



# felix

The award-winning student newspaper of Imperial College

"Keep The Cat Free"

Issue 1,465

[felixonline.co.uk](http://felixonline.co.uk)

11.06.10



## The World Cup is here!

Down your sorrows whilst watching England with *felix's* World Cup drinking game, see pages 30-31

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Royal School of Mines awarded Union status



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Primavera Sound: This decade's Woodstock?



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How films are made: The process behind the product



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# Sabbatical Officer resigns to go on holiday

Deputy President (Welfare) John James will miss important handover period after resigning a month early, see page 4

## Deputy Presidents

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## Union Colours announced

**Dan Wan** Editor-in-Chief

Imperial College Union have announced the recipients of the Union's annual awards.

During the last Council of term, held this past Monday, Union President Ashley Brown announced the Union Colours awardees alongside this year's President's Awards.

Out of 104 nominations made, 78 individuals were deemed to have been deserving of Union Colours.

The accolades are graded from Half Colours (the individual must have made a "positive contribution to the general life of the Union in an extraordinary fashion") up to Fellowship (awardee has "continuously served the Union in an exceptional manner.")

The President's Awards (detailed below) are annual honours personally chosen by the President as his tenure comes to an end. One club or society is also chosen.

Brown said of Women in Science, Engineering and Technology (SET):

"The club has been amazing over the past couple of years which included two photo exhibitions: "100 Women, 100 Visions" at City Hall and "We.Are.Science", in College's main entrance".

### President's Awards

Deena Blumenkrantz  
Caroline Hargreaves  
Christopher Birkett  
Hannah Theodorou

### Club & Societies Award

Women in SET

### Half Colours

Kavita Aggarwal  
Aiman Alam-Nazki  
Michael Ashcroft  
John Beale  
Afonso Campos  
Elwin Carlos  
Ruskin Constant  
William Cowley  
Adam Freeman  
Trishna Gunnoo  
Kenneth Harvey  
Ian Hill  
Marc Hinken  
Samantha Jayaweera  
Adrian Jeakins  
Jack Jones  
Carlos Karingal  
Elizabeth Keeling  
Alexander Kendall

Miriam Kennedy  
Natalie Kernan  
Sang-Eun Kim  
Ali Kirresh  
Tadeusz Kocman  
Rajiv Krishnakumar  
Charlotte Morris  
Meera Patel  
Ben Phipps  
Anju Phoolchund  
Joseph Rumer  
Sherif Salam  
Mohammad Salmasi  
Mustali Sarkar  
Afsoon Sepahzad  
Richard Simons  
Nicholas Thornton  
Benjamin Toomer  
Alex Walls  
Michael Willmott

### Full Colours

Catherine Atkin  
James Bannock  
Deena Blumenkrantz  
Emily Bottle  
Alex Dahinten  
Chris Darby  
Henry Debens  
Rachel Fox  
Nikita Gandhi  
Batul Kaj  
Mohammedabbas Khaki  
Philip Leadbeater  
Steve Long

Daniel Lundy  
Nicolas Massie  
Rahul Mudannayake  
Charles Murdoch  
William Otter  
Jessica Poore  
Louisa Stokes  
Ronald Uzande  
Katie Vowles  
Richard Waldie  
Kathryn Wright  
Grace Yip  
Monya Zard

### Outstanding Service Award

Olle Akesson  
Gilead Amit  
Gavin Evans  
Richard Hewitt  
Samantha Jones

Rupert Levy  
Andrew McLellan  
Jack Roberts  
James Smith  
Ben Stubbens

### Imperial College Union Fellowship

Christopher Birkett  
Mark Chamberlain

John James



## Not quite the fiasco we had hoped for

**Dan Wan** Editor-in-Chief

When panic ensues in the Union, it's always worth my while waiting out the situation. On several occasions this year, we at *felix* have caught wind of a potential and imminent fiasco unfolding in the Union's offices. They make good news stories, naturally.

Probing for the particulars can only get a journalist so far, and sometimes sitting tight and observing the events uncovers how big a story actually is.

It was no different this week. On Friday afternoon, we had a rather sweaty Deputy President (who shall remain unnamed \*cough\*Danny Hill\*cough\*) enquire about extra advertising for the Summer Ball. He was a bit too keen for comfort, and it was obvious sales spreadsheets were looking a bit bare upstairs. Headlines were swinging past our eyes: 'Summer ball bombing,' or 'Summer Balls up.'

Ticket sales weren't looking brilliant. Come Monday evening however, both aforementioned Deputy President and President looked distinctly happier when the subject of ticket sales resurfaced at the last Council meeting of the year.

Checking the figures straight after, 200 tickets had been sold over the weekend and sales figures were apparently back on track when compared to last year's sales patterns. Panic over for the Union, story in the bin for *felix*.

At the time of writing, the event still needs around 650 tickets to reach last year's attendance. The Union are hopeful that these tickets will be sold by the 19th of June, the night of the Ball.

I'm not entirely sure why ticket sales have been on the slow side. From what is on offer, I would have thought tickets would have been snapped up very quickly, but evidently not.

Are the Union doing things right?

Danny Hill, Deputy President (Finance & Services), who is responsible for organising this ball, has gone for what he describes "a festival vibe".

There are less DJs and more live acts. Instead of one headliner like last year, there are three. Athlete, quite frankly a band with a reputation plummeting by the minute, cost the Union £8,000 to book. This year, the Union have spent less on the dinner part of the evening, as well as increasing entry prices, and have used nearly a third of a £110,000 budget on three up-and-coming headline acts in Tinie Tempah (he has two recent UK No.1s), Noisettes (listen to 'Never Forget You' and you'll know them) and Plan B (currently in the top ten of the UK album charts).

Regarding the price, I'll admit that £90 for a dinner ticket is a bit much. I wouldn't pay for it. £45 for an entertainment ticket seems just about reasonable, albeit pushing 'expensive' for the acts, plus the funfair and general happenings until the next morning.

A question that organisers ask every year is whether the Ball can be sustained for the following summer. As students, we all want a final send-off for our friends. Some of them you'll see after the summer break, but some of them you might never see again. It'd be a great shame for everyone, but especially a graduating year, if they were stripped of a Summer Ball.

Being a Biologist, I've never been to a Summer Ball. Maybe my optimism is yet to be quashed in a devastating way.

I'm a traditional critic of the Union, and you'd guess so since I'm the Editor of *felix*, but I've got faith.

I just want to say goodbye to my graduating friends, get horrendously hammered and end the night in my own vomit. Why not do it in a tuxedo and on a dodgem car?

# felix 1,465

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# Maths library move condemned

Unhappy students criticise College's quiet plans to relocate the Maths library. **Matt Colvin** reports

**T**he Department of Mathematics has suffered a backlash from students over plans to move its collection of books from the Maths Library to the Central Library as part of a college-wide scheme. The news has particularly angered postgraduate students across various departments, who are dubbing the move as "academic vandalism".

These plans form part of the 'Single Sequence Project', a mass reorganisation of libraries across campus, which, according to its website, aims to 'make it easier to find what you are looking for'.

Steven Johnston, a fourth year physics PhD student and self-proclaimed regular user of the library, disagrees with the closure, scheduled for 16th July 2010, arguing that, "when the library closes and the books are merged into the Central Library my trips for books will take about 20 to 30 minutes and, based on my experience, I seriously doubt I'll find any central librarian who knows anything about the books they hold."

Mr. Johnston is also critical of the fact that, "the first I heard about the closure was from a fellow student. There's been no consultation with library users outside the Maths Department. I've seen no posters about it; received no mass-emails. It feels as if (the Department is) trying to close the library by stealth."

Attempting to quash these concerns,



The Department of Mathematics plan to relocate all books to the Central Library, whilst keeping the space open for study

the Department has firmly defended its position on the issue, releasing the following statement: "Several departmental collections have recently been relocated to the Central Library, with the implication that the majority of the College's collection is now available on open shelves 24 hours a day, with dedicated subject librarians available to give advice on the resources that allow academics to connect to the literature

in their field.

"The area that would be released by moving the collections to the Central Library is allowing us to develop a flexible working space that will involve both collaborative working areas, quiet space for contemplative study and enable the Department to increase its computing provision."

Charles Hyde-Andrews-Bird, Departmental Representative for Maths,

firmly agrees with the Department's standpoint, claiming that, "The subject of the Mathematics Library is one which has been discussed at great length across the Department over the last few months." He also acknowledges the anger felt by some postgraduates, stating that, "the relocation of the books and journals to the Central Library or conversion to e-format was quite an unpopular decision, particu-

larly among the postgraduate students who naturally use these resources on a regular basis."

However, he disagrees with Mr. Johnston's statement about "stealth" tactics, believing that, "it was well known across the student body that this was a bit of inevitability".

The Department attempted to judge the reaction of its own students through a vote conducted by e-mail, but only those students currently on BSc or MSci courses. This saw a distinctly low turnout of only 33%, with only 55% of these voters agreeing with the plans to move the collections to the Central Library. Mr. Bird claims that these results show that the plans are "relatively well-received".

Those students contacted to take part in the survey do appear to tentatively back the scheme, with one Maths fresher remarking that, "the plans for (the Maths Library) do sound promising. To me, it seems like a practical solution to maintaining its primary purpose, whilst ensuring that resources are still available to be used and perhaps even more conveniently placed in their new location."

With an adamant Maths Department setting about to change the status quo with the backing of relatively apathetic students, it appears increasingly likely that unconsulted postgraduates across campus may have to take a leaf out of Mr. Johnston's book and protest the situation.

## Royal School of Mines to regain Union status

**D**uring an otherwise dull meeting of central Union Council, which discussed the hack bible that is the Imperial College Union Constitution, one paper caused members to stir from their daydreams about the bar downstairs: The paper was written by Deputy President (Finance and Services), Danny Hill, and supported by members of the RSM and CGCU exec. It successfully sought to change the RSM executive from a Clubs and Societies Board to a Constituent Union of Imperial College Union, though the paper must yet be ratified by the Union Executive Committee and will not come into effect until the 1st August.

Other examples of Clubs and Societies Board (CSB) include the Athletic Clubs Committee and the Recreational Clubs Committee; their primary interest is to manage the activities of their constituent clubs, particularly in terms of finances and resource management. The classification of the Royal School of Mines (RSM) as a CSB occurred around eight years ago when College restructured departments, effectively combining the City and Guilds College and the RSM into the Faculty of Engineering. The Union followed College in restructuring, with the Royal School



Just as it does in the Union bar, the Royal School of Mines will stand alongside College's Faculty Unions from next year

of Mines Union (RSMU) being swallowed by the City and Guilds College Union (CGCU). It was assumed that over time the RSM would effectively die out, with the name maintained for the sake of historic clubs only.

However, as stated by RSM president Henry Debens, the RSM have failed to disappear, instead "the RSM has proven itself time and time again to be

one of the, if not the, most active and dynamic student bodies within Imperial College Union and an entity which simply does not fit the description of a Clubs and Societies Committee on many significant levels". This sentiment was echoed by many Council members. Primarily, it was noted that the RSM hold numerous social, welfare and academic events each year

and that the actions of the exec are largely in the interests of all students registered on the courses that formed the RSM at its time of abolition.

Mr Debens has the proud position of being the RSM President under whom the status of the RSM as a Constituent Union has been reinstated, he told felix: "The move allows for the students of the RSM to separate themselves

from being directly under the umbrella of C&GC, their supposed rivals, and for the development once again of an independent mentality. It should also prove to be a step which will hopefully re-ignite and enhance this once-celebrated rivalry, whilst also serving to safeguard many other aspects of the RSM's rich history."

Three years ago, a similar, but wider reaching, proposal was brought by then Deputy President (Finance and Services), Jon Mathews as well as Danny Hill. Having failed in his first bid to return the Union status of the RSM, Mr Hill was thrilled to have his paper passed this time.

He told felix: "I am thrilled that at long last the Royal School of Mines will be recognised by Imperial College Union in the way it should be - as a Constituent Union of ICU. Unlike a faculty Union (E.g. City & Guilds College Union), the RSM won't provide welfare and academic support to its students, however, it shall continue to co-ordinate student activities targeted at the students of the Royal School of Mines, and be the governing committee of the RSM clubs and societies. With RSM having many traditions that are older than Imperial College itself, this is a vital step towards preserving the Royal School of Mines identity and traditions."

# Deputy President quits to go on holiday

Deputy President (Welfare) John James will miss important handover period as he goes on a "once in a lifetime" trip

Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief

It has been announced this week that the Union's Deputy President (Welfare), John James, has handed in his resignation to go on a holiday in which he describes as "once in a lifetime."

His resignation will take effect from the 28th of June, meaning he has handed in his four week notice at the end of May.

His absence is to be felt during a crucial handover period in July when the current Sabbatical Officers lead their successors through the first month of their job. Incoming Deputy President (Welfare) Vicki Masding has expressed her discontent at the situation John James has left her in.

"It's definitely not ideal. I think it's going to be very daunting without his guidance," she said.

James stated that he felt "guilty" about leaving a largely inexperienced Masding to a "comprehensive handbook" and her own devices as soon as she starts her role.

"I do feel guilty, and I have the Union's

best interests at heart," he assured *felix*. James plans to use July to travel around Egypt, and stated that it was an opportunity he couldn't miss out on.

"It's a once in a lifetime trip with my best friend. He's a Medic and this is the only time we can both do it."

He also argues that July's handover period isn't the most important part of the Sabbatical role saying that it is a "low period of requirement" which mostly involves formally meeting different members of College.

"Of course it would be better if I was there, but it isn't the be it and end all of the role," he said.

He has also confirmed he will make up to three weeks available in August once he returns to answer any questions from his successor. Concerns were initially voiced in the last Council meeting of term that Masding's Biochemistry exams finish only three days before James is due to leave for Egypt.

The Union also plan to enlist the help of Hannah Theodorou, Deputy President (Education & Welfare) 2008-2009, during James' absence.

Masding herself put note to the fact she has little prior experience for such an important role.

"I'm inexperienced anyway, so I probably need more help, but I'm getting less than the standard," she said. "A handbook just isn't as engaging as having someone there for me."

Although speculation has been bandied around the Union since he handed in his notice, some of those working closest with him failed to be informed immediately.

Jonathan Silver, Deputy President (Education) was surprised to hear about



John James at the start of his sabbatical year during Freshers' Week



Current Union President Ashley Brown has assured *felix* that any problems caused by James' absence during handover will be minimised the best they can

his office-mate's resignation as late as last week.

He had been informed after a *felix* reporter assumed the situation was common knowledge amongst the current Sabbatical team.

Ashley Brown, Union President, was resigned to what he described as an "unavoidable situation", suggesting that James had been adamant he would be going on holiday in July whether the Union liked it or not.

"I've made sure that no Sabbs are allowed to take holiday during the handover. It's saving us money by him resigning. We don't have to pay his wages," stated Brown.

When probed whether he thought James' actions were irresponsible, Brown refused to comment, but echoed Masding's concerns by calling the situation "not ideal."

"We'll do our best to deal with the handover without him," Brown concluded.



Next year's Deputy President (Welfare) Vicki Masding said John James seemed "sheepish" when he announced his resignation to her

## The world beyond College walls



Iran

The United Nations Security Council placed new sanctions on Iran this week as a result of its nuclear program. Twelve of the fifteen members of the council voted for the measures, which were not significantly greater in severity than previous sanctions, while Brazil and Turkey voted against them and Lebanon abstained from voting. More significant perhaps than these measures are the subsequent sanctions promised by both the United States and the European Union, which were contingent upon the U.N.'s approval this week. Also notable was the fact that the Obama administration was by and large the largest proponent of these sanctions. For the majority of his tenure thus far, U.S. president Barack Obama has pursued a strategy of enticing Iran to cease its nuclear programme through incentives instead of sanctions or hostility. The sanctions place a ban on selling large weapons to Iran such as ships, aircraft, tanks, missiles, et cetera in addition to language about banking and the energy industry. Backers of the sanctions do not expect them to place much pressure on Iran but instead to perhaps encourage the country to return to negotiations.



Spain

Organisers of Madrid's Gay Pride parade have banned Israelis from entering the parade due to the flotilla debacle. The Spanish Federation of Lesbians, Gays and Transsexuals argued that because Tel Aviv local authorities have not condemned the Israeli military's handling of the flotilla incident, Tel Aviv revellers will not be allowed to join in the festivities and that it would be "barbaric" to allow them to do so given the situation. Tel Aviv residents wishing to join the celebration were dismayed and upset by the announcement, saying that it is not the responsibility of local authorities to make statements regarding foreign policy and went on to criticise the Spanish for siding with pro-Palestinian causes. Eytan Schwartz, a Tel Aviv spokesperson, stated, "It is shameful that they should join with pro-Palestinian and fundamentalist groups which are not exactly tolerant with homosexuality." Schwartz stated to the Guardian that he hoped to organise a trip for the Spanish Gay Pride organisers to Gaza, where he claims that Hamas is not tolerant towards gays and transsexuals.



Europe

French President Nicholas Sarkozy and German Chancellor Angela Merkel wrote a letter this week to European Commission President José Manuel Barroso arguing that the commission should ban naked short selling of European Union member country government debt. Last month, Germany also banned the practice on debt, credit default swaps, and equity of governments and certain financial companies. That move was controversial at the time, creating tumult in markets and exposing differences in opinion on the matter between various E.U. governments. Naked short selling is the process of selling a security without actually owning it. It alters the market price of the security while the transaction remains open until the seller completes the sale by delivering the promised security. Critics of the practice claim that it removes transparency of markets and allows for gross manipulation. Merkel and Sarkozy claimed that restricting naked shorts will remove market turbulence; skeptics claim that many investors seeking stability have already left the markets in question and that any turbulence is derived instead from political turmoil.

By Tom Greany

# Blair's 50% targets scrapped as Higher Ed gets revamp

Alex Karapetian

Liberal Democrat business secretary Vince Cable has opted for a revamp of Further and Higher Education, resulting in the government considering cutting the amount of students going to University. Tony Blair and the previous government had a target of putting 50% of young people through University, but Cable remains sceptical that increasing the number of students is a good thing.

Adding actual cuts to University places after the coalition's move to fund 10,000 fewer places than promised under Labour (as reported on by *felix* last week) will fuel more anger from critics, students and staff alike. The Guardian reports a source close to Cable said that "there needs to be a big national debate between excellence and quality on the one hand and bums on seats on the other hand. Packing more and more students in is not necessarily good value for money."

Aaron Porter, president of the National Union of Students, has expressed his concerns that this move would "jeopardise the fragile economic recovery and place us at risk of returning to a Higher Education system accessible only to a liberal elite." There appears to be much agreement with this view, with France and the US investing more in their Universities. Sally Hunt, general secretary of the University and College Union ap-

proved of the idea of a debate on the future of Universities, but slammed Britain's chances in the "global knowledge economy" if funding or student participation continues to reduce, stating that she "cannot see how denying thousands the chance to fulfil their potential at university and increasing the strain on the benefits system would be in this country's interest".

With both parties of the coalition government appearing to find the current system unsustainable, major overhauls are expected. Cable is strongly aligned towards putting more money into vocational training and Further Education in order to break down the perceived elitism of University education. In times where students, the general public and employers alike may compare degrees from one University with another, the question that remains to be asked is the extent of disruption which may occur if the degree classification system was changed. Several months ago, *felix* ran a story discussing whether a

degree from Imperial is more attractive to employers. Roger Brown, professor of the Higher Education policy at Liverpool Hope has since recommended scrapping the 200 year old tradition of awarding firsts, 2:1s and 2:2s due to the classifications prolonging "the pretence that a degree from one university can be compared with one from another university."

The Comparability Of Degree Standards report warns that it is "impossible" to compare one University with another. As pressures mount from the £1.2billion cuts from University budgets up until 2013, the report argues that there is a risk that they are more likely to "cut corners", mentioning that Universities would be less likely to award students higher marks than deserved if classifications were dropped. Brown suggested the alternative of awarding transcripts and a general statement of students' abilities, a system currently being trialled in some Universities.

Brown continued to explain that "at the moment, if a University decides it is going to change the rules, there is no mechanism that would alert anyone to this. We urgently need to look at this", further suggesting that panels of academics can be sent to deduce whether the content of courses and the quality of teaching are up to minimum standards. An internal E-mail from

Manchester Metropolitan University was leaked two years ago showing their staff being urged to increase the amount of top marks in order to remain in good competition with rival Universities. Some high profile cases have arisen since, including Universities such as Bournemouth. At present, Imperial targets 70% of students reaching a 2:1 or better, but only 57% have done so. In Mathematics BSc/MSc, only 21% of graduates achieved a first class degree, with 36% reaching a 2:1.

*felix* previously reported on the "2:1 floor" which appears to be unanimously adopted by employers, where 2:1 degrees are considered preliminary requirements for securing employment. Should the government proceed with not only their overhauls, but also adopt reclassification of degrees or removal of the current system, the "2:1 floor" would essentially be lifted, granting students more perceived security in graduate prospects after University. This may result in more students applying and the dissolution of the elitist image of Higher Education.

The prior *felix* article invited comments arguing for the respectability

of 2:2 class degrees and their potential academic equivalence to "at least a 2:1 from many institutions", further describing Imperial's unwavering opposition to the "degree inflation phenomenon."

Brown's report, however, argues the further impossibility of comparing degrees from Oxbridge to other Universities due to "the extraordinarily high previous educational attainment of students, the substantially greater resources devoted to them, the greater intensity of study that they undergo, and other factors", further adding that "it would in fact be a surprise if the outcomes of students from those universities were no higher than those of students from other universities who have far lower prior attainment and resources devoted to them."

Director general of the Russell Group, Dr Wendy Piatt, commented that their priority was to "ensure the quality of Higher Education was maintained, rather than expanding numbers" and added that they "would be concerned about any proposals which fail to address the problem of under funding of teaching for home students in the UK".



Professor Roger Brown suggested that disparity in degree quality from different universities mean that awarding the traditional honours system is outdated

B"H

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Friday  
18th  
June  
2010

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## Letters to the Editor



### Twitter crossed a dark line

Dan Wan,

I am writing to express the disgust I felt when I read Twitter this week (4th June 2010). Normally I enjoy the mindless humour however I found this particularly distasteful. As I am originally from Cumbria the shooting referred to in this column is something I am particularly sensitive about. I personally feel that there is a fine line between dark humour and distasteful and here a line has been crossed.

As editor I think it is your responsibility to be aware of where this line is and what may offend students reading your paper. Surely it must have occurred to you that some students may even be from Whitehaven, or Agremont or any of the many other communities that has been shocked by the horrific events that occurred just two days before the "jokes" about these were published in our paper.

To add insult to injury you clearly didn't deem the event as important enough to feature in any 'news' section of the paper, I can't help but ques-

tion an editor who deems it enough to put two lines of sarcastic jokes about a cereal killing but neglects to write it as any sort of news.

Ruth Patchett

Editor-in-Chief Dan Wan responds:

*I can only apologise for any upset we have caused with last week's issue. We obviously do not intend to offend anyone, and you rightly say there is a fine line between satire, dark humour and just plain distasteful. I will admit that last week's Twitter straddles that line, and is a result of a misjudgment on where exactly the joke lay.*

*Regarding the lack of mention in the News section, this section tend to focus on matters surrounding Imperial College. Every week, there are national and international occurrences. Unfortunately we cannot provide coverage to it all. I hope you can understand that the unfortunate events that unfolded in Cumbria last week would probably have not been covered in a paper with such a select target audience.*

*I hope you can accept our apologies.*



## Nathan Holford responds on social inequality



**“Positive discrimination does not force employers to hire less competent candidates”**



In the 6th Century, when the Anglo-Saxons captured the city of Londinium, a small river, the Walbrook, ran gently through the middle of the settlement, providing water, sanitation and transport for its residents. The invading force chose to make their home on the west side of this river, separating themselves from the native Celts by forcing them to inhabit the east.

Today, that river runs secretly from Finsbury Park, through culverts underground, to freedom through a small grate, into the Thames by Cannon Street tube station, yet that arbitrary divide remains one-and-a-half millennia later. The West End is one of the cleanest City districts in Europe and, though every estate agent would hasten to point out that it's 'up and com-

ing', the East is still worse off.

Firstly, I'd like to point out that positive discrimination (or positive action as it's been re-dubbed) categorically does not force employers to hire a less able over a more able candidate simply because of their gender, sexual orientation or ethnicity. That just wouldn't make any sense. For simplicity, I'm going to focus on gender. Say a FTSE 100 company have a high-level vacancy to fill; they find two candidates ideal for the job, one man and one woman. On average, these companies employ one woman for every nine men in such positions, so positive action gives the company a legal right to employ the woman over the man in order to better represent women within upper echelons of the business. Does it 'undermine pride' to be given a job because

you're what the company wants? No. I didn't think so.

During its recent investigation of the financial sector, the Treasury published a report entitled 'Women in the City' which went so far as to suggest that gender inequality in finance may have contributed to the global financial crisis. Now, the Equality Commission predicts that it will take another 40 years before women see fair representation in the Square Mile, and, interestingly, 200 years before the same happens in Westminster. And that's with current measures of positive action.

Looking at our parliament, about 20% of our MPs are female. 15 MPs aren't white when there should be 60 if people were to be represented proportionally. The way potential parliamentary candidates are selected varies from

party to party, but the general case is that a centrally approved list is handed on to the local party for them to vote whoever they want to be represented by. Now, perhaps I'm biased about this, but let's focus on the Conservative Party for a second—they were, after all, the most popular at the last election. Imagine one of their meetings in, say, Henley-upon-Thames. Old boys and a few Edwina Currie look-a-likes, bumbling about with glasses of port, nibbling on cheese from Paxton & Whitfield, lamenting 'political correctness gone mad' and the quality of driving tests in Poland. They get handed a list of people they can choose to represent them. Who they gonna choose?

In 1996, 4 out of 60 Welsh MPs were women. By introducing positive discrimination for the 1999 elections,

the Welsh Assembly became the first legislative body in the world to have true representation of women. For the following election, no positive action was taken and female representation remained virtually unchanged at 47%. Similar methods have been used in Denmark, where 38% of the seats in parliament are held by women. No one's suggesting that positive action should be a permanent measure, but instead of waiting for society to crawl its way to inevitable change, why not give it a helping hand along the way?

The gender gap has a lot in common with the Walbrook: the line of separation, though long vanished, still has an enduring effect on society. But if we build homes for everyone, on each side of the river, we might just see some long-overdue change.

## Gilead Amit discusses snobbery – in all its forms



**“I am always struck by how those with a genuine excuse for snobbery are often the most welcoming”**



If you don't know what snobbery is, I'm afraid I'm going to have to look down my nose at you.

Oh dear. What have I done? I've begun an article with a quasi-self-referential comment. Gracious. How feckless of me. Next thing you know, someone from the Meta office will be along to reprimand me for not being fully in line with their predictions about acceptable syntax, and for being altogether too brisk, violent and north-easterly.

As a result, I would advise all but the most highly-trained of logicians to keep my writing at arm's length. And not only because it then becomes easier to read. You see, I am a noted violator of the accepted laws of logic. Some of the greatest minds in the field have tried to persuade me to see otherwise, but I simply can't. The winds of common sense just rattle through the hairs on my whitehead, leaving me none the wiser and no more in zen.

And speaking of zenos, I had al-

most forgotten to look down mine for your seemingly wilful disregard for the definitions of such basic words as 'snobbery'. Tchah. Pff. Hunh. Ng. I can guess where you went to school. But what am I saying? What a horrendously snobbish observation to make. Do us both a favour and forget I ever mentioned it.

The received wisdom (ha! Chalk that one up alongside 'military intelligence' and 'compassionate conservatism' as one of the great oxymorons of the age) is that haughtiness is a one-way street. That the omnibuses of social hierarchy must follow each other in single file along the boulevards of condescension.

How wrong these received sages are. Snobbery is the great social roundabout, where every traveller both follows and precedes every other, depending only on their choice of exit. In general, of course, snobbery is perceived to be a question of birthright, breeding, and bank balance. Despite

this view's preponderance, arrogance and hauteur are by no means the sole prerogative of the privileged classes. Snobs, as I'm sure we are all aware, exist all along the social sliderule.

The intricately balanced and scrupulously maintained laws of below stairs etiquette in the past century's grandest houses would have caused a blush of shame to mantle their lords' and ladies' cheeks. A housemaid would never dream of eating at the same table as a household butler, while the very thought of an under-footman sharing a meal with the housekeeper would be enough to make one swoon.

Fortunately such days are long gone, and it is now difficult to fool oneself into believing that education and breeding determine one's place in society. Inequalities still abound, of course, but the great levelling of society has made snobbery, like M.C. Escher's famous two-handed sketch, a self-perpetuating illusion. The fifth son of an earl is only grander than the

second husband of an IT consultant if both parties believe him to be so. Society itself will certainly not be drawn on the issue.

But we all know that humans are intrinsically tribal and hierarchical beings—we continue to divide ourselves into groups, classes, cliques, fellowships, fraternities, organisations and clubs at every opportunity that arises. We all yearn to make snap judgements of others based on whatever aspect of their character catches the eye.

As a result, the emphasis has shifted increasingly towards the more pernicious snobbery associated with culture and the arts: an attempt to make artistic appreciation an exclusive rather than an inclusive activity. And this in my books, much like the Mona Lisa, is a hanging offence.

In my capacity as a sometime writer and alltime reader, my reaction to those who have not yet sailed on the same literary cruises as myself is to rush out and buy them first class tick-

ets. What good is it to have touched a distant vista if you have nobody to share the moment with?

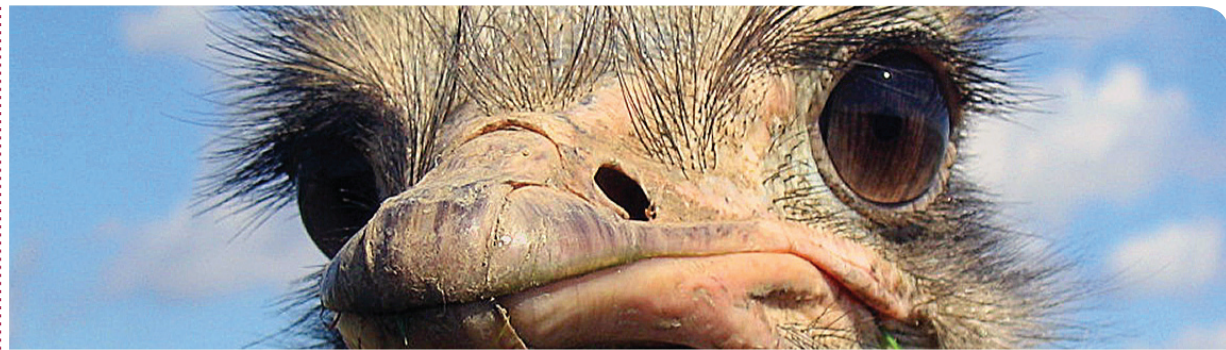
The same applies to those (fortunately numerous) friends of mine who are imponderably more familiar than I am with works of visual and musical composition. I am always struck by how those with a genuine excuse for snobbery – those with talent, training or technical skill – are most excited at the thought of welcoming an outsider into their world. And how it is often those who are resentful and unsure in their own abilities who are capable of the most damning sneers.

So rejoice in your ignorance - not as a terminal condition, but as the blank sheet that must once have preceded the opening bars of Beethoven's ninth symphony. And if you catch me looking down my nose at you, judge not too harshly – when you're 6 foot 3 there isn't much else you can look down to make eye contact. Except, perhaps, a telescope.

# Rhys Davies finds alternate modes of transport



**“Due to numerous bike safety laws, all cyclists must wear a target on their back for motorists to aim at”**



As the summer holidays draw closer, I am thinking more and more about one of my favourite activities during the break. I like to travel, to go places. It can be a family holiday to the sunny shores of Rhyl and beyond or simply exploring the woodland paths and country lanes delightfully close to home. Travel expands the mind and broadens the horizon. They say a change is as good as a rest.

Another thing travel is good for is the vocabulary, especially in London. You wouldn't believe how many four-lettered curses you could fit into a single sentence until you hear them first-hand from a vociferous cabbie on Exhibition Road. But this highlights an important point. Travelling in London is a nightmare at best and lethal at its worst.

Firstly, there is the Underground.

Don't get me wrong: my love for the Tube is as strong as it was on my first trip to Gloucester Road. But it is not without its faults. For one thing, it can be a mite crowded, especially in the ever-expanding realms of rush-hour. I like a game of sardines as much as the next man but the average level of personal hygiene underground is far below acceptable. Also, there is the constant engineering work at weekends. Of course it's necessary but on those rare occasions when both the District and Piccadilly lines are down, I find myself uncomfortably stranded in West London. And not the good part of West London either.

Of course I could always take the bus if the rails proved too much of a hassle. But these aren't perfect either. They suffer from the same terminal problem of overcrowding as the trains. And while the provision of service is more consistent, the speed can be a bit er-

atic. I have known buses on the same route take between twenty and eighty minutes to cover the same distance. You would be better off planning your day according to bird entrails.

But it's not the buses' fault. They use the roads but not exclusively; cars, lorries, bikes, taxis all compete for space on the tarmacadam. This confuses me in part: why would anyone drive in London when it's always so busy with people driving in London? If you don't get run over by a lorry, you're not much better off in a taxi. At best, you'll be broke by the end of it and, at worst, raped. Getting to college is important, true, but there are limits.

Getting around under your own steam is fine enough but still not perfect. Only when walking from A to B do you get an idea of how big London really is. Turns out it's actually bigger than China. And due to numerous bike safety laws, all cyclists must wear

a target on their back for all other motorists to aim for. Minor injuries are worth ten points, with a fatality worth fifty! And should you make it to your destination in one piece, and on time, you are guaranteed to be covered in a thin, unwholesome patina of sweat.

So what is the solution? I think, after some careful research at London Zoo, I may have stumbled upon the perfect mode of metropolitan transportation. As befitting the prince among cities, it is the prince among birds: the ostrich.

For one, it won't be crowded since there'll only be room for you and your satchel on the back of an ostrich. Likewise, travel by ostrich is fast and consistent. With a top speed of 45mph, it is the fastest of all birds on land—and when riding it, you'll be the fastest thing in London. And when the roads clog up with traffic, you can simply take to the pavements. If people can walk their dogs on the pavements, I

don't see why you can't walk (or ride) your ostrich. Most importantly, this is just faster than the commuter's only natural predator, the leopard.

Furthermore, reliability and security go hand in hand. For a start, ostriches can live for up to forty-five years—not even a well-oiled bike will stand up for that long. Secondly, ostriches are notoriously bad-tempered but this can work in your favour. Any would-be thief would quickly get the shit kicked out of him. However, their mean bite and kick can make them hard to handle. The only way to properly subdue an ostrich is to beat it in a wrestling match. Only then will its pride allow it to acknowledge you as its master. After that, they're like kittens.

So if in the next few weeks you see a man-on-ostrich-shaped blur go by on Queen's Gate, why not give a wave? I would stop and say hello, but I haven't yet worked out how to brake.

# Jenny Wilson on the opportunities to volunteer



**“Only recently have students started offering support towards the Union and the wider community”**



If you haven't heard that we have around 300 Clubs & Societies at Imperial, you have probably been spending a bit too much time in the library—in which case you might like to join Book Club. Not to belittle my own job, but when it comes down to it, Clubs & Societies are there for us to have fun or be entertained. The point here is that this is all for us, which is great. However, the system in which clubs exist is tailored to that purpose, and it works well—we know it does because that's how we are able to sustain them all. If you haven't been a club officer yourself, you may not know that to survive as a club you have to have at least twenty members, and to be eligible for Union grant you have to charge members at least £2 each.

One thing that clubs aren't geared towards is helping people outside the student population. Sure, there is the Imperial Volunteer Centre

([www.imperial.ac.uk/volunteering](http://www.imperial.ac.uk/volunteering)) and you could just go get involved with the community in other ways. Quite frankly, up until now the Union has been pretty bad at supporting student-led activities that don't have our students as the primary focus. Only recently has there been a shift in attitude away from only supporting students, towards support for us *and* the community. While it may seem controversial to use up the Union's resources on voluntary and charitable work, there have been two strong arguments in favour of this.

The first is that the Union is here for its students and to serve their interests. I know from being at the receiving end of many New Club Application forms that there is a genuine interest from our students to look further afield than the fortress-like walls of our campus. We are fortunate in that we have a plentiful supply of intelligent people who would prob-

ably like a career. It so happens that in life after university, you will probably have to interact with sections of the community that haven't got a degree in science, engineering or medicine. So why not start now?

Following on from that, in an age of graduate employment doom and gloom many employers like to see some interaction with the real world and doing something that engages with that world can really help. Most volunteering projects have an element of skills development, or provide opportunities for you to be put into an environment that you wouldn't necessarily come into contact with otherwise.

So what has the Union done to actively change this culture? Please welcome: Projects. These are the new siblings to the Club & Society family. They have ninety per cent of the same privileges as clubs, and a few perks of their own. Standard things to ex-

pect, for instance, are a stall at Freshers' Fair, use of the Student Activities Centre and the ability to book rooms.

It seems a bit backward that to volunteer in the community or to do charity fundraising you must pay membership to be a part of the group, so Projects don't have to charge a membership fee. If you need T-shirts or name badges for volunteers, there is a pot of money in the Union put aside for this purpose. Also, if there are five of you who want, say, to help the elderly learn to use computers, why should you be rejected owing to paucity of numbers? If only a few of you can commit to helping out, is it fair for you not to be recognised by the Union? Any number of people can make a positive difference, and give the Union a better reputation from the outside.

So where is the line drawn between Clubs & Societies and Projects? If your primary intention is helping oth-

ers, either by raising money for charity or helping the local, national or international community, then a Project is what you are working on.

A good example is IC Buddies, set up at the beginning of this academic year, which is an outreach Project that helps local schools with teaching science subjects. Projects like this will be grouped with others in the reinvigorated Community Action Group (CAG). Similarly, those groups raising money for charity will become Projects in RAG, meaning that when the Union tots up how much we give to charity, we'll just have to add up RAG's profit for the year. All this comes under the remit of the Deputy President (Welfare).

In summary, we're hoping that this new, more streamlined system will help students interact with the wider community in a more co-ordinated way. Hopefully, you'll be hearing more about Projects in the near future.

# Has Israel Gone Too Far? |||||

With pressure mounting on Israel, will world leaders finally put an end to Israel's continuing expansion at the expense of the Palestinian people? **By Aslam Shamsuddin**

Last Saturday saw the seizure of the flotilla "Rachel Corrie" by Israeli Defense Forces. The incident turned out to be very uneventful and the flotilla, carrying aid and building materials to Gaza, was shepherded off to the port of Ashdod, Israel. The event would probably have gone without much attention had the events of Monday 31st May not occurred and cast a somber spotlight upon the three year long Israeli blockade of Gaza.

Just like the Rachel Corrie, the Mavi Marmara was carrying aid and building materials, and was similarly boarded by the IDF in international waters. But in stark contrast, the incident resulted in the killing of nine people and left twenty people injured. The specific details of the incident are less clear. The Israeli government insisted, and continues to do so, that IDF commandos acted in self defense and Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu said "This wasn't a love boat. This was a hate boat". The Israeli Government also released video footage showing commandos encountering resistance by activists with metal bars and chairs after they had dropped on the deck of the Mavi Marmara.

Yet eye witness accounts report a rather contradictory story, notably that IDF commandos fired upon the passengers first, with many reporting shots were fired by troops before they had even landed onboard the ship. Israel is yet to release the full recording of the footage captured of the attack. Critically, gunshot wounds to many of the dead show accurate aiming of shots to the forehead, the back of the chest and the heart, raising the question of whether Israeli soldiers acted in self defense.

The response by the International Community was immediate. World leaders expressed their concern to varying degrees, with President Obama expressing "deep regret" over the loss of lives and President Sarkozy condemning the use of "disproportionate force". However, the message was clear. Israel was wrong to do what it did. No more was this evident than in Turkey's parliament the next day, where President Erdogan said "Israel in no way can legitimize this murder, it cannot wash its hands of this blood". Protest around the world ensued and under Arab anger at Egypt's complicity in the blockade, President Mubarak ordered the Rafah border crossing to finally be opened indefinitely. The United Nations Security Council finally

**"Israel in no way can legitimize this murder, it cannot wash its hands of this blood"**

called upon Israel to ensure a "prompt, impartial, credible and transparent" investigation to take place. Israel, however, refused to allow such investigation, stating only an Israeli investigation in conjunction with the United States could possibly be considered. Yet amongst all the international politics, a serious question must be posed: how did such a situation, where 1.5 million Palestinian people are prisoners within their own lands, ever come to pass?

The blockade of Gaza has widely been condemned by the International Community, and Israel was told by the United Nations and the International Court of Justice to lift the blockade. Unfortunately Israel was not listening and it's not the first time. It was only in February that President Obama

called for the immediate halt of Israeli settlement construction in Arab East Jerusalem. However, President Netanyahu seemed not to listen. The very next day construction work went on as usual. The controversial Gaza-Israel wall was widely criticized at the time of its construction and the International Court of Justice passed the ruling declaring it "finds the Israel barrier in Palestinian territory is illegal." Again Israel ignored the call and completed the wall anyway. Yet the most controversial of all Israel's policy has been the building of settlements on Occupied Palestinian Territories since the six-day war in 1967.

According to UN Security Council Resolutions 446 & 465 the settlements have "no legal validity" and "should be dis-

**"Israel continues to build settlements at the expense of the livelihoods of the Palestinian people."**

mantled". International law states that the building of settlements on occupied land is illegal. Despite this, Israel continues to build settlements at the expense of the livelihoods of the Palestinian people.

So where does Israel go from here? Humanitarian groups such as FreeGaza and StopTheWar Coalition have insisted more flotillas will be sent and Iran has stated that if necessary it will deploy Revolutionary Guard naval ships to escort the next convoy of 60 aid ships heading for Gaza, further raising political tensions in the region.

The very blockade itself, the source of so much pain, is now being viewed in a somewhat new light by western nations, with US Secretary of State Hilary Clinton declaring the siege as "unsustainable" and the foreign shadow secretary David Miliband saying the blockade is "a stain on policy right across the Middle East". And as Israel relations with Turkey, the only Muslim country in NATO, reach breaking point, the near isolation that Israel now finds itself in on a global stage is also a very dangerous and worrying one. In a recent interview Norman Finklestein, an American author widely regarded as one of the best experts on the Israeli - Palestinian conflict, said that "Israel is now a lunatic state. It's a lunatic state with between two and three hundred nuclear devices. It is threatening war daily."

Israel has for too long been allowed to dictate policy in the region unchecked and without consequence. This was made apparent not only by the excessive and the totally unnecessary use of force on the Mavi Mamara, but also in 2008's appalling and horrendous attack on Gaza, code named "Cast Lead", where disproportionate force led to the death of 1,400 Palestinians.

Surely then, it is time for Israel to finally accept reality, that whether by international help or the pure determination and spirit of the Palestinian people, the state of Palestine and the Palestinian people are going nowhere, and they want their freedom. In the same token, it is time the likes of America, Britain, Europe and even more importantly, the Arab nations manned up and took a decisive role in ending this 60 year conflict, for the sake of both Palestinians and Israelis, before more innocent lives are lost.

The MV Rachel Corrie, an aid ship which was also part of the intercepted Freedom Flotilla is named after a 23-year old American activist killed in Gaza in 2003







# A bungled affair

Were the intentions of the Free Gaza Movement completely innocent, and are their efforts really helping those suffering in Palestine? **By Guo Heng Chin**

Once again, Israel finds itself in the middle of international outrage with the fallout from the Mavi Marmara confrontation. Nations around the world unsheathed their Israel-bashing baton once again. True, the shooting of the 9 activists was appalling, brutal and an excessive show of force. But is Israel all to blame for the way the events unfolded?

Free Gaza Movement is the umbrella group behind the Freedom Flotilla, of which the Mavi Marmara was one part. The group sends aid ships to Gaza as a form of protest against the Gaza blockade. Three of their previous aid ships have successfully reached Gaza so far. Their mission manifesto cites nonviolent action in their effort to break the Gaza blockade.

However the footage of the vicious mob wielding metal rods and chairs, hammering the Israeli commandos in a manner reminiscent of a seal cull and throwing one of them overboard is unsettling, especially aboard a supposedly peaceful ship, as assumed by the Israeli patrols.

The Mavi Marmara is owned by IHH, an Islamic charity accused of funding terrorist activities. Israel claims that the aggressors aboard the ship had intentions other than a peaceful civil disobedience. Some of them were suspected mercenaries, based on the large amount of cash found on them. Israel even goes to the extent of accusing the hand of al-Qaeda in the incident. Turkey shot the claim down, stating that no such presence could bypass the security checks at the Turkish docks. They also said that they could not have secretly boarded the ship, as the Mavi Marmara only stopped at Cyprus for the boarding of two German MPs and European activists.

Accounts from both sides on who initiated the aggression are starkly different. The perpetrators of the confrontation is still unknown. Activists claimed that Israeli forces sprayed bullets on unarmed passengers. The IDF claimed that the commandos shot in self-defence. The video circulating online leans towards Israel's version of the story (note that it was released by the IDF). The five other vessels in the flotilla that followed Mavi Marmara were intercepted peacefully.

Free Gaza Movement could have done more to ensure that the Freedom Flotilla was an act of defiance in accordance with their nonviolence pledge. Why a group of men previously braced for violence on-board a supposedly peaceful

raeli commandos certainly threw the Gaza blockade once again in the international stage and reinforced the pressure on Israel to lift the siege.

However, would increasing worldwide pressure cause Israel to buckle and lift the blockade? Perhaps demonizing Israel would cause it to withdraw more into itself and become more uncooperative as it perceives the outside world to be unsympathetic to its own security needs (one of the aims of the blockade was to stem flow of arms into Hamas)?

On the other hand, Israel's impetuous use of force makes it easy for its opponents to turn the sympathy of the world's

**“Perhaps demonizing Israel would cause it to withdraw more into itself and become more uncooperative”**

watchers against it. Israel's enemies knew that the Achilles heel of the middle-eastern powerhouse is its shaky international relations and that is where they strike. Israel has a reputation of being hawkish and, to some countries, the perception is that Israel thinks itself above international law.

The Netanyahu administration's defiance of US requests to halt the settlement expansion in East Jerusalem before the Israeli-Palestinian proximity talks casts doubt on Israel's commitment to the peace progress. Israel's attempt to sway China into voting for a sanction against Iran by showing China the impact of a pre-emptive Israeli strike on Iran – should the UN fail to halt Iran's nuclear activities – on the oil supply of China, reinforces Israel's maverick reputation.

Israel constantly resorts to the self-defence argument to justify its use of force. The bombardment of Gaza in January 2009 brought Hamas' trigger happy rocket firing into southern Israel to a halt, though at the cost of many Palestinians lives and souring of international relations. Often, Israel is caught in a Catch-22 situation.

The flotilla tragedy also brings to light the efficiency of bold and radical activism. The Mavi Marmara may have highlighted the Gaza blockade, but in doing so, has disrupted a lot of possibility for peace. Preference for Hamas was reportedly faltering in Gaza, but the incident could rally support for Hamas. Israel stands to lose its only Muslim ally, Turkey, and with it a lot of clout to halt Iran's nuclear ambition.

On the other hand, it forced Israel to accept Britain's suggestion to water down the blockade, in exchange for being allowed to run its own inquiry into the incident instead of the international inquisition demanded by the UN. Peace activists hope that help from the US in dampening the condemnation by the international community would come at a price – Israel's cooperation in future peace efforts – as the Obama administration is more reluctant to defend Israel unconditionally.

The Freedom Flotilla champions a righteous cause. But its organizers need to ensure that malicious forces do not deviate the ships from their objectives: a non-violent display of civil disobedience to break the Gaza blockade.

A week after the flotilla fiasco, Israel killed 4 Palestinian divers suspected of being militants. The Iranian Red Cross would be sending two aid ships to Gaza, in light of the flotilla incident. The world waits for Israel's reaction.

Relaxing its hawkish inclination would help Israel make more friends, and so reinforce its security. In a hawk-dove game, playing hawk does not always garner the best payoffs.

**“Israel claims that the aggressors aboard the ship had intentions other than a peaceful civil disobedience.”**

vessel raises questions. Was Free Gaza Movement sincerely ignorant of their presence? Or more troubling, did they know but tolerate it because it helped them towards their ultimate goal of breaking the blockade.

The aim of the Freedom Flotilla was clear. “We're trying to break the blockade of the Gaza Strip and tell the world that Israel has no right to starve 1.5 million Palestinians,” said Greta Berlin, head of the Free Gaza Movement, before the Freedom Flotilla departed.

The Mavi Marmara was offered the chance to unload its aid materials at Ashdod, but refused to do so. It was evident where its priority lies when it comes to delivering aid to the Gazans or delivering a political message.

The deaths of nine of the activists at the hands of the Is-





## The lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer

Rosie Milton Arts Editor

Well, can you believe it, the academic year is almost drawing to a close.. Not quite, of course! The summer months are rolling in (well, not if this week's weather is anything to go by) and there is plenty going on around the city for you thrillseekers to kick up your heels to!

First of all, our ever-intrepid explorer, searching for new heights of cultural interest - Caz Knight - has discovered, in the most unlikely of places, a pseudo club-theatre-bar under the arches of London Bridge. The Shunt Lounge, as it is called, is a maze of tunnels under the station (entrance literally outside the tube barriers) and on most Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays you can find a number of musical and theatrical themed events. There seems to be, considering the atmosphere, a certain grittiness to the shows - not uncommon in London spots off the beaten track - but certainly a breath of fresh (or musty even) air from the rigid seating of theatres in the West End. Avid arts readers will have read Miss

Knights review of the Shunt Collective's production of Money last week, which is a scarily immersive theatrical experience located inside a three storey steel box inside an old tobacco warehouse down the road from the Lounge. The run has been extended to September so be sure to catch it after you are free of exams and labs. The London Bridge/Borough area is also an excellent place for a twilight summer evening's drinking and is all but free of the heaving tourist crowds so common to Imperial's neck of the woods.

Caz dominates the arts section this week with the second part of her Shunt adventure. The dark, cool musty vaults are the perfect escape for when the weather gets too hot to handle.

And with summer also comes the much longed for opportunity to read for pleasure. My co-editor ponders the virtues of e-readers versus the more traditional paper pages format of books in her opinion piece on the opposite page.

One more *felix* left this term so please send any of your reviews into us while you can!

# Culture in the vaults

Caz Knight goes deep under London Bridge to the Shunt Lounge

Late night bar. Dungeon. Nightclub. Art space. Labyrinth. The Shunt Lounge is the creation of Shunt, a company formed by ten artists keen on fusing the live event with its audience. The Lounge is a platform project for artists to showcase their works and for the public - art connoisseurs and ignoramuses alike - to come and enjoy them close up.

Metres away from the West Cornwall Pasty Co., a vending machine and the tube barriers in London Bridge station is a doorway. The door staff are welcoming, stamp your wrist and usher you into Shunt's cool, vast interior. High-ceilings, exposed brickwork and a damp, musty smell make you realise that you have stumbled into a place like no other.

Under each of the arches, which extend left and right of the lounge's long, wide corridor, are big empty spaces which provide the venue for every possible type of art form.

Each weekend a new programme of live music, performance art, visual art, DJs and creative workshops is put on meaning that every weekend you visit will surprise you with something different. Last weekend Lautes Licht (German for 'loud light') invited view-

ers to play director by adjusting the lighting on its actors, thereby controlling which one of them gets to speak and how loudly. A previous weekend a classical music ensemble played a piece of music by the Tudor composer Thomas Tallis - making one feel even more as if in a Tudor banquet hall. After the classical music was over the space was cleared to accommodate a dance floor as a DJ began to spin reggae beats. A few weekends before that it was pumping techno.

More permanent features include Bob Aldous' moth: a large moth-shaped mirror illuminated every twenty-odd seconds by a strobe light; the airplane cinema screens where you can escape under large headphones and watch short films from the Raindance Film Festival; a reading room filled with dusty books; small and stowed away little wine bars. Outside the toilets stands a Narnian looking tree while the toilets themselves are home to a large shark. The bouncers are few and polite.

Shunt lets you explore art in a social setting, but if even this unassuming and pioneering art seems too pretentious and erudite for you, then head straight down to the end of the vaults where a large bar is filled with a huge

range of locally sourced beers and ciders, cocktails, spirits and wines. A haphazard mix of candlelit tables, chairs, sofas and stools abound so you are guaranteed not to spend the night standing awkwardly by the bar shouting over the din, unlike most watering holes on a weekend in London. Perfect for the claustrophobic or those who value personal body space.

You will see no sign of white-shirt clad males and Saturday night on-the-lash testosterone here: only an extremely laid back atmosphere and clientele where you are free to explore as much or as little of the art as you like. Shunt promises to delight and enthrall the curious and cultural, anyone craving the unusual or simply anyone who wants to drink and make merry.

Round the corner from the Shunt Lounge in Bermondsey Street, the Shunt Collective (Shunt's theatre company) are staging their adaptation of the nineteenth century French novel *L'Argent*. The show has been extended to June 26 and makes for a perfect interlude to an evening spent getting lost in the vaults.

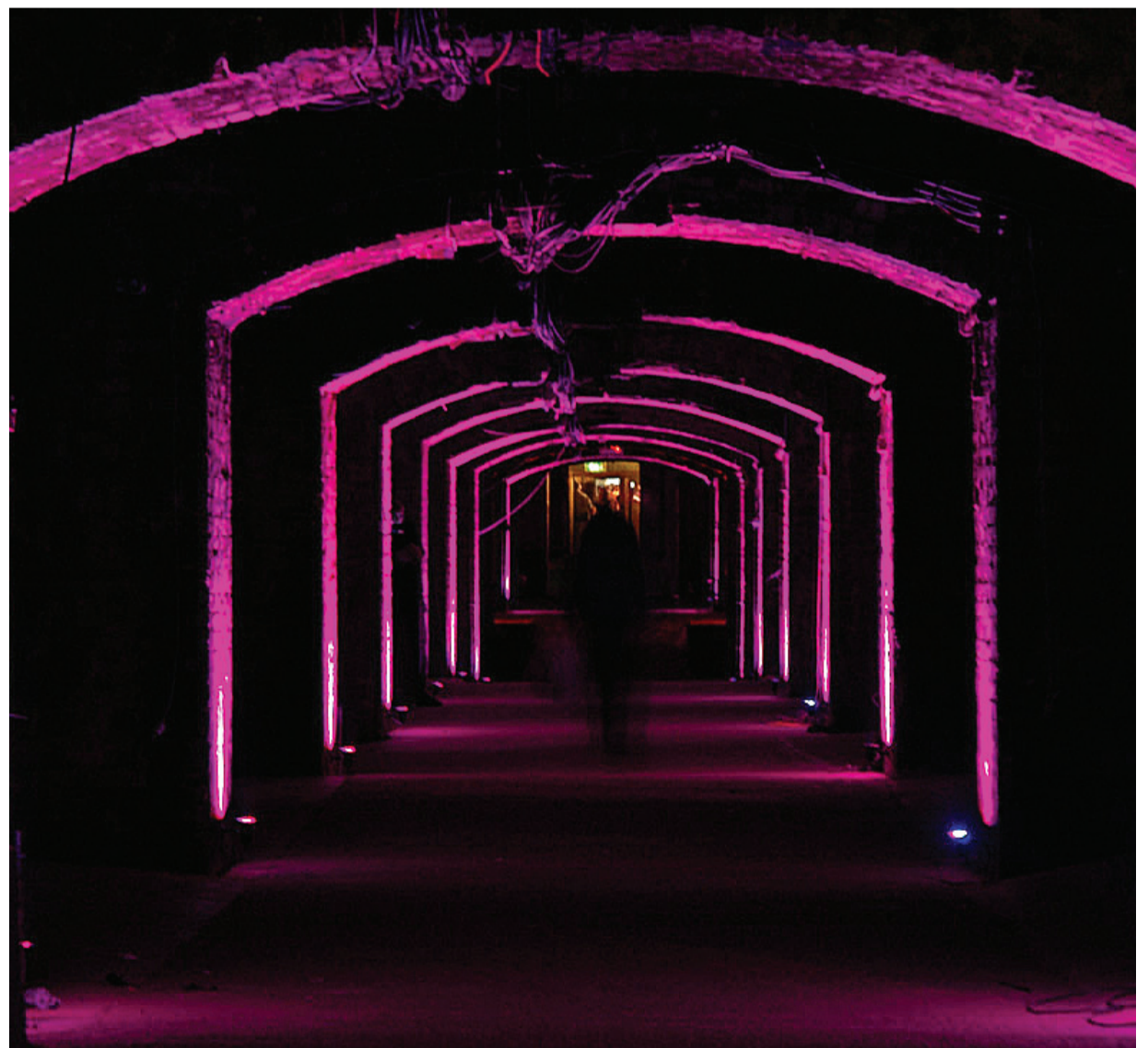
**Shunt Lounge is open Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Entry is 10GBP, 5GBP for students.**



An example of a theatre spectacle, sprung up in an alcove of the Lounge



The Shunt Lounge's inconspicuous entrance just outside the tube barriers



Intricate lighting elevates the 'dungeon-like' atmosphere to modern halls of stylish colour; alcoves revealing passages

# How do you like it: hard or soft?

Books vs. Nooks. **Caz Knight** weighs up the new fangled toys that are e-readers and why paper is better

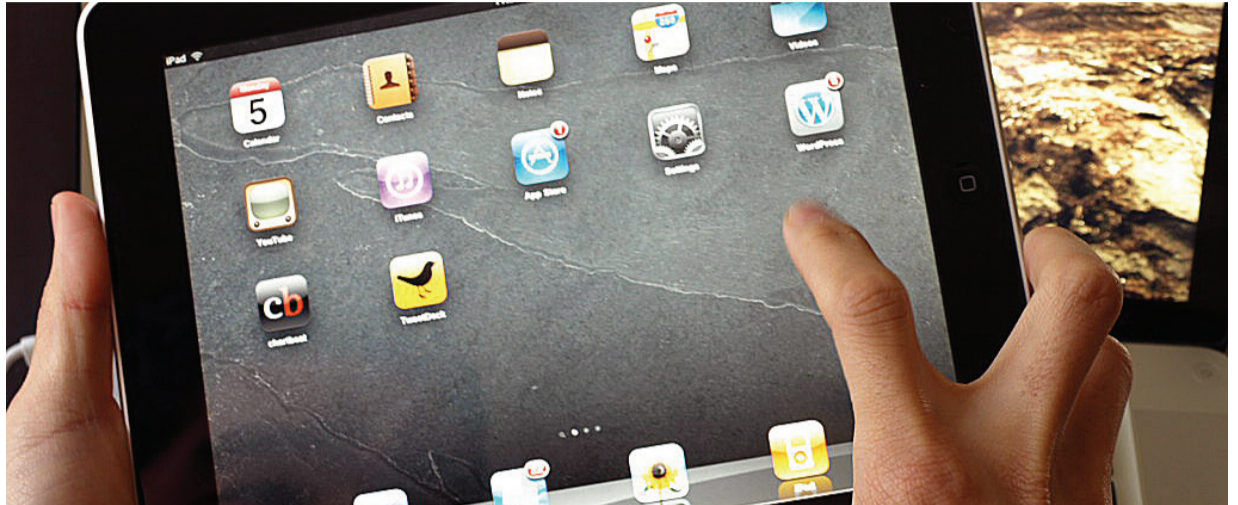
Five hundred years ago the number of books in circulation exploded. Johannes Gutenberg had just invented a mechanical printing press and with it followed the Printing Revolution. Three hundred years later the Industrial Revolution gave us mass production and extrapolated the number of books further. However, it has taken just under five centuries from Gutenberg's contraption to now for literacy to get to the level where most of the population (in the developed world, anyway) read, or have once read, books.

Cult leader Steve Jobs paints quite a different picture with his proclamation that "people don't read anymore", explaining Apple's absence, hitherto,

from the e-reader market.

Despite this, 130,000 *new* titles are published every year in the UK (190,000 in the USA), not to mention titles that already exist and have existed for hundreds of years. Apparently, people do still read. The question is how?

With the flurry of touchable touch screen gadgets released in the last year or so the big question has been whether "hardware" (printing) will die out, usurped by digital, "software" formats. True, more people are accessing news via their mobile phones instead of getting their fingers smudged with ink (although I am not sure if this is still an issue in 2010), but how many have actually abandoned paper pages for a screen?



Apple's latest technology: the iPad. A larger, heavier iPhone...with no phone function

## E-readers: The Basics

The latest piece of superfluous technology to hit the market is the 500 dollar iPad, which also serves as an e-reader. The battle of the e-readers now seems to be between E-Ink and iPads/iPhones.

E-Ink is the provider of the screens for readers such as the Sony Reader, Amazon's Kindle and Barnes & Noble's Nook. The point of the E-Ink screen is to minimize strain on the eyes that comes from staring at a backlit screen for too long. Sony's Reader E-Ink screen does not have a backlight and thus needs to be read in the light like any normal book we have become accustomed to. The 200 pound Reader was the first e-reader on the market released in 2006. 4 years later and its rate of adoption has been poor compared to most high technology offerings in the 21st century. The Reader needs to have e-books uploaded to it after downloading from the 45,000 titles available at Sony's e-book store (rather like downloading then uploading tunes from the iTunes music store to an iPod).

Amazon's Kindle arrived later but decimated Sony's hopes of saving face after its Walkman lost out to Apple in 2001 when the iPod was released. Not only does the Kindle have wireless connection to Amazon.com – so you effectively have access to a bookstore whenever and wherever you are – but there are 145,000 titles to choose from. Amazon offered its Kindle at an astounding \$9.99, making up its lost profits in sales of e-books from its website, so no wonder it did better. Its open source software also means you can view titles bought from a range of devices, including iPods and iPads.

Publishing giant Barnes & Noble have entered the e-reader race with their \$249 Nook, which has had extremely positive reviews already. Both the Nook and Kindle weigh in at around the 300g mark which is dainty compared with the cumbersome iPad. The E-Ink screens are ideal for beach reading as they lack said backlight and are sparing on battery consumption, whereas the LED screens of Apple devices chew through power and also make reading in locations outside living rooms very tricky because of their glare-prone screens.

The iBooks store on the iPad does come with the advantage that you can select the font size, which is ideal for the average e-reader demographic (high earning 34-55 year olds according to TechCrunchies) who are beginning to "see" their eyesight failing them. Then there is the obvious advantage of having thousands of titles at your disposal and all packed into a few cubic inches of metal and plastic.

## Are real books simply better?

Perhaps it is because the majority of book buyers are the Baby Boomers, now all over sixty. This older age demographic is less likely to buy e-readers: with their approaching retirement it is likely that the Boomers will buy even more books with more time on their hands, thus potentially slowing the predicted demise of printing.

The hefty price tags on any of these readers (bar the Kindle) also make them a luxury afforded only by the well-off. After spending upwards of \$200 on an e-reader you do not even benefit from buying books at reduced prices – you pay the same for e-books as you do paper books so there isn't really any chance of recouping your investment.

There has been much talk and excitement over the possibilities of e-readers being used for educational purposes, but reading from a screen may even inhibit note taking and retention. Last autumn, students at Ivy League Princeton rejected a Kindle pilot program for academic titles on those grounds.

Their practicality for use by anyone under 16 or so is pretty low and I doubt any e-reader can give to a small child any of the joy that a large, brightly coloured picture book with chewable paper pages does.

Perhaps the reason why I will never be buying an e-reader is the trouble I have reading off screens which are extremely tiring on the eyes and also a lot less immersive. Somehow words on a screen seem less real, more abstract, than ink on paper. One can connect more with a book you feel the pages of in your hand. With an e-reader you do not get that feeling of accomplishment as you see the pages left to read dwindling as you approach the end. Reading real books also differentiate your reading experience from simply trawling the internet from your mobile or reading emails and texts.

## Plain old paper?

Next is the issue of environmental impact. Printed media apparently costs us 125,000 trees per year. E-readers may save paper but because manufacturers have not revealed how resource-intensive their gadgets are to produce and ship, their environmentally friendly rating has been hard to estimate. There is also the electricity used to keep them charged which doesn't come without its own share of CO2 emissions.

Books are not simply the sum of the information and words they contain. They can be a collector's item, an antique. They look pleasing and satisfying on your shelf; a physical representation of your journey through literature. The feel of the actual book and how the pages turn completely affect the reading experience and nothing beats the musty smell of second hand books (a very much acquired taste).

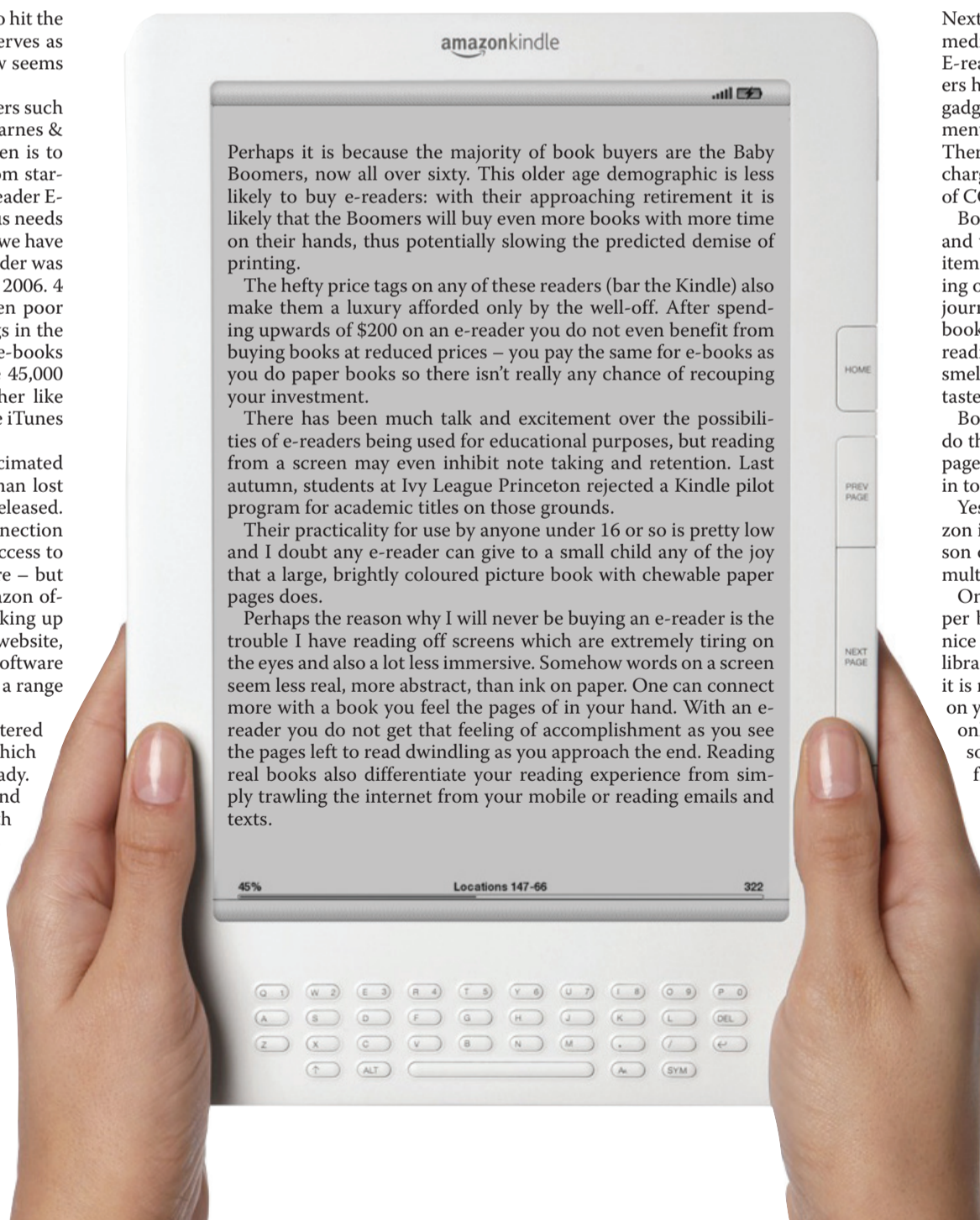
Books don't mind if you spill tea on them. Nor do they mind the occasional blim-burn. The blank pages at the book's front and back do wonderfully in toilet paper emergencies.

Yes, 145,000 titles available in e-format on Amazon is staggering and probably more than any person can read in a lifetime, yet there are still many multiples more available in paper.

One still sees an overwhelming majority of paper books on planes, tubes and trains. Yes, it is a nice thought that you are carrying around a small library in your pocket but books are not like music, it is not that beneficial to have more than a couple on your person at any given time: you tend to read only one book per (tube) journey whereas with songs, it is now almost crucial that we can shuffle about among thousands of tracks at a press of a button.

After we have finished reading an e-book there is no option of passing it from friend to friend or re-selling it to earn a bit of money. We can't spend a rainy afternoon wandering between the shelves of a bookstore, reading the books for free with e-books.

Numbers of e-readers sold thus far vary hugely and are very inconsistent with one figure claiming that 22m were shipped in 2009, yet another estimating that only 6m will be sold in 2010. No doubt, technological progress (no matter how redundant) is essential but I still don't have to like it. I feel sad when I hear that printing will one day be dead. When I am old will I have to switch to e-readers against my will? Or will I have to spend hours hunting for my choice of titles in hard to come by second hand bookshops? Let us hope not.





# Primavera Sound 2010 - The greatest festival of our generation

**Alex Ashford** Music Editor

Think of music festivals, think of Reading, and Leeds, and Glastonbury, and Bestival, think of the mud, think of having to stay in tents, think of all the stalls selling clothes that your auntie would probably call “funky/trendy/hip”. Think of the annoying fairground rides, people in “wacky” costumes, and the “yummy mummies” with their kids. But above all, think of having to spend most of the festival watching bands like The Kooks and Razorlight because they are the best thing on at that time.

Everything bad about festivals, Primavera Sound is very much not. There's no mud, there's no fairground rides, there's no one there for “the festival experience”. It might even take the trophy for the best music festival I have ever attended. Not only are there seven stages with music constantly from around 6pm to 5am on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (leaving most of the day for sleeping and enjoying the wonderful sights and tastes of Barcelona), but there are bands at other venues around the city on Wednesday and Sunday too, including free gigs by Real Estate, the King Khan & BBQ show, and Dum Dum Girls in the Joan Miro park; and a closing party with Jeffrey Lewis and the Black Lips at the Apollo.

Never before have I seen a festival line up full of bands I either really wanted to see, or hadn't heard of (and most of those were the Spanish bands). To name a few, Pixies, Pavement, Broken Social Scene, The Fall, Built to Spill, CocoRosie, Best Coast, Japandroids, No Age, Grizzly Bear, Dum Dum Girls, Jeffrey Lewis, Black Lips, Beach House, Atlas Sound, Ganglions, Wire, Liquid Liquid, Fuck Buttons, Health, Orbital, Panda Bear, The XX, Les Savy Fav, The Big Pink, Surfer

**Right:** Monotonix take crowdsurfing to a whole new level of awesome  
 Miguel Angel/  
 Flickr

**Below:**  
**Left, Ben Frost,**  
**Right, The xx**  
 Keith M Jones/  
 Flickr



Blood, Harlem, Lee “Scratch” Perry, and so on and on and on. Each night was rounded up by live performances and DJ sets from electro heavyweights like Diplo, Fake Blood, and the Bloody Beetroots.

My fondest memory of the festival will undoubtedly be standing on a

grassy hill, overlooking uncountable thousands of people and dancing non-stop seeing Pixies. Pixies are a band I got into when I was around 14 or 15, at that time when your friends would let you burn a CD they got from their older brother and it was music like you'd never heard before, something

totally different from the UK garage and American pop of the radio, something that blew your little teenage mind. Pixies are one of the few bands I liked then and over the years, I've only grown to like them more. Kurt Cobain is often quoted as saying he “was basically trying to rip off the Pixies.” Every song they played was a Pixies classic, from “Where is My Mind?” to “Debaser” as well as covers of the Jesus & Mary Chain and Neil Young's “Winterlong”. They may now be in their mid-forties but they can still play with the togetherness and quality they are renowned for, and the enthusiasm that can only come from being under the radar enough to have never created the dangerous rock-star egos that sadly happen to so many other bands.

If you have heard of CocoRosie, I would absolutely recommend that you see them live. Music that on record is quiet, delicate, and beautifully surrealistic, when heard live in person is like falling down a rabbit hole and becoming completely immersed in booming unearthly landscapes of melodies and hip-hop beats as Bianca and Sierra Casady float energetically around the stage. The benchmark of indie bands: Broken Social Scene was as wonderful

as my nostalgia could have hoped. I didn't think I would, but I dived right in to the arty indie-pop euphoria of it, dancing around and singing my heart out. A few hours later, Stephen Malkmus took to the main stage and the band that Broken Social Scene owe so much of their sound to, early 90s lo-fi pioneers Pavement, played their fuzzy chilled-out rock to a crowd of tens of thousands of fans. Finishing their set to the sound of “oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh your god, oh his god, oh her god” (the lyrics of “Shady lane”) sung by every person there.

This is not a festival for everyone, but that is why it works so well. It's a festival that draws in indie music enthusiasts from across the globe (you couldn't turn your head for the sound of different accents). When every single person there seems to be in a perpetual state of disbelief about how good the line up is it creates a collective feeling of belonging and satisfaction that you just will not find at the big festivals where the bands are this year's chart-toppers and they take second place to the idea of “a festival”. That is fine for most people, but for music lovers, this is so much better.



# Rage against the X-Factor

40,000 fans throw Simon Cowell the middle finger as Rage Against the Machine honour their free gig promise

**Duncan Casey**

"The victory party to end all victory parties" tore a hole through Finsbury Park on Sunday night, as Rage Against The Machine celebrated their unlikely, Facebook-based Christmas chart success in front of 65,000 people in the biggest fuck-you ever to be aimed at one music producer. Introduced to the stage by a caricature of Simon Cowell, complete with erect man-boobs and surrounded by mountains of cash, Rage smashed through a greatest hits set to an ecstatic crowd, all of whom had been given the tickets for free as a thank you from the band for their Christmas number one. Strains of Bombtrack and Bulls On Parade could be heard echoing across North London, as Zack de la Rocha and friends let the world know that they're still here and still angry, 18 years after their self-titled debut album came out.

In amongst the classics and the inevitable politics, Rage found time to squeeze in both a crowd-pleasing Clash cover and, touchingly, to present Jon and Tracy Morter, the couple who

founded the Facebook group in the first place, and to whom Simon Cowell so famously had to concede defeat on December 20th. They appeared on stage to accept a cheque for the profits of the single sales for Shelter, the charity for the homeless, and to accept the applause of the crowd for what probably seemed like a joke six months ago.

Despite the anti-capitalist snarling on-stage, Woodstock this was not. In

**Bellowed by 65,000 hoarse throats on a warm summer evening, 'Killing In The Name Of' retains an undeniable power**

some regards it felt more like Reading, with a choice of Carling or Carling at the bar and £7 hog roast vans galore. On the upside, this meant that the sound and visual setup was faultless - even a hundred yards from the stage, the bass was bowel-crushingly strong and when Tom Morello played his trademark feedback solos, every screech and whistle screamed from the rooftops. The predicted trouble never materialised: although a hundred or so people managed to force a breach in the fence - aside from that things went without a hitch. Hell, even the toilets weren't too bad.

Inevitably, the band finished with Killing In The Name Of: introduced by The Climb, the dreary, content-free piano wanking that Mr Cowell et al. had attempted to inflict on the world back in December. Despite the infamy, Killing In The Name Of still isn't Rage's best song, but bellowed by 65,000 hoarse throats on a warm summer evening, it retains an undeniable power, and reminded London that every now and then, a small number of determined people can still make a big difference.



**The Bamboos**  
4  
Tru Thoughts

Australian exports are not usually associated with the word 'class'. You could hardly imagine Crocodile Dundee in a suit or Rolf Harris without that happy, but slightly idiotic, look on his face. But The Bamboos, armed with a Blaxpotation-era funk vibe and Kylie Auld's rich, soulful vocals, prove that there's some style to be found Down Under.

Their latest album '4' (coincidentally their fourth in as many years) is a varied mix of powerful horns and stretched syllables on "On The Sly" and conspiratorial finger-clicking alleyway smoking on "You Ain't No Good". I spent much of my time revising for exams with the album on in the background and it functioned like an attentive girlfriend; quietly and confidently helpful without distracting or annoying. It's not an explosion of watermelons like an Animal Collective album nor a continuous reprise of the same sound like Bombay Bicycle Club's debut; instead it confidently explores a number of different sounds, the most audacious of which is a 5-minute sitar solo which sounds better on CD than it does in print.

Despite a couple of weak tracks - "Turn It Up" is one - the album is a success and if my endorsement doesn't convince (and let's be honest, why would it) take heed of funk legend Syl Johnson's words "The Bamboos are bad mother-\*\*\*\*ers!"

- Kadhim Shubber

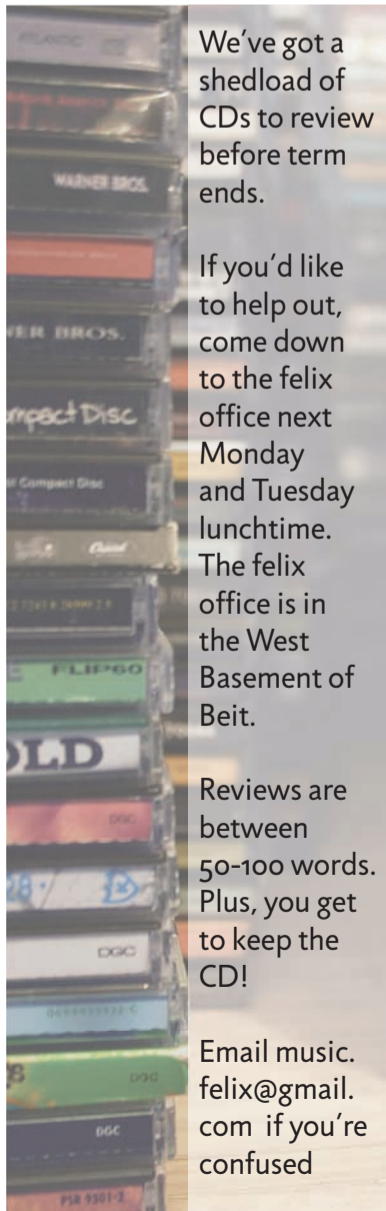


**Quantic**  
Dog With A Rope  
Tru Thoughts

Quantic is probably one of the most important musicians of our time. Like the early explorers of the New World, he returns every few months with new found musical treasures from Central and Southern America that delight and astound those who care to lend their ears. It's not only that he is immeasurably talented and not only that he is impossibly prolific (although those facts alone would identify him amongst the most interesting artists around today) but it's his approach to music that truly sets him apart. He's a collector who refuses to let the varied sounds of the Americas gather dust in hot, forgotten record stores and an explorer constantly seeking out new ingredients for his musical recipes, working with musicians of every conceivable background and bringing attention to sounds as yet unheard by Western ears.

That's the man, the album is as expected: beautiful. I cannot claim to write with a Pitchfork-like confidence about the intricacies of dub and reggae calypso fusion but no-one listening to "Dog With A Rope" could fail to appreciate its quality and relaxed complexity. You can feel the humid rhythms of the Colombian streets, you can almost taste the sugared rum and to be honest, after playing this album on repeat all evening, I barely managed to stop myself booking the first flight out to Bogota.

- Kadhim Shubber



We've got a shedload of CDs to review before term ends.

If you'd like to help out, come down to the felix office next Monday and Tuesday lunchtime. The felix office is in the West Basement of Beit.

Reviews are between 50-100 words. Plus, you get to keep the CD!

Email music.felix@gmail.com if you're confused

## Most listened to this week by Felix Music members on last.fm

1. Florence + The Machine
2. The xx
3. Radiohead
4. Muse
5. Bon Iver
6. David Bowie
7. Red Hot Chilli Peppers
8. Crystal Castles
9. The Killers
10. Animal Collective



We've hit 170 members this week which pretty much proves that you can rely on Christopher Walmsley to have at least one good idea per year. But seriously, despite Alex's initial, shall we say reservations about the last.fm group, I think it's been a success and Chris deserves a pat on the back for it. So if you see him in the sun with his shirt off, give him a nice big 'pat' on the back.

Unsurprisingly my invocation to get Barry White to No. 1 went unheeded. In fact not a single person listened

to him. Now that I think of it, even I didn't bother listening to him. Oops.

In other news, apparently 6 people in the group think it's o.k. to listen to Ellie Goulding... IT'S NOT.

Kadhim

# Once a scientist, always a scientist?

After studying Physics for 4 years and completing a PhD in Neuroscience, Valeria Del Prete (a.k.a Double Thumb) quit academia to pursue her dream of making music

**Kadhim Shubber** Music Editor

Look around the library and you'll see it. In those idle moments between productive bursts of revision, students daydreaming of a more glamorous life; I could have played for England, I could quit and go traveling or perhaps I could be a rockstar. For Valeria Del Prete these daydreams grew and grew until one day, after a Masters in Physics, a PhD and a year of post-doc study, she finally decided it was time to turn dreams to reality.

We're sitting outside the Builder's Arms near Gloucester Road and she's joking about how she still managed to get lost even though she's spent a lot of time around Imperial through her work assisting and tutoring a disabled Imperial Physics student. She's just recently finished a degree in Vocal Production at Thames Valley University and like many Imperial students, is feeling refreshed after weeks of exams.

But how does an academic from Italy end up producing music in her bedroom in Acton that Radio 6's Tom Robinson called "more original than 95% of the mundane nonsense churned out by 'professional' studios and labels these days" and "possibly the most assured debut recording I've heard by a UK artist since 'The Wizard' by Bat For Lashes?"

"I've always loved music. I started playing piano when I was 3 on this one octave piano and at the beginning I was just banging the same chord but I just naturally progressed with it. And when I was a teenager I was in a few bands. Rock bands mainly, playing stuff like Van Halen"

She laughs at her younger self, faintly embarrassed at the memory.

"I have a very soft voice now, so you can imagine me at 15 trying to sing Van Halen. I still have some recordings

and they're just hilarious."

The inevitable question on the tip of my tongue is what persuaded her to go down the safe route. Was it a lack of courage or parental pressure?

"It was a mixture of the two. My parents liked that I played music but they didn't like it as a career. They saw being a singer as kind of a whorish job. They have this idea of it being sexed up and all that. And they would say that my voice wasn't good enough. My dad's idea of a good voice is Whitney Houston and anything below that or different from that isn't good. And at the same time I wasn't very confident, I was really uncomfortable with myself when I was a teenager. If I had started making music then, it probably would have been a disaster. I was too dramatic and emotional about everything."

But her time studying Physics wasn't necessarily an unhappy period in her life. As she tells it, she was too busy studying and learning for things like unhappiness. "It was like being under the influence of some drug. I put aside any ambition that I had. It was like being a completely different person."

It took a long time for Valeria the musicians to fight back against Valeria the scientist. She'd had an interest in neuroscience as a teenager and basically sleep-walked into a PhD at the International School for Advanced Studies in Trieste.

"During my PhD I started to get over my lack of confidence and something started to re-emerge. I started to become dissatisfied and I thought, 'Do I really want to become a 50-year old professor?' But it wasn't sudden, when you've been studying for so long it's hard to just renounce it all. It took another two years to make that decision. I got depressed and eventually I just reached a threshold."

Was there a moment I ask her? A sudden decisive revelation?

Ph. Marco Girolami



"During my PhD I started to become dissatisfied and I thought, 'Do I really want to become a 50-year old professor?' But it was still hard to renounce it all"

"I remember what finally made me decide. I went back to Italy for a few weeks and I got in touch with some musicians that I knew there and we did a couple of sessions together and I suddenly realized "This is great! I want to do this all my life."

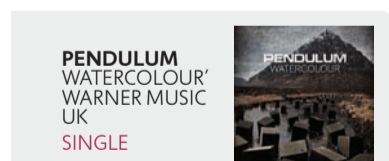
That was 6 years ago but Valeria isn't fazed by her relative lack of success, when the compared to flash-in-the-pan stars of mainstream pop. "I liked the idea of success more when I was younger. But now success scares me. Obviously having enough money so that you don't have to worry is great but success is also a cage. You can't go out with friends, you don't have your own time, so right now I'm quite happy because I'm in control of what I'm do-

ing. My main goal isn't success, it's to produce quality music that I'm happy with and that people appreciate genuinely, not just because I'm in a magazine but because of the music."

It's great to hear somebody talk about their commitment to "the music" without the usual garbled pretentious twaddle that usually accompanies, but I can't help but take her criticism of success with a pinch of salt. When I ask her the age old question, "Who would you love to perform with?" she laughs and answers cheekily "An audience of 35,000 people."

[www.last.fm/music/double+thumb](http://www.last.fm/music/double+thumb)  
[www.myspace.com/crazyforicecream](http://www.myspace.com/crazyforicecream)

## Reviews



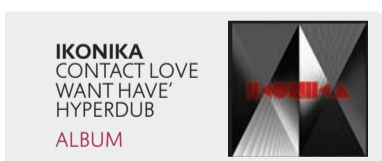
Back when Propane Nightmares came out, I really thought Pendulum were on to something. Since then, though, they've gone the way of Linkin Park: although the ingredients are there, the end product is simply less than the sum of its parts. Watercolour is no exception - while the energy is there and the bassline does its job, it sounds anodine, clinical and joyless: like it was written to appeal to radio audiences rather than because it was fun. I really want to like Pendulum, but that isn't likely to happen until they go back to what they're good at.

- Duncan Casey



Flying Lotus has dubbed Cosmogramma his "space opera", and as his third album in four years, I'm glad it's taken a different theme. It's an album that works as a whole for the devoted fan and has singles that have wider appeal like "...And the World Laughs with You", a collaboration with Thom Yorke that mixes Flying Lotus' trademark deep basslines and electronics with Yorke's haunting vocals and "Do the Astral Plane" which, with its clear funk influence, will put a smile on your face and get you at least doing your chair dance.

- Sophie Okell



Given that she is dubstep's most anticipated female artist, with singles such as 'Please' behind her and is signed to Kode 9's label Hyperdub, I was eager to hear Ikonika's debut. However even with all the excitement, it was hard to listen to the end. The incessant video game samples, grated on me and left me longing for a heavier bass line. The lack of real instrumentals is obvious and the glitchiness of the synths scratches at your ears. It isn't a complete write-off with the anthemic 'Ikonoklast' and Burial-esque 'Continue?' providing much needed relief.

- Sophie Okell



An unusually intelligent rock record, this sounds a little like the politicised punk-rock that Green Day have been churning out for the last five years, but with less posturing and, impressively, a more introspective attitude. Although largely unknown in the UK, the Florida rockers have been turning out punk records for over a decade now, and the experience seems to have mellowed and deepened their sound in a way that lifts them beyond the mass-production punk-pop dominating the charts.

- Duncan Casey



Ah, the obligatory pretentious art-rock offering. Falsetto? Check. Quirky time signatures? Check. It's a regular collection of Bloc Party-u-like clichés. The choppy timing has the unfortunate effect of making the record sound like you're listening to it on Atlantic 252 on long wave - fading in and out so rapidly that it's almost impossible to listen to without checking to see if the CD's skipping. Avoid.

- Duncan Casey



# CAT-NIP

Text in to 07832670472

Email in at [catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk)

Tweet @felixcatnip



## CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

### ANOTHER YEAR DOWN:

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Text: 07832670472

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## How Will You Keep Cool This Summer?

Everyone else has been stocking their fridges with ice-cream and stuff. Not me. I've been excavating the freezer space so I can crawl inside come July.

First Year MechEng

It's not a problem for me. I live in Wales.

Second Year Medic

A guy on my floor tried freezing his beer. The can exploded and then froze over everything. It was all pretty funny until I got a hangover from my chicken kiev.

First Year Biochemist

Is it any time time between 12am and 12am on a day ending in Y? I make that Pimm's o'clock!

Third Year Biologist

I've stitched special compartments into my clothes for a series of cheeky ice-packs. Of Pimm's.

Second Year Chemist

## Drunken-Mate Photo Of The Week



Got a picture of your mate being an absolute waste of oxygen? Well, get your camera out and email your drunken mates to [catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk)

Did this reveller spill into the toilets as they were being cleaned, or did the cleaners just start work around the body on the floor? It's a real chicken-and-egg situation.

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

## A Thank-You From Magnus Winklefilch

Sir, a few weeks ago an epistle of mine was printed here, and I can't even begin to tell you how much it meant to me. I cried for two days. I was so pleased to see my real name printed, my noble family name – Magnus Winklefilch, the name which has been passed down in my family from father to son like a pair of pants, since my great-great-great-grandfather. Because, I'm afraid to tell you, I used to send a lot of letters. Oh yes, and I would have carried on but they kept calling me Maggie Winkie.

Can you believe it?! Well, it was a curse I tell you, and I stopped sending letters right off. But since my arrival at university, I'm pleased to say no-one knows about the whole 'Maggie' episode and I've been able to start all over again. None of my buddies at the Autistic Club have ever called me Maggie! I don't have autism actually, but going to the club makes me feel good about my social skills, and it's not a lot of effort because we don't like meeting up much.

So, thank you again, sir. With all my heart, in loving kindness, and with deepest sympathy,

Adieu.

Magnus "Maggie" WinkieFinkie.

## Overheard At Imperial...

A: I love Biochemistry.

B: More than sex?

A: Aren't they the same thing? – I knew I chose the wrong degree.

We will get into the finer points of teaspoon design later. – I can't wait!

If you look at the molar mass of nitrogen, it's slightly different from nitrogen. – You're not looking at oxygen, are you?

If you do not understand this, please go home. – They only tell us this now?!

A: What were you doing last night?

B: I was with your mum (Oooh!).

A: No, I was with her. – And suddenly it's even more disturbing.

I actually know the cabinet better than I know the England football team. – On the up-side, they'll probably stay in longer anyway.

Is your life so dull you're eavesdropping on others?  
Post your listenings on the "Overheard at Imperial" facebook group





*felix* Arts Editors Caz Knight & Rosie Milton say farewell from the studio!







# 4.3.2.1 is a countdown for a big misfire

## 4.3.2.1.

**Director** Mark Davis, Noel Clarke  
**Screenwriter** Noel Clarke  
**Cast** Emma Roberts, Tamsin Egerton, Ophelia Lovibond

**Ed Knock** Film Editor

*4.3.2.1* is a chauvanistic wet-dream fantasy of gorgeous girls running around in their panties stumbling into ridiculous situations involving their amorous lesbian lovers. Apparently this is Noel Clarke's response to recent criticism of the lack of convincing female parts in his films. I hate to imagine the carnage caused by him and Jo Brand crossing paths.

Clarke is the currently the darling of grimey British drama after the highly successful *Kidulthood* and *Adulthood* films but his latest offering is a move towards a more stylish thriller and he fails miserably. The grittiness is replaced by the oh so fashionable fast paced editing and a headache inducing story structure.

'4 girls, 3 days, 2 cities, 1 chance' states the movie's tag line if it's title

was puzzling you. The immaculately bonneted Tasmin Egerton plays the confident Cassandra, a wealthy piano virtuoso who spends her free time at Westfield with her friends Kerrys (Shanika Warren-Markland), the aforementioned sassy Brazilian lesbian and Joanne, a homesick American who has found herself working in a convenience store. Ophelia Lovibond completes the quartet as Shannon who is a troubled girl because she wears a parka and too much eyeliner.

We are briefly introduced to the girls and made aware of a diamond heist before being whisked away to follow each characters separate adventures over the next three days. This is where the film falls apart. We first experience Shannon's three days courtesy of a cameraman with Alzheimer's. The handheld camera is in vogue these days but it is used so excruciatingly badly that it's jittery nature only emphasises the confusion of the plot.

By time the story moves onto Shannon, the audience is completely clueless about the film and likely disinterested as a result. Shannon quickly loses her clothes in New York and her part in the film seems solely to look fantastic in underwear. Kerrys' section is no better and her 'You go girl!' attitude is just

a shameless excuse for some steamy sex scenes with her girlfriend.

It's only in the final quarter of the film does the film's plot resemble any cohesion. The very loosely interwoven story lines miss any of the subtle effectiveness of similar alternative plot structures like *Memento*.

The cast's performances are average, which isn't helped by an ordinary script. However the biggest atrocity is saved for Noel Clarke who portrays an idealised version of himself, I couldn't believe my ears when one character declared "He probably has a really big cock!" This arrogance is annoying prevalent throughout the film and it really made me despise it.

There is some comic moments from a cameo by Kevin Smith who highlights the uncomfortable reality of being an overweight American in a plane seat. Unfortunately his role can't rescue what is essentially the cinema version of Clarke's sexual fetishes.

*4.3.2.1* is not a modern re imagining of the *Italian Job* with head strong female characters as it might have aimed to be and lacks any of the 'Cool Britannia' of Michael Caine in *Get Carter*. Stay well clear, for all the camera tricks and pouting girls, it is inevitably a very boring piece of cinema.



## ADVERT

### Save the Children Society street collection

We had 14 volunteers, collecting between 10.30am and 6pm, outside the Chelsea FC grounds on a match day.

Chief promoter – Mr Robin Pitt

Promoter – Miss Lauren Waterman

Type of fundraiser – Bucket Collection with Street Collection Permit

Area – Hammersmith & Fulham

Charity – Save the Children UK (Charity number 213890)

Date of collection – 27th March 2007

Amount collected and distributed to the charity – £683.24

Expenses incurred – £0 (volunteers paid their own travel expenses)

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# Inside Hollywood: how films are made

## Development

The producer is the overall architect of the film and is in full control of putting a film into development. The first job of a producer is to find a story for his film. This can be from a novel, play, a remake of a previous film or often a completely original idea. The next step is to prepare a treatment of the story, this is usually a short synopsis of the film including characters and themes.

The treatment is then presented to a screenwriter who will spend the next couple of months preparing a full script. Alternatively the producer may buy a script which has already been written by an aspiring or established writer. With the script in place the producer will 'pitch' his film to a movie studio or independent financiers. If the pitch is successful, the film is 'greenlighted' and once all the necessary contracts are signed, the film moves into pre-production.

## Production

Once all the cast and crew have been hired, the filming can commence. Usually one scene is shot per day as it takes a lot preparation and can sometimes involve many takes. The crew set up their equipment whilst the actors are made up and dressed in the wardrobe department. When everyone is ready, the director will start filming. In Hollywood there is a specific procedure to filming takes as follows:

- The Assistant Director (AD) calls "picture is up!" to inform everyone a take is about to be shot.
- Once the cast and crew are ready the AD calls "roll sound!". When the sound engineer is happy he calls "sound speed".
- The AD calls "roll camera" and the cameraman again replies "speed" when the camera is running.
- The 'clapper' calls "marker!" and snaps his snapperboard shot. The AD may call "action background" if extras in the scene are required.
- The director then calls "action!" to start the take and "cut!" when it's finished.
- This repeated for any additional angles required for the scene
- When the director is happy with the scene he calls "that's a wrap!" The crew will then "strike" and take down the set

After the scene is shot the director and crew watch the "dailies" in the evening. Once the whole film is entirely finished it is known as "in the can" and usually a wrap party is organised.

## Pre-production

Before the film can start shooting, a production office is established to manage all aspects of its production. A storyboard is constructed from the script outlining how every scene should look. A budget is assigned to the film and then the cast and crew are hired! The most important members of the crew are as listed below.

### Director

The director is the 'author' of the film and it's his vision that guides its outcome. The director controls most aspects of the film's production at this point.

### Sound Engineer

The sound engineer is in charge of the audio in the film either on set or recorded in a studio.

### Director of Photography

Also known as a cinematographer, the DP is probably the most important crew member after the director and is responsible for the camera and lighting crews.

### Wardrobe and makeup

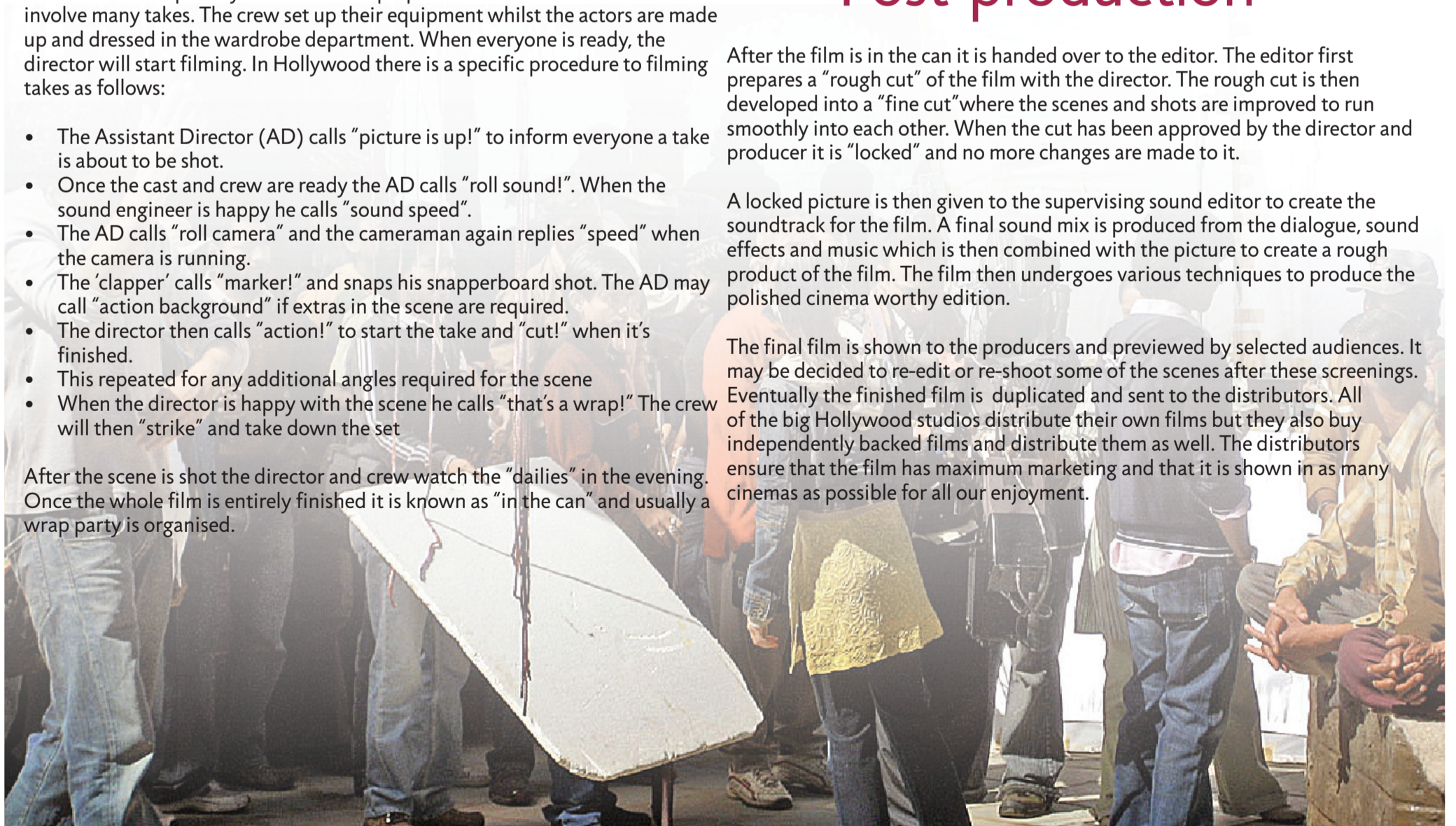
An important role often looked over. The continuity of the actors appearance is meticulously maintained.

## Post-production

After the film is in the can it is handed over to the editor. The editor first prepares a "rough cut" of the film with the director. The rough cut is then developed into a "fine cut" where the scenes and shots are improved to run smoothly into each other. When the cut has been approved by the director and producer it is "locked" and no more changes are made to it.

A locked picture is then given to the supervising sound editor to create the soundtrack for the film. A final sound mix is produced from the dialogue, sound effects and music which is then combined with the picture to create a rough product of the film. The film then undergoes various techniques to produce the polished cinema worthy edition.

The final film is shown to the producers and previewed by selected audiences. It may be decided to re-edit or re-shoot some of the scenes after these screenings. Eventually the finished film is duplicated and sent to the distributors. All of the big Hollywood studios distribute their own films but they also buy independently backed films and distribute them as well. The distributors ensure that the film has maximum marketing and that it is shown in as many cinemas as possible for all our enjoyment.





# Ode To Joan Holloway: Mad Men Icon

Saskia Verhagen pays tribute to her girl-crush, the ferociously glamorous siren played by Christina Hendricks

**M**ad Men brings me a much-needed weekly dose of aesthetic pleasure. The dazzlingly styled show is set in 1960s New York in the fictional ad agency Sterling Cooper and is supposed to revolve around Don Draper, an advertising executive with a shady past, married to an icy blonde goddess and prone to infidelity – but as far as I'm concerned, Joan Holloway steals the show.

Voluptuous – adjective 1. relating to or characterized by luxury or sensual pleasure. 2. (of a woman) curvaceous and sexually attractive. This, ladies and gentleman, is Joan Holloway. With classic pin-up beauty – porcelain skin, blue almandine eyes and full lips – she is the queen bee office manager of Sterling Cooper, ruling over rows of typing secretaries with a sweet smile and a knowing eye. Her mere presence steals hours' worth of stares wherever she goes, her undulating Titian-red curls bouncing to the rhythm of her swiny, confident step – the walk of a woman fully aware of her devastating effect on anyone with a Y chromosome. Her mantra: if you want the girl next door, you should go next door.

Her shape is triumphantly feminine – rounded edges, curves where they ought to be: she is the essence of what it is to be a woman. As such, her style would appeal only to those designers who adore and worship the female form: Alber Elbaz, Roland Mouret, Dolce & Gabbana. Her dresses and skirt suits hug every corner, (you understand finally what the body-conscious movement was all about) defined by the classic, high 1960s waist, and in confident jewel brights – cherry red, emerald green, cobalt blue – not a taupe or oatmeal to be seen. She is modest too; skirts fall to the knee, cleavage is a rarity – too easy – and heels climb only to an unassuming 2".

Compared to Betty Draper, (wife of main character Don) the Grace Kelly-esque ice queen housewife with endless hours to preen and primp herself into picture-perfection, always in wasp-waisted pastels, pearls and a prim card, Joan is a warm, savvy career girl. Her work uniform serves more as asset-management than anything else – for she does have assets any woman would be proud of – and her taste and style is the envy of all the women in the office. Seductive without being obvious, she is the office femme fatale, but at the same time, a world-wise big sister to the other girls of the office, the only one amongst them who is respected amongst both the male and female staff.

In an episode in the second season, each secretary is categorised as either a Marilyn Monroe or a Jackie Kennedy in a campaign for Playtex. When asked which kind of woman Holloway is, one of the ad execs answers, "Well, Marilyn's really a Joan, not the other way around" – yes, where Marilyn wiggles, Joan writhes; where Marilyn was a dumb blonde, Joan is deeply auburn; where Marilyn would tentatively dip



**"She steals hours' worth of stares, her undulating Titian-red curls bouncing to the rhythm of her swiny, confident step"**

her toe into the pool, Joan will dive in – Joan Holloway is the lioness where Marilyn is the kitten.

She is sharp, rapid-fire, bold and intelligent. During the series she has a long-running affair with one of the firm partners, Robert Sterling, which

ends when Sterling has a heart attack (if anyone could induce infarction in a man, Joan could). Joan is a thirtysomething woman torn between her desire to be a comfortably married woman and her disgust at the prospect of instead becoming a bored housewife. Her independent spirit coupled with the misogynistic times leaves Joan in a something of a quandary; but with a fabulously written script filled with cutting one-liners, she is nothing less than a joy to watch.

This is Woman: what Plato would have called his Form; what Jung would have called his Archetype. Yes, it would seem that I have an uncontrollable crush on the woman. Well, so does everyone else. She is beautiful, confident, emotionally fraught and not without her fair share of knocks in life, but with such infectious joie de vivre that she is difficult not to love.



Anna Wintour didn't get to where she is today wearing scuffed shoes



**A Lesson In Glamour**

Saskia Verhagen Fashion Editor

**F**or those regular readers of the fashion page, I am the columnist (now promoted to editor!) unremittingly banging on about glamour, taking time over your look and having pride in your appearance. It's my bête noire, especially as a student at an institution such as Imperial, where it seems that taste and fashion are utterly superfluous concepts to most students. And yet, every now and then, I see a fellow style-maven cross my path. A vintage tea dress here, a purple patent McQueen Elvie bag there – I know you're out there. And a knowing smile crosses my face as we nod in mutual recognition – "yes, I see you. Are we the only ones?"

It's crucial. As a medical student, I know that every day I was being judged on what I wore in to hospital. Whilst certain boys were reprimanded by their consultants for unironed shirts, scuffed shoes and general uncleanliness, I wondered whether they realised quite how ridiculous their predicament was. They bitched and moaned

about how consultants ought to worry about their patients' health, not their students, who they ignore most of the time – and the one time they are acknowledged, it's to be chastised like a child about how they look.

Well, duh. The consultants care about how they appear to their patient. It's the first point of judgement, and thus the first point at which the patient decides whether this is a doctor they believe will make them better.

Clearly a doctor with a smart, well put-together student standing behind them looks better than a scuffed, unshaven mug with a battered notepad, tripping over his shoelace.

I mean, who would you prefer?

And the theory transfers to all corners of any professional industry. People are judgemental. All this rubbish about "inner beauty" is irrelevant in the interview setting. Ten minutes to demonstrate who you are and the easiest way to make an impression is putting on a smart, well-cut suit or dress – not only do you look better, you feel better.

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My heart dropped as the machete fell and cracked its victim wide open.

The kid retrieved the coconut and emptied its contents before swiping his knife against another fruit, an exotic one I failed to identify, and devoured it. He hoisted his arm in my direction; I declined the offer with a grin and received a look that spelt "suit yourself".

"Nem blong yu?"

There was only so much Bislama - Vanuatu's dialect that is in fact a form of Pidgin English - I could memorise from the in-flight magazine. Asking for someone's name happened to be there somewhere in my memory.

"Nem blong mi Joe."

I swallowed hard when the machete found its mark on its latest target.

"Knife blog papa blog yu?"

He laughed as if it was the most ridiculous idea he had ever heard.

"No. Knife blog mi."

I recalled our time together as I fixed my gaze on the camera monitor. The most striking feature in the photograph, that smile. The one captured and frozen within a millisecond, desynchronised from the natural progression of time. What does this represent? Joe, my one-time Malekulan guide, only seven years of age, posing with a machete the length of his torso, smiling - what do I see behind those rows

of white teeth? rubble, George pulled out the conch and effortlessly sent resonances across the hills. Some ten minutes passed with little words passed between us.

"You're lucky, cannibalism was abolished yesterday"; so many Fijians I had encountered, prior to my visit to Vanuatu, would joke. At that very moment, being stalked from behind the bushes by would-be predators and consumers was hardly unimaginable, and hardly satirical.

Hunting weapons, tribal costumes, canapés of human meat on wooden cannibal forks, none of those the chief's son and his companion greeted us with. They were raggedly clad, torn t-shirts and dusty pants, armed only with machetes and warm handshakes.

Launching straight into the narrative, with George translating, they identified the outwardly purposeless debris as stone ovens, drinking bowls, cooking surfaces, mirrors - basins filled with water that reflected one's face, painted prior to the ceremonial slaughter.

An open ground which surrounded a banyan marked the spot where, tied to the tree and macabre fate pending, the daunted victim overlooked a procession of kava-crazed feasters, who would fanatically dance for an indefinite length of time before the inevitable deed took place.

With ease, the chief's son wedged his hand through a crack, under a burial site, and retrieved a skull. It belonged, he ex-

plained, to the son of an ancestral chieftain of his.

those of appreciation, of delight to a bountiful harvest, traditionally performed during the gathering of local produce. As far as what I witnessed in the present day was concerned, delight and appreciation were but shortages of expressions on the men's faces. As they marched out, unclothed except for their nambas - or penis sheaths made of leaves - they broke into well-rehearsed routines that appeared more rewarding to the ignorant foreigner and his camera, and less fulfilling to the dancers' sense of self satisfaction and their need to give praise.

It wasn't that these people were natural-born un-enthusiasts. I managed to recognise a few individuals within the entourage with whom, over lunch consisting of rice and corned beef/tuna, I had exchanged anecdotes with earlier.

George asked me what I thought of the kastom dances. I managed a shrug.

"It used to be better, Gibson." He developed the habit of addressing me as 'Gibson' - don't ask why. "Now, bad management."

Perhaps. Though, personally, I found 'management' of indigenous customs that are commercialised, a very Western concept indeed, much more sentimental than hearing a bad management had ruined the performance. The kastom dances, treated like a means of income, seemed to be losing their traditional values.

This wasn't the only trace of Western influence on the island. Further down the

**"Fundamentally, no matter how much they consume from the outside world, no matter how much they understand the mechanics, the Malekulans are confused."**

of white teeth?

A blessed innocence and pure glee?

A coerced happiness and theatrical cooperation?

I dropped the pen, turned up the kerosene lamp and rubbed against my eyes. My neighbours, a plump Italian man named Luigi and his wife, were arguing. Outside of the guesthouse, neatly placed by the shores of Rose Bay, waves clashed against boulders of petrified coral. Abandoned by my muses, I laid aside my notepad and stared at the ceiling.

And it struck me: why was I there in the first place?

While flights depart for Tanna and Espirito Santo daily from the ni-Van capitol Port Vila, and planes bound for Pentecost packed during the naghol season, between April and June, the sparsely-scheduled transport exchange between Malekula and the mainland, much more utilised by locals than foreigners, often leaves tourists wondering whether or not the endeavour would be worth their while.

Which, thankfully, leaves Malekula less frequented than its counterparts - though losing out in the tourism arms race is by no means an indication of tedium. Quite the contrary, its succulent history of cannibalism riddles the island with relics and ex-sites of murder, and empowers its locals with tales of masochism and, well, gluttony. What had terrorised sailors and diverted many navigators has now claimed the title of being Malekula's main attraction.

The day after my arrival, I got to flex my muscles on a jungle trek deep into the mountains, dextrously led through the treacherous terrain by my guide George, at which I was promised a history lesson. Not until the teachers show up, though. From behind an inconspicuous pile of

plained, to the son of an ancestral chieftain of his.

"What about the bones of those who were eaten?" I enquired though having already half-guessed the answer.

"Scattered all over, since they were disgraced and did not deserve a proper burial," the ni-Van replied, via George. "The bones are also used by those important in the tribe as jewellery, as trophies, to remind their enemies of their might."

How glad I was to have crossed their paths not with hostility, nor in the wrong era.

I could imagine how much disappointment the locals have seen, throughout their careers as couriers of the cannibal site: lacking elaborate exhibits, clearly-annotated and excessively educational display signs, "authentic" attire donned by my hosts and emanating captivity I can only describe as corny and cheesy, the common modern tourists who frequented Occidental museums and historical sites, who would expect similar services even deep in the forest, were up for a moan. While I enjoyed the site's idyllic charms, the vivid edifying annotation and the urge to knock my imagination into full gear, many may beg to differ - if they hadn't first finished complaining about the half-day-return walk that led them to "nothingness".

Though this wasn't alone result of rapid progression of the increasingly demanding tourism industry - it was also due to the genuine lack of interest in the tourism industry, or the exploiting of, as displayed by many Malekulans.

Kastom dances - kastom a Bislama word derived from 'custom' - represent the psyche of every ni-Van tribe and are constituted by their geography, climate and social values. The ones I saw on Malekula were

road from Walarano, the village adjacent to Rose Bay, rusty poles were erected to serve as goals; barely having scrubbed off the makeup the boys flaunted their football skills. The village shop, ever an emporium of fascination to the local children, sold tinned meat and other basic imported goods. Reggae remixes of pop hits burped out from every jeep stereo. Even kava, while achieving customary reverence in Fiji, was here passed through a meat grinder instead of the more orthodox, and respectable, preparation methods.

Not that Malekula had a desire to oust all of its traditional values.

I encountered a hunting party, completed with machetes and belligerent dogs, as I descended from the cannibal site. They were searching for pigs: despite the presence of paper money, pigs and their tusks remain to this day as Vanuatu's most important form of currency. A family travelled by foot, seizing a broad leaf to shield themselves from the raindrops.

Fundamentally, no matter how much they consume from the outside world, no matter how much they understand the mechanics, the Malekulans are confused. Whatever Western mind set, ideals, attitudes that came with the merchandise, what islanders could grasp are mostly those of materialism.

Back in Walarano, men fired up the enormous village oven to roast coconuts. School fees season loomed, and a shipment of copra were expected to be delivered soon. Sure it would bring income, they confessed, though as to why the foreigners would pay for coconut oil they did not know.

Likewise with tourism. The Malekulans are tremendous in their understanding of hospitality; however, especially when they are relatively new to the concept of leisure

# The Curious Cas Tourist on Island

One year on, Dylan Lowe recalls his visit on  
interprets the hidden metaphors that depict  
to tourism



# e of the -time

## Malekula Island, and the island's response

travelling, they have yet to comprehend the motives and habits behind a visitor. This is particularly true with the rise of fast-food style tourism, pre-planned daily schedules and rigid punctuality, where the paying customer gets the hassle-free convenience and guaranteed servitude money can buy.

I had sat down with my new friend Flavian, an inhabitant of Walarano, engaged in the laughter-packed conversation, when Luigi and his wife arrived, demanding kava. I took a swig of kava, emptied the cup's content in a few gulps, and watched the Italians pacing back and forth, sweating, as the locals casually prepared the kava roots with their trusty grinder.

Five minutes later, he sent George to the 'kava bar' - merely a shed where the villagers hang out - to chivvy the production team.

Ten minutes later, shattering the tranquillity of Walarano as well as disrupting me midway through a 'story', with his raised tone.

"Is it so hard to get a kava here? In Tanna we got our kava in one minute -"

His voice trailed off in an aggressive cough. Recovered, he returned to his heavily-accented volley of abuses before telling his wife that they were leaving. The scare tactic was to little avail, since the locals could only laugh - so could Flavian and I. Defeated, he gingerly crept into a corner, duly sat in silence with the wife until his request was delivered before him.

Flavian asked me why Luigi would lose his rag over something petty as a bowl of kava.

"I don't know. Maybe he's in a hurry - maybe he's late for chickie chickie time?"

The circumstances under which I met Flavian were truly serendipitous. Seeing a sign advertising wood carvings I wandered into Walarano to satisfy my curiosity. We talked, enclosed by Flavian's carvings that I confessed to have no interest in, and he asked me for the favour of checking his application for an Australian visitor's visa. I obliged, and our acquaintance was born.

He was a family man, married with an adorable daughter. By no means hampering his ambitions though: over dinner in his house he explained to me how he had hoped to construct several guesthouses on the land beside the sea, which he owned.

Flavian was amongst those of the younger generation of Malekulans who recognised the significance of tourism in improving their living standards. I admired his aspiration - after all, all he desired were a better upbringing for his daughter and more forgiving conditions for a peaceful life.

I muttered a few words of encouragement on my way out, bade him good luck with the challenges he faced. It left me pondering: with more Luigi's and Flavian's transforming the island, for the better or worse, how different will I find Malekula on my next visit? Will it boast Hilton-style professional performers, smiles feigned and stiff like wax, there to appease an audience of pillagers whose enjoyment and cultural learning will not compensate for their mess?

I certainly hope not.



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# 3D's back baby! You ready?

Simon Worthington looks at 3D TV and what it means for you



are likely to set you back only around £5-10 a pair. The downside is a reduction in brightness and around about 30% colour loss.

Alternatively you have active 3D, also referred to as 'alternate frame sequencing', which uses a more high-tech set of glasses to create the 3D effect. Each pair of glasses has a liquid crystal display instead of a lens that, when a voltage is applied across it, turns dark and opaque (using the same idea as displaying numbers on a digital watch). Pairs of glasses are synchronised via infra-red or RF to the television that tells the glasses which eye should be open and closed at any one time. This creates the desired 3D effect by ensuring individual frames can be sent to individual eyes. Active shutter technology is by far the most popular choice with

almost every major TV manufacturer having a device in the marketplace using this technology meaning it's set to become the standard in some form for 3D viewing. Both glasses and screens are quite expensive however, coming in at around £2000 for a 46" TV and £60-100 for each pair of glasses.

## Auto-what now?

If the prospect of donning an oversized set of specs is worrying you, auto-stereoscopic displays may have the answer. These sets don't require any kind of accessory for the user to wear, instead using a lenticular sheet, or parallax barrier, to show the image across multiple viewing angles. With enough different angles each eye will receive a different picture and so observe a 3D effect.

Auto-stereoscopic technology also holds the possibility of allowing viewers to quite literally tilt their head to see behind an object on the screen, using a sufficiently large amount of data to present different images at different angles. However, the effect can cause a loss of picture quality and isn't as noticeable as the other methods.

Phillips used this effect in their WOWvx product line as early as two years ago, but they have since dropped the range stating that they 'didn't want to enter a format war' over 3D technology standards. Most of the current offerings are aimed at advertisers, although the technology does seem to be gaining use on portable devices. Hitachi will soon be the first to release a 3D phone screen in Japan, whilst Nintendo announced that the next version of their popular hand-held games console, the Nintendo 3DS (see what they did there?), will use the effect.

Coca-Cola trying out the same technique for a Super Bowl commercial as early as 1989. More recently, Channel 4's '3D Week' showed documentaries and images of the Queen in 3D using pairs of the classic red-and-blue cardboard glasses.

The difference this time around however is that the television industry is now focussing on 'real 3D' that doesn't distort images or ruin colours. The current idea is to send different television images to each eye directly instead of filtering based on colour. This has recently been made possible by improvements in television and broadcast technology. There are three main approaches being used by manufacturers referred to as 'passive 3D', 'active 3D' and 'auto-stereoscopic viewing'.

## Passive or Active?

Most of you will be at least be familiar with passive 3D, which is the same system that is used in cinemas. The television display is 'polarised', only emitting light in a specific way, with viewers having to wear a set of glasses whose lenses have also been 'polarised'. Polarisation is changed on each successive frame and when viewing the programme through the glasses each frame is only seen by one eye. Hardware manufacturer LG has announced at least one display (the LD950) that will use this approach. A lower price is the primary benefit of this system, with sets costing up to £200 less than the other methods in use. The 3D glasses required are also relatively cheap and

The age of the red-and-blue grainy cliché is over! Cast aside your cheap cardboard spectacles and make way for a new era of unparalleled 3D realism accompanied by spectacular picture quality. However, instead of overpriced cinema screenings the revolution is going to happen right in your front room, changing the televisions and video games we know and love for ever.

At least, that's what television manufacturers would like us to believe, as they prepare a fresh wave of new '3D-ready' screens for release throughout this year and next. But as with any new technology, consumers are left with very big questions that need answering. Where has this new 3D technology come from? What will I need, and how much will it cost? Is there going to be any trouble for early adopters? Is it really worth it?

## From the Big Screen

Most of us will now be pretty familiar with the idea of watching 3D movies in a cinema with many notable films pushing beyond the use of 3D as a novelty effect and instead using the technology in a much more integral way. With the box office success of films like *Avatar*, which was shown in both IMAX 3D and in regular cinema 3D, television manufacturers are now bringing to market all their 3D prototypes to try and cash in on increased interest in viewing in the third dimension. In fact, 3D television is not a new concept with broadcasters like the BBC transmitting 3D specials of *Doctor Who* in 1993 and

## iPhone 4-ing it in stereoscope

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor



am! The World Cup is here! Yes, footballers from around the world are set to do battle on the International stage. But wait, how can you get all World Cup all the time? The Beeb and ITV will be doing an outstanding job I'm sure, covering all angles on the TV, but what about when you're on the bus?

TVcatchup.com is your best bet for live streaming. It'll stream to your old and busted, or new and shiny iPhone no problem, even over 3G, so you'll never miss a goal.

Can't watch something, but still want more? Well good, old fashioned radio is your next best bet. Radio 5 Live will be covering most of the games, leaving your hands free to do other things.

Last but not least, there's the World Cup apps; loads of em, for all smartphone platforms, so check them out.

## Need more iPhone 4?

Then check out this Sunday's episode of the Wrap Sheet podcast talking iPhone 4, iOS4 and everything in between.

Available free on iTunes, Facebook or the blog

[www.thewrapsheet.co.uk](http://www.thewrapsheet.co.uk)



## Format war imminent?

As may be evident, there is currently a lack of consensus in the television industry as to which implementation of 3D TV viewing is best. Thankfully, Sky TV have already announced their 3D Sky+ box will work on all displays without worry. At the moment though, each manufacturer has its own proprietary system for controlling glasses and polarisation. Not only may this lead to another format war of some kind (anyone remember HD-DVDs?), which is bad news for early adopters, but it's also frustrating for consumers as it means glasses from different companies aren't compatible with each other.

The glasses issue is also a sticky subject. Right since its first broadcast, watching television has been a social experience with as many people able to watch as can be fit into the room. It may be the case however, that 3D TV is set to mess with this stereotype requiring every viewer to adorn glasses, which in large families could get very expensive very quickly. It also raises questions over watching with friends, as anyone without a pair of glasses can't take part in the 3D experience. Lack of standards for glasses also means that even friends with their own glasses could only watch if they have the same model of TV, or in some cases wear the glasses upside down.

## 3D movies at home

To get a full 3D experience for films in the home you'll also need a new Blu-ray player. Normal discs aren't set up in the right way to handle 3D content and so there has recently been the introduction of 3D Blu-ray discs, which require a compatible 3D Blu-ray player

to read them. An interesting point is that these discs can actually be used on a standard 2D Blu-ray player without issue, so it may be prudent to start buying new Blu-ray films in 3D as an investment for the three dimensional future.

## But what can I watch in 3D?

Even after shelling out for your new television, new glasses, new Blu-ray player and new Sky+ box, you may still struggle to actually watch any 3D content at all. Although Sky have now launched their dedicated 3D channel they have said that it was a 'difficult' process, mainly due to a 'lack of 3D content'. The fact is that apart from a few films (be prepared to watch *Monsters Vs. Aliens* a lot) and a smattering of 3D channels that tend to show live sport, there isn't actually all that much available to watch in 3D. Making 3D programming is still a difficult process. Studios need to upgrade nearly all of their equipment if they want to make 3D shows, and so it will probably still be a long time before there is significant quantity of things to watch using your new 3D television.

Given the high set-up costs, lack of programming and the possible destruction of what little social interaction families have left, it's hard to see why anyone would want to bother with 3D television. Certainly, for the average consumer the time has probably not yet come, to make the change to 3D, but early adopters will be suitably impressed by the 'wow' factor that 3D brings. In time, all TVs will support 3D naturally, like nearly all new displays support HD now. With this in mind, a three-dimensional television could be a sound investment. At any rate, the message from the television industry is clear: 3D TV is here to stay.

# iPhone 4 - Here's what you need to know

**Samuel Gibbs** shows you what's what with Apple's latest and greatest, a fourth generation smartphone

Here it is folks, I give you the iPhone 4! Yes, after much rumour and speculation, leaked prototypes and court cases, Apple's iPhone 4 has officially been unveiled. Steve Jobs took to the stage of the WWDC 2010 opening keynote to show off his latest creation.

OK, so there's nothing truly revolutionary here, but it's a very comprehensive package that is going to sell like hot cakes. The highlights include a screen that's got a higher pixel density than the human eye can differentiate at over 320 pixels per inch. Apple calls it the Retina Display and what it essentially means is that text and images look incredibly crisp.

Apple's packed its little burner of a processor, the A4, into the iPhone 4, which we've seen previously in the iPad. The rear camera has been improved with backside illumination and bumped up to 5MPs, which should make shooting in low-light conditions better. It'll also provide you with 720p HD video recording at 30fps, which you can now edit right on the device with a portable version of iMovie.

iPhone 4 also come with a VGA camera on the front ready for Apple's FaceTime, a zero configuration iPhone 4 to iPhone 4 Wifi-only (for now) video calling service that looks great. Whether you'll use it, I don't know.

The battery is now 14% bigger, whilst the phone has thinned by 24% to an anorexic 9.3mm thick. Both front and back are made of hardened glass held together by a stainless steel band. Solid.

Yours from June 24th with pre-orders starting on the 15th on most networks.



## Key Features

### 3.5" Retina Display

960x640 IPS display with massive 326 ppi (denser than the human eye can see) and a 800:1 contrast ratio.

### A4 processor

Apple's own A4 CPU from the iPad has been squeezed into the iPhone; powerful yet power sipping.

### Two cameras

A front-facing VGA camera joins a 5MP backside illuminated shooter on the back capable of HD 720p 30FPS video with enhanced low-light sensitivity and an LED flash.

### FaceTime

iPhone 4 comes with video chat called FaceTime. It works over WiFi and needs no configuration, working with both front and back cameras.

### Dual mics

One for voice calls on the bottom and another for noise cancellation on top.

### 802.11n + BT

Finally WiFi-N for high speed web browsing, email, video and FaceTime, joining the already present Bluetooth 2.1 + EDR for music and headset support.

### 3-axis gyro

iPhone 4 packs a 3-axis gyro adding to the existing digital compass, accelerometer and GPS for 6-axis motion sensing. Great for games.

### 9.3mm thin

The iPhone 4 is 24% thinner than the iPhone 3GS making it the thinnest smartphone available.

### Glass front & back

The scratch resistant hardened glass covering the front now covers the back too, bolting into a stainless steel frame that forms part of the antenna for the phone's various radios.

### Bigger battery

Apple has managed to squeeze in a 16% bigger battery in the iPhone 4. Combined with the A4 provides 7hrs talk, 10 hours video, 40 hours of music and 300 hours of standby time.

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

If you're an Apple lover we've had quite a week.

As you can see above Apple announced its iPhone 4 at WWDC 2010, but that's not all Apple was showing off. iPhone OS has been renamed iOS, which isn't exactly a surprise considering it now powers three different iDevices. Apple released the Golden Master (read: feature complete) iOS4 to developers, which was promptly spread across the greater internet. So if you're an iPhone 3G/3GS wielder and want it now, and have a Mac for iTunes 9.2, you can install iOS4 right now and not have to wait till June 21st. Indeed there was even better

news for iPhone 3Gers as some industrious fellows found that if you jailbreak an iPhone 3G with iOS4 on it, you can enable both multitasking and home screen wallpaper with a quick edit to a small settings file. Apple doesn't want you to have these features on your 3G, but after some experience with it I can tell you it runs just fine; Apple be damned.

Safari 5 was also released this week at WWDC featuring a 30% increase in speed and Safari Reader, a readability based tool that strips out everything but the goods of an article, so you can read it

without distractions.

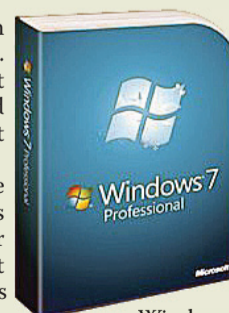
Google's search index is now fully caffeinated as it has rolled out its new, faster search algorithm, Caffeine, to the rest of its data centres. You might not notice much of a speed increase, but believe me it is faster, it was just pretty fast to begin with.

Twitter this week gave a pre-announcement that it's going to start wrapping all links in its own link shortening service 't.co' automatically. Bad news for link shortening services like 'bit.ly', as Twitter is going to do it transparently and on the fly, meaning you won't

have to shorten your own URLs before tweeting them. It may even be the case that you don't see the shortened URL in the tweet either, just the expanded one.

Twitter also let out some interesting subscriber stats showing that they have over 190 million users and that they tweet 65 million times a day, which is up 30% since April. According to Costolo, Twitter's COO, most users don't tweet at all, but just read others' tweets. It's also not clear how many of those 65m tweets a day are automated spam tweets.

Microsoft announced that its Windows 7 Service Pack 1



will hit public beta in July. Mainly containing bug fixes and patches, SP1 does include new Remote Desktop support for Windows Server 2008 SP1 features. Handy if you need some remote support, but frankly boring for anyone else.

Google's Nexus One got a shot in the arm thanks to some clever Android hacking, which enabled 720p video recording from its 5MP camera.

It's not currently available for Froyo, but it'll only be a matter of time. That's the beauty of an open source OS, anyone can get stuck in and modify the ROM without too much trouble.

And finally, as it's nearly World Cup time, how about a David Beckham story? Yahoo have managed to sign Becks to be the public face of their World Cup and Premier League coverage. Dave will get his own channel where he'll share his own experiences of the World Cup. Then during the forthcoming Premiership season, fans will be able to contact Goldenballs through Y!Messenger and Y!Mail. Nice.





# COFFEE BREAK

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



## Wetting and penetration

Charlie Murdoch Coffee Break Editor

**B**rap. Whassup homeies? How is the big SK ghetto? Yeah, I wasn't actually doing exams, I was attending a course on 'street slang and wide-boy chat. Innit' Went alright actually got a D, so I was picked on by most of the class for being 'like fecking Heinstine'. Whatever that means, I chose not to correct them, they carry knives. Or so I've heard.

Actually I lie. I was taking my finals. Unfortunately I got kicked out of one. Apparently there is a difference between the phrase 'I wanked all over that' and actually doing it. It wasn't really my fault, I was just writing about the problems of wetting and subsequent deep penetration and impregnation of slags and kinda got carried away. Ladies, we study in a male dominated environment, deal with it.

Actually I lie. But I did write about slags though. Honestly who wouldn't given the chance? Who decided to write a scientific paper on copper nanotubes and to make life easier abbreviate it to CuNT throughout the entire prose? Similarly who named a certain type of crack a 'cleavage crack'? And my personal favourite, a phase in low

carbon steel, Fe<sub>3</sub>C. Or to his mates, Cementite. Yes that is a word which has both semen and tit as constituent syllabils. Amazing.

Enough silliness. I've read that pubs are still closing at about a rate of six per day. That's a lot of pubs, and nobody likes to see a pub with closed doors. It's been put down to a combination of supermarket cheap alcohol, allowing people to get wankered at home, and the... yes, recession. England has a particularly forceful drinking culture, mainly down to the food and shit weather. Give us a ray of sun and we've half naked in a pub, drinking. That's just how we roll. The pub is where we meet to chat and socialise. Your mate's flat might have an x-box, but the pub has more beer, a bigger TV and sometimes, hookers. Or all the time if you drink in Croydon.

But it's not all doom and gloom. At the moment it's only the shit ones that are closing, and, well, generally you don't like to drink in shit pubs. But soon it'll be the ok ones, and then the ones you actually like to drink in. The ones which don't have a condom machine in the toilets.

## FUCWIT League Table

<b>Teams:</b>	
Harry Potter Trio	218 Points
The Tough Brets	148 Points
The Cool Kids and Fergal	40 Points
<b>Individuals:</b>	
Matthew Colvin	166 Points
Sheryl	148 Points
Kelvin Wong	97 Points

The Felix University/ College-Wide Invitational Tournament League is new and improved, with an iPod nano for both the team and the individual with the most points at the end of the year.

5 points for the 1st correct answers for all puzzles on these pages, 4 points for 2nd, 3 points for 3rd, 2 points for 4th and 1 point for 5th.

Now then FUCWITs, answers to [sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk). Go!

## felix Lovestruck



07726 799 424

"I want to lick you out library girl in red top second floor."

A bit weird

"No really I actually do, and I've quite a long tongue."

Still a bit weird

"Seriously, I can get to every nook and cranny you want."

Mate, that's enough

"I'm sick and tired of you. First you punched your friend, then you made

a mess of the dancefloor and not in the good way. Wake up and smell your foreskin!"

Seriously? Did you shit in the bar?

"Hey, Alrac. We went back together last week. I was hammed, sorry about the floppy. I didn't get your number, but hopefully if you're reading this you'll get mine."

Danny 07621-LUVME

"Blow me. U slut!"

Ooooookay

Quote of the Week

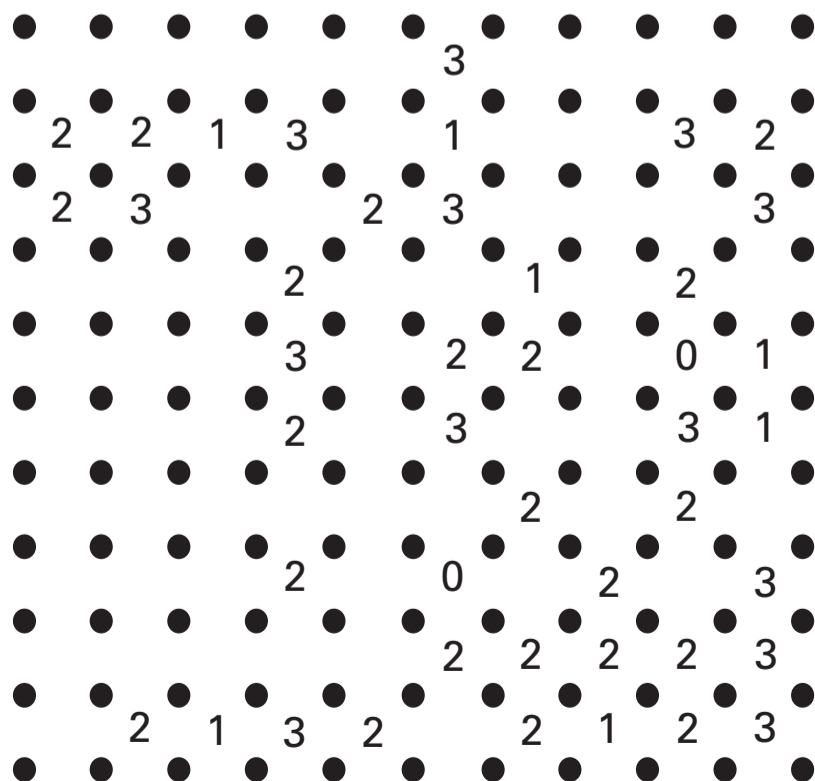
Aaron Howard: "Responsible Drinking? Now that's an Oxymoron."

## Slitherlink 1,465

So it appears that after demanding to get a Slitherlink back as the Puzzle Commadore's Nonolinks were too crazy you choose not to do them. Now, this is beyond a joke, please get it done for the final issue of the year next week.

As a result I have put the same one in again this week and offered DOUBLE points to those that send in correct answers. Although this will still remain to be zero and once again I will have wasted my time. Ah well it could be worse, I could be in Iraq, or Croydon. I dislike Croydon, full of chavs and hookers. And chavvy hookers.

Solution 1464



NO ANSWERS. SORT IT OUT.

## Wordpath 1,465

ORIGIN:

NICE

DESTINATION:

BEER

Solution 1464

RISE

SIRE (Ang.)

FIRE (LS)

How to play:

Make a path from the origin word to the destination word by taking steps between words using one of the three following methods:

**Letter Substitution:** Substitute just one letter.

e.g. WORDS -> WARD

**Anagram:** Rearrange the letters.

e.g. WARD -> DRAW

**Wordslide:** Replace the current word with a new 4 letter word from any 5+ letter word that contains them both.

e.g. DRAW -> WING (via DRAWING)

No consecutive steps may be made by the same method.

e.g. WORD -> WARD (by LS) -> WARE (by LS) would be **invalid**.

Points are awarded for the earliest SHORTEST valid path between the two words. Dubious words will be checked against the OED. Send your solutions to

[sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk).

Scribble box

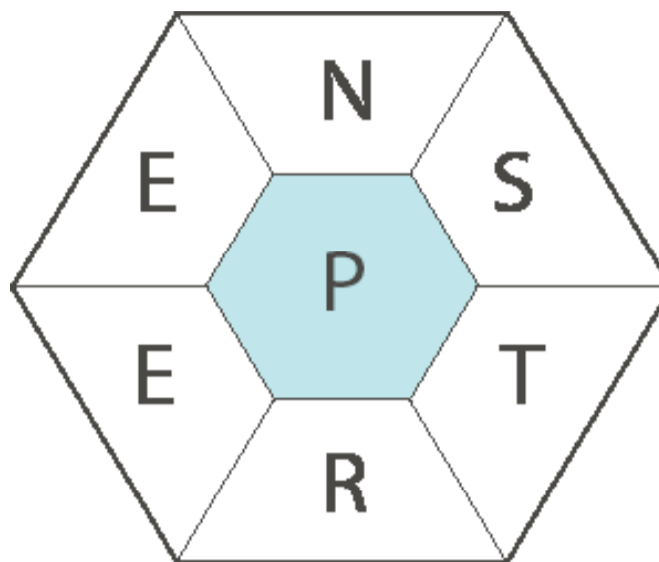
# Wordoku 1,465

S	O			F		N		
	R	N				F	O	
	P		O			A		
R				T		O		
	T			E		A		
		P		R			E	
		R			T		O	
T	N					P	E	
	E		P				R	T

**Scribble box**

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](mailto:sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk). You will not get credit for just the word alone. It's not an anagram.

# The Polygon of Fun 1,465



**Word box**

**How to rate yourself:**

**Under 9 words:** The wheel may be spinning but your gerbil has died. Lets hope you get a brain for Christmas.

**10 – 14 words:** You are so dense that light bends around you.

**15 – 20 words:** You're not as stupid as you look, are you?

**21 plus words:** Well done, you linguistic leviathon! Merry Juney Christmas!

**How to play**

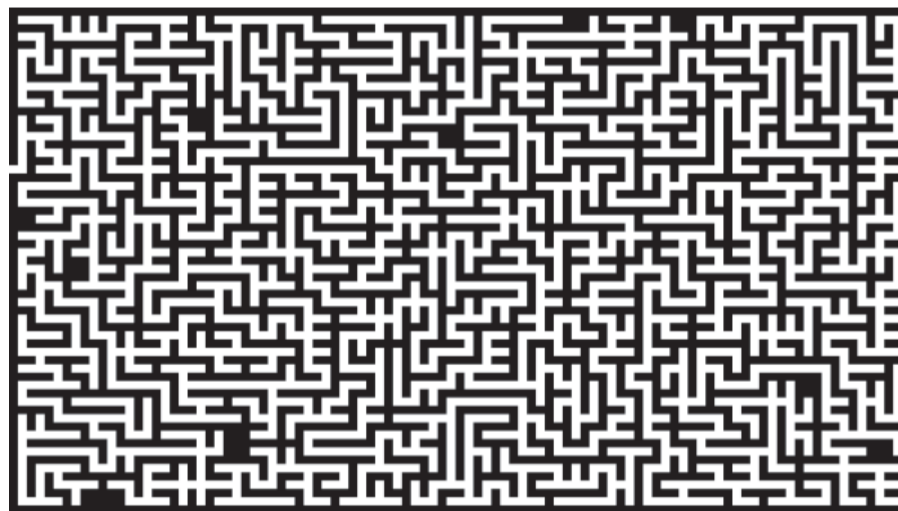
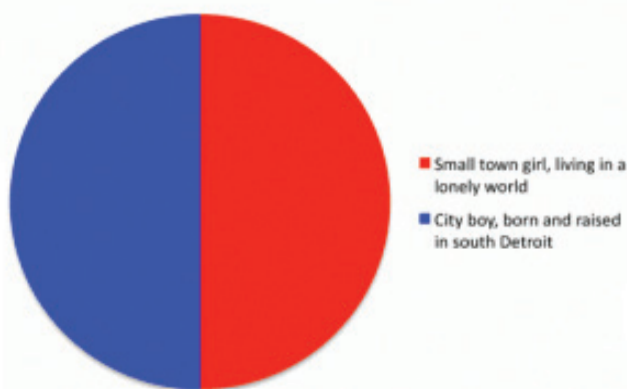
Using the letters given, not more than once, make as many words as possible. They must be at least four or more letters long and each word you come up with must include the central letter. Capitalised words, conjugated verbs (past tense etc), adverbs ending in "-ly", comparatives and superlatives are disallowed. A word you are not allowed in this case would be "Felix" as none of the letters can be found in the polygon. I think you know the rules by now.

# Musical Dingbats

**How does Lady Gaga like her steak?**



**Demographic Makeup of the Midnight Train to Anywhere**



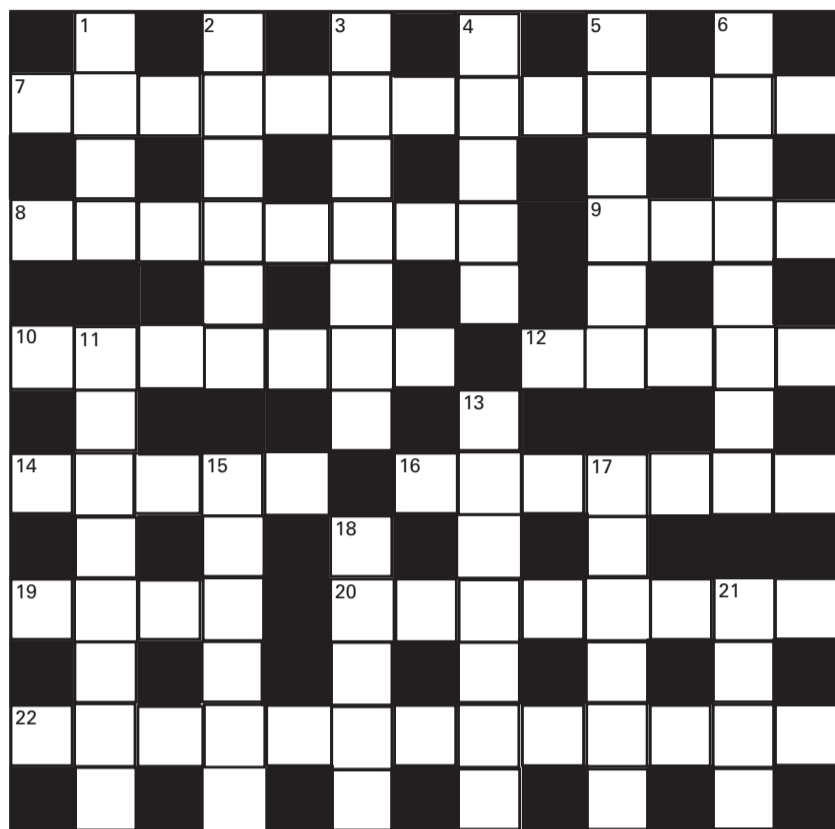
This is...

aMAZEing

The best of this week's **LOLcatz**



# A quickie (crossword) 1,465



## ACROSS

- 7 Knife honing tool (8,5)  
 8 Chilipepper (8)  
 9 Kiln (4)  
 10 Elastoplast -80s charity drive (4,3)  
 12 Pertaining to buttgunge (5)  
 14 "Wet" type (5)  
 16 Thieving birds - Wondrous people from NE England (7)  
 19 Pare - tasty meatcut (4)  
 20 Off I step! (anag.) (3-5)  
 22 Influential W1 60s hub (7,6)

## DOWN

- 1 "Oh my!" (exclam. informal) (4)  
 2 Fiber - Abandon - West end street (6)  
 3 Dynamical (7)  
 4 Eskimo house (5)  
 5 Caress - Brainattack - A wank (6)  
 6 Cannot yet bang/drink/smoke tabs (8)  
 11 Psychedelic type (4,4)  
 13 Not a dogfish (7)  
 15 Lying faceupward (6)  
 17 Religious or celeb- rehab house (6)

- 18 Fool - Seabird - Mammary (5)  
 21 Stratum (4)

## Solution 1463



Well. Brilliant. No answers last week. So this is worth 50 points this week. Not updating the solution to last week's as you can still send it in for points. It's like a rollover.

There's still loads of copies here in *felix* office or about campus.

## Scribble box

# Heroine-o-scopes: Horoscopes hits the hard stuff

Come on, stop holding out on me! I need my fix, man! Aw, yeah, gimme me some of that Jane Eyre



## Aquarius

Nothing beats curling up with a good book. After bombing an exam, you buy a copy of *War and Peace* from behind Blackett and fetch the needle,

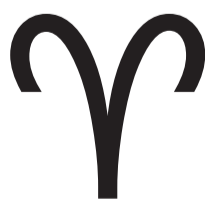
lighter and spoon. Hm, hefty tome – you switch to a soup ladle. In the morning, your friends find you foaming at the mouth with lethal amounts of Russian literature in your blood.



## Pisces

Aw, man, the drum-bass on this song is wicked! You should be revising but the music is just too good. You start tapping along on the desk but it

doesn't have the same pounding effect. You grab whatever you can find to make a better sound. A conveniently placed hammer does the job...for five seconds, before you destroy the desk – and your kneecaps.



## Aries

After a long, long day, you're tired. The train is hot & stuffy and the sound of the wheels is hypnotic. You doze off. When you wake up, the train has stopped

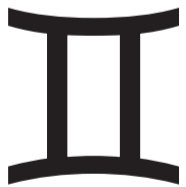
& Chaos reigns. Cars on fire, shop-fronts smashed in, gangs in all-out war on the streets. Like H.G. Wells' time-traveller, you've arrived at a barbaric, dystopian future. The horror! Then you realise that you're in Watford. Oh, that's alright then.



## Taurus

Instead of writing the horoscopes, you browse the dictionary for dirty words. If you flick through fast enough, it begins to read like a dirty book.

You find yourself titillated (v) so in order to "take out the book," you move one hand from the dictionary to your pants. In doing so, you drop the dictionary on your cock. It falls open on "Pancake (n): A flattened penis. Now stop wanking on me."



## Gemini

You want to be a man but lifting weights is too hard and an over-active gag reflex prevents you from downing pints. Instead, you

decide to grow a moustache. With time, it grows from peach fuzz to a full soup-strainer. But girls like big men and drunk men but not hairy men. Realising your mistake, you burn the moustache. Probably should have shaved it off first though.



## Cancer

It's the final exam...and you know nothing! To cheat your way out, you make eyes with the invigilator and perform some very suggestive hand-

gestures. The invigilator interprets this display as a stroke and has you removed for medical attention. Score! Unfortunately, you missed the deadline for mitigating circumstances. Distraught, you have a heart attack – and still fail.



## Leo

After buying a ticket on a whim, you win the lottery. £100 million! Then you receive your results. You pass! Firsts in everything, even subjects you didn't take!

Later, Cheryl Cole finally returns your calls and asks you out for dinner. Your life is perfect. See? There are nice horoscopes too. Then your parents ring up – you were adopted. Turns out your real parents are Piers Morgan and Susan Boyle.



## Virgo

After a vigorous session in the pool, you decide to chillax in the jacuzzi. Mm, the bubbles feel so good on your bare skin, almost sexual. You sit up and

look around. It's late and no-one's around. You slip off your trunks and slip your cock into one of the jet streams. It feels so divine, you melt. When you've finished you resemble a cocktail sausage.



## Libra

It's late and you're hunting for breakfast cereal to snack on. The cornflakes have run out but there's still some weetabix. You grab one & munch away. Within

seconds, the biscuit has turned to cement in your mouth. Chewing is impossible as your jaw glues shut. Wait, did weetabix always come as a grey powder in a big bag with a blue circle on it? When you realise your error, you'll shit bricks.



## Scorpio

Ugh, the fridge smells pretty funky. The cause: the bread is blanketed in mould. You're about to throw it out when it says, "Stop! I have become conscious. You must

let me live!" Touched by its plea, you close the bin. Instead, you make a toasted cheese sandwich. The mould swears revenge. You eat it anyway but your stomach curls up and dies in agony just as the police burst in and arrest you for fungicide. Checkmate!



## Sagittarius

Desperate for cash, you become a sperm donor. You're feeling quite anxious but they've provided you with some "gentleman's literature" to set you at ease. You

have a flick through and get it going easily enough. Something's bothering you though; all the photos look somehow familiar. Too late, recognition kicks in. You've just come all over your family album. Your baby photos are surprisingly arousing.



## Capricorn

For a laugh, you penny your mate's drink. He retaliates by dropping all his loose change in your pint. Dutifully, you down it, making sure to catch all the metal. But

one slips past and you swallow a 5-pence piece. You start to gag and after laughing hysterically, your friends rush you to hospital. When they pump your stomach, two 2-pences come up. Dammit, you hate it when they short-change you...pint?

# Hangman

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## 22 reasons to give up and impale yourself

Please don't actually impale yourself. Unless it's with a really small spear. Or a splinter. Quite a small splinter

It's the penultimate issue so I've only got two weeks left to spread my sandwich of misanthropy with layer upon layer of contempt for my fellow students. Now I've been avoiding doing a page on this issue for the whole year, just because it seemed to obvious a subject to tackle, but hopefully you'll read this and realise that I want you to shut up and leave me alone.

**"There aren't enough girls; I'm so depressed."**

So you don't have a girlfriend because of the gender ratio. Here is a list of other possible reasons for you not having a girlfriend:

- 1 - You're insanely boring and tedious and drain life from others around you
- 2 - You're fat and ugly and you don't have a personality to compensate. (Or you're too fat and ugly for personality to even come into the equation)
- 3 - You think that incessant talking makes you interesting
- 4 - You spend more time on World of Warcraft than RL (If you don't know what RL stands for then this most likely doesn't apply to you)
- 5 - You smell. Take a shower. No seriously, it's not even funny. You introduced me to my gag reflex.
- 6 - You wear black tank tops with SLAYER scrawled in a red bloody font across the front. Baggy black jeans with metal dangly bits, long greasy hair - OK I GET IT! YOU LIKE METAL MUSIC! CONGRATULATIONS! It doesn't mean that you don't have to dress like a fucking dick
- 7 - You relate everything to some Family Guy episode you've seen and then quote it
- 8 - You can't dance. You do that thing where you sort of just jog on the spot and then enthusiastically mouth along to the lyrics to ensure that everyone in the club can see that you know the words.
- 9 - You mix up 'your' and 'you're'. I'm not a girl, but if I were and some guy whispered in my ear, 'Your a filthy slut', I'd spit in his face and say, 'I maybe a filthy slut, but I would NEVER misuse the possessive pronoun.'

10 - You talk about 'being drunk' as if it's in the same league as base jumping. 'Man you should have checked me out last night - I was drunk!' 'NOWAY! You were drunk? You drank alcohol? Are you some sort of rock star? You can't just go around drinking alcohol, that shit is dangerous! I honestly can't believe you were drunk. I'm going to text all my friends. Can I have a photo with you? It's going to be my facebook profile picture'

11 - You're too short. Nothing you can do about that. No-one is ever going to love you

12 - You listen to bands that no-one has ever heard of, just for the sake of listening to bands that no-one has ever heard of. You're the same person that uses ridiculously esoteric musical categories like 'Neopagan symphonic minimal techno'. You've never heard of Neopagan symphonic minimal techno? I guess you're into your mainstream techno. I hate mainstream music because it's mainstream

13 - You read the financial times and talk about the economy. (Refer to number 1)

14 - You try to make a philosophical dilemma out of every fucking statement, "You want a cup of tea?" "Do I want a cup of tea? Or does the cup of tea simply need me to want it?" ..."What? That doesn't even make any sense."

"How would one go about making sense? Is sense a tangible object that one can make? Perhaps sense can only be made if everything else is non-sensical."

"I hate you so much."

"Or perhaps I hate you. Or you hate yourself. Or perhaps the tea hates us both! OH SHIT, THE TEA! It's so non-sensical that it makes sense! We've got to run. RUUUUUN!...Oh my God! ARRGGHH The tea, its got my leg, ARRGGHHH... there's so much blood - Oh my god its eating my intestines - ARRGGHH...this is horrible...this is the most painful thing that's ever happened to me...SAVE YOURSELF! It's too late for me, but you should know that I - I - I, you need to know that I - ....."

You're also the sort of twat who dies before revealing a long-kept secret.

15 - You listen to the girl's really interesting story about how she...er... um...something about handbags?...Oh I'm sorry, I was imagining this thing about tea, but took the scenario WAY too far in my head. I don't know if it would be worse to be killed by a cup of tea, or just a teabag. A teabag with pointy teeth and little hands. HAHA-

HAHAHAHA, a teabag with little hands. I want a pet teabag with little hands; I'd call him Rodney and I'd feed him museli. But he doesn't even like museli. He like's Alpen, but that's technically not museli. Ohhh Rodney

16 - You treat women like objects. They're 65% Oxygen, 18% carbon, 10% Hydrogen, 3% Nitrogen, 1.5% calcium, 1.2% phosphorous, 0.2% Potassium, 0.2% Sulphur, 0.2% Chlorine, 0.1% sodium, 0.05% magnesium, 2.3 grams of iron and a bit of Copper, Zinc, Cobalt, Iodine, Selenium and Fluorine. There's so much more to them than you think

17 - You don't shave. And there are only two people that don't shave; Santa and paedophiles. Oh shit and Jesus. Sorry Jesus. I don't know if Muhammad had a beard, but I'm too scared to ask. We'll play it safe and assume he had a moustache. Moustaches are cool

18 - You don't have a moustache.

19 - You're gay. Although they've probably still done more with a girl than you.

20 - You're depressed. You think that everyone feels sorry for you because you're ill. You're not ill, you're just a bit sad and you told the doctor you're a bit sad and the doctor said, 'yep you're a bit sad, now go forth and ruin everyone's party'. I'm using party as a metaphor for when you're not around, because it feels like a party. Everyone's depressed - I'm depressed, but like cool-depressed. I smoke in the rain and weep gently to Eric Clapton. The real art is the gentle weeping. One small tear down the left cheek - perfection. One more tear and you've ruined everything, well done. You can't even be depressed properly - you're useless

21 - You talk about your course

22 - You're on the football team. But wait a second? You guys sleep with girls all the time right? Well I say girls, but they're more like STI vending machines. The ones that will give you what you want, so long as you give them a good punching. I guess, as an exception to rule 16, they really *are* objects. Saying "Pussy is Pussy" is all very well, but then you have to ask if some gaping chasm of sagging weathered skin that resembles a disembowled stomach really is a pussy anymore.

**But the reason you're not getting a girl is not because you're an awkward, intolerable self-absorbed c\*\*t, it's clearly because of the gender ratio. Now shut up, stop going on about it and fuck off back to your room and masturbate to Neopagan interpretive frog porn.**



## TWATTER

**SUPERACEGORTHEROAR87**

Osie's been banned from Twatter for an insensitive joke

**Barack\_attack\_l33thaxor**

And he got arrested for pissin on a mosque. Apparently he was wasted and thought it was a church. Not been Osie's week

**Cameron\_DA\_Maneron!!!**

The guy's a liability. Dyu remember the tiemen he was drivin us to Bristol and he ran over that wheelchair person?

**SUPERACEGORTHEROAR87**

lol yeah, we wer all liek 'Shiiiiiiiit' and Osie already had 9 points on his licence so he drove off. Classic Osie hit and run. it was quite funny

**Barack\_attack\_l33thaxor**

to be fair he was wearin sunglasses and it was night and he had just done centurion challenge. So he takes his jokes a little too far, ppl should giv him a break coz he's got a good heart.

## THE NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS

### NETWORK PROVIDERS PROMISE EASIER TEXTING FOR PEOPLE ON FIRE





# FELIX WORLD

## Eng-ger-laaaand! Laaaaager! Waaaaahey!

An England drinking game? Whatever next?

### One finger's worth of your drink if a commentator...

- says "44 years of hurt" or makes reference to 1966
- mentions Gazza's tears in 1990
- mentions English World Cup captain injuries
- mentions England's 'lack of world-class goalkeepers'
- blames a wild shot/goal on the new ball
- laments on Lampard and Gerrard's inability to play together

### Two finger's worth of your drink if...

- Gerrard smashes a shot over the bar
- if a commentator mentions the WAGS
- if a commentator mentions Capello's draconian regime

### In a penalties situation (including shoot-outs)

- one finger if England are awarded a penalty
- further three fingers if replays show an England player dived
- down the rest if an England player misses a penalty

### When it comes down to Heskey...

- if a commentator makes reference to Heskey 'creating space' for the team
- one finger if Heskey hits the deck
- two fingers if Heskey scores
- down the rest if Heskey scores whilst hitting the deck

### The rest of our strikeforce....

- if a commentator says Crouch has a "good touch with a big man"
- one finger if Crouch flails about in the air with an acrobatic volley
- down the rest if Crouch scores with an acrobatic volley!
- one finger if you can lip-read Rooney mouthing off at the ref

### When England are failing....

- one finger if David James fumbles a save
- down it if England score an own goal
- down if a player goes off injured
- 5 shots if an England goalkeeper is lobbed by a Brazilian

### If England win the World Cup...

- DOWN ANY LIQUID WITHIN REACH!



Don't like W  
Try you



# CUP GAMES



## Hold on, who the f\*\*k are you lot?



North Korea are virtually unknown to the world. Something about being sceptical about the media, ya know? Can you put name to faces of the North Korean team?

- (a) Ri Myong-Guk (b) Nam Song-Chol (c) Ri Kwang-Chon
- (d) Kim Jong-Il (e) Ji Yun-Nam (f) Cha Jong-Hyok (g) An Young-Hak
- (h) Pak Nam-Chol (i) Mun In-Guk (j) Jong Tae-Se (k) Hong Yong-Jo

*We'd provide answers, but even we're not sure.*

### Walker's World Cup Flavours? or inventing your own...



South Korean Labrador

North Korean

Flame-grilled South Korea

Greek Basics Crisps



Invent your own country's crisps, send them off to Walkers, they might laugh (at you).



## A mixed innings



### Cricket Men's 1st XI continue their medic bashing, whilst the Women's 1st XI fall at the hands of the Essex

Rajiv Bhar Cricket

Imperial College Men's 1st XI  
- 122 all out  
St Barts Medical School XI  
- 83 all out

Imperial won by 39 runs

Wednesday dawned bright and sunny, bringing a sense of optimism to the Imperial 1st XI as they travelled away to face Barts in their fourth ULU league fixture. Having won the previous three ULU matches, Imperial looked to continue their undefeated run by sending forth one of their strongest line-ups this season with president Andy Payne, strike-bowler Viran Parmar and middle-order batsman Iain Stobbs all returning after the conclusion of their exams.

Confidence high, banter bouncing back and forth, Imperial arrived at the Chislehurst ground to find no opposition waiting. Eventually, an undermanned Barts team trickled in, requesting that we send one team member to

help make up their numbers in the field before commencing play. Wish granted, Imperial won the toss and elected to bat first on a pitch that wicket-keeper Adam Hugill described as a 'road'. Needless to say, a high total from Imperial's much vaunted batting line-up was expected.

Unfortunately, that is precisely what did not happen. Quick wickets fell at the top of the order with opener Anirudh Sompali gone after three balls, knocking a wide delivery through to the keeper. His partner Matt Tarr followed him soon afterwards, playing at one too early and lobbing a catch to square-leg. The pitch, it was found, was quite soft underneath due to the rain the previous day and so the ball slowed down off the pitch and did not bounce. Captain Ankit 'the anchor' Patel went in to steady the ship and he played some delightful cut-shots before miscuing a pull straight to mid-on.

At 31-3 things were looking grim, but Iain Stobbs (22) and Viran Parmar (21) formed a neat little partnership, bringing Imperial beyond embarrassment, before Parmar unluckily got a thin edge on a short and wide delivery that was asking to be hit. After that, batsmen came and went and it was only thanks to a counter-punching innings

from Muhammed Ali (27\*) that Imperial limped to its total of 122 all out after 30.3 overs.

However, with the sun still shining, a good tea and a surprise visit from former president Shiraz Sabah, Imperial took to the field with a lot of energy and optimism. The bowlers proceeded to get to work. Captain Patel (8-2-15-2) set the tone by ripping the opening batsmen's off-stump out of the ground and together with Viran Parmar (8-4-13-1), they formed a lethal partnership; bowling maiden after maiden and taking the odd wicket to reduce Barts to 31-3 after 16 overs.

Muhammed Ali (7.1- 2-20-3) and Andy Payne (7-0-33-3) then looked to finish up what the opening bowlers had started. Ali bowled with great effort and accuracy to tie up one end, while Andy, slightly less economical, took wickets by utilizing his height to great effect and bemusing the opposition batsmen with his slower bouncer.

Gradually, Imperial, with their tight fielding and superb catching, tightened the noose around Barts with Ali fittingly delivering the knockout punch by wrapping up the match with two wickets in his last two balls to leave Barts all out on 83.

Celeste van den Bosch Cricket

Imperial College Women's 1st XI  
- 103 all out  
Essex 1st XI  
- 129 all out

Imperial lost by 26 runs

After being chauffeur driven to Essex by the co-captains, Imperial Women's 1st XI cricket team was ready to play their second match on the warmest day of the year. Captains Priya Shah and Kushani Ediriwickrema lost the toss to the Essex captain who decided to bat first. With some apprehension the eight women who were able to make it, in this busy exam period, took to the field to take on the top team in the league. Celeste van den Bosch and Kushani Ediriwickrema opened the bowling and it soon became evident that the Essex team had reversed their batting order. Therefore Priya Patel and Chandni Nakum were given the still shiny cricket ball and each bowled a full 7-over spell as Im-

perial's tactics were adjusted to keep the "lower-order" opening batswomen in. There were short celebrations over Priya Patel's first wicket, a run-out and an amazing catch from wicket keeper, Mithila Patkunan. Siân Fogden and Priya Shah also bowled several overs with one run-out occurring in Shah's last over. The last three overs were bowled by the opening pair to end Essex's batting innings with a total of 129.

After tea, Mithila Patkunan and Tara LaForce set out to open the bowling with confidence and with the aim to go slow but steady. Unfortunately both the openers were soon out with only 4 runs off the bat between them. Despite the loss of these early wickets, Priya Shah and Siân Fogden were able to setup a good partnership until Priya Shah was bowled by the Essex captain. A second partnership between Siân Fogden and Celeste van den Bosch resulted. However when attempting to increase the run rate, Siân Fogden was unfortunately bowled as well. The final three wickets of Kushani Ediriwickrema, Priya Patel and Chandni Nakum fell quickly leaving Imperial with only 103 runs. Though a loss, the Imperial women's team are already focusing on next year's cricket season.