

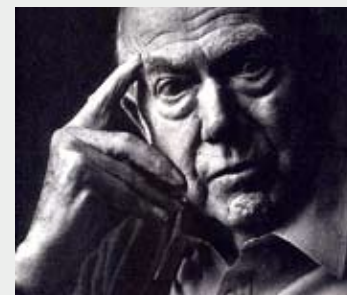


Palestinian student trapped

Felix reports on the Imperial student who is unable to attend this year. See page 4

Inside

Arts is back, and in style



Pages 16 - 22

Science interviews Sir Pendry FRS



Page 10 - 11

Games on a budget



Page 26 - 27

Tours, tours and more tours



Back Page



News

News Editor – Kadhim Shubber

news.felix@imperial.ac.uk

NUS call for nationwide ban on initiations

Jovan Nedić
Editor in chief

Late last week, the BBC revealed a video showing first year undergraduate students at the University of Gloucestershire taking part in an initiation ceremony, which lead to the National Union of Students (NUS) calling for a nationwide ban of initiations.

In the video, the students are seen lined up against a wall with plastic bag over their heads, whilst a male in a Nazi style uniform shouts at them and encourages them to drink, leading to vomiting. A university spokesman said a formal inquiry was being launched into alleged “bullying and intimidation” during initiation ceremonies.

Student initiations have been in the media spotlight in the past. In 2003, 18-year-old Alex Doji died in an initiation ceremony at Staffordshire University after choking on his own vomit. Another student, 18-year-old Gavin Britton died after attending a golf initiation ceremony at Exeter University in 2006. Following these unfortunate incidents, as well as the recent BBC report, NUS President Wes Streeting told the BBC that: “We are totally opposed to student initiations. They put students at serious risk and exclude students who don’t want to take part in that binge-drinking culture.”

Imperial College Union [ICU] have had initiations banned for several years. In the 2007 Clubs and Societies Policy, point 63 states that; ‘Initiation ceremonies, or other compulsory (or effectively compulsory) degrading rituals, which affects the physical or mental well-being of members, are not permitted. Such behaviour may result in severe disciplinary action being taken against the club or society, its committee and any others involved, and may result in the dissolution of the club or society.’

In light of recent events, Imperial College London have also informed their staff at Harlington and Teddington Sports grounds to keep an eye out

PICTURE: BBC NEWS



Students at the university of Gloucestershire taking part in the initiations

for any initiations taking part. Neil Mosley, Head of Sport Imperial, re-affirmed this publicly in my presentation at the sports captains event.

In order for a club to receive union funding, they have to ensure that any person may join that club, regardless of ability. By having initiation ceremonies, clubs were being selective and would therefore not be entitled to Union funding. ICU President Jenny Morgan commented that “Our members are encouraged to enjoy themselves and celebrate club achievements at the Union, however, they are also encouraged to behave and drink responsibly whilst doing so. Any profit made by the bars is ploughed back into the services provided to our members, for example through club funding. The best interests of our members are our main concern and so the Union does not serve alcohol to anyone who is drunk and therefore incapable of rational thought or action because the safety of our members is absolutely paramount.

We are a charity, and so while our commercial outlets are there to raise funds, doing so is in no way worthwhile if our students are at the slightest risk of danger.”

At universities nationwide, initiations are mainly associated with sports teams, with many viewing them as a social bonding tool, whilst others view it as a form of bullying. Claims have also been made in the past that initiations have actually deterred students from taking part in sports teams, which was one of the main reasons for ICU to ban them in the first place.

Back in 2006 [Issue 1346], *felix* reported on initiations after the death of a student at Hull who fell down some stairs after consuming excessive amounts of alcohol.

Although fears have been raised in the past over this matter, the main arguments for and against remain. Realistically, can there ever be an effective ban, or will the ban simply cause them to go underground.

New library opens, officially

Daniel Wan
News Correspondent

Despite being open and readily available to students for weeks now, the ‘new’ Central Library was officially opened last Thursday afternoon. After a noisy two years and £11 million of renovation, the Library sees an entirely refurbished ground floor, whilst the remaining floors have been freshened up with a little more than a paint job.

The provision of a further 150 communal desk spaces, 90 new computers and a 30 seat capacity training room goes some of the way in making up for the years of cramped and sweaty misery students have had to endure in past years.

Amongst the stock of numerous corporate soundbites, official College releases push the idea of a ‘modern twenty first century’ library that will become the ‘cultural hub’ of College life. Around 50 decorative canvases, seemingly blank or unfinished, have been donated by Sussex-based artist Bob Brighton.

College further boasts of ‘walnut

joinery’, a ‘glass stairway’ and a ‘semi-transparent think-tank area.’ So, wooden floor skirting, a perspex banister and further segregation.

felix went along to cover the official opening ceremony on the 2nd of October, but were told to “stay out the way” of official photography. *felix* were further encouraged to use official photography in our coverage of the Library opening, as to avoid our seemingly dirtying presence at the ceremony. Imperial’s student television station *stoic tv* were also turned away, have been informed that filming of the event would be ‘inappropriate’. *felix* wonders how explicit a library opening can be to be deemed inappropriate for filming. Student media was sparse with only Live! attending.

College delightfully promise that renovation will continue in aim to improve the upper floors. This includes the much reported temperature problem *felix* covered during the last academic year. For now though, students can still be seen to be cooking their full English breakfasts on fourth floor desks.



Awe-inspiring; blindingly clashing canvases in favour of books

felix 1,410
Friday 10/10/08



Felix, Beit Quad, Prince Consort Road, London SW7 2BB. Tel: 020 7594 8072. Fax: 020 7594 8065.
Printed by The Harmsworth Printing Ltd, 17 Brest Road, Derriford, Plymouth. Registered newspaper ISSN 1040-0711. Copyright © Felix 2008.

Felix was brought to you by:

Editor in Chief
Jovan Nedić

Deputy Editor
Kadhim Shubber

Associate Editor
Gilead Amit

Copy Editors
Louise Etheridge
Tom Culley
Anthony Maina
Jesse Garman
Dina Ismail
Jonathan Lloyd-Williams
Dasha Nakariakova

Layout Editors
Jemil Salami
Alice Rowlands

Politics Editors
James Goldsack
Katya-yani Vyas

Arts Editors
Caz Knight
David Paw
Emily Wilson

Food Editors
Rosie Grayburn
Afonso Campos

Film Editor
Zuzanna Blaszcak

Science Editors
Mičo Tatalović
Daniel Burrows

Coffee Break Editor
Ravi Pall

Fashion Editor
Dan Wan

Music Editors
Peter Sinclair
Susan Yu

Sports Editors
Jack Cornish
Mustapher Botchway

Games Editors
Azfarul Islam
Sebastian Nordgren
Tom Roberts

Sorry about the mess in the office guys, will clean up before next week.

Jov

STREET LOLOLO



OFTEN WEEK



Look at the world through
someone else's eyes.

We'll take you there, and beyond.

We are going to previously inaccessible places to find the energy that the world depends on today and in the future. The Atlantis platform in the Gulf of Mexico is the deepest moored floating oil and gas production facility in the world. This 58,700 metric ton semi-submersible platform has over 18 wells and a mobile drilling unit that enables us to get to previously unreachable energy reservoirs. Where will we go next? You tell us. Look beyond the limits.

See life through the eyes of our employees at our Careers Presentation, Blackett Laboratory, Prince Consort Road, Imperial College, London, 13th October 2008. Starts 18.30.

To register for the event, please visit the Careers Service website at www.imperial.ac.uk/careers

To find out more and to register for updates visit the BP WAP site by texting BP4 to 80199.



beyond petroleum®

www.bp.com/ukgraduates

You will be charged at your normal network rate for the cost of one standard text message and for data services when browsing our site.

Palestinian student prevented from attending Imperial

Kadhim Shubber reports on the complicated case of Zohair Abu-Shaban, a promising Electrical Engineering student who lives in Gaza

For Zohair Abu Shaban, the journey to achieve his dreams has been more difficult than most of us will experience in our lifetimes. Now, not for the first time, a seemingly intractable obstacle has been placed in his way, threatening to throw him off track permanently.

Zohair is a Palestinian; born and raised in Gaza City. He is 24 years old and his dream is to study electrical engineering to a level that befits his intellect. The Gaza Strip's top university, University of Gaza, only offers electric engineering at undergraduate level; a course that he aced as top of his class. His promise as an engineer is already apparent, he has won awards for his innovative project, which allows heart patients to be monitored at home through an Internet link.

The Gaza Strip is not the best location for a student with limitless education aspirations and accordingly Zohair has sought education abroad. He successfully applied to study at Imperial College London, starting like other new students on the 4th of October. He was granted a British visa without complications and also won a full scholarship from the Hani Qaddumi foundation, a secular Palestinian charity that supports promising students, to fund his time at Imperial College; the fees alone would be well out of the reach of ordinary Palestinians.

Unfortunately Zohair is unable to take up his place at Imperial. He has been unable to leave Gaza. There are only two crossings through which Palestinians could, theoretically, leave the Gaza strip. The Erez crossing, in the north of Gaza on the border with Israel and the Rafah crossing, in the south on



Palestinian student Zohair Abu-Shaban has to fill his place at Imperial within two weeks of terms start or he risks losing it.

the border with Egypt, are both under Israeli control. Zohair has been denied entry into Israel through the Erez crossing and so is unable to journey to London by this route.

The Rafah crossing is only open sporadically and for short periods of time; a direct result of the chaotic scenes this January when Hamas tore down sections of the border fence separat-

ing Gaza and Egypt. 3 weeks ago, the Rafah crossing was indeed open for a brief time and Zohair rushed to the crossing. After 26 hours waiting on a bus, he wasn't lucky enough to be one of the 60 students, out of around 400, who made it through that day. The crossing is now closed again.

Depressingly this is not the first time that Zohair has had his ambi-

tions crushed. He applied to Imperial after losing his U.S. visa for study at the University of Connecticut; he had gained a Fulbright scholarship. In May, Zohair was first told that his Fulbright scholarship had been cancelled. In an unexpected move, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice intervened and Zohair was again hopeful that his dreams would be fulfilled.

He was granted a series of visa interviews at the Israeli border and was then granted a U.S. visa. However, ultimately his visa was then revoked on the basis of Israeli evidence, which has not been made public. Presumably the evidence, if made public, would endanger Israeli sources.

Zohair's sad story is not at all unique. The 1.5 million residents of the Gaza Strip have been confined within the Strip since Hamas came to power in June 2007. Mr Yigal Palmor, the spokesman for the Israeli Foreign Ministry, although unaware of Zohair's situation specifically, told *felix* that the "basic problem is not this or that person" but rather the political situation within Gaza. Hamas have become the *de facto* rulers of Gaza and as a result "restrictions on the population as a whole" have been imposed. Preventing travel abroad, for the most part, is one of these restrictions. At the core of the issue is the fact that, as he said, "Gaza has become a hostile entity, ruled by a group that have essentially declared war".

There has been significant opposition to the effect of Israel's policy on Palestinian students. U.S. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice said in May, "If you cannot engage young people and give them a complete horizon to their expectations and to their dreams, then I don't know that there would be

any future for Palestine". The chair of the Knesset Education Committee, Michael Melchior said "We are a nation that for years was prevented from studying – how can we do the same thing to another people?" and also that "trapping hundreds of students in Gaza is immoral and unwise" while in the past Israeli cabinet ministers have called for an end to the policy of preventing Palestinian students who study in Israeli universities from entering Israel.

The College, through the International Office, has taken action to help Zohair however possible but the Office refused to go into details other than that the Director, Dr. Piers Baker, has been working hard with his contacts in the region. The British Foreign Office did not comment on Zohair's case specifically but said they had "raised the issue of Palestinian students with the Israeli government" on a number of occasions in the past and that they "would continue to do so" in the future.

Time is short for Zohair, students must take up their place at the university within two weeks of term's start; which was the 4th of October. Given that he has been accepted for a one year Masters course, it is unlikely that registry will allow him to attend after the two week limit.

While Zohair waits, it is no comfort for him to know that he is not alone. There are an estimated 600 students who have been accepted into foreign universities in Gaza, this doesn't take into account promising students who have been deterred from even applying.

This is an issue that should be debated at our university and *felix* invites you, the reader, to send in your comments.



Zohair Abu-Shaban gives a speech at his graduation ceremony

Background on the issue

The case of Zohair Abu Shaban is only the most recent in a series of similar incidents. Many students from Gaza are not being allowed to travel abroad to receive the education they so desperately want.

The state of the education system in the Gaza Strip is poor and for many the only option to pursue a chosen subject at a higher level is to go abroad. For a country under heavy economic sanctions imposed by Israel, the US, Canada and the EU this is hardly surprising. It is not possible to take PhD level courses and there are few courses offered at a masters level. However, there are organisations to help students study abroad including the Hani Qad-dumi Foundation which gave Zohair his scholarship for study in Britain.

The restrictions on the movement of people out of Gaza are not only reserved for students; since declaring Gaza a "hostile entity" in 2006, Israel has blockaded the area, preventing the movement of people and commercial goods in and out of the area. The policy is in place to reduce the risk of attacks on Israeli soil and to improve national security.

Israel's history has been fraught with conflict and war. Acts of aggression on the part of its Arab neighbours and suicide attacks on civilians within Israeli borders have created a concern for security that takes precedence in Israeli decision-making.

Hamas took control of the Gaza Strip in the general election held in 2006. Final results show that they won with 74 seats to the ruling party Fatah's 45, providing Hamas with the majority of the 132 available seats and the ability to form a majority government on their own. Hamas is considered a terrorist organisation by the Israel, the U.S. and the E.U. and it has carried out attacks on Israel for the last 20 years.

Iran's sponsorship of Hamas has caused more tension between the two groups; President Ahmadinejad has stated that Israel "must be wiped off the map", though his true motivations remain controversial. Whatever his intentions, Ahmadinejad's comments

have created fear within Israel and his ideological and material support of Hezbollah and Hamas is seen as clear evidence of his hostility to the Israeli state.

The current cease-fire, beginning 19th June 2008, between Hamas and Israel is shaky but holding. Israel fears that Hamas is using the ceasefire to regroup and rearm its forces and so it is reluctant to change its position regarding movement in and out of Gaza. There have already been breaches of the cease-fire and there is no guarantee that if sanctions are lifted the violence will cease. Hamas has, in the past, made conciliatory comments towards Israel. In May 2003, Abdel Aziz Rantisi, co-founder of Hamas said that "the Hamas movement is prepared to stop terror against Israeli civilians if Israel stops killing Palestinian civilians ... We have told (Palestinian Authority Prime Minister) Abu Mazen in our meetings that there is an opportunity to stop targeting Israeli civilians if the Israelis stop assassinations and raids and stop brutalizing Palestinian civilians."

For any government, the safety of its people is a priority, so preventing possible terrorists from entering the state and sharing intelligence with foreign allies is a reasonable precaution. Due to the highly classified nature of intelligence, it is not possible to know what the Israeli security service are worried about with respect to any of the citizens of Gaza they refuse to let out or those whose American visas were cancelled. It is also important to stress that it is very unusual for anyone to be let out of Gaza, so Israel allowing students out – a practice which happens occasionally – is generous with respect to their general policy.

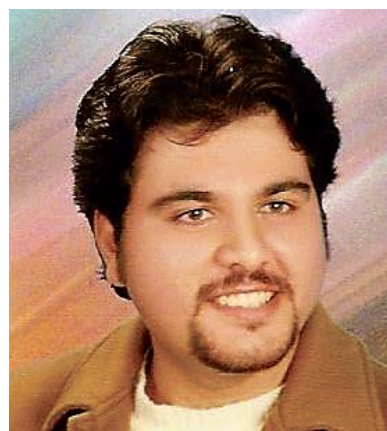
Also while Israel has veto power over the Rafah crossing at the Egyptian border, responsibility must also be placed on Egyptian shoulders. It is not in their interests either to allow freedom of movement in and out of a region controlled by an Islamist group; consider Egypt's suppression of Islamist groups within their own borders.

The question of whether Israel should essentially punish the people of Gaza

as a result of Hamas' hostility is open for debate. This is the main issue with economic sanctions – the general public get hit harder than the governing power. Those with government connections can come and go from Gaza easily; usually from the Rafah crossing. As Hamas was democratically elected, the citizens of Gaza take responsibility for their new government. However most Gazans do not agree with the destruction of Israel and Hamas' support rarely stems from ideology but rather from the daily hardships created by Israeli sanctions, the perceived failures of Fatah and Hamas' social work. Israel is left with some very difficult choices. Its actions are often seen as essential to its security, however the terrible conditions that these actions create breeds resentment and further violence.

Preventing students studying abroad could well be shooting itself in the foot, as education is a tool for peace. Allowing Gazans to access education of a high quality and at a high level could also help the situation. The blockade and sanctions pushes Gazans to Hamas, if only because they are the only institution able to pay wages; often with Iranian money.

The zeitgeist may be changing – Ehud Olmert's recent comments on Israeli security were ground breaking. But more must be done on both sides to secure peace for the innocent civilians caught within this conflict.



Zohair Abu-Shaban

3 in 4 EMA grants not paid



A week of bad news for student finances

Afonso Campos
News Correspondent

According to an estimate by the Association of Colleges, of all applicants to the Education Maintenance Allowance (EMA) only 25 to 30 per cent have received it.

The NUS has come out on record saying that "it is unacceptable that there is so much confusion around the EMA situation". The NUS has blasted against the Learning and Skills Council saying "it must act to boost Learner Support Funds to ensure there is ad-

equated support for all learners in need". The NUS goes one step further and almost demands a written apology from the LSC to all students. In this letter the NUS believes the LSC should make very clear how students can have access to some sort of support while the issue is sorted out. It is also suggested that Liberata, the outsourcing providers for the Public Sector, "be fined for its part in this shambles," and that this money should be put back into Learner Support Funds "to ensure the money reaches those who have been worst affected".

Student discounts: Irrelevant?

Afonso Campos
News Correspondent

A new poll conducted by Zebra Technologies has found that a majority of students are unhappy with the current state of student discounts. Roughly 54% of students do not think that these discounts are properly catering for their needs, and do not take into account the current economic climate including the pinch students may be feeling alongside the rest of the population.

Students have suggested they would rather see food and transport at discounted prices than perks at popular high street retailers such as TopShop or HMV. The poll suggests that with food prices at a record high, "supermarkets should be offering tailored

discounts to students to help them out, and secure their loyalty". A struggling student is likely to favour securing basic human needs such as food and shelter over what would economically be described as 'luxury goods' like CDs or fashionable clothing. This is probably very true of any struggling Imperial student who is already dealing with the highest hall prices in the United Kingdom in an area of London that is anything but student friendly.

The NUS still has not leveraged contracts that could really help students in the way that this poll suggests it needs to be done. It is perhaps reassuring that an overwhelming majority of retailers offering student discount will honour it regardless if the card presented is NUS-issued or not.



Students are turning to baked beans and living up to the stereotype

Imperial College
London

For more information about how to become a student blogger, visit
www.imperial.ac.uk/campuslife/blogs

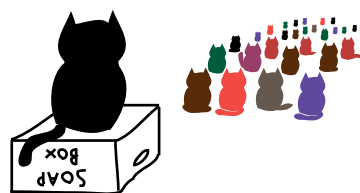
student bloggers
an authentic student voice

Are you a keen and creative writer prepared to blog at least once a week on topic of your choice about your life as a student?

Or do you always have your camera on you to capture the moment and be willing to share your life in a College photoblog?

We're looking for a team to provide an insight into life at Imperial online.

- Share experiences with fellow students
- Tell future students what university is really like
- Show the College through your eyes with photos and video



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



Gilead Amit

If London was a call girl (or maybe not)

I don't know if this is a phenomenon exclusive to timepiece-mad Switzerland where I have spent most of the past fifteen years of my life, but there is one particularly obnoxious publicity campaign that has assaulted my senses from every direction for as long as I can remember. A well-known watch manufacturer has taken it upon itself to broadcast what must be one of the more nauseating advertising ideas I have seen in recent years.

Anyone who has ever walked down the aisles of a Swiss airport will know the advert I mean. It is the picture of a Man with revoltingly sleek hair, an impossibly well-fitting suit and, quite clearly, a capital M. He is accompanied by a younger version of himself of more than usually revolting narcissism, and the imposing words: 'You never actually own a Patek Philippe. You merely look after it for the next generation.'

The one redeeming feature of these posters is that they allow you to construct your own back-story for the characters. By now, I take comfort in imagining, the father will have lost his two million pound a year job with the brothers Lehman and the son's father issues are so developed that even his psychotherapist may not be sure whether the Electra complex applies to him or not. Hey, that's two psychology references in as many weeks – there must be some sort of prize for that. Maybe a buy-one-get-one-free deal on personalities?

But I'm getting distracted. The truth is that I don't want to spend too much time on the overblown pretension of the figures in the images, the inane grandeur of the slogan or the diseased mind-set required to actually pur-

chase a Patek Philippe. Such reverse snobbery is likely to come amiss from someone typing with a wrist weighted down by a Tissot. There. I've taken it off and the gloves could potentially come off with it.

But I have bigger fish to fry. As ridiculous as the Patek Philippe motto is when applied to a piece of metal you attach to your hand to avoid having to look up at the sun to know when to check your e-mails, it's a pretty good sentence.

And it's ideal when it comes to describing London. London is not a city anyone lives in. It's a city that temporarily permits your existence until the time has come to move on. Not even the current resident of 10 Downing Street (I hesitate to give him a specific name: this article is supposed to be relevant until next Friday. Who knows what will have happened by then?) can truly claim to live in the city.

Whereas Manhattan intimidates with the ruthless grandeur of its architecture and the sheer petrifying breadth of its pavements (or do I mean sidewalks?), London needs no such physical displays of domination. The imposing nature of London comes from the ruthless grandeur of its great figures and the sheer petrifying breadth of its history.

If cities were high-class escort girls, Paris would get you a good time; gleefully faking her satisfaction loudly and often. Manhattan would probably have a book open behind your arrhythmically thrusting back, totally and humiliateingly indifferent to you and your inadequate performance. Asking me to name the book might be to get carried away by the flow of the metaphor, but I would hazard a guess at 'The Wealth of



Nations' or, perhaps, the TV Guide.

London, however, is where my metaphor really breaks down. Try as I might, I cannot picture London as a buxom bimbo with amusing sexual characteristics; I cannot visualize any act of closeness a person can have with this city. It is impossible to be on intimate terms with a city that has survived wars, revolutions, epidemics, fires, bombings and 5 months of Boris Johnson. Let Manhattan and other cities aggressively take you for a ride, brutally exhaust you and leave you spent and broken on the sidewalk (or do I mean pavement?). London may treat you more gently, but with an impassive dignity born of knowing your complete unimportance.

London is not a place you can mould to your own image. It is a city that inexorably moulds you. The city as it stands today is the product of countless generations, and your own insig-

nificance weighs you down wherever you go. In smaller cities and towns you have the impression that you can make a difference. As though you can leave a mark that will last forever. Not here. A city where you can daily walk past the seat of kings, look up at the 51.6 meter phallus on which a one-eyed admiral who helped save an empire is perched, stare at the mother of all parliaments on your way to get something to eat or pass by the shrapnel-indented western wall of the Victoria and Albert museum is not a city anyone can be so arrogant as to claim to own or belong to. It's a terrifying, dominating and unstoppable city. Our admiring may be done while crawling the kerbs and walking the streets, but the metaphor stops there.

As we are breathlessly carried along in its wake, all we can do is look after it for the next lucky generation.



Caz Knight

Freedom of speech

On August 9 2008, *The Guardian* reported that American publishing giant Random House dropped plans to publish 'The Jewel of Medina' by journalist Sylvia Jones, for fear of inciting violence from terrorist groups. The novel is a fictional account of the prophet Muhammad's relationship with his child bride, Aisha, and was accused of making fun of Muslims and their history by Denise Spellberg, professor of Middle Eastern studies at the University of Texas. The decision called into question the state of free speech in the U.S.A. Six weeks later the safety of Martin Rynja, owner of small, independent publishing house Gibson Square (which also published 'Blowing up Russia' by the late Alexander Litvinenko), came into question when his house was firebombed following his decision to publish the novel. Rynja was unharmed and sticks firmly to his "imperative" decision to publish Jones' book.

The critics of the novel need to remember that this book is fictitious and not an attempt to accurately portray history; Spellberg took issue with the book on the grounds that it "play[ed] with sacred history and turn[ed] it into softcore pornography". Obviously Spellberg is not getting enough. Not only is

the book devoid of sex scenes (instead chartering the couple's love story), but also seeks to honour the prophet and is anything but disrespectful. This aim, according to Jones, is even more potent when written by a white, non-Muslim woman. One has to wonder whether these fire-bombers had even read this hitherto unpublished novel or whether they were ignorantly going by hearsay in the media.

The politics aside, even if the novel contained some risqué scenes that could possibly offend people, one needs to remember that this is fiction! I do not think that any social, sexual, political or religious niche has ever emerged unscathed from the realms of fiction. If you are likely to be offended by something it is best to close your eyes and ears and develop a thicker skin. I can appreciate that if the 'Jewel of Medina' was, indeed, blasphemous against Islam then this could cause offense to certain parties. This would still not be a just cause for halting publication.

Phillip Pullman, author of the beloved Northern Lights trilogy, reinforces this point by claiming that religion is the WORST reason to ban something. He says that religion is a wonderful thing that can be the source of moral wisdom and solace but turns sour once its leaders start meddling in the "social and intellectual lives of their flock".

The bid to destroy intellectual freedom is arguably evil; evil being a notion which religion usually seeks to quash.

Do the censors not realise that by banning something that it not only makes us more aware of the illicit text/film/image but it makes us yearn for it more? Oscar Wilde makes this point through the character Lord Henry Worron in 'A Picture of Dorian Gray', "when the soul gets sick the way to cure it is to deny the senses nothing," implying that to deny ourselves is to make our souls desire that thing more. Nothing can be truer and anyone reading this will, I am sure, agree.

A few days before Random House chickened out, exam board AQA "ask[ed] schools to destroy book containing knife poem". It is clear from their choice of words that *The Guardian* shares my opinion on the matter! Carol Ann Duffy's 'Education for Leisure' begins with the line, "Today I am going to kill something. Anything". This sparked concerns that G.C.S.E children studying the poem would get the wrong idea, given the increase in knife crime. On hearing this, my anger surged; that the education authorities could be so damn patronising! Can 16 year-old young adults not be trusted to handle controversial and very relevant issues? The poem might go a long way to reinforcing just how fucked up it is

to carry a knife. By re-hashing the issue over and over through study of the poem, might the allure of knife crime not be dampened a little? Removing a poem about knives from schools only serves to glamourise such conduct even more. Taboo issues will be a catalyst for debates and intellectual discussions – the point of and a means to learning. These children need teachers; not nannies who obviously think that their pupils are capable of nothing else but monkey see monkey do. Carol Ann Duffy made an excellent point in her responsive poem 'Mrs. Schofield's GCSE' by reminding us that literature is littered with knife crime (hello, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth...). Pat Schofield, who made the initial complaint about 'Education for Leisure' thought that the poem dedicated to her was "a bit weird". It is a wonder these critics do not think of better ways of articulating their indignation to appear slightly more intelligent so as to carry their argument further.

It is heartening though to see figures such as Rynja and poet laureate Michael Rosen rise to the defence of those who are simply exercising their right to free speech. I think, also, that in this climate of ever more stifling political correctness we all need to lighten up and not be so afraid of offending somebody somewhere.



A. Geek

Summer self-lovin'

I gave you seven days. At least I can say I gave you that much. I said to myself, "Big Gee," I said – that's what I call myself when I'm chillin' – "Big Gee, give those fools some time. They'll come around." But no. I wasn't clear enough, it seems. So let's put it in the *felix* archives so I can tell the Metropolitan Police, "I warned them," – please stop telling me what you did over summer. I can't remember the last time anyone cared about anything you did, but I'm pretty sure our current monarch wasn't on our currency. And we didn't have currency. Or a monarch.

The simple truth is that not a lot of people are interested in how you spent three months of your already overlong stay on this planet, and yes, I am of course talking about internships. Almost all first-years will be oblivious to these time-eating bastards, so here's a brief overview – internships come in two flavours; wastes of time, and overpaid wastes of time. How it works is this – you spend most of the first term completely oblivious to the idea of shitting your summer down a gold-encrusted toilet, until That Friend turns

up on your email in January. You know That Friend – the person who phoned you up at the end of Freshers' Week concerned they weren't preparing early enough for end-of-year exams. They'll ask you if you have an internship yet.

You'll answer no, of course, but this'll get you thinking, and thanks to The Incredible Worries asking the same thing to everyone you know, it'll soon whip up a frenzy of queries and secretive applications and interviews, which everyone will always say 'went well' even if they performed worse than a quadriplegic-fronted tour of Riverdance. Not that there's any secrecy about who's been successful, because when you get a confirmed place, you'll tell everyone. Believe me. It's like one of those after-school TV gameshows for kids, all it needs is an "Acceptance Gong" in the JCR for the freaks to smack with their foreheads when their letter comes through.

When that dies down, you'll completely forget about the whole thing until the exams are over and you feel like sleeping all through the holiday. Except you can't. Bright and early starts for you and your revision-addled body

because four days later your placement begins!

Ten weeks pass. You experience a mix of emotions, such as the desire to claw your own eyes out with a canteen spork, the wishes of death upon holier-than-thou colleagues who probably have a 2:2 from Sunderland University, and momentary elation at pasta carbonara day in the canteen. But mainly the sporks and death thing.

When you stumble back – having had roughly two weeks in total not working – you're obviously going to feel like you've wasted a considerable chunk of your life. That's fair enough. So what you do is you dress it up for everyone else. If the team knew fuck-tonnes more than you because you're a moronic excuse for a student, then say they were 'too old' or 'old-fashioned'. If you were utterly incapable of following orders, say the work 'was fine, but the team were hard to work with'. If you simply did sod all for ten weeks, well, you can say you 'learnt a lot' at the very least. Not that that would be an impressive feat. Staring blankly into a small dish of yeast would probably be a horizon-widening experience for

someone like you.

Sure, I did internships back in the day. Placements at Imperial, in fact – low-paid, and occasionally quite interesting. But let's be quite clear, there are three reasons people do internships – money, your CV and money. Money, because if you're planning to fricassée your sanity on the barbecue of bad decisions, then why not start early; your CV, because if you need a placement year then 'laid some sweet ass in Tenerife' is not going to go down as a productive use of a Summer in any interview process; and money because, well, it seems to deserve a second mention because you get given so fucking much of it.

Less of the pretence that you did something worthwhile, please. You were taken on, patronised and buttered up in the hope that you'll come back in a few years to be trained properly. I don't care what your manager said, where you bought the new watch from, or how many people said you're "such a nice guy". You're back at Imperial, the JCR soup still tastes like Vomit 'N Parsley, and there's coursework due soon. Welcome back to the real world.



Jelly Bean

Timor pestilentiae noviciorum

If you haven't noticed yet, it's now a new academic year. You can tell this by observing a few simple indicators: some of your pencils may not have yet been chewed (or alternatively they are all already pre-chewed from last years exams), there is a strange and unnatural sense of optimism in the air and your body has gone into shock at the dramatic plummeting of food quality over the last month. (Shortly the concept of 'dessert' will all but fade from your under-nourished mind and become mixed up with vague recollections of Nordic legend you have from primary school. It won't be long before financial restraints mean that 70% of the meals you eat consist entirely of tinned tomato. But don't worry, you've got quite a number of pints to get through before you realise suddenly that your loan is somewhat smaller than you first thought and it's only week three.) Of course there are plenty of other horribly over-mentioned signs of new beginnings which I'm sure will already be annoying you. The classic freshers' week questions you are being asked

by everyone, the number of clubs you signed up to etc. (end of thinking capacity). There is another clue that it's a new year though, which I'd like to just dwell on a little with the sort of morbid fascination of a child poking the eye of a washed up fish with a pointy stick. It's slimy and painful and sure ain't pretty, but like every obstacle on the bear hunt, there's no way around it, there's no way over it, there's no way under it. You're going to have to go through it (90% of you in fact, according to wiki).

Students are, like mosquitoes, a vector of disease; carefully collecting viruses from across the UK, and in the case of Imperial, the globe, and, bringing them to central melting pots called 'universities' they inadvertently create a new and terrifying ailment known commonly as 'Freshers' Flu' every single year. It and landmines I would say are the two most pertinent answers to that most vexing of riddles 'Why do birds suddenly disappear?' The symptoms are numerous, but invariably debilitating, sometimes requiring amputation. The coughing and sniffing in lectures will wind you up no end, even

whilst you yourself know and surrender to those primitive urges to voice your grating and dribble misery with the chorus that punctuates every single sentence of fluid mechanics, or gastroenterology, or multivariable calculus or whatever your particular vein of self-inflicted cancer is. It strikes with deadly force right at the beginning of every year; at the one time when you still believe the coming year might be better than the last and when a large proportion of the population are still bright-eyed and fending off a little home-sickness; the metaphorical gonads of student life.

You'll be told that it's to do with pass-rates, but the real reason the number of people on your course drops so much every year is 'timor pestilentiae noviciorum', the Latin name for the innate fear of freshers' flu that I just made up. (With a little help from the internet and a very confused Latin teacher at a party.) In case you are interested I thought that the use of the root 'novicius' meaning [new, fresh; esp. of persons new to slavery] at the end there was particularly appropriate

to those who had just began a degree. Trouble is though, if you were interested then you probably know something about Latin and may still be fuming at my ignorance; JellyBean with Latin is like a 4 year old with ADHD trying to mend a Swiss watch using a nine-iron. Still, you can't fault my enthusiasm to attempt something I am entirely unqualified to handle.

Anyway, I am not one to moan and gripe. It's not my job to proclaim Clarkson-esque opinions on everything but the column title, but simply to bring you my thoughts and ideas on things from a view point so far out of the box that it is beyond the bounds of sanity and running nude, arms waving frantically for the horizon. In the past I brought you, amongst other things, a brief history of canoe juggling, hooty cream, numerous innovative methods for electricity generation (one of which involved lemmings) and inspirational thoughts from the life of an onion and I intend to continue presenting you with thought-provoking nonsensicalities, amusing stories and obscure similes for another year.



Li-Teck Lau

Gene theory and investment banking

I had to physically push past Freshers just to get through Sheffield the other day, the stench of naiveté steaming off each and every one of them like a heat haze on an third world airfield. Of course there are no third world countries anymore in the strictest sense of the term seeing as the Cold War is so over, but I choose to use it if only to aggravate those among us who oft sit in Starbucks drinking the fair-trade coffee option and who readily admit to being a 'liberal'. How is it that war-mongering has become such a social faux pas? I blame the Clintons.

Alas, the political world is now embroiled in the problems of the economy. Everybody and nobody is to blame

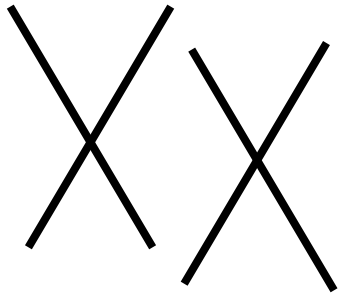
in (n)either Whitehall (n)or Washington; it's all those greedy bankers' faults evidently. If you came to this university with the hope of afterwards joining an investment bank using the transferable skills you learnt during fluids lectures as your metaphorical ace of spades, then I salute you; there's nothing like seeing cash on the table and trampling babies just to get to it. And I mean that, truthfully. As long as it's not your baby, then the rules of gene theory readily support you. Society has been lax, in a pseudo-euphemistic sense of the word, to regulate the industry, probably due to a combination of incoherence, incompetence and collusion, and is now in a phase of change. But looking on the bright side, isn't it wonderful to be

witnessing the maturing of civilisation? It's like the life story of Dave (a wholly arbitrary choice of name; Lola if you're a militant feminist) as he learns to ride a bike; there are wobbles, falls, the occasional accident involving a car. Let's just hope this time it isn't a kidnapping or something. In the end, however, he will be free to explore the limitless bounds of the universe.

If money was never really your thing (and you're very much a hardcore politics junkie), then one comforting development of recent is the return of Peter Mandelson, the hero of New Labour in the 1990's, back from exile in Europe to sit in Mr Brown's cabinet. The Tories are on a slight backfoot after a mini Labour bounce following the deepen-

ing financial turmoil/the realisation by many that Mr Cameron is little more than a glorified speaking bandwagon, and the Prime Minister's speech to the Labour Party conference last month, but remain comfortably ahead in opinion polls. Felix Politics will follow with keen enthusiasm to see whether this one-time 'king of spin' can turn the ruling party's fortunes around.

Did I mention that I've always been a fan of subsistence farming? If there's a single lesson to be learnt from reading this column of second hand information, it's that the world is a dangerous, mischievous place, where bankers cheat you and politicians molest your opinions. Welcome to Imperial, if you've just joined us!



Susie Peng

With help from: Vicky Edwards, Chris Woolley, Katharina Reeh, Clarissa Poh, Ei Mun Chuah and Drew Thomas

The XX factor

Today I received a man's razor. Great. After trawling through the packed stands of Imperial's Fresher's Fair 2008, I have come to an inevitable conclusion: I am the wrong gender.

It's not a case of me wanting a sex-change operation, I'm actually very happy being female, despite starting at a male-dominated university just over one year ago. However, during my time here, it has become increasingly clear that Imperial simply cannot cater towards the needs of its female (not nec-

essarily more feminine) students. This case with the razor serves to emphasise an unhappy truth

The fact is, with the rare exception, women are not interested in gaming, porn, gadgets, expletives, alcohol-induced vomit, or sexual innuendos – need I really continue? Women are not objects for male sexual gratification; we are thinking individuals who should be treated with respect.

I have in mind here the inappropriate subject matter that was printed in last week's edition of Felix. For our new freshers starting at Imperial, this is a

disastrous first impression.

When 'writers' such as Haxz0rMcRandy_1 have such absurd pre-conceived ideas about women, it is no surprise that sexism remains rampant even now, in our modern twenty-first century society. The majority of male students at Imperial are decent individuals, who should not allow themselves to be represented by such misogynistic, ignorant, immature journalistic filth. Here we are, studying together at an innovative, forward-thinking university – and our student paper airs views that belong to the

Dark Ages.

Does this writer really expect women to prostrate themselves before him, dressed in the lingerie he has so thoughtfully picked out for them, sobbing with gratitude?

When female students chose to study at a prestigious academic institution like Imperial, they probably weren't expecting to read about jibes on how to dress!

Enough is enough. It is time for the silent majority to make itself known. Write into *felix* now. Make your voice heard.



The Editor

About Coffee Break and Hangman

Erm, so there have been a few complaints about the Hangman section. As well as the comment article above by Susie Peng *et al.* I received an email from Chao Cui:

'I would like to bring to your attention the Hangman article in the latest issue of Felix, having read the article I am sorry to say that I am appalled and offended by the content which is demeaning and inappropriate even if it were meant as a joke. It is unacceptable for a respectable publication, to knowingly adopt the view of women being an object. This also the first felix publica-

tion that freshers are likely to see, by allowing this article to go to print what image of the college would this project to them? Do you think it's correct to allow a former Guardian Media Group Student News Paper of the Year to fall to such low standards?

I insist that the name of the author be made public, and that both he and the Felix Editor, Jovan Nedic make a formal apology to the entire student community at Imperial College, and a guarantee that no further articles of this nature be allowed to go to print. Such an article does the college no good whatsoever, and merely serves to tarnish our reputation.

If your response is unsatisfactory I will consider taking this matter beyond Imperial College Union.'

I feel that I really need to explain the Hangman and Coffee Break sections to all of you. In 2006 (same time we won the Guardian Award!) Coffee Break was the satirical section, which also included fun games and competitions. Hangman is merely an extension of the satirical part of Coffee Break. Everything that is written in there is meant to be taken with a pinch of salt and to be read in good humour. The writing in last week's Hangman was crude and blunt, and I apologise for that. In the

future I will not allow that tone to be printed. I have made my views clear to the Hangman team and I am sure that the section will be brought back up to standard.

I apologise for the way the article by Haxz0rMcRandy_1 was written, however I have no reason to apologise for the theme of that particular article. Like I said, it is meant to be satirical. Some people will like it, others won't.

As for the comment piece by Susie Peng *et al.* I gladly welcome new contributors to the newspaper, male or female. So please, if you have a concern about something at college, or about life itself, then do write to us.

Imperial College London

My Imperial

your gateway to life at Imperial

My Imperial is a gateway to web based services which will support and enhance your experience as a student at Imperial. Personalise this portal to access your favourite websites, links and applications.

Why use My Imperial?

- ➔ **One site** – Access to a wide portfolio of online services from a single gateway
- ➔ **Easy access** – 'Single Sign-On' feature which means you only login once and do not have to remember several passwords for different systems

- ➔ **Personalisation** – Customise services relevant to you
- ➔ **Simple navigation** – Less time spent navigating in search of online services
- ➔ **Time saving** – Reduced time queuing for administrative services by using online services



 www.imperial.ac.uk/myimperial





*Oliver Wyman is a leading
global management consultancy,
combining deep industry knowledge
with specialised expertise in strategy,
risk management, organisational
transformation and leadership development.*

**Join us on campus this term to meet with our Consultants and Partners,
and discuss career opportunities at Oliver Wyman.**

Imperial College Union Careers Fair

Thursday 30 October, 11-4pm, Queens Lawn

Oliver Wyman Presentation

Monday 3 November, 6.30pm

CBI Conference Centre, Centre Point, 103 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1DU

‘What is Management Consultancy?’

Careers Talk in association with Imperial Careers Advisory Service

Tuesday 4 November, 1-2pm

G34 Lecture Theatre, Sir Alexander Fleming Building

To register, please go to www.imperial.ac.uk/careers

For more information about career opportunities at Oliver Wyman
please visit www.oliverwyman.com/careers



$$-\frac{\hbar^2}{2m} \frac{\partial^2 \psi}{\partial x^2} + V(x)\psi(x) = E \psi(x)$$

Science

Science Editors – Daniel Burrows & Mico Tatalovic

science.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Mico Tatalović
Science editor

Parents have evolved to restricting the behaviour of their daughters more than of their sons in order to preserve their sexual purity.

Meeting the parents of one's girlfriend is rarely easy, as echoed in an ad for the soft drink Dr Pepper - 'What's the worse that could happen?' - where father enrolls boyfriend in a wrestling match to the horror of his daughter. But have you ever thought why this should be so?

Evolutionary psychologists think they might have the answer. The so called 'daughter-guarding hypothesis' suggests parents have evolved to protect their daughter's sexual reputation and mate-value. The idea is that since unwanted pregnancies and rape are both more likely to affect daughters than sons, parents were more likely to evolve behaviours that interfere with their daughter's sexual activities, to prevent such costly mishaps. Now, the first evidence to support this hypothesis has been published in the *Journal of Evolutionary Psychology*.

Researchers from the University of Texas in Austin asked students and their parents to fill in questionnaires regarding parental behaviours when the students were in senior year at high school. Both children and parents reported parents having different attitudes towards daughters. Daughters were less likely to get permission to drive the family car, to go for a ride with a male friend and spend night over at a friend's or a boyfriend's house. They were also more likely to get a curfew and be frowned upon for holding hands, kissing or having sex with their boyfriend. Parents, but especially fathers, thought it's more important to approve of their daughter's boyfriends than of their son's girlfriends. Parents were more likely to control what their daughter is wearing. The list goes on...

In effect, all those girls who feel their brother gets away with stuff they would never manage is probably right. Now we know who to blame: evolution.

Podview: science podcasts review

This week Felix Whitton reviews nature and environment podcasts.

BBC Natural History



Philippa Forrester – her off the telly – takes us into the dark heart of Africa to talk to Simon King about the new series of Big Cat Diaries. His team have live coverage throughout October of one of nature's grandest spectacles, the wildebeest migration in Kenya's Masai Mara reserve. Watch out for juicy slo-mo shots of nature at its reddest in tooth and claw. Also on this week's podcast: migrating moths, house martins and honey buzzards, and the case of the disappearing ospreys. Forrester's soothing voice is the radio equivalent of a fireside mug of Horlicks.

www.bbc.co.uk/radio/podcasts/nathistory

Living Planet



A weekly half-hour podcast focusing on environmental issues from around the world. Canada's Green party is making political inroads as the public become disillusioned by the lack of action on climate change. In Kyrgyzstan people are feeling the effects of climate change firsthand through crippling water shortages, while leaders in the West can only prevaricate on restricting car emissions. A sobering wake-up call – we use the resources of 1.4 Earths, rising to two by 2050 – that highlights the unsustainable way we live.

www.dw-world.de/dw/0,2142,3072,00.html

RSPB Nature's Voice



Corny title, and a rather lightweight monthly podcast for bird fans only. That said, they do have celebrity twitcher Rory McGrath (the 'bearded tit' from *They Think It's All Over*) imagining life as a soaring buzzard. The RSPB are doing plenty of good work such as setting up reserves in Sumatra with the help of indigenous people, and recreating from scratch rare heathland habitat in Bedfordshire.

www.rspb.org.uk/podcasts

NPR Environment



This goes out on US National Public Radio (their version of the BBC) and packs a 'helluva lot' into a measly fifteen minutes (presumably they had to fight like a gnu for even that much science airtime). Plans are afoot on both coasts for 'cap-and-trade' schemes to restrict energy companies' carbon emissions, but are they being allowed too much leeway? Also, British palaeontologist Richard Fortey talks about the history of naming species, with reference to a peculiar family of slime-mould-eating beetles named after the Bush cabinet... The best filler music of any environment podcast this week. And that concludes the 'podview' for this week :)

www.npr.org/rss/podcast/podcast_detail.php?siteid=4985907

Obama vs. McCain



25 days from now, America will choose the next president of the United States. Both sides tout 'change', but there is a choice as to the nature of the change: between youth and experience, between Ivy League education and an American war hero and, frankly, between black and white. Putting all other differences aside, how would a McCain administration differ from an Obama administration on science? ScienceDebate2008 is a non-partisan group which asked the contenders 14 pressing science questions to find out. Obama says science and technology will be a 'central priority' and promises to double basic research budgets over the next decade including increasing support for 'high-risk, high-payoff' research. He promises a hands on approach with the creation of 30,000 new teachers in high-need schools. Whereas, McCain seems to prefer a more 'hands-off' approach. He promises to streamline government regulations, lower taxes, provide incentives to research, but stops short of promising a general cash figure. He does promise a few 'green' specifics including two billion dollars every year for the next 15 years on clean coal technologies, \$5,000 tax credit for each zero emission car, and a \$300 million prize for

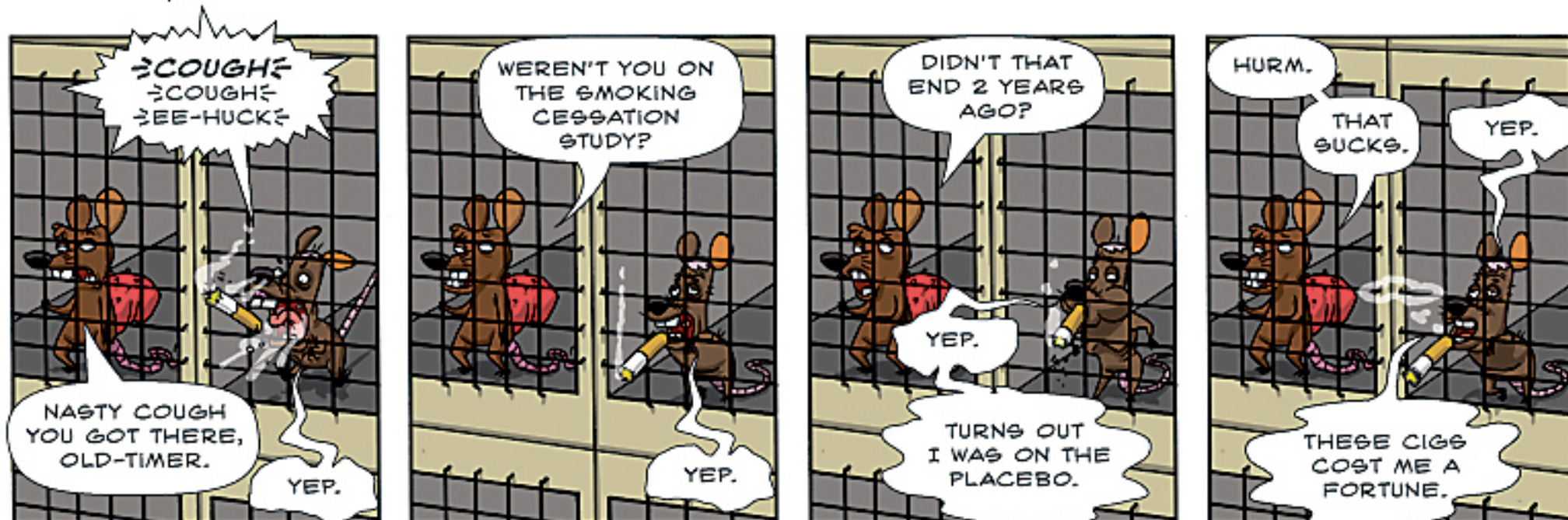
the development of a novel battery. So does McCain win the green science debate? Well Obama proposes an 80% reduction in Carbon emissions by 2050 (as opposed to McCain's 60%) and Obama includes annual reduction targets. They both believe in 'cap and trade' schemes; however Obama talks more about bringing the other major emitters of the world, China, Europe, and India to the table with a technology transfer program.

No so very different I hear you say, but McCain and Obama do differ significantly on their attitude on stem cell research. McCain talks incorrectly and emotively about 'fetal farming', whereas Obama promises to immediately lift President Bush's ban on embryonic stem cell research which has been a 'hand-cuff' on researchers.

Moreover if McCain wins we are one 72 year-old's heartbeat from swearing in President Sarah Palin. On climate change she says 'I'm not one though who would attribute it to being man-made'. She does not believe in abortion, even in the case of rape. She is a 'proponent of teaching' both evolution and creationism together in schools. And my decision is made.

Daniel Burrows

Lab Bratz Episode #163 Smokin'



Meet Sir John Pendry FRS

Lifting the veil on the man who developed the invisibility cloak.

Daniel Burrows
Science Editor

If you have read the recent news about 'Harry Potter invisibility cloaks' or 'perfect lenses', you will have come across the name Prof Sir John Pendry, FRS, a professor at Imperial College since 1981. Among other things, Sir John is behind the emergence of negative refraction 'metamaterials', in which light rays entering a material are refracted on the same side of the normal.

Materials can be constructed which sweep light around objects and hence makes them undetectable. This application created international media frenzy, captivating the public's interest and it even ended up in the Sun with the title 'Boffin invents invisibility cloak'.

The BBC was closer to the mark with their headline 'Invisibility cloak 'step closer' as the cloaking technology is currently limited to a narrow frequency band and therefore making anything disappear completely in the visible is currently unfeasible.

However these metamaterials are already being applied to other areas. Special constructions of these materials can even focus light into areas smaller than their wavelength, which could break the current 60Gb storage limit on Blu-Ray devices. As Sir John says "Using conventional materials we can't go any further - however, negative materials can beat this fundamental

"His international leadership has been phenomenal"

limit."

In another application, Boeing have already made prototype antennae out of negative refractive material, where the material's ability to respond to a particular frequency is actually a particular strength.

Sir John turned 65 this year and to celebrate his wide ranging contributions to science over 40 years, Imperial organized the aptly named 'Pendryfest'. He has had a hand in shaping Imperial in his time here; by building the condensed matter group, as head of the Physics Department and later Principal of the Physical Sciences Faculty. In recent years he has refocused on his research away from administration with a prestigious EPSRC Senior Research 5-Year Fellowship. Over his career he has made fundamental contributions to three major fields of Physics - surface science, disordered systems and localization, and metamaterials work in optics. Although he just turned 65, he has no intention of slowing down and I am happy to say that with his work on time reversal about to be published in Science, we could one day celebrate his 65th birthday once again.

In the words of Sir Peter Knight who chaired a session at Pendryfest, "One of the things that is characteristic and unusual about John is that every few years he changes his field. So you can point to about four different John Pendry's and in each case he has made a world class contribution. At conferences there are whole sessions devoted to subjects where John had the first word. So his international leadership has been phenomenal."



I thought Pendryfest was fantastic, as I could follow many of the talks even as a non-specialist. What were your thoughts?

Well I was looking forward to it, but with some apprehension because it's a big thing - having your old friends and colleagues come back is a very emotional experience.

In the end, it was a wonderful occasion. It was a hell of a lot of organisation and I am very grateful to all those at college helped organize it including Prof Adrian Sutton and Carolyn Dale.

You have held a number of important posts throughout your career (see article), how have you managed to continue to do research while still being the heads of these large organizations?

I am a fiend when it comes to rationing my time. I had to cut my immediate group down to 2-3 students and a post doc, so the administration was very light. They had to be very good people who could propel themselves for long distances under their own steam.

And of course, the number of really good sparks of inspiration you have in a year is quite limited. Einstein had a lot but not all in one day and so there is a lot of space in-between. Something is happening, but it is not happening in the frontal part of the brain.

Say you just graduated from Imperial College, knowing what you know now from all the senior posts you have held, what field would you choose?

That is a difficult question. I can tell you I ended up in condensed matter Physics by accident. Like most of my contemporaries, I wanted to do something in cosmology and general relativity. I actually messed up my finals and ended up with a 2:1, which was not good enough to do cosmology. A condensed matter theorist took pity on me and so I guess it was an accident. Since then, I have moved fields a few times, so my current field of optics is definitely an informed choice. Optics is a mature field of course, but there are new things happening all the time.

And another thing: you cannot listen to a lecture and say that is jolly interesting. I would like to do research in that field. Listening to the Brandenburg Concertos is interesting, but we should not all take up composing. You have got to feel that you are using your skills and therefore earning your keep.

About computers in 1969: you wrote computer simulations, but there weren't any computers around then right? As we know it anyways...

Oh, well we had tape and then later punch cards. The first machine I worked on was punch tape - you could punch the holes yourself if you wanted to change a few things. There were compilers but no code libraries, so when I worked with problems involving matrixes, inverting them, diagonalizing them and so on, we had to write all our own subroutines for analysis.

Throughout your career you have moved fields every 12 years or so. The first was an accident, and the optics was a choice. Do you think these things happen more by accident or more by choice in your career?

There is an immense amount of luck and accident in it. It is always important to realize that whatever you are working on, in 10 years time it is likely not to be the hot topic of the day. Planning to move on is an essential part of career training for a scientist. The way I work is I have one main problem I am focussed on and then I have other problems, like little vortices which cast off and go somewhere else. A few of them will grow into the next project so all the time I am reading around my subject. And remember science is a bit like Wall Street, it has its successes and disasters just like Wall Street does.

If you are sensible you choose to go in a direction in which you can bring some skills with you. Otherwise you are back as a PhD student learning everything from scratch.

There was a throw away comment in the recent article about you in the Physics review letters,

which really sparked my interest. It said in the disordered systems and localisation work you were doing particularly with Prof Angus MacKinnon, there might be applications with the conductivity of bio-molecules. Could you explain a bit more about this?

Well yes... I do know what they are talking about... and I think they are wrong! Things like silicon can come in highly ordered crystals. But bio-molecules are not like that. For example DNA, perhaps the ultimate bio-molecule, cannot have ordered stacking of the base pairs. So it can be modelled a little bit like a disordered system, which is a very difficult problem which I worked on with Angus and it's not solved today.

Would you be interested in working in that field... or are you on Meta-materials right now?

It's very frustrating. Angus gave me a backhanded compliment in his talk (at Pendryfest) on this point. He said I did some good work on it but it was ignored, as it did not fit in with the fashions of the times. I was very cross about my work on disordered systems and now, twenty years later, people are doing experiments based on things we did then. I would like to get back and pick up that thread, but I'm on metamaterials right now and this is so productive that is what I must focus on.

Your work on metamaterials has captivated both scientists and non-scientists alike. The invisibility cloak has been talked about in the pub and scientists have been amazed at the perfect lens, but what I want to talk about is the application to antennae?

Yes, I think that antennae is the metamaterial area where companies may make the first products. It is easier to make metamaterials that operate in the frequency range and the range of material properties available at those frequencies is much greater than the range of materials available at optical frequencies.

What do you think about the public's view on Physics?

I think all too often it's associated with the areas where it carries the technology all the way through to application, like the military ones: radar and the nuclear bomb. People often don't see the physics as the essential engine un-

der the hood of major advances.

For example the endoscope was invented by Harold Hopkins, who was a professor of Optics at Imperial. He realized that light entering a fibre, mapped exactly to a point of light on the other end, and it did not matter how the fibre bends in the middle. This is probably the single most important advance in modern surgery. Many abdominal operations do more damage getting to the problem then fixing it. There are now a host of operations you can walk away from, where previously there would be weeks of convalescing and potential for complications. It's all thanks to keyhole surgery and Harold Hopkins.

This has impacted my life, I had keyhole surgery to remove my appendix and I walked out of the hospital about three hours later.

These are the stories we should be telling about Physics, Physics as the Good Samaritan to the other sciences. I would like more school children to see Physics like that, as a living science.

You have never diverged into starting a company? Have you ever been tempted?

The problem with a start-up, is that it is very expensive on time and it is not my expertise. As a theorist, even one who works closely with experimentalists, I am used to generating ideas, but then you have to build on those and get a piece of kit. This kit is the thing that is patented and forms the bases of a company's worth. So you are at an immediate disadvantage as a theorist.

At the end of the day you might have something very valuable, which you can sell and make a lot of money. I then have to ask, what would I do with it? If I was a young man with a family to support I might think differently, but as it is, I don't.

Its been 10 years, have you decided which field is next?

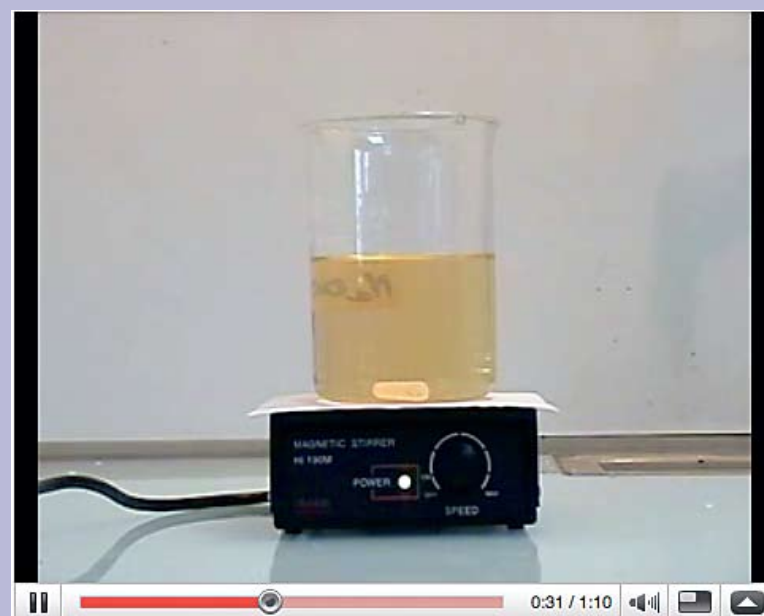
I am building a link between the time reversal and negative refraction. Negative refraction is like a bit of negative space and time reversal sends things backwards in time. Could they be related?

I am sure that will capture some media interest too!

Well that would be fun. It will make a nice change from the cloak I must say.

Daniel's Unmissable Science Videos

This week - a liquid that keeps changing colour all by itself...



ICURFC Freshers say hello!



Page 3 competition will start in November, make sure you're ready!



Together we ...

UBS Corporate Presentation

UBS is one of the world's leading financial firms. And this is why: we are among the leading global wealth managers, a top-tier investment bank, one of the largest institutional asset managers and a leading bank for Swiss corporate and individual clients.

We would like to invite you to a presentation and networking evening. This event is designed to offer valuable insights into our firm, and useful careers advice. You'll also have the opportunity to find out what it's like to work at UBS when you meet some of our employees, including recent graduates.

Date: 14th October 2008

Time: 18:30

Venue: Sir Alexander Fleming Building, Imperial College Road, SW7 1AZ

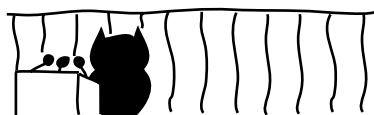
It starts with you: **www.ubs.com/graduates**

UBS is an Equal Opportunity Employer. We respect and seek to empower each individual and the diverse cultures, perspectives, skills and experiences within our workforce.

Wealth Management | Global Asset Management | Investment Bank

You & Us





Politics

Politics Editor – James Goldsack & Katya-yan Vyas

politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Katya-yan Vyas
Politics Editor

We have arrived comrades, at the first politics section of the year. Freshers week is drawing to a close, time perhaps for us to start thinking about serious matters... like the financial crisis we now find ourselves in having spent the majority of the week drinking ourselves silly. The most common response now seems to be to pour ones heart and soul into blaming all lifes problems on the crisis that is the 'credit crunch'.

For example, whilst standing at the Union Bar this week, I could not help overhearing a conversation that made my ears bleed; one young man turned to his friend to bemoan the price of snakebite increasing, his friend promptly and pompously reflected that it was all to do with this "blasted credit crunch".

Sorry... what?!? It shouldn't be surprising I suppose when Paris Hilton genuinely thinks that credit crunch is her next filming destination, and an Imperial Fresher (you know who you are) was convinced that it is in fact a tasty cereal.

The point here is that this phrase is bandied about continuously, so much is said about it but very little is understood, it is simply something to complain about. So how much does the credit crunch actually affect us students?

To answer this question, I took to Imperial's campus and the union to gain an insight into the student psyche. For the most part I was treated with bemused replies; "I haven't really thought about it..." and "er, its alright" came flooding forth. There were a small number of people who were mildly irritated at rising food prices. A few overseas students lamented the strength of the pound decreasing as it means that they now get less Euros in exchange. Aside from this, the mood was certainly quite uninterested.

Throughout my wanderings, I detected a definite undertone of detachment, a feeling that as students we don't consider ourselves to be real people, we live in a alcohol coated bubble above the rest of the world, union politics becomes more important than national politics and there is sometimes a tendency to forget about the world beyond campus.

So, it seems that the answer to the aforementioned question is that in general it really does not affect us all that much. Hoorah!

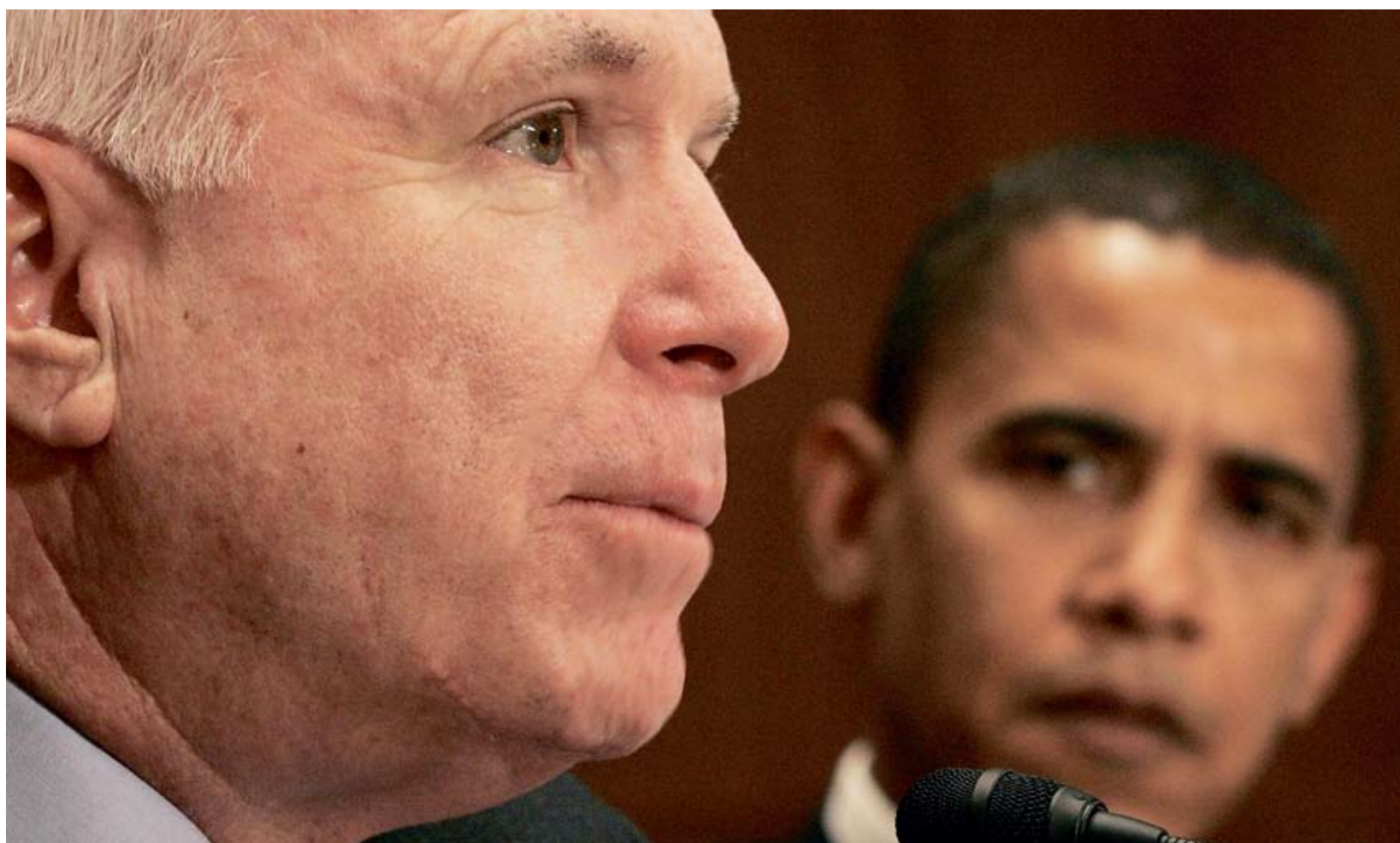
It has been a week where Gordon Brown has thrown money into keeping the Highstreet banks afloat and staving off an economic apocalypse, as well as trying to coax the banks into lending to each other again.

"That certainly should stop the panic in terms of people wondering whether or not the banks are safe," said Terry Smith, chief executive of Tullett Prebon. With new schemes being put forward continuously, it feels like the crisis will never be over.

Oh well, I'm booking my holiday to Credit Crunch for some sun and sand. Until next time fellow students!

Senator McCain and his "steep hill" to victory

The final 30 days: The political landscape has changed, forcing Senators John McCain and Barack Obama to rethink tactics in the final stages of their campaigns.



McCain has gone on the attack in the latest 'townhall' style Presidential debate, focusing on Barack Obama's character

James Goldsack
Politics Editor

Senators John McCain and Barack Obama enter the last 30 days of their campaigns with Obama clinging on to a small, but significant lead and McCain anxious to divert attention away from the ongoing financial crisis.

This final phase of the election preparation comes during the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. Not only is the economic system in turmoil but the military is under strain, fighting two wars simultaneously. A vast majority of the electorate believes that the US is on the wrong track and public sentiment toward the departing administration appears to verge on contempt.

With two debates still to come (at the time of press) the battle will get more heated with increased advertising wars and a ground game pitting newly registered Obama supporters against older and perhaps more dependable voters for McCain.

The landscape of American politics has shifted, most noticeably in the Midwest, driven by the financial crisis, the performance of the two candidates in response and increased doubts over Alaska Governor Sarah Palin. These changes in recent weeks have favoured Obama.

McCain made the abrupt decision last week to take down television advertisements in Michigan and shift staff to other states. The retreat from Michigan, a blue state once seen by

McCain's campaign as a prime target for shifting a big industrial state to the Republican column, has prevented a major blow for Obama. The economic downturn, which has hit Michigan especially hard, appears to be too much for McCain to overcome. Sarah Palin, McCain's running mate, disagreed with this decision. "Oh, come on, do we have to?" Palin told Fox News, adding: "I want to get to Michigan, and I want to try."

Wisconsin, where Obama's once-commanding lead has dwindled, has seen a redoubling of McCain's efforts to ensure the state turning red on November 4th. However, McCain is being forced to compete in Indiana, a state that has not voted for a Democrat since Lyndon Johnson in 1964, where polls show Obama in close contention. Meanwhile, Obama has to pump money into Minnesota to ensure Democrats secure the state in the election.

"I don't think it's over, but boy, other than the vice-presidential debate, you would be hard-pressed to point to anything good that's happened to Republicans in the last three weeks," said Charlie Cook, editor of non-partisan *Cook Political Report*.

The McCain campaign plans to get away from the financial debacle and back to questioning Obama's inexperience – criticisms that can more easily be rallied against Palin. Economic issues tend to favour Democrats, and McCain's decision to abandon campaigning and rush back to Washington received mixed views. His claim

to return to campaigning when the crisis has been averted has seemingly been forgotten, the crisis deepens yet McCain is back on the hard sell; this tactic appears to have been a politically-motivated PR stunt which has not worked as well as his team would have hoped. "We're looking to turn the page on this financial crisis and getting back to discussing Mr. Obama's aggressively liberal record and how he will be too risky for Americans" said Greg Strimble, a senior McCain advisor. However, many Americans find the prospect of a McCain presidency with Sarah Palin as Vice-President a risky and downright scary prospect.

Obama campaign manager David Plouffe has said that they are still on the offensive, hammering home the message that if voters want another for years of George W. Bush's policies, they should back McCain. If they want "fundamental change, putting middle-class first", they should vote for Obama.

Although poll numbers are not definitive, Obama has made large gains among white women, often cited as a key component of the electorate, as well as non-college-educated white voters. "Obama's doing well among all the demographic groups he needs to win," said Peter Brown, assistant director of the Quinnipiac University Polling Institute, describing the Illinois senator's lead as solid. "It doesn't mean the election's over, but McCain has a steep hill."

Whit Ayres, a Republican pollster, says that the race is not over. "Every

time in the past Obama has been able to open up a small but significant lead, the McCain campaign has figured out a way to close the gap."

Scott Reed, who ran Bob Dole's 1996 campaign, said there's no reason for Republicans to panic. "If you look back at the last 30 days and what we've been through, look at how many times things have changed," he said. "That's why I still have hope."

Meanwhile, Obama is still on the offensive in Virginia, Colorado, Florida and Ohio where Bush won four years ago. "We assume all these battleground states will be competitive until the very end," said Plouffe, cautiously describing himself as "pleased" with the progress.

To win the election, Obama needs 270 electoral votes. To reach this total, Obama could try the one-state option, going all-out to win a big state like Florida or Ohio, which would put him over 270 if he also held the states Kerry won four years ago. On the other hand, Obama could try the two-state strategy, winning Virginia and a smaller state such as Iowa or New Mexico. Obama's advisors are also saying there is a three-state option, coupling wins in Iowa and New Mexico with one in Colorado.

Obama has an advantage in money, having chosen not to take public funds. This means he can spend as much as he raises whereas McCain is limited to the money he receives from the government. The Michigan decision was seen as a move to concentrate money where it counts however McCain's advisors say it doesn't reflect any problems.

Israeli Prime Minister calls for withdrawal

James Goldsack

Ehud Olmert, who recently announced his resignation, last Monday stated that “almost all the territories, if not all the territories” should be handed over to the Palestinians to ensure peace. This will effectively reverse the occupation of territories gained in 1967. Olmert added that the withdrawal will have to extend to eastern Jerusalem, the future seat of government for the Palestinians, a bold move as the city has long been proclaimed as Israel’s “eternal, undivided capital”.

The Israeli Prime Minister will continue in power until a new government is assembled to take over on November 3rd. Olmert announced his decision in July after coming under mounting pressure due to multiple corruption investigations. Tzipi Livni is the likely candidate to take over the premiership.

Both Ehud Olmert and Defence Minister Ehud Barak have recently called for a tougher stance to be taken against those who attack Palestinians. “An evil wind of extremism, of hate, of maliciousness, of violence, of losing control, of lawbreaking, of contempt for the institutions of state, is passing through certain sections of the Israeli public,” Mr Olmert told the cabinet as a Palestinian shepherd was killed near the city of Nablus in the occupied West

Bank.

Some, including former Meretz chairman Yossi Beilin believe he has made a serious mistake calling for the withdrawal: “Olmert has committed the unforgivable sin of revealing his true stance on Israel’s national interest just when he has nothing left to lose”.

Meanwhile MK Yuval Steinitz accused Mr Olmert of gambling on Israel’s future. “Ignoring the distance between rockets fired from afar and the enemy sitting on top of Jerusalem reveals how little he understands the basis of security,” Mr Steinitz said.

Prime Minister Olmert furthered his previous comments by saying that any peace deal with Syria would require pulling out of the Golan Heights, held since 1967 after the six-day war against Syria amongst other Arabic nations. “We have to reach an agreement with the Palestinians, the meaning of which is that in practice we will withdraw from almost all the territories, if not all the territories,”

Mr Olmert said. “We will leave a percentage of these territories in our hands, but will have to give the Palestinians a similar percentage, because without that there will be no peace,” he added.

It appears from an interview conducted with Yedioth Ahronoth, along with news that the governments of Is-

rael and Syria have been engaged in secret talks since February 2007 and Mr. Olmert is hopeful that in exchange for surrendering the Golan Heights, Damascus will cut its ties with Iran

A withdrawal will most likely leave 400,000 Israelis stranded in the occupied West Bank and another 20,000 in the Golan Heights. The call for withdrawal and peace is a departure from comments previously made by the Prime Minister, who once believed that Jerusalem should wholly be within Israeli territory.

Whilst reflecting on his tenure, Olmert was anxious to point out that he was “not trying to justify retroactively what I did for 35 years. For a large portion of these years I was unwilling to look at reality in all its depth” said Olmert.

The fact that Mr. Olmert not only felt able to make his comments, but also to actively show disapproval for the way the situation was handled, is perhaps a change in mood he was only ready to discuss once his political career was already over so there could not be any repercussions.

His recently voted successor, Tzipi Livni, has been more cautious than Olmert. Despite his brave comments, there seems little hope for a peace agreement in the time Ehud Olmert has left as Prime Minister.



Settlers march in protest of withdrawal

Austrian far-right steal 30% in election sparking fear of neo-Nazi resurgence

James Goldsack

Heinz-Christian Strache, former dental technician and bigot, has shot to dubious fame for leading his Freedom party to 18% of the vote in an early general election last Sunday, whilst his former boss and mentor-cum-rival Jörg Haider led his extreme-right party Austria’s Future to 11%. Despite claims to the contrary, Strache has been branded a neo-Nazi by many political opponents and with good reason: keeping company with banned German neo-Nazis,

photographed giving the three-fingered neo-Nazi salute, promising to repeal laws banning Nazi revivalism, filmed in forests carrying arms and wearing military fatigues, the list goes on. “I was never a neo-Nazi and never will be” Strache has insisted, yet recently while suing Viennese newspaper *Profil* for defamation, the court ruled that he could reasonably be said to display “an affinity to national-socialist thinking”.

Europe’s extreme-right poster boy has stirred up support mostly from the 72% of Austrians who are against

inclusion within the E.U. by bashing Brussels. Strache’s current aspiration is to become Chancellor then to form a coalition with Flemish separatists, France’s National Front, Bulgarian extreme nationalists and any other extreme-right nuts under the banner of “European Patriotic Party”. However, the E.U. is not his only pet hate; Strache hates Muslims. Believing “Vienna must not become Istanbul”, it is no wonder he plans to set up a ministry for the deportation of immigrants and is pushing for a constitutional ban on

building minarets.

Liberals reeled in Vienna as the results of the election were released, with *Profil* describing the proceedings as “a unique case among the western democracies”. One hopes this is the case although in 2002, French extreme-right candidate Le Pen came a shock second in the Presidential elections and then was last year’s 4th place; perhaps liberals and left-wingers alike should be worried. This result in the election on Sunday puts the extreme-right collectively comfortably ahead of main-

stream conservatives Austrian People’s party and neck-and-neck with the Social Democrats who scraped a win. It will be very difficult for any party to muster a parliamentary majority, leaving the choice between inviting Strache into government and forming a coalition with the Christian Democrats – a coalition that collapsed in June after only 18 months in office. Attempting this coalition again and having it fail can only serve to raise support for the extreme-right, putting the Social Democrats in a very difficult position.

In 1999 the Freedom Party, under Haider’s command, stunned Europe when it received 27% of the vote and a place in government. This Sunday, under Strache, the combined far-right did slightly better, meaning that almost one in three Austrians voted extreme-right. Since his youth Strache has been heavily influenced by and involved with far-right politics; he was once engaged to the daughter of one of the founding members of the Austrian Branch of Germany’s neo-Nazi National Democratic party. A master of P.R., Strache managed to become a Vienna City councillor in the early 1990s using a combination of Haider’s techniques: snappy dressing, outrageous soundbites and populist rabble-raising, entertaining the people. The leader at the time, Haider, quit in 2005, leaving Strache to continue running the party while he effectively retired, before staging a comeback on Sunday.

Strache is widely accepted as more aggressive and rightwing than Haider, he insists on calling himself a patriot. “Thirty percent for people who portray national socialism as innocuous,” wrote commentator Hans Rauscher, summing up “who toy with anti-semitism and develop contacts with the Serbian radical party whose leader, Vojislav Šešelj, is in the dock at the war crimes tribunal in The Hague. Austria is tops again”.



Frolicking in the woods with neo-Nazi paramilitary groups left a huge grin on Strache’s face



Emily Wilson
Arts Editor

Early this morning I found myself lying awake thinking about who I am. A little along the lines of those “I am who I am because of everybody” adverts by Orange, I started to think about what defines me. Those of you readers who have the great misfortune of being freshers have by now probably got sick of defining yourself by name, subject and where home is. My name’s Emily, I study biology, I come from Marlow in Buckinghamshire.

Meanwhile, many third/fourth years faced with the impendingness of life after Imperial might be finding themselves defined by the contents of their CV. I worked in a bookshop for two years, I’ve been an Oxfam volunteer, I’ve spent a summer as a telemarketer and more recently I spent a summer as a corporate whore. Then you’ve got to pad out your CV with all of your extra-curricular clubs and societies – I’m an arts editor for Felix and I’m president of Imperial’s Amnesty International Society. See, Mr. Employer, aren’t I a well-rounded person?

This is before we get on to the Facebook definitions. Relationship status: married to my best friend (we’re clearly not married, really I’m single). Interested in: men (oh but I’m married to a girl – what a conflict, tee hee!). Political and religious views: champagne socialist and rampant atheist (I like to be descriptive). And THEN we’re on to lists of activities, music and films... but who cares about that because you’re all just judging me on my number of friends anyway.

My point, reader, is that this is all just the bollocks we put on paper. Sure, all the stuff above is true, but how do I really define myself? I define myself by my habits and my quirks, by what I do with my weekends, and by what makes me happy. I like nights out, nights in, gigs, but not festivals, sitting in pubs with pints of Stella. I’ve drunk three mugs of coffee already today. I buy *The Guardian* every morning. I organise my non-fiction books by height of spine. I spend my weekends mostly alone and wandering through art galleries or around the streets of London. I have no qualms about going to the cinema solo or sitting alone in cafes and eating extravagant cake. I like diet coke, but not regular coke. I used to have a blog and I created a webcomic that never got online. I hate team sports, but I’ve been to the gym 7 times in the past 9 days.

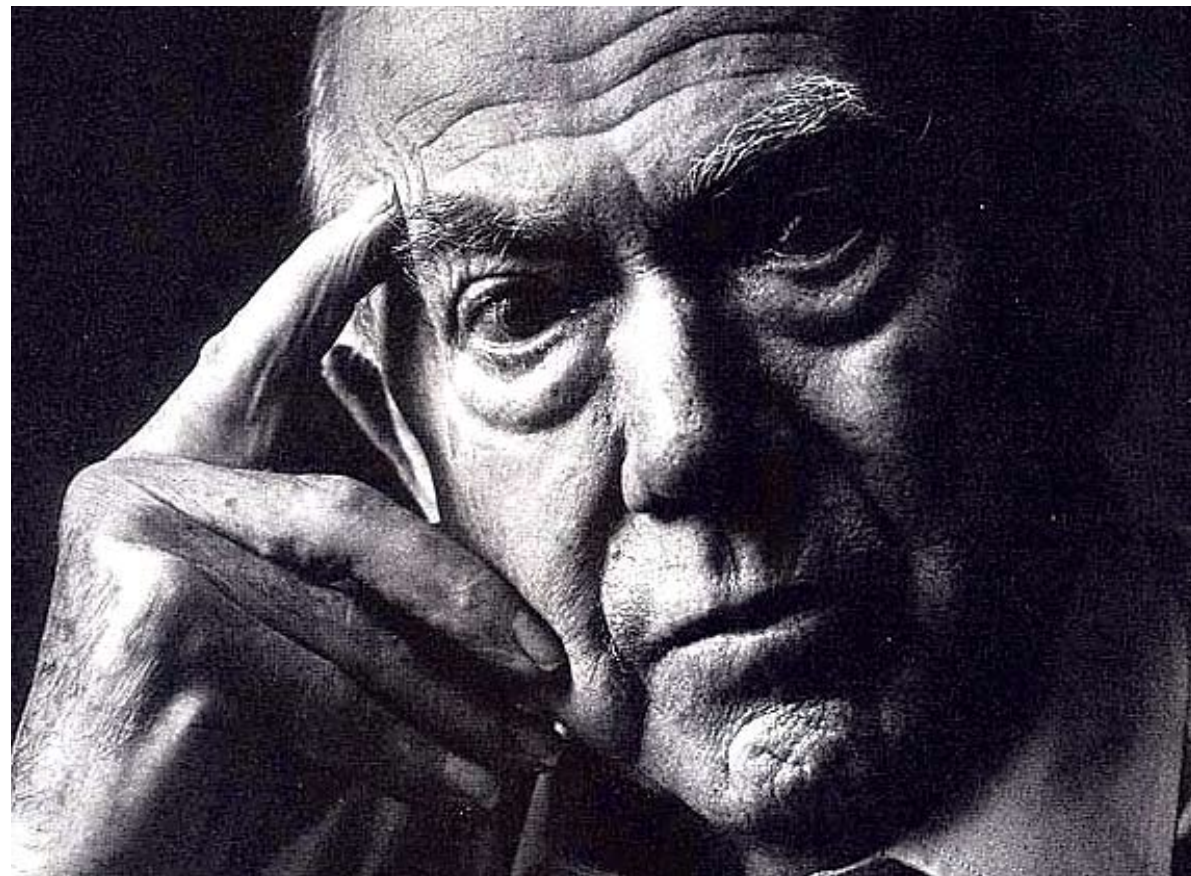
What’s my point? My point is that you should think about who you are when you’re not a physicist or a medic or captain of the football team. What do you like doing other than getting smashed on a Saturday night? University’s the place to find out, and the arts pages here in Felix are a good start. Forget what might go on your CV or whether it’ll get you more friends on Facebook. Try something new. Go to a play, pop into a museum or an art gallery, write a poem, read a book. And you know what else? Write an article about it and send it to arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk - we’ll print it.

Dip into the life and literary genius of Graham Greene

Caz Knight introduces us to the British writer who reignited her passion for reading

Not since I was a care-free schoolgirl, bereft of worry and academic burden, have I devoured literature as I have done this summer. My will to read was reignited and I have Graham Greene to thank for it. Like the great author’s name, his books are easy to swallow and savour, leaving you with nothing but vivid images. Officially Henry Graham Greene (1904-1991), he was born in Hertfordshire and attended a boarding school there where his father took over as headmaster. His intense boredom prompted an interest in Russian Roulette which, Greene said, helped him to appreciate life and to treat his insufferable boredom which “expanded like a balloon” inside his head. Aged 16, he ran away from school to escape his “irrational melancholy” and later spent time with a psycho-analyst in London, a time he described as one of the happiest in his life. He had replaced melancholy with normal unhappiness and this, according to Freud’s definition, meant he had been successfully psycho-analysed.

Greene’s exciting and, at times, controversial life has coloured his huge array of literary output. Whilst working for *Night and Day* he caused the magazine to close after writing that 10-year-old Shirley Temple in Wee Willie Winkie displayed “a certain adroit coquetry which appealed to middle-aged men.” His extensive travels to places such as Mexico, Argentina, Russia, Vietnam, Haiti, Cuba, Sierra Leone and all over Europe led him to be recruited by MI6, as well as proving useful in



Graham Greene, the man himself, performs the classic “thoughtful intellectual” pose, with added eyebrow

creating the often poor, hot, dusty and tropical settings (“Greenland”) of his novels. Like many creative geniuses such as Beethoven, Van Gogh, William Blake and Charles Dickens, Greene had bipolar-disorder, a psychological

condition which greatly affected his writing and personal life.

Greene found his way to my heart by serenading me with the political novel, *The Quiet American*. Re-made into a film in 2002 with Michael Caine as

the protagonist Fowler and Brendan Fraser as the boyish Pyle, the book is set across Indochina, now Vietnam. Just back from the tropics of South-East Asia myself, I eagerly dove into the sweltering landscape created by Greene set in the 1950s just before the outbreak of the U.S.A.’s Vietnam debacle. Teeming with tales of espionage, political twists and turns, violence, action, smatterings of love and even a happy ending, this work of Greene will make you read until the last sentence has been gobbled up and then have you running to the bookshop/library/shelf for the next one. And so my summer continued, with interludes of Joseph Conrad (*Heart of Darkness*, *Nigger of the Narcissus*), Leo Tolstoy, a biography on the delectable young Josef Stalin, before he became the nihilistic, bloodthirsty tyrant we all know and hate, and *The Guardian*.

My next Greene discovery was unearthed from the bookshelf of my parents’ home, a hardback copy of one of his latest works, *The Captain and the Enemy* (1988). Another one of his compelling political stories, it starts out with a young boy’s removal, or kidnapping, from boarding school by the Captain to a young woman’s flat in Camden Town where he stays through his adolescence until his emergence as a journalist. The autobiographical allusions are clear and continue as the young man flies to Panama in search of the Captain, to find that his ‘father’ is mixed up in the dealings of the Nicaraguan Sandinistas. Short, even for a Greene book, this is another delight and can be consumed within a matter of hours with ease.



Ok, so, Russian Roulette. Greene was into it but that doesn’t mean we in the Arts pages encourage it



You know you've made it as a writer when someone makes a film of your work starring Michael Caine and Brendan Fraser (here in *The Quiet American*). Graham was chuffed. Or not so much, what with being dead

His acute ability to conjure setting in a paragraph taking us to the exact spot of the story's backdrop is seen in *The Ministry of Fear*, reminiscently Orwellian by its greyness. That is not to say that the progression of this fantastic suspense thriller is a bore to read! It has its low moments, as does the life of anyone living in (wartime) London, the novel's setting. *Ministry* features less political nuance and more philosophi-

cal ideas, which are explored through the character's experience of pity and responsibility. I found myself angered intensely at Brown's feeling of responsibility to almost complete strangers, at the expense of his happiness as well as sharing in Brown's misery: Greene has succeeded in conveying the intricate thought processes of his characters. This murder mystery, with just the right amount of love story added,

explores a wide range of metaphysical issues without feeling cumbersome to get through.

Onto Cold War politics in Russia and Italy respectively in *No Man's Land* and *A Stranger's Hand*, which are two novellas designed solely as film outlines to develop characters. Only *A Stranger's Hand* was made into a film. Each is no longer than 50 pages, but once again, an extreme sense of place is created as

well as a strong connection with the characters of Brown (not the same as in *Ministry of Fear*: a possible play on 'Greene') and his love interest, political refugee, Carla (a play on his then mistress' name, Catherine). Greene criticised authors such as Virginia Woolf and E.M. Forster for the absence of religion and faith in their characters which resulted in lifeless and superficial ones. Greene believed that to create depth his characters must have some sort of religious 'element' in them. Greene converted to Catholicism upon marrying his wife Vivien, although they did not stay married and Greene went on to have many subsequent affairs. In every book I have read of his thus far the religion is consistently present even if it is a passing reference to a rosary. One of the "Catholic" books, *The Heart of the Matter*, deals with the Head of Police's perdition. Fuelled by his experience in Sierra Leone during WWII, this book is set in Greeneland proper. It is hard to finish reading this book and not feel as though we too have experienced the hammering rains of West Africa; the dank humidity punctuated with mosquitoes and the padding of our "boy's" feet on stone floors. Henry Scobie, like Brown in *Ministry of Fear*, is shackled by his pity for his once loved wife, Louise. He yearns for peace and his wish is fleetingly granted as Louise departs for South Africa, but returns as he takes a mistress in the form of child widow, Helen. Love quickly turns into pity, which doubles as Louise returns home. Scobie damns himself by continuing the affair whilst continuing to take communion with Louise at Mass. In the end, through his suicide, he forsakes God at the expense of his soul so that the two women in his life can be happy in a world where he is not. At times I did not feel positive enjoyment reading this book for it is too potent, too successful in recreating human emotion and turmoil: I felt dragged along through the grind of his dam-

nation, but came out the other side in awe of what Greene has managed to do, again.

True, his novels thus far often follow what I call the 'Greene Formula.' This is the appearance of features such as Catholic allusions, some small and some the main feature of the novel. Another is the single, troubled but sturdy woman with whom the protagonist inevitably falls in love; references to English public schools; the protagonist who suffers from pity; sepulchral similes and fond references to women's powder and other ablutions. One of my favourite lines in any book would be taken from *Ministry of Fear*, "All the way upstairs to his room he could smell her. He could have gone into any chemist's shop and picked out her powder, and he could have told in the dark the texture of her skin." Brown's passion is so blatant from his attention to such a small detail of the woman he loves. To the less neurotic mind these would go unnoticed, but as I read the books in reasonably quick succession (Greene wrote them over several decades), I began to see a pattern emerge. It is a credit to his talent that such a formula can be reused and can still manage to create works that baffle, are original and make me feel as if I have read much, much more than just one author over the course of five books.

Greene certainly is a genius in the way he manages to transport one to places and through experiences with relatively so few words. Quite a contrast to friend and fellow Catholic, Evelyn Waugh, author of the *Brideshead Revisited* institution. I am in complete agreement when Waugh said of his friend, "the words are functional, devoid of sensuous attraction." This is lean, fat-free fiction leaving nothing but stark realism; effortlessly good, although one comes out feeling gorged, replete as if having feasted on the fatty goodness of Waugh's sensuous narratives.

Nope, we hadn't heard of it either

Timon of Athens is the Shakespeare play most people don't know about. Caz Knight sees it performed

Timon of Athens made its mark on Shakespeare's Globe this summer despite running alongside many other much more well known, cherished and understood of the Bard's works. Rarely heard of, even among those familiar with Shakespeare, it is a hot topic for debate among the learned as to the date of its creation, its creator(s) and performance circumstances. Scholars are divided on whether or not it was actually finished and whether playwright Thomas Middleton was a collaborator with Shakespeare on *Timon*.

Thus, director Lucy Bailey took on a challenge by realising this complex and obscure work. In doing so she has managed to present it in a fashion that will appeal to audiences with an appetite for digestible summer entertainment.

Also described as a 'poor relation' to some of the other major tragedies such as *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, this play is described both as a tragedy and as a problem comedy despite the death of its main character. Set in Athens, Lord Timon is a popular, wealthy and generous man bestowing on his loyal friends numerous epicurean banquets rank with wine and women. However, the sudden loss of his fortune sees Timon forsaken by his supposed brethren and transformed into a misanthrope

and so he casts himself asunder to live life in rags in the wilderness. Upon discovering hidden treasure he plans an assault on the city in a fit of bitterness towards mankind.

The play's negative view on excess, expenditure and money have made it an unpopular candidate with wealthy, paying audiences in the past and it seems a little ironic that Timon, rife with the notion of lost riches, is brought to the Globe at this time of economic uncertainty. It has also been chastised for its lack of any serious female characters (bloody feminists). The only women to appear in *Timon* are those fit solely for the sexual whims of the banqueters. For those of you who care, this cast sees many women in roles besides those of the whores. The production's fantastic design team have really outdone any previous performance at the Globe by a very dynamic and interactive set design. Vulture-like, black-clad demons dangle down and pounce upon Timon and his friends and scuttle over the huge net which is cast over the theatre's open roof. The churlish and disgusted philosopher, Apemantus, strolls through the standing audience before making his presence felt on stage to berate Timon for his indulgences. The ugly notion of greed, juxtaposed with the jocular banquet atmosphere is brilliantly conveyed by calypso drums get-

ting a sinister makeover when played over deeper, heavier drums.

Simon Paisley Day as Timon makes a stupendous effort in portraying the lavish host and carries the play through its comic to tragic status by his transformation into the loin-cloth wearing pessimist. The play has moments of lewd hilarity as we see Timon, very

convincingly, take a dump into a hole and then (accidentally?) smear it over one of the senators who have sought him out after hearing of his discovered treasure. Such a moment shines in a comical sense but momentarily detracts from the dialogue and subject matter: a point made by other critics also in reference to the elaborate set

design.

Whatever its faults, this highly original and fun production has totally shaken Shakespeare up for audiences and given them a delightful evening's entertainment in an extremely different theatrical setting while still successful in conveying the play's themes and gravitas.



Timon of Athens is about an angry caveman apparently

Red squares and black-on-black

Emily Wilson gets a swanky press invite to witness the arts event of the year: Rothko at Tate Modern

Mark Rothko, born Marcus Rothkowitz in 1903 in a part of Russia now actually in Latvia, is famed as one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century. Scanning through a time line of his life, he was fortunate enough to receive fame, fortune and critical acclaim throughout much of his career, but suffered from much ill health before his dramatic suicide at his studio in 1970. A new exhibition at Tate Modern looks over his later works, which are adored by art buffs (this exhibition has attracted rave reviews and universal admiration) but, in my experience, are often unappreciated by the rest of us because of their perceived simplicity and lack of any subject matter. I certainly had little time for them up until now. But is this exhibition likely to change minds or does it merely cater for the already converted?

Before I embark upon the Rothko press view, I consume the world's smallest cappuccino in Tate Modern's espresso bar (it claims to be "medium"). It would have been quite cute had it not cost me £1.90. I may be forced to keep the cup for further use just to feel like I'm getting my money's worth. The gift shop on the same level as the exhibit has a multitude of repetitive postcards that don't inspire hope for the exhibition, and a wide range of gifties in that rusty Rothko red. The woolen scarves are rather handsome, but £45. Sigh. Following on from the diminutive cappuccino, this is another example of monetary raping by Tate to compensate for their free museum entry. It should be noted that admission to the Rothko exhibition is £12.50 and for us students it's only reduced to £10.50. That's a fair few pints in the union.

This is the second press viewing I've been to. The first (who remembers Duchamp, Man Ray and Picabia? Anybody?) was practically empty, but this one is rammed to the gills. There are a disgusting number of film crews present, who make noise and tut if you get in their shot, almost ruining my enjoyment of the whole thing. On the bright side, the crowds of arty farty journalistic types makes for some

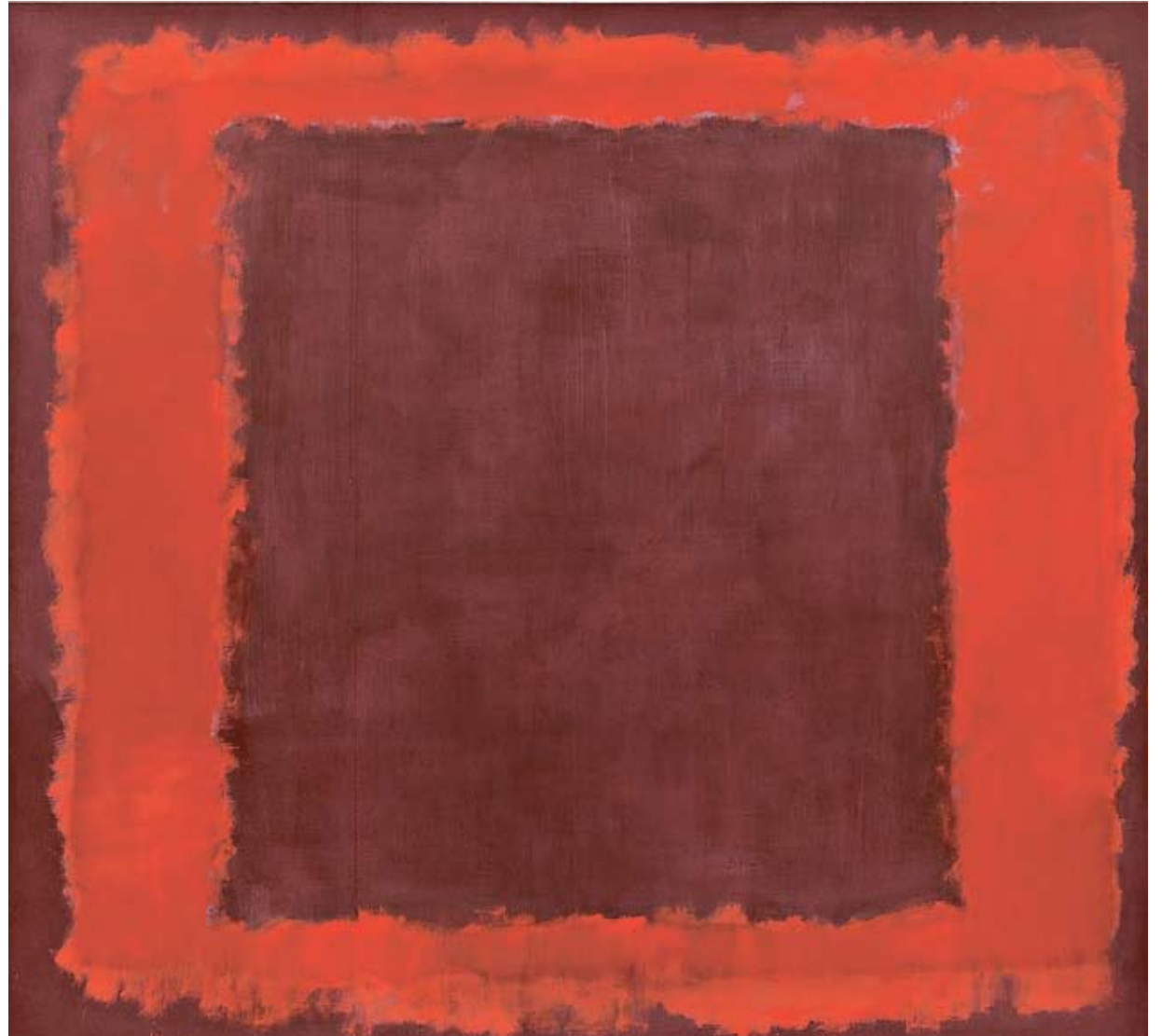
good people watching. Everybody here seems to know each other (except me, of course). There's a lot of "DARLING!" and embracing going on. An added bonus: within 20 seconds I've got my eye on a young man with some exceedingly sexy geek chic going on. Oooh.

Something that will strike many visitors is that many of the rooms are in relative darkness. This is a bit startling at first, and doesn't aid me when I'm taking notes, but it is necessary. It complements the painting beautifully, adding to the rich and moody atmosphere.

The Tate is clearly very proud of getting its hands on nine of the Seagram Murals, and the press release bangs on about them at length. The Seagram Murals were commissioned in 1958 to decorate the fancy Four Seasons restaurant in Manhattan's Seagram building. The original commission allowed for seven paintings. Rothko produced 30 canvases, but he withdrew from the commission and they never made it to the restaurant. These nine are the biggest of Rothko's works here. Orange-reds, a little brighter than some of his others, they involve hollow squares and rectangles, in contrast to the simple blocks of his other canvases. They take pride of place in both room 3 and the press release, dominating the exhibition. Chronology aside, I'd have preferred them not to be so intimidatingly early on in the exhibition. I'd rather have been eased into Rothko, perhaps coming to a steamy climax with them at the end.

Room 4 is a good room after my uneasiness in the vast room 3. Here there are some rather charming photos of Rothko's studio, which is the kind of thing I like to see in these special exhibitions. Also in room 4 is "Black on Maroon" (1958) which you can walk behind to view, behind glass, the back of the canvas signed by the artist. I like that. I also like the display about Rothko's painting techniques, with a splattering of art conservation expertise here. This reveals the technical brilliance of Rothko that is so often underestimated.

Room 5 is another good one. "Untitled" of 1964 (most of Rothko's work is untitled, which I find lackluster



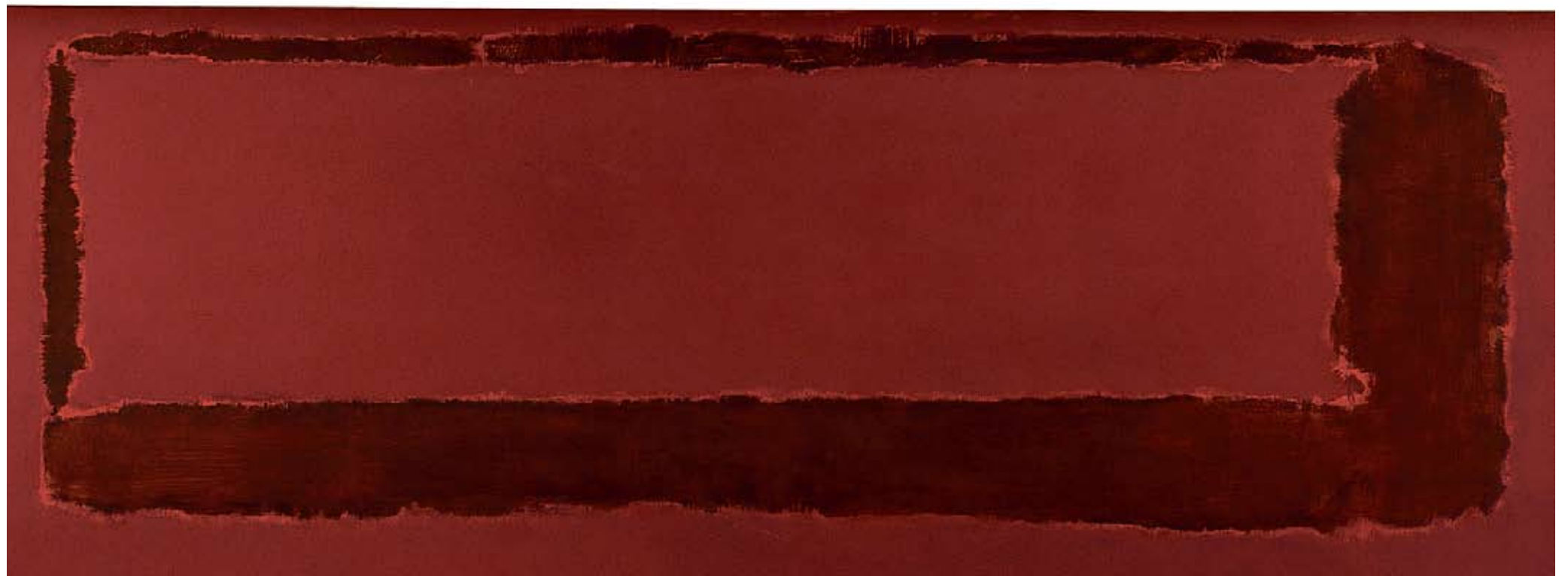
Rothko really REALLY liked his red squares. If you're not a fan of red squares you probably won't like the Seagram Murals that Tate Modern are so proud of. And, let's face it, you probably won't like Rothko at all

– he should have come up with wild and abstract titles for the poor things) is simpler and crisper than a standard Rothko, and really very elegant, while still in the usual earthy reds and browns. "No. 5" (1964) is seemingly black on black but really isn't. The more you look at it the more you see it's actually a deep bluey purple black on a reddish maroonish black with a paler tinge where they meet. It is precisely like staring into velvet, or a black

hole. I adore that about Rothko. It's like he's working with infinity, looking into the abyss. Into a deep, dark, blackened soul. I could get poetic here. I wonder if different people see different things and feel different emotions when confronted with Rothko. They're dark and empty, but to me in a comforting way – like cuddling up in a warm, dark, velvety blanket at night. But I can imagine for some this could be terribly morbid and depressing, like staring into the

mouth of death.

In room 6 there's a chance to sit down, which the balls of my feet appreciate (I wore 3 inch heels. Why? Because I'm very very stupid). This is a good room to sit down in awhile because it's more black-on-black (and yet not black-on-black) paintings. There are four of them, superficially identical but the more you look the more they vary. The one on my left is glossier, the one behind me plummier, another has



See? More red squares. I had about 8 different press images to choose from, all red squares. I thought about flipping some round to see if anybody noticed (but didn't, I'm a good girl)



Egads, it's not a red square! Does it look a bit like the seaside at night?

more distinctive boundaries between shades of black.

If you're an art rookie you probably won't like this exhibition, which is its flaw. It's inaccessible and elitist (and the ticket price doesn't help). If you don't get it, fuck off. We're not going to explain it to you. The exhibition launches in without proper introduction or explanation. It's difficult to get any sense of Rothko's life or the story behind his work without forking out for the audioguide or paying dedicated attention to the free mini guide. Upon reading this for the first time (half way through the exhibition, so I kick myself) I realise the exhibition "starts" when Rothko was already an artist in his prime. It starts with The Seagram Murals because there's at the beginning of the period we're covering.

It all makes sense to me now, but I'm disappointed. I came here eager to find out how an artist gets to this style, this ever-repeating format of dark colours on dark colours. I want to see the journey, the development. I think it's important to see an artist in their context – within the history around them and among their fellow artists. I don't feel like I'm getting to know Rothko in this exhibition. To me, an exhibition about an individual artist should make you feel like the artist is a friend of yours, helping you to understand what they were thinking. I like to leave an exhibition teary-eyed because the hero dies at the end. But Rothko isn't my friend here. I'm making friends with the paintings, looking deep into their souls, but I'm not looking into Mark Rothko's soul.

If you don't come here with a keen, open mind you're going to be bored.

Let's face it, it all looks the same. Block colour on block colour, hint of haziness where they meet, if you can see where they meet at all. Even I'm struggling to pick out key pieces to tell you about. In room 7 we do get a sudden splash of variation. The reds get a little brighter, yes, but now we're getting some shape. Squares and stripes and bars. All still untitled, these simple pieces are not distinguished from the previously very simple pieces, but the slight contrast makes them seem so suddenly busy and rebellious. But in the grand scheme of Art these are still almost blank, lacking in topic or subject matter.

Room 8 is different again. A series of canvases split on the horizontal into two colours. Where the split occurs varies around the pieces and I wonder if this is significant. The colours are also different – more blue, more light grey. But the brush work is rougher, scratchier. The line splitting the colours makes me think of horizons, of looking into the distance or at the sea-side or the sky at night. You can almost pick out objects or structures in the distance like it's a landscape. Room 9 is much like room 8 with canvases split between two colours like horizons. But these, again difficult to distinguish because they're all untitled, are black on top and grey on the bottom. The canvases are slightly different shapes and sizes each time, but the colours and the outcomes are the same. Room 9 is, unexpectedly, the last room. I can see the exit. Usually when I reach the end of an exhibition I'm quite keen to escape, but today I'm left a little wanting. I don't feel like I've got to the bottom of Rothko.

I feel guilty about skipping both the

curator's tour and the audioguide, like I might be missing the point or denying myself the explanation. But shouldn't an exhibition be self-evident? It really isn't. I don't know what to conclude here. It's not what I'd hoped for. I have no better knowledge of Rothko as an artist than I did when I walked in. I worry that visitors, including you readers, will be let down by this. So many people will visit and hate it, not get it or find it boring. But on the positive, these paintings are astoundingly beautiful. I adored the blocks of dark colours on dark colours, the black on black, more than I ever expected to. I could have stared into them for hours. They're spiritual and thought-provoking. Walking through this exhibition is like meditation. Rothko's work is a religious experience, and I understand now why the Menil chapel in the Houston, Texas, is filled with his work. Against all my atheist beliefs and anti-religious sentiments, a church would be the perfect place for these soul-searching paintings. On the wall out by the espresso bar there is a Mark Rothko quote that I think sums it all up rather well: "If people want sacred experiences they will find them here. If they want profane experiences they will find them too. I take no sides".

The Rothko exhibition is on until 1st February 2009 at Tate Modern. Admission is an eyebrow-raising £12.50 (or £10.50 to us students) but why not treat yourself to celebrate the start of a new year? Open 10am-6pm and late night until 10pm on Friday and Saturday, so you've got no excuse

"I don't want to spend my entire graduate scheme staring at the same four walls."

Bring your aspirations to **LIFE**.

KPMG LIFE is our on-campus event.

It's your chance to learn the facts about who we are, what we do and how we offer an exciting range of graduate opportunities across Audit, Tax and Advisory.

Discover the true meaning of **LIFE**.

Come and see us on 13th October in Lecture Theatre 1, Sir Alexander Fleming Building between 6.30-8.30pm.

Pre-register at kpmg.co.uk/life for fast-track entry.

AUDIT ■ TAX ■ ADVISORY

KPMG

The Great Culture Crawl

Chapter One – Fun (for Fresher’s)

Baker Street

Plenty to get up to here especially for anyone new to London and wants to get all the standard tourist attractions out of the way. Madame Tussaud’s houses a collection of celebrity waxworks. You can buy a ticket for about £50 to London’s “Top 3 attractions” and get Tussaud’s, the Eye and the London Dungeons (London Bridge tube station) thrown in. Next to it is the London Planetarium. A short walk away is one of my favourite London parks, Regent’s park. Serenely beautiful it also offers places to dine, pretty flowers and events such as a current sculpture exhibition and a Frieze Art fair which features 150 of the most exciting contemporary art galleries in the world. It runs until 19 October. The main attraction of Regent’s Park is London Zoo, another thing yet to be discovered by me. For some absolutely delicious made-to-order paninis then outside the park’s north-western corner is a little café on Wellington Road. The name escapes me and so you will have to persevere. Apologies if you stumble across the wrong establishment and get food poisoning. Man up. On the up side London’s best public convenience 2008 is moments away up the road!

Camden

Ahhh sweet, sweet Camden. With its bridge that is home to surly punks who will swear and spit at you if you dare to take pictures of them! The glorious loch with flashy new eateries such as Hi Sushi and Lloyd’s bar juxtaposed with the gangs of copulating Goths further down (just close your eyes). It’s often possible to feel pretty drab and conventional in Camden even though your attire may turn heads in the Sherfield building. If you do feel as if your wardrobe needs a shake up then this is the perfect place to accessorize with quirky tees, skinny jeans, tutus, funky tights and way way more. Anyone with a penchant for body mods (tats, piercings, scarification etc) will find top-notch establishments here to get the work done. Cold Steel for piercings and Evil from the Needle for tats and I can personally assure both are clean and professional and do a fantastic job. For the foodies Camden is a haven with lots of hidden gems serving awesome nosh. Out of selfishness I will not divulge, go and discover your own! The stalls also do cheap, greasy Chinese, Indian, Mexican etc. Which is also great if junk is what you crave. I would recommend taking time off lectures/in between/on a day off to visit as weekends get awfully crowded and if you cannot abide slow, gormless walkers then going on a Saturday or Sunday is not recommended.

The legendary Koko’s is right outside Mornington Crescent tube and puts on many live bands and club nights and is sure to feature in your social calendar at some point. If you would like a more refined evening try the Jazz café which is highly recommended for jazz lovers. There is no need to say Camden offers a huge range of bars which cover all tastes, the Loch being a good area. The Dublin castle is down and dirty and good for indie. Further down the road the Edinburgh castle is a very pleasant, calmer setting; delicious food. Camden Arts centre isn’t strictly in walking distance of its tube station but is worth a visit for the café and gorgeous garden if nothing else. The houses of poet John Keats and psychologist Freud are within a quarter of a mile radius.

Southbank

Accessible from about 6 tube stops, South Bank spans a large chunk of the river and is a very pretty place to go for a wander if only to soak up some of the ambience. Glorious on a sunny day and also gorgeous at night to see the twinkling lights of London reflected on the Thames. Crossing any bridge and looking east, St Paul’s can be seen in all its splendour set against the City’s backdrop which is oddly peaceful. The London Eye is here for those wanting a different perspective on the city. The Eye is another spectacular thing to behold at night when it is lit up with pretty colours. The London Aquarium has its home by Westminster Bridge and for something a little more ‘cultural’ the South Bank offers everything. Here lies the National Film Theatre, the National Theatre, the Hayward Gallery (always something random and quirky going on here as well the more conventional arts) and a book market. There are lots of bars and restaurants, Benugo is particularly delicious for sumptuous Maris piper potato wedges, but don’t expect student prices!

Any sk8er boiz (or girls) among you may like to hear that there is a much frequented area and beautifully graffitied area for skaters and skateboarders. Big Ben and all that jazz is not far if you feel like soaking up some British Heritage.

Brixton

OK, OK, normally it is more famous for an evening’s shooting in McDonald’s and it’s pretty easy to score drugs outside the tube station (remember everything in moderation), but Brixton has its charms and I find myself oddly fond of it. It has a large number of more grimy, underground dance clubs many opening their doors when others are in the process of closing. It also offers a surprising number of very charming and smart bars which you’d expect more from Fulham Road. Dogstar in Coldharbour Lane is an example of this, serving up banging tunes alongside tasty Mexican food. Further up this road Joy Boutique sells a quirky range and men and women’s clothing as well as a random range of novelty items. If you’re partial to delectable Caribbean food then Brixton, well known for its African and Caribbean population will definitely fill your needs. It has its own market a few paces up from the tube and its place on the Victoria Line means its extremely easy to reach from central London. Another of my favourite Brixton haunts is the Ritzy Cinema which shows an excellent selection of films (both Limited and Nationwide release) and has a harming bar selling alcohol which can be consumed in its screens. The food upstairs in the café is truly delish too and even if you are not planning on seeing a movie, the Ritzy is worth visiting for this reason alone. The Carling Academy will almost certainly have something to tempt you whether it’s rock or dance music or reggae and it’s a brilliant venue.

One very unique club in Brixton is Mass which used to be an old church and now plays home to the fetish club Torture Garden. University is a time of experimentation and doing things we will look back on with either shame or pride and this club night is a perfect way to discover any hidden fantasies that might lurk beneath your seemingly tame scientist’s exterior. As fetish clubs go this is pretty mainstream and it is more about the fancy dress rather than whips and chains. By fancy dress ANYTHING goes, let your imagination run riot. The only thing unacceptable is ‘streetwear’ (jeans, shirts and the like). Inside you will find everyone to be down to earth, open minded and friendly which is more than can be said for most of your ‘standard’ club nights.

Soho

Ensconced between the grandeur of Mayfair, the retailers of Oxford Street and Theatreland, Soho is made up of quaint criss-crossing (largely) pedestrian streets and is regarded as the centre of London’s colossal gay scene. Here you will never be want of something to amuse you whether it’s an especially flamboyant queen, irresistible boutique, mouth-watering café, restaurant or vibrant bar. Sex shops aplenty, gays, girls and straights alike will find things that float their boat here. Girls, Paradiso Boutique in Old Compton Street has underwear to die for and check out Moaz next door for awesome falafel.

Soho pretty much overlaps onto theatre-land; the West End. As a London student you are probably the luckiest people in the world in terms of just how much the city has to offer you in terms of entertainment. The shows on at any time in the West End will cater for everyone, especially those who abhor the musical, commercialised shit churned out for tourists. Stuck for where to begin? We artsy editors here at Felix will point you in the right direction and even give you free theatre tickets. All you have to do is muster your finest writing skills and produce a review!

For the less theatrically inclined, the Royal Academy is a hop over Piccadilly Circus in Piccadilly itself and houses some beautiful collections of painting, sculpture and more and is always sure to have a stupendous paying exhibition on at anytime. I even saw Sir Stephen Fry walking out in the summer. Swoon. Again, press tickets can be arranged for you as Felix writers. The Photographer’s Gallery will be a treat for those who love photography and it is also free and situated in Great Newport Street adjacent to Leicester Square tube station. Otherwise stay clear of Leicester Square as it’s nothing but a hive of tacky tourist attractions (Ripley’s Believe it or Not). However, if that is just what your in the mood for, jump right in. The Trocadero is home to sex museum Amora which is actually worth a look (although admission is £12), great for a first date, believe me!

South Kensington

What shall I do to fill those hours between lectures? Go to the library and go over my lecture? Not a chance! It is a theory of mine that to work hard and succeed one needs a peaceful and happy mind and so rest, leisure and pleasure and mandatory. If this comes to you in the form of said library studies then this is will be great for your degree. If not, there is much to distract you within the realms of South Kensington. For one, Kensington Gardens is directly opposite the Royal Albert Hall which is located right next to Beit Hall of residence. This park I like to refer to as Hyde Park’s younger and much more beautiful sister. Hyde Park is alright for running and has a pretty section but is, in fact, just a patch of grass. Kensington Garden feels a lot wilder and overgrown which will come as welcome relief if you are missing your more rural homes. The Serpentine art gallery is located within the parks perimeter and is currently showing Richter’s art. (As in the ‘Richter scale’ except this is a different Richter).

The three big museums cannot have escaped your notice. The Science Museum, The Natural History Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum offer something for each and every taste and are also the cause of the gross over population of children around Imperial on the weekdays. Each museum is free and Felix can provide press tickets for special exhibitions at the V&A in exchanged for your words on what’s there and whether its worth seeing.

Written by Caz Knight designed by Rosie Grayburn

BRIXTON

Improvement works may affect you particularly at weekends. Check before you travel: look for publicity at stations, visit tfl.gov.uk/check

Live from Bosnia and Herzegovina

Lucy Harrold joins “homos and hen nights” for Eurovision-based fun, frolicks, fisting and a singing turnip

As I entered the theatre, not even having a ticket at that time, I was greeted by smiley men urging me to take a badge and a bar-rage of women who looked like rejects from the Claire's Accessories bargain bin advising me my night would not be complete without a flag or a clacker or a strange glowing hooter. Once I finally got my ticket and found my seat I began to feel rather apprehensive about the evening, not helped by the sounds of said clackers and strange glowing hooters, and people generally shouting at each other. My companion, Dale, and I both agreed this would be a night at the theatre unlike any other as we compared the countries we would be representing according to badges given at the door; I had Sweden and my friend had Italy.

I don't know why I chose Sweden, I guess it has something to do with my love for Ikea, meatballs and ABBA (but NOT Mamma Mia, if any of you mention that film I will not be happy). I have always loved Eurovision and so wanted to see if this “Almost Eurovision” would live up to the reality and my friend, although a fan of musical theatre, had never been impressed by Eurovision so needed to be converted to this most tacky of art forms.

So far so much like a night at the union, but as the curtain raised to reveal the stage, crammed with as much glitter as is humanly possible, I realised perhaps this won't be so bad after all. Then our hosts for the evening entered: Boyka, an ex-Olympic pole vaulter cum lifestyle programme presenter played by the hilarious Mel Giedroyc, and Sergei, a children's TV presenter played by Les Dennis and his hilarious

toupee. This set up was all to make us believe we were part of the audience for the Eurovision Song Contest taking place in Sarajevo, Serbia-Montenegro and it worked! They even had Sir Terry Wogan appear in a video intro, thus giving kudos in the eyes of the Eurovision fans.

And so to the show itself; the general premise of the Eurovision Song Contest (in case you didn't know) is that each country presents a song and then all the other countries vote for their favourite, or their neighbour, or anyone but the UK. The Eurovision Song Contest is well known for its cheesy dance routines, dodgy lyrics and removal of clothes part way through routines. Eurobeat has this and much more. Also like the Eurovision Song Contest, Eurobeat had some songs that I found really dull, such as Iceland's take on Bjork and Germany's attempt at a Kraftwerk cum performance art type piece which Dale found uproarious but I didn't get at all.

Then there were some songs that were absolute genius, my favourite being Poland - the eventual winner of the evening. Poland's entry was “Together Again” performed by Toomas Jerker and the Hard Pole Dancers (great name, I know) and is probably the campest thing I've ever seen. This production number included everything you could ever want: men dancing with briefcases then stripping off their business suits to reveal spandex unitards, a cute lead singer and a dancing routine that involved fisting (Dale almost had a fit at this point).

We both decided we were in love with Toomas Jerker and would be voting for the Poles, having the chance to do so just before the interval. The Eurobeat producers have taken advantage



You might have guessed that a Eurovision musical was going to be a little bit camp and these sexy, young Polish chaps provide conclusive evidence of that fact.

of the fact we all own a mobile phone to create a live voting system whereby you text your three favourite countries

to cast your vote. I, of course, managed to cock this up by trying to vote for Sweden and genuinely felt a bit of a twat given that this was make believe.

We returned after the interval to find out the results and to see the half time entertainment, which was a side-splitting tale about the joys of Sarajevo sung by Boyka dressed as a turnip. By the time we reached the live results I was actually really excited. The results were given via a large video screen with the ensemble members as the different correspondents, from the incomprehensible Irish reporter to the Russian reporter being forced to change the results by the KGB. There were also regular visits to the ‘Green Room’ featuring whoever wasn't in the process of changing costume to give the results (as each ensemble member plays many different parts). As previously mentioned, Poland won causing me to whoop so loud I still haven't got my voice back, but also meaning we got to see their amazing performance again. This time the lead decided to remove his shirt halfway through and run around the auditorium topless. Sigh. The things I have to see for you, dear reader. We left the theatre on a high and spent the entire walk to the tube humming along.

The show itself had very few negative points but was let down by some technical aspects. Throughout the first half sound was a major issue with the show being stopped for 10 minutes to fix microphones. Even after that it was still difficult to hear what should have been some very funny lyrics over the backing tracks. These are issues that should have been sorted out during previews and so I was disappointed to see that safety curtain lower half an hour in. The cast did cover this up well, making it feel part of the show with a very funny comment about Lehman brothers providing the electricity funding.

I also found that a bright, raucous production didn't sit well in ornate Novello theatre and the atmosphere just felt strange. We were encouraged to talk after the productions, discuss our views, interact and generally make lots of noise; something that disagrees with my theatre-going etiquette. I was fine once I got over the fact that I was allowed to whoop and laugh until I was hoarse. The audience was also a strange mix of both traditional theatre goers and what my friend referred to as “homos and hen nights”.

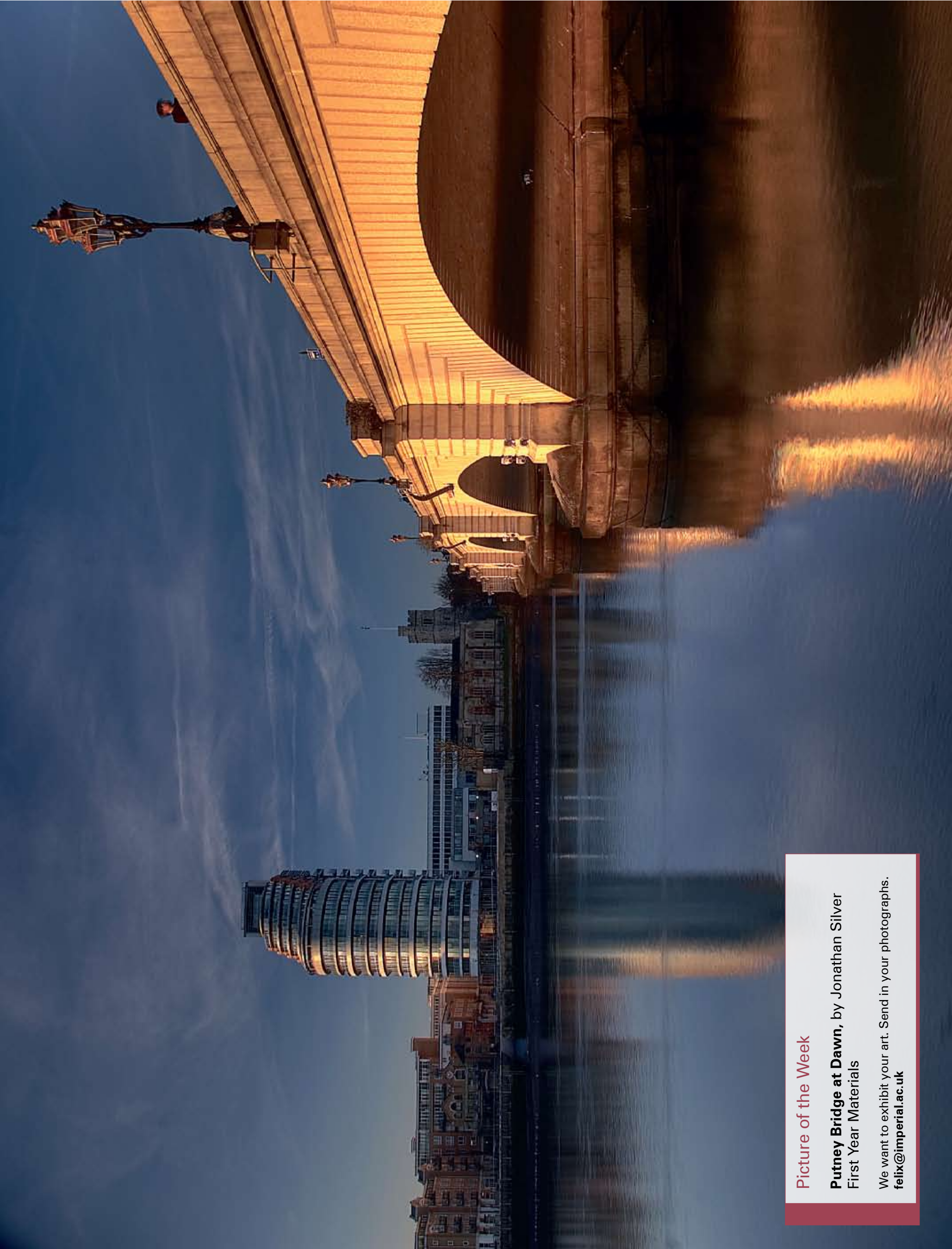
This is one of Eurobeats' charms; managing to captivate everyone with a genuinely intelligent, topical humour brought out spectacularly by our hosts Dennis and Giedroyc, who came out with the classic “loosen your genital cuffs”. The humour also works on many levels from the subtle to the sensational, from slapstick to political humour and word play (much of this focused on bad pronunciation of English - arms/arse etc.). The ensemble did a fantastic job of making us believe these ridiculous characters could actually be real, but without taking the show too seriously. The songs are catchy and well written, each sounding individual yet all somehow encapsulating that feel of Eurovision.

Eurobeat manages to combine clever dialogue with completely over the top production values to give something that will appeal to everyone from “homos to hen nights” to drunken Freshers' nights out and even your Mum and Dad. Eurobeat is Eurovision at its good old-fashioned best and is one of the best nights out I've had in a long time. In fact, I think Eurobeat might actually be better than Eurovision itself.

Eurobeat ends on 15th November at the Novello Theatre. Go see it - it's glamorous, glitzy and gay!



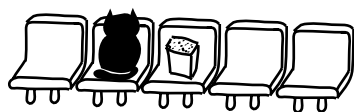
Hmm, we love the smell of sequinned spandex in the morning. Yes, they keep their socks on throughout



Picture of the Week

Putney Bridge at Dawn, by Jonathan Silver
First Year Materials

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



Film

Film Editor – Zuzanna Blaszcak

film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Butch and Sundance

This time Felix ignores the new releases bombarding the cinemas to give you a closer look at a must see classic.

Zuzanna Blaszcak
Film Editor

While writing this review I wonder, how many of the people reading the Felix film section have seen this classic movie. Half of you? The problem with famous old films is that everyone knows about them or has, somehow or other, heard of them. How is that a problem you might rightfully ask. Well, the problem is that these movies become cultural references used all around us but are seldomly watched by our generation. Speculating away, I am risking a statement that over the summer I became one of the few of our readers to have spent the most enjoyable two hours of their lives in front of a TV screen, being blown away by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid to the wild wild west of the US of A.

For those few of you who don't know the story, Butch Cassidy (Paul Newman) and the Sundance Kid (Robert Redford) are a pair of outlaws in the Wild West, known throughout the dry and yellow country for their love of bank robbing and terrorising of trains. And love is exactly the word I wanted to use, because one of the main things fueling the story and the movie is the obvious fondness for what they are doing that emanates from the two anti-heroes. At the start of the film Butch, Sundance and their Hole in the Wall gang enjoy a fairly peaceful life of law breaking, knowing that Butch's wits and Sundance's mastery of the pistol has put them out of reach of the local law enforcement, that is of course until the day when a special unit is created, trained and sent out to track them down and 'deal' with the notoriously gentle robbers. A simple story, isn't it? Banal even. But the execution - that's where this film dazzles.

First off - the cinematography. Conrad Hall, who won Oscars for *American Beauty* and *Road to Perdition* was first recognised for his portrayal of the



Legendary hunks playing legendary outlaws.

great American expanse of nothing in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. It could be that the wild west is in itself so beautiful that the shots are breathtaking even in sepia tone, but I think it takes a master's touch to evoke a sense of belonging in that desolate land.

But the heart and soul of the movie is found in the friendship and camaraderie between the two outlaws. Redford and Newman give the performances

of their lives, proving that good acting doesn't equal tears and drama on the screen. Good acting puts a smile on your face, pulls you in, gives you a glimpse of what it's like to be Butch and Sundance, takes you along for an unforgettable adventure.

Never pass a chance of watching this gem, you'll regret it.

Welcome to the Film Cynic Clinic

Where am I again? As if you hadn't heard it enough already, and just in case you'd forgotten, welcome to Imperial! Over the course of the next few weeks you will proceed through a series of ancient rituals and rites, as you are enrolled into the wonderful congealed mass that is Imperial College London. You will learn hundreds, potentially millions of new names and faces, each of which you will subsequently forget. Your Facebook account will swell beyond reasonable proportions, full of people you'll probably never speak to again, communicating only with polite, embarrassed smiles as you pass them on the walkway.

You'll discover why your Student Hall only had one tiny photo on the website, and as you sign the six-figure rental contract you'll understand what living in London truly means. You'll realise that your generous Student Loan will buy you at least two loaves of bread from Waitrose (organic, fair-trade, healing bread mind you) and that you can afford to go out about once every two years.

Where was I again? Oh yes, films. Wonderful things really. Well apart from the crap ones. But then I suppose you could always put crap films in the same category as comfort food. Perfect for when you just can't be arsed and need something warm and stodgy to settle down with on the cold winter nights. Think James Bond - but with Pierce Brosnan; think Bridget Jones or think Atonement - no wait, don't think Atonement. It's probably incorrect to describe the Oscar-winning tragic drama as warm and stodgy.

As the soft rubber coating of Freshers' week begins to come off the solid metal rod of teaching, you might find yourself in need of some mindless relaxation. Now to avoid offending genuine Film Critics, I wouldn't dare say

that all films are just escapist follies. But go into any HMV and you'll find a large shelf that are. Nowadays twelve quid will buy you an hour and a half of distraction - not a bad deal when you think about it. Provided they are consumed in moderation, they can provide that little piece of essential relaxation. And strangely enough, all these films seem to come from one place.

You could think of Hollywood as being a giant McDonalds, churning out slabs of reconstituted horse packaged in a cheerful bright box. "I'll have a Big Mac and fries" translates approximately into "any of those films with Will Ferrell in and throw in a bit of Ben Stiller on the side". When you open the things up they're hideous affairs of the congealed remains of Z-list actors, fused together with the sickly sauce of Hollywood's bodily fluids. If you're lucky you might get a bit of cheese chucked in, in the form of a veteran comedian, like Leslie Nielsen. But most of the time you'll be left feeling short-changed.

However, like the fatty fast-food forays of McDonalds, you'll keep finding yourself late one night lured to the glowing light of the DVD player. You know how dreadful it really is, you know that it'll never satisfy you in the long run, but you still keep going back. Why? Because every once in a while, it tastes so damn good.

Important Reminder:

Remember to pay your TV licence. Especially if you don't have a TV. Because if you don't you will automatically become a smaller addition to the Axis of Evil, slightly below Iran but above North Korea. For those living in halls, who are yet to receive their death writ from the TV Licensing Agency, be prepared. The agency tends to avoid using the widely accepted principle, innocent until proven guilty, and assumes you are a cheating, signal grabbing criminal. Still, it's nice to know that someone is looking after our vulnerable state media.

In cinemas Simon Pegg teaches us how to lose friends and alienate people

Zuzanna Blaszcak

For reasons unknown even to me I expected more from Simon Pegg's newest comedy *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*. And I wonder why, after all it is a Simon Pegg movie and *Hot Fuzz* should have been indication enough of what to look out for in this, let's just say, fairly well publicised release.

Maybe the reason I expected more is the story. The rise and fall of a British journalist (Simon Pegg) making his way in a New York magazine devoted to the life of stars promised to be new, original even. A perfect way to give us an inside view of how celebrities are created. And, because it's a comedy, I envisioned a movie dripping with cynicism, wit and with a spice of bitterness - precisely the feelings that come to mind when looking at another 'shocking' photo in the London Lite. Obviously I misunderstood the tag lines.

Hence my surprise, because *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*

is very much a laugh out loud type of comedy with stuff/people falling over, cute dogs dying funny deaths and the main character treating the audience to numerous ludicrous facial expressions. And although there is a noticeable lack of satire, the dialogues are worth mentioning. If you've been to the cinema recently you probably recall the 'please turn off your mobile phones' spots by Orange mobile where a panel of guys listens to actors trying to sell their idea for a movie. If you enjoy the inappropriate, rude and disarmingly hilarious sentences that leave their mouths you will laugh shamelessly at Sidney Young's remarks and the fact that any of his attempt at an effective wisecrack ends in the room going quiet.

That's what kind of humour to expect. Now about the acting. Joining Simon Pegg in his ventures in the Sharp Magazine and the New York high-life are Kirsten Dunst (the love interest), Gillian Anderson (the bitchy publicist Eleanor), Megan Fox (the clueless ce-

lebrity that every guy, including Sidney, dreams of), Danny Houston (the 'bad guy' and Sidney's love rival) and Jeff Bridges (the boss whose nostalgia for his student years allows Sidney to keep his job). I'm sorry to say that both Dunst and Houston are pretty bland and forgettable. For that I blame the fact that Kirsten has a girl-next-door look and persona that, while cute, doesn't stand out. Danny Houston on the other hand didn't bring enough life to the stereotypical character he plays and his big, straight posture only deepens the impression of looking at a cardboard cut out. But Jeff Bridges and Gillian Anderson come out shining despite their limited 'on air' time. With one look Anderson manages to make it crystal clear that Eleanor is a cold, calculating beast that gets what she wants. While Simon Pegg shows again that to do comedy you need to leave self-consciousness outside the door.

If Freshers' Week depressed you, this movie is a cure I would recommend.



Simon Pegg and Kirsten Dunst make for an unlikely couple



Photos: Tom Roberts



Lily Topham
Deputy President
(Clubs & Societies)
dpcs@imperial.ac.uk

Amazing Freshers' Fair Welcomes New Students

Welcome to a new year at Imperial and a new year of Clubs & Societies. We've just had our biggest Clubs & Societies event of the year – Freshers' Fair.

A big thank you to all the Clubs & Societies, organisers, volunteers and of course all the students who came for making this year's Freshers' Fair our biggest and most successful ever!

Despite last minute changes of the plans due to forecasted bad weather (which in true British tradition almost failed to materialise), over 6,000 students came to campus to visit the 340 stalls, talk to Clubs & Societies, sign up to mailing lists, pick up freebies and get involved in all the amazing things that the Union has to offer.

There was a great atmosphere throughout the whole campus, both in College and over the road in the Union. The Main Dining Hall and Ante Room were buzzing with Arts and Social clubs as well as numerous external companies.

Just outside the Main Dining Hall in the Queen's Lawn Car Park were all the Faculty Union mascots.

In the Great Hall all of our overseas Clubs and Societies showcased their individual cultures and customs with some of the most lively and colourful stalls on campus.

The relocated RSM and CGCU clubs swelled the numbers in the JCR which also housed the food and drink and gaming societies.

Upper Dalby Court not only had its own

isolated gale-force weather conditions, but a lot of the outdoors Sport Clubs as well as Gliding club who brought one of their gliders along for all to see. The rest of the Sports clubs filled the Business School Foyer which was packed with eager students all day and proved a highly successful rain-based contingency plan.

Over the road in the Union, things were no less busy. The stage in the Beit Marquee was used to showcase a huge variety of clubs all day, including a Fencing demo, a Kendo martial arts demo and even a bit of audience participation with a Boat Club race-off supervised by ex-Olympian Steve Trapmore! Beit Quad also saw its first high-striker, organised by the Royal College of Science Union.

Meanwhile, the rest of the crowds in the Union had plenty to see with all the adventure sports and media clubs in the Marquee bringing along their assorted equipment, cameras and televisions, as well as all the charity, social, religious and martial arts clubs who were housed in the rest of the Union building.

This year, Freshers' Fair did not just stop at 4pm. It continued in the Beit Marquee with the Freshers' Fair Afterparty and a stage show featuring great music and dance performances from Chamber Choir, Classical Guitar, String Ensemble, Musical Theatre, Dance Company, Gospel Choir, Afro-Caribbean, Hindu Society, Funkology, Capoeira and Dance Club. The show also featured a fair bit of audience participation with a free salsa lesson proving to be lots of fun.

The night was finished off in great style with Jazz & Rock showcasing one of their student bands and Music Tech closing the show with their student DJs. The whole night was brilliantly compered by one of our very own students: Billy Feenan and teched by Dramsoc.

There are many people without whose help and efforts in the run-up to the event and on the day, Freshers' Fair simply could not have happened. My thanks go to all the Clubs & Societies Committee Execs and Faculty Union Execs who turned up at 7:30am to help set up, all the clubs who turned up and made it a great day, everyone who helped tidy up and of course, all the students who came along to the Fair and made it what it was. Thanks also to all the clubs and Billy Feenan who put in so much effort and wonderful performances to make the Afterparty the most successful Freshers' Tuesday night ever!

My thanks also go to all the members of College who didn't have to help students take over campus, but did! To Paula Consiglio for letting us use the Car Park; Terry Branch and the Security team and Tim Ashton, Peter Seal and the Fire Officers who kept us safe all day and who were so understanding with the change of plans; Courtney Richards, Steve Fooks, Graham Watson and their teams from Estates; Neil Mosley, Nick Gore, Grant Danskine, Alissa Ayling and all the Sport Imperial team who looked after the Business School Foyer; the receptionists at the College Main Entrance; Iain Reid, the

Ethos receptionists, the Student Hub Team and the Communications Team along with Pamela Michaels who helped us distribute the Wet Weather Plans and let all the students know what was going on; Emily Moss in the Conference Office and the Conference Office staff for all their help in booking things and helping to set-up on the day; Ian Morris for all his help in the Sir Alexander Fleming Building; Ian Gillett for coming along to speak to all the clubs at the Club Officers' Introductory Talk and Rodney Eastwood for letting us use the Business School Foyer.

My special thanks to Paddy Jackman and Jane Neary for all their help both in the run-up to the Fair and on the day - without them so many clubs would have been displaced without anywhere to go. Thank you for letting us take over the JCR on one of your busiest days, for helping us out in our moment of need and thanks also to the JCR staff for being so patient as hundreds of students took over the room on Tuesday! The whole Union owes you all a huge debt of gratitude.

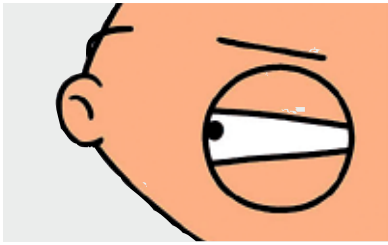
We hope that you all enjoyed the Fair and that you got the chance to see and meet all the Clubs & Societies that Imperial has to offer. All you need to do now is join up and start participating. You can join any of our Clubs & Societies online at imperialcollegeunion.org, simply log in and browse all our Clubs & Societies!



Games

Games Editors – Azfarul Islam and Tom Roberts

games.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Tom Roberts Defector

I did it. I'm sorry everyone. It's not the best way to start the year, but I did it. On Sunday morning at 11:32am I betrayed my footballing love and embarked on a lustful affair with FIFA 09, fuelled by attractive aesthetics, a desire to conquer uncharted and mystical territory, new buttons to push, and a fully fleshed out package (matron!).

After ten years of inseparable matrimony, 2008 was the lowest of low points in my previous relationship, and the time came for Thomas Anthony Roberts and the Pro Evo series to go our separate ways.

Sure, it's not the be all and end all. We're still on good terms and if we meet at a party or something, we'll definitely converse, appreciate the good ol' times and glance in each other's general direction. We might even have a quick fumble. I certainly haven't ruled that possibility out although I'm not sure my new missus would be best pleased.

My relationship with Pro Evo became stale. Heck, I barely touched her during the 2007-08 season, I was that tired of the old dear. Ever since the glorious days of Pro Evo 5, things have never quite been the same again. The relationship slowed down, became less exciting. The little things began to niggle at me more. The things that I brushed off before because my undying love was all conquering. But part way through 2008 I began to have eyes for fairer beauties. It's an old cliché but the grass started to become greener on other football pitches. We even tried to reconcile our differences last week when she unveiled her latest build to me, playable on Xbox Live. Initially I was aghast, the flame began to reignite and I felt that giddy excitement in the pit of my tummy, but who was I fooling? Myself. It was time to put the past behind me and move on.

And here I am. FIFA 09 has moved in with me and flowers are already beginning to bloom. The memories of Pez (that was my pet name for her, heh! Sniff.) still remain, and sometimes I feel like I treat Fifi (what?) too much like my old flame, which I'm not sure she's keen on. But we're getting along just fine. She really is a looker, but what she lacks in charm and intelligence she really makes up for in other areas. I don't think I've ever seen such a fully-fleshed out slice of fun! There are so many things to discover, so many secrets to unlock and I can definitely see this relationship lasting for at least a year or more. But then there's the parents. Mr Konami was a fairly modest, sedate fellow who rarely interfered with his baby's development, but I hear Mr EA is a hulking juggernaut of a beast. Quite meddling in fact, and if he gets his claws in there could be consequences that ripple through our new relationship.

Anyway, you're probably all shouting, "Get a blog emo kid," but I'll leave you with this: if anyone wants a threesome, I'm well up for it.

If you want to write something sensible on these pages, email games.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

Bargain Hunt: The Game

Struggling with budgetary requirements? Tom Roberts has his priorities in order and offers a few tips on how to fuel your gaming habit without spending a small fortune

Living in London, as you're probably already aware, is an expensive and challenging undertaking. With so much to do and see, budgeting becomes a balancing act: do I skip breakfast and lunch every day this week, whilst running the risk of catching the bad AIDs and incurring the wrath of my ever-watchful mother, just so that I can afford to venture to Elephant & Castle on a Friday night in search of strobe lights and grade-B stock hookers at the Ministry of Sound? Then, to top off your hedonistic addictions you're probably a big fan of video games. With such a meagre loan, how are you going to afford to live and rescue Peach from the clutches of Bowser at the same?

Hopefully, the following guide will give you some ideas about where you can pick up games more cheaply. Initially, the article was aimed right between the eyes of our fresher university companions but having spoken to a number of my friends, many of whom still rely on GAME to supplement their cyber addiction, gaming poverty is more widespread than I had originally thought. On the other hand, if you're the gaming equivalent of David Dickinson and you've uncovered some places that sell games even cheaper than chips that I haven't stumbled upon, do get in touch and we can spread the love in a future issue.

On the Highstreet

Buying games on the high street really is a good way of burning money fast. At



Fleeing you and taking your money to the bank – laughing – since stores opened!

40 quid a pop for most console games, you'll be drinking tap water and eating chopped tomatoes out of a can for the following two weeks. Not even the Napolina variety. If you must have a game on release day, then you're going to be paying a premium whether you go online or not. If you do choose to head to the high street, shop around. On High Street Ken for instance, many a time Zavvi has bettered GAME. Blockbuster,

a bit further down the street, has a penchant for pricing new releases at £29.99. In fact, your best bets are the supermarkets: only this week I managed to get FIFA 09 for just under 30 notes. And yes, I am ashamed I bought a FIFA game, see elsewhere on the page for a flimsy attempt at justification. Supermarkets only tend to stock the most mainstream titles though, so buying Disgaea 3 on release day for less than

top dollar will be nigh on impossible. So far GAME (replace with Gamestation if you like) has hasn't fared too well in this article, but their pre-owned sections aren't that dreadful, where you can often pick up older releases on 2 for £20 offers. Likewise, with dramatic price cuts on all titles – whether pre-owned or not – after 3-6 months in most stores, it's certainly worth waiting before buying. I managed to pick



up Company of Heroes and Lost on the PC together for £15 from GAME not so long ago.

Internet Retailers and Search Engines

Now that I've figuratively shat on the high street, we can move on to the internet: serious business. Many internet retailers root themselves into the fertile soils of the Channel Islands so that they can dodge various tax costs; play.com, hmv.com and Tesco Jersey are just a few. Thankfully, they actually lop a bit off the RRP rather than bunging the extra wedge into their teak coffers. New PC releases often start at £17.99 and console games come in at £29.99, or £34.99 for the heavy sellers. That's a hell of a saving on PC games especially. In the wake of play.com's success, a plethora of websites have sprung up, all trying to out-price each other. Competition is excellent news for the consumer, but trawling every site is a tedious process. Find-games.co.uk cuts out this faff. Simply enter the name of the title you're after and it will give you a link to the best price on the interweb. Simple. A sister sites also exists for DVDs (find-dvd.co.uk). You could use kelkoo or whatever, but frankly most other comparison sites are unwieldy and don't cater specifically to a gamer's needs. Find-games.co.uk is especially useful when it comes to older titles since you'll often discover prices slashed far more on one site compared to the others as they attempt to shift some older stock.

Obviously, the main disadvantage of internet retailers is the postage delay. Times vary for different websites, and different people will tell you different stories about their individual experiences. In my view, use the cheapest site when it's not urgent. Gameplay.com is one of the best sites for pre-orders, often breaking release date. Shush, just don't tell the publishers!

Finally, spare a thought for websites belonging to electronics stores such as Comet and Currys. Often they have ridiculous price cuts on games, down to as little as a fiver for 360 and PS3 titles



You'll struggle to find the new releases much below the RRP anywhere. Supermarkets might knock off a tenner though. I'm so sorry Pez, dear

that they want shot of quickly. They should also appear on find-games.co.uk.

Second Hand Games

eBay is an obvious source of cheap games, but one that requires careful monitoring. Always make sure you check out the seller's feedback and if he's labelled his item: "L@@K AWEZOMES GAME FOR JU - NEED FOR SPEED EA PWNAGE TRIPLE SIXTY VERSHUN!!1one!11" you probably want to avoid it. Prices often baffle me here too; people frequently bid higher than if they used find-games.co.uk and sometimes even above the RRP, which probably says a lot about the IQ of the average eBay user. My mum included.

Whilst you'll struggle to find the more obscure titles on Amazon's Marketplace, compared with eBay it's a decent alternative for finding cheap, second hand games. The main bonus is that there's no need to deal with irritating people, vastly inflated postage

costs and the shifty atmosphere that eBay has procured with its popularity. There's also a safe buying guarantee up to £2,000 should your item not meet the advertised specification or fail to be delivered.

Gaming Forums

Now we're descending into the real sticky-taped spectacles depths of internet bargaining. Sir Dickinson would be proud. The internet is frequented by millions of people everyday and guess what, they're not actually all paedophiles. I know, I know, I've revealed one of the internet's biggest secrets there; one that could potentially put the editors of The Sun and The Daily Mail out of business, but it's the truth. Gaming forums are a hive of like minded individuals, many of whom buy and play far too many games, many more than they can possibly consume let alone afford. If you join your favourite site's forum, you'll likely find a bargains thread peppered with links to websites

selling games at very low prices. Using these forums is a great way of getting games cheaply, the only real danger is that you'll still spend 40 quid, although on three games instead of one. Hell, you don't even have to talk to people on the forums. Just sign up and lurk in the background, reaping the benefits that your fellow gamers sow.

Better still, if you're feeling brave join a forum that has a Swapsies thread: one where gamers list what they've got on offer and what they're after. For the cost of postage, this is easily the most effective and cheapest way of getting through many, many games. Bearing in mind that no-one is going to swap Little Big Planet for Quake 64, you're best bet is to complete a new game as soon as possible and then venture to such threads whilst your cupcake is still hot. With much smaller communities than say eBay and written interaction between forum-goers, you'll soon get a feel for the more trustworthy individuals and filter out the shady dealers. Gaming forums are a treasure trove: I

managed to pick up an Xbox 360, with a wireless bridge, four games and some other bobbins, for about £100-150 cheaper than if I'd bought it online.

And finally...

It would be criminal of me to write this guide without mentioning hotdealsuk.com. Founded in 2004, the idea behind the site was to filter through all the advertising waffle that is thrust through our retinas everyday and spread the word on the best bargains in all walks of life. A quick glance at the site shows me that I can get Iris with Judi Dench what-off-the-telly for £1.99, Smash Court Tennis 3 for a tenner and a huge box of Coco Pops for £2 from ASDA. You can filter the site for whatever you're interested in and when a new bargain is spotted users affect its ranking by voting depending on how 'hot' they deem the deal to be. Most forums link to hotdealsuk.com regularly so it's probably not necessary to watch it constantly, but it's worth keeping an eye on.

A more recent phenomenon is quidco.com. In a nutshell, the website acts as a cashback scheme. After creating a quidco account, you simply log in, click on an affiliate link from within quidco.com which takes you to your favourite website, eg: play.com, and then shop as normal. Quidco alters your web browser's cookies so that when you purchase something from play.com they know you found the website by going via Quidco. You're then given a percentage of your purchase back in cashback form; anything from a few to ten percent or so.

Eventually you are 'paid' by Quidco, who will transfer what you have accrued into your bank account. I haven't actually set up an account myself, but some people I have spoken to have made hundreds and hundreds pounds from Quidco, especially since it can be used on just about any major website, including non-gaming ones.

So, there you go. As a rule of thumb shop around, especially on the high street. Unwrap yourself from any cotton wool you might be cocooned in and do investigate the 'darker' depths of the internet. And don't just go for the latest releases, there's a plethora of older gaming goodness out there for much cheapness.

These tips are by no means exhaustive though: I've omitted the bargains available on Steam, rental websites, indie-devs and flash based sites, the latter of which have surprisingly sophisticated games, all for free. Hopefully though, this guide will give you food for thought and food for your belly!

Four web addresses any thrifty geek should have bookmarked



www.find-games.co.uk



www.hotdealsuk.com



www.avforums.com/forums/gaming-bargains/



www.eurogamer.net/forum_thread_posts.php?thread_id=2204



Food

Food Editors – Afonso Campos & Rosie Grayburn

food.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Rosie Grayburn
Food Editor

As we settle down to this academic year we all make that fatal mistake of signing up to ALL the clubs and societies at the Fresher's Fair. You are rushing about, crashing from this induction to that initiation... lectures fit in somewhere. It's time for fast food. You have to use your loaf.

Toast can be transformed by even the biggest nonce into a scrummy snack or dinner. You can use any bread you like: brown, white, seeded, rye, pitta, nan, bagel... Have a try of these nutritious ideas for the simplest and cheapest ingredients.

Sardines: Toast your bread and butter heavily. Open a tin of sardines in tomato sauce and mush with a fork. Pile on top of the toast and eat. I recommend one tin per slice of bread for greediness. For the more demure among you, half a tin per slice. If you prefer sardines in oil, give the sardines a squeeze of lemon before devouring. Sardines are very very good for you as they contain a lot of omega 3 and essential oils.

Bruschetta: Chop a tomato and season with salt and pepper. Add a dash of olive oil and mix. Tip onto our toast and VOILA a homemade bruschetta! If you have any parsley or basil lying around, add that too. Boys – pay attention to this recipe. Tomatoes contain lycopene which is incredibly good for your sperm/your little soldiers.

Fish fingers: Cook 3 fingers of fish as per instructions and sandwich between two slices of toast. Smother in ketchup and munch. Bird's Eye now does a value version of their fish fingers – HURRAH for student budgets!

The alternative bacon sarnie: Fry a rasher or two of bacon and add a couple of tinned plum tomatoes to the pan to warm through and pick up some of the juices from the bacon. Tip the contents of the pan onto a slice of toast and add another slice on top. PHWOAR.

Beans and Egg: Beans, beans, good for your heart: the more you eat them, the more you... This simple dish of baked beans topped with a poached egg has been proven to be the cheapest and most nutritious meal you could possibly eat! Fibre, protein, carbs.. the whole kaboodle! To poach your egg, boil about 2 inches of water in a pan of your choice. Crack the egg carefully in the water so the white doesn't spread too much. Turn off the heat and leave the egg to cook for 3 minutes. Scoop the poached egg out of the water and place it on top of your mound of beans on toast. Mum would be proud.

If you have any ideas for this year's food section please do get in touch. Seeing as we're in the winter months, I am looking for comfort food for us to slurp at in bowls with a hunk of bread - stews, soups, a hug in a bowl. Send us your recipes, restaurant reviews and articles to food.felix@imperial.ac.uk.

Also, if you live near a cheap and fabulous greengrocer, friendly butchers or market we'd like to hear about them to pass on the know-how! Besotes xx

Scrummy noodley goodness

Step away from the Pot Noodle... Take refuge in Tampopo for some funky fast food.



Welcome
Fisherites,
Southwelli-
ans and all new
Evelyn Garden
dwellers! You are now

a resident in SW7, surrounded by yuppies and may find it daunting to venture beyond Sainsbury's to find grub. But I employ you, Fresher, to try the fantastic noodle emporium just around the corner from halls.

Tampopo is anything you want it to be. It is a pile of healthy, tasty stir fry when you can't be arsed to cook or it is an affordable hot date with that Physicist you pulled the other night. Not only this, but they are friendly to students – all shout HURRAH! The nice people at Tampopo give students 20% off the whole bill Sunday-Thursday. It's incredibly good value which is a rarity in SW7. Also, takeaways are on offer if you don't fancy a restaurant environment.

Hungry Accomplice and I went down to Tampopo the other night. At 9pm

on a Monday night the place was buzzing with a mix of bankers and students sharing huge tables, scoffing noodles or slurping at soup.

Hungry Accomplice was ravenous so we opted for 2 courses. If you are feeling thus, Tampopo do a vast sharing platter with satay, dumplings and other tasty morsels... but a healthier option is to share a salad. We shared Gado Gado, an Indonesian salad. The egg, al dente veg, fresh tofu and prawn crackers were presented like crudites centered around a bowl of satay sauce. This version was suitable for sharing and gave us a real chopstick work out, but I'd have preferred the street food version for shovelling purposes where the whole lot is mushed together and smothered in sauce.

Our main courses were Chicken Pho and Kway Teow. My Pho was Pho-tastic. The Vietnamese soup noodle dish

was presented in a trough-like bowl and there was no shortage of chicken! The broth was flavoured with star anise and red chillie and was so fragrant it should be in competition to be the next Herbal Essences. Hungry Accomplice's Kway Teow was a lip-smacking sit-and-shovel dish. Happily, there was no short-changing of ingredients among the pile of noodles. Tampopo never fails to fill up our bellies and put a satisfied grin on our greedy gobs.

Tampopo is super-fast, fresh food and with a bill of less than £20 for 2 it's amazing value too. Give it a try, fresher, and let me know what you think. It's also a brilliant place for pre or post-cinema munchies as it's right next door to the pictures! And don't forget your student card for that all important 20% off. Isn't it fun being cheap?

Rosie Grayburn

Tampopo ★★★★★

140 Fulham Road
Phone: 0207 370 5355
www.tampopo.co.uk

Best: A student friendly 20% discount Sun-Thurs. YEY!
Worst: Expensive drinks

Go for...: If you go before 7pm you can partake in the amazing value Eastern Express. Choose a main and accompaniment for £6.95 e.g. Mee Goreng and Gyoza (dumplings).
Takeout: Take a look at the menu on the website, call up and order. The restaurant does not deliver but you can pop round the corner to pick it up.
Price: Under a tenner per head



Yummy yummy noodles... down they go... down into my belly.

Cafe Forum - Gooney pizza galore!



£1.40 for a cup of sweet, sweet nectar in this quirky little cafe.

Cafe Forum/House of Coffees ★★★★★

Gloucester Road
(Turn right out of the tube station)

Best: The pizzas.. oh baby
Worst: Pre-lecture queues in the morning for £1 sausage baguettes and coffee

Café Forum, or should I say, House of Coffees, is a legendary pizza-house/café situated at the top of Gloucester Road near the tube station. It is my belief that Café Forum is the old name of

this place, however such was its legend status that the old name has held firm.

Café Forum is a must for any fresher, or indeed student of any age for that matter. It is a fantastically unpretentious place where students are welcomed alongside many of the South Kensington locals and lost-looking tourists. Café Forum is a traditional Italian style café serving good quality coffees and other hot drinks, freshly prepared juices, as well as a host of different delicious snacks. However, in addition to this, Café Forum also acts as a brilliant one-stop shop for lunch too. In addition to its home-made pas-

tas and generous salads it also serves up those legendary pizzas

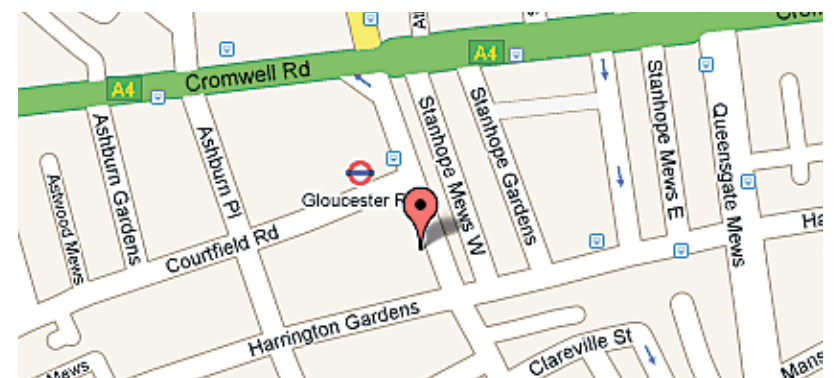
The pizzas are out of this world. The bases are gooey, crunchy and extremely addictive. You choose 4 from a whole host of veggie, meaty or fishy toppings and you have the freedom to choose your base size, depending on your appetite (small belly £3.75, medium tummy £4.95, large stomach £5.95). Order your toppings, size and 10 minutes later, and perfection is served in front of you. And if the pizza wasn't enough, their desserts are tasty too. Try the apple strudel and cream for £3.20.

The value for money of this heavenly caff is almost the best bit. Café Forum is very cheap indeed. A HUGE regular

coffee is freshly prepared for you for just £1.40, and you get a free croissant with it in the mornings. If the pizzas don't take your fancy and you go for a salad, you can get a large bowl of incredibly tasty chicken salad for £3.95. So as you can see the prices are good.

For me, Café Forum was a great post-rugby match destination on a Wednesday evening. However, it offers such variety that it can be what you want – a quick stop for lunch, or a great place to sit and chat in the evenings – all the paninis and pastries are reduced after 11pm. Café Forum is a must for students, I highly recommend you give it a try!

Hungry Accomplice



Forget the SAF or the JRC: venture out to Cafe Forum. Map provided for navigationally challenged students. Red blob marks the spot.

felix needs you!



Felix is written by students for students. We need your contributions so that we can report on news stories and keep everybody entertained during the most arduous of lectures.

Felix is actively recruiting again now the new year is here. We are specifically looking for:

- **Webmasters** to upload issues and articles to the website (union.ic.ac.uk/felix at the moment!)
- **Medic news writers** to report on anything that affects medical students at Imperial
- **Feature writers** to research and create unique articles
- **Comment columnists** to join in with the current crop of opinionated writers
- **Contributors for all the sections** or writers keen on joining in with more than one section
- **Copy editors** with an eagle-eye for grammar mistakes to form part of our crack team

If you've emailed in the past and I've not responded, that's because I'm a dunce. Feel free to drop me another email and hopefully I'll reply this time! The address to send to is **felix@imperial.ac.uk**

This weeks TV, with a bit of a twist

David Stewart

It's another week of credit crunch TV ahead so here are a selection of the best of the coming days' viewing to entertain you out of your financial worries.

Friday night kicks off with Big Cat Live (BBC1 7:30) which sees David Attenborough visiting homes around London with a handheld camera to document the behaviour of particularly oversized or vicious domestic felines. Don't miss tonight's episode of Coronation Street (ITV1 8:30) as Liam tries to convince Maria that own-brand baked beans are just as good as Heinz while costing only half as much. Things are hotting up on Saturday with Casualty (BBC1 7:40): there's been a mass suicide at Lloyds TSB HQ, but can Charlie convince the stress-weary bankers that status isn't everything? Or chill out with Trinny and Suzanna as they explore How to look good in leaves (ITV2 8:00) where the pair visit parks around London and show you how to make a fashionable garment

for the cost of a travelcard and a ball of string. Sunday is never dull with an episode of Merlin (BBC1 6:30) to look forward to, provided you can make-believe that the 'dragon' isn't just a horse covered in red crêpe paper.

Monday night TV as usual is cancelled due to budget restrictions but wind up your radio and tune into some reruns of The Archers (BBC Radio 4 2:00-10:30). On Tuesday the must-see programme is Who wants to be a homeowner? (ITV1 8:00): Chris Tarrant hosts the ever-popular game show in which contestants attempt to answer fifteen questions to win a variable rate mortgage from Halifax. On Wednesday all eyes will be glued to the BBC News at Ten: Revolution Special (BBC1 10:00) as another American banker involved in the sub-prime mortgage fiasco is sent to the chair taking the death toll to seventy three -- don't forget to defrost your popcorn! Finally Thursday is movie night as all the channels club together to pay for Casablanca (all channels 6:00).



felix needs you!



Felix is written by students for students. We need your contributions so that we can report on news stories and keep everybody entertained during the most arduous of lectures.

Felix is actively recruiting again now the new academic year has started. We specifically need:

- **Webmasters** to upload issues and articles to the website (union.ic.ac.uk/felix at the moment!)
- **Medic news writers** to report on anything that affects medical students at Imperial
- **Feature writers** to research and create unique articles
- **Comment columnists** to join in with the current crop of opinionated writers
- **Contributors for all the sections** or writers keen on joining in with more than one section
- **Copy editors** with an eagle-eye for grammar mistakes to form part of our crack team

Yes, it is in twice, but that's because your contribution matters to us. Email me at **felix@imperial.ac.uk**

What are we offering? Come and get a taste



You may have already read how we're one of the most successful professional services firms. You may have also heard about the breadth and depth of the career opportunities on offer. But shouldn't you discover more about us for yourself?

When you come along to our upcoming Open Presentation, we'll kick things off with a short talk. After that, you can spend the rest of the evening asking our friendly staff questions of your own. What training will you receive? What kind of skills will you learn from some of the foremost experts in their field? How will we help you to balance your work with your other interests? Get the answers direct from people who know. People who've been in your shoes.

Get a taste of what life with us is like. **It's your future. How far will you take it?**

Event: Imperial Open Presentation

Date: Wednesday 15th October, 2008

Venue: Skempton Building, Imperial College London, Exhibition Road, London SW7 2AZ

Time: 6.30pm



Discover more at www.deloitte.co.uk/graduates

© 2008 Deloitte & Touche LLP. Deloitte & Touche LLP is an equal opportunities employer.

Deloitte.

Imperial College
London **International Students**

Orientation Workshops October 2008

Monday 13th October, 1-2pm SAF Building, Lecture Theatre 1 (room G16)
Personal Safety and Crime Prevention
Come along and meet our local Safer Neighbourhood Police Officers

Tuesday 14th October 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Immigration Issues for non-EU/EEA students
This workshop is essential for any student visa holders.

Wednesday 15th October, 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Postgraduate Life
How to make the most of your PG studies and succeed in your research

Thursday 16th October, 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Using your Money Wisely
The manager of our local Natwest Bank will offer money saving tips

Friday 17th October 1-2pm, SAF Building, Lecture Theatre 1 (room G16)
Student visa renewal
For students who have a student visa expiring in October 2008

Monday 20th October 1-2pm SALC, Room 2, Level 5 Sherfield Building
Adjusting to student life in London
How to cope with unexpected change when far from home

Tuesday 21st October, 12-1pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Working during and after your studies
For students who wish to work whilst studying or afterwards

Wednesday 22nd October 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Post Study Work
How to apply for permission to stay and work in the UK after your studies

Thursday 23rd October, 1-2pm, Pippard Lecture Theatre
Financial issues for international students
Including council tax, TV licences, financial assistance, and insurance

Friday 24th October, 1-2pm, SAF Building, Lecture Theatre 1 (room G16)
Student visa renewal
For students who have a student visa expiring in October 2008

Pippard Lecture Theatre = Level 5, Sherfield Building
SAF Building G16 = Level 1, Sir Alexander Fleming Building

Bookings for all sessions will open on **Wednesday 8th October**
contact: **Imperial College International Office**,
Level 1 Sherfield Building, South Kensington Campus
email: international@imperial.ac.uk t: +44 (0)20 7594 8040

Some workshops will be repeated at **Silwood Park Campus**, see our website for details: www.imperial.ac.uk/international





Imperial student looks in mirror...

Haxz0rMcRandy_1(2.0)
L33t interweb Haxzor

Activities that are usually considered routine for most people are more often than not discarded by Imperial males. Such routine activities include, but are not limited to, showering, grooming, trimming toe and ear hair and brushing teeth. I don't think I need to re-iterate my comments about their dress. Unless you have had a night of copious drinking like myself, it really is not that hard to find your way to that room in your house with the sink and toilet.

One Imperial Student, Dave Gormless, took our advice with mixed results. After hours of scrubbing himself, the IC biochem student (because obviously biochem students are ugly) looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. The shock has motivated Dave Gormless to work harder than ever. If you're never going to get a girlfriend with your looks, you may as well try and get a job in a city and use cash instead. No?



Look at him. Waste Gash.

Evil Oxford rector is totally right



"If you come round here again, I'll use the blue laser!!!"

Called evil by many for proposing a rise in the tuition fee cap, I believe Oxford rector, Lord Patten, is onto something. By making home students pay more, universities will get more money and therefore I will have to pay less! "How does this work?" I hear you ask. Well, I'm foreign!

Being foreign, I pay 5 times as much as you unwashed English bastards; and let's not even get started on the filthy continentals. By paying your fucking share, I get to come here and get my education for cheaper so I can spend more time and money stealing your women and your jobs.

I applaud this old white man, even though I never would do the same for any other. Huzzah, pip pip, and see you at the Wharf!

The 1st still won't get him a job in the city

He's going to need some sort of awesome CV or something

Ross Goldberg
Really Fat Dead Guy

There's nothing like the collapse of our financial system to ruin the career hopes of Imperial students. If you haven't already realised this, please read on. Quick! Your future is literally disappearing by the second.

As you pile up your student debt with nights out at Boujis or trips to the V&A or dinner out with your friends you wouldn't be blamed for thinking that it'll all be fine when you get your high-flying job in the city.

Sure the 26 hour days will almost kill you and the huge amount of time

you'll spend with people who only talk about the markets will chip away at your soul bit by bit until you're a shell of your former self. But all that doesn't matter, what matters is that you'll have a really hot suit and tons of cash.

The greedy U.S. homeowners/Barack Obama/the free market has a different plan for you however. Instead you'll be forced to send your worthless, boring CV that doesn't do anything except display your abysmal lack of internships, to an ever diminishing number of banks who will only be able to offer you £30,000 a year job with NO PERKS. Scared? You should be.

There is no hope. However if you really insist on putting your 4 years of scientific education to waste and pursue a selfish lifestyle instead of helping mankind through scientific research then you should do a few things.

1. Get comfortable in a suit, employers can sense when you're uncomfortable. Wear a suit everyday, even wear it to bed. Become one with the suit.
2. Spend every free moment you have doing internships, what do you do when your lectures finish? You go make coffee for an MD at Citibank
3. As the title suggests, get an awesome CV or something (the something being, get a life and some proper aspirations you fucking tool).

How's Jovan doing so far?



Ross Goldberg
Really Fat Dead Guy

Who are we to judge other people's editorial skills when our section is often rude, crude, crass, sexy, insulting, and lacking in wit, misogyny and restraint? We're the fucking Hangman Team that's who!

There has been some good and some bad from Jov's time so far. Let's start with the good and move onto the bad.

Good:

1. He managed to sneak the issue into every single Fresher's bedroom, yes that was Jov. Not me. Don't call the police.
2. He exposed the high-prices of accommodation at Imperial which is probably why the Fresher's were so subdued at the Mingle. Or just that they aren't hardcore.
3. He put a fridge in the office, then he put a beer in the fridge. After that we got drunk and I think it was by the 4th beer that he started touching me

EPIC
FAIL

and I don't want to talk about this any more.

But we love *felix*, so saying what was good is understandably easy. The hard part is swallowing our pride and admitting that some of the content in the paper that Hangman associates itself with isn't perfect.

Bad:

1. Grammar and spelling. Please do not look at last weeks issue closely... you're going to fish out last weeks issue and look now aren't you? No? aw cheers bruv
2. We feel like the Hangman/Coffee Break pullout was, well some people use the word 'offensive', I prefer the term 'complaint-provoking'. Although we file this under bad, meaning BAD-ASS.
3. There are never more than two things wrong with Felix! Who do you think we are Live!?

The Hangman give Jov a verdict of, out of ten, EPIC FAIL. Check in next week to see if he's improved.

Response



This piece is a response to the Comment article written by Susie Peng with contributions from Vicky Edwards, Chris Woolley, Katharina Reeh, Clarissa Poh, Ei Mun Chuah, and Drew Thomas.

Dear Susie Peng, her female associates and the two dudes who only went along with the idea because they thought it would increase their chances of getting laid,

Hangman takes your comments very seriously and has thought hard and long (lol) about how to proceed henceforth.

We have done two things:

1. *Wrote a much more offensive reply to your letter which the Editor would not let us publish... bitch*
2. *Taken Haxz0rMcRandy_1 to the top of the Queens Tower shot him execution style with a 9mm Browning automatic pistol (sweet). He is now to be replaced by his son Haxz0rMcRandy_1(2.0). If this is not enough indication of our dedication to the female population of this 'prestigious academic institution', we just don't know what is.*

Perhaps we can discuss this matter further over drinks. Call me. Oh right I didn't give you my number... kthnxbye!

Secretive Hangman Editor

Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

Hello again. Welcome to another damn fine edition of Coffee Break. Honourable mentions go out to Team Joseph Gobbels who won last weeks photoshop competition. That picture made many of the guys and girls down in the *felix* office cry hysterically with laughter. Well done, have a gold medal, and your on your way to winning an iPod. I would also like to make a special note about this weeks RAW image of the Live! stand. Live! is one of our big rivals within the Imperial College student media. A big shout out to our friends over there. Keep up the good work, even though the picture of an empty stand is somewhat amusing. I have hope that next weeks entries will bring the picture to life.

A bonus point will be given to those Photoshop masters who to manage to write something amusing in the domain name banner.

In a more personal matter, I would like to say something to the freshers. "Please stop being so unhealthy!" As a hall senior I'm surrounded by freshers everywhere I look. All of them are sick with freshers' flu. All it takes is a few square meals or a vitamin tablet and you'll be sorted. You guys are contagious and I'm getting ill. Now I have my suspicions that it's all the drinking I've been doing this week but I'm going to stick with blaming it on the freshers.

Another rant, I'd like to defend current *felix* editor, Jovan Nedic, for last week's issue of *felix*. Sure there were grammatical errors. Maybe even a few spelling mistakes, but I am disappointed with the individuals who have slandered the issue. Most of the student body understands that it's the first issue of the year, and there are bound to be mishaps along the way.

Why then are there some people who call for the editor to rethink his ideas, some even stating the newspaper is going down. It's a student newspaper people. Not The Guardian. All the news, games, sports and comments are intended for the general student. So please a little understanding this week?

As what to look forward to... Snakey B makes an appearance this week, with next week seeing the start of Sikh MC. The FUCWIT league continues and is going strong. I'll lay out a league table when the competition really fires up.

If anything in this or its associate sections offend you in any way, please bear in mind I'm not responsible for the Hangman team. Those guys are crazy and as a result don't blame me.

Photoshop Competition - 2



This weeks winner. Team Joseph Gobbels.

This weeks winning entry is a beautiful piece of art. Stop for a moment and examine it. This team flipped the face to match the lighting effects in the imposed picture. With a magical flourish, they made the eyes

all squinty so he'd look vulnerable. Finally in a move that clinched the prize, they opened the mouth, giving him a baby like look. Opened the mouth in such a way, he could only be portraying an innocent baby.

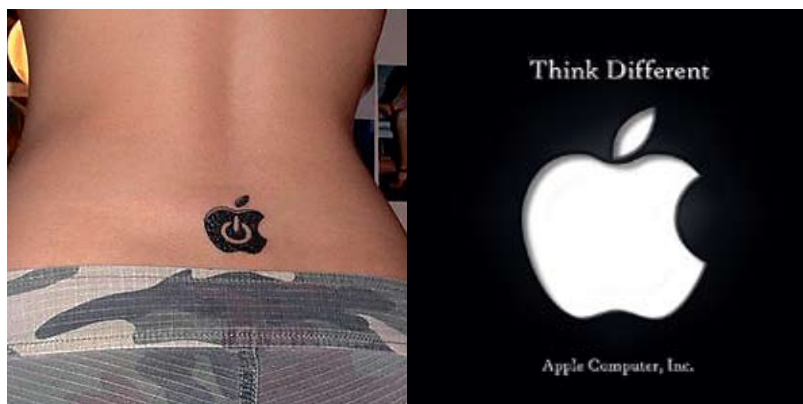


Next weeks RAW image for you to go wild. See www.felixonline.co.uk

Joe Gobbels has certainly set the bar high and if you want to get a shiny gold medal you are going to have to up your game. This weeks image provides a blank slate for all Live! related jokes so go wild. The high res picture can be

found online at www.felixonline.co.uk. Click on Coffee Break in the sections tab. Email your entry to coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk with your team name with your photo and you'll be entered into the FUCWIT league.

Stuff IC Students Like!?! :)



I really don't know what to think.

3. Apple Mac:

You're sitting in the library. You look to the left of you. You look to the right. Apples everywhere. No not the delicious kind, the knob kind. There's even a job at apple to be a campus rep, but only if you're a huge mac super freak. However, and it makes me sad to say it, macs are awesome. Heck we have at least 8 down here in the *felix* office. It's like a mac mega dream. Who needs lots of video games.

Spore is all you need right? We've all seen the students sitting around the JCR on the sofas; drinking their coffee. Some even reading the student newspaper. The evidence is there, if you want to look like a smug fucking git, grab yourself some California designed - Chinese assembled gadgetry and think of the geeky possibilities. Also you get to feel superior because 'macs don't get viruses'. IT'S NOT BECAUSE THEY'RE GOOD IT'S BECAUSE NOBODY MAKES VIRUSES FOR MACS.



Drink with me, I'm Snakey B and this week I'm dressed as Muhammad Ali

I get no respect at Imperial. I get nothing. Every night drunk douche-bags chug me down but there's never any care. Sometimes I get spilled, you know every now and again I even get thrown back up! It's disgusting I tell ya, I get no respect. No respect at all. Things are about to change though.

Snakey B is back, as Muhammad Ali. You know me, I float like all those pot-heads at the back of Sherfield and I sting like the daily rejections meted on Imperial guys by members of the opposite sex.

And let me say something to all those haters out there. I am the greatest drink in the world. No I'm not the greatest

I'm the double greatest. Not only do I knock Medics out but I pick the bucket in Reynolds Bar for them to vomit in and then drink from.

I'm so fast that last night, an engineer took off a girls clothes and came in his pants before they hit the ground.

Snakey B, as Muhammad Ali, peace out Imperial. Who will I be next week?

Tamara Slutatapova

E-mail: agony.felix@imperial.ac.uk



derstand, I struggle to imagine your position. Evidently, you are not pretty or generous enough to have secured a man before uni. Instead, you have infiltrated the male world in order to capture one off-guard. I look forward to reading and empathising as best I can with you over a skinny non-dairy decaf organic Fairtrade latte.

Dear Tamara, I met a lovely boy in Freshers' week and he took me to his room to watch Sleepy Hollow. Everything was going great. So I was really excited about seeing him the next night so I put on a really cute t-shirt from Camden and some sexy jeans from Topshop. However, when I went to his room, he started acting really funny and started getting out trashy underwear that he suggested I wear. What's going on?!
Confused Camden shopper

H ello, I am Tamara Slutatapova. The Felix editor asked me to help guide you through the inevitable emotional and social disasters of the coming year. For the boys – to advise you on how to woo and secure a decent looking girl at Imperial. I am concerned because, from my personal experience of Freshers' week, your shortcomings (ha!) both in conversation and wallet size leave much to be desired. Perhaps it is a lost cause and by the end of the year I will have to simply direct you to the nearest art college for easier and prettier conquests. For the girls - I will help as much as I can. You must un-

Dear Confused Camden shopper, This all sounds very familiar to me. I used to go out with a hunky-looking footballer until I found some suspenders and crotchless pants (suspiciously labelled "XXL") and size 13 stilletos. I'm not sure which was worse, the stilletos being from Shoe Zone or the fact that my man of the month wore it all on weekends. However, perhaps your man has just been picking up bedroom etiquette from Hangman. Any man trying to accessorise an outfit with a piece of rope is not to be taken seriously.

Dear Tamara, Instead of picking up Freshers' flu, I

seem to have picked up something of the red and itchy variety. What do I do?
Itchy & Scratchy One Man Show

Dear Itchy & Scratchy One Man Show, I assume you are a sports player and have participated in Snakebite-fuelled incestuous Wednesday night at the Union. You only have a few more days when you're contagious so I suggest you call all those girls from school who laughed at your big calculator and airplane magazines and pay them back. Good luck and enjoy.

Dear Tamara, I was always the best in my school and my teachers had me down to win a Chemistry Nobel Prize. However, after a week of Imperial, I ahve realised that I will never belong in the front rows of the lecture theatre and never be one of the clever people here. What can I do to improve my self esteem?
Back Row Fresher

Dear Back Row Fresher, Your first year at university is a time to better yourself and grow as a person. You must concentrate on the more important things in life - your looks and your social status. You will find the two go hand in hand. If you cannot beat the kids sitting in the front rows, show them why they wish they could sit with you in the back rows (but never allow them otherwise it loses its mysterious appeal). Frequent Ethos to meet other like-minded people and steer clear of carbs.


Wordoku 1,410

J		M			O			E
	O	E			M			
S			V	E				
		S	N				O	
A		N				S		V
	E				S	H		
				N	V			S
			O			M	E	
H			E			V		O

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


The winner of Wordoku will be mentioned here. This is the first one, therefore there is no winner from last time. Thanks to Chaz for coming up with the words!

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




Aquarius

I would like to point out that these Horoscopes are definitely not done by a half-pissed student. Felix takes pride in the fact that each week a professional clairvoyant is kidnapped and in order to write them. Claims that she is then released back in to Imperial gen. pop. are unfounded.




Taurus

This week you will realise that that girl you have been wooing for all last year, working your magic on the dance floor and buying all those drinks for still doesn't know your name. Worse still she thinks you're called Kevin. Might as well fuck off me thinks.




Leo

This week, does anyone know what the best (Blackthorn excluded. I'd rather drink from a chunderpuddle) alcohol percentage to price ratio of beer in the Union? Reply to Felix editor Jovan Nedic who wants to get drunk. Prizes are available in the form of a free pint of that beverage.




Scorpio

Does anyone except for the Americans give a shit about your star sign? Apparently so. The reason you are reading this is because you are thick enough to forgo the scientific method that you should have sworn your life to, after being accepted by Imperial.



Pisces

This month you will fall deeply in love with a Fresher. You will dance, sing, drink and chunder all over DB's floor (in that order) leaving her not very impressed. Then she'll leave you for a PhD student who has been slightly too close to the Nuclear reactor. She's gone forever, you fucked up bad my friend.




Gemini

The fact you even belong to a group called Gemini means you should probably end your life in a horrible horrible way. Perhaps by provoking a crack addict in the early hours of the morning. What are you like a cheesy pop/rock group from the 80's? That's probably quite mean, but whatever, I detest you all. Peace!




Virgo

There's a lady whose sure all that glitters is gold, and she's buying a stairway to heaven. When she gets there she knows that if the stores are all closed with a word she can get what she came for. It isn't you. All the sins you have committed this Freshers, such as abusing innocent students with your barf, have landed you into the Second Circle of Hell.




Sagittarius

Imperial College London, currently recruiting women. Unsuccessful much? Let's brainstorm: perhaps we should have merged with UCL. No, wait, then we'd have arts students. Barftastic. Them with their varied interests and presentable clothing. We could never let them taint the hallowed, uninteresting, and highly pretentious halls of IC.




Aries

Trust me on this, all the Aries guys/girls absolutely rule! You will almost definitely find your true love by the end of the coming week and even if you don't you will at least have an interesting moment with a flaming hot Filipino homo. You know you love that shiz, you Rice Queen! Give him a try. He's great fun, and fits in a suitcase, to boot.




Cancer

So you're a Cancer, you think you know everything about God. Damn everything; well you're full of shit! Anyway this week you'll probably find out you have a terminal disease or something ... whatever. That sounds like cancer. Like I care. I'm not even the guy who writes the horoscopes.



Libra

Okay, so you're one of those guys that thinks that Abercrombie is cool. It's not. Let me tell you why. Firstly, it starts with "Aber", and that sounds Welsh. Welsh is most definitely not cool. Second, it's not even Welsh! It's like an Australian whose great-great-grandauntie was Scottish, and who therefore thinks he can wear a kilt.



Capricorn

When I said that I'd do this I thought it would be easy. Just think up 12 random paragraphs and job done. Turns out that its much harder. You noticed? Turns out I'll be needing 12 more next week..... This is really hard. I need to find a flaming hot Polish lesbo to help me out. With writing the horoscopes, that is.

Design by Alice Rowlands

Fellwanderers battle trolls, mountains and reindeer in a tin

Imperial fellwanderers took a summer trip to Jotunheim National Park in Norway, Christopher Mark reports on their adventures



“Trolls,” our guidebook stated, “are legendary creatures, hostile to humans, found lurking anywhere in the mountains”. And in the mountains we definitely were, on the Fellwanderers’ 2008 summer tour to Jotunheim National Park in Norway, home to the highest mountains in Northern Europe. The plan was to complete a circuit of the park’s central region over a nine day period, hopefully bagging Norway’s highest mountain on the way. (And dodging the trolls, obviously.)

And so it was that, thanks to the magic of Ryanair (who optimistically define Stanstead as a ‘London’ airport), a group of eleven bleary-eyed fellwanderers were to be found queuing up in the departure lounge at 4.30am, one Tuesday morning in July.

Despite hernia-inducing over-weight rucksacks and the presence of five kilos of porridge mix (granular white powder in unmarked clear plastic bags - oh dear), everyone made it to the plane intact, and we were soon wandering around Oslo taking in the sights. Oslo actually achieves the rare distinction of being one of the few cities more expensive than London, fortunately the prison-like Anker Hostel (suggested corporate slogan: Resistance Is Useless) and the local Subway franchise enabled everyone to make it to the bus the following morning feeling reasonably human.

A five hour drive north put us by the shores of 18km long Lake Gjende, at the Gjendesheim road-head and hut, where Dave, Jon and Nathaniel promptly jumped in. And regretted it, unsurprisingly - Gjende is 1000m above sea level and fed mostly by glacial meltwater!

Apart from the spectacular scenery, one of Jotunheim’s most attractive features is that there are no roads within the park boundaries, nor any permanent inhabitants apart from the staff of the mountain huts. So al-

though only extending over 3900km², there’s a real feeling of isolation. Not that we felt very isolated the next morning;

Our first day’s hike, from Gjendesheim to Memurubu, included the Bessegen ridge. One of Norway’s most popular hiking trails, the day consisted of a steep 740m climb onto the Veslfjellet ridge, which in turn drops down a steep, exposed scramble onto Bessegen proper, a narrow spine of rock separating Lakes Bessvatn and Gjende. Bessvatn is about 10m below the ridge – and Gjende is about 400m below, down a sheer cliff face. A great scramble and even better views, even if half of Norway seemed to be on the ridge at times! (Very attractive they all were too – definitely more so than the denizens of the average UK mountain.) We did note, though, that we seemed

“Very attractive they all were – definitely more so than the denizens of the average UK mountain”

to have bigger rucksacks than anyone else – something that got harder and harder to ignore as we completed the final climb and then long descent down to Memurubu hut, halfway along the northern shore of Lake Gjende.

As the mountain huts can often be expensive, we’d opted to carry tents and about half of our food - this kept the trek affordable, but there were definitely times when all the gear just seemed far too heavy!

After packing the tents, the next day was definitely less spectacular than the

first; a long, tiring slog alongside another lake, Russvatn, and then over a col to the hut at Glitterheim. An Indiana Jones style footbridge over a gorge provided a diversion and some amusing video footage, but by the time we reached Glitterheim some members of the group were clearly struggling, summer term dissertations and exams having taken something of a priority over fitness! It was decided to reduce the planned route by skipping the hut at Skogadalsboen, and having a rest day at Glitterheim. Fortunately, the hut was operated by the DNT (Norwegian Hiking Association) and so was cheap to sleep in, especially as we could provide our own food – in this case, my famous ‘Meaty pasta with meat sauce’. Critical reviews were, well, critical; Evelyne succinctly described it as ‘dog-food!’ Still, it did the job.

After a day of card playing, we bid goodbye to our bunk-room and headed onwards to the road-head and large hut complex at Spiterstulen. Gorgeous weather and a pleasant ascent of the col at Veslglupen gave way to torrential rain in the last hour of descent to the hut; our original plan to camp was hastily discarded as we negotiated a group discount for a bunk-room. This was easier than it sounds; although none of us could tell Norwegian from alphabet soup, everyone we met spoke better English than we did, frankly.

We planned to stay two days at Spiterstulen, both to try and summit Galdhoppigen (Norway’s highest mountain at 2469m), and also to try and get a closer look at some of the glaciers in the area. So the next morning about two thirds of the group assembled for an early breakfast before starting up the trail to Galdhoppigen (literally, “Big Peak” - imaginative types, these Norwegians). Total ascent from Spiterstulen to the summit is 1363m – in other words, the climb to the top is greater than the entire height of Ben Nevis, the UK’s tallest mountain, from sea level! A steep walk followed by the crossing of a

large snowfield put us at the base of the summit ridge, and a couple of hundred metres scramble over loose scree and boulders put us on the eastern end of the summit ridge at Svellnose, about 220m below the main summit, which was about a kilometre away along a fairly narrow ridge. Unfortunately, the weather, which had been overcast all morning, was rapidly closing in, and

“Extreme poker – could be next year’s big thing”

with visibility dropping we decided not to continue along the ridge, which had a lot of snow cover. With hindsight, we regretted our early start; the weather cleared up by late afternoon, and with better visibility we probably would have had the confidence to reach the summit. Still, the herd of reindeer we encountered halfway down partly made up for it.

The next day Mairead, Joe, Jon, Yvonne and Catarina decided to join a guided group to go walking on the Svellnos glacier, hiring crampons from the hut. Roped together, they got a great look at some crevasses and ice-pillars close up. Dave, Anna, Nathaniel and myself meanwhile decided to hike out to have a look at the northern tongue of the Veobreen glacier. Without the equipment to get onto the glacier itself safely, we settled for a quick game of poker on a flat rock by the glacier’s snout. Extreme poker – could be next year’s big thing.

Putting Spiterstulen behind us, the next day saw us pushing up the valley to the hut and roadhead at Leirvassbu. The valley walls on each side towered at least 1000m above us for the first few kilometres, making for a gentle but spectacular walk to Kyrkjeglugen, right beneath the mountain known as Kyrka (“Church Steeple”), named for its spec-

tacular near-vertical summit pinnacle. Camping beside Leirvassbu hut at 1400m, we finished the last of the food we’d brought with us, while a copy of the board game Risk (in Norwegian) inside the hut allowed everyone to unleash their inner tyrant to their heart’s content.

Leaving Leirvassbu, the weather, already sunny, was perfect; we crested the low col above the hut to reveal the most gorgeous views down the snow-covered Langdalen valley to Himalayan-looking mountain ridges in the distance, under a perfect blue sky. The day’s hike was relatively short, over alternating snowfields and talus slopes to a very steep snow-covered slope leading up to a col immediately before Olavsbu - our destination for the night.

The hut was small and wonderfully remote; washing facilities included a deluxe river pool by the front door, complete with bobbing rafts of ice which hadn’t yet thawed. Needless to say most of the group went straight for a mind-numbingly cold dip, followed by an attempted group photo sitting on the largest ice raft. Unfortunately it wasn’t quite thick enough to take the weight of Dave, the first person to reach it, who sat poised on the edge for a moment before disappearing through it with a startled yelp.

Dinner and breakfast were provided by the hut; unlike the others we used Olavsbu was “self-service”, meaning that you helped yourself to a selection of tins and packets and paid for it all in an honesty box. Dinner featured tinned reindeer and a brand of tinned vegetables called ‘Sodd’, while breakfast was packets of a dried porridge called ‘Grott’ (appropriate name!).

Bidding a fond farewell to Olavsbu and it’s magical location (and slightly less magical “traditional toilets” – think wooden seat over a large box) we descended through rotting snowfields and, lower down, a birchwood carpeted with flowers to reach Gjende, our final hut, at the western end of

Lake Gjende. Shortly after we reached it, I was ambushed coming out of the bunkhouse and dropped in the lake – a traditional Fellwanderers way of saying thank you to a trip organiser. Still, I managed to drag next year’s president, Nathaniel, in with me – if I was going in, so was he!

Sadly, that was the end of our Norway adventure; a boat the next morning took us the length of Gjende back to Gjendesheim and the bus connection to civilisation, and a return to Stanstead via a bar in Oslo. We’d hiked 88km not including the side trips to Galdhoppigen and the glaciers. A fantastic trip and thanks in no particular order to Nathaniel, Dave, Anna, Mairead, Catarina, Joe, Jonathan, Yvonne, Evelyne and Nick for making it so memorable!

Sitting looking over the pictures weeks’ later in London, I for one wish I was still there.

“Dinner featured tinned reindeer, while breakfast was packets of a dried porridge called ‘Grott’”

ICBC Women Represent GB

Clarice Chung
Imperial College Boat Club

Following on from the success at the BUSA Regatta in May, the Boat Club qualified 5 crews for the European Universities Rowing Championships held in Zagreb over the last week of August; the Men's and Women's Lightweight Double Sculls, Men's and Women's Lightweight Quadruple Sculls and a Women's Pair. However, due to logistical issues and increasing costs, only a small women's squad made the journey to Croatia with Head Coach Steve Trapmore leading the way and hoping to inspire us all to victory with tales of how he stroked the GB eight to Olympic glory.

Arriving late Tuesday afternoon, there was just enough time for a quick tour of the rowing lake and its associated nudist beaches before settling into our home for the next few days, the student halls of Zagreb University. Their kitchens had clearly been well briefed and were over-zealously plying us with large amounts of pasta, potatoes and mystery meat. However, with the weigh-in imminent, the lightweights were left to indulge in some of Slimfast's finest products whilst everyone else tucked into their 4 course meals.

Wednesday morning saw us rising early for a paddle to make the most of the cooler temperatures. This was, in theory, a good idea but it did leave us with nothing to do all afternoon. With the sun beating down on us and boredom setting in quickly, Steve had no option but to agree to our demands of a trip into town after lunch.

And so off we headed for the delights of the Botanical Gardens for a relaxing afternoon, or so we thought. No sooner had we driven our way through the pedestrian zone in the centre of town and managed to park when Chewy realised that she'd misplaced her bag (complete with wallet and passport). It dawned on us that this was a regular occurrence and that she would be

threatened with investigation by the Passport Office and that we really should try and relocate her bag. It was also at this point, that Chewy chose to remind us that she was about to go to Cambodia to 'look' after orphans for 2 months – we wish them luck.

Thursday saw the start of racing (heats or race for lanes) and the horror that is the sweat-run for the lightweights. We piled on the layers and ran and ran and ran, eventually making weight just over an hour before our race. Without sufficient time to recover, our race was unsurprisingly not great, but we managed to stay within 2 lengths of the winning Polish crew.

Claire and Chewy were then supposed to race the Lwt double but the prospect of 5 weigh-ins (and hence 5 sweat runs) in 3 days was too much to bear and the decision was made to scratch the doubles entry and focus our efforts on winning the Quads. The race officials, however, weren't so keen on us pulling out of the race, until Chewy faked near-death and got the medical team to declare her unable to race that afternoon...

The pair of Jenny and Erica raced well, putting up a good fight for second place but were unfortunate to be overtaken coming into the last 500m.

There was no racing scheduled for either of our crews on Friday, so it was all about the pre-lunch nap, the afternoon snooze and the post-paddle kip. Oh and there was a little bit of loitering about coffee-shops playing the 'pointing' game. Which actually involves no pointing at all. Don't ask. I don't get it either.

The Quad's Final was on Saturday morning so it was another early start as we set about our last-minute weight loss, which can be summarised as: put on every bit of kit you own, maybe a plastic bag if you're really desperate, run, strip down and check weight, put horrible, damp, stinky kit back on, run.... repeat as many times as necessary. It is as much fun as it sounds. Steve briefly contemplated documenting

the joys of the sweat run then common sense got the better of him and decided that it wasn't worth risking his life angering the hungry dehydrated skinnies by sticking a camera in their faces. Oh and it would seem that in most other countries, their lightweights actually are light and don't do the whole 'sweat off 2 kg in 2 hours' thing. In fact, they think it's just silly!

Having learnt from our previous race, the quad got off to a good start and were leading coming into the 500m mark, much to the surprise of Stevie T. However, that wasn't to last much longer as the neater bladework of the Polish crew took them past and onto a 2 length winning margin over us and the 3rd placed Italian crew a further 2 lengths behind.

It was then time for us to indulge in a much deserved lunch to celebrate the end of a 3 month diet with cake o'clock lasting well into the afternoon, whilst

we waited for the Pair's final. They raced hard all the way and were challenging for the Silver medal at half way but were eventually worn down by a bigger, more experienced crew.

Drinking commenced in earnest after dinner to prepare ourselves for the Euro-pop that we would have to endure at the 'Athletes' party'. Having sent our intrepid Captain off in search of some wine, we joined the Glasgow boys for a few games of 21, which resulted in a lot of love being declared for Dr Nigel 'Killer' Atkins (former Glasgow now IC coach) and a bit of nakedness.

A bucket of mystery alcohol (with a hint of Lucozade sport) made a surprise appearance with its bearer proudly announcing that he'd 'pimped out one of the IC girls to a Polish guy for a bottle of cheap red wine'. Said Polish boy turned out to be persistent... far too persistent in claiming his wares. Much to my embarrassment and the amuse-

ment of all others present, I turned out to be the object of his affections. Even stern words from Erica (practising her best Terminator look) and Stevie T pretending to be my dad (!?) and slapping him with his gold medal did nothing to dent his determination and I was forced to make an early retreat to bed. Judging from the sore heads and feet the next morning, I gather that a good time was had by all.

It was a highly enjoyable and successful week of racing with IC being the only squad where every member won a medal and the lightweight quad were also the highest placed British crew, winning the only silver medals. Many thanks to Stevie T for not only organising everything, securing substantial sponsorship which allowed us to go on this trip but also for a sterling effort looking after us all and dealing with all the hunger-induced tantrums from the Lwts.



GB was represented by universities across the UK with IC highest placed.

ICBC Own Pyrenees on Cycling Camp

Christina Duffy
ICBC Press Officer

Although the domestic rowing season had finished for the summer, keen members from Imperial College Boat Club could still be found forlornly hanging around the boathouse in Putney. We could only be shifted with Tom Sutherland's solemn promise of +2000 metre climbs and high speed descents through the Pyrenees in Southern France.

And so last August boats were switched for bicycles and oars replaced with pedals, all disassembled and loaded into the mini-bus for the long drive to the picturesque village of Luz-St-Sauveur for some tough pre-season cross training.

The first four days were spent ascending and descending the surrounding terrain including past Tour de France climbs such as the infamous Hautacam. Road signs are placed at every kilometre mark detailing the distance to the summit and the average gradient until the next sign. Conditions were misty initially, veiling what must have been spectacular views resulting in chilling conditions at high altitudes.

Less steely-nerved cyclists were nursing their hand cramps and requiring a change of more than just brake blocks after particularly steep descents. A minor respite on day 4 ensued with a visit to Lourdes and a brief stop-off at Lac de Lourdes where Winny, who gets very distracted when within a five mile radius of a lake, and his speedos, made their first of many appearances.

On day 5 basecamp was shifted and the route for the day involved climbing and descending the highest mountain road pass in the Central Pyrenees: Col du Tourmalet towering at 2115m. The climb to the peak is 19km from Luz St. Saveur with an average gradient of 7.4% and reaching 10.2% near the summit. Regrouped at the peak we realised this was only as high as the road went. We had to get to the very top. And touch it. Bikes were ditched and after an hour of hiking we arrived at Observatoire du Pic du Midi de Bigorre at 2877m.

Ben Anstiss and I were less than enthused about the lake that Winny had earmarked for a swim on the way up, and so we inadvertently smuggled our way down on the ski lift ending up on a different mountain, and having to hitch our way back to the bicycles.

With bicycles and cyclists reunited, a speedy descent left the troops at the foot of yet another mountain, and after climbing Col d'Aspin it wasn't long until arrival, albeit destroyed, at the chalet in Estarvielle.

Taking advantage of fatigue and the lack of an ability to think rationally, Winny managed to convince Chewy (Rachael Davies) and Nick Ablitt to join him the following day after excitedly spotting yet another lake on the map. Will Todd had already announced his undying love for Winny and would not be parted so the foursome headed off in high spirits the following morning.

After cycling beyond Col du Peyresourde, the road ended turning into a steep and rough track. Lac de Borderes ou de Bareilles was the destination, and while other professional climbers struggled with hiking boots and climbing sticks, our four heroes, donned in lycra and flip-flops, shoulder pressed their bicycles to the summit.

Will and Winny suddenly saw the lake and although in a state of near hypothermia they did what they had come to do. Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves

together and made themselves aprons. Well sort of... they got dressed again.

Fueled by carefully rationed cereal bars and only a handful of raisins conditions continued to worsen and morale was low. Hallucinations started kicking in after surviving a viscous bull attack, some dangerous stumbles and the sudden drop in temperature resulting in an emotionally broken Chewy asking a distant rock to take their photograph. Top navigation from Nick eventually brought the crew safely home. It was, apparently, 'Epic' and the saga was relieved over and over and over, and over again during the drive home in the mini-bus. Which we couldn't get out of for 17 hours. Sigh.

Meanwhile back at basecamp it was BBQ night. The girls & Ben prepared the food while the boys stood around prodding the coals and discussing the best method of ignition. Sargeant Iain Palmer assumed control of the cooking and soon burgers, kebabs and sausages were being savaged. It was approaching darkness when our four very exhausted adventurers made their way back to the chalet, who were only too delighted to be bombarded by fireworks upon their arrival.

Following a tough week on the legs it was with great relief that the local lake were offering canoe rentals and we could give the quads a rest on our final evening and get some upper body workouts. But they were too expensive, so we got pedalos instead. After repeatedly nailing each other up and down the lake we finally but briefly relaxed to catch a few rays.

The minibus was on call all week for those finding themselves or their bikes broken half-way up a mountain. Luckily there were no emergencies with only a few punctures and a broken gear cable reported over the week. Thanks to all our drivers who helped out. Praise is well due to svelte athletes Clarice Chung and George Addams for their ability to tear over the mountains in impressive style.

Other noteworthy cyclists were John Davey who 'owned' himself all week and Tom Sutherland, who not only organised the entire week and planned the routes but showed impressive endurance covering as many cols as possible.

Aching and sunburned, but fit as fiddles, we celebrated a very successful trip upon our return to London.

Le Mans 24 Hour Skate 2008

Ian Beer

As the rest of College slept soundly through their final night of term, one intrepid band of sportsmen set out early on a quest to make Imperial proud. By lunchtime they were waiting in a traffic jam of what turned out to be parked cars and driving the wrong way round the Paris ring road.

We met at 7am, with enough methylated spirits in our hand luggage to excite even the most sedate sniffer dog, and proceeded to smuggle our cooking apparatus through Eurostar security. We were headed towards Le Mans, France, home of the famous 24 Hour Touring Car and Motorbike races, where we were to compete against 6000 fellow skaters in one of the biggest amateur skating events in the world.

The race takes place on the actual Le Mans circuit, with skaters sleeping and eating the pit lane. We had arrived the day before and camped in a field overlooking the course, preparing both mentally and physically for the grueling challenge ahead of us by eating burnt burgers and drinking.

The following morning was spent perusing the various skating stalls and displays while being accosted by various larger than life skating Duracell bunnies (the not-so-subtle sponsor of

the event). At 2pm we were let in to the track to set up our space in the pits underneath the stands. Those same garages you see F1 mechanics spilling oil in were now full of blow-up beds, chocolate croissants and skaters discussing team tactics.

24 hours is a long time to skate, and while some will inevitably attempt to do it alone without a break, we had different plans: We had decided to organise ourselves into a shift pattern with two groups. We would all race together during the day, taking one lap each at a time, but during the night we would take a rest with one group of us taking a well-deserved 4 hours uninterrupted sleep while the others raced on with more frequent laps, swapping over about 4am.

The rules of the race were simple; three categories (Singles, Duos and Teams) of competitor all skate on the same track in a relay fashion. Those with the most laps after 24 hours win!

The course provides excellent skating, 4.2k with a wonderful smooth surface (a welcome change from our London training). As you left the pits there was a fairly steep 600m climb before a very tight downhill corner, which the pros would take tucked over with their chin almost on their knees while some

of the less experienced skaters struggled to stay upright at all! Rochelle was forced to employ a rather novel braking technique, but there were medical staff close on hand! From there you opened on to a series of smooth turns and long gentle straights back to the start.

The race began at 3pm with classification, a short 300m sprint to allocate your team a place along the starting area, much like in the Racing car equivalent. We managed a healthy mid-field placing and Josh was chosen to race the first lap while those of us further down the order climbed the stands to watch.

To start the race everyone found their allotted position along the start-finish straight, put their unbuckled skates on one side of the track and walked to the other. When the starting orders were given they then had to sprint barefoot across to their skates, put them on and skate off as quickly as possible. The real pros were able to skate off with unfastened skates, waiting for the first descent to tighten them, while others valued their ankles a little more and decided it might be better to tie them.

Only a couple of our team had done this sort of skating before, it was up to the rest of us to learn the techniques and etiquette from others as we raced round the track. As in cycling, swimming and even running you can gain an enormous advantage by racing in someone else's slipstream. In skating this is taken to the extreme, with groups of up to 10 skaters all racing in tight formation, each crouching down in an aerodynamic tuck position and grabbing hold of the person in front for the corners. After a few laps we realised that the way to get fast times was not purely by skating hard, but by being able to latch on to one of these 'pacelines' as they are known. There was no hope of keeping up with the lycra-clad teams, who were completing laps in under 7 minutes, but there were plenty of slower lines which formed and disbanded all round the course. Unfortunately, this has its price: since you had to be skating fast enough to join any paceline which might pass you with a short effort, you always ran the risk of starting one yourself, where



Skaters strike pose for the press!

someone may latch on to you and you have to drag them around the whole course with no help at all!

Having worked this out a competition emerged between the faster skaters in our team to see if we could break the elusive 9 minute lap. This may not sound like much, but we had all spent the last month revising in the library and may have let our intensive training schedule slip slightly. After an tough few hours, and more than his fair share of the communal chocolate, Ian did finally manage it after 7 or so laps with a time of 8:52.

As we slowly approached the 20th hour things were starting to get tough! The feet preparation rituals were getting more and more involved (carbon speed skates are not designed to be either the least bit comfortable nor to be worn for 24 hours) and our Vaseline and blister plaster supplies were getting low. Some of the team had decided to call it a day and we decided to let the faster skaters take more frequent laps.

Down to 40 minute rotations now there was just enough time for a 10 minute nap and another croissant before forcing your feet back into the skates and limping back to the track!

As the clock ticked ever closer to 4pm things started to get tense for the

teams at the top who were tied on laps. The final rounds had to be taken by the same person, traditionally waving their flag behind them and treating the last laps as more of a procession than a race, the top teams however continued sprinting right down to the bitter end. Being tied on laps it was down to the first over the line after the 24 hour bell had rung. We climbed up to the stands again to watch the teams come home, for the first time noticing the varied fancy dress that some had worn, one team choosing to race the entire event in leather jackets, another in dresses and (looking at the photos online) someone dressed as a giant battery.

Erika brought our team in for a very respectable 7th out of 15 university teams, managing 131 laps. The overall winners completed an astounding 206 laps, the fastest recorded lap time being 6:17 (an average speed of over 45kmh!). We averaged a more sensible average of around 11 minutes.

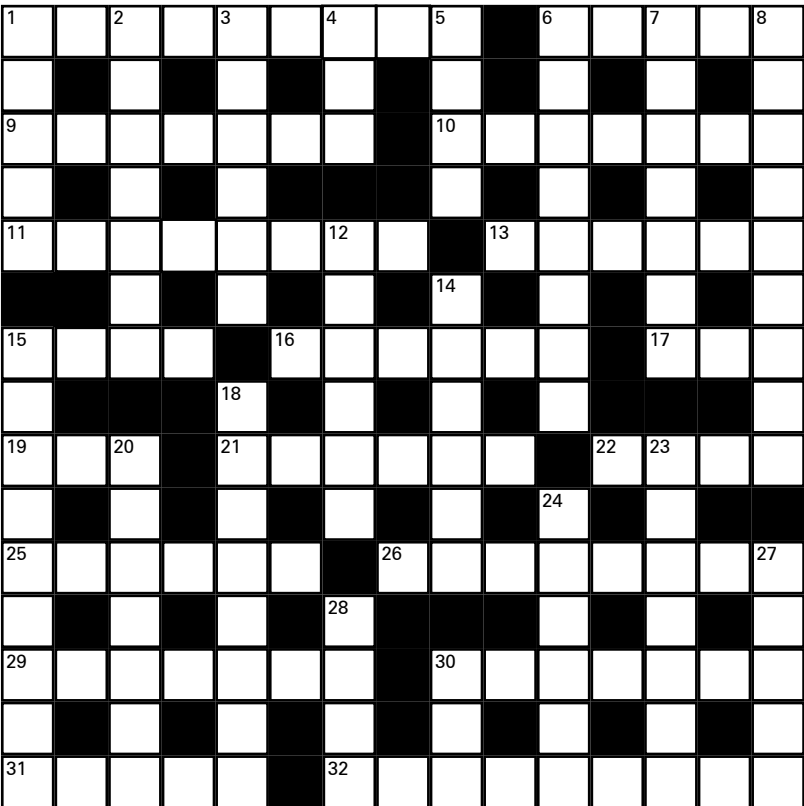
No doubt the exhaustion-induced hallucinations of skating baguettes shall haunt us forever, but if you still think all this sounds like a whole lot of fun and want to join in then come along to our skating sessions in Hyde Park every Wednesday afternoon and have a go!



Skaters just before the start of Le Mans 24 hour.

Crossword No. 1,410

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



ACROSS

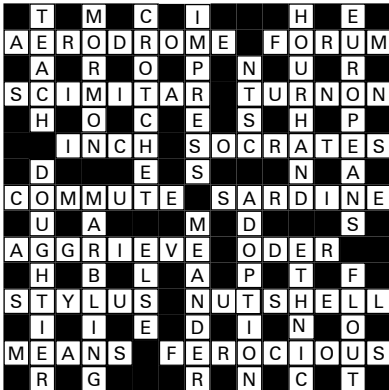
- 1 OPEC deliver apology without a shift in position after oil spill (9)
- 6 Words of a song in early Cyrillic translation (5)
- 9 Get rid of ID cards; or at least tear them up (7)
- 10 8, taking heart from the weaker sex, gets to change position (7)
- 11 Rumour started to put about before Communist split (8)
- 13 Grunts wildly when highly nervous (6)
- 15 Artificial cheese sent back (4)
- 16 Something on fire jacket (6)
- 17 Barrel made with central part of tree (3)
- 19 Knits odd uniform (3)
- 21 Where proverbially dirty animals live: Epping, is a mess (6)
- 22 Arrange portable network system (4)
- 25 Metric unit of measurement used for comparisons (6)
- 26 Building society (8)
- 29 The beginnings of progress in ways leading to different destinations (7)
- 30 Drawback comes later for 10 in 10 (7)

- 31 Until Death loses his top hat and gets a Spanish accent (5)
- 32 Mistakenly eats wheel, goes pop (3,6)

DOWN

- 1 Command structure (5)
- 2 Dip is nice to send back and examine (7)
- 3 Pop a question to show concealed... (6)
- 4 ... gold buried from long ago (3)
- 5 Hail Queen from years gone by (4)
- 6 Following fiery outburst, Conservative politician winds up in toilet (8)
- 7 Send down a different path around our tree (7)
- 8 Tidy around gymnasium after Russian minister (9)
- 12 Speech on the death of the melted Yule Log lost last April (6)
- 14 Crazy sect supports the full range of Native Americans,... (6)
- 15 ...denouncing fake Smith substitute (9)
- 18 Wise man swallows medication, making a mess (8)

- 20 Man, strangely-built on the outside, takes you off to your death (7)
- 23 Brutally slain by Arabs (7)
- 24 Reformed Eastern Church has broken-down red Fiat (6)
- 27 Sing the last few bars of discordant melody (5)
- 28 Is not one neophyte sitting, terrified, at the start? (4)
- 30 Rival editor abandoned man behind Robinson Crusoe (3)



Enoch

Henley Royal Regatta

Christina Duffy

On the final day of racing at Henley the pressure was on the men's coxless four to bring victory to Imperial competing for the Visitor's Challenge Cup. Don't be mislead by the term coxless, this was a crew of pure 100% MAN, or beast/machine-hybrid, we aren't sure, but thankfully there is no pending investigation from the powers that be. Triumph lay in the large, unmoisturised and capable hands of Imperial's Simon Hislop and George Whittaker, teamed with Kingston R.C.'s Keiron West and stroke man Trigger. After months of intensive land training at ICBC and water sessions on the tideway the coaching team were in no doubt as to the potential outcome. The first race took place on Saturday where London R.C. & Wallingford R.C. became the first casualty and were easily defeated. Bad weather conditions hampered the final days racing schedule and after a restart, some paint chippings and more time delays, the race eventually got

underway with the Imperial composite crew out muscling Martyrs B.C. & Christ Church, Oxford by 1 ¼ lengths. ICBC are very proud of all four crew members who were outright deserved winners. Much expensive champagne was sprayed around and the blazers were dusted off for the prize giving ceremony to collect their accolade for 'Most Dashing Bow Pair'.
Meanwhile ICBC supporters spent the weekend sampling Cobra Beer, collecting Vaseline body lotion samples for healthy resilient skin, trying out the latest fad on the erg scene and generally cheering for anybody with a name that could be easily pronounced. For those of us lucky enough to be deemed worthy of the steward's enclosure, the afternoons slipped away in a haze of oversized blazers, sunshine, Pimms and general poncing. Here one could purchase ladies hats, because ladies are encouraged to wear hats. Henley is a unique and prestigious event, one of the few places on earth where regatta radio is appreciated.



Crew and coaches celebrate after winning the Visitor's Challenge Cup.

Ultimate Swimming

Erika Cule

Could you swim a mile for charity? What about two? How about twenty-four?
On Saturday 4 – Sunday 5 October, Erika Cule (President) and Julia Hornig (Treasurer) of Imperial College Swim and Water Polo Club took part in the "Ultimate Swimming Challenge" – swimming one mile, on the hour, every hour, for twenty-four hours.
Both managed half the distance, twelve miles apiece - a tough enough achievement. One mile is thirty-two lengths of a fifty metre pool, equivalent to sixty-four lengths of the pool at Ethos. As well as swimming fatigue, powerful chlorine fumes made breathing difficult. Participants battled with sleep deprivation, and nutrition and hydration were difficult too.
By seven miles in the first swimmer had called it a day, and after halfway the numbers fell further. Of twenty-eight starters, only the seven fittest and most determined made it to the end, testament to the unique severity of this difficult task.
2swim4life was the brainchild of Stewart Rush, a dad from Petersfield in Hampshire whose son Joe was diagnosed with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy last year. After a ten-mile fundraising swim of his own in May 2008, Stewart cast around for a bigger challenge and hit upon the 24-hour-swimathon, a format that to the team's knowledge has not been attempted previously.
The event aims to raise £20,000 for Action Duchenne, the only national Charity that exclusively funds research for a cure and promotes campaigns for

better medical care for Duchenne and Becker Muscular Dystrophy.
Duchenne muscular dystrophy is a genetic disorder caused by a mutation in the dystrophin gene. The condition causes progressive muscle weakness as the muscle cells break down and die. It is a rare condition with about 100 sufferers born in the UK each year and about 1,500 boys with the disorder living in the country at any one time.
Duchenne muscular dystrophy, named after the doctor who first studied this specific condition in the 1800s, mainly affects boys, with extremely rare exceptions.
Most affected boys show the first symptoms of motor difficulties as toddlers. As they get older and the condition progresses they may be unable to walk as far or as fast as other children, occasionally even falling down. Some boys may also have learning or behavioural difficulties which start to show at this stage.
Duchenne is a progressive disorder - young men are totally paralysed by late teens and die young from respiratory or heart failure. Your donations and support will help us end this tragic waste of young lives. To congratulate the swimmers and donate to this important cause, visit www.justgiving.com/2swim4life
After a great weekend, the team is still actively fundraising, as well as making plans for next year. If you are interested in taking on the "Ultimate Swimming Challenge" or want to find out more, please visit www.2swim4life.com
To find out more about Imperial College Swim and Water Polo Club, email swimming@imperial.ac.uk

Disc Doctors spin Europe

Michael Foster

The summer has been an exciting one for the Ultimate Frisbee team, known as Disc Doctors (or dD). For those that don't know, Ultimate is a mixed team sport played with a frisbee, either indoors, outdoors on grass, or on the beach. Lazily, it can be described as a cross between netball and American Football. More specifically, however, there are between five and seven players on each team, with the aim being to pass the disc between team mates, working it up the pitch to score a point in the opposing team's end-zone. Good spirit is a big part of the game, and so matches are refereed between players, with no external official, and any fouls are sorted out between those involved.
At the beginning of July, 16 dD set off to sunny Finland, the land of 22 hour sunshine and saunas. Having never previously entered, the tournament on Yteri beach was to be a new experience for the team. Rumours were spreading of the fierce, efficient playing style of the northern Europeans so it came with welcome relief that we were seeded in the very depths of the team tables.
Clad in red shorts, custom yellow shirts and copious amounts of colour coordinating accessories, the team had already blown away the competition in the style sweepstakes. Unfortunately the match against Dark Side early Saturday morning wasn't such a walk-over. Having arrived several days early in Finland, most of the squad seemed afflicted with mysterious morning headaches (read: hangovers), giving rise to a sloppy first couple of points. Some desperate play helped us claw back to put the score roughly even but the opposition eventually pulled away again to win 6-4. Play started gelling together a bit better in the next game against PIP. Points were traded as up-

wind/downwind play rotated but with beach Ultimate teams only consisting of 5 players, the team were able to find the extra fresh legs in the squad to beat PIP at a point cap of 6-5.
For the final match of the day dD deployed some advanced defence to take advantage of the intensifying wind. A zone formation was adopted and proved very difficult for Finnish natives Albino Wales to break through. Lots of turnovers were forced giving us many scoring opportunities, with a very good number bearing fruit. Halfway through the short 40 minute game dD had a comfortable 5-2 lead. The Albino Wales responded with a zone defence of their very own, resulting in a gruelling point. A slight advantage in stamina gave the Wales the strength to win the crucial point and unfortunately the rest of the game, finishing 9-6. After a good, hard day's Ultimate, the team were looking forward to showing the rest of the world how to party. Turning up fashionably late, dressed for summer, dD took the beach disco by storm. An unforgettable night slowly drifted into the morning – especially considering night only lasted two dusky hours.
The rest of the tournament went very successfully, with two more wins and a final seeding of 8th out of 32 teams. The displays of diplomacy across the three days combined with gifts for the other teams earned dD the Spirit of the Game prize: a massive, novelty bottle of champagne, just going to show that winning on the field (or beach) isn't always the most important thing. Then, in the dying days of the summer (September, actually, but there was really no summer to have dying days of) dD embarked upon the highlight of our Ultimate calendar. The Burla Beach Cup is an international mixed Ultimate tournament played on the beach in Viareggio, Italy. This year it was held

between the 19th and 21st September and saw us returning for our 4th year and aiming to improve upon our 17th seeding out of 30 from 2007.
The first day of the tournament saw us playing three teams – two Belgian and one British – for rank in our pool. We beat each of them pretty convincingly and the wet conditions seemed to help us on our way. So, pleased with our performance and our games done for the day, and the weather now suitably Italian, we had lots of time to relax on the beach with a few drinks before going to the party that night.
Fuelled by our successful start but slightly hindered from drinking the night before, we were ready to take on the teams in our challenging pool. We won the first game against an Irish team in a very hard fought match, but lost the last two to the 2007 winners and then the eventual winners of this year's tournament – overall a real bitch of a pool! We ended up joint second in our group just to be relegated to 4th place due to points difference, meaning we would return the next day fighting for 13th place. Although slightly deflated, we knew we had a good night ahead of us in the form of the zombie/horror themed main party.
On the Sunday we headed to the beach in a wholly unconvincing state to play Ultimate: there were those of us that were hungover and those who weren't – but only because they were still drunk. It was a picture that dD had seen all too often. However, playing in this state is a skill every dD player is born with, and we managed pretty easy wins over the two teams (Belgium and Austria) to earn our 13th place. Overall it was an excellent tournament with a healthy mix of competition, sunshine and parties. Look out for Burla 2009 when dD will return to the beaches of Viareggio!

Fixtures			in association with <i>Sports Partnership</i>		imperial college union	sport Imperial
Monday 13th October						
Badminton						
Mixed 1s ULU vs King's College Mixed 1s						
Netball						
Women's 1s ULU vs Royal Holloway 1s						
Women's 2s ULU vs Imperial Medicals 3s						
Squash						
Men's 3s ULU vs Imperial Medicals Men's 1s						
Men's 1s ULU vs Imperial College Men's 2s						
Volleyball						
Mixed 1s ULU vs LSE Mixed 1s						
Watepolo						
1st ULU vs University College						
Wednesday 15th October						
Badminton						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Portsmouth Men's 1st						
Men's 2nd vs King's College Men's 1st						
Women's 1st vs Uni of Reading Women's 1st						
Basketball						
Men's 1st vs London South Bank Men's 2nd						
Women's 1st vs Roehampton Uni Women's 1st						
Fencing						
Men's 2nd vs University College Men's 2nd						
Women's 1st vs Uni of Kent Women's 1st						
Football						
Men's 1st vs Brunel West London Men's 3rd						
Men's 2nd vs Uni of Greenwich Men's 3rd						
Women's 1st vs Roehampton Uni Women's 1st						
Men's 3rd vs Universities at Medway Men's 1st						
Men's 4s ULU vs University College Men's 5s						
Men's 5s ULU vs University College Men's 6s						
Men's 6s ULU vs King's Medics Men's 5s						
Men's 7s ULU vs Goldsmiths Men's 3s						
Hockey						
Men's 2nd vs Queen Mary Men's 1st						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Essex Men's 1st						
Women's 2nd vs Uni of Portsmouth Women's 2nd						
Men's 4th vs Kingston Uni Men's 2nd						
Lacrosse						
Women's 1st vs Uni of Brighton Women's 1st						
Netball						
Women's 3rd vs LSE 3rd						
Women's 2nd vs Universities at Medway 1st						
Women's 1st vs Uni of Hertfordshire 1st						
Rugby						
Men's 2nd vs St Barts Men's 1st						
Men's 3rd vs Uni of Sussex Men's 2nd						
Men's 1st vs UWE Bristol Men's 1st						
Men's 4th vs Universities at Medway 1st XV						
Squash						
Women's 1st vs King's College Women's 1st						
Men's 2nd vs Uni of Hertfordshire Men's 1st						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Kent Men's 1st						
Table Tennis						
Men's 1st vs University College London Men's 1st						
Women's 1st vs Middlesex Uni Women's 1st						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Reading Men's 1st						
Tennis						
Men's 2nd vs Roehampton Uni Men's 1st						
Women's 1st vs London Met Uni Women's 2nd						
Volleyball						
Women's 2nd vs Uni of Essex Women's 1st						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Kent Men's 1st						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Kent Men's 1st						
Waterpolo						
Men's 1st vs Uni of Warwick Men's 1st						

ICHC does Berlin

Ian Lawrence
ICHC Tour Secretary



This year's Imperial College Hockey Club tour was to Berlin, mainly because there's lots to do and lots of teams to play (always a problem on tour). We started as we meant to go on – pulling an all nighter at the Union before catching an early flight from Gatwick. Well, most of us caught the flight, Diana forgot his passport and had to persuade his hall warden to drive it out to him before catching a later flight, costing him over £130!! From the airport the famously reliable German transport network failed us, by seemingly running out of electricity and we had to take a circuitous route through most of Berlin before finding our hostel in a grimy area of East Berlin. As tour sec I was also on a bit of a losing streak, successfully losing people at the rate of 1 an hour for most of the first day. (Don't worry, they all found their way to the hostel eventually!)

Our first match was out in West Berlin against Hockey Club Argo 04. This was played in the middle of the day and last night's liquid preparation (where Praying Mantis got elected mixed captain for tour and Diana was elected men's captain) and the lack of hockey for a few months showed. It was a close

match for much of the game, but their idea of a mixed team (1 girl!) eventually showed and we lost 5-2. However, off the pitch, they turned out to be a fantastic group. They threw a BBQ for us, made us drink from a glass boot and joined in our drinking games. The second match was against TC Blau Weiss a much younger team, with a fairer balance of girls. Yours truly was umpiring (I think that makes me an international level umpire, right?) and it was a close first half, plenty of girls from both sides leaving the score at 4-2 to us. However, our extra stamina and extra subs seemed to show in the 2nd half and the final score was 7-3. No entertainments this time (I think a few had school the next day!) So we had to make our own amusements by consuming a vast amount of booze and meat at a nearby Croatian themed restaurant.

No match on Tuesday so we headed off to the zoo where Plug confessed he would like to sleep with a chicken and hid his shame by keeping Dunkin' Donuts in business for the week. In the evening we headed off on a huge pub crawl where there was free vodka which could only lead to the girls and boys of ICHC trying to put the Bonobo monkeys from the zoo to shame, if you get my drift... Also, some panic on my part as Star Trek had gone AWOL at sometime, I was just starting to wonder how you filled a missing persons

report in German when he strolled through the arch of the hostel!

On Wednesday, feeling somewhat worse for wear we played a men's match against a very strong Berliner Sport Club side. We played the club's 2nd team, but we later found out their first team played in the hockey equivalent of the Championship, this in a country that won the hockey gold at this year's Olympics. We did lose this match 3-1, scoring with a cracking goal from Nugget Porn. We did put up a great fight though and it was only a moment of madness from keeper Cotton-eyed Joe and a penalty stroke that separated us! They also turned out to be great bunch of guys and we stayed late helping to empty their bar. They also enjoyed our punishment for leaving kit on the pitch, making the forgetful player drink a pint through it; the Germans promised to make future forgetful players from their club injure a similar penalty.

Our last game was against SV Berliner Bären. They were a closely matched side, but we were better and should have won it. However, some controversial umpire decisions and a moment of madness from keeper Cotton-eyed Joe led to us going down 3-2 with a good showing from some of the players from the lower teams in the club, with goals from both Fourplay and Friendly Fire. This team treated us to a meal of schnitzel and chips after and plenty



Captain Praying Mantis preparing for battle.

of beer to go around. The following night was our last night in Berlin and we celebrated in style. We started with a huge fine circle, with punishments dealt out by chairman PF for transgressions throughout the tour, resulting in a dual stick pint for Friendly Fire and Board Shorts. We also dealt out the tour awards; Token Lezza was awarded Player of the Tour and Diana was awarded T*at of the Tour. We then moved on, in true British team on tour style, to a local curry house, leading to

some technicolour moments courtesy of Charlie 2. Later came various bars and clubs of which I have no memory, but apparently Fourplay sent me home in a taxi due to my level of inebriation!

We made it back with no problems on Saturday and I left everyone to make their way home to various corners of the UK. It was a good tour, short and sweet with lots of hockey, how it should be!

ICHC would like to thank IC Trust for their continued support of the club.

ICURFC rumble with the Pumas

Continued from back page

propriate to stay behind with a girl he had met in Buenos Aires at her family home in Mendoza.

In Cordoba, our hostel was situated in the red light district. Disembarking from the bus, we noticed some seriously hot trannies marching past us; we knew we had arrived. The guys in Mendoza had promised us that the women in Cordoba were the best in Argentina, we hoped they would not disappoint. After some sight seeing and relaxation, some of the boys went quad biking in the country which was great fun. Kieran "Mario" Burge on his 3rd warning in his doon bug, collided with such force to Alex Johnstone's quad that the two could not be separated. Kieran demonstrated with the instructor that the breaks did not work, only for the dem-

onstrator to demonstrate they were working fine, Kieran then went on to insult his mother in fluent Italian... JJ, meanwhile, had been getting his friend on with a rather peculiar girl on the roof of the hostel, details could not be extracted, apart from a mumbling about twice as much as Chumble.

Our 4th and last match was in Gorge Rosse, which was actually 250km away from Cordoba. Borja arrived minutes before the 8am depart time. The first question on everyone's lips to Borj went like this:

General Tourist: "Borj did you consummate your friendship?"

Borj: "Yeh! And she was a virgin!"

General Tourist: "What, she bled?"

Borj: "No, she does a lot of horse riding, but I could tell"

General Tourist: "So she never said she was a virgin?"

Borj: "No, but you just know..."

General Tourist: "Yeh, right..."

We arrived in time for a spot of lunch followed by watching a juniors match. We had an epic last performance destroying a very good opposition 60-5. Our forwards came together brilliantly, Niall Watson and Mark Saleme demonstrating how much they'd learnt all tour, with Nick Johnstone stating his claim to a backs place, with his frog-tadpole style side step that had the opposition laughing in stitches. Everyone played superbly, one man above the rest; Freddie Chalk demonstrated a complete running, passing and kicking game, at his second ever performance at 10 and rightly earned himself the Man of the Match Award.

The celebrations that evening were great with lots of beer and Fernet. Some even speculated they saw Taj

with some Fernet, but it could have been coke... We were served the most delicious roast pig. When the pig ran out our hosts ordered pizza for us. Everyone was very tired and we had a 5 hour coach journey back, so some kill-jos wanted to sleep on the coach whilst the rest of the players went to a club. In fairness it was empty, and we had agreed with the guys on the coach that we would leave at 2.30-3.00. Most of the boys had got back on the bus, then on the stroke of 2 the club got packed, with loads of stunners. With only 8 of the tour party remaining, there was a queue of nubile young hotties waiting for their chance to talk to us. Bevis got touchy feely with one, only for her brother to get a bit worried because she was 16. She was telling him she was free from or so he claims. This amazing scenario was cut short by Malcolm Sim; insisting that staying whilst everyone else was asleep on the coach, was just "Disgusting" behaviour.

After the last match everyone realised that we then had 12 days of holiday ahead of us. It was about to get a little messy.

The 22 hour bus journey saw Kieran and Alex destroy every team who dared to challenge them at Tarnib (A.K.A. Turnip, A.K.A. Lebanese Bridge). Even Badger "I played international bridge for England U16" couldn't halt their progression to the top. But then again he also came up with gems such as "Peanut once took a 6kg dump, it's true, it happened".

Everyone was very chuffed to discover that we had a pool when we got to Iguazu, with captain supreme Anjit being the first in. After a spot of rock climbing and a boat trip, the hostel had a big BBQ with lots of caipirinhas. For some reason Anjit and the manager had a disagreement about Anjit's superb dancing abilities, which was settled with a promise from one of the younger members that he would behave. Later we all headed into Puerto

Iguazu for what was a great night. The next day, Iguazu Falls was on the agenda and it was absolutely breathtaking, even the great bear James Pettit was humbled by the sheer magnitude of the waterfalls. That evening the boys tucked into numerous Irish girls whilst Chumble had the privilege of visiting one of the infamous pay per hour hotels. Joe Brown was now sporting a ridiculous hair cut, with the excuse "The clippers ran out of battery".

The departure time to return to BA was put back hour after hour as the boys enjoyed splendid sunshine and cheap caipirinhas around the pool. Chumble delayed the departure back to BA, by insisting he would just nip to the toilet as we were departing....40 minutes later we finally set off.

Back in Buenos Aires the agenda was shopping, and other cultural activities such as eating and drinking. A few more memorable nights out ensured the tour was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The boys were all very nostalgic about heading back, and our time in Argentina certainly won't be forgotten. Rugby gave us the common ground to make lots of new friends with people from a different culture. We are certainly going to try and emulate the Argentine's "3rd half" whenever we have the opportunity at Harlington. The Argentines' generosity was beyond comparison, inviting us into their homes and providing us with copious amounts of food and drink, they really demonstrated what the spirit of rugby is all about.

Tour veteran Badger commented "That it was far better organised than previous tours." This can only be attributed to the hard work of the tour committee. Special mention to Joe Brown who toured with a broken hand and couldn't play but instead came up with a simple and successful game plan, a significant contribution to a tour which will be remembered for many years to come.



The boys chilling with Caipirinhas in Iguazu!



Tours, tours, tours...



ICHC hit Germany...



Jack Cornish & Mustapher Botchway
Sports Editors

Another week has passed for sports at Imperial and already we have been inundated with info to put in the section. This week there are tour reports from Hockey, Rugby and Ultimate Frisbee which are worth a read, especially if you still need more convincing that tour (and sports) really is an amazing thing.

The interest in the sports at Freshers' Fair was amazing and it was good to see so many budding and social sports men and women signing up. Boat races, matchbox, fives, and the chanting all supplemented the sports played on Wednesday in a good hearted fashion.

For those of you who couldn't make it to the trials or are still contemplating which sport to play needn't worry, some clubs are running a second day of trials in the near future and most run early/midweek training sessions during the season. Contact the relevant club captains for more information. Those of you in teams already, fixtures start as early as Monday so bring your A-Game to the table and do IC proud!

Still contemplating joining a sport? Experience the camaraderie and the (level 5) banter at the union on a Wednesday and rest assured your decision will be made easier, more so if you spent the £6 entry fee on beers instead!

Rugby tackle Argentina

Alex Johnston
ICURFC Tour Secretary

The tourists departed in two groups, one group early on Sunday morning and the others later that afternoon. Chumble (Richard Simons) thought it appropriate to stay in a hotel next to the airport the night before. Despite his best efforts and the 3 or 4 wake up calls delivered by members of the touring party, Chumble was late... "Won't happen again" he promised.

The touring party was reunited in Buenos Aires, the first day was spent getting over jet lag and consuming copious amounts of steak. Player/coach, well more coach, Jovan Nedic summed up the good exchange rate and cheap steak with what was to become the tour phrase, "I'm so happy". The phrase could be likened to his mood on and off the pitch for the duration of tour! After a day of touristy activities the team had their first training session in the evening of the second day. Needless to say the team was a little rusty.

The first match was against San Antonio on the outskirts of B.A. After a superb match, brilliantly controlled by fly half Kieran Burge, IC were victorious with Malcolm Simm being named as Man of the Match. The third half as the Argentines called it, involved huge slabs of deliciously cooked meat washed down with lots of beer and the controversial Fernet (Argentine Marmite equivalent in alcoholic form). Mark "Four day hard on" Saleme demolished the language barrier demonstrating why Lebanon should be granted accession to the World Trade

Organisation. Half way through the festivities, Chumble disappeared, prompting one of our hosts to come up with the gem, "Dónde está CHUMBLEY". Chumble was discovered asleep on the 68 seater, double decker tour coach commissioned for our services by Joe Harris. Once Anjit had finished coaching the girls u16's hockey team, the two sides boarded the love bus to head to a club. After departing the coach, Joe Harris was violently assaulted by an act of revenge by an Argentine grandma, his favourite shirt was never going to be the same again after being drenched in bleach. After the beast had been calmed the two sides proceeded to what looked like Paradise Island. Argentine clubs tend not to get going until late, and this place was no exception. After we got suitably lubricated, the huge club started to pack out and Kieran Burge made a cameo appearance to the stage show (two stunners and one midget in a gimp mask...). The boys crawled home in dribs and drabs at all hours of the morning for reasons only known to themselves.

After B.A the tour headed to Mendoza, where we were due to play the same team twice. On the way there, the tour bus had a fight with a dog. The tour bus emerged victorious, poor dog. To give us a chance to really experience Argentine culture we stayed with our hosts the night before the first game. The first thing my host said to me in very broken English was "You like party? You like girls? You right place" We knew it was on. The Argentine's didn't disappoint; they had organised a house party for us at one of the hosts. At the

house lots of young lassies turned up and Bevis was unstoppable, "Hola Chicas" was being thrown around like knickers at a Prince concert, whilst JJ was thoroughly getting his friend on. The Fernet was being demolished. The two teams headed out to a local club at about 1am where mayhem was to ensue. I am not at liberty to disclose what happened next (I have no recollection) but some ridiculous shapes were cut, "half head" was attained and other forms of debauchery occurred. When everyone arrived at the match in dribs and drabs at 12.45 for our 1 o'clock K.O we felt the Argentines had played a cruel trick on us. Nick Johnstone, Anjit, James Pettit and Tom Coggrave made them pay in the loose, whilst Thomas Carroll gave a master class in 'Smash n Bosh'. Needless to say the victory was sweet but we still had things to work on. After chilling out in Mendoza, rafting, wine tasting and cactus wrestling we returned for our second match which was not going to be as easy. Captain for this match, Chumble, lead with a barrage of pointless and misguided motivational speeches. "Can we stand

in the sun, I'm cold in the shade" and "Boys keep the language down, there are children around". Jovan made his first and only appearance to the tour side and had to be restrained and substituted after 20 minutes. This was a hard match, TC and Howard demonstrated some superb defence. Kieran had to depart through injury, leading Alex Johnstone to be ushered to full-back and the immeasurable Freddie Chalk going to 10. Good work from Malcolm, Bevis, McFadge, Jack Goring and Badger in the tight gave Freddie the platform to launch his lightning attacks with great lines from Joe Harris and Sasha Maitala all performing to clinch the win. Man of the Match Anjit had a superb all round performance. During the post match celebrations Chumble stole himself a couple of moments to psyche himself up for the captain's speech, which he delivered elegantly. After saying our goodbyes we headed off for the overnight trip to Cordoba.

Our departure was not without event, Borja (the only Spanish speaker amongst us) decided that it was ap



Continued on page 39