





felix

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year

The student newspaper of Imperial College

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Centenary celebrations commence

“Any excuse for an alliterative headline,” says *Felix*

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

This Tuesday saw the official launch of the College's Centenary celebrations, commemorating a hundred years since the founding of Imperial College in 1907.

The event was marked with official cake-cutting ceremonies (complete with plenty of free cake for bystanders) at both the College and the Union. The Rector cut a cake in the Tanaka entrance, and introduced the student who will be running in the London Marathon for the Centenary Campaign. The Deputy Rector, Professor Sir Leszek Borysiewicz, gave a brief

speech to students gathered in Beit Quad before the centenary balloon race. Hundreds of blue balloons were launched out of the Quad, including one which managed to get jammed in the scaffolding on the Union building.

The money raised during the Centenary period will be used to fund a number of projects. Chief among these are the Beit Redevelopment, and the Student Hardship Fund.

Student events were also to be found on campus; the Artsfest squad were out in force to advertise their upcoming events, ICU's Big Band provided some rather pleasant music in the Quad, while ICRAadio deafened those waiting in line

to take tours of the Queen's Tower, which was open for the day.

In the evening, the Rector gave his Centenary Lecture in the Great Hall, which filled the room to capacity. He spoke warmly about the College's history, and outlined the College's vision for the future in form of the College Fund, a large store of money which will be used for facility improvements, including hall redevelopments. He disappointed those present who were hoping for an announcement on Imperial's recent bid for BP's £500m Biofuels Institute to come to the campus, skirting the topic entirely; when approached by *Felix*, he said: “I don't know, no-one knows. It could be tomorrow.”



Beit Quad balloon launch (left), the Rector cuts the cake (middle), and the ICU Big Band (right)

Rector's lecture

PHOTO BY EMERSON VIGOUREUX



The Rector, Sir Richard Sykes, delivering his well-received Centenary lecture to the great and good of the College. He discussed the history of the South Kensington campus, including the revelation that one of the original foundation stones of the original College laid by Edward VII was lost or destroyed during the construction of the Tanaka Business School. He also managed a quick jocular reference to *Felix*, showing a cover of an issue from 1957 and commenting: “This was back when *Felix* was a good newspaper.”

Union secures pay rise for PhD students

Volunteer postgrad reps' dossier convinces the College to pay PhD students in all departments their London weighting

Andy Sykes
Editor-in-chief

The Union has secured an agreement that the College will pay London students their full London weighting, amounting to an annual increase of around £2000 in some departments. The agreement is a culmination of efforts by volunteer research representatives and the sabbs.

The short-changing was brought to the attention of postgraduate representatives in the Mathematics Department. The department has been paying their students £12,300 per annum, compared to the £14,300 recommended by the ESPRC, leaving maths PhDs £2000 out of pocket.

The short-changing is not confined solely to the Maths Department, as a dossier prepared by research representatives Daniel Sauder (RCSU) and Eirini Spentza (CGCU) shows.

It reveals that almost all departments have been short-changing their PhD students, though not all to the same extent as the Maths Department. Computing, for example, pays an amount between the ESPRC amount and the Maths Department amount.

The dossier was presented to the Strategic Education Committee, a College meeting that students are not normally invited to attend, by Ben Harris (Deputy President, Education & Welfare). The presentation was initially to be given by Shama Rahman (Deputy President, Graduate Students), but snow had delayed her tube journey and she arrived around 20 minutes late for the meeting.

The SEC sets high-level College policy on educational matters, and

initial talks between Deputy Rector Professor Sir Leszek Borysiewicz indicated that the Committee were in favour of awarding the full amount.

The Committee approved the recommendation, and the College Management Body approved the measure last Friday. This means that departments will now be forced to pay the full amount, regardless of the funding source of the PhD student. This will apply to both new and current students, but unfortunately will not be backdated.

The Union has issued a somewhat triumphant press release on the Union website (www.imperialcollegeunion.org) that emphasises the role of the sabbatical officers in this achievement; however, credit must also be given to the two volunteer representatives that gave up their time to produce the dossier.

This is a rare clear victory for the Union in its dealings with the College, with the combination of student reps and sabbs working together to produce a quick and comprehensive solution.



Eirini Spentza, research rep (left) and Ben Harris, DPEW (right)

No confidence in sabb to go ahead

T. Monkey

The Union Court has issued its 'determination' on the no confidence motion submitted against Shama Rahman, Deputy President (Graduate Students). The motion has been deemed to be constitutional, and is to be voted on at an emergency session of Council this coming Monday.

The Court, famous already for its lengthy meetings, took four hours to debate the motion. A number of points were discussed, from the legality of some of the evidence to complaints about prejudicial reporting by Live! and *Felix*. Both publications escaped any censorship, and their respective editors "had so far acted responsibly" in the eyes of the Court.

The vast majority of the twelve-page determination considers the status of Ms Rahman (once again referred to, amusingly, as "Sabb D"). She, like the other sabbs, signed an employment contract at the start of her term of office, and the Court has decided that this makes her an employee of the Union.

This raised questions as to whether Ms Rahman could make a case for constructive or unfair dismissal, should she be no confidence by Council. Under the Employment Rights Act 1996, she does not have the right to sue for unfair dismissal, as this right applies only to people who have been employed for more than a year.

The Court had also discussed 'guidelines' for the media at a previous meeting, which John Collins (Union President) said would allow him to "censor" reporting by Live! and *Felix* on the no confidence motion.

The Live! editor, Ashley Brown, accepted that it may be necessary to have guidelines for the press, but that they should only be guidelines and therefore not actively enforced.

These would then only be con-

sidered in the light of a complaint, rather than immediately censoring the publication in question. The *Felix* Editor, Andy Sykes, was strongly opposed to any such guidelines, arguing that as the Court had found the editors to be acting in good faith so far, and that they should be trusted to do their jobs properly.

John Collins defended the need for guidelines, saying that as a trustee of the Union he could be personally liable for anything *Felix* or Live! published that could be considered defamatory.

He also stated that he had no problem with the *Felix* Editor being sued for anything *Felix* printed, but that he would not be willing to defend *Felix* or its editor in court, if it came to that.

After a somewhat protracted and circular discussion, the Court eventually decided that no guidelines were necessary, and that the printing of anything which may carry legal implications is left up to the judgement of the editors.

The Court also discussed the front page of *Felix*, in which allegations from a leaked draft copy of the no confidence motion were reported, in terms of whether it would prejudice the eventual decision of Council. The Court decided that no remark made in the article would so prejudice a Council member that they would not be able to put it out of mind during the hearing of the motion.

A number of procedural measures were discussed; neither Jon Matthews (the proposer) or Ms Rahman will be able to vote, proxy votes will be disallowed (as this means the donor of the vote will not give a fair hearing), and the somewhat controversial email evidence retrieved by Mr Matthews from Ms Rahman's email account will be admissible. Seconders of the motion will be allowed to vote, as it was felt that removing one-fifth of Council would make the hearing undemocratic.

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Chinese ballistics

"Clearly the capability to destroy satellites is a significant development, technologically and politically, with only the US and Russia having also demonstrated such abilities."

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Owner recognition

"Cognitive Scientists at Kyoto University in Japan have discovered that dogs have the capacity to associate their owner's voice with a mental image of their face."

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Titties

"The internet has opened its doors to the voting stage of Miss Videogame 2006. The aim is to make the gaming industry take women gamers seriously"

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Mansfield 4 Samus
PAGE 12

Dreamgirls review

"If you like musicals, this could be the film of the year for you. Without more than one minute between numbers much of the time, this show has so many songs packed into its lengthy running time that you come out feeling exhausted by the pace."

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Citizens and Kings

"For me, the most interesting room in the exhibition was the one dedicated to images of the artists themselves, both painted by contemporaries and by themselves."

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Fellwandering Wales

"The trip began on a Friday with the group splitting in twain to travel at different times to Snowdonia."

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Wish on a shooting satellite

Li Teck Lau

China's January 11th test launch which destroyed one of its old weather satellites in polar orbit certainly raised a few eyebrows in the international community. A medium range ballistic missile was used, splintering the defunct satellite into a shower of space junk that threatens other orbital objects nearby. 40,000 fragments to be precise, according to David Wright of the 'Union of Concerned Scientists'.

News of this incident, however, only emerged on January 19th after some Pentagon officials made a statement that they had observed it. "Irresponsible" and "unacceptable behaviour in space" was how the Bush administration reacted to the test. Interestingly, the Chinese government did not acknowledge the event until last Tuesday.

Clearly the capability to destroy satellites is a significant development, technologically and politically, with only the US and Russia having also demonstrated such abilities. A US Centre for Defence Information report usefully points out that satellites are used in "tracking the migration of endangered sea turtles". Indeed, satellites are the eyes and ears of any powerful military, as well as being the tool for global communication.

A Chinese foreign minister stated: "As the Chinese Government, our principle stand is to promote the peaceful use of space."

"We oppose the militarisation of space. In the past, in the present and in the future, we are opposed to any arms race in space" he went on to say, in the face of consecutive



China is the third nation to demonstrate its satellite destroying capabilities

10% increases in military spending since 1990 by the emerging power, not including developments programs.

Such words almost seem ironic, but, as most analysts will happily and speedily point out, such figures pale in comparison to US numbers; American Military expenditure still manages to eclipse the rest of the world put together. Most significantly, it has been the Bush administration who, up until now, have

ruled out a treaty ban on the militarisation of space; one the Russians and Chinese have been calling for in fact. The US has a whole portfolio of possible developments including the 'Brilliant Pebbles' system which scatters an array of 'intelligent' droids in the way of a massive ballistic missile assault, and 'Rods from God', a space based launch weapon which is quite self explanatory.

America's resumption of so called

'Star Wars' technology research in 1999 under a Clinton mired in oral sex scandals, and the withdrawal from the 1972 ban on anti ballistic missile systems in 2002 under President Bush is quoted as the reasons for China's foray into such unearthly weapons. Only time will tell if this move encourages the US to agree to not develop a new generation of weaponry, or if it sparks the next great arms race - to conquer the big black void.



Omar Hashmi
Politics Editor

You might consider that I have ingested a home-made cocktail of hippy juice or LSD, but I assure you that I have done no such thing.

In this terrifying world of a rising superpower, a weary titan nation, diminishing societal cohesion, the cracking of postmodernism's ideals and my itchy spot just on that part of the back that you can't reach (five years of medical education and I still don't know its name - Hippocrates would hang his head in shame), can't we just all get along?

When so much in the world is changing, it is fortunate that in Britain we have a culture in which we can challenge each other congenially, learn from the experience and move on. Life is very short indeed. There will always be disagreements between people, and perhaps we will be able to loosely define "British-ness", but that will always be subject to the objection of others. Values are not contained by nations, nor made correct by them.

However, whatever the vehement differences in what we believe, for the most part let us breath a sigh of relief. We are able to get along with our studies, work and ultimately our lives with the most minimal of hassle. Isn't a society where we all agree to get along pretty well off?

Cameron's bringing down the cohesion barriers

Adil Hussein

This week saw the Conservative leader David Cameron join his Labour counterparts in his very own scaremongering campaign.

In a speech outlining steps to bring down the barriers to social cohesion he attacked the British National Party (BNP) for preaching "pure hate". He continued: "And those who seek a Shariah state, or special treatment and a separate law for British Muslims are, in many ways, the mirror image of the BNP."

A Shariah state in Britain! Either Mr Cameron really believes there is such a threat in which case I would ask him to name one major Muslim organisation that is calling for this. Or he knows better and is deliberately preying on peoples' fears. Regardless, it seems that he has no problem basing his political proposals on the exaggeration of obscure surveys.

Mr Cameron also said, "Young white men are told: 'The blacks are all criminals'. Young Afro-Caribbean men are told: 'The Asian shopkeepers are ripping you off'. Young Muslim men are told: 'The British want to destroy Islam', later adding: "The best answer to ignorance like this is a good education."

Well, it seems a good education hasn't helped him in this regard. For his very own words can easily be paraphrased, "Young Brits are



The Debate on the role of British Islam continues to spread as the Tory leader likens Muslims to the BNP because of calls for an Islamic law



told: 'The Muslims want to destroy Britain.' Further, he said, "They also want to divide people into 'us' and 'them'. And they too seek out grievances to exploit." "They" he says. "They and we", is that not the same as "us and them"? Yes Mr Cameron, an "us and them"

rhetoric does not help community cohesion.

Lastly, the Conservative leader also came under fire days earlier for using the term "crusade" in a call for the integration of Muslims. He said: "Inspiring as well as demanding loyalty from every

citizen will require a new crusade for fairness." The Crusades were Christian military campaigns from the 11th century onwards which aimed to recapture Jerusalem and the Holy Land from Muslim rule. A Conservative Party spokesman insisted that the reference had not

been intended to cause offence.

Perhaps, but it was sloppy use of language by an election hopeful nonetheless, particularly after US President George W Bush caused controversy by calling for a "crusade" against terrorism following the 9/11 attacks.

Canidae–homo sapien bonding

Are dogs intelligent enough to recognise their owners' or is it just that pungent body odour you secrete?

Krystyna Larkham
Science Editor

Dog owners, in particular the celebrity kind, are notorious for anthropomorphising their canine companions. Dog grooming centres, doggy diets, dog 'hotels' (not to mention the 'bling' that you can buy for your pampered pooch) are just the start of it. But maybe they are not so far wrong in imagining the special 'bond' between themselves and their pets. Cognitive Scientists at Kyoto University in Japan have discovered that dogs have the capacity to associate their owner's voice with a mental image of their face.

In the experiment, dogs were placed in view of a computer monitor, hidden by a screen, and subjected to a sound recording of either their owner or a stranger repeating the dog's name. The screen was then removed to reveal an image of the owner, or a stranger.

Dogs who heard the voice of their owner and then a corresponding image (or the same for the voice and image of a stranger) looked at the monitor displaying the image for an average of 6 seconds. However, where the voice and image did not correspond, the dogs examined the monitor for longer, suggesting some form of confusion.

Ikuma Adachi, the lead researcher in the team, has concluded that the dogs build up a mental image of their owner on hearing their voice, and are confounded when the image they see does not match up with that in their head. These findings are yet another example of the adaptations to humans that canines have undergone during their domestication. Dogs are already known for their superiority over apes in interpreting human gesture – now it seems that it is not a dog owner's fantasy that little Rover can 'recognise his mummy' after all.



One young lady took the research into dog recognition skills at Kyoto University very seriously indeed

Retail psychology testing

Krystyna Larkham

To many men around the world, it may seem that their girlfriends lose all their brain cells altogether when they go shopping. Floating on a seemingly non-existent breeze from shoe shop to shoe shop, to perfumery and then the latest third world crippling department store and finally back to the initial shoe shop to return the pair of ugg boots that she's gone off in the space of four hours, it can be a mind-boggling world inside the head of your fairer side.

However, Brian Knutson, a neuroscientist at Stanford, has managed to identify the areas of the brain associated with decision making when

shopping. And the results have interesting implications for those suffering from a shopping addiction.

NB: according to a female friend of mine, 100 pairs of shoes is not an addiction. *Felix* will leave that to you to decide.

Knutson and his team, made up of researchers from MIT and Carnegie Mellon in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, set up a 'mock shop' in their lab, containing a range of 'desirable' items, including *Sex And The City* DVDs (hmm), MP3 players, Godiva chocolates, and a Stanford T-shirt (!!!).

Subjects were then issued with 'store credit' to enable them to make purchases, and placed with their heads inside an MRI scanner,

to locate the areas of the brain involved with making decisions.

It appeared that when on viewing a desirable object, a region of the subjects' brain, known as the nucleus accumbens, was activated.

This region is linked to the anticipation of gain. However, when confronted with the price of the object, and judged it too much, the insula and the mesial prefrontal cortex, both regions of the brain associated with anticipation of loss and pain, were activated.

Interestingly for those with a higher than average shoe fetish (girls) or an unhealthy relationship with GAME, the nucleus accumbens is an area of the brain also linked to addiction, opening the door for further experiments.

But for now, these results show only one thing. It is not just you who feels the pain on handing over your credit card, your brain feels it too. (And your bank manager. But that's another story).



On your marks. Get set. Shop! Dale Winton would be proud of this enthusiastic consumer

Apologies for a mistake last week. **Colin Barras** was author of the article, *Chemical warfare – biobricking it*, rather than Krystyna Larkham. However, the awful title was made up by Tomo. Double apologies.

Yes, **RAG** needs you!

A shifty sounding group trading under a three-letter acronym have hijacked Felix to shamelessly promote how they intend to raise money for charity this year. And they really want you to get involved

Stephen Brown
Rag Chair

What is RAG week?

RAG stands for "Raising and Giving". We are the charitable outlet of Imperial College Union and our main function is to organise the annual fundraising extravaganza that is RAG week. Some of you may have met us during freshers' fayre but we hope to see a whole lot more of you over the coming week.

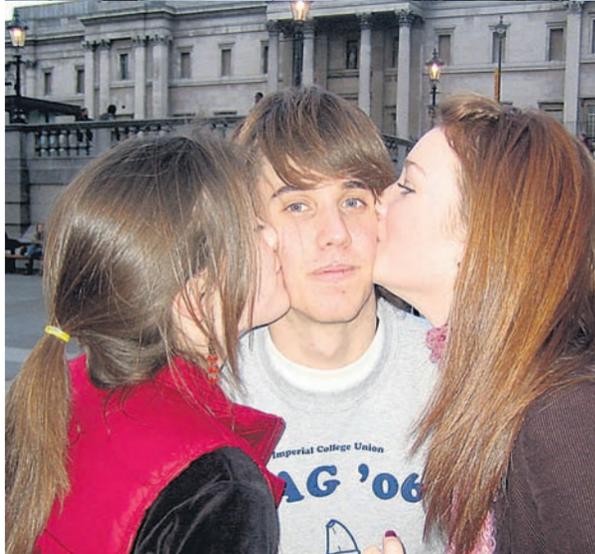
RAG have been conspiring to take over the "meeja" for some time now so that we can encourage you all to get involved with the fun. RAG week is a lot of laughs for all involved and the evenings are always a giggle. On that note, on Thursday at the CGCU Slave Auction (see entry for details) you may find that Felix have found a very imaginative task for John Collins, Union President to perform (and we REALLY mean perform!). Here are some brief details of the fundraising events we are running.

RCSU Blind Date

Monday 5th February sees the recreation of the legend that is Blind Date! It involves a single guy choosing a person to date from 3 single girls and vice versa. But it's not that simple; the guy can't see the girls and has to ask them 3 questions, he then makes his decision based on the answers he receives. The couple are then sent on a date at a restaurant and we'll have a follow up feature in the RCSU's Broadsheet to see how they got on (or didn't!). We have a set of love-less Imperial students all eager to win that sort after free date, so come along and watch!! To top the night off there will be a Traffic Light party afterwards with a DJ and everything! Traffic Light means you wear red if you're taken, yellow/orange if you are 'easily swayed' and green if you are single. We will be handing out stickers if you don't have any status proclaiming attire!! Doors will open at 7pm (so get there early if you want a good seat!) and £2 door fee goes to RAG and gets you a FREE DRINK TOKEN! So in the good words of Cilla Black: Taraa Taraa!!

The Open Championship - RAG pub golf

There was a gap in the RAG diary for the Tuesday of RAG week so I have commissioned a new event that combines two of my favourite activities, drinking and golf. We "tee off" at 6.30pm in the Union bar and proceed to play the game round the



Clockwise from top left: RAG supports "alternative" lifestyles; FACT - RAG will enhance your personal hygiene; Jez, the 49th emergency service, does RAG; Photographic proof that RAG t-shirts do in fact make you incredibly sexy

watering holes of South Kensington.. Both ladies and gents scorecards will be provided for a £1 entry fee. If you are a seasoned veteran you may wish to embark on 'The Championship Course' although most will find this too challenging. Meet in the Union Bar at 7pm on Tuesday

London Invasion

This is the main event of RAG week and has traditionally been our biggest fundraiser. Bring a team of friends along to Beit Quad at 12 and the RAG Committee will equip you with t-shirts, collecting tins and a list of comical tasks for you to perform at some of London's most famous landmarks.

Prizes will be awarded for best fundraisers, best costume and (most prestigiously) the wackiest stunt captured on camera. Previous years have seen brave RAG volunteers in the fountains at Trafalgar Square, busk outside Parliament and (in one extreme case) streak bollock naked through the Bank of England. You can make this day into anything you want. Whether you want to indulge in the more

extreme activities or just spend the day tramping from pub to pub, you'll find something that suits you and raise a hell of a lot of money from bemused tourists and city suits.

CGCU Slave Auction

Do you think Felix has been shit? Then why not buy the Editor. Hate the sabbaticals? Then exact your revenge by bidding for them and making them perform menial tasks. Alternatively, if you want to nominate any of your friends (with or without their permission) contact our good friends in the CGCU office in the Mech Eng building. Starts Union Bar from 7pm onwards.

All Week

Do you despair about the excessive levels of political correctness that has infiltrated all levels of British society? Then buy the RAG Mag! Our annual pisstake magazine will be on sale around campus during RAG week.

RCSU Queens Tower Tours will be taking place every lunchtime, 12-2pm



FACT: Taking part in RAG will utilise your engineering knowledge

RAG

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generously
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Comment & Opinion

Bars again, by the Union President

After last week's focus on the recent restructuring of the Union bars, the Union President, John Collins, has asked for space in *Felix* to explain the changes from his point of view, and respond to Jess & Mez



John Collins
Union President

I accept that the President's view may not hold as much authority as that of an investigative journalist, but for what it's worth, here is my take on events in the bars this summer. To be fair to Andy, his page two article in last week's *Felix* raised some serious issues that deserve discussion. The second article, however, was written by a past student living 200 miles away in Leeds and read more like a Michael Moore conspiracy theory.

My side of the story

I should start by stating the obvious: I didn't stand for President to play politics with the bars. Events and pressure from students have left me and the senior management staff no choice but to intervene.

When I sat down at my desk for the first time last August, I was presented with a pile of letters, including some written by experienced bar staff, which complained about a poor culture and bad working practices on the ground floor of Beit. There were accusations of staff drinking on the job, poor stock control, poor customer service and reports of aggressive behaviour. Some of these allegations were supported by my own observations and those of my colleagues. So, during the summer and throughout the autumn term, Senior Managers and the Sabbs implemented two projects that were designed to address these concerns.

The first project was to install the new EPoS (Electronic Point of Sale) system, which is designed to improve stock control, provide trend analysis and allow us to rapidly react to our members. This project was prepared well before I became President, was enthusiastically

backed by the Executive Committee and was completed by the start of term.

The second project was to tackle the culture and management issues described above. We wanted to change the "Balkanised" culture of our trading operations in Beit and integrate them with the new EPoS system.

We created a role for a dynamic manager and brought the whole Beit trading operation under one umbrella. These changes necessitated the restructuring of our catering, entertainments and bars divisions. This created new operational, administrative and shift leader roles but removed others. Some staff took redundancy, some moved jobs and since October five new staff have joined our team. For the record, the bar steward role hasn't changed significantly.

The new Trading Manager has not been here for long but regular customers will have noticed positive changes including chips in the evenings, a new pool table in dB's, an expanded catering offer, new pint glasses and new tables. Plans are afoot to further improve our catering offering and service and within the next few weeks we also hope to launch a new wine list and a permanent (cheaper) real ale.

Claims and Counterclaims

It has been mentioned that our entertainments cost £27,000 last year. This is true, but our bars also made almost £177,500 profit last year and these days we treat entertainments as a "loss leader". When you add entertainments and bars profits for the last few years you will find that, jointly, profit doubled last year. As the saying goes, you have to spend money to make money.

The successful Christmas Carnival also came under fire. Did you know that in spite of reduced capacity, a smoking ban and the fact that the venue was a building site we still took more money this Christmas Carnival than we did in the previous two combined? Clearly we must be doing something right, and the hard work of all our staff deserves praise.

The Staff Student Protocol

Even if all of this sounds sensible, it doesn't explain why we have kept our student staff in the dark for the last few months. I wish I could have been more open, but unfortunately my hands were tied.

I hate to sound like a school-teacher but I must point out that the Union is an employer and, as such, we are forced to follow employment law. This law forbids me from discussing restructuring exercises in public during the "consultation period". If I or any of our staff had broken this law, there is a chance that legal action could have been taken against the Union. The *Felix* and *Live!* editors are sensible people and they are fully aware of this law. At the end of the day it is their decision whether or not to publish articles and Andy has explained why he kept quiet about this matter until the New Year, when the consultation period finished.

Room for improvement?

Returning to the core issue of our trading outlets, last week's articles have raised some issues that I freely admit are unsatisfactory. The fact that the EPoS system has bugs is not disastrous; bugs can be fixed and some were removed this week. I am, however, concerned about the

advice we received regarding the compatibility of our system with the College's cashless system.

We do have some inexperienced staff, but this is always the case at the start of the year. I have every confidence that they will learn rapidly and soon provide the level of service you all expect. I have received comments from numerous sources complementing the friendliness of our staff, both those who are new and those who are experienced.

They have my unequivocal support and I would like to thank them for their great work and commitment to the Union.

On a more serious note, I want to address accusations of threats to those bar staff who recently left. If this happened then I need to know. Threats are unacceptable, but I am not telepathic and can only take action if I receive a complaint in writing. I can't discipline staff on the basis of rumour or a *Felix* article.

Does this really matter?

At the end of the day, Jess and Mez hit the nail on the head when they wrote that these events "went largely unnoticed by the student population". This is because our students simply don't care about the politics behind the bar. They just want to be able to buy a pint and meal for a reasonable price without experiencing rude or slow service.

I know from (limited) experience that life behind the bars is not always easy. Mopping up vomit in the Gents' loo isn't the exactly best job in the world, as I found out for myself recently, but the atmosphere is still fun and friendly. I hope this will continue and our bar team will build a culture in our Union bars that we can all be proud of.

"I should start by stating the obvious: I didn't stand for President to play politics with the bars."

Letters: where is Shama, and hawt centrefolds

Where is Shama's complaint?

Sir,

It cannot help but come to my attention that the last issue of *Felix* did not contain a rebuttal by Shama Rahman. Given the polarising effect that this newspaper's coverage of recent events has had upon the college, and the poor image it portrays of the Union in general, I am surprised at the omission of a reply (as we were originally promised).

I believe it is a matter for concern that the coverage in its current state, without Ms. Rahman being given the opportunity to publically defend herself, gives the impres-

sion of being nothing but the result of personal agendas within the Union, and malicious gossip.

For the sake of public faith in *Felix*, please do print a full rebuttal by Ms. Rahman, or I shall be forced to cancel my subscription.

Yours in hope,

Ajit K. Nunimush

Andy Sykes replies,

Firstly, let me say that I appreciate the wonderful odour of *Private Eye* letters that permeates your missive above. Cancel your subscription indeed.

As for your comment about the lack of the letter, and the conspiracy implied, I'm afraid you're sadly mistaken. Despite a number of conversations with Ms. Rahman,

including some rather heated exchanges (my fault), I have yet to receive a letter from the young lady in question.

As I'm incapable of manufacture in the way previous editors may or may not have been (a polite cough goes here), it has been impossible for any such letter to be printed.

As for your suggestion of a 'polarising' article, that has been dismissed by the Union Court. 'Nuff said.

Centrefolds = hot, apparently

Dear Andy,

On behalf of all the guys at office 307a (Skempton Building) I would

like to congratulate you on a first class centrefold (Tina 'Oh I fell' Mulani - Fri 26th Jan) - she is too beautiful and she has already delayed my report by 90 minutes just by being in the paper. If she is ever feeling lonely she can be assured of a warm welcome over here.

Regards,

Shane, Niko, Owen, Bo, Mido and Hao

Emerson Vigoureux (Felix pornographer-in-chief) replies,

Thanks very much, gentlemen. I go to great length to secure only the most beautiful models for the delectation of the population of this fine institution.

However, Ms. Mulani, as you can imagine, is hardly lonely.

Got a problem? Something you want to get off your chest? Really can't stand Kat Fu's article?

Write to *Felix*, and vent your spleens.

felix@imperial.ac.uk

Nominations now open!



Did you know...?

The Union President holds a position of Governor of the College and has a vote on College Council.

Did you know...?

The Deputy President (Finance & Services) is in charge of the finances of an organisation with an annual turnover of £5.5m.

Being a Sabb can make a difference; stand for election.

imperialcollegeunion.org/elections

imperial
college
union

Union Secures PhD Pay Rise

Following discussion with the Union, the College Management Board last week made a commitment that all home and EU PhD students will receive a minimum stipend of £14,300 from August 2007. Currently, many students funded by the Engineering and Physical Sciences Research Council (EPSRC) receive only £12,300, despite the recommended London weighting being £14,300. This commitment not only applies to new students, but also those students currently registered on a PhD at Imperial.

The issue was first raised by PhD students in the Department of Mathematics at the end of last term. Following consultation with student representatives in both meetings and an academic forum it was resolved that the Union should campaign for all students, regardless of their funding source, to receive the London weighting. Working with Ben Harris, ICU Deputy President (Education and Welfare), research student representatives Eirini Spencer and Daniel Sauder compiled a dossier revealing that the majority of departments within Engineering and

Physical Sciences failed to pay all their students the London weighting.

This research was used to produce a presentation given to the Strategic Education Committee (which has no regular student presence) by Ben Harris and John Collins, ICU President. The committee unanimously endorsed the proposal put forward by Prof. Borysiewicz, Imperial College Deputy Rector, that the issue should be taken to the management board with the recommendation that all PhD students should be paid the London weighting.

What does this mean for students? With the ever increasing cost of living in London, this commitment will help ensure that all PhD students are able to fully fund their studies.

This is a great example of what Sabbaticals can do to help improve College life for all students and also confirms the positive attitude of College towards issues like this being raised and quickly dealt with.



Jan Chlebik

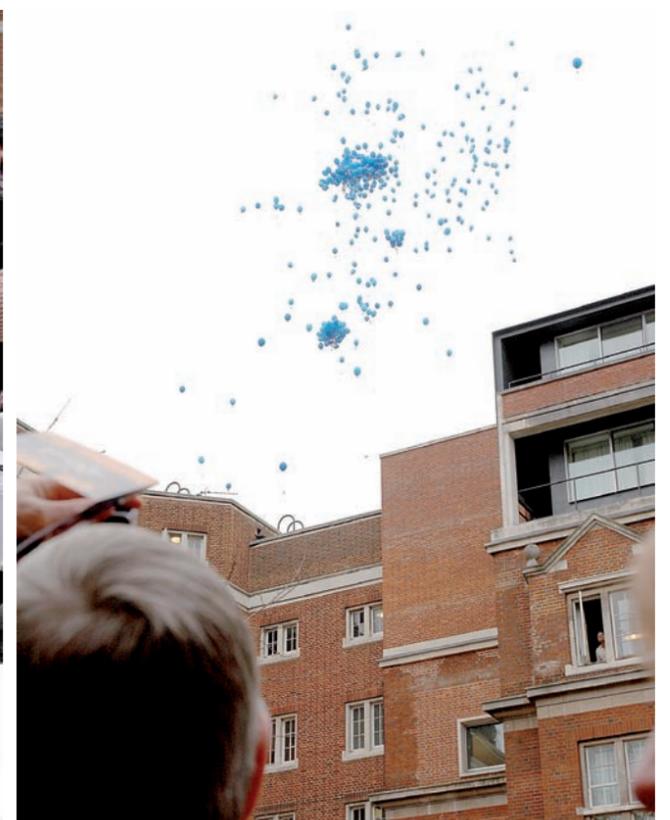
Balloon Race Begins as the Union Celebrates 100 Years

The Union kicked off the Centenary celebrations on Tuesday with a series of events in the Beit Quadrangle. The Centenary Balloon Race began at 1pm, at the same time that the first of College's 32 Centenary cakes was cut.

The Centenary Balloon Race saw 500 balloons being released in the Quad whilst hundreds looked on. The Balloon Race, which costs £1 to enter, has many big prizes on offer to the owners of the balloons that travel the greatest distance.

The Big Band and the "Hermaphrodites" choir were on hand to perform both before and after the balloon launch and cake cutting, also available was hotpot and winter Pimms from Union catering, with 10% of revenues being donated to the Union Building Fund.

Also made available at the same time as the balloon launch are tickets to the Imperial College Centenary Ball. This unmissable event takes place on Saturday 16th June 2007 on campus. Tickets are available to students, alumni and staff of Imperial online at imperialcollegeunion.org and for a limited time only are offered at an "early bird" discounted rate!



Culture without the Petri dish



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I, Gamer



Michael Cook
Games Editor

It's late, and I'm tired. And I don't mean, "Cripes, I could do with a Horlicks and an 11am lie-in." tired. I mean, "I'm *really* fucking tired." in the kind of way that makes you hallucinate about lolbears and wonder how they get the surprises in Kinder Surprise.

How do they do that, though? Really. Answers on a postcard, please.

Anyway, the reason I'm tired isn't because I've been working on *Felix* all weekend (As you know, this student journalism lark just writes itself) or, you know, doing work.

Hah. It's because I'm playing *Battlefield 2142* and have been for... well, a while. I can't even remember whether I enjoy the game any more, I've just slipped into this strange, t'ai-ch'i-like cycle of taking potshots and having my arse handed to me by sugar-rushing twelve year-olds.

Which is alright. I guess I'm still playing after a death rate of slightly more than one per minute simply because I love the game. I love the way it plays, the way it sounds, the way it looks in the morning when we wake up together. I can't really give a good reason for it.

This issue is a bit fanboy/fangirlish. It's about loving something so much it hurts a little. It's about the kind of geek that even other geeks are unsure about.

We play *Metroid* until it stops making sense, mourn the loss of a war hero, and see what happens when the credits stop rolling in *Final Fantasy VII* (by making it up ourselves, with added sex).

It feels a little wrong to aspire to a stereotype like that. But it gives a kick, in a kind of sadomasochistic way. We don't do it because we can't help it. We do it because we get something out of it. Most of us end up at Imperial because, once upon a time, we worked like geeks.

As a last note, don't forget that the CGC are holding their next LAN event on Saturday 3rd February, with more DotA and CS 1.6 planned. It's taking place in the EE Building, room 509, on the 5th floor. If you can't make it in the building (you'll need to swipe in), you can call the society on the day on 07929 022493.

Back in *2142*, I question the parentage of "noob killa" and enquire as to the wellbeing of his mother. I get a torrent of abuse and a knife to the face.

Cackle. Rinse. Repeat. I love this game.

This week in videogaming

I think we've avoided it long enough. This week – women with not much clothing

The statistic that struck us this week wasn't, as the Japanese flag below suggests, the gulf between Microsoft and the Far East. Instead, it was news that in India, there are an estimate 1.6million Xbox 360 gamers. And despite this, console companies and developers the world over continue to fight against the tide of the Japanese market. This week, seven thousand people bought 360s in Japan. More than a hundred and twenty thousand people bought DS Lites.

With India and China's continued growth in the world, it's likely that the Eastern markets may become wider, as well as Russia's continued interest in games. The real problem, however, remains one of piracy. At the time of going to press, Microsoft had recently issued financial losses of \$268mn and reduced forecasts for the coming year by 3 million units. Though the company blames repair and warranty issues, it's likely that underachievement in the East contributed to this.

Speaking about holding what they've got (I'm not really sure what I meant there), the internet has opened its doors to the voting stage of Miss Videogame 2006. The aim, according to the site, is "to make the gaming industry take women gamers seriously and treat them with respect."

Which is charming.

The only problem is that currently, female protagonists in games are resourceful (*Beyond Good And Evil*), strong (*Tomb Raider*) and generally taken quite seriously (*Metroid*). By contrast, most of the contestants at the contest seem, for want of a better word, a bit slutty.

Alright not *slutty*.

But seriously, we're unsure how Aktrez' incredibly smooth upper thigh enables her to play *Gears of War* any better. If you'd like to vote, the website is taking votes until April at www.missvideogame.com. No more smut here though.

Highbrow news now – the Postal movie will feature faeces and Osama Bin Laden. Possibly in the same



Aktrez (left) and Natalie (right) striking a blow for preconceptions everywhere. God, I love the internet



scene, but there's no confirmation of that yet from director Uwe Boll.

In fact, it's a triple whammy of dull Americans this week, as *Fatal1ty* the – *ahem* – best gamer in the world, has an exciting interview with the American media show *60 Minutes*. "If he didn't already exist, someone would have to invent him," explains the presenter, before taking us to the "gaming equivalent

of Woodstock – a LAN party".

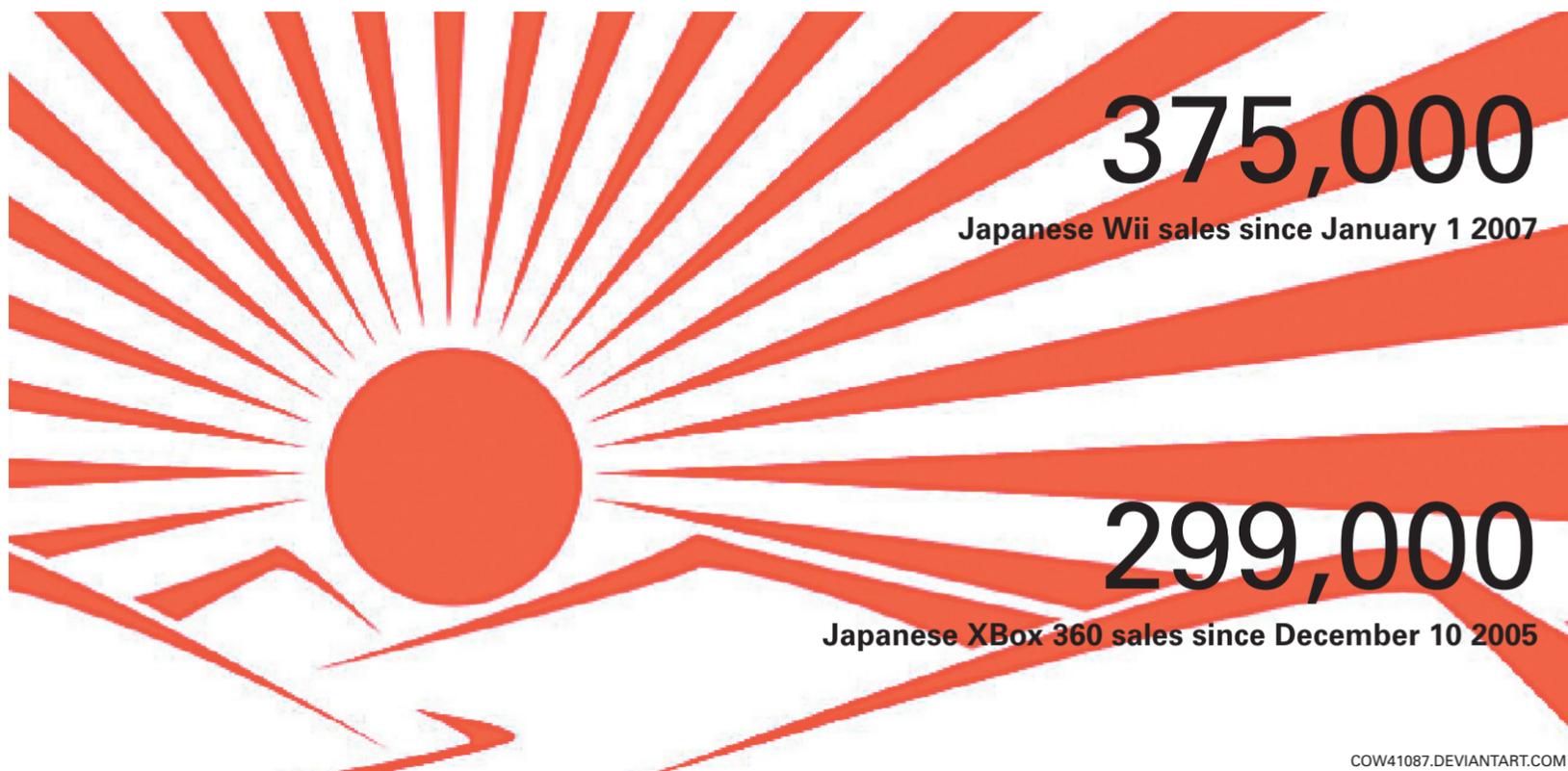
It's partly scary that the pinnacle of gaming is represented by movies about poo, female activists in bikinis and a "modest" gamer who brands computer parts with his own name.

If you think you could do better to lead gaming into a brave new future, then you might be interested in TAPS' forthcoming "Games Writing Workshop", a one-day workout

for writers who want to be a part of the Games Industry. The workshop takes place on Wednesday 28th February – fees, content and application information can be found online at www.tapsnet.org.

And we leave you with news that, after several armed thefts of *PlayStation3s* in America, a chief suspect puts his defence to the FBI.

<http://tinyurl.com/2ao8nd>



Putting the 'fan' in 'fanaticism'

Hardcore gaming isn't always about a high score. Michael Cook discovers the *other* side of dedication

I'm a firm believer that adding the word 'internet' to the beginning of a phrase makes the concept infinitely scarier. Think about it – shopping is a pleasant experience to be taken weekly with friends and money. Internet shopping is hunting down lost copies of the *Mortal Kombat* movie at 3am and accidentally ordering four copies on your debit card.

Community, then. Community is that word that people use to blackmail us into picking up litter. But an Internet community is generally a terrible, twisted, Geiger-esque mutation, with spikes and Americans poking out in all the wrong places.

DeviantART is one such internet community. And if you surf onto its homepage, you'd probably think it was a regular enough site – clean lines, soothing colours, and a collection of digital art, photography and painting to a very high quality. There's a sense of sharing, of creative development, of normality. It's like walking into an arts college.

But something much more hardcore is lurking just below the surface, because deviantART plays host to one of the internet's most prolific fanart and fanfiction communities. And a little digging around unearths some pretty interesting things.

Fan work's not our field here at Felix Games, but you won't need to go far into any internet community to find those who take their love of games one step further. Some write fiction that continues where one story left off, some take their games to paper and create pictures, portraits, comics, what-ifs – it's all about using your other skills and bringing gaming into them.

Lydia Hartley is better known as Da-Phase-Meister on deviantART, and even better known for her strong fanart work on all manner of gaming, film and anime topics.

"My first games console was a SNES which a student left us. That



"I'm not sure why I drew this," Lydia explains. We're not entirely either. The most interesting fanart, however, tends to be the most unusual

was back in 1996 or so – my old house was a guest house. Having students around was so cool, and they'd often bring us random gifts.

"Once I got my Gameboy Color, my new found love was *Pokemon*. I began drawing much more due to my love for *Pokemon* – it was inspiring. I've been gaming and drawing ever since."

Lydia's artwork on deviantART isn't exclusively fanart – she has an account dedicated to original works, and studies art here in the UK. But fanart is still something she feels worth doing.

"I find drawing fanart quite inspir-

ing. I love the idea of being able to take an existing character and being able to experiment with different poses and scenarios for them."

Type a game's name into the search bar at deviantART, and you'll get a pretty good idea at how 'experimentation' works in some fanart circles. The pencilled sketch of Cloud, below, is a fairly normal piece of fanart. The legions of semi-(and not so semi-) naked Tifa pictures aren't quite as canon.

For some companies, fanart is a contentious issue. deviantART supports a Prints program to allow artists to sell their work online, but

to submit an image as a print, their Terms and Conditions state that, "You may only submit Artwork if you ... hold all intellectual property rights in the Artwork." Legal clashes in the past have made this a key inclusion.

But some games companies see it as a healthy expression of gaming love. Blizzard's website plays host to a gallery, now forty pages strong, of submitted fanart that's most impressed them. The gallery – which you can find online at www.blizzard.com/inblizz/fanart/ – contains some incredibly detailed and well-created drawings of charac-

ters which, in most cases, weren't so detailed in their original games.

Perhaps the reason fan work has such a strange reputation, then, is because of the weirder, obscurely sexual side to some of it. Games aren't exactly the most sexed up media on the market, but a flick through the reams of fanfiction available on sites such as FanFiction.net – and we do mean reams, there are over sixteen thousand entries for *Final Fantasy VII* alone – will turn up as many bizarre love pairings as it does normal stories.

"I love twisting characters – making [them] do something slightly out of the ordinary. And it's great practice for anatomy and such." Lydia explains. "There's always a limit. I mean, I have quite high limits – I draw characters being seductive and weird – but the limit is probably when you reach a point where the game or fandom dominates your life."

Lydia says that she thinks games provide a special kind of source material. "Video games are more interactive – they come from a more interactive world. People can 'relate' more to them."

And certainly, there was a lot of relating going on in much of the fanart we uncovered. But it's mostly tasteful, and there's a real sense of community and creation going on, so the smuttier stereotypes tends to get shaken off quickly.

It's a huge, often unexplored, section of the gaming culture. Fandom is one of the most fascinating things on the web, being something like watching unicorns having sex. Unusual, a little disturbing, but undeniably interesting. And, let's face it, a little arousing.

Hmm.



This sketch piece from *Final Fantasy VII* is by Antti Jussila whose work includes *Silent Hill* and *Devil May Cry*. <http://amrrr.deviantart.com>

Lydia's work can be found online at <http://tinyurl.com/ynrzs> and <http://tinyurl.com/2fjzga>

Flashback: Keeping in its Prime

Hugh Mansfield takes a look back at Nintendo's best-loved sci-fi adventures in the Metroid series

Stick a gun into a game, and the chances are the point of it will be to blow indiscriminate holes into anything, or preferably anyone, that moves. Unless it's an Agatha Christie-esque point-and-click in which the gun plays some kind of important role as evidence or never gets fired except in a Chekov-inspired denouement leading to shock, horror and one of the lesser alternate endings. What generally doesn't happen is that the gun becomes the only direct interface with the environment, acting as a puzzle-solving tool every bit as much as it is a weapon.

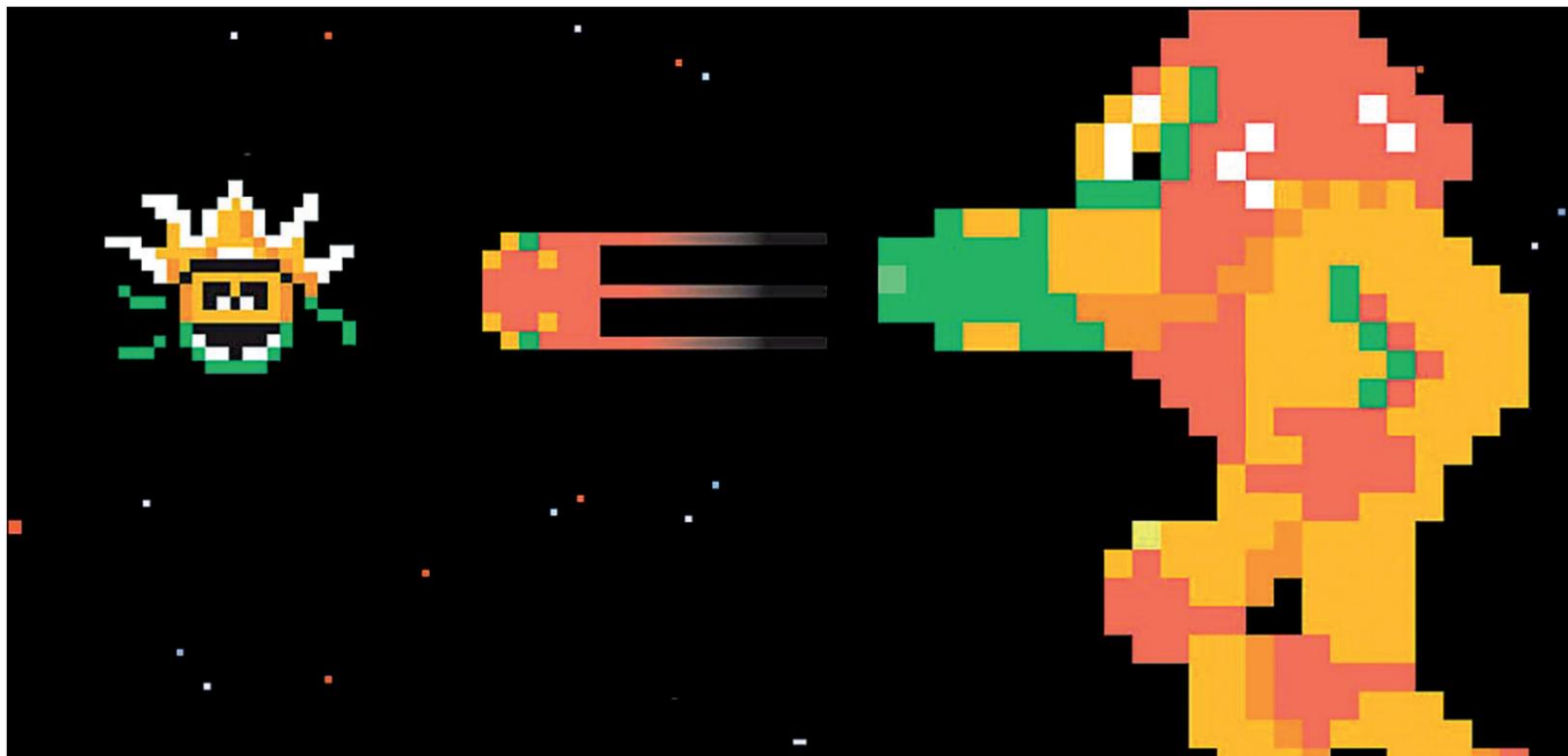
The Metroid series is all-but-unique in this regard – to all intents and purposes they look like generic sci-fi platformers or first person shooters, but they have far more in common with the likes of the Legend of Zelda series (or, to put it another way, with the Legend of Zelda series). In many ways, Metroid is to science fiction games what Zelda is to fantasy ones – it makes more sense to compare it with that than with the likes of Halo, since the similarities there are pretty superficial.

The most striking difference with Zelda is that whilst both appeal to gamers of all ages, Zelda is aimed primarily at children. This comes across in the more developed storyline as opposed to the vague fragments typical of Metroid games – the plots in Zelda are all-important to the gameplay, whereas it can happily be ignored in Metroid in favour of blithely blasting one's way through the game.

Zelda's storylines put huge emphasis on moral characteristics that the makers feel children ought to be taught about – moral fortitude, courage, purity of heart, or whatever. Of course, there is a certain grey area surrounding vandalism and theft, in that you are positively encouraged to – for want of a more poetic phrase – smash the fuck out of everything in order to nab a few rupees, but that's easy to ignore.

On the other hand, Metroid is positively amoral – there is no sense of 'good' and 'evil' – the protagonist, Samus Aran, is a bounty hunter whose targets are a crowd of space pirates (a fact that shouldn't be ignored, since everyone loves pirates, and everyone loves space – or at least, everyone who loves games does, pretty much) – the only motivations of any of those involved are aspects of self-interest; money and survival.

Whereas most games covering such topics do their best to hammer this point home, to the extent that they become irritating to play thanks to an anachronistic anti-corporate theme running



Samus in her 2D prime. Dear oh dear, I'm here all year folks and I'm also available for weddings and Bar Mitzvahs

throughout, the approach here is considerably more subtle – it's barely even mentioned.

There is no conception of 'levels' in the traditional sense – the central conceit of the game is an exploratory one, and there is constant backtracking over old ground once

you haven't a clue what you were meant to be doing.

While doing so, it becomes possible to find more and more powerups to expand your health bar, your missile capacity, and suchlike, a fact which allows for the difficulty curve to be far steeper as you progress further through the game since by the end you

are likely to have fifty times as many missiles as at the beginning, and twenty times as much health.

The developers have always been sure to make the later enemies far more likely to knock ginormous amounts of life off the player and to require all the resources they can possibly spare. It also becomes important to ensure you use the correct weapon, as the idea that better weapons should be able to destroy everything with greater ease has been rejected utterly by the developers – there is often a very specific method of defeating each enemy, necessitating a wide range of tactics. It keeps things interesting, no matter how varied your arsenal.

It seems strange, then, that Metroid is far less well known than the likes of Mario or Zelda, from the same stable, but much of this

could be due to the absence of any releases between Super Metroid on the SNES and Metroid Prime on the Gamecube, during which period gaming saw an enormous boom and game franchises became more familiar to consumers.

Such was the gap, in fact, that most Nintendo followers expected the transition to 3D to fail utterly – that Prime would turn out to be just a run-of-the-mill FPS, rather than being a logical continuation of its successors so many years beforehand. And indeed, many of their fears were realised when it transpired that a lot of the of the foibles and fripperies that made the original games so unique would be lacking due to the impossibilities of implementing them in 3D – these included the high-speed running that only proved feasible on smooth terrain – a simple enough request in 2D, but in 3D this would have meant making the landscapes in which it could be utilised utterly drab; the super jump, in which Samus would launch herself into the air, breaking through any brittle landscape in the way; the spin attack, allowing almost infinite jumping provided you face the correct direction, and so on.

And yet, somehow they managed to make it one of the best 3D conversions of a 2D series to date – better even than the likes of Mario and Zelda – certainly better than the horrific mutilations that the later Sonic games became. It's a subtle superiority, and one that only comes clear through playing. Go now, and you won't regret it.



**First year biochemists,
Caz Knight & Katya Vasileva**

Think you can get temperatures soaring?
Email us at page3.felix@imperial.ac.uk



FLAM



I can see right up your nose

In the inevitable film-release lull that occurs in the post-nomination, pre-Oscar period, we are fortunate this year to have several films around to keep us going through the lean times. Look out for *Notes on a Scandal*, an impressive-looking drama starring Dame Judy and Cate Blanchett, as well as *Dreamgirls* (reviewed this week).

Next week we will have a competition to win a Valentine's (retch) weekend away with secondary prizes of DVDs such as *Anchorman*, *Old School*, and *Napoleon Dynamite*.

Also, congratulations to Jon Matthews and Druv Nagpal, the winners of our *Breaking & Entering* competition a few weeks ago.

Sadly, so far no-one has taken up my generous offer to publish reviews of older films or passion pieces on actors/directors. I can only assume that this lack of response is because you people suck. Prove me wrong, people. I'm sure you all have favourite films, or films that everyone else loves but you hate and wish to see nailed to the tree of shame and publically urinated upon. As always, feel free to tell me the above actor/character combination, and in which film he appears. film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Dreaming of Oscar success

With 8 nominations, Hollywood seems to like *Dreamgirls*, but is it up to the hype?

Dreamgirls

Director: Bill Condon
Writer: Tom Eyan
Cast: Jamie Foxx, Beyoncé Knowles, Eddie Murphy

Despite generally having an open mind, when the title of this film first reached my ears a couple of months back, my heart sank. It conjures up two very different images of either kids' TV or a late-night show for which you need the Sky PIN. It didn't help to hear that *Beyoncé* would be the lead, and some American Idol act would make up the support; especially when it turned out they'd be playing, shock, singers. But don't let it be said that *Dreamgirls* has no surprises up its sleeve.

The story of a three-piece girl group trying to make it big as Motown explodes out of Detroit seems fun enough, and while this is the quest you'll see for the whole film, something strange happens about halfway through. At this point it seems as though the producers just threw the plans up in the air when someone whispered "Oscars" and the whole thing changes direction. The distribution company launched a massive Oscar campaign so, given its recent snub in the Best Picture category, is there something letting *Dreamgirls* down?

If you like musicals, this could be the film of the year for you. Without more than one minute between numbers much of the time, this show has so many songs packed into its lengthy running time that you come out feeling exhausted by the pace. The dec-

ade it covers sees Motown arrive, R'n'B take off, and the new sound of the disco explosion herald the beginning of the 70s. However, with such tight packaging, each song blends into the others and it's hard to remember many that stand out. To make it more confusing, the dialogue is sung in lots of places, totally unnecessarily. It has three Oscar nominations for

Best Original Song: Even the Academy couldn't remember which was which obviously.

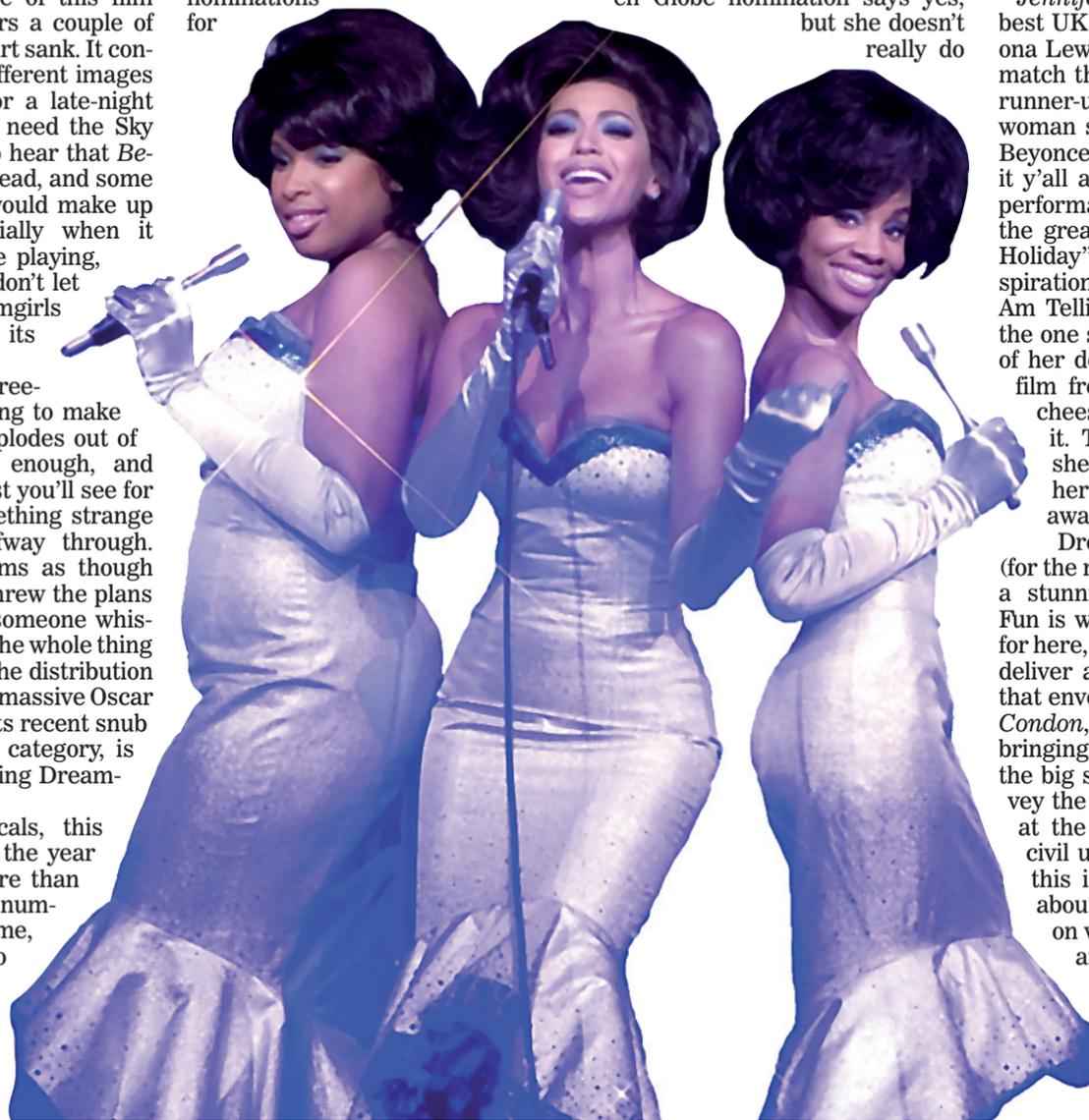
What has drawn attention to the film, however, is the acting it showcases. With so many songs it's hard to judge the cast as actors rather than performers a lot of the time, but each shows talent on both sides. Is *Beyoncé* any good then? A Golden Globe nomination says yes, but she doesn't really do

much for the first half, and you're always aware you are watching Beyoncé and not Deena Jones. How about *Eddie Murphy*? Controversially, I'm going to say nothing surprising came here and his was not the performance I'll remember. He is good, oh yes, but there is one woman who will bring the house down for every performance...

Jennifer Hudson shows that the best UK reality TV show hope, *Lena Lewis*, has a long way to go to match the American contingent. A runner-up on *American Idol*, this woman steals the film from under Beyoncé's nose (and rumour has it y'all ain't happy 'bout it) with a performance that channels "all the greats, Aretha, Whitney, Billie Holiday" as Hudson claims her inspirations. The powerhouse "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going" is the one stand-out number because of her delivery, and it rescues the film from a horrible moment of cheese immediately preceding it. This is Hudson's film and she 'supports' no-one, despite her strong standings in the awards season.

Dreamgirls is a fun journey (for the most part) but by no means a stunning critique on celebrity. Fun is what the audience will look for here, and for the most part it will deliver along with the melodrama that envelopes the second half. *Bill Condon*, the director, says that in bringing this Broadway musical to the big screen he was able to convey the social problems in the US at the time, whether racism or civil unrest in Detroit. However, this is not what the songs are about. Music is the foundation on which *Dreamgirls* is based, and for those who enjoy musicals, this won't leave you disappointed. Just exhausted.

Alex Casey



Happyness, Happyness, the greatest gift that I possess

The Pursuit of Happyness

Director: Gabriele Muccino
Writer: Steve Conrad
Cast: Will Smith, Jaden Smith, Thandie Newton

Chris Gardner (*Will Smith*) is on the verge of hitting rock-bottom; he's overdue on taxes, he's late on rent, his wife (*Thandie Newton*) seems pretty nasty, and his son (*Jaden Smith*) attends a day care in Chinatown that spells happiness with a y. His only way out is the slim chance of a job after an unpaid competitive internship at a prestigious firm of stockbrokers. When his wife leaves and he's left without a home, Gardner must face homeless shelters, public bathrooms and an unhappy 5 year-old son whilst desperately trying to excel in the office.

On the surface, the movie is a classic 'rags to riches' heart-warming tale of human willpower and strength. Underneath, it is Holly-

wood's 'Pursuit of an Oscar'. While based on a true story, a certain amount of guilt comes with mocking its sympathy-seeking portrayal; now a successful stockbroker with best selling novel, Gardner and his son really did spend the night in a subway toilet and he did queue for hours to get a bed in a homeless shelter all the while working on the off-chance he might get a better job. A sucker for tear-jerkers like me can ignore the obvious milking of a true inspirational story - I was rooting for him the entire time. Others might roll their eyes when Gardner's only source of light to work by flickers out after just sitting down under it. It's a shame. The truth behind it all is the recipe for a classically moving and successful movie. Instead we get a great storyline with excessively 'Hollywoodized' scenes, mediocre dialogue and completely unnecessary voiceover. It irritated me; the attempts at profound statements were pointless when the content speaks for itself. A saving grace, however, is *Will*



'Happiness, shmappiness. I want a little golden baldie with a sword'

Smith. After his latest few movies, which required very little acting talent, we are reminded of his *Ali* days. All is forgiven when watching his incredibly impressive ability to express the strongest emotions with very little effort. Where many actors would throw their arms around and

shout, somewhat surprisingly *Will Smith* can create the same effect with one single tear. Regardless of the fact that he's obviously begging for a Golden Statue, he deserves it - let's hope the Academy agrees.

On the other hand, a major disappointment was the first appearance

of *Will Smith's* son - *Jaden Smith*. I was excited to see their on-screen chemistry and the reason behind the choice to put this kid in there. I'm still waiting. It may have been the dialogue, but I saw very little from him. I was expecting a truly moving performance, some real father-son emotion, or at least something cute. There is potential though; the one scene where he throws a bit of a tantrum when he realises he and his father have been locked out of their motel room - I was convinced.

In the end, the movie was entertaining. If you avoid over-analysing the way in which it's made, you can look past the irritating voice-over, and feel warm and fuzzy as the movie does what it sets out to do. It entertains you, it makes you laugh and cry, it does have a great storyline, and it gives you the classic 'rags to riches' feeling. It might just be me (a sucker for all things emotional) but I certainly didn't hate it.

Elizabeth Ross

Capturing the age of revolution

Citizens and Kings explores the beginnings of the modern world through portraits of its revolutionaries

Citizens and Kings: Portraiture in the Age of Revolution 1760-1830

Royal Academy of Arts
Until April 20th
Tickets £10 or £7 for students

This much-delayed exhibition of the development of portraiture in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, seems, on the surface, more like the pages of a history book than an important art exhibition.

On entering you are faced with the imposing figure of Napoleon on his Imperial throne, flanked by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Moving through the whos-who list of portraits is ever more impressive, with kings, philosophers and politicians lining the walls of the gallery. Not to say that seeing the faces of the people who shaped our society to such an extent isn't interesting, but these portraits are so much more than records of their existence.

Take the portraits of Napoleon (Ingres, 1906) and Louis XVI (Callet, 1789), for example. They sit next to each other in the first room and were painted less than 20 years apart, yet the style and impression of the portraits are very different. The portrait of the doomed king is almost pastel in its shades, and exposes a man of wealth and luxury.

Napoleon, on the other hand, is an imposing portrait full of symbols of power like the eagle and laurel wreath of Imperial Rome. The background is dark and the figure rides

out of the painting like the bow of a ship emerging from the dark, his robes flowing like the waves on the ocean. Painted just a couple of years after he became Emperor of France, the portrait would have been used to cement his political position.

A later portrait of Napoleon by David (himself a prominent French revolutionary) shows a more realistic portrayal, as he stands by his desk after apparently working through the night. The steady expression on the emperor's face, though more human, is nonetheless challenging, and in some ways his power as a man seems greater for being exposed yet authoritative.

Moving through the exhibition, the emphasis shifts from monarchs to philosophers and scientists. These images, of Goethe, Hume, Hutton, Rousseau and Voltaire, amongst others, shows the shift of society towards the Age of Enlightenment, a period of scientific and philosophic innovation.

Rauch's sculptures of Goethe are a fine example of this shift. Dressed as a Roman senator, and posed deep in thought, he has all the presence of a great figure, but with much more realism, expressing the rationality of thinking of the time.

Pigalle's *Voltaire Nude* is, at first glance, a classical statue, but on closer inspection you see the sags, wrinkles and veins of his aged body, a style which is not particularly



Atelier de David Marat assassiné (detail), c.1794
Oil on canvas, Musée du Louvre. Photo: © RMN/Blot and Jean

easy to view.

For me, the most interesting room in the exhibition was the one dedicated to images of the artists themselves, both painted by contemporaries and by themselves. Not suffering from the egos and commercialism of commissioned pieces, these paintings show a development of the intimacy of portraiture. Several, most noticeably Køble's self-portrait, are surprisingly modern in their textured, and reminded me of Lucian Freud.

The exhibition also has some humorous moments. In the section on Allegorical Portraiture you can see the ordinary bulbous English faces of the new upwardly mobile classes of the late 18th century painted as Greek gods or figures from mythology. Commissioned to show their elevated rank, the portraits are mostly laughable, a notable exception being Reynolds's gothic *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*.

The final room of the exhibition is dedicated to portraiture after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. Despite the efforts of royalists to restore the dynasties of old Europe, the middle-classes had risen and republican spirit continued. This is shown in Ingres' *Monsieur Bertin*, where the gruff and powerful editor of the liberal *Journal des débats*, a portrait where the intellect and conviction of the sitter supplants his social standing.

Emily Lines



Fiona Shaw as Winnie in *Happy Days* now showing at the National Theatre

Shaw gives a lesson in small talk

Happy Days
by Samuel Beckett
National Theatre
Until March 1st

Having never seen Fiona Shaw on stage before, I was sceptical about this, the NT's new production of Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*. Genuinely talented actors are passed up for roles far too often in Theatreland in favour of big screen names, often, in my opinion, to the detriment of the production.

However, having seen her sit half-encased in a mound of post-apocalyptic rubble and make Beckett's endless stream of monotonous dialogue come alive I am all admiration.

With little more than a couple of props and her own gestures, the protagonist Winnie (Shaw) surveys her life and pushes herself through her day, seeing the best in everything.

Indeed, despite its setting, the play is very easy to relate to. Everyone knows a couple like this, the wife endlessly chattering whilst the husband completely ignoring her.

But that's not to say that this is an uplifting play to watch. Very funny in places, it paints a terrifying picture of the pointlessness of life, complete with a silent (and possibly masturbating) husband, and the little rituals that get us through the day.

Her situation is a kind of hell, a life controlled by a bell for waking and a bell for sleep, though she refuses to see it as that.

Beckett's plays famously contain particularly meticulous stage directions, and as such could lead a lesser actor to become complacent in their role.

Shaw, however, takes over the character so much that by the end her acceptance of being immobile in a pile of dirt seems completely natural.

When, in the second half, her head is all that protrudes, from the rubble I was desperate for someone to put her out of her misery with the ever-so-tempting revolver lying nearby, but she is as resolute as ever. Her optimism seems to hold her up, and her speech is like the gasps of air of someone drowning.

A particularly hypnotic piece, this is a good introduction to Beckett.

Emily Lines
Arts Editor

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AMS

SATURDAY 3rd FEB

7:30 PM



Felix Fashion goes totally eighties

The eighties are back. Again. To be honest, I'm waiting for the nineties to come back so I can go grunge



What to wear

Top left

Dorothy Perkins
White Oversize Motif T-Shirt, £10; Yellow Low Cone Heel Pump, £18; Acid Face Cluster Necklace, £8; Turquoise Button Frame Across Body Ba, £8

Top right

Topshop
80's Band Tunic, £12; Bleach Cut-Off Pelmet Skirt, £25; Legwarmers, £8; Dice Pendant Necklace, £5; Fluoro Legging, £15

Right

Urban Outfitters
Kill City Black Stretch Skinny Twill Jean, £45; Springcourt Metallic Hi-Top, £79; Clouds And Stars Tee, £28; Metallic Envelope Clutch, £34; Lee Lynn Freeze Dry Straight Leg Jean, £70 I Love NYC Tee, £28

RAG Fashion Show

Do you have that extra something? A beauty that has more potential than Imperial is currently letting you show off? Then get involved in 2007's Imperial College RAG Fashion Show model's auditions.

The Fashion Show is on 20th March and rehearsals will begin 20th February. So come and strut your sexy stuff at our auditions:

26th January at the Drew Lecture theatre,
29th and 30th January in the SAFB and
31st January and 1st February in Drew Lecture theatre; all auditions begin at 6pm.

It's a great way to meet and mingle with Imperial College's most attractive and you get to wear some fabulous clothes you'd never normally get the opportunity to! So man or woman please come along and be beautiful!

Any queries please email sophie.weiss@ic.ac.uk

Metamegatron zeta-69 puzzle time

Don't choose Santori time, choose Kakuro time. A fine concoction of malt, caramel, logic and numbers

Sudoku mania!

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

Mmm...

8				7	6	2		9
		2				5		
		4		9			1	
	2				1		8	7
1				4				5
7	4		5				6	
	9			8		6		
		7				8		
2		8	6	5				1

Hmm...

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

HULK SMASH!

Kakuro – round 4

			17	14	4	9	7	
		15						
	7							4
34								
3			5	6		4		
10						3		
			7					
							20	6
				10				
	3	14						
4				16	17	11	3	
38								
			35					

The numbers indicate the sum of the digits in the row or column indicated. For example, the square with 7 and 11 in it means “the numbers you write in the row below must add up to 7, and the numbers in the row across must add up to 11”. You may use each number only once within a row of cells (called a ‘run’), like sudoku.

Any spare cells are available for pipette blood samples from disease ridden brown bears.

Hexadoku III – The Grid Strikes Again

8		D		B	6			1		C		3	4		
C			9	A	0	D		E			F		6		
				F	C			2				9	5	7	
5		6	A	7	8			B		9	E	1			
6		E	C			1	4	3			5				
7	F				3			D		9		1		2	
		3	1	0			9		4	5	2		E	7	A
2	9	5		D	7			6			1	F		4	8
		1	3	2	6				0	8		B	5		C
			D		9					C			4		
			8	B	1	A				D		9	2		
						8	7	A		3	5	0			
D						2		5					C		9
	A	4				F				2				1	
F	3	9	6			7		1	D		E	4	B		5
	C		B	E			3			6	8				D

Sudoku 1,371

Complete the grid so that every row, every column and every 3x3 square contains the digits 1 to 9. E-mail your solution to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk by **Tuesday 9am**. We will randomly select a winner to receive either a 128MB USB stick or a crate of beer. You must claim your prize within a week.

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

Solution to 1,370

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

Jotting pad



Thanks to nobody. There is no winner this week. Get those entries coming in dammit!

This Week's Whore of Babylon

Scorpio (23 Oct – 21 Nov)



2 x Coke 1.5 litre, 2 x garlic bread with cheese, 1 x "Vegetarian Volcano" pizza, 1 x "Meat Feast" deep pan pizza, 1 x "Chicken Barbeque Sizzler" pizza = one happy Felix office. Wednesday is pizza day, and man can we eat pizza.

Sagittarius (22 Nov – 21 Dec)



According to a young lady I met on the internet, you (the female part of the readership) can touch your ovaries. Apparently this is, and I quote, "really wicked". This thought disgusts me, and I had to go masturbate over a picture of Sally Gunnell to feel better.

Capricorn (22 Dec – 19 Jan)



This week I had a disturbing dream about incest. There was much shame involved, as well as some webbed fingers. I can only assume that my subconscious hates. When I woke up, I was utterly convinced that I had had sex with my mother.

Aquarius (20 Jan – 18 Feb)



"Why don't you love me?" "You follow me. The claustrophobia brings me to the brink..." "The brink of what?" "To the edge of the water. Sometimes I wake up on the shore with my feet covered in sand" "But we live in Siberia and there isn't any shore."

Pisces (19 Feb – 20 Mar)



I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises. And indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory. Then everybody dies.

Aries (21 Mar – 20 Apr)



Caution is your watchword. You have killed and kill again you must, but care must be taken. Your lucky number is 2 and your lucky chemical is Quicklime. Play your cards right and that tenacious forensic investigator on your tail will be naught but a sticky memory.

Taurus (21 Apr – 21 May)



Last week's horoscope was marred by certain libellous claims regarding baby rape and convoluted sentences. No bearded intruders employed by this paper have ever convoluted a sentence in their life. Everything else is both true and very fun indeed.

Gemini (22 May – 21 Jun)



Once upon a time there was a small boy named George. George used to hide by woodland paths and leap out at passers-by, making them jump with fright. "Til one day, an old lady had a heart attack. Terrified, he ran away. She died and cat starved.

Cancer (22 Jun – 22 Jul)



Zombies. Zoooooombies. Zooooommmmbies. When I grow up, I want to be a zombie. I'll scream for brayns, and wander through the streets, and eat my family. I wonder what my friends taste like all the time. Probably chicken.

Leo (23 Jul – 22 Aug)



A priest walking along the cliffs comes across a crying young girl. He asks her why she's crying. "My mummy and my daddy just fell down there," pointing at the red-smearred rocks. The priest looks around, and says: "It's not your day, is it dear?" as he unzips his fly.

Virgo (23 Aug – 22 Sept)



I found some semen on my coat today. It wasn't mine. How it got there, I will never know. Even the best case scenario is that I sat on an object covered in tadpole rivulets. The image in my head that I can't shake is of a man masturbating behind me on a bus.

Libra (23 Sept – Oct 22)



This week, your flirtatious nature lands you in trouble. His missus chases you through Beit armed with a propelling pencil and a broken bottle. Luckily, the situation resolves itself when an Original Tour bus ploughs into her and splashes her bile over the road.

Felix Crossword 1,371

1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8
9												10		
11				12								13		
14						15		16					17	
18												19		20
21		22				23							24	
25						26						27		
28												29		

Send your answers to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk or bring this page down to the Felix office in the West Wing of Beit Quad by **Wednesday 9am**. Each week, we'll choose a correct, mostly correct, or even just a random entry to win £10 based on criteria based mostly on the mood we're in. Last week's winner was **Emily Lines**, who happened to be in the office at the time. Maybe if people actually sent in non-wrong answers...

ACROSS

- Praise sounds more like a demand (7)
- One company fruit, or the other? (7)
- Poisonous purple nasty (9)
- The boy of the Light Armoured Division (3)
- Tear for the peaceful dead (3)
- A wash in a bath? Excellent! (5)
- Half of snakebite (5)
- Initially, a non-German read your work, but it annoyed him (5)
- In the forest, any stag must cope with moving eyes (9)
- Seer's projection really defines his facial features, don't you think? (9)
- Evidence must be encoded, or for whom are we spying? (5)
- Try to buy coffer, but top is missing (5)
- Fire, dammit! (5)
- Mediterranean view (3)
- Short state of fever (3)
- Overturning the order was distressing (9)
- Jumbled, and more unsettled (5-2)
- Topic is jet-bus and light speed. Confusing! (7)

DOWN

- Ancient country used to canvas Syrians (7)
- Fake suffering from fizzy drink (9)
- Beer trouble? (3)
- Sounds like damp point got damper (9)
- Paper made from batter (5)
- Aladdin's friend and his weaving of enchantments (5, 6)
- Make it up in mad library (2-3)
- Finishes hearers, but makes them like you (7)
- Get some drinks in next to the Hyde Park pond. (3, 3, 5)
- Caught sight of Ascot, but only with supports (9)
- Illegal alcohol under the lunar glow (9)
- Muddled site, oh my God, of self belief! (7)
- Plagued by frag hut (7)
- This cat (5)
- In a bath, but confused (3)

Stedman

As you may have noticed, I've not been sighted in these parts before but having got lost in the wilds of Beit Quad I found my way to the Felix office and was threatened with death unless I wrote a good crossword for this week's paper.

I'm not entire sure if I've succeeded yet, so try it out and judge for yourself. You might like to know that as I wrote I became increasingly desperate to get out and get a drink, which almost led to an alcoholic theme among some of the answers. Although whether that will help you is debatable.

Anyway, I need to go for a drink. Enjoy!

Stedman

Solution to Crossword 1,370

I	M	B	E	C	I	L	I	T	Y	B	A	N	D	
M	A	O	E	E	S	G	I							
P	A	N	I	C	F	L	A	T	H	E	A	D	S	
S	D	O	T	R	I	P	R							
T	W	E	A	K	I	K	G	P	I	E	C	E		
J	A	A	S	A	W		G							
A	U	G	M	E	N	T	S	W	A	N	S	E	A	
C	O	X					Y	P	R					
K	I	N	E	T	I	C	E	A	S	T	E	N	D	
A			E	H	L		C	S						
N	A	D	I	R	A	N	D	S	I	X	T	Y		
A	I	I	G	R	N	A	A							
P	O	T	P	O	U	R	R	I	C	A	T	E	R	
E	T	R	I	C	A	O	I							
S	H	O	W	O	N	E	H	U	N	D	R	E	D	

Clubs & Societies



Wandering in a windy wonderland

Alex De Rosa and Dave Hankin

The trip began on a Friday with the group splitting in twain to travel at different times to Snowdonia. The second bus started out late but due to some skilled driving by the big man himself (Tim) good time was made and the first bus was left eating the dust of his passing. Dinner was served in typical style at KFC – a good lining of grease is an important start to the weekend.

Something was going far too smoothly however and the fickle God of fellwanderers trips decided to have his way. Kathrin, now driving the second bus, fell foul as the old banger started to protest under the pedals. A short delay ensued with all the wanderers meeting at the 'Dobbies Garden World' island to exchange thoughts. "It's obviously the engine misfiring", said Tim and Dave, "A diesel can't misfire", said Nathaniel.

Meanwhile, Kathrin was having 'a bit of a mare' as she proceeded to jam the bus keys in the fuel cap. Cue more frustration and it looking like it was going to be one of those weekends. However, in the end it all sorted itself out, and after a hasty call to the RAC they were on their way again.

Obviously the intrepid travellers had eventually made their way to St Mary's Hut in Snowdonia and awoke early on Saturday, hungry

for some walking and a vegan brekkie. The wind was blowing an absolute hoolie, and so some of the more technical walks were put aside, and a simpler walk up the Pyg Track to Snowdon became the favoured option for the day.

Setting out from the car park (SH 647 556), the weather looked fine if a little breezy (hurricane speed winds for sure – it was gusting 100 at Pen-y-Pass) and the group were wrapped up warm and in high spirit. The track was clear and some of the party took the alternative 'more interesting' routes on offer, with some decent scrambling led by Nathaniel. Eventually after a sedate trek uphill the party closed on the peak, a break was had to wrap up and the summit was braved.

The effect of the howling wind was quickly felt; those actually attempting to climb to the very peak clung on for grim death while the others coped with the icy conditions that had overtaken the mountain in light of the severe wind chill. Andy did a good job of weighing Evelyne down as the wind threatened to pick her off her feet.

Rather surprisingly lunch was had on the summit. However, Alex soon lost the feeling in his fingers, and Chris' gentlemanly offer of a warm cup of coffee went awry when the wind blew it into Sarah's face. Needless to say the party layered up yet again and the majority, mi-

nus Andy, Kathrin and Chris who went back to the minibuses, set off down the hill fairly quickly on the Snowdon Ranger Path, Dave taking time to test out his new trekking poles. Taking the southerly path (SH 573 552) to Glan-yr-Afon (SH 571 541), heading west to the A4085, and turning south again for a swift marching along the road to the pub at Rhyd-Ddu, where we met up with Andy, and not long after Kathrin and Chris who took the wrong turning!

The evening was one of strange games, allergic reactions and drunken debauchery. After a brief stop at the local, Tim, Sarah and Chris handled the cooking of a pasta dinner coming in three separate varieties: veggie, vegan and carnivorous.

Pints of dirty cheap wine were the order of the day and the evening started out in earnest with a decent fire started by Nathaniel, who made a good effort as he had only wet wood to work with. A game of 'Werewolf' then began.

A vicious psychological battle ensued in which the villagers won after Dave sold out his mate Alex to the mob. At this point Tim's stomach decided to take offence to the most inoffensive of fungi, the humble Quorn worked its terrible magic and the evening ended with everyone settling down to bed.

Disaster! A severe drought of bread struck the hut! Andy left on a

bold rescue mission early the next morning to find a Welshman stupid enough to open up that early on a Sunday. Fortunately, baked produce was soon secured and with the easing of Tim's stomach the day took a turn for the better and the group decided to attack Cnicht. Some spectacular views were seen (check out the photos) and yet again it was exceptionally windy.

The day had its ups and downs, the wind taking its toll but all the scrambling and stunning landscapes more than making up for it. The fellwanderers set out from the car park at Croesor, northwest up a track onto the northeasterly path (SH 628 450) to the summit, taking the path to the right at SH 632 455. However, the best thing was the snow on the peak, its discovery set the trip back a good half hour as everyone stopped to have a good ole' snowball fight. Chris caught a few in the face as he, Dave and Alex declared an all out war.

Heading over the summit and along the path, turning southeast at SH 657 477. Lunch was had in a picturesque, crumbling mining village (SH 665 462) in the depths of Wales. The descent back to the buses started with a good scramble down to a southwesterly path off the disused rail track (SH 661 462), Nathaniel choosing to ignore the bridge a few feet in front of him in favour of leading the group down

one his infamous 'more interesting routes' – risk of death/scoring fall over points included or your money back.

The walk down to the buses passed without incident. The wanderers turned to the west through a field (SH 643 452) and down a track onto the road back to the car park. The trip ended with a traditional teatime stop off in Gaydon to relax and enjoy a decent pub dinner at The Malt Shovel Inn. Again good time was made by Tim in the driving seat to ensure Alex only had to stay up till 3:30 to (nearly) finish his reports for the next day.

This trip's brave adventurers were: Tim (head honcho) Scarborough, Nathaniel Bottrell, Chris Mark, Sarah (ex-head honcho) Kingdon, Christine Smith, Dave Hankin, Alex De Rosa, Martin (the semi-naked German) Mechelhoff, Kathrin Stephan, Nils Carqueville, Angela Meyer, Evelyne Dohon, Andy Roberts, Pang Zi Yang?, Rohan Nanda, Wilfred Yung, Robin Small, Daniel Hepenstrick, Johanna Conle.

The Fellwanderers organise weekend trips such as this every fortnight; day walks in and around London are also fortnightly. See www.fellwanderers.com for details. If you are interested in joining Fellwanderers, please email the president at tim.scarbrough@imperial.ac.uk

Debaters travel all the way to UCL

Alex Kendall

Saturday the 20th dawned earlier for some as eight Imperial debaters made their way to UCL for 9am for the UCL IV 2007, a debating competition featuring 34 teams from around London and beyond. For several of the debaters (including me) this was to be their first competition and as the hundreds of people filed into one of the lecture theatres in UCL's medical department, the cruciform building, they knew little or nothing about what would happen.

It soon emerged that each team would debate four times before the final, for which the best four teams would be selected. Slowly the first motion to be debated appeared on the projector and we would be debating whether teachers should be given a statutory stop and search power on school grounds. It was then it all started to go horribly wrong as we discovered that 80% of the debaters there were law students or trainee barristers.

Nevertheless, the four Imperial teams held their own throughout the first round even though the lawyers brought up the human rights act every few minutes as though they had written the damn thing. The second round came upon us like a lion upon a small wounded deer; we debated whether the parents / guardians / those with right of attorney should be able to cast a proxy vote on the behalf of the mentally ill. It was an interesting round although it didn't take us long to find the general theme that had been snuck into the competition – the law. Gone were our hopes of a debate on stem cells, the speed of light, genetic engineering or even Pro Evolution Soccer 7.

Lunch was a welcome break and



Novice debaters enjoying the competition and the food, yes, I'm looking at you on the right, at UCL

so off we went to McDonalds to get some quality food to refuel our minds for the second half of the day. Our fears were confirmed as the third round was announced, and we spoke about whether defendants should have the right to elect trial by judge alone without a jury.

This is something that I'm sure we knew little or nothing about compared to a lawyer but we cleverly invented utter bollocks to fill the time during our speeches, which at the time made sense, but then again most of the judges were lawyers too.

No escape. The final round dawned and up came the motion, which struck like the Leviathan upon the sinking ship of whatever hope we had left. Yes believe it or not we had to develop convincing arguments about whether MI6 should have its remit widened to encompass retaliatory corporate espionage. The motion was no doubt interesting... I'll just leave it at that.

UCL were kind enough to put on a massive feast for the debaters afterwards and it was all well worth the £10 we each put forward for

the competition. We even stayed to watch the final to see some spectacular debaters at work, it felt better to see them in the final and know that we had faced them only hours before. It is this kind of competition, where debaters from all over the country get to debate with each other regardless of ability that makes it more exciting.

It is certainly true that we learnt a lot from our day at UCL and if we thought some of the motions were a bit weird, well I guess we learnt more from speaking about them.

Thanks must go to the debaters who made the epic journey, Shilpa Kodati, Simon Lumley, Yazan Billeh, Anthony Maina, Jamillah David, Kewen Chen, Aneurin Young and Alex Kendall. Thanks also Ed for organising our entry into the competition.

.....
Debate society meets every Wednesday at 6pm in SAF near room 120. People are welcome to join up! Competitions are always great fun and really improve speaking skills.

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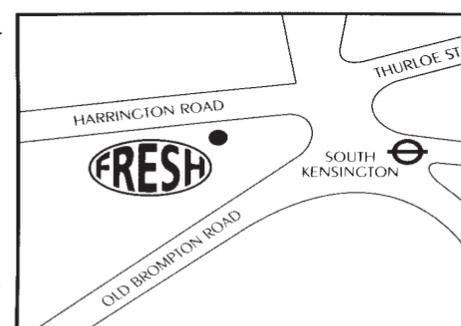
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NFL

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- | | |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| Fri 2nd | The Mingle |
| Sun 4th | Superbowl - late bar! |
| Tue 6th | Da Vinci's - Quiz Night |
| Wed 7th | Fight Club - Bouncy Boxing |
| Thu 8th | Ross Copperman |
| Fri 9th | Jazz & Rock Band Showcase |

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The Union encourages responsible drinking. R.O.A.R. Student I.D. Required.

imperial college union

RSM Hockey play hockey and win

Men's Hockey

RSM 1sts	3
St.Barts	0

Tim Hartford-Cross

Snow had fallen and a chill filled the air when St.Barts had the misfortune of meeting the RSM.

RSM men are made from rock and metal; they could only laugh at the whimpering and shivering syringe pushers. Our Zeus-like-bodied team destroyed the Barts defence, with attacking runs from every player, including the defence.

It wasn't long before Mikey struck the back of the net, sending the team's morale flying skyward. Barts were seen crying after Pikey powered in a beast from a well-played short corner and 3 committed suicide when Leon converted the final goal; passed with precision from a free hit just outside the D.

At half time I offered to have my team play using only one leg and no sticks: they accepted.

The second half was an attacking nightmare due to the lack of equipment; after 35 mins of play, almost entirely in their half, no one had found the net. Oh well.

Disgusted with their pitiful performance they burnt the goals, the ashes of which are now kept in an urn as an eternal reminder of the might that is THE RSM.

Afterwards we gave them a proper RSM goodbye by raping and pillaging their evil medic lair.



The esteemed RSM men's hockey captain battles bravely with a ferocious jug of terrifying purple goo, or is that post match celebrations?

Men's Hockey

Real/SexyMen	3
IdiotCretinSadoMasochists	0

The RSM men took to the field with their heads held high following excellent performances in the previous games.

It seemed like everyone had a great game; Pikey, Sam, Spencer and John did an immense job of keeping the Scum at bay in defence, while the attack did superb plays striking deep into the heart of the medic defence, the midfield passed the ball with surgical precision around the flailing medic team.

The Medics were truly dissected

by the end of the game. My diagnosis: we were fucking great, and were playing against the odds with the umpire (not Sammy the umpire – she was good AND she was going to get cut up the next day yet still had time for the mighty men's hockey team!)

The match was followed by the Reynolds which we hit harder

than the tree. Yung, our ex-medic, showed them what he has learnt and where his allegiance lies. We then performed the mandatory raping and pillaging of medics.

Man of the match went to Pike for ace defending and twat of the match was awarded to Rich F, 'cause he was so late he missed the bus by an hour!

IC 4ths fill the number 2 slots thanks to IC 3rds

Men's Football

IC 3rds	4
IC 4ths	1

Scott Greening

On Saturday 27th January, IC 3rds faced IC 4ths in the first round of the ULU Men's Reserves Cup. There was potential for an upset, with the 3rds not having played this term, while the 4ths had played twice and appeared to be in good form.

The match started under controversial circumstances; the referee, known as 'Tramp' by some, declared he: "would not play offsides", since the 3rd team could not provide a linesman. After some debate with 3rd's captain, James Blyth, a compromise was met, where he: "would play offsides in the 18 yard box".

Early exchanges suggested the match would be good one, played at a fast pace. Rickards and Noone lived up to their billing, zipping the ball around the midfield. Meanwhile, the 3rds looked dangerous

going forward, their pace up front causing problems.

For most of the first half the 4ths played the ball around well, but found themselves resigned to speculative efforts from over 20 yards, and struggled to test Mustapher Botchway in goal for the 3rds.

The 3rds went 1-0 up after 15 minutes when Deu knocked the ball down to Audi just inside the 4ths' half. Audi immediately played the ball behind the 4th's defence, down the left, finding Scott Greening, previously of the 4th team, who slotted the ball past O'Neill.

The first half continued to be played at pace with a high degree of skill. The 3rds created some clear-cut chances; Deu played the ball down the left to Greening, in a similar position to when he opened the scoring. This time he had less luck, forcing a good save out of O'Neill.

Just when it looked like the 4ths might get back into it, the 3rds went 2-0 up, five minutes before half time. The ball was played from defence to Deu, who flicked it, with his head, down the left flank to Greening

who ran down the flank, covered by a defender. He then cut back onto his right foot inside the box, neatly placing the ball just inside O'Neill's near post.

In the second half the game became a lot more competitive; the tackles, and the occasional late challenge, started to fly in as the 4ths were determined to get back into the game.

For the first part of the second half, the 4ths were still forced into long-range efforts. One of which nearly got the better of Botchway, with the keeper just managing to claw Noone's 30-yard effort away from the top corner with one hand. At the other end, Deu found himself on the edge of the box on the right-hand side, he cut inside, he went down under a challenge from Scott Mackenzie, convinced he should be awarded a penalty. The referee said no and play continued.

The 4ths immediately responded by scoring; the ball was chipped over to Viktor Jensen, a clear beneficiary of the referee's no-offside policy, who cleverly clipped the ball



Here they are again. The football team in their now immortal image

past Botchway to make the score 2-1 with 25 minutes still to play.

The 3rds could easily have panicked, allowing the 4ths back into the match; instead, they stayed resolute. The two Masters in midfield (Adam and Stewart) continued their high work-rate, stifling the threat of Noone and Rickards, protecting the defence.

With 15 minutes to go, Stewart Masters won a free kick on the right corner of the box. Greening, with his left foot suited to the angle, demanded the free kick. With the wall set covering the right side of the goal, Greening fizzed the ball low

and hard towards the far bottom corner. The ball was missed by Deu (3rds) and Rickards (4ths) before taking a Lampard-esque deflection off a 4th team defender past the helpless O'Neill. Greening claimed his 3rd goal, although the issue will probably have to be solved by the dubious goals committee. At 3-1, the 4th team were dead and buried; the game continued with little incident until the end.

Credit for the victory must go to the 3rds defence, who did not allowed the 4ths' skilful midfield penetrate them often enough to threaten Botchway.

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Sticking it to them down in Ghana

The Imperial College Hockey Club toured the country of Ghana and taught the natives a few silky skills too

The summer may now seem like a distant memory but back when the sun shone, coursework deadlines were non-existent and when we could sip Pimms in the park, without a care in the world, the Imperial College Hockey Club were about to embark on their summer tour of Ghana.

A random invitation resulted in a tour that would be like no other; "Would we like to go to Ghana, and play/coach some hockey?"

Before we realised what was happening, term had ended, nurses had injected us against most known diseases of the southern hemisphere and we were on the plane to Africa wondering:

What on earth were we going to do?

Why had we trusted Mum with the organisation; she couldn't even make it off the plane at Amsterdam with her passport?

Why, exactly, had we been invited to the wedding of a village chief the following day?

The first couple of days went by in a blur; leaving us barely enough time to gain our bearings; a royal appointment in a small village in the Volta region (a days travel away from the airport) and Chief Togbe Mottey III's wedding taking up most of those two days. The weekend was a whirl of random road trips, celebrations, dancing and an eventful midnight trek to Togo (and, of course, a fair amount of beer and cards), before heading to Accra for our first coaching session.

We were working closely with the National Hockey Association and some local schools to aid the development and profile of the sport

in Ghana. Before we left several people had trained as coaches; between us, we planned what we hoped to be a useful and fun programme, though this did nothing to suppress nerves before the first session. Everyone did an awesome job, proving the nerves were not required, despite the numbers being far higher than we had anticipated. The children's enthusiasm was so great that the three hour session flew by in drills, frisbee games and mini-matches.

I'm not sure we saw much improvement in the children in the first session, we hadn't really planned for them to, but their enjoyment of the sport and willingness to play was encouraging; we had a starting point and could plan to move forward. That evening was the World Cup final (yes, I told you it was a long time ago!) so we found a random sports bar with a TV and spent the evening explaining to the locals we weren't French or Italian even though we were all wearing blue.

5.30am came all too early the next morning (and every morning that week). It was time for us to venture into the schools and begin the real grass-roots coaching we were looking forward to. We worked in 5 schools dotted around the Accra area; the facilities were varied, with many of the schools never having played before. What was the best thing to do? Give everyone a stick and see what happens! It could have been carnage, but with a few useful coaching points passes were vaguely in the right direction and, by the end of the session, the children were dribbling balls. We were keen to progress the next day, de-



IC Hockey looking happy. The legend that is James Edge is pictured. If you can't spot him, be ashamed

spite some rather school-day-like summons to the headmistresses' offices to discuss how the project would be sustained and the future of hockey at the various schools. That done, it was time to try and not get lost on the public transport system and get back to our lodgings for some food and further doses of sun-tan cream.

The afternoon session was much like the day before, over 100 keen, hockey-stick wielding youngsters on one pitch. They were obviously enjoying themselves and we were encouraged to see several people

who had been part of the school sessions earlier that day. The drill sergeant, Maria, had them running everywhere, while the Hoff was just a tad too enthusiastic; rumours have it someone chased a poor timid goalkeeper through the market!

We followed with a rest and recuperation evening (with a swift fine circle) as we enjoyed being in the same place for 2 nights, which hadn't happened in the 5 days we had been in Ghana.

The rest of the week followed in a similar fashion; visiting the vibrant and bustling markets, intriguing

corners of the city and the odd bar (or two). The improvement in standard of play (and our coaching) was immense. Granted we had people falling ill but everyone coped and the pitches (or random patches of mud) were filled with champagne hockey skills that would be a welcome part of our teams here in London. After 3 long afternoons of negotiations, Mum managed to get our kit released from customs; so we were able to present the National Association with 250 hockey sticks, a goalie kit and 100 balls (kindly donated by Mercian



It was going to be a long and treacherous journey home for the IC Hockey members

Hockey). This meant a lot as it would mean that, once distributed, the schools could carry on with the sport once we had left.

Not wishing to bore you all with our exciting daily activities but Thursday is worth a mention, for it was our first match. Yes we were taking on Ghana! The team we took over really was a cross-section of the club, except for the disproportionate number of goalkeepers, with 6 in total. I don't know how much you know about hockey, but you do not need 6 goalies on-pitch at once, in fact you only need 1, leaving us with 5 players out of position, weakening the side. Additionally, Delhi Belly was still rife in the camp, we were yet to adjust to the humidity and we were playing a national U18 side. Is that enough excuses yet? To cut a long game short, we lost. I can't remember the score but it was a good fight and Plug (one of the goalies) managed to score a hat trick. The IC side showed great dedication, but the all-male side were just too good. As with any match we followed with a good celebration; an epic night in the clubs and music venues of Accra – awesomnal!

Too soon it was time to move away from Accra and onto our base for the following week – a school further north in Akosombo, via a lovely weekend of frivolity on a tropical beach. Akosombo was completely different to our time in Accra: we were staying in a Hotel and were being cooked for by a wonderful teacher who welcomed us into her home every day.

The children and activities were very similar, though the hockey programme was less packed (only 5 hours a day) so we had time to see a bit more of the country and enjoy more of the holiday that you may expect from a tour. This led us to the wonders of Dam Tuesday when, being engineers, we were told we should go around a huge dam on the outskirts of the town; and Monkey Wednesday, which Flat Eric was slightly too excited about, when we ventured to a local nature reserve for a trek to see monkeys and baboons.

Once again the children's sheer enjoyment was superb and uplifting. Half of these children had played before, but still we managed to increase their enthusiasm and give them tips for improving further. Maria amused them with her northern accent; it can't be nice being mocked by 25 children who were supposed to be coached! The Hoff lost his voice and broke his stick but managed to maintain a trail of admiring young ladies. The Edgenator perfected his Ministry of Silly Walks (aka dynamic stretches), AWOL demonstrated the wonders of his stretchy nipple, thankfully not in front of the children. It all finished in one of the largest and most manic Hokey-Cokeys in history.

The evenings were far quieter than those in Accra but we still managed to get out and about, sharing in the local nightlife where there were bars with gin and no tonic, places with huge fridges of tonic (and much to the annoyance of our friendly G&T addict Dirty Money) no gin and nothing in between.

Far too soon it was time to head back to Accra for our final 2 matches, against 11 of our new friends at the academy. The first match was much closer; we had just about clicked as a team and there were far more girls in the opposing side. Duracell was everywhere and doing a great job. Captain Zizu led the

troops fantastically with the subs carried out their water duties magnificently. We played some brilliant hockey, demonstrating all the skills we had been coaching for the last couple of weeks; the locals on the sidelines were impressed. Still, we were not quite as fit as the Ghanians, nor used to the heat (and dare I say umpires) so the game ended in a draw. The tension was unbelievable and as we knew we would die if we had to play another 30 minutes, it was agreed to go straight to P-Flicks.

We had no idea whether this would be in our favour or not. Few in our team had ever taken one before and our keeper had never saved one before. With good efforts from everyone (and yes some flicks saved by us) we were drawn at the end of the first 5. Ooh, the tension. Multiple Entry was up next, but unfortunately was AWOL at the side of the pitch, suffering a bit too much from the night before, but no-fears-Duracell stepped up and scored. We let the next one in – buggler. Next, Multiple Entry made it on pitch with the hopes of IC resting on him – he missed, Mum didn't save it – match over.

On to the last night where we celebrated the last fortnight with new friends, picked up in various bars, and danced to the wonders of Polly singing "do do do do do... say I love you" (the no. 1 at the time).

With another wonderful speech (was it the importance of hockey and education this time?) and another match we finished our trip. A few too many fizzy pops and sheer tiredness meant that, once again, we could do nothing to stop a few too many goals going in our goal and too few in theirs.

Here we said our goodbyes as several of us decided we wanted to see more of the country whilst others had the dull-ities of work waiting for them back in the UK.

The next fortnight had many highlights, but since it wasn't part of the official tour I will be brief. Sick Note was better and celebrated this by sharing a bed with far too many of the remaining group. We were ambushed by an over-excited Flat Eric and Sick Note wearing not very much in a hotel after doing a cunning split and re-meet situation and the days we had planned to be on the beach picking up a tan were those few days when it started to rain. We managed to explore a larger range of the country and spent an awful lot of time on tours, but it was great to see more. Being back for a while now has given us a chance to reflect. We all still raise a smile about the experience which has given us all much more confidence in our coaching abilities (which apply to our own teams) whilst performing a nice supporting role for the association there.

Our schools have just competed in their first school's hockey tournament and the work seems to be ticking along nicely. Granted it might not have been a typical hockey tour and our skills and technical areas may not have improved much, but we did manage to publicise the sport and bring it to schools that were in need of a helping hand to get started. We also have far more confidence and skill in planning for coaching within our own teams.

Thank you to everyone who came on tour for the enthusiasm and patience they all had. Also, thanks to the IC Trust, Harlington Trust, Carvers, Mercian Hockey and everyone who helped us along the way to make the tour as successful as it was.



Gotta have a montage. Simple as really

Motor Club have a day at the races

John Sargent

Few days in the history of IC have seen testosterone, sweat and sheer tonnage of lubricant quite on the same order of magnitude as when the C&G Motor Club descended upon Streatham one fine Wednesday afternoon for several hours of wheel banging around the 400m indoor karting circuit. Bigot and Lube Boy thoughtfully managed to book a twelve seater minibus for over twenty students, so the majority of us, including the committee, had to endure the pangs of waiting for and eventually riding a London bus.

Upon arrival we were kitted out with suits, helmets and our very own number plates, so that we could identify the sod who had flipped his kart and was burning down at turn three. Tensions were high and it probably didn't help that one of the corners was called 'Casualty'. Each karter was to compete in five heats, with five karts per heat, starting once from each position (1st through 5th). Points to be awarded at the end of each race.

Whoever had the balls to charge from the back, by skill or by having everyone else in front smash into each other, would get most points.

Points are then tallied and a series of finals take place, with the slowest people put in 'Final D'. The top three from there are then allowed to join the end of 'Final C', the top three from there going into... you get the point? Fair enough.

Allocation of drivers for the heats produced some interesting battles, notably between Lube Boy and The Green Wanker who met, fought, crashed, and fought some more. Lager and Captain FatSlow had some interesting tussles on track, most of them involving Lager pushing from behind (ah yeah), as Captain FatSlow has the biggest arse in the motor club. FatSlow was also involved in a heated battle with French Fry in a separate heat which saw FatSlow try to punt him off, unsuccessfully, to the annoyance of most of



Apparently riding around in a go kart is considered a sport these days. Whatever next - darts at the Olympics?

the spectators.

Litres of sweat were produced and the waiting room stank of aggression as the draws for the finals took place. After a few hilarious starts in the lower finals, involving several karts in a space narrower than an amoeba's arsehole, the draw for the coveted 'Final A' was produced. This had Green Wanker starting from pole after relieving himself earlier, allowing him to weigh an impressive three stone, closely followed by Lube Boy, Matt 2, French Fry, Lager, Captain FatSlow, and Bigot - most of the usual

suspects.

The start of the race was surprisingly clean, with FatSlow losing two places as he struggled to gain acceleration off the line and Lube Boy managing to sneak in front of the Green Wanker around the inside of the first corner. The Green Wanker decided drastic action was necessary to relieve Lube Boy of his understandably slippery situation, and proceeded to smack the shit out of him going into Casualty, putting both karts a lap down in last place.

Matt2 snuck into the lead fol-

lowed by French Fry and Lager, with FatSlow and Bigot closing in on the third-placed drunk driver. On the second last lap as FatSlow was going to take a stab at Lager, Bigot decided that now was a good time for a shunt and pushed both karts into the barriers, continuing but pulling the Captain away from Lager, allowing both karts to fall back into the clutches of Lube Boy and the Green Wanker who were plugging away to regain time. Bigot succumbed to Lube Boy after a particularly slick overtaking manoeuvre and was milliseconds

away from dispatching Captain FatSlow when the flag was waved. The first three drivers (ironically none of the committee, all freshers) being Matt2, French Fry and Lager who made no mistakes. They were awarded with Nuts, Heat, and Hello magazines respectively as well as four-packs of Stella, Carlsberg, and Sainsbury's Basics beer - Lager wasn't terribly impressed.

If you ever feel like joining us, the kart garage is open on Unwin Road in Imperial College behind the Skempton building every Wednesday at 1pm.

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