



felix

The award-winning student newspaper of Imperial College

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year

Issue 1,442

felixonline.co.uk

30.10.09

An interview with the Extraordinaire

felix interviews Ben Keene, co-founder and owner of Tribewanted, see page 27



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Balls up

CGCU show signs of crumbling from the inside after Friday's Masquerade Ball, see page 4



Lecturers to be voted for online



Students will be able to give feedback for their lecturers online; lectures in the morning, slugging off in the afternoon

Sina Ataherian News Reporter

Election season is once again approaching. The wave of specific policy proposals, usual around this time, is now underway.

The Conservatives began with talk of austerity as a big theme, which is to include reduced subsidisation for universities. Shadow Universities Secretary David Willetts is trying to justify this by suggesting that his government will help students get better value in return for higher fees. He is working with Microsoft on a new national website where students can offer feedback on the lecturing staff.

The website has been under development for months now and aims to build on the National Student Survey, which asks final-year undergraduates to rate the quality of teaching on their

course. It will be like Imperial's SOLE but government mandated instead of voluntary and for every university rather than those that want it. In fact, it will be like a whole host of university-rating websites that already functioning effectively. The largest of these is ratemyprofessors.com, which rates lecturers on helpfulness, clarity and hotness. (Imperial is known to fare better on sites with different criteria).

It is very difficult to see what this will achieve, given the existing alternatives. It could be seen as an indication of a lack of fidelity to the Tories' own claimed values of less intrusion by the State and more responsibility for individuals. One issue is personal comments on staff, which the lecturers' unions have spinelessly objected to rather than embrace as a way for superior teachers to be better recognised.

University and College Union general secretary Sally Hunt claims "All staff and students have the right to work free from intimidation, online or otherwise...If students have real concerns about their lecturers, they should go through the proper channels." This may be expected from a union representative, but it is surprising to hear Mr Willetts say, "My view is that we need more places for this kind of information in a way that is properly monitored."

It would appear that these people have forgotten about existing laws against defamation, libel and slander. Students already suffer from great shortcomings in performing the necessary research before deciding where and what to study. Any attempt to curtail and centralise websites that help them with this important decision should be opposed.

The world beyond College walls



Iceland

Fast-food retailer McDonald's has announced its decision to pull out of Iceland, following the collapse of the country's economy earlier this year.

McDonalds blamed the closure of the three restaurants on the island on the "very challenging economic climate" and the "unique operational complexity" of doing business in an island nation of just 300,000 people on the edge of the Arctic Circle. Most ingredients used in Iceland's McDonalds were imported from Germany.

Following the collapse of the Icelandic krona, and the strengthening of the euro, burger prices would have to rise by 20% to ensure a profit, making the Icelandic Big Mac the most expensive in the world. Iceland will now join Albania, Armenia and Bosnia and Herzegovina in a small club of European countries without a McDonald's.



Netherlands

Former Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic fails to appear at his war crimes trial held in The Hague.

The genocide and war crimes trial against Mr Karadzic opened on Monday with an empty chair where the accused should have been sitting. Karadzic has denied

11 war crimes charges arising from the violent breakup of Yugoslavia in the 1990s, in particular the 1992-95 Bosnian war, including two genocide charges for the massacre of 8,000 Muslim men and boys at Srebrenica.

Prosecutor Alan Tieger spent the first 12 minutes of his opening statements describing how the "Supreme Commander" orchestrated ethnic cleansing campaigns to eradicate Muslims from Bosnia. Mr Karadzic is boycotting the proceedings because he says he needs more time to prepare for the trial. If he again fails to appear in the courtroom at the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, he risk having tried in absentia. Mr Karadzic was a fugitive from 1996 until July 2008, when he was found as a practising doctor



felix 1,442

Felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB. Tel: 020 7594 8072. Fax: 020 7594 8065. Printed by The Harmsworth Printing Ltd, 17 Brest Road, Derriford, Plymouth. Registered newspaper ISSN 1040-0711. Jigsaw font by typotheque.com Copyright © Felix 2009.

30-10-09

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Vatican City

Pope Benedict XVI, leader of the Catholic church, announced a plan last week to allow Anglicans to convert to Catholicism en masse, creating a new headache for the beleaguered Anglican leadership.

Seventeen years ago, the Church of England voted to admit women to the priesthood, causing disenchanted individual members to convert to Roman Catholicism. More recently, increasing tolerance of homosexuality in some branches of the 80 million strong worldwide Anglican Communion, particularly in the Episcopalian church in America which was the first to ordain an openly gay bishop, has prompted larger numbers of conservatives to desert.

But many have been reluctant to leave their liturgy and heritage. Now, the pope's plan is to provide any splinter of the Anglicans – community, parish, or even an entire diocese – to enter into communion with Rome as a whole, and without sacrificing its traditions. The Roman Catholic church will make exception to its rule for priest celibacy, however it will not permit married bishops. Already, several dozen rebel Anglican priests have joined the Vatican.

By Raphael Houdmont, International Editor

New Union spaces 'seriously' damaged within 2 weeks

Afonso Campos News Reporter

On Monday afternoon all club officers received an email from Jenny Wilson, the Deputy President of Clubs and Societies with regards to misuse of the newly refurbished Union spaces. According to the DPCS, serious damage has already been done to the floors of the brand new Union gym and the cost of repair is estimated to be rather high. *felix* has learnt that the damage was not necessarily caused by intentional abuse of the facilities; Jenny Wilson has mentioned that the floors were "a lot less hard than expected" and as a result, more prone to damage than the previous facilities. It was confirmed that the Parkour Society, who did the grunt of the damage, will be paying for both the club fine and the repairs. It is worth noting that the society took it upon itself to report the incident immediately to the DPCS rather than waiting for an investigation to be formally carried out and as a result, has seen the total payable amount decrease.

Miss Wilson is urging a "ask before doing anything that you feel is dodgy" policy in order to avoid further dam-

age. A more official protocol for room use can also be found online. Many societies that could potentially cause any sort of detriment to the room are being relocated to other more suitable multi-use spaces around the Union. These societies include, as expected, Parkour, but also Tap Dancing and others.



Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) Jenny Wilson sent out an email to all Club chairs telling them of the damage to the new Union seminar rooms

Wilson has likened the Clubs and Societies aspect of the Union to "having 300 children" which she would like to take care of equally well, but reminds each society to remember that being a club "is like having 299 siblings" all expecting respect from each other. This includes taking care of the facilities that have been provided and can sometimes "be taken for granted".



The damage has been done; but the Union got its act together and repaired it before *felix* could get pictures. *felix* Fail.

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What year was the very issue of *felix* published?

- A: 1948
- B: 1949
- C: 1999

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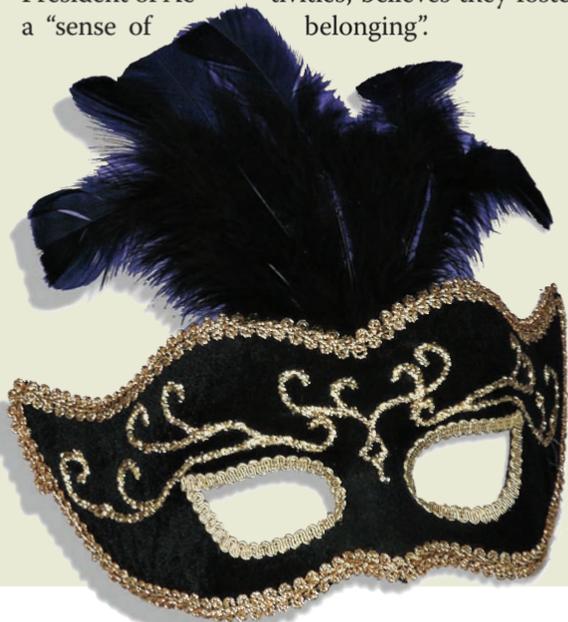
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FUs PARTYING INTO THE THE RED...

IS IT ACCEPTABLE FOR FACULTY UNIONS TO BE LOSING THOUSANDS OF POUNDS FOR THE SAKE OF FUN?
AFONSO CAMPOS INVESTIGATES IN LIGHT OF THE RCSU AND CGCU FORMAL EVENTS LAST WEEK...

In the last few weeks, the two main Faculty Unions have held their Freshers' Balls. The Royal College of Science Union held its event at the well-known and prestigious Cocoon – a central London restaurant, bar and club famous for its status as a bit of a celebrity haunt – and Dan Le Sac provided entertainment. The CGCU opted for a Masquerade themed ball held throughout the Union Building with top indie/dance band New Young Pony Club headlining the evening's activities which included a hypnotist in the form of previous *felix* Editor Martin Taylor as well as student bands. Most attending either event had a good time, despite neither being at full capacity. *felix* has heard from numerous attendants that dinner was great at both, but particularly "impressive" at the RCSU Autumn Ball, according to a third year mathematician. Emilie Stammers, a first year biologist, thought that "the hypnotist [at CGCU's Ball] was really good" as it "livened up the wait for the dinner".

Since this is the first large-scale event of the year for both Unions, the respective Presidents themselves played the biggest part in the logistics and organisation. Despite this, financially, neither was a success in any way given that both lost a significant quantity of money. *felix* obtained from a CGCU committee member a statement that the loss stands at "around £5000" for the their Ball, but after research and confirmation from the DPFS, Danny Hill, this seems to be much closer to £7,500. RCSU have reported a loss of £3500 which *felix* has not been able to confirm with the DPFS at this stage. It is perfectly acceptable for these kind of events to lose some money as they are fulfilling one of the ethos of the Faculty Unions, which is to provide good quality entertainment to its members. The Balls help raise a campus-wide awareness of the Unions and engage the students. Stephen Long, CGCU Vice-President of Activities, believes they foster a "sense of belonging".



felix wonders, however, if the losses currently being reported are actually acceptable in terms of opportunity cost. Losing vast quantities of money is not a new thing as both the RCSU and CGCU have officially stated that they intend to use Faculty grants to cover some of their financial shortcomings resulting from the Ball in order to keep both Unions in a healthy financial situation. Faculty grants were instated in order to cover costs affecting the entire body of constituents and an anonymous student has argued that spending it on "200 students rather than 4000 seems like a bit of a joke".

Katya-yani Vyas, the RCSU President has stated that her biggest worry before the ball was that the event "wouldn't sell enough tickets"; a sentiment echoed by Stephen Long. When confronted with the losses, Miss Vyas said that the Ball was "not a profit making activity". In a statement to *felix*, Mr Long said that "admittedly, not a huge amount" was done to publicise the event, resulting in a less than ideal turnout, while the the RCSU president believes her expectations were "too high" for the number of attendants, but that these predictions were based on previous years selling out.

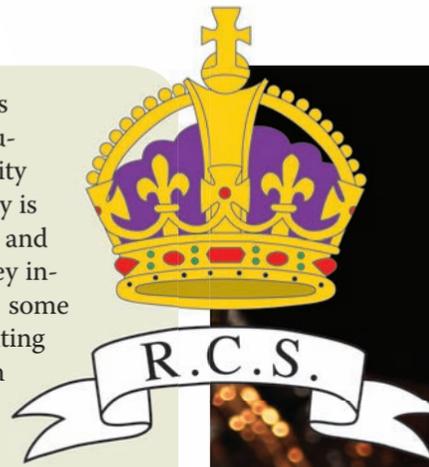
"Spending the faculty grant on 200 students rather than 4000 seems like a bit of a joke."

Despite selling out, it is worth noting that some events are predicted to make a significant loss as well, with RCSU's Summer Ball at Taman Gang having ended up in the red around £5500.

Should a loss in these events be softer than the ones currently being experienced, the capital available could most likely be put to better use elsewhere. Suggestions for potential uses of the money include:

- Welfare purposes
- Increased number of smaller events throughout the year with a capacity to perpetuate the Union's brand
- Sponsorship of merchandise to the same effect and,
- The sponsorship of educational and career talks and events.

While the RCSU seems to have run the event smoothly, to the book and without major hiccups, the same cannot be said of the CGCU, which appears to be having some internal problems.



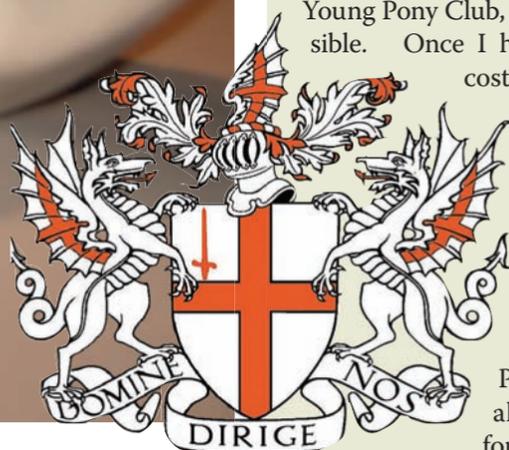
RCSU President Katya-yani Vyas: "There was nothing pointing to the Autumn Ball to be unsuccessful. Our only mistake was our high expectations"



CGCU President Kirsty Patterson chose not to speak to *felix*, and is under heavy inspection after the CGCU Masquerade Ball's failings

...THEN CRUMBLING FROM THE INSIDE

... BUT THE CGCU IS BEGINNING TO SHOW CRACKS IN THEIR EXTERIOR; CASH IS LOST AT THE BALL, VICE PRESIDENT SPEAK OUTS AND GUILDSHEET EDITOR RESIGNS. **DAN WAN** REPORTS



CGCU Vice President of Finances & Services Rikki Norris looks to clear his name after the fiasco surrounding the City & Guilds College Union

City and Guilds College Union is crumbling from in the inside, reports *felix*. Even though Friday's City and Guilds College Union Masquerade Ball cannot be considered a failure by any means, it has seemingly brought to light many of the problems surrounding the CGCU and its committee. Since the black-tie event was held, there have been strong murmurs of discontent within the CGCU. Senior committee members of the engineering Faculty Union have spoken out against the current administration, with Guildsheet Editor Lawrence Weetman also resigning this past Wednesday.

Friday's Masquerade Ball made an unexpected approximate £7,300 loss, but the finances seem to be just the tip of the iceberg currently concerning the CGCU Executive committee. It is seemingly a story of mismanagement that has amounted to the catastrophic financial deficit left in the CGCU balance sheets this week.

Months prior to the Ball, CGCU President Kirsty Patterson proposed New Young Pony Club to be the Masquerade Ball's headline act. However, Rikki Norris, her second-in-command and Vice President of Finances and Services, was the very first to see cracks in the plan. Being the only other financially responsible committee member in the CGCU, he quickly distanced himself after learning about the mounting technical costs involved in bringing the band to the Union.

"In the summer when the Ball was being organised and Kirsty quoted £5,000 for New Young Pony Club, I thought it could be possible. Once I heard the technical rider

costs could be into the thousands rather than the hundreds, that's when I took a step back."

Despite Mr. Norris's apprehension and disapproval after assessing the feasibility of attaining the band, Miss Patterson decided to go ahead with hiring the act for a total of around £7,000.

The rider costs to hire the band's requested equipment is reported to be around the £2,000 mark. "I advised not to go ahead, but she went ahead against best advice," Mr. Norris also stated. He has also refused to put his name to the final budget requests sent to the Union for the verification.

To cover the extravagant expenses, tickets

were priced at £38 for a dinner ticket and £16 for entertainments. Some have questioned the price of the tickets for being too expensive for an event held at the Union.

"Everyone that came left with a smile on their face," said Steve Long, Vice President of Activities of the CGCU. "We weren't there to make money after all."

To place things in perspective, RCSU charged £35 for dinner and £10 for entertainment passes at last Monday's Autumn Ball, an event held at Cocoon: a Mayfair restaurant-cum-bar more familiar with city bankers and high-flying businessmen.

"The circumstances under which the cash box went missing are hazy, but reports have suggested it was mislaid by Miss Patterson."

On top of the cost of the headline act being the main contributing factor to the debatably high ticket prices, one attendee to the CGCU Ball poignantly highlighted a further issue of mismanagement that ultimately meant the Ball become an ill-defined event. She asked "do you really think people go to a masquerade ball just for the headline act?" This is a question that the Kirsty Patterson and her CGCU committee possibly should have asked themselves before booking such an expensive act.

The Ball has raised questions regarding the leadership and financial responsibility of Miss Patterson as CGCU President. It has been reported that an initial decision not to sell tickets on the door was reversed by Miss Patterson a short while into the night's proceedings. However, this decision was not run by her committee members, putting her in sole responsibility for the box of money held at the door; its purpose to hold guests' wristbands and to collect ticket money.

It came as a surprise for other members of the CGCU committee to hear that the cash box containing a total of £470 was found in the Union Dining Hall by a Union senior steward at 4pm the next day. Despite immediate emails being sent out by Union Deputy President (Finance & Services) Danny Hill, sources have indicated that Miss. Patterson only informed various members of her committee on the Sunday, two days after the loss. The circumstances in which the box



went missing are hazy, but reports have suggested it was mislaid by Miss Patterson at some point nearing the end of the night.

Though the box has now been recovered, *felix* has since learned that in the weeks leading to the Ball Miss Patterson's privilege to take out the CGCU chequebook from the main Union offices had been revoked. This action had been taken on advice of the Union's finance staff. The reasoning behind this is said to be more down to her carelessness in returning the chequebook for safe-keeping, rather than financial irresponsibility. There are rumours circulating within the Union that the level of financial responsibility she holds as a Faculty Union President is soon to be subject to alteration.

Wednesday saw another blow for the CGCU executive committee when Guildsheet Editor Lawrence Weetman officially resigned from his post. He issued an official statement laying out his reasons for his resignation.

"The pressure placed upon me to produce a forty-page magazine every month and the desire to put more effort into other projects has forced me to regretfully resign from the position of Guildsheet Editor. "Guildsheet has previously been a termly publication that contained an average of 20 to 30 pages. It has been said that the "pressure" in which Mr. Weetman describes to go to print every month with 40 pages came from the top, and that a strained relationship with members of the CGCU executive committee were started to become too untenable to do Guildsheet justice. I took into account the thoughts of my friends and tutors when making this decision, and don't believe that I really had any other option under the circumstances."

The Masquerade Ball and surrounding events have left a disgruntled committee who are seemingly pointing fingers above them towards their most senior member. The CGCU will look to shake off the recent disagreements, and reshape their finances to accommodate the rest of the year's planned events. Whether or not the CGCU can continue to run smoothly with a President who has several questions over her name is to be seen in the coming weeks.



Kitty Mao's tribute to Stephen Gately



"Me and Aisha brought matching Boyzone dogtags and thought this was awesome-gee-wiz-cool"



Stephen Gately was my first crush. When I was 7 I met a girl named Aisha who introduced Boyzone to me. They were a concoction of pre-pubescent dreaminess, tied together with harmony and sporting white t-shirts and denim overalls. Before N-sync strutted in with their dirrrty bubblegum pop and poor-grade CGI futuristic-home videos, there was Boyzone. Before Simon Cowell decided to show his potato-sculpted face on screen, revealing, like some fantastic magician, the audition process for merry-band-making which was previously hidden behind pages of The Stage, 5 Irish lads were selected to be Boyzone. Before the Internet there was Boyzone. Before Barack Obama there was Boyzone. And they rocked my little world.

The first ever live show I ever did see was a Boyzone one. It was in Cardiff

Arena. Aisha, me and her mum took a train from Bristol to the welcoming arms of a sold out 2000 capacity dream-sanctuary where I was to come face to face, with my hero. He was almost angelic, perhaps due to the overkill of 100W bulb usage. I look back and realise how wrong it was, for me, as a child, to count how old Stephen would be when I turned 18, just to make sure he could have his wild marriage way with me yet still not be old-man-creepy and get sent to prison. Ok, so what if I didn't know the legal age for 'love' was 16, in those days sex was still the icky with the finger going into the hoop made out of the other hands' fingers. But at least I was willing to wait; young girls these days would scratch each other's eyes out with a good size cactus, or hedgehog, to get the 2-finger-deal with Robert Pattinson, of Twilight fame, or one of

the Jonas brothers In my day, it was a little bit more innocent. As we sat on that train to Cardiff, painting our nails, although in hindsight, what a retarded idea that was; strong fumes in a confined space, we literally counted down the seconds until we would see our beloved Boyzone. There was a moment when I swear Stephen caught my eye and yes, hear these words and laugh; it...was...like...he...was...singing...only...to...me. Golly. I don't remember much else, not even my favourite song or how long the set was. Only that me and Aisha brought matching Boyzone dogtags and thought this was awesome-gee-wiz-cool. I also remember that the only copy of a Boyzone album I had was a tape, with two sides and everything; they were called side A and side B dontchaknow and it was totally pirated and sold to my Dad at Easton market. I always did feel the shame of

my non-legit copy.

I grew up and at the age of 13 rejected all my Boyzone love to turn grunge... then slightly goth, then a bit new-age 80's finally ending my teenage years as very much 50's. I denounced ever liking pop music; During the time it took me to grow up, Boyzone split up, Ronan declared that life is a rollercoaster and Stephen became Prince Charming in musical theatre.

He also came out of closet, shocking girls everywhere and making me question how much tail he got in his Boyzone years, if any, before he decided to bat for the other team. People named him as a hero for gay rights although in my opinion being smoked out of the closet makes you more a hero for battling career-blackmail; an epidemic in our times. Since then, Stephen kept to himself, only releasing singles in sporadic periods of his life,

but faithfully did not parade himself in celebrity big brother-stuck-in-a-jungle-cootie-love-island. Ok, so he did go on Celebrity Ice Skating, but that travesty was on ITV which is practically like broadcasting in a desert.

It was only until last week when his name even crossed my mind, and for all the wrong reasons. As I did my daily breakfast routine of a cigarette and reading Sky news on my mobile phone it was announced that Stephen Gately had tragically died on holiday. There were no suspicious causes and an underlying heart condition was suspected. Even though his death has shocked and saddened me, I firmly believe that it was accidental. However I cannot believe that Jan Moir of the Daily Mail managed to squeeze out of her column a large turd of conspiracy theory about drugs, sexual deviance and full on gay-bashing.

Abdul Hannan questions the Government



"It is my view that the government aim is to engineer a vocal and provocative right-wing extreme"



...and not just Question Time.

I've been following the drum-rolls in the run up to the debate on Question Time (with Nick Griffin on the panel), and also followed the media coverage post-event. I have to say: I'm not very impressed by the holier-than-thou attitude of MPs and some newspapers.

Nick Griffin went on Question Time to argue that he is anti-Islam and not anti-black or anti-brown. Griffin was, quite rightly, held to task by David Dimbleby (the host) when Griffin smirked and refused to come clean on his views of the holocaust. No-one took Griffin to task when he audaciously stated that Islam "ordains as a religious duty to murder Jews as well as other non-Muslims, that's in the

Quran there's no point shaking your head." The best that Baroness Syeda Warsi could say is that, she's confused as to whether Nick Griffin is a friend to Muslims or an enemy? It's as if it's taken for granted that what Griffin said is an Islamic view found in the Quran, but it's just "extreme"!

We know of Nick Griffin's and the BNP's anti-Islamic views. Griffin is a fringe politician who carries little weight or support. Yet it is senior politicians from all parties who are primarily responsible for creating an atmosphere where it is acceptable to attack Islam and Islamic values and who have created the environment of anti-Muslim hatred which allow people like Griffin to spout their hatred so openly. Their war propaganda, oppressive anti-terror laws and cheap

populism over the past eight years has made the British population more distrustful of Muslims than any other Western nation.

Jack Straw MP (a co-panellist) fuelled much more anti-Muslim feelings than Griffin with his attack on women who wear the niqab (face veil). Yet, he is using his Question Time appearance to court Muslim votes. And as Griffin said, it is Straw who "has the blood of 850,000 Iraqis on his hand."

The colleagues of Baroness Warsi in the Conservative Party have similarly fuelled hatred of Islam. With mainstream politicians like Tony Blair, David Cameron, Michael Gove, Phil Woolas and Jim Fitzpatrick, one can see that it is not only the BNP who fuel hatred of Islam.

The invitation extended to Griffin

by the BBC and the decision of leading politicians to sit with him illustrates their hypocrisy. It also shows their expediency over the so-called principle of 'free-expression'.

Either Griffin's views are racist, beyond the pale and should not be condoned (even if he is an MEP) or his views should be entertained, as should those of others whose views are disliked. However, we see the same politicians who label Muslims as extreme and perverted in their belief for believing in the Caliphate or saying that resistance in Palestine is legitimate, are the same ones that happily sit with Griffin -who leads an openly racist party and whose view on Adolf Hitler is that he went 'a bit too far'!

The very newspapers whose front pages now despise Nick Griffin are the

same ones that increase media profile of the anti-Muslim BNP or the English Defence League (EDL) they give a platform to the lies that seek to portray Islam as a violent, intolerant and backward religion with very little challenge to their lies and false premises. In so doing, it intensifies the atmosphere which bullies Muslims into apologising for their Islamic values, and demands they embrace Western liberal values instead. This would even resonate with those reading this article!

It is my view that the government aim is to engineer a vocal and provocative right-wing extreme and simultaneously engineer a 'Muslim extreme' that will be used by mainstream politicians to demonise Islam and so encourage a reformist trend in Islam so Muslims to accept British foreign policy.

Vicki Masding has a steady flow of trash



"Guys who take the idea of dressing up and throw it out the window...along with their clothes it seems!"



Tis the season for dressing up like a retard and spending lots of monies for the privilege of doing so. By this, I am of course referring to, 'fancy dress'. If you're a girl this could also be interpreted as 'slutting-it-up-good-and-proper' and with Halloween soon approaching we will probably see a lot of horny witches about. Evidently I am not a fan. Thus my efforts in this pursuit have been lack luster to say the least; my most recent foray involved a T-shirt I got for free, some Primark tights and a sign made out of used jotted pad paper coloured in with highlighters.

You know; it is not all BAD news. IF people really put effort into their cos-

tumes and make them themselves, (instead of buying the tacky nylon outfits; PET. HATE) it can be pretty darn good. But who is going to do that? "Me"... Quiet you! Unless it is your party or you are trying to attract a costume fetishist for a mate, then the motivation just is not there.

I have no problem however, with fancy dress, where the definition pertains to formal attire. Now you've got me listening! If only for the reason I am far less likely to behave badly when adorned in a sophisticated cocktail dress compared to a baggy t shirt, already red, thereby eliminating the fear of the 'snaky-B-splash!'

There are pro's and con's to the male dress code in either of the 'fancy dress'

environments. Some credit must be awarded to those guys who take the idea of dressing up and throw it out the window...along with their clothes it seems! Cover yourself in dirt or spatter on some war paint and you have an outfit right there, no garments necessary. However being the romanticist and fantasist that I can indeed be, a man in a good tux, looking suave and standing proud oozes that old school glamour. Like a slowly exhaled cigarette; something about it, is just fucking good.

Back to the idea of stripping bare for a special occasion, I don't suppose you have heard about the new body scanning machines in airports? Hmm, LOL. No hiding those tiny

packages now boys! Or chicken fillets girls. Manchester airport is piloting this pervy device, said to reduce waiting times in airports. Well, at least we have our priorities straight; convenience over class and decency. Forgive my prejudice; in fact I would not really care, it would be over quickly and because you cannot see the scanner and will never meet the person looking at the scanner; really it is like they never saw the outline of your genitals at all. It is similar to the tree falling in the forest, if no one heard it; it is like it never made a sound. Therefore I propose, for anyone that has a problem with this new technology, reassure themselves with the comforting notion that if you are never confronted with the image or

mocked for the sight you are, to all intensive purposes it has not happened. You create your own reality.

Needless to say, that is a load of crap and the people in the little office with the scanner will undoubtedly have their feet up while chowing down on Doritos laughing at your expense.

Not just that, it raises the issue of whether children should be scanned, or whether there should be a background check for those with scanner clearance. But then if you allowed children to bypass the scanner, we could load our kids up with guns and coke and have a whale-of-a-time! Or else... subject them to the pat down; but the paedo-patrol would not be down with that either.

David Stewart asks 'the Mirror of the Mail?'



"You'll say something you think is reasonable and they'll call you a snivelling lefty, or a Nazi fascist."



In the second part of our guide to Student life, (see last week's 'Paper trails') we tackle the notion of left/right-wing. How do you know if you are L-W, or R-W? What does it mean?

At some point, you will have to decide on Port or Starboard. Basically, someone will ask you. Or you'll say something you think is completely reasonable and they'll call you a snivelling lefty, or a Nazi fascist. You need to know whether to refute this accusation or defend it. Which of these you choose to do makes you L- or R-W.

Quite apart from how you conduct yourself in a verbal hoo-hah down the pub, your decision has consequences outside of your actual political position. For example being L- or R- ultimately decides whether you read the Guardian or the Times; the Mirror or the Mail. Your decision determines whether you buy recycled toilet paper or Andrex; goats cheese or Stilton.

Obviously you need to be well-informed before you choose. Unfortu-

nately, the problem with trying to give a straightforward definition of L-/R-W is that being one or the other means taking on a set of characteristics which are themselves determined by a consensus amongst the people who claim that allegiance. That is to say that the definition is circular: the people that are L-W are L-W because they do L-W things; L-W things are the things which L-W people do. (Similarly for R-W.)

Gaz is Left Wing. He can't believe how disgusted he is about the Iraq War. He makes sure to pop into Waitrose to pick up his Guardian and packet of Fairtrade coffee because he knows that Waitrose is a co-operative and has ethical policies on the sourcing of its meat (which he does not eat). He doesn't know what he's going to vote at the next election because on the one hand, he can't believe how disgusted he is about the Iraq War, but on the other hand, you've got to keep the Tories out, haven't you? (Perhaps he remembers something his mother said about Thatcher stealing the milk.)

Felicity is Right Wing. She picks up her copy of the Telegraph at the Whole Foods Company, because she can get her Organic Baby Food at the same time. 'Felicity is disgusted in equal measure by inheritance tax and the amount of knife crime. The latter she blames on single mothers and illegal immigrants, whom she believes to be spending their benefit money on buying and sharpening the knives that they will use to try to stab her outside a nightclub. She knows that she's not a racist, because one of her friends recently married a third generation Indian woman. Nonetheless, she feels that someone really ought to do something about all those Burqas: 'I mean, how would we know if they were carrying bombs under those things?'

What if you don't feel much affinity with either of these positions? Maybe you think Gaz is a snivelling lefty and Felicity is a Nazi fascist. Then you are called a Centrist. This is a similar disease to Agnosticism and must be addressed immediately. If you feel you

have caught Centrism, the solution is to just pick a side and deal with it. For freaks' sake, it's like hand-wringing when Man U play Arsenal, because you just can't decide which team you like the best. Make your bloody mind up and start screaming at someone.

In making your decision, perhaps it would be helpful to take inspiration from some famous examples of L- or R-W people.

Famous L-W'ers include, Tony Benn, Karl Marx, Robin Hood, Dire Straits, Charlie Brooker, Thomas the Tank Engine and the Hamburgler of McDonalds fame.

Famous R-W'ers include Enoch Powell, Hitler, Boris Johnson, The Sheriff of Nottingham, Gordon the Big Engine, the entire county of Berkshire and KFC's Colonel Sanders,

Because of the identification of L-W, R-W, Centre, with Labour, Conservatives and Liberal-democrats respectively, a colour scheme has emerged. Thus Red is L-W, Yellow in the Centre and Blue on the R.

These colour associations have been exploited. In the late nineties, it was felt that political apathy threatened to undermine democracy. Thus a plan was formed to indoctrinate children into political factions. The Tellytubbies was the flagship of this movement. Yellow Tellytubby Laa-Laa, as his or her name suggests, is a Lib-dem. Red Po was staunch Old Labour until he started switching his second home allowance to avoid capital gains tax, On the other hand, Eurosceptic Tinky-winky is known to be forming alliances with neo-fascist Polish broadcasters called Czewska-czewskis. Dipsy was played by Green activist Siân Berry.

Lastly, in case it had occurred to you that the whole L-/R- business is rather arbitrary or silly and obscures the real issues that should be debated in favour of an oversimplification into a lazy binary decision for the benefit of idiots, then remember: politics is not about open debate, it's about picking the guy in the red or blue corner and cheering until he knocks the other one out.

Gilead Amit and his inner Cro Magnon



"A man can be truly happy if he has something he needs to buy, the money to buy it with and enough time to get lost on the way"

The first time my flatmate asked me if I thought we should go for a Wii, I very nearly tore up my copy of the lease. After the second time he made the suggestion, I changed the locks on the bathroom doors and took to sleeping with a hand grenade under my pillow. It was only on the third time, when as per my instructions he had handwritten his request and slid it under my bedroom door, that I finally called off the restraining order. In my defence, the confusion wasn't helped by his vague hand-waving gestures, which I feel constituted a decidedly double-edged mime.

Being grown men, however, we were able to laugh it all off in the best tradition of awkward manly moments. And come the morrow, I was resolved to go hunting.

From the moment I stepped outside

I felt different. The blood was pounding in my head, my stomach started to tighten and my nostrils began to flare. Rough, primal urges which had lain dormant for years beneath the facade of H&M sweaters and pleated chinos violently overtook my senses.

With the frenzy of the chase burning the inside of my skull, and the coursing of sweat and adrenaline sending millennia of evolution sprawling into the gutter, I took the Piccadilly Line towards Green Park and then changed to the Northbound Victoria line for Oxford Circus.

"Drops the wind and stops the mill," remarks little Buttercup with a certain degree of poignancy. As a woman clearly possessed of an intimate knowledge of the turbulent emotions that exist among our freshwater wildlife, she goes on to point out that "turbot is ambitious brill". True, no doubt, but

scarcely germane to the issue at hand. "Gild the farthing if you will," she adds, "yet it is a farthing still". Ah. Rarely, I venture to say, have truer words been sung in a contralto register. You can take Man out of the outback, give him language, fire and music, teach him to substitute spas for spears, Asda for adzes and archness for archery, but you can't take the outback back out of Man. Not if you want to remain coherent, at any rate.

Whether enjoying the London light from the 40th floor of the Gherkin, or reading the London Lite at 220 feet below ground on the Northern Line, modern man is intrinsically the same hunter-gatherer as his great¹⁰⁰ grandfather before him. And there is nothing that gives him as much pleasure as the excuse to have a quick forage.

He does not have the patience to browse. He does not have the tact to

engage a shop assistant in conversation. He does not have sufficiently developed eyesight to differentiate between Air Force Blue and Cerulean, and is not in possession of the glands which enable him to care. But if you give him something to find, the money to buy it with and enough time to get lost on the way, he will be as happy and malleable as a lump of Pleistocene.

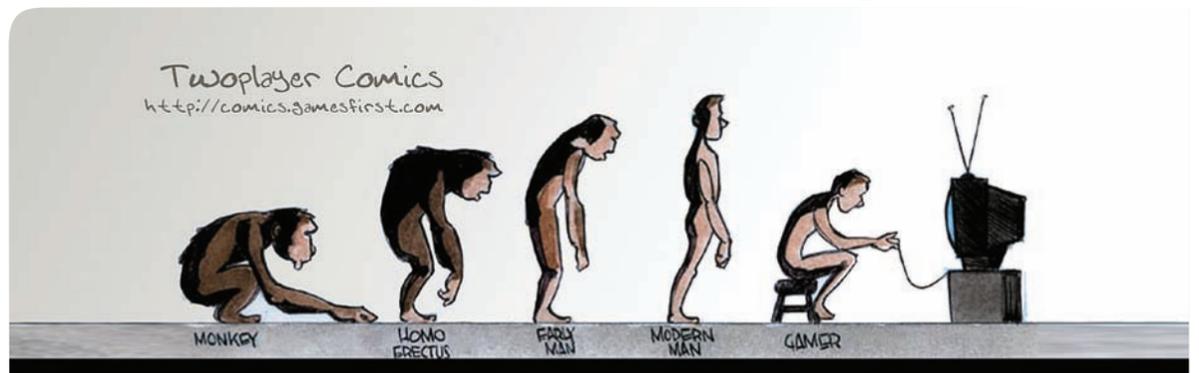
And as I emerged onto Oxford Street on the morning in question, with my sharpest debit card by my side and my quarry firmly within sight, I took manly, purposeful strides towards the HMV. Some short while later, I walked out into the evening breeze with a lifeless Wiildebeest in my hand and an overwhelming feeling of pride in my chest.

I travelled home, and dumped my catch on the dining room table. "Honney, I'm home!" I bellowed, as I collapsed

into the armchair and swung my feet onto the desk. I was still picking up the chess pieces when my flatmate came into the room. As he grunted in recognition of my achievement, I let him take care of the very distinctly unmanly task of dealing with the wires and plugs and things.

And now it sits, a testament to our masculine heroics, stuffed and framed over our mantelpiece between the gilt-edged mirror and the landlady's collection of scented candles. And as we relax in the evenings, we can be content in the knowledge that our adventures are behind us, and we now have a Wii and a gripping story to tell our children. Streamlined, smooth and sexy, oozing with a 'pick-up-and-play-me' urgency that we both find irresistible.

This is still the Wii, of course – not the unborn and biologically improbable children.



Chump'n'Grind

Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief

Despite what anyone says about taking a year out of your degree, it is not the easy option. I am only finding my job as Editor an easier one because I love what this job entails; moreso than I do learning about a plant's photosynthetic cycle or the results of single nucleotide polymorphisms. The stresses of being Editor are very similar to the ones associated with a Biology degree. You have regular deadlines that only Red Bull will allow you to meet and your work will be judged by more than one person. However, it's a different kind of stress. If there's any stress you can enjoy, the one created from a task you love is the one. The task of turning around a newspaper from nothing to 48 pages in a week is a challenge I can probably say I love.

Now this year has produced four issues, I've started to understand the hardships of being responsible for a publication where your readership is within such close quarters to you. Feedback is very easy to give if you personally know the people that write for the newspaper, or it may be the case that

you recognise them around College. The majority of people that have approached me to tell a specific writer that they liked their article, or that they really enjoyed reading that week's *felix*. For than I'm entirely grateful, and it gives ever-more reason to continue to work on *felix* so hard. However, there was an individual that provoked a double-edged reaction in me. Only one side was evident, the other suppressed. Recognising me at a Union event, he took the liberty to tell me that last week's issue had plenty of mistakes. After offering him the chance to avoid a repeat of such mistakes in that week's issue and the opportunity to proof-read for *felix*, he bluntly replied back with "Nah, that's your job."

Despite my initial anger at the audacity of his attitude, I eventually realised something else. My sense of pride for *felix* has been severely hammered. Maybe it was the surprise of the comment amongst the kind sea of positive ones but I began to appreciate the work of past Editors of this fine newspaper; hence I must make an apology. Being the try-hard prick I was, and probably

still am, I once stormed down to the *felix* office last year with a red pen in hand. Once berating Jovan, then Editor, I slammed down a copy of *felix* on his desk and began to circle every discrepancy and adjustment that had put detriment to my articles that week. I'm very sure I have already made mistakes and much worse than those that I was annoyed about last year. After a whole week's life-threatening slog, seeing the fruits of your labour come Friday morning is one I will appreciate each and every week. For someone to disregard the week's hard work and lack of sleep, and to so casually spit nails to the Editor and the editorial team is extremely demoralising. This disregard is one that both the fellow at the Union event and myself are guilty of.

One perk of being Editor is that you get to comment upon all ranges across the social spectrum. From the students in the Union Building that care about the Union that bit too much to the sportsmen outside it, vomiting onto the Quad's lawn. To comment you must first observe, and eventually you get a good feel for society amongst a

"An assortment of guys all ran onto the stage, stripped their top-halves bare and started to wildly swing their shirts above their heads."

student population.

I know some of the rugby lads think that they deserve an apology from the *felix* editorial team. They don't, but I'll give them this as a consolation: whatever we think about the Imperial rugby team, we should think much worse of LSE's rugby team.

Maybe it's the distinct lack of anything green on their campus, or they don't ever get a moment's silence being smack-bang in the middle of Central London, but those boys.....those boys.

On a recent visit to Crush, LSE Union's student club night, their rugby

team made me envious of the Editor-in-Chief of their student newspaper. As the unmistakable snares of the Baywatch theme tune started to play out, the DJ announced that "this one's for the rugby boys". Like an instruction from the training pitch, an assortment of guys all ran onto the stage together, stripped their top-halves bare and started to wildly swing their shirts above their heads. Ironic or not, they were not a team who could get away with re-enacting an onstage surge familiar to a gay club without looking massively camp. And as the soundtrack mixed into Kings of Leon's 'Sex on Fire', the 20-odd boys on stage found themselves still topless, arms still around each other, shirts now hanging limply by their side and stuttering awkwardly to each other "you, you, you, your sex is on fire."

As they returned to the masses of the dancefloor to once again make the overall sex ratio about 80:20 in favour of men, it made me laugh to no end. If only the Imperial rugby lads were that disillusioned to pull off such an 'ironic' stunt, Hangman would have material for many a cat's lives.



Digging (through the internet) for gold

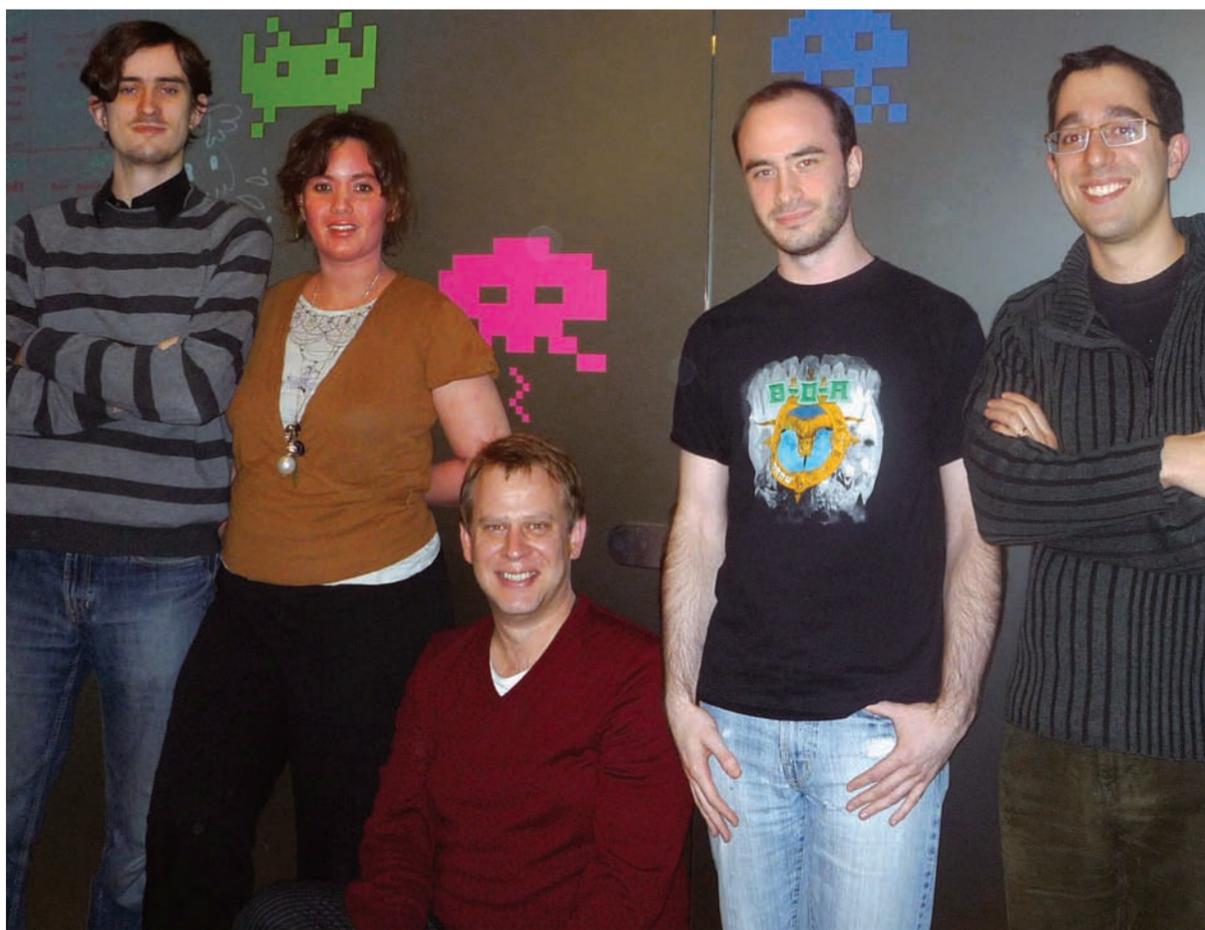
Continuing our series on profiling successful start-ups with links to Imperial College, *felix* Business interviewed two former Imperial students about their music industry data-mining company

Musicmetric is a growing company founded by Imperial physics graduate Greg Mead together with two friends in February 2008. Another Imperial graduate, Jameel Syed joined the company in December 2008 as their Chief Technological Officer.

His background is in the broad and emerging field of data-mining. *felix* was invited to talk to Greg, a Nightlife and Music Editor for *felix* and Jameel, about their business and how they got there.

We met at their office where like many start-ups, the atmosphere was relaxed and their expensive hardware sat alongside Xboxes and a foosball table. Their clients can be anyone in the music industry, but they mostly deal with medium to large record labels and management firms. They offer software that allows them to access relevant market information.

I started by asking how Greg's time at Imperial helped him set up his own business, beyond the technical programming skills he gained. "It made it easier, definitely, in terms of access." Jameel had also benefited from a summer research project in data mining, leading directly to his post-graduation line of work. They were both excited by the increased availability of support for student enterprise in recent years, "It will definitely help."



The Musicmetric team line up; we're still wondering what the colourful space invaders do in the office though

Musicmetric's product line

Musicmetric currently offers three levels of service to cater for casual, professional and larger clients. The scope of applications for their data analysis is vast. For example, they can show demographic information to help musicians target their marketing more effectively. Greg says that this has become even more important as a result of advertising budget cuts caused by the recession.



Conveniently displayed graph showing age structure of fans

One of my favourites was their map showing the geographic distribution of fans. These allows bands to consider having a tour stop in a town they were previously unaware of being popular. For example, it turns out that Robbie Williams, whose managers are a notable client for musicmetric, is popular

in Northern Italy, so he could think about maybe staging a gig there.

There are also some altogether cleverer applications of musicmetric's data-mining technology. They are able to, as they put it, 'calculate buzz' and 'analyse sentiment'. Their software goes through websites, blogs, and other online sources of information. They can then search for anything from the number of pirate downloads of a particular track to pieces of text. These can, for example, tell if audiences



Map showing concentrations of fans

thought lighting at a show was bad or if they are keenly awaiting a new album.

Jameel is working on improving their product line all the time. Their focus for the next couple of years is going to remain the music industry. During this time, they aim to provide an even broader range of services to artists and

managers. More importantly, they want to turn their products to standard tools within the industry.

They already track five hundred thousand bands and plan to expand this to ten million. This number includes amateur bands such as those in high schools, but is impressive nonetheless. They have even grander plans for where they want to be in a few years time. They want to apply their data-mining techniques to other industries, believing the scope

Running Musicmetric as a business

The company started off with little more than an idea and a strong team of people dedicated to it.

They soon secured a £400,000 investment and are now entering a second investment round. This will enable them to continue growing and to develop their latest ideas. Greg and Jameel agreed that a good team has always been essential in allowing the business to flourish.

The staff at musicmetric had a passion for music as well as strong technical abilities, which begged the question of what the balance was. Greg answered, "[the balance between music and technology] is reflected in the make-up of the team. We have three from more of a technical background and three who are more interested in the music industry."

And how do you know that you have the perfect team? "Obviously you have to get on; you have to be able to do what you do," Greg continued. Jameel added, "There are challenges that come up every day...[as a new start-up] you don't have a department to deal with it so people have to come forward."

Although Greg and Jameel were very happy with the people that worked at musicmetric, they identified the need to keep up with the workload as the biggest challenge for all of them. This can be a frequent issue at start-ups and had been especially significant in recent weeks as the firm had come up with a number of new ideas that needed to be worked on. As Jameel put it, "there are always more good ideas [to follow up on] than hours in the day." So the Xboxes and foosball table suffered

Top Tips for Imperial students wanting to start their own business

Throughout the interview, good advice came up for students with regards to starting out in business.

Applying technical skills

"The first thing people who come out of imperial with, say, a computing degree need to learn is how people use [computing degrees] in the real world to achieve their business needs," suggests Jameel.

Starting a business with friends

"Try and get your friends [on your team]...If you can't persuade your friends or someone who knows a lot about your idea to join, you know you're going to have problems."

Raising capital to start a new business

On this one the main advice was to build prototypes. The guys admitted to not using any of the prototypes that they pitched to investors with, because they developed better models. But it was still important to be able to show what the software can do.

the sad fate of underuse. In fact, they identified the kitchen as their favourite part of a homely office because of its convenience.

As well as expanding into other sectors in which data analysis can help participant firms' performance, musicmetric wants to expand by going global. "We have got to move outside of the UK."

Despite the hard work, Greg and Jameel both clearly enjoy their work. I asked what the best part was. "In the industry, everyone knows everyone. You can be having a meeting and mention you sold something to someone and then [the people at the meeting] will say 'oh cool, he's my best friend.'"



Robbie Williams is not just a big client for musicmetric, he is also a personal favourite of *felix* Editor Dan Wan (Ed. - He's really not, it's all about The Barlow)



'Holy grail' of cancer therapy found

A new finding at the University of Pittsburgh offers a therapeutic hope to millions, up to a point

Nathan Ley Science Editor

According to the co-author of a recent study published by a team of researchers at the University of Pittsburgh, Jeff Isenberg: "More than half of all cancer patients are treated at least in part with radiation".

Radiotherapy is the use of ionising radiation as part of cancer treatment to control malignant cells. It can be used as palliative treatment (where a cure is not possible and the aim is for local control or relief) or as therapeutic treatment (where the therapy has survival benefit and it may be curative). It is used in the treatment of malignant tumours where it acts as the primary therapy, but also commonly in combination with surgery, chemotherapy, hormone therapy or transplantation.

Fundamentally, it is the vital process in the initial destruction of cancer cells in the short term. However, at the moment there are problems in that although radiation may be physically directed as precisely as possible, it does not differentiate between healthy and cancerous cells. This causes problems such as nausea, vomiting, skin sores, rashes, weakness and fatigue as well as harsher side effects caused by longer term radiation such as scarring, and furthermore death of normal tissue.

This problem has made the need for a resolution clear and obvious. Lucky now then, that the team from the University of Pittsburgh in conjunction with the NCI (National Cancer Institute) claim to have found a way to both protect healthy tissue from the toxic

effects of radiation treatment, and at the same time increase tumour death.

They claim to have identified a biochemical signalling pathway that can profoundly influence what happens to both cancerous and healthy cells when they are exposed to radiation. In mouse experiments, they found that blocking the molecule thrombospondin-1 (TSP1) from binding to its cell surface receptor CD47 (Cluster of Differentiation 47) affords normal tissues almost complete protection from both standard and very high doses of radiation.

Senior author Dr David Roberts from the NCI stated that despite protecting healthy cells, the new approach does not provide this same level of protection to cancer cells. However, the exact way in which normal cells are protected when the TSP1/CD47 cell signalling pathway is disrupted is not yet clear.

"We almost couldn't believe what we were seeing," Dr Jeff Isenberg, the chief author, said. "This dramatic protective effect occurred in skin, muscle and bone marrow cells, which is very encouraging". He added "Cells that might have died of radiation exposure remained viable and functional when pre-treated with agents that interfere with the TSP1/CD47 pathway."

Dr David Roberts explained, "In our experiments, suppression of CD47 robustly delayed the regrowth of tumours in radiation-treated mice." Dr Isenberg, who published his findings in the journal *Science Translational Medicine*, said the treatment should be transferable to humans in as little as five years: "The therapeutic agents have been tested in normal cells from

mice, rats, pigs and cows and in living animals including mice, rats and pigs. "However, further optimisation and testing of these agents would be required prior to any usage in humans."

He claimed that the drugs had been effective on human cells in the laboratory but that toxicology and clinical trials would be needed before it could potentially be adopted as a treatment, a process which could require up to five years.

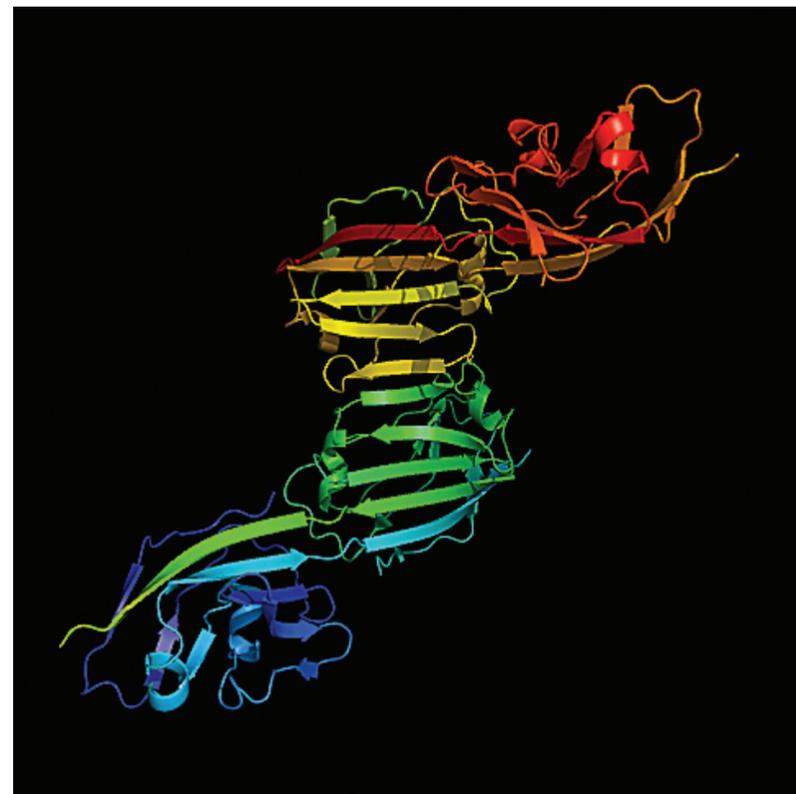
Dr Ester Hammond, a Cancer Research UK scientist at the University of Oxford, commented: "This work is particularly exciting because it's a step towards developing drugs that could be given alongside radiotherapy to protect healthy cells, while destroying the cancerous ones."

But, as previously mentioned, the study raises the intriguing question of exactly why normal cells are protected from radiation when this particular cell-signalling pathway is disrupted.

It is possible that the radiation impairs the immune response to tumours even while killing tumour cells, but suppression of CD47 keeps the immune cells safe. Decreasing CD47 levels on tumour cells also could make them more sensitive to attack by the patient's immune system after treatment. Or, suppression of injury to vascular cells may have the ability to improve blood flow allowing naturally occurring anti-tumour immunity to reach cancer cells more easily.

"Future work will undoubtedly shed more light on this and could lead to new treatments for cancer patients," Dr Hammond added.

So called 'miracle drugs' reported



The secondary structures of CD47, in all their colourful glory

in the press frequently come and go (take the example of the curry ingredient Curcumin this week) and as a result we should be cautious. Even in the best-case scenario that the expression of CD47 can become routinely reduced by the action of a drug and it has the desired effect, it would hardly be the end of cancer. By reducing the negative points of radiotherapy action

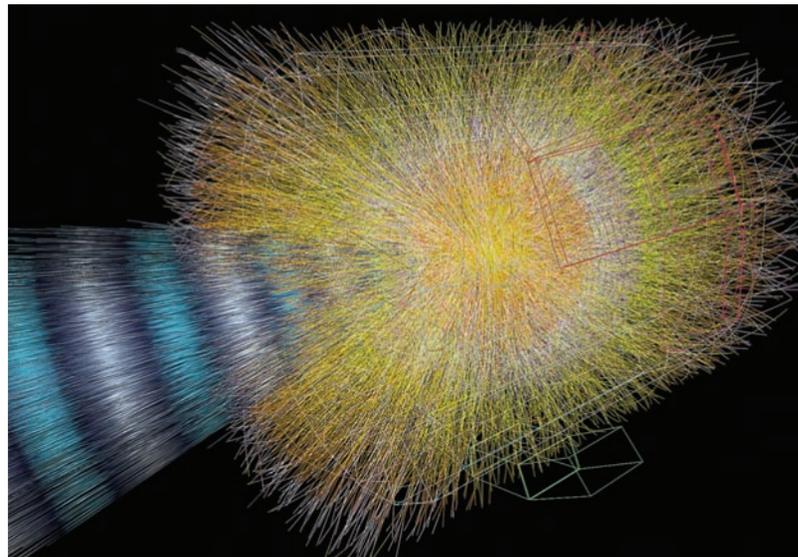
on tumours we are doing nothing to allay the causes of cancer, nor to address the underlying fundamental problems that remain within the body after therapy which actually have the potential to repeatedly create the symptoms and effects (i.e. tumours), such as the chromosomal translocations associated with multiple myeloma and leukaemia.

Particles injected into the LHC for first time in a year

Brigette Atkins Science Editor

A little over a year ago, the world looked to CERN with baited breath for the switch-on many feared would spell the end of the universe. The Large Hadron Collider (LHC) was set to recreate conditions at the start of the universe and continue the hunt for the ever-elusive Higgs boson. However, despite the great build-up, the start of the experiment was notably lacking in dramatics. The big moment was marked only by a smattering of applause among the scientists at CERN, and almost missed entirely by the live BBC reporter!

Unfortunately, the experiment was called to an end before it even fully began. The LHC was shut down barely nine days after the initial start-up. A faulty electrical connection caused a tonne of liquid helium to leak into the tunnel from two superconducting magnets. This 'quenching' raised the temperature of the magnets by over 100K above the required 1.9K and has taken scientists and engineers a year to



A simulation of a lead ion collision in the ALICE experiment

repair.

Last Friday marked the first injection of particles into the collider since last year's setback. Beams of protons and lead ions were sent clockwise around

part of the 'A Large Ion Collider Experiment' (ALICE), a 7 km part of the larger LHC experiment. Protons were also fired anticlockwise through the LHCb detector, a part of the LHC designed

to investigate the abundance of matter relative to the amount of antimatter in the universe.

This may seem like a very small step in the restarting of the experiment but engineers and scientists are wary of a repeat catastrophe and are taking things one stage at a time. The beams sent around the LHC have shown that the collider's systems are now working as they should be. The process of testing the collider section-by-section is slow but necessary to perform the calibrations required for the smooth running of the experiment.

Gianluigi Arduini told BBC News: "This is a work of synchronisation. The fast magnets must be synchronised to accelerate the beam and transfer it from one accelerator to the next and eventually to the LHC, which must be synchronised to accept it."

For the time being, the protons and ions are being introduced to the collider at the relatively low energy of 450 million electron volts. When the experiment is fully running, the particle beams will accelerate to and collide in

opposing directions at a fraction below the speed of light. The energy of the particles is to be built up in stages with the hope that beams will be accelerated up to 7 billion electron volts by 2011. At this energy, particle collisions will give scientists insight into the first moments after the creation of the universe. Many involved in the experiment also hope the end results will provide concrete evidence for the Higgs boson, a theoretical particle believed to give other particles mass.

Holger Bech Nielsen of the Niels Bohr Institute, Copenhagen remarked that breakdowns at the LHC may be caused by the Higgs boson itself. Theoretically the boson could go back in time and destroy whatever created it, leading to a malfunction in the accelerator. Contrary to this, most scientists believe the 2008 failure was down to more routine problems with the actual apparatus.

The next step now will be the circulation of a particle beam the full way around the 27 km tunnel.

This is set to take place in November this year.

SKEPTICS IN THE PUB

DUNCAN CASEY TAKES A TRIP TO HOLBORN TO BANISH THE MYTH THAT ALL SCIENTISTS ARE 'BOGEYMEN'

Ever get that feeling that the world outside the walls of college is a cold, unfriendly place? That people just don't appreciate the beauty of super-symmetrical string theories, or the sublime elegance of a perfectly-folded prion? That, in short, the world's just not damn geeky enough? That, my friends, is because you're drinking in the wrong pubs.

Skeptics in the Pub is rapidly becoming a London institution, although it's beginning to spread its tendrils, wraith-like, throughout the rest of the civilised world. A little like the good bit of a conference (the bit where all the boring shit has finished and you go to the bar to argue about the talks), it's an informal monthly bash in a pub in Holborn, with a different guest speaker each time. Topics have ranged from the misuse of scientific claims in advertising through to the (apparently) rational basis for believing that the world was created in seven days, six thousand years ago, by a bearded bloke with a really warped sense of humour (presented by the UK head of Answers in Genesis). All this is aided and abetted by epic measures of beer and silliness and whipped into some form of shape by regular compère Matt Parker, the world's foremost stand-up mathematician.

As much as anything, the meetings present a forum for people with no formal training who are interested in or who interact with science to meet, debate with and get drunk around real scientists (that's us); to prove we're not all bogeymen (or bogeywomen) and to give an insight into what it is we actually do all day. As a result, Monday's talk on 'Why scientists are still such a PR disaster', presented by Dr Jenny Rohn of UCL and editor of Lablit.com, had the potential to be interesting - or at least amusingly bitter. In the end, technical hitches and the obvious nervousness of the speaker meant that the talk itself was underwhelming: it turns out, for example, that if you ask a seven-year-old to draw a scientist, what you get is a stereotypical picture that looks suspiciously like Dr Bunsen Honeydew



The standard Imperial student after a three hour optics lab

of Muppets fame. On the flip side, I suspect if you ask the same seven-year-old to draw a Swedish man, he'll have big eyebrows, a chef's hat and a habit of shouting "Bork!", so I wouldn't draw too many conclusions from that. Still, the shortcomings of the talk were more than adequately compensated for by the Q&A session and subsequent good-natured bickering, leaving everybody to try and piece together the nuggets of wisdom they'd accumulated while six pints down.

Despite the informal feel and loose structure, the event has pulled in some big speakers since its inception in 1999: Robin Ince, Ben Goldacre

"...if you ask a seven-year-old to draw a scientist, what you get is a stereotypical picture that looks suspiciously like Dr Bunsen Honeydew of Muppets fame."

and Tim Minchin are regulars, and you'll recognise a surprising number of academics hiding in the shadows at the back so their students don't spot them. The group have also formed something of a lightning rod for campaign groups: the geek army behind campaigns like the libel law reform project provoked by the cases currently faced by Simon Singh and others. The next event is in Victoria, presented by Evan Harris MP on the topic of how science influences government policy (and vice versa): get in there and give him a grilling.

<http://skeptic.org.uk/events/skeptics-in-the-pub>

COME TOGETHER

CHRIS SELF WONDERS: 'WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?'

In recent history science has been divided into clear cut fields, for two main reasons: as the breadth of study and the depth of thought progresses, a lack of time in one's life forces us to specialise. The second, and rather less romantic reason, is economics. In universities, funding is distributed departmentally; unless branded a physicist or a biologist, no one would know who to make the cheque out to!

Unfortunately the world isn't so nicely divided, and throughout the twentieth century technological advances drove the scientific disciplines together. Take computers; to understand how a computer functions you need a working knowledge of both the physics behind the electronic hardware, and the extra layer of mathematics governing the way the computer behaves. Now you may be thinking "Maths is used in physics all the time, what is he talking about?" but please calm yourself, I put it to you that this is categorically different. I concede that maths is used all the time in physics; however here the mathematics is not simply the formalism of the physics. The mathematics describes a different emergent behaviour that study of the low level electronics could never yield.

This progression culminated in the development of Complexity theory in the 1980's. This computationally heavy scientific framework allows the general study of emergent phenomena and creates a base from which incredibly complex processes such as those in biology or sociology can be studied mathematically.

This is exciting as it opens such doors as the true quantitative analysis of the brain, of human populations, etc. Imagine the time when science will be able to discuss emergent phenomena such as psychological behaviours, psychiatric disorders and, perhaps, even our self-awareness and desire to learn in terms of underlying elements.

Since the 80's cross-disciplinary institutes, the analogue of traditional departments, have appeared around the world both independent of and associated with universities. Even our own fair Imperial is graced by the Institute for Mathematical Sciences opposite the Imperial College Business School. These institutes facilitate the coming together of scientists and engineers from all fields to tackle specific problems. And this has become very much the fashion of our era; in the last 10 years, spurred on by this spirit of cooperation, scientists have begun to launch upon studies of unprecedented scale. From the analysis of the epidemiology of the worldwide HIV crisis to the great modern example of interdisciplinarity: climate change.

Whole institutions have been set up in this way to deal with specific challenges - Imperial currently plays host to 7 not including the IMS, and in my opinion this is a positive step forward. We observe the world in terms of questions; it's a fundamental and fascinating essence of humanity that every child looks at the world and asks, "Why?". So why, here at Imperial, should our undergraduate studies be so fixed within the classic confines of a particular discipline? Why shouldn't interest drive what we learn about? And why are cross-departmental courses looked down on by students of straight sciences?

There are undoubtedly numerous administrative reasons "the man" would tell you to make this dream impossible. And many more academic reasons that make it undesirable. But I beseech you readers to never look down on a science "softer" than your own. Mathematics students, put away those scowls of self-righteous disgust at the physicists; physicists forget your disapproval of the "fact learning" biologists and biologists question not the virtues of sociology. For to answer the big questions affecting our world, you will have to work together one day.



Wise words from McCartney and Lennon





Will Blair be President?

James Lees Politics Editor

Damn you BBC! Putting Question Time on a Thursday neatly missed the deadline for me to write about it for Felix. Ordinarily this is hardly a problem, but last week with One-Eyed Nick was definitely newsworthy. But that really is old news now, so anyone who cares has already had long enough to jibber-jabber about it so I won't waste any more time over it.

Anyway, there is now only one country left who is yet to ratify the Lisbon treaty, the Czech Republic. Once they have done that there will be much less of a chance of the incoming Tory government being able to sort out the messy relationship with Europe we find ourselves in. To make matters worse the treaty paves the way for the position of a President of the European Council and the current favourite for that position is everyone's favourite war criminal Tony Blair.

For anyone not in the know, the European Council is made up of the leaders of the 27 member states of the European Nation and the President of the European Commission. Currently a leader for the Council is selected on a 6 month rotation with the incumbent President being Fredrik Reinfeldt, the Prime Minister of Sweden, but if the Lisbon Treaty is fully ratified then the position becomes a position with a 2 and a half year length term.

To become elected President the members of the Council must vote with a majority for the candidate. The European Parliament has no say in the matter. The European Parliament we mere mortals get to vote for is just where people sit on the gravy train voting on how straight bananas should be, and whether we should be able to buy a pint of beer.

When the members of the Council vote for their new President behind closed doors it is undoubtedly a good decision to vote in an easily recognisable person, or as David Milliband recently put it, 'someone who can stop the traffic' upon arrival in Washington, Beijing or Moscow.

This is especially true after the current President was basically snubbed on a recent visit to Washington. Frankly nobody can blame Obama for that; what's the point in meeting someone who is representing 'Europe' when you have the leaders of the world on speed dial?

Certainly, Blair is recognisable and has the right connections with global leaders to make sure the views of Europe are heard in the corridors of power, but let's take a look at why that is.

Firstly, he took Britain into 2 wars, one of which is commonly called illegal, and while doing it he looked more like George Bush's lapdog than a world leader. So in essence, Mr Blair is recognisable in the same way as Paris Hilton's chihuahua.

Since handing over power to the man who has famously ended boom and bust, Mr Blair has been keeping himself busy. Through being an envoy to the Middle-East and doing after dinner speeches amongst other activities, he is currently pocketing himself a reported \$10million a year, so it seems unlikely he wants the position for the tiny €270,000 salary or the chauffeured car or 20 dedicated staff members.

Maybe I'm wrong and Blair is in fact selflessly and bravely putting himself forward to take on an undoubtedly difficult and likely thankless job. One problem here is that he isn't actually putting himself forward at all; as of time of writing, Blair is still refusing to campaign out of fear that his candidacy will be vetoed and he will be left humiliated.

Of course it's not the kind of election which a TV campaign is going to help, only people already in power get to choose who will be the face of Europe for the rest of the world. President Sarkozy was the first to suggest Blair for the job, Berlusconi of Italy is also in support of Blair and Chancellor Merkel of Germany isn't outrightly declaring who she will vote for but it seems likely it will be Blair.

The only other person who looks like they are intending on trying to get the new position is the leader of Luxembourg who likes to think he is a heavy hitter, but frankly I only found out who he was on Wednesday. In essence, it seems their choice is between a guy who no-one has heard of and a war criminal who didn't bring his country into the Eurozone.

Basically, Tony Blair, not content with merely ruining Afghanistan, Iraq and Britain now has Europe in his sights. None of us can do much to stop him but there is a petition at stopblair.org which currently has over 42000 signatures. I would implore everyone to sign if you have a few spare moments. Of course the petition is unlikely to influence any of the leaders who get to choose the new President.

The main duties of the new role revolve mainly around being the face of the European Union to both the leaders of the world and the general public. This would seem an ideal role for the man who brought charisma rather than policies.

So once the treaty has been ratified, as it now seems certain it will, Blair will start pushing himself forward for the job with the people who matter. His position will change from being, 'I would do it if asked', to pretending to be a real promoter of Europe.

By now it should be fairly obvious that I am currently against further involvement with the European Union and against Tony Blair, so if he gets in and I have to write about Blair more often, I will be annoyed. Unless of course he finally gets taken to the Hague and stands trial for his illegal war.

felix on objectivity in Politics

Neil Dhir

Give instructions to a wise man and he will be yet wiser. Of course at Imperial all men are wise. Or so at least the university league tables would have us believe. According to THES – QS University Rankings, Imperial is the sixth best university in the world. Yet another league table, not nearly as often quoted by the College nor felix, the Shanghai Jiao Tong University Ranking of World Universities, puts Imperial College at 27th place. Both rankings and all rankings are flawed, riddled with errors and are fundamentally biased – as many articles and research papers have shown. What this correspondent really thinks about university rankings he cannot reveal for 'journalism' must remain unbiased which simply is impossible given that everything we hear is an opinion, not a fact and everything we see is a perspective not the truth as Marcus Aurelius, Roman Emperor, said. However, this piece is neither a lecture on Ancient Roman history nor a rant about league tables. All it proposes to demonstrate is that nothing in this world is black and white.

Alas, following on from a previous week's article "Fixing Broken Britain?" by Phil Murray it is quite clear that with regards to the Human Rights Act (HRA) 1998, a few gaping holes desperately need filling. Before going into the privacy claim made by Mr. Murray, consider first the very dubious nature of the Human Rights Act. It matters little that its title simply rings of 'benign' and 'caring'. North Korea's official name is Democratic People's Republic of Korea, yet most of us know that there is as much 'democracy' in North Korea as there is honesty in British politics. In fact, what the HRA has done is to pervert the course of justice and prevent it from being done in its entirety.

There are more than 300 war criminals that are freely walking the streets of Britain who cannot be deported because of their human rights. Amongst them is a Zimbabwean torturer, an Iraqi torturer who worked for Saddam Hussein, a member of the Sudanese militia and a Sri Lankan Tamil Tiger assassination squad driver. Another was a member of the Sierra Leone 'Mosquito' rebel group notorious for murder, rape, looting, burning, sexual slavery and forced amputations. In April, four men accused of mass murder in the Rwandan genocide won their battle to stay free in Britain. The four are wanted to stand trial for their part in the 1994 massacre in which 800,000 people were killed in 100 days. But the High Court ruled that there was 'a real risk they would suffer a flagrant denial of justice' if returned to Rwanda. It has thus been interpreted that these men are more important than the people they killed and what is more; blatantly disregarding the safety of the British population who are inconveniently stuck with the bottom scrapings of all human dignity. Yet one cannot blame the potential receiving nations. Who really wants their garbage back?

Or why not take another case where,



Marcus Aurelius: A leading figure in contemporary politics according to Neil

under the HRA, three prisoners won more than £11,000 in compensation after prison officials deprived them of heroin or methadone substitute, forcing them to go 'cold turkey'. If it is not clear why this is outrageous, it is because prisons are supposed to discourage drugs and actively prevent them from entering the estates of HM Prisons and private ones. What is even more fascinating is that even the likes of "Bin Ladin's Ambassador" in Europe, Abu Qatada, must remain under article 3 of the HRA because he would be "ill-treated" if he was sent back to Jordan. The same man who claimed that fighting jihad, holy war, is mandatory for all Muslims and urges them to 'terrorise' non-believers. The most notorious case to date was when nine Afghan men hijacked a passenger plane and forced it to land at Stansted in 2000. They were convicted but later freed on appeal and a hearing later ruled that under the HRA they could not be deported, in case they faced persecution from the Taliban in their home country. The cost of their court cases, asylum processing and benefits cost some £30 million. They are still living freely in the UK.

The simple fact of the matter is that there is now an HRA industry where more than 100,000 law firms are pursuing cases filed by members of the public which include the honest and the criminals, the minorities and ma-

majorities. There are even 1,200 specialist HRA lawyers. All of it is paid for by money from the public coffers at an estimated cost of £100 million, at a time when there is not even money to pay for MP's expenses.

Mr. Murray assumes that because the Conservatives seek to abolish the HRA they also wish to abolish human rights altogether. That is a non sequitur assumption which breaches the logic of the day. The proposed British Bill of Rights would, to all intents and purposes, have the same content as the HRA but defined and formalised in a manner which would not pervert the entire judicial system and thus preventing ridiculous cases, like the ones described in this article, from even reaching a formal hearing. Mr. Murray would do well to remember that the anti-libertarian tendencies are of this authoritarian government not HM Opposition (though they are certainly not without blame).

In 1951 Britain signed the European Convention on Human Rights. In 1960 British citizens were able to bring cases to the European Court of Human Rights. Finally in 1998 the HRA was enshrined in British law. Yet one cannot help but to think that justice was better served prior to this stupendous act coming into force, now that not even the police dare to put up posters of criminals-at-large for it might, shock horror, breach their human rights.

Sri Lanka's Tamils: a People Forgotten?

Anthony Maina

In mid-May this year the Sri-Lankan government announced the defeat of the Tamil Tigers (LTTE). Days after the government's announcement, the LTTE released a statement confirming the war had come to its "bitter end", heralding the dénouement of one of the world's longest and bloodiest conflicts. President Mahinda Rajapaksa, already considerably popular before the end of the war, gained the status of a national hero. And there was good reason. The LTTE, who had sought secession and a complete monopoly of the politics of the country's Tamil minority, were pioneers in the practice of suicide bombing and child conscription and were as brutal towards Tamils as towards the Sinhalese majority.

But military victory was only ever going to be the beginning. The conflict had left over 300,000 of the small island's population displaced and thousands more injured. The government was far from guiltless, having engaged in abuses such as alleged state-sanctioned murders, illegal abductions, and intimidation of journalists, lawyers and aid workers.

It was clear that a war-free Sri Lanka was by no means equivalent to a free one. Mr Rajapaksa's government, although accused, stood at the cusp of a rare opportunity to break with the past and begin a process of healing and national reconciliation between the Sinhalese majority and the long-abused Tamil minority.

Unfortunately this task does not seem to be near the top of the priority list of a government that seems much more passionate about weeding out re-

maining Tigers than solving the country's real problems.

Since the end of the conflict, authorities have made what can only be described as half-hearted and superficial attempts at rebuilding. Months after the war's end, roughly 260,000 Tamils remain essentially prisoners in government-run internment camps in the north of the island. Health and sanitation standards fall spectacularly short of international standards, with food, clean water and medical resources sorely lacking. And yet the Sri Lankan government still restricts the activities of aid organizations trying to access the area, limiting their both their numbers and the types of activity they are allowed to engage in. The impending monsoon season threatens to make what are already inhumane living conditions much, much worse. Flooding in the camps in August destroyed shelters, burst sewage systems, and resulted in at least 5 deaths according to the International Crisis Group, a Brussels-based international watchdog. The government claims that the villagers must be kept in these enclosed camps until their homes and farms have been completely de-mined, yet tens of thousands could feasibly be released to live with relatives, host-families or simply in other areas.

Tempers have reportedly begun to rise within the camps. On September 27th, the military reportedly opened fire on refugees it claimed were trying to escape the camps.

The government itself, still riding a wave of popularity at home, seems bewildered at the rest of the world's reactions to its slow pace. With external pressure for authorities to publish the names of detainees, engage in a trans-



President Mahinda Rajapaksa proves to be adept at using three microphones at one time whilst delivering a speech

parent screening process for suspected Tigers, allow full access into camps for aid agencies and allow refugees the right to leave camps on their own accord, the government has seemed defensive. Defence Secretary Gotabhaya Rajapaksa has described pressure from western governments as "jealous" because they "have not defeated terrorism as we have".

Sri Lanka's international image is sure

to suffer from such inaction. An active Tamil diaspora will continue to make calls for investigations into war crimes by both sides. The EU has yet to decide whether to withdraw Sri Lanka's special trade privileges on human-rights grounds, a decision which would hit the country's garment producers hard and provoke a rise in unemployment.

But perhaps the more serious consequences of such insensitivity will be

found at home. An unwillingness to allow the Tamil minority equal opportunity is what sparked conflict in the first place. Today, a hollow liberation and the dire lack of reassurance that steps towards a freer, more inclusive state are even being considered threaten to jeopardize any future hopes for real peace. For Sri Lanka's Tamils, the painful wait continues.

Castro "Betrayed...the [Cuban] revolution" says Castro

James Goldsack Politics Editor

The sister of Cuba's former leader and revolutionary figurehead Fidel Castro, and current president Raul has admitted to spying for the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) during the 1960s.

Sensitive information was gathered by Juanita Castro for the US over a period of 3 years. Ms Castro, who now lives in Miami, wrote in her memoirs that she had fallen out with Fidel and Raul over the killing of their political opponents.

The 76 year old said she helped to warn and hide Cuban dissidents before finally deciding to flee Cuba in 1964.

Despite these extraordinary remarks from the memoirs entitled "Fidel and Raul, My Brothers, the Secret History", there has been no reaction from either the US or Cuban governments as yet.

It was in Havana where Ms Castro claims to have been recruited by the CIA in 1961, two years after the revolution that catapulted Fidel Castro into power.

The former leader of the largest of the Caribbean islands has not been

seen in public since falling ill in July 2006. Fidel relinquished power in February 2008 and Raul Castro was voted in as President.

Juanita Castro agreed to help the US because she had become disenchanted with the revolution when Fidel abandoned his promise of a nationalist democratic revolution and imposed a one-party Marxist state "simply out of the need to hold power" she claims.

"Did I feel remorse about betraying Fidel by agreeing to meet with his enemies? No, for one simple reason: I didn't betray him. He betrayed me," Ms. Castro wrote. The betrayal of his principles for democratic revolutionary change forced Fidel's sister to turn against him.

"He betrayed the thousands of us who suffered and fought for the revolution that he had offered, one that was generous and just and would bring peace and democracy to Cuba, and which, as he himself had promised, would be as 'Cuban as palm trees'" she added.

At a meeting with a CIA officer called "Enrique" at a hotel in Mexico City in 1961, Ms Castro was given the codename "Donna" and codebooks

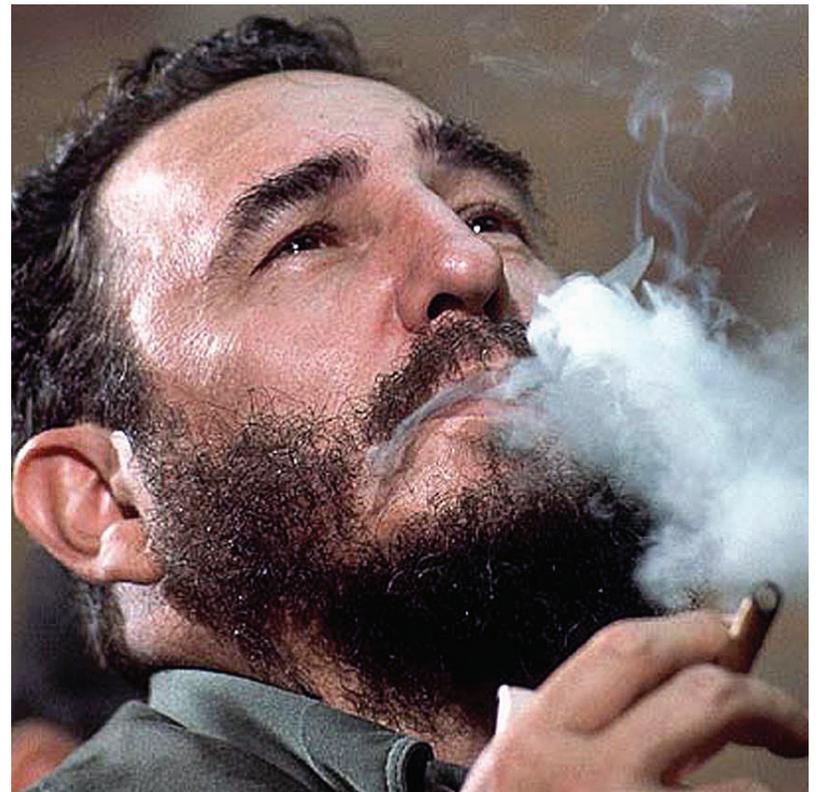
so she could receive instructions. Her task was to help those people persecuted by the Cuban secret police escape torture, imprisonment and execution. This often involved sheltering them at the home of her mother, Lina Ruz Gonzalez.

Juanita Castro agreed on the condition that she received no money and was not asked to participate in any violence against the Cuban government.

After her mother died, she feared for her own protection from the secret police so a year later fled to Miami. Her brother Raul helped get her a visa to leave the country.

The revelations set out in the memoirs may shake the already poor relations between the US and Cuba. There was hope on the island that with President Obama would come a new American outlook on Cuba.

However, in September this year, Obama said it was in the US national interest to extend the Trading With The Enemy Act which covers the trade embargo with Cuba. The two sides are holding talks but the US are adamant that in order for the 47 year long embargo to be lifted, Cuba must show signs of democratic reform.



Juanita Castro, Fidel's sister, obtained sensitive information for the CIA



Autumn: hot season for art

Rosie Milton Arts Editor

Welcome all to my premier editorial for *felix*. I have been writing articles for this fabulous publication for a little while now (and by that I mean a few years), but I am finally spreading my wings as an editor. I am very excited to be presenting you with some interesting articles this week, in particular those detailing the current Ed Ruscha retrospective on at the Hayward gallery, at the hub of creativity that is the Southbank. I managed to snag a ticket to an exclusive discussion by the artist and have attempted to transcribe this rare opportunity below.

My co-editor Caz Knight and I were able to visit the Frieze Art Fair the other weekend and I have given my varying thoughts on it, having never been before. 'Tis certainly the season for such art 'fairs' and they are popping up all over the place. Upcoming is Zoo and the Affordable Art Fair, so look out for those if commercial art is your thing!

For those happy with their fill of art

for the week, you might like to cast your eye over Caz's article from her enlightening trip to the British Music Experience at the O2. Probably more of a step back in time in terms of musical generations, she seemed to get more out of the architectural decor.

In the upcoming weeks we will be reviewing some more exhibitions at the Tate Modern. There is currently a retrospective there of John Baldessari's work - an artist similar to Ruscha in his oeuvre. We are also making a beeline for the Pop Life show this weekend, also on at the Tate Modern. There has been a certain amount of controversy around this exhibition - some explicit artworks having been removed.

I intend to investigate this further and shall report back on these very pages!

There are certainly some exciting events on at the moment around London!

So until next time, I hope you enjoy this week's issue and if you would like to write for us, please get in touch at the email address above!

Ed Ruscha: Daddy Cool

Caz Knight is submerged into iconic 'standardised' landscapes

One can hardly overstate just how seminal Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* was for catapulting the existence of beat literature into the general public's eye and for, perhaps, creating the "backpacker culture" among the younger generation both of his time and of ours.

The vivid sense of place, excitement and freedom in the book is just enough to inspire any person to cross the 1,328 miles from their home town of Oklahoma City to Los Angeles as Ed Ruscha did. Walking around 'Ed Ruscha: Fifty Years of Painting', it is easy to imagine that if Jack Kerouac were an artist instead of author, this is what his paintings would look like. It is obvious that for Ruscha, Kerouac has been an influence in his own right, leading him to create his own illustrated version of the beat bible, currently on display at the Gagosian gallery.

Travel, vast panoramic American landscapes, movies and billboards are just some of his muses, themes which span all five decades of his career, reappearing again and again.

This "recycling" of subject matter is in keeping with how Ruscha himself describes his method of painting;

"waste retrieval...taking things from my past and resurrecting them". The solid, geometric walls of a precinct complete with barbed wire so synonymous with the American penitentiary, appears several times but ten years apart.

This geometric style of depicting buildings began as early as 1965 in Los Angeles County Museum on Fire in which the bold, stark colours of the building are in sharp contrast to the ephemeral and delicate reds and yellows of the flames eating into its side: itself a comment on his views on such institutions and on abstractionism, the favoured artistic approach of the time. Another category from which Ruscha has since freed himself from is Pop Art.

Throughout the Sixties, his work as a typographer for an advertising agency inspired him to use simple words as the subject matter for his paintings. He reduces them to a series of lines and shapes, distorting any meaning previously associated with them.

He takes this concept further in *Hurting the Word Radio* in which the letters are squeezed and bent with clamps. Although reusing subject matter over and over, the sheer range of styles and features to his portfolio

is impressive. From using egg yolk on satin after tiring of paint to blurry black and grey images painted with a spray gun. His 'liquid' images featuring milk spilling, glass breaking or the word "Oily" in glistened and splattered letters, are equally beautiful.

Throughout his career Ruscha has always been interested in the idea of things. His later paintings featuring mountain landscapes are more the idea of a mountain, how we think a mountain should look like, as opposed to the mountain itself. His most recent works include *The End*, a scratched, old-fashioned movie still taken from the end of a movie; lamenting things old especially when progression does not bring about changes for the better.

Taking in his fifty years of work, one gets the impression that Ed's technique has always been mature, always superb although a definite journey has taken place. The return back to old subject matter acts as a consolidation, an acknowledgment of his past achievements making all his paintings 'make sense' somehow. Here is a collection which will delight anyone, no matter what level of knowledge for, as the artist himself declares, there is no right way to look at any of his paintings.

Ruscha's laundry list

Rosie Milton audits Ruscha's colourful mind

BOSS, OOF, NOISE, 'WOW!' Ed Ruscha's visual 'burps' are utterly monosyllabic. When a person confronts any one of his 'visual noise' paintings, the words soon contort and change into gibberish.

Acidic colours and huge chunky

typefaces literally slap you in the face with their boldness and absurdity. Yet their effectiveness is in their simplicity.

'Deadpan' is how I would describe Ed Ruscha. I encountered the artist at a rare presentation given by him, held at the Southbank Centre, which has just opened a retrospective of his work, 'Ed

Ruscha: Fifty Years of Painting' at the Hayward gallery.

The discussion took the form of a slideshow, after a flattering introduction from the Hayward's curator, Ralph Rugoff. He described Ruscha as an "observer", in particular of America's "shifting cultural landscape" and "visual habits".

Ruscha has often been grouped into the Pop Art movement and many consider him somewhat overshadowed by Andy Warhol - an artist who played up to the limelight. Ruscha certainly began with a similar training to Warhol - having worked as a graphic designer

before turning to art - which explains not only his exploration of words, visual signs, bright colours and tropes, but his ability to see a witty idea behind an image or a word.

He himself described his slideshow as a "laundry list" - a jumble of different things of varying colours, shapes and sizes - reflecting Ruscha's graphic 'smile in the mind'. A monochrome photograph of a woman on a telephone taken by Rodchenko, an exploding apple shot through by a bullet and an alphabet of beetles in pen on paper are just a sampling of the visual smorgasbord he presented to us, each with its own story.

Objects inspire Ruscha, more than people. His painted landscapes are unpopulated worlds, devoid of people, yet exploiting, almost forcing out that messiness that lies in between our actions and existence. Ruscha likes to propose a big 'what if?' with every piece of artwork: scenes of gas stations and museums poised expectantly on their canvases, like stills from a Hitchcock movie, to being set alight and roaring with fire in another frame.

Ruscha likened this aerial distancing and cinematic viewpoint to John Millais' 'Ophelia' of 1850 - a pre-Raphaelite painting which could not seem farther from Ruscha's oeuvre and yet in actuality seems justly comprehensible when put alongside the cacophony of images that serve as his inspiration.

Ruscha, describing each slide, calmly paced through his list in his monosyllabic, dry way and yet the audience laughed at almost every image. Whether funny or not, it seemed to me

that Ruscha had achieved exactly what his art seeks out to do, in this instance, using the audience as a living artwork, who orally expressed the droll.



Ed Ruscha: Fifty Years of Painting will be showing at the Hayward Gallery at the Southbank until Sunday 10 January.

Tickets are £6.00 concessions for students. Nearest tube station is Waterloo



A example of Ruscha's 'Standard Station' series. At the exhibit you can see this painting set on fire...

Catch up with the art market at Frieze

Rosie Milton attends the highlight of the UK's art market year, the prestigious Frieze Art Fair in London's Regent's Park

As a Frieze first-timer, I had certain expectations and reservations about this event. In a class not too long ago, I recall my professor briefly musing about Frieze, saying something along the lines of it not being highbrow art, but he'd 'bought his ticket anyway'. Such a nonchalant view of this event, unknown to me, raised questions in my mind of what manifestation it would take: a jumble sale of all sorts of bits and pieces, a pretentious circus show of bizarre performances or a stiff gallery space of awkward 'pieces' perhaps. My experience of the event was, unsurprisingly, a little bit of all!

The Frieze art fair first began in 2003. It is held annually in October in Regent's Park and was primarily set up as a fair for selling art. However, the larger majority of visitors now come as spectators, including myself.

The fair's main sponsor, Deutsche Bank, reveals itself almost immediately upon entering. The marquee structure housed solid floors and central heating, excellent lighting and even incorporated a stray tree from its host, Regent's Park into a neat little corner dining area. The supporting walls for the small clusters of exhibits – mostly designated per featured, participating gallery – were washed with a stark white, true to the form of the 'cube'. Various media were on display – blown up digital photographs, giant hairy shapes of sculpture and even mannequins, frozen in their own 'frieze'.

As detailed in the accompanying blurb, there were thirty participating 'territories', from Australia to the USA, from Romania to Russia. From these, there were 165 galleries represented by over 1000 artists – some familiar, a few deceased and many unknown.

Of the participating galleries that drew the most attention, there was certainly a bustle and hubbub around the partition for London's White Cube

gallery, which I sensed held a pride of place at the centre of the edifice. Standing brazenly at its entrance was a Marc Quinn sculpture of a heavily pregnant transvestite. Quinn's mastery at taking subjects that society generally feels uncomfortable with and immortalizing them in marble has been seen before publicly in London. In 2005 the Fourth Plinth in Trafalgar Square was occupied by his statue of Alison Lapper – a fellow artist and friend, who was born with a rare condition, leaving her without arms and with truncated legs. Yet instead of initially hailing her as a modern-day Venus de Milo, for surely one can see the similarities, the public felt uncomfortable with this enlarged, serene body, gazing down Whitehall in her smooth Carrara skin.

Alongside Quinn's sculpture, a few other 'shock' pieces were displayed: an enlarged interpretation from a Tintin comic page featuring some questionable race and gender exploitations as well as a bag of what looked like urine on a pedestal. In terms of engaging with the public, only two women drifting around with heavily bandaged faces and hundreds of lines of tubing, helping feed one another juice, seemed like 'entertainment'. Of course this fair is not meant to be a forum for performance and display, yet the static consumable art object seemed to be dominating the example of gallery work. Surely a commercial gallery, as a cultural centre, although focused on the sale of artists' work, one would also hope to feature, in a lateral sense, the other work of their patronized artists, such as performance art? Perhaps this expresses the nature of the art market and how only if a work is portable can it be considered for that market.

However, as if preempting this concern, Frieze provides a platform for artists to create installation works, under the Frieze Projects arm of the group and incorporates them into the



The grand entrance to the tented event, which I have to admit got me very excited upon first sight

event itself. One of the most interesting of this year's events was Monika Sosnowska's 'Untitled' – a 'major structural intervention', a skeletal model of the Palace of Culture in Warsaw to be crashed into the roof of the fair, as a comment on the 'imposition of one cultural edifice onto another', referring to the 'gift' of the building to Poland from the USSR, as described in the Frieze catalogue.

A further benefit to the wealth of cultural artefacts available to the people of this country is the Outset/Frieze Art Fair Fund to Benefit the Tate Collection. This fund enabled the Tate group to obtain works of art for the fair in order to add to its collection and with time, display to the public.

Frieze Talks also presents the opportunity for artists themselves to speak out about the art market, art works and the voices of the critics about them. Unfortunately, we did not manage to audit a Frieze Talk, but if I had, I would have chosen artist John Baldessari in conversation with curator Matthew Higgs. At the Tate Modern there is currently a retrospective of Baldessari's works, charting the chronology of his artistic career, even the point at which he 'cremated' a period of his works – a surviving piece of which is displayed in the exhibition as if it were a precious, salvaged artefact.

The exhibition space was enormous and we did not look intently at every piece of artwork, but the sheer vol-

ume was not only overwhelming, but encouraging also. Not because I necessarily approve of the art market, with its astronomical sums of money, even in this time of economic doubt, but because it is pleasurable to see so much work together in a space, which stimulates one's critical mind and eye. I would definitely encourage people to go to Frieze Art Fair 2010 as spectators, to see the wealth of artworks being produced globally – some polished, some unusual, but all artefacts in their own right.

If you want to know more about the Frieze magazine and its events. go to www.frieze.com

A permanent experience at the O2 worth a mention

A lot of people may not know that there is a new, permanent exhibition at the O2 arena, and why would you, given its far-flung location in such a ghastly, white elephant of a building.

The British Music Experience is perhaps a preview to what museums and exhibitions will be like in decades to come. One is immediately struck by how professional and well engineered it is; meticulously laid out as one ascends an escalator right up to its doors after having had one's Smart ticket scanned.

However any tackiness you thought you had escaped appears during the preview film which is an utterly cringe worthy affair as "Top D-J" Lauren Laverne guides visitors through what is on offer in the exhibit.

The experience does not get better as you enter via a corridor to "scream-



ing fans" and stadium sounds. But once you go beyond the gimmicks and uncomfortable entrance you are left free to explore the truly innovative and captivating exhibits on show.

The dark, exciting room has a definite space age feel to it as a central hub is encircled with small rooms, each dedicated to small chunks in the history of British music, beginning with Chuck Berry and Buddy Holly in 1945 and extending right up until the present day to Amy Winehouse, through the eras of Rock 'n Roll, Psychedelia, Punk, New Wave and Brit Rock.

Visitors to each époque can marvel at original memorabilia, album sleeves, costumes of rock gods as well as interviews with those in the music industry. The most intriguing feature of each room is the interactive history where images are selected and a brief historical tid-bit is projected on the huge

screen. Music trivia is mixed in with key contemporary events you always took for granted such as the decriminalisation of homosexuality (1967), the criminalisation of racial hatred (1976) and the advent of Eastenders to television sets all over the country (1985).

For anyone with few inhibitions there is a chance to dance your way through from the Twist to the Macarena in the dance studios where efforts can be recorded and saved by your Smart ticket, to be collected at a later date online. But the most fun comes in the form of the music room where ample number of electric guitars, keyboards and drums are there to be played along with the help of an on-screen tutorial. It would be easy to spend a full day there from when it opens at ten until closing time at eight, such is the extent of what is on offer here.

The BME has done something truly

original through both its "after service" experience through its website where you can revisit your experience as well as have access to Spotify playlists and also by the fact that this is a non-profit organisation whose aim is to advance the education and appreciation of the art, history and music in Britain.

The relative lack of visitors (making for a calming, unmolested personal experience) is possibly symptomatic of its location for anything this good if housed nine miles further west would surely be the most talked about attraction and undoubtedly heaving.

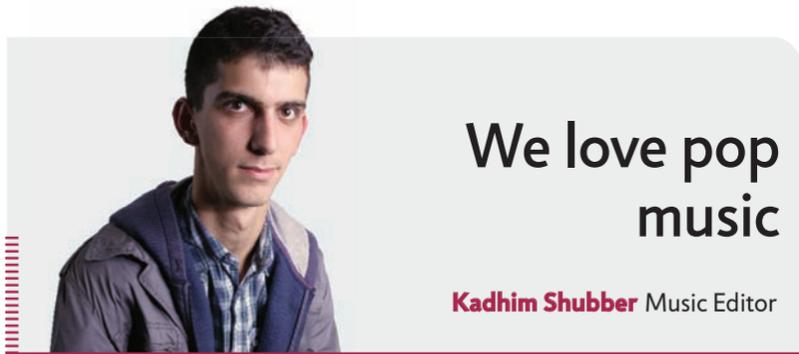
You too can experience the British Music Experience at the O2 for a cool £12.00 concessions for students.

Nearest tube: Greenwich for the O2. Look out for the one-off special events!

MUSIC

Music Editors Alexandra Ashford, Kadhim Shubber & Luke Turner

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We love pop music

Kadhim Shubber Music Editor

I've got big, exciting, squeal-inducing news. A *felix* music website is coming! Not excited, huh? Well try this out for size: there'll be longer, more in-depth reviews, and weekly playlists of the music we've been reviewing, so that it'll be easier for you guys to listen to the music we've been talking about. Excited now? Jeez, fine, just wait till you see it. Then you'll be sorry!

We've also re-introduced gig listings, which you can see down there in the bottom right-hand corner of the opposite page. It seemed a little silly to only have gig reviews, essentially just blowing our tongues at you guys saying "See what you missed out on!" Now you'll have a heads-up on just a little bit of London's musical offerings for the coming week.

A little final bit of housekeeping - this year we've tried to have a number of different articles and reviews for you guys to read each week. Obviously the amount of space we have is limited and as a result, the articles and reviews are going to be to the point; there's just no space to be long-winded. We think it's a better approach, but if you think it's the greatest catastrophe since the Hindenburg went up in flames, then send us an email on music.felix@gmail.com and let us know.

Right, finally on to some music. **Jamie T's** new album **Kings & Queens** is simply fantastic. Admittedly there's one god-awful song on it (Castro Dies) but other than that it's frenetic, witty,

exciting, and grabs you even harder each time you decipher another of his lyrics. He grabs samples from a range of genres and piles them all together to produce tunes like 'The Man's Machine' and '368'. I'm fully aware that I may be the only person who likes Jamie T, but I've made a decision in this regard; everyone's wrong except me.

I kid you not, there exists in the world an album called **Gangstagrass**, from an artist called **Rench**. In essence it's gangsta rap combined beautifully with good ole' bluegrass. 22 tracks of banjo intertwined with tales of the hood, and when you hear a fiddle overlaid with thug rap, you'll never think of either genre in the same way. It's not jarring either; as soon as you hear the banjo and drums opening the first track "Going Down", it's immediately obvious and perfectly natural that someone should lay a little rap on.

The last bit of music that I feel the need to tell you about is quite possibly the happiest, most uplifting song ever written by any human, ever. The song is called **Home**, by a new LA band, **Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros**. It's a little country number, with a couple singing to each other, southern drawl included. It begins with the heart-warming line, "Alabama, Arkansas, I do love my ma and pa, not the way that I do love you". I dare you not to feel better after listening to this song. Seriously, it's impossible.

Morrissey's still alive, whoo hoo!

Christopher Walmsley charmed by "This Charming Man"

After a collapse onstage in Swindon three nights previous, Morrissey walked out onto the stage at the Royal Albert Hall to an anxious crowd, hoping a similar occurrence would not ruin this evening. Tonight's gig is actually rescheduled from May, and starting the set with a Smiths classic 'This Charming Man' he tells us 'Fasten your seatbelts it's going to be a bumpy night'.

With a tour schedule already riddled with cancellations due to illness, it's good to see him patch himself together so quickly after being discharged from hospital. He seems comfortable on stage, with a commanding stage presence, and even in good spirits, joking "The doctor said I shouldn't smile. I told him, 'I don't.'" Vocally it might not have been his greatest ever performance, sometimes sounding strained, but given the circumstances it was certainly very commendable.

A curious decision was to fake another collapse, then get back to his feet, saying 'Thank you, Swindon'. That certainly seemed in bad taste, and no one really found it particularly funny. The standard rant about vegetarianism also came out; he wasn't happy because there were people in the crowd who still eat meat. That aside, and all things considered, a very solid performance from one of the pillars of modern British music.

Morrissey
Royal Albert Hall
27th October
★★★★☆



Reviews

THE COUNT AND SINDEN
MEGA
DOMINO RECORDS
LP



This LP varies from mildly interesting to thumpingly superb. It begins with a rather generic drum & bass tune about 'Strange Things' that happen on Friday nights. However, the rest of the CD is simply pure gold. Horns, electro glibs and deep bass all compete for attention in a way that is immensely satisfying. -Kadhim Shubber

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEER
END SEASON
TOO PURE
SINGLE



This slow-plodding acoustic pop, evoking dreamy clouds and rolling landscapes, certainly has a similarity to indie birdband Doves. Gentle, warm, and if they were in your house you wouldn't feel weird inviting them into your bath, or into your bedroom to sing you a lullaby. - Tom Jennings

MAGIK MARKERS
BALF QUARRY
DRAG CITY
ALBUM



This melancholy brooding mixture of post-rock, raw punk and grunge will fail to ignite passion in you, as it lacks focus and structure. The Karen-O style singing is best displayed on the concise 'Body Rot' and 'Bad Dream/Hartford's Beat Suite', rare examples of the vocals being sung in time or tune. The meandering guitar often seems to be traveling in a completely different direction to the rest of the band. - Tom Jennings

MUMFORD AND SONS
WINTER WINDS
UNIVERSAL
ISLAND RECORDS
SINGLE



M&S are a masterpiece of a band, this single as evidence. The use of human voice for heartfelt harmonies and huge emotion could cause a tear. This is a beautifully composed song, with amazing dynamics and careful layering giving a sense of modesty. Listening to this leaves me feeling at ease with the future and direction of folk music. -Luke Turner

FUCK BUTTONS
TAROT SPORT
ATP
ALBUM



Bristol has always been a mystifyingly good place for electronic music, producing the likes of Massive Attack, Portishead and Tricky. Fuck Buttons are continuing this tradition, debuting last year with the hype-grabbing album 'Street Horrrsing'. 'Tarot Sport' takes them into a different direction, due to the influence of producer Andrew Weatherall, renowned for bridging the gap between rock and dance. Their noise-rock influences have been made subtler, allowing their hooky dance sensibilities to shine through. The songs may all still be around the 10-minute mark, but they drill into your consciousness. Combining this with their already-present darkly layered sound, the album is a worthy addition to Bristol's legacy. - Hugh Crail

FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS
I TOLD YOU I WAS FREAKY
ALBUM



The TV show is over, but you can relive the magic of New Zealand's fourth most popular rap-funk-comedy duo with their second studio album. It's basically just the songs from the second season in all their freaky splendour. The fergie-licious 'Sugalumps' is a hilarious ode to testicles everywhere, while the call-and-response rap of 'We're Both In Love With A Sexy Lady' parodies Usher & Kelly's over-the-top bromosexual anthem. As a comedy album, it's pure gold. And hopefully you might even see a sly DJ or two breaking out 'Too Many Dicks' on a dancefloor near you.

GENTLE FRIENDLY
RIDE SLOW
ALBUM



This album is unbearably exciting. It taps a bit of Four Tet and Little Heath, and some heavily distorted bass, to produce an album that sounds and feels fantastic. - Kadhim Shubber

THEM CROOKED VULTURES!
NEW FANG
SONG
BMG
SINGLE



Dave Grohl, Josh Homme and John Paul Jones release their self-titled debut as TCV in the UK on November 16th. 'New Fang' is the first full-length studio track they've made available online, and it's a sexy, driving, high-quality, rock epic. TCV are making impressive music that meets and exceeds expectations. - Michael Inkpen

TAXI TAXI
STILL STANDING
AT YOUR BACK
DOOR
FIERCE PANDA
ALBUM



The debut album 'Taxi Taxi' is simply beautiful. Whilst unlikely to be hailed a groundbreaking work of lyrical originality, the vocals are ultimately compelling and endearing. They have a child-like feel that can be jaunty - such as in 'Old Big Trees' - or haunting and startling - in opening track 'Still standing at your back door'. I imagine that if you enjoy Bon Iver, you'll likely enjoy this too, and I'm pretty sure that everyone likes Bon Iver. - Kadhim Shubber

tell us what you think, music.felix@gmail.com

Live Festivals Review: DOWNLOAD 2009

THIS WEEK, **GREGORY POWER** REVIEWS THIS JUNE'S EVENT AT DONNINGTON PARK



I remember when Ravi first told me he could get us tickets for Download festival through *felix*. My initial response was quite naturally "Balls nasty!" Then when he told me the festival would be just under a week before my second year exams, I told him he was out of his fucking mind. After careful thought (as in I saw the line-up), I finally decided it was a brilliant way of relieving all that pre-exam stress (I honestly believed that...).

Now, months later, that weekend seems a world away. It's more like a fuzzy haze of rock 'n' roll memories. But there are moments from those three days I swear I could never forget even if I tried.

Held annually at Donington Park, Download is the place to be every June if you're even remotely interested in all things loud and aggressive. Thankfully Ravi and I aren't the only ones who get off to the sound of distorted guitars and so we were joined by (approximately) 79,998 other metal fans gathered in that field with only one objective: headbanging for three days straight.

Imagine my surprise then, as Ravi and I crossed a camp site the size of eight football fields only to be greeted by hordes of drunken youths falling over each other and ingesting all things illicit. And just like a certain Andrew WK, these kids like to party... hard. Needless to say, madness is infectious.

We finally reach the furthest edge of the furthest camp site where we settle – for lack of space anywhere else – and start to put our tent up. At this point any semblance of normality disappears: a bunch of guys sitting in a circle a few feet away from us, heads tilted back, are monging the fuck out. One of them is wearing a full-on leather gimp mask, regardless of the boiling weather. The others affectionately refer to him as "Gimpy", as in "Come on, Gimpy, you're already fucked on Ket, might as well take shrooms too!" With logic as flawless as this, it's no wonder they never actually made it to the concerts.

As responsible and functional journalists, Ravi and I decided this was a good time to leave the freaks to their dirty deeds and hit the festival grounds. After walking for God knows how long, the music gets progressively louder and I slowly realize that the de-

generation displayed in the camp site is but an appetizer for what awaits us. Right at the gates, a group of 15-year olds are gathered around a stretcher, trying to wake their bloodied friend up. His forehead is split open and the Red Cross already seem overwhelmed with headcases like this (all puns intended). Little did we know at the time, we would see at least one bloody teenager being carried away on a stretcher per day.

I don't think I've ever seen so many people gathered in a single place: in every direction, everywhere you looked, stretching far beyond the horizon, leather-clad metal fans stood in front of three massive stages. Crossing the ocean of flailing human bodies by stumbling over each other is a difficult task, and it can take as long as half an hour just to get to the front of the goddamn stage. And that's if you make it unscathed, which isn't as simple as it sounds. With loud music comes absurdly violent "dance" forms, that's just math. Since your average heavy metal fan is large, hairy and probably on some kind of drug, it's no surprise most people get knocked the fuck out when participating in the bucket of fun we call a moshpit.

This wasn't a music festival, it was a goddamn battle field.

After 618 words, I realize I haven't reviewed a single band yet. So ignoring the piss-awful emo-krunk posers Hollywood Undead and their love of terrible songs, crappy masks, and blowing horses, we made our way to see the hot chick from Lacuna Coil. On our way we meet an alarmingly vast number of people who pose the same ridiculous question: "You going to watch Mötley Crüe, dude??" I choose not to answer. Lacuna Coil are entertaining enough (thank you hot chick) for me to watch the entire set. And it's a damn good thing I did: Opeth were up next. Having heard only good things about them but never properly giving them the time of day, I was amazed to discover that they are one of the best metal bands in the world. You learn something every day, I guess. Any band who play 14 minute songs without boring you to death deserve respect in my book. Frontman Mikael Åkerfeldt is not only a gifted singer (screamer, if you will) and guitarist, he is also witty and downright hilarious. At the end of

their first song he announces with a completely straight face: "Thank you. We are Mötley Crüe. No I'm kidding, we're the much worse opening band for Mötley Crüe: Whitesnake". Genius. That day, Opeth won themselves a new fan.

For every person saying how great Mötley Crüe were going to be, there were ten others describing how much they "fucking hated" recently-reformed nu-metal veterans Limp Bizkit. These are the same thousands of people I then saw going mental a few hours later to Fred Durst's childishly hateful rap and Wes Borland's crazy nu-rave Amazonian Warrior costume. And you know what? Good for Limp Bizkit. Not just because I used to dig Chocolate Starfish when I was 12 and angst, but because they're a polished and powerful live band who don't give a shit what people think about them. Also, the Mission Impossible theme tune sounds badass on a distorted guitar. They conquer even the most hateful "hardcore" audiences, and that's quite something when you actually listen to the music they make.

Next up on the Nu-Metal reunion tour (a bit of a theme this year), KoRn hit the stage. Though I was a massive KoRn fan back in their heyday, I was not expecting much from a band missing half its original members. So I was as shocked as a donkey with diarrhoea when they rocked through classics "Freak On A Leash", "Got The Life" and even their "Another Brick In The Wall" cover with enthusiasm, passion and genuine skill. In other words, they still got it! Jonathan Davis' voice is as spine-chilling as ever, and the band still have that dirty-yet-perfectly-audible sound they've been honing for 16 years now.

Friday night ended on another triumphant return, that of (my personal Jesus) Mike Patton's much loved and influential alternative rock outfit, Faith No More. Not only did they tear shit up in style, sporting immaculately white suits, they also played a hilarious cover of Lady Gaga's hermaphrodite anthem "Poker Face" (strangely, the first of five bands to cover it that weekend).

Saturday went by as quickly as Tommy Lee will fuck a fox, as we overslept considerably; thereby missing Pendulum's set - who were unsurprisingly brilliant, from what I gathered. I mean, everybody blessed with working eyes

and ears has realized by now what a great live band they are. Even metal-heads can't get enough of that sweet D'n'B meets rock'n'roll cocktail!

If somebody had asked me who the one person I was looking forward to seeing here was, I would have answered without a second of hesitation: Marilyn Mother-Fucking Manson. I have listened to that old coot since I was about six, so my undying love for him was probably the main thing that drove me to miss out on three days of exam revision to roll around in the dirt with a bunch of brain-fried bozos. I could go on for hours and probably even write a Greek tragedy about how godawfully disappointing it was to see my hopes and dreams from 14 years ago crushed like a burnt-out cigarette by a sad, old junky with girl problems, but I'll save you the trouble. Manson has become a joke, a real-live parody of the twisted persona he invented for himself years ago. Booze and drugs have warped his mind, and with every divorce filed, he lost a bit of his talent and self-respect. The guy doesn't even remember the lyrics to his most famous songs, and as he stumbles off into obscurity midway through set-closer "The Beautiful People", I'd rather remember him as the Metal God he once was. Not as the lonely old loser he is now.

In a gobsmacking turn of events, the most violent moshpits were not spawned by a metal band, they were for The Prodigy. And rightly so. The Prodigy was the highlight of my festival, no doubt. At one point some guy in the moshpit next to us was punching the air in front of him fighting off invisible assailants, until he punched a little too hard into the fat dude in front of him. This bastard turns around and goes straight for the neck, strangling the poor fucker with all his strength. As our kung fu fan was being choked to death, a group of ten people jumped onto the fat fucker and pounded the crap out of him. This scene was accompanied by the exhilarating breakbeat of "Warrior Dance", or as Ravi would call it: "TUUUUUUUNE!"

But as thrilling as Prodigy's sick set was, that night will really be remembered as the night Slipknot had an audience of 80000 riveted for two whole hours. Having seen them up close and personal in Hammersmith earlier this

year, I did not need to be convinced of their greatness, and therefore could not be fucked to spend half the show trying to get close enough to see a damn thing. So we wandered round the camp site instead, which to be completely honest is just as entertaining. It probably had more sweaty mask-covered weirdos too.

The ambient noise never usually bothers me whilst trying to fall asleep at festivals. But that night, the group of 10 guys walking back and forth past our tent screaming "Get to the chopper!!" and "If it bleeds we can kill it!!" in a thick German accent was just too much.

Having no interest whatsoever in Def Leppard, Whitesnake or the douchebags in Trivium, Sunday's line-up was not my thing. It was only fitting though that such a wild three days should end on the most surreal image which remains engraved at the back of my brain: every person at that festival standing still with massive hangovers and looks of utter boredom. We were all being subjected to the entirety of Journey's set, just waiting for that one song. As I stood there unable to take my eyes off the crazy Filipino singer running back and forth from side to side of the stage, coked off his tits, I pondered about the actual meaning of the Festival. A temporary bastion of freedom and a shrine to the unifying power of music. For three days everybody standing there with me was able to let their long, greasy hair down and party like they didn't have a care in the world. It usually involved drinking too much and beating up randoms in circle pits, but still there's a certain undeniable and beautiful simplicity to the whole ordeal. And before I came to any life-changing conclusions, the piano riff to that song began to play. It was an anthem for the people of Download, and maybe even for human beings the world over: "Don't Stop Believin". Why metal heads - or anyone else for that matter - would endure 45 minutes of utter shite just to hear an 80s power-ballad is beyond me. But as insane as it sounds, those tens of thousands of grown men entirely dressed in black shouting back every single word of that song with a tear running down their bloodied and bruised faces was one of the most touching moments of my life.



Keep a check on your Sabbatical team

This year your Sabbatical team are regularly blogging, keeping you up-to-date what they have been doing each week. From discovering shutters in the old Union Offices, to meetings and committees, the Sabbs are busy working on your behalf. The blogs can be accessed from the front page of the Union website or by going to imperialcollegeunion.org/blogs. Below are a few of the posts that have been added recently.

Still interested in what else they have been doing? Each month during term-time Union Council meets. Union Council is the paramount policy making, scrutinising and accountability committee in the Union. It is also the body that your Sabbatical team are answerable to. Every Council meeting each Sabbatical submit a report which details what they have been doing since the last meeting. You can read these online also by going to imperialcollegeunion.org/representation/committees and selecting Council.

Your Sabbatical team were elected by you, the students, last academic year in March. If you are a new student this year you will have your opportunity to elect, nominate or be one of the people that will run the Union for the next year in a few months. You can contact any of the Sabbs by emailing them, calling them or by stopping by the offices in the Union Building, Beit Quad. You will need to go to Union Reception on level 2M. All their contact details can be found at imperialcollegeunion.org/representation/contact-us, as well as introduction videos so you know what they look like!



Hidden Treasures Ashley Brown President



Sadly not real treasure, but some surprising things were hiding behind the rather crappy walls in the old offices. These rickety walls have now been taken down on one side of the room, revealing a sliding divider, still intact, down the middle. If you ever visited the old offices and wondered what the strange beam was for, here's your answer:



The old partition walls were hiding a fold-up door to divide the room

This gives us the option of splitting the room in two, for very little cost, allowing different groups to use each side. We've just got to decide what to do with the room in the long term!

This entry was posted on Thursday, October 22nd, 2009 at 15:41

Early October John James Deputy President (Welfare)



In the lead up to the start of term everyone else in the office started to get really excited. This wave of enthusiasm somehow managed to float right past me and I was actually rather reticent about the start of term. However on Saturday I hauled myself out in front of Falmouth and stated to give the Hall Seniors a hand carrying boxes. Moving freshers in was fantastic. I loved the different expressions, reactions and questions that freshers and parents alike came out with.

I attended the Mingle on both nights the pink shirts provided by the President meant I talked to more people that I think I've met in my life. On the Sunday I also went to the International Student's Welcome. The new Mums and Dads survey has been a great success with almost all the CGCU Departments taking part and half the RCSU ones. What remains to be seen now is if we can organise some good events.

The Who's Here to Help Poster has been produced and delivered to all halls or residence and departments. An unprecedented number of muggings have been reported to the union in the first two weeks of the year. **CONTINUED ONLINE**

This entry was posted on Tuesday, October 20th, 2009 at 13:25

The eye of the storm Jonathan Silver Deputy President (Education)



In this job, every week is different. This week is, er, no exception - we've just left the torment of Freshers' Week, and the next few weeks is when I expect some more serious issues to come to me, so right now I'm grateful for the chance to settle down in my office and get things done. MS Outlook is my organisational lifeline...

This is the week where our undergraduate academic representatives get going. Dep Reps are introducing themselves to their departments, and electing Year Reps. If you haven't already considered it, stand for Year Rep as soon as you get the chance - we need enthusiastic but ordinary students to be the link between other ordinary students and our more senior representatives, and it's a great way to get your foot in the door for some bigger and more involved jobs later on in your time at College.

This week is also when this year's committee meetings really get going. Union Council is where the keenest students get together to help run the Union and vote on what the Union's official stance will be on issues that affect students.

CONTINUED ONLINE

This entry was posted on Wednesday, October 14th, 2009 at 12:59





My favourite season

Ed Knock Film Editor

First let me introduce myself; I'm Ed, a new Film Editor and I'm going to explain why Autumn is my favourite season (and not just for the pretty leaves). You can split the year into roughly four parts for films. I'll start with Winter which is generally known as 'Oscar Season' as the distributors release the main contenders for the coveted 'Best Picture' statuette. Spring sees a lull in big studio films and an increase of smaller independent pictures fresh from the Sundance and Berlin film festivals. Summer is of course blockbuster season when there is a notable decrease in quality of films but not surprisingly an increase of ticket sales. Of course this is a generalisation and the year is peppered by a continuous stream of comedies and smaller action films.

However, my favourite season is Autumn and probably the strangest time in the year for films. With the summer rush of mega budget CGI orgies over and the Oscar worthy pictures too far away, a niche has opened up in the calendar and it's during this time that an

odd mixture of films is rolled out.

There are the films of well established and respected directors who aren't after Oscar glory; Wes Anderson and Terry Gilliam have already revealed their latest masterpieces and we have Spike Jonze's *Where the Wild Things Are* and James Cameron's first film in eleven years, *Avatar* to look forward to. 'Indie' films make their mark too; *An Education* (released today), *Paper Heart* and *We Live In Public* have all been raved about by critics. Distributors also feel this is the right time to import some edgy films from Asia; we've already enjoyed Park Chan-wook's latest, *Thirst* and controversial filmmaker Sion Sono's new film *Love Exposure* is out soon.

It's this massive variety of cinematic gold which excites me everytime during Autumn. Naturally there are still shockers pushed out of the summer schedule (Roland Emmerich's 2012 is soon set to destroy some braincells), but I can enjoy a huge range of different films until Oscar season comes around again and I feel obliged to watch every Best Picture nomination.

A fresh concept is not enough for the new Gervais comedy

Tim Davies

A comedy in which people can't tell lies. Sounds familiar you say? *The Invention of Lying* takes the plot of Jim Carrey's *Liar Liar* and flips it on its head by having the movie's protagonist, played by Ricky Gervais, be the only person to be able to lie in a world of truth tellers. Once he's invented it of course.

The film's premise is a great one. It instantly conjures up thoughts of the havoc you could wreak if people always took you at face value. "Well you see Professor, I would have met the deadline, but this radioactive dog ate my lab report..." What a shame it is then that the film never lives up to the brilliant concept that spawned it.

Gervais plays the main character, Mark Bellison, with much the same squirm-in-your seat awkwardness that made his other characters from *The Office* so popular. Bellison starts the film about to go on a date with a girl that he knows is far too attractive for him, and with the knowledge that it's very likely that he'll lose his job within the next few days. His fortunes take a dramatic upturn however when one day he manages to "say something that wasn't" as he eloquently puts it. With people never having even considered the concept of someone saying something that wasn't true, Bellison finds the

world is his oyster. He can lie to banks to get money, make his friends believe he's a pirate, and even make a woman believe that the world will end if they don't have sex right away. But things become less straightforward for Bellison when his lying leads to him becoming the figurehead of a new religion, and he starts to attract unwanted attention.

And it's in these all too brief comic moments that the film fails to live up to its potential. Before the concept really has time to flourish it's brushed aside to make way for the custom clichéd love angle. It's such a shame because *The Invention of Lying* has at its heart what so many mediocre Hollywood romantic comedies lack, a funny concept.

Despite the slightly lacking script, Gervais performs brilliantly as the bumbling everyman character that he has down to such an art. And whilst some of the jokes fall rather flat, Gervais manages to make you care enough about the main character to forgive the occasional dud.

Gervais' impeccable comic timing and a few laugh out loud moments make this a watchable film. However, a script that feels lightweight with a great premise which is relegated behind a romantic subplot that feels tacked on, leaves you with the feeling you've just watched a film that could have offered so much more but fails to deliver on its promise.

Heath Ledger takes his final bow in the imaginarium

Stefan Zeeman

Heath Ledger plays his final role in Terry Gilliam's new fantasy adventure *The Imaginarium of Dr Parnassus*. Primarily known for his quirky animations for *Monty Python*, Gilliam has become a distinguished writer-director on the big screen. Previous films such as *Twelve Monkeys* (1995) and *Fear and Loathing Las Vegas* (1998) have demonstrated his potential for creating unusually inventive pictures.

Christopher Plummer stars as the immortal Dr Parnassus, who lumbers around in his "imaginarium". His assistant, Percy (Verne Troyer), is the likeable token dwarf. They are joined by his daughter, Valentina (Lily Cole), and Anton (Andrew Garfield), who spends an irritating amount of time expressing his feelings of love to Valentina - who is seemingly unfazed. The imaginarium, which is a Gypsy-wagon/theatre, is moved from fair to fair, and members of the audience are invited to travel into Dr Parnassus' mind to unleash their imagination. The party continues its routine until "the devil" comes to collect his winnings (Valentina) from a wager set between Dr Parnassus and the devil years ago. The unforgiving devil, who is played brilliantly by Tom Waits, condemns souls to dullness and monotony, whereas it is Dr Parnassus' mission to set them free.

The slow starting tale picks up when

Dr Parnassus' band find a mystery character (Heath Ledger), hanging under a bridge in London. After recovering the mystery man, he is later found to be "Tony", who joins the crew and helps Dr Parnassus in his battle against the devil. Its not long before Valentina falls for Tony and transforms the party into a tedious love triangle. Oh the humanity.

The extremely sad and untimely death of Heath Ledger is not the first time Gilliam has been unlucky in the production of one of his films. Gilliam's ambitious film *The Man Who Killed Don Quixote*, which started production in 2000, had to be cancelled after a series of unfortunate events (including the set being washed away by a flash flood). The film has now returned to pre-production and shooting will commence next year.

Gilliam was lucky enough to save his current production, by cleverly recreating the character in the different worlds of Dr Parnassus' imagination. The three new versions of Tony were cast as Johnny Depp, Jude Law and Colin Farrell (All of them donated their earnings to Heath Ledger's youngest daughter Matilda, who was not included in Ledger's old will). Unfortunately, the sudden character change disconnects the audience from the initial Tony character and momentum is lost from an already disjointed plot.

The movie would have lost all amiability without the ingenious Gilliam



animations. They can be quite ridiculously self-indulgent at times, but there are many moments of complete brilliance - the cross-dressed dancing policemen are a brief reminder that the python flame is still burning. The inventive sets and costumes also deserve praise, demonstrating that Gilliam's mind has no limits. Gilliam's previous films have illustrated how he can keep an edge on his bizarre stories, which this over-the-top film unfortunately lacks.

Care for An Education?



Zuzanna Blaszcak Film Editor

At this year's BFI London Film Festival there's been a fair amount of hype about Lone Sherfig's new movie coming out in cinemas today and it's not a great surprise why. It's a British production, with a British cast including Emma Thompson (sidenote: when asked about the inspiration for her role of a strict headmistress she jokingly singled out Hitler). But these are all superficial reasons for liking a movie

and thankfully *An Education* manages to warrant its good reviews also on the basis of the movies' story, directing and acting.

The film tells one of those coming-of-age tales about living life to the full, lying to the parents and, invariably, about making mistakes. But *An Education*, which is based on a ten page memoir by The Sunday Times journalist Lynn Barber and adapted to the screen by the popular book writer Nick Hornby has a slightly more refined taste than the usual oversweetened

popcorn we are served.

The action takes place in 1960s England at the moment when Britain was still deciding between the upper and middle class traditionality of the earlier decades and the liberation brought about by the fun-seeking, rock-and-rolling culture of the 70s. This tension between the old and the new order is at the heart of the film and is very effectively rendered in all of its aspects - in the themes, the scenography, the exquisite costumes, music score and is perfectly portrayed through great acting from all of the cast. The result is a film with a lot of heart in which the story truly comes alive on the screen.

Particularly worth mentioning is Carey Mulligan's debut performance as the lead protagonist, Jenny. She displays heap loads of charm thus easily endearing her easy-to-relate-to character to the audience. But she also does a great job with the numerous dramatic scenes, proving that she's a talent worth watching out for.

There's no denying that *An Education* is an extremely well made movie, but I have to warn you that you won't find any Borat mankinis, light sabre fights or Chuck Norris action in it.



felix centrefolds



clubs, societies, groups, individuals

felix@imperial.ac.uk

Plight of the lanks and others

Do you ever struggle to find the jeans or the top that fits? **Gabby Gentilcore** scours the streets (and the internet) to search for clothes that fit different shapes and sizes.

Some tell me that it is a blessing, however when I go shopping it becomes my curse. You see readers I am a tall girl. I know that I should not be complaining about my burden, but unfortunately the world of the high street is cruel to us of more-than-average proportions.

All I want is a new winter wardrobe, yet I know that when I trudge gloomily towards the shops of the high street I am to be faced with tops that finish around my midriff; skirts and dresses that are way too short; sleeves that stop two inches above my wrist and worst of all jeans that swing around my ankles. Not only is jean shopping one of the most painful things a woman can endure (a slight exaggeration on my part perhaps but sometimes it truly is an awful experience) but for us girls with a lot of leg to cover it becomes a fully fledged nightmare. Even if shops get the leg length right, whoever designed the trousers in question forgets about the little fact that tall people are tall everywhere. There is not enough length from the crotch to the waist so they sit unflatteringly low and that every time you bend down little is left to the imagination. Oh dear.

All I want are a few nice jumpers, a dress or two and a killer party outfit.

"American Apparel is for petites, as they go down to an XS and as it is an American brand their XS is a British XXXXXXS."

It is all too small, too short or ill fitting. And some of it just looks bad. Period. So, alas I step out of the changing room with only a pair of tights to show for my troubles. I wonder if it really was worth putting myself through this mental torture.

However dear readers, it is not all doom and gloom, as some shops do indeed cater to the needs of the tall folk. The shop of choice for party wear or classic tailoring is Zara. Their skirts are never too short and they even manage to get their pencil skirts to stop Below The.Knee. Amazing.

H&M are also quite good at catering for those with a few extra inches, although sometimes their sizing can also go the other way so it's luck of the draw with them. Recently, skinny jeans worn a bit too short have been making an appearance and Divided for H&M have them in an array of colours so even if they are too short all is well! Another plus for H&M is that it is cheap, so you can afford to have more than one pair



From top: Clotheslessness is no longer a consequence of being curvy. Beth Ditto will surely find heaven at Evans. The company has recently launched a line with Beth Ditto contributing creative input. A fellow blogger shows the petites how it's done. White sheer jersey chemise, American Apparel; tweed blazer, from a thrift store; leggings, Topshop; patent pumps, Charles & Keith; necklace, comprised of a random black skinny scarf, and a necklace from Siam Square, Bangkok. <http://wottoncool.wordpress.com>.

of these too-short lovelies.

For trousers, although it may be the obvious choice, Topshop really is good at catering for the tall women in the world. They have an extensive leg length range on all of their jeans and some of their trousers, and they even have a tall range. There is not much selection but their best selling jeans are available in a leg length of 36" and as the range is designed for tall ladies, the problems mentioned above are dealt with rather well. Thank you Toppers.

But I am being selfish here; there are other bodily woes that other people experience that have yet to be mentioned. One obviously is the opposite of my problem. Many of my friends complain of being too short, that their trousers hang on the floor and sleeves also cover their hands with bit of extra room to spare. Embrace this though, as you are lucky enough to be able to wear heels in the day and look feminine and pretty, rather than be mistaken for a man in drag!

Not all is lost as most high street shops have an excellent petite range, and I have been informed that Miss Selfridge has a wonderful one. I believe this since most of their clothes are teenyweeny anyway. American Apparel is



also good for petites; they go down to an XS and because it is an American brand their XS is a British XXXXXXS. Their clothes are cut very short in both the skirt and leg length so it is the perfect place to stock up on basics, and everything is cut so small you are bound to find something that fits you well here, even if you are particularly tiny. Internet giants ASOS also do most of their most popular styles in petite sizes too, so you really are spoiled for choice! Many shoe shops now stock size 3, so if small feet are the problem then the high street also has that covered. For example, all of Office's styles are available in a size 3.

The curvier girl is also being catered for on the high street with retailers embracing the plus size woman rather than hiding her away in an ill fitting

smock. Evans has recently had a total image overhaul and following in the footsteps of Kate Moss for Topshop, they called in the helping hand of Beth Ditto, lead singer of the band Gossip. Famously comfortable in her own skin, she designed a fashion forward range for the store and even though her designs are also available on sale, the brand has kept the style injected by this partnership and the clothes available are now sexy, flattering and feminine. There are also many online stores catering for plus sizes.

No matter what you have to overcome, next time you are out looking for that new pair of jeans or going-out ensemble; just remember that hope is not lost and the perfect item is out there waiting for you. It just helps to know where to look!

News Strip

Gabby Gentilcore

Fashion Reporter

Designer's baby

Stella McCartney has designed a collection for GapKids which will hit stores on the 3rd November. Stella wants to create fun and stylish clothes for children that still deliver on quality that working mothers expect. McCartney explains that her collection is "a reflection of my brand, there are pieces that are classic and very sort of timeless and hopefully very chic."

Topshop to take over the world

Topshop is to open stores in Paris and Milan following the success of the New York opening of the British brand in the summer.

Armani expands

Giorgio Armani is set to make his mark on the Russian market. The designer will visit Moscow next to hold a series of events, including a fashion show and presentation of his Autumn/Winter 2009-2010 collection.

Diane von Furstenberg robbed

The designer famous for her wrap dresses was on a sightseeing holiday in Madrid when she was mugged and had her wallet, cash and credit cards stolen. The designer was in Madrid to collect an award from a Spanish magazine for best international collection.

Vionnet arrives in London

The luxury French brand will soon be opening its doors in London, and will be available in Harrods and Selfridges.

Cool Wall



Don't be a walking tweet



Kawai Wong Fashion Editor

Some people like to be a walking tweet, look at the many celebrities' statement making t-shirts, Paris Hilton's "I love my pink life" or Madonna's "Kabbalists do it better". Some of you, who rise above the common pop culture, may find it a mission to hunt down a t-shirt that lets you wear your inspirational figure close to your heart. A new t-shirt company Heretics is your solution to just that. Frown no more; Confucius is here, his spirit forever inscribed on a t-shirt.

A design trio (they call themselves the Evangelists, with a capital E), Jason, Anthony and a Spanish painter who wishes to remain anonymous, believe that t-shirts have become too loud, colourful and meaningless. "What you wear is the clearest illustration of who you are and what you believe in. We also want to celebrate the purveyors and architects of modern art and culture."

And Heretics is born, Jason and Anthony commissioned the Spanish painter to illustrate those artists who challenged conventional thinking and expanded the realm of art. From the many great artists that the painter has catalogued over the years, he moved on to create caricatures of these thinkers and icons.

These caricatures capture the essence of the protagonists with their career defining works, for example, Warhol in his Campbell's soup and Shakespeare with "to be or not to be that is the question" written across his forehead. The design trio does rigorous research in order to understand the protagonists.

Out of the over 300 designs, the Evangelist's favourite piece is Capa. Capa was the first reality photojournalist. Capa documented the Spanish Civil war and WWII from the front lines. Fearlessly, he died with a camera in his hand after stepping on a

landmine.

Here's a short interview with the Chief Evangelist, Jason:

How come there are so little sketches that featured people who are still alive?

We looked for artisans who transcended generations, heretics which shifted paradigms, who were so far ahead of the pack that even their peers misunderstood them. ("I wish they would only take me as I am." Vincent van Gogh) Those alive today are too young (in art terms) to have had such an impact. But like Sir Norman Foster who demands a mention, they are included. We welcome suggestions and are adding artists on an ongoing basis. We have an amazing Michael Jackson caricature which we have yet to release.

Have you contacted any celebrities and offered them t-shirts?

We are not ready to whore ourselves to them anytime soon. We prefer to create a ground swell. So we are working through universities, arts and cultural institutions. This is the thinking person's t-shirt. Let the celebrities discover us like everybody else.

Will you consider drawing Boris? Obama? John Cleese? How will your categories expand in the future? How about models, politicians? What about non-portrait stuff? Cheese, shoes etc?

No. They haven't actually achieved anything yet (even Obama), when they do something of magnitude then maybe. Heretics is all about artisans. We are more likely to include, Stalin, Castro, Che Guevara, Hawkins, Jesus and Chairman Mao type heavy weights. But as we evolve, we could expand to titans of Business, Politics or Science.

Heretics has offered 2 lucky readers a chance to win a t-shirt of their choice. To win, email info@theheretics.co.uk the answer to this question:

"Of the heretics on our site, whom most reflects themselves and why?"

The competition will close on Monday the 16th November 2009

Edge of Love as your country style inspiration



Anshie Patel Fashion Writer

If anyone has seen the Edge of Love (a biopic of Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, starring Kiera Knightley and Sienna Miller) you will undoubtedly agree that the film itself is nothing to rave about. However I am still awe-struck by the way the costumes have such incredible style and flair without seeming to try at all. Perhaps it is the actresses' ir-

"Matthew Williamson's Fair Isle coat and dress combination which quite thoroughly nullifies the grandad association."

refutable beauty and sylphlike figures that pull it together, or maybe the reason for this ostensibly unintended charm is the fact that they are draped simultaneously in carefree prettiness and complete practicality. Made for the cold, wet Welsh countryside during wartime, it is the perfect style to emulate for us here in England as the bleaker months approach. The ensembles comprise of floral tea dresses, thick knit jumpers and woollen socks. The complete effect brings to mind cold, rainy afternoon walks, wind blown hair and hot chocolate when you get home.

High street shops such as Topshop and H&M have a great selection of floral dresses and skirts. Jumper-wise, choose cable knits in autumnal colours such as burgundy, charcoal, berry, mustard or brown and

knee-high socks/legwarmers. However as we are in the city I would advise foregoing the wellington boots in favour of some flat ankle boots to preserve the comfort factor whilst still toughening the florals.

This Mitford-esque manner of dressing is not only being seen on the big screen. Not since the Eighties' Sloane Rangers has country style been so in vogue amongst Londoners - particularly the capital's youth who seem to have grown bored with urban neons and bodycon and are looking for a little farmhouse comfort in the form of dull colours and warm fabrics. East London is teeming with Barbour jackets, wool trousers, tweed and the ubiquitous Fair Isle knit (aka. Grandad) jumpers.

On the catwalk the theme was refreshed by Luella's super comfy wide-legged Oxford Bags, Burberry's tweed cape - a novel change from the standard winter coat, Peter Jensen's houndstooth print splashed over his collection in a decidedly non-heritage way and Matthew Williamson's Fair Isle coat and dress combination which quite thoroughly nullifies the aforementioned "grandad" association.

When it



Clockwise from top: Tweed skirt, floral dresses and wellies from Edge of Love; Luella's oxford bag trousers from her 2009 A/W collection; Mathew William's Fair Isle Coat and dress; the quintessential Barbour Chelsea flyweight.

comes to footwear, brogues are the order of the day for both men and women to ensure the overall bumpkin look is less hobo and more Soho- because, of course, none of this must be worn with any degree of grooming or neatness.

It's all part of the charm.



Left4Next Week

Michael Cook Games Editor

As I write this, the Left4Dead2 demo is going live worldwide. Alas, we couldn't delay these pages in order to get any coverage in, but judging by the average of internet opinion that I can see from my desk in the opulent Felix offices, it's looking very, very good indeed. Which you probably expected, sure. But man, has it really been a year since the first game? It seems like only a few days ago that we were experiencing No Mercy for the first time.

It's interesting to see a quality game be extended so fast. It's not exactly an episodic policy, but a year has brought more change to L4D2 than many would think possible. Interesting, particularly in the context of this week's news that episodic content brand Blurst is grinding to a halt. The developer Flashbang, who had hoped to churn out a game every eight weeks as a new business model, this week admitted it just wasn't working.

So what is L4D2? A full release, done in a year? Or a new, episodic extension to L4D? What does episodic mean, anyway?

What it might be is a reminder that the wheel might not need to be reinvented all the time. Left4Dead's core is extremely solid, even a year after

release. No need to fuck around with something like that. Instead, Valve added to it, streamlined it, and put more of the fun stuff in. The base was already there – what they did was work with it.

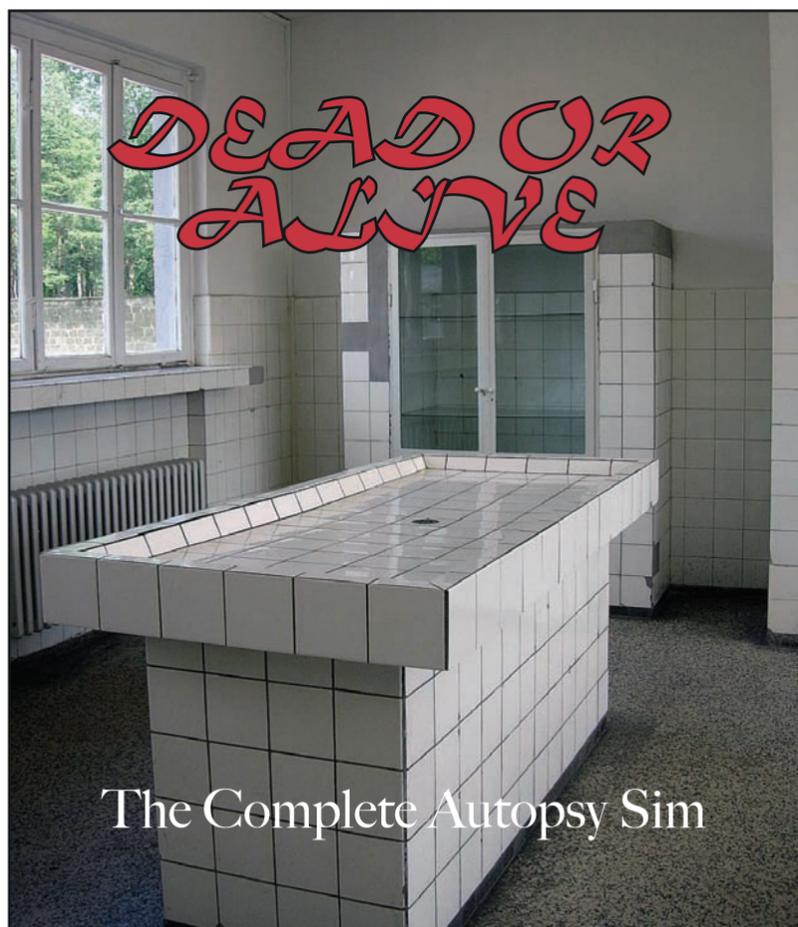
Maybe it's time to look at episodic content as a development process rather than a consumer-end experience. The idea that constructing a game is about constructing a solid, reusable base, that sequels can embellish without having to rewrite.

The reason the boycott came about with Left4Dead2 was the fact that it seemed to be the same game, with some tweaks and additions. Those tweaks and additions, it so happens, also include several twists on the original concepts, and a bunch of brand new campaigns. But they're right – the core hasn't changed, because it doesn't need to.

What would we rather have? Piece-meal additions like Fallout 3's occasional new level? Or wait twelve months and get something between the two – a seriously worthwhile set of new features, without insisting the developers upgrade their graphics engine and pull a dozen new multiplayer modes out of their arse? I know which I'd rather.

Right. Almost done downloading...

Classics That Never Were: No. 2



The Complete Autopsy Sim

Ten Long Years - 2002

When Frank Sinatra sang 'It Was A Very Good Year', he was singing about this one. But, uh, prophetically. Yeah. Let's get on with it, eh?

See? Last week I promised you 2002 was a good year, and here we are and so it is. I don't know about you, but 2002 was slap bang in the middle of a big period of playing games on consoles for me, and this meant a year of jumping, smashing, running and gunning, kicked off in style by the sublime **Jedi Knight 2 – Jedi Outcast**

Conan, however...

"Warcraft 2 took the piss out of fantasy cliches but Warcraft 3 just embraced them. Did we really need another Tolkienesque fantasy world? No we didn't."

Dan apparently won, however, because DotA and its ilk are still being played today, years on.

The GameCube had a few good

combat system. It is the first and currently only game that I have 100%ed."

Though not as successful, Sly Cooper added a degree of style to the year's jump-and-smash games.

On the complete other end of the happy-o-spectrum, came the Christmas hit **GTA: Vice City**. The eighties-themed crime spree is one of the slickest of the series, with the possible better of GTA4.

"The balance given to the setting, to the era, isn't so much that it becomes a stupid parody, but it's enough that you can switch between laughing at it all and actually pretending you're in Hawaii 5-0 comfortably. It's a superbly created piece of entertainment. Just awesome."

I've also been forced to promise to mention **No One Lives Forever 2**. By this guy:

"The graphics were, at the time, stunning, with properly cinematic cut-scenes that didn't just feature talking heads whose chins moved a bit when they spoke. The shooting was great and the variety of weapons and gadgets was intoxicating. Apart from that one FUCKING level in India."

November also saw the launch of **XBox LIVE**, a vast gamers network which this week opened its doors to Twitter, Facebook, Sky TV and more. It's been the key to Microsoft's success over Sony and Nintendo in the past few years, although it had a relatively shaky start initially because of its high cost.

Gamecube's second wind for the year came with Christmas, when **Resident Evil Zero** and **Metroid Prime** landed. Wind Waker was around the corner for the US and Europe, but in Japan, that too was released before the Christmas period was

over. Wind Waker is a fond memory for most gamers, and one of the real visual treats the Gamecube offered in its lifetime. Next year, though! Next year.

(or Dark Forces III if you're old/an idiot). *Rudi* has fond memories;

"The first meeting with a Dark Jedi is one of those iconic gaming moments for me, and the game knew how to use its Star Wars canon to slather itself in atmosphere. Stealing aboard a giant spaceship while it was in dock and starting the next level on its bridge while the hyperspace swirls fill the viewports was just great."

That it was. However, a Jedi Knight game was small fry compared to what was to come in the normally quiet summer period. **Elder Scrolls III: Morrowind** came that June, and changed RPGs forever.

"Like many games, once Morrowind made the jump to 'proper' 3D, it changed completely, and was able to show people what it had tried to do in previous games. The freedom was overwhelmingly beautiful."

Despite the hugely successful sequel, Oblivion, many gamers have never left Morrowind, and still mod it into the latest generation, with huge detail and graphics updates, as well as new things to do in the expansive world.

Less than a month after Morrowind came another equally huge game – **Warcraft III**, a game that not only spawned an RTS legend, but also brought the Warcraft mythos so far forward to allow, one day, for World of Warcraft to come into being.

It wasn't a unanimous hit, apparently. Dan loved it: "Without a doubt one of my favourite games ever, purely on the basis of the fact that I'm still playing it regularly today. It had a fantastic campaign, amazing FMVs, and a reasonable storyline, but more importantly a sense of charm that I found missing from earlier offerings."

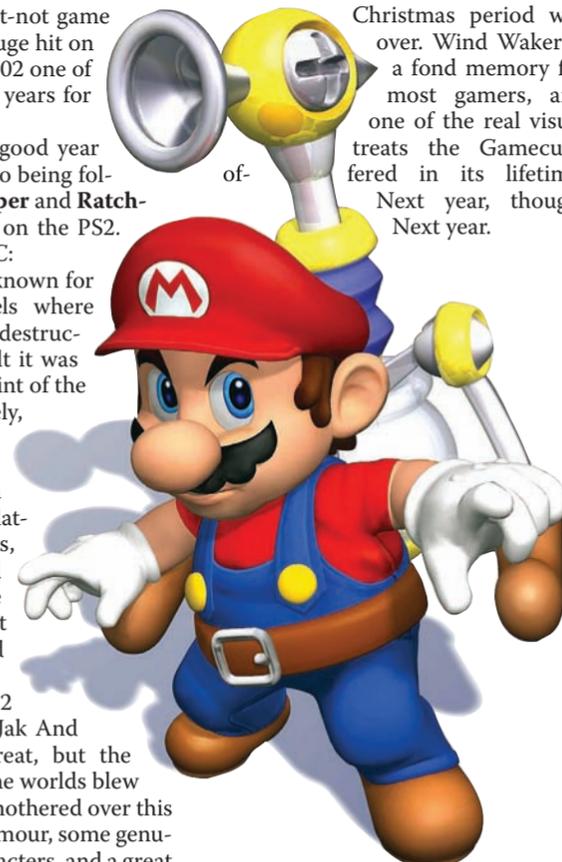
months, knocking out the bright and breezy **Super Mario Sunshine** and the long-awaited **Animal Crossing** within a few weeks of each other. Sunshine wasn't loved by all Mario enthusiasts, but it kept Nintendo's innovation engine going, and was certainly the most painfully cheery and bright game you're ever likely to see.

Animal Crossing, of course, was different. But Animal Crossing is just different in general. Now on the DS and the Wii, the Sims-but-not game of relaxation was a huge hit on the GC, and made 2002 one of the more productive years for the console.

Platformers had a good year in general, with Mario being followed up by **Sly Cooper** and **Ratchet And Clank**, both on the PS2. Mike talks about R&C:

"R&C is now best known for its ridiculous sequels where they amped up the 'destruction' because they felt it was the unique selling point of the series. Unfortunately, they were wrong. For those that never played it, R&C was a 3D, third-person platformer with guns, where you played Ratchet, a cat-like creature whose planet had been destroyed by an alien race.

"The best the PS2 had before this was Jak And Daxter. J&D was great, but the depth and detail of the worlds blew it out of the water. Smothered over this is a sharp sense of humour, some genuinely interesting characters, and a great



Tonight, *felix*, I'm... Manuel Calavera

November 1st marks Mexico's Day of the Dead, and to celebrate this Jack Warren is stepping into the suit and bow tie of a man who knows all about being dead – Grim Fandango's leading corpse, Manny Calavera.

One of the first things you can get Manuel Calavera to say in this game is the description of a deck of marked cards.

"This deck of cards is a little frayed around the edges. Then again, so am I. And I've got fewer suits."

Manuel 'Manny' Calavera is an unlucky chap. Having not led a good enough life to afford a trip to eternal rest, he's stuck in the land of the dead trying to find his way to the other side by working as a travel agent – for the last trip people ever make. Each sale gives him a little commission towards a trip for himself, but he's not been getting many 'moral' people in, and they're the ones with money to spend in the afterlife. It's a very LucasArts tale, and

"...truly important and truly special..."

their last hurrah in the point-and-click genre is a reminder of everything they and designer Tim Schafer did so well.

Manny's quite literally stuck in a dead-end job. But when a woman dies and ends up in his office looking for a

way out, corruption in Manny's office sees her being turned away. He leaves his job and treks for four years through the treacherous afterworld in search of her.

It's this expanse of time – each year comprises one act within the game – that makes Manny such a wonderful character. He flits between every role in the seedy, jazz-infused film noir world he inhabits – sometimes a detective, sometimes a smooth-talking club owner, sometimes a hopeless romantic. And yet all the while there's a bit missing. Secretly, he's still on your side.

It's partly the well-judged humour of the superb Schafer, but Manny's attitude to his crusade for love and retribution is always slightly mocking, slightly bemused. It's a great thing for a character to have – particularly in the surreal world of Grim Fandango. Whether it's performing a faux-angsty poem at a jazz bar's open mic night or goading a gigantic demon mechanic into nearly killing himself on drilling equipment, Manny reacts to the world with the same mix of bemusement and inquisitiveness that you will.

Which isn't to say he's not serious, because he can be, and so can the game itself. But Manny always makes sure it remains a LucasArts game at heart. He keeps it smiling.

He's the game's single, comforting constant – the sharply-dressed, Spanish-accented wisecrack who thinks pretty much like you do. He can be nice, but he's not averse to manipulating the stupid either, as long as it works out okay in the end. He'll do dumb stuff, too, if you ask him to, but he'll always follow it up with a joke that reminds you who suggested the stupid thing ("I just locked an open door. Strange, yet symbolically compelling.") and when a game involves giant cat races and labour unions comprised of bumblebees and strangely sombre metaphors for death – you 'sprout' and become covered with flowers before dying, a second time, permanently – Manny's occasional nods and winks to camera are reassuring, necessary.

He works as a game character because he's got a personality without smothering the player with it. You enjoy playing his role, but at the same time you feel like you'd do the same, really. For a game based on linearity, that's important.

Grim Fandango has one of the best stories ever told in a videogame. Manny is both the protagonist and your link to the story, and that makes him truly important and truly special. Don't wait for LucasArts to re-release it on Steam – go and find it now, wherever it can be found. Manny is an unforgettable character.



Manny, left, and his long-suffering companion Glottis at the piano, in Year Two

IW: No multiplayer in MW2

felix talks to Infinity Ward's Robert Bowling about the new and controversial changes to be made to the blockbuster winter hit

Leading on from their unusual announcement about the lack of dedicated server support for Modern Warfare 2, we asked Robert Bowling, PR for Infinity Ward, about his plans for the future.

"We loved multiplayer in Modern Warfare, we did, but we're looking to the future," Rob explains, "Players don't want the stress of playing against people who might be better than them, or having to communicate with human beings. No-one likes that. So we're excited to announce that we're going to slowly patch out multiplayer over the first month of the game's release."

He pulls out a lighter, lights a ten dollar bill, and then uses it to light some incense sticks. Made of gold and fairy skin.

"At first, we'll just be replacing the other players with bots," he continues, "But over time we're hoping to cut the system down so they're replaced with immobile cardboard cut-outs. We've done some playtesting, and a lot of our focus groups, particularly those for domesticated animals and the clinically dead, found that a lot more fun. It's exciting. I'm excited. Are you excited? Be more excited."

I ask him about about the clan communities, and got two thumbs up in

return.

"Oh, we're super supportive of 'em. We've got a sweet clan mode that allows you to play with up to three people on the same television. Exciting, right? Or at least, we'll have that feature for a couple of months. Around Christmas we'll be replacing it with a mode where you just walk around multiplayer maps alone, on patrol. I mean, a lot of people don't like split screen. We want to give everyone the benefit of multiplayer maps, without the frustration of actually having to see other human beings, or anything."

I nod sagely as two scantily-clad women bring in three cups of golden liquid and proceed to massage it into his thighs.

"And looking further ahead, we'll probably include an Xbox 360 in the system requirements for Modern Warfare 3. You know, it's about providing the absolute best experience for, uh, for our programmers. Yeah. By making the PC version of the game actually run on the Xbox 360, you get all the benefits of giving us money to make hats out of, and none of the frustrating fads that made Modern Warfare so irritating, you know, like challenge or enjoyment. Rob smiles broadly and looks like



Rob and friends, at the BAFTAs.

a man with a vision. A modern-day Barack Obama, only for games and a complete tosser.

"Basically, by the time we get to Modern Warfare 5, we're hoping to have streamlined the process down to just selling empty DVD cases. That way, no-one has to waste time actually writing about our games, and we can just get down to the important bit about giving us cash."

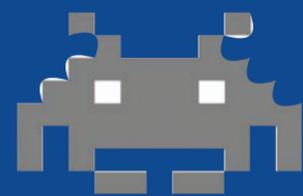
Modern Warfare 2 is due out on November 10th

Write For Us!

What makes you pick up a pad and play?

What makes Angry Internet Men so damn angry, anyway?

If you've got something to say, say it in Felix Games - email us at games.felix@imperial.ac.uk





Train talk

Olivia Davies Travel Editor

Hi I'm Livy, the new travel editor for *felix*. Not sure quite how this happened – all a bit of a blur but hey, suck it up. I am.

Anyway, aptly as I am writing this, I am on a train. There are about 40 people sitting around me, yet no one is interacting. The opposite of the *Extra* gum flash-dance train-kiss ad, people seem desperate to avoid eye contact. They fidget in their seats looking at adverts for home insurance; all of course have plugged into music like some silent disco (I have to admit here – I am also listening to Panic in one ear).

Public transport seems to me to be the only place where a group of people is in one space for hours at a time and remains largely speechless. Sure, people in groups talk amongst themselves, but everyone seems to be listening – I have even been once accosted and yelled at by a stranger after leaving a train, due to the volume and 'sensitive' topic of a conversation a friend and I had.

There is a company based in America that arranges seat placing on airplanes for business personal to meet new contacts and network during a long-haul flight. More spontaneously, many people start up varying conversations at some point mid-flight. If the social norm on planes is to talk, the same is definitely not true for trains, likewise on the tube and buses. As I sit here, I am wondering: why is this?

Apart from bad seating layouts on trains and buses, part of the problem is that people do not want to cram their lives with meaningless conversations. Just now I watched a blonde woman issuing instructions to her mother on the care

of her little son before waving goodbye to them. Since then, the baby has been fed a bottle in stony silence. Any talking in between the goodbye on the platform and assumed hello at the other end would be needless, so silence ensues – travelling is an odd limbo between two conversations.

Escape. Maybe this is the real reason people do not talk on trains – they don't really want to be onboard. For most people, travel is a necessary hassle that must be overcome in order to reach a desired destination. The 8 am tube to work every morning is probably not the most wanted thing ever. Sometimes though, little things can happen on that half-hour journey that can make your day: someone could offer you their seat (didn't happen to me today), or comment on your outfit (did happen, very old lady liked my bracelet – weird but nice). Little bursts of speech with a complete stranger can be exhilarating. There are all kinds of interesting individuals grouped together for a small amount of time – just to people watch is fun. Once got chatting with the right person, you can learn a lot, often with a new perspective.

Going up to Nottingham once, I met a Australian tattooist who everyone was studiously avoiding due to his ink and piercing fetish – actually he was very courteous, helped me with my bag and spent the whole journey talking about his little son and all his different jobs.

So basically I think the actual experience of travel can give you pleasure, something that can be accentuated if you speak to the person sitting next to you next time you board a train – try it out.

Speaking of which, the grandmother still hasn't talked.

The dark side of travel

Kadhim Shubber absolutely hates coming home from his travels

One morning at the end of August, I walked barefoot from my room, careful not to wake my companions as I unlocked the door. Ignoring the barking dogs, I went down to the beach and stared at the purpled sun. The sand was soft between my hardened toes. I turned and saw a hippy girl sitting beside my clothes. From a distance I could tell that she was a life long hippie, who'd long ago abandoned 'Western materialism'. Funny I thought, that she was adorned with so many trinkets. We chatted and inevitably our conversation steered round to the fact that I had only a few days left in India. She looked at me with sympathetic pity, she'd lived on that beach in Goa for almost 3 years and had no intention of returning to the UK.



Routemasters are interesting, but they're just not elephants...

The plane taxied to a halt on the runway at Heathrow, and the other passengers fidgeted uncomfortably in their seats, itching to leap up and grab their bags from the overhead compartments. I didn't move, I stared numbly past my impatient companion to the morning London sun.

I smelled the air as I exited the plane; it was odourless and fresh and walking through the terminal towards immigration, my flip-flops seemed suddenly ludicrous; I gazed enviously at the man ahead of me, his leather shoes rapping neatly on the laminated floor.

The immigration official spied my battered passport with suspicion:

"How long were you in India?"

"Two months", I spluttered, choking on the words. Two months, I repeated again in my head. I must have been standing there dumb as the official knocked on the table and told me to move on. I looked down at him again, tripped over my words and shuffled awkwardly away to pick up my backpack.

I let it circle a few times before I picked it up. All the places it had been, and now here it was, nearly at the end of the line and I just wanted to stretch out that part of my life that I could respectfully label 'travelling'. I let it circle, around and around and imagined what would happen if I left it there. It would circle there all day and then be taken into storage,

and then be auctioned off to some new owner, who would take it on a new adventure and maybe I'd meet this mysterious traveller in a gas station in Tennessee.

That weary voice in the back of my mind told me, "that's enough, let's go now", and so I picked up my bag and headed off to get a ticket back into London.

"I'd like a ticket for the Heathrow Express, please"

"Where would you like to go, sir?" The lady asked rather obtusely I thought, "Where else does it go?"

"It only goes to Paddington, sir."

A number of thoughts swirled in my head: I imagined all the things that I might have said to an Indian man if I'd just had that conversation in a Delhi rail office, instead a weak "that's fine" creaked from my lips.

On the train I converted the fare into Indian rupees and another wave of depression crashed over me, 1200 rupees I thought numbly, my lips trembling at each idea that crawled unenergetically to the forefront of my mind; 1200 rupees, that's six nights at the Salvation army, six beers at Leopolds, four days motorbike rent, 120 trips on the overcrowded local trains in Mumbai, 1200 rupees.

I finally arrived in Paddington and waited for the Circle line train to Victoria. It struck me that London was clean. London, that great big, buzzing city with

all those taxis busting out those polluting gases; London, with all those people every day not really giving a damn about litter or cleanliness. It was spotless man, it was damn, real, *bona-fide* spotless.

The train came and we all filed on politely, without drama; the last time I had been on a train, I had fought on, elbowing other travellers out of the way and shouting to my friend to grab my hand so that I could pull him on. He had run along side the train on the platform, leaping up at the last moment and essentially hung off the side of the train, one foot precariously inside the carriage, his arm locked onto my arm, until some 'space' mysteriously appeared in the train, which allowed him to inch his other foot onto the carriage; I still held on to him for the entire hour journey and we joked that I had his life in my hands.

I got the train down to Eastbourne, £24.50, 2000 rupees, and walked the short walk back to my detached house. It was bright, so bright. The sun blasted through the clean air - there was no smog to dull its brilliance. The air was light and easy and suddenly my backpack didn't feel so heavy. There was only a few hundred metres left to my house and no obstacles in the way. No cows to avoid, no heaps of garbage to force a re-route, no topsy-turvy rickshaws to impede my way, not even another human soul. The way was clear, and the air was clear, and the sky was clear and I felt good to be home.

Now, two months later, my alarm rings in the morning, around 7 am. I rush from the cold into the hot shower, the exact opposite of bathing in India. As I leave the house my feet squirm inside their leather prisons. The 74 bus to college is spacious and cool and clean, but unbearable compared to the trash cans I traversed the Indian countryside in. And as I walk into campus, nobody badgers me to buy souvenirs, I don't have to avoid cows and there's actually room on the pavement but I know where I'd rather be.

And when I organise my file each evening and then do the washing and tidy my room I realise how completely 'real' life has extinguished the lofty ideals of spontaneity, freedom and doing whatever felt good that I held sacred during the summer.



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The London Hitch Committee



The absence of cows in London always makes me feel a little bit sad...

travel.felix@imperial.ac.uk

TRAVEL



Interview with the **Extraordinaire**
by **Dylan Lowe**

It was as though this interview was destined to take place. As I returned from the kitchen with two mugs of water, silent in preparation for what was my first ever interview, the reflection of dusk in the sea caught me blinded for moments.

I didn't need to be reminded that, with my bare feet rubbing against wet sand, that it had been raining throughout the weekend, even though it was dry season.

Ivan had set up the recording system and gave me the thumbs-up. Ben seemed unfazed by the presence of cameras and tape recorders – he is, after all, the veteran and I the novice.

The countdown began. Although I feel humbled – and indeed intimidated – by the things my interviewee has achieved, it was time to set aside my nerves, man-up and take charge. And so it was, the interview with my first extraordinary.

Dylan Lowe *Bula sia everyone, from Vorovoro, where I'm having my very final day on this beautiful island. I'm joined here by Mr Ben Keene – very nice to have you here.*

Ben Keene *Nice to have you here Dylan. DL Thank you. So why Tribewanted in Fiji? It could've been in anywhere else in the world.*

BK When we started Google-ing for islands to rent we came up with two places where we could actually get short-term leases for desert islands. One was in the Philippines, and one was here. So we booked two return tickets, one to Manila and one to Nadi and were going to decide at the last minute which one to go for.

DL *And your decision?*

BK We eventually went for Fiji because, firstly, it's an English-speaking country; secondly, it's on the travel route, the Philippines being harder to get to; finally, it's more politically stable than the Philippines, which is slightly dubious in hindsight.

DL *Must say, this was a big business gamble with a lot of risks involved.*

BK Yes, but the big risk is to announce to the general public in the UK – and soon after the rest of the world – that we are attempting to bring together a bunch of people online, and then come to an island and build a community. Whichever way you look at it – brave or naïve – that was the risk of losing whatever reputation I had, or Mark had at the time. It was then for people to say, "we'll watch these kids have a go and fail" – that was probably why we had such a big following from the start.

DL *Before you started Tribewanted, what was your vision of it?*

BK Initially, the idea was simply to say, there were all these different types of new tourism – community tourism, volunteer tourism, adventure tourism – that has sprung up in the last twenty years. And, there is this big new trend in how we communicate because of the internet. So the vision is basically to challenge ourselves to see if we could pull these two trends together and try to create something that would inspire, educate and provide an adventure for us all.

DL *Any different to how it is today?*

BK I think there is a big shift of emphasis, from people conversing about this project online to actually coming here, with more of the decision-making now



in the hands of the Fijian people and the people who live here permanently. But I don't think it's an experiment any more – I think it's a way of life here.

DL *What would be your ambitious plan for the future?*

BK What next.

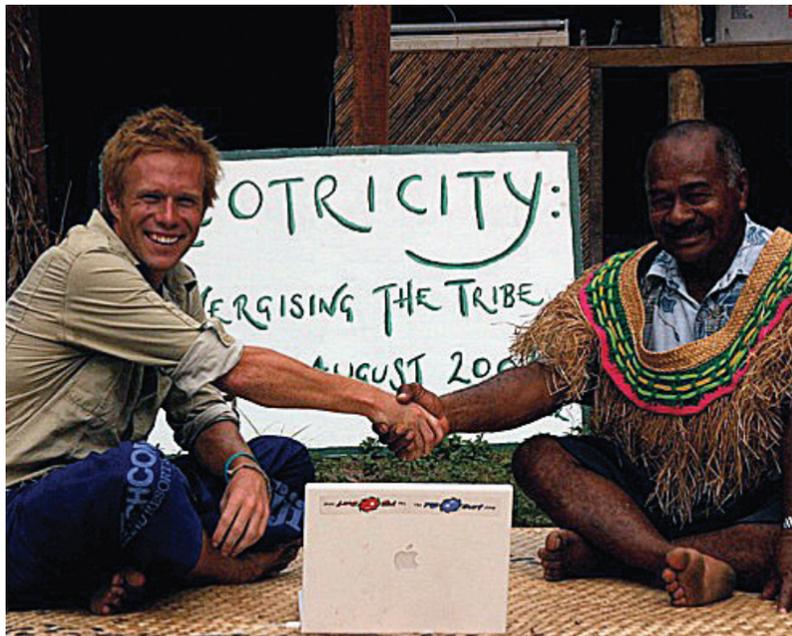
DL *For Tribewanted.*

BK For me, it has always been the case since day one to have Vorovoro as our starting point. The interests the project has received for the last three years has suggested to me very strongly that we should try to take it to other places. However this is not a project that can simply be copied and pasted to somewhere else in the world. This project is unique to this island; it's unique to the people who live here, and unique to the time that we've come to this place and the events that have shaped it. What you can copy is the values of what we have achieved here: a sense of community, and the idea that we can build these cross-cultural villages in different parts of the world.

What is so exciting about it is that we have so many people getting in touch with serious proposal from all over the world – from Borneo to Brazil, Wales to Costa Rica, to Indonesia – who are

Ben Keene

Co-founder and owner of *Tribewanted*



Clockwise from top: Ben with Tui Mali; arrival of solar panels and wind turbine, donated by *Ecotricity*; Ben outside of his *bure*, built by Team Fiji

Rather than saying it's about tribal ways of life, it's more looking at indigenous people who've always lived off the land. We automatically say they have a lack of technology, and a lack of resources; the reality is that the local people have this amazing resource of knowledge that we lack. So here in this relaxed environment, we are fusing these new technologies for smarter living, with the local knowledge and older ways of living.

DL *I certainly have learnt a lot about sustainability during my stay.*

BK What have you learnt?

DL *Nothing's wasted. This should be the motto of Vorovoro. You were in London with team Fiji promoting Tribewanted – do tell more?*

BK I have wondered in the back of mind as to how to repay some of the amazing hospitality we have received from the guys here, so when the opportunity came up to bring them over and be part of this big garden show, which would fund their trip, four of the boys came over. These guys had never left Fiji before – let alone travel to the other side of the world – so all sorts of interesting things happened.

DL *What were the funniest moments?*

BK There is this one incident that shows you their lack of experience travelling, and what is normal here that isn't back in England. It was when Marau [village manager on Vorovoro], as we were leaving England, tried to take a handsaw onto the plane with him – you know, it was a souvenir he was bringing home to his family. In his mind it wasn't a problem, so one of us mentioned at check-in in Heathrow that, actually, by carrying a hand-

saw onto the plane he would never get out of England.

DL *[Bursts out laughing]*

BK It was fantastic to have them in the UK – it made you look at your own country in a different point of view. They live for the moment, Fijians – they are great fun to travel with.

DL *We do tend to take things for granted a little to often back home, don't we?*

BK Everyone takes things for granted wherever they are from. The Fijian people take certain things for granted – they take for granted there will probably always going to be fish in the sea. So through little projects here we can share the knowledge that, actually, some fish are dying out; they can in turn tell us there are less of this fish and more of that.

DL *Anyone in particular you would like to thank?*

BK Yourself, Dylan. Because without this interview thing would have been tough. At least you've given us a chance to check if we've got the right stuff in the first aid kit.

DL *Flattery aside, anyone?*

BK [Chuckles] The boss man himself, Tui Mali. He was the one who remembered, when the *Survivor* sea plane landed on the beach two weeks after Mark and I had visited, our agreement and told them he had already shaken hands with these backpackers, and it was their lease. There was no contract, and no exchange of money by that stage.

And the other key people involved were the first members to sign up. If it wasn't for their faith – or blind faith – this would never have started. So I am grateful to them. And I am also grateful to everyone who has been here. I can count with one hand the people who come here and actually not made an effort to fit in with the project – that's a tiny percentage. Everyone who has come here is fantastic, especially in terms of engaging in and respecting the Fijian way of life.

DL *What would you prefer, a British or Fijian wife?*

BK Hmm, controversial. Fijian ladies are lovely, but you need to be a big strong man to manage them – this is probably my diplomatic answer.

DL *Lamb chop [Fijian for drunk on kava] on the beach, or a good night-out in London?*

BK My friend, there's only one way to finish the night, and that's weeing in the sea after you've had too much kava.

DL *Absolutely, I should know better.*

BK Cheaper as well.

DL *One word to sum yourself up.*

BK Expectant.

DL *Were you the frog bomber?*

BK No.





Dell cuts Air in half with the Adamo XPS

Simon Worthington reports on Dell's new anorexic offering

Last week we reported the release of Dell's new ultrathin Adamo XPS laptop, which, according to the Internet, was due for public consumption last Thursday. Well, Thursday came and went and unfortunately we've all been duped as the XPS is very much not available in shops. Don't worry, we feel violated too. What we can offer you instead is a review of the latest info about Dell's size-zero laptop.

So here's what we know. The XPS is the latest model in Dell's Adamo range (the one they never properly show off in announcements), which it claims focuses on 'design and mobility'. The design is certainly something else, as the laptop sports some interesting features. To even get the lid open you'll need to make use of the heat-sensitive strip which glows and unlocks the case on contact with your fingers. That said, it's actually the only way to get the thing open, so if the battery runs out or you've just got poor circulation you are essentially stuck with a useless aluminium slab. Once you've tackled this obstacle, you'll find that the keyboard and screen are hinged not at the bottom as is conventional, but more towards the middle, which angles the keyboard upwards. If you had this on your lap you would think this might put all the weight on one point and make it uncomfortable, but it turns out that's not a problem. Oh, did I forget to mention that it weighs just 0.68Kg (yes that's just 680 grams) and is 9.99mm (less than a centimetre) thick?

If that last line is giving you déjà vu, it's because in reality the Adamo XPS is Dell's answer to Apple's MacBook Air, which was famously pulled out of a manila envelope upon launch to demonstrate its thinness. The Adamo has slightly superior specs than the



current generation MacBook Air too, with the option of 1.4 or 1.9GHz ULV dual-core processors, up to 4GB of RAM, integrated graphics powered by an Intel X4500MHD and either a 128 or 180GB SSD, all stuffed in behind its 13.4" WXGA LED-backlit screen. On paper the XPS certainly matches Apple's latest generation Air in all but the processor department, in which the Air wields non-ULV Core 2 Duos. The XPS certainly has the upper hand in size however, as its tiny width and miniscule weight are both less than half of the Air. If only its price tag had a similar comparison, because the new Dell will set you back an eye-watering \$2,000 (for a machine that gives you a weak 3.3 on the Windows 7 experience index). This really tends to throw everything into perspective when you consider that for the same money you could get the new beefiest iMac money can buy, which has many times the processing power and disk space. So, what are we actu-

ally paying for? Clearly, Dell thinks that what we are willing to pay for is the tiny size and weight. But that leads me to my next question: who cares?

The heat-sensitive strip, weird hinges and incredible thinness are all very nice, but are they really anything more than a few bangles and baubles created to please the gadget loving crowd? The specs aren't bad for the size, but there are plenty of slightly larger laptops out there that deliver much better performance. At the end of the day, the Adamo XPS compromises power for style and it's up to consumers to decide whether or not that's something they're willing to shell out for. The performance of the MacBook Air in the market suggests that at least some people are, but then Apple products do tend to attract those who like their gadgets to look nice. It will be interesting to see whether Dell can replicate the aesthetics-driven success that Apple saw with the Air.



Where are we going Google?

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

This week has been all about Android 2.0. Google was definitely on a roll in the tech sector this week with an official video laying out the details of Android 2.0. New to the little mean green machine will be Quick Contact which features integrated two way syncing and amalgamation of contacts (similar to Palm's Synergy), which will pull in contacts and information from multiple sources into one list. Improvements to the general operation of the system have also been made across the board including Exchange support, searchable SMS, full multitouch support and a revamped browser UI and HTML5 support. Hardware support has also be increased with Bluetooth 2.1 and multiple screen size support including WVGA being rolled in.

Google is also introducing a free turn-by-turn Sat Nav that it's building into its Google Maps application. Currently in beta, like all things Google, it will be available on Android 2.0 from the get go. Leveraging other Google technology it'll also feature vocal address input and text to speech output, so in effect you may end up having a conversation with your phone over where you're going.

Google is also introducing what it calls layers, which are basically overlays on the map that show pertinent information. Both satellite and Street View are layers, meaning that you can get a good view of where you need to turn and when you're at your destination with image overlays. Helpful if you're going somewhere you've never seen before. Traffic information will also be available as a layer and will pull data from local sources and from mobile phones using Google Maps. This means that anyone who's stuck in traffic and using Google Maps will act as

an early warning system for everyone else using Google Maps in real-time. Google also said that it is easy for them to add extra layers and there's always the possibility Google might even open up an API for 3rd party layers within the app. I'm hoping that we'll see the integration of Google Latitude into the app, which would be really useful if you happen to be travelling in a convoy and get separated.

Great but what happens if the signal craps out on you and you're lost? Well thankfully Google's thought of that and made Maps cache the route before you leave in an effort to alleviate this problem. Of course there's also a benefit to the streaming maps system and that's you'll never have to update the maps on your device.

Other platform specific announcements are waiting on device manufacturers, but Google implied that it is working closely with Apple so it may appear on an iPhone near to you in the not too distant future. Whatever happens with regard to cross-platform availability, it's sure put a dampener on the likes of TomTom and Navigon who have been pushing iPhone Sat Nav apps for quite large sums of money. When people are faced with £60 for TomTom or a free Google Maps app, supported by search money, that does the same thing, I know which option most are going to choose. The problem I foresee here is that Google may end up wiping out the competition for GPS apps on connected devices. Without competition it would mean we'd have to wait for Google to innovate without any real urgency for them to do so. Don't get me wrong, I'm stoked to see what Google's going to do with their navigation app in the near future, but I can't help but think we're all going to end up losing out in the long run.

Weekly Wrap-up: A quick guide to the best of the rest you might have missed

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

Another week, another botch-up involving Microsoft. This time it was the UK unveiling of Sky's VOD service Sky Player for Xbox 360, which suffered a failure to launch on Tuesday. Having been suspended due to 'an unforeseen technical issue' after being 6 months in the pipeline, it was major egg on face for both Microsoft and Sky. Sky hopes to have the service up and running by the end of the week but I wouldn't hold your breath on that one.

The Spawn HD-720, an ugly yet extremely functional box of tricks, is capable of streaming your console of choice onto your PC, allowing you to play your console anywhere with an internet connection. The first test boxes

that have been making their way out are LAN only but internet streaming should be available soon. First impressions are that it actually works. There is a small lag making some control schemes feel a little less precise but it's certainly a promising start. Imagine playing your Xbox from College or in the Airport waiting for a flight.



The US Army has been busy this week too, with helmet mounted radar helping soldiers see who's creeping up on them. Being able to see through fog, dust and even walls and weighing in at no more than 2.5 pounds the only problem I can foresee is the bloody obvious radar dish on their heads. I'm assuming some miniaturization will be put into practice here and if it saves lives in a war zone, I'm all for it.

Android also got drafted into the US military this week. Raytheon, the weapons specialist, has developed a new Android app called the Raytheon Android Tactical System which allows soldiers to track the positions of other soldiers and UAVs. This allows soldiers to get the tactical advantage of a UAV POV sent straight to their connected Android device. I'm doubting this'll

make it's way onto your HTC Hero anytime soon, but it can only be good news for Android fans having the US military backing the mobile OS.



Unlike Android, a BlackBerry is a device associated with no-nonsense business types (regardless of how hard they advertise), so it's strange to see a 3rd party accessory in the works that's frankly anything but. Launching in

February the Allerta inPulse Smart-watch is equipped with a 1.3" OLED screen and bluetooth to hook up to your BlackBerry. It alerts you to new messages through vibration and displays summary information right on your wrist. At around £90 however, unless you really dig the styling for use as a normal watch, I think taking your phone out of your pocket when you get a message is more than doable.

A solution to that uniquely Facebook problem of what happens when someone on Facebook kicks the bucket has now been solved with Facebook 'Memorial Pages'. A member of the deceased's friends can send Facebook proof of death after which Facebook will lock the account, maintaining the profile and allowing friends to post on their wall. Creepy if you ask me.

CAT-NIP

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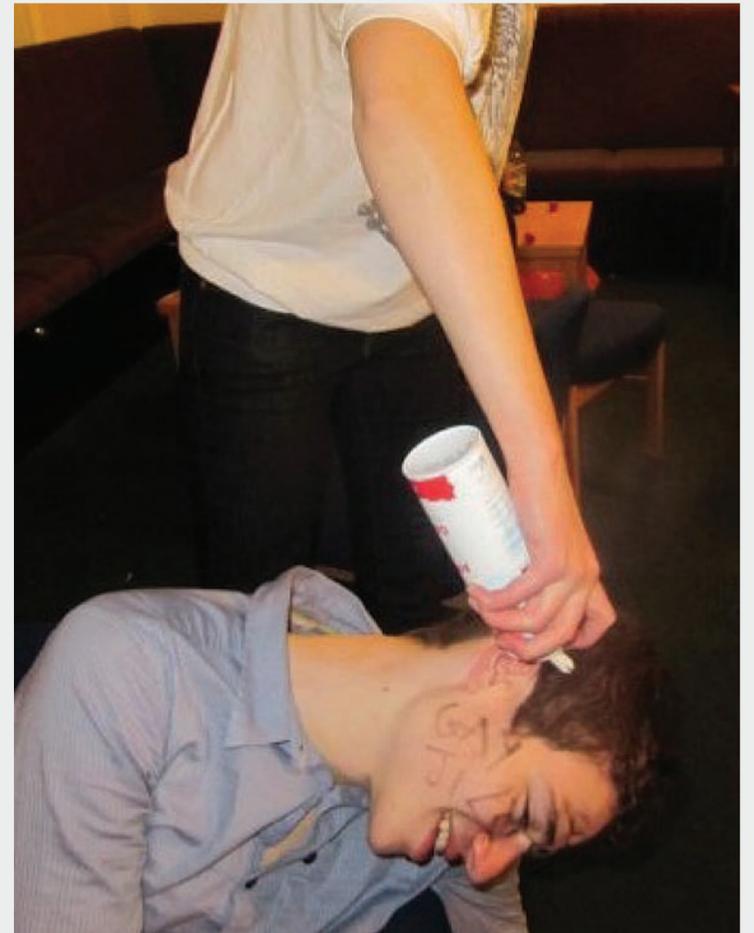


Where's the weirdest place you've had sex?

WE DIDN'T IMPLY 'ON CAMPUS' SPECIFICALLY, BUT A LOT OF YOU ARE FREELY ADMITTING TO COPPING OFF ALL OVER COLLEGE. YOU DIRTY PERVES. I'M CELIBATE, PERSONALLY.

- | | | | | |
|---|------------------|---|---|------------------|
| AU57 AOC | Anonymous | The Felix office.....
Tom Roberts, Jovan Nedic & Kadhim Shubber | An eyehole. LOLZ. | Unknown |
| In Blakett basement shower. | Physicist | Beth Midrash in a synagogue
3rd Year, Anonymous | Medics in the comment rooms of fisher hall in plain view of everyone! Fucking medics more worryingly, some people watched dirty fucking freshers. | Anonymous |
| In the sea, during a school trip, 5m from the teachers and other students who were playing water polo at the time | Anonymous | Queen's Lawn Marquee during Freshers' Week, and not mine.
Anonymous | In my girlfriend's sister's bed. Whilst she was there. Nah, just joking. The second part's true. | Anonymous |
| The driver's seat of Jezebel, you know, the CGCU fire engine. | Scientist | The back of a Morris Minor
Anonymous | My parent's kitchen table.
4rd Year, Chem. Eng | |
| | | In your mum!!!!!!
Anonymous dickhead | | |

Your drunk mate photo of the week



Apparently the guy with "GAY JIZ" on his face told the fella holding the whipped cream (ironic, no?) that Imperial was "shit". Whipped cream

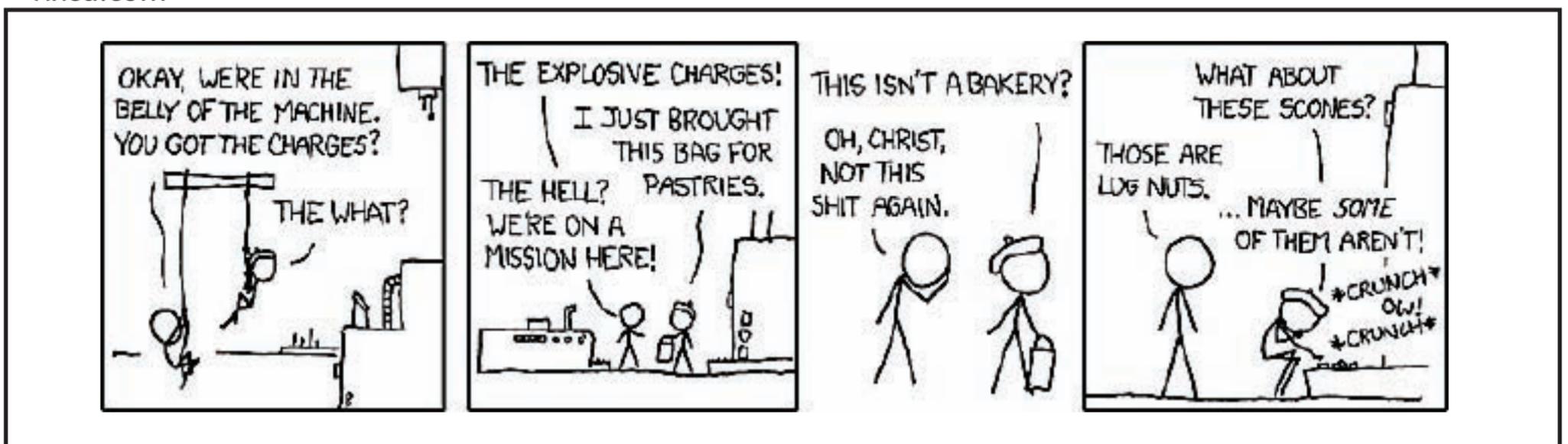
Got a picture of your mate being an absolute waste of oxygen? Email your photos to catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

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

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Team Bo' go on tour to the Isle of Wight

Rik Smith takes us through nervous oil leaks and a time trial before a final, fantastic sprint back to London.

By 11:30 the road train of minibus and trailer had arrived in Portsmouth, ably piloted by Dan Lehmann. Having only recently acquired parts, Robert Carter and Dave Hankin quickly set to sealing Bo's water jacket ahead of the first few miles across Portsmouth to the Wight Link Ferry. Having arrived at the ferry terminal, and positioned in the queue, I was asked by a terminal official "what's the dripping from the bottom?". Assuming he meant the oil slick we were seeping as a consequence of our total loss oiling system, I reliably informed him that it was "just a little water from our cooling system". The official seemed satisfied.

By the end of the first day numerous Team Bo' alumni had arrived. For our first full day, Team Bo' + Alumni in various vehicles decided to venture south to Ventnor via the visually stunning coast road. With a reliable side wind and the odd sunny spell, Bo' was able to power up every hill thrown at him and attended the Botanical Gardens in good time.

On Thursday we were to drive from Freshwater Bay to Havenstreet via Cowes and the north coast of the island. Confidently we cranked up in 3 turns of the handle and set our sights on Cowes. Having descended a 1:5 hill steadily in 2nd gear we heard a sound we all dreaded to hear, a well pronounced squeak from the mid left in time with engine speed. The 3 of us looked at each other, pulled over and killed the ignition. The initial assumption was a Big End bearing was unhappy.

For those less technically minded, the Big End bearing is the contact point between the reciprocating piston and the crank web. All the power developed by the engine must go through these bearings. In a modern car, the big ends slap around in the oil sump so have no choice but to be well lubri-



On the way to Freshwater Bay

cated. Bo' however does not have an oil sump and relies upon oil being dripped down a tube and sucked via the crank web to the inside of the bearing. It was this process of dripping and sucking – or lack thereof – that we immediately suspected as causing the squeak.

We made our way to the chain ferry/floating bridge and paid the princely sum of £1.50 to cross. I tried to argue that we were a bicycle – hence the chains – but the £1.50 was still taken from us. As a result of our delay we were unable to visit Osbourne house. Instead we did a lap of the car park just to check it was really closed and continued on our way to the bemusement of onlookers.

We arrived in Havenstreet to discover that the paper work describing our camping pitch had been left in the minibus which was also somewhere at Havenstreet, so we decided to park

up in empty plot number 60. Having retrieved our paper work later that evening we returned to crank up to move across to plot number 69. Dave remarked that he was having issues tickling the Carburettor to which I just said "Nah, I'm sure it'll be fine, let's start up". Dave diligently did the 3rd crank but no luck and by the time it came to the 5th we decided it might be good to check the fuel. We had indeed run out of fuel, but safe in the knowledge that we had 5 litres in the back, we rolled down the hill to plot 69 for the night.

Once we had pitched our tent and secured the Gazebo over Bo' we made our way across to the 'show field' to acquaint ourselves with the Beer tent.

For the Friday to Monday, Bo' was an exhibit at the Island Steam Show at Haven Street which had the air of a 1950's village Fete. During this time we took the opportunity to clean, polish and wax Bo' between the rain showers – having relocated the Gazebo to keep him dry. We also took the opportunity to dismantle the oil delivery system and give it an overhaul which proved to be a great success. The regular features of the day included a car and motor bike parade of which Bo' and Derrick both participated in daily. Intrigue and fascination were lavished upon Derrick due to his unusual design as well as hub centric steering – a feature that is seen as a modern asset by today's bikers. Bo' was regularly remarked as being the 2nd oldest Vehicle at the steam show – 2nd to a traction engine.

We did participate in the Gymkhana (slalom time trial), for which we scored a time of 51 seconds. Compared to Jez's 46 I didn't think we had done too badly.

Monday was to be the last day of the Steam show, so after the final event Bo' made a hasty exit from the arena to head back to Freshwater bay (a more direct route this time), because on Tuesday the challenge was set. We would drive from Lymington



Jezebel, Derrick, Clem and Bo' at Havenstreet

in the New Forest to Imperial over 2 days, covering over 100 miles, and in effect achieving 2 Brighton runs in succession.

On Tuesday morning Bo' was loaded onto the trailer in Freshwater Bay, and remained on the trailer for the ferry crossing in order to satisfy the ferry ticketing system. Bo' was promptly unloaded just outside the ferry terminal, fluids checked and wet weather gear adorned. It just started to rain as we pulled away from the curb and our first destination was Beaulieu Motor Museum. Although we had not made prior arrangements to attend Beaulieu, we were in need of a road map which we purchased from the gift shop. Coming in at 50% list price I thought I had found a bargain – we later realised the grid squares were not quite square, but the price was satisfying enough. The plan was to drive to North Hampshire

where lodgings had been arranged for Bo' and the team.

The next morning we were ready and motoring by 9am. By 11 we were in Guildford where we stopped for lunch, continuing later only to be greeted by a rain storm on the way to Woking. Our route continued on to Byfleet and eventually to Hampton court and Richmond. We crossed the river at Hammersmith and were able to make our victory drive down High Street Kensington, before arriving back at the garage by 4:30 ready for tea (or numerous pints at the Union).

Bo' had driven over 200 miles during the course of 8 days with no significant delays or set backs – proving truly that Boanerges was reliable, eager and definitely up for the challenge of another 75 years of student ownership.

Email: bonerges@imperial.ac.uk

The Cavers descend far below Wales

Legendary. In one word that will sum up the trip. Granted, if we go below the surface of 'Legendary' it looks a bit like this:

On Saturday we flooded into the minibus and began our journey to Ogor Ffynnon Ddu (Or for those not fluent in Welsh – OFD!) Upon arriving I didn't know what to expect, being a total beginner in this recreational sport, so I followed the flow and began changing. After 5 minutes of putting on borrowed kit I felt like a caver!

On entering the cave it was utter darkness. Not the night-time sky darkness you've seen, but absolute absence of light.

With our helmet lights on, my eyes began to adjust and I saw the most spectacular view. Now I know what you're thinking – 'he's strange'. When

are rocks beautiful? Pictures can't even begin to capture the wonder. Moving on through the cave I began to realise just how vast OFD was!

It did bring out the child in me, though. As Jana says: "A cave is an adult's playground". Crawling on the rocks, climbing up bits of colossal rock, sliding down muddy passages – ah, the good old days. Clambering into an enormous chamber makes you realise how small you actually are. But the sights are worth it!

Crystal-like structures forming round puddles, waterfalls, preserved specimens. On returning to the hut (Well they say a hut... I don't know many huts with showers and microwaves!), I took part in the cavers' substitute to drinking games. I won't spoil all the fun, you'll have to come along to find out..

On Sunday we split up into smaller groups and I jumped at the chance to go river-caving in Little Neath.

We went through an entrance down a river into an underground maze. It's amazing to see the sheer power of water after years of wearing away what was once a solid piece of rock. Then we got to swim in the cave when it opened out (they lend people wetsuits). It was so peaceful, you just heard the running of water echoing off of the walls. We traversed every area of the river cave in just under 3 hours and came back out after much more climbing, crawling and sliding. This cave was even more spectacular with lots of small feats – Nature's miracles.

On the minibus home I was glad of some rest after an intense weekend, but as we drove out of Wales there was a part of me that longed to go back.



Who needs the sun when you all have matching yellow suits?

ChocSoc get a sugar rush at the London Chocolate Week

Yes there is a Chocolate Society here and there are thousands of chocolates to sample. The year begins...

London Chocolate Week. I say there is no better way than this to start a new school year. It either helps you fight your post-summer blues, or boosts your start-of-term excitement.

For those of you who don't know, Chocolate Week is an annual event in England, especially London, where tonnes of chocolate-related events happen throughout the week. (I mean it's horrendous not to know about such an amazing thing!!!). The aim of it is to promote the culture of quality chocolate.

As a chocolate enthusiast, the first thing on my itinerary for the week would of course be going to the launching convention – Chocolate. Therefore on that lovely Saturday morning while most of you were probably still in bed, I merrily strolled to the May Fair Hotel (oh yes, posh I know), where all the wonderful chocolatey things happened.

Goodness me, there was sooo much fantastic chocolate to taste! Obviously there is no such thing as being too early for chocolate. All the visitors/journalists just kept popping pieces of chocolate into their mouths. It really is a non-stop process. There are some chocolates so marvellous that I feel I

must share them with you.

Fresh mint truffles – goodness gracious! This has to be the BEST mint truffle that I have ever had. You know from the bright, cool, leafy taste that they created it using fresh mint instead of the conventional peppermint oil - absolutely gorgeous.

Goat's cream chocolate. So, what were you doing back when you were 17? Just getting into uni, not really knowing what you are going to do in life?

The designer of this chocolate was only 17 when he got an award for this creation. And the inspiration behind the design? His best mate has a dairy allergy...

Popping candy chocolate – this made me feel like I was having a Harry Potter style wizardry treat. As the chocolate smoothly melts in your mouth, the popping candy just keeps exploding the whole time. You simply cannot talk for five minutes after eating the chocolate because your mouth is filled with this crackling all over. What's more, they have made the chocolate into the shape of a frog, making it even more magical. Definitely the most fun chocolate ever had!

Next came ginger chocolate. Okay, now you think this is the usual boring

dark chocolate with disgusting chunky crystallised ginger, which just ruin the smooth texture entirely. But NOOO, when you look at the cross-section of this chocolate, you can observe the fine ginger crystal powder mixing evenly with the dark chocolate ganache. Mmm.... lovely.

A few other interesting tasters include a 100% handmade bar, raw chocolate truffles, Long Jing tea truffles, passion fruit truffles with real passion fruit seeds... I must force myself to stop here, or else I could go on forever and ever and take up the entire *felix*.

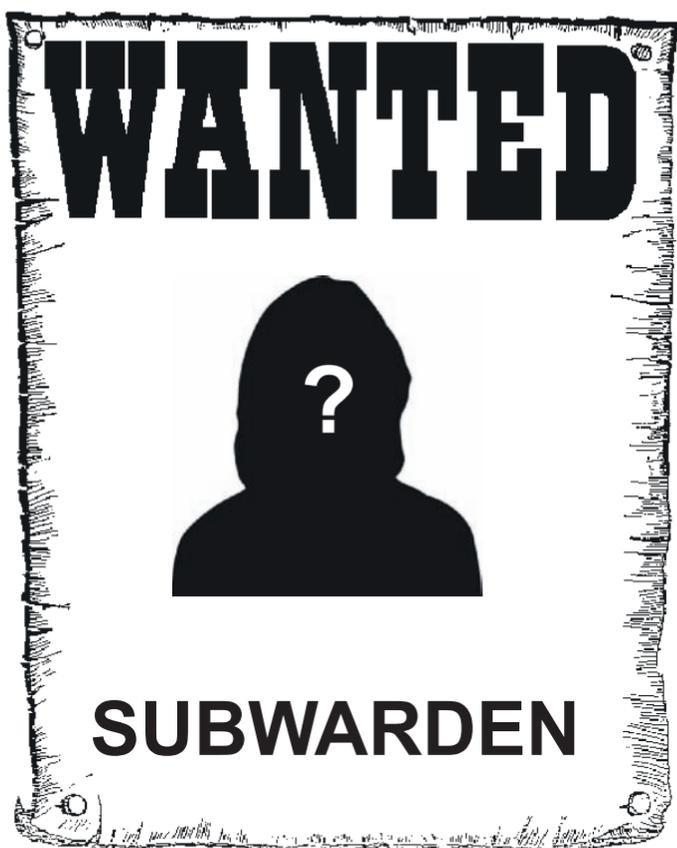
So looking at my most fabulous schedule ahead, I simply can't wait to go to my chocolate tasting at L'artisan du Chocolat and to see Marc Demarquette at Fortnum & Mason! Not to mention the free chocolate at shops here and there.

Unfortunately, by the time you read this, the week will be nearly over, but I advise you not to miss out on the last chances on Saturday and Sunday! I know that Rococo Chocolate is giving out free hot chocolate shots in all their shops. And if all these are simply not enough for you, check out the Chocolate Society at Imperial; apparently they do have quite a lot of nice stuff to offer.



Greenpeace weren't happy with the Biology Department's GM exploding frogs. These are far more tasty.

APPLY NOW! APPLY NOW! APPLY NOW! APPLY NOW! APPLY NOW!



Positions starting from December 2009

Bernard Sunley Hall – Evelyn Gardens

Wilkinson Hall – Eastside

Parsons House – nr Charing Cross Hospital

The Subwarden assist the Warden in the running of the Halls, particularly social activities, pastoral care and discipline. The Subwarden receives a rent free room in the hall.

Applicants should be either Postgraduate / senior Undergraduate students or staff at Imperial

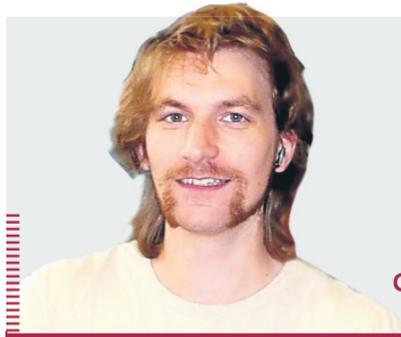
Application form available from:

<http://halls.imperial.ac.uk/vacancies/>

Deadlines: Bernard Sunley 16/11/09, Parsons House 07/11/09, Wilkinson 13/11/09

COFFEE BREAK

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



Bloody Union Fun Police

Charlie Murdoch Coffee Break Editor

Alright? So last week you may have noticed that we were recruiting a new puzzles bitch. Well you'll all be pleased to know that not one, but two have been tracked down for our personal use. The names of these great people are **Sean Farres** and **Milli Begum** so let's give them a big hand. I personally would like to thank you both as without you they wouldn't get done, as you saw last week. If any of you do feel the need to complain about any of the stuff on these pages, please feel free to fuck right off. I'm not going to lie, I have pretty much had it with people coming up to me and telling me something is shit. Well done pal, great input. You think you can do better, or do you have any ideas as to how we can improve things? Or better still do you want to come and help out? Oh you don't do you. Well, fuck off before I punch your spine into a fine powder. It may sound like I'm joking, but I invite you to push me because, really I couldn't give a shit.

This was particularly evident last Wednesday night at ACC barnight (which this year I do not run, so do

not come up to me at any point in the evening ever again). Since when does an intelligent person ask a question as fucking retarded as 'Where is all the beer?' Mate, your a cunt. The beer is where it always is, in the kegs. And what's more, the only way the beer will get out of the kegs is through the taps. So get in line, shut the fuck up and use your common sense. Nobody is going to come and run off with a keg, it's always going to be there and it's there to be drunk. You twats.

Finally to continue my massive rant, if I give you £10 and you lose it, I'm not going to give you another. Neither will your sister, mother or the dirty paedophile who lives three doors down. If you are stupid enough to lose it then you should not be broadcasting your stupidity to the masses really. If you really do feel the need to, do it preferably by writing, then I have the opportunity to completely ignore you and throw you badly written ramblings of a sad lonely person who pleasures themselves with a cucumber straight into the bin. I think you catch my drift, if not just come down to *felix* and ask for a chat. I don't recommend it though.

Stuff Imperial students like:

5. Bar nights:

Well last Wednesday was the first of the infamous ACC Bar nights, and what a good night! As I said at the start of the year, I do love bit of *"It's Raining Men"* and I definitely had my dancing shoes on. So much so that I have taken myself to Hospital with repetitive strain injuries. Not really, but my foot is in PAIN!

But seriously, the idea of a bar night is probably one of the best

that someone has ever had. Who was sitting in the bar on night and thought, "I know what this place needs, beer. Not just a few more pints, but, like 23 kegs. That should do it. And what's more, let's make it all you can drink. Actually, charge a fiver and we'll all be laughing."

Whoever thought that is a genius, and I salute you sir. We all love and respect your supreme intellect and are jealous. Good day.



Ahhh, the sweet amber nectar

This week's best of failblog.com



Quote of the Week

Erbert Hubbard: "Life is just one damned thing after another."

FUCWIT League Table

Teams:

Harry Potter Trio	19 Points
The Tough Brets	19 Points
I Hate Medic scum	5 Points

Individuals:

Bethan Matthews	24 Points
Matthew Colvin	13 Points
Herens Tibaut	12 Points

The Felix University/College-Wide Invitational Tournament League is new and improved. There are now prizes for both the winning team and the winning individual.

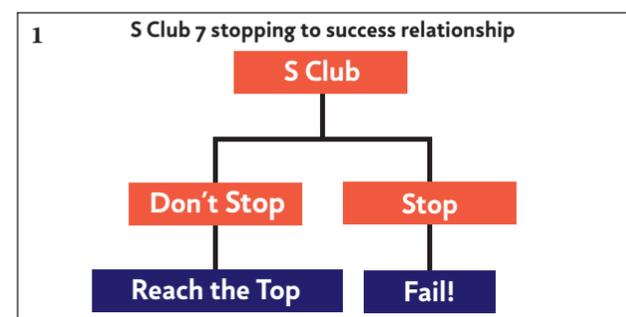
Basically, you get points for doing all the various puzzles and challenges, and at the end of the year, the winning team and the winning individual will win an iPod nano! The scoring is as follows:

5 points for the first correct answers for Slitherlink, Wordoku, London Underground, Mentalist Maze, Dingats and Quickie. 4 points for second, 3 points for third, 2 points for fourth and 1 point for fifth. Double points will be awarded for correct cryptic crossword answers, because it's über hard.

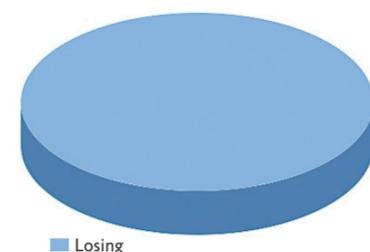
Simple! Now then FUCWITs, send in your answers to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Go!

Graphic Dingbats

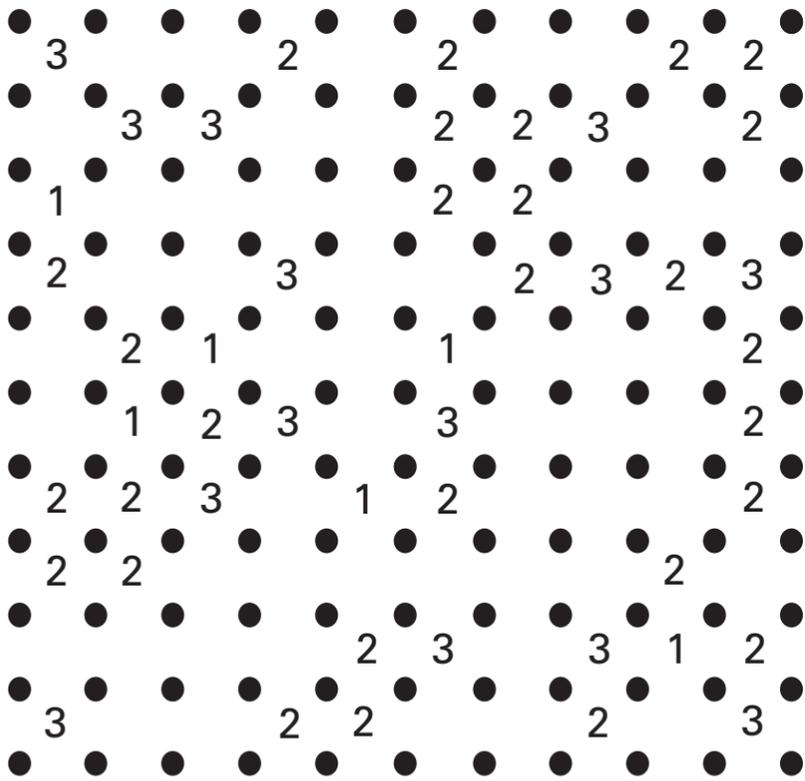
Well, a couple more here for you this week, not many entries last week, for those of you who do care the answers were: Ben E King- *Stand by Me* and Tracy Chapman- *Fast Car*. Well done to **The Tough Brets**.



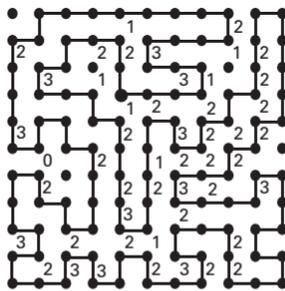
2 REM analysis into state of religion



Slitherlink 1,442



Solution 1441



Hockay, so I fucked up last week bad. It turns out that the answer to the Slitherlink was in fact situated to the left of the one provided. My apologies.

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.

Nonogram 1,442

	2	1				2	1	1	1	3
	1	4	6	5		2	1	1	4	1
	3	1	1	2	8	1	1	1	1	2
2 3										
1 4 1										
4 1 1										
5 1 1										
4 1										
5 1										
2 2 2										
1 3 1										
1 4 1										
3 2										

Wordoku 1,442

							R
	R	Y			I	B	D
	I		I	N	R		Y
		O	D			K	I
Y	D				K	R	
O			I	T	N		R
T	B		Y			I	D
I							

Scribble box

Solution 1440

F	R	E	S	X	P	A	Y	O
S	O	A	Y	R	E	X	F	P
Y	P	X	A	F	O	R	S	E
X	E	R	P	Y	S	O	A	F
O	S	F	X	E	A	P	R	Y
P	A	Y	F	O	R	S	E	X
R	F	P	O	A	Y	E	X	S
A	Y	O	E	S	X	F	P	R
E	X	S	R	P	F	Y	O	A

No answers last week as there wasn't one to do. However we have a new puzzles bitch, so say hi to Sean and make him feel very welcome by sending in lots and lots of answers.

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, anyone for another round of arbitrary number crunching for the sake of filling up a 30 minute or so break? Last week's solution was Tower Hill (no spaces). Since you probably want to spend more time on the other puzzles, I won't make this one too hard.

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

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

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

So which London tube station sums to 120?

- - - - - = **120**

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, stripy topped girl at Tigertiger monday nite. Me, well you'll remember... Let's make like a match and strike up some fire."
Crank Bank. X

"Dear 2nd Year Physics Year Rep. I know who you are and I feel the same, I am simply transfixed by your golden locks. Be mine."
Kris

"So you're disgusting, and you're quite a smelly slob. I want you"
Harry McDonnell

"You stare at me in the lectures and in the tutorials. To be honest i cant take

my eyes off you either. Shall we go a step further?"
Brown Eyes

"Looking for drunk girl. No preferences."
Union Resident

"White shirt. Plenty of space above the eyebrow. All the things a girl wants. Let"
X

"Kiwi girl.....i love you"
Travel Editor

"Lovestruck is bullshit."
Anonymous

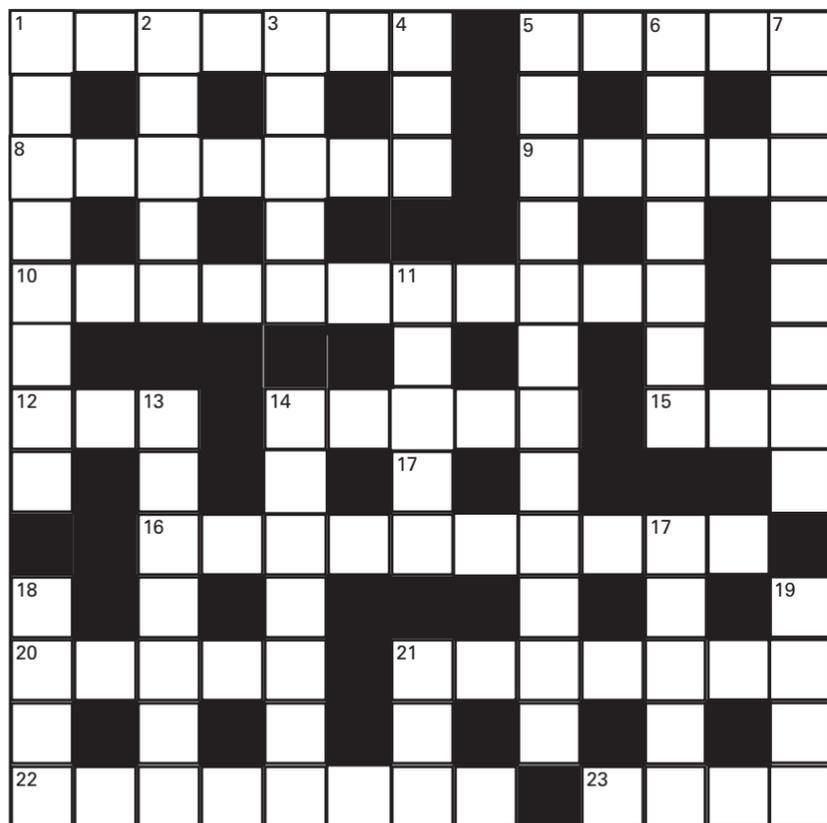
"It was your birthday recently, wanna show me your birthday suit?"
Birthday boy

"Looking for a repeat of the other night in the Union minibus. Wanna be behind my wheel again?"
X

"Biologist 3rd Year. You could have have said hi, fucking hell."
Hungover as fuck

"Saw you in the 4th floor Library toilets. Looked about 8 inches, I think you might be Jewish."
Michael George

A quickie (crossword) 1,442



ACROSS

- 1/15 Treasure in 5-down's first outing (3,4,3)
 5 Go cold (3,2)
 8 Gandhi's title (7)
 9 Poisoned fruit eaten by monkey in 1-across. (5)
 10 5-down's final (reasonable) adventure (4,7)
 12 Type of number given by $2n + 1$, with n integer (3)
 14 Soft, very light wood (5)
 15 See 1
 16 5-down's sidekick in 1-down (5,5)
 20 Complying with $V = IR$ (5)
 21 Pacific, antipodean geopolitical region (7)
 22 Bloke-force (8)
 23 ___ on - Mild state of arousal (4)
- 6 Maximums, and minimums (7)
 7 An absolute joke - "You what mate? No way; I am sorry, this is a total ___-___! You can stick it up your arse!" (4-4)
 11 Without illumination (5)
 13 What Lonnie Donnegan's "Old man" was, apparently (7)
 14 Pertaining to the wind-pipe - Sounds like mad horse (7)
 17 Paedo - En con (anag.) (5)
 18 See 1
 19 5-down's typical adversary. (4)
 21 Mineral from which metal can be extracted. (3)

DOWN

- 1/18 5-down's second (6,2,4)
 2 Personal disposition/character - Gym (5)
 3 Device which holds 'upsidedown' spirits behind bars (5)
 4 Not coffee (3)
 5 Swashbuckling archaeologist; has a hat (7,5)

Solution 1441



Scribble box

Mate Tough Brets is well good innit. Thanks for getting the answers in kids, you are obviously mega keen for those iPods.

Any of you watch Question Time last week? Well the very first question was by your very own Peter Logg! He is well good isn't he?! A right Northern lad. So answers to: sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

Crossword by Peter Logg

Chorizo-scopes! Horoscopes: now smelly and Spanish

There are 12,000 people at this university. So by calculation, 1,000 of you will have the same horrible week



Aquarius

After last week's exploits, the doctor tried to reattach your butchered penis. However he gave up half way after you

tried to rape him. It's horribly crooked and is constantly seeping blood and pus but still functioning. Any new ideas? How about abducting a child and taking him to a petting zoo, there you can spit roast him with a donkey.



Pisces

Your penis came away in the boy's arse and the donkey rode you so hard its furry thing came through your stomach. Get up you

Zulu Warrior and stick a plaster on! Improve for a new penis, a wooden pole or a vibrator should slot in nicely. Now where's the lion enclosure? You know you can't resist the attraction of some tooth and claw action...



Aries

You picked the meanest bad assed looking lion and pounced on it from behind. Problem is, he rather enjoyed too much. Now he

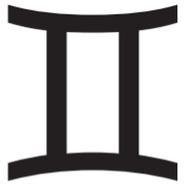
wants to move in, take your relationship to the next level. At least you get some attention when you ride him to GAY Late. "My boyfriend is a fucking LION!". He's talking about adoption now; he wants two blacks and a Chinese one. Fail



Taurus

SICKTINGS BRUVS. YOU IZ NOT GUNNA FUCKING GUESS WOT JUST HAPPENED? Well, I

went to the takeaway and ordered No. 45, as usual. Then my racist streak came over me, and I set fire to the Chinese bloke and the rest of his family round the back. You're going to be convicted for racially motivated arson. Sucks to be you, son.



Gemini

You're going to be a man soon son. Gonna have to start thinkin' about the future son. Get a job and raise a family

son. Ok Dad, don't worry, I've got everything sorted: dungeon built? Check. Sister kidnapped and impregnated? Check. Now just sit back and wait 13 years until your daughter/sister is old enough for some fresh tight clunge.



Cancer

"Oi mate! If y' dunt tek yer eyes off me bird, im gonna knock ya fucking kite off. I aren't joking mate, dunt mek like ya dint hear

owt, I'll fucking bray ya one. I'll giv ya summat to remember her face by..." That's probably the warmest welcome you will get if you go to the North. So stop making fun of our accents and stay the fuck out of Yorkshire you southern cunts!



Leo

This week you're undeservedly climbing up society's ladder. Well, la-di-dah. Look at you in your private room that Mayfair club.

The staff see you for the Sarrrrf-London girl you are and serve you plenty of anti-diuretics. Before you know it, you're hugging the big lesbian toilet attendant in shame after she's mopped up all your piss off the floor. You pissed yourself, mate. Fail.



Virgo

Well, looks like you're going to have to discard those pants. You've got several options. The funniest of them being:

1. you sit in the cubicles and chew your pants until you evolve the ability to digest cotton. 2. you wear them, and grind every bloke in the club, and be fucking proud of your self-urinated state. Some of the men may even like it. 3. You decide you might as well shit yourself too.



Libra

Oh, so you went with No.3? Why'd you do that, you fucking idiot? Well, there you are, sitting in a Mayfair Club, pissy and shitty?

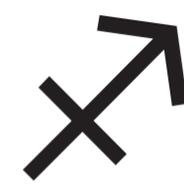
Whatya gonna do now? That's right. Hold your head up, and have your period there and then too. Wow. You better hope the next person that see's you has just wandered out the nearest Perverts and Fetish Anonymous meeting.



Scorpio

Oh My God you fat bitch, take a look at yourself in the mirror. My eyes are so offended by your appearance they're going jump out

and buy a ticket to Switzerland. I have to avoid your enormous thighs in fear of being absorbed into your numerous layers of cellulite. You're beyond dieting, throw your obese body into the Serpentine so I'll never gaze upon your hideous face again!



Sagittarius

So you're sitting there comfortably, and well, Michael Buble's playing in the background. That's fine. Your mum

listens to Michael Buble in the car. It reminds you of being home. Then you overhear people talking about reusable tampons. 'Mooncups' they call them. Then you wonder if your mum uses these mooncups. It would explain the "messy fingers" thing she keeps mentioning.



Capricorn

You've got new trainers. You love them so much, you're ready to have wild rampant sex with them. In fact, they were a bit cummy already, but

you can't blame anyone for not resisting. Yes, you can. You run some genetic tests from the semen samples you've found on the insole. Turns out it's your semen, and that you're actually having your firstborn with Nike Hi-Dunks. Shitsticks. Pint?

Aunty McPickle says "get yourself a dashing merkin!"

Dear Aunty McPickle,

After attending a "savage" afternoon of extreme Frisbee, I needed the loo but felt my bowels cringe thinking of Hyde Park toilets. I decided to make a run for home in the honest belief I could make it. However I had barley reached Gloucester Rd when I realized the over estimation of my bladder capacity and dashed for the nearest cafe. The cafe was packed and already sporting a queue so I desperately opted for Starbucks. On arrival I was horrified at the loo being occupied, so tried pacing, sitting anything to stop the inevitable flow. The person inside was taking a ridiculous amount of time and I could feel the pressure surmounting to near threshold level. Then, a hideous relief came, as I finally gave up and allowed Niagra to fall, leaving a shameful puddle at my trainer clad feet. I left, head down hoping to avoid eye contact but I'm sure I was noticed. I am now forced back to this same Starbucks by a friend and am sure the staff have all heard about my accident. What can I do?

Sandy Sandra

Hi Sandra,

Oh dear, sounds like a terrible episode.

Be warned any enlightened friends will probably take some enjoyment in this but may stop forcing you back to the scene. There are two Starbucks on Gloucester Rd so why not try to persuade your friend to frequent the alternative one. Good luck,

Yours, Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I have recently just shaved one side of my head and later on that night whilst going down on my girlfriend I noticed she had an excessive amount of pubic hair. Mid oral sex I noticed that the hair was the exact shade as my hair and that she had somehow managed to ligate my hair with her bush. It freaked me out and I had to stop. I'd really appreciate your advice on how to deal with the situation, I think it will effect every aspect of our relationship. Many Thanks, Edge

Dear Edge,

This seems like a very bizarre situation, did she notice your realization? It reminds me of a Inbetweeners episode. You could either go with it and maybe buy her dashing 'merkin'; a toupee for the pubic area. However if this all repulses you too



Frisbee; the sport of men and people who can jump really high, and catch too. Pissing yourself is optional.

much, I think you have valid reasons to dump her. Hope you sort it out

Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I have an almost unheard of problem down below. I seem to have been blessed with a lot of freckles on my clit. They seem to be more and more every day and some are now border line mole. Are there any cures for this? Also how should I present my problems to my friend?

Pimpily Pam

Hi Pam,

Have you been sunbathing naked a lot? Make sure this doesn't get out socially as this rep will do you no favours. You should definitely get this checked out by a GP asap!

Best wishes, Aunty McPickle xxx

Dear Aunty McPickle,

I was recently attending a friend's dinner party. The evening seemed to be going well and I was making the usual supreme impression, until to my great dismay, the friend let a silent bomb rip. I was given

accusatory looks from the entire table! I couldn't exactly blame the hospitable friend in question and so humbly but weakly denied it. Now I fear my name is forever tarnished in the house hold.

Handy Harry

Dear Harry,

You should have denied more vehemently and you would never be faced with this shame. How about inviting her to dinner at yours and then playing the same trick!

Yours, Aunty McPickle xxx

RAG Charities Pt. 1: Barnardo's

Now that we have filled a coach of willing RAGgers to get LOST somewhere in the UK, I'll chat a little about our chosen charity for this event. ALL profits through sponsorship will go to supporting their worthy cause.

Each year RAG picks a handful of charities, which our main support through collections goes to. This week I would like to introduce you to Barnardo's, a charity which Imperial RAG has supported for the last couple of years.

This wonderful charity was founded

in 1866 by Thomas Barnardo in response to the child poverty he witnessed when he came to London. It was in 1867 that he set up the Ragged School and starting helping the abused, vulnerable, forgotten and neglected children of East London and his work still continues today.

Today, Barnardo's helps over 110,000 children, young people and their families every year. Like Thomas Barnardo, Barnardo's believe that every child deserves the best start in life and the chance to fulfill their potential, regard-

less of their circumstances, gender, race, disability or behaviour.

They use the knowledge gained from their direct work with children to campaign for better childcare policy and to champion the rights of every child.

"With the right help, committed support and a little belief, even the most vulnerable children can turn their lives around."

Barnardo's is regulated by the Charity Commission. Being a registered charity means that they must always be accountable and transparent."



Barnardos

Make sure to read the RAG article next week to find out about upcoming tube collection permits!

As always, for any queries, remarks or questions on how to get involved, e-mail us at rag@ic.ac.uk.

ANDY PANDA



ANDYPANDA.CO.UK

Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Beginner's Guide to Political Correctness

Avoid ruining your cool new image with an untimely and unwanted social faux pas.

Anonymous Hangman Editor

With the BNP currently dominating the media, it seems only appropriate to provide a comprehensive guide on what you're legally allowed to say, think and do.

Race

As a student of such a culturally rich university, it is imperative that you understand the many pitfalls that may befall you

Racism was made illegal by the government in 2007, but many people are still unclear as to what racism actually entails.

Tip 1 - If the first thing you notice about someone is the colour of their skin, you are a racist. You must train yourself to first identify other universal features, such as eye colour or clothing.

Try to act surprised if they tell you that they are of a different ethnicity to you. This tells them that you hold no prejudice and only judge people by the clothes they wear.

Tip 2 - Avoid those naughty words! Before you become the next Anton Du Beke, make sure you're well-equipped with the latest 'ok' terminology.

Keep a diary of taboo words and try out some new ones for yourself. Whilst this may seem counter-intuitive, you will reap the long-term benefits. I recently called a good Chinese friend of mine 'captain chopsticks'. He is no longer a good friend of mine.

Tip 3 - Don't hold racial stereotypes. If you're sitting on the tube, nervously staring at the angry-looking Middle-Eastern man across from you, don't move to another seat. Instead, kindly ask him to stop playing with his shoes and ask politely if you can inspect the contents of his backpack. You are looking for any suspicious looking items, such as wires or AK-47s.

IMPORTANT: To ensure that you cause no offense, repeat this process with every other person on the carriage.

Tip 4 - If, after following tips 1 to 3, you still unsure if you're racist, here is a quick scientific test:

Spot the Difference



If you spotted a difference, you are still racist. Hangman's advice is to avoid being around people of a different ethnicity to that of your own.

Gender

It's a constant talk-point riddled with common misconceptions. Hangman is here to separate fact from fiction and educate you on the mysteries of the opposite sex.

Tip 1 - The first obvious step is to identify your own gender. Before you take a peek, there is a much quicker, NHS-approved, gender test below.

Do you enjoy 'The Notebook'?

If you answered YES, you are a girl. If you answered NO or 'What the fuck is the Notebook?' Then you are a boy.

What exactly is Sexism?

The Oxford Dictionary Definition: "noun - prejudice, stereotyping, or discrimination, typically against women, on the basis of sex."

The key phrase here is, 'typically against women,' which implies that men are more sexist than women. The Oxford Dictionary is therefore sexist towards men. We suggest you find a new dictionary guys!

Tip 2 - 'A woman's place is in the kitchen' This once-popular phrase has now fallen out of favour with society so you must take steps to avoid making similar sexist stereotypes. As a male you must now take it upon yourself to cook, clean, wash up, shop, feed the children, talk over films and take two hours to park the car.

Tip 3 - It is wrong to say that women are mentally inferior to men. It is much better to just think it.

Tip 4 - Don't listen to feminists. Femists are striving for equality, but believe that women will always be inferior to men. If men view themselves as superior to women and feminists view themselves as inferior to men, they are both thinking exactly the same thing and therefore they have equal views and opinions. What more do they want?

Weight

Fat people: Fatties, elephants, chunksters, porkies, bean bags, lardy legs, scale breakers, cakies, waddlers, celery-dodgers, fridge raiders, big apples, hippos, bed breakers, flabby wobbly bobs. These are just a few of the clinical terms that you can use to describe obese people.

Tip 1 - Hangman does not believe that weight is an issue. You're fat because you eat too much. Calories in greater than calories out. That's science you fat twat!

Tip 2 - Don't befriend fat people. You will then be known as 'that fat person's friend'. Leave them alone. Hopefully they'll starve themselves from depression, or conversely binge themselves to death. Happy times.

Chumps vs Geeks: Round 2

"Oi, you fucking geek! Never go out, eh bruv? Never been to Tiger Tiger, eh bruv? Never use gel in your hair, eh bruv? Still a virgin, eh bruv? Ever even touched a pair of knockers, eh BRUV? WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE STREETS, EH BRUV? See you in the city, GEEK



Mmm, I still think that geek won...

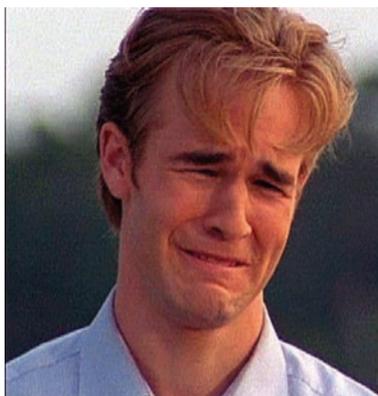
DISCLAIMER

If you have been affected by any of the issues raised in this issue of Hangman, or any previous issues, feel free to send your thoughts and opinions to

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Here at Hangman we endeavour to only ever use reliable sources and provide you with hard fact.

"Hangman provides an in-depth and highly professional insight into our world and current affairs. The students of Imperial can only benefit from its pearls of wisdom" **Boris Johnson**



10 Reasons to LOVE the Rugby Team

After receiving a bounty of tearful complaints from the rugby team regarding a previous hangman, we thought it only fair that we rectify the situation by giving you reasons to LOVE the rugby team. So here they are (Please accept our deepest apologies):

- 1-
- 2-
- 3-
- 4-
- 5-
- 6-
- 7-
- 8-
- 9-
- 10-

Rugby overcome the Medics after 6 years

Chris Lau Rugby



Imperial Men's 1st XV	13
Oxford Greyhounds 1st XV	6

The game kicked off with conditions perfect for a free-flowing game. However, the referee did not allow it to flow penalising IC for offside and offences. Constant infringements eventually occurred and the Medic Fly-Half kicked two penalties to make the score 0-6.

Despite the penalties IC began to dominate and nullified the Medic attack in every tackle.

Unfortunately, the physicality of the game resulted in the Medics picking up a few injuries, forcing them to use their bench early.

The pressure eventually paid off and quick thinking by Freddie Chalke led to Charlie Esberger touching down for

IC's first points of the day.

A missed conversion by Dan Godfrey brought the score to 5-6.

Not long after IC broke the game-line through centre Tom Carroll. After a series of slick hands and offloads in the tackle Tom Zeal stretched for the corner and just managed to score the try before being bundled into touch to bring IC into the lead for the first time in the game.

The try was unconverted and the score was now 10-6 to IC.

The second half began as the first ended with both teams working to their limits to gain control of the game.

Clever kicking from the IC half-backs trapped the medics in their own half. Their attempts to gain territory were brought back fast by the Back Three. IC were fortunate to have been awarded a penalty in which Godfrey scored to bring the score to 13-6.

Needing a converted try to level the



Imperial College vs. Medicals battling over a line out in Wednesday's top of the table clash

game the Medics tried to find a way out of their half but we knocked back by IC's defence.

After a few nervous last minutes the referee blew the final whistle to a riveting match.

Hugh Dingleberry played magnificently and the effort he put in during the match rubbed off onto his fellow players who were all outstanding.

The teams meet again after Christmas, which will prove to be a bigger

spectacle as the medics will look to regain the dominance they have had over IC in previous years.

(Apologies for printing an incorrect and impossible Rugby score in last week's issue - Ed)

Changing the nature of investment

Innovative, thoughtful, successful.
Grow your career with a global leader in alternative investments.

Graduate opportunities in London and Switzerland

We use our market expertise to create innovative, successful products – which lead to returns for our investors and growth for our business. In the past 20 years, we've become the world's largest listed alternative investments company, known for our diversity of funds, original product design and excellent investor service. We're a company of high achievement – combining in-depth business knowledge with global reach.

All of which means we can offer a select few exceptional graduates and postgraduates a collaborative and thoughtful environment with the opportunity to grow, develop and succeed. At the cutting edge of financial and quantitative research, we are committed to combining intellectual rigour with commercial flair to sustain an innovative edge. We actively welcome new approaches and new ideas.

As well as our graduate programmes, which will start in Autumn 2010, we have immediate opportunities for those with PhD or exceptional Masters qualifications in quantitative finance, statistics, engineering, mathematics, physics or econometrics or a data/modelling intensive science who are interested in pursuing a career in Finance.

To find out first hand about a career with Man Group, please join us at our presentation:

When: Tuesday 3rd November, 6.30pm

Where: Pippard Lecture Theatre, Sheffield Building

Places are limited so please register your attendance via our website:
www.mancareers.com



Baseball winners

Continued From Back Page

never relinquish.

Lincoln did not give up without a fight however, scoring 7 runs over the next 3 innings - cutting the lead down to 4. However with offensive contributions from the whole Imperial line-up, that was as close as Lincoln would get. The Falcons went on to score 10 runs over the next 3 innings, winning 22-11 and securing the Fall Shield for Imperial in our first ever tournament

Despite being fatigued from a full day of baseball of Saturday, we were in high spirits for our Sunday friendly against the Nottingham Thieves - one of the longest established university baseball teams in the UK. Facing their star pitcher, the Falcons struggled to generate offence.

However Hajime Urata - pitching for the Falcons - kept the game close, holding the Nottingham line-up to one run through the first 2 innings.

Things were looking up at one point, with captain Gary Lam on first base looking to steal second, but he was caught off guard by a pickoff attempt



The victorious Imperial College Falcons with the BUBA Fall Shield

by the Nottingham pitcher, showing the Falcons the consequences of not paying attention.

Eventually the Falcons managed to score a run in the final innings, with some haphazard but fortunately successful base running from David Lloyd. However, our relative inexperience against the Thieves led to our eventual 5-1 defeat. Nonetheless it was a respectable result for the upstart Falcons.

The weekend saw some great baseball played by all sides. All in all, it was an impressive performance by the Falcons, and we hope our first tournament victory will spur us to greater success over the coming year and beyond.

For those who are interested in joining us, we meet at 1:30pm outside Beit Quad every Wednesday and on alternate Saturdays. Sessions involve a mixture of practices at Hyde Park and trips to Harlington and batting cages in Northwick Park. There will be more opportunities to play in tournaments and friendly matches throughout the year.

Imperial College Squad: S Campaigne, YY Chen, H Cheung, S Dong, J Gibbs, A Krishnan, A Lam, G Lam (Captain), C Leung, K Ling, D Lloyd, E Pun, R Thomas, H Urata, B Wu



FIXTURES & RESULTS



in association with Sports Partnership

Saturday 24th October

Football (ULU)

Men's 1s

RoyalHolloway 2s

Men's 2s

St Barts 1s

Men's 3s

King's College 1s

Men's 4s

LSE 4s

Men's 6s

LSE 7s

Men's 7s

St Barts 4s

Sunday 25th October

Volleyball

Men's 1st

UCL 1st

ULU

Mixed 1s

Goldsmiths Mixed 1s

Monday 26th October

Netball (ULU)

Women's 3s

St George's Hospital Medical School 3s

Squash (ULU)

Imperial College Men's 1s

Imperial College 2s

Men's 3s

RoyalHolloway 1s

Wednesday 28th October

Badminton

Men's 1st

University of Hertfordshire 1st

Basketball

Women's 1st

Middlesex University 1st

Football

BUCS Cup

Men's 1st

Imperial College Medicals 2nd

Men's 2nd

University of Essex 6th

ULU

Men's 4s

UCL 5s

Men's 5s

Royal Holloway 4s

Men's 6s

St Barts 3s

Men's 7s

King's College 6s

Hockey

Men's 1st

University of Portsmouth 1st

BUCS Cup

Men's 2nd

Kingston University 1st

Men's 4th

UCL 2nd

Women's 1st

King's College Medicals 2nd

Women's 2nd

Canterbury Christ Church Uni. 1st

Netball

BUCS Cup

Women's 1st

St Barts 3rd

Women's 2nd

University of Portsmouth 3rd

Rugby

Men's 1st

Imperial College Medicals 1st

BUCS Cup

Men's 3rd

University of Portsmouth 2nd

Women's 1st

University of Sussex 1st

Table Tennis

Men's 1st

Middlesex University 1st

Tennis

Men's 1st

LSE 1st

Saturday 31st October

Football (ULU)

Men's 1s vs UCL 2s

Men's 2s vs Royal Holloway 2s

Men's 3s vs London South Bank University 1s

Squash

Men's 1st vs University of Birmingham 1st

Men's 1st vs Loughborough University 1st

Sunday 1st November

Football (ULU)

Women's 1s vs RUMS 2s

Rugby (ULU)

Women's 1s vs UCL 1s

Squash

Men's 1st vs University of Bristol 1st

Monday 2nd November

Badminton (ULU)

Mixed 1s vs St Barts Mixed 1s

Basketball (ULU)

Men's 1s vs Queen Mary 1s

Women's 1s vs Goldsmiths 1s

Netball (ULU)

Reserve Cup

Women's 3s vs Imperial College Medicals 3s

Women's 4s vs King's College Medicals 2s

Squash (ULU)

Men's 2s vs UCL 1s

Men's 3s vs UCL 2s

Men's 4s vs UCL 3s

Women's 1s vs Imperial College Medicals 1s

Water Polo (ULU)

Mixed 1s vs Imperial College Medicals Mixed 1s

Wednesday 4th November

Badminton

Men's 1st vs LSE 1st

Men's 2nd vs Queen Mary 1st

Women's 1st vs LSE 1st

Basketball

Men's 1st vs London South Bank University 2nd

Women's 1st vs City University London 1st

Fencing

Men's 2nd vs University of Portsmouth 1st

Men's 3rd vs City University London 1st

Women's 2nd vs King's College 1st

Football

Men's 1st vs University of Chichester 2nd

Men's 2nd vs Canterbury Christ Church Uni. 4th

Men's 3rd vs Universities at Medway 2nd

Women's 1st vs Middlesex University 1st

ULU

Men's 4s vs King's College 4s

Men's 5s vs UCL 6s

Men's 6s vs Royal Veterinary College 2s

Men's 7s vs Imperial Medicals 4s

Golf

Men's 1st vs LSE 1st

Hockey

Men's 1st vs Brunel University West London 1st

Men's 2nd vs Queen Mary 1st

Men's 3rd vs Royal Holloway 2nd

Women's 1st vs Brunel University West London 2nd

Women's 2nd vs University of Sussex 2nd

Lacrosse

Men's 1st vs University of Portsmouth 1st

Women's 1st vs Royal Holloway 1st

Netball

Women's 1st vs Middlesex University 1st

Women's 2nd vs University of Portsmouth 6th

Women's 3rd vs LSE 3rd

Rugby

Men's 1st vs University of Chichester 1st

Men's 2nd vs Royal Veterinary College 1st

Men's 3rd vs King's College Medicals 2nd

Men's 4th vs Queen Mary 2nd

Women's 1st vs Writtle College 1st

Squash

Men's 2nd vs Brunel University West London 1st

Men's 3rd vs University of Essex 2nd

Men's 4th vs University of Reading 2nd

Women's 1st vs LSE 1st

Table Tennis

Men's 1st vs Brunel University West London 1st

Tennis

Men's 1st vs University of Brighton 1st

Men's 2nd vs University of Essex 1st

Women's 1st vs Brunel University West London 1st

New Club, IC Boxing in the spotlight

Ronald Uzande Boxing

What is IC boxing?

IC boxing is a new sports club, part of the ACC that welcomes anyone and everyone willing to participate. There has been strong demand for a boxing club over the past few years, and this year that demand has been met.

Imperial College is well known for its academic excellence and the somewhat nerdy students and atmosphere, perhaps now we can change the views of some and show we have some of the brawn to match our brains.

What does the club do?

We are introducing the true basics of boxing training. Boxing is not about beating someone to within an inch of their life; it is about discipline and self-control, which is why the bodies like the military hold it in high regard. It is about fitness and good health.

Boxing training is one of the best forms of cardiovascular exercise, which is why many sports replicate aspects of boxing conditioning to their own training regimes. So for those who wish to slim down and become healthier, joining IC boxing is the best way.

For those who wish to take it to the next level, IC boxing also aims to provide a platform for people to compete and create a group of athletes to represent the university.

We are a sports society, and do plan a number of events other than training. Joining IC boxing provides a chance to meet new people and do something probably never done at Imperial before. We will be organising bar nights, dinners and trips to big fights and

competitions such as the second annual London Mayor's cup held on the 20th November (for tickets and further information see contact information)

When and where do we train?

Training takes place on Sunday evenings from 4-6pm and is held at the All Stars boxing gym in North Kensington. The nearest tube station is Queen's Park and the bus 28 stops opposite the gym. The sessions are run by three highly respected trainers led by Isola Akay MBE.

The sessions are a steal at £2 for members and only £3.50 for non-members.

What can I expect in a typical training session?

The session will start with a basic warm up and stretches. Considering the fitness level required of a boxer, it is harder than it sounds and will make the average Joe sweat within minutes.

You're then introduced to three exercises: 3 minute drills of shadow boxing, skipping, and working on the punch bag. The timing emulates a round of an amateur boxing match. Throughout this the coaches will be guiding you on the skills needed in the ring.

The final part is the cool down, which happens to be just as demanding as the warm up.

Don't be put off by the high level of fitness of boxers though, we welcome people of any standard and if you are dedicated and come regularly you will certainly reap the benefits.

Boxing is a contact sport, so if you'd like to do some sparring to see what boxing is really about, a gum-shield is the most important piece of equipment you will need. Headguards and all other



Potential competitive Imperial College boxers hard at work at the legendary All Stars gym

essential equipment is provided by the club. However you do not have to participate in this if you'd rather stay on the keeping fit and perfecting technique side of things.

The club provides boxing gloves and skipping ropes, but it is better to have your own gloves for hygiene purposes. The basic equipment required:

- Gloves (provided)
- Hand wraps
- Gum-shield
- Towel (if you sweat a lot)

Contact & further information

If you are interested, you can find further information at:

- boxing@imperial.ac.uk

- IC Boxing (Facebook)
- Information on the All Stars Gym can be found on:
www.allstars-gym.co.uk

The IC Boxing website is still under development, stay tuned for further details on its development. See you on Sunday!

ICUAFC worth it as they progress in BUCS Cup

Continued on Page 42

by the midfield can boss the middle of the park and apply the pressure to the Medicals resulting in more goals. Hopefully.

The efforts of keeping the clean sheet were dashed 4 minutes into the second half where the referee dubiously penalised centre back Pat McMullen for a shirt pull on the Medicals striker. It seemed that the change of formation destabilised the team and 4-4-2 was quickly reinstated.

Fill-in right back Dion Benincasa delivered a pinpoint delivery to Ferrol who then produced a superb solo effort to complete his hat-trick after 55 minutes. Tom Fryatt complemented his reliable display in defence with an splitting through-ball to Ferrol who duly lifted it over the goalkeeper to make it 7-1 at the 65 minute mark.

The Medicals fought on and were unlucky not to add to their penalty after capitalising on a 10 minute period of sloppy play and a lack of concentration by College. Hints of complacency

shone through in the second half with a couple of wayward 35-yard shots but the discipline of College returned and was rewarded again after Eshun skipped past the Medicals right back to deliver yet another pin-point cross to Ferrol who scored to complete his 5-goal haul.

Eshun completed his hat-trick, and the rout for College with another mini-solo effort, latching onto a square pass by Alex de Figueiredo, drilling it in past the near post after skipping past 2 players.

This 9-1 victory displays the ease at which College beat their Medical School counterparts. However, credit must go to Medicals 2nd XI for keeping up a strong work-rate and determination for the majority of the game. Though the gap in quality between the two sides was immediately evident, College respected their opponents to the fullest and the affair went largely without incident.

After a convincing 5-1 win by the 2nd XI against the University of Essex and the 3rd XI enjoying a bye, all three ICUAFC BUCS representatives will compete in the next round (Round of 64) of the BUCS Cup.

Imperial College Squad: M. Botchway, T. Tofis, T. Fryatt, P. McMullen, G. Graham, M. Vallin, R. Chauvet, S. Rickards, D. Benincasa, E. Martins, W. Swain, A. de Figueiredo, N. Ferrol, L. Eshun



Some of the squad at a L'Oréal/ICUAFC photoshoot before Wednesday's game



Arun Krishnan & Christopher Leung Baseball

2009 marks the début of Imperial College Baseball Club. After a mere 3 weeks of training sessions, we set a roster of 15 players to participate in the British University Baseball Association (BUBA) Fall Shield - a tournament designed for the four new entrants to the league, contested on the weekend of the 24th and 25th of October.

Leaving the Union in the early hours of Saturday morning, we arrived in time for our first-ever competitive match against the Lincoln Commoners. Behind a dominant pitching performance by Hanson Cheung, the Imperial Falcons took an early lead and held on despite the wet and windy conditions, as well as several defensive miscues, going on to win the game 12-7.

The Brighton Panthers failed to arrive in time for their first match, causing them to be disqualified. This allowed the final to be brought forward to Saturday evening, creating the opportunity for whoever was to win the Shield to play a friendly against Nottingham on Sunday morning.

The Falcons advanced to the final where we once again faced Lincoln. However this time, Hanson was not available to pitch, having already thrown too many innings. YY Chen gamely stepped up to pitch his first ever baseball match.

After allowing the first 5 batters to reach base, leading to four runs in the first innings, he settled down, allowing Imperial to storm back in the bottom of the first innings, striking for 12 runs on 6 hits, gaining a lead they would

Continued on Page 38



Falcons win first Tournament

1sts on Cloud 9 After Dispatching Medics

Mustapher Botchway Sports Editor

OLIVER WYMAN

Imperial Men's 1st XI 9
Imperial College 2nd XV 1

The 1st XI went into Wednesday's BUCS Cup 1st Round with the hopes of beginning what is hoped to be a decent cup run. With the Imperial College Medics 2nd XI the opponents, this was a chance for College to put their hard work in training to good use.

Most College vs. Medics ties are fiercely fought but within 5 minutes College broke the deadlock with fresher Nathan Ferrol calmly finishing a header into the box by strike partner Leslie Eshun.

College kept up the pressure and within the next 10 minutes Eshun latched onto a Sam Rickards overhead kicked cross to make it 2-0. Ferrol

made it 3-0 at the 25 minute mark after heading in an excellent cross by right-winger Will Swain. Swain matched his assist finishing off a well-worked team goal starting from defence and with quality play from the left sided duo of Matthieu Vallin and Haris Tofis.

Though the game was won at this point, College still had to battle against an ever resilient Medics side and just before the half time whistle, Romain Chauvet laid it off to Eshun who unleashed a 22-yard drilled effort which beat the opposing goalkeeper.

The half time talk by captain Mustapher Botchway stressed the point of avoiding complacency at all costs. Swain correctly added "a 5-0 win is a better result a 10-2 victory."

Botchway decided to capitalise on the domination of possession by switching formation to 3-5-2, where-

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