops to be like how they present themselves, classic and immaculate.

For those who still want the West London experience, but with added grime, then Portobello market will be the place to head. With its vintage stalls, you never know what treasure you may unearth.

£5

Charity Shops

There are two on Bute Street in South Kensington, just off the french bakeries. More on North End Road in Fulham and yet more near Clapham Junction station.

£10

Vintage Stores

Obviously, Portobello Market in Notting Hill. Real vintage comes from your grandparents' wardrobe. So befriend them.

£1000

Dover Street Market

If you'd rather splash this on an LV monogram tote. This page doesn't deserve you. A Mary Katrantzou print dress on the other hand...

News Strip

Gabby Gentilcore

Fashion Reporter

Bankrupted haute couture master, Christian Lacroix found €100 million financial back up

Al Hassan Bin Ali Al Nuaimi, the Ajman sheikh has offered to invest a vast sum of €100million in Lacroix's haute couture label, which filed for bankruptcy earlier this year. Lacroix's last show at Paris in February last year was put together in 2 weeks by many workers working for free. The haute couture master's show was missing from Paris Fashion Week's 2010 Spring/Summer schedule this year.

Megan Fox and Cristiano Ronaldo to replace Victoria and David Beckham as the new Armani underwear models

Megan Fox has been announced as the new face of Emporio Armani Underwear and Armani Jeans, and will be replacing the current face of the brand, Victoria Beckham in the S/S 2010 campaign. Also appearing in the ads will be the footballer Cristiano Ronaldo.

Photography legend Irvine Penn died

This week Irving Penn, one of fashion photography's legends, has died at the age of 92. He started his career in the 40's at Vogue and had since gone on to shoot some of the most beautiful and iconic people of our time including Marilyn Monroe.

Co-founder of Agent Provocateur to leave the company

It has just been announced that the co-founder of the erotic British lingerie line Agent Provocateur, Joe Corre, has decided to part with the brand to focus on his new menswear label "Child of the Jago". Corre who is the son of the institution that is Vivienne Westwood, founded the label over 15 years ago and has had worldwide success with many celebrities favouring the brand. If the success of Agent Provocateur is anything to go by then he should be the one to watch in the man style stakes.

Louis Vuitton and Naomi Campbell support White Ribbon Alliance

Louis Vuitton will donate a portion of the profits from one of its 2010 Spring/Summer bags. It will be designed by Creative Director Marc Jacobs, and proceeds will go to the White Ribbon Alliance. It is a charity dedicated to promote safe childbirth.



Fashionably Late

Kawai Wong Fashion Editor

Hello and welcome. I believe that Dan the Wan, our Editor in Chief, received a complaint about the lack of Arts in *felix*. Oh well, here we are, we are just fashionably late.

This year we have added two regular sections - the News Strip and the Cool Wall. News Strip - does what it says on the tin. Cool Wall - not the most groundbreaking invention ever, but the prospect of printing some cool people in cool outfits at Imperial does excite me. Maybe I shouldn't promise that it will forever be full of cool people, then those of you who should have been arrested by fashion police years ago can be named and shamed. And then perhaps come to the realisation that looking shit is an offence.

Now, turn and look around you. There are in fact plenty of scientists/engineers who do match their inner beauty with their looks. So don't give me this "argh, I am not an arts student so what do you expect" bamboozle. Not

a valid excuse, Ok?

While I'm on the matter, every year people complain about the male to female ratio at Imperial. But who is going to discover your inner beauty when you dress in a rotten carrot and look like you've been pooped on?

On a more serious note, *felix* is the perfect place for you to express your love of fashion. We are always finding new talent, so if you've got some interesting projects in mind, email felix.fashion@imperial.ac.uk and tell us how you can help.

Moving on... next week, The Daily Telegraph's Fashion Director, Hilary Alexandra talks to *felix* - what are Galiano and Lagerfeld like in real life? She tells *felix* all about it. Oh yeah, and if you need more convincing to write for us, here's why. We meet amazing people like Hilary. We may even meet Lily Cole or Giles Deacon one day. Who knows?

I can't possibly write anymore than this. Well, I could, but I'm not going to. So farewell. Until next time.

IC FashionSoc is back

Fashion society wakes from dormancy and is eager to please.

Kawai Wong Fashion Editor

Good news for Imperial fashionistas. After years of dormancy and almost on the brink of club closure, the society has finally found a new committee vowing to salvage it.

The Fashion Society's Freshers' Fair stall attracted plenty of interest, with more than 300 students signing up to the mailing list, proving Imperial is not, despite popular opinion, a style desert.

The society's first dress making workshop, run by Topshop designer Emile Carr, saw attendance of more than 20 students learning the basics of design and sewing. Students will learn to modify old clothes as well as making a piece from scratch. According to the committee, the finished pieces will all have a chance to be showcased at the society's planned fashion show in April.

For anyone who has ever dreamt of creating a fashion show of their own, this might be a chance to show off their skills. Members of the society will have a chance to sign up for a number of responsibilities from music to styling, guest-listing to modelling.

Fashion society will also run a host of fashion related events such as a clothes swap and make-up sessions, as well as a tour to Paris. The society hopes to broaden their members' styloscope by absorbing the French fashion capital's unique style culture. Students will be able to wander on Paris' streets during the Autumn/Winter Paris Fashion Week in March.

President Ling Li hopes that the society can act as a cohesive force to



A stylish girl who visited Fashion Soc's stall at this year's Freshers' Fair.

unite all fashion aware people across Imperial and also to spread the message of "dress well and feel good about yourself".

The society's next event, the "Open

Session", is on the 20th October and allows students to chat about fashion in a relaxed atmosphere, as well as browse the society's large catalogue of international fashion titles.

COOL WALL



THE INTER-UNI TRADING GAME

Thursday 29th Oct
1800
Business School LT3

Trade equities and commodities on a virtual learning platform against the brightest and most ambitious teams at Imperial.

Finalists will compete against teams from Oxford, Cambridge, LSE and Warwick at RBS headquarters for the ultimate prize.

More details to follow at www.icfinancesociety.com

Imperial College Finance Society

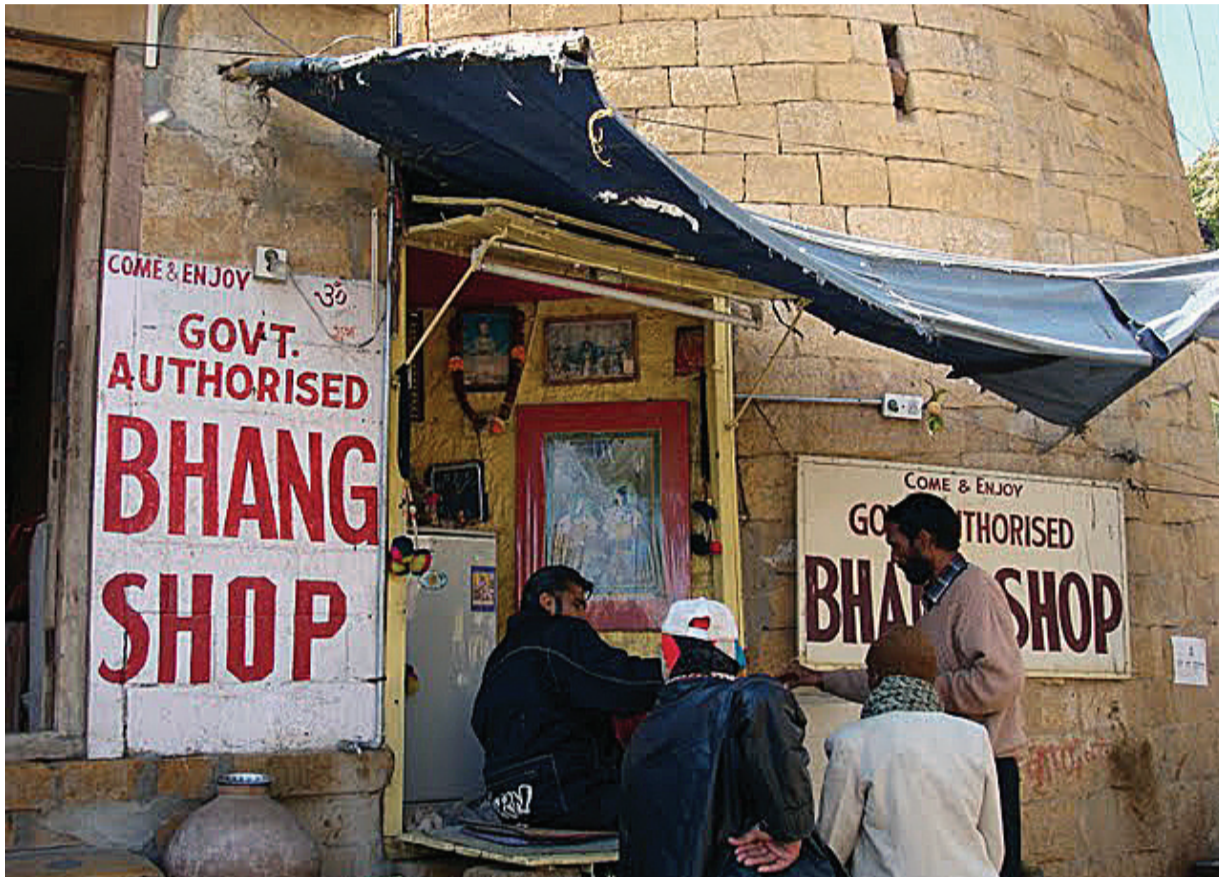


RBS
The Royal Bank of Scotland



India's mysteriously magical drink

Guo Heng Chin reports on his experience with Bhang Lassi, a cannabis-containing yoghurt drink. Here at *felix* we can never ever approve of such reckless drinking behaviour. *Or can we?*



India was weird and wacky; a place so alien the Vulcan culture would probably come across as more humanlike. That is at least for the third-world section of India - which is almost everywhere but the vicinity of five-star Taj hotels or the mansions of the bourgeois. Reality unravels in India as fact and fiction become indistinguishable. In the words of the rickshaw drivers, touts and shopkeepers that occupy so much of the tourist landscape, western sensibility is tossed out of the window. To paraphrase Salman Rushdie: cows, flies and people mingle in a brotherhood of shit. I am not joking or exaggerating; I have never seen so much cow dung, both fresh and dry with bee hive holes made by flies, lying everywhere from the packed roads to right beside the holy bathing ghats, all tolerated and celebrated by the people. India held many fond memories for me: it was the first time I immersed myself truly in a third world culture and mingled with its wonderful but wacky people, the first time I hopped in and out of a moving train, and above all my first experience with a hallucinogenic.

I have to admit, at 20, I am very much a virgin to drugs. The closest mind altering substances I have consumed are tobacco and alcohol, with perhaps the most hard-core being absinthe. I have not even tried marijuana. It was not with pride that I abstained from drugs - perhaps it was a lack of opportunity or maybe I just did not have the guts to grab at one when chance presented itself. Nevertheless, that lack of experience

fuelled my curiosity when I had the chance to try India's famous, or rather, infamous, *bhang lassi*.

Lassi is a popular Indian yoghurt drink, sour in taste and thick in texture. Bhang is a pasty derivative of cannabis that is allegedly a lot more potent than the average marijuana joint. The first time I heard of the term 'bhang lassi' was in a travel video a friend showed me before I went to India. Go check it out - put in 'bhang lassi' on *youtube*. India is a land of mysticism and naturally, it offers its very own brand of magic drink.

The term *bhang lassi* surfaced on my mind again during my third week in India. I was in Pushkar, one of the major tourist spots in Rajasthan, western India. It has a reputation as a shopper's paradise - Indian fabrics and handicrafts from all around India could be found right at Pushkar thanks to its history as a trade centre. Indeed, the whole of Pushkar is a bazaar of scarves, clothes, traditional clothes, woodwork, stones, camel bone carvings, etc, with the occasional food shop or guesthouse putting a gap in the millipede of

shops. Pushkar is also one of the most sacred Hindu cities in India because it hosts the sole Brahma temple in the world. Brahma the Creator is one of the trio of main gods in the Hindu canon (the other two being Shiva the Destroyer and Vishnu the Protector) and according to legend, he was cursed by his wife to only ever have one place of worship when she found out he married another woman (so much for infidelity). The Brahma temple is accompanied by 52 holy bathing ghats surrounding the lake in the middle of Pushkar. Both shopping and site to the only Brahma temple in the world made Pushkar an immensely popular tourist location.

One more lesser known thing about Pushkar is that it is also the place for people to experiment with *bhang lassi*. In other places, *bhang lassi* is offered discreetly, usually under the banner 'special' lassi.

So me and two of my travelling companions decided to give it a shot, the latter two after extensive persuasion on by a very curious me.

One afternoon, we checked out a small lassi shop at the corner of the road. It was a simple establishment: a few chairs and tables beneath a shoddy fan and a stall in front of the shop where the shopkeeper-cum-lassi-man makes his lassi and sells a variety of cigarettes and lighters and *bidi*, the dirt-cheap joint made of leftover tobacco. His wife was mending to the tables. Save them, the shop was empty.

I asked him about *bhang Lassi*. He started to laugh. He spoke in Hindi and made gestures that I assumed to be referring to getting high. In retrospect, I figured he was trying to warn us. He went off and returned a moment later with a green paste wrapped in white napkin resembling cheese. We sat down as the lassi-man

whipped out a pot of lassi and started preparing the magic concoction.

The issue that worried me most at that time was not the trepidation of trying a hallucinogen for the first time in my relatively drug-free life. It is legal at the place I am in, so no anxieties about getting busted. It was not the mind-blowing effects I was afraid of; I think with the tales of getting high I heard from my friends, I was keen on going on a trip, even if it's a *bhang lassi* trip. It was the fact that the lassi-man stirred the greenish paste into the milk white lassi with his bare fingers. Fingers were only a moment ago I caught going up his nose, dislodging boggies. But then that's India. There are much worse things one could do with one's hands. In India, there are no tissue papers in toilets. Only a bucket of water. I tried hard not to think what else the lassi-man's hands touched before he stirred my *bhang lassi*.

So there I was seated on the table with two of my travel companions, eagerly waiting for the legendary lassi, praying to Brahma, Shiva and Vishnu I do not get a nasty traveller's diarrhoea from the lassi-man's finger.

Five minutes later, a thick greenish drink was placed on the table. There were some unstirred paste sticking to the side and the lid of the cup. The whole thing looked sickly (being green and milky does not help). Both my friends were eyeing it reluctantly. Naturally, I offered them the first go at it. They both say no.

I became the guinea pig. I took the first swig. More of a cautious sip actually. Mmm! It actually tasted good. It was sweet, unlike the usual lassi which is sour. And it had a sweet herbal taste to it. Good stuff, I told my mates. Then they both took a sip each. And they told me it was all they would take.



Swallow this whole, I dare you



This sure looks innocent doesn't it? Bit like the smoothie?

I eyed the remaining *bhang lassi*. It was still almost touching the brim. It was me who suggested we try that after all, so the responsibility to finish it rested upon me. I held my breath and gulped it down.

And then we sat there for a while waiting for the high to kick in. One minute passed. Still sane. Two minutes. I cracked a joke. No one laughed but me. Three minutes. I looked at my mates. They looked back at me. No one was high. After a while we decided that it was a farce, *bhang lassi* was over-hyped. We left the shop 50 rupees poorer without any form of high.

Embarrassingly, I have to admit, even more so due to the fact that I am a biologist, I overlooked something fundamental about consuming consumables of any kind – it takes time to go through the extensive human gut tract. I had forgotten the fact that usually weed is inhaled and cocaine is snorted, hence the almost instant kick. I drank a cup of marijuana lassi. It takes time to get through my stomach and reach my small intestines, before being absorbed into my bloodstream by the numerous villi on the wall of the intestine.

It is then transported all the way back up to my brain and nervous system. It's a bit of a big round the way trip.

So there I was wondering around Pushkar with a ticking chemical time bomb in my body.

It wasn't until when I was visiting the Brahma temple and having myself blessed at one of the nearby holy bathing ghats that *bhang lassi* came knocking onto my senses. And it wasn't just a gentle knock.

It started with my eyelids getting numb. At that time a young 'priest' apprentice clad in jeans and T-shirt was bringing me around the Brahma temple, hastily explaining the important sights in the place. The pot of gold in form of USD tips at the end of the 'tour' is something he blatantly looked forward to.



Would you trust that hand?



Or would you trust that hand?

To conclude the tour, I was given a pink flower and brought to one of the nearby holy bathing pools. It was the usual route for tourists – visit the Brahma temple, say your prayers and prostate before the statue of Brahma, then bring an offering in form of flower to one of the holy pool nearby, then struggle with US Dollar-demanding priests who moments ago seem like the friendliest man on earth. I was at the stone steps of the holy pools when the *bhang lassi* effects got stronger and – to quote Keats – a drowsy numbness pains my sense.

What followed was the *bhang lassi* effect in full blast. And it chose the best time to kick in. The dodgy priest was in the midst of giving me a bless-

ing in English and making me recite it. But things got fuzzy and blurry. From what I hear from my mates, it seems that I started laughing as the priest was chanting away.

After the 'blessing' and a pissed priest, I was stumbling. But the entire time I was still laughing. I walked with my mates for a few streets until it was too much for me to bear. I told them to go ahead without me – I needed to get back to the hostel. I assured them I could do it myself. Male ego still reigns amidst drugged stupor.

Which proved to be a silly mistake. Now the *bhang* effect got beyond tickling my funny bones. It was knocking me out. I could no longer distin-

guish faces, my swagger resembled a drunken crab and reality started to crumble. I managed to find my way though and even took a few snapshots of passing camels.

When I arrived at my hostel, I collapsed on the couch at the reception. I was too groggy to move further. I was there for a while, drifting in and out of consciousness and could barely hear the staff laughing at my drunken state. Then one of them took my by my arms and brought me up to my room.

Once I was on my bed things got weird. And surreal. Memories of the last few hours replayed themselves in my head, and it all felt like a dream. Until I woke up sweaty and incapaci-

tated on my hostel bed. I felt like I had woken up in a dream.

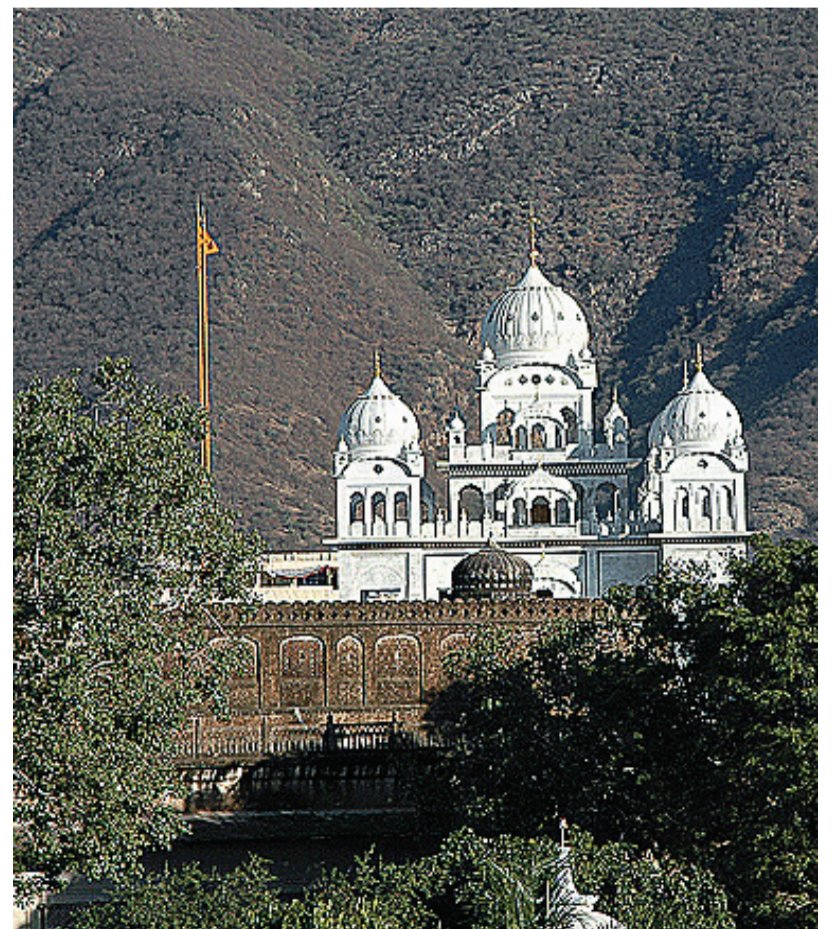
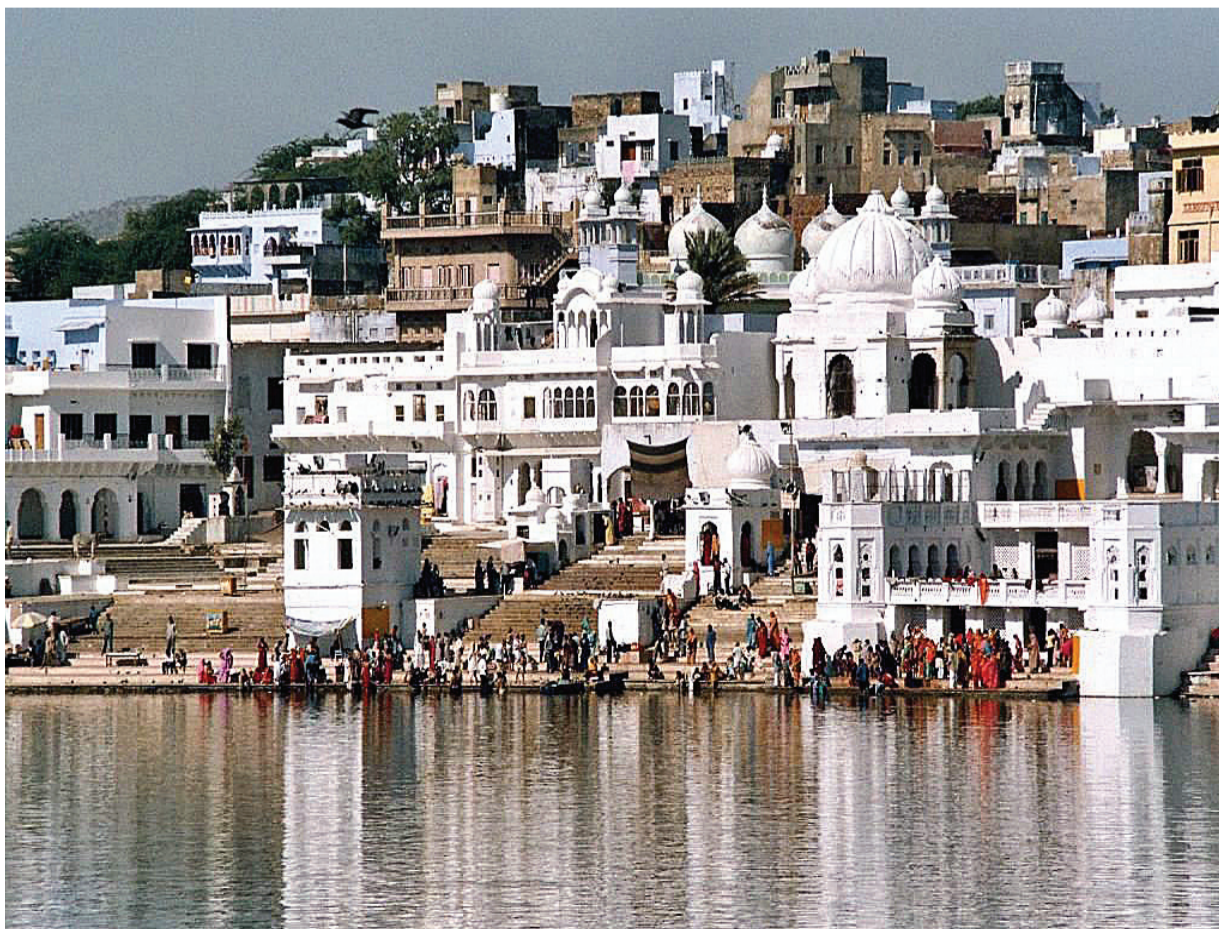
As usual, India had a knack of rubbing things in my face. Of all times to choose, the hostel had electricity cut for the few hours when my mind was wedged somewhere between real and surreal. So, I awoke alone in a dark room with the door slightly ajar, revealing a dark hallway with noises coming from it. It would have been okay normally. But when your mind is playing tricks on you, it was creepy shit.

I spent the remainder of the night lapsing into a living dream, only waking up again when my friends dropped by my room to visit. One took my temperature (I thought it was extremely surreal he brought a thermometer on this trip...) and the other came in and said "he's really fucked". I missed dinner and slept all the way till the morning.

The next morning, I woke up after 12 hours on the bed. I was expecting a bad hangover after such a delirious experience the night before. I blinked a few times. Eyelids not numb anymore. Stood up and took a few steps around my bed. Coordination seems okay. I am back to normal. I sat on my bed and took a few relieved breaths. Checked my belongings: passport still in pocket, wallet still stuffed with rupees and DSLR still intact. That was pretty good seeing how unhinged I was yesterday.

Grabbing my Lonely Planet India from my backpack, I flipped through the index to search about *bhang lassi*. Towards the end of the 1043 page tome, there is a section about general safety. In that section there is a small highlighted text box at the corner: "caution about *bhang*...a highly potent derivative of cannabis... endeavour at your own risk...some travellers find themselves experiencing bouts of delirium and become bedridden for as long as three days..."

I guess I was pretty lucky to be fucked up for only one night.



"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

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Please?**

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felix@imperial.ac.uk**





Danger for SideKicks

Trouble in the cloud puts users at a loss, Samuel Gibbs reports

Cloud-based solutions hold a lot of promise and are certainly in the spotlight at the moment with more and more being off-loaded to the internet. Whether it be your email, online storage, bookmarks, contact syncing or even your backup, pretty much everything is moving to the cloud. There are many potential benefits of this kind of solution, one of them being that you have access to your data wherever you go. Most of you will have used web email like Gmail, Hotmail, Yahoo Mail or even the Imperial Outlook web access at some stage and therefore can attest to this up side. But, inherent in the design and operation of cloud solutions there are problems that could cause major issues if you rely solely on these services. One of them is disconnection; this is probably the most frequent problem with cloud-based solutions. For email, an outage of a couple of hours might not be too much of an issue, but what about services such as cloud computing and storage? Well this week has been one of the worst weeks for cloud computing of all time and it all revolves around user data.

T-Mobile has been selling the SideKick line of devices for a long time now. For those unfamiliar with the SideKick, it's basically a messaging feature phone and a popular one at that. It accesses a server for basically everything it does, including the basics like looking up contacts. Everything that's stored on the phone is uploaded to the SideKick servers where it is accessed whenever you do something on your phone. It's safe, secure and convenient. So much so that most people using the phones won't even notice it. Well, that is until a problem arises and that's exactly what happened this week for T-mobile in the US. To cut but a finer point, some idiot screwed up on the server side of things, failing to make a decent backup of users data before doing a 'routine' upgrade on the server. Rumour has it



the upgrade was out-sourced to Hitachi and ran into 'complications'. The net result was that Danger/T-mobile lost all the data of a fair few SideKick users with little to no chance of getting it back. Now you would have thought that this just meant that the data that SideKick users moved to the server was lost. Although this could potentially be a big deal, it would not be the end of the world. However, due to the way that the SideKick works, anything that's not on the server but still on the phone is lost when you reboot or turn off the phone, essentially like storing it in RAM only. T-mobile issued a statement to all SideKick users urging them to not let the phone lose power, reboot or take the battery out. Lack of access is one thing, but total loss of all your user data is a whole other ball game, especially when it arises that it's due to the human error of not backing up properly for an upgrade to infrastructure. Admittedly your average user doesn't backup their data nearly enough. It can be a faff, it's boring and it's something you don't think of until it's too late. For a company storing user

data on its servers, backup is essential and should be thorough and automatic. For Danger to lose all its users' data from a paid service is totally inexcusable and someone is absolutely certain to be made recently unemployed.

There are two key ramifications of this disaster, one being it will 'probably' never happen again. The other is that users might think twice about relying on cloud-based solutions even for everyday tasks. You might think that Google or Microsoft or any of the big players are immune to this kind of mistake, but let's not forget that after a recent purchase it's Microsoft who now own Danger.

So if you're a keen cloud user, and if you're reading this you probably use at least one cloud solution even if you don't realize it, you should take note of all the SideKick users' plights and think about backing up. Whether it's your phone contacts, your pictures, your essays or your banking records, don't just rely on the provider to back up your stuff, make sure you have at least one local copy. Backup now and forgo the pain of lost data.



Where's the silver lining?

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

Another week, another tech launch. This time it's Windows mobile in the spotlight, or should I say Windows Phone? Yeah, rubbish name I know, but Microsoft wants to transition towards a 'Phone' brand and away from the Pocket PC days of Windows mobile. Windows Phone is still only Windows Mobile 6.5 and as such still sucks in my opinion. A dated mobile operating system that simply hasn't kept with the times. I know there are going to be a few of you who are still passionate about pocket Microsoft, but look at the lengths companies like HTC go to just to skin the UI and make it user friendly.

However, it's not all doom and gloom for Windows mobile in Europe at least as we got the launch of the HTC HD2. This is an absolute beast of a device with a massive screen, Snapdragon under the hood and a whole lot of HTC UI magic up front.

Amazon announced this week that its highly sought after US only Kindle e-book reader is going international. The new GSM based Kindle will be heading to over 100 countries and will be available in the US for \$279. Of course international pricing has yet to be announced, but I wouldn't be surprised if we get screwed with the currency conversion and it's at least £279 in the UK. Feature-wise it will be identical to the current generation Kindle, so except for the Amazon book store access there's not that much you can't get in a Sony reader. Amazon haven't announced that their 'academia aimed' Kindle DX will make an appearance out of the US, but to be honest it's not cut out for what Amazon are aiming at. Until we can scribble on the screen and e-ink displays increase their refresh rate, they're simply not going to

be useful for reading text books or papers. Believe me I've tried and it's not worth the hassle.

Good news for UK iPhone users seeking a way to watch TV on their device. BBC's iPlayer has been available for some time on Apple's golden child, but those seeking ITV, C4 or Five programs have been out of luck. Into the breach steps TVCatchUp.com, with an iPhone optimised site with free live streaming of 11 TV channels including BBC, ITV, C4 and Five channels in impressive quality, on WiFi at least. Those without an iPhone can still get in on the party with over 30 channels streamed live on TVCatchUp.com. OK, a free initial signup is required and the streaming is supported by advertising, but free live TV streamed anywhere in the UK is nothing to be sniffed at.

The cloud took a bit of a knock this week with T-mobile's disaster compounded by Apple's Mobile Me service having serious problems. Private user data was displayed to the world and the service has been pretty flakey all week. Still where some fail, others triumph, with Google pushing out shared folders to its Google Docs online office suite. Big news if you happen to use the Google service as you can now share whole folders full of documents, spreadsheets, PDFs etc instead of just single documents. If you happen to be working on a collaborative project you might want to check it out.

Got something to say?

Pitch me an idea to:
technology.felix@imperial.ac.uk

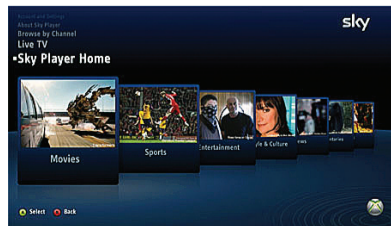
No good idea turned down, so if it's interesting and tech, try me.

Weekly Wrap Up – The Best of the Rest

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

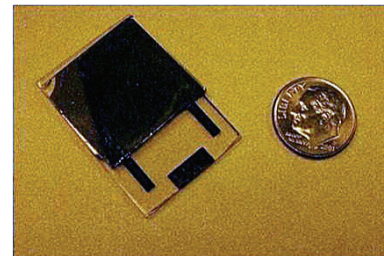
So what's been happening this week? Well, Rupert Murdoch's been making waves this week with two announcements. First up we've got Sky Songs music streaming service, a Spotify premium competitor, which is due to launch Monday next week. For £6.49 or £7.99 you get unlimited streaming of over 4 million tracks as well as 10 or 15 MP3 downloads respectively. Sky are marketing this as the 'mainstream' users service, providing music to those who don't know much about technology or music. Sky also said that its iPlayer like service, Sky Player, would be coming to the Xbox 360. Sky Player in the living room on the 360 with

both live streaming and On-Demand content sounds like a winner to me, although I would swap Sky for Netflix streaming any day of the week. There will of course be fees involved and may be bundled in with certain Sky packages, but you may end up seeing Premiership football on your Xbox in the near future. Sky Player for the 360 is being launched on the 27th October.



Next up we've had a couple of interesting tidbits of iPhone news. Appar-

ently Apple has put out a bootloader update that essentially makes the iPhone 3GS unjailbreakable by current methods. Why it took Apple so long to do this is anyone's guess, but it's a major setback for the iPhone Dev-Team and friends. On the App front, Directed Electronics have released an app that makes it possible to remotely start, lock or unlock your car from anywhere in the world with just your iPhone. The free Viper SmartStart app hooks into their remote start in-car system allowing you to start your car from the comfort of your home should it be freezing outside. Of course this could also be handy if you have a partner who repeatedly locks themselves out of their car. You can unlock it for them even if you're halfway around the world on business.



On the theme of phones and portable gadgets, nuclear batteries may soon be powering tiny tech. The nuclear isotope cell, a development of the University of Missouri, can provide up to 6 times more power density than chemical cells and for potentially hundreds of years. If you are hesitant to shove a nuclear battery in your pocket, remember that you already stick a potentially highly explosive chemical mix

in your pocket on a daily basis. I don't know about you but a tiny battery that lasts for years not hours would be an absolute blessing.

Not quite nuclear, but still pretty explosive, NASA declared war on the moon and commenced a bombing run in the 'name of science', broadcasting the whole event live on NASA TV. The LCROSS satellite was deliberately smashed into the surface of the moon in an effort to find water. It was hoped that the impact would create a cloud of dust from the crater that could be analysed for the presence of water. If water does exist on the moon it will certainly be easier to make it a pit stop on the way to future planets. Each kilo of water costs about £12,500 to send into space, which makes Evian look like a cracking bargain.

GAMES

Games Editors Michael Cook & Angry Geek

games.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Halo Oh-that's not-bad-DST

Michael Cook Games Zero

Hullo, and welcome to a more full-flavoured week of *felix* Games. We've got our team of writers now in place - thanks, those of you that turned up at Fresher's Fair - and we're getting settled in for a winter of good gaming. Part of that preparation is our Ten Long Years feature, which charts the last decade of gaming. It's been an eventful ten years, and probably the decade that turned all of us into the gamers we are today. We kick off this week with the year 2000, along with the chance to win some stuff.

I played Halo: ODST for the first time this week, and it's not bad at all. I've been more impressed by the spin-off games than the core Halo series, weirdly enough - Halo Wars seemed perfectly pitched as an entry-level RTS, with some really clever alterations for the console, and ODST is a similarly simple, wholesome game. It's not spectacular, there's not much to get excited about, but some aspects of it show some flair and creativity. Which makes sense, since the franchise is being handed to all sorts of developers now, but it's clearly not being milked off carelessly. And that's always nice to see.

I had a discussion, as we prepared the Ten Long Years feature, about whether

the Halo series was any good at all. Someone said it's very generic sci-fi, and that seems about right. But it really comes together in its design, which is something that's easy to overlook with a game. The weight of everything in the Halo universe is just so, and that means that when you start interacting with it, something very generic can become much more because you're in it and it's as you imagined it.

That's what weight's about in games, I guess. It's nothing to do with actual realism - CoD4's weapons are weighty, and I've never seen a real gun that wasn't being held by a bemused member of the Met. Instead, it's to do with how we think they should feel, how we imagine them feeling every time we watch Die Hard or Black Hawk Down. So when we get in the game and discover a match between our imagination and what we're being shown, it gives us a little bit of extra satisfaction.

And that's what Halo is all about - being part of a generic world. ODST is dull at times, but really it's only if you're watching. The videos and screenshots can't convey what it really feels like to play, and it feels like there's a battle going on that's larger than you can see. So when it comes down to it, I think Halo probably is deserving of its place in the last ten years of gaming. But maybe not for the reasons that everyone thinks.



Fun? What is this, CBBC?

Angry Geek Games Hero

Christ alive, writing the news is hard. So much bollocks happens in this industry, it's hard to work out what's important from what's just aimless, pointless nonsense spewed out by Gamespot's lowest of the low. The cocks over there genuinely seem to consider press releases big news. Subscribing to their RSS must be like sitting next to a tramp on a four-hour coach trip - every few minutes, you get a warble of drivel, and then everything smells of piss a bit.

Anyway, games, right? Right. I played Lucidity today, you can find my general opinion on the whole affair to the right of these words. You may need to travel over other words to find it, but it's worth it because Lucidity is fucking marvellous. Hell yes it is. How did you spend your week? Playing fucking

prop hunt on Team Fortress 2? You wasted your life. How does that feel, eh? The knowledge that you could've been playing a beautiful, well-balanced piece of art - yes art, you fuckers, I'm Kieron Gillen's bitch - and instead you were off having fun. 'Fun'. Woop-di-do, look at you. If games were about fun, then we'd all be playing Crash Bandicoot and snorting sherbert dip-dabs.

Actually don't do that, you get a nosebleed.

Anyway, assuming you're too cretinous to actually play such a magnificent game, the least you can do is go and make generally approving noises in the direction of LucasArts, whose back catalog on Steam continues to amaze me.

Next week - Mirror's Edge, and why failing constantly is part of *growing up and becoming a man you whiny fucks*.

Ten Long Years - 2000

With around ten weeks of *felix* left this decade, and ten years of gaming to look back on, join us as we reminisce (and win a free game, too)

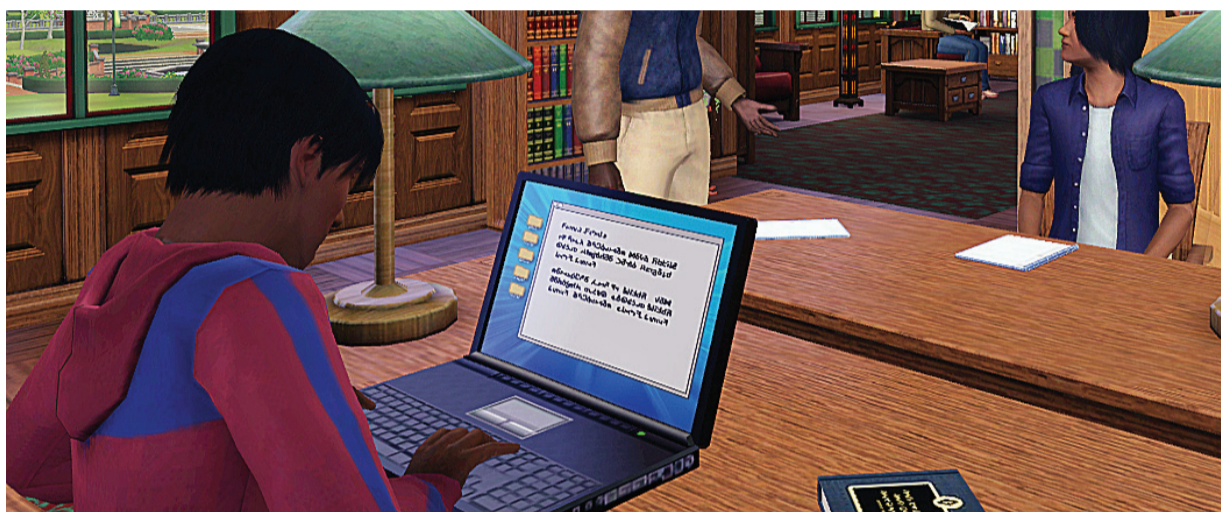
It's the Year 2000. Approximately no-one is using Steam, the Internet is still a confusing realm of drugs and nerds as far as the media are concerned, and you're still in secondary school (actually, the thought that some of you may have been in primary school has just occurred to me - I don't like that thought).

bona fide, would-you-like-to-have-fun kind of game. There's honestly very little challenge, even if you play by the almost nonexistent rulebook, and it's a good way to start off a decade in games that was all about drawing in the outsider. The Sims was where that all began.

It was also the year of **Perfect Dark**,

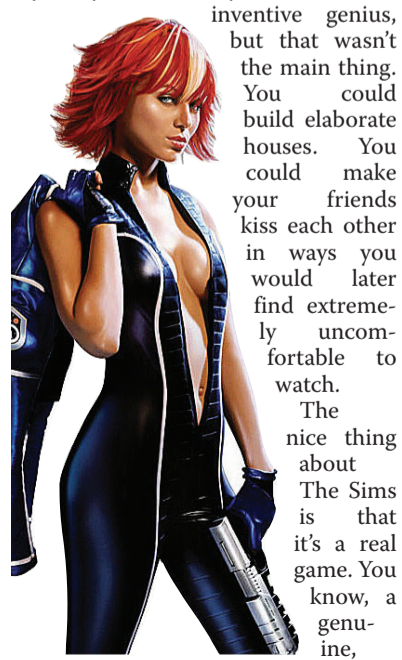
and good lord did I put some hours into it."

For those of you who've not had a chance to play it - this game that's now very long in the tooth indeed is still played by tens of thousands of people every day, on Blizzard's online server network. It's a stunningly enduring game, whose sequel will have to work



But what a year for games! Good lord. So as this decade winds down in an orgy of good games releases, we're going to flick back one year per week with some thoughts on the best and worst the year had to offer. We also want your thoughts each week, so if you've got some memories of what you were playing in 2001 (penis jokes notwithstanding) drop us an email at games.felix@imperial.ac.uk. This week, we'll be giving away a free game from Good Old Games to one lucky entrant, so make sure you've sent something over by midday on Monday 19th October.

2000 can only ever mean one thing to me - **The Sims**. Not because I played it a hell of a lot, but because it was so vastly different to all that had gone before. Yes, I did the delete-the-swimming-pool-exit thing that everyone says they did like they're some kind of



inventive genius, but that wasn't the main thing. You could build elaborate houses. You could make your friends kiss each other in ways you would later find extremely uncomfortable to watch.

The nice thing about The Sims is that it's a real game. You know, a genuine,

the slick first-person shooter that had a brief spell of domination on the N64.

One reader reminisces; "Perfect is right, this game was sublime. If you didn't play it at the time then you probably won't enjoy it now but back then everything about it was incredible; the graphics, the guns, the gadgets, the AI, the voiceacting, even the plot was pretty damn good! In a shoot-em-up! What they managed to achieve and squeeze out of my dear little black box is frankly incredible. Goldeneye was an impossibly tough act to follow for Rare, but hot diggity f**k, they only went and did it anyway."

It was also the year of the **PlayStation 2 launch**, the beginning of one of the most infamous reigns in console history that would last for years (and is still arguably continuing today). Many will have fond memories of the one bastard they knew that bought one at launch (if it was you - you're a bastard, you bastard) and probably having a bash at **Tekken Tag Tournament**, staring in disbelief at visuals that would soon become dated and blocky. Sign of the times, et cetera.

As one behemoth arises, another falls - **Looking Glass Studios collapsed** this year, despite releasing the sublime **Thief 2**, a game which many cherish to this day. As if that wasn't enough for PC Gamers, this was also the year of both **Deus Ex** and **Diablo 2**, making a trio of games that still stand up today as great pieces of entertainment.

"Before this I had been playing a fairly awful chat-based browser type Diablo thing called 'Vagabonds Quest' in which you pick a character, level it up by fighting fellow chatters and buy more gear. It was thrilling to me.

"Then I got my paws on Diablo II and my mind was blown. It was exactly the sort of game I'd always wanted to play,

very hard to impress and outlast it.

Another key release in this year, quite quietly across the pond in North America, was the demure point-and-click adventure game **The Longest Journey**. Heralded by many to be the finest game of its kind, TLJ was destined to remain a cult classic from its release, a brave stab at truly story-led adventuring in a decade that was to begin to shift its mainstream ways towards action, guns and more action.

Its sequel, Dreamfall, captivated a small audience in much the same way, and the team that worked on both, led by the inspirationally creative Ragnar Tornquist, is to launch an MMO next year with a similar feel. It's certainly a development team that were precise in every release they made.

Next week - 2001, Final Fantasies, gruff noir detectives and Uri Geller. Don't forget - send your thoughts in to games.felix@imperial.ac.uk for a chance to win a game from GoG.com! See you next year.



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

Sam Geen is a man to be feared. Take a deep breath as he explains his weapon of choice in *Smash Brothers*

I am an insurgent. I wait amongst the clouds, descending only to strike when the time is right, melting away as the powerful enemy brings his forces to bear on my long-abandoned positions. I am Muhammad "I'm Hard" Bruce Lee. I float like a butterfly and sting like a truckload of masonry. I am Kirby. I am a dick.

Kirby is a weak thing. Descended from some form of gas-giant fauna, he inflates his stubby little body to float

away from the torment of his earth-bound foes. Then, when the time is right, he turns into a giant brick, falling upon unsuspecting victims. He

"Kirby fights dirty"

grabs the nearest enemy, flinging them into the sky and slamming them back down to the ground. He swallows his foes, taking on the characteristics and

attacks of the prey. When forced into a stand-up fight, he gets the pummeling he so richly deserves, but only the most unfortunate or foolish of Kirbies becomes embroiled in that trap. The smart ones are already floating up, up, and away.

I guess some people might think it's cheating. Swallowing another player, walking off the edge, and releasing them just at the point where

their lumbering, land-based body cannot hope to return to the arena, is rather harsh. Admittedly, the first time you float back up as they fall to their doom is

Kirby swallowed them up and stole their hats.

All this matters, because Kirby is weak. As you'd expect for what is basically a small inflatable bladder with limbs that are more lumps than appendages, he tends to get kicked about a lot. For a game that actively penalises you for dying, this can be a problem. Whereas the Links and Donkey Kongs of the world are attached to the ground like a fortress, Kirby can be kicked into oblivion with disturbing ease. Instead, his strength lies in never being in the same place for long enough to suffer that punishment. And, as your ground-based competitors are being picked off by a "boop-dee-boopy-boop" hammer, you are floating amongst the clouds, safe.

You will find yourself to be an enemy, an outsider. The other players may not appreciate the lack of honour and up-front fighting they find, but this is the price and the beauty of guerilla warfare. Where there is weakness there must be discipline, mobility, and an insatiable energy that saps your complacent foes with their powerful weaponry and vast, muscular forms, the Lawrence of the Arabia to their crumbling Ottoman forces. Sure, you can steal Link's sword or Samus's grenades, but this is merely the icing on the cake of pain that you will lovingly bake for your fellow combatants.

And besides, there's nothing cuter than a tiny little pink space marine waddling around a platform, squealing "Falco-PUNCH!" at the top of his squeaky little voice.



As the characters all lined up for an imminent 'wall of death', Mario started to regret a team-bonding Slayer concert

Mister Sandman, bring me a dream

Make it a sweet action puzzler with charm, sophistication and a bringer of good omens, asks A Geek

I never have lucid dreams. I cannot recall a single instance where I have had any control over my dreaming other than being scared shitless every five minutes. And I don't think that counts as control. So despite the title, *Lucidity* is just about on the money for me, being about a little girl who trots helplessly through a dreamworld, oblivious to the spikes, fire and frogs out to kill her. It's up to you to save her!

LucasArts - they of the missing-in-action adventure genre - are back in development again and it's excellent news. The news that some people have taken exception to, however, is that LucasArts are taking inspiration from the indie games business model in how they develop - shorter development lifecycles, experimental gameplay, cheap distribution. Some see it as big business muscling in on the little guy. It's not. It's good games getting made for once. And this is good.

Lucidity is very similar to *Braid* in terms of its philosophy. You have a

simple puzzler built around a core mechanic - with *Lucidity*, Sofi's ambling through levels is unstoppable, requiring you to place items in her way to keep her safe - which varies itself as the game goes on. That puzzler is wrapped up in a beautiful soundscape, which for *Lucidity* means a delightful hand-drawn style and a hauntingly ethereal soundtrack that ties in perfectly with

the dreamworld vibe.

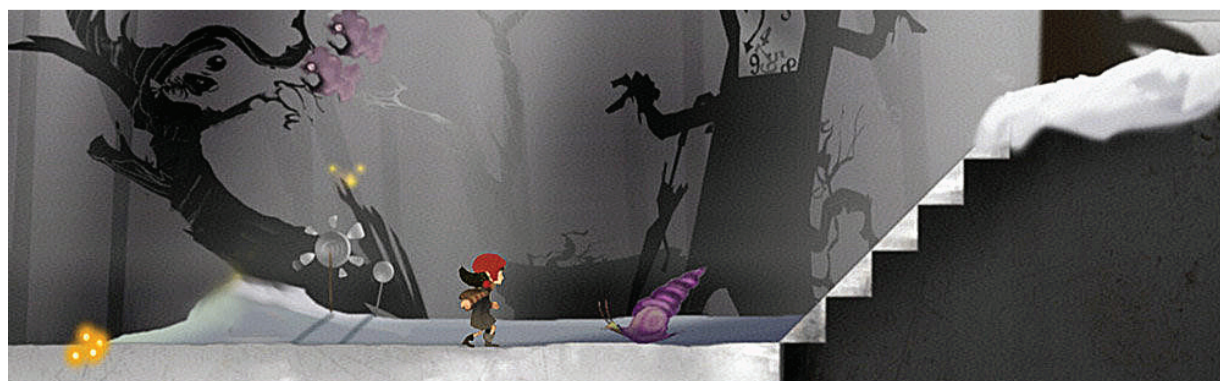
The gameplay isn't terrific, but it does have this quite nice retro flavour to it, perhaps unintentionally. Being unable to scroll the screen, you can't see the game's many secret areas, and getting Sofi up to some of them requires complex combinations of the randomly-generated items list you've been given. And it's a fixed space, so it feels quite

different - almost like the Amiga classic *Sleepwalker*. Sofi becomes the focal point, yet you can't control her.

Perhaps most surprising of all is that the story is quite affecting and sad. For such a small effort that lasts for only a few hours (unless you're obsessed with collecting things or time trials) its plot is very well-formed. It's along the lines of a short film, packing a lot of narra-

tive into an enclosed space but often coming off better for it. Initially, we're only told that Sofi has fallen asleep and needs guiding through her dreams. But as her dreams turn to nightmares, the postcards she finds scattered become increasingly more revealing, and open up her mental state and history to the player. It's not something I expected.

So what am I doing talking about a game that's been reviewed so many times, that you've probably either not heard about or already played? It's because I want to make sure you understand why *Lucidity* is here. It's cheap, it's LucasArts developing again, and it's remarkably well-formed. Three very good reasons to favour it over a *Modern Warfare 2* pre-order. Because LucasArts needs support as much as indie developers do - not to stay alive financially, but to stay alive creatively. It's worth showing that you want more of *Lucidity*. Because more of this kind of thing is precisely what gaming needs.





Oenophiles prefer Vin de Pays d'Asda

ASDA allowed *felix* to 'test' their wine stocks, a slurring **David Stewart** makes the most of this opportunity



Marcus was going hardcore this time and snorting the wine

A couple of times a year, the big supermarkets show off a collection of their wines to the press.

There is serious money to be made from these: if Jane MacQuitty of the Times recommends a few of their wines, this could generate tens of thousands of sales.

Whereas big 'generic' tastings tend to be a chaotic mêlée of gurgling and dribbling wine professionals jousting desperately with wine-glasses, the supermarket tastings are serene and exclusive—lately, they've even been holding them on days in the lunar calendar on which the wines are supposed to taste better, just in case.

Even so, ASDA granted *felix* access to its recent showing, so we could bring you a list of their top wine of-

ferings, which I've tailored to Imperial students, i.e. cheap.

These days, cheap doesn't mean nasty. Technology is better and more affordable. Chile, Argentina and Spain are improving every year, as are the lesser-known parts of Italy. Even France has had to up its game as a result of the reliability of the Antipodes, and the threat of diminishing EU subsidies.

The supermarkets take advantage of this competition in quality, and, as you can see below, put some seriously good value offerings on the shelves. Take this with you the next time you are stocking up.

(NB. Lots of these are marked Asda. They aren't made by Asda, they just put their name on it. The producers' names are on the bottle.)

Whites

Asda Valencia Medium White NV, 11.5%, £2.98

Well, I wouldn't pay any more for it, but it is drinkable. A bit of sweetness helps it slip down with the floral Macabao grape adding a little perfume. A good party wine—Best chilled.

Ken Forrester Cape Breeze Chenin Blanc 2009, 13%, £4.98

South Africa makes a lot of Chenin. Not all is good. This is good and dry with a nice thick body to it, and shows off the grape in its less extravagantly fragrant mode. A nice alternative to a typical Aussie Chardonnay.

Asda Argentinian Torrontes 2009, 13.3%, £4.24

It's okay to drink this grape, nowadays—the powers that be have been giving it the thumbs up. It's very aromatic, like pot-pourri (dried rose petals, lavender). Don't let this put you off, as it has good rounded acidity. A brilliant match for Thai food.

Fizzy Stuff

Asda Extra Special Vintage Cava 2005, 11.5%, £6.98

Made using the same method as Champagne, this is worth about three times its price in Champagne terms. Lemon and lemon rind on the nose. A dense professional-tasting mousse (foaminess). Dry and persistent with some grapey notes.

Reds

Asda Chilean Cabernet Sauvignon 2009, 13%, £3.11

Party wine, but no more than that, so don't expect excitement. Like drinking a blackberry yoghurt.

Villaseta Nero D'Avola Syrah 2008, 13%, £4.97

Lovely plummy Sicilian. A bit of chocolatey spice adds some interest. Would be great with, and in, a good thick bolognese for pasta.

Asda Montepulciano D'Abruzzo 2008, 12.5%, £3.31

This is a less serious wine, but fantastic for drinking on its own. Sweet baked fruit, but it retains some juiciness and just a touch of tannin in the mouth to remind you it's there.

Asda Portuguese Red NV, 13%, £3.38

This is the bargain of the bargains. Made from a mix of grapes I've never heard of. There's a touch of air-freshener and animal on the nose (in a good way). Dense sweet dark fruit keeps it lingering in the mouth. Moreish.

Some think
internship.

We think
long term.



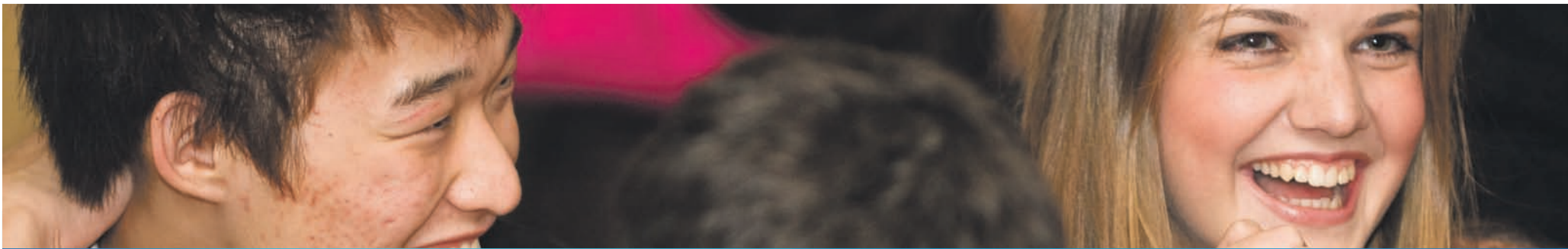
As an intern, you'll be hoping to pick up some valuable career experience. With us, there's more to it than that. You'll join a real team, getting a close-up view of how we work. You'll gain a deep understanding of global finance and learn why it's still such a rewarding and highly exciting career. And with many of our interns joining us in full-time roles afterwards, you might as well make yourself at home.

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Thinking New Perspectives.

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The Future of the Ground Floor

dB's and da Vinci's, your days are numbered!

We've got shiny new offices, meeting rooms and a new student activities centre. Now it's the turn of the bars.

Those of you who've been around for the past few years may have noticed lots of building work, as part of the grandly titled "Beit Masterplan". Phases 1 and 2 are mostly complete, with the new student activities centre, offices, meeting rooms and gym all either in use, or a few days from being there.

Now it's time for Phase 3, which is the 'big one'. It deals with something close to many of our hearts - the bars and nightclub. Many of you will have enjoyed nights drinking in the bar or dancing (perhaps poorly, after the aforementioned drinking) in dB's, but no-one would claim that we have the best venue. Many of you will also have complained bitterly about your surroundings, while drinking for £1.50 a pint on a Wednesday.

There's been many a turd-polishing exercise on da Vinci's and dB's over the years to keep them going, but the fact is that they're poorly designed and not fit for an expanding, leading university in the 21st century. Even with a marquee in the quad we don't have enough space to get everyone in on big nights, such as the freshers' Mingle - we had to hold two this year and some halls still had problems getting tickets. Then there's having space for a coffee machine, so those students who aren't complete alcoholics - which is a lot of you - can feed their caffeine addiction instead.

With the economy still in a slump, this is an excellent time to get building work done, so we want to get started. We're working on the money side, but we need your input. If you don't like what we offer, it's time to step up and tell us what you want. We'll only get one shot at this, and we need to get it right.

We want to see your ideas, sketches, photos, best practice from other unions, clubs etc, etc. Send them in to president@imperial.ac.uk and we'll put them all together and come up with a plan.

Ashley Brown

President

president@imperial.ac.uk



SPORTS NIGHT returns!

Every Wednesday 20:00-02:00

£1.50 pint - Fosters, John Smiths & Blackthorn



The Fellwanderers' Pre-Season Tour

Using the best of excuses to get away for the weekend, the Fellwanderers discover that summer still exists.

The first Fellwanderers trip of the year, a new addition to the already packed calendar, is the Pre-Season Tour to our favourite place in the world, and my second home, the Mountain Hut in Snowdonia.

Despite panic at junction 15 of the M40, we were soon on our way. We got to the hut before 2am after hearing a hideous version of 'Wonderwall' – just imagine it being sung by a crooner with a little synthetic jazz riffs in the background. We also heard the song 'Jolene' by Dolly Parton, a song that would come back to haunt us.

The target for the first day's walk was Cnicht, also known as the Welsh Matterhorn. Cnicht lies to the south of Snowdon and is quite isolated, which makes for some interesting route planning. Past Beddgelert in the minibus we turned onto the thinnest, steepest and most dangerous road I have been on in a minibus (outside Scotland of course). Even Rachel was surprised, and Chris cried and screamed that he didn't want to die (this may or may not have happened). After a terrifying 90 degree turn around a house where we could easily have ripped half the roof off, we arrived at a car park and I began the first walk of the year by taking us into a dense Pine plantation with no path. Good start. Yvonne kindly suggested after about 5 minutes that it looked impassable and so back down to the road we went and eventually found a marked route.

Yr Arddu is typical of that area, a rocky rise in the land with no obvious summit but many high rocky outcrops, ringed by masses of ferns and heather. We snaked our way through this lost world, from which we could look back at Snowdon covered in cloud and ahead at Cnicht which was clear to the summit. The discovery of some safety goggles lying in a heather clump was truly mysterious. I imagine whoever was strange enough to actually bring safety goggles to the Welsh mountains will be utterly distraught at their loss. If it was anyone reading this, you are a true Imperial student!

The slight descent from Yr Arddu and the ascent up to Cnicht's ridge is a land of small abandoned slate mines, hidden away behind outcrops, their former roads overgrown tracks and their slate piles dark industrialised rock.

It was a short and easy scramble from there to the summit of Cnicht, which was well below the clouds. This was the first time several of us, including myself, had been up Cnicht. The view south gives a completely different picture of Wales than the impression we are used to of Snowdon and the Glyders, where steep sides become cliffs and the summits are high above. South is the country of giant clumps of rock where it must be easy to get lost. That's my excuse anyway.

The descent back to the minibus went along another flatter ridge past several llyn and then a drop down to the valley where we walked through the woods, on a path this time. Lunch



that day was divided in two, and I think 'second lunch' is a phrase we should use more often.

That evening we discovered why it was the first and last time that I will ever pack for a trip. I had forgotten all the utensils and had only brought enough toilet roll for about half an hour. Nevertheless, we survived through the night with enough time for me to buy some more in Beddgelert. Stir fry was followed by cake and (very well cooked) custard. Everyone was tired, more from the body-shock of being thrust straight back into the world of walking rather than it being a particularly tough day, so we went to sleep soon after playing Werewolf.

Saturday was a day of sudden changes in decision, which because they went so well is a policy I think we should adopt as a club more often. It was also a day of cooked breakfast, but only because we found eggs and beans in the hut and got up a bit earlier.

The most important decision was a change of plan to do the Snowdon horseshoe about two minutes before the turning. The weather was still patchy with cloud but there was plenty of blue and there's nothing quite like, or more rare than, Snowdon on a good day. The car park was packed and so we set off the slightly less popular way round of doing Y Lliwedd first. Luckily there were few other people on this ridge and the views all around were hazy as we ascended. There was a chunk of cloud on top but it was thin and the sun had warmed it into a sauna, a nice change from the Fellwanderers usual experience with cloud. See later trip reports for this experience

detailed in full.

First lunch was before our ascent to the Snowdon summit and Chris cracked out Wales' only single malt whisky, which was good despite being slightly odd in not having an age.

Emerging onto the final section of the ascent, at around 1000m up, there was suddenly only blue above us and perfect white clouds stretched away below. Our spirit had even risen slightly as it collided with the southern ridge of Snowdon, a wave on a rock. We climbed the last few dozen metres elated and had a long sit on top. I had never seen these conditions, known as a temperature inversion, in the UK be-

fore. Having one on the first trip of the year was hopefully a good sign.

Our descent was via the legendary Crib Goch, which never gets boring. Most of the group hadn't done this famous ridge yet and the conditions were perfect. Even the scary bit (the bit that feels like walking over a 900m high wobbly brick wall) went well. And for once we actually found the right way down.

That night was a night of firsts and lasts. It was the first time (I think) that jacket potatoes have been dinner. And apart from a few undercooked beasts they went quite well and were certainly filling, though the tuna mayonnaise



The legendary ridge of Crib Goch. Note the lack of fear.

took on the appearance of liposuction fat after too few stirs let the mayonnaise liquid leak out. Shudder. That however wasn't the evil food of the evening. Peter and I had found cheap basics Christmas Puddings for desert which were great on their own and in no way needed custard. Since I was already eating when the call for custard went out Chris stepped up to volunteer. God knows what went wrong. Joe took one look at the horrendous custard sucking the life and joy out of his once beautiful pudding and looked as though life no longer held any joy for him. He ran out of the front door to bury it in the garden while Chris ladled more of the offensive custard onto the puddings of other innocent victims.

The clouds had lowered by the time we left the hut on Sunday and so we drove to Llyn Ogwen to do a section of the Glyders. By now Jolene had been played at least 7 times. It was becoming infectious. We spent far more time than we wanted in the 'facilities' at Idwal Cottage as the Christmas pudding, custard and baked beans had engaged in a violent and unfortunate chemical reaction in some people's stomachs. Our route for that day took us up the Devil's Kitchen, a rock fall up to the Glyders. A path that snakes its way up through the black stones.

The weather changes the feel of this walk dramatically and the cloud base was just above us at the top of the kitchen. It wasn't raining and there was no wind. Upon reaching the col the wind picked up a bit, but we were all warm from the climb. Now in the cloud we took a left turn onto one of the many paths leading up the barren rocky slope to the summit of Glyder Fawr, sticking together as visibility was down to 20m. Following the cairns we reached the small stone circle of a summit shelter and huddled down in what were actually quite mild conditions for lunch number one.

We followed the ridge path towards our next peak, Glyder Fach, scrambling up the boulder field that stretches all around. The summit plateau of Glyder Fach has one of the famous rock formations for walkers in Wales, the Cantilever, a long slab of rock positioned like one end of a see-saw, giving the impression that any extra weight would tip it. It is, of course, a fantastic photo opportunity. The sun kept getting stronger and the cloud was always close to disappearing but never quite did. Our route down connected up with the Miners track and then turned in a giant zig-zag down to the col below Tryfan where we emerged below the cloud. A good spot for lunch number two! We only half-heartedly attempted to follow the Heather Trail along the southern flank of Tryfan and kept losing it. The Heather Trail, following its name, it unhelpfully overgrown along most of its length.

I hope everyone enjoyed the trip. As for Jolene, that bloody song is still in my head.

Want to join? fellsoc@imperial.ac.uk



The Cheese Society Takes a Trip Round Their Spiritual Home

Former Cheese president **Heather Jones** on the first ever tour for CheeseSoc. To Cheddar. Obviously.

On the 13th and 14th June Cheese Soc went on their first tour, to Cheddar. We met at 9am on Saturday morning and many were looking worse for wear from the previous night. Physics exams and others had recently finished and a combination of this and an ICSE social had led to some hangovers in the bus. Despite repeated advertising of the time of departure, by quarter past 9 we were still waiting for two, Alex and Marita, and bets began to be placed on who was to be the last.

Phonecalls to the pair meant the race was on as Marita was getting cash out in Sheffield and Alex was on his way from South Ken station. In what was to become characteristic lateness it was Alex who turned up latest with Nathaniel beginning to drive away as he arrived, just to annoy him. All aboard we headed to our next stop, Reading, to pick up Samir who wasn't going to miss his train... At some stage along the M4 he called. He'd missed the train and the next one wouldn't get him in to Reading station until almost an hour later than we'd planned.

With the delays in our departure and the increasing volume of the demands for a breakfast stop the obvious solution was a McDonalds visit to waste half an hour. We reached the outskirts of Reading and then stopped at the first available McDonalds where the greasy food hangover cure was a popular choice with some notable porridge-loving exceptions.

Driving on into Reading was where the navigating became more interesting; in the interests of finding a McDonalds we had deviated from our Google Map and were now reliant on Reading's signposts to lead us to a seemingly easy target, the station. However, we had counted on neither the massive leaf growth, nor Reading council's ingenious habit of placing traffic lights directly in front of the direction signs indicating where you were going at any particular junction.

More by fluke than skill we pulled into the station waiting area as Samir's train pulled into the station. A man with a parrot on his shoulder then proceeded to amuse us whilst Samir got lost trying to find the bus. Some more interesting navigation later and we were back on the M4 headed for Bristol.

Everything was going well until the low foliage issue cropped up again in the centre of Bristol. At a critical jun-

tion our sign was obscured by a tree and despite going round the roundabout twice we failed to make the right choice. The result: a half hour long detour up a random road in Bristol, an educating experience. As we were now effectively 2 hours late we had to call and rearrange our factory tour time, but at least we were back on track and racing along at the veritable light speed of 62mph.

Eventually we arrived in Cheddar and everyone got out outside the Cheese Factory for some lunch before our tour, well at least they stood around the box of food like sad puppies wondering where their bowls were, whilst I paid. As I explained that there was more of a "self-service" ethos to this trip – food in box, you eat food – everyone began to tuck in.

The tour of the cheese factory that followed was exciting to all lovers of cheese – especially Alex (next year's President) who wanted to go back to halls with concrete evidence for a corridor mate that leaving milk to go off indefinitely would NOT produce cheese, and indeed it doesn't. A video showed us the entire process, from unpasteurised milk arriving in a lorry to the finished product aging in a cave, whilst a man could be seen actually doing some of it through a glass viewing window. In fact, the cheese maker occasionally came out to speak to visitors and we were lucky enough to ask him a few questions about how the cheese was made, all of which were answered in a delightful Somerset accent.

In fact, it is worth noting that this gentleman named Ande, who has won world's best cheddar award for a number of years, can no longer eat cheese! He now suffers from diabetes and has had a massive heart attack and can no longer consume any of the superb cheese he spends his life producing!

After viewing the factory we finished our tour with the tasting, where every variety of Cheddar they produce in the factory could be sampled, including the interesting Cheddar with yeast, tasting like marmite. They also informed us that if we went to see the caves we would be able to see their cheese being aged there in large cages. I can confirm that cave aged cheese does have a significantly different taste to normal cheddar and would recommend that it's well worth a try.

It was promised that everyone would have an opportunity to buy from the shop, the following day, but as the

weather was wonderfully warm we worried the cheese might spoil. With a strict agreement to meet back outside the factory at 4:30 everyone wandered off to enjoy the town, leaving Nathaniel and me behind as food box sitters. We would like to thank Hugh who bought us both drinks to make the wait more enjoyable.

At 4:30 everyone was back in the bus except, somewhat predictably, Samir, John and Alex. 15 minutes later they deigned to make an appearance protesting that they'd had no idea the correct time was 4:30. Sarcastic comments to the effect that everyone else had managed to arrive promptly fell on deaf ears, and with everyone collected we drove to the Youth Hostel, whose entrance was perilously narrow.

Nikita and I hid our eyes as Nathaniel carefully manoeuvred the bus round a corner I was convinced it would not fit around. Cheese Soc simply doesn't have the money to pay the £400 fee for writing off a minibus and there was a deserved round of applause as he expertly parked us. During check-in it transpired that the rooms we had been allocated were not those we'd been told about over the phone, but despite that confusion we managed to get the boys and girls in separate rooms and unpacking.

Though it was still early we decided that making a premature start to dinner would be a good way to maximise the obvious evening activity of cider sampling. The assistance of many wonderful cheese graters and John

produced an interesting yet tasty Macaroni cheese, prepared with 5 different cheeses.

Next stop was predictably the pub where people had previously found a Cider Festival was being held and at £1 for half a pint of almost any cider you could name, what better way to spend a balmy summers evening? We discovered that the pub had a late licence yet some still managed to stay until closing time.

The next morning our appointment to visit the caves was at 10am and considering the amount some people had drunk the previous night, the cooked breakfast was welcomed by most. After considerable hassling almost everyone arrived for breakfast with one exception, John, who was in as sorry a state as Toby had been the previous day.

Eventually we arrived to get our cave tickets and the enthusiastic exhibit man radioed round all of his colleagues so that we could split up and still see all of the exhibits. First stop was the much revered cave of the Cheddar Man, with the 100,000 year old skeleton displayed at the entrance. However, the displays of stalactites and stalagmites we saw inside were not quite as impressive as the amount of time it took Raphael to go round the caves. Helene theorised that he was listening to the audio guide to every exhibit in both French and English but whatever the reasons for it most people had retired to Cheddar's smallest tea house by the time he emerged.

After some truly delightful scones

and tea, a cultural experience for our foreign students, we progressed to the Museum of Prehistory where the most noteworthy exhibit was undoubtedly the giant rotating defleshed skull designed, we hope, to show how the previously cannibalistic people living in the caves left the skulls of their dead. Once again Raphael was last out of the museum; perhaps we just don't have the same interest in cannibalism as he does...

The last stop before lunch was Cox's Cave, described as frightening and in its own way it was; though mostly in the "how could they make a cave tour this tacky" way. As you entered the cave complex there was mood lighting and, bizarrely, opera which is presumably pitched so that with enough repetitions the stalactites will all fall off the ceiling to spear a school child. However, this was not the "really scary" part, marked with a special sign. Here things went downhill, fast, first there were the wild animals with red eyes, and then the disappearing goblins with glowing eyes. However, the final chamber housed a woman suspended in the air, with a plastic dragon and strobe lighting. We emerged having laughed a great deal and were all ready for lunch.

The remainder of the day was free and whilst some attempted the gorge walk with its beautiful views across the reservoir and fields, others opted for more leisurely pursuits such as ice-cream eating and cider vat collection. When we were reunited for the trip home everyone had a souvenir of some description, whether it was handmade sweets, 5 gallons of cider or our beloved Cheddar.

Happily the trip home was less interesting than the trip there and for some particularly (oh poor Beth) it was marred only by Alex and John's intent discussion of the relative merits of different classes of starship and which races could potentially breed. Or something. Your reaction to the validity of a 4 hour conversation in this vein may tell you something about the suitability of Imperial for someone of your temperament.

With many thanks to the M4 bus lane, we made it back almost on time and wonderfully on budget for fuel. The first Cheese Soc tour was a great success and I hope you'll join us next year for our next tours, where a trip to Switzerland has already been proposed.

Email: cheeses@imperial.ac.uk



CheeseSoc's first trip, here, an example of just a slice of what they get up to.

Your Club or Society Here.

Description of your awesome trip or event here.

There are 346 clubs and societies at Imperial. Want your club to be in *felix*? Send us a description of a trip, event, tour or social with some good pictures and everyone will know about it.

Email clubs.felix@imperial.ac.uk

CAT-NIP

Text in to 07832670472

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

Drop us a message at felixonline.co.uk



Which odd Imperial stereotype have you noticed about?

FELIX DULY NOTES THAT IMPERIAL HAS ITS STEREOTYPES. LET'S SEE IF ANYONE'S ACTUALLY SEEN ANY.....

The classic! The library geeks that enter College only in the darker hours of the day. They get to their computer just as you're finishing off your latest lab report in for that morning.....then start coding the fuck away like there's no tomorrow. DANCE FINGERS DANCE!

Anonymous

World of Warcraft anyone? Yeh fucking right. Play World of Shitcraft once again in the library whilst I need a computer to print off my dissertation for a deadline 10 minutes away, and I will honestly take my laptop to your face, and slam it a la Vinnie Jones in Lock Stock

Anonymous

Rugby lads. WAHEEEEEEEEEEEY.

Rugby

Oh fine don't hold open the door for me. Oh fine blank me and pretend you never saw me despite being in your lab group for the whole year. Oh ok be a dick to me when I ask to borrow a pencil which isn't even yours.

Chemist

There's always awkward Physics lads about. They wander about the Blackett Laboratory looking a bit lost. They're not lost, they're just pondering over the latest equation that may or may not matter to anything or everything.

Physicist but not awkward

Mates in the Maths library all playing your shitty online warrior game or whatever you play. It's like a fucking wave of mouse clicks as you enter the room. Spotify on uni accounts, nothing else.

3rd Year, Anonymous

The too cool for school ones that never hang out with anyone from Imperial. Go to street parties in Brixton and stuff. Wear stupid outrageous 'cool' clothes.

Obviously not cool

There's this fresher about the Union always so fucking loud and trying to impress everyone. FUCK OFF WHOEVER YOU ARE.

3rd Year, Mech. Eng.

Hockey ladettes everywhere on Wednesday night. Never seen a girl drink so much. Then again, never seen a girl vomit that much. Hockey ladies forever!

Anonymous

AMERICANS AT THE UNION. HOW GREAT ARE THEY? SERIOUSLY, THEY TALK TO YOU AND ARE NORMAL!

4th Year, Chem. Eng

Your drunk mate photo of the week



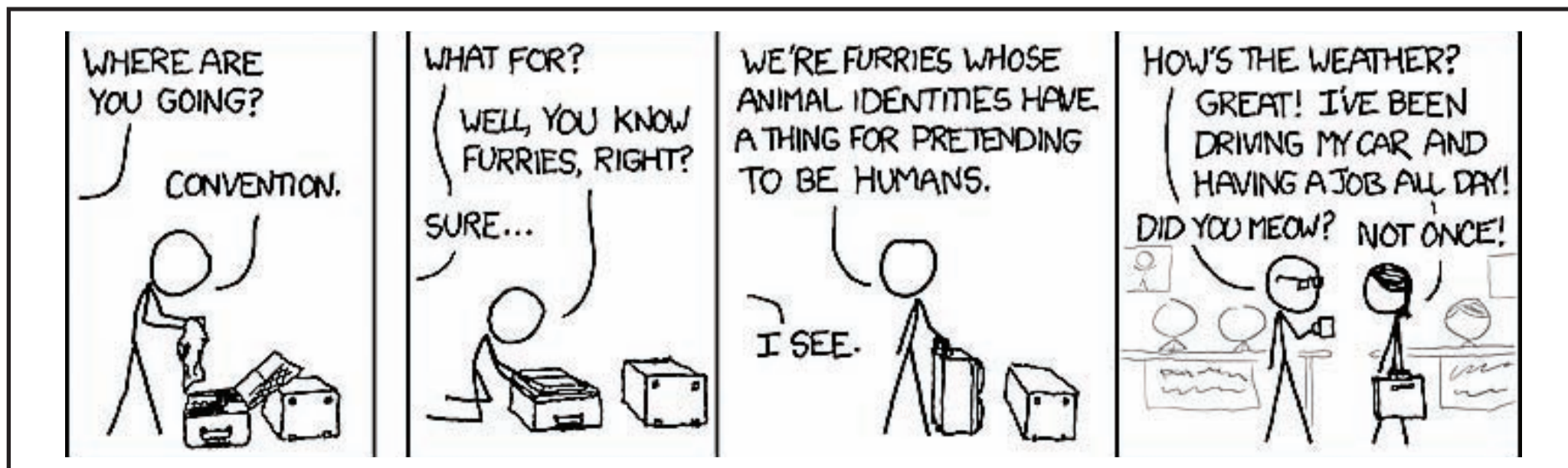
This guy is pictured during pre-season rugby training. Not only does he have his hands taped together, he's also cheekily winking at you too. Edward Ciderhands anyone?

Got a picture of your mate being an absolute waste of oxygen? Email your photos to catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

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

EMAIL/TEXT US FOR NEXT WEEK'S CATNIP WHERE'S THE WEIRDEST PLACE YOU'VE HAD SEX? (Contact details above!)

xkcd.com



Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Medic President ousted in bloody coup

Anil Chopra is violently removed by guy much bigger than him

Anonymous Hangman Editor

South America, Africa, South-East Asia and Reynold's Bar. What do these exotic places have in common? Yes that's right, the violent removal of democratically elected officials.

But while the people of Fiji are accustomed to members of the military turning on the government, it's only a recent phenomenon in the impoverished hell-hole of the Medic's Hammersmith campus.

Tension had been building for weeks and culminated last Wednesday, the 7th of October at approximately quarter to awesome, when Mr Chopra was "gooned in the face" as one above-average Medic so eloquently put it.

Conflicting reports suggest that the now disgraced former-President has fled to the Brazilian embassy near Marble Arch where he is planning his comeback. An insider at the Brazilian embassy told Hangman that "he's working out every day, running, lifting

weights, drinking protein shakes and listening to angry, angry rap music"

The medic community is said to largely support the actions of General Hurtkill (*that's not his name - Ed*) (I

don't care, fuck off out of my section - Hangman Ed).

Hangman spoke to a group of Medics yesterday morning who were recovering from another drunken night out. "Yeah it's cool that he's gone, I mean as long as I'm allowed to drink loads of snakebites, get naked in Reynold's and throw up on some girl's tits then I'll be happy."

Some questioned the failure to respect the democratic wishes of the student body, "It's simply not democratic, why did this guy get to punch him in the face? What if I wanted to do it? Now the chance is gone forever, it's just not right."

For most Medics however, daily life has continued without change. It's not clear what the new regime intends to do now that it has the reins of power. They're likely to follow policies that will be popular amongst the vast majority of Medics, including free rectal examinations, 80% proof gin and a day off, sometimes... No sorry the last one is just a crude joke.

19%

Percentage of Medics who support the actions taken against Anil Chopra

81%

Percentage of Medics who wish they had punched him in the face personally



A pessimist's guide to rearing

Anonymous Hangman Editor

Nostalgia. The good old days. Sepia-tinted memories of childhood. Gleefully accepting a present from Santa as you bounce up and down on his knee.

I should point out, however, that this is hangman. Those sepia-tinted memories become low-budget Crimewatch reconstructions and parents issue a desperate plea for Santa to return their child.

Gone are the days when you fear that you're going to be the laughing stock of the maternity ward, with a disfigured mutant for a baby, a girlfriend who blames you for the defective gene and a doctor that has the unfortunate task of telling you that abortion is actually illegal once the thing has come out of the vagina. Don't despair! You can just catch a flight over to Delhi and flog the thing off as the reincarnation of Ganesha!

Children are there for one reason and that's indoctrination. Don't let them grow up, only to have their dreams and aspirations crushed by devastating re-

ality. Crush them yourself!

That's right, when they discover a dead bird at the bottom of the garden and they ask you why it's not moving, you calmly place a hand on their shoulder, look them in the eyes and say, "One day, that's going to be you!" If at this point they don't burst into tears, push them over. Life is shit! They need to know this!

Remember to point out, as you finish reading your daughter pleasant tales of princes and princesses, that they most likely *won't* live happily ever after because one in three couples get divorced, one in three of us will get cancer and the other one will be a lesbian. If, after this, she still insists that she wants to be a princess then tell her she's too fat. They'll only learn self-deprecation when they're older.

In essence, children need to learn that having fun is NOT ok! Be realistic; if you see a spectacled boy pretending to pilot a fighter jet, remind him that he's spectacled and tell him that he can play as a mechanic or a chef. Sit back, relax and watch him cry!

Hangman's fool proof guide to catching chlamydia as shown by John James

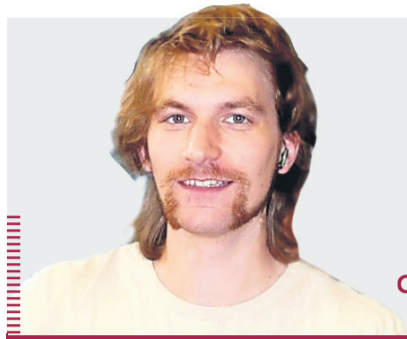


1. Find President (right)
2. Try it on with President
3. Remove pink shirts
4. Repeat until sterility

(Did you just accuse the President of having chlamydia? - Ed) (Yeahhh that might not be true - Hangman Ed)

Why we hate the rugby team

1. They think that drinking ten pints makes you a lad, when we all know, a white-wine spritzer will do the trick.
2. They act all tough... but I know that they all hug in the showers, at least that's what happened to me... once... *sob*
3. They secretly wish they were good at football
4. They have two versions of the game, neither of which interests anyone...
5. They genuinely pissed into skiffs in the Union Bar this past Wednesday instead of going to the toilet... even my cats piss into a litter tray.
6. They've never beaten the Medics... FAIL

COFFEE
BREAKCoffee Break Editor Charlie Murdoch
coffee.felix@imperial.ac.ukBloody Union
Fun Police

Charlie Murdoch Coffee Break Editor

Since when did the union start to employ Fun Police? I don't know if it is just that it is a new year, and they are all being extra cautious, or they are actually serious. Last Wednesday we played the Medics, and won. Thus it was necessary to celebrate in style. We like to do this by standing on the tree of woe in the Quad and drinking beer. I like it there, it's comfortable and I can see everyone. However, this action has been banned by the bloody Fun Police. For those of you who don't know about the tree of woe, you can probably have a pretty good stab into the dark to decide what it entails. It is a tree, where you will be woeful for actions you have committed. Many dirty pints have been consumed there, and many left there, but it's just a bit of harmless fun. However every time someone stands upon its hallowed position, some Margaret runs over and gives you a right bollocking. I'm not sure I think this is acceptable.

What is the worst that can happen? Is it only me who thinks if you fall over and hurt yourself, it is you that is to blame? Not the floor, not the fact that

there wasn't a warning sign, not the fact that nobody stopped you. It's your fault you twat. To be brutally honest if you need a warning sign saying that water coming out of a hot tap is going to be hot, then you deserve to burn yourself.

My idea of fun, before Union antics, is to spend my time standing on the goal line of a hockey pitch, waiting for someone to hit a ball at me. I think that that little white ball can cause considerably more damage to someone than the tree of woe.

Aside from that rant, thank you all for writing in with so many answers to the puzzles. I will be putting the FUC-WIT in next week. If I can be arsed, which at the minute is very much touch and go. I really need a puzzles bitch to come and help us out. It will only take about two hours a week, and if nobody comes down I am going to have to pull some of the puzzles out. You may have already noticed that there is no Nonogram again this week! So please please come down to the West wing of Beit to have the time of your life! Literally the amount of laddish behaviour that occurs here is unfathomable.

Stuff Imperial students like:

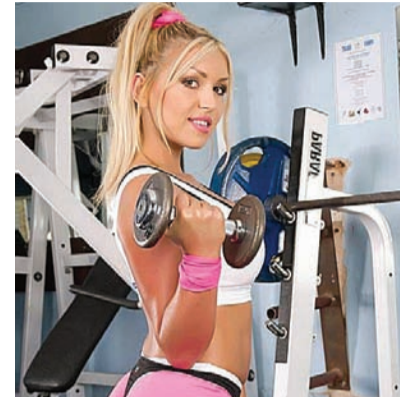
3. Gym:

Not 100% sure about this one, but seeing as Imperial has the only free University gym in the country we all kinda love it.

The fact that you can rock up for a quick gun sculpting session, or a splash about in the pool with a bunch on 9 year olds, all for free is pretty epic. The end result is the biggest (by percent) student enrolment in the gym, and sporting

clubs as a whole. For freshers, you have to have an induction to ensure that you don't get tangled up in a weights machine and strangle yourself. Boring as shite, but you have to do it.

Finally, the real reason that you go for a session is not to buff up, but to sit on the bikes and check out the arses of the girls who are on the running machines. Don't say you've never done it as it is impossible not to. Seriously, check it out.



Women. Guns. Weights. Nice.

BE MY PUZZLES BITCH!!

COME TO FELIX, BEIT WEST WING

FOR SEXY CHAT

.....and puzzles related fun

Quote of the Week

ANON: "I just broke up with someone and the last thing she said to me was "You'll never find anyone like me again!" I'm thinking, "I should hope not! If I don't want you, why would I want someone like you?""

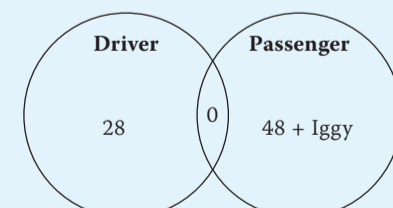
This week's best of *failblog.com*

Apologies to a certain Tom Roberts, a victim of mistaken identity in last week's Lovestruck. We're so sorry we caused you so much embarrassment. Man up, son!

Graphic Dingbats

I quite like these dingbats, and you all seem well pleased that you managed to get them too. I can't remember what the answers were, but there was rubbish Cliff Richard one and *Jealous Guy* by Roxy Music. Have fun with this week's.

1 How Pop travels from place to place



n= 76

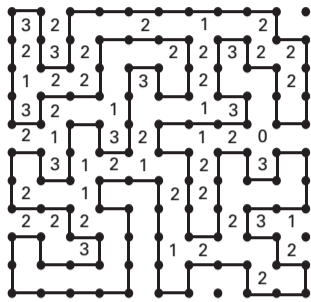
2 WHAT THE BOSS WOULD RECOMMEND FOR FIRE STARTING

- A match
- A bomb
- An angry woman
- A spark
- Considerable cans of Baked Beans

Slitherlink 1,440

A 10x10 grid for a Slitherlink puzzle. Numbers are placed in the following cells: (1,6)=1, (1,9)=2, (2,1)=2, (2,4)=2, (2,5)=2, (2,6)=3, (2,9)=1, (2,10)=2, (3,2)=3, (3,4)=1, (3,7)=3, (3,8)=1, (3,10)=2, (4,6)=1, (4,7)=2, (4,9)=2, (4,10)=2, (5,1)=3, (5,4)=2, (5,6)=3, (5,7)=2, (5,8)=2, (5,9)=2, (6,2)=0, (6,4)=2, (6,6)=1, (6,7)=2, (6,8)=2, (6,9)=2, (7,2)=2, (7,4)=2, (7,5)=2, (7,6)=3, (7,7)=2, (7,10)=3, (8,6)=3, (8,7)=2, (8,9)=2, (8,10)=2, (9,1)=3, (9,2)=2, (9,4)=2, (9,5)=1, (9,7)=2, (9,10)=2, (9,11)=2, (9,12)=2, (9,13)=3, (9,14)=2, (9,15)=2.

Solution 1439

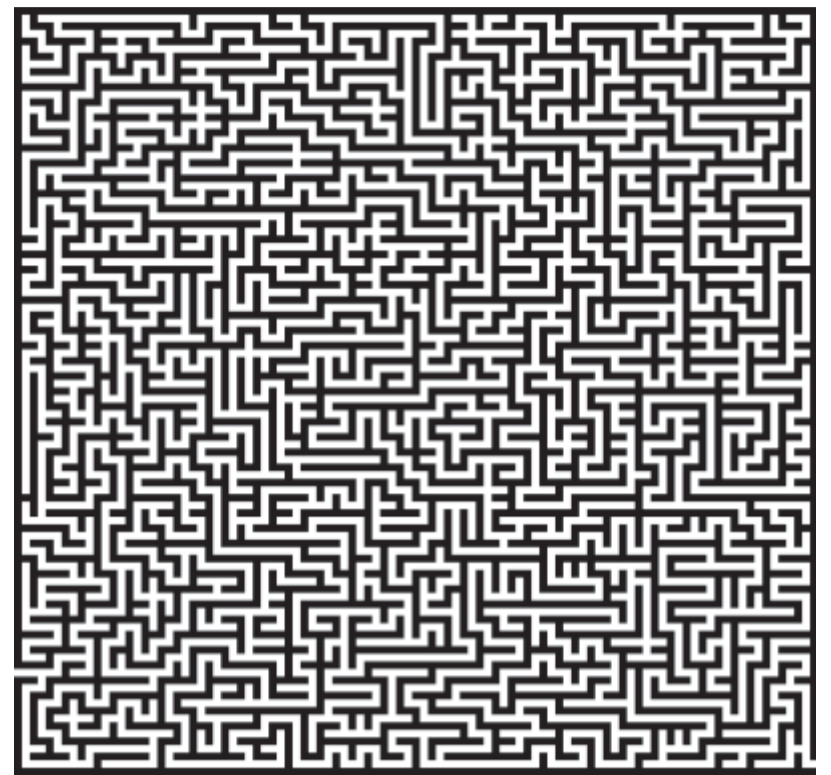


I am glad you all decided to send in so many entries last week, well done to **Susan Jones** who was the first off the mark, and a little too keen for my liking with her Friday submission.

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 1,440

E	M	B			L	R			
			B	K	I				
		K			M				
L	E	C							B
			L		C				
R						U	L	C	
			C			M			
			I	L	U				
			E			C	R	L	

Scribble box

Solution 1439

S	O	T	R	A	F	E	N	B
A	R	N	T	P	E	S	F	U
E	P	F	O	S	N	A	T	S
R	F	E	S	T	A	O	P	W
O	T	S	N	E	P	R	A	A
N	A	P	F	R	O	T	S	N
P	S	R	E	N	T	F	O	K
T	N	O	A	F	R	P	E	E
F	E	A	P	O	S	N	R	R

As promised, last week's was a topical answer, and can be seen to the left. I am not feeling special again, so can't be arsed to do the full solution. Get over it. This issue's I can assure you is childish. Big well done to **Dave Jones**.

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

So, all the **Arsenal** was the correct station for last week. Personally I think it a bit of a dump, but meah. Each to their own. This week's is a little closer to home. Well done to **Ian Fulton** who was the biggest fan last week. Remember to get those answers in quick.

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 71?

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

= 71

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, hungry honey I see you in physics lectures, and I like what I see. Fancy sucking my nipples while I finish off your quantum problem sheets?"

Haralambos

"Desperately seeking a 10 minute meeting with AJdM his arrogance gives me the horn, but as yet my lust is unrequited."

Aviva for life

"I see you in hall. I want sexy time with you. You on Floor 1. Me on street outside. Me with giant seeing-into-your-room device. ME LIKE WHAT I SEE. LET ME HAVE."

MUST HAVE:

Champ

"You, eating a baguette in the SAF cafe. Me, staring at you from first level of SAF. We caught eye contact, you cowered and pointed me out with a look of disgust to your friend. Drink?"

Sexy, I promise

I understand you wanted meaningless sex, but really I wanted love. We did it, but it turns out I have VD. Now that's what I call love. We finally share something. Ring me.

Anonymous

"I've lost my boyfriend to an iPhone. Bare depressing. He's satisfied in every way too. That iPhone's been into places the sun don't shine. Vibrate mode I presume. I'm just another App to him now. Anyone fancy a drink?"

Zeenya

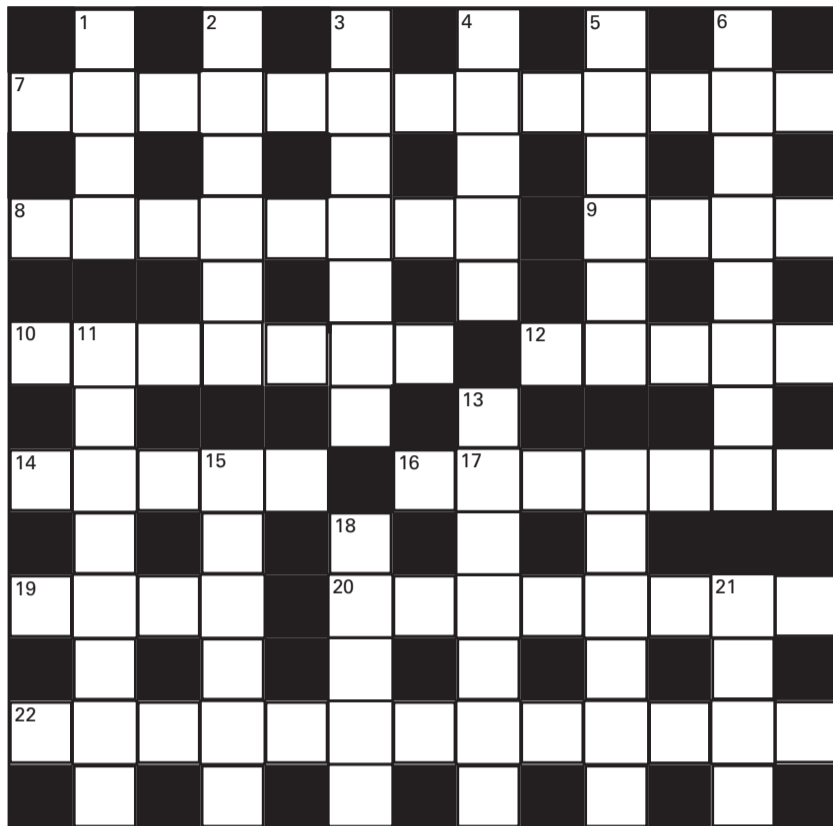
"You, in Union toilets in cubicle next to me. We both grunted. I fell in love."

Girly Shitter

"Fugly girl wearing purple about the Union. Always with blonde lesbian lover. Repulsive. Threesome?"

Not Dan at all

A quickie (crossword) 1,440



ACROSS

- 7 Football (9,4)
 8 US take-home-leftovers-receptacle (5,3)
 9 One's "hooter" (4)
 10 One's "ballbag" (7)
 12 Addy-uppys and takey-y away-y and that (5)
 14 One's "pie-hole" (5)
 16 Lardy felines - Greedy corporate types (3,4)
 19 One's "lugs" (4)
 20 Type of jumper - Retort of traffic police (8)
 22 Hept'th Nirvana (7,6)

DOWN

- 1 Notorious Roman Emperor (4)
 2 With all guns blazing (4,2)
 3 One of the lunar phases (7)
 4 One's "pipes" (5)
 5 Country formerly ruled by Idid Amin (6)
 6 Sudden burst of success (5,3)
 11 Hymns which singing groups may sing (8)
 13 "Posh-o" hunting cry (5-2)
 15 Type who may frequent a hunt? -

- Stores (anag.) (6)
 17 Pertaining to singing groups (6)
 18 Intentional malice (5)
 21 One's "peepers" (4)

It is home time. Jerry Lee Lewis won. Send answers into sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Win iPods.

Crossword by **Peter Logg**

Some random Latin: It, net ea eum res sitiis ditatur?
 Uptatur molum hillign ihilliquas mod mi, occum quis et ini venissi minctem voluptiumquo iumque doloreribus saectem. Nam, ut odit.

Solution 1439



Scribble box

Hobo-scopes! This week's Horoscopes, but homeless

More unnecessary abuse and ramblings of a mentalist who should be kept under lock and key at all times



Aquarius

You fucking fresher cunt. What do you think you are actually trying to achieve? Please fuck off back to your own shitty

little life and live it out without getting anyone else involved. I hate you, your family and your long lost grandmother. Do the world a favour and jump into the Thames, get sucked down by the current and drown



Pisces

Next. Pisces. You are cutting it fine. You step out of line again an I shit you not I'm going to punch your liver out of your loose anus. I am

not impressed with your progress at Imperial and for fucks sake I hope you improve. Either that or vomiting through your nose will become a regular occurrence. In the coming weeks I hope for your sake that you learn how to drink beer.



Aries

You are still wiping your eyes in disbelief, everyone here looks different! 18 years spent in a shitty little mining town in a bleak

corner of Yorkshire and now London, full of people of various colours and shapes. Is this girl what they call "Chinese"? She's quite hot in a strange way - that's known as the Yellow Fever son. Now back the fuck off 'cos she's mine, all mine.



Taurus

Fuck! There she is again. Should you go speak to her? She did add you as a friend on facebook, but you were really drunk

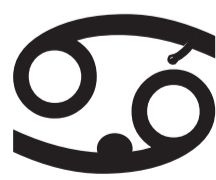
when you met her. No! What are you doing, you shy fuck?! Don't go prowling her corridor in the vain hope of meeting her. Bash open her door, present your tool and ride her from behind until the bedsheets are saturated with blood. Simple!



Gemini

The policeman takes a deep breath and looks you directly in the face. "Rape, my friend, is a serious crime but murder is

the worse crime you can commit". "Murder?" You exclaim in horror. "She died of internal bleeding, God knows why you shoved a spanner in her anus". "But I was told to present my tool!!!" You cry in disbelief.



Cancer

The Judge's gavel pounds down with a nerve shattering boom. "LIFE!" he hisses at you, his face contorted with pure hatred. Your

shitty, miserable excuse for an existence has now come down to 30 years in a 3x3 metre box. Kiss goodbye to your sphincter muscle mate, that massive black guy in the cell adjacent to you has already lined you up as his next bitch. Fail.



Leo

Oh shit mate, you fucked this one up eh. What's all this lesbian pullage going on, now? We're not in a staged frat party porn video.

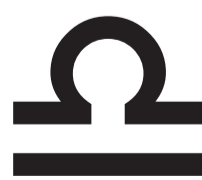
You know what I'm talking about lads. Eh? Oh look at that fella, probably you, you've got so excited about it all you've blown your top. Quite literally. Everywhere. The room's fucking sticky. Fucking well done, mate. Lick it all up then. Twat.



Virgo

You seem a little dirty this week. You have about 20 numbers and 560 new friends on facebook after Freshers' Week. Still you have

no friends. What do you do now? Hire a hooker to the Union on a Wednesday night, make her do the most sordid sex acts you can imagine in front of her, and then send her the fuck back to Soho where you go her. Respect though. Pint?



Libra

You've still got no friends, and quite frankly you're trying quite hard now. Well, take out a blender, or buy one from Argos on

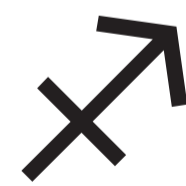
High Street Ken, put your hands in, and threaten to switch it on until someone in your hall says they'll spend the day with you, most probably watch you masturbate in your pants at the mere thought of having a 'friend'.



Scorpio

You've been eating baked beans all week because your student loan still hasn't come through. NASA have rung up the College asking

for you. They think you could help launch their next rocket with the amount of gas you're building up. You're a national treasure. You'll be farting and eating beans on TV and Radio in no time. None of this felix bullshit. Who writes these anyway?



Sagittarius

This week you wander into your room to find your parents rampantly having sex with your roommate. "A threesome!" you

exclaim. "Not for you, my son," says your Dad. Wow, rejected from a threesome, involving your own parents, who are old, a bit plastic looking and have quite frankly lost all their moves. Your roommate seems to enjoy the slow thrusting.



Capricorn

You find yourself back in your mate's room in halls after a night in the Union. You're having a really good conversation when you suddenly get

a hard on. Oh shit, mate. What do you do? Well, get that ginger-pube inhabiting-snake out of there and make use of it! Rub it up against the walls and place it carefully between your mate's mattress and bedstand. He looks on in disgust. You're a fucker.

Aunty McPickle solves the majority of your problems one by one. The rest she really can't be arsed with



Dear Aunty McPickle,

I'm sorry to bring up bestiality in my opening sentence, but I have a lingering concern that my gardener may be having sexual relations with my dog. These suspicions are based on a disgruntled loss of innocence in his eyes, paw prints on the bed sheets and a trowel in the dog bed. How do I investigate? Regards

Pawla Eukanuba

Hi Pawla,

Thanks for writing in, sounds like you're like your pooch has bitten off more than he can chew.

It might be advisable to persuade your mutt to stick to it's own kind, maybe set up play dates down at the local park?

On the gardener front, set up sneaky camera in the unsuspecting locations. It might just be some innocent petting but for peace of mind it might prove fruitful. Hope you get to the bottom of this highly muzzling situation soon.

Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I am uncontrollable turned on by calculator, exams are a nightmare. I have resorted to suppressing my randy calculations with images of abacuses.

I have already been caught once in WH Smith, when I discovered the latest Casio model casually sprawled seductively but yet with such sophis-

itation. How can I sway my woeful eyes away?

NaTash Enrechner

Hi Tash,

I don't know what to say. I'm not trained for this kind of heavy duty, stationary related shit. Please see a psychiatrist.

Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I have been seeing a new guy and things have been going pretty well. He's got curly locks, a cheeky grin and an accent to match. Things have

been getting very heated recently, as we finally took the plunge. However despite my preconceptions of his attributes, it turns out he's got a MASSIVE chode.

I cannot express my disappointment, even though his motion is satisfying, it's hardly detectable. Can you recommend any positions which optimise depth but minimise girth?

A vacant Virginia

Dear Virginia,

I have taken the time to research champion chode positions and have found the detectable "pan-chode-cake", for a full diagram just google it. It basically entails (surprise, surprise) a lot of "pan-chode-cake" tossing. This helps the chode to grow considerably. For emotional support please see the facebook group Chode Aid.

Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

My flat mate has recently joined the Leonardo society and consequently

has been bringing home many arty specimens. The one he seems to be most proud of has been having the strangest effect on me.

I get surges of uncontrollable rage at just a glimpse at this disgusting near masterpiece. I have to restrain myself from grabbing the nearest crockery and lobbing it somewhere.

I know this all sounds unusual but I really don't know what to do.

A Vicious Vinci

Dear Vinci,

It sounds like you're a sufferer of the Stendahl syndrome, which causes irrational feelings of anger when exposed to fine art. This is a psychosomatic illness which can even produce hallucinations and is particularly brought by works of great beauty.

Maybe you should just sit down somewhere distinctly un-pictorial, maybe bring some scientific evidence to help them with the swallowing.

I definitely recommend staying away from art galleries and Florence but you can pretty much feel safe in the grounds of Imperial.

Good luck!

Aunty McPickle xxx

Get LOST, RAG stylee

Finally, after a long, long summer of waiting, RAG is once again running some wicked events to raise money.

Our first one, for the handful of you which still haven't heard about it, is LOST. Here's a quick rundown:

1. Get onto a bus, blindfolded.
2. Get driven to a mystery location.
3. Make your way back to the Union, without spending ANY money.

There's not much more to it! The

teams will be groups of either two or three, with at least one guy in each team (just for safety reasons). All this is happening on Saturday, 28th November, however we will be signing people up as of next week (19th-23rd October) at the JCR (Junior Common Room) at 1pm.

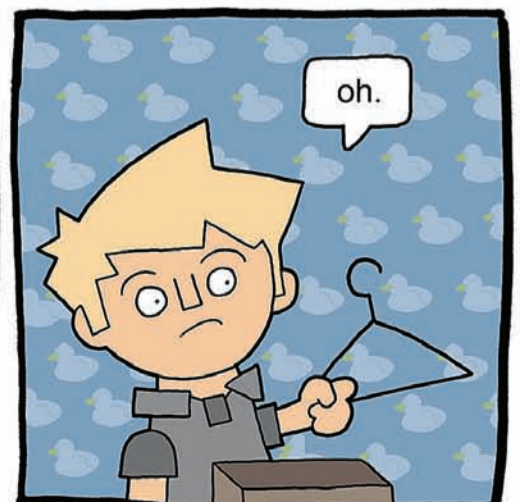
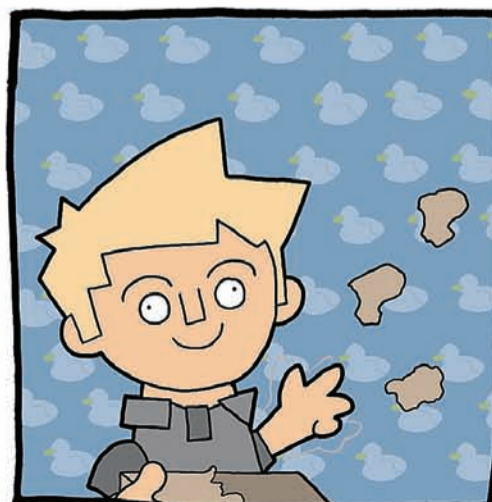
But how do we raise money, I hear you ask. Easy. Through funding! You harass your family, friends, and neighbours etc. to donate. To make things more interesting, why not set goals like wearing a top hat for £50, or a

Superman costume for £100! There will be 3 prizes which will be giving out for most money raised, wackiest costume and craziest mode of transportation.

To find out more, make sure you drop by the JCR, and if you feel like getting LOST for our chosen charity Barnardos is something you'd be up for, swing by with your team.



ANDY PANDA



ANDYPANDA.CO.UK

Twenty minutes with Robert Bush...

Mustapher Botchway of *felixSport* interviews this year's president of the Tennis Club and 1st team stalwart, last year's team of the year.

I'm sure you know but to remind the readers, the men's 1sts were team of the year. Could you give us a brief overview of the last year?

Well as you said we were team of the year. It was the first time the club achieved an award like that. The first and second teams are in same division (BUCS 2A South Eastern Region) and we did the double on them, winning 9-1 & 8-2. This year we're in first division, after going unbeaten and winning both the league and cup. We hope to push for promotion into premier league. The seconds hope to gain promotion into 1st division this year. The women, have been in BUCS 1A division, for a while, pushing for promotion. Hopefully this year they will succeed.

Is there anything the club wants to improve on last year and can you incorporate that into what you aim to achieve this year?

We didn't get much recognition into felix. That's our fault. We want to get more articles into the felixSport pages this year. The problem is that the team is very divided from the social. We want to get more interaction and produce more value for the social players

Give me a background on how the tennis club work. For instance what days do the social players train, likewise with the competitive team? Is there any interaction?

The competitive team train on Tuesdays. This year we have Phil Jakeman, fulltime Biochemistry student, part time RTP qualified coach. This is the same qualification Toni Nadal, Rafael's coach. Our home matches take place on Wednesday in Hyde Park. And Sundays we train at the Queen's Club. They have fantastic facilities.

The social team have an extra training session on Wednesday (1 - 4). They also train on Sundays (10 - 2). A new introduction to these sessions is that we have coaching for the social players. Members of the competitive team will be on hand to coach our social players. To increase the value for these players we have provided brand new rackets and balls if a player doesn't have any and we have introduced an online booking system for the courts. This is at South Park, which has brand new, resurfaced courts. It's about 20 minutes from the South Kensington campus. If you're a social member you pay £29 and competitive team members pay £35 per year. Its great value

because to get time on the South Park courts you have to pay around £10 an hour.

What are your other prospects for the year?

To fight for promotion into the premier league we need some more players. We lost a number of key players last year. We really need to recruit. So for those of you that played a lot before university but opted for a change and played a different sport at Imperial like football or rugby, and are in the senior years, come and trial with us! Drop me a mail at lawn.tennis@ic.ac.uk. Then you can come to Queen's to trial. Standard wise, the first team has a host of county level players though in the past we have had some international standard players.

For the social side of the club we now have an events officer, Pierre Monty. He has cocktail evenings, casino nights and entry to private members clubs all lined up this year. He is also going to try to get tickets for the BlackRock Masters at the Royal Albert Hall.

I know you're always looking for new players. However, specifically for the first team are you looking to make your 2nd players step up or are you pursuing com-

pletely new quality players?

There are one or two in the seconds who I think can make the transition into the firsts. Overall they are at a very good standard. The only difference is in the mental aspect of the game. Saying that we do need some new blood for the firsts. The ladies will definitely need some new players.

You mentioned about



new events and your new social secretary. Are you planning any overseas tours this year, like some of the other sports clubs at Imperial?

We are hoping to go on our first tour for four years. This will be different because we will actually play matches this time. We aim to go to Croatia and play at the famous Split club, where Goran Ivanisevic and Mario Ancic play. They have amazing clay courts and we hope to set up a mini Davis Cup where we will go to Croatia one year and they will come to us the next to play at Queen's.

Taking a wider look at tennis, where do you see yourselves fitting in the whole ACC, union and Sport Imperial. What is your opinion of these bodies?

Comparing to London Metropolitan and other universities it is evident that we don't get as much attention as the big sports like football and rugby. If we had a little bit more money for coaching etc., we could have developed a bit more. Also, on a media point of view, there is not much attention given to the fact that we play in fantastic facilities like Queen's. Though recently after speaking with Samantha Bell, the new Sports Development Officer at Sport Imperial she seems enthusiastic of the club's plans this year, which is encouraging.



FIXTURES & RESULTS



in association with Sports Partnership

Wednesday 14th October

Badminton		
Men's 1st	6	
King's College Men's 1st	2	
Men's 2nd	1	
University of Surrey Men's 1st	7	
Women's 1st	4	
University of Kent Women's 1st	4	
Fencing		
Men's 2nd	135	
UCL Men's 2nd	106	
Men's 3rd	67	
University of Hertfordshire Men's 1st	135	
Football		
Men's 1st	2	
Brunel Men's 4th	2	
Men's 2nd	1	
Hertfordshire Men's 1st	3	
Women's 1st	1	
Surrey Women's 1st	1	
Hockey		
Men's 1st	4	
Brighton Men's 1st	4	
Imperial College Men's 2nd	2	
Imperial Medicals Men's 2nd	1	

Women's 1st	4	
St Mary's University College Women's 1st	0	
Women's 2nd	2	
Royal Holloway Women's 2nd	7	
Lacrosse		
Women's 1st	11	
Brighton Women's 1st	4	
Netball		
Women's 1st	31	
Greenwich 1st	40	
Women's 2nd	33	
Thames Valley 1st	8	
Women's 3rd	5	
University of the Arts 2nd	34	
Rugby Union		
Men's 1st	41	
Buckinghamshire Men's 1st	0	
Men's 2nd	10	
St Barts & the Royal Men's 1st	22	
Squash		
Men's 4th	3	
Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	0	
Women's 1st	4	
Sussex Women's 2nd	0	

Table Tennis

Men's 1st	4
UCL Men's 1st	6

Tennis

Men's 1st	4
UCL Men's 1st	6
Men's 2nd	7
SOAS Men's 1st	3
Women's 1st	7
Brighton Women's 1st	3

Saturday 17th October

ULU Football	
IC Men's 1st v IC Men's 2nd	
Men's 3rd v King's College Medicals Men's 2nd	
Men's 4th v King's College Medicals Men's 3rd	
Men's 5th v St Barts Men's 2nd	
Men's 6th v Queen Mary Men's 5th	
Men's 7th v Slavonic & East European Men's 1st	

Sunday 18th October

ULU Badminton	
Mixed Men's 1st v Royal Holloway Mixed 1st	

Monday 19th October

ULU Netball	
Women's 2nd v UCL Women's 4th	

Wednesday 21st October

Badminton	
Men's 2nd vs Kingston University 1st	
Women's 1st vs UCL 1st	
Men's 1st vs University of Portsmouth 1st	
Basketball	
Men's 1st vs University of Westminster 1st	
Fencing	
Women's 2nd vs University of Portsmouth 1st	
Men's 3rd vs University of Essex 1st	
Men's 1st vs UCL 1st	
Women's 1st vs Queen Mary 1st	
Football	
Men's 1st vs St Mary's University College 3rd	
Men's 2nd vs Canterbury Christ Church Uni. 2nd	
Men's 3rd vs University of East London 1st	
Women's 1st vs Royal Holloway 1st	
ULU	
Men's 4s ULU vs Royal Holloway 4s ULU	
Men's 5s ULU vs King's College 4s ULU	
Men's 6s ULU vs King's College London 5s ULU	
Men's 7s ULU vs Heythrop College 1s ULU	
Golf	
Golf 1st vs University of Kent 1st	
Hockey	
Men's 1st vs University of Kent 1st	
Men's 2nd vs UCL 2nd	
Men's 3rd vs Royal Veterinary College 1st	
Men's 4th vs University of Portsmouth 5th	

Women's 1st vs University of Portsmouth 1st
Women's 2nd vs Brunel University West London 3rd
Lacrosse
Men's 1st vs University of Essex Mens 1st
Women's 1st vs University of Kent 1st
Netball
Women's 1st vs Queen Mary 1st
Women's 2nd vs Buckinghamshire New Uni. 2nd
Women's 3rd vs University of Creative Arts 1st
Rugby
Men's 1st vs St Mary's University College 2nd
Men's 2nd vs University of Essex 1st
Men's 4th vs School of Oriental & African Studies 1st
Squash
Men's 2nd vs University of Sussex 1st
Men's 4th vs Brunel University West London 2nd
Men's 3rd vs SOAS 1st
Women's 1st vs University of Reading 1st
Table Tennis
Men's 1st vs London School of Economics 1st
Tennis
Men's 1st vs King's College London 1st
Men's 2nd vs University of Greenwich Men's 1st
Women's 1st vs University of Portsmouth Women's 1st

IC Represent Great Britain & Germany at Rowing World Championships

Adam Freeman-Pask has become the 8th wonder of the world despite a successful sabotage attempt on his boat the day before the opening heat of the LM1x. Club mate Ole Tietz (representing Germany), raced in the lightweight 8+ (LM8+) and now ranks 6th in the world. In the lightweight pairs (LM2-) IC student Oli Mahony claimed fifth position with pair's partner Ross Hunter. Ex-IC rower Ro Bradbury also progressed to the finals finishing fifth in the world. In the final medal standings GB and GER shared first position with nine medals ahead of the USA who took home 7.

After a very successful World Cup season for Freeman-Pask (who claimed two bronze medals and a fourth place position), there was great expectation for the World Championships. However on the morning of August 23rd (less than 24 hours before his first race), Freeman-Pask was witness to a German squad boatman "accidentally" cycling through his boat; which was resting bows on the ground. The bow was taken clean off. The boat was sent to emergency intensive care, placed on an IV drip and repaired, but was a source of worry for the lightweight sculler. The German saboteur is now on the run after making outrageous claims about GB Coach Steve Trapmore trying to de-rig the GER heavyweight men's 8+ the night before the final, in which they later won.

German press has suggested coaches were unwilling to take a chance on Freeman-Pask becoming a distraction for IC's Ole Tietz before the race; it is thought Tietz was consumed with making headlines on the club website

and receiving more hits than Freeman-Pask articles had previously recorded. Freeman-Pask finished second in the first two opening rounds (07:13.14, 07:36.23), behind the Netherlands and Iraq respectively. Freeman-Pask was unable to make a top three position in the semifinal to qualify for the A final, but finished second in the B final. This takes his world ranking from last years 13th place to 8th.

In the opening heat of the men's lightweight 8+ Germany (Tietz) mirrored Freeman-Pask's opening round and took second place. With fewer competitors than the single sculls event this directly qualified the eight into the A final. With tough competition the Germans struggled to get into medal contention and finished 6th in 05:43.40; ten seconds behind the Italian winners.

Despite the GB-GER tensions between Freeman-Pask and Tietz, both countries ended up top of the medals table allowing ill feelings between the IC lightweights to dissipate. [Note: Since publication of this article POD has been made aware of the fact that although equal on medal count Germany took the FISA team trophy AHEAD of Great Britain. The source of this information must remain anonymous for legal reasons, suffice to say dissipation of ill feelings may have been a premature statement.]

Imperial boasted two representatives on the GB coaching team: Steve Trapmore and Stuart Whitelaw. Both did a great job with their clients with special mention to Stuart Whitelaw who coached the mixed adaptive coxed four to gold and clocked a new world



record. An injured POD had spotted this talent earlier in the year during her arms & body 2 km test when Whitelaw's keen eye for detail allowed her to post a PB. More critically he was one of the few to not laugh (in her face) as she was sent to the corner with her erg

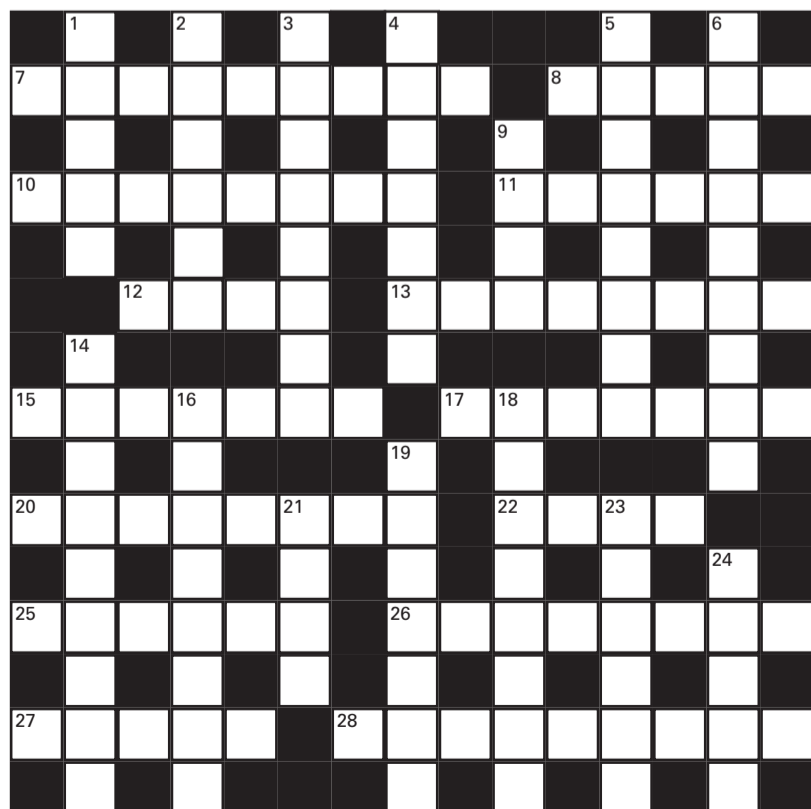
out of view of other testers who may be distracted. Word quickly spread and when the original LTAMix4+ coach fell ill, Whitelaw was called into action.

The crew (Vicki Hansford/James Roe/Dave Smith/Naomi Riches/Rhannon Jones) claimed victory over

the 1000 metre course in 3:25.33; over three seconds ahead of second placed Italy. They posted a new world record making this the second world record making this the second world record Whitelaw has been involved in this year. Well done Stuart and congratulations to all athletes!

Crossword No. 1,440

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



Sorry to disappoint you....

We still don't have anymore crosswords. Our brains have shut down, and we're going emo.

We're on the look out for another crossword compiler (not emo). Want to challenge people? Think you're capable of putting together a cryptic crossword?

Email us at sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk whilst the rest of us at *felix* get back to tending our side fringes.....



Women win again

Robert Bush Women's Tennis

This Wednesday was the official start of the season and lucky as we always are, we had to go all the way to Brighton to play our first match with our brand new squad. Needless to say that this took us most of our day and was quite a mission (especially for some of us, will not name names....(Tanya our former captain).

So off we were the three of us (newcomers Gigi and Siree, and me) (Tan was gonna join us later)) to start our match at 1. Brighton is quite a strong team and they actually managed to beat us last year. But with the scary situation that we faced last year (nearly being relegated! when we use to win our leagues every year), we knew we had to win this one and get a good start against one of our most serious contenders.

We all got started with our matches pretty fast. Looking at Siree and Gigi's match from the court where I was playing, I could see that they were having good rallies but that our girls were winning most of the points. Indeed, Siree finished pretty quickly which is not surprising since when we arrived at the courts the captain from the other team explaining to Siree's opponent how to count scores in tennis! So here we are with already one win by our new medic fresher.

Gigi's win was soon to follow as she was already one set up when I was still struggling in the middle of my first set. I had already play my opponent last year and the first set was fairly tight, and after failing to win my set point I lost the set(I know.....). My opponent Julie got a good start on the second, guess I was still annoyed to lose the first set, but after she was up 2-0 I decided that it was enough and went on to win 6 straight games and once the second set. The match was then decided by a championship tiebreak that I won 10-3. So here we were, already garenteed a victory!

Now let's come to the funny bit! Tanya was supposed to arrive around 2, so let me explain to you why she turned up at the courts at 3ish. See, when you get out at flamer's station (from which you can actually see the huge white impossible to miss tennis club) you can leave the station from two sides. Tanya took a chance and picked the wrong one. This resulted in my phone ringing during most of my match.

But she managed and finally got here, all red obviously (probably a mix of exhaustion and shame (please let me tell you that this is soooo not like Tanya to be a mess). And there she started but sadly was up against a really , really , really good player that had no mercy for her, which resulted in tanya losing .

Next week we are playing Portsmouth at South Park.



Imperial College Gaelic Football off to a strong start after an impressive maiden year

Andrew Lavery Gaelic Football

Last weekend, the lads of IC Men's Gaelic Football team assembled and took the trip west to St. Mary's to represent and hopefully regulate a tournament in the curtain raiser to this year's campaign.

With a well attended first training session behind us, IC were comfortably able to field two teams playing 7's football as opposed to the usual 15 a side.

The format for the day was to be a blitz against hosts St Mary's, Brighton University and a local entrance from Round Towers GFC.

In the first of four matches to be

played IC played against a much favoured St Mary's tea. It is worth pointing out that Mary's usually compete two divisions above IC in the top flight of the British Gaelic Football Championships. Mary's were made to work hard against an energetic performance of IC who had no care for their opponent's reputation and brought the game to them in a spirited fashion.

Opening exchanges were tit-for-tat, IC even going ahead at one stage before Mary's showed their class and ran away with the match in the second half with a brace of goals.

Our next match was against a new opposition in the form of Brighton University.

The beach boys made the journey up

with the best of intentions but their newness to the game was evident and IC's relative experience came to the fore with us comfortably dictating the pace and possession of the match from the midfield taking some fine scoring opportunities along the way.

IC having entered two teams then were due to play each other. With a changing of teams into IC Blues and IC Whites the game was a exhibition affair with team members trying to embarrass each other and generally make a name for themselves.

Our final match of the day was against a very strong team from Round Towers - a Senior London team.

The two teams IC fielded were audaciously shuffled so we lined out our top

7 to take on the old hands of the game.

In possibly our best performance of the day we took the game to RT and like the first match of the day, IC went ahead before conceding some goals which would ultimately decide the outcome of the match.

At the day's end IC finished in 3rd and 4th place in the tournament ahead of Brighton while RT went on to win. Against some fine opposition the boys did the blue and white proud and if the weekend performance is anything to go by IC will be flying high once again this year at National Championships in February.

Special mention to Padhraic Comerford who easily walked away with most improved player of the day, by the

third match creating several threatening attacks on his first day playing the game. Strong performances by Michael McGarvey and Sean Dunne in goals helped the team out greatly.

And of course team 'bomber' Stevie G who actually managed to score a goal in the course of the day. Well done Gallagher.

Imperial College team: P Comerford, S Dunne, J Gill, C Farrell, S Gallagher, D Kirk, V Mccaughan, E O'Hare, A Lavery, J Mc Donnell, M White, M McGarvey, F McCann

For anyone interested in joining contact Edward on gaelic@imperial.ac.uk. Training for Men's and Women's teams continues on Wednesdays in Hyde Park.