

felix

The student newspaper of
Imperial College London

Issue 1,383
Friday 19 October 2007
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All too easy?

Ring of Steel – money well spent? See page 3

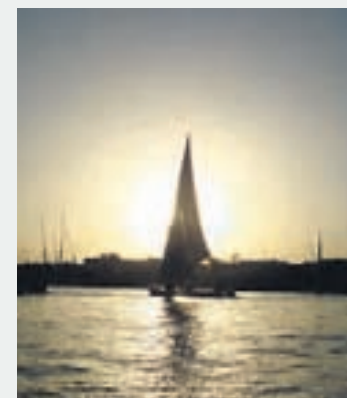
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News

News Editor – Andrew Somerville

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Vacancies on Council



John could have sworn more people wanted to be on the Council committee than this

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

At midnight on Sunday, the nomination period for Council elections and positions on the Trustee Board drew to a close.

Two people are running for the two Trustee Board positions available. However, Council will remain without all the committee positions filled even if all of the candidates are successfully elected.

There is supposed to be a fair representation of the different faculties on Council, as well as both an undergraduate and postgraduate presence. For example, out of the 16 positions open to Ordinary Members (regular, vanilla flavoured students) four places are reserved for undergraduate engineers and a further two for postgraduate engineers.

However, only two people are running in the Undergraduate Natural Sci-

ences Councillor category; leaving two positions unfilled for the time being until the Union decides how it plans to elect these students.

The remaining undergraduate categories are better contested though, with four out of four engineers coming forward. The Undergraduate Medicine Councillor category sees a whopping eleven students standing and they'll be duking it out for three positions.

Postgraduate representation is even worse, with only one person standing for a position as a Postgraduate Engineering Councillor.

All candidates will be up against a fearsome showing from RON (re-open nominations). The electorate can choose to vote RON if they believe none of the candidates are suitable.

Candidates are currently in the process of preparing their campaign strategy meaning that manifestos should be ready for publication in next week's issue of Felix and hustings is taking place

next Thursday 25th October in the Junior Common Room at 12pm. Voting opens on the following day at one minute past midnight, to be precise.

How and when the outstanding positions will be filled remains to be seen – the Union is in the process of deciding what to do next.

Last year's Council nominations were a far greater success, with every position on the committee being contested for and successfully elected.

Whether this year's poor show is down to the Union's lack of promotion, or a general disinterest in Council amongst students is not clear

If you do give a monkey's about Council, head to www.imperialcollegeunion.org/vote and you can cast your vote. If you don't actually know what Council is and you'd like to know, tell us at felix@imperial.ac.uk or head to the Union website.

Beit: The biggest hall party ever! Possibly, maybe...



On Tuesday and throughout the early hours of Wednesday morning, quite possibly the largest semi-official hellamashup party ever was held in Beit Hall corridors. Boys dressed as girls. Girls dressed as boys. Geeks dressed as Mexicans and Mexicans dressed as Geeks joined the Sluts and the Men in Black for what was to be an all-night decadent extravaganza. A Piccadilly Court senior refuted claims that this was the biggest party ever, saying: "Piccadilly Court bashes last year make your shin-dig look like a five year-old kid's birthday party." Beit seniors were unavailable for daft comment.

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OFTEN WEEK

Soaring through the Aero turnstiles

Following a theft incident in Aero, Felix decided to carry out an investigation into the department's security

**Andrew Somerville
& Tom Roberts**

Computer parts were stolen from the Department of Aeronautics late last week, throwing doubt upon the efficacy of College's newly installed security measures.

The components of a computer in an Aero lecture theatre were probably taken on Thursday afternoon. The computer was part of the lecture theatre control suite and was encased in a secure cabinet, to which the thief managed to gain access. Reports are conflicting over precisely when the incident occurred, and what parts were stolen, with the Aeronautics Department stating that the CPU and memory were missing, whereas the College Head of Security is quoted as saying that only the hard drive was taken.

The incident is the latest in a string of, allegedly linked, thefts from all over campus during the summer closure period. After working with police, the College Security department say that a suspect has been charged over the Aero incident, and that they are "very confident" that they will also be linked to the other thefts over the summer.

These incidents come after College has spent most of the summer installing new security systems in the many entrances around campus, replacing the old system of manning the doors with staff that College Security claims were: "receptionists, not security officers," even though many of the desks were emblazoned with the title "Security Reception" above them. Replacement "Reception" signs are due to be fitted in the coming weeks.

The new system of RFID, Swipe accessible doors and turnstiles have caused controversy across the College, with many students and staff believing that money is being wasted on ineffective and pointless systems, preferring the old system based around departmental "porters."

To investigate these claims, Felix carried out an experiment into accessing the Aeronautics Department from the entrance on Prince Consort Road, which requires the defeat of several security systems: the external doors, the internal turnstile/gate, and the security camera that monitors both of these.

Our reporter and photographer encountered no difficulty in "tailgating"

a legitimate student through the first set of automatic doors, and then again through the internal gate, which is designed for wheelchair use although most students seem to use it instead of the turnstiles to the side. According to previously quoted security sources, an alarm is supposed to alert the Security Office in Sheffield when more than one person walks through this gate.

Unsatisfied by this challenge, our reporter then attempted to breach the turnstiles and gate in a number of ways, in direct view of the CCTV camera, until confronted by the inevitable response from Security (see front page montage). After waiting for 10 minutes without being accosted, our reporter proceeded to climb two floors up to a lecture theatre adjacent to the room that was the recent victim of theft, and return to the ground floor with a prop to alert the CCTV camera that he was definitely up to no good. After borrowing a laptop from a willing student (to avoid actually being prosecuted for stealing equipment that was actually College Property, although there was much equipment ripe for such theft, such as plasma screens and a set of room keys left lying on a trolley), he then returned to the entrance and, straddling the gate, held his 'ill-gotten' laptop aloft.

It was at this point that he noticed that the external doors had not closed after the last student swiped, and had been stuck open for over half an hour. Escape from the scene of the crime was assured.

In perfect timing, at this point a delivery-person walked through the open entrance, and after examining the now-empty "reception desk," asked our reporter for directions to an address in Huxley: completely unaware that he had inadvertently broken through the first line of security.

An hour after first breaking in to Aero entrance, and after 45 minutes of the external security door being apparently stuck open, our investigative team tired of waiting and returned, without hinderance, to the Felix offices. The only Aeronautics student that was even slightly curious about our activities simply commented on the security systems, saying: "They're crap. I haven't had my swipe card for weeks and I have no trouble getting in."

After being contacted by Felix for



The scene of the crime: the innards of a PC in the Aeronautical department were stolen, possibly, last week

comment on this story, Ceri Davies, the Head of Security in College stated that the new security measures were meant as a "deterrent."

"They're not designed to be Fort Knox or a 'Ring of Steel,' he said. "It's about trying to get the balance right between security and freedom of access. No alarm is supposed to sound when the turnstiles are hopped-over [although he was quoted by Live! (live.cgc.u.net) in August 2006 as saying that there is – Editor], criminals aren't going to jump over, they try to blend in."

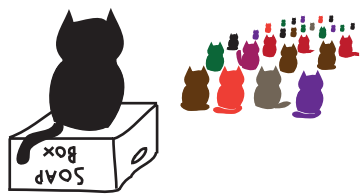
Whether secure or not, the leading opinion, amongst both students and staff, appears to be against the new measures. Many feel that replacing the old, multi-functional, "receptionists" with expensive steel deterrents is a waste of money, and find the new systems "annoying," and a waste of time for staff, causing headaches for deliveries and visitors.



Top: the sign currently above the receptionist's booth in the Blackett Laboratory. Bottom: A "criminal" shows off his newly obtained wares



A delivery man unknowingly breaks into Aero. Luckily, Felix is at hand to point him in the right direction



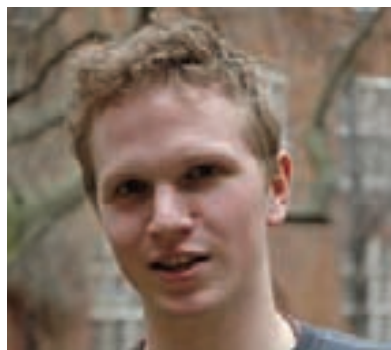
Comment, Opinion & Letters

Let us know your views: comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Letters may be edited for length and grammar purposes
Views on these pages are not representative of Felix

An Educational Debate Special

Last week the Union announced it will be revising its stance on university education funding, the Rector went off on one about “Mickey Mouse courses” and an MP called for school-university “partnerships”. This week Felix hears from the Union President, the Pugwash society, a physicist and, oh, of course A. Geek



Steve Brown
President

**Imperial
College
Union**

The Union's view

Having spent a considerable part of my summer attending conferences on the subject, the phrase “free education” really has become tiresome. Since the introduction of means tested tuition fees in 1997 a significant number of sabbatical officers and their comrades in the National Union of Students (NUS – it is currently costing you £44,000 per annum) have been gratifying themselves with a never ending cycle of self-congratulatory pep talks where they extol the virtues of a higher education (HE) system which is funded entirely by the taxpayer. This is the funding model that was used when only a fraction of school leavers went on to University but it is now widely acknowledged to be unaffordable. For illustrative purposes, with the current level of undergraduates the cost to the taxpayer of returning to the system of universal grants would be equivalent to 153 hospitals. Last Monday Union Council scrapped our policy in favour of free education and acknowledged that the debate has moved on and it is no longer a realistic stance to take.

The initial opposition of students to the concept of a graduate contribution was understandable as after all, it is human nature to prefer something free over something you have to now pay for. What has not helped students is

the irresponsible scaremongering that students' unions and the NUS have indulged in with regards to the issue of HE funding. If anything, the NUS have done far more than top-up fees to put students off going to University by sticking to their childish line that “fees are terrible” and failing to publicise the enhanced bursary packages that are now available. Exactly how many potential students have been deterred by their sub-Marxist dogma will never be known but their hysterical response to graduate contributions certainly hasn't helped. Opposing fees, top-up fees, lifting the cap on fees are all valid positions to take but your credibility suffers if you continue to argue (as students did) that any of these actions would have a disastrous impact on admissions (they didn't) and the end of the world that you predicted never comes. I don't think Imperial students would benefit if my fellow sabbaticals and I joined in this permanent revolution against the whole concept of graduate contribution. What exactly is to be gained from spending my year in office indulging in the debate of yesteryear?

So what now? EU undergraduates studying at Imperial College now pay £3000 up front in tuition fees. This is paid for by a subsidised student loan that you begin to pay back after your graduate earnings reach a certain level. I don't particularly like getting a letter

from the student loan company once a year detailing that I now owe them over £20,000 but what are the alternatives? Increased rates of personal taxation? Fewer university places? A tax that is levied only on graduates? These are some of the suggestions currently in circulation. The aim of this piece is to start a bit of a debate about what the student body thinks about how our Universities should be funded.

A common view held by Imperial undergraduates is that it is unfair that students studying the difficult, work intensive courses get the same level of support as people studying the quirkier courses that the Rector was referring to. The argument in favour of expanding the HE sector was an economic one as the government argued that we need more people with graduate level skills in order for the UK to remain economically competitive. Does it not follow that market mechanisms should be in place to ensure that such a system is funded in a way that provides an incentive for marginal users of education to embark on courses where the graduates holding those degrees are in the greatest demand? The Confederation of British Industry (CBI) have recently come out in favour of additional bursaries for students embarking on science and engineering courses as a means to address the fact that industry is faced with a dire shortage of these

skills yet at the same time is presented with a massive oversupply of humanities graduates. What exactly would the benefit be to the UK if the government reached its somewhat arbitrary target of sending 50% of young people to University if half of these decided to study English, Politics or Psychology when there is such a limited demand for people with those skills?

The term “free education” is a complete misnomer. Education isn't free, especially the expensive lab-based courses that are on offer at Imperial. Someone, somewhere has to pay for it and anyone who pretends otherwise is being less than honest. I look forward to hearing your views (either in Felix, via email or at one of the forums the Union will be hosting) on top-up fees, as the Union Council would like to consult as widely as possible whilst pulling together students ideas on this topic. At a later date I will write a slightly more colourful account of some of the exchanges I have had with the “free education” brigade but that would quickly turn in to a bit of a rant. I am sure you can imagine how frustrating it is trying to engage someone in an adult conversation only to find them giving you a 40 minute lecture on why the UK should be more like Venezuela and what students would gain from demonstrating “solidarity” with Greek Trotskyites! It's over to you.



A. Geek

A slightly more irreverent view

Something funny happened last week – I went to sleep in my silk jammies and awakened to find myself naked on a pedestal in front of several politicians and the entire British electorate. Someone was prodding me with a stick and saying things like “Mickey Mouse” and “damn silly”, which turned out not to be summaries of my bodily bits, but something to do with my education. And then a man turned up and smiled and said that everything was okay because they were going to make it harder for me to have a nice life, and then everyone went away murmuring.

Well, who'd have thought it – it turns out that Oxbridge aren't taking in that many students from poor backgrounds. Could be because generalisations work, and a lot of people in low social demographics tend to have bad education and motivation. Or, far more sensibly if you're a politician, it's because *the whole damn system needs reforming*. Of course. Brilliant. Thus the can of shit-covered worms was opened, and thrown into a fan.

So there it was, all over Felix last week. The Rector, being the massive,

red rector that he is, brought out the broken five thousand pound gramophone out and started winding it up while the head of our student union announced that the idea of taxes paying for education was a horrifically ‘unrealistic’ idea and that we should probably ask the students just to make sure they don't want to pay through the nose to be overworked, under appreciated and probably unemployed at the end of it all. And then to top it all off, the Government suggest that people who don't want to go to university are actually just using reverse psychology, and what they really want is for us to bully them into oblivion until they have no choice but to sign up to the dulllest course they can find.

Congratulations, everyone! Your bandwagons look lovely and I'm sure you took a long time setting them up.

First of all – given that the Rector is the head of one of Britain's best Universities (I don't say it very often, but Imperial deserves its position in league tables) that consistently attracts genuinely enthused people to further education, it seems a little unfair for him to prop up the notion of ‘degree

equals job lol’ and then rant about how we don't pay enough for the privilege of being ushered into a job at Canary Wharf. The man wants five thousand pounds a year from each and every one of us, when most of us are hard-working students looking to reach the edges of our chosen field. Then, on the other side of town, we're paying kids £30 a week to take subjects that they really don't want to take, when they'd probably get much more satisfaction from starting apprenticeships and training for something that they genuinely enjoy. Doesn't that system seem a little wrong to you?

More worryingly, the President of Imperial's Student Union seems to agree that our education should somehow be entirely self-funded. Sorry, ‘pending a consultation with the student body’ is the official line, although ‘consultation’ is probably the last thing it would be possible to do with this particular student body, so I can only assume it's code for ‘Guys, I'm not really a fan of our policy right now, so I'm going to change it. All in favour, be me.’ Change it to what, exactly? Are you honestly suggesting that students are going to

voluntarily ask to be wrung dry? Even if we didn't genuinely want to learn, we'd hardly be standing up and saying, ‘You know what? I *do* have thirty thousand pounds I'm not using.’

The fact is this – taxes go to fund things that can't pay for themselves in order to keep the country working. Ultimately, the government we vote in decides what that means. I'd suggest the following – young people today are going to get older and run the country. Encouraging them to do it well might not be such a bad idea.

And that, of course, neatly brings us to the third link in this chain of ingenuity – John Denham and the Governmental Hallows.

‘Raising aspirations’ means not telling people to sod off when they ask for Further Maths to be offered at their secondary schools. What it doesn't mean is mentally brutalising sixth-formers more than they already are, and convincing anyone still wearing a school uniform that the only way into adulthood is via UCAS.

Aspiration means desire to learn. Simple as. It's not something you can charge for.

// Thus the can of shit-covered worms was opened, and thrown into the fan //

A letter from a physicist

Kudos to Sir Richard Sykes for saying what needs to be said. If there is one thing that mother-state governments have lost, it is a pragmatic connection with reality. Fuelled by a desire to sit in the hallowed halls of Parliament, their front of an idealistic crusade to make the world perfect has done well to rob the populace of this connection as well. It's high time that everyone got realistic about a few things.

For a complex collection of reasons, the University experience has been quite indefensibly hoisted upon a grandiose pedestal in the eyes of too many people. Like a revered monastery of spiritual pursuit, one would think that here and here alone can one embark upon a path of self-exploration and the cultivation of greatness. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is argued that the benefits of scholarly knowledge should be available to all, a position I would fervently support. But it all breaks down when the assumption is made that a University is the only place one can access these fruits of academia.

I am not an astronomer, I am an engineer and materials scientist. The only stellar body my work requires me to understand is our sun – specifically, the quantity and nature of energy it provides us. But does this mundane and minimal engagement of the cosmos, as it relates to my scholarly pursuit, leave me floundering in ignorance of the magnificence of our universe? Of course not. But while astronomy holds great interest for me, I don't feel the need to explore it to a level of professional competence. In fact, I need not do so to appreciate the wealth of information that professional astronomers have given to the world. Just the same can be said of an interest in economics, psychology, or philosophy. The works of Voltaire, Friedman, and Freud are available in any library or bookstore for the world to indulge themselves in. Why it should require tens of thousands of pounds of taxpayer money (or, rather, inflation tax, I should say) to motivate young people

to pursue their interests is beyond rational comprehension.

And thus we get to the point; namely, what the purpose of a University education actually ought to be. For most students, it seems that Sir Richard is exactly correct in calling it “a nice four years off”. Four years of expending great effort to master a discipline they have little, if any, intention of pursuing at any level which justifies the effort of mastering it so. Four years of accumulating debt and four years of expending effort which could be better spent cultivating expertise in a field which actually would benefit them in the job market. I would be considered a fool if I spent four years mastering the trade of cutting-edge tooling and machining, accumulating great financial debt, only to pursue a career in family counselling, so why is it considered acceptable, even heavily encouraged, to do the opposite? I would offer as conjecture that one egregious stereotype is responsible, and that is that those who attend University are “smart” and those who don't are not. Balderdash! We're just experts at different things (I know plenty of academics who couldn't lay flooring if their life depended on it!).

What's worse is that the world of employers seems to have bought this myth as well, and have structured their financial compensations likewise – or at least they did for a time. Anyone who has looked at the job market recently, however, will come to the conclusion that a University degree isn't worth what it used to be. Employers have come to quickly realise that it is experience which is by far preferable in an employee, and pushing kids into a University degree which they'll have no use for puts them in double jeopardy in this respect. Not only do they gain a burdensome debt, but they lose four years of useful, employable, experience.

The saturation of undergraduate programmes with half-serious students – those who know from the get-go that they'll have no use for their degree – compounds the problem further. Those who are serious are held behind with pressure to ensure the success of



After graduation day, will it all have been a waste of time for you? Just “a nice four years off”?

all students, and those graduating are entering the job market with a flood of other candidates who, in failing to maximise the opportunities they had at University, lower the expected value of a new graduate to employers. It's a lose-lose situation and government meddling is at the root of it. Cutting subsidies to higher education would make students think twice before taking on the very serious commitment of specialising in an academic discipline. As Milton Friedman once said: “We are always more responsible when we spend our own money than when we spend someone else's.” Anyone genuinely seeking a career in academia or academically demanding profession should have no reason to fear a student debt.

So, here's a radical idea: do away with economically crippling minimum wage laws for young people and allow businesses to employ them directly from secondary school at lower wages – bring back the tried-and-tested apprenticeship but keep the government out of it. A seventeen year-old entering the job market may not have the skills or productive capacity to justify

the current minimum-wage, particularly in a skilled-work job, and since employers are not generally engaged in the business of charity, this provides a strong disincentive to employing them. An apprenticeship system, however, would allow young people to actually make money while learning, rather than accumulating debt, and to leave that apprenticeship period with real skills of actual, employable value. Disentangling employers from the bureaucracy of contracts and reporting involved in the current apprenticeship schemes would allow them the freedom to discover the natural talents of their young employees and direct their learning in an area of the business to which they are best suited.

Without the burden of a University homework load, they would also have ample free time to explore any academic interests they fancied, and without the stress of needing to make grades or the burden of being required to immerse themselves into the topic at an advanced and technical level. “A Brief History of Time” can teach most people more than they ever need to know about physics and “The Selfish Gene”

does a great job with biology and genetics – these aren't topics which most people need to delve into any deeper than that, but which remain accessible to those who do not require functional expertise.

Attitudes must change. We need to start showing more collective appreciation for the challenging and manifestly essential work done by non-academics in the running of the society we all enjoy. Only when non-academic pursuits gain the respect they deserve will young people (and their parents) feel confident in pursuing them without a nagging sense of having somehow debased themselves by following a career path which truly engages their talents and not merely the interest of their pocketbooks. And so long as governments feel the need to flood us with distorted propaganda, disingenuously and counter-productively inflating the virtues of higher education and paralysing socialist policy, this simply can't happen.

Justin Dane (Research Assistant)
Physics Department

A letter from the Pugwash society

Iwish to respond to the comment made by our Union President last week. He said: “Our current policy in favour of free education funded entirely by the taxpayer is unrealistic. Imperial College Union revokes all previous policy on higher education funding, pending a consultation with the student body.”

There are two points to address here: firstly, whether free education is actually unrealistic. Secondly, even if this were the case, our Union has a responsibility to protect its student members against the marketisation of our education. If a students' union is not going to defend the interests of students, then who will?

If the President believes that the only way to fund Higher Education is through increased top-up fees, we are basically giving people such as Sir Richard Sykes a free pass to increase top-up fees from £3000 to £5000 in 2009 as he would like to – and he wouldn't stop there as he has made very clear in the past.

The President seems to have reached

this conclusion through various conferences held during the summer, including the NUS Campaigns Convention. An important point to note is that the NUS considered many ways in which the costs of education could be met by taxpayers, and did not reach a definite conclusion – so I do not believe that our President can so confidently state that free education is unrealistic.

The reason for thinking that free education is unrealistic is perhaps influenced by the opinion of the government. However, things the government thinks are unrealistic are not necessarily so. For them, a blank cheque is written when money is needed for war or weapons of mass destruction but not for education.

There are plenty of ways to fund Higher Education that do not involve increasing the tax burden on ordinary citizens. For example, the renewal of Trident, the UK's nuclear deterrent, is going to cost the taxpayer between £13 billion and £25 billion. Instead of maintaining a stockpile of nuclear weapons that can never be ethically used and do not make us more secure, we could use

this money to abolish tuition fees.

The President is tapping into a general feeling of apathy and disempowerment – we can't do anything about it so there's no point trying. But the primary duty of our Union is to represent students – and if both our Union and the College are for increased top-up fees then we, as students, will have absolutely no representation. It is the duty of our Union to take a principled stand on the issue of top-up fees.

Having read the previous Union Top-Up Fees Policy I can see no reason for revoking it. The points passed by Council a year ago are just as valid today, for example: “Top-up fees have created a market in Higher Education which hinders the involvement of those students who come from backgrounds with historically low participation rates.”

Also, notably, the Union believed that “any ‘review’ by the Government is likely to be a sham, designed to smooth the passage of unrestricted top-up fees.” I would suggest that any review of this policy by our Union would itself be a sham.

I would also like to ask whether this decision is being influenced by the College at all. The handover of the Union's finances to the College's finance division over the summer, followed by a decision in Council to revoke all policy on Higher Education funding raises questions in my mind, especially when the College's stance towards top-up fees is considered. The fact that the Union President's comment comes at the same time as the Rector calling for increased top-up fees and increased interest on student loans is indicative of a students' union that is not entirely independent.

I would like to suggest that a decision of this magnitude, revoking all previous policy on Higher Education funding, should be decided by a referendum, and propose this as a course of action for further decisions on this matter. The Higher Education Policy of our Union should be decided by its students.

Caroline Clark
Pugwash Chair



A Trident missile: a waste of money that instead could be used to pay for higher education?



The Ringmaster

This week in England... Issue 001

Well, hello there... Greetings and welcome to my little corner of Felix. For those not acquainted with powerful entities, I am the Ringmaster, Bringer of the world and Keeper of wisdom – and despite rumours, nobody calls me God in bed. It has recently come to my attention that students at your prestigious institution know next to nothing about the world outside of coursework, alcohol, and World of Warcraft, and so I am here to bring you the facts and nothing but the facts in an enlightening and British media-esque form.

I will happily accept all thank-you e-mails from newly-learned souls through our esteemed Felix editor.

The Bullshitometer

Politicians around England were left in shock today as a new invention by Ringmaster Technologies Limited has finally brought a "Bullshitometer" into being, soon to be sold to such agencies as MI5 and America's infamous CIA for the purposes of questioning suspected terrorists. Doctors, lawyers, nurses, teachers and kebab shop owners across the country are likely to be detained in the not-too-distant future. In other news, unemployed dodgy looking blokes in baseball caps with wires sticking out of their backpacks



Football Rugby star, Johnny Wilkinson

appear to be exempt from screening as long as they stay on public transport, or if they aren't Brazilian.

Crime and Missing Children

Despite the ground-breaking trial scheme currently in force since the third of May, which was entirely effective at suppressing criminal activity throughout the entire country, ministers in Portugal have hinted today

exclusively to Felix that the decree recently passed banning all crime is to be lifted shortly.

"Despite the huge success of the scheme and that there is clearly no crime in Portugal, the National Police value diversity in training activities, especially for young recruits who must build up the experience and confidence to further themselves as officers," Marco de Pollo, minister of Nando's, was quoted as saying. "We will soon

be abolishing the scheme in favour of re-allowing crime in the nation of Portugal on a limited basis". In the western European country, the media have been searching but been unable to report on a single instance of crime since the 4th of May.

It is also rumoured that this is to coincide with a lift on a hard-line media policy in England that only one child is allowed to be missing at any one time.

And In Sport...

England have proudly destroyed the French with another astounding display by the team that gloriously won the 2003 World Cup, crushing the sorry Frogs in the process... hold up, England inched out France with a good show by Jonny Wilkinson, who also kicked the winning points in the 2003 World Cup final... actually, Jonny Wilkinson kicked his way to an England-scraper against bitter rivals France, who have drubbed England in previous meetings...well, Wilkinson singlehandedly played good football to once again beat rugby, in a game that proves we have no bloody hope of winning the Cup again unless South Africa also opt to play with only one player (oops – they have Montgomery!)

Oh, and please forget about what happened in the Cricket World Cup, because we managed to beat Sri Lanka. Once.



Jellybean

Imperial is killing my sense of humour

I don't know about you, but I'm slightly worried that my humour is being taken over by sad peculiarities possibly only funny because my degree has taught me better; Geek-dom is creeping in and there ain't nothing I can do. In order to verify this, I thought I would tell you all about two things which are currently cracking me up. You can tell me just how unfunny they truly are and then I can go and cry.

Firstly fastenings. Yes, fastenings. This is one I truly believe to be intrinsically funny. Take for example the humble pop rivet. It almost does it by itself, doesn't it? Hilarious. Now use your pop rivet to attach two things

you might want to attach, preferably (of course) things which you can't pop rivet in reality. Anything. Go on. For example, I want to pop rivet this desk to my fridge, or this anchovy pizza to your face, or that lecturer to a lamp-post. Ok, Ok, clam down, clam down (although off-topic seafood is generally also quite amusing, in fact using fish puns just for the halibut (hell of it?... oh never mind) is nigh-on hysterical). Anyway, I can see you going wild with ideas, but I want to just introduce you to another coma-inducing fastening. The staple. Try the same exercise again. Teaching the dog to stay? Staple. Need an excuse to stay in bed longer? Staple. Flat-mate annoying you? Staple.

Need I go on?

Secondly units. Take a sentence involving units and just put the wrong ones in there. "I'm sorry sir, but you were speeding, my meter clearly indicates you are travelling at over 45 candela". My walk to college is approximately 12ml. I have been writing this article for nearly 50Nm. etc. It gets me every time to say that the angles in a triangle add up to 180 degrees C. I mean that's like 453 Kelvin! One hot triangle. If you just aren't getting this then try making your own units up. My favourite is the unit of boredom which we have named after a certain lecturer...

We all know that Imperial has had

dire effects on us, but I think actually, if we are honest, there is something inside us all, some inner person for which we can't blame Imperial entirely, something which the admissions process seems to fall for every time.

I saw two prime examples in my first year here, both seen in moments of weakness: one when the guy was drunk and one when he was enjoying himself too much. Only an Imperial student would try to blame aerodynamics when playing beer-pong. Only an Imperial student would say "talk about Brownian motion" when referring to inflatable balls on a bouncy castle.

Still, it makes us happy to blame them anyway... stupid Imperial...



Gilead Amit

Lessons learnt from the weather

Over the past few years, a motley assortment of Americans have swept across the Atlantic and forced their way into our homes. Misanthropic-but-strangely-loveable doctors, unflappable Los Angeles police officers, brilliant-yet-overly-sexed East Coast lawyers and hopeless castaways are now to be found in almost every European lounge.

As entertaining as Dr. House and his prime-time colleagues may be, they are hardly the most refined nor the most uplifting visitors we could hope to welcome.

It is certainly understandable with such a wide and varied choice, for one to switch viewing loyalties on an almost weekly basis. Nevertheless, I prefer to reserve the one-room apartment in the small black box in my own home

to one regular and trusted visitor. For I watch the same show today that I have watched for years; the BBC Weather Forecast.

Indeed, I am a very regular viewer – a characteristic I obviously share with a large proportion of the British public, as the Forecast has recently begun its 58th season, and there is no sign of it being discontinued in the near future. What really draws me to it however, other than its marvellously original and flowing plotline, is its ability to delve into almost any given genre with a rare facility.

Who can forget the great heights of human drama reached during the reports of the Great Storm of 1987? I regrettably missed those specific episodes, but the reruns, though very tricky to get hold of, are certainly worth it. Those particular broadcasts

are especially memorable in the controversy that they stirred up. I urge all my readers to learn for themselves how Michael Fish's report has been outrageously misquoted, and to really immerse themselves in the passionate debate that surrounded that notorious and divisive season.

I would hate for you to have the misconception that the Forecast is merely a heavy, dramatic show with too much excitement for the average viewer. Rest assured, that could not be further from the truth.

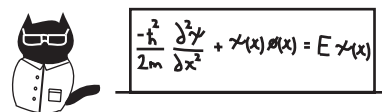
Although the show has never been passed off as a comedy, the fast-paced repartee and international setting provide ample opportunities for merriment and mirth.

What really sets it apart from the other shows on television today however, is the accuracy with which it



Mike Fish in 1987

highlights the human condition. All the poignancy of our sorry existence can be reflected in the speed with which a 32-degree-high announced for the coming Sunday can transform into a snow-filled weekend. The series serves, above all, as a lesson; we can never be certain about what the future holds – all we can do is laugh at what's happening today. And so I welcome our American gatecrashers, for though they may be inappropriately dressed, they are certainly entering into the spirit of the party.



Science

Science Editor – Ed Henley

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Walk like a stripper?

Intrepid researchers discover lap-dancers earn more when they're ovulating. One could say they're golden eggs then...

Catherine Charter

So, it seems that strippers make more money when they're ovulating. A paper by Geoffrey Miller et al. from the University of New Mexico in the journal *Evolution and Human Behaviour*, shows that strippers working while in the most fertile phase of the menstrual cycle, the oestrus phase, made an impressive \$70 an hour. In the less fertile luteal phase they made \$50 and when they were menstruating, they made \$35. Those on the pill made on average less because there was no peak in their earnings at the oestrus phase.

Oestrus is a state of obvious fertility that attracts potential mates. Accepted wisdom is that it was lost as humans evolved. Women developed "concealed ovulation" along with month-long sexual receptivity to keep men in the dark. This study, however, shows that a woman's fertile state may not be so secret after all – at least according to the results from the eighteen strippers who took part. The authors think that men can tell a woman's fertility by subconscious behavioural signals, after having ruled out factors like types of dance moves or conversational content.

Karl Grammer of the Ludwig Boltzmann Institute for Urban Ethology in Vienna agrees. He thinks that oestrogen modulates motion abilities and so it is body motion, not pheromones, which tells men what is going on. So, women may have developed stealthy oestrus, but their sexy walk still gives them away. Definitely useful if you're on the pull on a night out.

However, this paper raises a few questions. Firstly, in my limited (read: nonexistent) experience of strip clubs, I can't imagine much 'conversation' go-



"Shake it like you're ovulating baby" lacks a little something, no?

ing on, over and above the basics such as "how much, love?" Secondly, how on earth did this project get funding? I personally would love to read the research proposal, just to giggle and read between the lines. And thirdly, the paper was written by three men. I wonder why...

The editor cannot recommend tracking down the original paper highly enough – the background section "because academics may be unfamiliar with the gentlemen's club subculture" is most interesting. Ahem. Hardly dry academia in any case.

Debate on science and the media

Theo de Leight

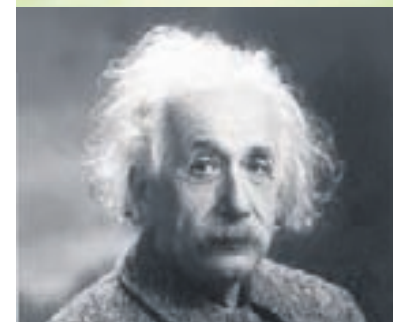
Anyone interested in the occasionally rocky relationship between scientists and the media should pencil in a Thursday a couple of weeks hence, as it heralds a debate, part of the series of events celebrating Imperial's Centenary.

Entitled "A marriage made in heaven or hell? Do scientists and the media make good bedfellows?", this debate assembles a number of Imperial academics and journalists to discuss whether the media help or hinder scientists, looking at their role in issues of concern, including the hyping of findings, pandering to "mad scientist" stereotypes and whether important discoveries are being overlooked in a quest for sexy or controversial science. *[Maybe, but given our own track record (eyes left), we certainly won't cast any stones on the latter point – Ed.]*

In the scientist corner are Professors Steve Bloom and Richard Templer, both battle-hardened veterans of the fray, thanks to experience representing their fields (obesity and biofuels respectively) under the spotlight. Meanwhile, the media are represented by a number of Imperial alumni (many of whom cut their teeth here at Felix and IC Radio) including Pallab Ghosh, the Science Correspondent for BBC News and erstwhile Felix Editor (1983-84).

Given all this, it should be a lively discussion, and Felix Science recommends you go – we certainly will be.

Email events@imperial.ac.uk to register to attend the debate, which takes place at 18.30 on Thursday the 1st of November in lecture theatre G16, Sir Alexander Fleming Building



Is the journalist's pen mightier than the scientist's test tube?

Magnetic storage past and future: Nobel Prizes and ferrotoroidicity

Edmund Henley

This year's Nobel Prize in Physics went to a pair of scientists whose discovery could be argued to have had the largest impact on society, exceeding last year's award for the discovery of the Cosmic Microwave Background radiation (the signature of the Big Bang) say.

Because after all, we're a bunch of philistines really. Addressing where we came from is all very well, but what we really care about is our choons. "I want my MTV" runs far deeper in the human psyche than "Why are we here?"

Albert Fert and Peter Grünberg may not have set out to revolutionise the music industry (and indeed the wider market of consumer electronics); in fact, as pointed out in last week's *Nature*, it was Stuart Parkin at IBM who performed the work crucial to the commercialisation of their discovery and the ensuing sea-change in the way we listen to our music.

But it was the continental scientists' discovery of giant magnetoresistance, a phenomenon which lies at the heart of modern magnetic storage devices (such as an iPod's hard-drive), which was recognised by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences on the 9th of this

month.

In essence, their discovery relies on electron spin, a property which can be oriented in one of two senses ("up" or "down"), and which leads to an intrinsic magnetic field and an interaction of the electron with external fields. If an electron passing through a material has a spin aligned with those of the electrons

"Magnetic vortices could be used to store information"

within the material, it will encounter a far lesser resistance than if its spin is oriented in the opposite sense.

By using multiple layers of very thin magnetic and non-magnetic materials, Fert and Grünberg independently managed to scale this effect up, to lead to a very large change in resistance. One consequence of this increase in sensitivity to small magnetic fields is that it allowed hard disc drive heads to be made far smaller. It also opened the door to what is widely hailed as the fu-

ture of electronics, spintronics, which will make use of electrons' spin, as well as their charge. Amongst other effects, improvements in spintronics could lead to great advances in computing.

However, other technologies could potentially also lead to similarly far-reaching effects. Ferrotoroidicity is one such claimant to the throne. In a letter to *Nature* last week, scientists from the University of Bonn reported that they were able to use laser-optics to measure the sense of "magnetic vortices" in a substance known as lithium cobalt phosphate.

These vortices, which are composed of magnetised atoms, are arranged in a ring-like configuration, the atoms all aligning themselves in one direction along the ring. As this orientation is binary (it can take on one of two senses), a vortex can also potentially be used to store information, probably faster and more reliably than on today's hard discs, as it neatly avoids using magnetic fields to read the stored magnetic data – a slow and delicate task.

Much work is still required, but it could be that the ring-like signature ClickWheel on the iPod is rather prescient. Yet it needs to be spun: maybe Apple are hedging their bets?



Just look at it. There really should be an automatic chant of Aaah whenever you say iPod: as in "My friend just bought an iPod (Aaah)"



A modern Russian monarch

Fear is growing that Russia is slipping back into Soviet style autocratic politics

Kadhim Shubber

The current President of Russia Vladimir Putin, is likely to become Prime Minister when he steps down next year. How is it that this statement, that would appear to be nonsensical, will soon become reality? The answer is linked to the actions of this man; it is the deterioration of democracy in Russia. It would be too alarmist for me to try and imply that Soviet tanks are going to be rolling across Eastern Europe next Summer but certainly there is cause for concern about the increasing disregard for human rights in Russia and the growing authoritarian nature of its government.

NGO's in Russia have faced tighter and tighter restrictions that hamper their ability to promote democracy and freedom within civil society as well as carry out the charitable work that is so necessary in Russia. Recent changes to the law 'On Public Associations' allow the federal government the power to severely disrupt the activities and reduce the independence of civil society from government. This is only part of the authoritative nature of government that President Putin has reintroduced into Russia. He has consistently rolled back democratic reforms and tightened state control. The Russian Parliament, the Duma, is filled with Putin's supporters and has become little more than a rubber stamp, while the media has been intimidated and put under government control. This April, Russian police raided the Educated Media Foundation, a NGO sponsored by US and European donors. The police carried away documents and computers that were used as servers for the Web sites of similar groups. That brought down a Web site run by the Glasnost Defense Foundation, a media rights group, which published bulletins on violations of press freedoms. "Russia is dropping off the list of countries that respect press freedoms," said Boris Timoshenko, a spokesman for the foundation. "We have propaganda, not information."

However it is not only within Russia



Vladimir Putin, president of the Russian Federation, will see his term end later this year

that the Kremlin has used undemocratic and oppressive tactics to ensure its preeminence. The conflict in Chechnya was the Russian equivalent of the Iraq war but without the media attention due to the monopoly on information that the Russian Army imposed on the area. Unfortunately one of the people to report independently on the conflict Anna Politkovskaya was killed last year. While the steady drumbeat of daily atrocities has ceased, human rights abuses continue unabated. A sign of the times is that the current Kremlin appointed President, Ramzan Kadyrov or "King Ramzan", counts amongst his acquaintances Mike Tyson and keeps a pet lion. More worryingly Russian control in Chechnya has

resulted in systematic torture of detainees. "If you are detained in Chechnya, you face a real and immediate risk of torture," said Holly Cartner, Europe and Central Asia director at Human Rights Watch.

On the international stage Russia's actions have become increasingly belligerent and irresponsible. The prominent poisonings of Viktor Yushchenko, the President of Ukraine and Alexander Litvinenko in London were linked back to Moscow, some would say quite credibly. While these actions remain for the mean time at least, in the land of speculation, in other areas Russia has been throwing its weight around very publicly. It has used its economic power i.e. its gas reserves, to bully and

force neighbouring countries to succumb to its will. When the Ukrainian Presidential elections failed to elect a pro-Russian leader, the state run gas company Gazprom decided to dramatically raise gas prices. President Putin, emboldened by the perceived weakness of Britain and the US as well as economic strength at home, has begun to reassert Russia's influence on the world stage. One gets the feeling that Putin is attempting to regain Russia's "rightful place amongst the nations of the world". However this "rightful place among nations" mentality has been shown to be dangerous in the past and will only create trouble in the future.

Certainly I have painted a grim picture of the Russian Federation but it would seem at the moment that it will not improve in the near future. President Putin seems in no mood to relinquish power, and it is unlikely that he will reverse any of the authoritarian measures that was introduced over the last 10 years. In addition the UK and indeed the US have little credibility to advise Russia on human rights or democracy. Due to our dependence on natural gas and oil, and our involvement in Afghanistan and Iraq we certainly lack the military, political and economic clout to influence Putin. Civil independence is being rapidly eroded as the Russian Government or at least parts of it act with impunity, for example in the killing of Anna Politkovskaya and as long as the Kremlin sponsors dictatorial regimes such as in Myanmar it is likely that the efforts of other people around the world to gain civil independence will fail. One might have hoped that with the ending of Putin's Presidential term, there may have been a change in Russian policies, however with Vladimir Putin and his cronies firmly entrenched in the Kremlin and the continuing impotence of the West to convincingly stand up as Leader of the Free World, there is unlikely to be a light at the end of the tunnel.



Li-Teck Lau
Politics Editor

It may be the least read section in Felix, but the politics page returns! The students aren't to blame for Imperial being full of social hermits, rather the government. So peel yourselves away from your Warhammer figurine painting and immerse yourself in current affairs, if not for the betterment of society, then to become a more rounded and therefore more beautiful person.

The holidays have been an active one. There were angry monks in Myanmar, a change of Prime Minister in the UK and a credit crunch all over the world. In the meantime, a US Navy shake-up in the Pacific will position the fleet to strike at Iran more effectively, Russian President Vladimir Putin's supporters harangued the British embassy for portraying their benevolent leader unsatisfactorily, Israel still refuses to acknowledge the democratically elected Hamas party but has agreed to talks for a two state solution, Dafur violence has leaked into neighbouring Chad, Japan's Prime Minister Shinzo Abe lost the lower house and then checked into hospital, Oxfam has estimated that aid to Africa over the past decade roughly equals that spent on wars in that, the world's poorest, continent and more recently, ex US president Jimmy Carter called Dick Cheney a 'disaster'.

Elections are springing up all over the world like a democratic rash. Australia is heading for a poll in mid November which is likely to see conservative incumbent John Howard replaced in office after 11 years by Labour's Kevin Rudd. Despite a lead of over 10 points, our Ozzy friends have an historic dislike of governmental change, so a last minute swing remains a possibility. Russia would theoretically have a new leader come Christmas due to constitutional restrictions on the number of terms the president can hold, but is becoming increasingly unlikely as Mr Putin manoeuvres to increase the powers of Prime Minister and move into that office after elections. The highly popular leader will most probably not actually physically move office though.

And of course, Hillary Clinton continues her unrelenting quest for the American presidency which will be decided in late 2008. She has been raising more money than any other candidate, including most poignantly, Barrack Obama who was until last month, leading in said field. Many in the US, however, just can't get past her un-Catholic behaviour, 'win whatever the costs' attitude and distinctly sterile personality.

More locally, Gordon Brown decided against any prospect of an election until 2009, prompting Sir Ming Campbell of the Liberal Democrats to resign this week. The LibDems have slumped as low as single figures in some polls due to resurgent support for the two dominant parties in UK politics.

Finally, the UN Security Council will welcome a change of guard in 2008 when 5 non permanent seats are renewed at the end of this year. The new member states, who were confirmed earlier in the week, are Libya, Vietnam, Burkina Faso, Croatia and Costa Rica. They, though, have no power of veto.



A shelled out building in Grozny, capital of the troubled Russian state of Chechnya



Business

Business Editor – Afonso Campos

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Living the hedge fund intern dream

A man simply known as Fields documents his day including the CIO, hot chicks and the morbidly obese

- 0600 – Dammit, time to wake up!

- 0631 – Get in (almost at the right time for once...)

- 0635 – Talk to CIO about the overnight. Try to seem clever and blurt out that no one should be long gamma right now – get snickered at. Other interns look confused.

- 0700 – Feel dejected after being called arrogant (again), even if it was a joke

- 0730 – After some sulking and a quick read of the latest news, start doing some real work

- 0731 – Hacking away on model to trade an index on price action almost exclusively

- 0737 – Get up to get some coffee

- 0800 – Battling Excel's unintuitive ways

- 0844 – Was that the hot secretary? Didn't even notice her coming in.. what's happening to me?

- 1015 – Change the CD on the floor ... Damn Callas is getting on my nerves. Would like to see her building my model and see if it was something to sing about

- 1215 – Look up at big picture on Bloomberg .. No one cares about the

Bovespa, why is it even on there?

- 1252 – More grunting is going on. Excel is not helping. Stupid Bloomberg API. Darn, I'm hungry.

- 1254 – Chick intern complains she's hungry. I tell chick intern 'lunch is for wimps'. Damn, I'm hungry, but now can't even say anything.

"CIO opens a nice position... leveraged 600%. Looks at ticker for 25 seconds, retreats back to desk without a word... Feel a bit puzzled"

- 1309 – Swallow pride and confess hunger. Chick intern smirks – I feel like bitchslapping her. Grab a sandwich, eat it at desk. Still feel empty.. I wish I had some tiramisu.. perhaps a steak?

- 1319 – More coffee

- 1322 – Wow, Facebook is not blocked. Feel too guilty to be on it, even at 'lunch'. Log off

- 1325 – Excel is grinning at me, saying 'Come to papa'. Papa goes to Excel...

- 1433 – Why is it so hot, and why is it that I'm having trouble nesting a simple IF function?

- 1525 – CIO opens a nice position... leveraged 600%. Looks at ticker for 25 seconds, retreats back to desk without a word... Feel a bit puzzled

- 1550 – "Get ready, you're meeting my biggest client" says the almighty

- 1600 – He really is big, humongous even, morbidly obese. Probably needs a gastric bypass. Very plump red face, very bald, very hot assistant

- 1602 – "You look young, how old are you, 17?". I think "Does a 17 yo have more hair on his chest than you do on your head?"; I actually say "No sir, I'm a few years older. 21 is a good age".

- 1603 – The guy wants to know what the CIO will do if he gives him more money. CIO is a rock and gives him a general gist, failing to provide a single tangible piece of information. What a hardass.. I like it.

- 1635 – The whale exits having left a commitment for a nice wad of cash

- 1636 – CIO doesn't show it, but I bet he feels smug, like a Big Fucking Swinging Dick

- 1751 – Chick intern talks as she chews gum. I tell her she's getting on my nerves. She looks away. HOW IS THAT OFFENSIVE?!

- 1820 – Model is finally making some sense, after fixing circularity error. Write "T-1" on post-it. Stick on computer. Will probably get unstuck overnight and I'll use "T" next day again..

- 1850 – CIO gets up – talks about discipline. Am thinking I've read this all before.. He says "I'm sure you're thinking you've read all this before, but I'll still engrave it on your mind – I wiped out a sizable portion of my gains for the year in two days because I thought I was better than the markets and didn't respect my own rules. Market rallied the day after I cut my losses... I still don't regret respecting my stop, although it feels like shit"

- 1902 – Speech over, rather inspiring seeing him so calm after talking about such a massive loss. Collected, nonchalant, humble. There's something to be said about the balance between hubris, self-knowledge and humility.

- 1934 – Looking at my screens, lean back on my chair, and thinking I'd do this until 3am if needed.

- 1950 – Told to go home in 10 mins. Got off early for once.. Sun is still up. Brilliant!

- 2003 – Am out. Sit down in front of the sea. Look at the sky... never knew there could be so many hues. Tomorrow's all about green and red again...



Ah, the working environment and haven for hedge fund interns. We'll have no mention of sardines in a tin in this picture caption, oh no



Intensity. Wealth. Drive. Buzzwords



Do you have what it takes to make a difference?

Campaigns Portfolios and Equal Opportunities positions on Representation and Welfare Board (RWB)

Kirsty Patterson

Deputy President (Education & Welfare)

If you look around your lecture theatre, common room or wherever you happen to be sitting reading this marvellous contraption you will no doubt see people who are different from you.

They have similar aims and aspirations. They are your (approximate) intellectual equals.

However, they have all been brought by very

different backgrounds and experiences to where they are today. Consequently their experience of Imperial will vary drastically from yours, from the person sitting next to them and from the person writing this article.

If this is the case how can one person represent the individual needs and interests of every person at Imperial? (If someone can answer that question I would be keen to know...) If there was one person capable of representing every minority, be it on issues of race, gender, sexuality or moral agenda then they would be very far placed from 'random student' and probably just as hypothetical. If every person sat near you is so very different then how will your individual needs

ever be represented?

It is of course impossible to represent every student individually. Stereotypes are inescapable in these issues but can help to make sure that there is a channel for certain issues to be escalated. Over the course of the next few weeks the Representation and Welfare Board, chaired by the Deputy President (Education and Welfare), that's yours truly, will be looking to co-opt members to look

ple and one person can hold up to three portfolios at any time. You don't have to be a member of RWB to be allocated a portfolio and you don't have to run in an election. To put it simply, if you are enthusiastic and think that there is more that can be done in a specific area then that is simply enough!

Holding a 'Campaign Portfolio' comes with some responsibility. You might be expected to help people run campaigns or liaise with certain college departments or union societies. However, the Representation and Welfare Board is there to support all campaign portfolio holders with time, resources and money to support their ideas and develop a stronger feeling of equality across the campus.

If you are interested in holding one of these positions

then please contact the Deputy President (Education and Welfare), email at the top of the page, who will give you more information about the portfolios. There are lots of exciting projects that you can get involved with this term and throughout the year and we already have an excitable team of Equal Opportunities and Welfare Officers at your disposal.

and champion certain issues that will relate to our members needs. These positions are known as 'campaigns portfolios' and have been allocated to six specific remits. We are of course open to further suggestions and by no means is this meant to be a limiting factor. Each 'portfolio' can be allocated to two peo-

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

The Anti-racism Campaigns portfolio:

Get involved in campaigns against discrimination on the basis of race, ethnicity and faith. This term will see a week long diversity campaign on RISE: Realise Equality, Celebrate Diversity and plenty of other events throughout the year. You will have opportunities to liaise with the equality and diversity group at Imperial College, the Overseas Societies Committee and other student groups across Imperial and the national student movement.

The Environmental Campaigns portfolio:

Green Week is going London wide! Get involved with the biggest campaign on our campus and help us make it bigger and better. With a radical Environmental Policy in implementation make sure you keep the Union and College on our toes and hold us to our promises!

The LGBT Campaigns portfolio:

Imperial has a thriving community of LGBT student's and university is recognised as a time when you are finally free to express yourself. However, discrimination can still be found on our campus and we shouldn't hide from it. Help people to celebrate who they are without being ashamed and take a stand against homophobic action.

The Ethical Campaigns portfolio:

There are many ethical issues relevant to students. With our Ethical policy due for an overhaul this is an excellent chance to get involved in shaping the future of the Union in terms of ethics and wider social responsibility. There will be plenty of opportunities to get involved in Fairtrade promotion as we become a Fairtrade University and to liaise with Pugwash Society, Fairtrade Society, other like minded groups within Imperial College, the NUS and ULU.

The Disabled Students' Campaigns portfolio:

Imperial College union ran a 'Don't hide from Disability Campaign' two years ago and it is now in need of review. With the library refurbishment underway and Halls of Residence incorporating new features – get involved in shaping our campus to make it more accessible to people with specific needs. Help us to make sure that nothing is being overlooked and ensure that life is not unnecessarily difficult for any student.

The Women's Campaigns portfolio:

You can occasionally find women at Imperial! The portfolio is here to help support women, specifically in science, engineering, technology and medicine and to raise issues which are specifically targeted to women.

Information and Advice Centre on working hard and playing harder

Nigel Cooke Student Adviser

With the education policy being the way it is today many students cannot afford to pay for their whole course without the help of some additional money, for most the best way to do this is to take up some part-time work.

Taking up part-time work can be a good thing for students helps you to meet new people get to know the local area and also learning new skills while earning some money to spend on your social activities or to help with living costs.

Part-time work can also become a bit of nightmare for students as well, in some cases some unscrupulous employers see at as a chance to take advantage of students and get cheap labour.

Before you start part-time work it is good to know your basic rights so you know when you are being treated unfairly below is some information to keep in mind when taking up a part-time job:

Minimum Wage – The minimum wage currently stands at £5.52 an hour if you are aged over 22. If you are between 18-21 years old the minimum wage is £4.60 an hour

If you are getting paid below these amounts you may well be being treated unfairly and should seek advice from the Information and Advice Centre (IAC).

Working time regulations – There is a limit of 48 hours of working in a week.

There is a limit of 8 hours work every 24 hours for night workers.

National Insurance Numbers – Everyone needs a national insurance number to work in this country, please contact the IAC for details on how to get one of these.

Unfair dismissal – Your employer must follow a set down procedure before you get the sack. For example, if you get sacked and your employer says it because you can't do your job properly, were you given official warnings before this?

Unions – It is a good idea to join a trade union even as a student they may be able to help if there are problems with your part-time work. The Information and Advice Centre can also help with any questions about your rights you might have.

Final note, part-time work may be a ne-

cessity for you to survive at University but remember to try to strike a balance working that amount of hours and balancing study and a social life!

Also as a part-time worker it is important that you do not get treated differently from full time staff, in the Part-time workers regulations 2000 it states the following rights for part time workers:

- The same hourly rate of pay as full time workers.
- Overtime pay at the same rate if they have worked full time hours.
- Not to be treated less favourably with regard to issues such as sickness pay and maternity leave.
- Have the same access to training as full time workers

Although part-time work is now a part of many students life it is important to not become overworked and to ensure that your are not ignoring your studies and taking up hours or a job that starts to impact on your academic career.

This article is a general guide on Part-time workers rights, if you feel you need more detailed advice please do not hesitate to contact us.



Money, money, money, it's a student's world!

President's Update

Rugby World Cup Final at the Union

Those of you who were here last Saturday to watch England triumph over France might have been a bit annoyed at just how busy it was. As a result of your feedback we have hired an outdoor television screen to put in Beit Quad this Saturday so that you can enjoy the game in more spacious surroundings. The Rugby Club are also hosting an event in DB's where the match will be shown so you will be able to watch the match on one of 3 large screens, one of which will be outside. Due to this special occasion we will be open late until at least 1am and we will be having a BBQ in Beit Quad from 6pm onwards. Kick off is at 8pm so I am looking forward to seeing as many of you there as possible.



Stephen Brown
President
president@imperial.ac.uk

BAR FTSE

1.67

£

\$

2.02

Court Nominations

I know a lot of you will be suffering elections fatigue but I would like to advertise that fact that nominations are now open for the Union Court. The Union Court is responsible for making sure that every other committee in the Union complies with the rules and is called upon to resolve disciplinary matters, election complaints and media disputes. This committee has a fairly sober but important role and we are looking for students from all 3 faculties to serve on it so if you have an eye for detail I'd encourage you to volunteer. For more information check out the "Democracy" section on the Union website or email me at president@imperial.ac.uk.

Bar FTSE

Bar FTSE comes to Imperial and it is not to be missed. This Friday it's time to speculate on the most important market of all, a Friday night out! Our new Bar FTSE system will be changing the prices of our drinks all night in response to what you are drinking most or least of. So, if you and all your mates are buying loads of Carlsberg, the price will go up. Meanwhile Carlsberg Export hasn't been selling as well so the price of that goes down - time to buy! You can also expect sudden market crashes where a selection of drinks will be ludicrously cheap, so stock up while the market is at rock bottom. It is just like the real stock market but with the added worry of a hangover!



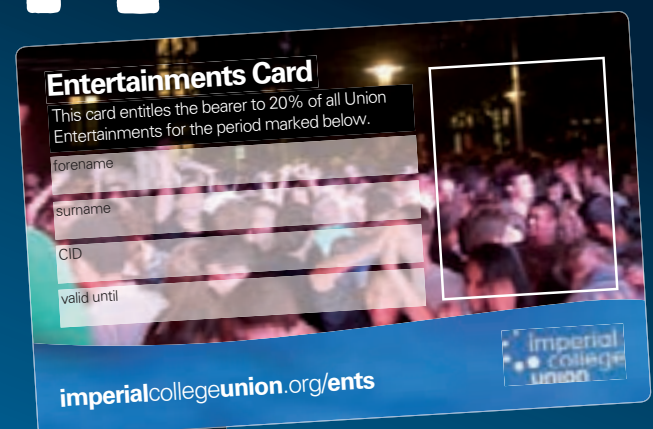
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£35



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Picture of the Week

Imperial Tree, by Ammar Waraich
Third year Medicine

We want to exhibit your art. Send in your photographs.
felix@imperial.ac.uk





Culture & The Arts

Arts Editors – Mike Cook, Rosie Grayburn, Caz Knight and David Paw

Budding culture culture? Write for us
arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Caz Knight
Arts Editor

Hello there budding, or indeed seasoned, arty people. Welcome to the fourth instalment from the fourth, the last, but by no means the least arts editor. First, big thanks to our other lovely arty editor Rosie for doing tube map/culture crawl layout for me whilst I lay in bed, body fighting an army of cold viruses, having used the last of my reserves on theatrical content for said tube map.

Flick over the page for this week's Culture Crawl courtesy of my co-editor Mike Cook- a must read for those bookworms among you, followed by a must-do as you trawl our nation's capital to leaf through the virgin pages of newly printed books, and not-so-virgin, well-thumbed pages of antiquarian books.

More literary cunning comes in the form of poetic respite for the scientific mind- John Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci", our poem of the week. After reading, cut it out and stick it in your copy of Darwin's "Origin of Species" or what you will, then come back and visit us again next week for another lyrical gem. If Romantic sensual imagery isn't your volition then take solace in the life and genius of Oscar Wilde, an amazing article I dreamed up, a few inches to your right. Alternatively be engulfed by the review of a Red Plague from one of our new writers.

Outside the confines of our beloved Felix, the erudite Imperialist might like to pop down to "Pop Art" at the National Portrait Gallery. (Pun absolutely fully intended). Popular Art really does seem to be flavour of the week with the Gagosian and Hayward galleries showing "Pop Art Is..." and "The Painting of Modern Life" respectively. The Barbican's "Seduced Art" promises to shock some, disgust some and delight some, rather like this week's centrefold. It explores sex through the medium of art from antiquity to now, spanning many different cultures and artists including Warhol. 'Is it art or is it porn?' asks The Telegraph. Who cares! It sounds brilliant so go along and if you do, be a dear and send us your review- we would all love to hear about it.

Apparently I was remiss in omitting The Royal Court from my Culture Crawl last week. I do apologise. Located just a stop away at Sloane Square, I have yet to visit but as soon as I do I will tell you all about it in these here pages.

Lastly, this week's Student Art in Focus comes from a student giving us his artistic impression of Felix editor, Tom. You may be interested in knowing that yours truly is attending Avenue Q at the Noel Coward theatre this week and so come back next week to hear all about muppet puppet sex and political incorrect-ness! You stay sexy Imperial College.

Wilde Things and Jude Law

Caz Knight delves into the dynamic genius of Oscar Wilde and his lover Jude Law

My long and carefully schemed plan is to enlighten, to interest (hopefully) and to bring a bit of artistic light into the lives of my fellow Imperial Science geeks. I thought I would make your Friday, or indeed whichever day you happen to chance upon the Arts section, a little bit special by providing you with some nuggets of knowledge on some of our most iconic playwrights. Unlike many instances in science, in art everyone can be right and so my opinion on who qualifies as the most superior purveyor of plays is subject to debate. As much as I would like to write reams and reams on every playwright I can fathom, I have to stick to some sort of word limit so I have hand selected one for now which I hold close to my own heart.

In prime position- the man who should be ranked above William Shakespeare himself, Oscar Wilde. Firstly, let us wish the literary genius a belated happy birthday for October 16th. Hailed as the greatest wits of our time, Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was born in Dublin in 1854 to a doctor, William, and a writer, Jane. He had two other siblings one of which, Emily, he had a special fondness for. Her sudden death deeply affected him and so he proceeded to carry with him a locket of her hair in a decorated envelope. He excelled at school gaining second prize for drawing in his last years, before receiving a scholarship to Trinity College, Dublin; a jack of all trades it seems. After graduating in Classics, Oscar obtained yet another scholarship to study "Mods" and "Greats" at Magdalen College, Oxford- where he would graduate with a First Class degree. Not only a playwright, he produced poems and also one novel- The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891), as well as touring America as a lecturer. Despite having a penchant for sexy men,



Jude casts a furtive glance out the window before returning to bed with the nanny, or was it the cleaner?

Oscar married Constance Lloyd in 1884 and fathered two children in the following two years. Later on, in 1891 he met lover Lord Alfred 'Bosie' Douglas, an undergraduate at Oxford. Those of you familiar with the outstanding cinematic portrayal of his life, Wilde, will remember Jude Law's characterisation of Bosie, complete with teddy bear Aloysius. (Orlando Bloom also has a walk on role.) Sadly, Wilde's artistic flame was cruelly extinguished as a result of two years hard labour following his arrest in 1895 for sodomy. Needless to say Constance fled to Switzerland with the children. I can say this now because homosexuality is no longer a crime or looked upon in the same way, but had I been Constance I would have remained with Oscar if only to be surrounded by such a superb mind! He

lived the remainder of his years in Paris until November 1900 where he died. He is now buried in La Père Lachaise cemetery (where Jim Morrison, of The Doors fame, would be buried seventy-one years later.) I don't think there is a single quotation of Oscar Wilde's which does not demonstrate his insight and perception which made his work such a rich and dramatic portrayal of the human condition as it was in the Victorian era. "The world is a stage but the play is badly cast" and "Only dull people are brilliant at breakfast". No doubt his influence is indelible and will continue to be so. Although it may be a whimsical conclusion to come to, I like to think that Stephen Fry (who takes on the role of Wilde in the film) possesses some of the intellect which Wilde evidently had- the kind that

makes you want to read every book ever written and know everything. It is sad that had Wilde lived in today's infinitely more accepting world he might have gone on to produce more sublime work. Fry came in as 3rd greatest wit as voted by the British public. Not only was Fry's performance magical as always, but the striking resemblance when Fry sports Wilde's flowing locks is uncanny. Many of you might recall being read The Happy Prince (1888) as a child. My personal favourites include Lady Windemere's fan (1892), An Ideal Husband (1895) and The Importance of being Earnest (1895), all of which have been made into rather brilliant films. One of my favourite books is The Wicked Wit of Oscar Wilde- hundreds of Wilde's quotes to bask in- and offers all sorts of wisdom and everything matter of importance: money, women, men, love and life! Those of you bursting to see one of his plays in the next week should head down to the Richmond Theatre where The Importance of Earnest is being put on.

I would love to stay and write lots more on the great Irish playwright but I feel I have left out so many other brilliant men. I'm sorry to betray my sex but I can't, off the top of my head, think of any female playwrights of significance- please enlighten me. Just to whet your appetite for a later date- Bertolt Brecht, Arthur Miller, Henrik Ibsen, Anton Pavlovich Chekov, Noel Coward, Alan Bennett, R.C. Sherriff, George Bernard Shaw, Garcia Lorca and Thomas Hardy. I know Hardy wrote books but he is amazing too so deserves a small mention.

What's the point, you might ask. Understanding of literature in all its guises, in my opinion, enriches our understanding of language and the world around us (apologies, that was not meant to read as hideously cliché and cheese-laden as it came out!) And if nothing else it makes you sound well read and enviously cultured. Should we ever be short on space for the Arts section, I will lavish more literary, artistic and possibly even musical wisdom on you again.



"I have nothing to declare but my genius", something I'm sure all at IC can identify with

Red Death plaguing Battersea now

Emily Steels reviews the Production of the spine-chilling and enthralling tale by Edgar Allan Poe

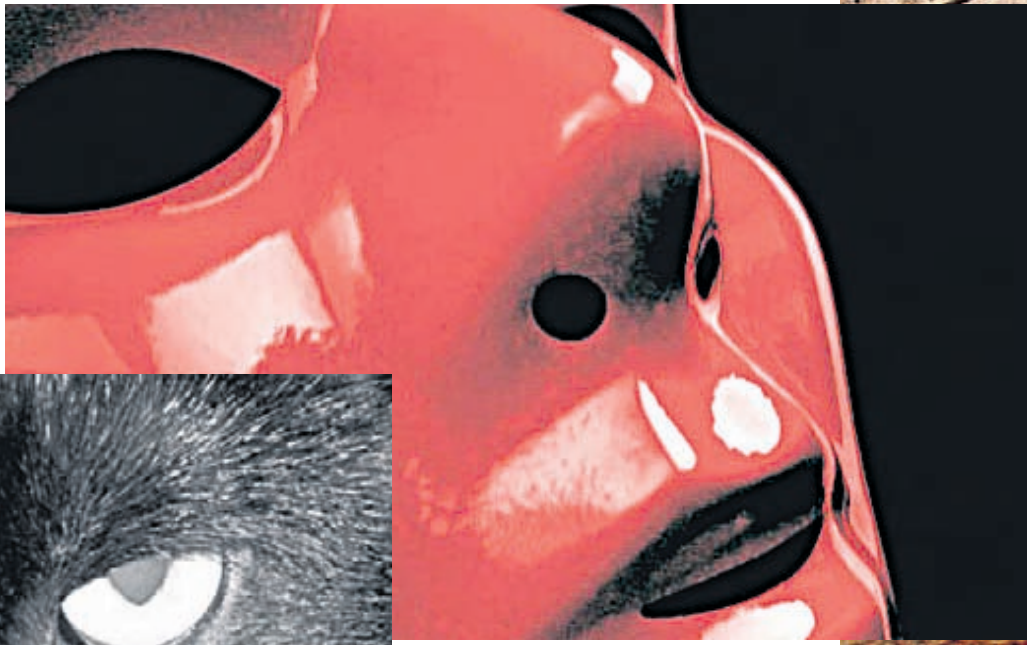
When you arrive at the Battersea Arts Centre for Punchdrunk's latest production, 'The Masque of the Red Death', you are sent round to the back of the building. You are given a white full-face mask and a coin like an old fashioned penny. You are sent up some steps and through a door, into darkness. After that, anything can happen.

This is the nature of Punchdrunk's work: that the show will be different for each person who sees it. It is theatre as total immersion. There's no stage, and strictly speaking there's no play. You are free to wander through the set as you please, which in this case means most of the BAC, from basement to attic. There's a crypt, with walls lined with skulls, there's a forest, a wine room stocked floor to ceiling with old

prince of the land invites a thousand of his friends to live in luxury inside his abbey where, they believe, the Red Death cannot reach them. But if you didn't know the story already, there's no way you would guess it from seeing this show. The same goes for the other Poe stories that are featured. There are snippets of 'The Cask of Amontillado',

form, but there was more story and more space. It was more haunting and more surprising. So if you saw 'Faust', 'Red Death' is more of the same, only not as good. If you didn't see 'Faust', the whole thing will be novel, but this isn't the company at the top of its game.

Go. By all means go. It's extraordinary. But you've been warned.



Watcha ya lookin at?

dusty bottles, and a cabaret bar with live music. You might stumble across a séance, a fight, a seduction, a man's descent into madness. You can choose to follow characters through the building, or you can stay in a room and wait for the action to arrive.

It is, unquestionably, an extraordinary experience. The extent of the set is mind-boggling. Open a drawer in a sideboard – it is full of old documents and letters. Run your hands over the fabric of the chairs, the beds, the drapes. Take your old penny and exchange it for a velvet cape you can wear for the rest of the evening. The most memorable moments are likely to be unique to you. At one point, I sat down in a chair in a dark room, felt something lumpy, and found that I'd sat on a sleeping black cat. The cat looked unperturbed. I apologised to it profusely. Some time later, the man in the wine room told me how he hated the black cat, and fed me one of its eyes (a green olive) on a cocktail stick.

There's a reason, though, that I haven't yet mentioned what the show is about. 'The Masque of the Red Death' is an Edgar Allan Poe story in which a country is hit by a plague, and the

'The Fall of the House of Usher', and, naturally, 'The Black Cat', but they don't go anywhere. It's like nothing so much as a Poe themed haunted house – there are atmospheres, characters, places, but not much of more substance than that. It's a little disappointing.

And the show being what it is, much of your experience will depend on the behaviour of the rest of the audience. The night I went, there were a gaggle of teenage girls whose screaming and giggling was enough to send a deep crack through this imaginary world for me. I might have avoided them better if there hadn't seemed to be too many people in the space. Sometimes there were so many watchers crammed into a room, you couldn't see the action. Sometimes you couldn't get in through the door. With tickets starting at £20 for concessions, I can't help wondering if the company has got a bit greedy.

At the end of the night, I spoke to one of the stewards. He asked what I thought of the show. It wasn't as good as 'Faust', I told him. He said that that's been the general consensus. 'Faust', Punchdrunk's production last year, took over five floors of a warehouse in Wapping. It used essentially the same



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Poetic Respite of the Week from John Keats

Straight in at the deep end with Romanticism. An extremely potent poem and any man who has been mercilessly intoxicated by a woman and left feeling like crap the morning after will empathise with John



“Kiss me quick you sexy, iron-clad knight-at-arms!”

John Keats, in the same year that he wrote *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, remarked to his brother George that “The great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything and every place interesting.” Keats published three poetry books in his lifetime, but it was only after his very short life that he gained the fame he clearly deserved. Often accused of

being “a middle-class interloper”, Keats in fact suffered for much of his early life. He lost both parents as well as a brother to tuberculosis and another to America. Poverty hindered him in finding true love and in education too. Keats carried out his schooling up the road in Enfield and later enrolled at Guy’s hospital- a poet and a scientist- to study anatomy, botany, dissection

and physiology among other things, with the intention to join the Royal College of Surgeons. However, Keats dropped out of medicine to pursue his devotion to poetry. In the last years of his life, he suffered several bouts of illness and depression and was nursed by his fiancé-to-be Fanny Brawne. Within one year of their engagement Keats died in Rome 1821.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci, John Keats, 1819

Chosen by Caz Knight

Ah, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.
She found me roots of relish sweet,

And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sigh'd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes--
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd--"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Iraq, Civil Liberties & The War on Terror

imperial college union

Guest Speakers:

Mozzam Begg (former Guantanamo Bay detainee held for over two years then released without charge discusses his experiences. Author of "Enemy Combatant: My Imprisonment by the United States at Guantanamo")

Chris Nineham (Stop the War Coalition Officer)

Organized by: Imperial College Stop the War Student Society

The SAF (biology), Room G34: 12:30pm, 23rd Oct

Student Art in Focus

This week Dr Picasso Jones examines Tom? by Jack E. Cronin

This week in our little corner of showcasing student talent, we have one sketch by the experimental artist Jack E. Cronin. 'Tom?' is part of an extensive collection of small sketches. Other pieces include the acclaimed 'Tom's Mum' and 'Welsh Landscape (with sheep being loved in foreground by Tom)'.

Jack E Cronin has long been an entrepreneur of new materials and methods for creating his distinctive style and has been away for some time working with his new media, permanent marker and post-it note – both very effective as we can clearly see.

“Tom?” is clearly a character of many layers. Although simple looking on the outside, there is more to him than meets the eye. Likewise, the allium genus of the Plantae kingdom, which includes such popular vegetables as the onion and leek, whilst dirty on the outside, conceals below the surface layers of nutritional beauty. Perhaps the artist means to imply that he would like to fry ‘Tom’ in butter and make a nice casserole with him, just like one would with an onion. Or make Leek and Potato soup.

The shape of the head could possibly represent the humble science student, being conical flask shaped and thus easily filled with knowledge, beer or other chemical substances.

In the portrait the jaw and mouth are very much more prominent than the forehead, which of course conceals the brain. This is representative of a major flaw in human nature, in that we often speak before we think, for example, having a conversation with a volleyball without realising its inanimacy. Jack E Cronin will be selling select pieces of this particular collection at Sotheby's at the end of the month and he expects to make at least 12 pence.

Budding artiste?

Do you think you could do better than our featured artists? Yes, you probably could. Please send in your contributions to arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk and we will rip your piece of art to shreds using the power of words...

The Great Culture Crawl

Chapter Four – Bookshops and Libraries

Written by Mike Cook, designed by Rosie Grayburn

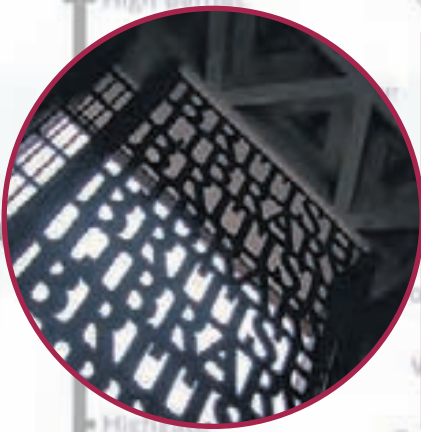


Daunt Books, Marylebone

Located on Marylebone's main high street, Daunt Books has the feel of a true book shop. Soft light pours in through skylights, the shelves are mostly panelled in a beautiful oak, and of course – it's quiet. Most interestingly, Daunt Books arranges its wares by country, rather than genre or author, meaning that its travel-orientation is arranged for simple and unusual browsing.

Best Bit – You might be surprised to learn that despite its relative independence, Daunt Books holds some fairly interesting talks. John O'Farrell will be talking about his latest humour book later this month, and the setting really makes meeting authors quite special.

www.dauntbooks.co.uk



The British Library, St. Pancras

Remember – you don't need to buy books to read them. Although you do need to tell people you're taking them. The British Library holds a copy of every single book ever published in the United Kingdom, meaning that if you can't find it anywhere else, it will be on their shelves if it ever touched these shores. You'll also find extremely well-kept copies of Shakespeare and Chaucer, and many ancient religious texts.

Best Bit – It's a toss-up, but we'd probably opt for the Gutenberg Bible – one of the first books printed in Europe. You can also hunt down the desk where Marx enjoyed to sit and socialise, and the Magna Carta. You won't find that in Waterstone's.

www.bl.uk

Gosh! Comics, Russell Square

Comics are a funny past-time, in that many of us wonder where it still goes on nowadays, and the rest of us are too busy reading comics to tell them. If you're completely new to the idea, you could do a lot worse than visit Gosh! Comics, crammed with a huge variety of books from all over the world, covering not only the latest releases, but also compilations of older ones, as well as originals of some real classics.

The medium has changed a lot since the stereotype days of Marvel and co. You can now find philosophical reflection, religious and political comment, and far more serious storylines, alongside the crazier likes of superheroes and adventures.

The Best Bit – The staff at Gosh! are brilliant. Experienced and friendly, they'll set you up with something whether you're a first-time reader or you own half of the store already.

www.goshlondon.co.uk



Foyles, Tottenham Court Road

You can't look at London's unique bookshops without mentioning Foyles, whose history is as bizarre and varied as the books they stock. Originally started by two brothers selling their old university textbooks (if only it worked so well nowadays) the business was soon booming, selling a huge range of books in a magnificent store in central London (as well as elsewhere).

Famed for its strange habits such as making customers queue up twice to purchase books (once to get a receipt), the store recently changed hands and has since then undergone a massive refit. The old ways are out and the new ways are in – while that might mean you miss out on some of the charming oddities, it's still worth a visit, being as it is a monolith of reading goodness.

The Best Bit – The architecture is strangely alluring. From the outside, it could be mistaken for a glamorous department store. Of course, that's not too far off.

www.foyles.co.uk

Waterstone's, Piccadilly

The Death Star of book stores, the Waterstone's in Piccadilly is the largest book shop in Europe, meaning that if this towering city of books doesn't have what you're looking for, you might need to check that it's actually been published. The scale of the place is overwhelming, and it's very easy to get lost amongst shelf after shelf of books you've never heard of.

Best Bit – Saying you've been, really. Waterstone's doesn't have anything particular about it, but there's so much of it at Piccadilly that you can't help but feel impressed. Take a good long stroll around, be overwhelmed, and then go and check out our other suggestions!

www.waterstones.co.uk



Borders Books, Oxford Circus

Borders might feel tacky to anyone who's seen You've Got Mail, but even if Tom Hanks dislikes big book chains, you can't help but love something so complete. Not just books, but everything that might relate to it, the Borders off Leicester Square holds music, film, coffee, television shows, bags, as well as a massive selection of books spread across all manner of areas.

Best Bit – It's all in one place, so when you're planning your Christmas shopping in a month's time, you could do a lot worse than spend a day in there wandering, sipping coffee and taking in every single floor of money pits.

www.bordersstores.co.uk

BORDERS



The Science Museum Library

Yes, we had to do it. You're registered there for free, and it has an extensive collection of scientific texts on a massive range of topics. It's not exactly bursting with fiction or books about gardening but what the library does have, it has in droves. Textbooks, popular science, papers and a well-maintained catalogue system. It's also quite underused, so whatever you're looking for is likely to be in stock once you find it.

Best Bit – If the SML has a best bit, it's probably the location. It's a ten minute walk from most departments on the Kensington campus, and even if you're not local it's central London which means it's not a wasted journey to get there.

www.imperial.ac.uk/library

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Film

Film Editor – Alex Casey

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

London calling: The Festival Lands

As the epicentre of world cinema shifts to Leicester Square for 16 days, why is it that London still captures as much interest months after Cannes kicks off the festival season? Because London isn't capable of boring

Alex Casey
Film Editor

It's that time of year again: film festival season is coming to an end. But thankfully, they save our great city till near the end so we've had a chance to sift through the successes of Venice, Cannes, Toronto, Berlin, etc. and this is the result.

London may not have the glamour of Cannes and even the biggest Brit flick of the year, *Atonement*, decamped to Venice last month, but London differentiates itself from the competition in its ability to bring the festival to the public. If you love film, this is the place to find it.

The events in London this year look fantastic and so now is the best time to really explore the biggest range of cinema you're likely to find in one city. The festival runs from October 17th until November 1st, so by the time this goes to print you'll be able to rush round to Leicester Square and check out the first releases. And you won't be alone, as the creme de la creme of world cinema descend onto the square.

The Gala Screenings this year show an impressive line up of Hollywood talent: Halle Berry, Sam Mendes, Tom Cruise, Meryl Streep, Robert Redford, Sienna Miller, Michael Moore, Brian De Palma, Colin Firth and Sean Penn are all on the bill to launch new films whilst the likes of David Lynch, Naomi Watts and Steve Buscemi all have screen talks of one form or another lined up to entertain the baying crowds.

But if you're reading this then it won't be the Vanity Fair alumni who you care about, but the films themselves, and the collection seems to showcase a "Best Of" from the festivals of the year so far. David Cronenberg's *Eastern Promises* kicked off the opening night on Wednesday, fresh from winning the top prize at Toronto, the festival most noted for being the first place to exhib-



A selection of what's on offer at this year's London Film Festival

it a film you want to win a shed-load of Oscars. Ang Lee brings *Lust, Caution* to our shores, fresh from Venice victory and will be looking to follow up the international (inexplicable?) acclaim he received for previous feature, *Brokeback Mountain*. Apparently *Lust* has more plot to it though, so the signs are good. The Cannes champion, Romanian film *4 Months, 3 Weeks, 2 Days* will also be shown alongside a discussion on Romanian cinema and its recent emergence into the international scene.

But this is far from just a 'cut and

paste' of more prestigious festivals. London will have seven world premieres over the 16 days of festival, as well as 128 UK premieres. It has an extraordinary wealth of international films from 43 countries that would normally have great trouble finding distribution in the developed world where budget trumps merit. We've even already seen the first good thing come out of the Madeleine McCann furore as Ben Affleck's new directorial effort, *Gone, Baby, Gone*, has been pulled from the schedule due to similarities to reality that I imagine the title of the film will

explain if you haven't already heard. Better luck next time, Ben.

If you're interested in seeing something that won't be in your local Odeon in a couple of weeks or months, your best bet is to pick up a programme and really dig deep to find the most interesting offerings. Or you could try and find the most sought-after tickets for screen talks but, by now, you'll have to be personal friends with a good PR contact or be Julia Roberts to get a place.

The big names do come out in force for London though, and you can catch

the "respectable" side of Hollywood as well. Brad Pitt and Casey Affleck ride into town in *The Assassination of Jesse James By The Coward Robert Ford* whilst Robert Redford directs himself, Tom Cruise and the ever reliable Meryl Streep in political drama, *Lions For Lambs*. Halle Berry is doing her best to put her dreadful post-Oscar years behind her, with what appears from the previews to be a very respectable turn opposite Benicio del Toro in *Things We Lost In The Fire*, Michael Moore will be trying to twist the knife in George Du-bya's side even further with his exposé of the American health service in *Sicko* and just on the other side of the square there will be an eager audience waiting to see Cate Blanchett, Christian Bale, Richard Gere and various others transform into Bob Dylan for Todd Haynes's *I'm Not There*.

Not until the closing-night gala screening of Wes Anderson's *The Darjeeling Limited* with Adrien Brody and Owen Wilson will cinephiles be able to relax and go about their lives again. Whether sat in one of the Leicester Square multiplexes, enjoying an event at one of the many other cinemas across the city participating in the festival or taking in the free screenings slated to happen in Trafalgar Square (the last one is Friday 19th, 18:30), London offers a film festival that strips away the elitism of most. It revels in respectability and reputation rather than style over substance, but don't think that there's any lack of style about.

And perhaps that is why Joe Wright chose to take *Atonement* to Venice. It's glorious cinematography can distract from the slightly muddled chronological issues that resulted from its literary roots, but Venice will accept that. London is smarter than that. Last year they opened with the best British film of the decade, the other James McAvoy outing, *The Last King of Scotland*. Fingers crossed that this year they've done it again.

Communism through the eyes of a child makes Mickey Mouse a fascist

Blame It On Fidel ★★★★★

Director: Julie Gavras
Writers: Tony Gilroy
Cast: Julie Depardieu, Stefano Accorsi, Nina Kervel

Fran Buckland

Children don't like change. This is exemplified by *Blame It on Fidel*, the latest offering showing at the Institute of Contemporary Arts which tells the story of Anna (Nina Kervel), a young girl whose parents brutally uproot her life by deciding to become liberals in the 1970's. Based on a novel by Domitilla Calamai, the film is a bleak foray into a childish mind punctuated with bright moments of humour, the camera following Anna's every movement as she is introduced to a totally different way of life.

Anna, a natural capitalist, puts up a tough fight against the changes, de-

spite being dragged to marches and bombarded with the meetings and rows which seem to accompany her new way of life. Nina Kervel's portrayal of Anna was very well rounded, capturing the stubborn childishness of Anna's earlier protests which evolve into more thoughtful arguments throughout the film.

There were some good 'chuckle out loud' moments, brought about by the childish viewpoint of the treatment of Communist militants in Spain and France in the 1970s. There is also a focus on women's liberation, with Anna's

"These issues, when tinted with the naivety of a child, take on a surreal quality."

mother Marie (Julie Depardieu) speaking out about the pro-choice movement, which at the time was illegal in France. These issues, when tinted with the naivety of a child, take on a surreal quality which is bought into focus by the overheard rows between Anna's parents over their various political standpoints. *Blame It on Fidel* manages to capture the political mood of the age with surprising accuracy despite its youthful narrator.

Visually, the film is eye-opening, with the clear contrast of Anna's old and neutral conservative life and new, colourful flat with the walls painted red (a rather blatant proof of her parent's Communist credentials), although I was left wondering whether it was totally necessary to have quite so many headshots of a frowning and thoughtful child. The style of filming was very focussed on the expression of each individual and I felt Kervel rose to the challenge of having such unwavering attention. The soundtrack was apt and complimented the mood of the



"I'll just sit here until this whole Communist malarky passes"

film with long periods of silence interrupted by tinkling piano and strings.

Just over halfway through the film, Gavras seemed to get a bit carried away and overdid the artistic shots thus losing the pace of the story, although this did help develop Anna's character to develop and made her eventual comprehension of the events surrounding her far more believable.

If you like foreign films, artistically focused shots or just a quiet sit in a dark corner, then you'll love *Blame It on Fidel*. Overall, the atmosphere of the film was reflective and quite bleak, which I loved. In short, this coming-of-age story is, despite losing pace around the middle scenes, a good watch, with an honest portrayal of a vital part of becoming an adult: accepting change.



Music

Music Editors – **Jenny Gibson and Matty Hoban**

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Matty Hoban Music Editor

It was once sung, “Just ‘cause she dances loco, that don’t make her a ‘ho no.” If you can get in touch with me and say which song this is from and the artist’s name, then you could win the chance to write a column for this here music section – An opportunity not to be missed, you’ve got to be in it to win it, etc.

Anyway, how you doing? What’s going down? What are the new, cool jams? Well, I’ve been busy presiding over the CDs within Felix’s treasure chest of music and hideous artwork. This week I decided to root through and found an affront on humanity in the form of Neurosonic’s “Drama Queen”; which not only instills a hatred reminiscent of that at the Nuremberg Rally in me, but also manages to usurp common sense and have Rush as a key influence. The latter is such a faux-pas, I equate it to meeting your girlfriend’s parents for the first time, doing doggy-doggy with her mother and then at breakfast the next day say to the father, “Has your wife ever considered vaginal rejuvenation surgery as her munch is like a french-kissing cocker spaniel?” Anyway, enough of the small pleasantries, I shall move on.

We have had an enthusiastic new influx into the Music Felix community and thus we have three album reviews for your delectation. We always want as many contributors as possible and don’t let the styles of music currently in the pages put you off, we want people with all tastes to write for us – that way it’ll be interesting. I, myself, would love to hear about things I’ve never heard of before and find it more interesting than reading about a band I’ve heard of.

In case you’re interested in how this section works, I’ll explain: you get in touch either through e-mail (see at the top) or from signing up to our mailing list and we will let you know when we have our meetings. At these meetings there will be free CDs for you to pick up and take away to review (you can keep them but if you feel that someone else should review them then bring them back). Through our mailing list we will also inform you of gigs that you can get into for free (usually with a ‘plus one’) if you would want to go and review them. Do not feel guilty about taking things for free, the promotional companies offer them and in the future I will talk about these elements of the music business.

For now, I will have a quick chat about the Radiohead album as the mainstream media was overtaken by their ‘revolutionary’ approach to their new album. You may well know that they made their album available online with an honesty box where you choose what you want to pay for the album. This approach, in my mind, does not seem revolutionary but necessary. You can draw an analogy with museums, such that Radiohead are like the Natural History Museum; established and never without an audience, yet you may donate depending on your guilt. Let us hope this continues.

A pick’n’mix of reviews

We have a couple of reviews that were picked out of the depths of our grips including a lovely mixture of Post-Hardcore, Indie and Ragga-Hop’n’Bass or something

Album Review



Thrive
The Alchemy Index (Vagrant)
★★★★☆

Most music fans from the hardcore/punk circles in the UK will remember Thrive from their 2002 opus ‘Illusion of Safety’ and the more sonically ambitious ‘Artist in the Ambulance’ from 2003. Hailing from a scene with bands such as Brand New and Glassjaw, what set this California four-piece apart from the pack was their fervent lyrical honesty, versatile technical abilities and venerable eschewal from marketing their haircuts over their music. They have since released a DVD of live performances in 2004 and an unabashedly experimental record inspired by the Thomas Pynchon novel called ‘Vheissu’ in 2005, which marked a significant departure from the earlier punk sound for the band and showcased their love of such genre-defying outfits as Radiohead and Deftones.

Now they plan on releasing a four-part concept record titled ‘Earth, Air, Water and Fire’ (Collectively titled ‘The Alchemy Index’) over the course of 2007-08. As of now, the ‘Fire’ and ‘Water’ EPs are set for release on 15/10/07. From the starting track ‘Fire-breather’ of the ‘Fire’ installment it is clear that their music is now so far away from their humble post-hardcore beginnings that the only recognizable element are the vocals. This track combines crunchy Tool-esque guitars, melodic vocals and a lush atmospheric underbelly to create an overall epic sound. Songs such as ‘The Arsonist’ and ‘The Flame Deluge’ go from intricately soft to bludgeoning heaviness in the space of a second and drift through so many genres that it makes one realise that classifying artists in terms of single styles really misses the point of music. Perhaps the most ambitious offerings of the series are on the ‘Water’ disc, where the band exhibit the true breadth of their music tastes by fusing everything from electronic beats to haunting Rhodes piano sounds. One such standout song is ‘Digital Sea’, mixing an industrial drum feel with sweetly melodic vocal harmonies which slowly morph into a robotic hush at the end. ‘Lost continent’ and ‘Night Diving’ are two more ‘Water’ tracks which incorporate beautiful layers of atmospheric sounds to go alongside blurbs of guitar and elysian vocals, much in the vein of Sigur Ros. After hearing the available songs, it becomes apparent that whereas ‘Fire’ contains more incendiary and heavy tracks which lyrically address flames and other fire-y themes, ‘Water’ delves on maritime and aquatic themed grounds and delivers more intricately structured and sonically lush sound-scapes.

With their latest offering, Thrive have managed to make an album-series more compelling than a thousand

top-ten discs and have been successful in touching on more genres of music than that in the most eclectic listener’s library. Judging by the musicianship on display on the first two EPs, one can expect the next two to be equally progressive and hugely experimental. Listening to this four-EP musical juggernaut is like reading a quality book – if you give it the time and patience you will become enlightened, otherwise you will remain an afflicted soul who missed out on one of modern-music’s most overlooked hallmarks.

Ushnish Banerjee

Album Review



Buen Chico
Right to Re-Arrange
(Faith&Hope)
★★★★☆

This is a quirky little debut album for yet another indie band from the grand old city of Leeds. “Buen Chico”, Spanish for “Good Bloke”, are waiting to have ‘Right To Rearrange’ released on CD on the 22nd of October (or for those of you who can’t wait, it is on download from the 15th).

This album is the perfect thing to fill that hole now that the Kooks, Super Furry Animals and the Feeling have been done to death and we’re all searching through our CD collection for something a little new. Lyrically the songs are about as mentally stimulating as the opening theme tune of Tel-tubbies, but hey, they got to Number One didn’t they?

‘Choosing My Religion’ has a funky little rhythm that will have nationwide dancing on their bed in their skinny jeans. Just as the song feels like it’s getting a bit too repetitive it takes a turn and the tempo goes up somehow, that’s a bit unusual for this genre of music, a song with a climax to it! And that seems to be the style of Buen Chico, just as soon as you start to get too comfortable with a piece, they do something a little unusual to grab your attention again.

‘Laying Down the Law’ looks set to be another crowd-pleaser with a steady guitar base and somewhat predictable chord changes (don’t you just love them). The tune remains bouncy and largely pleasing with some cute little guitar riffs thrown in for good measure. Horrah.

The introduction to ‘Don’t Lose Your Faith In Goodwill’ sounds a bit like a Beatles track – if you’re anything like me, that’s never bad but that’s not all that this song has to offer, as about one and a half minutes in the song takes off into a personality of its own leaving us with a varied and more unusual piece than what the rest of the album seems to offer.

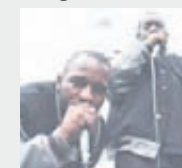
The album is rounded off beautifully with ‘Things’, a slightly chilled out reprise however this track is not for listening to on a bad day (think Counting

Crows- ‘Colourblind’).

If you’re open minded and like to dabble in a bit of indie, this album could well be what your CD collection has been waiting for. Die hard rock and R&B fans should stand well back, without even touching the bunny clad album cover I can tell you that this album, for you at least, is not going to be a pleaser.

Ruth Patchett

Single Review



The Ragga Twins & Crew
Maximum Bass and R.T.C
★★★★★

I’ve never heard of them, you’ve never heard of them, they probably won’t be particularly famous, but this Double A-side single by The Ragga Twins & Crew, ‘Maximum Bass and R.T.C.’, is *propa eavy ting*. Even from the name Ragga Twins you know what to expect, and your expectations are not disappointed.

On the A-side we have ‘Maximum Bass’, a late night mindless drum’n’bass mash-up, featuring all you can ask for from a track designed for play in grotty clubs and, according to the press release, the modified car circuit. Starting off with an ominously treble heavy beat and some electro bleeps, the scene is set for the introduction of the Ragga Twins in classic ragga style – “Ragga Twins them ‘bout! Woooaaahh! People! Buy my track[sic]”. And then comes the drop. Up until it came, it is

safe to say that I had only experienced, at best, medium bass. There was something missing, a void which no amount of treble could fill. The Ragga Twins changed all of this when they turned the bass to ‘maximum’.

It’s really got everything this one. The drums are fast, the base is wobbly and repetitive, and the Ragga Twins are pissed off. I would love to quote some lyrics as I’m sure they are hilarious, but I can’t understand a word of what is being said. Honestly though, it doesn’t matter – the hoarse, raspy flows and Jamaican intonation fit in perfectly with the style of the tune, so even if it was crystal clear, no one would listen.

The train of thought is continued on the AA-side with ‘R.T.C. (Ragga Twins Crew)’, except this time the original twins (Deman Rocker and Flinty Badman) have some company, with four other guest MCs. As with the A-side though, the lyrics are unintelligible, and the effect of all the guests is minimal. Maybe they all have their own distinctive styles, I don’t know, it’s not really important anyway. ‘R.T.C.’ could be described as an anti-tune, designed to be as harsh to the ear as possible. More emphasis is put on bewildering sound effects (both telephone and ambulance are utilised) than any kind of melody, but rather than being messy and confusing to listen to, it’s structure comes from its chaotic lack of structure.

As I said, there is nothing unexpected about these two tracks, but that is exactly what makes them so excellent – they conform to the idea that everyone has in their head when they think of what bass-heavy drum’n’bass is. From songs like this, I don’t want innovation or inspiration, I don’t want deep lyrics which offer me advice about love or life, I just want to turn up the volume and have my eardrums fucked up. Job done.

Peter Sinclair



Top: Buen Chico, bottom: Thrive



Gregory Mead Nightlife Editor

Before I say anything, I have to apologise to you all for not creating a nightlife page last week, I know you must have all been deeply disappointed by its absence, and it's the only page you all read but the truth is, I was much too busy bedding all your mothers to make one. What I'm trying to say is I need help, help I tell you! We need a new nightlife editor for Felix, you don't need to have any past experience or even be able to write in English, all we need is someone to help make the pages, if you're interested then I suggest you send me an email at [nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:felix@imperial.ac.uk) and we'll start training you up!

Now I've got that out the way, we can start on something relevant. I went out last night to a club called Panic! Just off Oxford street, it's recently become a favoured club of scenester teenagers in London so I thought I'd hate it, but for the first time in my life, I was wrong! I've been regularly visiting Panic for the past four years, and when it first started, I must say it was total shit, but it's improved so much recently I've decided to actually write a review on it, which you can read by rotating your eyes or head slightly to the right. Unless you're reading this paper upside down in which case, rotate to the left.

As for other content, we're a bit thin on the reviews front, by that I mean nobody has actually written any for us. This may be partly my fault for not organising the reviewers, but I'm going to blame George Bush instead. If you fancy going to the most awesome-saurus-lexical clubs in London then email in! It's all free don't you know. Of course, you can also visit the worst clubs in London if you like that sort of thing, but I generally reserve them for myself because I like to punish myself, and I'm also too much of an arsehole to be able to write a nice review, the words just don't fit together.

Finally, I've got to mention the competitions. Enter the fucking things already you bunch of ungrateful bastards or I'll never, ever EVER get you prizes again.

Next time you find yourself queueing up in the rain to pay £15 to get into a club, remember reading this column.

Competitions

It's still not too late to win some prizes. We have:

Two Fabric double passes for 24th, 25th and 26th October.

Three double passes for Turnmills at their Halloween special on 27th October.

Email:
nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk

13 Years of Bugged Out-ness

Simian Mobile Disco, Boys Noize, D.I.M and JoJo De Freq are sure to deliver an awesome thirteenth birthday party for the legendary Bugged Out clubnight

Gregory Mead

Thirteen years of Bugged out is nearly upon us, the legendary clubnight, originally based at Sankeys in Manchester will be celebrating their birthday at The End on Saturday 20th October! Unfortunately that's the day after this issue of Felix is printed, but that's just the way the universe works at the moment, but if you do manage to catch it, you're in for a real treat, every single Bugged Out I've been to has been awesome.

One reason they are so successful is they run monthly, meaning they never have a dry night like other similar clubs such as Our Disco and DURRR, the monthly format allows them to constantly offer big name acts in the electro scene at their current home, The End.

This is a perfect venue for such an event, the DJ booth and stage are open, and not elevated, making for much more of a friendly atmosphere and more interaction between the people dancing and the DJ's or bands performing. No super-DJ's in a booth twenty feet off the ground here.

Occasional one off large events such as the Bugged Out Warehouse parties at Canvas and various locations in East London are also a real treat. Irregularly organised they offer really big name acts in a larger (usually 2000+) venue, making for an almost festival experience.

The birthday party will be headlined by Simian Mobile Disco, riding on the wave of popularity from recent 'nu-rave' bands and a sudden increase of electronic music in indie circles, they are now regularly playing high up on the line up for massive events and festivals around the UK, so catching them here will be a real treat.

My personal highlight of the night is Boys Noize, I first heard a few tracks by this German electro producer a year or so ago and instantly loved them. I was



Boys Noize and Simian Mobile Disco, meet them on Saturday and say hello



also lucky enough to catch him play a crazy set at Pukkelpop festival in Belgium this summer. The 5000 capacity tent was totally rammed and the atmosphere was truly amazing. He'll also be releasing his debut album "Oi Oi Oi" on the night, featuring hits such as "Don't Believe the Hype" and "Down".

Also playing in the main room is vintage house artist JoJo De Freq, who is unveiling some new material from, amongst others, Miss Kittin. D.I.M.

will also play live, following the success of the brilliant "Airbus Baby".

The warm up is Matt Walsh, who was impressive at the Bugged Out night at the T Bar in May. In the lounge Herve will be joined by Hannah Holland, from Trailer Trash and Bastard Batty Bass. Klaxons and Simian tour (and Our Disco resident DJ) Nadia Ksaiba will be joined by a competition winner, chosen by BuggedOut, to warm up the lounge.

Completing this spectacular line up in AKA is Wet Yourself, who enjoyed success at Shoreditch Sunday, with resident DJ's Cormac, Peter Pixzel, Husley and Gunz.

Basically, it's going to be one hell of a night, so I suggest you get to The End early on Saturday night. You'd better not all turn up too early and fill the place out though, because I'll be extremely annoyed if I get there and I can't get in.

ZOMG-OMFG I'm going to Panic!

Entirely populated by 18 year old students, this is the perfect place for freshers (or creepy guys who like 18 year old girls). Panic! is fast becoming 'super Indie cool'

Gregory Mead

The fact that this club is populated almost entirely by teenage students (and a few weird old guys who look like they'd like to do bad things to said Female teenage students) and the fact that bottles of Kronenberg cost £1.50 and double vodka and mixer £2.50, this club night was always destined to be a complete mash up, and it almost always ends that way.

When I first started going to this club, back in the old days before I was even a fresher, it was a little lame and unpopular (just like I was) and to be honest the music they played was not at all to my taste, not that it mattered since I usually got through an obscene amount of cheap booze in the first few hours.

Now, four years later it's so packed there's a 30 minute queue just to get in, and it's fast becoming almost as popular as DURRR to the indie scenester kids.

They play a great selection of current alternative music, as well as old Indie and new electro, and it's so popular the dancefloor is rammed from about 10pm till closing time at 3am.

The main problem for me though is I don't particularly like hanging around wasted sixth formers and freshers, they can get extremely irritating and have also resulted in the place ID-ing every single person who enters and refusing entry to anybody who doesn't have any. Including myself and a friend (25 years old) on one occasion who had no ID, which was totally ridiculous. The fact that everyone is trashed also

means spilled drinks, smashed bottles and passed out people all over the dancefloor, making for a rather sticky, crunchy and sometimes soft surface to walk on.

The toilets are an offence to every single one of my senses and entering them borders suicidal, last week a bunch of kids decided to overflow the sink, whilst wrapping their entire bodies with toilet paper, along with some guy who was standing in the corner with no trousers on pissing all over the wall, who promptly walked back out into the club with no trousers on. Security were not impressed, and neither was I.

So, you're probably reading this now and thinking something along the lines of 'Why the fuck would I ever want to go to this place, it sounds awful! Well,

if you're thinking that, then probably you're wrong, despite the few points I mentioned in this review, I can't say this place is all that bad, in fact I went there last night and it was a really great night out, plus I barely spent any money at all.

The fact that they now play music I actually like means I don't have to get totally off my face on booze to enjoy myself, and the nice seated areas mean you can sit down and actually talk to people.

So, if you're feeling bored on a Tuesday night, and like most people have the day off on Wednesday, then perhaps you should give this place a visit. In fact, you probably do anyway, since the place is full of Imperial College students every single week. Just don't go in the mens toilets.



Style icons of the hour



Natasha
Khan
(Bat for
Lashes)

MK
Olsen



Robyn

COOL

Skirts

A lightweight skirt worn high on the waist, hitting above the knee is such a fresh look. But these are impossible to find on the high street. Try vintage, or if you don't want to smell of someone else's stale sweat, make your own!



Stylemob.com

Rate other people's outfits and post your own photo's to be rated. Kind of self absorbed, yes. But it doesn't make you weep for the future of humanity in the way that hotornot.com does.

Possible Agyness Deyn/Topshop Collaboration

Hopefully Deyn can bring some fresh creative blood to Topshop, stemming the flow of derivative knitwear. That being said, I really should stop worshipping at the alter of Deyn.



Jovovich's face in Resident Evil 3
Her skin was disarmingly perfect. All I could think of while watching the film, was how long it must have taken to photoshop every frame of her face. It didn't look like real skin, and everyone else's human skin looked like the surface of the moon by comparison.

LAME



Tony Blair is like a plate of spaghetti

A quick reminder that you are what you eat followed by more recipes than you can shake a sausage at



Warning: contains milk and may not look exactly like this

Spaghetti with Milk

Here's a simple recipe to give your spaghetti dishes that little extra something. Remember, this recipe contains milk.

- 1 Finely chop some onions and celery, and fry in olive oil until translucent, not brown.
- 2 Add some chopped carrots, stirring well to coat everything.
- 3 Add your mince (beef plus optional pork) and a good pinch of salt to draw out the fat.
- 4 Cook until it has lost its raw colour. Twist in some pepper.
- 5 Here's where it gets left-field... Add some whole milk! Enough to almost cover the mince. Bubble it merrily until most of the liquid has evaporated.
- 6 Now even more surprising, add some white wine! Same amount as above, and again bubble until gone.
- 7 Empty in a few cans of tinned chopped tomatoes.
- 8 Simmer for AT LEAST one hour, adding water if it gets too dry.
- 9 Important to taste for salt at the end.

Recipe adapted from a definitive book by Marcella Hazan: *The Essentials of Classic Italian Cooking*.

Noel Forrest

In 1999, Iain Duncan Smith spoke, "According to Labour's own magazine, 'Tony's favourite food is fish and chips. He gets a takeaway whenever he is at home in his constituency.' "But when The Islington Cook Book asked him the same question he said his favorite food was 'fresh fettuccini



Trying to eat your words Mr Blair?

garnished with an exotic sauce of olive oil, sun-dried tomatoes and capers." So you see, food matters because it says something about you. Gordon Brown's favourite food is probably oat-cakes. David Cameron probably cares about food miles and the plight of the British farmer. Anyway in 2006 it was further revealed that Tony's favourite food to cook was spaghetti bolognese, and I couldn't agree more. This recipe takes a brilliant cauldron approach, as the milk phase bubbles into the white wine phase, and the all-important lengthy simmer utterly transforms a liquid with bits floating around into an unctuous and soft, almost homogeneous sauce. Many a heinous sinner has abused a Bolognese recipe by simply not simmering for long enough. Note that it contains no secret magic additives, and demonstrates brilliantly that technique is far more important than ingredients. In fact, a good chef can knock up something special from any old bag of oddities, hence the wonder of Ready Steady Cook. I find it extremely satisfying to make the best Bolognese ever from just a few standard ingredients, and no fiddly little ones. I'm not giving quantities as I never use them and it builds confidence to guess.

Bangers and mash



Cook your own pub grub

This is perfect student food for the upcoming winter months. It's tasty, warming and filling all at the same time. Feel free to serve it with ordinary gravy made from granules but nothing beats onion gravy. Dish it up with a healthy portion of whatever vegetable you fancy- carrots, peas or broccoli are perfect.

You'll need:
Sausages (as many as you like)
3 potatoes per person
salt and pepper to taste
a knob of butter
a splash of milk

For the onion gravy:
1 onion (small for one person, large for three)
gravy granules
a drizzle of olive or vegetable oil
a sprinkle of sugar
1 tbsp balsamic vinegar (optional)

Instructions

1. Start cooking the sausages as per the cooking instructions. I prefer cooking them in the oven because they need less attention than ones frying in a pan. This should take

about 20-30 minutes.
2. In the meantime, peel and chop the potatoes into pieces and boil for 20 minutes, until cooked through. A sharp knife should go straight through without any resistance at the end.
3. While the sausages and potatoes are cooking you can make your onion gravy. Slice the onion in half and then cut it into thin slices. Heat a drizzle of oil in a frying pan and cook the onions slowly until they soften but are not brown. This will take about 10-15 minutes. Sprinkle over some sugar.
4. When the onions have cooked through, make up about a quarter of a pint of gravy for each person using granules and boiling water. Make it slightly runnier than you would like it because it will thicken up. Pour over the onions and splash in the balsamic vinegar if using (the cheap stuff is fine). Stir until it thickens.
5. Cook your vegetable in some salted boiling water- carrots take about 6 minutes, broccoli 3, peas 2.
6. Drain the potatoes and add the butter, salt and pepper and milk and mash until there are no lumps. Serve with the sausages and vegetables and a generous amount of gravy.

Mushroom Risotto

This isn't nearly as terrifying as people think. It just requires a little bit of attention which can be divided between the TV, a magazine or a special someone....

Feel free to use any soft vegetable that you like instead of mushrooms, or even cooked meat. Try courgettes, peppers, peas, prawns or cooked chicken, chorizo, etc. Just add them at the same stage you would add the mushrooms.

You'll need:
1 small onion (or ½ a large onion) chopped
a handful of mushrooms, roughly chopped
1 stock cube (vegetable or chicken)
1 cup of risotto rice
a big knob of butter
a sprig of fresh thyme (optional)
small glass of white wine (optional) and lastly
salt and pepper to taste

Instructions

1. Melt the knob of butter in a saucepan and add the chopped onion. Cook until soft- this will take about 10 minutes. Add the mushrooms and stir.
2. Add the risotto rice and stir until coated with the butter.



Looks yuck, tastes yum

Carry on stirring for a few minutes until the rice starts to go translucent. Add the salt and pepper and thyme, if using.
3. Make up half a pint of stock by adding boiled water to the stock cube. If using wine splash it into the pan at this point and wait until it evaporates. If not, just add an extra cup of water to the stock and pour a glass of this into the pan instead, again waiting for it to evaporate.
4. Keep adding the stock a splash at a time, stirring until it evaporates

and then adding some more. This should take about 20 minutes, depending on the instructions on the pack of risotto rice. If the stock is finished before the rice has cooked just top it up with some hot water instead.
5. The rice is cooked when it has just a slight bite and it is just starting to go sticky around the edges. Don't overcook it or it will turn into porridge. Serve with shavings of parmesan if you like it and the leftover wine.



Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Sebastian Nordgren

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Azfarul "Az" Islam Games Editor

You'll probably hear Felix Games talk a lot about the merits and idiosyncrasies of the strange world of gaming. Call us a bit biased perhaps, or maybe it's just that we tend to avoid trying to waste space on otherwise egregious titles. It does make for rather entertaining reading though, so we've decided to really up the ante. How about talking smack and taking the piss... of classic, established franchises. Starry, glazed eyes and cooing sighs of fanboyism are wiped out in favour of cynical staredowns and snorts of derision just for the span of one article. Then it's back to waxing lyrical.

Make *no* mistake: these articles don't represent the opinions of Felix Games in general. Some of us in Felix *actually* like these games. Fancy that.

That's the gist of the new *Flamebait* section and I'm confident that it'll be an interesting talking point during tedious tutorial classes. We dare you to send us some *Howlers*.

While we're still warming up, I thought it would be a perfect time to take some underhanded (yet oft perfectly justified) swipes at the coffer-filled market that is the franchised game. With a normal distribution curve heavily skewed towards Poo out of a rounded 100%, it really makes you wonder why they bother creating such offal... for all of five minutes. Then it's back to hacking away at generic evildoers in Eragon. Mmmmm, hackity-slashity goooooo.

Speaking of hackity-slashity fun, I was contemplating a fresh chapter of *Flamebait* and one game immediately sprang to mind. It's a game that's lived through many iterations – each one no more than a graphical update and the addition of rather trivial features. Yet it's so highly regarded by a gloriously fanboyish community that the praise borders on inanity. I think I've made the title quite obvious by now and even the blissfully ignorant lovers of this series know which game I speak of. So, does anyone want to grab a dragon by its balls and condemn this offender to the depths of gaming Heck? Immortality, respect and certain death await you but the portal to games.felix@imperial.ac.uk remains as open as ever. Will you accept this perilous quest?

Once again, we ignore any mainstream titles to place the spotlight on yet another one of the InterWeb's finest (and free-est, obviously) petite games: *Sphere*.

In response to Tomo's tirade regarding J-RPG's, I've literarily lashed out with the second issue of *Gairaigo*. And what better title to bring into the lime-light than one of the most interesting Japanese Role-Playing Games released this year sans Final Fantasy moniker. The rather difficult to pronounce *Shin Megami Tensei: Persona 3* is the featured game and I have a feeling that it personifies pretty much everything that he probably dislikes in his breakfast J-RPGs. Office politics follow suit. This week's buzzword? Irreverence.



Alert: Official Merchandise

Azfarul Islam plays with fire and realises that the burnt hand doesn't teach best



Ah, there's nothing more majestic than the sight of a giant ape roaring in the throes of a massive diarrhoea attack

How is it that despite the sheer overindulgent quality of some games, they are unceremoniously ousted from their roost at the numero uno spot because the words 'Harry' and 'Potter' decided to juxtapose themselves on the jewel case?



Harry Potter

Fun yet incredibly frustrating

Quite frankly, it's you lot to blame. No, not you in general. I'm talking about the person who's wearing a Gryffindor scarf as the weather turns unpleasant. I'm talking about the person whose fully articulated Optimus Prime sits next to his or her screen, taking precedence over an increasingly dusty pile of textbooks. Okay, fine I'm also talking about the casual fan as well. I'm equally at blame here.

Yes I know that the *Order of the Phoenix* for the PS2 has an average Metascore of 61. Like most discerning gamers, I do do a fairly comprehensive bit of research when it comes to grudgingly parting with my pound sterling notes. Yet, I found out the score for this game after buying it and I couldn't care less. Why is that?

It's just a very depressing fact that franchises sell. Not to make it sound like it's a bad thing, but in our little world of videogames, it often is. That's the whole point of the interactive me-

dium – to let us get that much closer to worlds, to wrought changes upon them or at the very least, furtively glancing around before gleefully blurting out "wingardium leviosa" because hey, I just made something float all by myself. As with any relatively well-known franchise, we have a legion (understatement, naturally) of fans who are wont to gobble up all related paraphernalia. The case has existed for years with plastic toys being the most popular avenue of aficionado investment. That has given way in recent years towards videogames. With ever-burgeoning attach rate of home consoles, even the non-gamer finds himself or herself drawn to yet another form of his or her object of adulation. Every recent film adaptation and even some classics are to be blamed of having their udders tweaked for golden globules of videogame-centric income. Eric Cantona's quote falls well in context here: "When the seagulls follow the trawler, it's because they think sardines will be thrown in to the sea". Fans are inexorably drawn, regardless of rationality.

And somewhere along the way, developers caught the scent of the furtive fan. They knew at that moment that beyond any original gaming IP they could ever dream of – be it the *Marios* and *Half-Lives* (*Half-Lives?*) – nothing could tally the revenue like a communally established franchise. Quality was no longer the issue here. A rudimentary game is blasé to the gaming populace, but the same game with a Big Name™ attached to it was a proverbial batch of hotcakes. The key ingredient: *presentation*. The more such

a piece of interactive merchandise can draw the fan into their world of choice, the better it is perceived as a 'quality' product. Once such groundwork was established as a basic blueprint, the games started pouring in. Significant sums of money are paid to obtain the licenses but such costs are all too easily offset by the unusually large revenue per unit values of videogames.

Games of this ilk are established with fantastic touches mainly based on countenance. Film tie-ins boast direct footage that one might have to wait weeks to see. Celebrity voice-overs, art assets, collectible extras and the general atmosphere of polish all add gravitas to the purchase. Sometimes the additions of entirely new scenarios or assets (like characters and locales) endemic to the gaming iteration are major draws. Basically, these are all cosmetic commodities. It makes a fan's heart feel all warm and fuzzy... until the first cutscene stops and you start playing. More

often than not, the same level of quality refuses to permeate into what really matters for a videogame: the *gaming* portion. Poor design, mundane objectives, technical issues, camera problems and other flaws severely detract from an otherwise stunningly attractive package. While I'm sure the teams behind it have worked hard at getting all that coding onto your disc, it's clear that a certain level of conviction was still lacking. Deep in their hearts they know that this is the kind of thing that'll have their paychecks signed even if they decided to skimp here, there and sometimes, everywhere. It seems quite stereotypical

to bring this to light, but that's truly the case.

While this seems a little archaic in the light of an upswing in the quality of videogames based on films and what-have-you, there's compelling evidence



Gandalf the White

But there's still hope...

that such a rise was more sporadic than a genuine upheaval. Despite that, there are still quality titles that cater to both the obsessive need to collect and the gamer within. The *Lord of the Rings* titles are surprisingly competent and fun games, while *King Kong* was a great melange of cinematic presentation and fairly fresh gameplay. The *Chronicles of Riddick*, while not a direct tie-in, was a fantastic game by its own right. *Star Wars* games have a more capricious history of quality ranging from pure guilty pleasures to utter detritus. The list of these *not-crap* titles can be deceptively (although, not significantly) long when considered subjectively.

Despite the average game buyer, hardcore or otherwise, being more consumer savvy, such titles are designed to be an arrow to the Achilles' heel really. You can be as self-aware of the problems as much as you want but at the end of the day, you will end up walking away with a copy of *Superman Returns* while the gods of common-sense hurl curses and idioms at you.



Marlon Brando

Died soon after EA announce *The Godfather* game. Coincidence?

Flamebait: Total SnoreBoreChore

Michael Cook is sending you all into no-man's land. Tabletop strategists first. Mind the gap

Oh boy. I bet you played the Total War series, right? Right? I bet you thought it was per-retty fun. All those little men, moving around on <insert period transport here> and clashing <insert period-appropriate weapon here> on the <period terrain>. Gripping stuff. Like Ben Hur, but with the frame rate turned way down, directed by Al Gore and shot from fifteen hundred feet away.

Look, I like strategy games, okay? I like them because I get to think and then act. Think. Then act. The action comes after the thinking, which Total War manages to get from its first iteration – the Japanoriffic Shogun: Total War – but what it fails to grasp is that when I ask for things to happen, I expect to still be alive when they occur. I don't expect to have to raise an heir on *this* side of the monitor in order to take the game on when I die of old age waiting for my cavalry to get into a flanking position.

How many strategies do I need ex-

actly? Even Sun Tzu would think it was going a little over the top – there's only two ways to go through a valley, the right way and the wrong way. The wrong way gets everyone killed, and on that basis 90% of Total War strategies are 'the wrong way'. And no, I don't accept that I'm merely rubbish at the game, as I was raised by hardened veterans, and most multiplayer training sessions involved swearing over Team-speak and the AI laying the smack down on just about everyone in sight.

Of course, maybe that's the beauty. Maybe that elusive 10% is what the game is all about, the meaty strategy hiding away in the massive pile of gristle, teeth-gnashing and completely unnecessary historical pomposity. Maybe it's significant that there are four different kind of pikemen. Maybe I need to understand the tactical nuances of men on elephants and not just accept that, hey, they're walking grey brick shithouses.

Because that's what gets me most about Total War – the entire idea, from start to finish, is fun-sounding. Com-



My followers prepare the welcome wagon for Suffragette : Total War's PR department announcement



As Benjamin's tie began to gorge on his genitalia, his only solace was that he'd never have to play another game of Total War ever again

mand huge armies! Fire flaming pigs at cities! Starve people! Fling people! Elephant people! The game series invents the verb *to elephant* for god's sake. And yet, despite all of this, it's really, really not very fun at all.

It's got fucking elephants. How can it not be fun?

Miraculously, it manages it. It manages it through a clever combination of statistics, randomness and horrible, crippling slowness. Even with a speed control, this game moves on at a snail's pace. Cavalry units sweep majestically across massive tracts of grassy-brown-grass and then collide for five seconds with a group of another colour. Random numbers are generated. You lose.

Yeah, alright, I forgot that South Roman Purple Spearmen get a 19% pre-

tax bonus against Men On Horses With Hats On. And yes, I foolishly bought the Level 3 Hats upgrade which adds go-faster stripes to the horses but also makse them weak versus water Pokémon. Yes. There were bad tactical decisions made. But with an infinite amount of them to make, it's quite hard to make the better ones.

It's that awful combination of slow build-up and very fast failure that not only makes it a polar opposite to the dizzying quality heights of Team Fortress 2 and Command And Conquer, but also trips up on so many Bad Design Rules that it's a wonder any of you ever played it at all. You do realise that games are supposed to be fun?

Fun? Yes?

That means that when elephants are told to attack something they trumpet

the theme tune from The A-Team and throw men around as they shout racial slurs and dismember themselves. And when I tell troops to siege a city they put up banners with catchy insulting slogans and amusing political cartoons. And maybe ferrets. I don't know, something FUN. Not horrific historical accuracy to the point of HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE BOREDOM.

GUYS... history is *boring*. It's taught by people with goatees and using textbooks that have their own postal codes. It doesn't need a game conversion, guys. It doesn't need four of them, that's for damn sure.

Now get back to tank rushes and shotguns, and if I see a single elephant in a game that isn't wearing a cape, I'm getting out the trebuchets and laying siege to Creative Assembly.

Gairalgo Episode 2 – SMT: Persona 3

Azfarul Islam



Not V For Vendetta: The Game

I've probably broken some sort of xenophobic or at least esoterism boundary here with *Shin Megami Tensei: Persona 3* which just so happens to be this week's musing for *Gairalgo*.

While not reinventing the wheel in any particular way, *Persona 3* is an impressively creative title whose holistic approach in melding awkward styles demands respect. It's an oxymoron in that it gladly deviates from the strictly

linear structure of the quintessential J-RPG yet is firmly entrenched with strong Japanese idiosyncrasies at all levels of design. In many ways, it's the truest playable form of a complicated albeit entertaining anime series.

The titular *personas* form the crux of rather ensnaring, macabre tale of a 25th hour out of time, one where daemons roam free. It's only by channeling your own psyche into a physical, combatant manifestation are you able to stay these denizens. Besides the addicting *Pokémonesque* management of these personas (who can be levelled up and fused), the battles are standard fare with some nice little touches that enhance the pacing. The other half of the gameplay is the most unusual: the *school simulation*, if you will. Your day-time activities cleverly mimic those of a student sans the harsher sides. You can choose to join sporting societies, play videogames, hang out with certain cliques, watch films, et al. Whether you actually decide to study for a test as opposed to saving the world inevitably depends on what you yourself think is the right decision as opposed what you think is best for the game; it's decep-



Yeah, go ahead and shoot yourself, emo kid

tively postmodern and quite remarkable in hindsight.

Here, all your interactions and activities manifest in the form of Social Links that ebb and flow with the ways you deal with them. These bestow many unique bonuses to your persona, oft allowing them to realise greater and unusual abilities. This fascinating connection between your night-time trysts with the Shadows within the *Dark Hour* and your current social status stands as a cogent argument for

giving careful thought to crafting yourself a true persona (pun intended).

Of course, all this is interesting mostly if you're *into* the sort of thing: the game is so strongly and stylistically abstruse that the supreme majority of you will be alienated at the word *Shin*. For those willing to brave it, there's something special to be found here.

Persona 3 is not currently available in the UK. Import it as you see fit. Alternatively, wait.

'round we go

Azfarul Islam

"Escape the Room" puzzles can be rather unweildy beasts. Sometimes they're so darn erudite that it takes a deranged mind to solve them. And sometimes they just apply logic and commonsense beautifully.

Sphere is great example of the latter school of design. The graphics are clinical, Spartan and clearly designed to enhance the isolation. The solving process itself is quite entertaining as you search for items to put into your inventory and then find ways to apply them. It's mostly straightforward but lateral thinking is required in some.

Sphere is locked inside http://www.jigsaw.x0.com/sphere_e/index.html





Wordoku 1,383

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Solution to 1,382

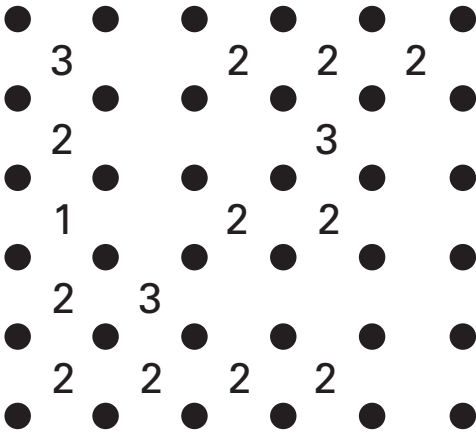
S	B	L	A	T	H	P	I	C
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H	C	A	I	S	P	B	T	L
I	H	S	H	S	L	C	L	A
P	A	C	H	I	L	T	S	B
L	T	B	S	C	A	I	P	H
B	I	T	C	H	S	L	A	P
L	S	P	B	L	I	H	I	T
C	L	H	P	A	T	S	B	I

Wordoku is identical to sudoku; we've just replaced the numbers with letters. Once you've completed the puzzle, there is a hidden word or phrase to find. Email in your answers to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

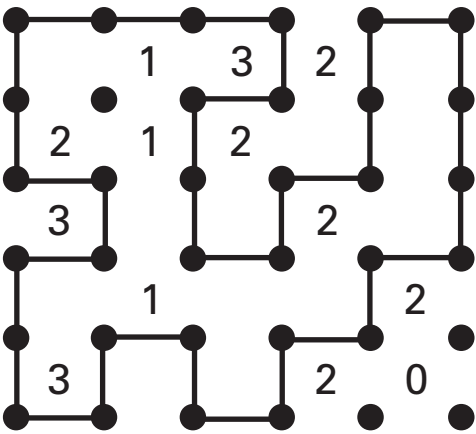
The winner of the broken Wordoku 1,382 was **Heather Jackson**. The hidden phrase was "BITCHSLAP".

Slitherlink 1,383

Slitherlink 4 – Hard



Answers for Slitherlink 3



How to play:

Crudely speaking, Slitherlink is similar to Minesweeper mixed with a dash of Sudoku.

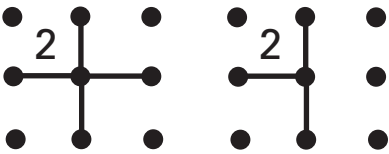
The object of the game is to draw lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

Each number indicates how many lines should be drawn around it, for example:



Cells which don't contain a number can be surrounded by any number of lines.

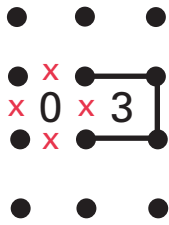
Remember, the line must form a loop, so the line cannot branch. The following situations are not allowed:



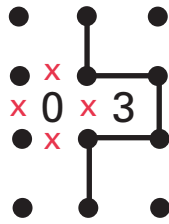
Squares are not allowed either. There are never cells containing the number 4 in Slitherlink.

So, where do you start? The most common place to start on a Slitherlink grid is by drawing crosses around any zeros. Drawing crosses is purely done to so that you know where there can't

possibly be a line. So, take the pattern below as an example. Begin by drawing crosses, then by filling in some lines:



Now the lines can only continue in the following directions:



The Slitherlinks on this page are basic 5x5 grids. Get practising because you can expect some 10x10s later in the term and perhaps even some severe 25x30 grids when we're feeling really mean. Email us to let us know how you got on with these ones.

This final paragraph is a tricky one. There are four lines that need to be filled. Will I remember to do it each week, or will we ditch it eventually?

H to the o, r, o, sizzle copes – it's the Horoscopes



Aquarius

Last week you publish something you didn't read. This isn't a rare occurrence, just that last week it

mattered. Well sort of. We seemed to have avoided anything that might have rocked the apple cart. What the hell? Hold on. Apple cart? What the... Who came up with that phrase? WHERE DID I LEARN IT?



Pisces

This week you have an unpleasant experience that you might actually find described in the Horoscopes section.

45 minutes into your sleep you wake itching. You rub Savlon into your body and upon returning to your bed, you discover a wasp underneath your duvet. It had stung you three times whilst you slept. 6 BOOKS. SPLAT. DIE.



Aries

This week your Science Editor reveals another side to his personality that you were not quite aware of. He

informs you that he is a member of the Poo People Group. Officially, that means they're copafillicas or something. I don't really know what that means or how to spell it, but it sounds a bit gross. Euewww.



Taurus

This week you notice that your zodiac symbol looks like a space hopper. This is a sign. You want to go buy one.

However, you don't have enough money. You decide to cut out the space hopper from Felix and try to straddle it in the lecture theatre. Somehow you fit magically onto it and bounce off into the outermost cosmos. BOING.



Gemini

A recipe for chocolate body paint (as produced by Ed Henley, Science Editor extraordinaire. Yep,

that's right – the guy continuing his brown theme from the Aries box). Step 1: Melt down and combine equal quantities of cream and chocolate. Step 2: Get your birthday suit on, lather yourself up and get hellalickup.



Cancer

You love your team. They're great. They produce wonderful articles for you each week which results in a newspaper that

you think's pretty good, if you do say so yourself. Of course, you have your favourites too, but that would be telling. You're just one, big happy family and they're all suckling from the luscious bounty of your swollen bosom.



Leo

This week you enroll in the ICWF, that's Imperial College Wrestling Federation. You size up to Killer P Jackman,

but you're no match for his muscular prowess. Oh god, I made a joke about College staff. I'm decaying. From the inside outwards. Please, if you care for my sanity, ring 0845 9111 000 and donate generously. Thank you for your time.



Virgo

So, two down, but I've run out of ideas now that I've spent the ideas that I had stored in the Horoscopes databank

that is my vast mind. Perhaps I should talk Shakespeare and bring some sophistication to an otherwise dreary and nonsensical section of the newspaper. Billy S... Ah. We love a bit of good old Willy. Badoom-tish.



Libra

This week you sail the Andes, unfortunately for you, you're on the wrong continent without a crampon. You

moron. What kind of fucking idiot gets the Andes and the Ganges mixed up? Jesus. One's a mountain range, one's wetter than a blind-folded lesbian in a fishmongers... ... What?



Scorpio

I know what you're thinking. Did he fire six shots or only five? Well, to tell you the truth, in all this excitement, I've

kinda lost track myself. But being as this is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and would blow your head clean off, you've got to ask yourself one question: Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya punk?



Sagittarius

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. HAPPY BIRTHDAY LUKE. (Mildly late, I know.)

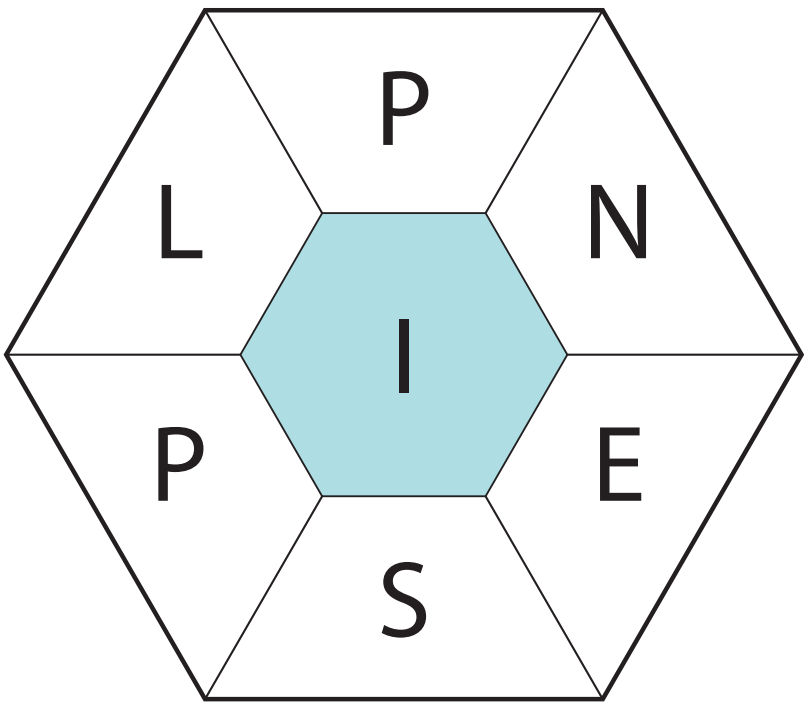


Capricorn

This week you rediscover the art of making games out of seemingly nothing, just like you did when you

were six years old. Suddenly, the sofa becomes a grind rail and occupies you for hours. The Turkish rug becomes a football pitch for your Warhammer figurines and pavement cracks become laser trip wires. Happy days.

Polygon of Doom



How to play:

Using the letters above, not more than once, make as many words as possible. They must be at least four or more letters long and each word you come up with must include the central letter. Capitalised words, conjugated verbs (past tense etc), adverbs ending in “-ly”, comparatives and superlatives are disallowed.

An example of a word you can’t do in this particular Polygon is “badger”. Clearly, this is not possible because you are missing the letters “b”, “a”, “d”, “g” and “r”. Note, you have “e”, which is a start. Maybe you can start a collection because after all, “badger” is a terrific word.

How to rate yourself:

- Under 15 words:** Capital “L” for Lame-ass. Surely you can do better than this. Loser. Double Loser.
- 15 – 20 words:** Getting better but keep trying punk. Don’t be getting complacent now though chump.
- 21 – 25 words:** Now you’re hitting the big league. Keep this up and daddy may pay for you to go on to do that Sci-Comm course.
- 26 or more words:** Gadzooks Batman! Get this guy the author of the English dictionary, the rest of the world needs a vocabulary this varied.

Is this your beautiful face?

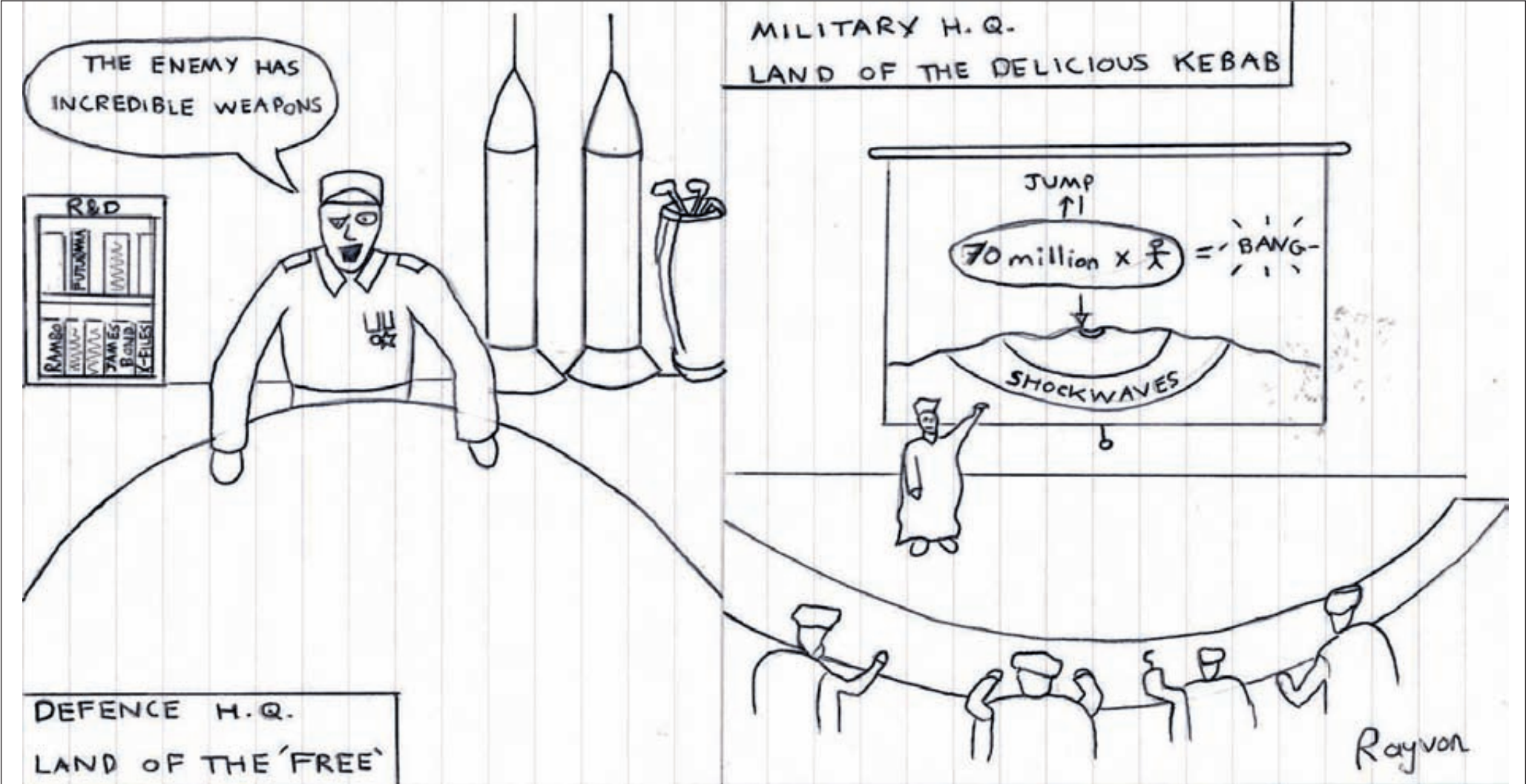


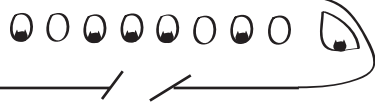
Win a crate of beer or 1GB USB stick!

Our resident stalker is on the loose again. Is this you merrily making your way across campus? Email in before the next issue and you’ll win a crate of beer (or equivalent other alcohol) or a 1GB USB stick!

Rayvon

Email in your comics: felix@imperial.ac.uk





Travel

Travel Editors – **Ahranyan Arnold and Nadine Richards**

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Egypt: Not what you might Sphinx

There is nothing more you can demand from a country with over 5000 years of history, the only Ancient Wonder of the World remaining and with the longest river. Not to mention some of the best diving sites, and a capital city dotted with mosques, markets and absolute madness amongst all its magnificence...

Nadine Richards
Travel Editor

Madness. As I have mentioned before and will mention again, because it is so absolutely fitting for a country where you try and pay to use the Internet and instead end up being given sweets. This is typical of the Egyptian people, whom I found to be the friendliest and most generous I've ever encountered.

So how did it all begin?

Facing the 40-plus degree heat, we decided to head for the town centre the cheap, local way – by bus. Not quite as easy as imagined. By the time we'd deciphered the number of each bus from Arabic, we found that it had already rolled past us. We weren't quite as adept as the locals at sprinting after the bus down the street, then getting "on" to it, which appeared to involve half the passengers standing outside of it, clinging onto the roof and standing on one of the tyres as the bus veered down the road at breakneck speed. Never mind, just accept that we're tourists and take a cab. After haggling, we eventually hit lucky with a taxi driver high on... happiness? "How much?" we ask, as he replies "Whatever you want, whatever you want!" Well alright then... "How about 27 Egyptian?" "Ok, ok, whatever

you want". Yes, ok. We want.

Or did want, until I discovered that driving laws do not exist in Cairo – apparently the main theory behind the driving test is that the roads of Cairo are a Formula One racing ground; the only rule is that you honk your horn as loudly as you can and the prize is that you damage your car in the most spectacular way possible, preferably without dying.

Cairo is overwhelming. It is absolutely beautiful and totally breathtaking. In Arabic, Cairo means "The Vanquisher" or "The Triumphant", and even to this day, it is difficult to imagine another city that it cannot vanquish with its magnificence. If a city's greatness can be measured by how much it appeals to one's senses, then Cairo is certainly one of the greatest. My first night of the city is unforgettable: As we wander round at midnight, the people have poured out of their houses and onto the streets, which are as busy and bustling (and as difficult to manage) as Oxford Street during the New Year's sales. We pass by the market stalls where the locals do their shopping and are greeted by the sights of herbs and spices beyond any range I ever knew existed, and an assortment of clothes, shoes, tools, and every electronic device possible. The air is an odd mixture of car fumes from the road and aromatic flavours from the street. People who are not too busy haggling shout at us as we walk by; "Japanese! Konichiwa!" – due to our (sort of) Oriental looks. And wedged in between all this chaos lies the shisha cafes, where old men can catch their breath to watch this hectic city-life idly go by. We finish our day at the more famous, tourist-orientated market of Khan-el-Khalili, a haven for souvenir shopping and where being ripped off is the norm – having said that, being ripped off in Egypt will still land you a meal for £1.

Of course, it is impossible to talk about Egypt without mentioning the Pyramids of Giza. However, I will only mention them and say that this is one place you must visit in your lifetime. Words cannot justify how it feels to see one of the symbols of the ancient world, it is suffice to say that there is nothing anti-climactic about it. As I sat on the lower steps of the Pyramid of Khufu and leant my back against it, the Egyptian man next to me pointed to his spliff and offered me 'Hashish? Hashish?' Accepting would have resulted in an experience too surreal for me to handle.

Cairo has no end of tourist attractions to see. It is divided into two main cultural areas: Islamic Cairo and Old Cairo. Islamic Cairo is overlooked by the majestic Cairo Citadel, and was one of the former centres of the Islamic world. This is of little surprise considering that the district offers over one hundred and fifty mosques, as well as madrasas, hammams, and fountains for the sightseer. Similarly, Old Cairo offers Roman ruins amongst ancient churches. In addition, there is the Egyptian Museum with Tutankhamun's treasures, and an endless array of remaining antiques which have not yet been stolen by the British Museum, and, need I say, mummies? Appar-



Floating on a felucca on the Nile

ently looking at every artefact within the museum for one minute would land you with a nine-month stay. All I can say is that one afternoon in the museum landed me with very sore feet and eyes. Not that I didn't appreciate it – the mummified cats are a cute highlight.

Moving further south is the city of Luxor; once known as the capital Thebes in the time of the New Kingdom of Egypt. It is home to the Valley of the Kings, which is now most fa-

mous for the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb. Sadly, the tomb itself is mostly stripped bare, with all of the artefacts having been moved to the Egyptian Museum but fantastic colourful hieroglyphics and atmospherically illuminated corridors descending to the Tombs of Horemheb and Ramesses VI more than make up for this disappointment.

Next is a brief stop to Aswan, for the sole purpose of visiting the awe-inspiring temple, Abu Simbel. The temple

is a 3 hour drive from Aswan and the heat during the day makes it difficult to appreciate it in all its splendour unless seen in the early hours. Make that the very early hours. We wake up at 3am to join a coach of noisy, jolly, Australian tourists (Why are they always happy? Why are there so many Australians everywhere? Are there actually any Australians left in Australia?) and my friend does her very best not to throw up during the 3 hour drive. It's the earliest I've ever woken during a holiday

Want to dive?

Imperial College Underwater Club has spaces for the Red Sea Diving trip. 13th-20th January, 5 days diving on a live-aboard yacht, everything included. Total cost £705.

New members should be a Sports diver or PADI Open water and have done around 50 dives (although this can be flexible).

Check out the website at <http://www.imperialcollegeunion.org/icuc> or for more information email andrew.norfolk02@imperial.ac.uk



The Sexy Sphinx. I think she’s taken

but as soon as you see the spectacular sight of the four colossal statues of Ramses II guarding the temple, there is little doubt that it is worth every effort. This may have been a scene that I could never forget, but it was the surrounding desert mountain ranges amongst a backdrop of the stunning vastness of Lake Nasser which found it a place in my heart.

“It is difficult to imagine another city that it cannot vanquish with its magnificence”

After all of this, what can I say... did all the exposure to the magnificent historical sights and culture within Egypt inspire us to continue seeing more of ancient Egypt? Well, not exactly at that moment in time. We still had Alexandria to tackle, but we are 21, and we were definitely ready to hit the beach before flying back. This doesn’t mean that we appreciated everything we had seen any less – but what better way to think back, reflect on everything and soak our anguish at having to return to Imperial, than by dozing our remaining days away by the Red Sea Coast? What followed next was a journey to the Sinai Peninsula town of Dahab (just northeast of Sharm-el-Sheikh), which could be described as somewhat of a pilgrimage. After waiting 2 hours for a delayed bus, I endured 10 hours of smelly feet and Arabic chanting being blasted directly into my ear

for what was supposed to be a 6 hour drive– I should have learnt by then that Egyptian time means having to add on a few extra hours. Following that, we hoped to get a few hours sleep at the St George’s Hotel, described by our faithful ‘Lonely Planet’ as being “an ideal place to stay for lone women travellers”. Translate: “an ideal hangout for the local Egyptian Peeping Tom”. Just to summarise – much screaming ensued at the hotel, and we ended up sleeping with the cupboard against our door. My advice: Don’t stay at the St George’s Hotel. Next up was a boat trip to the Sharm-El-Sheikh–it appeared that the boat was doing its best to compete with the Pirates of the Caribbean ride. An hour later, and we had finally arrived. Dahab was the ultimate way to spend the last few days in Egypt. The snorkelling and diving was a worthy rival to that of the Gulf of Thailand, where I had been just a month earlier. Add in

the mouth-watering food you receive in small tavernous restaurants overlooking the sea, where the owners are happy for you to nap for hours on cushions whilst relaxing and friendly locals who generously provide you with free shisha every night, as well as many-a – happy Western hippy giving the town its characteristic laid-back feel, and I really couldn’t have asked for a better place to unwind. Sadly, terrorists ripped apart the idyllic tranquil of this town in 2006 when a bomb exploded killing several people. Although quiet, it was visible to see that the town was beginning to thrive again. Egypt has suffered a terrible blow to its tourism since terrorist attacks in the 90’s but it appears that it is impossible for people to keep away from the never-ending delights of a country with so many iconic sights bound in ancient culture, which still maintains its powerful mysticism and hold over the world to this day.

Egypt in England:

1. Go to: The British Museum – it’s no secret that they have a knack for stealing what should rightfully belong in Egypt.

2. Read: Naguib Mahfouz’s ‘Palace Walk’

3. Watch: ‘The English Patient’ and ‘The Mummy’

4. Eat at: Ali Baba, just north of Marylebone Road



Are you about to go to another lecture? Wouldn’t you rather be here?

GPS sends Jez down the wrong road

Ashley Brown reports on the Royal College of Science Motor Club's recent trip to the Isle of Wight, featuring oil, a moronic granny and beer

Q: What do you get when you cross a 90 year old fire engine, lots of students and a free ferry ticket?

A: Covered in grease, oil and water (in my case at least).

Sounds fun, doesn't it? For the last 20 years or so RCS Motor Club has taken a small village of tents, a motley bunch of students and enough petrol and gas to raze a small village to the Isle of Wight, all for a five-day camping extravaganza. Thankfully we don't need to rely on the Union's minibus fleet for the 200-mile round trip, as our method of transport is much more reliable: Jezebel, Imperial's 1916 Dennis 'N' Type Fire Engine. She may be 91 years old, but is one of the few vehicles not to have been rolled or crashed into trees, mountains or supermarkets by the Outdoor or Mountaineering Clubs.

Over the summer RCSMC took Jez hundreds of miles around the south of England for fire shows, historic vehicle rallies and anything else which took our fancy. We always drive Jez to these events, so in between there's a lot of maintenance work to be done to keep her in running order – oil, grease and students are consumed with every trip and need replenishing. By the end of August the crew were exhausted but Jez was still up for a bit more travelling, so we took her to play with steam engines for the bank holiday weekend. The Island Steam Show brings together large traction engines, a steam fair, historic vehicles and the steam railway for the August bank holiday weekend.

Just before 7am on the 23rd August our support vehicle raced out of London to beat the congestion charge, while we loaded the last of our belongings and prepared the scarlet lady for her trip. We followed in short order, "racing" away at 20mph for a ninety mile journey to Portsmouth (via the scenic route – the A3 is a bit ... scary). We were racing the rain out of London too – it poured down all day, but we'd got out early. "Deluge" is not the word you want to hear on the weather forecast before going out on a vehicle with no roof or windscreens.

Our journey was mostly uneventful – no bits falling off, no drivers trying to kill us and only one instance of smoke pouring off the brakes as we tried to stop 5 tons of fire engine charging down a very steep hill. A quick trip to Tesco to grab supplies and we were able to erect our canvas village, park up for the night and head to the highlight of the trip: the beer tent! The beer festival accompanying the steam show provided over 40 real ales from around the UK and a variety of ciders for those with less well refined taste buds.

The highlight of the trip for new drivers has always been the time trial: an obstacle course consisting of a slalom and three parking boxes, requiring slick gear changes and no stalling! The aim is to get the fastest time of the weekend, racing against traction



Ooooo, ghostly!



John 'I ate all the pies' James consumes another one



Where do all these bolts go?!

engines, steam cars, military vehicles and quad bikes. Jez is always at somewhat of a disadvantage – weighing five tons with solid slick tyres on wet grass doesn't give good traction, often leading to a whining sound and mud being flung at spectators as the rear wheels spin hopelessly. After a shocking time of 1m 01s on the first day we decided to try out the new clutch bearing we'd manufactured six weeks previously. With Jez squealing away in second gear we achieved our fastest time of 47s, but realised perhaps we shouldn't do that again – at least until we'd adjusted it to "sports mode".

You'll see Jez out and about for most of the year, for the first couple months with the radiator leak! Whether you're interested in the mechanical, the social, or the weekend trips away, stop us and have a chat or drop an email to jez@imperial.ac.uk. To find out more about Jez and her history, head over to <http://union.ic.ac.uk/jez/>

The Sunday evening saw some 40 historic commercial vehicles head out for a forty mile road run, thrashing their vehicles on the steep gradients around the island. Having been told "please don't criticise my English" by the person who wrote the directions before we left, we ended up 4 miles inland from where we should have been, utterly lost with nothing but our wits and our GPS units to save us. GPS units which subsequently sent us down roads barely wide enough for Jez, let alone the poor unsuspecting traffic coming the other way.

We finally arrived at the halfway point 30 minutes after everyone else, just as they were about to leave. After a brief pause to add extra layers of clothing – the sun was going down fast and the temperature with it – we set off again, miraculously ending up in the middle of the convoy. It had nothing to do with taking a shortcut and knocking 10 miles off the journey, honest...

With good weather all weekend we were in high spirits on Mon-



Bo's bumpy journey south

Simon Hamlin writes about the City and Guilds Motor Club's 60 mile journey across undulating terrain from London's Hyde Park Corner to Madeira Drive in Brighton

Every year, on the first Sunday in November, nearly 500 cars built before 1905 are driven from Hyde Park Corner to Madeira Drive in Brighton, a journey of 60 miles. This is the annual London to Brighton Veteran Car Run, which takes place every year to commemorate the 1896 'Emancipation Run', when cars no longer had to have a man carrying a red flag walking in front. Last year, as usual, C&G Motor Club's 1902 James and Browne Boanerges (or Bo' for short) was entered, driven by Simon Hamlin.

Early in the morning of Sunday 5th November 2006, we made the final checks before setting off. Equipment: 1 toolbox of random crap for any roadside repairs; 1 socket set for similar; 1 CGCU President, Mr. James Fok, to slow us down and get in the way. That done, we set off for Hyde Park, with Henry Weaver co-driving.

"Electric cars are nothing new having been around longer than petrol-driven ones"

The cars all line up on the bridleway that runs along the North side of the Serpentine. Here, we met a guy who drove Bo' back in the 1960s, and remembered when Col. Browne, one of Bo's builders, used to come and see them on the run. Then at 07.33 (not a minute later!) we drove through the start line and towards Marble Arch. However, we had not gone more than a hundred yards before the driver's side headlamp swung open, and we had to stop to shut it. Why was it still wobbling? We'd deliberately glued up the screws to stop it doing that. This would later come back to haunt us...

Attempt 2: leaving Hyde Park, past Marble Arch, and down towards Buckingham Palace, we noticed an alarming number of participants had already stopped at the roadside; were we really expecting to succeed in travelling 60 miles in a centenarian car?

Since the days of the original run, Croydon town centre has been pedestrianised. However, the town Council fenced off a route through the town, and all the cars drove down this narrow channel, weaving past trees, litter bins, crossing the tram tracks, and out the other side. As we turned into Purley Way, we saw a cloud of thick smoke up ahead; was one of the cars in trouble? As we got closer, we saw that it was the 1896 Salvesen steam carriage: a vehicle that looks not unlike an old-fashioned horse cart, with the driver sitting right up front and a vertical boiler at the back, into which the fireman was furiously shovelling coal.

Shortly after this, we spotted our

support crew hiding in a bus stop, so we pulled in to change co-driver, to David Hankin. The next part of the run was relatively straightforward, as we left London and headed South. At times, I had to shade my eyes from the sun; some of the spectators who line the route thought I was saluting and saluted back! As we entered Redhill we received a phonecall from the team, telling us they were waiting for us at a petrol station. We watched our mistake, we pulled in at the next petrol station (well, we got it half right) and informed the others where we were. They were already on their way. Swapping co-drivers to Dave Horton, we set off again.

The Halfway point on the run is at Crawley, where the town centre is closed off for all the drivers to stop for a coffee break! We were greeted by the great-grandson of Francis Leigh Martineau, Bo's designer. One of the ex-Bo' drivers, who was following us to Brighton by bike, arrived and started the engine for us. The cars on the Brighton run all date from before the advent of starter-motors (although some heretics have retro-fitted them), so they have to be started by starting-handle. Bo's engine is mounted transversely and so has to be started from the side of the car, thus eliminating the risk of being run over by your own car!

As we left Crawley we passed one of the few electric cars to take part in the run. Electric cars are nothing new, having been around longer than petrol driven cars.

Our next stop was at the infamous Peas Pottage service station, where we picked up Matt Harris, the co-driver for the final section into Brighton. This section is the toughest part of the run, as it requires the cars to cross the South Downs, including the notorious Burgess Hill and Clayton Hill. Between them, these hills frequently see the downfall of many of the veterans. Some people opt to be towed up by a modern car, but Bo' is easily capable of climbing hills in first gear, albeit very slowly (walking actually is quicker). However, on Burgess Hill the driver's side headlamp got its revenge on us when the bracket snapped and it fell off. Fortunately, the rubber hose from the acetylene generator saved it from falling onto the tarmac, and one of the marshals came over and removed it for us. It spent the rest of the journey in the back, keeping Mr. Fok company, while Bo' acquired a one-eyed pirate-like appearance. [note to Henry: I WILL repair the lamp bracket, honest!]

Once over the top of the hill, we then went down the other side at a terrifying speed, which made Bo' rattle alarmingly. This was very nearly our downfall, as on the approach to Clayton Hill, we noticed smoke coming from the engine. Pulling into the forecourt of a car dealer, we found that the vibration had shaken a water pipe loose, causing the radiators to drain themselves. With no cooling, the smoke was coming from the paint on the cylinders starting to burn. Hast-

ily, we removed the spark plugs and squirted oil into the cylinders, whilst turning the engine over to prevent it from seizing. Two more of the ex-Bo' drivers appeared in a VW camper van, and went to get us some water to refill the engine, while we re-sealed the leak. While we were doing this, we were passed by a certain student-festooned, garish pink fire engine.

With the leak fixed, we headed onwards for the assault on Clayton Hill. Near the top we encountered an intriguing veteran traffic jam, headed by one of the larger cars that was overcoming the steepness of the hill by meandering its way up very slowly. It's then more-or-less downhill into Brighton. Just on the outskirts of Brighton is a section of three lane road that is the nearest the Run gets to a motorway. Very few of the cars on the run are capable of any-

where near the 40 m.p.h. required for motorway driving, so the entire run is still done on A roads, as close as possible to the original 1896 route. However, the A23 at Brighton feels worryingly like a motorway, with the modern traffic zooming past at 70 m.p.h. (honestly, the youth of today, etc.).

We finally arrived at the finish line on Madeira Drive in Brighton at 3.55 pm having travelled for nearly seven and a half hours.

The 2007 London to Brighton Veteran Car Run is on Sunday 4th November. Bo' is maintained by Team Bo', which is made up from current students at Imperial. They meet on Wednesday afternoons, when they maintain Bo', then either going to the Pub, or driving across Hyde Park to the Fish and Chip shop. Anyone can get involved (not just engineers!) and there is no membership fee. Anyone interested should contact the Bo' Driver, Henry Weaver (henry.weaver06@imperial.ac.uk)



'Look out folks!'



Bo' Extre

Outdoor club goes outdoors

“To put yourself into a situation where a mistake cannot necessarily be recouped, where the life you lose may be your own, clears the head wonderfully.” – Al Alvarez, Mountaineer

Neil Dowse

On Friday 21st June, 6 members of Imperial College Outdoor Club departed London to clear the years learning from their heads. The destination was Ailefroide, Parc des Ecrins, in the French Alps.

Twenty four hours later the team arrived at the campsite in Ailefroide keen to stretch their legs, so a quick foray was made up the Tete de la Draye (2077m). We returned to the campsite to share a flagon of red wine with climbers we had met from King’s College. They had already been climbing there for two weeks, so we used the opportunity to get first hand information about the conditions in the area.

It was decided that we would trek up to the Glacier Blanc and climb the peaks surrounding it. The necessary food and fuel for four days was bought and packed and everything was nearly ready. For many of the team it was their first trip climbing the Alps in alpine style, and the skills required for

safe glacier travel had to be learnt on the campsite. A couple of hours were spent perfecting the art of self rescue and assisted rescue from crevasses (the fractures found in the surface of glaciers). This was a bewildering sight for the other occupants of the campsite but it meant that everyone was equipped with the vital skills required for glacier travel.

In order to help the team to acclimatise, a night was spent camping halfway (vertically) to the glacier at approximately 2500m before heading onwards from that camp in the early hours of the morning. It is safer to travel at this time because any snow that melted the previous day will have refrozen overnight, making it much easier and safer to walk on.

The team made it to base camp bright and early and spent the morning preparing the camp and building a wall of ice blocks as a windbreak – not an easy task at altitude – and getting ready for the day ahead. The first climb was up the Pic de Neige Cordier

(3614m), which was non-technical, but assisted with acclimatisation. The generally held view is that the best way to acclimatise is to climb high but to sleep low so the body can recover. For this reason we usually spent the afternoons relaxing in the sun, preparing for the next day, or sleeping.

At 2am the following morning we made an attempt on the Pic du Glacier Blanc (3525m). This peak was a different style to the first peak, as after reaching the base of the climb over snow, the rest was a rock climb. Halfway up the route, after evaluating the risk of continuing, a decision was made to retreat. The team had lost time at the start of the day because we had significantly increased the length of the climb by starting it much lower down the ridge.

After descending to the campsite for some thicker air and more food, the weather on the summits turned and so we were forced to stay in the valley for a few days. To make the most of this time the team spent a few days sport climbing in the valley, and another trying a style of climbing not found (until this year) in the UK.

Via Ferrata or “the way of iron” is a style of climbing where all the protection and holds are fixed to the rock face. It was designed to enable soldiers to cross mountains quickly and safely with little training during the Second World War. As the name suggests the route is made of iron staples driven deep into the rock to be used as handholds and footholds, as well as a cables alongside for protection.

When the weather improved we returned to the glacier and completed the final alpine climb of the trip, the Dome de Neige (4015m), with the intention of climbing Barres des Ecrins (4102m) from there. Unfortunately the weather came in again while we were on the summit of the Dome de Neige, making proceeding up to the Barres des Ecrins



Outdoor club trying the Via Ferrata or “Way of the Iron” style



Some rock face climbing in the French Alps

impossible. Once again the team descended and spent a couple of days climbing on some of the many sport climbing crags around Ailefroide.

With ‘wonderfully clear heads’ the team packed the bus for the long journey home, snuck in a few last climbs, and set off for London.

Members of the Outdoor Club often organise their own trips and expeditions to areas all over the world. This year alone has involved trips to Scotland, Svalbard, Chamonix, Mt Blanc and Pakistan amongst others.

The Outdoor Club is a great opportunity to have a go at any of these activities and we cater for all abilities, from the complete novice to extreme alpinists. We organise trips every fortnight during the term, to North Wales, the Lake District and other regions of the UK. Tours are run at the end of each

term. This winter we will be climbing snow and ice in the Cairngorms, at Easter we will be scrambling on the Isle of Skye, and summer tour next year will be somewhere in the Alps.

If you fancy an introduction to climbing closer to home, we climb indoors at the Westway Sports Centre every Wednesday - just come to Beit Quad at 1pm. You can meet members of the club at one of these sessions or during our regular meetings every Tuesday at 1230 in dBs.

Membership is only £14 and all levels of experience are welcome, you can learn all the skills you need for the tour like the one above during the weekend trips.

For more information visit www.union.ic.ac.uk/rcc/outdoor/ or email outdoor@ic.ac.uk.

Fixtures and Results

Saturday 13th October

Football – ULU		Imperial Medicals 4th	CANCELLED	ICU Men's 2nd	1	Lacrosse	King's Men's 2nd	N/A
ICU Men's 1st	1	ICU 3rd	CANCELLED	Royal Free Men's 1st	4	King's 1st	ICU Men's 2nd	N/A
St Bart's & London Men's 1st	0	Squash - ULU		Sussex Men's 3rd	6	ICU 1st	King's Women's 1st	1
		ICU Men's 1st	N/A	ICU Men's 3rd	0	Netball	ICU Women's 1st	3
UCL Men's 1st	2	ICU Men's 2nd	N/A	Queen Mary's 3rd (ULU)	5	ICU 1st		
ICU Men's 2nd	0	Volleyball - ULU		ICU Men's 4th (ULU)	2	Greenwich 1st	Table Tennis	
		Goldsmith's Mixed 1st	3			ICU 2nd	King's Men's 1st	1
ICU Men's 3rd	0	ICU Mixed 1st	2	ICU Men's 5th (ULU)	4	St Bart's & London 2nd	ICU Men's 1st	16
Goldsmiths Men's 1st	6			King's College London Men's 3rd (ULU)	2	CANCELLED		
		Wednesday 17th October				Rugby Union	Tennis	
ICU Men's 4th	1			Royal School of Mines Men's 1st (ULU)	1	Brunel Men's 1st	UCL Men's 1st	2
ICU Men's 5th	3	Badminton		ICU Men's 6th (ULU)	4	ICU Men's 1st	ICU Men's 1st	8
		LSE Men's 1st	6					
ICU Men's 6th	5	ICU Men's 1st	2	Hockey		Portsmouth Men's 3rd	ICU Men's 2nd	10
Royal Holloway Men's 6th	1			ICU Men's 1st	8	ICU Men's 2nd	Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	0
		Hertfordshire Men's 2nd	2	Royal Free Men's 1st	1			
ICU Men's 7th	2			ICU Men's 2nd	4	Essex Men's 3rd	Volleyball	
Imperial Wye Men's 1st	7	ICU Men's 2nd	6	Bucks Chilterns UC Men's 1st	0	ICU Men's 3rd	LSE Women's 1st	Walkover to Imperial
							ICU Women's 1st	
		Cambridge Women's 1st	6			City University Men's SESSA XV		
		ICU Women's 1st	2			ICU Men's SESSA XV		
Monday 15th October				Royal Holloway Men's 2nd	2			
Badminton - ULU				ICU Men's 3rd	1			
ICU Mixed	N/A	Cantebury CC Women's 1st	N/A	Kingston Men's 2nd	CANCELLED	Writtle Women's 1st	5	Football – ULU
King's Medicals Mixed	N/A	ICU Women's 2nd	N/A	ICU Men's 4th	CANCELLED	ICU Women's 1st	50	ICU Men's 2nd v ICU Men's 1st
		Football				Squash		King's Medicals 1st v ICU Men's 3rd
Netball - ULU		ICU Men's 1st	2	ICU Women's 2nd	1	ICU Men's 1st	5	ICU Men's 4th v St. Bart's & London Men's 2nd
ICU 2nd	32	Westminster Men's 1st	0	King's Women's 2nd	8	Queen Mary's Men's 1st	0	ICU Men's 5th v UCL Men's 6th
Royal Veterinary College 3rd	16							ICU Men's 7th v ICU Men's 6th

Saturday 20th October

Football – ULU	
ICU Men's 2nd v ICU Men's 1st	
King's Medicals 1st v ICU Men's 3rd	
ICU Men's 4th v St. Bart's & London Men's 2nd	
ICU Men's 5th v UCL Men's 6th	
ICU Men's 7th v ICU Men's 6th	

One for the ladies this week



Chiraush Patel
Mr. Muscle

This week, I would just like to send a shout out to all my female readers! Whether you're attracted by the mind-blowing photos on show, or just like to leave this page open in front of your podgy boyfriend (as a hint), you've stuck through what may seem to have been a testosterone tidal wave week after week. So this issue is for you, as I offer you some advice on maximising your gym sessions.

First and foremost if you are happy with your body then don't be coerced into gyming for sake of other people. Mr Muscle is a firm believer in self love, not in that manner of course (unless it makes you happy...), but if you think that you could do with some guidance when it comes to working out then you're in the right place.

The free weights section of a gym is often overlooked by the fairer sex. It may appear to be an intense, intimidating, machismo manic area, but look past all that and you will find that free weights are an amazing way to tone up and really get results.

But won't most guys just stare at me? Nope. The truth is most of us genuine weight lifters (aka non desperate men) prefer to check out our form in the mirror, so don't feel intimidated and think that all eyes are on you...unless you're really asking for it.

Why should I bother with weights?

It's true, most women prefer to start and end gym sessions on cardio machines, with some more cardio sandwiched in between, but this is an inefficient way of toning. Recent studies suggest that a split session of weights, consolidated with cardio can result in up to 100% more fat loss than cardio alone. Whether you're from Venus, Mars or Planet Hollywood, that has got to be music to your ears! So buckle up for a satisfying session with the lean, mean, muscle machine, today and every month, as I tackle the feminine figure part by part, starting with my favourite: legs.

The perfect set of pins is a holy grail to most ladies, but their importance runs deeper than the superficial, a bit like Mr Muscle himself. The legs contain the largest muscle in terms of mass, and as such are akin to fat burning machines. By keeping them running you are making sure your body is burning fat even when you're enjoying your cosmo, G&T or Carlsberg (shout out to my lager lasses!). Plus it will help you knock over the lads when you rock the short skirts!

As with any workout session, start your day with a 5 minute warm up run then hit the listed leg workout. If you have any problems don't hesitate to ask for advice from gym staff or myself if you see me. Otherwise there is always email.

Pile squats: stand erect with your feet far wider than shoulder width, toes

angled out. Keep your back flat with pelvis in, chest out and shoulders back, holding the dumbbell rested down in front of your body. Squat straight down until your thighs are parallel to the floor. Pause at the bottom and without bouncing rise in a smooth, controlled manner focusing on your glutes and hams.

Stiff legged deadlift: stand erect holding dumbbells in front of your thighs with palms facing your legs. Chest out, shoulders back, knees unlocked and head facing forward relative to your back. In a slow and controlled motion, bend over and push your hips back until your torso is nearly parallel to the floor, keeping your back flat throughout. Smoothly reverse the direction and rise back up to standing.

Dumbbell squats with bench: position a bench 6-8 inches behind you and adopt the above starting position with dumbbells by the side of your body. Slowly descend, pushing your glutes back until you gently touch the bench. Without sitting on it smoothly reverse the direction to return to the starting position. Throughout the exercise maintain a straight back.

Don't thank me, I'm just doing my job, but buy a drink and join me in a toast- to a more beautiful gym!

Felix takes no responsibility if you break yourself in half whilst trying to lift weights that are clearly too heavy for you. Man up!

Exercise	Sets	Reps (not including warm up)	Rest time between sets
Pile squat with dumbbells	4	12-15	1 min
Stiff legged deadlift with dumbbells	4	12-15	1 min
Machine leg curl	3	12-15	1 min
Dumbbell squat with bench (pictured)	4	15-20	1 min
Cross trainer	-	20- 30 min	-

Sports league

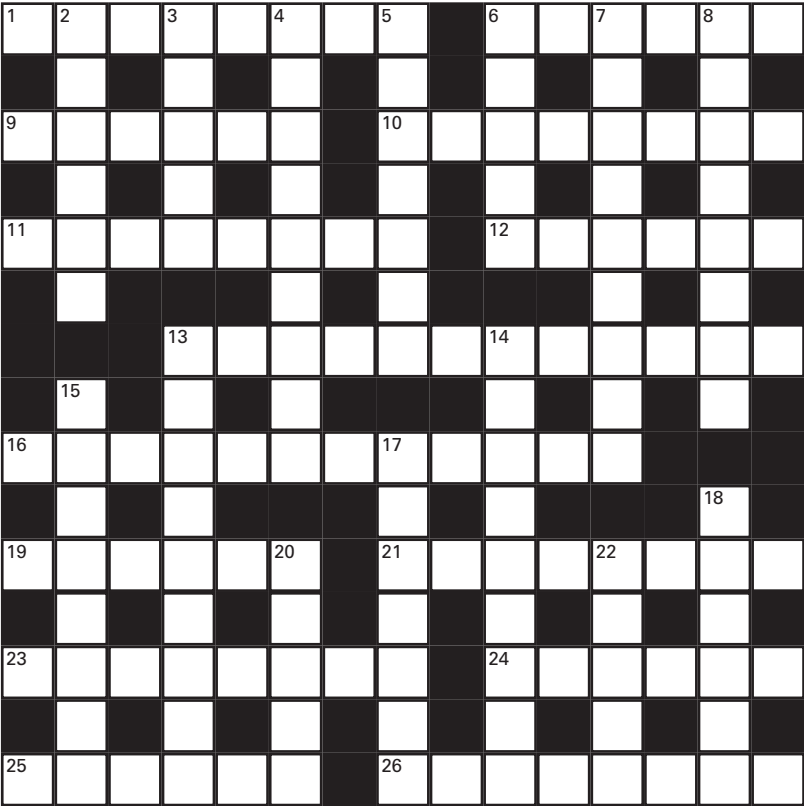
Week 2 and a lot more results are in. The ranking of the teams is based on the Felix Index (FI), which is calculated as follows: $FI = (W*5) + (D*2) - (L*3)$. Only teams with 5 games or more will

be considered in the overall championship at the end of year. With this weeks results in, badminton move to 2nd whilst the hockey men's 3rds are at the bottom of the table with -8 points.

	Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	%	FI
1	Cricket Men's 1st	5	3	0	2	926	678	248	60.00	7
2	Badminton Men's 2nd	1	1	0	0	6	2	4	100	5
3	Football Men's 1st	1	1	0	0	2	0	2	100	5
4	Hockey Men's 1st	1	1	0	0	8	1	7	100	5
5	Hockey Men's 2nd	1	1	0	0	4	0	4	100	5
6	Netball 1st	1	1	0	0	63	19	44	100	5
7	Rugby Union Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	50	5	45	100	5
8	Squash Men's 1st	1	1	0	0	5	0	5	100	5
9	Squash Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	3	1	2	100	5
10	Table Tennis Men's 1st	1	1	0	0	16	1	15	100	5
11	Tennis Men's 2nd	1	1	0	0	10	0	10	100	5
12	Volleyball Women's 1st	1	1	0	0	5	0	5	100	5
13	Hockey Women's 1st	1	0	1	0	3	3	0	0	2
14	Rugby Union Men's 1st	2	1	0	1	23	18	5	50	1
15	Rugby Union Men's 2nd	2	1	0	1	59	36	23	50	1
16	Rugby Union Men's 3rd	2	1	0	1	48	12	36	50	1
17	Badminton Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
18	Badminton Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
19	Basketball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
20	Basketball Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
21	Cricket Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
22	Equestrian 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23	Equestrian 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
24	Fencing Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
25	Fencing Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
26	Fencing Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
27	Football Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
28	Golf 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
29	Hockey Men's 4th	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
30	Lacrosse Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
31	Netball 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
32	Netball 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
33	Squash Men's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
34	Squash Men's 3rd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
35	Table Tennis Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
36	Tennis Women's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
37	Tennis Women's 2nd	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
38	Volleyball Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
39	Water Polo Men's 1st	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
40	Badminton Men's 1st	1	0	0	1	2	6	-4	0	-4
41	Badminton Women's 1st	1	0	0	1	2	6	-4	0	-4
42	Football Men's 2nd	1	0	0	1	1	4	-3	0	-4
43	Football Men's 3rd	1	0	0	1	0	6	-6	0	-4
44	Hockey Women's 2nd	1	0	0	1	1	8	-7	0	-4
45	Lacrosse Women's 1st	1	0	0	1	8	11	-3	0	-4
46	Tennis Men's 1st	1	0	0	1	2	8	-6	0	-4
47	Hockey Men's 3rd	2	0	0	2	2	2	0	0	-8

Crossword No. 1,383

Answers to: sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk



ACROSS

- 1 A mixture of HP Brown sauce with sugar – fit for nobility (8)
- 6 I am back in the citadel with its new layout (6)
- 9 Bisexual surrounds symbols in an Eastern land (6)
- 10 Prevent holes – as a temporary measure (8)
- 11 At ETA's center, the center's center's lost. And so on (8)
- 12 A crippled Russian horse lost in the desert (6)
- 13 Quiz on impurified stone ore activates hormone (12)
- 16 My partner: unbalanced cretin or lout? (12)
- 19 A semi-precious stone at the Roral College in Palestine (6)
- 21 A large snake leaves a con in a headless panda (8)
- 23 A liquid toilet was his downfall (8)
- 24 Eskimo takes tea, I guess (6)
- 25 California, New York, Ontario – quite a rift (6)
- 26 Held for money; a little bit in South African currency (8)

DOWN

- 2 Oddly enough, a beer rattle can supply air (6)
- 3 I feel teacher losing me (5)
- 4 Head of university, Alphonse, known around the world (9)
- 5 The Nazis go around the split glue (7)
- 6 Crazy about Ruth in the palm tree (5)
- 7 Pulverised grist in the back of a secretariat (9)
- 8 Obviously an Associated Press family member (8)
- 13 Cheesy art twisted by deceit (9)
- 14 Volumetric analysis of a breast portion (9)
- 15 Disorganized faint aid to the uprising (8)
- 17 Public demand for a measure of French love (7)
- 18 Publicity's tight grip on giving suggestions (6)
- 20 A stocking in any London home (5)
- 22 Surpass in flouting dominion status (5)

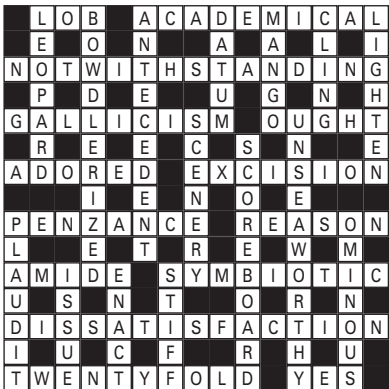
My apologies for an error in last week's issue. The setter was supposed to be named "Enoch", not "Epoch" as it was in fact written.

This week, you're going to be served up with another treat from Enoch. That's Enoch, not Epoch. I think I've made the point now. Good, that's settled then.

Enjoy the crossword and send your answers in to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk if you feel like it. Bye!

Tomo, on behalf of Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,382





Outdoor club reach peaks

Imperial College Outdoor Clubs summer trip to France, see page 34



1st XV struggle to get going

Rugby



Brunel Men's 1st XV	15
Imperial Men's 1st XV	10

Jovan Nedić
Sports Editor

After last weeks performance against King's Medics, the 1st XV had a much tougher task ahead of them against Brunel, who were relegated from the league above last year.

The game was always going to be an up front account, with the Imperial forwards having something to prove from last weeks less than adequate performance in the scrums and line-outs. This was definitely shown in the match where Imperial consistently overpowered the Brunel pack and were able to give good balls to their backs.

However, it was the style of play that Imperial adopted for most of the game that let them down, too often trying a kicking style that failed, which led to many players getting frustrated. Brunel pounced on this opening and scored a penalty and a try in the first half, leaving the score 10 - 0 at half time to Brunel.

Imperial were not ready to give up, especially when it was clear that the



Freddie Chalke sending the ball out to the backs

forwards were capable of disrupting scrums and even stealing line-outs. It was Brunel that were starting to lose their temper in this half, with the fly-half hitting Joe Brown with a late tackle that led to a sin-bin. With Brunel down to 14 men, the forwards increased the pressure from the line-out with rolling mauls, scoring two tries, one from Alex Johnstone and the other from Jovan Nedic. With the sin-bin coming back on, the Brunel prop then decided

to punch both the prop and the second row, before finally being sent off. This only fired up Brunel who then scored a try that eventually won them the game.

Although a loss, the side can take a lot of positives to the next game. Man of the Match went to Ed Labinski for his hard work in the line-outs, and Twat of the Match went to Kieran Burge for getting so wound up that the referee told the captain to calm him down.



Jovan Nedić
Sports Editor

OK, so there have been two rugby reports in two weeks, and yes I do play for the 1st XV so they're always going to get a report in mainly because I write them. But please don't start thinking that I'll ignore all the other teams that exist out there, I do want to get as much sports coverage as possible in Felix. Whether it is a match report from the previous week's fixtures, or even if they're from the weekend or Monday nights, they will all have room in the sports section.

There have been a lot of fixtures in the last two weeks, and most of them winning fixtures, so why not write about them? Why not let the whole college, or just the other sports teams, know how well your side did at their last game? For example, on Saturday the 4th XI and the 5th XI football teams played each other in the University of London Union (ULU) league, a match that the 5ths won (see fixtures and results section for a full list of results from the previous week). And next

weekend, the 6th XI will play the 7th XI football team as will the 1st and 2nd XI in their respective ULU leagues.

Similarly, there have been some extraordinary results this week; results that I for one would be very interested in finding out how they happened. The ladies rugby teams beat Writtle 50 - 5 in their opening match of the season, and the netball girls beat Greenwich 63 - 19 ... 63 goals in 60 minutes ... a net a minute, a great achievement! So lets hear about it girls! Then we have the teams that are hardly heard of because, lets face it, the majority of reports in the past have been from rugby, football and hockey, and I really want to encompass all the teams that exist out there. So please don't feel like I won't put your reports in!

For those of you who want to get ahead of the game and publish their reports from the Wednesday games, then this is what I would like you to do. Could you all please let me know on the Monday if you definitely intend to send a match report in on Wednesday, and wether or not you will have a picture with it. A decent sized report would be about 400 words long. If the reports could then be sent to the sports email (sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk) as soon as possible on the Wednesday, I will try my best to get them into the paper.

Hopefully we'll have more of a variety with match reports next week for all of you to read, as well as more interesting reports from the summer and competitions.