

THE FELIX

Friday, June 18, 2010

FREE

Issue 1466

LAST ISSUE OF THE YEAR!

That's all folks!

SOME OR ALL OF THIS ISSUE MAY BE SPOOFED, IF YOU HADN'T FIGURED IT OUT ALREADY. DUH.



DOLLA'!... exchanged for positions

FELIX IN TURMOIL AGAIN

DEVASTATED fans of incoming Editor Kadhim Shubber were dealing with the news that he bought his position from the ROMANIAN GOVERNMENT for nearly half a million dollars.

FBI investigations are underway as it has emerged that Barack Obama was due to take control of the much-maligned current administration next year. Rupert Murdoch is also reportedly reconsidered his planned takeover bid by his News Corporation company that has been on the cards for a year now.

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MASKED MARAUDER ... interviews himself

HANGMAN INTERVIEW SHOCKER

"I try to write dark high-brow satire and then realise that I can't. I look at the blank canvas on the computer screen and think, 'this has so much potential', then ruin it. Imagine first seeing your unborn child on an ultra-sound screen and imagining all the great things he's going to achieve in life, then the doctor comes in and tells you it's a girl!"

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PRESIDENT IN 'ASPHYXIOWANK ACCIDENT'

His last breath was a choking one



Brown ... a right mess by the end

By ROVER MCFREE

Elderly Union President Ashley Brown has been found 'barely conscious' after what police have as described as "a solo sex game that went wrong".

Full story - Page 4

Rector dyes eyebrows

ACTING Rector Sir Keith O'Nions has finally succumbed to overwhelming pressure and dyed his eyebrows white, in accordance with his hair colour.

His wife, Lady Rita O'Nions is said to have expressed 'dignified delight' at the news.

Shadow Chancellor Alistair Darling has expressed his regret about Sir Keith's decision saying "The Society of Muppet Look-alikes diminishes everyday. One day we'll all be gone."

Editor -elect like 'Buddha'



Shubber ... a true gentleman of faith

INCOMING Felix Editor Kadhim Shubber said he will be the Buddha of Imperial College, but will put aside his often criticised religious beliefs next year.

In an interview with the Felix, he promised never to get "irate like a Chinese person" and will strive to be "like Buddha, and not like Ganesh" and keep calm and peace within the office.

"I don't want no extra arms," the devoted Hindu slurred.

College shred dissertations

EAGER final year biology and biochemistry students were horrified to find their supervisors shredding their dissertations.

Defending their decision the academics said "It's really sunny outside so we can't be arsed to mark them."

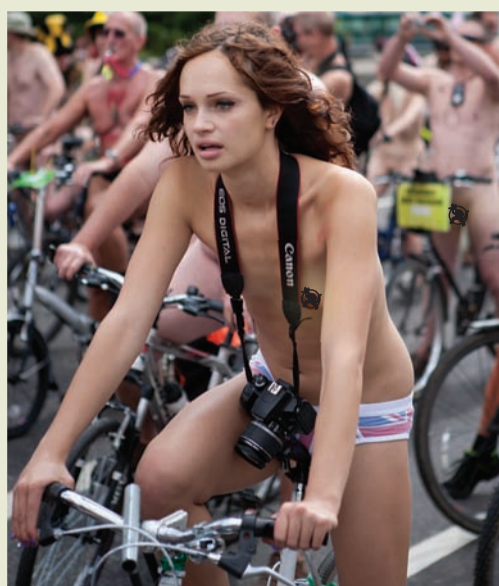
The scandal means that students won't be able to graduate but several students said "Meh. I didn't have a job anyway. More time at uni! Wooo!"

WoW banned in library

CONTROVERSY has erupted over the library's decision to ban students from playing World of Warcraft.

The ban, effective immediately, was triggered by students unhappy about the smell caused by some WoW players who spent days in the library without washing.

One aggrieved player said "They shall not defeat us. I've beaten Orcs and Trolls. Puny librarians are nothing. Nothing!"



Students flock to Hyde Park birds

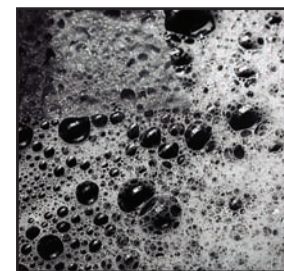
Feathers flew this week as the mass of Imperial students caught rare sightings of 'unfeathered birds'. After catching wind of the London Naked Bike Ride, students rushed to neighbouring Hyde Park where the annual event takes place.

Enraptured onlookers gasped in amazement at the riders' courage as they derobed for their 7 mile ride. One Imperial student marvelled at the amazing site.

"I caught a glimpse of a nipple!" he exclaimed. "Yes, a real, whole nipple... on a girl! I can die happy!" he continued.

The ride commenced from Hyde Park Corner, travelled through the city, via Pervert's Square and ended at the Tower of London.

Despite being a gloriously warm day, the majority of students quickly dashed back indoors after the charity ride left Hyde Park, claiming they "needed the toilet quickly."



Coke in the Union... described as dishwater

Union serving Thames water

EXCLUSIVE
By WANIEL DAN

THE UNION have found out the true ingredients of the syrup used to serve coca-cola to students.

For almost seven years, Union bar management have been ordering both cola and diet cola syrup on the cheap from Thames Water company. In a covert bid to become the first five-star rated water efficient borough in London, the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea have commissioned the use of Thames river water in Imperial College Union's syrup supplies.

"We can assure you that the fourteen corpses found in the Thames since the syrup supply started in 2003 have had no profound affect on its taste," a borough spokesperson added. "We told them to add some sugar," he added.

However, students have seemingly never queried the odd taste.

"I'm generally too wankered to notice. Thanks to the generous measures of cheap diluted vodka, the taste of the coke is pretty negligible," one regular m(p)unter said.

Scientists have warned of previously unforeseen long-term effects coming to light as students graduate and stop living every minute of their dire social life in the Union bar.

Indeed, several Imperial graduates, almost all members of the Straight Edge Society, have claimed a lack of sex drive in the past year. They have all put it down to 'unadulterated' pints of what they describe as the "dishwater Cola" from the Union.

"Since I came to Imperial, I just couldn't seem to pull anymore. Members of the opposite sex didn't seem attractive to me. It must the cola," once disgruntled graduate told *felix*.

After vigorous scientific testing, the cola 'syrup' has been shown to contain over seven times the legal limit of Fairy liquid in any publicly licensed soft drink. This is in addition to dangerous levels of the dysentery-causing bacterium, Shigella dysenteriae. The bacteria, normally only found in Western Africa, causes immediate and explosive expulsion of gut content either orally or anally. Again, busy/ignorant students failed to realise the tell-tale signs of every-day dysentery.

"I knew I was throwing up, but I always just thought it was the even more dangerous combination of Union food and over-drinking the cheap diluted vodka," the Hockey club member said, who admitted to visiting the Union "at least three times during the week and four at the weekend."

The Union falsified all claims.

"We deny any knowledge and refuse to believe we're serving dishwater to the students. Though I always did wonder why our order for Calgon tablets was so consistently high."

THE DOCTOR CAN'T SEE YOU NOW

Medics to help scientists destroy their livers

EXCLUSIVE
By ALEX CARROTOPEAN

Imperial College officials have withdrawn all funding for the Imperial College School of Medicine (ICSM) and their Students' Union (ICSM-SU) in a move that is likely to anger hordes of tipsy medics.

The decision arose with the report of Salaries and High Income Trial-ing (SHIT) that came about when the Medics announced the holding of wild and uncontrollable events such as the ICSM Summer Ball and as one official commented: 'we need to rein those bastards in. Doctors of tomorrow? More like Biomedical Scientists of next year.'

With the Royal School of Mines (RSM) now recognised as an official union, Imperial commented that 'we couldn't possible have more than three faculty unions at one time' and mergers have been proposed to reflect this. With RSM leaving the umbrella of the City and Guilds College Union (CGCU), the situation results in two separate entities for effectively similar subjects, and officials explained that since "Materials and Geology are to

Engineering what Medicine is to Science", the logical step would be to "include all ICSM activities and subjects under the much more prestigious, albeit sober, RCSU.

The Rector commented that "them pissing Miners in the RSM with their nice building, always moaning. We made some compromises in order to make this work - and people will look back and ask why the system was changed. We will simply tell them, it was the SHIT."

An election will be held to decide the future name of this super-faculty, with preliminary proposals including Royal College of Science and Medicine (RCSM) and Imperial College School of Science and Medicine (ICSSM). The latter was met with criticism due to its similarities and indication of the entire faculty of Science deserving merely one letter.

"One f'cking letter? I'm, I mean, we're worth more than that," retored RCSU President Katya-yani Vyas when she was told of the proposals.

Shared lectures between the RCSU and ICSM namely in Biomedical Science provide a cause for confusion with regard to allegiance to a specific faculty. The Department of Computing (DoC) is an ideal exam-

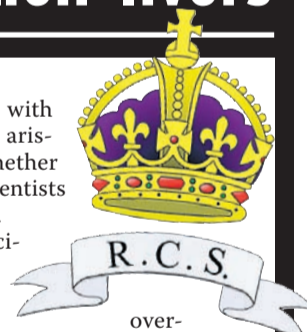
ple of this, with confusion arising as to whether they're Scientists or Engineers.

"Am I a scientist or engineer?"

Do I wear over-coats today? FUCK IT, I can't get dressed in the morning with this harassment," a 2nd year Bioengineer said.

A spokesperson for the College faculty and staff who wishes to remain anonymous due to the renowned ICSM murders allegedly performed to assassinate those threatening its survival, says: "they can keep the debaucherous Reynolds Bar, but we'll want everything else. All their fancy stethoscopes and needles. YOU'RE NOT JD AND YOU'RE NOT IN SCRUBS. We get most of our qualified doctors from Malaysia and Iran anyway." The interview was prematurely terminated, as was he.

"Seriously though, I can't be doing this anymore. I've ended up coming into College half naked most days," the disgruntled Bioengineer butted in to say.



DAN has been impressed this year by the CGCU news website, Live!: "I really appreciate how much time the Editor puts aside for me when thinks of new things to haphazardly blame me for. It's a love-hate relationship. And I'm the love half."

DAN, 20, from Watford

ARSE-BLOODY-BOLLOCKS! Can't believe you'll have to go without felix in the holidays? Follow our Twitter feed @feliximperial or join our Facebook group!

UNION'S DIRTY RACIST!



NEXT YEAR'S PRESIDENT VOWS LOYALTY TO BNP

Union President-elect, Alex Kendall has shocked several people, including passing members of the public and a security guard, by unequivocally announcing his support for the British National Party last Wednesday evening.

**EXCLUSIVE
By DAN WAN**

A long-time Liberal Democrat supporter, he formally proclaimed his backing in Beit Quad this week. He claimed since coming into power, the Lib Dems had not stood up for his political beliefs.

"I am not drunk. Druuuunk I am not. Since coming into power, the Lib Dems have not stood up for my political beliefs," he shouted whilst precariously balancing on a wooden bench. "Nick Clegg, he hasn't a face I can trust. Nick Griffin's on the other hand, there's a face every mother in this glorrrrrrious nation can loooove."

The final year Biologist previously spent a year working within a Lib Dem office 'researching for environmental policies' as part of his degree. He was personally thanked by Nick Clegg after his party sealed the coalition deal with the Conservatives in May

"Young Alex provided me with plenty of light relief during periods of extreme stress. His under-the-table tactics were just what I needed during some of those more intense moments."

In an interview with *felix*, Kendall stated that he will actively bring issues of national political interest to his Presidency next year.

"I will actively bring issues of national political interest to my Presidency next year," he said. "This includes the BNP's policy on climate change. Despite studying it for the past three years of my life, I can well and truly say there isn't any climate change."

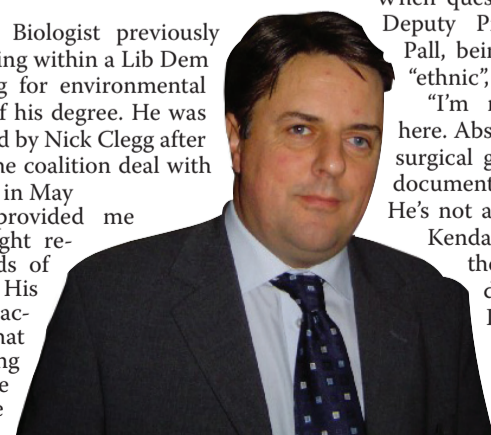
When questioned about one of his Deputy Presidents, namely Ravi Pall, being what he described as "ethnic," he took a hard line.

"I'm not against him being here. Absolutely not, but I will use surgical gloves with any email or document he sends to my office. He's not allowed in my office, no," Kendall said.

But what about the German Deputy President (Education), Alex Dahinten?

"Well, he can just fuck off, can't he?" stated an adamant Kendall.

Ugly idoi... Nick Griffin



An embarrassing Brown end



Sordid... very sordid things found on Brown's desk

UNION PRESIDENT DEAD IN SOLO OFFICE SEX GAME

Continued from Front Page

Ashley Brown, who had spent an extraordinary 81 years at Imperial as a student, was found lying naked in his office in Beit Quad late last night by a shocked Deputy President John James. Despite performing oral resuscitation Mr James was unable to revive Mr Brown or his flagging erection. He was rushed to Charing Cross hospital where he was declared dead at 03:34 am. Reports that his body was desecrated by drunk medics are unconfirmed.

It is believed that Ashley was engaged in auto-erotic asphyxiation but it will not be known for certain until a post-mortem examination is conducted. Early medical tests show the presence of branded super sexual-stimulant, Union Policy. It is a substance chemically similar to viagra, but it is said to contain dangerous levels of methyl-boringum and phenyl-uselessness.

Mr Brown first came to Imperial as a fresher in 1939 and during his time as an undergraduate, postgraduate, PhD student, Live! Editor and Union President had won respect for his honesty and can-do attitude.

"Who would have thought eh?" said a guy we met in the pub, "Ashley Brown, a fucking pervert."

His colleagues echoed those sentiments telling *felix* "Ashley was an inspiration to us all but I guess he wasn't quite right in the head"

Deputy President John James however slammed his colleagues for their intolerance. In a call from the North African coast he said "Who cares if he liked to choke himself while he played the fiddle. What people do in their own time is their own business. And to be honest, he had a look of ecstasy on his face so maybe he was on to something after all."

Mr Brown was a mere four weeks away from completing his year as President, a year he described as one of the "greatest and proudest achievements" of his life. This proclamation came after he claimed he was dictated by astrology into becoming President last year. "Well, I showed those stars who's their Daddy, now!" he exclaimed at Union Council last week.

Brown's extraordinary behaviour had become increasingly erratic in the latter days of his Presidency. He reportedly drew up plans to construct a nuclear bunker in Beit Quad before his clinical advisors reassured him that World War II was "well and truly over". Mr Brown has been regularly seen crying over the damaged walls of the Victoria & Albert

Museum where chip marks from the Blitz bombings were preserved to commemorate London's resilience under adversity. It was an adversity Brown experienced first-hand as he hid in the catacombs of the Museum itself as a small child.

Although unconfirmed, leaks from Imperial College Health Centre suggested that Mr. Brown was suffering from schizophrenia, and that his personality had become split between a mad-cap President of a faltering student Union and a Robin Island- incarcerated Nelson Mandela.

The tragic news is especially poignant as he had plans to marry his sweetheart in the Union this summer. OK! magazine revealed last month that his fiancé was unhappy at hosting the wedding in Beit Quad, stating the Union's catering service was "like something from a horrible boring nightmare".

Plans have already been drawn up to commemorate Mr Brown and the work that he did for the Union and students in general. Proposals are said to include a day of mourning, a special concert in the Great Hall and perhaps, a giant ice sculpture of Mr Brown on the Queens Lawn. The initial sketches for the statue show Mr Brown with a manic grin and a suspiciously tight tie around his neck...

The world beyond College walls ...

Pakistan



American builder Gary Faulkner was arrested in Chitral, Pakistan, a remote, mountainous region, while equipped with night vision goggles, large sword, pistol, dagger, wire ties, and Bibles during his attempt to find an Apple store with iPads in stock. Faulkner has kidney problems and must undergo dialysis every other day. After intensive interviews and psychiatric evaluations, Pakistan police stated, "The doctor told us he has some psychological problems but said he is not a mad man." Instead, they concluded that he felt that Apple "was not doing enough" to get iPads in stock in his local Colorado Apple Store and set out to do something about it because Hamas refuses to agree to tenets set by international members of the peace process including Europe, Russia, and the U.S.

USA



BP's unilateral revenge of the Boston Tea Party continued once again this week, spilling oil all over American sunbathers, holiday resorts and wildlife. The move was seen as revenge for the East India Company's tea spilt by Bostonians in 1773. In a Oval Office television address, his first, U.S. President Obama received mixed reviews when he asked, "Can't the British get over this already? It's been over 300 years since the Tea Party." Meanwhile, two newspapers, both owned by the same company, debated over which country's pensioners would be hit hardest by BP's stock market decline. The Sun seemed to convincingly defeat the New York Post in the debate: BP is 40% British-owned, as opposed to 39% American-owned. A new controversy raged due to idiomatic confusion after BP chairman Carl-Henric Svanberg, a Swede, mistakenly said, "We care about the small people." Those hit by the catastrophe were offended by the use of "small" and would have preferred the use of the word little.

N. Korea



North Korea intentionally lost its first round World Cup match with Brazil in order to please North Korean dictator Kim Jong-il. An exclusive *felix* interview with a DPRK higher-up, the first ever of its kind for this column, alerted us to the situation. According to *FELIX's* source, "Kim Jong-il watched the film "City of God" last week, really loved it, and wanted to say thank you to the Brazilians by ensuring that his outstanding football team did not outshine the Brazilians at their national sport." The match was 0-0 at the half, at which point Kim made the order, and his team allowed Brazil to score two goals. In the eighty-ninth minute, in a highlight bound to be played alongside his execution on state television for many years to come, Ji Yun-Nam scored bringing the final score to 2-1.

By TOM GREANY AND HAL NEVILLE-JONES



Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief 2009-10

Thirty issues later, and we've got a full complement for this year. This, being the thirtieth, is an issue that seemed so long away when I started as *felix* Editor back in August 2009. It may not seem too long ago for you, but after several strings of sleepless nights and intensely stressful print deadline days, it seems a lifetime to me.

Although it might not literally have been a lifetime since then, my Editorship has certainly been a defining phase of my time at university, if not my life.

I'm still a mediocre Biologist fumbling his way through an otherwise straightforward degree. Coming to think of it, taking a year out to edit the student newspaper is probably an ultimate form of procrastination. Unlike most students in sabbatical positions within the Union, I have little interest in Union politics; neither did I come into this job hoping to peak the interest of *The Guardian* or *The Times*. I'd describe myself as an average student at Imperial and really hope that has shone through in every facet of my role as Editor, from the pitch and direction of the newspaper's content to the way I've approached new and returning writers. Throughout the year, I've run with stories that have been of interest to me, and hence what I judge as of interest to the students of Imperial. I hope my judgement wasn't too off target and you've been reading intently.

The main bone of national contention this year has been that of the Browne Review on student finances. Intensified by the General Election that saw each of the three main parties take an interestingly different stand on tuition fees, the Browne Review's findings will be released just as we return for a new academic year in the autumn. The Review will be highly influential in the Government's plans for raising tuition fees; so much so, their proposals to lift the current £3,290 cap on fees will most likely be executed.

Higher education looks to be an entirely different playing field in the coming years, and it has been up to the current students to take a stand. I was incredibly impressed with the Aldwych Group's dedication to the cause against the Russell Group, an administration that represents our universities and hence us. They had seemingly refused to let those they represent see what they were submitting to the ongoing Browne Review.

Although they claimed transparency, our own Union President took it upon himself to march his way into the Russell Group offices to ensure that



"Thank you for reading each week, and I hope you've laughed, learnt and even baulked at *felix* as much as I have this year."

Group's Browne Review submission was released publically and promptly.

It was good to see Imperial College Union actively involving themselves with issues of great importance to students beyond South Kensington. Student activism didn't die with a bygone era.

The *felix* Editor's relationship with the Sabbatical Officers in the Union is usually quite a rocky one. In previous years, Editors have gone head-to-head with Presidents. I've always found it odd that I could be slating someone I've spent plenty of time becoming friends with, known for years, and who sits three floors above me in the Union Building. Luckily, this year's administration has been a steady ship, captained by the born-to-be President Ashley Brown. He's done a good job and stayed off our headlines, which has helped me run with lead features and stories that are of genuine interest to you, rather than the tried-and-tested 'Union does something wrong' exposé.

As promised in my election manifesto, I did pick up on the Union's failings when needed and not unnecessarily. Their dealing with the new bar names astounded me. After taking a successful student poll for a new bar name,

they decided to scrap the entire thing and start over. This time, without a poll. Democracy at its best.

Closer to home, Sir Roy Anderson's sudden and swift resignation threw the *felix* office into an investigative frenzy. Preparing for that issue in November allowed us to lead with a story that was the essence of student journalism.

The hierarchy of our institution was in turmoil, and rumours regarding why the Rector left so quickly were bandied around the country. The head of one of the world's most respective institutions leaving with a dark cloud over his head was making national news. We even had a reporter from *The Guardian* phone us up for extra information. For a little while, we were ahead of the national press on this story.

With every single person associated with College's governance tight-lipped, we didn't quite find out the real reason why Sir Roy stepped down as Rector, but we definitely lifted the lid on a few things along the way.

Hopefully, lips will be loosened as time rolls on, then we'll finally be able to conclude one of the biggest stories to come out of Imperial in recent times. Obviously, we don't get a story that big or with that much potential to run with

every week. This is even more so the case in the lulling Summer Term.

I'm incredibly proud of Phoenix, our special summer arts annual. We were secretly confident about how much untapped creative talent was about campus and, luckily, we were right.

I hope Phoenix will continue to exhibit everything Imperial's students can excel at beyond their degrees.

One aspect of this past year I am most thankful for is the opportunity to meet so many other students. From those who just recognised my face from the newspaper to those that ended up being an integral part of the editorial team, I've loved meeting you all; even if you didn't all leave me walking away with a smile on my face. There were several occasions where some of you left me puzzled, worried, angered or offended. Despite that, the emotion stirred is evidence of how much I care about about *felix* and my job.

There is a thick black line between delight and stress for me in the *felix* office. This line is a wide, dark wedge of delirium and caffeine. However, the *felix* office has been a place of many things: searing discussion and debate, entertainment and, for some, solace. As different section editors, copy edi-

tors and contributors pass through the door, it has been wonderful to see so many new faces enter the fold. Most notably, there's the news team entirely made up of Freshers; Luke Turner, whom was miraculously appointed Music Editor within Freshers' Week; Lizzy Griffiths, a Fresher who due to her regularity in the office has become a *felix* veteran in my eyes; and Charlotte Morris, the girlfriend of the Comment Editor that accidentally usurped him as Comment Editor, and then ending up doing so much more and becoming Assistant Editor.

It is to the latter who I have awarded my hand-picked accolade of Editor of the Year. Charlotte has become a driving force behind *felix*, and has climbed her way up the editorial ladder to one of the highest positions of responsibility on the team. Her organisation and almost demonic necessity to get things done there and then will lend her great help if she decides to become Editor during her time at Imperial. Thank you for your invaluable support this year, Charlotte. Maybe we'll pay for you to get elocution lessons to lessen that Northern accent of yours.

It mustn't take anything away from the rest of the editorial team this year. We've had about 50 editors on the roster, more than ever before. Each and every one of them has done a tremendous job to produce 40 pages every single week. The fun we all have together during the week has shone through in every Friday's product, and that's entirely satisfying for the Editor.

What's in the works for next year, I hear you bark. *felix* will be in the capable paws of Kadhim Shubber. He's already running around the place like a boy with a new toy trying to get exciting projects ready for next year. I'll be taking a step back, and thankfully you'll see less of me in the newspaper. Maybe you'll even see more. Either way, if you see me around College, come and say hello still. We'll get a pint or do pretty much anything that'll prevent me from studying Biology again.

Kadhim has all the abilities required to excel as a student newspaper editor, and I'm sure he'll evidence that with next year's *felix*.

Have a memorable summer, and whilst you won't have *felix* to remind you of the lighter side of life, make sure you take as much enjoyment as you can out of whatever you're doing. Thank you for reading each week, and I hope you've laughed, learnt and even baulked at *felix* as much as I have this year.

Thank you once again, for helping me take so much pleasure in producing *felix* this past year.



Rhys Davies will make you happy, ready?



"We are fleeting and inconsequential but also ridiculously silly and reassuringly good"



One of the highlights of my day is meandering my way through a copy of *The Metro*. For every story of drugs, crime and general badness, there are at least two along the lines of, "Largest Banana Museum Saved," or "Man Has Sex With Bicycle." The ratio is a keen reflection on our society. The negative articles are news because they are exceptional and the odd articles are news because they are indicative of the world we live in. It reaffirms a long-held belief of mine: that deep down, people are stupid but good.

The universe is massive, not that you needed me to tell you that. Millions of galaxies, billions of stars, and it's mostly empty. Whoever packed the shopping bags after the Big Bang clearly overcharged us. But this is more than just a violation of our consumer

rights. For the most part, the universe is cold, desolate and empty. For all intents and purposes, we are alone. Not that anyone would notice. Like I said, the universe is massive – and we are tiny. I remember looking down from the Queen's Tower once and remarking how small everyone looked from my vantage point, like ants even. Compared to the universe, collectively we are smaller than the grains of dust in the shadow of an ant. An anorexic ant. In a corset. We're not even dust – we're dust's dandruff!

Don't worry if this is starting to get you down because I've got something that'll cheer you right up. Death. It can take the form of an apocalyptic asteroid or a splodge of fat bedding down in the wrong coronary artery; it can come after the longest of longevities or seconds after conception. Needless to say, when it does come, it is unin-

vited and does not care a jot for what it interrupts. In that sense, it has much in common with taxes, that other universal constant. Death is a lot like jury duty; it's unpleasant, it messes up our diary for the foreseeable future and it's something everyone has to put up with.

So where does that leave us? We have (in the absence of rampaging taxis, leopards and spontaneous human combustion) eighty years or so on an insignificant planet in one of the dimmer corners of an uncaring universe before the lights snuff out, the curtain falls and we're done for good.

Now, the rational reactions to this reality would be sadness or anger. The only reason anyone would rise out of their Poesian pit of despair would be to impotently punch a wall for a few hours. But I look around and while, yes, there is plenty of anger in the

world and more than enough sadness, these aren't all there is! In spite, or often because, of our own mortality, we have built up the most complex designs of architecture, the most soulful works of art, the most exquisitely precise theories of science and logic. None of it will last – it all carries the same expiration date as we do – but we do it anyway! Yes, we have our fill of pain, angst and anger but we match it measure for measure with joy, awe and wonder. And when we do see fit to see red, to rage, rage against the dying of the light, we make sure to do with a stiffly worded letter to whom it may concern. In a distinctly irate font.

And what of when the galleries and museums close, when the libraries and cinemas shut their doors, when Facebook crashes and the servers go down? When we are cut off from our friends, our society, our culture and there is

only the vast, uncaring emptiness of the universe to gaze up at and comprehend. Are we overcome then? Yes, of course we are! But by grief, no! We see the myriad fires in the firmament, the shooting stars, the planets, bright and wandering – and, if we're lucky, perhaps a supernova. We see all this and are struck dumb. If we have the wit to summon words to the occasion, the most eloquent of us may just be able to muster, "Wow!"

To some, we're just a guttering match but I think we burn brighter than a supernova with petrol thrown on it. So the universe may be cold and empty – but it's pretty – and death may be ubiquitous and rude – but life is great while it lasts! We are fleeting and inconsequential. But we are also ridiculously silly and reassuringly good.

No. Hang on, that's not right. Scratch that. We're bloody amazing!

Angry Geek is finally getting some counselling



"Counselling is sensationally strange. It's like your own personal episode of Trisha"



Father died today. Or maybe yesterday, I don't know. Oh wait, no, I *do* know because it's a hugely important point of detail. It was last June. Much as I appreciate the importance of French people doing sod all throughout their lives and then writing a book that sums up how they felt, I've got to say that while there are some things I forget – GCSE Biology, what nuts my brother is allergic to, that sort of thing – there are other things that I put a bit of effort into remembering. My father died on June 29th last year. It was fucking awful, and Albert Camus can go to hell.

While I was quite open about the passing of my grandfather a couple of years back, I didn't mention my father's long-term illness and eventual death. Why? I'll be honest, it didn't strike me as gold-plated comedy ma-

terial. But more than that; while my grandfather's death was swift and relatively uneventful, my father's death was prolonged, unenjoyable, and not really for public consumption. Yet here we are.

So, I've started counselling. I realise it might come as a surprise to many of you to discover that behind this facade of ranting, hatred and insecurity there's actually a good deal of *repressed* ranting, hatred and insecurity vying to get out. Like all truly self-destructive morons, I decided that the best approach to take to the whole affair of death would be the classic "Problem? What problem? You're the one with problems, buddy. Problems with your face, that is. Now how about that Israel-Palestine situation?" stance. It's a stance whose track record looks something like British tennis players – alright up to a point, but likely to collapse violently

whenever anyone actually needs to rely on it. The violent collapse occurred a few months ago, and I promptly found myself sitting in the student counselling service wondering why they didn't have one of those lying-down-couch things.

Counselling is sensationally strange. It's like your own personal episode of *Trisha*, where you are simultaneously the audience, participant, interviewer and the 'He's here in the studio!' cock that jumps out halfway through as a surprise guest. The counsellor acts like a cameraman, shifting focus between these otherwise idiotic parts of your personality in order to try and provide some kind of link between them all.

Before going to counselling, my impression of the experience – and by impression I mean wild guesses based on years of cynicism and episodes of

The Simpsons – was that it involved a lot of chin stroking, and then several repeated stabs in the dark until one of those stabs hit a particular region on a flowchart or Venn diagram which categorised me into some variety of loon.

On reflection, this was somewhat unfair.

Much to the chagrin of my counsellor, at least at first, I spent a lot of time trying to work out how the process works. My conclusions – uh, dunno? It's nuanced. It's the exact opposite of what I spend most of my day doing – looking at a problem, planning a solution, and ploughing that bastard until it's solved. Instead, we sit and stare and wonder. Sometimes we do the clichéd thing and talk about childhoods. Sometimes we talk about mistakes I think I made. And sometimes we talk about vitamin supplements.

The whole process of dealing with

this depression has been very much like the cancer that caused the problem in the first place; I don't talk to other people about it, there's no known cure and it doesn't make for very entertaining comment pieces. And I'm still unsure of what the role of counselling is in that. But one thing that I am now sure about is that student welfare is a Good Thing. And that my Simpsons-fuelled preconceptions of the process are extremely unhelpful.

It's Fathers' Day this weekend, which will be exactly the shitter you might expect it to be. I will spend it playing *Doom 2*, eating *Wotsits* and doing other things that remind me of the old man. If you're also spending this weekend reflecting on exam performance or how much you pushed yourself this year, my advice would be this – don't. Have a great summer. I'll be back, miserable as ever, in the Autumn.

Azfarul Islam bids adieu to Imperial



“Fun turned to horror at the first lecture when I realised that nothing made sense”



When approaching the end of something as momentous as University life, one can't help but sit down for extended periods of contemplation - even if said sit downs take out rather scary chunks of time from working on my final year project. But it simply must be done.

There's nostalgia, there's regret, there's joy and - I'm not ashamed of admitting it - a sense of unfathomable sorrow. School passed by over an overly long, protracted period and you really had no choice on the matter; A-levels ended before they even began. University, though? There's an entirely different phenomenon altogether. Can I even begin to describe that first feeling of freedom? Or that realisation that all of a sudden, one is truly a master of his or her own destiny? Or reminisce about chance encounters that change the course of our lives? Or appreciatively look back on mistakes even, at least ones that let us gain incomparable experience? I could, however, easily begin to rail at spending that one (and soon, far more than one) weekend in the library. Seriously, what's up with the workload here?

The first time I found myself in the

wide hallways and even wider common room of Beit was like nothing I've ever been through. What's to compare against? In school events you knew everyone and gravitated towards your peer group. At parties, weddings and the like back in Bangladesh, you were either busily involved in managing the proceedings or just found yourself milling around uncomfortably in an attempt to find some long-lost relatives and then spend the whole time catching up with them.

It was soon after that one of the Senior Tutors spoke to us gravely in the Great Hall about being adults or some such. Did that matter when the carnival-like atmosphere of the Freshers' Fair hit me full in the face? Of course not. My poor mailbox still bears the scars of the myriad clubs and societies I expressed “interest” in without any intention of ever attending a single event. Note to certain societies: can you please, please sort out your mailing list subscription cancellation procedure? Thanks.

Fun turned to horror at the first lecture when I realised that nothing made sense. Imperial has this habit and it's come up in discussions with friends quite regularly: it doesn't matter how high a pedestal your school stood you up on because Imperial will kick it

down. And then kick you in the face. And then walk off. And run back to kick you some more. I actually went up to the Senior Tutor to ask her if I was dyslexic or suffering from some sort of learning disability because my hubris couldn't allow me to take in that, at University, you really needed to re-discover studying. Or at least, fake it. I think she took pity on me and handed me a booklet about, you guessed it, “learning how to learn”. I would like to say that turned out to be some sort of hallowed revelation with angelic trumpets playing softly, but it transpired that pure and simple determination works quite well too. Well, determination to not fail, at the very least.

Around then, I also started to meet a large number of like-minded (an earth-shattering experience after being one of very few geeks at school) individuals who continue to amuse, annoy, enthrall, challenge and support me to this very moment. Every day, these encounters took place with relentless regularity: I couldn't get over the fact that there were so many new faces to process. There's a close friend of mine whose name and number I asked for thrice on the same day when we first met. Also, I didn't even get his name right until after a week. Speaking of names, I took

this very good opportunity to shorten my own when introducing myself. I got rather tired in Bangladesh when not a single person could get my name right, mangling it with either mispronunciation or simply couldn't get the ordering of letters right. I could reasonably argue that Imperial lead to new beginnings in more ways than one.

The year 2007 was pretty special because that's when I joined *felix* as Games Editor thanks to a glowing recommendation from the, no surprises here, Games Editor of yesteryear. I was initially contemplating whether I'd have time to do something like that given that EEE has a reputation of all work, no play. Suffice to say, it was a decision I cherish every day. I had a blast in my position (and missed a bunch of lectures in the process), met some incredible people (who are still in *felix*) and paved the way for my contribution to Imperial College; three of us banded together to create Another Castle which joined the lofty ranks of I, Science, Phoenix and The Rival as the gaming magazine of Imperial College.

Sure, it seems like I'm approaching this with the demeanour of the elderly and about to inscribe my memoirs, but I dare anyone to not dig deeper into their memories once they're at the end

of University. The end. Now there's a funny phrase. Perhaps it is just me. A friend of mine had picked out some of my traits and through a process of unceremonious typecasting and the use of some online psychological profiling, found that I'm the kind of person who's not very good at dealing with closure. At the time I heatedly disagreed with her but I couldn't really do that now.

I've always been proud of my writing ability and any other time I'd probably be shaking my head at this childish attempt to squash in four years of, well, life into this space. What I really mean to say is that I thank you all. From all the academics I met in various departments (well, mostly Computing and Electrical Engineering), to the members of countless societies, to the lovely people that have been part of *felix* and are still part of it, to the seemingly-disorganised yet well-meaning Union to all the irreplaceable friends and acquaintances I've met over the years, to you who actually gives a damn about a University leaver's ramblings. I would name each and every one of you but I can't take up the whole paper now, can I? This is the one time that the word ‘epic’ fails to capture the feeling but here it is anyway: you've all been epic. Thank you for the memories.

A sickening display of hypocrisy in politics

Jonathan Woodcock has the last word on the positive discrimination debate

One thing to notice amid this whole positive discrimination debate is that we here at Imperial benefit more highly from positive discrimination than most realise. A few weeks back, *felix* informed us that the Russell Group receives two-thirds of the UK's higher education budget. Now that's positive discrimination if ever I saw it: subtly implying that those twenty universities are better institutions for the government to ply with money. However, I think this is an example of sensibly applied positive discrimination. From a logician's point of view what is the point in investing money in something that you know is going no-where; that is why we don't invest more money in less capable, less pioneering universities. The same argument can be applied to whether known alcoholics should be given liver transplants. If the probability of wastage is high, why bother? It is in these situations that positive discrimination works.

It is when decisions are made that go

against logic that positive discrimination becomes a laughing stock. Nathan Holford spent his entire article describing a situation where a company was choosing between two completely candidates, identical in all but gender. But the fundamental flaw is that this is not positive discrimination. It is defined by what he said ‘makes no sense’ - where ability is completely ignored. But this is where the entire issue comes from. It is illogical.

That is to say nothing of his claims that it does nothing to undermine pride. The sting of being denied a job in favour of someone less qualified must be painful. But to get a job because of your gender must be infuriating.

Imagine if this policy was in place in the admissions process of this very university. Imagine being denied a place because the college had to fulfil their female quota or they were already full of people of your ethnic background. You may remember the feelings of Diane Abbott on the issue of race at Imperial around this time last year. If she had her way, everyone would

be defined by their race or gender or sexual orientation and not the people they are beneath. Ironically this is the argument used by most anti-discrimination organisations. To use what they so vehemently protest against in order to ensure equality is a sickening display of hypocrisy. Interestingly enough, Diane Abbott is currently campaigning to replace Gordon Brown as leader of the Labour Party. Her campaign centres on the fact that she is black and a woman. Are these really the qualities people

look for when choosing a leader?

The problem is that whilst racism, homophobia and sexism exist, enforcing positive discrimination is to subliminally imply that all people are

racist, homophobic or sexist. This is absolutely not the case and positive discrimination is just a disguise for a deeper social evil than that which it tries to prevent.

“If Diane Abbott had her way, everyone would be defined by their race or gender or sexual orientation”





Army found at fault for Bloody Sunday

Rory Fenton

Growing up as a Catholic in Belfast left me many experiences I wouldn't have had elsewhere and would frankly rather forget. I remember our car being searched by the British Army every time our family went shopping. I remember my little church being burnt down and my Catholic school petrol bombed - twice. I remember the fear when our school was closed early during riots and being in the back seat of the family car, aged 7, when a man was shot dead by the IRA outside our flat. Life in a city dissected by a 25ft wall meant that I never met socially with Protestants, right up until coming to Imperial.

We now find ourselves in a period of unparalleled peace and prosperity, although largely down to the death toll rather than political success. But while most of the country was left in peace to tend to the emotional and physical scars of the past, families of the victims of Derry City's infamous Bloody Sunday massacre were left with insult and further pain; their dead or wounded loved ones branded terrorists by not only the Army but the official inquiry into the fiasco.

It is only now, after the release of the new Saville Inquiry on Tuesday, that I can say without fear of consequence what happened on Sunday the 30th January 1972. 10,000 people, predominantly Catholic, marched on Derry City with the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association, demanding an end to internment without trial. Such marches had been banned by the Unionist Northern Irish government and the march was blocked by barricades set up and manned by the British Army.

Enraged, many of the younger protestors began throwing stones at the barricade and were met with rubber bullets, tear gas and water cannon from the army. The army was then sent out to arrest as many of the marchers as possible. It is at this point that, when

studying the incident in school, we are taught that it is difficult to say what happened next but 25 minutes later 13 marchers lay dead with a further 15 wounded, one of whom later died. According to reports from the soldiers at the time, the Provisional IRA opened fire on the Army, who responded appropriately, shooting back at them, returning one shot for one shot and many of those killed were found to have had nail bombs in their pockets. This, at least, was the official account as accepted by the Widgery Tribunal which looked into the shootings. It is this same account that has now been found to have been largely fabricated.

British troops should never have been used to block marches which never should have been banned in the first place. That paratroopers, who were trained to fight Soviets, perpetrated a massacre against British citizens (British whether they liked it or not) in a British city is now clear. This massacre was then covered up, with the scapegoat of the dead innocents preferred to the tarnishing of the regiment's name. To go through almost 40 years of being told by the government that your dead brother, son or father was a terrorist and got what he deserved must have been unimaginably hard for the relatives of the Bloody Sunday victims.

At a time when there is such attention on the wrongs of that Sunday, it is understandable that some will raise the many people, including soldiers, who were killed in equally as cold blood by the IRA and other terrorist groups in Northern Ireland, as well as here in London. Death dealt by terrorists should never go without investigation nor be left unpunished, but the idea that murder could be committed by professional soldiers against the civilians they are supposed to protect is surely beyond justification; that they could then manage to cover this up is beyond belief.

The victims of IRA bombs were never blamed by the government for their own deaths. A simple truth

stands; 14 unarmed civilians were shot dead by the army of this country.

It is hard to stress enough the influence that Bloody Sunday had in dragging Northern Ireland into much of the bloodshed that followed it. Many moderate Catholics who had previously rejected violence drifted easily into the hands of the IRA, including some I know and perhaps my own experience of nineties Belfast could have been rather different. The effects of the past 40 years cannot be erased by a single inquiry into 14 of the over 3,000 who died in the Troubles but if it can heal some wounds and right some wrongs, not only is the principle of justice upheld, but a chapter may finally be closed on one of the bloodiest times in Northern Irish history.

Saville Inquiry Investigation

No warning had been given to any civilians before the soldiers opened fire

None of the soldiers fired in response to attacks by petrol bombers or stone throwers

Some of those killed or injured were clearly fleeing or going to help those injured or dying - including one man shot dead while crawling away from the soldiers, already wounded.

None of the casualties was posing a threat or doing anything that would justify their shooting.

Many of the soldiers lied about their actions



Cameron captains England

Mike Hunt

Yesterday evening it was announced that the Cabinet will be replacing the England team in the World Cup. In a move that sees the first democratically elected national football team, David Cameron and chums will be swapping their suits for England kits.

The switch was prompted after England's draw against the USA gave rise to widespread condemnation of Capello's squad. After decades of armchair managers proclaiming they could pick the squad better than the England manager we are one step closer to the goal.

While no-one actually voted for the cabinet to represent us at football, the cabinet doesn't accurately represent the overall will of the country in

politics either. As such they have decided they have an equal mandate to represent the nation in South Africa as they have in Westminster.

With Green no longer in goal, the chances of England bringing home the World Cup have soared. Book-makers already are giving 2-1 odds that William Hague will score a hat-trick in today's match against Algeria. Other star players include Eric Pickles, who, being almost the size of the goal, is expected to block nearly every shot on target.

While the cabinet are in South Africa the country will be run entirely by the Queen. She has stated her main policies will be to set up an Alpaca farm in every local park.

Prince Philip has been deputised into the foreign office.

The Lib Dem players are widely ex-

pected to start on the bench. This is by far a promotion from their tea and coffee making tasks in the cabinet. After years of advocating a 4-3-1 formation they have backed down to the Tory demands of a 4-4-2 lineup for a chance to sit on the bench.

Boris Johnson has flown out to South Africa but is unlikely to play after his rugby-tackling shenanigans of his last football match. Of course Boris isn't a member of the cabinet, but it just wouldn't be right for the other toffs to go without him.

Naturally the move means that from now on the England team will be democratically elected.

Following the World Cup we will finally have an England squad that truly represents the English public. Tactical voting has a whole new meaning.



Boris Johnson could be England's star player if he could avoid rugby tackling

Narcotics and prohibition in UK today

Dominc MacIver

Back in 1927, André Gide, a French author, heard about opium-smoking, cocaine-addicted school kids. One was caught injecting in his finals. When cornered, he blamed his teacher: "Do you think anyone could endure the dullness of his teaching without shooting up?" Contrary to contemporary tabloid warnings about the ever-spiralling degeneracy of today's youth, drug consumption has long been a rite of passage across the world for a minority of young people trying to cope with the emotional and physical stresses of growing up, meanwhile defying authority and causing mischief.

In Britain, narcotic prohibition came into force through the 1920 Dangerous Drugs Act, which passed following debate between six MPs. The only dissenter was a Scottish doctor, Walter Eliot, who warned against the moral absolutism those "barbarians of the West" – American prohibitionists – who had pressured other countries into following their lead. From these foundations emerged the Prohibitionist consensus that grew to become the

"... prohibition, the law that turned Americans into a nation of law-breakers"

"War on Drugs", a war that governments are losing miserably, defeated by a motley collection of ruthless organized criminals, baffled potheads, hopeless addicts, profit-hungry dealers and ordinary consumers.

In 1927, Edmund Wilson wrote that "people going on sprees, toots, jags, brannigans or benders" were rare because "fierce protracted drinking has now become a universal feature of social life." He was speaking at the height of the Prohibition, the law that turned Americans into a nation of law-breakers and created a new breed of organized criminal.

Contemporary parallels are plain to see. Conservative and Labour politicians desperately clamber over one another to prove their moral absolutism: sternly condemning drug-users, playing to tabloid hysteria over mephedrone abuse, and competing to condemn and denigrate Professor Nutt, the sacked expert who mistakenly pronounced his own opinion.

For decades, the question of decriminalizing drugs has largely been outside the parameters of accepted debate. The dominant discourse on illegal drugs portrays them as the greatest social evil, looming over the minds, bodies and souls of the nation's children. There is a stigma attached to arguing against prohibition, one that makes me seriously reluctant to put my name on this article for fear of future repercussions concerning my professional advancement.

Stepping out of line from the prohi-

bitionist consensus leads to attack by populist demagogues on all sides, as was seen in the criticism of Professor Nutt, unsurprisingly nicknamed the "Nutty Professor" (despite being an internationally recognised expert in neuropsychopharmacology).

Voicing opposition to prohibition has long been one of the popular media's enemies. Criticism of prohibition is muted, relegated to opinion columns. This is driven by two factors: firstly the issue's political unpopularity with the voting population (i.e. middle-aged parents and the elderly), and secondly, because critical debate of complex policy issues doesn't sell papers. Headlines like "Cocaine Kate: Supermodel Kate Moss snorts line after line" do.

This has been a significant and neglected cause of youthful alienation from conventional politics ever since the end of 1960s, when the over-optimistic counter-cultural wave broke against the rocks of the conservative backlash.

Following the United States making LSD illegal in 1968, youthful preference steadily shifted towards more damaging drugs: to cocaine and heroin from the 1970s, MDMA/Ecstasy from the late 1980s, crack and crystal meth from the 1990s, and now ketamine and mephedrone at the end of the noughties.

Telling the curious, the rebellious, and the vulnerable that chasing any kind of unsanctioned high is wrong, disgusting and evil has had limited effect. Disingenuously telling schoolchildren that smoking cannabis will result in their becoming a schizophrenic, crack-addled prostitute will clearly alienate them from established power structures (particularly the police) when they discover this is not true.

Illegal drug users frequently construct a self-image as individualist rebels against conventional society and the established political order. This goes for both addicts and occasional abusers. For addicts, it is more attractive to see oneself as a romantic outsider free from conventional morality rather than a hopeless wretch, driven to desperation by sickness. Changing attitudes to addiction, recognising it as an illness deserving pity rather than animosity is one step towards tackling it.

Meanwhile, occasional drug-fuelled hedonism has become an entrenched

"Meanwhile, occasional drug-fuelled hedonism has become part of clubbing culture"

part of clubbing culture. Cocaine consumption in Britain is the highest in Europe. According to UN statistics, 5% of the world's population take illegal drugs. Another UN estimate guesses the trade is worth \$320 billion per year. This giant sum goes straight



Drugs guns and money are all very profitable. Some argue for their decriminalisation to cut crime and raise revenues.

to the pockets of organized criminals, spilling gallon after gallon of blood in the Third World – as can be seen in Mexico at the moment.

Prohibition, as in the time of the prohibition of alcohol in the US in the 1920s, essentially removes the role of state in regulating trade rules and enforcing contracts. As a businessman, if your product of, say, gold are stolen by a competitor, you can go to the police to get them back and put your competitor out of business. The security services possess the monopoly on violence. If, however, your product of illegal liquor or cocaine is stolen by your rival, unable to go to the police, you must arm yourself and seek vengeance. The police lose their monopoly on violence, and become an unwelcome and ineffectual referee in the competition for profit.

This simple explanation accounts for the violence of organized criminality, from warring Colombian cartels to feral youths in street gangs. In modern consumerist society, where wealth is portrayed as the precursor to happiness, the ambitious few without the connections or education to achieve this legally will inevitably resort to achieving it illegally. Producing, transporting and pushing illegal drugs is the most profitable way to do this.

Effective repression of drug markets at best forces a change in consumption trends and the relocation of production. For example, cannabis production has shifted from the Middle East, Latin America and South Asia to secret factories and farms in the developed world, often manned by illegal workers. Opium production has moved from Thailand and Turkey to Burma and Afghanistan.

Removing traditional supply routes from Colombia to the US led to their

relocation to Mexico, which is now fighting a bloody war with powerful, ruthless and heavily-armed criminal networks. Prohibition has been the spring of rivers of blood in Latin America. Blood feuds, corrupted regimes and criminal empires have begun, fattened and imploded, fuelled by the giant profit margins that prohibition stimulates by the high price of and demand for illegal drugs.

There is little evidence that more repressive policy reduces drug abuse. Repressive Sweden and more liberal Norway have precisely the same addiction rates. UK cannabis consumption actually decreased during the time it was a Class C. Unless we create a totalitarian system of informant networks,

"Stories abound of British policemen, having caught potheads in the act, helping them play the system out of sympathy"

arbitrary repressive punishments and absolute control over borders, drug abuse will simply not go away. Removing prohibition is the least bad option.

There are some glimmers of hope, emerging from the century-old fog of hysteria. Various influential cultural and political outlets in the media are putting the case against prohibition. The television series the Wire,

amongst the finest western cultural outputs of the noughties, argued passionately against the continuing fallacy of prohibition. The Economist, a bastion of the British Establishment, has long done the same. Stories abound of British policemen, having caught potheads in the act, helping them play the system out of sympathy. The US is very quietly opening the door on a state-by-state basis for decriminalized marijuana through a messy, state-by-state system of medical prescriptions.

The contours of a new policy would have to be gradual and cautious. Returning cannabis to Class C would be the first step, with an exemption for the strongest strains. Reducing penalties for possession, and, later, supply, would be the next. Any money saved from law enforcement should be re-invested into drug education and research, and public health programmes to cut addiction, particularly in prisons and deprived areas. Fully decriminalizing soft drugs, providing honest information about them and pricing them accordingly through taxation would both offer government a (much needed) new stream of revenue and greatly reduce the role of gangsterism in the trade. This alone would be a good start.

Today's generation – apathetic, indebted, demoralized and broke – have been largely turned off conventional politics. Prohibition is not all to blame. We have been left with an ugly, ugly world full of debt and pointless war by our elders. Governments don't change until their population compels them to. Let us hope the coalition government charts a separate course to its forebears. I am not optimistic. I just pray our generation doesn't descend further into apathy and hedonism, instead of working to change a faulty system.



Newspaper rocked by fresh scandals

This week saw further scandals for the embattled *felix* newspaper that is still struggling to recover from recent news surrounding Editor Dan Wan's unholy communions with senior members of the Roman Catholic Church. It emerged on Tuesday that next year's editor-"elect" Kadhim Shubber had in fact bought the position for \$500,000 from a Romanian Governor Rod Blagojevich. The position was initially supposed to go to Barack Obama, who won 51.5% of votes cast in the Union's online poll, in what the media described as a massive landslide that set a clear mandate for healthcare reform.

But the FBI is now alleging that following Obama's decision to turn down the position in order to become President of the United States, Shubber bribed Blagojevich to give him the

seat instead. The FBI's suspicions were first raised when they noticed that Shubber was Iraqi and therefore most probably an Arab. They claim to have subsequently obtained secret footage of Shubber boasting "sup me bitches, guess what - I just bribed my way to becoming *felix* editor!" Mr. Shubber insists that that comment has been taken out of context.

The newspaper's legions of staff were united, along with both of its readers, in dismissing the allegations as a distraction from the important work ahead. Politics editor Phillip Goldcrees, expressed strong support for Shubber, asking "who amongst us can truly say they have never slept with a goat? Oh what, you mean the bribery thing?" Poor People Editor Rory Fenton added, "blah blah blah poor people - that's why I support Kadhim."

But the most damaging aspect of this

story for *felix* may be the way in which it handled it. The story was initially leaked by one of the paper's own bloggers in an article for the online version of the publication. Staff felt Editor Dan Wan in particular was out of touch, especially when asked about his efforts to clean up the news leak. His answer of "I want my life back" led many to doubt his sympathy with staff who have been even more rocked by the scandal.

The newspaper is used to being criticised, for example for making up most of its news stories, relying on Wikipedia as a primary research tool and considering staff photographers to be an interchangeable asset with Google Images. But the recent revelations about corruption within the organisation have weakened its bargaining position in currently ongoing negotiations with Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation about a possible takeover deal.



Dan Wan has been under pressure recently to testify against Malaysian opposition leader Anwar Ibrahim, but both men strongly deny the allegations

Are your shoes worth more than a child's life?

Rory Fenton

On your way to work you pass a small pond. On hot days, children sometimes play in the pond, which is only about knee deep. The weather's cool today, though, and the hour is early, so you are surprised to see a young child splashing about in the pond. As you get closer, you realise that it's a very young child, just a toddler, who is flailing about, unable to stay upright or walk out of the pond. You look for the parents or babysitter but there is no one else around. The child is unable to keep its head above the water for more than a few seconds at a time. If you don't wade in and pull him out, he sounds likely to drown. Wading in is easy and safe but you will ruin the new shoes you bought only a few days ago, and get your suit wet and muddy. By the time you hand the child over to someone responsible for him and change your clothes, you'll be late for work. What should you do?

This is the central piece of philosopher Peter Singer's book 'The Life You Can Save'. There is, of course, only one morally justifiable course of action; wading in. And of the new shoes and few hours' pay - they're clearly meaningless compared to saving the child's life. Singer's argument is as follows: if 10 million children under the age of five die every year of poverty, is failing to respond not morally equivalent to walking past a drowning child? Especially if combating extreme poverty will take no greater sacrifice than that pair of shoes.

But just how effective is the aid that individuals and governments invest in combating world poverty? It's easy to talk about children and ponds but the situation on the ground in a developing country may involve corrupt leaders, civil wars and inefficient charity bureaucracies. It's time to put the economics of fighting poverty under

scrutiny.

There's an apparent contradiction in what charities tell us about the world's poor. They tell us that a billion of the world's people live on \$1.25 a day or less. And yet they then say that it only costs £3 to feed a child for a month. Only £5 for a mosquito net. Only a few pounds for a month of primary education. Unless I'm grossly mistaken about the dollar/pound exchange rate, the world's poorest should quite comfortably be able to afford all of these basics.

People on such a wage have no financial security as they haven't the ability to save up for rainy days. In the case of a sudden medical bill or natural disaster, that may mean selling an animal on which a family had relied for milk and meat, leaving them poorer still. Subject to such a spiral, it can't reasonably be expected for these people to 'help themselves' put off poverty if they can't afford the medical care or education to get into work or improve farming techniques. This would also have been the case in London only a century ago until universal education and, later, healthcare were established. It takes a minimum standard of living before a person can become economically productive.

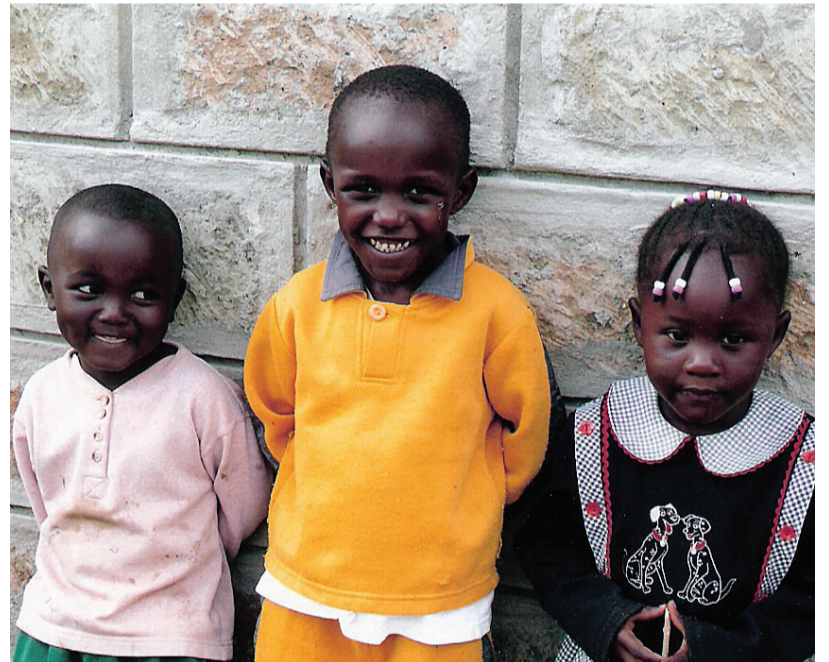
But this doesn't mean that aid will make the situation any better. The questions still remain - how much does it really cost to save a life and is aid really a long term benefit?

A concrete example is the prevention of malaria. Nothing But Nets, a charity that sends anti-malaria nets to Africa, says it costs just £5 for one net - "that's £5 to save a life", they say. "If you donate £50, that's 10 lives saved". But this is clearly not really the case. Most people who get these nets will not die of malaria. Many of those who do get the disease will not die of it, not forgetting that in practice the nets may not always be used all of the time. Taking these facts into consideration (and bearing in mind that a net will cover more than

one child) the truer figure is more like £500 for each life saved, according to the organisation GiveWell. This seems like a lot, and certainly considerably more than the charity would have us believe but perhaps we can put it into a wider context. Our own governments use an approximate 'price per life saved' when making decisions about, for example, the cost effectiveness of improved road safety. According to figures by the USA's Environmental Protection Agency, the average life in America is worth 7.22 million dollars, or 4.5 million pounds; in other words, the government considers intervening to be justified if they can save a life for no more than every £4.5 million spent. British figures are similar. If a life is worth this sacrifice to save in the West, a life lost to malaria in Africa will have to be worth less than $500/4500000 = 0.00011$ lives in the West. It's simple arithmetic. Can we really justify such imbalance?

A strong argument against aid is that it encourages dependency and removes the incentive for countries to help themselves. It is true that while charities must avoid dependency, the amount of money put by charities towards the education and healthcare of children in developing countries will never compare to the amount our own UK government spends on our university tuition (£7,000 per student per year) or healthcare (£1,700 per person per year) for each of us. I'm sure we would all be offended at the idea of this encouraging dependency in British students. I certainly don't plan to be on the dole after graduation.

A fair criticism is that food aid encourages dependency when wealthy countries simply offload their surplus food to developing nations, destroying domestic farming in the process and leaving communities entirely dependent on the foreign food but this isn't practiced by charities, except in emergencies. It is governments who have to



Rory Fenton spends his summers teaching English to Kenyan orphans - do YOU?

answer for that.

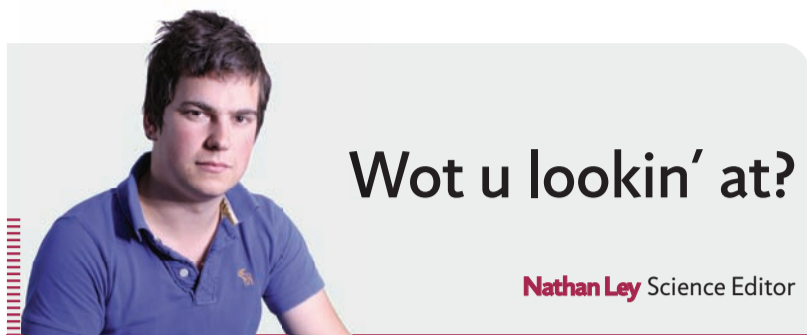
The argument is hard to refute, but it is equally hard to act on. It's hard to consider oneself a bad person for enjoying at pint in the union or going on holiday, and yet the argument above would have us down as passing by a drowning child. It's certainly true that the drowning argument can never realistically be taken to its extreme, which would have all of us give up everything until we had barely enough for our own education and health. Thankfully, that isn't at all necessary and the sacrifices required are quite manageable.

Peter Singer suggests that every person who finds themselves in the top ten percent of American earners should donate 5% of their income to development charities, rising to 10% for the top 1%. This wouldn't be at all difficult and, importantly, wouldn't be a tax, rather a suggestion. This equates to those earning over \$100,000 per

year, or £65,000. How many Imperial students are likely to be earning this kind of money by the time they reach their thirties? My guess is, quite a few. In the US alone, this would raise over \$450 billion - well over double that required to reach the UN's Millennium Development Goals (and that's not including the amount already promised by government) to eradicate extreme poverty.

But while poverty fighting salaries of £65,000 are a long time in the future for us students, there is still much that we can do.

Getting involved in the many charities on campus is a great start. Extreme poverty is arguably the last great evil left for mankind to face down. With the right will from both government and citizen it can be done and as I hope is shown above, tackling it is not just a moral obligation but entirely practical and painless.



Wot u lookin' at?

Nathan Ley Science Editor

Welcome to the end of the academic year, the end of an arduous, tumultuous, rewarding and life-defining year, something which you'll always look back on with fondness. Or maybe not. In fact, probably not. You may find that you're so worn out from exam season and all the associated shit that you built onto it that you'll need 3 months to recover by doing absolutely nothing. Typical, just typical.

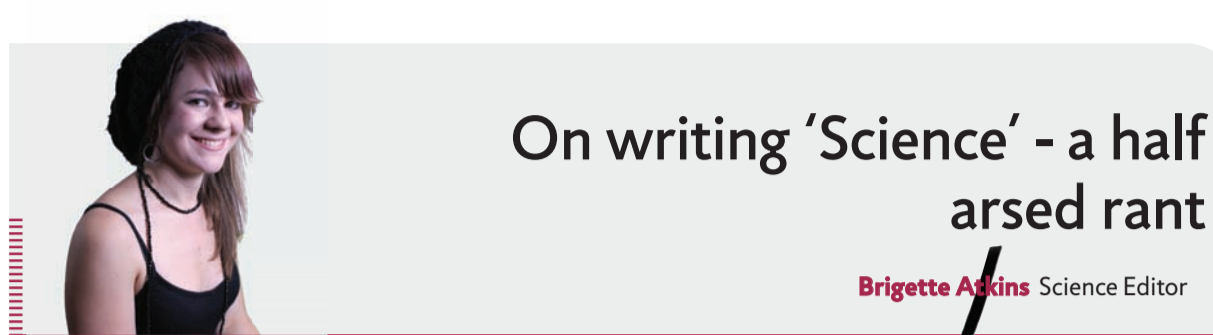
Back in my first issue in October I told you not to become a typical Imperial student. I told you to not follow the stereotype and actually go and do something different outside the realm of your immediate sphere, but here you are, the typical exhausted end of year student with nothing else going on in your life. But who am I to look down my nose at you? I'm just a lowly science editor with no right to dictate terms, surely? Wrong. I know better, and I know how you should be living your life. End of.

Anyway, to other matters. We've tried to bring you quite a lot this year in our section. Some weeks, Brigette and I have neglected to offer you any pearls of wisdom due to reasons such as "work", "other commitments" and "being a second year physicist OMG IT'S SO HARD", but most of the time we have endeavoured to take time out of our lives to create something original, interesting, witty and sometimes opinionated. It is something that I hope you have enjoyed reading occasionally, because it's been a fantastic thing to be responsible for, mostly due

to the creative and imaginative skills it has forced me to harness as well as the influence and power at my disposal. Occasionally people (boring, pedantic, losers-at-life I can only assume?) have written in complaining about certain things that have been published, but most feedback has been positive. It's tradition to end on a lighter note in the final edition of the year, but we've maintained a degree of integrity and honour the whole time and don't see it right to ruin our hard work with one slack issue. By way of a compromise, one of the stories below is false, the other is true. Enjoy.

But to conclude, and let this be my parting shot, so what if I, myself may come out with a terrible, career inhibiting degree in a couple of weeks time? I've tried damn hard, but just as importantly I've maintained a perspective, and a view of what it's like to actually be a normal human being, unlike the majority of the Imperial populace. Even if bad news does come my way, I can freely say my whole time at Imperial hasn't been a waste, not at all.

It would, however, be a complete lie to say that this place is the dogs bollocks. It's not. For the most part, Imperial attracts the wrong sort of people (dull, boring nobodies who have had it all on a plate), gives them the wrong things to do, and makes it too easy for people to come out the other side and graduate as insular, nervous, quivering wrecks. I'll most definitely look back upon my time fondly (to a point), but really? There's a whole world out there you know, and maybe that's something you should think about before you come back next year.



On writing 'Science' - a half arsed rant

Brigette Atkins Science Editor

And it's here, the last issue of this year and the last *felix*. Nathan and I are science editors for. After taking a break from *felix*

for several weeks due to exams and such like, I had one final opportunity to get an article printed as science editor. After a four week break, you would have thought that would be plenty enough time to come up with an utterly amazing idea. Some kind of thoroughly researched feature with a whimsical interview, flashy graphics and a show-stopping title. But no, nothing, not a sausage. I couldn't even think of anything to rant about in typical column style where I could bombard you with my opinion about something you really don't give a damn about and would stop reading after 100 words. (Though I doubt you're still here even now.) The only thing I can think of is that the whole summer term in its revision-filled glory has turned my mind to mush and banished any amount of creativity that was doubtfully lurking in there in the first place.

Science, I think, is one of the most difficult subjects to write about. You only have to thumb through the Daily Mail - not quite sure why you would - or The Sun - again, especially

when you have such a high quality paper distributed around college for free every Friday - to see what a crap job they do of it and some of the rubbish that passes as 'science news' (though, strictly speaking, this column can't really pass for either of those terms.)

As is well documented by several stand-up comedians, the Mail would have us all avoiding artificial light and water for fear of developing cancer. (Interestingly, they claim gardens, grapefruit, sex and electricity both cause and prevent cancer - talk about a dilemma.) So cheers for anyone who wrote for the section this year and sorry we can't pay you.

Although, saying this, Kadhim just brought in a copy of The Sun: 'As followers of Pascal have found, everything in the universe has a non-zero probability except for absurdities. And absurdity is a phenomenon without a valid mathematical relation.' Eh?! THE SUN!?!?

All in all it's been a good year for the science section with articles on laser diet treatments and the use of horse placenta fluid in injury treatment featuring among the covered topics. Of course we got heavily involved with following the



court case between Simon Singh and the British Chiropractic Association (boohiss) - that was at least four weeks of material right there. We also highlighted the problem surrounding libel tourism and its effect on science writers being able to make public scientifically true, if reputation damaging, information. We had an entirely unexpected response to our call for writers for the Green Week edition, with ten articles sent in over the space of one week (trust me, that's lots!), covered the second attempt to switch on the LHC and Hubble's 20th birthday. So, busy times!

Like I said, I'm fresh out of ideas and need a summer break to clear my head of mulch and cobwebs. But, hey, we filled the space once more and there's a science page for the first time in a couple of weeks!

Oh yeh, the random pictures? Not just essentials for any lairy summer weekender - they all give you cancer also. Don't say you weren't warned - flip flops are truly evil.



In brief

'Cloud-Creator' gets go-ahead

On Wednesday new plans to combat the increasing problem of global climate change got the go-ahead from the new coalition government. The Nimbus 2000 project will see the construction of two large 'dehumidifying' machines set to be placed above the English Channel and the Atlantic. The so-called 'Cloud-Creators' will extract excess water vapour from above the sea surface, condense the water to liquid using electricity generated by inbuilt solar panels and produce clouds. The Creators stretch 9km into the sky and will increase the high-level cloud content of the atmosphere thus increasing the planetary albedo and allowing for an increased reflection of incoming solar radiation.

The whole project will cost £26million and take five years to construct. Early computer simulations show that the Nimbus 2000 project could cool the UK by over 15 degrees - conditions not seen in this part of the globe since the last ice-age. Dr Rob Green, the brains behind the concept, stated 'We hope this will revolutionise how we perceive and tackle climate change. I want the UK to act as a small 'cool-box' which will gradually lower the temperature of the rest of the Earth over a longer period of time.'

The idea has been met with much enthusiasm by the public. Stacey, 21, Luton commented 'It's really good idea and we need to stop the sea levels rising because things are dying.' However, the Nimbus 2000 has been a cause for concern for many animal rights activist groups who claim the machines will disrupt the flight patterns of seagulls and may pose a danger to them should they fly into the machines. The first phase of the development is scheduled to begin later this year.



Labrador saves the day...again!

The Daily Mail has this week reported findings from its new research laboratories in Happy Valley - Goose Bay, that the humble black Labrador has properties that make it an ideal candidate to be the first official "Parkinson's disease cure". They claim that the degenerative disorder can be reversed, and in 99.99% of cases cure the patient completely. How does it work? Well, evidence has yet to be released from the somewhat secretive and controversial institution, but it is thought that the curative effect can be induced by simply stroking the animal whilst it sits next to the patient with a bone in mouth (assuming one's hand can be kept still for long enough).

The skeptics are already out in force to condemn the findings. Distinguished restaurateur Zheng Wong from the "Chinese Official Chowling-on-dogs Kollection" (COCK) dismissed the findings as "absolute wubbish". He continued "these things, they need to be eaten not worshipped. You saw what happened when the Hindu's started worshipping the cow, they stopped eating the besets meat of them all and their lives have been worse ever since!".

Despite the fact that the evidence has yet to be released, Labrador lovers have embraced the findings, stating "we knew this all along, I mean, how can one breed of dog be so handsome, functional and loving without having at least one curative function". We'll let the jury decide.





Skinbags, syphilis and spot squeezing

A destination for the incurably curious: the Wellcome Collection's latest exhibition Skin gives **Caz Knight** plenty to wonder at



An écorché figure lying prone on the table

A fraction of a millimeter thick and yet it keeps us warm and cools us down; tells a story through marks, tattoos and scars; identifies us but still protects our hidden depths - both the figurative and visceral. It flakes off every other day, yet we spend hours scrutinising, cleansing, toning, exfoliating, moisturising and tanning it, all in pursuit of perfect skin. Our skin is surely the most ephemeral of all our organs, but is also the border between what we perceive (the outside world) and how we perceive. It bridges the gap between

guard for our outer encasing, dispensing of it and seeing it as a barrier to our discovery of our inner "truth". It was not until the eighteenth century that the profession of dermatology developed whereby each affliction of the skin was carefully studied and cures discovered: on display are some of the early wax models which were used in the medical profession as a means of profiling diseases of the skin.

Intermingled with the medical mod-

els, drawings and diagrams also lies a huge host of art, ranging from Renaissance oil paintings to modern photography, animation and sculpture such as Tamsin van Essen's ceramic apothecary jars, the surfaces of which have been pocked, speckled and cracked to resemble syphilis, acne and psoriasis.

Scanning Electron Micrograph images sit metres away from a beautifully preserved Peruvian mummy, dating back to 1200 AD, with its hair intact

SEM images sit metres away from a... Peruvian mummy

knowing and not knowing, and is thus a most appropriate theme for exploration by the Wellcome Collection in the recently opened 'Skin'.

The exhibition snakes its way through the pleasantly lit and cool space, examining skin in every context imaginable, beginning with medical écorché drawings from the fifteenth century - anatomical depictions of the human body with the skin removed, each muscle striation meticulously captured. Early medicine had little re-



Tamsin van Essen's ceramic apothecary jar: Psoriasis



This is the End

Caz Knight Arts Editor

Being Arts Editor has been a wonderful and enlightening part of my life for the last three years. So much so that I thought of myself more as a journalist and editor than as a biochemist or business school student. It is with sadness and reluctance that I write my final editorial for *felix* Arts.

Before going I will impart you with a little "formula" I subconsciously use when considering art:

1-Skill: the skill which has been necessary to and deployed in creating said piece of art.

2-Aesthetic: how beautiful the work of art is to you.

3-Concept: a piece of art may be hideous to look at, but the ingenuity or originality of the idea may be outstanding.

4-Impact: All three of the above criteria may displease you but, somehow, the work of art still stirs something

inside you or rekindles a long lost memory.

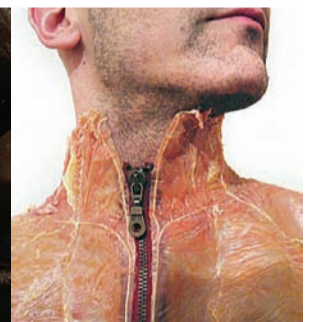
This is highly subjective and should not by any means be taken too seriously - the beauty of art is that its interpretation is up to the viewer entirely. Art does not know who has an Art degree and who does not!

I hope you have enjoyed reading the arts section as much as I have done creating it. I will leave you with a quotation from a beautiful book - *Narcissus and Goldmund* by the revered Herman Hesse - as food for thought:

"We fear death, we shudder at life's instability, we grieve to see the flowers wilt again and again, and the leaves fall, and in our hearts we know that we, too, are transitory and will soon disappear. When artists create pictures and thinkers search for laws and formulate thoughts, it is in order to salvage something from the great dance of death, to make something last longer than we do."



An ulcerated forearm



Latex SkinBag garment

and even the skin of its eyelids still stretched over the eye sockets. Other cultural artefacts include an essay documenting how native South American women would swap their husbands for the Spanish conquistadores on account of the latter's superior love making skills.

Weirder still are notebooks... bound in human skin

The Wellcome Collection has catered for all tastes and levels of squeamishness, with the beautiful photography contained in 'Xterior VIII' by Desiree Dolron sitting just around the corner from Win Delvoye's video *Sybil II*, a five minute close up of blackheads being burst. Weirder still are the notebooks supposedly bound in human skin and the skin samples from nineteenth century France with the tattoos still visible on them.

Less interesting but more interactive is the Skin Lab, which concludes

the exhibition. Visitors can engage with some of the latest advances in skin technology and also try on the latex, stomach turning SkinBag garments which recall Buffalo Bill from *The Silence of the Lambs* and his aim of making a "woman suit" out of real skin. Perhaps less extreme is the tattoo competition where entrants have the chance to design a tattoo for ink-enthusiast Caisa Ederyd. The winner will have their tattoo etched forever on Casia's skin in a live tattooing event on July 22.

Skin is definitely the most fascinating organ culturally and scientifically and the unerring Collection gives us a highly diverse array of curiosities to include in the latest of their ever thought provoking exhibitions. A treasure chest of wonders, this is a perfect combination of art, science and the strange.

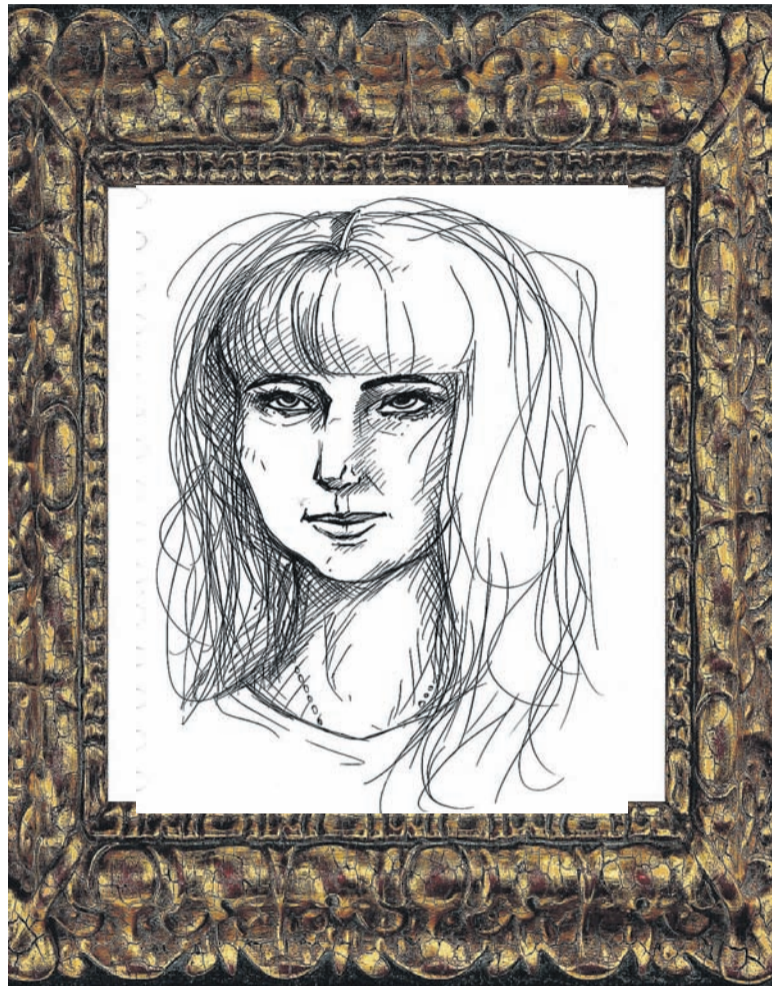
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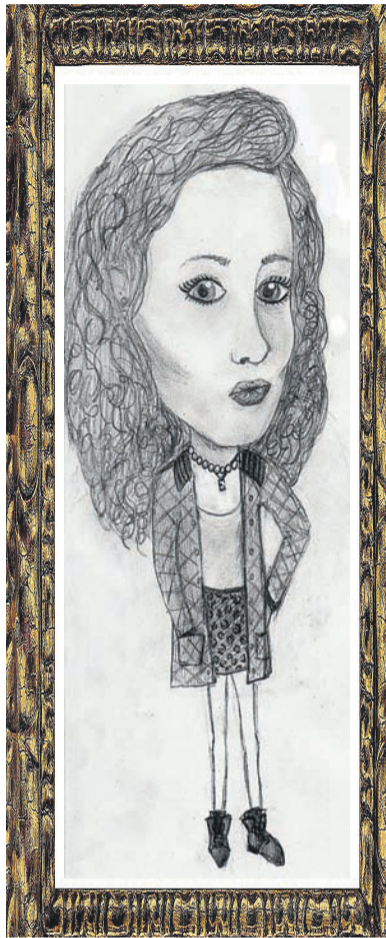
www.wellcomecollection.org

Fuck the Tate Modern, we can draw too

Lucy Harrold takes out four years worth of anger and sarcasm on some poor unsuspecting self portraits



Alex Ashford (Music Editor) obviously took my email about ruthlessly and scathingly critiquing these pictures seriously. Look at the effort! There's even shading and shit. I'm impressed, I don't think I can analyse this, I don't even like art.



I really don't want to meet Elizabeth Griffiths (Copy Editor) on a dark night as I've always had a fear of people with big heads. So I'm just going to leave now...bye...um, yeah.



Ed Knock (Film Editor) originally gave me a picture of himself as a superhero, now I've got a picture of himself with a superhero. Anyone guess who it is? Yep, saviour of the world Barack Obama. He looks a bit scared, maybe because of Ed's wandering hand/paw.



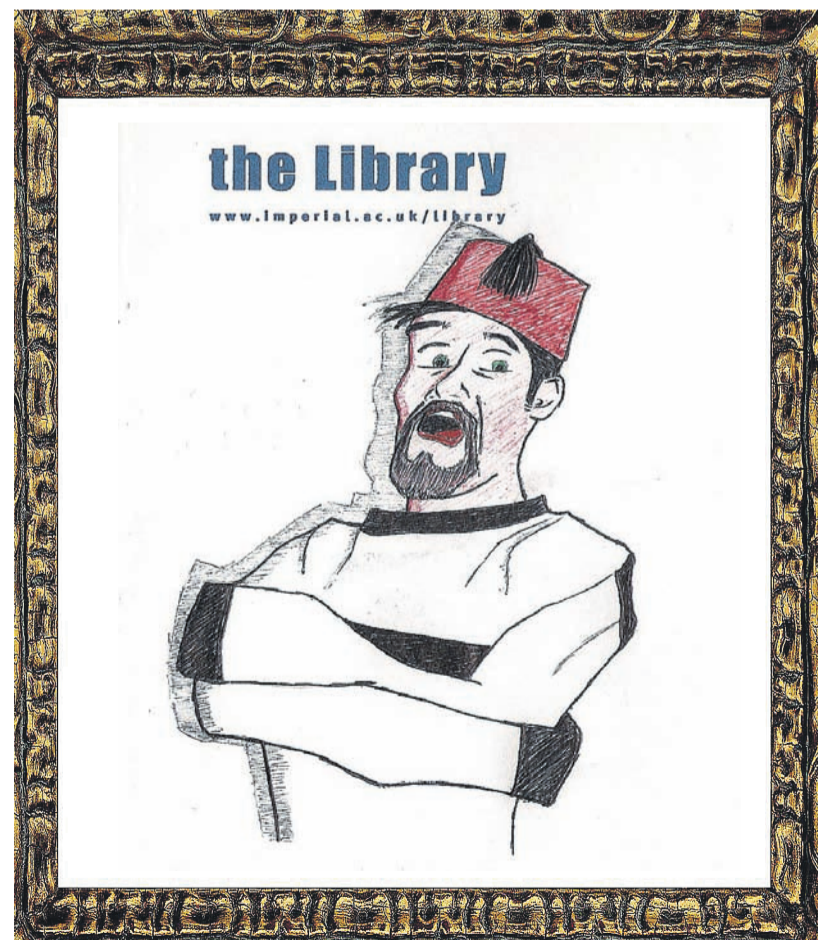
Yeah, thanks Az (Games Writer), what was the fucking point? Lined paper? No colouring in? You should be ashamed. Although I am a fan of the blank eyebrows and goaty beard.



This interpretation the Editor Master Dan Wan Esquire really emphasises exactly what he is: a short chubby Chinese boy, or the effort he's taken to ensure his hair is absolutely perfect, even using a completely different pen! Definitely gay.



Rox Middleton (Copy Editor) has gone for an "I can draw me" look, I particularly like the Schindler's List-esque use of red which, of course, you can't see as I scanned these in on a black and white copier. There's a slight tinge of sadness there, obviously because the hair was longing for a yellow felt tip.



The Library - a post modernist gallery or just Rhys Davies (Catnip Editor) was so lazy he couldn't be arsed to use his own paper. This is a drawing of much symbolism. Is the straight jacket an expression of his own madness or a cry for help? And what's with the fez?

Art? Yeh, sure, sure... but will it blend?

Rhys Davies uncovers the secret movement of Blendism: famous pieces of artwork that have been blended

For years now, the leading question in Modern Art has been, "Yes, but is it Art?" Those five words have haunted museums and galleries up and down the country as people have grappled for answers, or alternatively, suggested that answers are merely one way of many of seeking and expressing knowledge in a post-colonial, post-modern, post-office society. However, things are beginning to change as more and more people ask the new question on the block, "Yes, but will it blend?"

In a drive to breathe more life into the art world, classic works, both old and new, are subjected to the steely jaws of the blender to purée out the essence of art itself. The leader of this new movement, Paul Verizer, described the philosophy behind it, "Art comes in many shapes and forms and what is art varies from person to person. The debate is fine, noble even, but it's getting in the way of what art should be about; making weird shit and getting paid for it. We're trying to recapture that element, just when it is at risk of being lost."

Works already transformed into BlendArt include sculptures, installations and several of the nation's most popular paintings. The results have been interesting, inspiring, and in

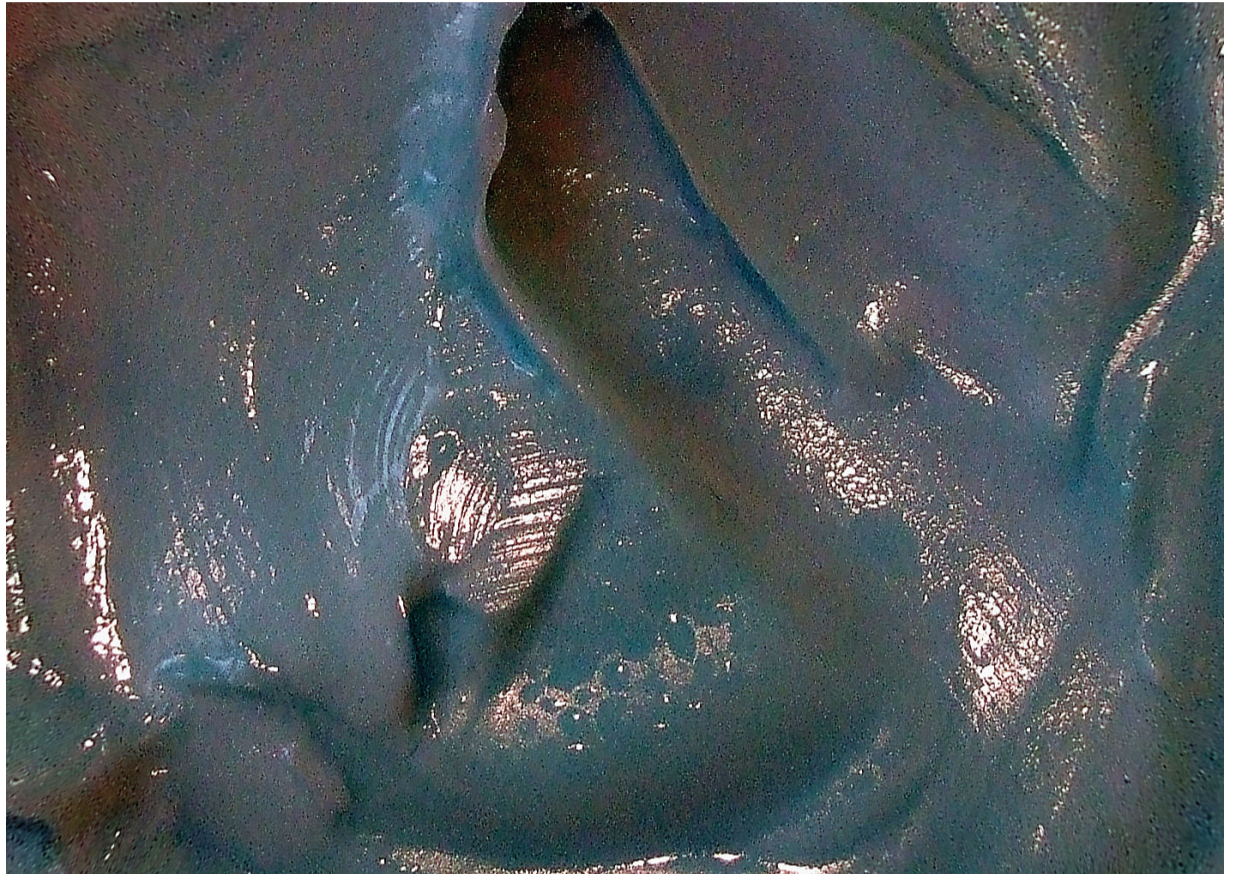
some cases, surprising, keeping many a commentator on the edge of their seat.

The mystery of the Mona Lisa's smile was famously solved last month when the blended product was found to have the same consistency as a McDonald's Happy Meal; turns out she was just happy after all.

Other blended works include Damien Hirst's 'Mother and Child, Divided' (which actually made quite a splendid beef gravy) and the 'For the Love of God' skull (though the diamonds did put the blender out of commission for a few weeks); Michelangelo's 'David' (which is now being touted as a powerful aphrodisiac) and Tracey Emin's 'My Bed' (which, everyone agrees, has been much improved by blending).

We are living in exciting times. With so much already achieved by the Blendism movement, what does the future have in store? Verizer stated that one day, he would like to blend The Angel of the North if only he could find a blender big enough. Work has already begun on such a device but it is evident the Blend-men still have a long way to go.

On seeing the blender-in-progress, many people are prompted to ask themselves and those around them, "Yes, but is it art?"



Believe or not, the original Mona Lisa was actually blended in 1972. Mr. Bean drew the replica currently in the Louvre

Philip Lawrence Awards Network

Get recognised!

If you're working with others to help your community, the Philip Lawrence Awards Network (PLANet) wants to hear from you!

To find out more and be in with a chance of winning a prestigious award and £1000 towards your project visit www.philiplawrenceawards.net

That's exactly what one Imperial student did. Christina Saadalla is a past winner and she continues to be involved in the Awards as both an Ambassador, inspiring more young people, and in helping to shape the future of the Awards.

The awards, which commemorate the headteacher Philip Lawrence, reward and support young people (under 21) who are taking a lead in their communities and making a difference. Now jointly funded by the Department for Education as well as the Home Office, the awards this year will have a wider reach than ever, with opportunities to hear from previous winners around the country, and the recognition of more young people through regional tier awards finalists.

From tackling issues like bullying and antisocial behaviour to building respect and improving their environment, young people are a force for good. Last year, ten fantastic groups of young people were rewarded for a range of inspiring work including an anti gangs peer research project, a youth music festival, and a support group for recent immigrants.

The 2010 awards are open now and you can apply on line. Visit www.philiplawrenceawards.net for more information about PLANet and how to enter. You can also read about previous winners, watch videos of their work, and engage with the network through Twitter and Facebook.



FILM

Film Editor Ed Knock
film.felix@imperial.ac.uk



The delights of films in London

Ed Knock Film Editor

Well it's been an interesting experience being Film Editor this year, a position I somehow fell into and I've just about managed to keep the page running. Of course my job would have been much harder if it wasn't for the regular quality contributions I was sent. I want to especially thank Jade Hoffman, Stefan Zeeman and John Park for their brilliant reviews and I apologise for any butchering I might have done to them.

We are very fortunate to live in London but I am first to admit that I haven't taken full advantage of the wealth of cinema available to us. I can blame the inconveniences and stress of my busy Imperial timetable, but I know that most of the time I am too lazy to trek all the way to the East End to watch an inconspicuous independent film limited in its release to one cinema. It's hypocritical of me to rant about illegal movie downloads hurting the film industry when I'm content to languish on my bed and watch a piss poor quality version of *Shrek 4* online.

But when I have been bothered to watch something different, I have been thoroughly rewarded. The highlight of the year for me was *Love Exposure*, a four hour long Japanese indie film that was incredibly mental but insanely good. The only cinema in the whole country screening it was the ICA (Institute of Contemporary Arts) and so I thought it was a too good a chance to miss. There are plenty of big cinemas in London to watch mainstream releases and a wonderful array of smaller 'arthouse' and independent cinemas like the BFI and Curzon theatres to

watch little known gems.

Critics deplore at the lack of quality of films these days but we are in fact witnessing a silent revolution in cinema that most people are unaware is happening, and it all started with *The Blair Witch Project*. Traditionally, films are very expensive to make as cameras, tape and development are not cheap. Hollywood films would look professional and glossy and independent films would instead look shabby.

However, the advent of the digital camera has allowed quality films to be made on a low budget, *The Blair Witch Project* was originally shot for about \$25,000 but went on to make \$248,639,099. Suddenly movie studios and investors were intrigued by the potential of low budget films. Over the last decade, the quality and sophistication of digital technology has improved so much that now anyone with a few thousand pounds and some computer software can compete for the Oscars.

As Hollywood pushes towards 3D to keep punters returning to the cinemas, novice directors are emerging to provide us with interesting films that push the boundaries of style and taste. I believe the critics are wrong, if they look past commercial cinema then they would see a huge ocean of creative talent that is getting larger everyday.

That is why we are so privileged to live in London where all the blockbusters, homegrown 'indies' and World Cinema are available to watch with a little bit of effort and an Oyster card. It's a delight watching films and just as enjoyable reviewing them. If you have always wanted to submit a film review but haven't found time, don't hesitate to do so next year!

Fritzl! - The Musical

In a *felix* exclusive, we divulge all the information on the planned Roman Polanski directed musical biography about Josef Fritzl

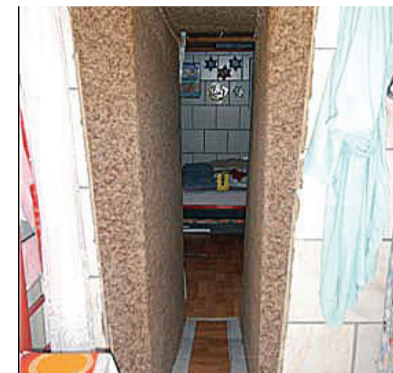
In a recent interview, Roman Polanski revealed his plans for his new project. Due to the controversial topic of the film's subject, *Fritzl!* has been shrouded in secrecy but using all the journalistic techniques at my disposal, I have managed to gather some interesting details. If you haven't heard of Josef Fritzl then you have probably been locked in a basement for the past twenty four years.

As Polanski is twiddling his thumbs under Swiss house arrest, it was too difficult to contact him however, I have received information from other undisclosed sources. The film is described as a sequel to *The Sound of Music* with a working title of *The Von Trapped Family*. According to the film's producer, Jerry Bruckheimer, the plot will explore the Austrian tradition of teaching their children about sex by

keeping them in the dark. "We will also have plenty of explosions and an exciting finale where Fritzl transforms into a twenty foot robot to avoid arrest." Bruckheimer is reported as saying.

Michael Bay was first choice to direct but his schedule clashed with plans to make a documentary on the BP oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico, where government scientists race to prevent the oil slick from taking over the world. Bay is described as being 'gutted' for missing the opportunity to direct the *Fritzl!* film. David Lynch was approached as well to direct but he was soon dropped for insisting that *Fritzl!* was replaced by possessed Siamese twins and the film to be set in a 'Minoan parallel universe' instead of Austria.

Bruckheimer is happy that Polanski has enough experience with underage girls to handle the film's sensitive

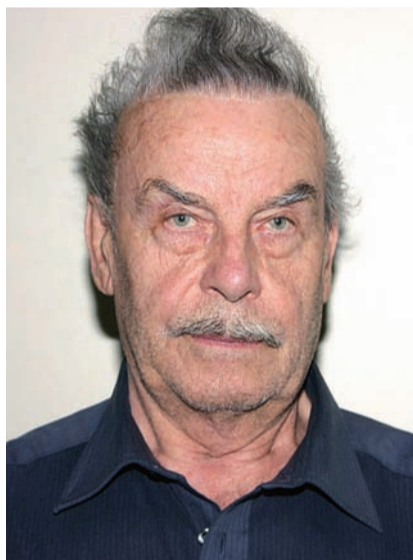


The set is projected to be cheap

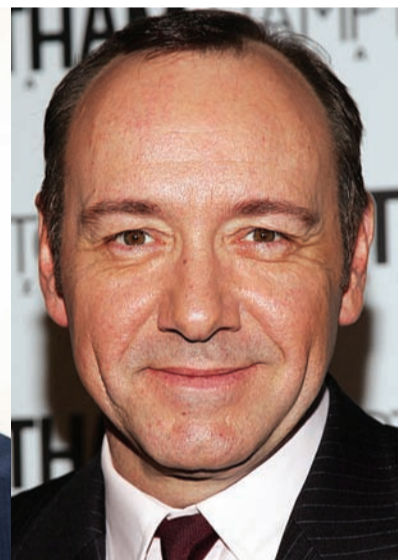
topic. Dakota Fanning is speculated to have been cast as the daughter Elizabeth Fritzl. After inquiring about the risqué scenes involving her character, Dakota stated that "it can't be worse than spending two months with Tom Cruise on the set of *War of the Worlds*".

The only other role to have been cast so far is that of Josef Fritzl himself who will be performed by the double Academy Award winning actor Kevin Spacey. "Kevin jumped at the opportunity to play Fritzl", said a delighted Polanski, "he is perfect for the part, there is no other actor who could fill that man's shoes". Daniel Day Lewis was another contender for the part but his plan to do it 'method' and start his own family with his daughter in a dungeon proved unfavourable due to time constraints.

Andrew Lloyd Webber will write and score the music and songs including 'There is no escaping while I am raping under the floor!' Another song will describe a neighbour's amazement at living next door to Fritzl's daughter. "For the past twenty four years I've been living next door to Alice. Alice, who the fuck is Alice?" This film will not be released in the foreseeable future.



Kevin Spacey



Josef Fritzl

The most highly anticipated films at the Edinburgh International Film Festival

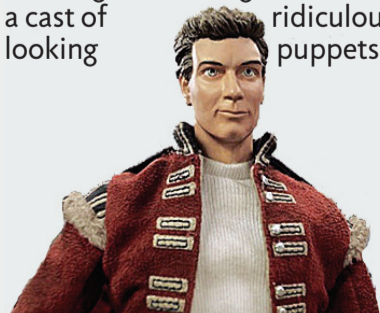
The Illusionist

The Illusionist is the talk of the town in Edinburgh at the moment. It is a melancholic adaptation of a Jaques Tati story brought to life by the brilliant animation of Sylvain Chomet (*The Belleville Rendezvous*)



Jackboots on Whitehall

In this highly explosive alternative history, the Nazi's have invaded Britain and it's up to the Scots to form a resistance and rescue Winston Churchill. It looks fantastically barmy with Ewan McGregor donating his voice to a cast of ridiculous looking puppets.



Get Low

Robert Duvall stars as a mean hermit who decides to throw a funeral party for himself whilst he's still alive. Bill Murray helps the old man out whilst trying to understand why he's been shooting everyone who's come near him over the years.



Superhero Me

Join filmmaker Steve Sale on his quest to become the costumed crusader SOS and keep the mean streets of Sutton and Epsom clean of crime. This looks like an entertaining comic documentary of the real *Kick Ass*. Steve enlists the help of comic book geeks, martial arts instructors and other real life superheroes (they exist) in his mission to become a legend.



MUSIC

Music Editors: Alexandra Ashford, Kadhim Shubber & Luke Turner
 Online Editor: Christopher Walmsley
 music.felix@gmail.com www.felixmusic.tk



It has been a privilege and a lot of fun

Kadhim Shubber Music Editor

Yes we've reached the end. The absolute, immutable end. Let me begin by thanking my co-Editors *Alex, Luke and Chris* and everyone who has contributed this year; *Duncan Casey, Jamie Fraser, Lily Le, Greg Power, Hugh Crail, Emily Beech, Joanna Cai, Eliot Barford, Andy Roast, Richard Waldie, Craig Glastonbury, Mariam Zahedi, Holly Cumbers, Ben Cook, Jon Richens, Robin Andrews, Emilie Beauchamp, Ed Knock, Barnaby Walker, Jack Massey, Stuart Higgins, Michael Inkpen, Katie Clemence, Kate Smith, Matthew Stringer, Sophie Okell, Tom Jennings, Dan Wan, Renny Norman, Rhys Davies and Flavian Vansyngel.*

It's been an absolute privilege to be Music Editor, and a whole lot of fun. I got free tickets to loads of gigs and managed to grow a sizeable CD collection along the way. Most importantly, I'm now able to hold a conversation about music without wondering why farm tools like "Pitchfork" keep cropping up.

I hope that you've enjoyed reading the section too. We made an effort to have a lot of content each week. That meant doing shorter gig and album reviews but to be honest, we didn't think

there was much point in doing long, overwrought reviews; we wanted to let you know about as much music as possible and with a little prodding, let you make your own mind.

My one regret is that we didn't spend time publicising musicians at Imperial. The worry was that we couldn't do it in a way that wouldn't offend fellow students but that was also credible, i.e. you the reader didn't think we were just being nice for the sake of it. It's a problem that I hope next year's Music team will overcome because there is a great deal of talent at Imperial and at the very least their own student newspaper should be open to them.

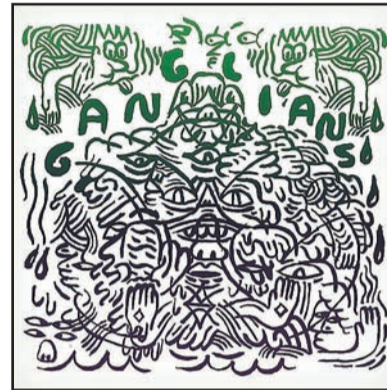
Finally, get involved next year. People always tell me that they're worried about their writing being poor and my response every time is that the only reason that my writing is passable now is that I've practised. You've got to start somewhere and *felix* is probably the best place. We'll give you tips and iron out any problems and we'd never turn our noses up at your writing. Because if we did, you could always pull out the first articles that we wrote and THAT would truly be embarrassing.

Felix's essential summer playlist

These tracks will make you 80% more likely to 'find yourself'



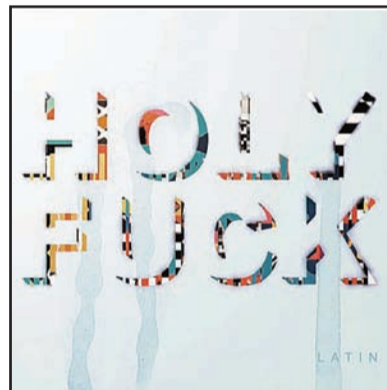
Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti
Round and Round
 4AD



Ganglions
Lost Words
 Souterrain Transmissions



Fang Island
Life Coach
 Sargent House



Holy Fuck
Latin America
 Young Turks



iamamiwhoami
 U-2



Maximum Balloon
Latin America
 DGC Records

Thanks to Alex Ashford, Jamie Fraser and Greg Power for the playlist

Can't be arsed to go camping? L.E.D Festival - 27th & 28th August

Who:

Aphex Twin David Guetta **Friendly Fires** Calvin Harris (live) **Goldfrapp** Soulwax **Leftfield** Annie Mac **Audio Bullys**

Where:

Victoria Park, London.
 £70 two day ticket
www.ledfestival.net

Reviews

FOUR YEAR STRONG
 ENEMY OF THE WORLD
 UNIVERSAL MOTOWN
 ALBUM



A weird mix of styles and influences, there's potential for this lot to be some fun - but not until they work out what they want to sound like. The drummer and bassist want to be in a death metal band, while the vocalist is happy turning out Blink-182-style, radio friendly punk-pop. The end result is confused and patchy, but good in places: think of a Bullet For My Valentine that have got the joke, or a Lostprophets with a bit less ego and you won't be too far off.

- Duncan Casey

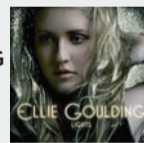
CYPRESS HILL
 RISE UP
 PRIORITY
 ALBUM



The first offering in six years from the Californian stoner hip-hop troupe, there's a lot you'll find familiar about this latest CD. It starts slowly, with a couple of tracks that could have been taken from almost any of their old albums, albeit this time with a bored-sounding Tom Morello going through the big-riff motions in the background. Still, it gets better: they still have an ear for a tune, and tracks like Get It Anyway and K.U.S.H. will still have you pulling 'West-Side' white-boy dance moves in your living room. Sure, the album's still full of the old stoner cliché stuff, designed solely to outrage *Daily Mail* reading parents while delighting their 13-year-old offspring, but that said it's still pretty good fun.

- Duncan Casey

ELLIE GOULDING
 LIGHTS
 POLYDOR
 ALBUM



Ellie Goulding is an up and coming, *yawn, artist who is, *yawn, hotly tipped... She, umm, mixes influences and a unique, *yawn, voice with deep and meaningful lyrics... *yawn... musical genius... *yawn... Sound of 2010... *yawn... excuse me for a minute...

Zzzzzz
 zzzzzzz
 zzzzz...

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

1. Florence + The Machine
2. Gorillaz
3. Muse
4. Radiohead
5. Bloc Party
6. LCD Soundsystem
7. The xx
8. Arcade Fire
9. Bon Iver
10. Laura Marling



Well that's all folks. Laura Marling has made a late surge and finally made it into the top ten, yay! I'm expecting Arcade Fire to top the charts until next year as people play "Keep The Car Running" on constant repeat all summer. **Kadhim**



Union Review of the Year



It's been a busy year at the Union, with a new management team, new facilities, new ideas and new plans. At the

start of the year we appointed a new Operations Manager and moved into new offices on the second floor of the Union building. Our amazing new spaces for student activities were all open by Christmas, providing additional large rooms for students to shout and beat each other with sticks, among other club activities.

We hate paperwork as much as you do, so we've tried to reduce the barriers to running activities as part of Imperial College Union – we're great with clubs but haven't always supported smaller groups of students doing good work in the community. This is why we introduced 'Projects', which are like clubs but intended for small, short-term student-run projects which benefit society, whether locally, nationally or globally.

The paint was barely dry on Phase 2 of our refurbishment when Phase 3 kicked off, as we secured £2.4m to replace our tired bars and nightclub. The feedback we've had about the project has come from a broad range of students, and we've listened to it all. It's very clear that we won't be able to please everyone though! I won't be around when it opens, but next year's team will have an amazing nightclub and bar. For the first time in many years students will have direct control over events which are held in their nightclub, with student groups invited to submit formal proposals and the elected Ents Committee choosing which are accepted.

As part of our drive to spend more money on club activities and student representation, we're developing our conferencing brand to make maximum

use of the building when students aren't using it. We've had to take the difficult decision to cut funding this year, but hope the plans we've put in place for the next few years will allow that to be reversed in future. We can't expect funding from central government and the College to increase, so we have to exploit our building and location to bring in external money, while ensuring that students can use our facilities when they need them.

Although lots of work has taken place on commercial services and student activities, we haven't neglected our core function: representation. This has always been a less visible part of our work, as people only notice it when things are going wrong for them. For the first time we provided training and a handbook for student representatives and have documented the rep system and how it works.

Although we struggled at the start of the year, we've devoted time to postgraduate representation, embarking on a project to identify and communicate with postgraduate representatives who previously received little or no assistance from us (and many we didn't even know existed!) It's only the start of bringing postgraduate representation to the same quality as our undergraduate system.

It's not been plain sailing all the way, and we haven't achieved everything we set out to do, but it's certainly been exciting. There's been laughter and tears along the way, but it's been worth it. We wish next year's team the best of luck: there's lots for them to be getting on with!

P.S: Come and say hello (or rather goodbye) to myself and the rest of the Sabbatical Officers at the Summer Ball – we'll be enjoying the biggest line-up at Imperial in decades!

Ashley Brown
Union President 2009-2010
president@imperial.ac.uk

From dB's...



Dawn of Time – Summer 2009

to a building site...



April 2010

to concept...



May 2010

to Metric



Autumn 2010 – The Future



felix 2009-10

Back Row, from left to right: Simon Worthington, Games Writer, Indy Leclercq, Sports Editor, Alex Kendall, Clubs & Societies Editor, Nathan Ley, Science Editor, Dan Wan, Editor-in-Chief, Samuel Gibbs, Technology Editor, Alexandra Ashford, Music Editor, Kadhim Shubber, Deputy, Music & News Editor, Ravi Pall, Comment Editor, Felix the Cat, Deity, James Lees, Politics Editor, Ed Knock, Film Editor, Rhys Davies, Catnip Editor, Katie Tomlinson, Aunty McPickle, Al Norman, Alice Rowlands, News Writer, Brigette Atkins, Science Editor, Sasha Nicoletti, Copy Chief. Front Row: Chris Sim, Food Editor, Holly Farrer, Photoshop Monkey, Matthew Colvin, News Writer, Alex Karapetian, News Writer, Lizzy Griffiths, Copy Editor, Rox Middleton, Copy Editor, Luke Turner, Music Editor, Rosie Milton, Arts Editor, Caz Knight, Arts Editor, Lucy Harrold. Lying down: Carlos Karingal, Photoshop Diva, Mustapher Botchway, Sports Editor

Notable Absentees: James Goldsack, Politics Editor, Katya-yani Vyas, Politics Editor, Gilead Amit, Deputy Editor, Charlotte Morris, Assistant Editor, Jovan Nedic, Assistant Editor, Sina Ataherian, Business Editor, Joanna Cai, News Writer and Copy Editor, Rachel D'oliviero, What's On Editor, Lily Topham, What's On Editor, Ziggi Szafranski, What's On Editor, David Wilson, Sports Editor, A Geek, Imperial Icon, Dylan Lowe, Travel Editor, Charles Murdoch, Coffee Break Editor, Sean Farres, Puzzles Commodore, Charlotte Morris, Assistant Editor, Kawai Wong, Fashion Editor, Saskia Verhagen, Fashion Editor, Ben Smith, Photographer, Ayyub Kamaludin, Copy Editor

CAT-NIP

Text in to 07832670472

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

Tweet @felixcatnip



CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

GOODBYEEE...

(BUT KEEP SENDING US STUFF!)

JOKES, LETTERS, OPINIONS – WE WANT THEM ALL!

Email: catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Facebook: Felix Fan Page

Text: 07832670472

Twitter: @felixcatnip

The Cat Speaks!

Hello there!
I don't often get a chance to write anything here but they've finally decided to let the cat out of the bag.

Firstly, I want to say a massive THANK YOU to everyone who sent something in in the past year, be it a simple one-line text to a picture of your mates at their most wasted. *felix* is built on student contributions and nowhere is this more true than Catnip. If it weren't for you, this page would be blank every week...and I'd be out of work. I'd have to go back to studying for my degree – and that's a terrifying thought!

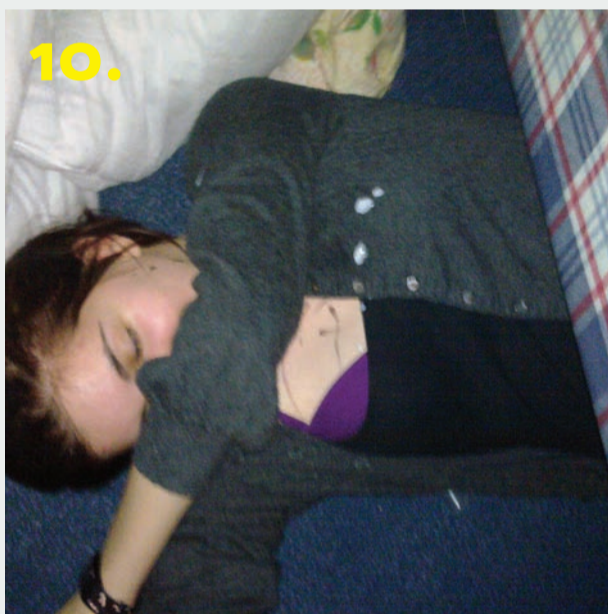
And since this is the last issue, I decided to do something special.

Introducing, the Top Ten Drunken Mate Photos of the Year! *Fanfare and applause.* Each week, the inbox is crammed with exhibits of drunken tomfoolery that only Imperial students could pull-off. The laughter rings out loud and long down here in the *felix* office as we sift through the photos.

That's all I have to say. You all have a great summer now, and remember, if you happen to have one too many Pimm's, make sure there's a camera nearby.

Love, Catnip.

The Top Ten Drunken-Mate Photos Of The Year!!



10. After a number of emails – and one police inquiry, I can confirm that that is just hand-wash. Honestly!



9. A new entry this week. Oh sure, anyone can misplace their trousers but the tiara gives this guy an edge.



8. If you're going to curl up and vom, a toilet's the best place to do it. Though, maybe not when the cleaners are in there too.



7. Some people take an extreme approach to spilled pints, and the prevention thereof. Don't drop it now!



6. Some people say that snooker isn't a man's game. These guys decided to change that false perception. Stripping off, they engaged in a deadly duel with all to play for. Now there's nothing more manly than knocking some balls about with your long wooden cue.

CAT-NIP

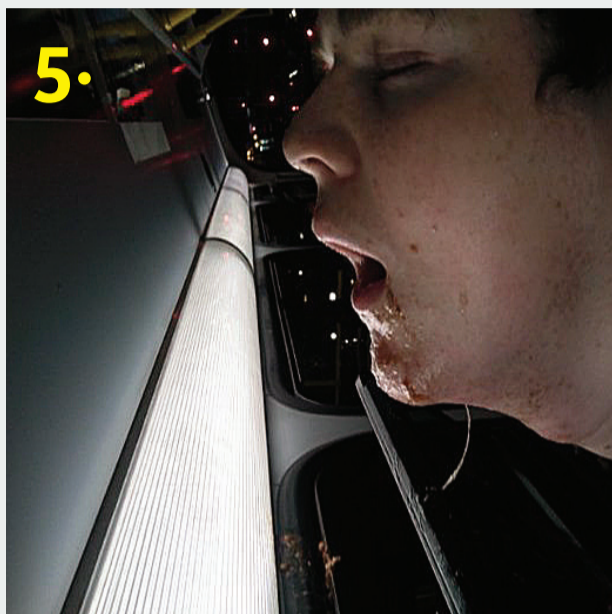
Text in to 07832670472

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

Tweet @felixcatnip



The Top Ten Drunken-Mate Photos Of The Year!!



The other people on the bus, the pedestrians walking below, himself; this guy is a chemical hazard to everyone around him.



Supposedly, this guy lost his clothes over an argument with a taxi. Remember, always make sure you can pay the fare!



All the best science is done in the kitchen between the hours of 1am and 6am. And a lack of test tubes is no problem at all!



A rare moment when our busy, busy Editor-in-Chief take a brief Catnap. I put this in because I know he hates it. Haha!



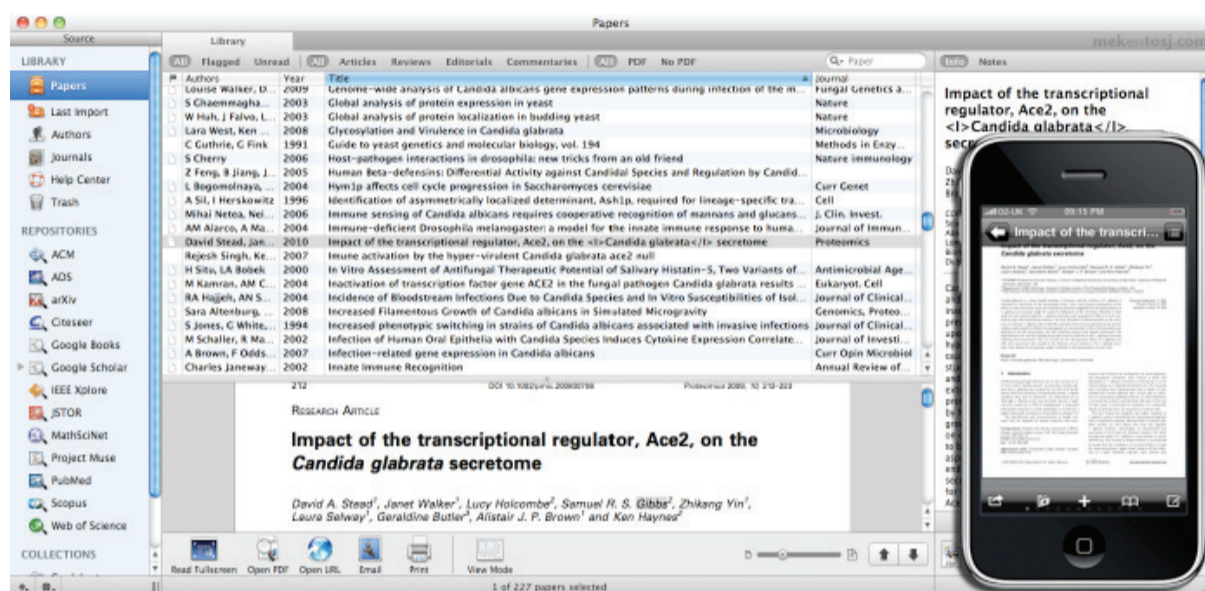
This is just unreal. When we first saw this, we laughed so hard it hurt. And then we tried to work just exactly what was going on. And then we laughed even more. Congratulations, you are the No.1 Drunk Mate of the Year!

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

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

Sort your journal library with Papers for Mac

Samuel Gibbs checks out Papers for Mac OSX and iPhone/iPad



Papers lets you catalogue, read and sync your journal article PDFs to your iPhone or iPad for reading on the go

Reading peer-reviewed journal articles is one of the most crucial parts of studying science. Whether you're an undergraduate trying to write a literature review or a researcher trying to find a new method, journals are the primary way of sharing new information on research topics with both specialists and generalists. Most, if not all journal articles are published online for download in PDF format ahead of their print debut. If you or your institution have a subscription to the journal, or it's an open journal like the PLOS series, then you can easily find and download the article with PubMed or another peer-reviewed journal index. Once you've got the journal of course it's a simple matter of just loading up your PDF reader of choice to read it. For one article that's fine, but imagine you read several articles a day and end up a li-

brary of journal articles totalling into the hundreds, how do you keep them organised?

Endnote by Thomson Scientific is the current industry standard bibliography program and it's recently been updated in the last few iterations to support attaching PDFs to citations. If you're on a Windows PC, Endnote is about as good as you can get, but those on a Mac have a lot more choice.

Of course you can use Endnote on the Mac, but it's not a very 'Mac-like' experience. Mekentosj's journal library program Papers, is one great example of a very Mac-like and effective piece of software. It handles the downloading of citations and the articles associated with them, lets you view and edit the meta data of each paper, plus Papers lets you read the article both in preview and full screen reading mode right from within the application. One

of the killer features of Papers is the ability to just drag and drop a PDF article into the program and it'll do the rest for you. Should the meta data in the PDF not be good enough to identify a citation match, Papers will then ask you to select or search from a couple of options for the correct citation. Of course once you have your library imported into Papers, which you can do from Endnote amongst others, searching it with Spotlight is a breeze, by keyword, author, year or journal. The searching doesn't stop there as Papers also lets you search PubMed and a few other indexes directly from the program. Organising your articles in Papers is also incredibly easy to do using drag and drop to simply move articles into and out of folders or collections. For instance if you happen to have a particular project you're researching and a subset of your journal



Waving madly at your screen

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

Another week has flown by and we've reached the end of another academic year. So, it's with a heavy heart I have to say, thanks for reading the technology section of *felix* this year. It's been a year to remember and 2010 is only just getting started.

In the computing space we've had Google execs facing jail-time, as well as big G's move out of China due to censorship. We've had the continual battleground of processors move away from the Intel Vs. AMD and into the x86 Intel Vs. the ARM SOCs realm.

We've also seen Apple unveiling the 'revolutionary' iPad, which caught the world by storm selling out in the US to the detriment of launches in the rest of the world. Who'd have thought a \$500 massive iPod touch would be quite the success it has been, especially

in the economic downturn we all still face. Perhaps we shouldn't have put it past Apple. It's sheer desirability is the envy of electronics manufactures the world over. But of course Apple wasn't done with revolutionising the tablet computing space, oh no! The iPhone 4 launch is just round the corner and already they're out of pre-order units. With FaceTime and slew of other evolutionary improvements, Apple's Jesus phone looks likely to repeat it's success evermore.

But wait, we've also had a massive expansion of Android in the mobile space, with HTC and Dell churning out some truly mind-boggling smartphones. Palm also, sadly, ceased to be independent this year and we wait with baited breath to see what HP has up it's sleeve for the father of the mobile computing ecosystem.

library directly applies to it, you can quickly and easily create a separate folder in your library and sort your downloaded articles in there.

Perhaps the thing that sets Papers apart from all other journal library managers is the ability to sync with an iPhone and iPad app. Wirelessly syncing your iDevice means you can take all or a subset of your journal library with you on the go for reading or reference. Papers syncing goes both ways however, enabling you to search for, download, read and modify the meta data of journal articles on your iPhone then sync them back to your Mac. A simply fantastic feature if you happen to be at a conference and someone mentions a great paper you should check out.

There's no doubt that Papers is a slick and capable journal library organiser and it has a lot of nice features, but it lacks one crucial feature to make it the

be-all and end-all 'iTunes for journals' and that's a cite-while-you-write function. Papers can't itself insert citations into your word processor of choice. You can however export a library of citations to your cite-while-you-write engine of choice, be it Endnote or even the reference manager built into Microsoft Word 2008. It's not a bad solution, but Papers just begs to have it's own word processor citation engine, and it means you can't just rely on Papers to get your work done.

If you just want to organise and read journal articles on your Mac or want to take them with you on your iPhone, then you can't get far wrong with Papers.

Costing €29 (about £25) from Mekentosj.com, Papers for Mac is also available with 40% student discount. Papers for iOS costs £8.99 and is available from the iTunes App Store.

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

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

Well this is it folks, *felix* is signing off for the year and so it's time to wrap-up the week's tech news one last time.

OnLive, the company that promises console quality gaming in your browser thanks to the cloud, went online on Thursday. Limited to just the US for now, the service costs \$4.95 per month with an impressive list of titles available to play right now, including Mass Effect 2, Assassin's Creed 2 and Dirt 2 amongst others. Not bad for a service that could have easily stayed vapour-ware.

Sticking with cloud ser-

vices, Google has added a rudimentary video editor to it's YouTube service. While it's no iMovie, the editor lets you cut, combine and crop video content before upload. It's fast, simple to use and in the cloud, what more could you want on the go? iMovie on your iPhone 4 perhaps?

Cineworld this week also announced that it'll be going all digital projection within three years. Converting all 77 of it's cinemas across the country to pure digital is going to cost Cineworld in the region of £40 million, including £10m the chain has already pumped into upgrading a third of it's 790 screens. Going digital should

allow the cinema chain to reduce the price it pays for films though a 'Virtual Print Free' deal with the studios, meaning that the cost shouldn't be passed onto the customer. The upgrade, done in partnership with Arts Alliance Media, will allow them to show sport, plays, opera and other alternative content on the big screen. Gone are the days of print and reels, but is it truly better?

E3 had the gaming industry buzzing this week, with unveils from Microsoft, Sony and Nintendo taking prime spots. First out of the gates was Microsoft showing off it's new Xbox 360 (that's the 360 'slim' to you and me) and it's 'Kinect'



motion gaming sensing platform, which was known by it's development name, Project Natal. It's going to be available come November for the rumoured price of \$150, whilst the 360 slim hit these shores on Wednesday for £199 sporting a 250GB HDD and built-in WiFi.

Sony, not to be outdone by Microsoft, unleashed their take on the motion gaming genera with the PlayStation Move. Scheduled for a Sep-

tember 19th release, Move uses the PlayStation Eye and a Move controller, which looks like a black Wiimote with a lollipop on the top. Whilst the Move and Eye can be had in a pack costing \$99 with Sports Champions, Sony's version of Wii Sports, the Navigational controller is an extra \$30. A PS3 plus Move bundle will be available at launch for \$400.

Sony wasn't done there though, they also announced that the PSN, Sony's free online gaming service, is getting a paid add-on upgrade. PlayStation Plus will cost \$49 a year and bring with it exclusive DLC and other content, early access to betas and demos,

auto-updating and free full games to play, which'll change each month. Great for those looking for a little bit extra from the already solid PSN.

Last, but not least, we had Nintendo with it's latest 3D iteration of the DS. Imaginatively named the 3DS, it comes packing an impressive glasses free 3.5" 3D widescreen, a 3D effect slider, a motion sensor, a gyro, a 'slide pad' joystick, two cameras for 3D photos and improved graphics.



WikiLeaks - Freedom of Information's Greatest Asset

Feroz Salam looks at the Whistleblower's best friend and every government's enemy



Where would you go if you had a government secret that you felt needed publishing? Just as there's a wiki for encyclopaedia articles and another for dictionary entries, you might want to try the wiki for whistleblowers and activists, Wikileaks. Among its eclectic collection of leaks are a manual on the 'Boomerang' method of sniper location, a description of FBI methods for mobile phone tapping, a full list of British postcodes and a roster of BNP members. Their website describes their mission as providing 'a multi-jurisdictional public service designed to protect whistleblowers, journalists and activists who

"Even Assange is a figure of much mystery, a former computer hacker turned activist"

have sensitive materials to communicate to the public.' For a website that has little funding, Wikileaks has shown a remarkable ability to stay in the headlines, bragging of more scoops in its 3 year lifetime than the Washington Post has had in 30. Yet how long the website will be able to survive is questionable, as it is hounded by governments and corporations that often come with the power to switch off servers, confiscate documents and launch major legal battles - weighty financial burdens on a site that survives largely on donations and awards from human rights activists.

Shrouded in secrecy

For a website that believes in openness and transparency, Wikileaks itself is shrouded in secrecy. Ostensibly to protect the identities of the network behind the website, the only face that has associated itself with the website has been that of the founder, Julian Assange. Even Assange is a figure of much mystery, a former computer hacker turned activist - who, during the incubation period of Wikileaks has been described as "frequently forgetting to eat or sleep, writing mathematical formulas all over the walls and the doors". A mathematics student who grew disaffected by the amount of research being done at his college for the American Department of Defence, Assange has channelled his efforts into human rights and anti-censorship movements, working on software while campaigning for global privacy rights. Wikileaks has been his biggest success to date and while the organisation is still struggling financially, it's maintained a steady stream of headline grabbing leaks that have caused uproar in the mainstream media.

The terrible and the gruesome

The biggest of these was the recent publishing of classified American military footage of a helicopter gunship firing on Iraqi civilians in cold blood, a horrific video that only served the emphasise the case for Wikileaks' existence. Apart from the gruesome and bloody, the collection of documents that Wikileaks has amassed in 3 years is astounding. The site offers nearly a million articles ranging from Church of Scientology manuals to the guide for standard operating procedures at Guantanamo Bay and therefore has become an invaluable collection of docu-

ments that would otherwise be covered up. The problem is that along with this growth has come the inevitable rise in the number of people looking to shut the site down and quickly. Wikileaks hasn't helped its cause by being exactly the impartial publisher it claims to be, publishing articles from all areas of the political spectrum without bias towards any particular political philosophy. Apart from true free speech activists, this has meant the site has found it hard to make any real allies, something they may desperately need as the site seeks to expand its reach.

Sources at risk

The toll of maintaining and updating the website is beginning to become obvious. After three years of maintaining strict secrecy about the identities of its informants, American intelligence services were able to detain an informant, Army analyst Bradley Manning. Aside from the fact that Manning seems to have been a steady source of information for them, this will come as a major blow for Wikileaks as it will mean that other informants will be much less likely to trust the website to protect their identities in the face of an investigation, even though Manning was turned over to the FBI by another hacker. As I write this article, there are reports that Wikileaks is attempting to publish 260,000 classified cables between American diplomats and officials in the Middle East, and that the Pentagon has launched a manhunt to detain Julian Assange before he manages to upload the cables. The only comment from Wikileaks on this issue has been on their Twitter stream simply to say that 'it looks like we're about to be attacked by everything the US has' and 'Any signs of unacceptable behaviour by the Pentagon towards this press will be viewed dimly'.

Is automation the future?

This comes at a time when there has been much talk about Wikileaks expanding from the central Assange-based system into a set of autonomous units that operate across the globe. The purpose of such a system would be to reduce the dependency on Assange and his team to maintain the website, while simultaneously increasing the amount of material they publish. Yet there are many risks to such a plan, and it is doubtful whether Wikileaks will be able to organise a secure, multinational network of Wikileaks cells. The most obvious risk is closure and detention by various national governments, but aside from that there's also the question of whether Wikileaks' finances will be able to sustain expansion of any sort. With its greater size, there also comes the question of how they will monitor what gets published and what doesn't. With Assange not monitoring everything, there will have to be some method to maintain neutrality and prevent political agendas from seeping into the website.

Wikileaks is vital for the work it does, and there's no doubt that a great repository of important information will be lost if Wikileaks were to go down forever. Yet, considering the nature of the work they are doing, it's unfortunately likely that it's only a matter of time before something happens that either permanently shuts the website down or fundamentally alters its purpose. I hope to be proved wrong and Wikileaks has shown an astonishing ability to bounce back from setbacks. But in pitting various national governments against a few men with limited resources, I don't know many who would bet money on Wikileaks surviving out the year

Check out what all the commotion is for yourself at WikiLeaks.org

STOP THE PRESS

iPhone 4G Unveiled to Stunned Press

By S. Worthington

In a surprise press conference called at Apple's headquarters in Cupertino, California, early on Thursday morning, Apple announced that they would be releasing a new 4G version of the iPhone "before the end of July". The announcement came just days after the release of pre-orders of the fourth generation iPhone model, which had broken all sales expectations with pre-orders selling out in both the US and the UK, leaving both critics and fans stunned.

The new phone boasts many new features over the iPhone 4, primarily a 4G modem replacing the slower 3G chip. Critics have claimed this is a move to combat the increasing momentum that HTC's EVO 4G Android smartphone is gaining. The fun doesn't stop there however, as the iPhone 4G sports a new third camera unusually positioned on the top of the case to make the device easier to use when walking, by allowing users to watch out for obstacles in the background whilst still staring down at their phone. The device also comes with a localised hair trimmer for emergency touch-ups to beards and nose hair, and a glue gun to facilitate the repair of plastic glasses. Apple said the new features were designed to appeal to the 'core Mac market', and also announced that the release of a new app, the 'Prententiometer', which alerts users when they've become too mainstream.

In a bold move, Apple announced simplified pricing for the 'revolutionary' new device, which will retail at 499 regardless of what currency you're using. Purchasers in the US will obviously get a bargain at \$499, compared to the €499 in Europe and £499 in rip-off Britain. To maintain the price difference, Apple also revealed that on top of the carrier lock to AT&T in the US, devices are now 'region-locked' and can no longer be imported or brought back from overseas. This also means that if you wish to travel with an iPhone 4G, you will have to buy one from each region, or in some cases country, that you intend to visit. More details of the new model are expected to emerge after the Electronic Entertainment Expo (E3) in the coming weeks. ;)

Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Hangman interviews... Hangman (himself)

Hit and Miss; My mantra, my motto, my excuse for tactless jokes. The great thing about writing behind a veil of anonymity is that I receive direct uncensored feedback about my articles. If there's one thing I've realised it's that I simply cannot please everyone. One person's cup of tea is another person's cup of coffee - and they hate coffee. Probably one of those take-away coffees with the tiny drinking holes in the lid. You can't sip, you can't tentatively test the temperature with your tongue, you have no choice but to just go for it - AAAH JESUS F***ING MOTHERF***ING JESUS F*****C***** MY TONGUE! WHO DETHIGNED THETHE LIDTHS? - one of those coffees.

I guess I could always use the Marmite analogy, but after Jade Goody described herself as Marmite, soiling the brand and my favourite toast topping, I decided I could never use the word again. Fucking bitch

Anyway, seeing as it's the final issue, I thought I would do the good egotistical thing of interviewing myself. It's probably because I find myself more interesting than any of you.

Hangman: Hi hangman.

Hangman: *You don't have to say hi, that's just stupid. I thought we agreed you wouldn't do this. You're embarrassing me*

Hangman: Do you enjoy writing hangman?

Hangman: *No. It's about as enjoyable as walking, and I don't have the use of my legs. Well I have the use of my legs, but pretending that I don't gets me a free seat on the bus and the high-ground over those fucking lazy pensioners who can't stand up. They shouldn't be getting on a bus if they can't stand up.*

Hangman: Could anyone write hangman?

Hangman: *Anyone with hands and a basic grasp of the Engloosh language. Actually just anyone with hands. You know what, you could probably just bash your head on the keyboard.*

Hangman: Do you think anyone is reading this interview?

Hangman: *No. I'm already bored of*

writing it.

Hangman: Which was your favourite article you wrote this year?

Hangman: *The Hitler interview because only I found it funny. I wrote it in the style of a Celebrity interview from a magazine.*

*It was meant to be picking on celebrities, but people just saw the name Hitler and went, 'Ooooooh, jews, holocaust, that's not cool etc'. I should point out that his album, **Wrong Turnz** went platinum in America last month and he's currently working on a song with Lady Gaga called '**Rumourz hurt**'.*

Hangman: Do you admire any of your fellow felix editors?

Hangman: *I don't so much admire, but fear Gilead Amit. When he looks at you in the eye, your brain feels like it's melting from inferiority. When trying to engage in an intellectual discussion with him, I might as well just stick my tongue out, drool and flap my arms about.*

Hangman: And the others?

Hangman: *All just trying to be Gilead.*

Hangman: How do you go about writing an article?

Hangman: *I try to write dark high-brow satire and then realise that I can't. I look at the blank canvas on the computer screen and think, 'this has so much potential', then ruin it. Imagine first seeing your unborn child on an ultra-sound screen and imagining all the great things he's going to achieve in life, then the doctor comes in and tells you it's a girl.*

Hangman: How many complaints have you had?

Hangman: *To my disappointment, only three. One about the Beginner's guide to the working class, one about the cartoon of Jesus on a Cross, and my reference to the Cumbria shootings in Twatter. No fatwas yet.*

Hangman: Do you think you crossed any lines?

Hangman: *Osama crossed some lines, but then he's the founding leader of Al-Qaeda so what do people expect? I'm morally devoid, so I don't believe in lines.*

Hangman: Do you worry about offending people?

Hangman: *I don't set out to offend people unless they've annoyed me. I try not to be crude and tasteless unless I feel it's a necessity. While I try to remain facetious, it sometimes just appears flippant. I have to sit down and think, how can I make people laugh? It's not like writing a review of a film or a play, my one job is to make people laugh and it's a lot harder than people give it credit for. A funny image or conversation sometimes just can't be translated to paper. If I worried about offending people, I wouldn't get anything written. I stay away from Jew jokes though because I'm scared of Gilead....he's Jewish.....or Palistinian.....one of them*

Hangman: Will you be continuing hangman next year?

Hangman: *Sadly not because I'm not going to be here. I may be able to continue Twatter by email, which is the only thing people read anyway. I guess this is my tearful goodbye....I'm meant to say something like I'll miss everyone and that it's been a pleasure.....I won't and it hasn't.*

FELIX Editors Encourage Newcomers!



Ed Knock, Awesome Film Editor

'Watching a film is like gazing through a window into your own soul'

"Hey I'm Ed Knock the Awesome Film Editor. I actually put the 'Awesome' in there myself, but I've always been known for my outlandish ways and I think it makes me look edgy.

I'm not really known for who I am, but for what I do - and that's write!!!!!!! You probably read my film reviews and think, 'I'll never be able to write like this' or 'he's so incredibly insightful; I would never have made that connection between The Nutty Professor 2 and the Chadian-Libyan conflict,' but you can because I believe in you. You see I don't just write, I believe!

I've taken my fans on an emotional journey of self-discovery, whilst instilling my boundless knowledge of film. Come down to Felix next year and try to do the same thing! I believe!"



Gilead Amit, Deputy Editor

'I'm not playing God; I've already played God, And I won!'

"Ahh, bathe in my glorious deep ethereal tones and regard me in awe! Hold thy tongue, for I, Gilead Amit, would converse with some jibbering flailing retard before practising the noble art of discourse with thou!

Harrumph! The sheer notion of literary neophytes uniting with Felix veterans such as myself, Gilead Amit, piques and repulses me to the brink of a volatile fireworks performance, hosted by my own gizzard, gullet and mouth!

Oh and on another note, just because **you** can't find a real fucking root for negative one, doesn't mean I, Gilead Fucking Amit, can't; And no I'm not going to have a fucking coffee with you weird thirteen-year old girls and Fuck you Emmanuel College, seriously, FUCK YOU!!!!!!!

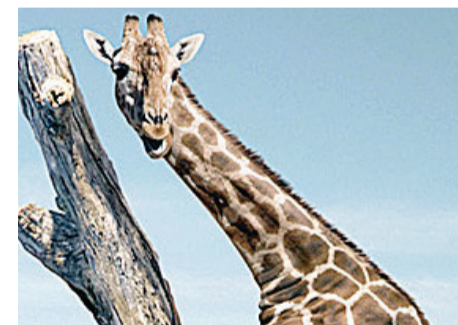


Dan Wan, Proper Editor

"It's been a pleasure to work with me and I'm confident that I'm passing the torch on to a guy that will most likely drop it or blow it out"

"我不容忍任何形式或程度的種族主義。這是不能接受在任何情況下，從來沒有在公眾頭腦報紙。劊子手將盡快譴責任何種族主義辱罵而作出調整。我很自豪我的沃特福德遺產"

Which roughly translates to English as, "I hope dat Hang-a-man does not resorta to preurile jokes abouta my Chinese Heritage or usesay Jackie Chan as my photo because it's da onry Chinese persons dat he know."



Kadhim Shubber, the next Editor

"When people look at me they see a tall gangly Iraqi in slim fit trousers and a bow-tie, but I'm actually a - Oh no, that's fine"

"Felix next year will be a fun and welcoming environment. I work on a strict, but fun deadline policy and need all articles into the office by Monday 4.00 AM. If you miss this deadline then I won't be angry, I'll just be slightly annoyed, but in a fun sort of way. I'll be using the Guardian-approved Smiley Face Chart™ and will award a smiley face for every article handed in by the deadline. Ten smiley faces and you win the coveted Guardian-approved Kit Kat Chunky. Spelling/grammatical errors, lack of enthusiasm, loss of name badges, use of the name 'Voldemort', fat thighs, or derogatory comments about the Smiley Face Chart™ will earn you a sad face. Three sad faces and you're out, but in a fun way :).



50 things to do with your final issue of

Felix. Yeah that's right Dan Wan, I've continued the headline into the subheading. What you going to do about it?

- 1 - Throw your Felix into a bottle bank, despite is sitting next to a bin designated to newspapers and shout, 'FUCK YOU RECYCLING BINS! I WORK FOR NOBODY!'
- 2 - Throw your newspaper at an aeroplane, knock it out the sky and shout, 'FUCK YOU AREOPLANE I WORK FOR - Oh shit it's way too high'
- 3 - Sellotape your Felix into a dress and wear it to the Summer ball. Tell people it's the latest Vivienne Westwood.
- 4 - Sellotape Vivienne Westwood into a dress and wear it to the Summer ball. Tell people it's the latest Vivienne Weswood.
- 5 - Tell your Christmas tree that you're leaving it for your Felix
- 6 - Have passionate and fiery break-up sex with your Christmas tree
- 7 - Send guilt-ridden texts to your Felix and then cry over the phone telling it that you don't deserve its love. You then have passionate unprotected guilt-sex.
- 8 - You discover that your Felix is pregnant and that the fetus has Down's syndrome. You demand an abortion
- 9 - Your Felix refused abortion because its Catholic
- 10 - Smother your Felix with a pillow and sob, 'IT'S THE ONLY WAY! IT'S THE ONLY WAAAAAYYYY!'
- 11 - Bury your Felix in the Garden and shout at the neighbours, 'WHAT YOU LOOKING AT!? YOU'VE SEEN NOTHING OK!? NOTHING!'
- 12 - Send a complaint to Hangman regarding an callous joke towards babies with Down's syndrome
- 13 - Hangman states that he was merely making his readership aware of the shocking abortion rates for fetuses diagnosed with Down's Syndrome. 90% of UK women opt for termination
- 14 - Send an apology to Hangman for missing the ethical subtext to an apparently crass and unprovoked jest.
- 15 - Throw your Felix at a pigeon
- 16 - bury the pigeon in the garden next to the Felix, neighbours who wouldn't keep their fucking mouth shut.
- 17 - Roll your Felix up and make your own vuvuzela
- 18 - Roll your Felix up and beat the shit into the guy with the home-made vuvuzela
- 19 - Burn your Felix in attempt get high off the fumes
- 20 - Cover your Felix in glue, aerosol and paint and then burn it in attempt to get high of the fumes
- 21 - Cover your Felix in glue, aerosol, paint; burn it and then inject yourself with heroine. Ahhh yeah this Felix is getting me so fucking high
- 22 - Make a hat out of it and run around campus pretending to be a pirate.
- 23. Read it? HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA

THE NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS

China sends volunteers in aid of making heartfelt farewell to Felix Editor look unforced



"What are you guys doing? I totally wasn't expecting this and didn't coordinate any of it"

Dan Wan 2010



TWATTER



[SexyOsama69](#)

Hey guyz I'm bak! I've been unbanned. No more insensitive comments from me :p Except you Obie you black c**t



[The_Cleggomatortrontown <3](#)

Osie that was a totally unjustified racist remark! You can't just go around doint that! It's not funny and certainly not clever!



[Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!](#)

Oh here we go again...WA WA WAAAA



[SUPERACEGORTHEROAR87](#)

Get ur umbrellas out coz Cleggman is pissin on our parade. Oh and @Obie: Nice one on the oil lololololololol



[Barack_attack_l33thaxor](#)

WTF Osie!?! Totally unjustified racist remark! Hey guyz guess hu dat was! It was Cleggman! Get a sense of humour Cleggman Oh and @Gor: lolololololololololololol



[SexyOsama69](#)

The other day I waz playin Robot unicorn attack and was bout to beat Obie's top score so he headbutted my laptop. He's a c**t



[Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!](#)

And on Left 4 Dead he keeps shootin me in the back and blamin it on the zombies. Obie is a c**t and just so happens to be black.



[The_Cleggomatortrontown <3](#)

Oh well in that case I guess I can just call Osie a terrorist arab asshole



[SUPERACEGORTHEROAR87](#)

Wow...Just wow...wasn't expectin that



[Barack_attack_l33thaxor](#)

Jesus Christ Cleggman! WTF!?! I mean srsly wtf!?! You can't just go around sayin shit like dat! Dude ur fucked up



[SexyOsama69](#)

See this is just da sorta intolerent attitudes I hav to deal with every day from white westerners. And ppl call ME the bad guy.

FOOD

Food Editors Chris Sim & Holly Cumbers

food.felix@imperial.ac.uk



felix's 2009/2010 Restaurant Awards

After one year's worth of unadulterated eating, Chris Sim has decided on his favourite London-based eateries

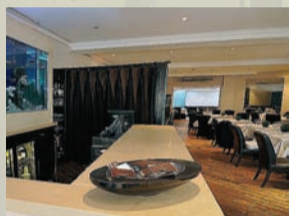


Mediterranean/Organic: Jak's, near South Ken station. I love the food, the concept, the ambience, the location. Not the cheapest but competitive when compared to Carluccio's, Strada et al.



Thai (Traditional Dishes): Thai Taste, Cromwell Road. Classics like pad thai and papaya salad, grilled chicken and sticky rice (kao mun som tam kai yang) are excellent.

French: La Ratatouille, near Baker Street station. See above/opposite..



Modern European: Patterson's, near Oxford Circus station. Bit pricey for students, so save it for a special date or occasion. Great rack of lamb, even better desserts.



Thai (Modern): Addie's Thai Café, Earl's Court. Try their specials, especially their grilled neck-end pork, and for a refreshing hit, their Milky Way Iced Tea.

Italian: Da Mario, Gloucester Road. Sublime pasta dishes. Not the cheapest, but I'd say it's worth it.



Dim Sum: Imperial China, Lisle Street (parallel to Gerrard St). Quality dim sum, especially their taro croquette and cha siu bao (roast pork bun). Relaxed and refined ambience.



Vietnamese: Song Que Café, Shoreditch. Quite far from uni, and you'll need a reservation, but believe me, this place is worth it. Best pho in London, without question. Also great banh xeo (crispy crepe with prawns and chicken, accompanied by herbs and dipping sauce, nuoc cham).

Pub: Queen's Arms: I'm not a gastropub expert, but the English grub here is pretty sound.



Malaysian: Satay House, near Edgware Road Station. As the name suggests, divine satay. Generally good Malay dishes, including their Beef Rendang.



Indian: Simply Indian, near Borough station. Perhaps it's a surprise inclusion, but it is my local, and their South Indian dishes are quite stellar.

Sushi: Yoshi Sushi, near Ravenscourt Park station. Nobu-quality sushi at a fraction of the price.



Iranian: Behesht, near Kensal Green station. Ok, it's quite far from the realm of South Ken, but more than worth the journey for the intriguingly beautiful restaurant, grilled baby lamb fillet and naan (is this the best naan I've ever tried?).



Turkish: Kazan City, near Liverpool St Station. Quality grilled meats. Entertaining front of house. Surprisingly good desserts, especially their baklava with home-made rose ice cream.

Korean: Arang, near Piccadilly Circus Station. Great food, impeccable service. See opposite.



American/Ribs: Chicago Rib Shack, Knightsbridge. Not the cheapest, but worth it for their baby back ribs, and also for a look at their onion loaf.



Mexican: Chez Lalee, Kingston. Again outside of the jurisdiction of our college, but if you're really craving chilli con carne, this is where you'll want to go.

Cantonese: Four Seasons, Bayswater. Top quality roast duck. So good, it's addictive.



Restaurant Review: La Ratatouille

Despite trying pretty hard, **Chris Sim** could hardly find fault with the produce of this French establishment

There are just some days when your body and palate yearn for some quality grub derived from our neighbours from across the Channel. This kind of day involves the consumption of well conceived, rich and most of all scrumptious dishes, which, in my opinion, should not be eaten too often. For me, these days don't occur too often; my palate is slightly biased towards lighter Asian cuisines, but when these days occur, they happen in a big way. I go for the richest, heaviest, most tummy-tantalising grub I can get my hands on. So on one such day I decided to indulge most of my senses at La Ratatouille, a little restaurant situated a stone's throw away from Baker Street station. As you enter, its traditional French façade complete with wooden chairs and tables, alfresco dining area and pleasant music make for an unpretentious, slightly homely atmosphere in which to dine. Alas this place not only has the ambience for a quality dining experience, it also has the food to match.

The menu is not overly extensive, yet is filled with the right number of French classics as well as twists on the said which can keep you mulling over your choices for a wee while. For starters, myself and a fellow diner elected to opt for an onion soup and a Mediterranean seafood soup. The former embodied the classic sweet and salty flavours of this Gallic soup dish, and was topped off with croutons and an overly-generous layer of grilled cheese. Pretty good stuff, but not quite up to the

standard of the latter, which oozed with unctuous seafood notes, the origin of which was no doubt from the shells of prawns and lobsters. This light soup, accompanied by some crisply toasted croutons and grated cheese, made for the perfect commencement to our meal.

Having had a brief rest from the consumption of the entrees, the mains arrived on time. We decided to opt for the balance of a light fish dish, whole roasted seabass with tomato and basil, and a heavy meat concoction, braised lamb shank with mashed potato, sundried tomato and garlic confit. The former was easy on the eye, and easy on the palate too, with the unspectacular yet clean tomato and basil flavours enhancing rather than overpowering the subtle tones emanating from the fresh sea-dweller. Au contraire, the lamb shank was uber-rich, and comprised delicately soft meat falling off the bone, sublimely smooth mashed potato and unctuously rich gravy packed with lambby and rosemary-derived overtones, punctured by the occasional sweetness of sundried tomato and mellowness of the roasted garlic. We partnered these dishes with the creation which gave the restaurant its name. Not overly sweet, this rendition of ratatouille hit all the right spots; well cooked vegetable components brought together by a rich tomatoey reduction.

Despite our stomachs approaching their fill, the delights that are French desserts were too tempting to miss out on. And without doubt, La Ratatouille lived up to the billing in this department. A rejuvenatingly refreshing vanilla ice cream

and raspberry vacherin with red berries sauce had all the right elements of a summer dessert: sweet, light and cooling, with the tartness of the berries balanced by the soothing vanilla ice cream aided by the crunch of meringue fingers. This was the perfect complement to an indulgent plum and almond tart with crème anglaise, whose plums were juicy and plump, pastry was baked to perfection and whose almond filling was as close to velvet as one could hope for.

Despite a slight delay in the arrival of the starters, the overall level of service was excellent, with all the food arriving piping hot. The portion sizes were fair for the price, with starters setting you back around £5-6, mains around £13-16 and desserts around £4-5, which, considering the quality of the gastronomic creations, generates value to such an extent that in my opinion, you'll be hard pressed to find at many other mid-range French eateries. And it gets better, for us students are eligible for a 10% discount when dining at this quality establishment.

Food: 9.25
Value: 8.0
Service: 8.0
Ambience: 8.0
Overall: 8.5/10



La Ratatouille's simple yet classy interior adds to the gastronomic experience

Finding the best Korean eateries that this town has to offer

Chris Sim definitely enjoyed this challenging quest, and here are the winners which are worthy of your custom

It has taken me all year, but I think I've decided once and for all. My two favourite Korean restaurants, from very, very different categories. The former is superior for a less hastily gobbled, more formal eating occasion; whereas the latter is great for a quick lunch. The former in my opinion has risen to take the mantle of London's best Korean restaurant, whereas the latter has always held a special place in the hearts of Asian students throughout this city.

You might be able to guess the title of the former, especially if I informed you that it took that aforementioned crown away from Ran recently. I am talking about **Arang**, one of the more pricey establishments whose higher charges definitely are justified by the quality of the cuisine, impeccable service and classy ambience created by modern Korean décor and spacious seating arrangements. And not to mention complimentary kimchi and beansprout cold side dishes, which provide the perfect method to get your stomach acid going.

But now down to business. Their starters are generally of high quality, of particular note were their kimchi-chun (kimchi pancake) and dokbokki



Beef bulgogi (barbequed beef), probably Korea's second most famous dish

(rice dough sticks with fish cake in a sweet and spicy sauce). The former had a crisp exterior, soft batter interior with interludes of crunchy kimchi and onion, brought together by a slightly sweetened soy dipping sauce. The latter consisting of not-too-heavy rice sticks and richly flavoured fish cakes, married by a wonderfully spicy yet sub-

tly sweet chilli sauce, with a few background notes to the tune of seafood, is one dish to really get your tastebuds racing. At this point I'd recommend trying some more exciting starters, such as yukhwe, raw beef strips with pear, egg yolk and sesame seeds. This is a delightfully light and sweet dish, yet with the salivating satisfaction of

being composed of high quality beef.

For mains, a traditional Korean barbecue should definitely be on any diner's wishlist when visiting Arang. Their beef bulgogi is not just packed with sesame overtones, it comes accompanied with spring onions and wrap it in lettuce, a more authentic touch not often seen at Arang's counterpart estab-

lishments. Another cow-derived dish is their galbi (beef short ribs), again marinated in a sesame and soybased sauce, but whose meat firmer than that of bulgogi yet is divinely richer in meaty notes. And don't worry about leaving with that barbecue smell engrained in your hair, for an extractor-fan type device more than adequately deals with those aromatic odours.

Korean food lovers out there should of course be able to name the latter, it is, of course, that little restaurant with an everpresent queue of Asian students standing outside, **Assa**. Its charmingly overcrowded feel, especially when seated close to the kitchen steaming with heavenly aromas, gives it a slightly homely touch. Service is brisk, and top quality, simple one dish meals are incredibly moreish. Take for example their pork and vegetables in spicy sauce with rice, so simple, but packed full of flavour and is a truly moreish treat. Their hotpots (variety of meat, seafood or vegetables in a spicy broth) are also tasty, though not altogether suitable for those whose gastro-intestinal tract is slightly chilli averse. Other dishes that are worth a try are yukejung (spicy beef soup) and their kimchicun.

DON'T MISS THESE FANTASTIC ACTS!

20.40 TINIE TEMPAH



PLAN B 21.35

22.45 NOISETTES



JO WHILEY 00.30

AND MUCH MORE, INCLUDING...

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SCRATCH PERVERTS @ 1.00

BREAKAGE @ 2.30



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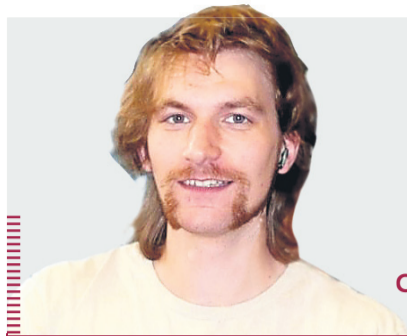
- online: imperialcollegeunion.org/ball
- in the Union Shop on Sherfield Walkway (on Friday only)
- from behind the bar in daVinci's or The Union Bar
- on the door (limited supply, so buy now to avoid disappointment!)

Doors open at 17.00 for diners, 18.45 for Entertainments ticket holders
Remember to bring your swipe card on the night for entry into the Ball!

COFFEE BREAK

Coffee Break Editor Charlie Murdoch

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Into the twilight zone

Charlie Murdoch Coffee Break Editor

So it all comes to this, my last column of my last *felix*. And am I sad? A touch. Am I happy to be leaving? Likewise, a touch. Spending four years at Imperial College has been hard; constant deadlines and woven carefully with exams, at points, can get you down. But the friendships created, and times spent exploring new experiences vastly outweigh any negatives. University is supposed to be hard- and we're at one of the best establishments in the country. Anyone who says that they hate Imperial and wish they never came are simply looking in the wrong place. My university career has been spent constantly attempting different things, that once graduated, I'll never have the opportunity to do again. I've done everything, in my mind, I'm done, I'm off. There's no point walking over the same old ground.

I wish I had something chic or motivational to say, but all I want you to take home is that your university is what you make of it. Many of you will be moving on into your second or third years- second year will no longer be the freshers, and third years will have

ultimate respect of adoring freshers. It is up to you to ensure that the new batch of freshers are welcomed in the way that you wish to have been. You do need to set an example. I myself only stayed at Imperial in my first year due to the Hockey Club, and particularly to my hall senior Richard Bacon of the quote, 'university is about wrecking your body for four years and spending the rest of your life recovering.' I concur. I hated my course, but had a great time in the bar. True I was prone to vomiting, falling asleep on Huxley stairs and generally being a bit of a mess, but that was then. Now I look at the freshers getting over excited and just think 'they'll tire out soon.' But that is the fixation of the Union, people say that it's shit- these people are complete fucking morons. Now that may just be my view, but the things we are allowed to do and get away with make it a very special place. You must remember that the Union is run by students- they know what you want, they are one of you! The Union is there to allow students to have fun doing what they want- look at the new entertainments committee, set up to allow stu-

dents to host their own club nights. To further that I saw a post on the phase 3 blog which said the new bar looked 'like a place you might get kicked out of if you were hammered.' The fact that we don't is a testament of the Union's view that it's a place where people will start to learn their limits. They'd much rather people ascertain said limits in a safe environment, where if they do fuck up, then they won't end up with the Police. That's just the bars, I'm not starting with the clubs or support on offer. I think I'm wandering, in a nutshell, don't blight the vision of the freshers.

People always say that 'it just seems like yesterday...' and unfortunately, it's no different for me. I remember the Saturday I arrived, just as well as I remember the following day, sitting in A&E with blood pouring from my head due to my poor ice skating technique. Enjoy your time here, it will pass you by.

In my final few words, I want to talk about friendships. University is a trying time, and at times you need your mates to give you the helping hand you so desire. You'll meet many new people, and simultaneously, you'll grow distant to some. The precious few will remain, the ones which you spent the best part of your social time with, and the ones who feature most heavily in your stories. I write this, not with a tear in my eye, but a definite sadness as I realise that I will be leaving behind so many classmates that I've relied upon. Some new, some old, but all I want to see again. I think that's the same for all grandaunts, and hopefully you. So Banter Squad, Chaps Club, Hockey Club and the RSM- latters boys. Pint?

Wordpath 1,466

ORIGIN:

LAST

DESTINATION:

PATH

Solution 1465

No valid solution was submitted for last week's puzzle; NICE -> BEER.

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**.

Earliest, SHORTEST, valid path between the two words wins. Dubious words will be checked against the OED. Solutions may be submitted for confirmation (see FUCWIT section for details).

felix

Lovestruck

07726 799 424

"I'm surprised you didn't impound felix- you impounded something else."
Whey

"Danny has just left with Alrac."
Nice

"So is she really that foreign? She is bang tidy see her uta."
Green Card

"Give her one for Gaelic."
FAO Danny

Quote of the Week

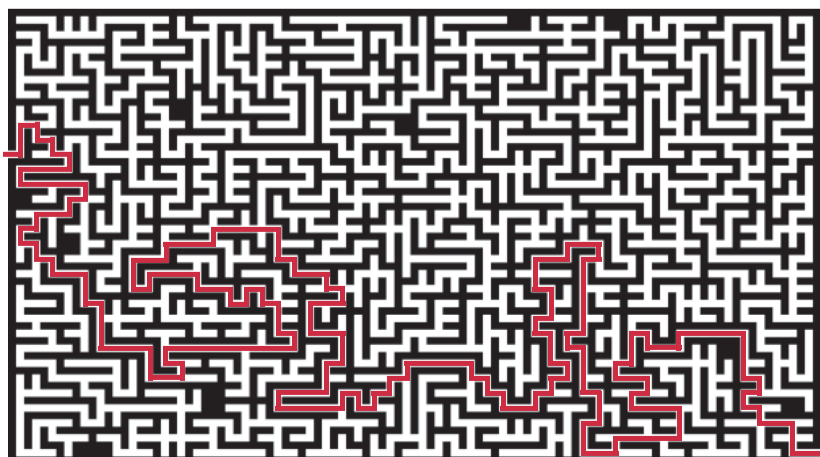
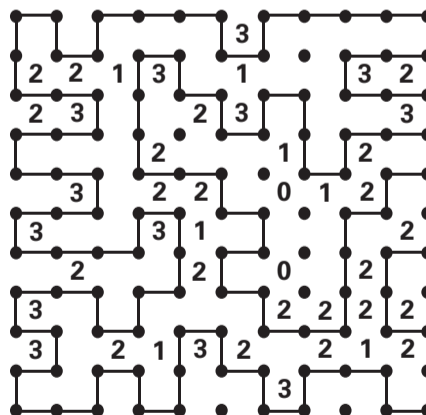
Alfred Lord Tennyson's: "It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Solutions 1,464 and 1,465

Ah, the final issue at last and it's all over. I will be let out of the felix office after this issue is distributed and will learn what 'sun' means. I do not yet know whether or not I will return next year but it has been fun making puzzles for you guys and chatting to those of you who were talkative in your submission emails. To keep my promise, I have returned Nonogram for you this week. Have a good holiday everyone!

Puzzle Captain

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



Solutions to 'Wordoku' (top left), 'Slitherink' (top right), 'This is...aMAZEing' (left), 'Musical Dingbats' (right) and some of the acceptable words to 'The Polygon of Fun' puzzle (below), we make no claim of completeness of this list!

peer, pees, pens, pent, pert, pest, pets, reps, seep, sept, spet, step, neeps, neper, peens, peers, pents, perse, preen, prest, speer, spent, spree, steep, strep, nepers, pester, preens, preset, repent, present, repents, serpent.

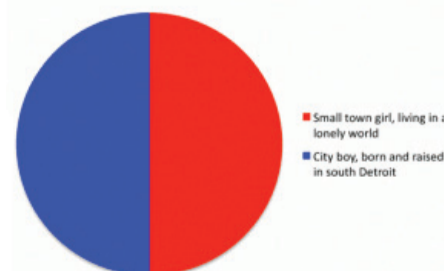
Winners:

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| Wordoku - | Sheryl |
| Slitherink - | Sheryl |
| This is aMAZEing... - | Sheryl |
| Musical Dingbats - | Matthew Colvin |
| The Polygon of Fun - | No submission |
- See FUCWIT League Table for the final totals!*

How does Lady Gaga like her steak?



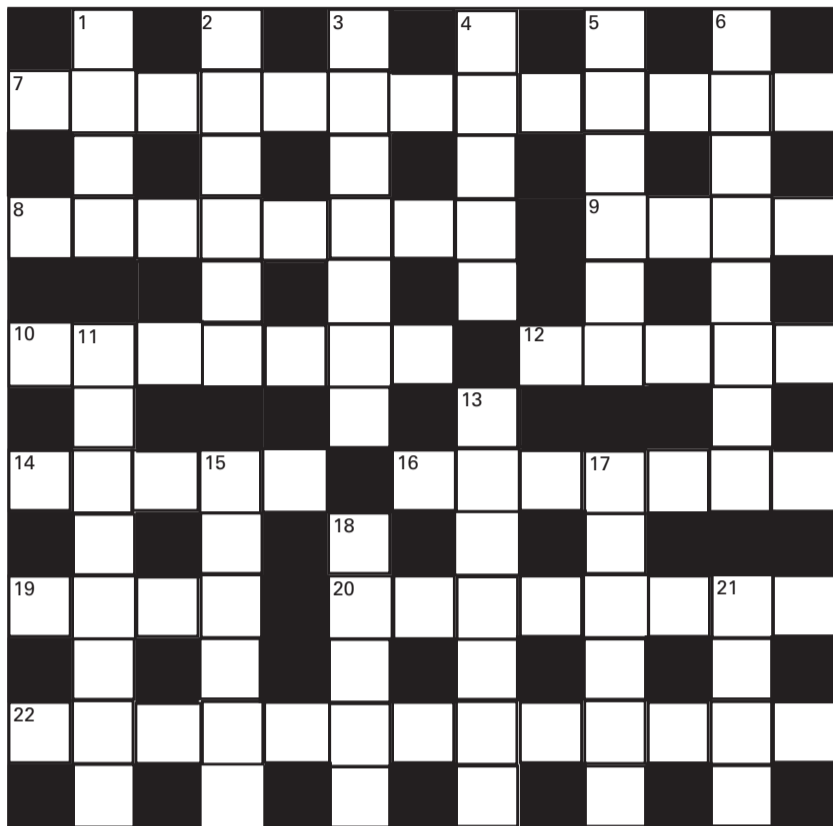
Demographic Makeup of the Midnight Train to Anywhere



Some upside-down solutions! Just in case you missed these last week and wanted another chance to do them (and because I haven't done the upside down solution thing yet!)

How does Lady Gaga...
 Lady Gaga (obviously)
 Bad Romance
 Demographic Makeup...
 Journey (not Glee)
 Don't Stop Believin',

A quickie (crossword) 1,466



ACROSS

- 7 1st man on the moon (if you believe in that sort of thing) (4,9)
 8 Most famous nerd (8)
 9 Candlecord (4)
 10 Corpse (7)
 12 Vigour - Balljuice (5)
 14 Overcharge - Pierce - Infuriating geordie "rock god" (5)
 16 Principle governing the likelihood of things going to pot. (4,3)
 19 Some - Small part (1,3)
 20 The gob (8)
 22 Charitable - Humanitarian (13)

DOWN

- 1 Half
 2 4th matterstate (6)
 3 Wallplant - Perve (7)
 4 The answer is "using" (5)
 5 Mature (4,2)
 6 Monster snake (8)
 11 Teutonic superhighway (8)
 13 Lazy (4-3) 15 Stinging plant (6)
 17 Fishgroup (6)
 18 British pastry (5)

21 Meatcut - Human "junk" area (4)

Well done to the winner of the final felix crossword this year. **Sheryl** you've done us proud, and whilst there may have been 50 points on offer, I may have been a little enthusiastic. There are no longer 50 points on offer, but well done to all for managing to write in. I hope you've enjoyed the crosswords this year.

My thanks go to **Peter Logg** for his time spent compiling them and to the puzzles Captain **Sean Farres** for all his hard work with the remainder of the puzzles. Job well done lads and I hope you carry on.

Solution 1465



Scribble box

felix-o-scopes: Horoscopes, now with 100% more cat!

For those who rather fail their degrees whilst writing for/reading a pointless newspaper full of stupid cat puns



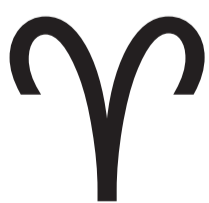
Aquarius

You're at a theme park, having a wild time on all the rides. In fact, the big roller-coaster goes so fast that you feel yourself getting aroused. You finish the job and orgasm, appropriately, at the top of the ride. You think you've got away with it but your cum-face is plastered all over the souvenir photo stand. It looks like Piers Morgan.



Pisces

You're at a picnic and someone offers you some salad. You refuse, muttering, "It's rabbit feed. I need real food!" Just then, the ground begins to shake as a giant-monster-rabbit appears. You timidly offer it the salad. It turns it down, roaring, "IT'S SLUG FEED! I NEED REAL FOOD!" and eats you instead.



Aries

Your parents take you on a caravan holiday in Wales. You'd rather scratch out your eyes with rusty razors but they still have those child-locks on the car. On the first available sharp corner, you throw yourself out the window and land in a field of sheep. Mistaking you for a local, the sheep turn nasty and pin you down. They've been waiting a long time for revenge...



Taurus

You take a girl back to yours for dinner. Afterwards, you're just laughing in the kitchen over a bottle of wine. Suddenly, the passion overtakes you and you start spooning like mad, with even some gentle forking. As you get out your meat-knife, she stops you and asks, "Can we stop playing with the cutlery and just have sex?"



Gemini

It's time to move out of halls and you're frantically looking for a place. You consider Watford but that's not really London now is it? You're viewing a place when the roof collapses on you and your housemates. The neighborhood cats ravage your bodies, sharing some acquired immunodeficiency syndrome love with you.



Cancer

Your hall is having its farewell dinner on a boat. You arrive to find it's painfully dull and in an attempt to alleviate your boredom throw yourself off the edge. A ninja cat with scuba gear approaches you with a needle; you already know what he's got in store for you. The murky Thames water tastes strangely like Union coca-cola, mmm...



Leo

When I was a boy, I asked my mother: What will I be? Will I be Watford or Luton Town? This is what she said to me:
 Go wash your mouth out son, and get your father's gun, and SHOOT some LUTON SCUM! SHOOT some LUTON SCUM! WE HATE LUTON! WE HATE LUTON! WE HATE LUTON! WE HATE LUTON! WE HATE LUTON!



Virgo

It's the end of the year, and you're reading the last issue of felix. You're graduating, and you're not sure how you're going to live without your weekly felix. You draw small dartboards on your temples and tie yourself to the felix office doors. ONE-HUUUUNDRED-AND-EEEEIGGHTY!



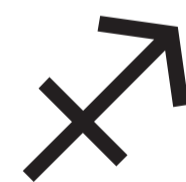
Libra

fank yoo to all ma m8s out der. widout u i wuldnt hv eva bcum or saved being ferix edita 4 sooooO long. omgggg had u not helpd out wid d elections last yr, i wud be mega fuckd! id be graduating wid liek a fckin 3rd or summat right now. baaaares dpressin! anywayz babezzzz, luv ya all and dn't dissapeer 4 too long, yeh? cum 4 bare wet n wild sex partys at jac, fil and mines.



Scorpio

Yeh, yeh, so people think you got into a fight, got the Gaelic football team to finish your business. Well, it didn't happen that way, did it? The guy you got confrontational with was that much a dick he managed to piss off more than just one person that night. He is a mega dick, though. Rumours have it he was twatted by some ginger bird too.



Sagittarius

All your friends are graduating without you, Look at them in their gowns, thinking they're all that. A cut above, blah blah. A cut above your mum, mate. Who cares if you're going to live out the rest of your life eating pork pies alone? Fuck it, your fat friend keeps eating all your pies anyway.



Capricorn

Graduating? Reading your last ever horoscope? Never again will a dull Friday morning be gleefully swept away with our darling nuggets of inane comedy. Can we fit anymore words into the previous sentence? You don't care, it's made you smile. Yeh, we're funny, and we've spread our humour thinly like a guy who's a bit 'so-so' about Marmite on toast. One word left, really: Pint?

What's on...

Special Summer Calendar

Editor – Ziggi Szafranski

whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk



14th June - 22nd August

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition

– Every year the Royal Academy of Arts hosts the world's largest open submission contemporary art exhibition. For a couple of pounds, you can see work by both emerging and established artists in all media, including painting, sculpture, photography, printmaking, architecture and film. This year, the 242nd of the exhibition, sees selected works chosen around the theme of 'Raw'. With over 11,000 entries this year, you'll be sure to find something that takes your interest, and if you happen to have a bit of spare cash lying around most of the work is on sale too!

– For more info: <http://www.royalacademy.org.uk/exhibitions/summer-exhibition/>

30th June - 4th July

Henley Royal Regatta

– Taking place at the Olympic venue of Dorney Lake, just up the Thames, why not come and watch Great Britain show New Zealand, Canada, France and the USA just what we're made of in the run up to the 2012 rowing events in the Olympic Games?

– For more info: www.hrr.co.uk

Shakespeare Alert!

DramSoc presents 'As You Like It'

– This year returning to Upper Dalby Court (that open space at the end of the walkway!), DramSoc invites you to pull up a chair at their FREE performances of William Shakespeare's 'As You Like It'!

– **Sunday 20th June** at 3pm
– **Thursday 24th June** at 7pm

6th July - 11th Sept

BBC Proms

– Unless you've been living in a hole the past year, you'll probably have heard someone, somewhere, mention the BBC Proms. But just in case you didn't, the Proms are an annual music festival taking place mainly at the Royal Albert Hall (so not too far away!) with over 70 fantastic concerts, culminating in the most famous event of the season - the "Last Night of the Proms"

– For more info: www.bbc.co.uk/proms

3rd - 7th August

Great British Beer Festival

– If you're a beer fan, then this is the place for you. Taking over Earls Court for the week, the Festival sees a number of opportunities to experience, well, beer, including the 'Bottled Beer Bar' which offers more than 100 varieties of real British ale in a bottle! So why not come along this year and sample as many of the 500+ different types of beer, cider and perry that will be there, from golden ales, stouts and bitters though to fruit beers and even a couple of international guests!

– For more info: <http://gbbf.camra.org.uk/>

Have a good one!...

Well this is it, the last issue of term, so to those of you who are staying in London over the summer: there's plenty to do! The 5 events above are just random ones I picked but there is so much more to do - just getting out and having a look will open some amazing opportunities!

Have a great summer, and watch this space next term for more exciting events!

29th - 30th August

Notting Hill Carnival

– The Notting Hill Carnival is the largest festival of its kind in Europe, as the streets of West London come alive over the Bank Holiday weekend with the sounds and smells of the Caribbean. Originally started by the West Indian community of the Notting Hill area, it has now become a full-blooded Caribbean carnival, attracting millions of people from around the globe. Twenty miles of vibrant colourful costumes surround hundreds of Caribbean food stalls, over 40,000 volunteers and over 1 million Notting Hill Carnival revellers. With many astonishing floats and the sounds of the traditional steel drum bands, this may well be the most fun you have all summer!

– For more info: www.thenottinghillcarnival.com

Ponies, sticks, sunshine and silverware

ICU Riding and Polo put on a very impressive performance in the summer nationals with trophies aplenty

Alex Savell Polo

With exams hitting our polo teams hard this summer it was a somewhat diminished crowd that arrived at Off-church Bury Polo Club for the Akuma Universities Polo Nationals. With most of our Novices stuck with their revision for the weekend we were pinning all our hopes for a strong result on this year's batch of new players in the Beginner Section.

On the first day of the tournament we emerged from our tents with varying levels of fatigue; not all due to drinking. But with plenty of time to wake up and get ready before matches started we even had time for a quick shopping trip and a little cricket before we had to deal with the now traditional stress of ponies arriving late, getting lost or breaking down on the journey.

Fortunately myself and Jon Matthews had no matches on Friday so could sort things out as much as possible before our Beginners 2nd team had their first match late in the afternoon. With Flora stuck in the exam hall one of our first team members had to sub in, but Muhammad really helped Mikaela and Giuseppe out in their first ever competitive chukka [match].

The team played really well. Giuseppe in particular showed just how much you can pick up your game when the pressure is on and really got into hassling the opposition for the ball; hooking their swings and riding them off to spoil their attacking plays. The net result, a win for the B2s and a great start to our nationals, and with the arrival of our few stragglers that evening we were all in high spirits for the start of play on Saturday where everyone would be playing two matches on our busiest day.

Saturday started somewhat earlier and all at the same time. Jon and I, playing in the combined [mixed] division revisited an old grudge match, playing on opposing teams. In one of the fastest and most fun matches I've ever played I finally managed to get a little revenge and turn the tables on Jon after he won at the winter nation-

als. Unfortunately my elation was short lived as we were both sorely trounced by the other team in our group, some small recompense being gained by the fact that they went on to win in the final.

The Beginners too didn't get the start they wanted for the day. Having to play at the same time as us on the opposite pitch meant a lot of stress as five people tried to mount their ponies at the same time. The addition of Flora to the team meant a very different feel and shape to the team and perhaps the team needed a little more time to settle into that new shape as they were unable to play quite at their best and couldn't match that 1st round victory in the 2nd round.

After a short gap our 1st team mounted up for their first match in the Beginner 1 division. We had high hopes this year since we knew Muhammad and Thijs have a big hit on them that was unlikely to be matched by other teams in their division and Charles was there to add some extra consistency and security in position number 2, but I think it's fair to say that they themselves piled the heaviest of expectations on, eager to show how good they really are at the end of only one year of training.

Perhaps it was this that showed in their play, all seeming a little tense in their first match. Their opponents managed to gain a couple of good breaks and everything seemed quite even for a time. Those big swings though and the confidence to really attack the ball eventually proved telling though and the Beginners were able as the match progressed to assert their dominance despite a few little slips and misses.

They came away with a great result to build on as the initial tension started to release and they went forward to their second match knowing that if they played to their full ability then they were in a very strong position.

Their next couple of matches though were to be against two of the tournament favourites, particularly Warwick who have the advantage of being on home ground and are often able to



A specimen of horse, in no doubt highly sought after by Furse

train several times in a week. And, in contrast, due to the weather leading up to the nationals the teams were only able to get out to play on the fields once or twice and so were at a real disadvantage in terms of experience of the larger, faster, summer version of the game.

The Warwick match seemed to follow a similar pattern to the first and we were all a little surprised at how easily our B1s were able to stamp their mark on the match against a team we all expected to be challenging them hard. Again it didn't all go Imperial's way and a few little fouls crept in again and allowed Warwick to get a slight foothold in the game, but for the second time the big swings and pace of our Beginners proved too much to defend against and once their forward momentum got going it proved impossible for Warwick to stop.

The B2s were also up to face a Warwick team in their final chukkas. A 2 chukka match across Saturday and Sunday. We were really impressed with the way the team were playing together, all of them playing some of the best polo we've seen from them.

Giuseppe showed that his increase in confidence in the first chukka was not a one off. Flora, generally one of our quietest players, seemed to pop up in support of the other two at every play. And Mikaela, who has picked up the game only since finishing competing in BUCS for our riding team, showed how consistent and reliable she's become as a player in so little time.

Unfortunately, despite stepping up their game significantly the team were only able to manage to hold Warwick

to a narrow victory, keeping them in touch with their opponents and in with a shot in the second half on Sunday morning.

It was the B1s that drew the really short straw though, their Third match slipped off the end of Saturday's proceedings and was rescheduled for Sunday morning at ten to ten meaning they were the ones unable to really enjoy the players party on Saturday night. A marquee, a DJ, a bar and a couple of hundred polo players makes for an interesting evening and there were more than a few embarrassed faces the following morning and a few angry glares at those teams choosing to drive around a field full of sleeping students at 4 am, blaring out music and waking half the field up.

So it was slightly bleary eyed that the B1s made their way to the ponies on Sunday morning. But that didn't seem to bother them too much once they took to the pitch. This match seemed to have less periods of flowing play than the others, a few fouls on each side kept the play to shorter bursts and inconsistent spot hits from both teams could have cost either side a goal if the other could capitalise.

It was us that managed to though and a couple of great spot hits from Muhammad led to some great chances. One in particular pushed just wide as Thijs headed to goal at pace in particular led to a missed hit out from the opposition and was probably the pivotal point in the match. Leaving the B2s to face Newcastle in the final.

Both my chukkas followed directly after Jon's in our playoffs in the combined. All of these were hard fought

and had some great moments, but where Jon's team managed to beat his opponents in the first chukka and hold them to a stalemate in the second the results for me were reversed, going down 2-0 in the first and unable to break a stalemate in the second leaving Jon and I 5th and 4th respectively in our division.

The B2s also had a mountain to climb in their second chukka, needing to put 2 past Warwick to get a victory. Unfortunately, it was not to be and despite Giuseppe's growing confidence little things meant they never quite got the break they needed to get a goal yet they also managed a very respectable 0-0 draw in their final chukka, just losing on aggregate.

So we all waited with anticipation for the Beginner 1s, crossing our fingers and wondering whether they could actually bring home the trophy. Right at the end of the day they took to the field for the final time against the blue shirts of Newcastle. I know my heart was in my mouth as the first play of the match got underway and Newcastle quickly managed to counter a first break by our beginners, perhaps the first team to really be able to keep up with our B1s and mount some kind of defence against them.

True to form though, the B1s stepped up their play. Suddenly they weren't able to go it alone and unchallenged but they were there in support of one another and quickly a couple of massive goals from 40 or 50 yards were scored and Newcastle finally collapsed and conceded two more making us the champions with a convincing 4-0 victory.



A happy bunch of polo players with their trophies - but what did the horses get?

Hit the waves, boyo - Surf soc in Wales



Apparently this is in Wales. If I gave two shits I would go further to dispute this claim. But I don't so I won't. T'isn't half bad though

Tabby Mirza Surfing

Leaving the Union on Friday 11th June at an ever punctual 4:45 pm SurfSoc embarked on its final trip of the academic year to Rhossili Bay in Wales. The tiny village of Rhossili, located near Swansea, is a hidden gem amongst the more popular surfing hotspots such as Newquay and Croyde and has proven to be a great place to enjoy post exam celebrations with the club.

Even with surf forecasts predicting less than favourable conditions, the general vibe on the bus was 'totally psyched', with sheer enthusiasm pro-

viding the driving force. The SurfSoc Freshers were keen to pick up on our weekend traditions, as Ellie seized the opportunity to drop the milk and leave us all wondering why we don't just let Jamie carry it. The Welsh banter continued as we met the elderly couple who ran the hostel, who said they'd get our keys 'now in a minute'.

Waking up on Saturday the great weather allowed us to appreciate the location of the hostel, an old Lifeboat House, as we ate breakfast looking out on the Gower and Port Eynon beach. After a short drive we met with the surf school in Rhossili at 10 am, but were disappointed to see the lack of waves

that the forecasts had been predicting all week. On the plus side the conditions were ideal for beginners, of which there were five novices, all of whom keenly jumped into their wetsuits to get started with their lesson. Not ones to be fazed by the less than ideal state of affairs or waste a weekend by the coast the rest of the crew zipped up and waded out into the water to try their luck.

After some lunch and a game of beach cricket the surf picked up with the high tide and most of the group headed back in for an afternoon session, before heading back to Port Eynon to get the evening meal underway. Committee member Alex Karvelas fired up the

barbeque beside the seafront to cap off a relaxing day in South Wales. After many burgers/sausages/bananas, and feeling pretty beached we headed to the local pub to catch the England game, which won't be spoken of here. A few drinks later and not wanting to be in poor condition for the next day the group got in a solid 4 hours sleep before the morning wake-up call.

Sunday morning started off grey and overcast but brightened up considerably once the bus reached the cliffs. Surfing conditions were much improved from Saturday with regular sets rolling in on the 2 mile long sandy beach. With the sun holding out we

were able to surf all morning with some pretty nice rides to be had. The morning's surf provided a nice end to the trip and with the sun slowly creeping away from sight the team followed suit and headed to the local inn for the Sunday carvery in preparation for the 5 hour journey home.

SurfSoc bade farewell to the valleys just as the heavens gave way to the infamous Welsh rain. The return journey was a more laid back affair but one with quiet satisfaction (or so I believe). Although the surf wasn't as brilliant as it could have been the sunshine and ambience made up for it and resulted in a thoroughly enjoyable weekend.

Forget the World Cup - try the Wimbledon sweepstakes

Can't get away from the vuvuzelas and the En-ger-land chants but want some summer sport? Tennis Club has the answer for you!

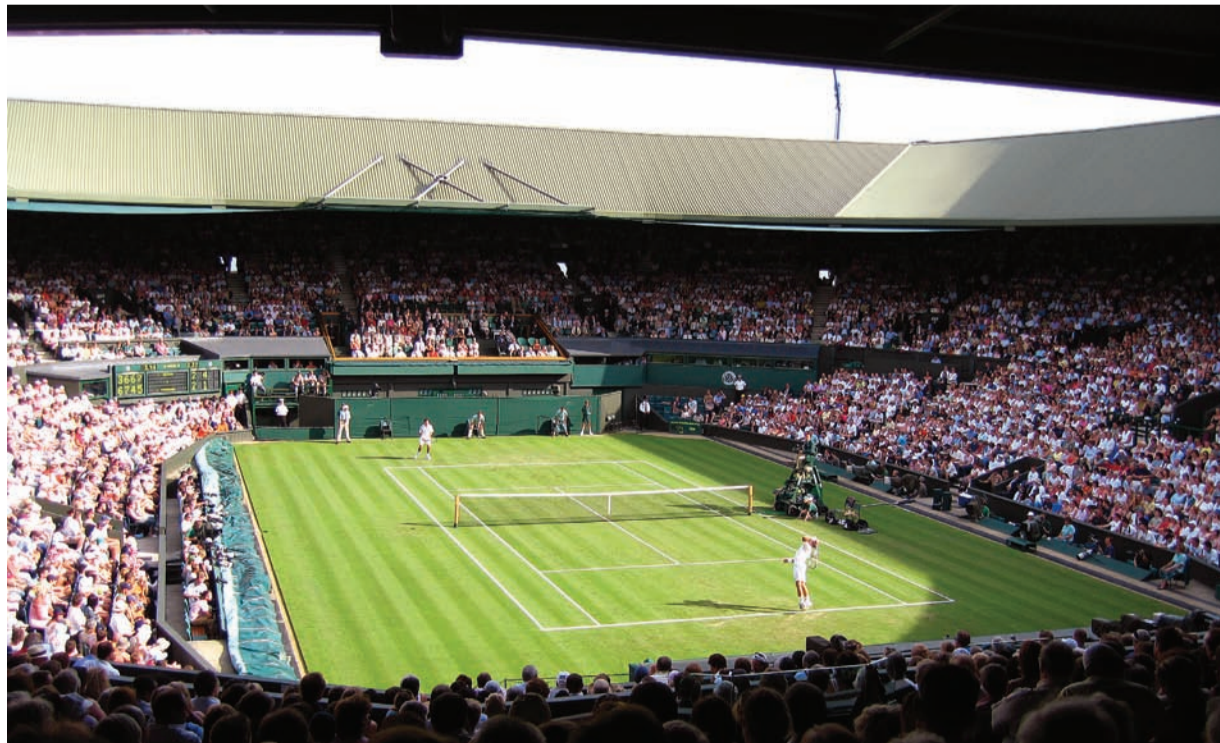
Robert Bush Tennis

The English summer has arrived and with it, as always, Wimbledon! After a very unpredictable and surprising AEGON championship at the Queen's Club and at the Halle Club in Germany where Federer was beaten by Hewitt, the winner of Wimbledon this year will prove very hard to predict.

However, the Imperial College Tennis Club is offering the chance to win an ATP tennis T-shirt or towel if you predict the right player (male or female) to win Wimbledon.

This is how it will work:

Email lawn.tennis@imperial.ac.uk with your intention to enter; you will receive one of the top 16 seeds selected by random (1 male player and 1 female) OR you can select an unseeded player of your choice or a 16-32 seeded player.



Let me know if ANYBODY partakes in this comp featured by this highly enthralling form of faux-gambling. Actually, don't.

That's not all -how about a bit of Summer Tennis?

This summer, football will probably take centre stage but nevertheless there will be the usual flock of people blowing the dust of their tennis rackets and catching some summer sun while chilling out on the tennis court.

The tennis club is offering a half price discount for summer membership. At only £15 you will recover the costs after playing just twice! The club supplies the balls, rackets and organises opponents of a similar standard.

We already have 4 sessions booked in June and courts are still available. You can pay for membership at www.imperialcollegeunion.org/lawn-tennis-157/category.html after which you will automatically receive your username and password to book courts. Then go to www.union.ic.ac.uk/tennis to book your court!

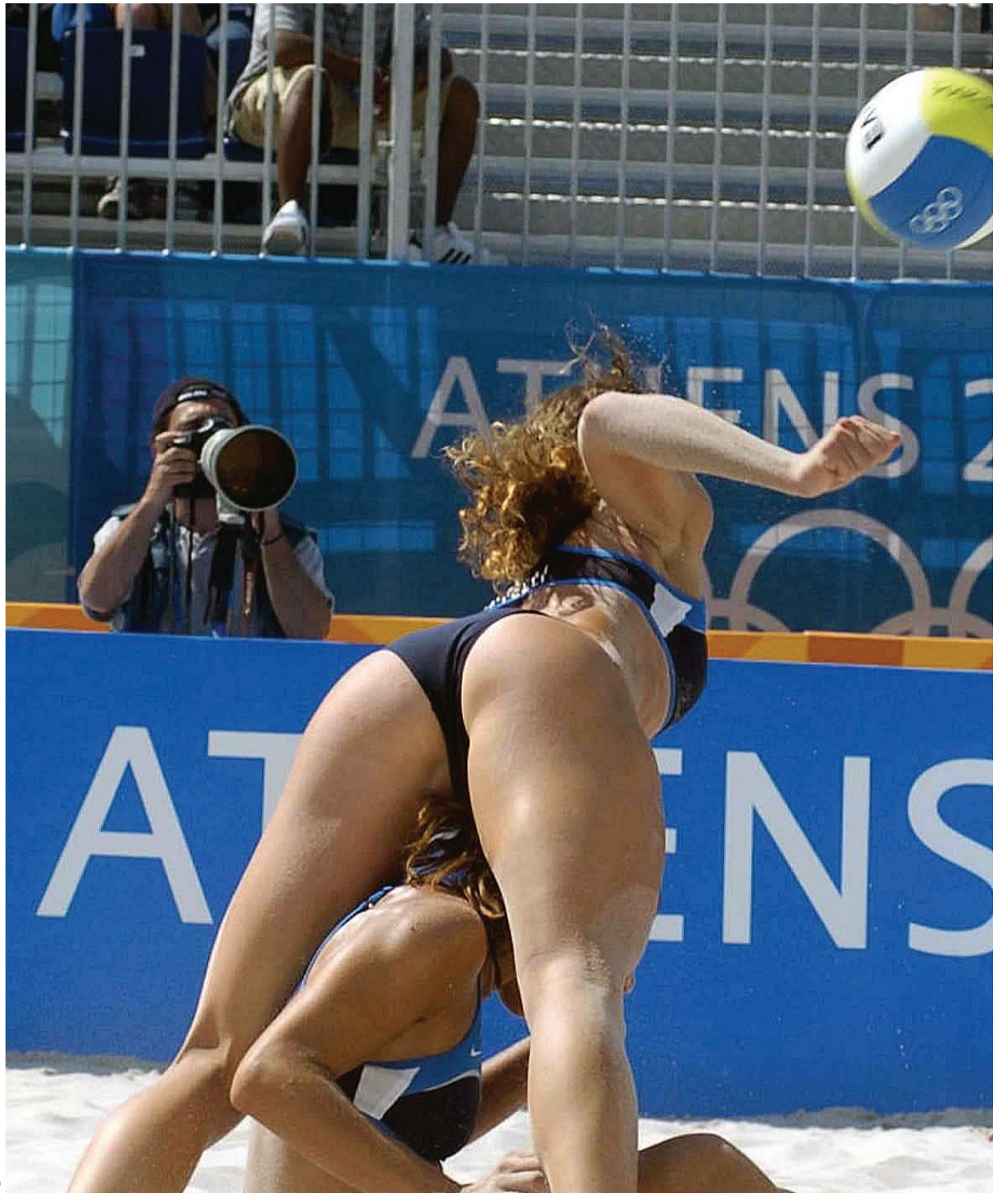
So if you have an internship, live in London or are still studying join now to secure courts for June, July, August and September and emulate Andy Murray's (possible) success at this year's All-England Championships.



Union slashes sports funding



Sport Imperial said to be fed up with underperforming "shit" clubs. In other news Ultimate Frisbee's the DiscDoctors unveil plans to transform Harlington into Europe's first multi-acre Frisbee Dome after Samuel Furse's failed horse purchase



Imperial College Union are to revise the status and funding of a number of IC sports teams because, as Felix editor Dan Wan puts it, "they're shit". As part of the continued effort to cut costs in the current economic climate, and with the status of university fees unsure, union officials as well as College bigwigs have come to the decision that reducing funding, or removing it altogether in the case of certain teams, is a viable way of reducing expenses.

Spurred on by the fact that the Imperial College rugby 1sts were unable to win varsity for the umpteenth year in a row, finance hacks in the SAC decided to take a closer look at other shite teams wasting Imperial's money. It turned out that the felixSport league table was of great help in this task, as it was clearly obvious which teams actually set out to win matches and earn BUCS points for Imperial and which

teams were simply in it for the wanton post-match alcoholism and destructiveness (an unnamed source placed great emphasis on the term "chunder-monkeys"). Looking at the table shows that most medics teams (bar rugby) are useless, Imperial girls (admittedly a small group) can't play netball to save their lives and rugby and hockey are propping up both their league tables and the union bar at the same time (that's an A for effort, then).

Of course, sport at university has always been associated with a more social, less competitive approach and many students think it's unfair to judge teams based solely on sporting merit. It would seem that the overzealous bean-counters in Beit, Imperial lackeys through and through, focussed on the more numerical side of things rather than understanding how important it was to share a pint with your mates after the match. Crushing

defeat or no crushing defeat, sport is about more than just winning. As an unnamed rugby fresher once said (or tried to say, I could only half hear him as his head was in a toilet): "the important thing isn't winning, it's GETTING SMASHED!" Beautiful stuff, worthy of Pierre de Coubertin himself.

Interestingly enough, quite a few students think the planned cuts are a good move. Without wanting to generalise, it is true that much of Imperial suffers from a general, geeky apathy towards sport. An anonymous Sci-Fi member heartily agreed with the union's motion, going as far as calling it "a bunch of idiots running around and then getting drunk" before letting out a sharp hiss and retreating from the sunlight back into the cool, dark confines of the basement library in Beit quad. Others, less extreme in their views, simply bemoaned the way the raucous jocks take over the union on Wednesdays

and Fridays, "downing Snakebites with their ties around their heads after having gotten hammered by some team in Surrey". Oh dear.

As a short-term measure, getting rid of all the shit sports clubs who haven't won anything since the Conservatives were last in power does seem like a good option. A lot of money will be freed up and the next ACC chair will be able to concentrate on sorting out the shambles left behind by his or her predecessor, called the "worst ACC chair in history" by some high-up admin people (here's to you, Chaz). Who knows? Maybe if we focus on the good stuff, Imperial will actually come off as a decent sporting uni.

Actually, that's not true. Imperial and its geeky stalwarts are doomed to occasional flashes of sporting brilliance, but we'll never dominate the country. I know what we can do to win something, though. Scrap the entire ACC

and use all the money to build a huge gaming-specific computer facility (or give all the compscis a year of paid leave to play WoW). We'll have the Left 4 Dead world championships in the bag in no time at all.

Upon labouring through the labyrinth that is the Imperial College website, *felix* uncovered news that the DiscDoctors, less commonly known as the Imperial College Ultimate Frisbee club are just a signature away from realising their dream of constructing a multi-acre facility designed for the sole use of participants in the plastic disc throwing activity. Harlington, said to be of no use now that no sport will be played is leading location vying for the contract to build this frisbee-dome.

They came against stiff competition at the hands of Sam Furse, who after the funding farce of last year, submitted a bid to acquire the entire fleet of thoroughbreds from the UAE. He failed.