

FELIX

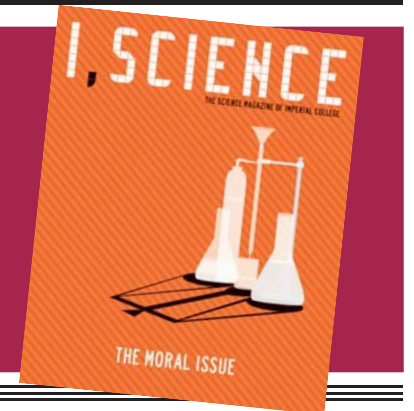
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11/01/13
Issue 1535
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Charing Cross and Hammersmith hospital A&E departments to close

Aemun Reza News Editor

Charing Cross and Hammersmith A&E departments are going to be closed.

Following a public consultation last year, the decision was made concerning the future of the Hammersmith and Fulham borough hospitals. Charing Cross Hospital will now become a local hospital and Hammersmith Hospital will be a specialist hospital.

The Imperial College Medical School, based at Charing Cross, may have to move as a result.

The Joint Committee of Primary Care Trusts is considering the outcome of the Shaping a Healthier Future proposal (to close the A&E Departments)

and will make a decision on 19 February 2013. It is estimated that all changes to the hospitals, and any involving the Imperial medical school moving location will take roughly three years.

The A&E department will be expanded in Chelsea and Westminster Hospital to accommodate for the residents needs and will officially be a major hospital. The changes also include the closure of the hyper-stroke unit of Charing Cross Hospital.

Imperial College London, which is a separate entity to the Imperial College Health Care Trust, supported the plan, although the letter was not well publicised and was behind a login wall on the website.

It will likely take about three years for the plans to fully come into



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Cambridge, Oxford, Imperial?



We may not have the fancy spires, but how do we compare to Oxbridge?

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Did you do SOLE

This week, there's an article lamenting the Imperial apathy. Particularly with regards to telling our Departments about the problems with the degree.



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The Doctor Who Christmas Special was another episode with a lame ass "oh it was LOVE or some shit that did it" endings...



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Jamie to the test

New year and new food. Simple recipes and a test of Jamie's latest cookbook. Food Editor Sophia goes head to head with him.



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LOLCAT OF THE WEEK: Finding these is a perk of the job



Just be honest

Tim Arbabzadah
Editor-in-Chief



Let me level with you. Since becoming Editor I have very often worn glasses. I consider myself a contact wearer. However, I ran out of contacts and I just haven't had the time to go to get more. Okay, I'll be more honest, I have had the time to get more contacts; I just personally preferred to spend that time relaxing. So, in the spirit of honesty, I have changed the picture above. That's a more accurate representation of what I usually look like when I walk about campus (except in real life I'm much more handsome, and taller, just). I'm sorry for duping you all for so long, but I decided to fess up. I hope you appreciate me telling you the truth and not sugar coating it.

The reason I say this is because of some of the articles in the News section. Relax, I haven't made a bunch of stuff up. Matt Proctor's article comparing Oxbridge to Imperial is an interesting read and shows that some people have it just as tough, if not tougher, than us. Truth is: I wish we could have managed to compare the full timetable and also a mean "time working" statistic between all equivalent (and roughly equivalent) courses at Imperial and Oxbridge.

Unfortunately, as you can I'm sure understand, that would take an insane amount of time, effort and research. It

would be a really great way of seeing how "hard" the degrees are and a great way of ranking universities. However, endless time and resources, and the ability to get every student to honestly say the exact amount of time they are working each week, is pretty much impossible. It would be a great article, but isn't possible, so we had to do what we could with our limited resources. I think it still has its merits. In fact, I think the pure contact hour approach is a good indicator for science subjects about how much work you are expected to do. More lectures and labs = more work at home, as more revision, because you have more content to learn.

Why not engineering subjects? To be honest: it's because it was difficult to compare Cambridge and Imperial as they do General Engineering and also couldn't find the information. So, instead of only some information, I thought it's best to focus on the science and medicine and leave the engineering to a possible later date. Also, if you keep holding features like this back until they are perfect then you will never run them.

The reason I thought of honesty was because of the front page about the hospitals closing the A&E Departments. Shaping a Healthier Future... by closing A&E Departments and making a hub in one hospital that will make trav-

el times very long. I've been in an ambulance with someone and can tell you, the quicker it gets to the hospital the better for both patient and those with them anxiously waiting. If they said "we have to close A&E Departments as we need to reduce our deficit and we think this is a good way of doing it as with no money we can't run any hospitals" and say "in my position what would you do? No hospitals, or some with reduced service" then at least they would be being honest. If money were not an issue here would you still close them? That's my key question to them. You can all guess the answer to that one. (Note that I'm deliberately ignoring the possibility that it's all just about making the Trust into a Primary Health Care Trust.)

Of course, they could be being completely honest and have no worries about the deficit at all. The trouble is that everyone is so full of spin, sugar coating, and gentle positive highlighting that people assume someone is attempting to pull the wool over your eyes. It's problematic to say the least.

So, tell the truth, then maybe everyone can just be honest and we'll be able to have constructive, serious, real world discussions.


Oh, and that drop cap (the big "L") at the start was supposed to always be in editorials, but I kept forgetting to do it.

THIS WEEK FELIX WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY

Felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB.
Email: felix@imperial.ac.uk. Tel: 020 7594 8072. Fax: 020 7594 8065.
Printed by Iliffe Print Cambridge, Winship Road, Cambridge.
Registered newspaper ISSN 1040-0711.
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skeletons in their closet,
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Dr Silvia Bello
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Widespread opposition from residents

Imperial College Health Care NHS Trust

» continued from the front page

action.

The backlash to the decision has been remarkable. The 'Save Charing Cross' campaign stated how the NHS ignored 66,000 signatures of residents on 18 petitions. Patient Donald Gray-Raus said: "I am appalled by the idea of closure of the A&E department at Charing Cross Hospital. I am severely disabled and the thought of not having easy access to a hospital may be fatal to me. Hammersmith & Fulham is too large an area to be without a well-run centrally located A&E department."

Councillor Nicholas Botterill, Leader of H&F Council, said: "We are deeply upset at the result. The NHS consultation was appalling and the service level left available to residents is appalling. This is bad news but there are options available to us and we are determined to see a hospital retained at Charing Cross."

The main worry is that the initial closure of the A&E department and stroke unit of Charing Cross hospital will lead onto the eventual closure of the hospital itself. Another worry is the increase in ambulance journey times to a predicted 53 minutes, which could potential endanger lives. Residents are not satisfied with the idea

of the remaining A&E departments accommodating for 400,000 people which is around 50% more than the national average.

Councillor Marcus Ginn, community care leader, said: "We have been warning of the threat to Charing Cross hospital for many months and this confirms our worst fears."

"Over many months of questioning on this, NHS bureaucrats have failed to address concerns that this will leave thousands of residents dangerously distant from emergency care or to show that lives will not be put at risk by these closures."

"We will be fighting tooth and nail to save Charing Cross – the public are not going to accept this plan quietly, especially when the case for stripping all the major service out of such a well loved and respected centre of excellence is not supported by evidence."

"They have not taken account of the thousands on new homes being built in west London which will mean we need more local access to hospitals, not less."

"We have warned them not to go down this path. The public reaction is going to be immense."

The reasons behind these changes have been linked with the massive £1.8 billion deficit that the NHS North



St. Mary's Hospital. New home for Imperial medics?

West London is trying to deal with. If the Charing Cross Hospital A&E department is closed there will be a lot more space for residential re-development which the Imperial College NHS Trust could sell for a large amount of money.

However, Anne Rainsberry, NHS NW London chief executive, said: "The main proposal is to transform the care provided in local communities. More care should be delivered closer to home. And by also centralizing

some specialist hospital-based services, the NHS can ensure that people can benefit from receiving treatment at centres of best practice and excellence."

"This isn't about cutting corners or getting by with the bare minimum. We want to change the way we deliver care so that outcomes are improved, both in terms of clinical outcomes and patient and staff experiences."

"We've used robust clinical evidence to set targets, and clinicians have set

out the standards by which we can measure our performance against them."

The downgrade of Charing Cross Hospital threatens the future of the hospital as the teaching site for Imperial College students. Charing Cross Hospital is currently the main campus for Imperial medical students but this may be moved to St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington after the changes have taken place.

Editorial page 2

Sponsored Editorial

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Head of Library Services retires

Jan Piotrowski

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

Debby Shorley, the Director of Library Services, has retired

She arrived at Imperial in 2007 and told *Reporter*, the College magazine, that she "loved (almost!) every minute of it." She went on to say that "Different universities have different cultures, and the College has a real indefinable buzz about it". During her time she has campaigned for open access to knowledge and says "I am cautiously optimistic about the prospects for more open access provision over the next five years. In 20 years' time I think the model will be turned on its head – I'm not sure quite how, but the landscape will look very different".

She said that she will miss the working environment and praised her colleagues saying that she has "learned a lot and watched some very clever peo-



ple doing things well!" She did admit that she will "appreciate not having to get up at 05:45 in the morning to

travel in from Brighton!". She says that she will now spend more time at her house in Burgundy.

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Our workload woes

Matt Proctor compare us to Oxbridge to see who works harder

The Cambridge Punting Company

As students of Imperial College, we often regard ourselves as some of the hardest worked students in the country. A quick Google search reveals many students' reviews of their time at Imperial. One such review on a website called WhatUni.com, which offers advice to those applying to University, from a former Physics student says:

"The most important piece of advice I can give you is that if you come to Imperial you need to work HARD."

Another review from a CivEng student says:

"[The College] set so much work for the sake of it, and really do not care about you but instead only about their own reputation... Way too much work..."

Also,

"The boy girl [ratio] is a complete joke. It is bad enough being at 68:32 but when you look at the standard of girls you would cry"

But that's for another article...

Are these damning reviews at all true? We may spend the odd night too many in the Library, but how do we actually compare with the likes of Oxford and Cambridge when looking at compulsory work hours?

Arguably, as members of the Golden Triangle (an unofficial group of the leading universities in the UK, consisting of Oxford, Cambridge and London-based universities including Imperial and UCL), we should expect contact hours, such as those spent in lectures, to be roughly the same. Let's look at the average number of contact hours per week for first year students.

Surprisingly, for three of the four subjects listed (Physics, Medicine and Biology), Imperial has far fewer contact hours than Oxbridge.

Physical Natural Scientists at Cambridge have almost twice as many

contact hours as Physicists do at Imperial. Not only that, but both Oxford and Cambridge have almost twice as many lab hours. It could be said that lab work is an incredibly important part of a Physics degree and the techniques learned in practical sessions are incredibly valuable throughout a physicist's career, especially if they continue on to do research. The thing is, most first year physicists at Imperial, including myself, think that we have too many lab hours each week (perhaps the content, not the lab hours, needs an overhaul). It's not as if our course is more theoretical either, because both Oxbridge courses have more lecture hours too.

Mathematicians at Imperial get a slightly better deal, with the same number of contact hours as those at Oxford as well as more hours of lectures than both other universities. Cambridge students have four hours of tutorials or 'supervisions' each week whereas Imperial students only get one hour. A first year maths student who studies at Imperial and wishes to remain anonymous questions the merits of tutorials however, "I think if you have a good tutor they can be really helpful but sometimes I think tutorials with older pupils might be more helpful because they still remember going through the process of learning the concepts themselves." About computing sessions, which Cambridge students miss out on, "They're tricky but quite interesting... if a little time consuming." Another maths student, Eamonn Postlethwaite, agrees, "Even though we have only two hours of compulsory computing contact hours a week, it's probably the most individually time consuming one of our modules because of the nature and relative difficulty of the coursework."

Medicine is a similar story to Physics, with Oxbridge medics having many more practical hours than those at Imperial. However, unlike those at Oxbridge, medics here get the chance to meet patients in their first year. Lottie Whittingham, a first year medic at Imperial questions the benefits of



this, "I'm not entirely convinced of the value of seeing patients, other than for motivation." She is unperturbed however by the unequal practical hours, "I think they're more suited to a course which frequently leads to research rather than clinical practice... I don't think it makes you a more competent doctor, they are more just to aid understanding." Melanie Coates, another medic, disagrees. She explains why she believes patient interaction is important, "It keeps all the science and theory you're doing in lectures relevant to becoming a doctor."

Biology, a traditionally lab-based subject, suffers the same problems that Physics does: very few lab hours and tutorials. Ryan Cooke, a Biology student, still finds that he has a lot of work to do: "Note-taking is engulfing" but questions whether a degree from Imperial is really worth the high fees when compared to Oxbridge, "I feel cheated out of my £9000... and relieved I don't have that many hours [as Cambridge] but cheated! A sour breeze rolls over my relief!" Of course, this opens up a whole other debate about whether the high cost is justified, but other factors such as employment prospects have to be considered.

When comparing the average number of contact hours to league table rankings, we see that Cambridge, topping the majority of lists, has the highest average and Imperial, the bottom of the three here, has the lowest. Does that suggest that heads of faculties should revamp the timetables? Does it mean that we actually don't have that much work? Well yes and

no. Contact hours are exactly as the name suggests: we are in contact with the lecturer/tutor/demonstrator and we have to do some work, be it making notes or performing experiments (or at least turning up). But this is only really half the story, how heavy someone's workload is depends on how much independent work they want to do too not just how much time they spend in lectures*.

Just to make you feel even worse, if you still think you have a stupendous amount of work to do, what about arts students? James White, a Classics student at Cambridge, has seven hours of lectures & seven hours of supervisions a week. Miriam Stoney, an Art History student at Oxford has only three hours of lectures, one hour of classes and an hour's tutorial. She explains, "My workload in comparison to the scientists probably appears considerably kinder, but I think the nature of my degree demands a greater contribution to introspection."

James offers an explanation to his

seemingly light timetable, "At first glance it may seem that science students have a lot more work than arts students but I think the amount of work and reading that has to go into some essays is sometimes underestimated by science students. It took me five hours to understand a chapter of a book on my reading list." Right James, right...

Editorial page 2

**Disclaimer:*

Of course, compulsory hours aren't completely representative of how much work students at one university do over students somewhere else. It depends on the individual and how much they put into doing lab reports or problem sheets. Interviewing lots of people to find out how much time they spend on independent work would itself take an age so that's why I've only compared contact hours. But in a sense, the work you do independently is proportional to the number of contact hours you have, so this article isn't a complete waste of time.

Tables of contact hours, as during revision you didn't see enough tables...

Physics

	Labs	Lectures	Tutorials
Imperial	6	8	1.5
Cambridge	11	13	4
Oxford	14	10	1

Maths

	Computing	Lectures	Tutorials
Imperial	1	13	1
Cambridge	0	12	2
Oxford	1	10	4

Medicine

	Practicals	Lectures	Tutorials
Imperial	2.5	10	4
Cambridge	14	10	4
Oxford	10	9	3

Biology

	Practicals	Lectures	Tutorials
Imperial	10	3	1
Cambridge	12	10	4
Oxford			

Physical Natural Scientists at Cambridge have almost twice as many contact hours as Physicists do at Imperial

Imperial's got no SOLE?

Complete participation rates for SOLE released: a mixed bag

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

Participation in SOLE shows that Earth Sciences once again has 100% participation rate, with the lowest being Biomedical Science at 34%.

Life Sciences also showed a disappointingly low 48% turnout.

This year the Department of Earth Sciences and Engineering piloted a scheme where you could fill out SOLE on the Imperial Mobile App available for smartphones.

Reasons to not fill out the survey range from apathy, not thinking peo-

ple will listen or care, not being bothered, and exams meaning people don't feel as though they have time to fill out the survey. There has also been the suggestion of survey fatigue amongst students.

Some Departments gave away prizes as an added incentive. Chemical Engineering and Aeronautical Engineering had a competition between years with prizes. Evidence suggested this worked to encourage students to fill out the survey as they had high participation rate.

Medicine is more complex, and, in general, had a very poor turnout.



With the SOLE survey being a way for Imperial College and Departments to gauge student opinion on lecturers and the course, getting as high a possible turnout is key to improving the course in line with students' wants.

Comment page 19

The full results

ESE – 100%	Bioengineering – 89%
Chemical Engineering – 87%	Aeronautics – 87%
Physics – 50%	Medicine:
Life Sciences – 48%	Biomedical Sciences – 34%
Mathematics – 72%	Year 1 – 88% (weeks 1-5 lectures) and 43% (weeks 6-10 lectures)
EEE – 70%	Year 2 – 39% (weeks 1-6 lectures) and 11% (weeks 7-8 lectures)
Materials – 58%	Year 3 – 42% (10 week attachment)
Chemistry – 61%	Year 4 – 27% (BSc Autumn term survey)
Computing – 65%	Year 5 – 33% (Rotation 3 GP attachment)
Civil and Environmental Engineering – 59%	Year 6 – 46% (period 5b attachments)
Mechanical Engineering – 63%	

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- Alex Kendall, IC Union President 2010-11

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- Leon Vanstone, Aeronautical Engineering

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Union to hold referendum on NUS

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

Imperial College Union will hold an NUS referendum during this year's sabbatical elections, which will take place from 8-15 March 2013.

The referendum will be to decide whether or not we re-affiliate with the NUS (National Union of Students).

History of Imperial College Union and the NUS: In and out like... well, you can end that metaphor:

1922 NUS is founded and Imperial is a member
IN
1923 ICU disaffiliates due to increase cost of membership
OUT
1939 ICU re-affiliated
IN
1940 ICU disaffiliates due to NUS stance against conscription
OUT
1948 Motion to re-affiliate heavily defeated
1956 Motion to re-affiliate less heavily defeated
1963 Motion to re-affiliate passed 405 to 389
IN
Motion overturned in an EGM by 315 to 254
OUT
1964 Motion to re-affiliate passed 279 to 215
IN
Motion overturned in an EGM by 226 to 180
OUT
1969 Referendum to re-affiliate failed by 922 to 781

Motion to re-affiliate in a UGM passed by 192 to 143
IN
1976 NUS Travel collapses and Endsleigh insurance sold
Motion for a referendum passed
1977 Referendum to disaffiliate passed by 787 to 782
OUT
Motion to overturn referendum in UGM fails, as students leave and call quorum
1978 Referendum to re-affiliate failed by 1402 to 1058
1981 Referendum to re-affiliate refused
1983 Referendum asked for, an investigation was agreed upon
1983-6 Delegates to NUS conference to investigate
1987 President expresses support for NUS in Annual Report
1989 Motion passed in UGM to hold a referendum in 1990
1990 Motion passed not to hold a referendum
1991 Motion to hold a referendum goes to UGM, quorum challenged
1995 Referendum to re-affiliate fails by 965 to 696
2002 Referendum to re-affiliate fails
2006 Referendum held in November, 53% vote 'yes', 47% 'no' – over 4,000 voted
IN
2008 Left after NUS Governance reform (that ICU backed) fails
OUT

(History compiled by Paul Beaumont)

NUS: A pottered history



Paul Beaumont
Union President 2012-13

Personally, I have a great deal of respect for Liam Burns. I should imagine he has an incredibly difficult job attempting to mire the two ends of the tertiary education system: Higher Education (Universities) and Further Education (more vocational courses). The two systems – in my opinion – have very different needs and objectives. And so how can one body, the NUS, ever hope to properly represent everyone? Well, I don't think it can.

At a recent NUS Conference the phrase "Well, there's the Russell Group, and then there's the rest of us..." left the mouth of the NUS's Director of Policy, Jim Dickinson. As much as I found Jim a great speaker, this sentence, for me, perfectly explains why I don't think Imperial is a suitable member of the NUS. NUS policy is written to appease the majority membership of Further Education institutions that make up the



NUS President Liam Burns

NUS governance structure; little reflects the needs and wants of the 'top end' of the Higher Education market – the G5 and Russell Group Universities. If we had been affiliated to NUS, I would have felt insulted listening to Jim disregarding the Russell group from his conference speech.

Historically, our relationship with NUS has always been fraught – be it arguments over affiliation fees to stances on conscription during WWII. I didn't help the situation by telling someone from Bristol whilst at the conference that "NUS doesn't really like us" (or words to that effect...) only to be overheard by Liam and be told "Oh, you must be from Imperial!" We agreed that the issue was more mutual than a one-sided dislike.

The debate, however, of whether we should be in the NUS has not been given to the student body for nearly five years. Very few of the students who voted to leave the NUS back in 2008 are around now – we are a new cohort who should be able to make that decision for ourselves. I very strongly believe that we should remain out of the NUS – its 'benefits' are far outweighed by its costs and associated policy stances.

My arguments are for another Felix article, however – at this point in time, I invite anyone interested in organising a 'vote yes' and a 'vote no' campaign to come forward and get involved in the discussion.

A referendum will – if all goes to plan – be held during sabbatical elections. As in elections, all full members of the Union are eligible to vote.

Imperial hires first ever Provost

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

Professor James Stirling CBE FRS has been named the first Provost of Imperial College London.

He will be in charge of all academic matters, and so will be in charge of both education and research. He will report to the President and Rector, who will, in future, be more front facing in the UK and overseas. The position of Provost comes from a separation of the Rector's former position.

Professor Stirling, 59, is currently the Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy and Head of the Department of Physics at the University of Cambridge. He is a theoretical particle physicist. Professor Stirling will take up his role at Imperial by August 2013. His appointment follows an international search to find the first Provost.

Professor Stirling has worked in the

UK and overseas. He became a full Professor at the very young age of 39. He founded the particle physics institute at Durham University, where he also served as Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Research. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, having been elected in 1999, and has chaired many UK Research Council scientific committees.

Professor Stirling said that he has "admired Imperial from afar for many years". He continued: "To me that means excellence in scholarship – both teaching and research – and excellence in innovation and taking our knowledge outwards to address big societal challenges." He also said: "I am impressed that Imperial has a very clear view on what it needs to do to grow its academic mission and maintain this excellence, and I believe Imperial has everything that it takes to provide a great experience for its students, a wonderfully strong affinity for its



Professor James Stirling CBE FRS

alumni and supporters, and a brilliant environment for its staff to teach, discover and innovate"

Announcing the appointment, Keith O'Nions, President & Rector, looked forward to welcoming a man with an "outsanding scientific mind as well as a track record of leadership in universities".

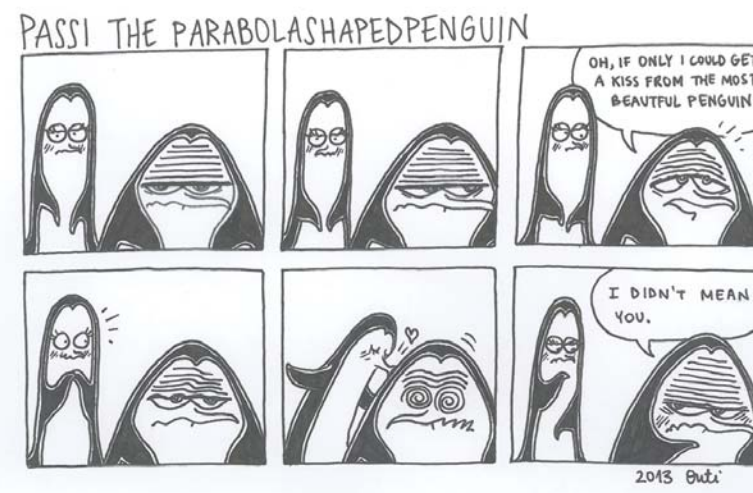
Kestral Chaos

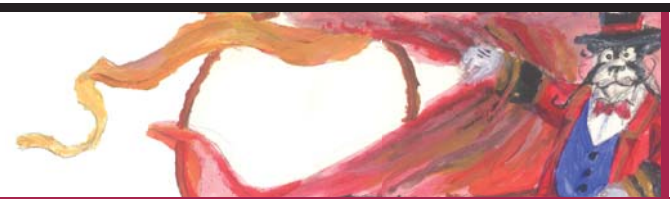
Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

An investigation was launched after a staff member thought a kestrel may have been either shot (yes, shot, as in by a gun) or had died after colliding with Sheffield.

After the investigation, it turned out that nobody had been doing some hunting of kestrels on campus, and that the bird was actually a Woodcock that was attacked by another bird, possibly a Peregrine Falcon.

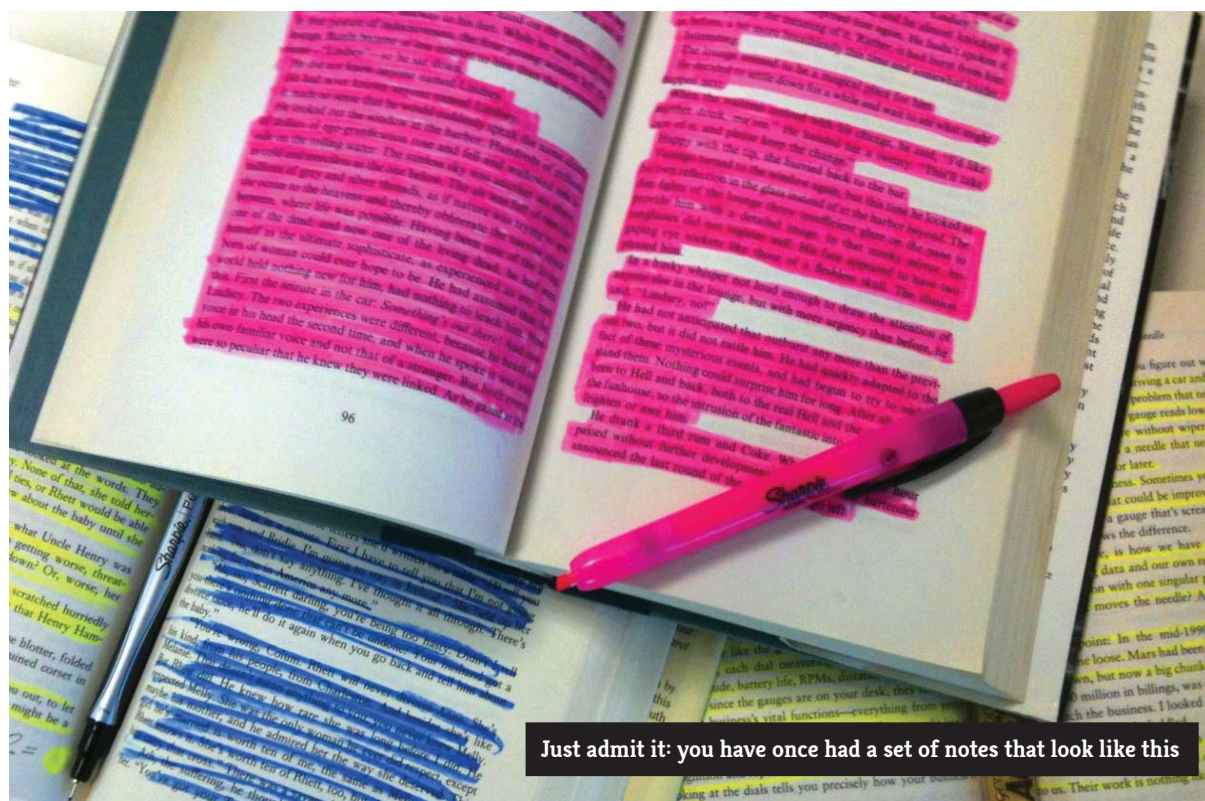
A post mortem by a College vet also, unsurprisingly, found no evidence that someone had "popped a cap in the Woodcock's ass, yo".





Highlight EVERYTHING

Caroline Wood on The Good, The Bad and The Ugly of studying



Just admit it: you have once had a set of notes that look like this

This week many of you will have been camping out in the Library preparing for exams. (I feel your pain.) This is the first time in 4 years that I am not sitting exams this January (fist punch) and so instead of frantic cramming I've taken some time to look into some of the best, and the worst, revision techniques. (Once a nerd...)

It's two days before your first exam. As the last minute panic starts to set in, what is your weapon of choice for ensuring you get the content from those last few lecture slides off of the page and into your head? Many of us are guilty of turning to the trusty highlighter. Bland lecture notes are transformed into a sea of fluorescent yellow, green and pink as we pray that the technicolour page will imprint itself on our minds. The hope is this can then jump from our head to the exam paper. However, in new research published this Wednesday by the Association for Psychological Science (and reported on by *TIME* magazine), it has now been proved that highlighting is one of the most ineffective methods of study for most people. (I could have told you that based on my 2nd year exam results, but now it's "scientifically proven" and "all official!")

To all those serial highlighting offenders out there: read on to find out how to go from cramming zero to cramming hero. This is a guide to the good, the bad and the ugly of studying techniques.

The Good

You envy the person who takes revision in their stride. (Or maybe you are that person, in which case – congratulations!) But with these few tips you should breeze through your studies like you are as cool as Vanilla Ice (baby).

The study reports that there is a "cheats" way of learning very large quantities of challenging material in a very short time. A method never before known outside the psychology lab has now been revealed.

OK, I just made that up. Sorry. In reality, the result of the study is underwhelmingly expected. One of the most effective methods reported is called "distributed practice". Basically this is a fancy term that means studying over a long period of term. Yep, covering lecture notes during the term and then re-covering them at regular intervals has been proved to be one of the most effective methods of study. Cramming gets a big thumbs down. Hardly surprising.

But wait a second. Before you start heading over to your tutor's office to quit your degree, there is a dim light at the end of the gloomy studying tunnel. The second best learning strategy is what the authors call "practice testing". This means that recalling information from memory is conducive to learning. Effectively, all those past papers are actually worth while! Yesss!

Another method that can help "practice testing" is the use of flashcards – as you are forced to recall in-

formation from memory. And in yet more good news, if getting all arts and crafts and making flash cards is not your style you'll be pleased to hear that there are now digital app versions of flash cards such as Quizlet, StudyBlue and FlashCardMachine. Pretty sweet.

The Bad

You know the bad already. You just don't want to admit that you know. I'll

make it short and painless. Things not to do when studying:

1. Reading
2. Underlining
3. Re-reading
4. Highlighting
5. Summarising

Of course these methods may work for some people. But in general, highlighting can draw you attention to specific facts and decrease your ability to draw connections between different areas. Reading, I assume, can be good for some people. However half reading, half day-dreaming about what you're going to do after exams have finished is probably not ideal. It may be a bit surprising that summarising is on this list of what not to do. An often endorsed method is shunned by the authors of the report as they claim that there are more effective ways to best utilise study time. You got *told*.

The Ugly

To say these techniques are ugly is slightly misleading. They are actually the techniques that are not especially effective, but not completely crap. But the good, the bad and the medium doesn't have quite the same ring to it so here goes: the ugly.

Visual learning or using mental imagery has been dubbed 'alright'. It can be effective but it's also quite time consuming and is, of course, only useful for things you can visualise. Wave goodbye to this method for your quantum modules...

Elaborative interrogation is another complex term used that has quite a simple meaning: question everything. Continuously ask yourself 'why' questions as you study so you check you understand where everything comes from. This sounds great in theory. However the likely outcome is that you will discover you have no idea why you assume x is positive and subsequently realise you don't even know what x represents before deciding to "just accept it".

Self-explanation, or forcing yourself to explain the text in detail instead of passively reading it over can be good. This comes with a caution: effectiveness depends on how complete and accurate your explanations are. High risk – high reward strategy?

Finally, the keyword mnemonic. You associate new vocabulary with other words in imaginative ways. For example when learning the French word for key, "la clef," you can imagine a key on top of a cliff. (Example courtesy of *TIME* magazine.) Good luck associating something with "macromolecular structure determination by X-ray crystallography or solution nuclear magnetic resonance spectroscopy".

Most of these techniques require a high time:learning ratio. They can be effective but when you have 8 modules to learn in 8 days they are pretty much a no go.

So there you have it. Two tips to exam success! Go over your lecture notes and give flashcards a chance. Happy revision and good luck if you still have exams this January!

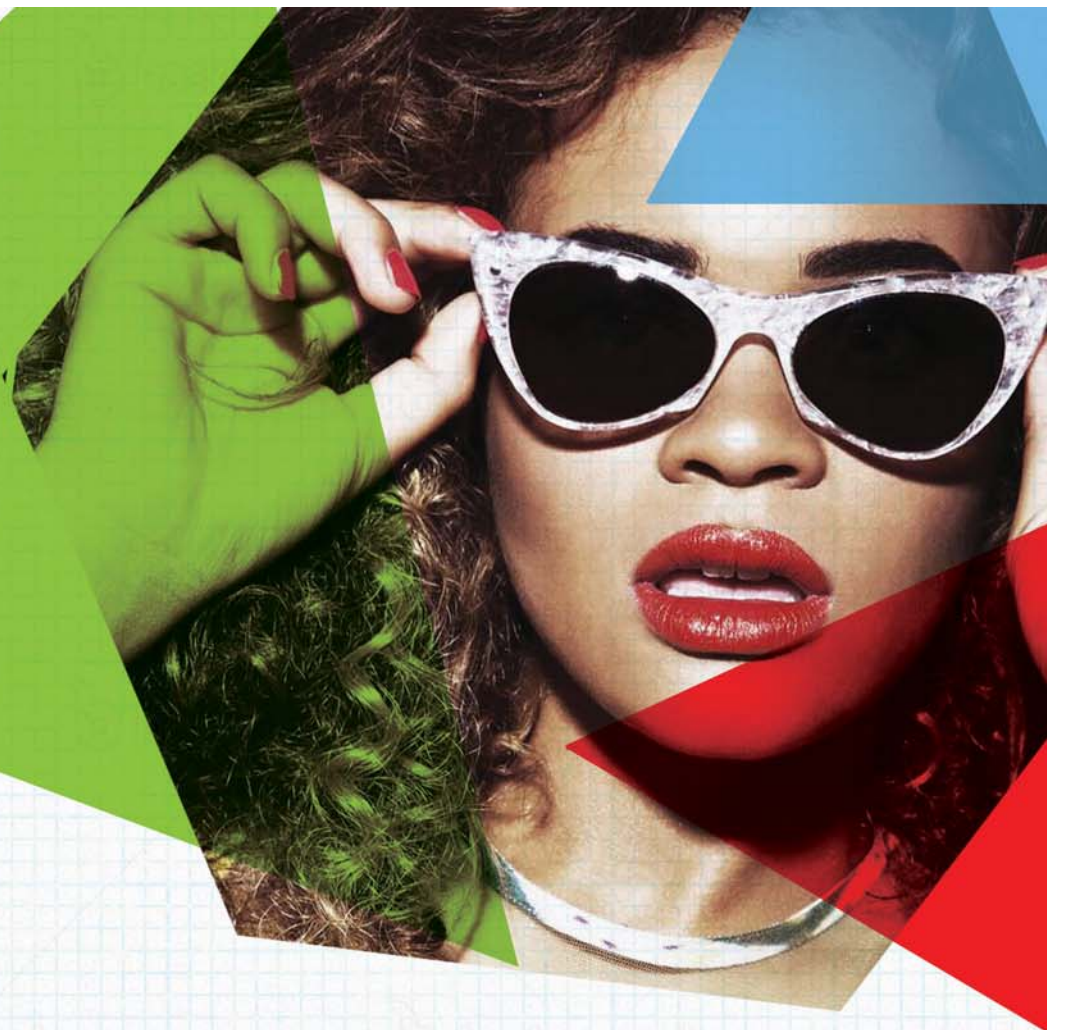


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Not a debateable outcome

Niall Jeffrey gets arguing with everyone in sight at the World Universities Debating Championships

For the first time in living memory, Imperial College has been represented at the annual World Universities Debating Championships. This year's WUDC competition was hosted by the Berlin Debating Union in Technische Universität Berlin from the December 27th until the January 4th.

By the conclusion of the competition, Ed Middleton, an Imperial 5th year medic, was placed as the 84th highest ranked speaker in the world. The whole Imperial team, virgins of the WUDC, ranked highly in the top 20% of the 400 competing teams. Imperial's judges were also personally chosen by the event's organisers to judge the highest quality debates at the competition.

Each competing team, made up of two people, takes part in a gruelling nine individual rounds of different debates over a five day period. Each debate is against a room of teams made up of the best student debaters in the world. The event is the largest debating tournament in the world, with over 1000 speakers, judges and organisers in attendance.

The Berlin competition was eventually won by a team from Monash University (Australia); a university that has now won the WUDC three times in a row.

The Imperial team and judges were selected in internal trials within the College, which were adjudicated by external judges. The victorious team was chosen to compete and two runners up representing Imperial as judges.

For next year's competition in Chennai (India) the Debating Society will again hold open trials for anyone to compete for an opportunity to represent Imperial and they say they are encourage new people to "have a go" at debating.

Debating Society President, James Clough, who along with Ed Middleton made up the other half of the Imperial team at the WUDC, had never debated before he came to university.

"We are looking forward to new people competing in debating for a chance to represent Imperial in next year's WUDC competition and at other competitions closer to home," he said.

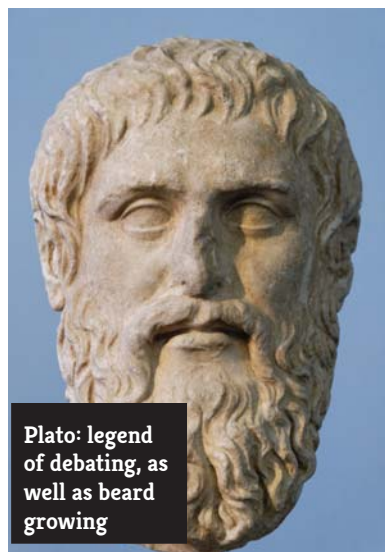
"I think I can safely say that all of us had an excellent week in Berlin and are already looking forward to next year"

There was also of course a social element to the event, with a lot of what



has been described as international "networking". The competition, lasting from December until January, gave all present the chance to celebrate the New Year in the manner expected of 1000 university students.

For more information about starting debating you can email debate@imperial.ac.uk.



Plato: legend of debating, as well as beard growing



I did NOT have sexual relations with that woman

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Big Brother... On Mars?

Reality TV fan? **Edward Bals** on the potential Mars One TV show

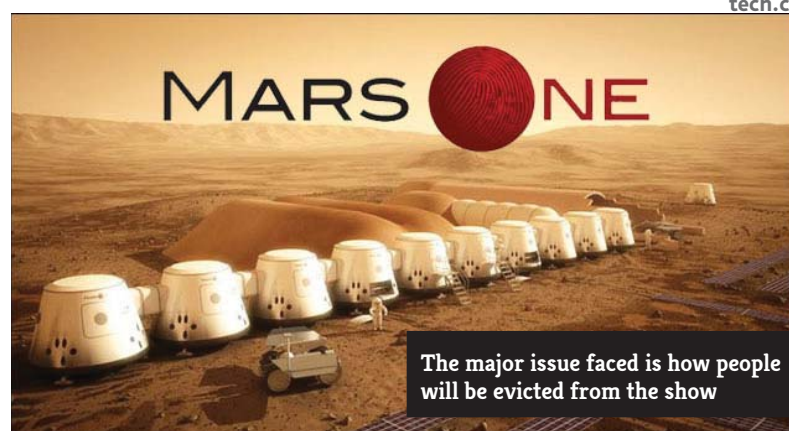
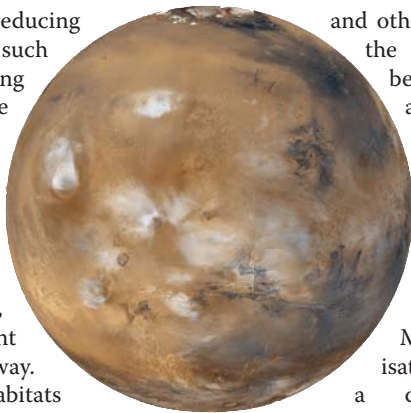
Mars One is a not-for-profit organisation planning to use money donated from sponsors and that generated from a reality TV show 'media storm' to fund a project that will put a human habitat on Mars in 2023. In the first half of this year the application process will open to applications for their astronaut training program, which itself will be filmed and broadcast as part of the TV show. Mars One claim to have already received over 1000 emails expressing interest in signing up for the project, regardless of the catch: the trip to Mars will be one way.

With the goal of reducing the costs of funding such a project the outgoing astronauts will live and die on Mars. The organisation has not ruled out the possibility that a return trip may become feasible at some point in the future, but for the moment the trip remains one way. This means that the habitats on Mars will have to be self-sustaining, with planned hydroponic farming and water and oxygen extraction from the soil being essential for

The model of a reality TV show may be the answer to Mars colonisation...

the astronauts' survival.

The habitats, components, and other essentials for the settlement will be transported and set up in various stages, with the majority of preparations taking place before the astronauts reach Mars. The organisation will send a communications satellite, necessary for beaming the live feeds of the habitat back to Earth for the television show, whilst also allowing communication



We can only live in hope that it doesn't turn out like Jersey Shore.

between the settlers and people back on Earth. Shipments and rovers will also be sent over, with the rovers finding the best place for habitation, then moving the supplies there and setting up the base of the human settlement, ready for the astronauts.

Once the astronauts arrive they will have to make some final adjustments to the habitat, maybe dust off some solar cells and then they will be ready to move in and be watched by the world. Some components and supplies will arrive on Mars shortly after the arrival of the astronauts and, after this initial batch, new astronauts, supplies and components will arrive every two years, expanding the habitat further.

All of this process will be televised 24/7/365, from the astronaut training

program to a live-feed from the rovers on Mars; even the historic moment of the first person to set foot on Mars will be captured for the viewing public. As befits a reality TV show public interaction will also play a part in the show, with the public being able to choose which team of 4 will be the first to be sent to Mars. That is, if the project ever gets there.

There are many dangers that will be faced by a project such as this. There could be any number of technical problems that simply couldn't be fixed by a normal person, or even disasters that could kill all of the crew. There's also a danger that funds could dry up if the project's media storm didn't sustain momentum, leaving the astronauts abandoned on Mars.

The website for the project addresses some of these issues, such as the plan to cover the habitats on Mars with soil, reducing radiation received by the people whilst on Mars. The shielding of the main capsule of the spacecraft for periods of violent solar activity is another plan to reduce the risk to the astronauts from radiation. This gives me hope that the project team have at least some idea of the dangers and that the project could actually achieve its goal.

The project, if successful, would be a testament to human ingenuity, paving the way for likeminded projects, and who knows what projects like these could end up achieving. Maybe one of them will even manage to solve some of our problems down here on Earth.

Fund cancer research, gain immortality. Maybe.

Laurence Pope Science Editor

Ad5[CgA-E1A-miR122]PTD isn't a catchy name. But, for just one million pounds, Ad5[CgA-E1A-miR122]PTD (Ad5 for short) could be renamed — after you.

But why would anyone want this seemingly pointless honour? A Swedish research team modified Ad5, a basic adenovirus, so that it 'eats cancer'. More accurately, it specifically targets and kills neuroendocrine tumours (NETs), cancers arising from the hormonal (endocrine) and the nervous systems. However, lack of funding means that the virus remains untested in humans.

What would this mean for potential sponsors? Either your name would become known worldwide ('I got a dose of the Romney today. Never felt better!'), or relegated to the footnotes of obscure scientific papers if the research flops.

But why isn't it attracting more fund-



Steve Jobs died following complications relating to a pancreatic neuroendocrine tumour. Apple have so far not offered any funding.

ing? Allegedly because it won't bring in much money for biotech companies, due to much of the research being public and therefore unpatentable. Hence, little potential return. In theory. In real-

Name a potential cancer cure for £1 million

ity a little modification to make it more oncogenically lethal or specific and a patent could be feasibly granted.

The main reason funding is not forthcoming is likely the reduced interest in gene therapy for cancers, following the death of 18 year old Jesse Gelsinger after injection of the adenovirus being trialled. Coupled with the difficulty of virus modification and the requirement for the virus to destroy every cancer cell whilst not killing your own results in a cancer therapy sponsors shy away from. It doesn't help either that NETs are rare cancers to begin with.

Where is this research likely to head?

Considering the media storm whipped up by the story someone will likely come along and cough up the dough for a chance of immortality. Whether this will fuel further funding in exchange for having cures named after

sponsors — and how ethical this is — is another question entirely.

For more information about the donation drive visit uu.se/en/support/oncolytic or netpatientfoundation.org.

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Protest, Unrest and Social Upheaval in New Delhi

Tragedy sparks debate over attitudes to women

Devang Mehta

Writer

On the 16th of December last year while Bangladesh celebrated its 39th Victory Day and Japanese voters brought about a change in government, a 23-year-old physiotherapy student was brutally raped and assaulted in the Indian capital, New Delhi. Within a week as news of the vicious attack spread through the country, it sparked widespread protest and cast glaring light on what some call India's 'rape problem'.

While the woman and her boyfriend were waiting at a bus stop in order to return home after an evening show of *Life of Pi* a passing private mini-bus stopped and the couple boarded after being informed that it was headed to the same destination. After around 10 minutes the fellow passengers, all inebriated males, started eve-teasing and passing lewd comments at the girl. When her boy friend objected, a scuffle ensued with the men beating him up with iron rods. While two of them held on to the boy, the others took turns at raping the girl. They then assaulted the girl by inserting a metal rod into her body and causing irreparable damage to her intestines. Both of them were then dumped on a deserted road near the outskirts of the city.

By the 21st of December, the rape had caught the public imagination leading to a mass protest at India Gate and Raisana Hill, the location of the Union Parliament and the residence of the President. Relatively peaceful earlier on, events took a turn for the worse with the government employing tear gas, lathi charges and anti-terrorism laws to breakup the protests. Several metro stations and public transport services were also shut down for a few days. Subsequent clashes with the police lead to injuries on both sides with a policeman dying from cardiac arrest at the protest site.

Meanwhile the victim was being treated at a hospital in Delhi and remained in critical condition due to damage and infection in her intestines that had to be resected. On the 26th of December, the government, based on a cabinet meeting headed by the PM, moved the victim to Mt. Mary Hospital in Singapore for an intestinal transplant. This decision to move the patient while on life support was criticized heavily in the media leading to more protests, which had by now spread to other major cities in the country. On the 29th of December, the victim succumbed to her injuries and died of cerebral edema.

So far 6 men have been arrested

in connection with the vehicle, including a 17 year old minor who is alleged to have been the most brutal of the accused, raping her twice and ripping her intestines out with his bare hands. After the death of the victim, murder charges were added to the other charges of rape, kidnapping, destruction of evidence and attempted murder. These charges mean that the accused stand eligible to receive the death penalty if found guilty.

Taking cognisance of the protestors' demands for harsher rape laws and sterner action against sex offenders several state assemblies have tabled amendments in state laws and enforced measures such as the

creation of a dedicated help-line for sexual abuse victims, and six "fast-track courts" to deal with crimes against women.

These protests come on the heels of other protests against the beleaguered central government, which has been the target of several protests over the last 18 months against corruption. The heavy-handed reaction of the government and the absence of any early sympathetic response to the protesters are likely causes for the rapid intensification of the protests. The outpouring of public anger in the cities is seen as a result of a rapidly growing middle class revolting against a misogynist and conservative culture. Fundamentalist political

parties were quick to blame the rape on the westernization of Indian women and these reactions appear to have spurred the protests yet further.

It is now 63 years since India adopted a constitution promising democracy, justice and equality of religion, race, caste, sex and place of birth, and yet its justice system remains plagued with widespread corruption among the police and judicial officers. Police officers are often seen as oppressors of the general public and guardians of the ruling political class. Notorious for being un-safe for women, the capital New Delhi was recently branded the 'rape capital' of the country by its own Chief Minister. Crimes against women appear in the newspapers with frightening regularity and include rape, dowry related abuse, marital abuse and eve teasing. Police figures show a rape reported on average every 18 hours and reported rape cases rose by nearly 17 percent between 2007 and 2011.

It is in this environment that a fast-growing educated middle class, at war with a patriarchal and male chauvinist tradition, has seized the brutal gang-rape and murder of a young student to raise awareness and international attention to India's 'rape problem'. With statements from UN Secretary General Ban Ki Moon and the governments of France, the USA and others, the issue has certainly gained international notoriety; whether this results in any real legal and societal progress in the country remains to be seen.

Reuters

63 years since India adopted a constitution promising democracy, justice and equality of religion, race, caste, sex and place of birth... its justice system remains plagued with widespread corruption...



Politics Précis

Key Stories from the Holiday Season

Italian Elections Heat Up

On the 9th of December Mario Monti, Italy's "technocrat" leader, stepped down amid a boycott by Berlusconi's Freedom People party over budget decisions. Appointed after Berlusconi lost his parliamentary majority and resigned amongst personal scandals, Monti's government was tasked with balancing Italy's books before stepping down this April; his early resignation has pushed the Italian elections forward to February.

Silvio Berlusconi had already confirmed his intention to run for a fourth term in upcoming elections, but it remained uncertain what Monti would do; this was mirrored in the markets, with fears over Italy becoming "the detonator that could blow up the eurozone".

Now it's been announced that Monti will run supported by a coalition of centrist parties under the name "Monti's Agenda for Italy", though as a result of his austerity policies the group currently trail far behind Pier Bersani's centre-left Democratic Party.

Syria Conflict Deepens

The Syrian conflict remains decidedly unresolved, now being deemed an all out civil war. Recent estimates from the UN have put the total death toll from the conflict at 60,000 since it began some 22 months ago, as much as half of which are estimated to be civilian deaths. Ten times as many people are now registered as refugees in neighbouring countries.

Many cities such as Aleppo and Homs remain the site of intense fighting between government forces and the increasingly internationally accepted National Coalition of Syrian Revolutionary and Opposition Forces. However the vast majority of the capital, Damascus, is still held by forces loyal to Bashar Al-Assad, save the suburb of Douma held by rebels since October 18th.

Europe Debate Rolls On

Here in the UK, debate over the country's role in the European Union and single-market has continued at a low key rumble. David Cameron is due to announce his 'action plan' on Europe in weeks. But he has been warned by various figures including the Obama Administration that withdrawal would risk damaging the UK's political significance and economic power. An In/Out referendum seems unlikely, but it's possible Britain will push to renegotiate it's "role" within the union. How that will be received by other members remains to be seen.

Padraic Calpin Politics Editor



HOLY SHIT. THE CAT HAS THE CHEESEBURGER.

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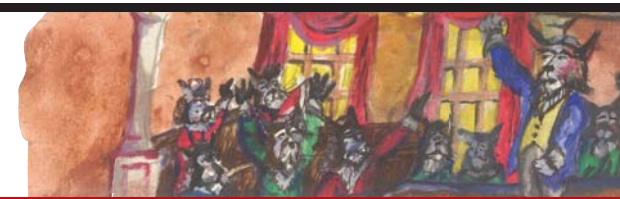
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COMMENT

Comment Editors: George Barnett,
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comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Religion for Atheists

Rory Fenton shares his impressions from the first meeting of The Sunday Assembly, London's new 'atheist church'



Rory Fenton

An atheist church”
I repeated the sentence a few times to myself while making my way along Islington's St Paul's road on Sunday morning. St Paul's famous road to Damascus led him to found Christian communities but this St Paul's road was taking me to a whole new concept of human community: an atheist church. As in, a church for atheists. Could this work? Did it even make any sense? I wasn't sure. But I was keen to find out.

I was on my way to the first ever meeting of The Sunday Assembly, the brainchild of comedians Sanderson Jones and Pippa Evans. Formed under the motto of “live better, help often, wonder more”, the monthly meetings aim, in the words of Jones, to give London atheists “all the things that are good about bringing a community together and make us better people, just without God being involved”. The group have no problem with borrowing directly from religion, the services themselves are held in an old, deconsecrated church.

But Sanderson and Pippa aren't the first people to have this idea, although they seem to be the first to put it into practice in London. The thought of creating a religion-like community of atheists, agnostics, humanists etc. has been a hot topic of discussion since Alain de Button published his book *Religion for Atheists* almost exactly a year ago. De Button argued that rather than shun everything with a “religion” label, non-believers should look at where religion did get it right, including in building community, providing perspective, realising our human flaws and giving us a focus for art and architecture. It is the first of these, building community, that the Sunday Assembly chiefly targets.

The idea is pretty controversial with many atheists. Some can't see there being anything worth learning from religion. After all, if it's based on a false premise, how could a religion get anything right? And doesn't the idea of an atheist church open up the non-religious to the age-old accusation of “you're really just another type of religion”? I decided to withhold my judgment and see for myself what this type of atheist community would look like. So up St Paul's Road I went...

The building itself was indeed a stereotypical Church of England stone house of worship, now used as a Steiner school. Having grown up Catholic I'm pretty used to church



buildings but many atheists, especially those from religious but non-Christian backgrounds, may find this off-putting. But I quickly stopped thinking about that, because the big news of this Sunday Assembly became immediately clear as I walked in – the idea is incredibly popular. With five minutes to go before show time, the place was completely packed with about 200 people. I was just about able to grab a child's stool at the back (as in a stool meant for children, I wouldn't steal from a child; not unless they had it coming) and a minute later heard half panicked, half jubilant commands to open up the choir balcony to accommodate even more people. By the time the meeting started, there were still a good 30 people either sat on the floor or standing at the sides.

So it seemed I wasn't the only one curious to see this idea in action. The service itself lasted just over an hour and was, again, very much influenced by Christian services. It had much of the format of an evangelical service with sermons sandwiched between hymns. Yep – sermons and hymns. So what is an atheist sermon? Well it's very funny, or at least these ones were. Since the Sunday Assembly's founders are comedians, their sermons felt very much like a stand-up gig. The event is compered by the messianic-ly bearded Sanderson Jones who introduced the whole idea behind the project and was generally very funny. There was also a guest speaker, this week's being chil-

dren's author Andy Stanton. I can't say I got too much from Andy's speech. There was a general atmosphere in the church of the organisers being very keen not to seem “preachy” but what that meant with Andy was that instead of giving his words of wisdom on “beginnings”, supposedly reflecting on how he became an author, he just made a lot of self-deprecating jokes interspersed with pauses that felt a bit too long to be intentional. That said, the idea of an atheist (or perhaps more precisely a humanist) ‘sermon’ is far from a crazy one. Humanists admire great scientists, philosophers and poets and a sermon based around their works and a secular theme like ‘wonder’ or ‘relationships’ is perfectly reasonable, in the understanding that these are just words of advice intended to provoke personal reflection. Pippa's stand-up style talk about not sweating the little stuff was a nice example of this. So atheist sermons get a thumbs up.

And an atheist hymn? This Sunday's hymns were ‘Don't Look Back in Anger’ and ‘Build Me Up Buttercup’. They even had a live band and lyrics on a projector screen. Hey, I'm cool with this too. As a Catholic I played in a church group and quite miss this. Songs are always full of messages about life, why not enjoy them together? Convincing a room of Londoners who don't know each other to sing together is a whole other story. I don't reckon anymore than 20% of us had

the gall to join in, but maybe that'll improve with time. I like this idea – atheist hymns also get a thumbs up.

And then came the prayer stuff. OK not actual prayers, since no deity was invoked, but some very prayerly stuff. A ‘moment of silent reflection’ was encouraged which made me, and I imagine others, feel pretty uncomfortable. Not so much because I didn't like the reflection thing, mind. When my family prays before meals I don't join in but I do try to remind myself that I'm pretty lucky to have food and should be glad of this fact, even if I've no god to thank. So I do see how atheists can use moments of quiet reflection in their lives. But to see this form a part of the atheist church service made me pretty uncomfortable, quite probably because it just felt so religious. Perhaps I should just get over this, but the Sunday Assembly need to remember that many attendees may have had uncomfortable religious experience in the past, making organized silence challenging.

But the silent reflection was a little more prayerly than mere silence. Being January, the service's theme was around beginning new things and resolutions. In our silence, we were encouraged to think about something we want to change in our lives and how great that would feel to achieve. We were told that scientists have shown that just by saying something out loud, our brains will believe it is true. Now I am all for encouraging

It had much of the format of an evangelical service with sermons sandwiched between hymns. Yep – sermons and hymns.

Comment Editors: **George Barnett,**
Navid Nabijou, James Simpson
comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

COMMENT

people to achieve their goals but I feel the organisers were stepping out of their remit and the spirit of rationalism here. The idea that success can be aided by imagining how great it would be to lose those pounds, get that job or kiss that girl is only one philosophy and not only is it not supported by evidence, the evidence actively opposes it. This unscientific approach was further highlighted by choosing a Steiner school as the host venue for the meeting. This was not a coincidence. I raised this with Sanderson Jones afterwards who said that a Steiner school was what they had initially sought, the fact that this one was in an old church building was just a happy coincidence. This is no small matter. Steiner schools promote homeopathy among their pupils and do not provide inoculations, which puts

children's health at great risk.

Then we came slightly closer to a proper prayer. Sanderson got us to shout "Life is good" and "Life is great", again with the reasoning that simply saying this would have a positive impact on us. But ignoring the lack of psychological evidence here, I'm not sure I agree with this. You see, life isn't necessarily good. Really shit things can happen and we need to see them for that. If atheists are to adopt the stance that "life is good" then we make ourselves no better than those who slavishly repeat "God is good" as a hurricane bears down on them. An important part of maturity, I feel, is accepting that shit happens so make the most of the good stuff. Blind "hope" is simply an atheist's version of blind faith and equally flawed. Bah humbug.

Should interest in pseudo-science continue, The Sunday Assembly will not find me or many other rationalists in its numbers. However, I have hope. This was just the first session of what is hoped to become a permanent monthly fixture. There is room for discussion and change, as the organisers themselves stressed throughout. Being comedians, the organisers have done a great job of creating a fun, lively atmosphere which will be a big selling point for the services. But no one could expect them to be 'all things to all men.' They may not know about the research behind so-called 'self help' or of the beliefs of Steiners. As they gather momentum and interest and take on more voices, there is no reason to think that the Assembly can't change. Here's hoping they will.

Leaving the service, I, and most of

the godless congregation, were struck by a bolt of irony as a real, bona fide Christian church service was going on in the hall next door from an African evangelical congregation. So how different was our service to this, the 'real thing'? And what is it that will make those who actively oppose one join in the other? The atheist church needs to provide the good stuff of regular church with none of the bad stuff of irrational belief or evangelical zeal. My verdict from the first day? It's on the right track. I and most attendees left the service feeling a little happier about life – we certainly had a good time. The idea of sermons is a positive one, but may need more focus on a message than making people laugh. Hymns were fun and the reflection time may have a purpose but they should be sensitive to those who may

be made uncomfortable by the religious overtones. The 'self help' style stuff should be toned down and not central to the service. The connection with the Steiner school should be seriously questioned. But I do feel that The Sunday Assembly could well be the start of a great thing. I left the place like most did, feeling like I'd enjoyed myself and encouraged to be around like minded people interested in exploring and celebrating life. Sanderson and Pippa make for a great team – what they need are more voices on board. Sciencey people, arty people, philosophy-y people – people to give the church a wider vision and a wider appeal. There are improvements to be made but I'd like to be a part of those improvements. London now has its first atheist church. In time, I think I might just be a convert.

I was going to write a column on apathy...

Alok Prasad is tired of our lackadaisical attitude



Alok Prasad

Sitting at my desk, slaving over acres and acres of lecture slides, I hear the familiar two-tone emerging from my laptop. An email has arrived. I hurry to check it, eager to escape the dull monotony of work. 'Dear Student, Please note that SOLE is open for evaluating...' Aaargh! Delete the email, and continue working...

The endless SOLE emails are a nuisance for most people, who have lots of things going on with their lives, and no-one seems to want to/have time to respond. We've all been there. It's completely understandable.

Until recently, I was thinking the very same thing. Then, on the last day of term, I had the chance to have a chat with my Faculty's Head of Quality Assurance and Enhancement. He lamented that the rate of response to SOLE questionnaires was low, but what struck me was what he said next: "How can the Faculty possibly change anything, if they don't know what the students think is going badly!"

Now a significant number of people will respond to this saying: a) Their Faculty does not do anything even if complaints are registered; b) Their Faculty has a laissez-faire 'We don't care' attitude towards students (or c) Their faculty actually has done something good after receiving a complaint, but we'll get onto that later).

Our apathy seems to be inherent in many areas. Turnout for Student Union Elections for Postgrads and Undergrads, were 19% and 58% respectively this year (we were the best in the country!). That's still a huge

number of people abstaining from their right to influence their quality of education. Considering that our degrees are our ticket into working life, I find this 'lack of interest' shocking.

I have to ask: why is there such a 'lack of interest' in our own education? Being a medic, I feel best placed to talk about some of the problems that we have been having. The overriding feeling is that we feel completely and utterly uncared for by the Faculty, as highlighted by Imperial's recent problems with Student Satisfaction. There just does not appear to be any help or support readily available from the Faculty, contributing to the sense of apathy felt by students.

There is very little academic help forthcoming to students who may be struggling with the rigours of the course. There is no help offered to international students, for things such as accommodation, in the event that they have a resit. There is no help for the travel costs between the various campuses and hospitals that we are required to be at, which is inherently unfair on poorer students.

For our problems, we have to rely mostly upon our excellent Union, most of whom have volunteered to do the job and are working on a shoestring budget. In my view, it is completely unfair to burden the Union with jobs the Faculty is being paid by us to do.

No wonder levels of apathy are so high!

But the Faculty can and has changed things for the better. For example, we received a lecture for which the lecturer did not cover the



Average Imperial student's bedside table

learning objectives set out, and did not even appear to know what was on his own lecture slides. There was a lot of dissatisfaction amongst the 300-odd people sitting in the lecture hall, which was immediately made known to the Faculty. Within a very short period of time, they sent out a response, apologising for what had happened and the action they would take to remedy the issue.

The key here (unlike the other times I have protested) was that a vast proportion of those affected, complained! The Faculty simply had no choice but to respond! In many cases, the curriculum has been changed as a response to large amounts of collec-

tive student feedback.

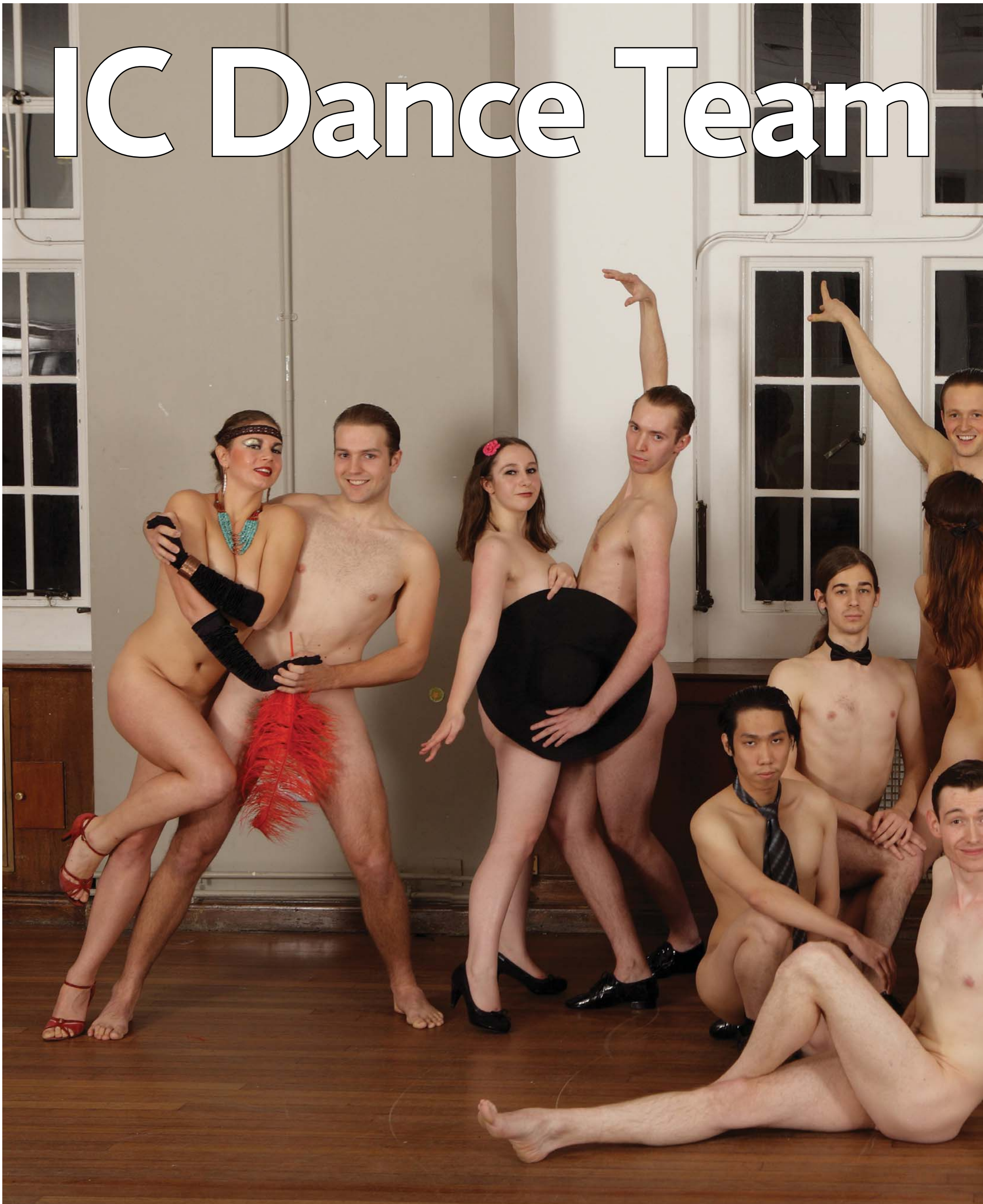
The higher the number of people giving feedback, the more obliged the Faculty is to change things! Low response rates fly in the face of the fact that each one of us is investing a substantial amount of time and money (especially international students) into pursuing a qualification here at Imperial.

We have to collectively be vocal in our views to make a difference. Write more emails, do more SOLE, talk with your Year Reps!

We are paying customers of Imperial College London and it's about time that we demand the service that we deserve.

There is very little academic help for those who may be struggling with the rigours of the course

IC Dance Team

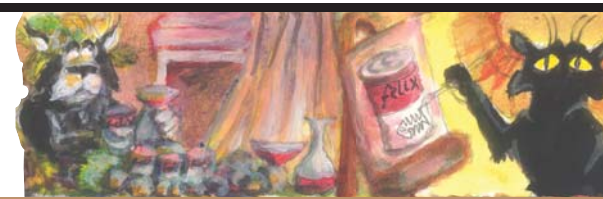


“dancing is a vertical expression
of a horizontal desire”



Arts Editors: Eva Rosenthal,
Meredith Thomas

arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk



DOODLE OF THE WEEK



Why work? Instead, doodle all lecture long and then send us your drawings to arts.felix@ic.ac.uk. Aaniya Ahmed drew this the other day instead of metabolism & cell pathology revision.

TIRED OF LIFE?

Our pick of what's on in London

Oskar Laffont @ Fred Gallery – Emerging Mexican artist Laffont's idiosyncratic drawings show London in a distant future where humans are long extinct. Animals roam the street adding their own meanings to the post apocalyptic landscape used to know and love. January 16 - February 23.

Seduced by Art @ The National Gallery – This unusual photographic exhibition explores old masters through the lens. The provocative show directly juxtaposes new prints next to work from the collection. Now - January 20.

Teh Exibishun @ The Framers Gallery – We just could not leave this out. An exhibition about Lol Catz, a phenomenon apparently dating back to the 70's. What is not to love? But is it art? January 23 - February 15

Manet @ Royal Academy of Arts – This major exhibition of Manet's painting is the RA's winter walloper. The show features his depictions of friends and family and work by contemporaries such as Monet and Morisot. January 26 - April 14

Resolution! @ The Place – It's open season for shorter dance works art at the HQ of London Contemporary dance. Keep checking for reasonably priced tickets to nightly triple bill shows with 80 works to see in total. January 8 - February 15.



Ji-Eun Lee
Play.Back.Again.Then

Not a face for radio

Meredith Thomas Arts Editor

The Boy with Tape on his Face aka Sam Wills has been causing something of a splash in recent year. From street performances in Covent Garden he has shot up the comedy league tables with hits at the Fringe, the Melbourne Comedy Festival and, in 2011, the Royal Variety Show. His unique brand of comedy has to be seen to be believed.

Hearing, of course, is not an option. His tricks make extensive use of props and audience participation all orchestrated with twitching eyebrows and beckoning gestures from behind his trademark strip of gaffa tape. The Kiwi performer's silent routines call to mind the innocence of vaudeville as twee violin music sets the sound track to his childish, yet immaculately conceived stage antics.

The Boy was kind enough to answer a few questions for Felix ahead of his, now sadly finished, London stage show.

Meredith: How did you first enter performance?

The Boy: At the age of 13 I knocked on the door of the local clown in my town and asked if he would take me on as his assistant. I knew a few magic tricks and he taught me how to juggle.

M: Where did the idea for the character of the Boy with Tape on his Face come from?

B: I used to do a show that involved a lot of talking and me performing some pretty crazy circus sideshow stunts. After several years doing shows like this I wanted a new challenge so I decided to develop a show that had no words and no tricks.

M: How did it feel to be asked to do the Royal Variety Performance last year?

B: It was one of the highlights of my year. Growing up, The Royal Variety Performance was a really big deal, so to have been the first New Zealand comedian to make it onto the stage was a fantastic feeling.

M: What did princess Anne say to you?

B: I decided to keep the tape on when I met her as I thought the 20 seconds conversation wouldn't be that interesting and a photo would be better. I did secretly record the entire conversation and you can listen to it on my website.

M: What is it about the character of the Boy that gets such a reaction?



Man demonstrates top half of 'final solution' for Kim Kardashian problem

B: I think that people like something different to the overload of talking comedy and the fact that it is a bit of a throwback to vaudeville times. People like innocent humour and stuff that appeals universally.

M: Do you feel vulnerable on stage without being able to speak?

B: Not at all! If anything I am the one with the most power as I know exactly what is going on.

M: Do you feel you are getting your own back by convincing others to perform in stage?

B: I would never want anybody on-stage to be in an embarrassing situation as, for me, that is not funny. Every volunteer will leave the stage to a huge

round of applause as they have helped the show happen.

M: How do you go about finding new ideas for material?

B: I listen to a lot of music and I try and look at everyday objects in different ways. It can be a little hard at times as you end up holding something like a broom for half an hour trying to find something funny about it that nobody has ever noticed.

M: Do you use real gaffa tape?

B: I use a super quality brand of tape called Nashua 357. I ship it from Australia to my parents who the post it to me here in the UK as it is the strongest tape I have ever used... and no it doesn't hurt when I take it off.

Arts Editors: Eva Rosenthal,
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arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk

ARTS

Not waving but possibly drowning

Emilie Beauchamp Writer

The Argentinian dance troop came to town preceded by its reputation. Some six years ago, Fuerzabruta re-opened the Roundhouse with an acrobatic extravaganza that left a permanent mark in the minds of so many Londoners as the most amazing show they had ever seen. The group, directed by Diqui James and Alejandro Garcia, combines high-tech light and sound effects with elegant pirouettes to create dashing visual effects.

Touring the world after its first successes, Fuerzabruta took its time to come back with an updated show. Several of my friends sent me the link for their new gig, highlighting how flabbergasted they had been at the time. It was indeed exciting: the press release promised a man bursting through walls at full throttle, and pairs of elegant swimmers hanging just on top of the audience's head.

Finally something I haven't seen before! But as is often the case, sequels



are never as good as originals... And unfortunately, Fuerzabruta does not break that pattern. Not that it's a bad show. It was simply not that impressive, a bit out-dated even. In fact, it rather felt like a group of high-tech crowd entertainers rather than a magical optical experience.

I might be harsh here, but let me explain: the whole spectacle is based on the use of clever lighting, move-

able stages, and harnessed performers which allow for high-flying flips. For example, a man is walking on a large 'treadmill' is pushed at the centre of the theatre amongst the audience. Soon he finds obstacles on his way which he has to dodge, facing wind, clouds and rain (a wind machine, dry ice and a hose). Until a wall hits him! But the wall is made out of cardboards, and you can see it coming and I mean literally see

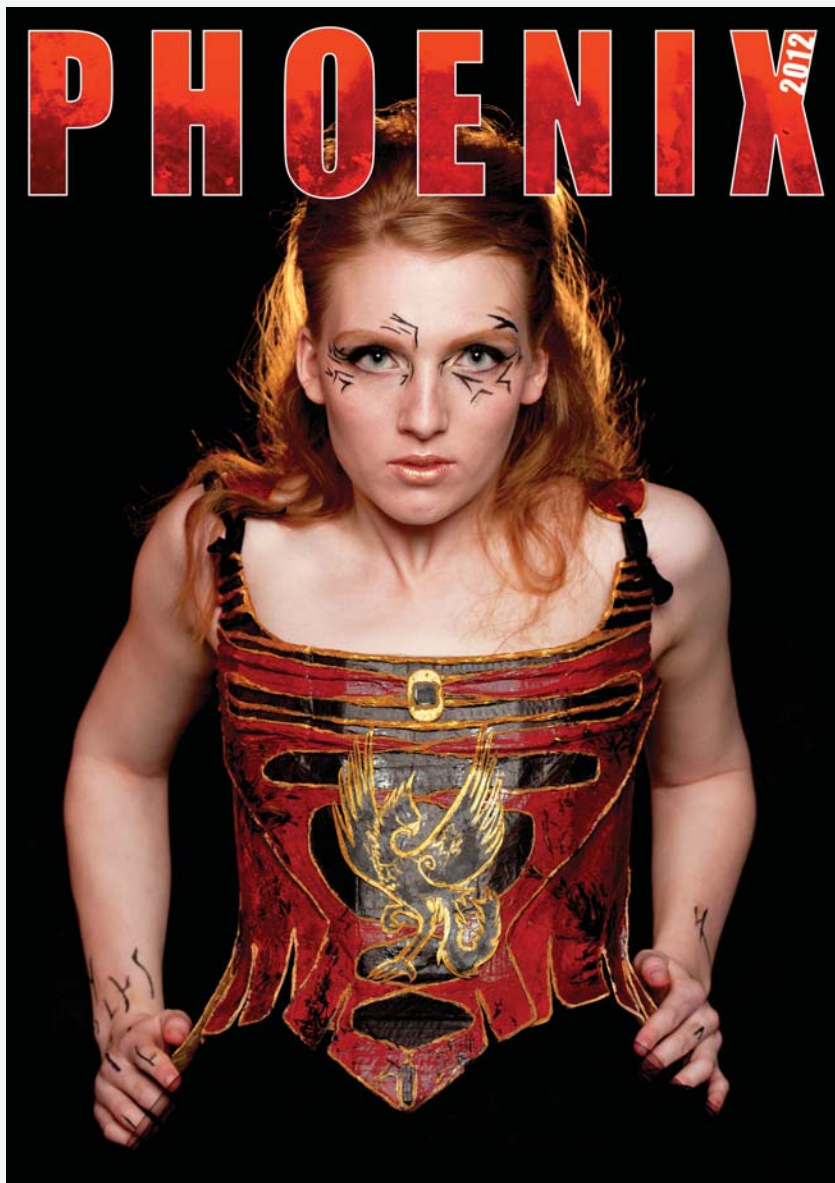
it coming...

That being said, the experience is very interactive. The crowd, standing in the middle of the parterre, is asked to move around, dance and clap throughout during the show. A carnival mood perspires with a live Argentinian band singing and loudspeakers blasting techno music. This atmosphere would have been mind-blowing if it was set at Fabric or Ministry of Sound, but at the

Roundhouse's setting amongst a family audience, the artists' grins and shouts didn't seem to reach the audience. It was as if the production had put all its money on fancy visual effects and had forgotten to create a story line and add personality to its characters. The end result is a fragmented spectacle, leaving an aftertaste of shallowness.

Yet, some numbers were fairly entertaining – not for the actual skills of the performers but for the technical beauty created by the set. The most stunning piece was when six women paddled and splash in two large transparent tarps filled with water suspended right over the audience's head – a truly bucolic vision. Sadly I couldn't appreciate it for that long as my neck soon started hurting from craning it to look upwards for 45 minutes...

I could recommend Fuerzabruta as part of a special night out; the Roundhouse offers late shows at 10 pm from Thursday to Saturday which would be worth the £30-40 tickets. Oh, and a warning note: this is not meant for claustrophobes or epileptics.



Phoenix 2013 needs an editor now!

Imperial College's annual arts review magazine is looking for writers, designers and contributors and most importantly an editor.

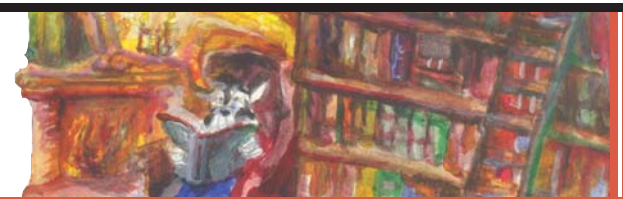
If you are interested please email:

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BOOKS

Books Editor: Maciej Matuszewski
books.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Return of the Master

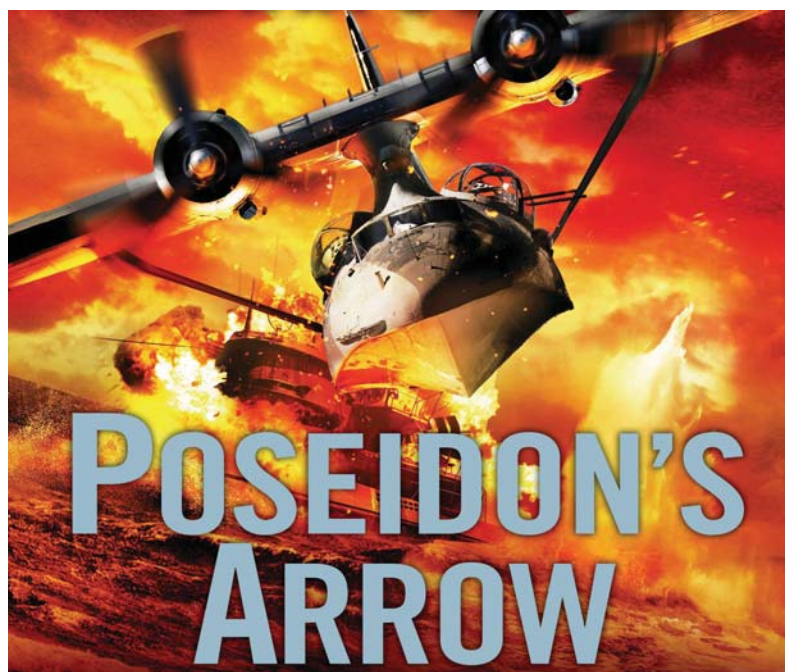
Shiladitya Ghosh talks about Clive Cussler's fantastic new novel

The 22nd novel in a series penned by "the guy I read" – Tom Clancy, *Poseidon's Arrow* has it all – from explosions, chase scenes, and bare-armed combat, to snappy witticisms, spunky damsels in distress, and a (literally) earth-moving plot. Clive Cussler, respectfully and deservedly famed as the 'Grandmaster of adventure', together with his son, Dirk, yet again weaves science, technology, politics, history, and geography into a thrilling tapestry of action and adventure spanning the breadth of the globe.

In this episode (though that term is a superb understatement given the magnitude and scale of the plot) set in 2014, Dirk Pitt and Al Giordino from the U.S. National Underwater and Maritime Agency (NUMA) are finally, after 21 books, getting on in years. However, after the U.S. Navy's top-secret revolutionary brainchild's production schedule goes awry as a result of a suspiciously coincidental crippling of the world's production of rare earth elements, mysterious deaths at sea caused by a hitherto un-

known and undetectable weapon, and the sudden disappearance of a scientist potentially responsible for deciding the balance of power in the world's seas for decades into the future, the fantastic duo get back to investigating the murky waters for clues linking these incidents – and unearth a conspiracy more complex than what anyone would have bargained for.

Even the most ardent of Cussler's fans (and there are a great many) would have to accept that each book cannot possibly keep being better than the last, and this is one of the few occasions where this might be true – but this is attributable to the high storytelling standards the Grandmaster has established for himself from the start. After the initial excitement of beginning another Pitt adventure settles, the plot starts to become slightly predictable (but only if one has read a sizeable amount of the rest of the series). This, in addition to perhaps a smaller-than-expected dose of historical linkage and a frugal serving of explanations and details of up-and-coming technological concepts leads one to wonder if perhaps the book will



turn out to be a let-down.

However, the tongue-in-cheek, metaphor-laden, and outright audaciously witty dialogue and banter, coupled with the transitioning of character roles (Dirk Pitt Sr. and Al Giordino

slowly starting to make way for Dirk Pitt Jr. and Summer Pitt in the lime-light) allow for forgiveness in this pivotal part of the series. Perhaps not the best book to start with for readers new to the series, but certainly an impor-

tant read for any fan of Dirk Pitt Sr.

For us here at Imperial, it may be a common sentiment that there is simply no time to read for leisure (or even for study, depending on your course); however it is this reviewer's opinion that reading Cussler's works, such as *Poseidon's Arrow*, can allow us to kill two birds with one stone: firstly by allowing us a (perhaps ill-fated) break from workaholicism and secondly, giving us an awareness of how our STEM/Medical education can get (mis)treated out in the real world, in addition to seeing how much value our potential output can have. Perhaps some of us aren't concerned about that and just want to graduate and start work, but there are also many who wish to appreciate what they can do in the future using their degree-related knowledge, and the potential consequences and impacts that may arise – and for these people, Cussler's literature is surely an appealing literary supplement to following the news or reading dry journal exposés.

This reviewer recommends Cussler's *Atlantis Found*, *Fire Ice*, *Dark Watch*, *Black Wind*, and *Arctic Drift*.

A Journey to Earth's Distant Future

Maciej Matuszewski Books Editor

The Book of the New Sun is universally acclaimed as a speculative fiction classic, with its author, Gene Wolfe, having been recently awarded the title of Grand Master of the genre. However, seeing how it comes in at 1200 pages, I have never really had the time to read it. Finding myself with relatively little to do over the winter break I decided to rectify this mistake – something that I've not come to regret doing.

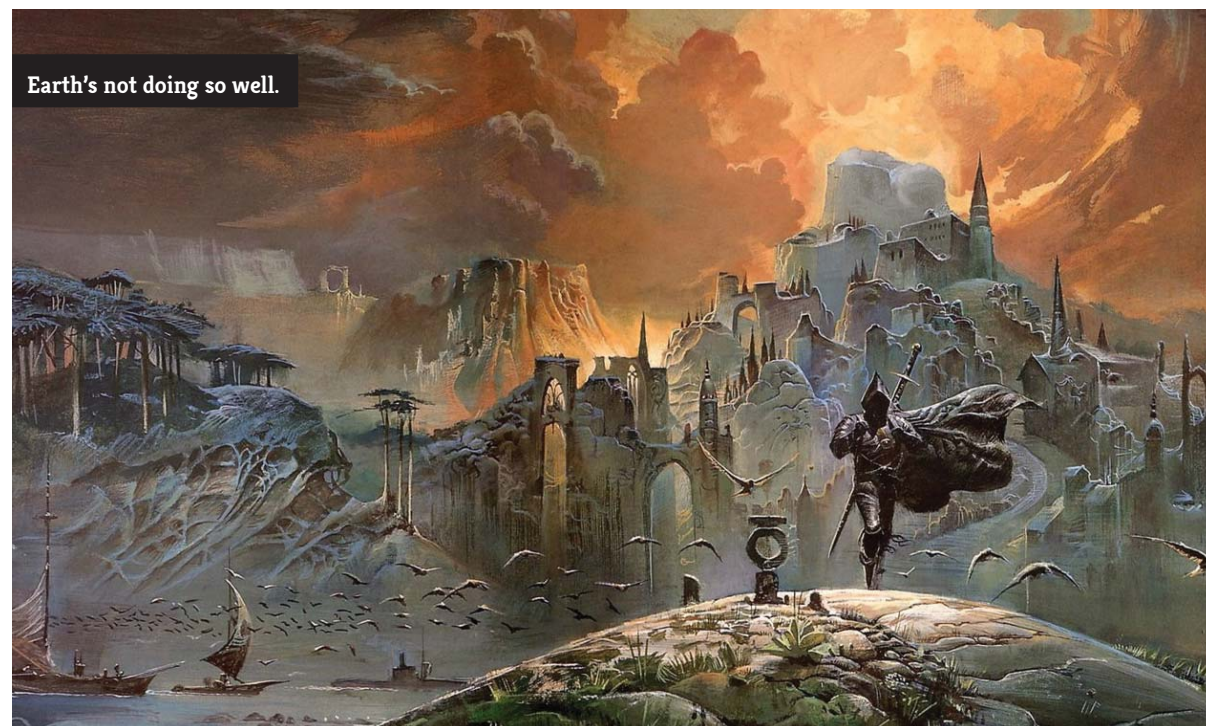
The book is set in the distant future, with the sun having started to cool and Urth, as Earth has become known, having regressed from being the centre of a great interstellar empire to an almost medieval society. The novel begins with Severian, a journeyman of the Order for the Seekers of Truth and Penitence, or, as it is better known by the common people, the Order of Torturers, being exiled for showing mercy to one of the Order's 'clients'. He is left to travel the world, encountering remnants of more prosperous times, as well as coming upon plans to restore human-

ity to its former glory.

The story is told in first person by Severian himself. He has a highly engaging voice but is also prone to going off on tangents – this is not a book for those who like stories told in a concise and linear fashion. These tangents, however, are, for me, one of the great attractions of the novel. They serve not only to provide more insight into the character of Severian but also help to develop the world the story is set in.

It is in the world building that this book really shines. Wolfe has created a truly unique environment – a world where ordinary people live in feudal squalor but mix with alien visitors. Where almost all the natural resources have been depleted but people continue to use energy weapons and other advanced technology from earlier ages. Where giant sea monsters enslave entire nations so that their citizens are only permitted to speak in sentences taken from approved propaganda texts.

It soon becomes clear that, in many ways, it is Urth itself that is our protagonist – with Severian acting as a chronicler of its fate. Wolfe, however,



doesn't fall into the trap of revealing too much – even by the end there are still many things that are left unclear or unexplained. We are told everything that is essential but by not get-

ting bogged down in details we maintain the sense of wonder, which we might have otherwise lost as a result of overfamiliarity.

This is a truly excellent novel and

well deserving of the praise it has received. While its length and some of its quirks mean that it might not be to everyone's taste it's still worth at least trying it out.



Music Editors: Mark England,
Ross Gray, Simon Hunter
music.felix@gmail.com

MUSIC

GODrec Present Wir Werden

Ross Gray explores apocalyptic wastelands through noise

Towards the end of first term, an interesting email arrived in our inbox from God records, a small "Austrian label for new and experimental music", promoting a **Boris Hegenbart** release which includes collaborations with 19 artists, such as **Oren Ambarchi** and **Fred Frith**. When the promo arrived however, I found another release they had sent with it to be equally grabbing: **Rdeča Raketa's** *Wir Werden*.

Rdeča Raketa's music is somewhat difficult to describe at times, even within the context of noise. Not to say that this is absolutely groundbreaking material or anything, it just doesn't fit neatly into any box I know of at the current moment. The band's attempt: "Wir werden deals with the past repeating, movements and their absence in front of systems appearing to be crumbling, relationships between

people and their inner fears".

That certainly resonates strongly with this album. Both sides are unrelentingly bleak or haunting. The first side caught me off guard with flat vocals over soft electronic crackle – reminiscent of **Alva Noto** and **Blixa Bargeld's ANBB**, loading me with expectations of glitch. These were promptly smashed. Futuristic, bomb-dropping synths were briefly explored before the noise started really building on itself and drowned out all but a glimmer. This technique of having the somewhat blistering, but often somehow ambient, noise with just distinguishable rhythms and notes occurs throughout the album, and is a sure-fire path to catharsis.

Two factors that sets *Wir Werden* apart relative to a lot of its peers (and I feel firmly places it within the European noise sound aesthetic) is its use of both silence and its ability to relent. Si-

lence has been utilised very effectively by performers such as **Runzelstirn & Gurgelstock**, but usually in a way that allows for greater audio shock when the noise returns. *Wir Werden* manages to pull its intensity down a notch at times, with piano echoing around in endless space, muted noise, distorted fragments of female singing all creating a broken ethereality. Somehow it makes it all the more terrifying.

The sheer amount of sonic textures explored within the 40 minutes is certainly not to be sniffed at. Rdeča Raketa appear comfortable in the impression they wish to portray; enough so they can snap from soundscape to soundscape very quickly, not allowing any one snapshot of the desolate world to become boring or repetitive, whilst maintaining a cold, crushing and dark atmosphere.

Certainly this is an album I would recommend to any followers of the



more experimental or noisy end of music. As a first foray into this kind of thing it would likely be intense, but certainly no *Lon Guy*. A huge variety of instruments and techniques are successfully combined to produce

a staggering myriad of timbres and layers within the sound. If all of their releases can produce as staggeringly pretentious of a review as this, I shall most assuredly be listening to the upcoming releases by GOD records.

Return of The Duke

Simon Hunter Music Editor

This week, just as all the music journal's had finished having their "what to look forward to in 2013" articles published, a fuck-off metaphorical anvil fell from the clouds and smashed them to pieces; all of them made irrelevant. No-one expected **David Bowie** to return with new material; his last release was a decade ago; he turned 66 this week, the day the announcement was made. But by Tuesday morning Bowie's 'comeback' was plastered all over the press and blaring out of radios.

This return to the limelight isn't just in the form of a couple of songs pushed out to bump up sales of a Greatest Hits album (c.f. **The Rolling Stones** last year), a whole new album is to be released on March 11. The first song from this, entitled 'Where Are We Now?', was delicately placed on Bowie's website at 00:00 08/01/13, and subsequently devoured by the internetz. Twitter went mental.

'Where Are We Now?' sees Bowies in a very reflective, melancholy mood as he looks back over his long career. The song predominantly looks back on his time spent in Berlin towards the end of the 1970s; this was a pivotal period in Bowie's career. He moved to



the then-divided German capital to quit his consuming cocaine habit and become more involved in the Krautrock scene, bearing the likes of **Kraftwerk**. It was here that Bowie also worked with **Iggy Pop**, with whom he was sharing an apartment, on his seminal album *The Idiot*.

In 'Where Are We Now?' his vulnerable, tremorous vocals begin raw and pensive before being elevated by painfully sad yet defiant piano chords, reverb-laden guitar and strings. It re-

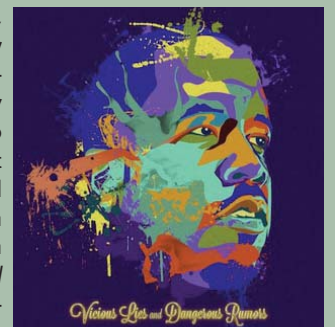
ally is a beautiful piece of music and almost feels like a full stop to a career spanning half a century. Whether it will prove to be so remains to be seen.

Expectations for the album entitled *The Next Day* are understandably high; indeed pre-orders for both the single and album are currently at No. 1 on the iTunes chart. Only time will tell whether the album lives up to the huge promise shown by this first release, but when Bowie's at his best no-one comes close.

AMS album of the week

Big Boi: Vicious Lies and Dangerous Rumours

Big Boi, or the other guy in **OutKast**, has always been a bit lost in the shadow of **Andre 3000**. Andre was the crazy experimentalist and Big Boi was just a really good rapper. Big Boi's excellent debut solo album, *Sir Lucious Left Foot*, blurred that idea a little. There were big pop hits as well as great hip hop tracks. His second album sees him taking the experimental crown and just running with it. *Vicious Lies and Dangerous Rumours* is an incredibly diverse and ultimately very difficult record.

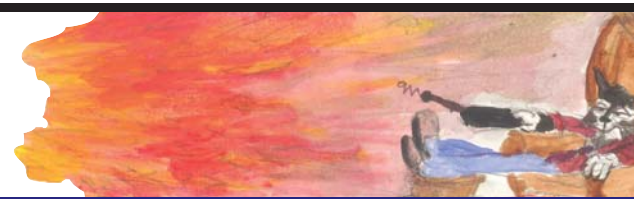


The main strength of this album lies in the unusual choice of collaborators. As well as some more obvious guests (**Ludacris**, **Killer Mike**, **KiD CuDi**) we are treated to **Phantogram**, **Little Dragon** and even Nathan Williams of **Wavves** fame. All the collaborators have a real influence on the tracks they feature on and as such, the album has an incredibly diverse range of sounds. We get Big Boi's standard variety of Southern hip-hop filtered through trip-hop, pop rap and indie rock. It leads to a very interesting listen if not a particularly coherent one.

The problem with this is that a lot of the tracks just aren't good enough. The more standard rap tracks are generally of a much lower standard than you'd expect from a Big Boi album. 'She Hates Me' and 'Mama Told Me' are both fantastic but the rest don't really match expectations. For example, 'Thom Pettie' sounds great on paper. Little Dragon, Killer Mike and Big Boi on the same track sounds genius, but in reality it's just a mess. The more unusual tracks are just as hit and miss. The Phantogram tracks are all pretty good, especially 'CPU', but the Little Dragon tracks aren't very engaging. The highlight of the album is definitely the Wavves collaboration. Rap verses over indie rock riffs may not have been top of most people's Christmas lists but it really works.

The biggest issue of all is that this doesn't sound like a Big Boi album. It sounds like a collection of him featuring on other people's tracks. It's a real shame, because *Sir Lucious Left Foot* proved he can do it on his own and I was really excited to see him develop. Instead, we got the quite bizarre idea of him drowning in a sea of his own collaborators.

Stuart Masson



Is *South Park* going south?

Maximilian Eggel gets animated about the latest season

Like it or not, *South Park* is a cultural phenomenon, often quoted, reminisced about or each episode carefully dissected. The fact that *South Park* just finished its 16th season does nothing to lessen its appeal; in fact the show has now been extended to finish in 2016 bringing it to 20 seasons.

The 16th season finished on the 7th of November, and the reviews are mixed. There was some good as well as some bad. Here are my opinions of the latest season.

The first half of the season overall was somewhat disappointing. On first viewing of almost all episodes I either was confused at the story line or disappointed at the missed opportunities for great and memorable episodes. "Reverse Cowgirl", the season's opener about an apparent need for toilet safety and an attempt to sue the dead, parodied the security checks in airports (which was quite fitting) as well as the US legal system. It was a promising start and it did have some funny moments, however it will not be a *South Park* classic so to speak. That summary can be applied to most of the other episodes of the first half – "Faith Hilling", "Cash For Gold" and "Butterballs" all had very promising beginnings, but either fizzled out quietly or ended on an incomplete note. The most memorable in this

set of episodes was "I Should Never Have Gone Ziplining". Parodying the adventure/reality documentaries that usually run on the Discovery Channel, History Channel etc., it featured an extended scene in which Cartman, Kyle, Stan and Kenny were all acted out in live-action. While not adding anything in particular to the plot, it is a memorable moment in the season as all of a sudden you see actors in the place of your favourite cartoon characters.

The second half of the season was markedly better, with the majority of episodes impressing on the first viewing. Here, the real defining episodes of the season were revealed. "Raising the Bar", dealing with the whole Honey Boo-Boo situation and with James Cameron saving the day, was almost perfect, hitting exactly the right places. "Insecurity" tapped into the Batman mania that surrounded that time. I chuckled quite regularly during that episode, and must say it is vying for a place for my favourite with the previous episode mentioned. All the other episodes, bar "A Scause for Applause", were of that same high standard and in my regard, restored *South Park* to its high pedestal, from which it had fallen during the first few episodes. The last episode of the season – "Obama Wins!" – was the perfect ending for a much improved set of episodes. Hailed the best epi-



sode of the season (which I agree with), it deals with the US presidential race and in a stroke of genius ties it in with the purchase of Star Wars by Disney (starring the absolutely phenomenal Mickey Mouse).

All in all this season of *South Park*, while not one of the best, is one of the better ones, mainly thanks to the strength of the latter episodes. These later seasons do not have the great plots of earlier episodes, however their success in dealing with

current issues is astounding. Generally with this season and other recent episodes, I found on second viewing that even the first half of the season was enjoyable. This may be attributed to the fact that once I knew that the plot really wasn't going anywhere, I could focus on the jokes within the episode itself. *South Park* is a show that is at times very random, and so perhaps I should have expected this from the start. However one thing I did not like about this season, is the

apparent change in the character of Cartman. Cartman used to be the kid you just loved to hate. Nowadays he just seems to have lost his touch; in fact he gets quite friendly with Kyle and even seems to follow some kind of moral code. This is not the Cartman I love watching, maybe he will come back again. Nevertheless let us hope for the future that Trey Parker and Matt Stone do not lose their touch and keep churning out entertaining television.

Dr Who is coming to town

Maciej Matuszewski Books Editor

Doctor Who is a contentious show. It is praised by some critics for its great imagination and the influence it has had on other SF programming. Others claim that it has never really gone beyond its original concept as a 'family show' – a term seen by many as a euphemism for 'children's programme'. Not that these opposing points of view are mutually exclusive – a major London fan group recently voted *Doctor Who* the worst SF show of 2012 while at the same time proclaiming its leads the best genre television actors of the year. I have much the same attitude myself, having previously said on pages that I believe the show's episodes can be split up into three categories – a third of them are brilliant, a third are just plain disappointing while a third are so bad that

they're good. I had, however, found all the episodes in the first half of the latest series, broadcast earlier in the year, surprisingly enjoyable so I had high hopes going into this Christmas special. Unfortunately, as I was soon to find out, 'The Snowmen' lies firmly in the 'disappointing' category.

The episode begins an indeterminate amount of time after the end of 'The Angels Take Manhattan' – with the Doctor, still grieving for the loss of Amy and Rory, living the life of a recluse in Victorian London. However, the return of old enemy the Great Intelligence and the appearance of the mysterious Clara, looking suspiciously like Oswin Oswald – the woman turned into a Dalek who was killed at the end of 'Asylum of the Daleks' – soon convince the Doctor to come out of his early retirement.

There was nothing particularly wrong with the story – it was just, well,



painfully average. Using the Great Intelligence as the antagonist meant that there were plenty of references for fans of the Second Doctor and old Doctor allies Strax and Madame Vastra make a welcome return but the episode itself was just a repeat of the same tropes and clichés that I've seen in *Doctor Who* and in countless other SF shows dozens of times. Perhaps the show's creators thought that a safe, uninspiring episode with a cookie cutter plot was just the thing for audiences who had just finished their Christmas dinner and were unlikely to be paying full attention to the episode but for someone who's seen as much genre television as I have it was just boring.

The best thing about

the episode was the introduction of the Doctor's new companion, Clara. Intelligent, adventurous and witty, she seems the perfect addition to the show. She also has a very intriguing ability, which looks like it will dominate the story arc of rest of the series – whenever she dies she seems to be reborn in some different period of time. For a while it even seemed that the Doctor was finally going to have a companion form a time period other than our own, until the episode's coda revealed that it was a present day version of Clara that would be travelling with the Doctor. Still, I am looking forward to seeing more of her when *Doctor Who* returns in April.





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FOOD

Sophia Goldberg on the #1 New Year's resolution

Do you have the same recurring New Year's resolutions? I've heard them all before: stop drinking so much, do a problem sheet, get organised, text/call mum more, text/call gran more, stop texting/calling people so much and see family/friends in person, and personally, stop speakin in txt. The most common resolution of all is to tame the bulge. Do you love food and hate scales? If you want to slash the calorific content of your food but not the scrumptiousness then throw out your old 'thou shalt not eat' New Year's resolution – armed with this week's helpful issue you'll see that you can still enjoy your breakfast, lunch and dinner guilt-free.

Very Berry Breakfast Pancakes

Pancakes are great because they are really quick to make and great fun. Here's a recipe for a great healthy and filling start to the day.



Ingredients (makes 6)

70g of plain flour
1 egg
100ml of milk mixed with 40ml water
Butter or vegetable/ sunflower oil for frying
2 tbsp of yoghurt
1 tbsp of honey
A handful of strawberries, raspberries and blueberries

Preparation

Sift the flour into a mixing bowl. Add the egg and whisk it in. Slowly add the milk and water mixture and whisk until they are combined. Mixture too

liquidy? Add a little more flour if necessary. Put your (very) non-stick frying pan on a high heat and add about half a teaspoon of oil/ butter – a little goes a long way. Add a little ladleful of mixture to the pan and spread it over the whole pan. Wait a couple of minutes and flip! Remember that the first pancake is always rubbish – Delia calls it a 'test' pancake, so if it's crap, it's okay because Delia says so. Just keep making pancakes until all the mixture is used up. Now fill your pancakes with the honey, yoghurt and the fruit. Roll them up and add some more yoghurt and fruit to the top.

A Light Lunch of Pea Soup

This recipe can be made in a matter of minutes and it always tastes great – all you need is a blender. Why add other vegetables to the soup, like carrots or peppers and add that to the soup?



Ingredients (serves 2)

A few cups of boiled water
2 cups of frozen peas
1 onion
A blob of butter
½ an organic vegetable stock cube
6 mint leaves
Pepper to taste

Preparation

Boil just over 3 cups of water while roughly chopping an onion (it'll be in the food processor in a moment). Add a blob of butter to a saucepan on medium heat. Once it's melted add the onion. When browned add the peas, half a vegetable stock cube and the water. Add the water so that it just covers the peas by about a cm

or so – you don't want it to be too watery. Stir until the stock cube has dissolved and the mixture is boiling. Now add the mixture to a blender and blend! Now return the soup to the saucepan and add pepper to taste – there's no need to add salt, as there's enough in the stock cube. Serve in bowls and garnish with mint leaves.

Jamie Oliver - Eat your Heart Out

My dad gave me *Jamie Oliver's 15 Minute Meals* this year. Like the *Hairy Dieters* (AKA the Hairy Bikers), Jamie believes anyone can cook and eat great, healthy food. However, Jamie claims you can do it in 15 minutes. Given that you're not superhuman it may take you a little longer – it took me about half an hour. In Jamie's defence, after cooking this meal a couple of times I think could get it down to 20 minutes.

This is Jamie's healthy Cajun chicken with sweet potato mash and salsa salad, apparently 651 calories per person, with some bits taken out/added by me.

Ingredients (serves 4)

1 bag of frozen sweet corn (corn on the cob is too much effort)
1 small bunch of fresh coriander
1 red chilli
4 spring onions
3 ripe tomatoes
2 limes
Olive oil
800g sweet potatoes

2 tbsp sweet chilli sauce
4 x 120g skinless chicken breasts
1 tbsp Cajun seasoning
Pinch of salt

4 tbsp natural yoghurt
Note that I omitted the 1tbsp of polenta, 20g feta cheese and 2 rashers of smoked streaky bacon that Jamie includes in his recipe. I couldn't justify buying them when I was using such a small amount. I also didn't use 175g okra, mainly because I didn't know what it was (it basically looks like a cross between a courgette and a cucumber), but also because Sainsbury's didn't sell it. I added the yoghurt – trust me you'll need it.

Preparation

Boil the kettle with lots of water. On a low heat, cook the bag of sweet corn on a frying pan with a splash of olive oil – Jamie, what kind of university student owns a griddle pan? Peel the sweet potatoes and roughly chop them into small cubes so they cook quickly. Put

the sweet potatoes into a large pan on a medium heat. Add the water so that it just covers the potatoes.

On a large sheet of greaseproof paper toss the chicken in the Cajun seasoning with a pinch of salt. Fold over the paper then bash and flatten the chicken to 1.5cm thick with a rolling pin (or use the sweet chilli sauce bottle, if you don't own one).

Add the chicken to a non-stick pan with 2 tbsp of olive oil, turning every 3 or 4 minutes, until golden and cooked through. Drain the sweet potatoes, return to the pan and mash with the sweet chilli. Put on a very low heat.

Put the sweet corn in a salad bowl. Finely chop the spring onion, coriander and chilli, roughly chop the tomatoes and add to the sweet corn. Add a pinch of salt, the juice of 2 limes and a splash of olive oil to the salsa.

Now serve the Cajun chicken on a bed of sweet potato mash with the salsa and yoghurt on the side. Trust me you'll want the yoghurt. It's a bit spicy.



FILM

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The best films from the 1970s

John Park

Film Editor

Recently, the British Film Institute (BFI) released the results of their celebrated poll, "THE GREATEST FILMS OF ALL TIME", in which they surveyed film critics and directors to list their ten favourite films. Now the Felix Film team, as much as we'd love to, doesn't have that kind of time or resources. And so we decided to split the films up according to the decades in which they were released. So every week, we will present you with our top films of each decade.



10. Dog Day Afternoon (1975)

Sidney Lumet's seemingly small but perfectly formed bank-heist-gone-wrong drama is unpredictable, complex, and oddly touching, featuring Al Pacino at his usual best intensity, leading the sweaty, claustrophobic robbery, with John Cazale pitching in for an excellent supporting turn in his far too brief career. What should have been a quick and easy job develops into a deadly hostage crisis, eventually leading up to an insane media frenzy that can be swayed in the most alarming ways. "Attica! Attica! Attica!" is the film's fiery highlight.



8. The Exorcist (1973)

An unflinching, brutally shocking film that had audience members fainting worldwide, its widespread ban goes to show just how much of a scandal this caused. Linda Blair (voiced by Mercedes McCambridge during her demonic possession) is even to this day the scariest in a long line of demented psychotic children in cinema, the blink-and-you'll-miss flashes of the demon's face is a terrifying series of tricks, and Ellen Burstyn's performance is one born out of sheer terror. Plus who can forget that horrendously effective music? Approach with caution.



6. Network (1976)

"I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!" is a line of dialogue that will ring true to many, as television news anchor Howard Beale's (Peter Finch) public meltdown is captured on live television. As a ruthless, cutthroat dramatic satire of network broadcasting, here is a sharply realised, darkly comic film, and Faye Dunaway's energetic, no-nonsense, manipulative, success-driven bitch is a real treat. However, this lost out to Rocky in the 1977 Oscar Best Picture race. We're as mad as hell about that.



4. One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)

Oppression, struggle for freedom, revolution, a full-on war all feature in Milos Forman's remarkable down-to-earth, human drama set in an insane asylum. The cheeky yet intelligent and inspirational Jack Nicholson faces off with the abusive (both physically and psychologically) Louise Fletcher, who both justly won their acting Oscars for their exceptional performances. The film's power fails to waver even to this day, well over thirty years after its release, and it's the second of three films to sweep the Big Five at the Oscars.



2. Chinatown (1974)

It may start off innocently enough, but as more characters are introduced, the disturbing, corrupt conspiracy surrounding the control of California's water and power systems are slowly unveiled, as determined detective J. J. Gittes (Jack Nicholson) uncovers a string of malicious leads that endangers his life (not to mention, getting his nose sliced with a brilliant cameo from the film's director, Roman Polanski). In the middle of this murky pool is Faye Dunaway's Evelyn Mulwray, a woman with plenty of secrets of her own.



9. The Sting (1973)

It's the ultimate stylish feel-good movie in which the good guys get everything they deserve through a clever set of tricks. Having a duo as likable and good-looking as Paul Newman and Robert Redford, paired up here again for the second time after *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, helps immensely when selling a story this sugar-coated and cheerful, and its catchy soundtrack also does wonders to uplift the jolly mood. The twists and turns are smart, and the end result tremendously rewarding. Best Picture winner? Absolutely..



7. Apocalypse Now (1979)

The "making-of" story is as famous as the film itself, and this lengthy epic of a war story successfully recreates all the horrors one would expect to see. Also present is Marlon Brando's cameo appearance to wrap up one of the most unforgettable war movies ever made. The Redux version? There's an hour of extra footage; some say it slows down the pace, others say it further enriches the masterpiece – you'll have to be the one to decide. But one thing's for certain; this is a film to watch many times over.



5. Taxi Driver (1976)

About a socially deranged man who can't sleep, and has far too much time on his hands to ponder in his dark thoughts, Robert de Niro's Travis Bickle is a ticking time bomb from the moment you set eyes on him. Enter an American Presidential hopeful, guns, lots of guns, and a 12-year-old prostitute (the excellent Jodie Foster in her child actress days), then you have a recipe that sets up for a bloody finish; which it does, and in the graphically shocking yet classy and rather affectionate way.



3. The Deer Hunter (1978)

Its butt-numbing running-time, as well as its blatantly skewed, one-sided look at the Vietnam War have gathered up a fair share of detractors, but there is no denying that Michael Cimino's effort in the portrayal of three young individuals and their harsh experiences in the war is anything but ambitious. The young cast, who have since become cinema's legends, range from Robert de Niro, Christopher Walken and Meryl Streep on their absolute best form, and its pitch perfect poignant ending, stirring beautiful.



1. The Godfather (1972), The Godfather Part II (1974)

It makes sense to put "The Greatest Film Ever Made" and its follow-up "The Greatest Sequel Ever Made" side by side, so we can free up a spot to squeeze another film into the list, as these two epics belong together to stand as one sweeping, unique cinematic experience. Never has there been a more engrossing gangster film, where the stakes have been this high, the characters this intense, and its many, many strands, so skilfully interwoven. It's six hours of pure cinematic genius.



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FILM

What we watched over Christmas

The Impossible



Reese Witherspoon, an Oscar-winner herself, sent a fan letter to Naomi Watts recently, praising her “brutal physical performance,” “the ferocity of [her] mothering spirit” and “soul touching moments.” And Ms. Witherspoon is spot-on when describing Watts’ contribution to the harrowing, unforgettable film based on the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami. The last time a famous actor (Julia Roberts) endorsed someone’s performance (Javier Bardem in *Biutiful*) so publicly, he ended up with a nomination. It’s a safe bet to assume the same will deservedly happen for Watts.

Looking at the film as a whole, it’s an incredibly moving story of a family torn apart by this terrible tragedy, bruised and battered by unstoppable nature, and its equally horrific and challenging aftermath. The waves crash-landing have impeccable scale and genuine terror, whereas the more human aspects of the drama, strengthened by exceptional performances from its cast find plenty of power and genuine emotions despite some rare but probably unavoidable missteps into hampering melodrama.

Jack Reacher



Tom Cruise steps in to portray the character of Jack Reacher, a man of many skills with a mysterious past who suddenly appears to help out an old acquaintance who has been accused of senselessly murdering five seemingly unconnected, innocent people on a regular day. All the incriminating evidence points towards a certain James Barr and as more is revealed, his lawyer Helen Rodin (Rosamund Pike) finds it increasingly difficult to find holes in the story.

But being who he is, he comes up with cunning ways to outsmart the bad guys, and in the end you know where the film is headed – that we see a completely different shooter in the film’s opening ensures us that the accused is innocent, and it’s really the process into proving this that the film focuses on.

It certainly over-reaches into thinking that it’s dealing with a cleverer, bigger plot than it really is, and towards the end, the big reveals aren’t at all shocking or in any way smart. But the charming box-office draw Cruise still appears to have what it takes to lead an action picture.

Quartet



A less jumbled, funnier, more touching version of 2012’s hit, *The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel*, here we have the unrealistically beautiful Beecham House, a retirement home for musicians. Their days are filled with charming songs, light and breezy humour and plenty of sunshine that really doesn’t make ageing look so bad.

Every year the residents stage a concert, the proceeds from which they use to keep their sanctuary running. With tickets more difficult to sell, they need something big. And it just so happens that there are four of the greatest singers in English operatic history staying at this place. But with a chequered past, old age, and the occasional memory lapses, will the four (Maggie Smith, Tom Courtenay, Billy Connolly, Pauline Collins) be able to save their beloved care home?

Reading the plot may make this come off as a preposterous, sugar-coated nonsense which technically this is. But with a cast this talented and an atmosphere this warm and fuzzy, it turns into that feel-good film you probably shouldn’t like but do anyway.

The Hobbit



Peter Jackson, after a long, difficult journey of putting this prequel together with numerous production delays, budget problems and creative differences, finally has one-third of it out in the cinemas. His decision to split the film into three has not been the most popular, and the slow, dragging pace is certainly felt in part one of *The Hobbit*, this one titled *An Unexpected Journey*. There is a merry band of dwarves who set out on a quest to reclaim their kingdom that has been invaded by an angry dragon. The wise wizard Gandalf the Grey enlists the help of Bilbo, a gentle-natured, home-loving Hobbit, in joining their quest.

One worries for these men as they can hardly seem to defend themselves against pretty much anything dark that comes their way, and just how on earth they’ll go about tackling a fire-breathing dragon is anyone’s guess, but for now, here is a beautiful, lengthy but often thrilling view of their Middle Earth road trip that even after almost three hours of running time only in fact gets them just a couple of thousands of miles away from their actual destination.



3.141592653589793238462643383279502884

Life of Pi

Director: Ang Lee
Screenwriters: David Magee, Yann Martel
Starring: Suraj Sharma, Irrfan Khan and Adil Hussain



Lucy Wiles

Film Editor

For those of you who have read Yann Martel’s Booker prize-winning novel *Life of Pi*, you might have wondered, how on earth this soliloquy was going to be transformed into a half decent film. The majority of the novel is set in a small boat drifting around the ocean, and relates the thoughts of the lead character – how was that going to translate successfully into a good film? After the release of the film’s advert, all hope was lost – 3D effects must surely be the focus of the producers, not the heart-rending story of the book.

This was reckoned, of course, without fabulous director Ang Lee at the

helm. Lee’s previous works include the phenomenal *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, *Sense and Sensibility* and, most recently, *Brokeback Mountain* – a very quiet film with little dialogue. Born in Taiwan, Lee has established himself over the last few decades as one of the world’s most versatile, multi-talented directors – not to mention one of the most successful – so just maybe this could be a winner. 3D glasses at the ready, thousands of viewers have flocked to see *Life of Pi* – and have come out glad that they did.

The tale begins in the present: a Canadian author (who it is assumed is Yann Martel, played by Rafe Spall) travels to India to research a book, where he is told by a friend that there is a man back home in Montreal called Pi (Irrfan Khan), with such a story to tell that ‘it will make you believe in God’. Intrigued, the author locates Pi (whose actual name is Piscine Molitor Patel), a philosophy teacher, and Pi relates the tale of his incredible life – starting as a zookeeper’s son in Pondicherry, India.

Growing up in India, the very serious and inquisitive young Pi (played by Gautam Belur at five, Ayush Tandon at twelve and Suraj Sharma at six-

teen) is intrigued by religion and the meaning of life – a development that the filmmakers treated with respectful playfulness as Pi creates a private religion combining Hinduism, Islam and Christianity with the beauty of the natural world found on his doorstep in the zoo. But when his father decides to take the animals to Canada to be sold, Pi despairs and his faith is tested. He and his family board a Japanese ship with the animals – a journey that will be far more thrilling than expected. When the ship is struck by a gigantic storm in the middle of the ocean, Pi fights for his and his family’s lives only to find himself captaining a lifeboat with just a zebra, a hyena, a female orangutan and the gigantic Bengal tiger named Richard Parker for company – watching the wreckage of the ship, crew and his family disappear down the Mariana Trench.

And so starts Pi’s grand adventure. There is no peace and relief of survival on his little boat – this is a Darwinian place where animals fight for their lives. Pi must learn to command the creatures, or die himself. Using 3D filming at its absolute finest (eat your heart out James Cameron) and CGI creatures so realistic that you wouldn’t

believe they’re not, Ang Lee and his production team make it all so horribly real, down to a few terrifying, popcorn-flying 3D moments. Pi’s 227 days at sea test his physical and mental strength (not to mention his faith) and the story is beautifully uplifting and crushingly devastating at the same time. Unfortunately the frustration of the book’s ending is not lost in the film – the crux of which is a question the adult Pi asks the author, and the answer he receives.

Adapted for screenplay by American

writer David Magee, the film is an excellent combination of narration and monologue. The young Chilean director of photography, Claudio Miranda, creates unbelievable horror in the storms, and utter beauty in the sparkling fish surrounding Pi: Miranda must surely be in line for an award. In fact, this is an awards-season movie if ever there was one – it certainly deserves every technical prize available. But alongside the magnificent effects, the story of a young boy bewildered at sea is not lost.



ARGH...salt water on nipples..!

FILM

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2013 January Preview: f

The New Year is here – which can only mean one thing: the exciting, glittery Oscar season is well under way. Films that carry their studios' high expectations are rolled out in late December over in the States, which means over here in England, we see their releases throughout January. Sick of feeling down and gloomy with the January blues? Felix Film takes a look at the excellent films on offer that should be worth your while.



Les Miserable indeed

Gangster Squad (10th January):

What should have been released in November is finally getting its push in January, although any Oscar buzz has suddenly died down and been silenced thanks to that lone gunman in Arizona. The studio rushed to take its trailer down, which featured a scene in which a group of men shoot through a cinema screen with machine guns, probably killing everyone in the cinema, not the message they want to be selling so soon after the actual real-life tragedy. Hasty reshoots were commissioned, and there is very slim chance we will actually get to see that footage.

But here is a potentially interesting cop vs. gangster scenario. Sean Penn is the notorious mob boss terrorising his city, Josh Brolin is tasked with leading a bunch of men into taking this man down; and the fun twist being that the "good guys" aren't strictly cops. They are allowed to bend the rules and often break the law, in order to complete their one-way mission. Of course, there needs to be a seductive woman involved, and here it's Emma Stone who steals the heart of Ryan Gosling. She's trapped in a loveless, frightening relationship with the bad guy, looking for a way out with the good guy.

No points for originality then; but it does sound fun with an ace cast who consistently bring their A-game. Bullets will fly, heads will roll, men will get laid, and things will explode (this isn't a sex joke, so behave).



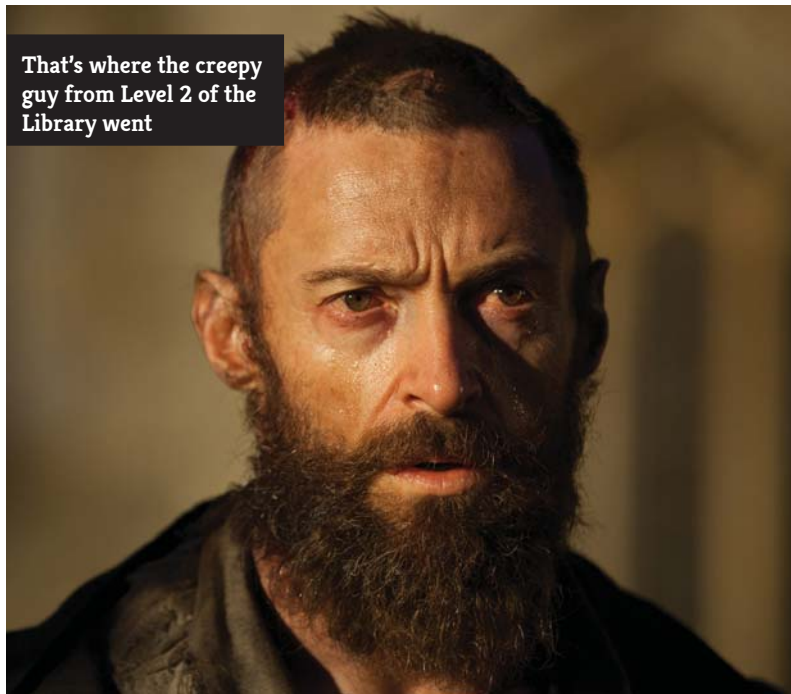
Les Misérables (11th January):

Tom "should-give-his-Best-Director-Oscar-to-David-Fincher" Hooper (*The King's Speech*) and the cast are mighty proud of their unique musical achievement. Basically, everyone does their own singing, and what you see on the screen is the actors actually doing the live singing. No miming involved whatsoever. It adds intensity, and raw emotions. Anne Hathaway certainly seems to be the front-runner to pick up the Best Supporting Actress Oscar (or a nomination at least) for her heart-wrenchingly beautiful and intense interpretation of 'I Dreamed a Dream' effectively erasing Susan Boyle from everyone's memory.

Yes, this further enhances depth and sense of struggle (just listen to the cast trying to get the top notes: it's one bloody messy struggle, perfectly mirroring the massacre and body count that follow) in the already overwrought, heavily saturated musical, which may be why this is racking up the nominations in pretty much every single award ceremony. There are sensational crowd reactions all over the world, with some cinema audiences literally rising up on their feet to applaud.

But the fact remains, the cast is largely made up of professional actors, not singers. And it certainly shows in their scratchy voices and often uncomfortable vocals that never sit quite right. Hugh Jackman (as much as we down here at Felix drool over the talented Australian) almost ruins the film's most beloved solo, Russell Crowe is unintentionally hilarious whenever he opens his mouth to sing, Amanda Seyfried's weedy soprano voice doesn't do much to add passion to her romance, Helena Bonham Carter who sounds bored only scarcely impresses in what should have been juicy comedy scenes, and it's really the supporting players hired for their stage credit, Samantha Barks and Aaron Tveit, who shine.

It's certainly a film to watch for its scale and intensity, but not for listening to the sensational tunes. The cast can't even come even close to...say...the West End cast on a dodgy day. Adjust your expectations, sit back, relax, and be bombarded with 150+ minutes of never-ending sentiment and passion.



That's where the creepy guy from Level 2 of the Library went



Cowboy hats are so in

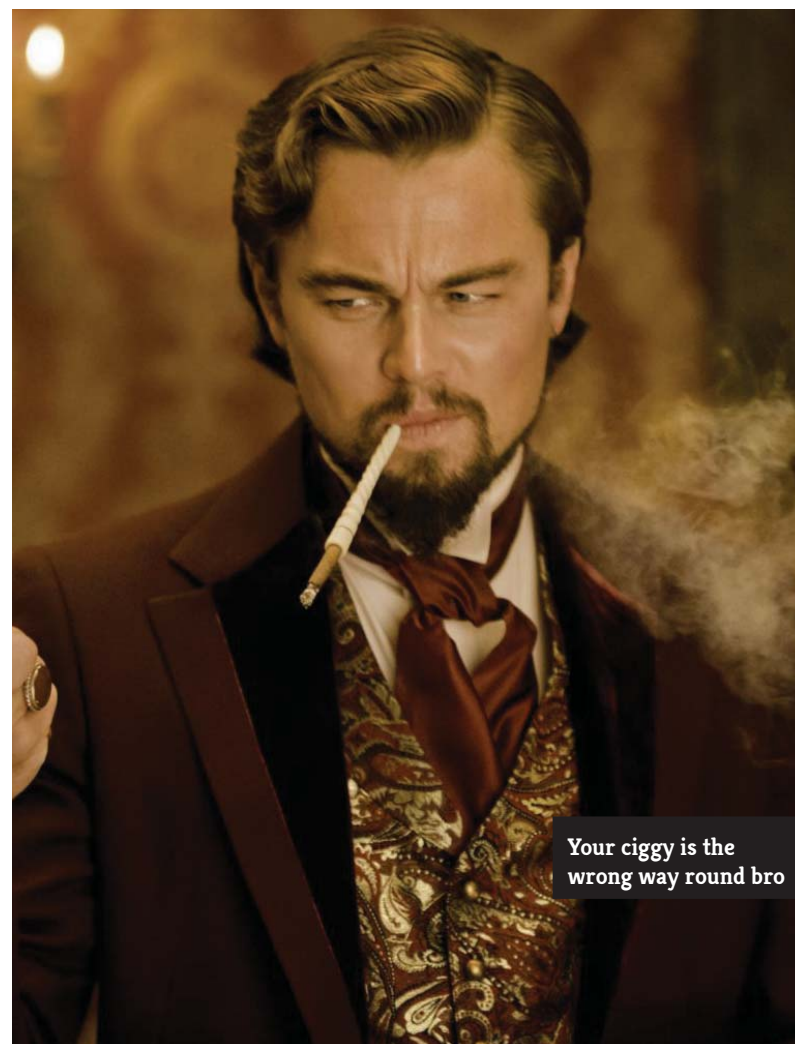
Django Unchained (18th January):

Financially speaking, this is set to become Quentin Tarantino's highest grossing film yet, and is also his best reviewed since *Pulp Fiction*.

Teamed up once again with Christoph Waltz (the man who played the excellent Nazi Colonel Hans Landa in Tarantino's previous *Inglourious Basterds*), the unique director now tackles the spaghetti western genre, without failing to add his very own special touches of sensibly over-the-top chaos and mayhem, graphic violence, snarky humour, and outrageous one-liners and an astonishingly well-assembled cast that consists of Jamie Foxx, Leonardo DiCaprio and the Tarantino-favourite, Samuel L. Jackson.

It's a revenge road-trip with slick gunfights, as a slave-turned-bounty-hunter (Foxx), with the valuable help from his mentor (Waltz), tracks down his wife (Kerry Washington) who has been kidnapped by a merciless Southern plantation owner (DiCaprio – will he or won't he get the Best Supporting Actor nod?).

Tarantino has very rarely, if ever, set a foot wrong in bringing his ideas to the big screen, and although an acquired taste, he never lets his fans down, a reliable director who always promises to bring something fresh and original to the table, and he certainly seems to achieve that here.



Your ciggy is the wrong way round bro

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FILM

for your consideration...



The Sessions (18th January):

It's a romantic comedy about sex, but probably not the kind you're thinking about.

In a bold move to portray sex as something that's not a trivial, drunken conquest, it rather sensitively approaches the theme with warmth and dignity.

For an intelligent 38-year-old journalist confined to an iron lung, it's Mark O'Brien's (John Hawkes) curiosity that leads to his search for a sex surrogate. He wants to lose his virginity. He wants to know what sexual intercourse consists of. Enter Cheryl (Helen Hunt), a sex therapist with whom Mark can have a restricted number of six educational sessions. The two are not there to fall in love, they are to merely explore their bodies, Cheryl is to teach Mark about the various senses in his body, to have him control them in intimate moments to ultimately engage in sex when the time comes with another person.

Using the character Cheryl, who is given a never-ending supply of warmth and compassion in Hunt's terrific performance, the film carefully explores Mark, his condition, and his past, to paint a fuller picture into his life, never patronisingly dismissing him as just another disabled Hollywood stereotype.

Critics and voters are clearly loving Hawkes and Hunt, as nominations are flooding in for the pair's brave portrayals of their challenging roles, with Hawkes only able to use the expressions of his face to fully engage with the audience. It's a humble offering but a more than satisfying one, in which gentle bursts of both laughs and tears will come and go.



The moment when the brain wave hits her: let's look in his house



Won't Back Down (25th January):

So this isn't actually even in close range to the Oscar race, since the reviews in the States were so disappointing back in September, but for anyone looking for an easy-going, feel-good movie of two women defying the odds and beating the big bad boys' bureaucracy club, this is the film for you.

As usual, Maggie Gyllenhaal and Viola Davis are inspirational as they stand together to reform the education system that is failing their children. The system can fail, but a parent can't – says the film's tagline and from that you can deduce what a simplistic, feel-good film this will be. Lack of heavy-hitting drama despite its given subject matter that could spark a debate for hours on end, the chances are, you will be disappointed, and this one is for fans of the excellent actresses only.



Sad because he lost his top hap

Lincoln (25th January):

A film that is as informative as it is entertaining, Steven Spielberg turns a potentially dull and dry topic into a fascinating, surprisingly humorous account of how the 16th President of the United States worked his power to pass the 13th Amendment, abolishing slavery.

Set during the American Civil War that is proving to be incredibly unpopular as well as costing countless lives, Lincoln needs enough votes, from both his own and opposing parties to push through his addition to the United States Constitution. Cunning lobbying is required, as well as careful handholding of various party members to ensure support.

One of the most dedicated method actors working today, Daniel Day-Lewis, embodies the role of a calm, collected and softly-spoken President, whereas Sally Field, with as much energy and guts she has always possessed in her fiery performances in the past, is as astounding as Mary Todd, Lincoln's wife.

It covers a lot of ground – ranging from various political gatherings in the House of Representatives, delving into the grizzly battlefields, serving as the film's opening, as well as showing the more domestic, family-oriented side to his Presidency.

Zero Dark Thirty (25th January):

Forget the non-sense controversy stirred up by paranoid politicians and naive individuals who seem to believe that America doesn't use torture. Kathryn Bigelow's gripping retelling of the 10-year manhunt and the eventual fall of Osama Bin Laden may not have everything 100% accurate (very few films can actually claim to be just that), but the condensed material is a meticulously structured, impeccably detailed, large scale procedural with a riveting performance from its lead, the ever-so versatile Jessica Chastain. The 10-year hunt takes a toll and forces Maya (Chastain) to sacrifice a lot, and it's shown in her raw, uninhibited performance of sheer realism. The film is more interested in the personal angle of the story, rather than taking a bigger, over-reaching political stance, and is more triumphant because of it.

A political thriller to blow "Argo" out of the water, it cleverly integrates several real-life events such as its harrowing opening of a completely blank screen only playing audiotapes of various victims of 9/11, and the 7/7 London bombing to push the narrative forward, and even at 157 minutes there isn't a film more consistently exciting throughout. And with a memorable final parting shot, the film isn't afraid of directly asking the audience, was all of this worth it?



Movie 43 (25th January):

Definitely has nothing to do with the Oscars. This is the definition of an anti-Oscar film. A crude, offensive comedy that sets out to insult everyone, instead of vying for awards glory, here's something to make you laugh, and something to make you feel guilty every time you burst uncontrollably into fits of laughter.

GAMES

Games Editor: Ross Webster
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New Year's 2048x1152

Ross Webster really couldn't pass up on that joke. Sorry.

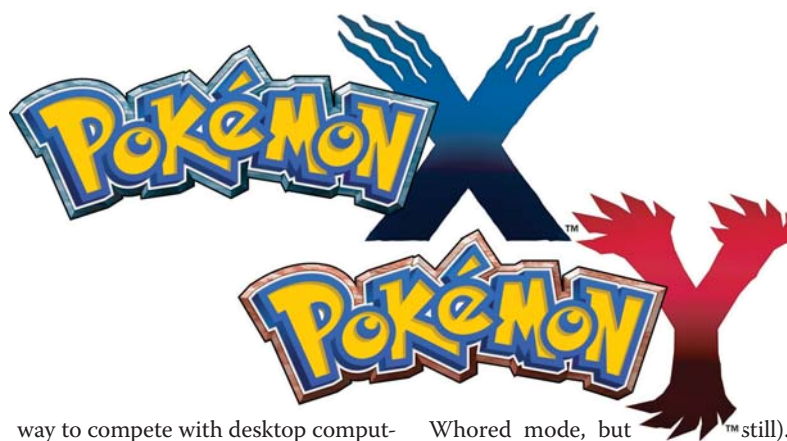
With the Steam sales now over, it's officially the start of the 2013 gaming calendar. Even before I got to mark ten days on my pin-up calendar of Alyx 'Miss January' Vance, there's news that blows away the cobwebs of 2012. As it's exam time, I'm gonna be light on your mind and not hide any secret messages in the article this time (No, really. Go and look back at the old article titles and find where I've hidden the Declaration of Independence). So, here's a low-down on what you should be paying attention to – a 2013 menu, if you will. Some things may have gone off by the time they arrive at your table, some things may have been left out for too long, making them bland and rubbery,



whilst other options may have been burnt beyond recognition, leaving a horrible taste in your mouth. Bear in mind, I'm only picking out a few choice selections here – I can't mention everything that should be a good show. Bon appétit.

Project SHIELD

Hot off the press, is news of Nvidia's pet project of 2013 – Project SHIELD – a handheld console. I can't fault them for wanting to try; a games-focussed hardware giant has a good chance of stealing some of the love that sits solely within the bank accounts of Nintendo. Yet, the images we've seen so far, look like an Alienware-branded console, which probably doesn't mean they're aiming it at the younger audience. One problem I can see, is that the older audience that'll be prime for playing this, already have a variety of ways to play games – from fully-fledged consoles, to smartphones. Looking back to the slow sales of the PS Vita, this might not be the right choice for this normally behind-the-scenes company, but time will tell. As will sales. (As an aside, I hope this thing has amazing ventilation – I don't like the idea of holding a radiator.) Paired with SHIELD is GRID – a graphics cloud. It's powerful on paper, and people are touting it as a great



way to compete with desktop computers, with the ability to stream gameplay to handheld devices. Does anyone else remember what happened to OnLive, or is it just me?

Watch Dogs

First seen at E3 2012, *Watch Dogs* is an open-world game, set in a world slightly more technologically dependent than ours. Gameplay revolves around hacking and gadgets, but it still keeps true to the current style of open-world games, incorporating third-person shooter elements, along with the stealth and parkour aspects of the *Assassin's Creed* series. I personally think the game will be quite a hit, probably with a large viral marketing or tech-based advertising scheme. It currently looks as serious a game as *GTA4* (ignoring anything that involved Roman and his love of big American tee-tees), but with any luck, there will be the opportunity to add some *Saint's Row* madness (maybe not going as far as

Whored mode, but *Wasteland 2*™ still).

Wasteland 2

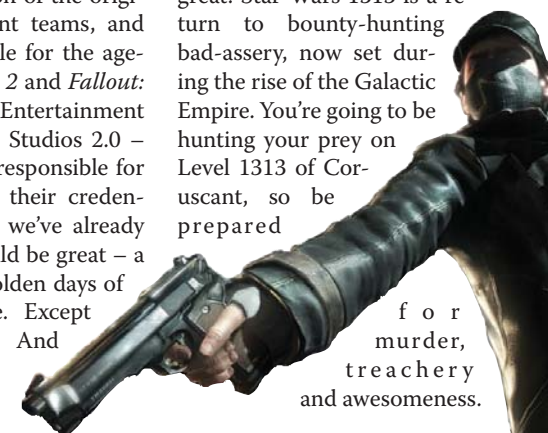
My first foray into the world of Kickstarter – *Wasteland 2*. There's a bit of a history here – *Wasteland 2* is the sequel (well, duh-doi) to *Wasteland*, the grand-father of all post-apocalyptic role-playing games, such as the *Fallout* franchise. The development team is made up of inXile Entertainment and Obsidian Entertainment, groups created after the dissolution of the original *Fallout* development teams, and who are also responsible for the ageless *Neverwinter Nights 2* and *Fallout: New Vegas*. Obsidian Entertainment is practically Black Isle Studios 2.0 – Black Isle Studios was responsible for *Fallout 2*. Considering their credentials, and the progress we've already seen, *Wasteland 2* should be great – a harkening back to the olden days of the role-playing genre. Except with better graphics. And probably more bugs.

Pokémon X & Y

You can tell what social circles you're in by the number of Facebook posts mentioning the reveal of *Pokémon X & Y* on your feed. Everyone's so excited, it's as if they've seen an Oasis vending machine in the middle of the desert, despite the latest Pokémon games coming out less than three months ago. I watched the CES reveal and to be honest, these editions do look good. The 3DS and its offspring seem ideal for the first handheld 3d Pokémon foray and to be fair, there's a predicted worldwide release (in other words, we all get the game at the same time) for October this year, so there's plenty of time to fill up that Pokédex with *flips pages* the 649 current Pokémon. I feel old.

Star Wars 1313

I loved *Star Wars Bounty Hunter*. That feeling of being the bad-ass Jango Fett, and flying throughout the galaxy to capture your unwitting targets was great. *Star Wars 1313* is a return to bounty-hunting bad-assery, now set during the rise of the Galactic Empire. You're going to be hunting your prey on Level 1313 of Coruscant, so be prepared



for
murder,
treachery
and awesomeness.

Controversy

Ross Webster Barricader-in-chief

It's not exactly a secret that I'm a fan of zombie games. From fully-fledged team-based games such as *Left 4 Dead*, to mods such as *No More Room in Hell* and *DayZ*. If you've been around this genre before, you'll notice that it nearly always takes place in the ruins of cities and towns. It makes sense, to be honest – it allows for a more varied playground of zombie-killing madness. *DayZ* took advantage of a massive piece of countryside, and made it lonely and brutal. And best-selling. Well, it's free, so it'd be best-selling if you could actually sell it. Another group finally noticed this chasm in the market, and promised us *The War Z*. The one thing that smelled fishy to the office, was that it quickly popped up on our radar, months after *DayZ* started building momentum, and less than a year later, *The War Z* was up

on Steam. And now we know how.

Despite everyone paying full price and the developers stating wonderful facts about the game, the whole thing was in an alpha-stage (to put it nicely). In other words, *The War Z* team lied to get more sales. Steam pulled the software from their store and allowed refunds (a rare occurrence within the Steam offices).

Labelling itself "The World's First Survival MMO Zombie Game" *The War Z* gives (well, gave) gamers a multi-environment open-world zombie slaughter-fest. Now, lots of games will fall under the wheels of the gaming train each year. (A new year, and I'm already creating horrible analogies). Unfavourable reviews, broken gameplay, bad advertising – all routes to the bargain bin. None are as heinous, however, as bad PR. Upon the murmurings of dissension within the community, the developers replied with 'If you don't like the game, it's not our fault. If you fol-

lowed the the game's description, word-for-word, then you took us too literally. (not their exact words, but you've got the jist).

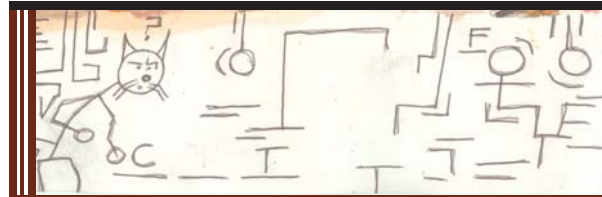
Needless to say, unhappy customers ensued and the aggressive stance of the developers did nothing to help. Pro-tip: don't rush your game, just so you can get it out first, and don't tell your customers to go frack themselves when they point out your mistakes.

If you've a hankering for an openworld zombie orgy, either gift the game to your housemates for April's Fools, or wait for the *DayZ* standalone to power through to victory triumphant. Hopefully.

I was hoping that they'd be able to recover, at least, but they've dug themselves into even deeper holes now. Bans based on your k:d ratio, the inability to play the game for four hours after you die (unless you pay, of course) and a class-action lawsuit will probably finish the game off.



Inside the body bags:
Hammerpoint's PR Team



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HANGMAN

The Hangman review of 2012

This year will probably be most remembered for a few things: fat men dancing irritatingly, and then other people copying it even more irritatingly. The year that Prince Harry's bumhole was paraded around as though he were a drunk fresher on the way home from TigerTiger. The year that Princess Catherine the first of Middletonian was photographed naked on holiday with His Williamness-thank-fuck-he's-not-Charles Prince "Wills" of Windsor. This proximity to him in an undressed state (allegedly) caused a Royal Baby™ to be announced. This was just after the Levesen enquiry produced a roughly 2000 page report that nobody read about how people who take pictures up women's skirts are slightly dickish, amongst other things that are less titillating. One person who read this (the count is now up to a grand total of two – one being Levesen himself) was David Cameron. If you don't know who he is then please avert your eyes, as you probably don't want to find out. Sure you want to proceed? Fine. He's a sort of robot made from pastys that

are taxed at 3000% who was created for the sole aim of hiring men who may or may not call policemen plebs but definitely rides a bike like he's from a BBC show about 1920s Cambridgeshire. Back on to David Cameron: he's the Prime Minister. That means his job is to be posh, or something. He read the report, which basically apparently said something about having a watchdog for the press. This is what everyone can only presume was said in it, because obviously no journalists have had the time or will to read the report: they either a.) skim read for five pages, got bored, and skipped to the conclusions and watched a video of Leveson saying what he thought if they work for the Guardian or b.) control found "sex" and "drugs" – try it for yourself – in the hope of finding out that someone from TOWIE sniffed cocaine from Prince Harry's bumhole if you work for the Daily Mail. None of them did by the way. His Prime Ministerist David Cambot said: "NAH, fuck that, let's just basically have it like it is now and go back to not watching Steve Coogan talk about paparrazi and OH MY GOD THERE'S A ROYAL BABY

ON THE WAY! FUCK YEAH! WILL IT BE TWINS?"

Anyway, other significant happenings were that everyone suddenly heard about a guy named Kony that people started caring about for a bit then forgot who he was and no longer really care about. It seems Kony is taking lessons from Assad on how to be an arse and noone care.

There was also big news for Britain. The Olympics turned out to not be shit, which everyone thought they would be. There was a massive Opening Ceremony telling the story of Britain until it was stopped to let Lord Coe talk about how great everything is, and the man with the least charisma in the world, Jacque Rogge, win a bet he made with a mate about how dull he could make his speech. At one point the Queen jumped out of a plane and was then forced to watch an hour or so of athletes walking around dressed up like flight attendants or, in Britain's case, a teenager from 1993 going on a night out in his best pair of trackies. There was also a slightly crapper Closing Ceremony, which resembled the entertainment at Butlins. Although Butlins would never let George Michael perform a high energy version of "Freedom" followed by his new song that nobody reading this can remember. The Closing Ceremony's shittiness can be summed up by the fact that the even got downgraded in the "what Royal is forced to watch this" league.

It's safe to say that it wasn't a good year for Jimmys. First it turned out that a man who acted like a creepy, sinister old man actually was a creepy, sinister old man. 'Sir' (obvious reasons for the



inverted commas) Jimmy Savile was such an unpalatable character that if he were an ingredient even every contestant on Masterchef combined couldn't find a way to work him into an okay dish. Then Jimmy Carr turned out to be avoiding tax like it was the plague. Although, when juxtaposed with Savile like that, his scandal was definitely not that bad by comparison. Of course George Osbourne, who, if you don't know what he is, is a sort of pug nosed man with a debilitating condition causing him to permanently be pulling a cum face, was "shocked" to hear this as his job doesn't involve money and taxing people at all.

Oh, and the Queen has been on the throne for ages. To celebrate this, a load of boats went paddling about in the Thames, with the Queen and others forced to stand and wave for so long that technically it could be classified as torture (USA will have taken note no doubt and start making prisoners do this too).

Boris Johnson, who's a floppy haired children's cartoon that occasionally plays the London Mayor on TV saw a surge in popularity as he bumbled

about, got stuck on a wire (sadly no-one had any eggs handy to throw), and generally worked the PR machine in his bid to be crowned King.

2012 was the year that Obama got re-elected as it became increasingly difficult to defend voting for Mitt Romney solely based on the fact that his hair is nice and he looks a bit like an actor who might play the President in a disaster film. Fun fact: this isn't the first time he's run for President. He never got this far before though, as clearly seen when his inexperience showed through as he forgot to stop saying dickish things and calling nearly half of the population free loaders.

Last year will also be remembered for the year that you could be knighted for being really good at riding a bicycle. "But it's about the hard work and dedication and training and not taking performance enhancing drugs and being inspirational and a good role model". True. Good point. But still, dedication to riding a bike. Fast. Yes. But still riding a bike. A feat that many children are dedicated to for a while. Where the fuck are their honours? Corruption.



Hugh Grant at Leveson. If only he were the Prime Minister, like in Love Actually. Sigh

Timeline of the year

Kony, as you probably didn't recognise him.



Quote from Jimmy Carr's neighbour, Sarah Spence. Look out for the incredible parting thought: "There was a group of about 10 or 15 builders at the school and when they heard that Jimmy Carr lived in the area they kept an eye out for him.

"Although he's away on tour a lot he values the time he has at home and was obviously getting a bit annoyed being reminded of his tax affairs every time he walked out of his front door. "Still, that will teach him to pay his taxes in future."



A still from a new film about a man who has a tragic illness where he has to dance like a twat all the time or he will have no money to eat.



That white beret may make him easier to spot.



I believe around his neck is what you call "bling".



Second place is good too bro.



Pornographic cartoon showing Lisa Simpson giving head.



Royal Baby Mamma. We all know you Googled those pictures.



Leveson and his report. Nice blue.



Gold medal for flashing cleavage



5 March

2-5 June 20 June

15 July

27 July - 12 August

24 August 3 October

6 November 29 November

3 December

twitter



OBAMARAMATYME2012

So you guys get anything good for Christmas?



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

A T-shirt from Sammy sayin 'I'm not conservative in the bedroom :)'. It actually has the wink face as well.



OBAMARAMATYME2012

I always had you down as the S and M type.



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

No, it's all her. She's fucked up. She told me to piss in her mouth and call her Cleggman.



OBAMARAMATYME2012

Hahahahahahahaha



Cleggman

Dude wtf?



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

She thinks I'll enjoy the sex more if she pretends to be Cleggman.



Cleggman

That's why she asked to borrow my clothes.



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

She's cut her hair as well



OBAMARAMATYME2012

I think she might need some counselling.

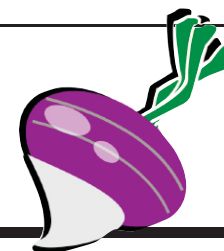


Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

Nah, she's right. It is sort of better when she looks like Cleggman

the turnip

Hangman's Finest College News Source



Santa in administration after tough holiday period

by Sir Elpme

Eccentric global entrepreneur Santa Claus has filed for bankruptcy and put his company "Christmas Industries Ltd" into administration.

This follows on from a very difficult holiday period in which he faced problems from high demand from children as well as declining belief due to kids becoming sceptical little shitbags.

This holiday season more people on Earth were on Earth. This meant that he had more work than ever before. However, many children had stopped asking him for presents as they realised that their parents handwriting looks suspiciously similar to Mr Christmas' and that they thought they saw their dad creep downstairs last year.

Christmas Industries Ltd also suffered a major scandal when the conditions and pay of the elves were revealed by the Guardian, with the Daily Mail latter picking up the story. The widespread coverage saw unprecedented industry action by the elves who demanded payment and to be allowed to wear different clothes. Mr Claus is also currently on trial for the mistreatment of animals and a suit is being filed by Mr Rudolf of the North Pole claiming that Santa ignored him until his nose became an asset. Mr Rudolf has also said that Mr Claus "knew of the bullying and alienation that I was being subjected to. He just



Mr Claus in a rare public appearance, although some say it was a body double

stood there and laughed in his trademark jolly manner. That Comet and Dasher are nasty pieces of work, despite their placid image they project."

Santa was also controversially arrested after CCTV evidence showed that he has been pioleting a flying sled whilst under the influence of thousands of glasses of alcohol, with the officer at the scene saying the breathalyser blew up when he was tested.

Mr Claus has denied all accusations

and has pledged to fight them all. He has also lashed out at Amazon and other online retailers for stealing his elves work. He continued with "Seriously, Apple and Samsung are ruining local businesses like mine. How are my elves supposed to make as sophisticated devices as a smartphone? Do you think I have the resources to invest in that kind of research and development?" Mr Claus also denied the drink driving charge.

Fresher resorts to Facebook rather than terrible clubs in latest bid to find love

His friends are reported to be "more inventive than just typing 'I'm gay' as his status".



Simon Gee

Thinking of setting up a society for people who are into 50 Shades kinda stuff. Who would be up for it?

Like · Comment · Follow post · 3 January at 22:18 near Hammersmith

2 people like this.

Write a comment...

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

HANGMAN



TWAT OF THE WEEK

Ohhhhh, yummy baked beans on the table. That's exactly what he said when he greedily ate it. Schoolboy error, hold your head in shame, wait, you already are...

Got a photo of someone being a waste of a student loan? Get permission, then just send it to us at: felix@imperial.ac.uk

THE NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



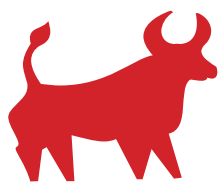
Terrorists admit "birthday bomb cake not the most effective assassination tool"

JANUARY EXAMSCOPES – CAFFEINE PLEASE



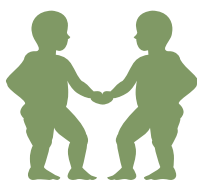
ARIES

This week you have finished exams :D !!! You are really looking forward to a weekend off, with some time to reintegrate yourself into society following revision exile. However, your lecturer decides to put the first lectures for your next module on Saturday, and sets a coursework deadline for Monday. I hope you don't think you deserved a break.



TAURUS

This week, you develop an irrational attachment to Gilson pipettes. You smuggle a p1000 out of the lab, lovingly caress its shaft, and even buy it a velvet cushion so it can sleep next to you with your head nuzzled against the tip ejector. However, while you sleep it jabs you in the eye and escapes back to the lab. You are heartbroken.



GEMINI

This week you have more student loan! However, after shopping in Whole Foods for a week it is all gone again – you have to live off plain pasta all term and your brain shrivels up from lack of nutrients. In a desperate measure, you cut your arm off and cook it in your toastie maker. But you can't quite bring yourself to eat it and die of starvation.



CANCER

This week you've been stealing your housemate's shower gel, thinking they won't notice. Unfortunately for you, they craftily replace the gel with hair removal cream. After your next shower, you look in the mirror and realise you are completely bald – all over. Let that be a lesson to you all, you stingy twats. Pint?



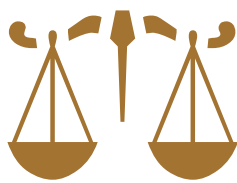
LEO

This week Venus is aligned with Saturn, which is a sure sign that this term you are going to have loads of coursework, develop rickets from sunlight deficiency, get rejected by your crush, get 10 bike punctures, and spend Valentine's Day alone again. The planets never lie; it's going to be another great term.



VIRGO

This week you get the biggest rejection of all. Oxbridge. Nah, just kidding. You got that ages ago. Looking at how well your exams went last term, it's probably a good thing you didn't get in. Things are on the up as the sexiest thing you've ever seen is dancing near to you. They push you away, saying "I only like Cambridge boys".



LIBRA

This week you go collecting money for charity hoping that good karma will neglect the lack of writing on your exam script. You whore your body out, but it turns out nobody wants it and even medical research turns you down with the doctor performing the study saying "it's not you, it's me, I like you as a friend".



SCORPIO

This week you fall in love with a test tube. It just fits so snugly around your warm genitals. Ohhhh yeah. Your love affair blooms and soon you just can't get enough of each other. You get stuck and have to go to the emergency room. You have a 10 hour wait and nothing to eat but your ejaculate. You decide you've eaten worse in the Library



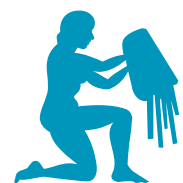
SAGITTARIUS

This week you won't fucking stop sniffing in the Library in the QUIET AREA. Nobody wants to hear your cold loudly played out while trying to remember random shit we'll never need to know. You end up being a passed a note that simply reads "sniff this please - signed everyone" containing anthrax. People are mean.



CAPRICORN

This week you look to the heavens for the answers. Unfortunately, someone found the paper that you hid on the ceiling and you're now in the shit for cheating unless you can pull off pretending to have an incredibly strong twitch in your neck. Turns out you're not a good actor, and you're definitely doing resits.



AQUARIUS

This week revision and highlighting all of your notes has made you a crazy person who must highlight everything. All work and no highlighting makes Jack a DULL DULL BOY. Will page 5 of lecture handout 6 be crucial. WILL IT. ANSWER ME. Maybe they'll double bluff and use something from the first lecture. No-one revises that.



PISCES

This week you have to choose between swimming across a lake of colostrum or having 100 raisins crammed up your bum. Both are nutritious options; the colostrum would go great with your cereal but might be a bit fatty, while goodness from the raisins could infuse through the lining of your anal passage but might get quite sticky. What's it going to be?

HANGMAN

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CLASSIC IMPERIAL

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I'm going to look over all of my lecture notes from that week every weekend.

The classic lie you tell yourself every year. It started at the beginning of your degree when you said that you'll be really hard working and organised at university, not like you were at school. Gone are the days that you draw penises on notes and write "cunt" in ink on a rubber. You're mature now. You're all grown up. You have your own finances to take care of and you go food shopping. You even have a student newspaper that uses the word cunt twice in one paragraph.

Even the biggest lad in the rugby team who guzzles Fosters and likes "tits" will, deep down, be an Imperial nerd who's thought this to himself. In reality, first week of term you have exams/can't be arsed, so you say you'll start next week. If you're lucky you'll look over your notes one weekend and never do it again.



Chances she's on Facebook 100%

Chance of completion: 0%

This term I'll be organised and will bring in pack lunches every day.

First three of four days will be fine and this pack lunch novelty will be new and exciting. About two weeks in, when eating the exact same sandwich and all of the uneaten bananas have gone off you find yourself eating the terrible, uncooked jacket potatoes of the Library Café, wishing someone would inject it with LSD to improve the dining experience. That's where the slippery slope starts, and before you know it even your Twixes aren't packed in your bag. You envy the person who even wraps up their middle class bread and mature cheddar with seasonal vegetable creation in expensive looking foil.



Middle-class wet dream.

Chance of completion: 30%

This year I'm going to be having sex like I'm a US rap star

Unless rap stars are now famed for masturbating into a crusty sock while crying, you probably won't be. You'll maybe try to revamp your image as some kind of Imperial College Russell Brand. In the January sales you'll find some pair of skinny jeans that may or may not be in (how would you know? In the Library everything but full on nudity is acceptable to wear). Not realising your low cut v neck tops just look ridiculous. Also, you're in England and it's too cold to bother with all of that "wearing fashionable clothes" thing as most of the time they're freezing. Perhaps you'll try to update your wardrobe with a "signature hat" that you'll never, ever get the courage to actually put on.



WAIT MUM DON'T COME IN

Chance of completion: 5%

Chance of self-completion: 100%

Next time I won't cram for my exams, I'll start revision early...

Who are you kidding? It's definitely not yourself or anyone else that you say this too. "Yeah, I reckon I might start looking over shit in like Easter probably". No you fucking won't. Don't you know how much terrible TV there is to stream at 11am the day after your latest night out. Revision's not going to cure that hangover. Neither will lying in bed watching trashy TV, but that will sure feel like a cure.

Everyone knows you can't start revising a module until all others are done, that's why revision has to start. Also, it's like a rite of passage or a tradition or something for students to cram. Right?



Easter bunny aka shit version of Santa

Chance of completion: 10%

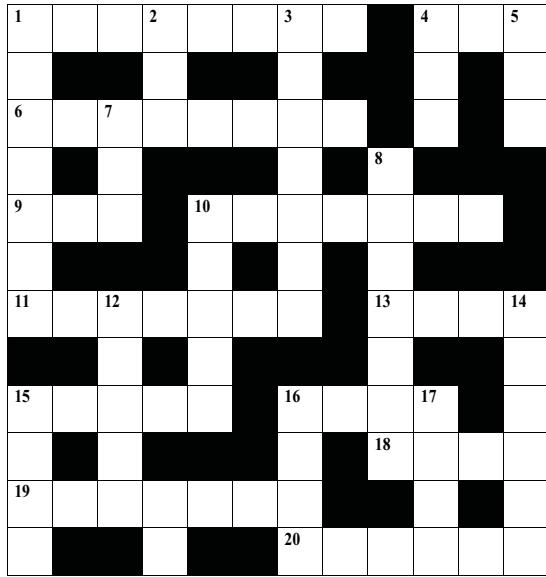
Don't waste your jokes on your friends, as we all know you have none, write for Hangman. Email felix@imperial.ac.uk



Puzzles Commanders:
Sotirios Karamitsos
Louisa Byrne
 puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk

PUZZLES

Mini Crossword

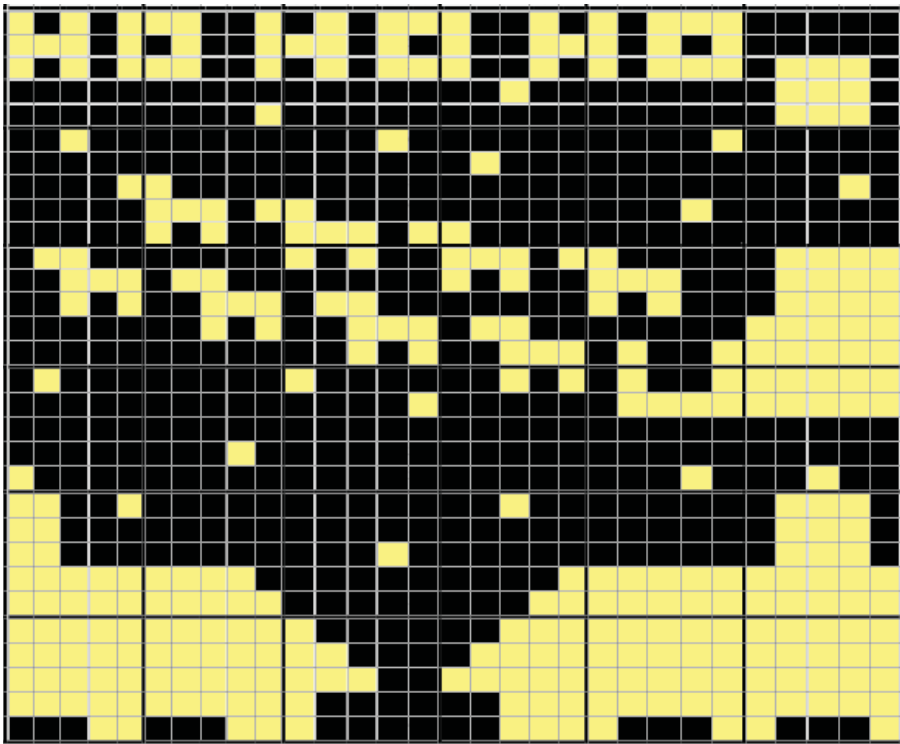


- ACROSS**
1. Latest time (8)
 4. Headwear (3)
 6. Organised, sorted (8)
 9. Crystal Ball (3)
 10. Permitted (7)
 11. Times of year (7)
 13. Bread (4)
 15. In the countryside (5)
 16. Measure of alcohol (4)
 18. Bird feature (4)
 19. Seeping, dripping (7)
 20. Prostitute (6)

- DOWN**
1. Mythical beasts (7)
 2. Genetic code (3)
 3. Sewing pins (7)
 4. Move on one leg (3)
 5. End of, e.g. fingers (3)
 7. Bone (3)
 8. Fork-tailed songbird (7)
 10. Coral Island, ring shaped reef (5)
 12. Main body artery (5)
 14. Scare (6)
 15. Bap (4)
 16. Audible breath to show emotion (4)
 17. Cash register (4)

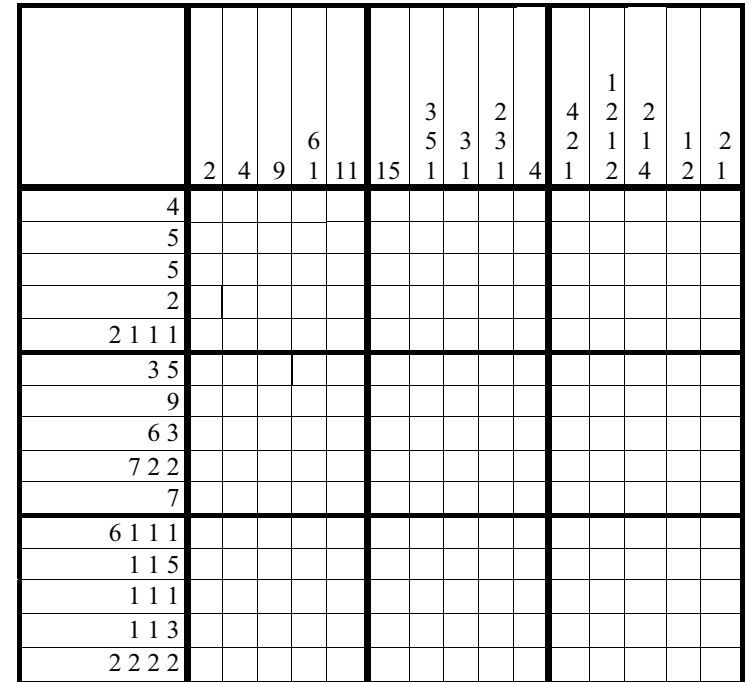
Christmas Nonogram

Sorry about the typo - and I tried so hard!



1. Tasty?

The numbers show you how many groups of black squares are in a row or column, as well as how many black squares each group consists of. Filling in the grid produces a pretty picture.

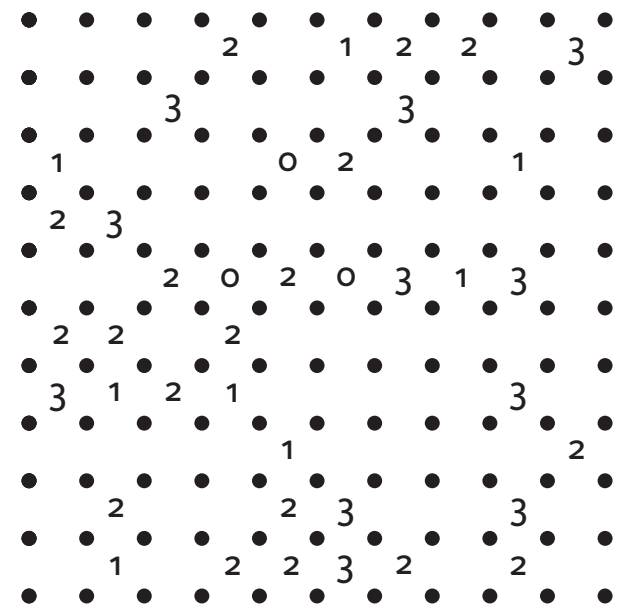


Want to see your name here? Have good ideas to share? Submit a puzzle.

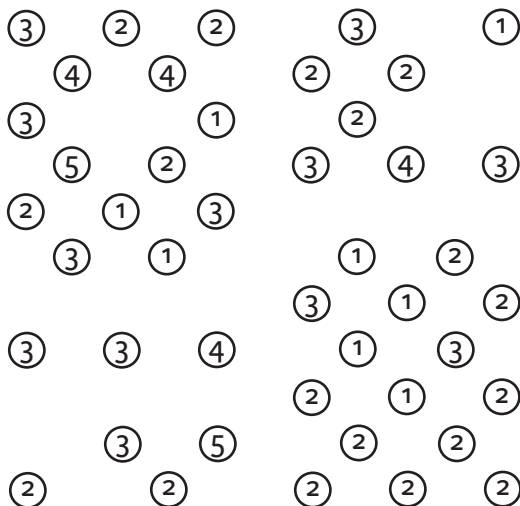
Slitherlink

In case you forgot them over Christmas, here are the rules. You need to draw a single closed loop by joining the dots (not diagonally!) so that the numbered squares are surrounded by the corresponding number of lines.

FUCWIT is resetting this term, so keep sending your answers to puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk.



Hashi



Connect all the islands with bridges so that you can get from any island to any other one. There are restrictions, though: the bridges have to be either vertical or horizontal and they must not intersect. You can have up to two bridges between any two islands and, last but not least, each island must have exactly as many bridges as the number on it states.

FUCWIT Final Standings

TEAMS	
TTBumbles	43
Epiphenomenal Imbroglia	32
Sexy Beasts	17
INDIVIDUALS	
Yufan Zhao	62
Wael Aljeshi	34
M-Soup	21
Jake Humphrey	17
Tan Wei Jie	10
Gordon Wu	8
Jason Parmar	2
Chang How	2
Cosmin Badea	1

Congratulations to the winners!
 We will be in touch about Netflix subscriptions.

Knights and Knaves

If a knight says "I believe that X", X must be true, because if he is sane, he does believe X and what he believes is true, and if he is insane, he believes 'not X', but what he believes is false. Similarly, if a knight says "I believe that I believe that X", if he is sane, X must be true, but if he is insane, X must be false, since he doesn't believe that he believes X, which from the above means that X is false. The above holds for an odd or an even number of "I believe that"s, respectively. So, the first inmate ensures that the head is sane. The second inmate can be either insane or sane, but assuming he is sane leads us to a contradiction, because the statement of the inmate behind him means he is insane. So he must be insane. Thus, we can proceed in pairs (1-2, 3-4, ...), all of whom are sane-insane, and also deduce that the 99th inmate is sane. This, along with the head's statement, means that the horrible conclusion Craig came to was that, apart from the head doctor, all the doctors in the asylum were insane and all the inmates sane!

IC Rowers triumph

Rory Sullivan

Sports Writer

The Scullers Head of the River is traditionally an Imperial College dominated event, with multiple pennant and overall winners dotted around current and past IC members. Unfortunately our most recent winner Jamie Kirkwood was released in the summer transfer window on a Bosman free, therefore hopes had turned to the latest crop of IC athletes to step up to the plate. And did they step up! ICBC had the quickest female sculler of the day as well as overall 3rd place, 5th place and 8 pennants, unbelievable!

It was an absolutely freezing December day on the Tideway, however the wind had been kind to the rowers and it was very still. One of the very last scullers to race was Georgie Phillips; she had waited for over 500 other scullers to come past her before she could start. In her shiny new Fillipi she tanked it down the course in stylish fashion, overtaking multiple scullers on her way. However despite the excellent row, even Georgie wasn't expecting to finish 105th, be the quickest



lady of the day and win an IM3 Lightweight pennant to go with it! Even head Coach Don McLachlan was left speechless during his speech at the annual dinner later on that evening (more on this later). Well done Georgie!

Close behind Georgie in the overall rankings was Helen Wood, who picked up the IM2 pennant and was the second fastest woman of the day. Yet another pennant came in the form of Myriam Goudet, ICBC's latest big deal from across the channel. Myriam has been impressing everyone in the past few months, both with her rowing ability and the fact that she understands what the hell Paul Jones is talking about. Myriam

picked up the Elite pennant after an excellent morning's work.

On the Men's side, the IC-lightweight boys have been at it again. Myles Holbrough romped his way to an 11th position overall and picked up the Lightweight IM2 pennant in the process. He was closely followed by Paul Jones, who won the Lightweight IM1 pennant and finished an excellent 16th overall. Myles said he was 'over the moon' to beat love rival Tom 'grim' Hope, new boy on the block at IC. Despite struggling with illness and the distractions of an undergraduate degree at Roehampton (SO MANY PARTIES), Tom still won the Lightweight Elite Pennant, pipping Bad-

Man Wilf Kimberley by just 1 place overall.

Another girl strutting her stuff in a new Fillipi was Cat Buizza. Despite racing with the weight of a hot water bottle (to keep warm at the start) Cat managed to win the Women's Novice pennant in style. The final pennant winner of the day was Hal Bradbury, who was the quickest Senior Man.

Although not pennant winners, Henry Goodier and Ben Spencer-Jones ensured IC again dominated the top-5, coming 3rd and 5th respectively. They were racing in the extremely tough Novice category (in which they finished 2nd and 3rd) despite Ben burying himself in a helpless fellow novice somewhere around the Island. These results are all the more impressive considering both of these chaps are sweepers at heart (and Ben not even that!). Ben's 5th place puts him in a list of undisputed IC legends who have also finished in the most prestigious position at this wonderful head, including international Boat-Man superstar Sam Scimgeour, Desert Running nutter JPD and of course (otherwise why would I big

it up) Yours truly.

IC had so many excellent performances that I haven't been able to fit them all in so sorry if you haven't had a shout out, next time win a pennant! Anyway, almost as soon as the last IC sculler had crossed the line, attention turned to the evenings frivolities. The ICBC Annual Dinner was held at the Rembrandt Hotel in Knightsbridge, and it was brilliant. Big shout out and well done to Ben, Lily, Sammy C and the rest of the committee (apart from me) who did a fantastic job organising it. It was great to see the class of '92 at the dinner this year, and everyone is looking forward to getting out our shiny new eight named in their honour. There were some beautiful moments at the dinner, my two personal favourites were Harriet sweeping Myles off his feet and IC legends Andy G and Winnie showing off their shaven legs in Pacha (they are now cyclists!).

ICBC are looking forward to 2013 and have already been back training hard. Next event is BUCS head in February and it is all guns blazing from now until then so we can bring home the bacon.

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SPORT

Squash's day out with the Pros

Stephanie Walton Sports Writer

Rich people tend to lavish their money on fast cars, helicopters and yachts. Portable glass squash courts, though, are surely the ultimate display of status and wealth. The court can be assembled at the drop of a hat (well... within three weeks) at whatever location the owner fancies. Which means that he can perfect his backhand on palm tree-lined beaches, practise his reverse-drive on top of the Sydney Opera House, and delight the crowds in St. Peter's Square...

But wait. Imperial's three squash courts are neither glass nor portable, so how is it that I know about, and indeed dream of, portable glass squash courts? Well simply because I've seen one. The

ATCO PSA World Squash Finals 2013 were played on one of these unusual, transparent, spectator courts, assembled at the elite Queen's Club in South West London. A handful of members of Imperial College's own squash club, led by Jackie Ho, were lucky enough to witness an evening of incomparable entertainment. Tennis fans who tire of watching their compatriots losing at early stages should certainly consider defecting to squash. No fewer than 3 out of 8 men's contestants, including the World Numbers 1 and 2, were English and in the ladies' draw there was an all English semi-final; as a nation, we are a very good at squash. As are Egypt, who had the most players in the draw, and whose charismatic Amr Shabana walked off with the men's title.

The standard of squash was, need-

less to say, fantastic. The ladies' number 1, Malaysian Nicol David, floated across the court in a beautiful white dress disposing of her opponent with grace and ease. The men's games were fought with speed, determination and a touch of drama – part of Nick Matthew's handle fell off his racket mid-point and all the players were at some point discontented with an umpire's decision. These human machines were exerting themselves to the limits and consequently, the court floor had to be mopped at regular intervals because it was so sweaty.

I think all spectators who attended this brilliant event will agree with me on the following two points: a) watching squash can be even more draining than playing and you must remember to breathe, especially during long rallies.



IC Squash in action....one day

b) squash thoroughly deserves to become an Olympic sport. Not only does it require energy, skill, stamina and inspiration but it is also an exhilarating

game to watch. And it should bring Britain both medals and glory. Here's to the Olympic Committee coming to their senses in time for 2020!

Hurlers Retain Title (Almost)

Mitch Cuddihy Sports Writer

Much like Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, Sat 3rd November found me leading 10 Imperial hurlers. This time however the hammer would fall, not in Thermopylae, but in Birmingham. Same difference some would say. The challenge facing us was very much as daunting. Our titanic adversaries were University of Dundee, Robert Gordon University (Aberdeen) and University of Liverpool.

First game definitely put the wind up us. We were ten sheets to the breeze and two men down from the minimum requirement (13; i.e. 11+2 = 13). Luckily our brethren from County Kilburn came up trumps and facilitated us fantastically; fixing two fine fellas for our force. Sean and Luke they claimed their names were. We were sceptical but bought it for the time being. Making up the numbers, we descended onto the pitch and gave the attending crowd (estimates were from between 3 to 35,000) an outstanding display of sweet hurling skill in a rather haphazard and garish warm-up. I skipped the warm up, and went out for the 'toss' with the 'ref'. I won with an outstandingly delicious call of 'heads'. I elected to play with the wind, a decidedly handsome call, as in any hurling game the wind, that flowing channel of atmosphere, often plays a surreptitious and provocative role. Unfortunately it made little or no difference to our performance. An awe-inspiring and beautiful display of hurling (by Imperial) saw us trail by the slim margin of 8 points to nil in the first half. The team talk was tricky but using some sad rubbish I downloaded from 'The Internet' I managed to cor-



Winning smiles all round

ral the lads and convince them to stay awake for the second half. "Job done", I smirked as we embarked back out onto the pitch for the second half. And as if by miracle or something, my half-time mutterings were paying off. Big style. We had scored a point! An excellent move involving most of the team resulted in new star signing "Seán" from Kilburn flashing over a gorgeous point. We all cheered. Imbued by this arrogant display of class Imperial surged forward and managed to only lose the game by 21 points. Hurling's like that my old dad would say. One minute you have it, then its gone. No big deal. No sense in boiling your cabbage twice he'd also say, so yeah, ya know yourself.

We decamped to the dressing room in preparation for our next game against the team representing Univer-

sity of Liverpool. Whilst in the dressing room I had a cheese sandwich. I'm sure someone else had a wrap. One of the lads was even meditating under a steady stream of cold water from the shower. The level of zen and calm in the room was palpable, as was the stale smell of drink and the peaky hungover faces. A lethal, and winning combination I scoffed.

After our 30-minute break I rounded up the troops and told them 'to give it a lash this time now lads like, thanks'. And they did just that. Once again I heroically won the toss, sticking with my secret formula. The lads gave another expert display with the warm up. You could have melted butter off those pulsing legs. Staring down the tremendously ugly opposition we let rip in what was to be our most success-

ful encounter. We hurled well until half time and arrived only 1-0 to 0-1 down, having pointed a well earned free. The cheers were embarrassing but definitely arousing. A short recess and another boring team talk and we were back on the pitch. I think most of the lads had a drink of water aswell.

I felt we really did ourselves justice in the second half. A great passage of play culminated in Tipp All-Star Darragh Ryan being pulled down in the box, resulting in a free. I fluffed the 21 metre free but luckily it sailed over the bar so we got to leave the pitch with two whole points, which I was very happy with. Whereas the first result may be compared to a heavy smacking this one was more comparable to a playful bit of slap and tickle, so nothing to moan about like.

Contemplating the game with the end of my cheese sandwich, I really felt that I could relate to the old Irish saying "don't give cherries to pigs".

Final game of the group stages was against none other than – Robert Gordon University. I told the lads that Aberdeen hasn't a great record in the Champions League so therefore I felt supremely confident that we'd do well.

This game was to be our last but by God we gave it everything we had, including the kitchen. Aberdeen turned out to be a decent outfit and we had a very enjoyable game of hurling. Our All-Star and player of the tournament came up trumps with a devastatingly scrumptious goal. We lost, but not by much, which made for an inspiring trend considering our limited preparation.

Rather like General Custard and his last stand, Leonidas and his issues with the Persians, I proudly lead a beaten but cheerful Imperial College Hurling team home after the Aberdeen match. There were no tails between any of our legs.

In one serious paragraph, I would like to mention a couple of things. Thanks a million to the Union for the lend of the bus, thanks to Warwickshire GAA for hosting the event – they are credit to the GAA massive, as are the troopers at the British Universities GAA, mighty men so they are. It is with such unswerving dedication and commitment that the proud Irish traditions have not faltered, in well over 100 years.

My advice to next years hurling team: don't be afraid to tie your haystacks down when the wind is blowing.

May the cabbage always rise with you and your family.



“Keep the Cat Free”

“Isn’t that just a mint with a hole in it?!”

Felix Sport catches up with Riding and Polo on just what makes them love their sport so much

Alex Savell

Polo Chair

As you gaze across the verdant greenery of the unbroken grass field, a coursing vibration climbs up your legs, building rapidly until suddenly 8 horses burst into your vision. 32 bandaged pony legs flashing bright colours as they thunder past; players calling loudly to one another as they jostle and fight to make a play on the tiny, white ball; the distinctive ‘click’ as a long mallet, bent at a seemingly impossible angle, connects and send the ball soaring a hundred metres or more towards a goal off in the distance. This is the spectacle of polo and words, much like television don’t really do it justice. TV has been the downfall of many sports over the years; it’s pretty tough to televise something on a pitch the size of 9 football pitches where the players move at 30 miles an hour and the solid ball, barely bigger than a tennis ball, can move at well over 110mph.

In some respects this is a great shame; it’s high time that some of the more obscure sports and those that have a reputation for exclusivity are thrown into the limelight. I’ve always said that any sport that involves riding around



far too fast and whacking things with a mallet is a game that was designed more for chavs than the aristocracy, so it’s about time it shook its elitist stereotype. Still, polo is guilty of failing to entice new players and fans. You’d think a high speed, contact sport, played on beautiful grounds, on beautiful animals, wouldn’t have trouble attracting people to watch. But to the outsider the rules of polo are about as unintelligible

as my degree is to me. But polo isn’t, essentially, a complicated affair; you and your three team mates just have to hit a ball in the goal more times than your opponents do.

Unfortunately, from there it does get a bit more complicated. With a total of 48 legs between horses and riders, 8 mallets 1 ball and 8 brains on the pitch (players definitely don’t have brains) there’s too much potential for catastro-

phe not to have a few rules. With this in mind, almost every rule is designed with the safety of either the player or, more often, the horses in mind. For example, the most common foul in polo, and the biggest thing to learn, is known as crossing the right of way. In more comprehensible terms, it means you can’t get in the bloody way of a horse barrelling along after the ball! The rule is in place to ensure that there aren’t collisions between horses, something that could be extremely dangerous whether you’re four legged or two, and it also sets up most of the tactics of the game.

Knowing that no one can come in front of you means that, with clever play (something that players seldom achieve), you can control who is in a position to mount a defence or make any play at the ball. Equally crucial is the fact that it’s illegal to reach over or across any other players pony, for obvious reasons, and the only contact allowed is to come shoulder to shoulder with another player and push him or her sideways – though mallets can also come into contact with one another to spoil players’ shots. With all this going on it’s a wonder that players ever get a chance to hit the ball, but hit it they

do. Even with the short 7 to 7 and a half minute periods of play (normally 4 or 6 to a match), designed to protect ponies that have to work flat out for that time, scores can quickly get into the double figures.

With bangs and crashes, long hits, spectacular goals, falls, rears, thrills and spills it’s easy to see why those that enjoy the sport are so passionate about it. It’s not in any way a gentlemanly affair played only by princes. Competitively, it’s a high-speed, high-adrenaline showcase of skill and courage where horsepower (*pony-power*) still reigns supreme. It ranks up there in terms of dangerous sports, but oddly, it’s the professionals in the most danger; to those trying it for the first time, or playing it at a low level, the speeds and risks are much reduced. And in the winter game of arena polo, in a smaller enclosed space with an inflatable leather ball, things can be even more frantic with still lower risks. Admittedly, I may be biased, but if you want to have a look for yourself and form your own opinion... or even hop on a horse and give it a go; polo@imperial.ac.uk are waiting eagerly to hear from you whether you’re a polo pro or a complete pony virgin.

Rachel Gregory

Riding Captain

A dark and snowy December morning saw the Imperial College Equestrian Team meet for their second competition of the year at Trent Park Equestrian Centre in Enfield. The team met at 7am at Baron’s Court tube and began the long tube journey to Oakwood for their home competition, by the time we got to the stables the sun had risen and the snow was beginning to melt, but the team was not looking forwards to plaiting and grooming horses in the freezing cold!

On arrival at the stables we were greeted by a decorated Christmas tree and Christmas carols which instantly brightened our mood, and after a quick briefing by Captain Rachel the team began cleaning the horses and plaiting their manes and tails to hopefully win brownie points with the judge! Due to the snow, Kent were running late, but we managed to do the draw and start the competition nearly on time, despite it taking half an hour to find the dressage boards that had gone missing at the centre.



The scoring in the BUCS equestrian competitions is complicated – the rider who does the best dressage test or show-jumping round on each horse scores 0 and then the difference between the other riders score and the best score on that horse is their score as a penalty, i.e. 0 is the best. The dressage tests are scored out of 250 points, and the show-jumping out of 210, and

scores in both phases generally range from 55% to 80%.

Claudia Saksida rode her horse, Kaliber, a dark bay gelding who was replacing our first choice horse Samba, because he had pulled a muscle, really well despite his difficult nature and complete lack of interest in dressage, and she scored 16 penalties after the dressage phase. Andre Wilmes rode

second on his horse, Jay, an experienced chestnut gelding and rode a masterclass of a test to win on his horse and score 0 penalties. Rachel Gregory was third on her horse, Franklyn, a chestnut gelding, and rode a neat and accurate test to score 1 penalty and Liane Marshallsay was last on her horse, Galileo, a big palomino gelding, and her test was beautiful to score 3 penalties

At lunchtime after the dressage Imperial were in second place behind the University of Kent, who were in the lead by 19 points after they managed to win on three of the horses! Royal Holloway were in third and LSE in fourth. Lunchtime saw frantic course building and tacking up of the show-jumping horses. Some of the teams were surprised at how big the show-jumping course was (we built it as big as we could!) but after the course walk everybody was happy and the competition got underway.

Imperial had again been drawn as team four, which meant that Claudia was again the first Imperial competitor. Claudia was riding Monsoon, a tricky dark bay gelding, but she jumped a tidy round but had an unfortunate pole down, leaving her on 3 penalties

once all four riders on her horse had completed. Liane was second on her horse Teak, and had a pole down and a run out (when the horse doesn’t jump the jump so you have to do a circle and jump it again) and was given 16 penalties. Rachel was third on Freddie, a bay gelding, and she jumped a stylish clear round to be judged the best rider on her horse, giving her a score of 0. After a nervy few minutes when two riders from LSE fell off in the warm up, Andre was the last to ride on his horse, Lucy, a big bay mare. He also jumped a stylish clear round to be given the best jumping score of the day and win on his horse, scoring 0 penalties.

The final results revealed that the Imperial team had taken advantage of the home competition and won by a narrow margin of ten points. University of Kent were second, Royal Holloway third and LSE were fourth. Andre won individually and Rachel was second. After the first two mini-league competitions Imperial are top of the league.

A huge thank you goes to all the helpers on the day, without whom the competition would not have run as smoothly as it did!