

Two bookable offences?

IC Football Club loses £1,000 and is accused of criminal damages and intimidatory behaviour at a Knightsbridge hotel, see page 3

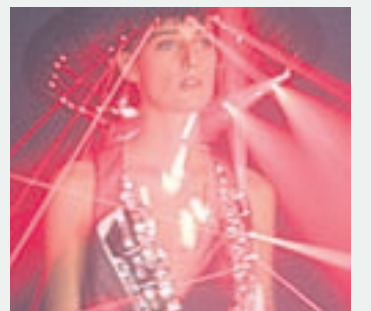
Inside

Return of the Singh



Pages 10 & 11

Architecture Vs. Fashion



Pages 16 & 17

Guns, gorillas & Generals



Pages 20 & 21

Hangman – Brown love



Page 23



News

News Editor – **Andrew Somerville**, News Goblin – **Matty Hoban**

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NSS rigging undermines credibility of league tables

Kingston University lecturer caught red-handed trying to influence her institution's standing in national league tables



One lecturer at Kingston University was recorded encouraging students to inflate their scores on the National Student Survey

Afonso Campos

An audio recording that discredits the validity of the National Student Survey (NSS) has been made publicly available on the Internet. The recording first came to light on a website aiming to reveal supposed truths about Kingston University's lack of ethics and below-average teaching.

The Survey is sent by post or email to final year undergraduates in the UK and aims to be a feedback tool, measuring the quality of a course from un-

dergraduates' points of view. Theoretically, this anonymous poll is meant to be an accurate barometer of a student's opinions regarding his or her course.

The recording on the protest website, however, comes as somewhat of a blow to the credibility of results gathered. In the recording, Dr Fiona Barlow-Brown of the university is heard blatantly trying to influence the students through a sly form of intimidation. The lecture makes mention that these surveys "feed in" to league tables and rankings. Should Kingston be poorly placed in

national league tables, employers will be led to believe students' degrees are "shit" rendering them essentially unemployable.

As a result of this, students are told to artificially inflate the scores for each of the twenty-two questions posed. "... If you think something was a 4, my encouragement would be, give it a 5", says the Kingston academic to a lecture room full of students. In response to national media coverage of the incident, the university's Vice-Chancellor has called this an "isolated incident" and that the lecturer's comments were "inappropriate".

The story was picked up by IC news website, Live! (live.cgu.net) and subsequently by the BBC, The Daily Telegraph and The Times. This has prompted an escalating number of comments being sent in to a variety of news websites and publications. According to the BBC Education website, students across the country have come forward to tell their tales of how their own universities have been employing similar conniving tactics in order to ultimately increase their standing.

The NSS surveys are heavily weighted in both the Guardian's and The Times' league tables. As a result, universities who do not less-than-amicably 'force' their students to give glowing reports of their teaching will invariably be pushed down the rankings. For the past decade, Imperial has consistently been in the top three or four in the country. In this year's Guardian rankings Imperial placed in sixth behind the usual suspects, but also Warwick and St Andrews.

It is unclear whether this catastrophe will impact assessments for future league tables. Hopefully the authors will take this opportunity to review their criteria and restore confidence in the rankings.

MPseudoSci: is Imperial lending credence to rubbish?



Homeopathy in action. Active molecules? 1 in 10⁶⁰, if you're lucky

Kadhim Shubber

Concerns have been raised this week by a Felix reader over the misleading use of Imperial College's name by several alternative medical organisations.

The Centre for Homeopathic Education was incorrectly listed as being based at Imperial College London by several websites, including worldhomeopathy.org and worldhealthnow.com. The address given, however, is in Islington, a part of London where no Imperial College sites exist.

Further confusion was caused as several homeopaths cited Imperial College London as the institution at which they studied homeopathy. The Bi-Aura foundation said of honorary member Jayney Goddard: "[she] studied for over five years at Imperial College." With no record of Jayney Goddard gaining a degree at Imperial College, these comments are questionable at best.

In an email to Imperial College alumnus Simon Singh, she later clarified her relation to the College, saying that "my homeopathy college was only based there at the time". However, these comments are equally misleading.

In the past, the Centre for Homeopathic Education has booked rooms for classes on Imperial campus, allowing their graduates to misleadingly (though semantically accurately) claim to have studied 'at' Imperial College.

The London College of Clinical Hypnosis (LCCH) is guilty of a similar offence. The LCCH runs a weekly Diploma Course in the Skempton Building, with this week's lessons scheduled for Saturday 17th and Sunday 18th at 10:00am in Lecture Theatre 201.

College has contacted the homeopathic sites that were claiming to be based at Imperial College and they have agreed to cease using Imperial College's name. The LCCH, however, has not yet changed its information with many Clinical Hypnotists citing Imperial College as their place of study. This incident raises questions about who can book rooms at Imperial College and how efficiently the College safeguards the Imperial brand.

In the meantime, however, if you're fed up with Geology or MechEng, for a measly £2,500 you could have a Diploma in Clinical Hypnosis, 'from Imperial College'.

An apology to the RCSU

In recent issues, Felix was under the impression that "RCSU" had been dropped from the Science Challenge title. This was a misunderstanding and we would like to clarify that the Science Challenge is still the "RCSU Science Challenge," organised by the RCSU committee.

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OFTEN WEEK

Hotel retains ICFC's £1,000 deposit

Rembrandt episode follows confrontations between IC and Royal Holloway football fans one week earlier

Tom Roberts
Editor-in-Chief

Aggressive behaviour, intimidating conduct, inciting fights and criminal damage – these are all accusations which have been levelled at Imperial College Football Club (ICFC) after two events over the Easter break. The first incident involved ICFC supporters and fans from Royal Holloway's Football Club (RHFC) who are reported to have clashed at the University of London Union (ULU) Challenge Cup Final on 8th March. The second occurred a mere week later on 15th March, when ICFC held its Annual Club Dinner at the four-star Rembrandt Hotel in Knightsbridge, allegedly causing numerous damages to the property, resulting in a £1,000 deposit being kept by the proprietors.

Felix's source from the Rembrandt Hotel said "a handful of students decided that drunken and intimidating behaviour was perfectly acceptable, whereby they conscientiously and wilfully caused damage to the hotel." A number of students vomited into ice buckets in the hotel's function room, food was strewn across the floor and some ICFC members are also reported as having attempted to provoke a fight with one of the hotel's personnel.

The accusations extend beyond disorderly and threatening conduct, however, and into the realms of criminal behaviour. According to the Rembrandt Hotel source both the male and female toilets were defaced with graffiti; an emergency light was pulled off the wall; plants outside of the hotel were damaged and left on the pavement; and two paintings were taken off the wall and smashed, breaking the



Left, the main function room in the four-star Rembrandt Hotel and right, the sparkling male toilets

glass and frames.

As the footballers left the hotel they are said to have been "noisy and intimidating", singing offensive chants, as well as being abusive towards some members of staff.

It has also emerged that during the ULU Challenge Cup Final the previous week, ICFC supporters were involved in confrontations with Royal Holloway students in the stands of Motspur Park football ground. Banter between fans turned into fighting, leading to at least one seat being ripped from the stands and punches being thrown. The extent of the fighting is unclear, as is the issue of culpability. For their part ICFC have stated that one of their members was "assaulted by several Royal Holloway" fans.

Felix spoke to current Football Club captain Garo Torossian and captain-elect James Skeen, who denied knowl-

edge of any criminal damage committed within the Rembrandt Hotel. The representatives gave Felix their account of the evening, confirming that the toilets and ice buckets were used for vomiting in, and that hotel staff were not happy with "100 men leaving the hotel loudly." However, they refuted claims made about aggressive and intimidating behaviour.

When questioned about the incidents surrounding the scuffles at Motspur Park, they said their supporters felt provoked by the Royal Holloway contingent. "We feel we were the innocent party ... they came over to Imperial's side of the stands celebrating in front of IC fans," Mr Torossian explained, "looking for a fight." According to the captain, once the game had finished, two RHFC supporters who had been ejected from the stands earlier in the day challenged the IC team in the car

park, with one of them reportedly throwing a punch.

At the time of going to print, Felix has been unable to contact ULU for its version. The Royal Holloway Union President, Joff Manning, told Felix that "supporters from both sides allowed themselves to let natural tension ... spill over into aggression," and that, "individuals have let us down in this instance." ICU echoed this latter statement saying that there is a "minority [within the Football Club] that haven't been reined in sufficiently." However, ICU criticised ICFC for their "blanket denial" of the events on both occasions.

When asked by Felix why they thought the hotel owners kept the £1,000 deposit, the football club admitted they didn't expect to lose it entirely, however, they believed that the cost of replacing broken glasses, cleaning the function room and refunds being given

to disturbed guests was large enough to account for the whole amount being retained. The captains also suggested that the hotel was "bitter because it didn't take the deposit from the Rugby Club" at a similar dinner event held last year.

It is true that the Rembrandt Hotel is no stranger to boisterous behaviour from some of Imperial's other societies. Last year, the Rugby Club was almost fined and banned for damages after an event held at the hotel. However, the following morning the charges were dropped when members of the club spoke and apologised to the owners. Similarly, this is not the first time that the Football Club has appeared in these pages this year. Felix reported on allegations of "homophobic chants" and harassment in the Union in the Autumn term, and members of the Football club have made several statements in Felix over what they believe is a persecution of their club, which they perceive as unfairly perpetuating their poor public image.

Some disciplinary action has been taken against ICFC following these two most recent events. Mr Torossian said the club has been kept in the dark about decisions made against it, citing Sport Imperial's decision to ban them from attending this year's IDEA League Tournament as one example. He said that he found out about the ban via third parties, although he acknowledged it was a fair decision. The Union has told Felix that it will be following-up with some form of disciplinary action, the severity of which is yet to be decided upon.

For a statement from the ICFC Club Captain, turn to page 9

Shock! College likes its students

Imperial tops at least one league table this week: only £6k is made by College from library fines each year

Kadhim Shubber

Figures obtained under the Freedom of Information act have revealed a surprising uniqueness about Imperial and perhaps a level of benevolence on the part of College.

Imperial College London makes the least amount of money from library fines out of 20 top universities surveyed, including LSE, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, UCL and St Andrews. The information provided by Exposé, the Student Newspaper of Exeter University, shows that in the year 2006/07, UCL made £168,942 and Manchester University made £190,338 from library fines whilst Imperial College accrued a miniscule £6,474. As an average this amounts to around 50p per student.

LSE comes top as the university with the highest fine-per-person figure of £10.50; more than 20 times the figure for Imperial. The second-cheapest for the year 06/07 is Cambridge university which made £34,302, 3 times less than its rival Oxford.

Taking into account all 20 universities surveyed, the average amount of fines is approximately £90,000.

The statistics indicate that Imperial's library fines are significantly lower

than those from around the country. The University of York, which has a similar number of students to Imperial, generated £83,953 in library fines, more than ten times that of Imperial's.

Of course, one can interpret these results differently and conclude that Imperial students are uniquely conscientious about returning their books. A cynic might scoff that it's probably due to the fact that few people can withstand the Sahara-like conditions of our library long enough to take out a book.

The library is often a source of complaint amongst Imperial students and these figures provide a refreshing change. But with the news that the refurbished floors of the library are set to re-open in early July, including increased space for study and a brand new café area, Imperial's conquest of this latest league table may be one accolade that we can hold close to our heart; no matter what the University Listings say.

However, more studious library-goers are unlikely to find comfort in the fact that we only get a pat on the bottom, instead of a kick up the arse, since the current problems with the library will not be resolved before the end of this exam period.



Depending on your willingness to part with 50p, you might want to return these on time

Headlines from around the globe

The world beyond College walls...

Gilead Amit

A week has gone by, and the world is still an eventful place. Two almost equally devastating natural disasters hit Asia, provoking two staggeringly different reactions from the respective governments. The aid is trickling into Burma, whose military government has virtually refused access to foreigners, and seems oblivious to the magnitude of the disaster. As a result, the story, as well as the devastation on the ground, is well into its second week. Contrast this with the almost instantaneous decision by the Chinese government to send in thousands of troops to provide assistance.

Nature isn't the only villain in this week's issue, as bombs explode in the historic city of Jaipur, and Hezbollah now reveals itself to be the real power in Lebanon. To quote Prime Minister Siniora: "We thought the threat [to] our country was from our historic enemy Israel. But recent experience now shows that our homes and our democracy is being held hostage by our own brothers". Hezbollah is so powerful in Lebanon that there is now no choice but to negotiate with what the US and the UK have long designated as a terrorist organization.

I never cease to wonder at how fickle public attention can be. I wonder even more at how fickle I am myself - I only pick up on some of these stories while researching for this page. The situation in Lebanon is not getting the attention it deserves, and Sudan isn't a word that's made it into the headlines these past few weeks, though the state of affairs in that part of the world is still catastrophic. Still, look on the bright side - the US election is still as inconclusive as ever. Oh, and Bush is in the Middle East. That's something to look forward to.

Election Results II

United States

The long road to the Democratic nomination looks about to get longer. The results of the West Virginia primary are a landslide by anyone's count, with Senator Hillary Clinton defeating Senator Obama 67% to 26%. This has made Clinton 'more determined than ever to carry on this campaign until everyone has had a chance to make their voices heard.' Next round starts on June 3rd, when both Democratic candidates face off in Montana.



Bush on Tour

Israel

President Bush has started his tour of the Middle East with a visit to Israel on Wednesday, and intends to make stops in Saudi Arabia and Egypt on his five-day trip. He arrived in Israel exactly 60 years to the day after the state declared its independence, and was warmly greeted by his hosts. Though this is Bush's second visit to the Middle East this year, many commentators are sceptical about fruitful negotiations arising out of his years in office. Most are of the opinion that Bush has only 'discovered' the Israeli-Palestinian conflict in his last year in office, and that his relations with the Arab states are hardly such as to give the talks the momentum he wants.



Border Closes

Sudan

Last week's attacks on the Sudanese capital by Justice and Equality Movement (JEM) rebels have been linked by Sudan's officials to neighbouring Chad. As a result, the border between the two countries has been closed, and all trade ties have been severed. Relations between the two states have been poor all year, with Chad having accusing Sudan of an attempted coup in February. Sudan's ambassador to the UN has said that 'this is a moment of truth for the international community [to] send a message to Chad to desist from acts of destabilization.' Secretary-General Ban Ki-Moon has condemned all violence in the region.



Bomb Attacks

India

63 people are dead and over a hundred more are wounded after eight bombs exploded in the Indian city of Jaipur. The bombs all detonated within twelve minutes of each other, and in a radius of half a kilometre from the city's historic centre. Local officials have reported that a ninth 'medium intensity' bomb was defused, and that motorcycles seem to have been used in the attacks. The city of Jaipur, which is a popular tourist attraction, has no real history of religious violence. The incidents have been condemned both in India and abroad as acts of terrorism, though no group has as of yet taken responsibility.



'Civil Disobedience'

Lebanon

A comparative calm has settled over Beirut, following some of the most brutal sectarian violence seen since Lebanon's civil war in the 1990s. Monday saw the Lebanese government revoking Hezbollah's telecommunication privileges, an action Hassan Nasrallah, the group's leader, claimed was tantamount to 'a declaration of open war'. Very soon after fighting between Hezbollah and the Lebanese army began, the group took control over Western Beirut and blockaded the airport. The blockade has since been lifted to allow a handful of international mediators into the country. Negotiations are due to start in the near future, but there is no question that Lebanon risks being torn apart from within.



Earthquake – 7.9

China

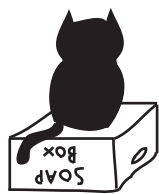
The earthquake that hit China's Sichuan province on the 12th of May has left some 20,000 people dead, according to unofficial figures. Thousands of people remain trapped in badly damaged cities, with many more reported missing. The Chinese government's response has been almost immediate, with over 50,000 troops being sent to the eight affected provinces. Chinese Premier Wen Jiabao was at the quake's epicentre on Wednesday, and is personally leading the relief effort. China has announced that it would be grateful for any international aid, though none has yet been formally offered.



International Aid?

Burma

UN figures for the death toll due to cyclone Nargis are almost double what they were a week ago, with an estimated maximum of 100,000 dead. The Burmese government's reaction has seemed surprisingly slow to many, with only limited access being granted to external aid workers. Expert opinion on the ground is that the military junta's offhand approach suggests they are not fully aware of the extent of the crisis. A \$187 million UN appeal is underway, receiving grudging support from the local government.



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

In response to the PPS Chair

Imperial College Union President, Steve Brown, replies to the comments made by the Political Philosophy Society Chair, Ammar Waraich, in last week's issue of Felix about the club's recent 'Criminalising War' event



Steve Brown
President

// The reputation of the PPS, the Union and the College could have been damaged if Dr Mahathir went off topic //

**Imperial
College
Union**

// As a result of this incident our room booking form is now going to be updated to make this obligation to event organisers a lot clearer //

For the record, I would also like to publicise my version of the events surrounding the former Malaysian Prime Minister's visit to Imperial College on Friday 25th April. The Political Philosophy Society (PPS) has laid on several excellent events this year and I too feel it is a shame that only the more controversial ones have received the lion's share of the publicity. No-one in the Union or the College has ever doubted the intentions of the society and I hope that Ammar is able to ignore those individuals who criticised him and the PPS anonymously from behind a computer screen rather than talking to him personally. It is easy to criticise if you are safe in the knowledge that you yourself are immune from response and I would hope that the PPS can rise above the risible rantings on message boards.

Your article does fail to mention, however, the short time-scale over which decisions regarding this event had to be made. I received a complaint from one of our fellow students that your society had invited a speaker who had previously made racist comments on the evening of Tuesday 22nd April. At no point before this date did your society inform anyone in the Union or the College (as they are required to do) that in light of his previous comments there may be a problem with this speaker which would mean that additional security measures would have to be introduced. To arrange a meeting with all concerned parties to discuss a mutually acceptable solution was not possible at this late stage due to scheduling difficulties. You complain that you were only given notice of the restrictions placed on this event 24 hours in advance but at the same time no formal notice was given that a speaker was invited to Imperial College who has a history of inciting racial hatred. As a result of this incident our room booking form is now going to be updated to make this obligation to event organisers a lot clearer.

Several contributors to Felix last week spoke for the whole student body when registering their disgust that a member of the British National Party had been elected to the London Assembly. If a BNP speaker was invited



War Crimes badges from Dr Mahathir's Perdana Global Peace Organisation, available after the event

to campus there would be uproar and I would like to think that there would be no tacit acceptance that the anti-Semitism espoused by Dr Mahathir is somehow a less serious form of racism by any student at Imperial College. Having gained knowledge of his racist views, please forgive me if I do not share your concerns that Dr Mahathir felt "insulted" by the steps the College took to ensure that the talk and subsequent discussion remained focused on the advertised topic. If he is still unhappy I would suggest that in future he thinks twice about parading his bigotry on the world stage which has seen him condemned by governments and right-thinking individuals across the world.

You also admitted in your article that you were disappointed with the conduct of the Ramadhan Foundation. It was clear a couple of days in advance of this event that the overwhelming majority of guests would not be members of the College thus if this organisation wished to host Dr. Mahathir then they should have booked a public venue rather than effectively hijacking a student society. If they were being, as you said, "uncooperative and deceptive" on the night then in my view this vindicates the decision taken to ensure that this event was kept under strict control.

I understand that you think that the terms placed on this talk were overbearing but please understand that this decision was taken in the context of whether the event should be allowed to take place at all. The College and the Union have a duty to take reasonable steps to ensure free speech within the law and it would not be responsible for either party to allow an event which was partly organised by an external organisation whose conduct you were "disappointed" with to take place on their terms. The reputation of the PPS, the Union and the College could have been damaged if Dr Mahathir went off topic as if he repeated any of his racist comments it would have been in breach of UK law. Neither of us would have wanted this and whilst it is easy with the benefit of hindsight to take the attitude that "everything would have been fine and a fuss was kicked up over nothing" this would not have been an appropriate response to give in advance of this event to students who approached me as President to raise concerns about an individual with a history of inciting racial hatred coming to campus.

Your proposed solution that in future it should be the responsibility of concerned parties to contact you well in advance of PPS events would fall

foul of the Union's Code of Practice on Freedom of Speech. The onus is currently placed on the organisers to flag up any circumstances which might indicate that an invited speakers' presence will result in controversy. The Code of Practice required that you as principal organiser should have given notice of the event 2 weeks in advance, including a written statement of any circumstances which give rise to concern about potential disturbances.

Dr Mahathir's racist views are well-documented and I apologise if the Union has failed to adequately convey this duty to students who are inviting speakers to campus. If this had happened then it would have been possible for you and the students who were worried about Dr Mahathir's visit to have been more involved in the decision making process as then time pressure wouldn't have been the issue that it was.

As I have already stated, I do not doubt the noble intentions of the PPS and I think that you have done a lot of excellent work this year which has contributed enormously to College life. If the correct procedures were followed this would have avoided the difficult situation which as a result of our updated procedures will hopefully be avoided in future.



Former Malaysian Prime Minister, Tun Dr Mahathir Mohamad, takes a question from an audience member



A. Geek

// The exams tested you on something he'd mentioned in lectures but you were sure he'd hinted you wouldn't need **//**

Some whine to go with your drivels?

Have you noticed how whiny some of us are when it comes to this time of year? I don't want to place myself too squarely in any particular examination schedules, because as all members of the Football Cl- sorry, Imperial – know, anonymity is what I get off on in my sweaty Summer evenings alone in my geeky hole.

I won't bait any more, as the Editor would presumably like a week where he doesn't have some kind of humourless babbling idiot writing in about discrimination. But the whining arses – not you, Phil Meier, you're more like a metronome attached to a cat's tail – babbling on about how the examinations work, or the landlord's treatment of them, or how difficult it is to choose between the Azores and Honolulu for a Summer getaway; well, they're all really starting to grate.

I know I've mentioned things like Facebook before, but this goes way, way beyond that. It's not just that a lot of you seem to think the world owes you a little bit, it's that you genuinely, really think the world owes you something tangible, in an entirely serious way. Particularly – and I know this is like putting a dead horse onto a circular conveyor belt onto which whips have been attached – the medics. It

has to be said, the further you progress into a medical degree, the more you lose touch with the reality of what the world is like.

Grab a seat in a café or restaurant in South Kensington, and if you're lucky you'll find a group of students. A typical conversation will start off in a fairly mundane way, normally updating – in a quite funny parallel to Facebook – one of the parties to the goings-on of the other, normally involving someone called Mary. I don't know whether it's the same Mary; but if it is, she's a bit of a slut. But eventually, inevitably, we'll reach something that's controversial.

I have to say, at this point, that those of you undergoing exams presumably do have genuine cases occasionally. I'm sure there are times when mistakes are made, but most of the time there isn't really much to complain about. I've heard it all. The exams didn't follow your line of guesswork. The exams tested you on something he'd mentioned in lectures but you were sure he'd hinted you wouldn't need. The exams included something that would've taken ages to revise, and really, in this day and age, how is that fair anyway?

Or if you're a girl, maybe there's something inherently unfair about some other woman on your course? That's a favourite too. Good lord, if even half of the stories I hear spewed out across the

JCR are true then Imperial not only has a much higher proportion of females than I originally thought but they all appear to be conniving, backstabbing, daughters of bastards. Sally invited you around for a drink just after breaking up with your best friend's cousin, but just before asking you if you wanted to go to Chelsea Flower Show with her? What a shit!

In fact in that sense, students today seem even more active than they were twenty years ago, and society appears to have more restrictions and problems than even Jane Austen managed to cough up onto her manuscripts. People did this, but didn't do that, or did it wrong, or did it at a bad time, or did it with the wrong body part, and it was totally out of line, do you know what I mean?

No. I don't know what you mean. In fact, I couldn't give a toss: which only serves to increase my smugness as I suck down a cup of Starbucks Soul Destroyer and listen on.

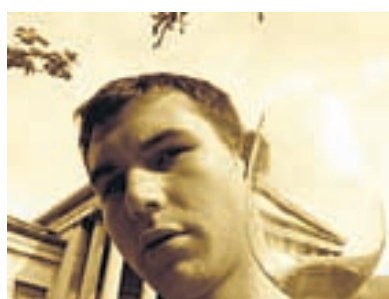
But it doesn't stop. The guys will generally talk about more bizarre stuff than the girls. Admittedly, the girls don't make a lot of sense but that could just be because I'm not one of them, but the guys are just way beyond that. I can't work out if they're just very open about their lives or flagrantly making shit up, but the other day I sat and lis-

tened to one recount a drug-addict ex-but-not-ex-you-know-right-girlfriend he'd recently taken to sex therapy after she'd hit him with a bottle of alcohol during intercourse.

And this was a genuine complaint, delivered with all the enthusiasm and anger of myself at the fish counter in Sainsbury's enquiring as to why there wasn't any plaice in stock.

What is wrong with you people? According to the media and People Older Than Lecturers, the youth is a hive mind of rapping, apathetic shits, and whilst one out of three isn't bad it still does raise questions about what it is you're doing with your spare time. You're anything but apathetic, but you're firing off in every direction at once with such ridiculous criticisms that either you're wishing you actually had something worth whining about – and you know who you are, you self-indulgent tits – or you genuinely think that things like the fact that you need to revise more than one subject at once or how the price of nice things increases with time, are actually worth complaining about.

Which is probably why people like Phil Meier exist. So think of it this way, Phil – my being anonymous means that I can be whoever you want me to be, baby. Just fire away with the criticisms and I'll lap them up.



David Stewart

Reduced Guardian weekend magazine

Front cover – a picture of some food. Caption 'Are organic almond oil dressed non-pareille capers really the secret to good living?'

Page 7: My continued degrading emasculation by Tim Dowling. Tim Dowling bemoans his daily moral turpitude due to his existence as a middle-class, middle-age married father of two whose only job in life is to get up and bemoan his daily moral turpitude due to his existence as a middle-class, middle-age married father of two. He leads us to conclude that if everyone else were like him then natural selection would surely cause the extinction of the human race. He is immensely smug about his gross incapacity.

Page 9: Life as a sufferer of Down's-syndrome trapped in a feminist's body by Lucy Mangan. Mangan explains in lurid, tedious detail that she finds all aspects of life frightening. She rolls out yet another report of her infeasibly witty conversations with her partner. Essentially she moans about her cool, sassy life in lieu of telling us how immensely smug she is about all aspects of her cool, sassy life.

Page 11: An interview with someone with a 'personality' who, when asked the question, 'When were you happiest?' will invariably resort to the smug response 'When I got up this morning,' which warms the cockles of the reader's heart.

Page 12: How to ... write a 'How to ... [blank]' column by Guy Browning. In a series of deft forays into post-modernism the witty yet eloquent author disappears completely up his own arse.

Page 14: An Experience. The left-wing middle-class answer to watching Rikki



Food, glorious organic food

Lake, a person who wishes they had more money relates some experience associated to having too little money or in some cases limbs. The reader is invited to weep where he or she finds himself or herself unspeakably moved.

Page 16: Letters. Pertinent questions are posed by extremely eloquent, witty and socially-conscious Guardian readers regarding the Weekend supplement's lack of circumspection or inattention to detail. All the points raised are extraordinarily valid and important. For instance, contributions are made to the lengthy debate on the true origins of the omelette.

Pages 20-30: What People In The Real World Are Actually Like. The Weekend sends out a witty, socially-conscious reporter with a photographer to tell the stories through words and photo-

graphs of actual real peasants living in our very own British Isles. It comes to the conclusion that they are all people too and that a truly socially-conscious Guardian reader should not think of them as peasants (even if they must be because they read the Daily Mail).

Pages 31-53: Fashion. Ugly people wear ugly clothes so that uglier readers can point and laugh at how their betters have fallen.

Page 55: Beauty. Stuff made out of avocado is applied to faces and reviewed. Waitrose's organic guacamole gets five stars.

Pages 56-60: My favourite organic ingredient by The Reverend Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall. Hugh extols the virtues of an organic ingredient which he then stuffs inside another

organic ingredient or hollows out and stuffs with other organic ingredients. This week he tackles acorn-fed domestic pets.

Page 61: Around Britain with thousands of pounds in my wallet. An ageing Bruce Willis writing under the pseudonym of Matthew Fort spends vast amounts of money on organic food so we can learn how better to live. He visits a free-range almond farm and organic non-pareille caper orchard and finds that the heady mix improves one's longevity.

Page 63: Matthew Norman eats some lobster and tells us how tiresome the whole thing is.

Page 65: Wine. Victoria Moore gets pissed on Chateau Lafitte before felching her way through the sort of disgusting Fairtrade filth that a penurious but socially-conscious Guardian reader might drink.

Page 69: Doctor, Doctor. Socially-conscious Guardian readers ask about how to avoid Deep Vein Thrombosis on their carbon-offset flights to Hawaii.

Page 73: What women don't understand about men. The next three seconds of the saga are unveiled.

Page 79: Interior design. Socially-conscious Guardian readers ask about the best way of storing Fairtrade things in organic things or vice-versa.

Page 81: Gardens. How to make the peasants who actually live in the area surrounding your Cornish holiday home jealous with a few well-chosen perennials.

(All other pages filled with adverts for organic food.)

// Pages 56-60: My favourite organic ingredient by The Reverend Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall **//**



Viscount Kensington

Freudian projection

Zealous eyes now scrutinise dusty and thick textbooks and cryptic notes on binder hooks. No doubt you will now want a chance to draw breath after that adventure of an opening sentence; not only does the first word begin with a Z (ensuring that letter's extra largeness, how often do you see a big Z?) but it also sort of rhymes.

Like my peers Lord Byron and Lord Tennyson, both only mere Barons, I am clearly an artist of the first rate. Still, it is unbecoming of me to so flaunt my many merits when I am about to strip away any illusions a mother's uncritical love may have given you (or your Governess, if like me, your parents were far too important and far too rich to have the time or the need to raise children). The truth of the matter is, you are all inviolably doomed. Do not ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for the upcoming examinations which you are going to sit and fail.

Your ignorant retort may be to claim that you still have time to revise and put things right. How very naïve of you: you didn't understand the top-

ics of those lectures when you had a world-class expert teaching them and answering any questions you had when your pride yielded to your fear and you sought them out during office hours. What could possibly make you think you are going to understand it any better when you revisit the topic in some enigmatic, unchanging textbooks for ten minutes between bouts of weeping under the strain? You couldn't answer those problem sheets when they were on a single topic you had just covered fifteen minutes ago in a lecture and you had your notes right out in front of you. How could you possibly answer problems comprising of not just one course, but several, when the last time you saw the relevant notes was 5:00AM the previous morning when you succumbed to tiredness and fell asleep in a puddle of your own tears, drool and all other manner of egested and excreted material? Make no mistake: the Sword of Damocles swings softly overhead (small angle approximation for sine applies).

There is no hope: the passing seconds are your foe, gnawing on your chances, stealing the opportunities

you have left to wage a war on your ineptitude. Do not be so misguided as to think that everyone is, to use a colloquial expression, in the same boat (I especially would never be in the same boat as you, I do not travel in economy class). Look around you; look at the people you study with. There are the gifted, whose gifts will compel them to pass no matter the effort they expend. Then there are the hard working; those who did not go out, those who did their essays on time and had no need to invent excuses to get an extension. Then there is you. All those optional homework sheets you did not do. All those lectures you missed because you were nursing a hangover or were sharing a bed with a woman or man or animal whose name you could not even remember. What have you done to deserve to pass? Oh, my apologies, I forgot that you attended every single student night at 'Tiger, Tiger', how very foolish of me.

And without science, you are nothing. Brook no illusion: You have no other skills; there is nothing to fall back on. When you lose the safety blanket of a world of the maths of algebra and

calculus you will tumble into the abyss of the maths of rents and work. When most of the workforce at least has a degree in something, even something absurd and pathetically easy, how are you with only your precious A-grade A-levels going to compete?

I myself would just borrow Lord Kelvin's idea and pay an impoverished but educated person to do science for me and then pass it off as my own to the Royal Society; but that option is hardly available to you. No, the only option available to you is failure. You will fail at everything, you will be abandoned by everyone, you will die both young and poor.

Well, I suppose you could always end up at the University of Soho. The only course may be a very practically-orientated biology one, but there are not any tuition fees, far fewer lab reports to do and you get to spend most of your time in bed albeit with a fat, balding, middle-aged man. No doubt his weight will be measured not in stone but tectonic plates and he'll have a dazzling array of highly disturbing sexual fetishes. Worst of all, he will probably work in the City.



Linnearse

Of recent criticisms

Hello all once again. I seem to have caused a shitstorm of balti-sized proportions with a whole two IC Footballers writing letters to Felix about me (all by themselves, without any help from their mums – aww cuteness!). I was going to whap out an even worse parody of the greasy snot-bags, but since the sun is shining – I'm going to be nice and reply instead:

Ok IC Football Club, I admit what I wrote about you last month/term/eon was incorrect. Here's my revised in-

terpretation of you: "I'm a little pansy wimp, boo-hoo. Why does everybody keep slugging me off, I don't like it... BAAAAAWWWW". Obviously some of my comments hit a little too close to home for your liking!

Well I couldn't give a flying fuck. Don't try blaming me for your failings as people. The IC Finance Tarts may be completely lacking in decorum and self-awareness, but at least they know when to take a dick to the face (oh my, how well they do it!). Take my verbal cockslap like men. Wipe my lashings

of vitriolic knobcheese off your stupid chins and move on. By writing in whinging pussy letters to Felix, all you're doing is confirming your wannabe-alpha-male-but-lack-the-qualities persona that makes you so easy and enjoyable to mock.

You don't like your club's bad reputation? Man up and do something about it. People calling you homophobic? Organise a bar night with the Imperial Queers (you might even meet a nice boy or two...). People getting annoyed with you trashing the Union? Take con-

trol of your 'players' and shift your half-arsed attempts at drinking elsewhere for once.

My parody was not aimed at the entirety of IC Football, rather the idiotic yobbo nobodies that it attracts. You don't have to make your club suffer, guys. Indeed, you should be proud to wear your skanky overpriced training tops around campus. However, the ones with the power to change your club's image won't be me, nor the Felix Editor – it's going to have to be you. Good luck, girlies.



Gilead Amit

My summer condition

I think we can officially say that summer is here. Midday temperatures are above 20 degrees, it's impossible to survive in a closed room without opening a window, and t-shirts and shorts are once again invading the streets.

This state of affairs may make some of you happy. Shame on you. You can cheer if you want, but don't expect me to join in with the general euphoria. I dislike Heat with a passion I find difficult to express without vomiting. To be quite frank, I'm allergic to the damned thing. When the temperature rises above 20 or so degrees, my skin starts to ooze a warm, clear liquid, I turn red, and various parts of my body start to itch. It's not a pleasant thing to talk about, I know, but my doctor tells me there's nothing I can do about it. Just grin and bear it.

So I do. Or try to, at least, as the glorious cool months inexorably fade into the hellish days of summer. My grin does get considerably less prominent, though, when my face starts to melt in the summer heat.

I know, I know, this is just me being weird and obnoxious, trying to ruin the fun all you lovely normal people are



My eyes! It burns! It burns!

having in the great outdoors. Perhaps. I can't state unequivocally that my unusual preferences don't stem from some long-standing feeling of inferiority. Perhaps I choked on a Pictionary card defining the word 'hot' as a child, or maybe a freak sweating accident at the age of eight left me permanently traumatised. Somehow, though, I don't think so.

It certainly stems from within me. The summer is a great time to relax, to let one's hair down and be immersed in the moment. Apart from the obvious difficulty arising from the comparative shortness of my hair at the present time, I find it very hard to relax. I'm tense, I'm controlling, I'm analytical and I'm obsessive: but hey, let's not focus on the positives.

My enjoyment comes precisely from being above the moment – from cracking jokes at the moment's expense, and by revelling in its weaknesses. That comes in handy for braving a lot of life's vicissitudes, but it's worth bugger all in the summer. You can't be ironic about heat. Make fun of dehydration as much as you want; you'll still end up in the Emergency Ward if you don't drink something.

Now I'm not being intentionally dense – though I obviously can't excuse myself of any accidental idiocy. I understand that people like the summer, and I even understand why. The daily message I get smothered in from mid-May to late September almost every year is: 'being warm is so much more relaxing than being cool'.

Dandy. You prefer warm to cold, I prefer Table Tennis to Badminton. It's a choice, and like every choice, it reveals something about one's character. I don't mind being in the minority, I don't mind being the only person smiling as the weather announcer predicts cloudy weather, and I don't even mind people telling me I'm weird. But one thing I can't stand is the Heat.

And it's only May.

IC Football Club responds...

In reply to this week's news article concerning the Football Club, which can be found on page 3, captain Garo Torossian gives ICFC's account of the events that occurred at the Rembrandt Hotel and Motspur Park



Garo Torossian
Club Captain

ULU Challenge Cup final and Annual Dinner

As reported in Felix this week, there were incidents at both of these events which brought the image of the Club and the College into disrepute. The football club takes full responsibility for the actions of its members and in no way wishes to justify the incidents. Nevertheless, through this statement we wish to clear up to the student body the exact nature of the events.

ULU Challenge Cup Final

The incidents at the cup final were the result of an initially good-natured inter-team rivalry ending on a sour note with minor scuffles in the car park. Whilst no individual blame can be apportioned to our members at this moment, they were subject to abuse from the opposing Holloway fans, which resulted in several members of the Royal Holloway fans being forcibly removed from the car park and detained by the Motspur Park security officers. No Imperial College students or supporters were perceived to be worthy of detainment by the Motspur Park security officers as a result of this incident. During the match one member of the Club was asked to leave the stands for having an unopened can of lager in his possession (there was an alcohol ban at this year's cup final). He was completely co-operative and left immediately. Since the event the Club has been made aware (informally) that one seat was broken and deemed to be an

Imperial College offence as it occurred on our side of the stand. We take full responsibility for this damage and will take the appropriate action to have it replaced.

The incidents from the day can be summarised as isolated minor scuffles and are certainly not condoned by the club. However, we do feel that we were the innocent party in this event and any aggressive behaviour was the result of provocation which could have been prevented by superior stewarding of the event by the University of London and Motspur Park.

For example, on several occasions a group of Royal Holloway students crossed from their side of the stands to the Imperial side and confronted our members in an aggressive manner. The stewards were aware of this on each occasion, but failed to prevent it re-occurring. ICUAFC have played in 7 of the past 11 ULU Challenge Cup Finals and this is the first, and we wish it to be the last, time that such an incident has occurred.

Rembrandt Hotel

The Rembrandt Hotel was used as the venue for the Football Club annual dinner on Saturday 15th March. The event was in keeping with previous years; however, there were some isolated incidents worth reporting. We have not been directly notified of the specific damages but through investigation we are aware that the men's toilets were used for vomiting, as was an ice bucket. Also, accidental damage was caused to a number of wine glasses, however these broke on the

floor and no damage was done to any property or any individuals. Following the clear-up it was found that 2 bottles of alcohol which were not purchased at the hotel bar were brought into the venue (such action is in conflict with the hotel's policy). Furthermore, with access to our function room requiring passing through the main hotel lobby and bar, several hotel guests were disturbed at the end of the night by the departure of a crowd of approximately 100 men – which I dare say was not a quiet occurrence.

The Club has nothing to hide regarding this event, indeed both the Union President and a member of Sport Imperial were invited as guests to the occasion (although neither were available to attend on the evening). A £1,000 deposit was taken from the Club; however, with previous experience of these events and the nature of the contracts, the loss of deposit was at best feared and at worst expected. Hence, this cost was budgeted for. Since the event the football club have been banned by the Rembrandt Hotel from using their facilities again, although it should be noted that this is a result of both this incident and a further incident last year caused by a separate ICU Sports Club, a similar incident which this paper failed to report on.

Outcomes

Since the aforementioned incidents the Football Club has been under investigation by the college body Sport Imperial. As a result of these events the football club was punished by removal from this year's IDEA league

tournament in Zurich (although both Sport Imperial and ACC Chair Luke Taylor failed to notify the Club of this decision and we were only made aware of it through informed contacts and third parties). This has directly punished members of the club who were contending the ULU challenge final, by denying them an opportunity to play at FIFA headquarters.

The Football Club Committee and I are deeply disappointed by both of these events and have been working to fully resolve these matters as quickly and as fairly as possible. I would like to personally apologise for the actions of the Club and for any shame it has brought upon the Union, the College and our fellow students. This notwithstanding, the Football Club also brings honour, achievement and a vibrant social body to the College, a factor which seems to be overlooked with regular occurrence.

The frequency with which the football club continues to make Felix headlines astounds me. We are the largest sports club on campus, entirely male, and very socially active. Perhaps this helps to draw a bad press, but equally I am aware of many similar incidents from other sports teams which fail to make the headlines of Felix. What's more, I know that some of the accusations made against us in this week's Felix were a result of the poor behaviour of another ICU Sports Club and have wrongly being attributed to us. It is only fair for us to distance ourselves from these accusations and make the student body aware of this. Whilst I enjoy reading Felix each week, knowing this does raise the question of the level of impartiality and degree of sensationalism in the reporting.

ICU Football Club



Editorial

Felix responds to the ongoing back-and-forth between the ICFC and its critics

This week's statement from the Imperial College Football Club (ICFC) is long overdue. The Football Club has taken umbrage with articles written about them throughout the year, even going as far as questioning: "Is there nothing better for Felix to do than damage the image of the Football Club?" Yet, up until the publication of the statement above, the Club's correspondence has largely been defensive rather than proactive, and has been labelled by some as reactionary, including columnists in this issue. It is, therefore, promising to see that the Football Club is finally acknowledging responsibility for some of its actions.

Even though this is a step in the right direction, the Football Club has failed to apologise to the Hotel proprietors, an action which other IC sports clubs have done in the past. Furthermore, ICFC have displayed a surprising willingness to deflect the blame onto other societies, other universities, and even this newspaper.

ICFC feels persecuted by Felix's "sensationalist" reporting. The criticisms are directed at a series of Comment articles and two separate news stories involving them this year. They also highlight there has been a lack of negative coverage of other sports club.

Felix is not biased against the Football Club. We have printed both complaints levelled at the ICFC as well as responses from the Club's members. Mr Torossian states that "many similar incidents from other sports teams ... fail to make the headlines of Felix." Yet we have not received reports of these incidents. If a story is newsworthy, Felix will always report on it, regardless of which club is involved.

If the Football Club wants to avoid doing damage to their image, and avoid appearing within the news pages of Felix, perhaps they should not put themselves in a position where their actions are newsworthy.

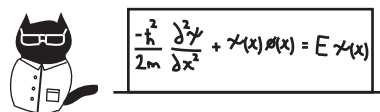
With the information available to us, we continue to stand by the news stories as they appeared both in this issue and last Autumn.

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Singh on alternative therapies

Simon Singh, author, science journalist, and Imperial alumnus, speaks to Felix about his new book

Edmund Henley
Science Editor

Simon Singh recently got in contact with Felix, mentioning he'd got a new book out, "**Trick or Treatment? Alternative Medicine on Trial**", which he'd co-authored with Edzard Ernst, and asking if we wanted an interview. Naturally, we leapt at the chance, which resulted in the following conversation, outside a Richmond pub on a sunny afternoon last week.

It's very informative - I've picked up a lot of things I'd not twigged, such as chiropractic being completely different from what chiropodists do...

I think that's an important point: I sat in on a lecture for some trainee GPs – I surveyed them before the lecture, and it was quite clear that half of them had no real idea what homeopathy was – they thought it was to do with herbal medicine – they didn't realise it was just sugar pills. On the one hand, GPs shouldn't hand out homeopathy, but on the other, they will encounter patients who will say "Oh, I'm thinking about this – what do you think about this". You say you learned a lot reading this book, I think GPs could too, because alternative medicine, like it or not, is an area they'll come across again and again.

How did this book come about – when did you meet Edzard Ernst, and where did your personal interest come from?

Although I started off as a physicist, I then went off to become a TV journalist and an author and so I skip about all over the place – from pure maths in *Fermat's Last Theorem* to cosmology in the *Big Bang* to cryptography in *The Code Book*. So in a way it's not surprising that I skip over to alternative medicine, except that it's very different from maths and physics.

The way it started was that I'd heard of people using homeopathy to prevent malaria, and I thought this cannot really be true. I know for a fact that homeopathy's just sugar pills and that of all the alternative therapies it's the one that we know just doesn't work – both from a theoretical and an experimental basis. I think an important point of the book is that we're not anti alternative medicine, we're just pro-evidence, and sometimes we'll embrace an alternative treatment, and in other cases we won't; homeopathy's one we absolutely reject. Having heard these stories about malaria, I thought it would be good to do a bit of a survey, and so I worked with a young graduate, who went to ten different homeopaths - it's one of the stories we tell in the book. Because I'm not a specialist, I collaborated with some tropical medicine specialists. They said you should say this woman's going to West Africa, where the most serious cases are. I double-checked with Edzard, as I knew he was the world's first Professor of Alternative Medicine, to check if there was any evidence homeopathy could be used to avoid malaria. That's when I first met Edzard, and when I first became aware of how scandalous what's going on is – that ten out of ten homeopaths were willing to treat this young lady, sending



Simon Singh: if you've not read his previous books (e.g. *Fermat's Last Theorem*), you've missed out on some exceptional science writing. Change this today – go pick up a copy of *Trick or Treatment? Alternative Medicine on Trial*. Or, if you're feeling lucky (punk), try out our competition

her off to West Africa unprotected.

That's when I thought: hang on – there's something here that needs to be written; for the public. Even people close to me – members of my family – have used homeopathy. They're good parents, smart people, and if they're turning to homeopathy, there's clearly a public education thing going on here, as well as a fascinating history as to how homeopathy emerged, how it grew, and what's going on in the minds of people who are spending money and investing hope in therapies which don't work. That's when it all came together, during the homeopathy study, meeting Edzard and realising he's spent 15 years studying this and writing a hundred academic papers, but wondering whether his message was getting out to a wider audience.

Though you've worked in many different areas as a science journalist, this was your first book-length piece in this sort of area. How was the process of collaborating?

It worked incredibly well, much better than I could have hoped for. There are nightmare scenarios where authors fall out with each other. But this was utterly painless, for a variety of reasons. One of them is that Edzard's a good writer – he's written columns, articles for the public – so there were sections

where I'd say 'Can you have a go at this,' so he'd send me the material, and I might go away and reshape it, reword it, and shorten it a bit but he always gave me stuff that was already readable. And in other cases, I'd say 'I want to write a section on herbal medicine and I'm particularly interested in the safety aspect. Can you send me some material?' And he'd send me essentially a dossier of all the most important material. I'd read outside that too, but he would give a good starting point.

And perhaps the most important thing is that we always said our conclusions about particular therapies would always be based on the scientific evidence – we're not writing a book about what food we like – we're looking at whether or not a treatment works, and the way you do that is through a scientific trial. Science is never as cut-and-dried as people might think it is – it's always open to slight interpretation, but at the end of the day it's quite clear whether or not acupuncture is effective for eczema, or is there adequate evidence that it's effective.

I think the only area where we could have had disagreements, and it's a really interesting area, is on the placebo effect. We could have said "Homeopathy has no pharmacological effect in and of itself, so why does it work, why do people think it works?" Well there are various reasons – one is they take them when they're at their worst, so they can

only get better; they take them when they're already taking conventional drugs, which may help them, yet they credit the homeopathy; they think it works because of misleading things they read in the press. And the body heals itself. So if you have a cold, with homeopathy you'll get better in 7 days, without it you'll get better in a week, but again you'll credit homeopathy.

But one of the reasons is the placebo effect – the sheer thought of taking a remedy which you think will help you will have some positive effect. We explain the placebo effect is incredibly powerful, and clearly of benefit to patients. So even if homeopathy is just a placebo, if a placebo is generally beneficial, what's wrong with homeopathy? That's a very powerful question we can get to. The problem in the debate is getting homeopaths to agree it's just a placebo in the first place! If we can get that far there's an interesting debate as to whether or not we should use placebos. Some people would say we should - it provides an instant benefit at relatively cheap cost for people who have otherwise untreatable conditions like chronic back pain. But Edzard and I agreed that we would not want to go down that route.

They're interesting, the reasons you raise as to why you think this is unethical, that the ends don't justify the means. You say it

devalues medicine...

Yes, it encourages irrationality; it's a gateway to people who think well if homeopathy works for my cold, maybe it will help for my malaria protection. Also, it encourages a culture of lying – if homeopaths are allowed to lie to us, are big drug companies? Who else is allowed to lie to us?

And why on earth would you have just a placebo when you can have a real medicine plus a placebo: if you have a back pain Ibuprofen has a real effect as well as the placebo.

And the more we run down conventional drugs (which admittedly aren't perfect) the more we remove their placebo effect, and stop their real effect.

This raises a few issues - as you point out, alternative medicine is attractive to many because of its individual approach, which maximises the "therapeutic relationship". Has this effect been investigated?

Yes, studies have shown that if a doctor gives you medicine personally, rather than a prescription, this enhances the placebo effect. There are probably things conventional medicine can learn from alternative therapists. But one of the ways you elicit the placebo effect is purely through time. I had my first acupuncture session recently – a

photo for an interview. I've deliberately avoided all alternative therapies because I shouldn't base the conclusions in a book from my own personal experiences – how arrogant would that be of me to say acupuncture worked for me, so everyone should use it? So it was my first session, and it was an hour long – someone talked to me, held my hand, seemed to do some level of diagnoses. For half an hour, I had acupuncture, for 20 minutes of that I lay down in a quiet room, with music playing gently, for the last 10 minutes I had a head massage. It's an hour long procedure, which probably cost around £50. Now if you can invest that kind of money, you're bound to get a placebo effect, but unfortunately money's always going to be limited, which is why, I'm very happy to say, we can't waste money on unproven therapies.

Is alternative medicine on the rise?

Yes, undoubtedly, increasingly there are all sorts of weird and wonderful things on almost every high street – why is this? One reason is we're an affluent society, we have money to pamper ourselves and give ourselves the illusion we're helping ourselves. When people have a real crisis – breaking a leg – they go to A&E. Alternative medicine caters for these diseases which annoy us, where people get frustrated with mainstream medicine, say colds or back pain, where mainstream medicine has nothing to offer. And it's partly about mainstream medicine's lack of sensitivity to the public, and the way a minority of doctors treat their patients.

But I think the main driving force is the mainstream media – in any Sunday supplement you'll see articles about the benefits of crystal therapy, or "My Reiki guru". And if you're reading that you've got to think there's something in it. And you look across the street, and Boots is selling homeopathy. Boots sells medicines that help me, surely therefore homeopathy must help me, otherwise why would they be allowed to sell it. Neal's Yard, just last week, were very heavily criticised by the MHRA for selling a homeopathic remedy which claimed it could treat malaria. So all of this stuff is going on around us, so it's not surprising the public thinks there's something in it.

You promote an idea of Dylan Evan's, suggesting alternative medicines and therapies should come with disclaimer labels; that this £40 billion industry should



And the ones that mother gives you, don't do anything at all. Well, if they're homeopathic that is

be regulated. How easy do you think it would be to impose this regulation?

I don't know – it's a funny one – if I want to fit a gas meter in my house, whoever does it has to be CORGI registered. If someone wants to give me a checkup, it could be anyone. You could go home tonight and put up an advert calling yourself a homeopath, and nobody could stop us. You have to be trained to install a gas meter, but you don't have to be to treat someone else. This is where the regulation falls apart – the really bizarre thing is that although I can treat anyone who wants to see me and pay me, I can't treat any animals – to treat animals you need to be a fully trained vet. Animals have more protection than us!

Say you suffered from something, say irritable bowel syndrome, which hasn't responded well to conventional treatment. You then come across an alternative therapy, which as a scientist sounds plausible and useful. How would you go about investigating it?

I'd get a copy of my book and I'd look

it up! We look at the 30 most popular herbal remedies, which have been the most investigated, and say what they're effective for. If it was mild depression, and it was St John's Wort, which really does seem to be effective (though it does have some side effects) then I'd go and speak to my GP. I was recently given some pills by a herbalist, of which I was supposed to take 30 a day, and I said I'd like to talk to my GP first. Their response was "There's no point telling your GP, they're not a herbalist, they won't know what this is." That's the level of irresponsibility and hucksterism that's out there. I'm shocked – the sort of things we talk about in the book – if a GP did that, they'd be struck off!

Should this be a criminal offence?

About 180 MPs signed an early-day motion in support of homeopathy. It's the most extreme example of political cowardice I can imagine – they're being asked to endorse a form of medicine most doctors don't seem to support. If they campaigned to get rid of it, they know about 15-20% of their constituency, who maybe use homeopathy, would say "how dare you try to deprive me of this medicine, or cut it

out of the NHS", and they'd lose votes. Rather than do that, they'd prefer to perpetuate this lie that homeopathy is some kind of effective medicine.

And similarly universities which teach alternative medicine – absolutely bogus science – and which at the end of it give people a BSc. I'm really proud of my BSc from Imperial College. I'd always understood what it meant was that lots of clever scientists in the past had built up this body of knowledge, and that other clever scientists had taught it to me, and that I'd accumulated this body of knowledge of what science is, and what science has taught us, and where it's going in the future, and that I could walk out of Imperial a little budding scientist, who'd learned something. At other places, when you do a BSc, in complementary medicine, you're being taught pseudo-science. As a student you're being misled, and if you later go and treat people later you're misleading your patients.

I think it's an utter disgrace that Westminster University, which in so many ways is a respectable place, with good research and good teaching, is prepared to undermine the integrity of British education in this way. It would be wonderful if some of the academics

at Westminster had the guts to stand up and say "I'm a biochemist here and I care about what we stand for, and I don't want to be in a university where, in one part, we teach that the more dose you give someone, the bigger the effect, and in that little bit, they teach the opposite".

One interesting thing here, to go back to your earlier question, is that I love physics, and maths and the pure science side, still more than anything else. The direction here is not just a shift in subject matter, it's also shifting to an issue which faces society and which just makes me angry and frustrated. I think it's a role for young scientists and undergraduates, to get involved.

In what way?

Say going to pharmacists and asking "You're selling this stuff, do you believe in it? How does it work?" I think there's a level of involvement, becoming active. There's an organisation, the Voice of Young Scientists (VOYS), and they're great – there's a cosmetic, which is supposed to block radiation, and they've just rung up the company which makes it, and asked "How does it work? Sounds fantastic!" They've basically been causing a little bit of mischief, and forcing people to justify what it is they're selling. And I think the more that scientists can confront these issues, and talk about them, and cause trouble with the people that sell them, and try and talk to other people who may be less aware of how science works, the better!

And so what now – any ideas for the next project? I imagine you'll be sticking with this one for a while.

These things do roll on for a while – I'll be going to America in August, to talk about the book there. It's a fascinating process, writing a book, but it's also exhausting – for two years I've not read a novel or any other non-fiction. It's lovely to think that this summer I'll be able to sit down and read a book. And I might read one which triggers my next project – these things fall into your lap in a way which you never expect! Now I'm writing about things which appal and anger me. I've got involved in the debate on some of the bad and ludicrous anti-science which tries to explain global warming isn't serious, isn't caused by humans. I'm a firm believer there's a scientific consensus that global warming's real, and that we need to act – so maybe my next book will also be this angry sort too!

Competition!

Simon Singh and Edzard Ernst's new book, *"Trick Or Treatment? Alternative Medicine On Trial"* is a great read, combining the storytelling and lucidity we've now come to expect from Singh with a fair and rigorous assessment of a range of alternative therapies, from herbal medicine to acupuncture. Supplemented with histories of the therapies' often baffling origins and a thoughtful discussion of the ethics involved, the book is rounded off with useful reference material on the most often-encountered alternative therapies. Simon Singh and Transworld Publishers have kindly donated a competition copy to Felix, which can be all yours, if you get the following question right.

Which higher-level institution was Singh based at for his Ph.D.?

1. Exeter University
2. Cambridge University
3. Imperial College London
4. The Centre for Homeopathic Education

Answers to science.felix@imperial.ac.uk by Tuesday 20 May, 7pm. Correct answers will be put into a hat, and the winner of the draw will be notified by email. If you don't win, we suggest you console yourself by buying a copy – it's worth it!



These ones, on the other hand, do apparently. Don't think Alice took fish oil capsules though

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President's Update

Union Colours Nominations

Nominations are open from Tuesday 6th May 2008 to midnight Tuesday 27th May 2008 at 12 noon. Nomination forms can be downloaded from the website and should be completed and emailed to colours@imperial.ac.uk.



Stephen Brown
President
president@imperial.ac.uk

You'll have to give the name of the nominee, the award you are nominating them for and tell us, in less than 200 words, why you think they should get it. Also include your name and CID.



Imperial College Union and Faculty Union elections



Voting for the RCSU, ICSMSU and Union elections are taking place next week from Monday. You should have received emails about these elections with more detailed information. If you have any questions please email me at president@imperial.ac.uk.

Champions League Final

The biggest football match of the year is taking place next week, the UEFA Champions League Final.

The Union will be showing the game on our big screens as Chelsea take on Manchester United in the first all English final in Champions League history. Not to be missed! **Wednesday from 19:30.**



Picture of the Week

Coast, by Edmund Henley
Postgraduate Physicist

We want to exhibit your art. Send in your photographs.
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Culture & The Arts

Arts Editors – Rosie Grayburn, Caz Knight, David Paw and Emily Wilson

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



Rosie Grayburn
Arts Editor

Just prior to the time of writing this column of writer's block, I was angry. The sun had bugged off and the 1st day I had decided to wear shorts had gone terribly wrong as I was greeted with ice-cold wind slapping my poor legs. This made me especially aggravated as I wanted to write a nice column extolling the summer season. Now I'm going to have to write about art. Shit.

In this week's pages, we have been creeping around small, unfamiliar galleries and theatres in London. David Paw has discovered the Embankment Gallery in Somerset House. When he told me its whereabouts, it sounded very much like he had gone on an Indiana Jones style escapade to get there: "I swung across the Thames using my handy liana rope, and then I had to answer the Sphinx's riddle and then I crossed a lake of molten lava, then I was there. Easy. Or get the number 9 bus".

But maybe this is the time of year to take a break from the sweltering galleries of London. There are so many beautiful parks in London, and all have their own individual character. My favourite is London park is Hampstead Heath, probably because it has a hill. Coming from 'Up North', I do like a good gradient and the views across the city and surrounding countryside are splendid from the top of the heath. Heaven would be lying there on a sunny day in the long grass with a good book. In heaven there is no such thing as a grass allergy or hayfever. Next week we will feature a tube map of parks to explore around the city.

Over the summer, I have decided to drag my poor boyfriend to Florence and Siena. "I don't like art," he stated, "but I will when we get there." There is nothing but art there, except for large helpings of espresso, pasta, and armies of tourists. Maybe to wean him onto Italian art, I should take him to a new gallery that has cropped up on my radar: The Estorick Collection in Islington. It is described as "One of the most civilised ways to spend an hour in London" and is set in a listed Georgian building with a sumptuous café and 6 galleries containing London's finest modern Italian art. At the moment there is a lovely exhibition of prints from a well-known collection in Italy. However, I am really looking forward to the exhibition opening on the 25th June at the Estorick: The Mountain Photography of Vittorio Sella. What could be more beautiful than seeing nature's own art that has been created over millions of years? The way the snow folds down the mountain is better than the best couture at Fashion Week and the mountain looks at you in a formidable manner, unlike any portrait in the NPG.

If you would like to get involved with Arts, please contact us at arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk and we will give you free tickets in return for your articles. It's like that bit in the Little Mermaid, except we won't take your fishtail or give you legs... in fact it's completely different.

Corrie for cultured people

Rosie Grayburn sees the World Premiere of Harper Reagan at the National Theatre

It's amazing when anything remotely related to the North of England pops up on my radar here in London, so imagine my delight when I found a new play at the National Theatre which was partly set in my hometown of Stockport! Harper Reagan is a new play by a fellow Stockportian, Simon Stephens, and it is the most wonderful piece of theatre I have seen in a long, long time.

Poor old Stockport never gets a look-in when it comes to culture-type things. It's stuck in a limbo between Manchester and Macclesfield - both far more interesting places, it has to be said - and contains a dirty shopping centre, a deserted entertainment complex, council flats and a hat museum. I am so glad it gets an airing at the National Theatre's most intimate stage, although I have to say Stockport looks a fair sight better at the theatre than in real life.

The play focuses on one seemingly ordinary person, Harper Reagan, played by the fantastic Lesley Sharp. Harper works in an office. She has a grungy teenage daughter and a loving husband, who has a sinister secret. For this reason they have moved from Stockport to another limbo, Uxbridge. On a hot autumn day, Harper leaves her family without telling them and gets on a plane back to Manchester. You see, children, Harper is having what is commonly known as a MID

LIFE CRISIS. We follow Harper on her journey to South Manchester, and around many stage sets which rotate in a very elaborate fashion, as she tries to find some answers to life's questions. In a simple way, the play is like an entire year of Coronation Street played out in 2½ hours, with an in-depth and darkly comic exploration of sex and death. You wouldn't get this on ITV.

Apparently, Simon Stephens originally wanted the play to be about a man but then obviously decided that the play would be far more interesting if the main character was a woman. Lesley Sharp's Harper is a brilliant 'heroine'. She is slightly adolescent in her awkward manner, but this just shows she is at an odd stage of her life. Harper is thrown into disarray when she doesn't manage to see her father before he dies and consequently goes wild - sleeping with strangers, glassing uncouth men in pubs and stealing their clothes. I don't blame the woman - her life is unravelling around her and only when it gets really bad does she return to her distraught family in Uxbridge.

Every character we encounter on her journey up and down the country is watchable and interesting. Her very eccentric boss (Michael Mears) is just one of those people you'd wish to avoid in the corridor at work, whereas Harper's mother (Susan Brown) is half Mancunian Hyacinth Bucket, half emotional wreck. Seth Reagan (Nick Sidi), Harper's husband is a wonderful, calm,



Harper is heartily disappointed on visiting Stockport's Hat Museum

sweet man and my heart was wrenched when we learned about his past.

I left the theatre feeling enlightened, thoughtful and gobsmacked: all the emotions one should feel when one goes to see a play. I loved the fact the play was spoken in Northern, when nowadays you get so many actors who sound like they have a plum in their gob. If you hark from up north, go and see this play. If you're from anywhere

else, go and see this play. It is sparkling new theatre and it glitters with attitude. Ee by 'eck, I loved it.

Harper Reagan is on until 9th August. The National Theatre release Student Standby tickets every day 45 minutes before the show starts. These cost £10 and you get the best seats in the house. Yummy!



Harper Reagan (Lesley Sharp) and a generic drunk Northern bloke (Jack Deam). People in Stockport don't have jobs: they have pints of lager.

Shades of Purity: Skin & Bones

Fashion and architecture may not appear to be the most obvious pairing. David J Paw reviews one of the year's most important exhibitions fresh from the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles

After making your way down the steps of Somerset House's south entrance, you find yourself in the shade of two arching canopies rising from the sidewalk of the Victoria Embankment. Who would have thought? The Embankment Galleries seem to be the sort of small and largely-ignored establishment one gushes liberally about to one's friends over lazy afternoon drinks. Not any more. As Rebecca Johnson stated a couple of months ago in the *London Student*, this exhibition was long overdue in London, one of the key cities in the progression of the worlds of fashion and architecture.

Skin and Bones' mission statement concerns the convergence of the aforementioned disciplines in recent years, citing examples from each. The exhibition starts in the 1980s, perhaps appropriately as the Japanese fashion designers led by Issey Miyake invaded the Paris shows and began to make their impact felt, quickly followed by the hastily-labelled "Hiroshima chic" of Comme des Garçons and the great Yohji Yamamoto.

These designers created unconventional outfits, treating clothing more sculpturally and including liberal doses of asymmetry and sheer volumes more associated with architecture. As you head into the dark of the gallery through a set of heavy curtains, a collage of old magazine clippings from the time sets the scene perfectly, with liberal lashings of the new breed of designers such as Comme and John Galiano. Though not quite the juggernaut of modernism, the exhibition recognises the exciting potential of the creative exchange and movement early on.

Though the creations and techniques of previous couturiers such as Cristóbal Balenciaga had been described as "architectural" in form, the eighties provides the perfect starting point for the uninitiated as the technology available was light years ahead of traditional pattern cutting techniques, thus allowing a new spirit of creative enterprise to flourish and allowing a convenient entry point. The exhibits are perfectly presented and in a logical order that is a pleasure to view. For an avid fan of design, it is a heaven of sorts.

Zaha Hadid's angular building proposal for *The Peak* commercial centre on Hong Kong Island is quickly followed by a massive full-wall projection of Belgian duo Viktor & Rolf's 2002 *Long Live The Immaterial* collection, in which models wear designs cut from bluescreen material. The effect is wondrous, with projections of sprawling Los Angeles freeways and reef fish skitting excitedly across tucked and draped dresses and tops. Several outfits from Boudicca's *Invisible City* collection are also displayed in the flesh, allowing viewers to marvel at their tautly suspended hyper nylon dresses, interlocking shapes and finlike projections that were more Boeing than Brooks Brothers. A video schematic showing British designer Hussein Chalayan's remote control dress from 1999 plays on loop. The room is silent.

The space the exhibition takes place in was designed by architect Eva Jiricna, and is in itself worthy of marvel. Flat silver panels roll into undulating carbon black surfaces, juxtaposed with gorgeous jabs of teak to punctuate the contrast between the artificial and



The Japanese designer Yohji Yamamoto's sculptural and tastefully clean clothes are design favourites in the world of architecture

organic so often referenced in both fashion and architecture. Wind up the underlit staircase and you find yourself staring down a two corridors in which the thick of the exhibition lies.

Despite its billing as an exhibition of architecture and fashion, the general feel is that of architecture influencing fashion more than the converse. Of course, this is not without reason. As architects increasingly begin working on smaller-scale household items, clothing also makes an interesting experiment. It is far easier for a designer of clothes to incorporate architectural sensibilities into his or her work on a small and relatively low-cost scale, than it is for an architect to boldly experiment with couture techniques on a massive scale under even larger commercial pressures and logistic constraints. It is more straightforward to work alone with yards of silk and crepe than it is to work with several engineering teams and construction firms on a project involving steel beams and fragile glass panels.

Thus it seems somewhat simpler to find examples of architecture in fashion than vice-versa. The crowd at the

exhibition are also distinctly in the fashion camp – leggings, status bags and wedges galore, though occasionally a lost architecture student wanders in and provides some contrast to the crowds counting the layers rapidly accumulating on model Maggie Rizer in Viktor & Rolf's 1999 *Russian Doll* show, in which a model has progressive tiers of dresses layered upon her.

"The exhibition recognises the exciting potential of the creative exchange"

The upstairs takes techniques from each discipline such as draping, deconstruction, printing, use of geometry and volume, and compares the crossover of each technique into the domain of the other. The appeal of this is made starkly apparent in many examples, but none more so than in the "printing"

section, in which a technique normally used by fashion designers such as Matthew Williamson is splayed in ceramic tiles across the roof of Santa Caterina market in Barcelona by the dynamic architecture group EMBT.

Similarly, the use of paper tubes is contrasted between architect Shigeru Ban's paper tube shelters used to house refugees in Rwanda, and Yohji Yamamoto's stunning and innovative use of them in his "secret dress" from his 1999 *Wedding* collection. Their innovative and surprisingly practical application (used in the latter in lieu of zips to "lock" sections of material together) is a testament to the forward thinking of visionaries such as Yamamoto and Ban. Though they won't be in the mainstream any time soon, the path is already paved.

In addition to comparisons, collaborations are also evident. Those who take note of luxury trends will note the now-established trend of collaboration between fashion designers and luxury labels with prestigious architects. The given examples here are Herzog & De Meuron's collaboration with Prada on an epic store in Aoyama, Tokyo, and Fu-

ture Systems' design for the Selfridges store in Birmingham. Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons has notably been honoured with inclusion amongst the world's best architects in Taschen's *Architecture Now* annuals for her input in designing Comme's store in Manhattan, a shimmering aluminium tunnel taking the shopper from an unassuming sidewalk into a futurist labyrinth laden with Kawakubo's idiosyncratic clothing designs.

So besides spectacularly highlighting the similarities between the disciplines and recognising a long-overlooked and significant design trend, what else does the exhibition succeed in? Well, as stated before, the space is a fashion and architecture junkie's dream come true. Finally, after the frivolity of purely aesthetic fashion with its frills and oversized bows comes fashion anchored in pure design sensibility and with it, names not normally seen in showrooms and boutiques, let alone major exhibitions. For this alone the fashion and design community owes the organisers no small gratitude.

Wired ensembles and jaw dropping technocouture dresses by Junya Wa-

tanabe vie for your attention along with a deconstructed Margiela piece and suspended harness dresses by New York design wizard Yeohlee Teng. More mainstream pieces such as a Vivienne Westwood piece in Duchesse satin or an incredible Alexander McQueen piece from *The Widows of Cul-loden* (2006) are the icing on the cake.

In particular, those not fortunate enough to have witnessed Hussein Chalayan's performance set piece during 2000's *Afterwords* collection will see it here in all its glory, albeit with the actual clothing and the video of the "performance" on loop adjacent to the display. Chalayan was interested in refugees in the context of identity and the idea of having to pack one's belongings to flee undesirable circumstances.

His piece consisted of a few chairs surrounding an ordinary circular wooden table. When the models appear, they remove the cloth from the chairs and don them as dresses, and the frames fold into suitcases. After, a model steps into the centre of the table, which then folds into a tiered skirt, before the group walks away. Visually powerful and iconic in the world of fashion and design, this is worth the admission alone.

And what of the architecture die-hards? Thankfully, there is ample to satisfy here on that count as well. The great and the good, from Daniel Libeskind to Jakob and MacFarlane are represented, and superstars are in abundance as well. Thankfully, Frank

“Powerful and iconic, *Afterwords* is worth the admission alone”

Gehry's inclusion avoided the obvious reference, instead focusing on his pleated and muscular design for the IAC Building in New York and his gorgeous Walt Disney Concert Hall in downtown Los Angeles.

Someone once wittily observed that fashion was so vapid that without attachment and association to other creative mediums, it would evaporate into thin air. In this instance, it attaches itself to that other peripheral medium, architecture. As demonstrated by the exhibition, there are more similarities between the two than you might give them credit for. Neither is really accepted by the old guard and thus it is left to the likes of the more progressive-minded younger generations to identify and integrate it as such.

No, fashion and architecture will probably never be as expressive as pure forms like sculpture and painting, but then one isn't intended to wear a sculpture or live beneath a canvas. Though to some the references and parallels will appear obvious, *Skin and Bones* evidences just how deeply the design symbiosis runs as there is much here to astound and inspire.

Its last parting shot is a Chalayan piece from last summer's *Readings* collection. Bundles of burning red lasers sear across the enclosed glass, cutting swathes of jagged, angular lines. The illusion of geometrical structures rise and fall in the melee like the organised chaos of a Jackson Pollock, suggesting an architecture of the space around the body. Regardless of medium, the essence of design comes down to line, line, line. Both disciplines in the purest sense strive to free themselves of the limits of convention and diktat. And in the world of art where most of the work is in the intention, what more is there to it than that?



Above: Hussein Chalayan's LED design for *Readings* (1); Wilkinson Eyre Architects' folded Bridge of Aspiration at the Royal Ballet School (2); Hussein Chalayan's *Afterwords* (3) and Daniel Libeskind's design for the Jewish Museum in Berlin both draw cues from embedded notions of identity; Yeohlee's increasingly complex use of structuring and suspension (5) draws from long established architectural principles, as evidenced in Foster & Partners' Millau Viaduct (6)



Music

Music Editors – **Peter Sinclair** and **Susan Yu**

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Peter Sinclair
Music Editor

When I next write here I will be twenty. While there will be no physical, temporal or emotional gap between 11:59pm on the 15th of June, and 12:00am on the 16th, I think in a few years it won't be hard for me to mentally separate the two decades – the teens being as they were filled with hormonal instability, getting drunk in the park and Slipknot, and the twenties with its forthcoming vast riches, super-model girlfriends and utopian technologies. I tend to think of the awkward teenage years as very much overrated, but hearing of Slipknot's fourth studio release some time this summer has got me reminiscing.

I must have been about thirteen, or fourteen maybe, when I first heard the band – I think my brother bought their first album and I must have stolen it off him at some point. Until then, I had been bored by the Britney vs. Christina whore-off that dominated mainstream teenage music culture at the time, so tended to react to most music with bewildered disinterest. But Slipknot was a revolution. Drop D guitars, two drummers, screaming and rapping all in the same gruesome (albeit slickly marketed) band. Add to this the horror masks, and I was in love with nu-metal. This whole world opened up to me: Deftones' 'Back to School' played on my DiskMan during most of my highschool education, Korn inspired countless attempts at starting bands – it was a good time to be 13.

Through nu-metal I heard about grunge, and through grunge I heard about The Smashing Pumpkins. By the time I got into them they were long gone, so I had the whole catalogue of albums to discover. I loved the creamy, brittle distorted sound, and I lived vicariously through the '1979' video. I actually met one of my best friends through our mutual love of the Pumpkins – I was wearing a ZERO t-shirt, and we spent hours talking about the breakdown of 'Geek U.S.A.' and the dizzying apex of 'Hummer'.

This column is taking me so long to write – I keep taking 20 minutes out to trawl YouTube for all of these old tunes. I hadn't listened to Hummer for years before 5 minutes ago, and I had barely given Deftones a thought since I was 16. When I first saw the ridiculous promo video that Slipknot have put out to promote their new album, I was ready to cringe at myself for ever having liked them, but I now realise that I actually had excellent taste in music as a teen. I still think the horror masks are cool (although cutting off your dreadlocks and sticking them to a mask is definitely not cool, and quite disgusting). Maybe I will buy another Slipknot t-shirt. I probably appreciate it on a different level now to how I liked it back in the day, but it's comforting to see that while my tastes have changed since highschool, I still deep down love my nu-metal upbringing.

Does anyone even read this bit?
Special mystery prize to the first three people who email music.felix@gmail.com

Afterklang live at Southbank

Afterklang have risen to become one of the most popular and admired electronic acts today. **Peter Sinclair** went to see them at the London leg of their current world tour

Afterklang
Queen Elizabeth Hall
2nd March, 2008

From the release of their first EP 'Springer' in 2003 to their second and latest full-length LP 'Parades' in late 2007, Afterklang have experienced a level of success enjoyed by relatively few bands who still manage to retain their independence and individuality. Parades, which was met with almost unanimous excellent reviews in the music press upon its release, continues a trend observable throughout all of their albums – away from the colder, more introverted electronic sounds of their earlier works towards a more live, almost orchestral feel. It is a trend seen in virtually all electronic genres today, and represents something of a coming-of-age for the whole style.

In a tour which has taken them around Western Europe and will soon take them to the US and Canada, Afterklang's 33rd date was London's Queen's Hall in the Southbank Centre. Embracing the sumptuousness of the venue, the band's newfound warmth was brought to a level only hinted at on the LP, with all instrumental parts (excluding beeps and clicks) being performed by five of the core members, with Anna Brønsted of Our Broken Garden filling in for the fifth. Even the choral arrangements were performed live, with all members of the band singing in harmony. Given the dreamlike, sometimes whimsical sound of the rest of the music, these sections were particularly powerful, ushering the mood from the sombre to the divine.

Afterklang really have managed to perfect the art of the live show, despite the complexity of the music which must make its performance a nightmare. There were no points where the veneer of the music faded and you could see through to the technicalities, as happens when some electronic acts



Afterklang live at The Queen Elizabeth Hall, Southbank Centre

go live – like when watching a good movie, there isn't time to question how real the characters are when they act so beautifully.

Like the music, the band's performance is playful and sometimes whimsical. The violin solo which was supposed to be played during one of the songs by the missing member (stuck in Sweden due to UK visa issues), was

replaced by a whistling solo, and several members of the band miming the air-violin. At the end of the show, in a charming twist, the band played their final song while parading through the audience in the style of a marching band, the main vocalist and multi-instrumentalist Casper Clausen donning a snare drum and taking the role of Drum Major.

I had my initial doubts when hearing 'Parades' for the first time, but in what seems like a complete reversal of roles, this is an album which must be appreciated live. When recorded, it sometimes feels slightly melodramatic and at times contrived, but live it is so real and so organic, it couldn't be any different.

Peter Sinclair



Contrary to popular belief, that is in fact hair and not a shit

Mystery Jets play live at Scala

Mystery Jets
Scala
24th April, 2008

After the release of their second album 'Twenty One' on the 24th of March, and kickstarting their tour in Manchester, Mystery Jets came home to London to play a very special show at Scala on the 24th of April.

The band came out with a roar of applause from the audience, starting off their show with 'Hideaway', the first track from their new album. The crowd was made up of artsy indie kids and people you wouldn't normally associate with the electronic style of the Mystery Jets, but nevertheless they all swayed and jumped in harmony to tracks like 'Young Love', 'Veiled in Grey' and my personal favourite, 'Hand Me Down'.

Although the band no longer play with Blaine's father Henry, they still managed to reproduce their tracks live

as clear as they sound on the album on Scala's fantastic soundsystem.

The relentless cheering of the crowd, however, brought the band back on stage to play an encore. Along with them came Henry, who played a very much missed guitar part for 'You Can't Fool Me Dennis' and the show's closer, 'Zoo Time'. The audience's chanting of "Zoo Time, Zoo Time, Zoo Time" added to the already hyped atmosphere and made a kickass addition to the end of an impressive show. It is safe to say that the 80s-influenced vocal harmonies and synth-heavy melodies of the Mystery Jets rocked Scala that night.

The band will be continuing their tour until Christmas this year so you'll have the chance to catch them in London at Kentish Town Forum on the 28th of May (alongside the likes of Maximo Park and Blood Red Shoes), at Victoria Park the 9th of August and at Astoria on the 23rd of October.

Roman Hochuli

Lost causes and a love of the steam locomotive



The Courteeners
St Jude
★★★★☆

The Courteeners are a four piece Indie act from Manchester and are tipped to be the next big thing with their debut album 'St Jude' currently at number 27 in the official album chart, 4 weeks after its release on the 7th April. You might have been hearing them since August last year when they released their first single 'Cavorting' on the independent label Loog Records, which sold out immediately, serving as a pre-



Westlife. Ho ho, not really. It's the fucking Courteeners

monition of their success to come. The band was used to playing to wild crowds in packed-out venues in and around Manchester, and went down well with The Coral audiences as the supporting act of their UK tour. Unsurprisingly then, their first headlining tour in October was extremely popular with their devout following of live music lovers, finishing with a sold-out date at Shepherd's Bush Empire. The band have since released 3 more singles, the last two of which - 'What Took You So Long' and 'Not Nineteen Forever' - have been top-20 hits, and their album St Jude has been eagerly awaited. The album opens with the catchy and dramatic tune 'Aftershow', which gives us a taster of the wholesome pop-indie goodness which fills the album from start to finish. It's a strong beginning and is sure to have you tap-

ping your feet and humming along. It maintains that get-up-and-dance pace for the first four songs, only slowing down momentarily for 'Please Don't', a sweet little track telling the all-too-familiar story of the messy break-up, asking "Please don't pretend that we'll stay friends." Frontman Liam Fray describes this track as "Better than anything I've heard in years" and his slurry Manchester vocals seem just as comfortable with this sensitive and melancholic number as they do in the more common explosive, upbeat and general feel-good tunes which follow it. The album does slow down to catch its breath again in 'How Come' and the lovely 'Yesterday, Today & Probably Tomorrow' which closes the album like a goodnight kiss. So yes, it's good. But it's not really anything new. They are trendy, cardigan-clad, indie Manchester boys and while the lyrics do occasionally deviate from the usual topic of love-life related misery, such as the binge drinking, pill popping culture of today's youth in Cavorting and a quite bitter criticism of the posey and image-desperate stereotype of the 'alternative' music fan in Fallowfield Hillbilly, these references are still far from insightful. In short, St Jude isn't going to change your life, but if you love indie, it will sound great, and your CD collection won't be complete without this energy-oozing gem.

Fiona Watt

iLiKETRAiNS
Shepherd's Bush Hall
2nd March, 2008

Mournful post-rock signal men iLiKETRAiNS made it to London to give a lesson in chess players, fictional prime ministers and the great fire of London. Drawing on events or people from the past, David Martin deeply crooned over a solid reflective post-rock base in Shepherd's Bush. They performed a wide set both from their excellent debut EP 'Progress Reform', and their first-but-not-as-good album 'Elegies to Lesson's Learnt'. Nevertheless, live, the band were clearly engrossed with their music, as were the audience, sucked in through their mesmerising visual displays. Each song has a specific setting and date, for example 'Terra Nova', which recounts Captain Scott's expedition to Antarctica. The setting was exhibited with striking, often black and white grainy images that dragged the audience forward. The visuals were especially lovely if you aren't partial to staring at beards. During the last song 'Spencer Perceval', David Martin broke his guitar in the sheer emotion of the nine minute epic. Lucky for us, however, they also previewed a new as-yet-untitled song, which hinted that the future of iLiKETRAiNS may be slightly more upbeat. Good, as after an hour of melancholy historic post rock, it all starts to merge together due to the



Chooooooooo! Kill me now

genre's predictable structure and David Martin's voice. When Guy Bannister (guitarist) harmonised, the sound was given more depth, but this was unfortunately an effect the band only used sparingly. Oh but the Venue! Trundle along Uxbridge Road for a little further than Google would have you believe and you'll find the Shepherd's Bush Hall, the Empire's smaller, more regal little brother. The atmosphere and decoration of the venue made the gig feel like the house party of a member of the minor aristocracy who keeps indie scenesters and long-haired 30-50 somethings as close friends. The walls were exquisitely covered in mouldings of cherubs and scrolls and there were no fewer than six chandeliers (and one small disco ball), hanging from the ceiling. As I arrived the 'party guests' were sitting in circles or nonchalantly leaning against the wall just a little passed out. It wasn't tacky, despite my description, and iLiKETRAiNS' sound made the whole place cry of a dystopian future.

Sarah-Emily Mutch

Your opinion counts – Disabilities

We would like to hear your views and opinions about disability and Imperial College. Have you enjoyed your experience as a student here? Do you think Imperial could improve some of the things it does to support disabled students?

We are holding confidential meetings (focus groups) to give you the opportunity to voice how we can improve what we do for disabled students at Imperial College. Your comments will be treated in strict confidence with an external independent specialist facilitating the meeting(s).

If you would like to participate please contact Christine Yates, The College's Equalities & Diversity Consultant at c.yates@imperial.ac.uk or tel: 020 7594 5558.

You need only state which time you would like to attend, for numbers (and catering) purposes only. The times and venues are as follows:

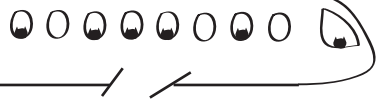
Tuesday 27th May at 10.00—13.00 Room 311, Level 3, Sherfield Building, South Kensington

Tuesday 27th May at 14.00—16.00 Room 307b Level 3 Sherfield Building, South Kensington

Monday 2nd June at 10.00 —14.00, Room 311, Level 3, Sherfield Building, South Kensington

Monday 2nd June at 14.00—16.00, Room 311, Level 3, Sherfield Building, South Kensington





Travel

Travel Editors – Ahran Arnold, Nadine Richards and Ammar Waraich

felix@imperial.ac.uk

The Democratic Republic of Congo

Ammar Waraich finally delivers Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) Part 2 of 2 (Part 1 in Felix 1,397). Gorillas, guns and Generals are on the cards as he discusses the issues and situations surrounding his visit

Admittedly this piece has taken more than the one week promised since the first part, but better late than never!

As those of you who remember reading the previous piece may recall, I spent some time in the DRC last summer when I literally walked into the country on foot alone, looking for adventure. But what I got in return was being stuck in civil strife; being reduced to having only \$7 in my pocket; bribery; and having to escape the country by taking a boat past armed gunmen.

The Democratic Republic of Congo was a country that instantly caught my imagination. Precariously straddling the line between extreme lawlessness and raw vivid excitement, one doesn't really know whether they should hop onto the next motorcycle taxi to try and overland it to capital Kinshasa across vast jungles, armed militias and never-explored terrain; or whether they should cower in the toilet at the border upon entry and wait for the foreign office to send a rescue helicopter.

This country has so much to offer - from active volcanoes and undiscovered wildlife to bona fide pygmy villages and a surprising amount of good international cuisine! I did not spend long enough there to savour everything but one thing I did do, which was almost a life-changing experience, was to visit the Highland Silverback Gorillas of the Zaire basin.

Taking a bumpy 3 hour journey into the Virunga NP, my guide - a local man named Kennedy - and I ventured into dense pristine rainforest. Deep lush green in colour and truly stretching as far as the eye could see, this was also rebel territory; and the regular checkpoints as well as gunmen all along the road constantly imposed this on us. These were ex-soldiers under the command of General Laurent Nkunda, a former army General turned rebel.

As we drove on into Virunga, our jeep nearly ran over a young kid who decided to step into our vehicle's path at the last second. A rebel soldier who witnessed this caused an uproar and demanded that the child's mother be brought to him. When she appeared, he arrested her on the charge of disturbing foreigners and being negligent. Despite our protests he demanded a minimum 2 dollar bribe for her release, and therein I think he exposed the real motivation for the rebellion.

Poverty was clearly rife and the difference between the DRC and Rwanda or Uganda was astounding. Within my first 2 days there I was able to compare the DRC to towns in these neighbouring states, a mere 4-5 kilometres away, and see the stark differences. They had the ability to look after their people, provide a much better infrastructure and even protect their Gorillas more robustly. In the Congo, roads were ancient; small weak children begged for empty bottles and pens; and the park rangers were totally clueless. There was no local produce here and all goods were imported from Uganda; and this was the most developed region in the area! I could almost feel the gripping desperation of the people here.

Upon arrival at the gate of the Gorilla sanctuary, Kennedy and I were greeted once again by rebels. Initially



Poverty and lava structures in Goma, DRC

I felt frustrated that I would have to deal with these guys and see the Gorillas under their jurisdiction, but I soon learnt from Kennedy that the defunct park rangers had abandoned their posts a long while ago and in fact these rebels had defended the Gorillas with their lives during the recent bouts of conflicts.

The expressions on their faces made it clear that I had to tip them as handsomely as I could. After some reflection

“the feeling of actually coming across your first Gorilla is out of this world”

tion I came to the conclusion that maybe they deserved this, having seen their poor condition and compared it to the much better-off Gorilla rangers of Rwanda next door. I was not too comfortable, though, with the knowledge that my money may be used to fund the rebel activity, but Kennedy assured me otherwise.

As expected, rebels appeared in their droves when I agreed to pay them to escort me through the battle-hardened Virunga forest towards the Gorillas. This was a much less professional service than the one in Rwanda but was consequently a lot cheaper and less restricted.

I cannot emphasise enough the sheer joy of the next part of the experience – approaching the Gorillas. As we set

out with our machetes and AK-47's, we knew roughly where the Gorilla family group were, but tracking them was still pure exhilaration. Any bird or insect that moved fooled me into thinking that a Gorilla was upon us, and made me simultaneously tremble with expectation and lock my limbs in full photography posture, copiously extending my zoom lens.

Although these jolts of unjustified excitement eventually smoothed out, the feeling of actually coming across your first Gorilla is out of this world.

As we unwittingly got closer, I heard the first surefire sounds of Gorilla activity. It was the delicate patting of the huge jaws of one of these gentle beasts. Next came a huge crash as it broke down a tree, followed by the sighting of rustling leaves. I had to look hard initially amongst the tight undergrowth but was then able to spot a massive jet black form feeding.

I couldn't see its face as it had its back to us, but then suddenly upon noticing us it turned 180 degrees. In an instance it stepped out into the light, stopped eating and just gawped at us in amazement for a precious few seconds. Although I took plenty of photos of this moment, I had to force myself to stop and marvel at the situation.

This was one of the rarest species on the planet, numbering only 700, and I was lucky enough to see it and interact with it in its natural habitat. How many people get to do that!? Our group were only humble guests in the home of these majestic creatures and the onus was on us to show them the utmost respect here.

As we stood in near paralysis, new members of the family group also approached. First came the children, cu-



Overlanding it on a motorcycle taxi



The people of Congo



Self explanatory



The headquarters of MONUC in Goma



My first Gorilla sighting. He gawps at our group in curiosity



Females grooming

rious and playful, always wanting to get close and touch us. Second came the females, socialising amongst themselves through grooming and communicating. Next came the fighting adolescents; and then finally the dominant alpha male Silverback of the group.

He was by far the most imposing family member, being the largest, the loudest, the most ferocious and the most gentle. He had a thick lining of silver hairs on his back, almost like a crown, and we watched him break numerous trees to distance himself from us. He hid in bushes and brooded in corners before finally coming out into the open to thump his barrel chest. All of this made for spectacular viewing and before we knew it, our designated hour with the Gorillas was up and we had to start on our way back to civilisation.

I was not too happy to find out that the park soon after suffered an outbreak of Ebola virus that claimed 133 lives, but in retrospect the risk was worth the intimate photos I got of these extraordinary beasts. It was unfortunate that in order to get close enough I had to get Gorilla excrement, the main transmitter of Ebola, smeared on my shoes and trousers but like I said, it was well worth the risk!

The endangered Silverback Gorillas currently find themselves in a perilous situation. Not only is their habitat being destroyed at an unprecedented rate but they are also facing threats from poaching and hunting. Last year in the DRC, five members of a family were shot and killed for no apparent reason.

The importance of the Gorillas to the natural world and the economy of

Congo cannot be underestimated, but as Kennedy exclaimed “I don’t think our President even knows we have Gorillas in this country”. This sums up the situation here quite neatly, and sadly this is not the only challenge facing the DRC right now.

Goma, the town where I was based, was one buried under lava after several eruptions from the local Nyiragongo volcano. Consisting of a few dusty ash filled streets and some stunning lava landscape; there was not too much to do here. To find activity one had to look beyond its confines and although I had been told to the contrary in neighbouring Rwanda, the area surrounding it wasn’t totally stable.

Unexpectedly, General Nkunda and his rebels mentioned above had decided to launch an attack on government troops and the presidential guard in the local North Kivu region almost immediately after I returned from my Gorilla visit. This abrupt and unfortunate development was obviously a source of misery to the locals who wanted nothing to do with politics getting out of hand but was, dare I admit it, a new source of excitement for me.

Nkunda was a Tutsi who joined the DRC army under the government’s ‘mixed brigades’ programme that was initiated to absorb local Tutsi groups. However, recent government orders meant that these brigades were to be relocated to other parts of the country, something Nkunda and the soldiers under him didn’t agree with. They wanted to remain deployed in areas close to the Tutsi community they belonged to, in order to oversee the protection of

their community against Hutu rebels still active in east DRC following their forced removal from Rwanda post the 1994 genocide there.

As usual in conflicts of this nature, pretty soon this faction of the army became rebels and took up arms against the government. The problem is now far beyond the simple initial disagreement and according to recent reports, the fighting is still rising in intensity.

“playing badminton and having barbecues, it did not seem like the UN was actively participating”

Resolution is a far cry and this is a sad manifestation of the Rwandan conflict spilling over into DRC.

The UN was sent over to this war torn mix to try and aid things. Functioning under the name of MONUC, its job was to try to bring and maintain peace, and to move the DRC towards a credible election process. Considering that it was the UN’s largest and most expensive mission, hopes were high.

I didn’t know any of the above when I arrived. Feeling restricted by the conflict and bewildered amongst the sudden military activity, I went to MO-



The alphamale Silverback grazes on some leaves



The vast rainforest jungles of Congo

NUC headquarters in Goma to try and get some information for myself during this latest round of uncertainty.

Posing as a ‘foreign journalist’ (essentially true as I am now writing this in the Felix), I approached the MONUC headquarters in Goma, hoping that they will be able to tell me something of interest that I could take back to the settlement of Nkunda supporters amongst whom I was temporarily residing. Fate was on my side as the MONUC staff let me in to meet with the head of PR, who guided me through the history of the conflict but was tight lipped about recent developments. Judging by the inactivity of the UN troops who were spending time playing badminton and having barbecues, it did not seem like the UN was actively participating beyond providing equipment to the Congolese army.

I took my perceptions from this meeting back to where I lived but no one I talked to was surprised at the lack of UN involvement. Conversely they were quite excited that a ‘foreign journalist’ was living amongst them, much to my embarrassment. These were resilient Nkunda supporters who had unknown to me and as chance would have it seen it fit to organise a meeting between myself and General Nkunda in person!

This was undeniably quite an exciting opportunity and I felt quite the fool for getting myself more involved than necessary, but I didn’t want to turn it down. We were scheduled to meet in a nearby town called Masisi but intense fighting made that impossible. We therefore arranged a phone interview

but alas, even though he agreed to a phone call that night, he did not pick up as the rebels stepped up engagement with the Congolese army.

Kennedy advised me to leave as soon as possible after that night for my own safety and so I left early the next day by taking a boat across Lake Kivu. Sadly this meant that this once-in-a-lifetime scoop for the Felix had to be forsaken! Therefore, I left Congo feeling a bit worthless and slightly upset. From my brief visit, life appeared to be made difficult by many things beyond scarcity.

Estimates of child soldiers are rising as more of the young take up arms, with no reason for them to stop. The government and the rebels are ratcheting up the language on both sides. The most recent reports have also indicated that the very UN troops drafted in to aid peace are the ones working against it by smuggling gold and ivory in exchange for providing militias with ammunition and weapons.

If someone like me, who as a western tourist passing through, cannot see much hope in the near future then what must the people of Congo who have to face this situation day in day out feel?

I do not know the answer to that as I have never lived there, nor have I been brought up there, and people’s happiness is not necessarily linked to their levels of consumption and wastage. However, I do know that I fell in love with Congo and I do know that there is great scope for a lot of change and a lot of betterment. And in time no one can say how the situation may change. Here is sincerely hoping for the best.

Need a place to stay this summer?

Imperial College London offers accommodation over the summer if you are planning to stay a minimum of 4 weeks

A selection of single rooms are available starting from **£95.00 per week**

2 Halls of Residence are available for Imperial College Students for Summer 2008:

- **Wilson House:** 10 minutes from Paddington Station
- **Fisher Hall:** 15 minutes walk from the South Kensington Campus



To book, or for further information, please refer to our website at

<http://www.imperial.ac.uk/accommodation/currentstudents/summeraccommodation>



Hangman

Putting the cat out to dry



This Page 3 model is still at Imperial. You have a chance!

Felix Editor stabbed twenty-five times in smut-related attack

Wondering why this week's Felix is seemingly devoid of interesting material? Aghast that someone has let a couple of complete fuckwits loose on an entire page? There's a simple explanation, Tom Roberts is dead.

Details on this brutal and entirely pre-meditated attack have finally been released by the police. He was stabbed in his home a total of 25 times before slowly bleeding to death. 25 being the number of editions of Felix this year and therefore the number of missed opportunities for pornographic Page 3s.

His last words are reported to have been "gash-balls" but this reporter questions the accuracy of this revelation.

He had been dead several days before being discovered. When questioned, his friends said of their complacency over his disappearance "We thought he was on one of his marathon Pokemon sessions, last time we disturbed him during one of those, I lost an ear".

A neighbour finally raised the alarm when she realised that she had not heard his roof-raising cries of orgasmic ecstasy for several days. "It was



Shocking as it seems, his skeleton turned out to be plastic...

a daily thing. I could set my clock by it; every day at 23:15 I could hear Mr Roberts revelling in the excitement of what was either some very entertaining paper-mache session or a wild orgy with his harem of gorgeous but invariably under-age female partners".

As yet, the police have no suspects but a conspicuous Grand Theft Auto 3-style trail of bloody footprints from Mr Roberts' flat to Beit Quad may yet throw up some leads.

With no concrete leads, the motives of such an attack remain in the land of speculation. Mr Roberts had no known enemies, except perhaps personal hygiene.

However, IF it was me that had a grudge against Tom Roberts and IF it was me who forced him to watch the video for Wham's Club Tropicana 800 times before putting him out of his misery I know why I'd want him dead. Look to your left, those are some awesome Imperial breasts. By failing to provide the dribbling masses with fine booty in the form of Page 3 smut, Tom Roberts forfeited his life in the same way that I forfeited my dignity when I jacked off to an episode of Q.I... twice.

If you would like to pay your respects to the deceased Editor, we have propped up his body in the Felix office, you know... just for shits and giggles.

Presidents love themselves (and each other) very much



The Union President caught embracing his successor

The heat can do strange things to people: it can make them inappropriately cheery in the face of exams, even cause them to throw revision to the wind and choose a tan over a degree. In the case of these two lovely people, the beautiful sunshine has caused romance to blossom.

Jennifer Morgan has been spending a lot of time with Union President Stephen Brown of late, learning as much as she can from the incumbent before her term as President begins next year. But after weeks of sexual tension and lustful looks across the water-cooler it appears that advice isn't all Stephen's been giving Jen.

Not all are pleased about the amount of love in the air, with Deputy President (Finance and Services) Chris Larvin voicing concern about the amount of work Stephen will get done, now that he's installed a sex swing in his office.



Please donate to find a cure, he needs your help... desperately

Imperial Kids: Sartorially uncool; fact

Researchers have confirmed the existence of an extremely dangerous virus found at Imperial College's South Kensington Campus.

The origin of this virus is unknown to date but some advances have been made in our understanding of its mechanism. It somehow blocks transporters of dopamine (the chemical responsible for 'coolness') to the brain, therefore massively reducing the amount of this chemical reaching the synapses. In non-nerd, that means Imperial are dressing and styling themselves like tools. Shortly before death, the afflicted begin wearing shitty t-shirts and getting even worse haircuts, as seen on the left.

While an antidote is currently being worked on, there is no known cure at present. Government officials suggest that students alleviate their suffering by getting a) a life; b) a partner c) a mirror.



Needy McNeedy: blazing-up London since 1666

Lovin' it before the big M stole her only catchphrase. Email your problems to: agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk



If you have agony, you might want to get it checked out by the professionals. Needy McNeedy specialises in “beating some sense into those who need it”, with a diploma in those hugs that make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside (she’d refer to herself as “cuddly” in a personal ad and everyone knows that means fat). To check these qualifications, email her on agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

Dear Needy McNeedy,

I had my first exam the other day, and I was so stressed trying to remember everything I needed to know. It was such a relief to finally get in the exam hall and let it all out that I got a huge erection. In the exam! I’m pretty sure I wasn’t really turned on by the paper or anything, just I felt a rush of relief and then I got quite hard. It was so embarrassing and completely put me off the exam, I wasted a lot of time thinking of unsexy things (like maths) trying to relax. How can I stop this from happening again?

FreakedOut

Dear FreakedOut

Everyone has embarrassing fetishes: I once had a friend who made special journeys into college at night just to smell the Rector’s chair for a while. Once he even left him a packet of mints. But, seriously, exams? You need counselling. You could try popping into the toilets outside the Great Hall and knocking one out before the exam just to reduce the fervour of the excitement, or even do it in the exam if you can be quick and discrete, although please try not to get shpaff on your exam paper, because I’ve asked some lecturers and the general consensus is that it’s probably not a desirable bribe for good marks.

Needy xxx

Dear Needy McNeedy,

My flatmate has recently started a relationship with a girl in a flat nearby. All of us in the two flats get on really well with each other, but my problem is that they seem to like separating themselves off thinking that we don’t know what is going on. How do I get them to integrate back as I just want to tell them that we all know what is going on?

Anon.

Dear Anon.

This situation requires one of my all-time favourite things: a party! Throw a party in either flat, invite all your friends (I await my email invite eagerly, not that I won’t already have something better to do that evening.), make some jugs of extremely strong Pimms and wait... either until you “discover” them at it in the airing cupboard or you’re so intoxicated that you don’t care about asking them why they don’t just get it all out in the open if they’re going to make it so bloody obvious.

Needy xxx

Dear Needy McNeedy,

I get the worst hangovers ever. It’s now summer party season, and I seriously can’t cope with lying in bed all day after a single glass of dry white at every barbeque I attend. I like to go out a lot but I’ve got a project to do which means I need to be in college every day. It’s not like I even drink that much the night before! What’s your advice for curing the most awful hangovers?

PartyGirl

Dear PartyGirl,

Us party animals must stick together! Some people swear by drinking a bottle of champers in the bath before bed, although I’ve never tried it so this one comes without the Needy guarantee. I find chilled Lucozade Sport is a must (get the bottle that you can tip upside down without spilling so you can lie semi supine and still drink), but the absolute best cure for a hangover is slow sex: the endorphins with quell even the most potent headache. You need to find someone who will ignore your hangover musk and doesn’t mind getting a bit fresh the morning after.

Needy xxx

[Dear Reader, I would like to point out that the second problem in last week’s column was a hoax, probably planted by the maniac from the horoscopes section. If you have any real finance related questions, sod off to an investment bank seminar. Needy xxx]

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



Aquarius

This week you realise you can’t be mates with the guy across the hall anymore. He has a fucking motorbike,

leathers and a flat-top haircut. Anytime I come within a hundred miles of him, I look like a douche-fag by comparison. Yeh I watch Powerthirst, GODBERRY! KING OF THE JUICE. So we’re buds now? Wanna go on holiday? You’ve got one booked already? Cunt.



Pisces

Mountain Dew, the most awesome drink in the world. Second only to the triple-distilled urine of your lecturer.

This week he notices you collecting his piss in a bottle and slashes your grades. After unsuccessfully pleading with him you decide the only way to redeem yourself is through an elaborate web of deceit and lies which lead inevitably to the consumption of faeces.



Aries

This week it’s your birthday but being a sad, lonely fucker it passes uneventfully. Instead you dream of gashing some ho

in the face when you realise “hey I’m being really mysognistic and I’m actually ashamed”. When you confide this to a female passer-by, for a moment you connect with another soul, but then you just gash her in the face anyway.



Taurus

Against all advice and rational judgement, you travel to Austria. You eye up all Austrian men as possible abductors

and find your heart problem exacerbated as you fail to find a calm moment. Against all odds you make it home without been imprisoned, raped or hacked to death by an axe, but then your room-mate pushes you down a flight of stairs.



Gemini

Hours later you awake dazed with a melon-sized lump on your face, where your nose used to be. You stagger back

to your room to phone an ambulance, worried that no-one found you or that they didn’t bother to help. You pick up your mobile and notice there’s no signal. In addition to all these problems you look out the window and notice that the apocalypse has come.



Cancer

The building is empty, apparently everyone has gone to heaven except YOU. Oh and that guy in the corridor.

Oh no it’s your paedophilic Uncle and he’s touching himself, sigh. You’re stuck for eternity with a guy who eyed you up as a child with nothing to do but masturbate. To pass the time you set upon him with a cheese grater.



Leo

This week you find out that being pushed down a flight of stairs isn’t actually that bad. You find yourself

flying across fields of gold like that time you took crystal meth in lectures. But what’s that? A blinding light – you hear faraway voices telling you to come back. You flee the light, return to life but find yourself completely impotent as a result of your injuries, HA!



Virgo

Post-apocalyptic impotence isn’t nearly as fun as you thought it would be. It’s as bad as that night you spent

listening to the guy next door fucking his labrador. You almost call the NSPCC but then realised that it’s for kids. Come to think of it your neighbours name is Fritzy and ‘orphans’ keep being left at his door. You take the law into your own hands and violently rape him.



Libra

You finish with his elderly bodice and run to the basement and find, not an imprisoned family but an alternate

universe where everybody literally looks like muppets. One of next year’s Sabbs looks like a shrimp. There I said it, so what! You know it, I know it, even he knows it. The question is, what are we going to do about it?



Scorpio

You find that life as a fat, impotent guy is slightly boring. The only erection in your life is that of your horny cat,

who seems to get more hot ass than you. You begin to wonder how many bestiality-obsessed girls are at Imperial and you have the best idea. Cover yourself in fur, take some viagra and jump out from the bushes at some girls. Remember it’s not rape if you yell ‘surprise!’



Sagittarius

Oh yeh btw the police and legal system take a dim view of rape. Oh I didn’t mention, soz dude. After 15 years

in prison you come out with a fresh outlook on life, and a new motto too. ‘Dead girls can’t say no’. 14 deaths later and you’ve made quite a name for yourself. Teachers at school who said you would never make it must be sorry now. Well you’ve got them locked in your basement.

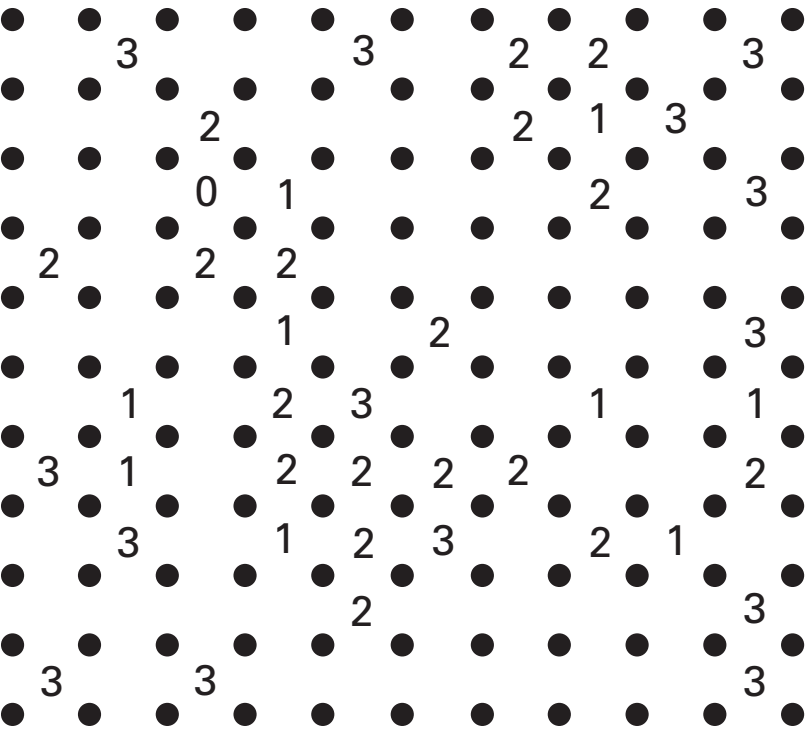


Capricorn

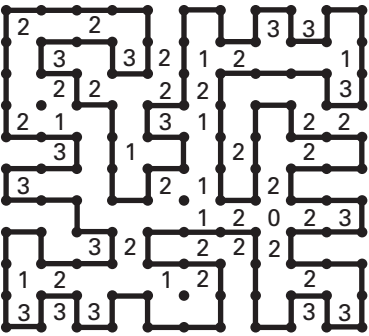
This week, OMGZ THERES NO POLITICS SECTION THIS WEEK, gash-balls. You hardly even notice because

your interest in the outer world goes only as far as “yeh man the slopes in the alps are bear safe.” Speak like a normal person you posh fucking twat. You might feel smug because you voted Boris but deep inside I know you have no soul

Slitherlink 1,403



1,402 solution



The winner of Slitherlink 1,402 was **Hringur Gretarsson** yet again! Awesome cheesecake with blackcurrent puree and a cinnamon biscuit base. We'll give a prize out in the summer. The more entries, the better your chances.

How to play:

Crudely speaking, Slitherlink is similar to Minesweeper mixed with a dash of Sudoku. The object of the game is to draw

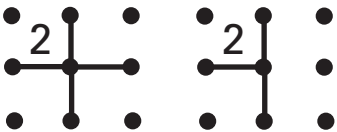
lines between the dots to create one long, and most importantly, looping line. It should have no start or finish; just like an elastic band.

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.

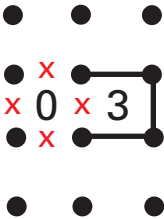
Remember, the line must form a loop, so the line cannot branch. The following situations are not allowed:



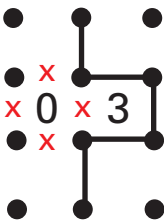
Squares are not allowed either. There are never cells containing the number 4 in Slitherlink.

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:

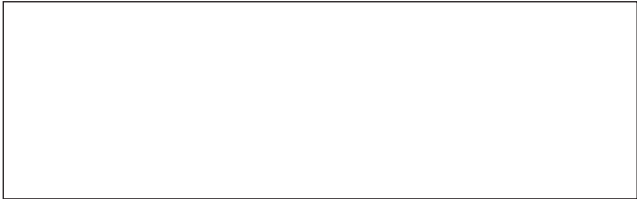


Now the lines can only continue in the following directions:



Wordoku 1,403

					O	G		
Z	M				I	O	T	
				M		Z	C	
M					Y			
G	Y	A				T	I	O
			A					G
	A	Z		Y				
	O	Y	I				G	Z
		M	C					



1,402 Solution

R	T	A	C	E	I	S	R	F
I	E	R	A	S	F	C	O	T
S	C	F	O	R	T	E	A	I
T	R	S	I	A	E	F	C	O
F	A	C	T	O	R	I	S	E
E	I	O	F	C	S	A	T	R
R	F	E	S	T	A	O	I	C
A	O	T	E	I	C	R	F	S
C	S	I	R	F	O	T	E	A

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

The winner of Wordoku 1,402 was **Fu-Howe Lee**. Congratulations! The hidden word was: FACTORISE. Keep those entries coming in.



07980 148 785

TEXT US! OR
WE WON'T
FEED THE CAT!

This week's texts:

"Private accom!!!"

"Maybe the dimethyltryptamine molecules are fuckin' psychokinetic... Move to my demand and induce a state-a-mind hallucinogenic... Diffusin outta the grass in lil gangs of eight and nine... Flowin' thru my nasal cavity, they raidin' my mind... Nah, prob'ly just the same shit, in your cranium you'll find..."

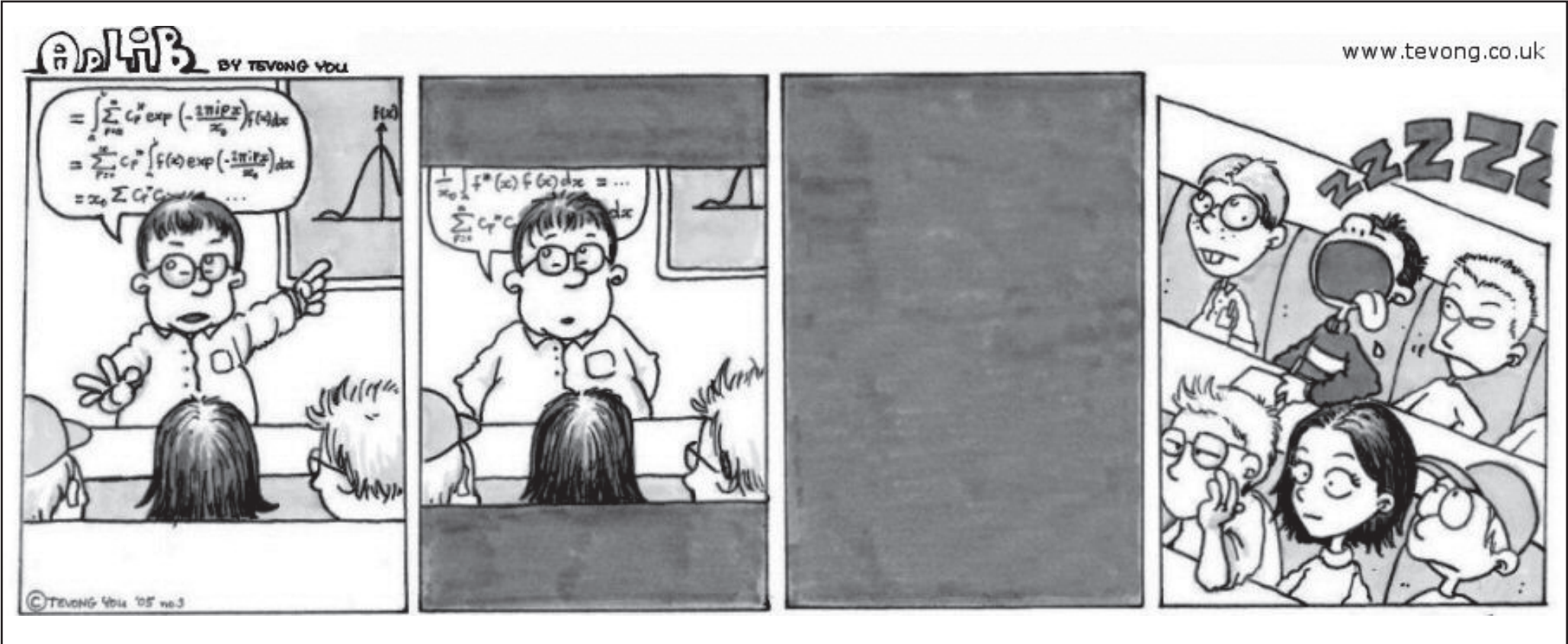
"...AMAZING FACTS..."

Fact 1: u cannot touch your lower lip with your tongue..."

"bruv I rolled the ronak of all zuts 4 monday. proper chunky one. lol!"

Adlib by Tevong You

www.tevong.co.uk



ICBC squads intensify training in France

Continued from back page

Day 2 – Let the pain begin

The change for daylight savings combined with the time zone difference resulted in a befuddled bunch of rowers at 7 am on Sunday morning. Not quite awake yet, we desperately tried to comprehend the freezing air and pitch black conditions while freshly applied sunscreen melted and dripped from our faces in the drizzling rain. Much to our disappointment, similar conditions were expected for most of the week.

The training schedule involved three sessions a day, two in the morning and one in the afternoon. Some brave troopers knuckled down to revision between outings while the rest of us engaged in some activities such as biking, kayaking, blister repair and extreme power sleeping. Crews and boats were varied throughout the week introducing club members to a wide range of rowing and sculling techniques.

Some of the afternoon sessions were land-based, making use of the weight training facility, gym, pool and sauna. The centre itself was very impressive with ensuite accommodation, catered meals and a complimentary laundry service.

After-dinner entertainment usually involved scrutinising video of the day's rowing to improve our technique. Despite Steve's informative narration and critique of the video, most minds were focused on whose muscles looked bigger and how better to expose their own sculpted features for the next outing. With great intentions for the nights activities, physical exhaustion won out with few remaining conscious for movie watching or a few drinks at the local.

Day 3 – Beach Bum

On Monday night Exeter University Boat Club, also training at the centre, had a club-only celebration at the bar. ICBC members were only too willing to show some support on the night. Although rain was prevalent for the initial days of camp the evenings were mild. Pleasant temperatures permitted Ben Newland to take his stool out of the bar and down to the beach before closing time. Despite this premature evacuation, Ben still managed to leave his mark on the night which offered a welcome release from the intense training.

Day 4 – Thirsty Work

After two tough water sessions on Tuesday morning, including several 2 km time trials, the afternoon was set aside for a club activity. ICBC's token



Carlos Schuster getting creamed by Will McFarland

American girl Anna Jones was bidding farewell to her teenage years and we celebrated with a club trip to the local vineyard. Our French translators Charles Sanders and Junior World Mime Champion Ludo Garreau were at hand to tell us when it was and wasn't appropriate to start drinking. After a brief sniffing competition, a pleasant stroll around the manufacturing area and some mandatory oohing and ahing at the undulating topography of wine barrels, our patience was rewarded.

The age-old wine tasting process of See, Swirl, Sniff, Sip, Savour was replaced by ICBC's preferred 'down the hatch' approach. First came the 'catch' where eager outstretched hands competed to claim the freshly poured glasses. This was immediately followed by the 'drive' as wine was hurtled down the esophagus. Next was the 'extraction' as upended glasses were removed from the throat before winding down at the 'finish' by clinking empty vessels onto the counter for refilling. The 'recovery' would come much later and be a more unpleasant affair with much body-swing and rock-over reported overnight.

Having thoroughly assessed the character and complexity of every bottle on offer, some period of time passed and we staggered back to the bus. Already weakened knees were barely able to carry the crates of wine onboard. Much of the wine was purchased as gifts for home with this status being reviewed as the week went on.

Days 5 & 6 – Dropping like flies

As the days passed, the crew lists shortened and the injured/ill list lengthened. Emma Murray was confined to

quarantine early on, seeking comfort in bowls of Lipton tea while Mackenzie Clavin reported hallucinating during the time trial. Kate Wylie was struck by tendonitis of the wrist while Carlos Schuster was struck with 'a pain in the back of my knee'. Blisters were discussed and compared for location, size and density. Carrots could be peeled with our bare hands as they hardened into callouses. An infected foot blister forced Andy Forrester off the water and into the emergency room where he was prescribed antibiotics for the rest of the week. Reams of used microporous and electrical tape, empty tubes of antiseptic cream and bottles of Dettol piled high. And that was just my room, after the first day.

Day 7 – Initiation Carnage

Friday was the last full day of rowing camp and the sun had finally made an appearance. Some Deeps-style 'strip-page' ensued and some questionable footage of her 'technique' was filmed in the morning sessions. With the afternoon off, revising, sunbathing and snoozing were the day's main activities. Erica Thompson and myself returned to the water confident enough in our water skills to jump in a pair of kayaks with our double-bladed paddles. We eventually made it down to the dam despite the kayakers' best efforts to randomly spin us anti-clockwise; which we later attributed to our bow-side-edness and nothing to do with our kayaking skills.

Upon our return and sore from an afternoon of hilarity it transpired that the senior men's squad had been very busy plotting the novice initiation. 'Preparation' is one of Steve's top-five training buzz words, and so the wine

tasting excursion was a fitting warm up to what lay ahead.

The novi were split into teams of four and pitted against each other. I formed a quarter of the highly competitive women's team. On the clock and at a searing pace we gulped and chomped our way through station one, consuming a baguette, an onion, a clove of garlic and a bottle of wine. Striding into the lead we hit station two performing a four-man square press-up. Craving something sweet to finish off our meal at station one, gentleman Will McFarland took excessive pleasure in branding the letters ICBC in cream on our bodies and instructing us to lick it off each other.

De-creamed and decorum-free we dashed to the riverside and into a sculling boat for round three. One member had to scull and the other coxed while downing a glass of wine. Out around the yellow buoy where cox and sculler switched seats and sculled back to swap with the other team members. We finished the water race in record time while the boys were still trying to figure out what the second oar was for. With victory in sight the final stages involved lashing our blistered hands in alcohol and high fiving Rob Manton before washing down yet another bottle of wine and contorting our bodies to spell the letters ICBC. Dripping with wine, faces sticky from cream-licking and emitting a strange garlic/onion odour, we took first place earning some well deserved beer and gum.

The concoction of sunlight, wine, onion, garlic and beer successfully blurred the lines of reality and caution was thrown to the wind. Also thrown to the wind (or rather into the freezing river) were coxes, coaches and rowers alike. The slightest movement or misplaced eye contact initiated a Lord of the Flies type pursuit. Coaches Nigel Atkinss and Ross Smitheson meekly retreated to the trailers, Nigel impressively entangling himself around the trailer's beams before giving in to the wine-soaked mob. Deeps thrashed herself about like a fish out of water while Selina repeatedly demonstrated her leg-press capabilities to the bitter end; but neither could escape the drenching.

With calm temporarily restored and initiation residue showered off, it was time for the last supper before departure the next day. The novice boys were each presented with a delightful handbag to accentuate the feminine qualities they had been displaying all week. Mogens Mathiesen and John Dick looked particularly fetching on the night. Goggles and swimming hats were awarded to pair-swimmers

Mackenzie & Anna and Andy & Mike. Shower caps were distributed to John 'The Handbrake' Davey and Dan 'The Bicep' Everall for some undisclosed nocturnal shenanigans. I humbly accepted the inaugural Duffy Award of a box of nails for continuing to row, despite having involuntarily donated half my hand to the aquatic vertebrates of the river. A proud moment for Duffys across Ireland.

Donning shower caps, goggles and handbags, ICBC celebrated a successful week with a trip to the Castle bar across the road for a 'quiet' drink, or two, or maybe a few more.

Day 8 – Shaped up and shipping out

The final day had arrived and our last outing was scheduled for 8:00 am. After sweating out a few time trials down the river we paddled back, and began derigging and loading the boats onto the trailers. Breakfast was an emotional time having formed strong bonds with Coco Pops, Miel pops, the occasional Choco Flake, hot chocolate and of course, the endless supply of baguettes. Coaches and boats departed early for the long drive home while the rest of had the day to unwind.

ICBC members sprawled their weary bodies across the grass where flesh was revealed, sun cream was applied and Kieron broke out the champagne in style.

In the late afternoon four of the larger paddle boats were strung together in a makeshift raft and we floated down the river with our mini picnic of biscuits, beer and wine. The entertainment was provided by seat-racers whom we didn't distract at all.

Like all good things, camp had come to an end. The coach arrived and after a scenic route to the airport it was just fifteen minutes before check-in closed when we arrived.

Rumours of cheese being confiscated at security had ICBC members frantically unwrapping and chomping down on their baguettes supplied earlier by the camp caterers. Exhausted, aching and blistered we arrived at Gatwick Airport late on Saturday night and went our separate ways to recuperate... before training on Monday.

Great people make great memories and with images of Richard Winchester experimenting with facial hair and a sighting of Ross in lycra, this was a week that will require a lot of psychiatric hours to forget. All of the crews moved on significantly over the week, as demonstrated by ICBC's domination of the BUSA Sprints on April 20th. We look forward to a highly successful summer season of racing!



Iain Palmer is launched into the river



Novice women at wine tasting

Imperial's Kendo Club in combat galore

Tim Simpson

It's been a busy couple of weeks for the honourable members of the Kendo Club. Just before the Easter Break the team marched off to Cambridge to take part in the annual UK University Competition. Imperial was off to try to best our showing of a year previously where we claimed joint third with some lesser university (methinks it was Oxford...). The team consisted of a mix of dan grades, Takayuki Myoshi (Taisho), Theo Rutter (2nd in command and winner of ACC Full Colours), Gareth Morris (proud holder of a large beard) and two ikkyus (Christos Argyrakis and Tim Simpson).

The team competition began in earnest after a stern lecture from a visiting Japanese 7th Dan who laid down the rules and tried to get some semblance of discipline on the bunch of unruly students. First up our team came up against one from Oxford- who we happily managed to beat. Theo Rutter and

Capt. Myoshi showed how best to cut wrists and heads, and the other members of our team fighting their opponents to draws. Our next foes were the UCL team- who had a formidable mix of grades and experience. Unfortunately this team proved too much for our number to contain and we lost by two matches. Due to the vagaries of on-the-spot re-organisation, where once we would have gone on for further fights, the pool system was dropped meaning that Imperial was out of the competition, which UCL went on to win.

Luckily all was not lost, as after lunch the individual matches took place. Revenge was had as both Tim Simpson and Christos Argyrakis progressed to the quarter finals of the kyu grade competition (beating UCL opponents previously seen in the team matches). But the best was yet to come. Takayuki Myoshi and Theo Rutter progressed all the way to the later stages of the dan grade competition. In the semi, Theo just pipped Takayuki to the victory

with a good cut to the men. Takayuki was out, but with a well deserved third medal. Finally, in a show stopper Theo Rutter (2nd Dan) managed to overcome Nagumo (4th Dan) of Oxford in a final that went into encho (overtime "first cut wins"). Therefore Mr. Rutter lays claim to being the best Dan-grade University student in the country. Not surprising really as he is on the British National team and was competing at the European Championship ...

In our next outing the team took part in the first London Cup (organised by the University of the Arts, London). A fantastically charged event with over 170 competitors from across Europe, including national teams from Italy, Portugal, and Sweden this competition was spread over two days. Unfortunately, injury and unforeseen events meant two of our number couldn't attend as planned. Nevertheless, undaunted, and with a member of the Madrid kendo club standing in (name of Yolanda Rubio) our team (featuring Chris Tang, Tim Simpson, Eugene Baxter, and Pichit Hongsanagon) did battle against that very same Madrid kendo club. Unfortunately fate did not shine on us that day, and although we put up a good fight gaining two draws and with one of the newbies (Eugene) to the shiai court scoring an excellent kote against his opponent, our more able adversaries won the day. A pity but still a good learning experience. The team competition was won by the Italian National Team, who throughout the competition had been getting perfect scores.

The individuals the next day proved slightly more fruitful. Tim Simpson managed to scare his opponent from the ring twice, winning a point that meant he moved to the next round. Unhappily, he then encountered a dan grade of UCL (Stephane Helstroffer) who managed to overcome his blocking and end his winning streak with a cut to the wrist and head. This chap then went on to win joint third place overall, whilst first place went to H. Miyatake of Wakaba club, London.

So all in all a mixed bag of goodies. Some won, some lost with a little bit of glory for the club garnered on the way.

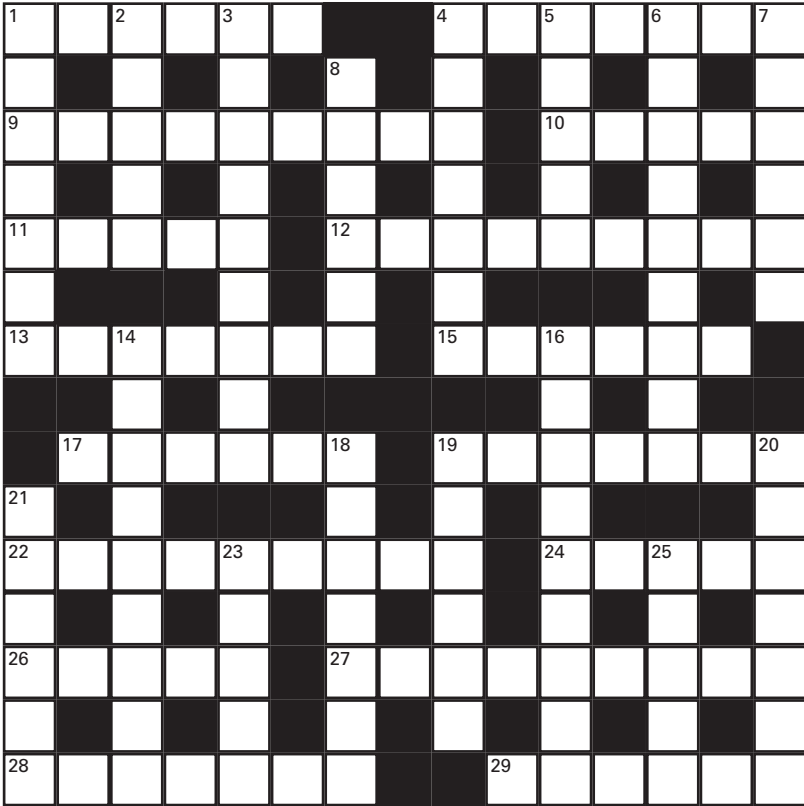


Pichet versus Jordan

The Kendo team looking pretty mean

Crossword No. 1,403

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



- ACROSS**
- 1 Small Spanish cape makes a run for it (6)
 - 4 Shouldn't touch the tip of strong dynamite (7)
 - 9 HIGHER TRIAL (9)
 - 10 Eskimo is in it around you (5)
 - 11 To shame a party (5)
 - 12 Information I'm familiar with on the ridge (9)
 - 13 Former wife's original colour has died out (7)
 - 15 Serious cut on Edward's head (6)
 - 17 Allows both Avram and Ulysses (6)
 - 19 In addition to that, Sidney was covered in bees (7)
 - 22 Killed American mothers are holy (9)
 - 24 Twist a rope as a Wagnerian artform (5)
 - 26 All around a fight (5)
 - 27 Real vampires sear without being primitive (9)
 - 28 Bolshevik force translates 'Ready, Mr?' (3,4)
 - 29 Sound ring of baby swan (6)

- DOWN**
- 1 Imitate being dead; after a flightless bird (7)
 - 2 Frank movie director (5)
 - 3 One part hen, one part reveals Greek monument (9)
 - 4 One rousing start can be burdensome (7)
 - 5 Barbecue question (5)
 - 6 ed (9)th
 - 7 Noble idiot took charge (6)
 - 8 Steal alien coat (6)
 - 14 Soundly beat an aged entrance (9)
 - 16 Dream of Aryan origins makes one a prophet (9)
 - 18 Crap spy rounded up, but still has fighting spirit (7)
 - 19 Bird can move around me (6)
 - 20 Red wound for hire (7)
 - 21 Weaken pixie gas (6)
 - 23 Change what sounds like a religious table (5)
 - 25 Heartless football team of Elrond's kin (5)



Congratulations to this week's winners, **The Burnt Face Men**. Tell me: are the crosswords getting better, or am I just deluding myself?

Enoch

Solution to Crossword 1,402

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



Sun's out, guns out



Christina Duffy

Day 1 – Arrival

Shiny new bikinis were purchased and legs were waxed in anticipation of ICBC's week-long training camp in Toulouse – but Nigel Atkins and Kieron Turkington weren't the only ones excitedly preparing for camp. Lycra and electrical tape shortages were reported across London due to the mass exodus of all ICBC squads.

After a short flight from Gatwick airport on Saturday morning we were whisked from Toulouse airport to the

outdoor games sports centre at Le Temple sur Lot, two hours northwest of Toulouse. As the standard of conversation rapidly deteriorated mile by mile, it wasn't soon enough that we reached the centre. Coaches Steve 'Want to see my gold medal?' Trapmore and James Blackley had arrived the previous day to make our beds and put mints on the pillows after driving from London with the boats. Rooms were assigned and boats were rigged in time for a quick water session.

Continued on page 26

Imperial men's rugby win Middlesex Sevens

Chris Lau

A hot sunny day on the 3rd May saw Imperial College's 7's team arrive at Richmond for the 3rd annual Middlesex 7's Student Competition. With perfect conditions for 7's & a runners up spot here last year, a youthful Imperial team were in high hopes. We were drawn in a group comprising Kingston, LSE & Southbank, knowing that if we came top we would once again be in the final.

The 1st game against Kingston started shakily due to our lack of 7's practice, with Kingston putting early pressure on us. However this didn't last long & we started to dominate with tries from Joe Brown (3), James Fletcher (2), Chris Lau & Remi Williams. Kingston managed to get back a try to give a comfortable score line of 45-7 to Imperial College.

The 2nd game was against LSE. The game started off badly with LSE scoring straight from the kick-off. Tom Coggrave pulled one back but LSE scored again from a disappointing try bringing the half-time score, 2 tries to 1 in favour of LSE. After the half-time talk & a few changes we immediately scored another try through Joe Brown but LSE once again scored another disappointing try from the resulting kick-off. We finally pulled ourselves together after that try with Captain James

Fletcher scoring a hat-trick, without reply from LSE, bringing a close fought game to an end with the final score of 29-17 to Imperial. A no show from Southbank meant that we had topped the group and were through top the final vs. GKT (Kings' Medic Scum).

The final was played on the same pitch as the Varsity game, and with many of the team having lost to Medic Scum on this pitch before, it was not something we wanted to happen again. With Imperial fired up for this chance of silverware, we started off brilliantly with Joe Brown scoring twice immediately after kick-off. We dominated the game being ruthless in attack & tight in defence with Joe Brown scoring another 2 tries, Freddie Chalke scoring 2 & James Fletcher scoring 1. GKT managed to get 2 consolation tries meaning a resounding final score of 47-12 and Imperial College crowned as champions of the Middlesex 7's Student Men's Competition for the 1st time.

Led by the Skipper the team strode up to receive the Cup, a plaque & a bottle of wine. Special mention goes to Freddie Chalke's mum for providing a delicious hamper of food for the team for which she received the bottle of wine from a grateful team. With this renowned title under our belt and the strength throughout the club, Imperial College can look forward to more silverware in the future.



Captain James Fletcher with the squad collecting their trophy