



No seriously, is the Union secure?

Security at the Union hit again after the actual computers were stolen. See page 2



Just in case you didn't realise, this photo is staged!

Taking liberties?

Graduate recruitment talks in jeopardy. See page 3



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News

News Editor – Kadhim Shubber

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Imperial to set up overseas campus in near future

Kadhim Shubber
Deputy Editor

In an interview with the *Financial Times*, Rector Sir Roy Anderson gave the strongest signal yet that Imperial is planning to set up an overseas campus.

Sites being considered for a possible overseas campus include China, India, Singapore or an Arab Emirate, specifically Qatar or Abu Dhabi.

Sir Roy told the *Financial Times* "The question in mind is whether we should have a formal campus overseas" and that such a move would "not [be] worth doing unless we do it in hundreds [of students]."

He rejected concerns that an overseas endeavour might reduce the quality of its flagship South Kensington campus, saying that Imperial would not be considering an expansion if such a risk existed. Sir Roy said that he was confident the high-quality of Imperial's applicants would prevent this from happening.

Financial concerns have also motivated the plans for a new overseas campus; it is hoped that a surplus would be made from such a campus that could be re-invested in Imperial's London base.

Sir Roy also indicated that Imperial may increase the proportion of fee-paying non-EU students to increase revenue if government funding was reduced due to the recession.

The Rector had previously alluded to plans for an overseas campus in his speech at Commemoration Day last October.

He was much more cautious in his speech than in his FT interview, speaking of "the possibility of establishing Imperial 'footprints' overseas."

He left the door open for smaller overseas ventures such as "collaborative research facilities or Faculties for undergraduate and postgraduate training in partnership with local



Singapore, one of the possible sites of the new Imperial campus

universities"

The students at any overseas campus would initially be those on Masters degree programmes in a range of subjects, including medicine. Undergrad-

uates might also be admitted in the long-term as the campus developed. The Rector made it clear that an overseas campus "isn't a five-year project, it's a 50-year project".

College bring in strategy to weather financial storm

Jovan Nedić
Editor in Chief

The current economic recession has forced the College to take actions in order to overcome the "volatile economic times in the UK and globally". The rector, Sir Roy Anderson, said in an email earlier this week to all members of staff that "Whilst Imperial College's immediate outlook for this year and the next is one of good health, it is incumbent on us to adopt a responsible and precautionary approach".

As an initial step, all faculties, departments, divisions and nonacademic functions have been told to assume a 5% decrease in next years budget compared to this year. As a more immediate effect, the College has decided to stop hiring external nonacademic staff, however, the rector did say that the College will continue to "support academic recruitment where opportunities arise for us to bring outstanding individuals to the College and to sus-

tain our excellence".

The overall aim of the cuts are to create a surplus in the budget so that the College could handle the expected "squeeze in UK public funding". In the email, the rector went on to say that this will hopefully "strengthen the College so we can take advantage of the economic recovery when it comes".

As a closing statement, Sir Roy Anderson stated that "Imperial College is certainly in a position to help the UK economy - we translate research discoveries into innovations and form spin out companies; we contribute to solving global problems, and we continue to attract to the UK the highest quality students from wherever they may be found in the world".

He went on to say "Our mission and objectives remain the same and I hope all will understand that by taking these prudent measures at this time we are collectively helping to protect the College from further, and potentially greater, perturbations."



Sir Roy Anderson outlining the financial plan

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Hungry Hungry LOLcats

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OF THE WEEK

Student run graduate recruitment events on the line

Jovan Nedić
Editor in Chief

Imperial College Union [ICU] Clubs & Societies and Imperial College Careers Advisory Service have come to a disagreement over room bookings and external companies.

According to their web site, the Imperial Careers Advisory Service 'provides a varied and comprehensive careers guidance, information and vacancy service for all students and alumni of Imperial College, from first to final year undergraduates and postgraduates.' One of the methods by which they accomplish this is by organising career talks by a wide range of companies.

In a similar fashion, several of the ICU Clubs & Societies offer the opportunity for students to interact with like minded people, as well as potential employers. These societies, such as the Finance Society and the Consultancy Society who have both been described as "Career Clubs", have the luxury of free room booking around the College which they use to organise events with various firms. In contrast, the Careers Advisory Service would charge the various companies for room bookings.

The fact that Clubs & Societies were booking rooms for talks by external companies only became apparent after the Finance Society told the company to organise catering themselves, after which they called the Conference department at Imperial who informed the



Students at one of the career fairs

Careers Advisory Service. As a result, the booking of College space for talks by graduate recruiters is now under review, with Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) Lily Topham planning to attend a meeting with the relevant College departments next week. A possible outcome of the meeting could be a banning of graduate recruitment talks.

The outcome of that meeting could have severe implications to the funding provided to many Clubs and Societies at Imperial. Although societies such as Finance and Consultancy use the money given by the various companies to solely arrange 'career' events, others rely on the money for the day to day running of the club. This is particularly evident in the clubs that are part of the Athletic Clubs Committee [ACC] who

need the money to simply function.

Every club or society at Imperial is entitled to funding from the Union, to cover the expenses, however for many of these clubs or societies, the funding provided is not enough and as such look for funding from external sources. From the graduate recruiters point of view, being able to target students on many small scales seems advantageous as they can target specific groups, as well as saving money on hiring costs. From the individual club or societies point of view, they receive sponsorship which they can then use to stay afloat.

The implications of banning the talks could prove costly to many clubs and societies who desperately rely on the money provided by graduate recruiters.

It's time for RAG '09 at Imperial College Union, get your wallets out

Alice Rowlands
News Correspondent

Imperial College Union RAG week is less than two weeks away, this year's RAG chair, Jon Downing, can be identified as the person twitching nervously at the mention of fundraising permits, bar-nights and collecting tins.

Contrary to popular belief, RAG does not stand for Randy Angry Geek, but for Raising And Giving. RAG is one week of the year where anything goes from throwing pies at the rector and building human pyramids in Trafalgar Square to making the Union President audition for X-Factor in spandex.

This year, RAG week is raising money for Banardos, Shelter and the Rainbow Trust (see next week's *felix* for information on the charities).

Imperial College Union's RAG has a depressing history of being overshadowed by the medic's RAG. Determined to prove that the rest of Imperial are just as charitable the medical school, Union President, Jenny Morgan and the rest of Imperial College Union have pledged to support this years RAG, even bringing in a laser quest to the Union Quad on the Wednesday night!

Having already raised almost £2500 RAG, over 100 people signed up for RAG week at freshers fair (though it's

possible this was just on the promise of a free t-shirt), if each of you who signed up raised £10 that would be another £1000! Better still, (according to Jov) 8000 of you are reading this paper (well not THIS paper, but a copy of this paper), if each of you gave up an hour or two of your lives to shake a tin at a tube station, do silly challenges during RAG RAID or just have a few goes on the laser quest and raise £10 each, that would be £80,000! Ok, so perhaps I'm getting ahead of myself...

Besides being fun, taking part in events during RAG week takes the guilt

out of avoiding the gaze of a homeless person or of leaving half a plate of nice food with your mothers voice saying 'there are children starving in the third world you know!' ringing in your ear. There is something for everyone to take part in, including challenges to complete around London in the RAG RAID, a pub crawl with the IC Rugby Club to collect in pubs around South Ken. Or you could buy yourself a slave in the CGCU slave auction, attend the RCSU club night in the award winning Maya in Soho, or simply take a lunchtime tour of the Queens Tower.



Computers stolen from Union offices

Dan Wan
News Correspondent

Union 'security' has taken hits from all flanks this last fortnight. Last week saw the Union Server's database security infiltrated, but now it is the actual physical presence of Beit Quad's security that is in question.

Computers in the Union Office have been stolen during the afternoon of Sunday the 1st of February. At 5pm the Union Office, based on the 1st floor of the Union Building, were found to be subject to forced entry. It is unconfirmed if the main entrance was left unlocked or forced open at this stage.

Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) Lily Topham was said to have left at 2.55pm, and was confident that she had locked up both her internal office door and the main entrance door. Upon returning at around 5pm, both her own and Deputy General Manager, Robin Pitt's internal office doors were found to have been forcibly opened, and an iMac from each office taken.

The internal doors to Union President and Deputy President (Finances & Services) offices show evidence of attempted forced entry, but after inspection, the main entrance doors showed no signs of damage. This leaves the issue of whether the door was left unlocked within the time period Ms. Topham was absent. An unnamed Union Entertainment staff member was said to have opened up the offices within this time period.

The two iMacs taken contained little valuable data themselves, as all important documentation is stored on the Union Servers, rather than directly on the iMac hard drives. Though CCTV footage is still to be studied, the thieves are reckoned to have escaped via the back entrance of the Union onto Kensington Gore.

Imperial College Union President Jenny Morgan stated that the Union was now under "an immediate security review" and that Office members were "disappointed, but feel lucky it was not a bigger loss."



Last weeks front page image seems so fitting don't you think

FRESH HAIR SALON



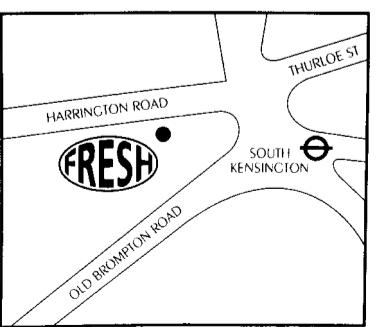
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News

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The world beyond college walls



Japan

The Japanese electronics giant Panasonic has announced it will make redundant 15,000 people from its 300,000 global work force as it attempts to cut costs.

Due to plummeting demand for its plasma TVs which is part of a wider global trend of lower consumer spending on luxury goods, Panasonic made its first annual loss in six years. Half of the redundancies will be made in Japan, while the other half in overseas manufacturing factories.

Japan is the world's second largest economy and it depends heavily on exports, consumer electronics being a large chunk of this. Panasonic's announcement has come on top of similarly massive job cuts by Japanese firms NEC, Sony and Hitachi.



Sri Lanka

In a joint statement the US and the UK (Sri Lanka's former colonial ruler) have urged a ceasefire to allow civilians to evacuate the war zone.

For the past few weeks the Sri Lankan government has stepped up a military offensive against the Tamil Tigers, which it has been fighting in a 26-year long civil war. The Sri Lankan army has encircled the Tigers, but aid agencies say 250,000 people are stuck in Tiger-held areas. Many have sought safety in a government-declared no-fire zone or hospitals, but even those have been hit by artillery attacks and cluster munitions.

The International Red Cross and the United Nations have long been active in delivering aid throughout this conflict, but both have been careful not to accuse either side of being responsible.

Libya

The African Union's (AU) newly elected chairman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, has criticised democracy in Africa while speaking at this week's AU summit in Ethiopia.

Libya's leader, who seized power in a military coup d'état in 1969, said that Africa's tribal political parties, which reflect the social structure of many parts of the continent, have only led to bloodshed. Instead African countries should model themselves on his own country's system, where no opposition parties are allowed.

The AU's decision to select Colonel Gaddafi as its head for the coming year is a controversial one. Despite his recent openness, he has a history of confrontation with the west, and a poor human rights record. However his plan to drive forwards African unity through the 'United States of Africa' modelled on the EU may offer new-found hope for many struggling nations.



Israel

With national elections coming up this week, Israeli voters are transfixed in an election campaign dominated by the recent war in Gaza and issues of national security.

Israel has a proportional representation system, meaning the number of seats a party wins is directly proportional to the number of votes received. Thus a single party is unlikely to gain a majority in the Knesset (parliament), meaning coalition governments have to be formed which has caused instability in the past.

The three major parties, Likud, Kadima and Labor are the major players but each are not expecting more than 30% each. About 40 other parties with hugely varying interests and objectives are also competing. The outcome of these elections will certainly be influential in the coming years, as the Arab-Israeli conflict continues to overshadow the Middle Eastern political landscape.



Edited by Hassan Joudi & Raphael Houdmont

ArtsFest is coming... and this time it's bigger

Lauren Machin tells us about the forthcoming ArtsFest

This year's committee have cooked up a feast of creative little treats for you to get your teeth stuck into, liberally sprinkled over the week of the 16th to the 20th February. Whether you're a secret Spielberg, budding ballerina or veritable virtuoso, get your cha-cha-cha out of the closet and get on down to one of the plethora of events that will be happening across campus. It's all in aid of Hospices of Hope, which helps terminal children in Romania and the surrounding countries.

If the whole Strictly Come Dancing thing managed to pass you by, aside from being an obvious sign of spending far too much time in the lab, ArtsFest offers another chance to see what all the fuss is about. Dance, one of Imperial's most popular clubs, will be holding the final round of their version of the competition as part of Friday's finale concert, seeing your favourite lecturers (and DPCS Lily Topham) pairing up with (arguably the most patient) members of the club to rumba, waltz and tango their way to victory. If you're uneasy in the ballroom, you'll also find performances around campus from ghetto-fabulous Funkology and the boys'-favourite-on-a-Wednesday-

night-in-Sherfield, Dance Company.

And of course there are the wonderful musical offerings from Imperial's String Ensemble, Wind Band, Choir and highly acclaimed Symphuni 2008-winning ICSO, not to mention a special performance from the grown-up accomplished professionals that make up Onyx Brass, held every lunchtime in the College's Main Entrance. By finding these mellifluous gems snuggled between the Tanaka and Mech Eng buildings on your way back from that cheeky Subway visit (because the JCR just isn't the same...), hopefully a rare and tiny smile will be brought to those geeky and neglected sandwich-encrusted lips. If you can't tell Stravinsky from Strauss, Monday's Music Tech and Tuesday's Jazz & Rock nights in dB's cannot fail to excite even the most modish of auditory nerves, whilst Wednesday's Barnce (barn + dance = see what we did there?) is hillbilly enough to leave all red in the neck.

If you're really after something different, look out for Parkour, Wushu, Capoeira and Filipino Martial Arts, who will be tumbling and fighting their way through College solely for your pleasure. And you don't have to be well-rehearsed or fully-versed to take part; one can tread the boards at DramSoc's

workshop, or engender some potentially Turner-worthy doodles on the Blank Canvas in Sherfield. If all this sounds like you'll be enervated by mid-week, why not put your feet up on Thursday at FilmSoc's movie screening, or take a wander to LeoSoc and PhotoSoc's exhibition in the Blyth Gallery?

And if all this still fails to tickle your fancy, ArtsFest 2009 still has something up its little purple sleeve. Wednesday sees the Village Fete Until Late; with cakes, a tombola, balloons and bunting just like the good ol' days when we were all so tiny and innocent, except with added booze from Real Ale and Fine Wine societies, inflatable sex sheep, and a Kissing Booth, where for a nominal fee you can be graced simultaneously by the lips of two attractive girls both named Lauren. It's almost as if we had delved into your most sipping of dreams and made them all come true...

For a full list of events: www.icartsfest.com

Finale concert tickets can be bought online from the Union, on the door or from a member of the Committee all week for £6 or £4 if you're a student (which most of you pretend to be)

All other events are FREE so there is no excuse.

The Overseas Societies Committee proudly presents:

International Night 2009

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Doors open: 7:00pm / Show starts: 7:30pm

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Venue: The Union

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TICKETS:

int.night@ic.ac.uk

www.union.ic.ac.uk/osc

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Snow storm brings joy and disruption to Imperial campuses

Afonso Campos

Just like the rest of the UK, the snow that began to fall in London last Sunday evening has been almost unprecedented and not in 18 years has the capital seen so much of it.

Akin to the rest of the country, Imperial College students and staff suffered some alterations of their own when faced with the harsh conditions in the morning.

London's transport infrastructure is ill equipped to deal with such unexpected weather scenarios and as such, much of the network suffered closures, part closures and severe delays. Bus services were stopped altogether for the majority of the day and even South Kensington underground station had to be shut down.

With little if any warning, departments decided to cancel all teaching activities on the Monday citing safety concerns and the inability of staff to arrive promptly. This information was not relayed to the students in a promptly fashion, and despite the immensity of the snow and failure of public transportation, droves of dedicated students still found their way to lecture theatres

and labs early in the morning. Upon arrival, these students found themselves almost alone and understandably upset after the tardiness of departments in sending out emails informing of the day's plans.

While the weather conditions eased significantly on Tuesday and with public transportation almost back to normal, most engineering departments and the humanities department still felt it necessary to cancel lectures for another day.

Around South Kensington, filled with a sense of euphoria, students filled their time with typical snow day activities. A giant snowball fight broke out in front of the Royal Albert Hall and saw hundreds of Beit and Southside Hall residents engaging in some light-hearted inter-hall rivalry. Police cars were reported on the scene. A Beit Hall senior mentioned that despite the friendly nature of the fight, authorities "feared a riot". Hyde Park also played host to a myriad of Imperial students' antics and proved to be the perfect place to engage in fort-building and canoeing down slopes.

Despite melting snowmen around campus, departments and College services and facilities are now fully operational.



Sabbs take Snow Day

While casually flicking through the BBC news website, I came across a story about a radiographer who spent over 8 hours, including 18 miles walking, a train journey and hitch-hiking in order to get to work at Guys Hospital in London. What is exceptional is that his bosses weren't even particularly surprised at the level of commitment he had shown to getting into work, but please he had managed to make it in.

This tale of commitment to a job was thrown into stark contrast against the 'snow-days' taken by the people elected to run Imperial College Union. President, Jenny Morgan, is reported to have told her fellow Sabbs not to bother coming in on Monday or Tuesday as the snow was causing transport difficulties and there probably wouldn't be anyone in the Union. What *felix* cannot understand is why the Union go to so much trouble to get places in halls for Sabbs, when college struggled to find places for all of the freshers this year. Surely the idea of having Sabbs within walking distance of campus is that they can make it into college come rain, shine, or mass-breakdown of the transport system?

While the *felix* editor braved the 'snow' on Tuesday to make it into work, having spent Monday 'researching' how the snow was affecting students, the DPEW and DPCS were nowhere to be seen on either days, despite living minutes from campus. Surely if there was one day of the year where decisions on the education and welfare of students were being taken in fast and pressurised situations in every department, it was this Monday? And while services all over campus were struggling to cope or decide whether to close altogether, the Sabb in charge was presumably making snowmen in Princes Gardens, or tucked up in cosy student halls. Other sabbaticals have elected not to stay in halls and so could be forgiven for being thwarted by the crippled public transport system, along with the rest of us mere-mortals.

Students who trekked for up to an hour through the snow, with no busses in sight, might be slightly hacked off to learn that the people elected to work for and represent them, thought a five-minute walk was too much to ask.

Alice Rowlands



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 goes outside. He may be some time



"I am in London. It is snowing. I am going to walk through Hyde Park.' I was getting petulant."



What say we go over to Primrose Hill this afternoon?"

"All right," I said, "but I still want to

walk through Hyde Park."

"Look, your department is not going to be open," my girlfriend insisted. "Nobody will be able to get in - all of London is on pause."

"Be that as it may. I am now in London, and in London it is snowing. Hyde Park is right around the corner and if it's the last thing I do I am going for a walk through a snowbound Hyde Park." By this stage I was getting petulant.

"Primrose Hill is just as close," my flatmate lied, "and the walk through Regent's Park will be just as nice as a walk through Hyde Park."

"Nicer," my girlfriend chimed in.

"Definitely" my flatmate repeated emphatically, "nicer". They both gave me the same Look one gives a small child who has just kicked his football through the neighbour's plate-glass window - shattering a small porcelain figure of an elephant and killing a canary - and who is well aware that this time he is not going to get the ball back.

"Oh, all right." I grumbled as I skipped out of the room.

"Why Primrose Hill?" my girlfriend asked.

"I just got a phone call from my sister," he explained, "and apparently people are sliding down the hill on plastic rubbish bags."

"Cool!" I said, sticking my head around the door. I disappeared momentarily. "Do we have any rubbish bags?"

"Of course!" exploded my flatmate; on which note he marched into the kitchen, opened a drawer with great conviction, closed it with even greater conviction and looked around in confusion for an instant before triumphantly pulling open a door and brandishing a roll of white bin liners.

"Aha!" He cried as he ripped one open and jumped inside. "See?"

I saw. So, too, after a moment, did he. The mouth of the bin liner flapped pathetically around his calves.

"I'm not sliding down a hill on that," said a feminine voice from behind me.

"I'll go out and get some more," I said, retreating into my room to get dressed. Some time later, puffed up like a tanned Michelin Man in a vest, a turtleneck top, a sweater, a cardigan, a 7-foot Imperial scarf and a long brown trenchcoat, I opened the door to the flat and stood in the doorway.

"I am just going outside," I said, falteringly. "I may be some time." The door crashed in my face.

...

"Is that Primrose Hill?"

"Yup. From the top of there you get the best view of the city. 70% of all films shot in London have a scene from up there. Three Weddings and a Funeral..."

"And its more famous sequel," I whispered under my breath,

"... Doctor Who, Notting Hill - the list is endless."

"So the one day we're going up there is the one day we don't get to see the view?" I shook my head in disgust. "Typical."

I looked ahead at the mound which was beginning to take shape through the falling snow. On top of all that white I could see a giant black huddle - hundreds of small outlines fighting for space and crowding for warmth.

"Are you sure we haven't gone too far North?" I asked: "We seem to be interfering with the Emperor penguin migration."

"Very funny," they lied again, as we slowly made our way to the top.

"You talking to me?" I asked my flatmate in what I thought was my best Happy Feet manner.

"No no - 'Jew talkin' to me?!" - get it right! Robin Williams was putting on a

Mexican accent."

"D'you talking to me?"

"Ach, leave it." Pause.

"Doo talking to me?"

Having trudged up the slope, we found ourselves in one of the most unusual cross-sections of London life I can remember being in. Some 300 people with an average age of 23 stood stamping on the snow, bedecked in a dazzling array of colours. A large hat attached to a small orange coat that turned out to be my flatmate's sister handed us a large cardboard sheet and pointed us in the direction of the slope.

We looked around us. The watchword of the day, I feel, was improvisation. Improvised clothing in unexpected weather, improvised transportation in a paralyzed city and improvised sledging equipment once the three sledges available from Argos had sold out.

"If only Woolworths were still alive!" was the almost audible cry of pain.

With no official equipment to help them out, the youths around us had cobbled together a range of methods of descent which were a true testament to British ingenuity.

To our left, three construction workers in fluorescent yellow lifevests were taking turns on a 3m by 20cm plank of wood, whose aerodynamics was receiving envious looks from the couple struggling to make progress on the ironing board.

The four teenagers on the air mattress were too delirious to race it down the hill, and just lay there sleeping on the summit. Next to them, in the centre of the throng, an athletic young man in a camouflage-grey jacket was body-popping relentlessly to the sound of an aged boom-box resting on the snow beside him. People were giving him a wide berth, but his obliviousness to it all was exceeded only by the fervour of his knee-twists.

Of particular interest to us were the two youngsters on stolen road signs.

A tall, greasy-haired object was having great success with a Deviations Ahead sign, while his more rotund accomplice kept veering hopelessly off course on his Men At Work placard.

We applauded their initiative, if not their flagrant disregard for civic regulations and at least two distinct subsections of the highway code.

After half an hour's preparation on a slope of our own construction on the side, we felt we were up to the challenge and sidestepped our friend with the boombox to the main slope. Having found a second piece of cardboard and wrapped it appropriately, we took turns racing down the hill at respectable velocities.

"Look over there," said my girlfriend suddenly, pointing at an iced-over concrete path leading down the slope. "That looks like fun!" As a grown-up who gets queasy on the Little Alpine Train at EuroDisney, it looked anything but fun.

As she raced off down the path, my flatmate and I edged warily over to the top of the slope.

"No way am I going down that," I declared, digging an enormous Caterpillar Boot into the snow to serve as a crampon.

"Well, see you back up here then" said my flatmate as he readied himself for descent.

I turned away haughtily, forgetting about the hold I had achieved with my foot. I spun inelegantly in the air for a moment before landing heavily on a convenient bin liner by my flatmate's side. With a dignified inevitability, friction started to abandon me.

"Come on," said my flatmate, holding out his hand.

"Come on!" I echoed, grabbing his outstretched hand in a distinctly non-homo-erotic manner but rather with the very manly determination one finds among parachutists and bungee jumpers. And marines. Mainly marines.

Shooting down the slope we found

ourselves engaging in the most amazing acrobatic feats in an attempt to send as few toddlers to the casualty wards of London as possible. After grabbing the ice with my hands to pull

us round a couple of young girls going down head-first on a teatray, and letting go of my flatmate so that we could pass on either side of a man on a snowboard, I found myself looking straight into the eyes of a young woman who was descending with her back to the slope. The choice had clearly not been hers.

As she started braking I was just able to roll to my side and pass her, but could hear the yell of panic she emitted as my flatmate proved unable to avoid the collision.

There was a dull crash, followed by a joint scream from the two interlocked bodies skidding down beside me. With his right foot trapped between her legs and her neck inextricably stuck under his left knee, my flatmate and his victim gathered momentum and quickly overtook me.

"Lovely day," I could hear him say. Silence. Indefatigably optimistic in his conversational approach, he tried again.

"Come here often?"

Having finally though gawkily arrived at the bottom, I staggered to my feet and waved the cardboard in victory.

"Behold the sleigh that has conquered the icy slopes of Primrose Hill!" I would have cried, if the emotion had not been too much for me.

"Excuse me -" said a young mother next to me "- do you mind if Michael uses your sled?"

"Of course not," I replied gallantly, smiling at the young boy who took the opportunity to throw a snowball in my face.

I handed them the piece of cardboard as I stepped over a small child careening maniacally down the hill in a baking tray. The press gang had been right. This was better than Hyde Park.



Viscount Kensington's tale of urban pain



"Everywhere I feel the lash of clockwork's tyranny upon my back."



There is something wretched about this city's soul and it spreads its woe with all the vigour of a pestilence. Everywhere I feel the lash of clockwork's tyranny upon my back. My senses grow numb from the inhaled vapours of nihilistic odours that throttle me like chlorine. London depletes my spirit, gnaws upon my virtues. London whispers of the death of dreams, makes exhibits of mediocrity. London makes machines of men, builds hearts from cogs and gears. It is the graveyard of poets.

All too frequently in this winter season I am woken at a time before the sun has seen fit to rise. With a shrill screech my clock commands me to rise and I am pitifully obedient to its order. The timing is remarkably accurate, the resonance of quartz crystals allowing such small error bars when it comes to time keeping.

If one divides the majesty of the cosmos into cycles of twenty four units, I can honestly say in submitting my will to the chronometer I am able to wake at almost exactly the same point in that cycle after each period of rest. My flesh begs me to ignore the call, to return to dreams, but I am a soldier in the army

of time and I am well disciplined. Humanity must be ignored, the machine knows best.

I walk through grey streets under a grey sky to board a train crowded with grey people in grey moods. The universal detestation of the hour is palpable. Ambition long ago became a rotting carcass; the hope that one-day the alarm might not go off is the last fragment of a testament to its mere existence. But this communal outlook does not bring those that co-habit this train closer together. No, each one despises the other. When tightly packed, as if in worship of efficiency of space, every annoyance is amplified, every individual reduced to a mere obstacle and nuisance. There is no curiosity about others or interest in what wonderful things they could have filled the years of their life with. There is only the firm belief that your world would be so much the better if they were not there, forcing you against a wall. And so a crowd is made alone. Company is warped into solitude.

Emerging from the dark of the tunnels, I find myself once again amongst maddening crowds, amongst infuriating racket, amongst bleak concrete. I go to my prison, where a myriad of

punishments await me. Sometimes I am to sit in a dark room where I record in my lab book dark notes about the darkness. Many times I am sent to sit among the crowds as an academic, who I know not, instructs me on how a universe I have never met ought to behave. Once such things stirred my passion, when the numbers were the tools of my trade and I was an apprentice to a master. Now I am a number. Now there is the taint of industry about it. Knowledge is mass-produced, we merely the faceless, interchangeable products churned out in a great line. At the end of the process our quality will be assessed and those not up to standard will be discarded.

My incarceration comes to a close long after the day has done the same. Having never seen the light of the sun, I sometimes look up for the light of the stars. But the stars dare not shine. The light of night is obedient to the city's will and the city's timetables. It is precisely measured so it might be precisely charged for. Synthetic yellow hue conceals the blazing glory of primordial cosmic furnaces. Magnificent, but crushing: if they cannot triumph, there is no hope for me. One wonders if the city could not obscure heaven or

blind the eyes of God. Perhaps all sins go unseen here.

And what of the night? The morning's journey is repeated, with faces weary from the deeds of today and with the thought of tomorrow. Brothels light their windows and their less explicit cousins, the clubs, open their doors. Clubs, where people go to be amongst maddening crowds, infuriating racket and bleak concrete: the difference between a place of leisure and public transport lies in the alcohol. In that poison we find our joy, as every generation before us has done. We dull our minds for when thought is less robust it is less piercing. We stifle our sensations so our torture might be felt all the less acutely. We find the peace of intoxication as the toxin kills our reason.

And if, perchance, we should catch a passing glance of some Aphrodite or Hercules, then let instinct have its liberty. We free ourselves from the shackles of mechanical logic and for a night we are not machines. We are beasts. We pass between the extremes, never stopping at humanity. With the caged emotion having been permitted to stretch its wings, we wake up the next day to the shrill screech of the clock

and the city bids a productive morning to its recalibrated automata.

"He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man," said the lexicographer Samuel Johnson. He also said, "A man who can change a prince's mind is like a dog who speaks Norwegian: even rarer!" but that is rather irrelevant for the purposes of this commentary. London has taken the first statement to heart and brought it into the modern age. The city knows that the despotism of routine, the clockwork destiny, can bestow us with a hollow purpose and meaningless directive. As a beast we abandon thought.

As a machine we focus it into a monolith, entirely devoted to the task of the hour. We are capable of doing both; we probably should do both from time to time. Yet I do not think we were meant to do one or the other all of the time. But who am I to question the city, to dream of fighting its twisted influence? In this place where altars most assuredly are nothing but mere tables draped in tablecloth, there is no salvation.

Well, until the weekend. Then I get to turn that bloody clock off. I really want to go to bed.

Kadhim Shubber has lost faith in museums



"Soon electricity will be explained by hundreds of tiny gnomes 'high-fiving' each other"



There is a conundrum that plagues the minds of all scientifically active 12-year olds. How can somebody pull the tablecloth from a fully laid table, without breaking any of the plates or glasses? Do not scoff, I understand that you think the answer's easy but for 12-year olds and Business school students it poses something of a headache.

Thank goodness for the Science Museum therefore, last Saturday they had an actor dressed as the esteemed Sir Isaac Newton explaining to a group of 12-year olds (I don't know if any Business school students were there but I didn't see any Blackberrys) explaining Newton's laws of motion and, along the way, the tablecloth trick.

The first law of motion didn't pose very much trouble. An object moving with constant velocity or at rest, will continue to move with a constant velocity or remain at rest until a net force is applied. This is pretty easy to dumb down for a gaggle of innocent kids and offered me the rare opportunity

to sound knowledgeable about Physics; damn you genius 2nd year Physicists. To demonstrate, he dropped an apple, initially at rest, to the floor. What makes the apple fall to the Earth? he asked. "Gravity" I proudly declared before my 12-year old opponents. What is gravity? he continued. "A force" I responded to the annoyance of many a parent and their increasingly dejected children.

Satisfied that the group had understood, but bemused by the presence of a 6ft 3 sleep-deprived student, Fake Sir Isaac Newton continued to the 2nd law of motion which he unconvincingly described as 'his'. The force applied to an object is linked to its mass and acceleration by the formula. I decided not to risk "death by angry parent" and remained silent as Fake Sir Isaac Newton did his very best to make a group of twelve year old boys interested in an equation. Noticing his lack of success he swiftly moved on.

The final of Newton's laws and the perfect excuse for a grown man in a wig to stand on a skateboard. Every ac-

tion creates an equal and opposite reaction. He stood on the skateboard and demonstrated that when he pushed the ground with his foot, the ground pushed himself and the skateboard in the opposite direction. Hurrah! The beauty of Physics shown with a simplicity that a 12 year old could connect with.

Next demonstration, he jumped on the spot. What provided the force that pushed him into the air? he questioned the audience. A flurry of tiny hands rose which consecutively provided the same, wrong answer "Your legs". A rather larger hand, mine, rose and correctly responded with as much superiority as one can obtain from being smarter than a twelve year old, "the ground beneath you". Another success for Imperial College London, I thought.

Next, a rocket (or rather a balloon). The air coming out of the balloon pushes on the air in the room, which pushed back on the balloon causing it to fly crazily around the Science Museum, the actor explained. Even I felt

like I was learning something... Well maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration I think (or at least I hope) but still, I felt like a new generation of Physicists was being nurtured around me.

If only Fake Sir Isaac Newton had stopped there, I might have come away with a positive view of the dumbing down of science for children. But alas he did not. To finish, he addressed the conundrum of the tablecloth trick, albeit less dramatically with an apple. Why did the apple remain stationary on the table when not interfered with? 'Newton's 1st law' a blond-haired boy piped up. Ah they were learning! But then why didn't the apple move when Fake Sir Isaac Newton suddenly snatched the cloth from beneath the apple? Mmm, this was more complicated. Wouldn't the removal of the cloth generate a force which would create an acceleration which would cause the apple to move? the actor taunted us. I sensed that if an answer wasn't forthcoming the children's brains would overheat and shut down. I was ready to exclaim

"INERTIA!" when crisis was averted. Before you know it, the Science Museum will tell us that electricity is caused by gnomes, hundreds of tiny gnomes 'high-fiving' each other and running around swapping messages.

Frankly, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are doomed...

Comment

comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Indeh_fish's friend ate Imperial Girl's face. It was papery

[citation needed]

"IG then goes on to suggest her favourite methods of running away when the bill comes. Is she five?"

Uni has brought a great deal of conversation; religion, politics and sex. But none seem to conjure such rage as the topics discussed by Imperial Girl. So much so that one of my friends went as far as to eat a piece of her most recent article in protest (it was her face).

What is it about her that angers so many of the men and women around me? Delving into her most recent article "Imperial Girl pays to look attractive, so dinner's on you", IG tries to justify her opinion that men should pay for the first date because making yourself pretty is expensive. IG then goes on to suggest that, for a woman to pay for dinner is perhaps a little taboo. Seriously? The only part of that article that I agreed with was her comment on being spoilt. Now at this point I think it is important to clarify that I am not objecting outright to the idea the guy should pick up the bill. That is between the two of you and what the both of

you think. However the very idea that it is justified by the sheer cost of having to make yourself look pretty is quite frankly; childish. I am aware that women like to smear expensive beauty products onto their bodies in the hope it will make them feel prettier.

It is fair to say this is something that will probably escape us man-animals for a long time to come. But what little I have gathered from this ritual is that it is not done for the benefit of the bill payer, it is for you – the woman. To make you feel more secure, content in the idea that your 'worst bits' are safely tucked away under layers of paint. Once more I feel the need to point out this is also not an attack on women, as men have their own special blend of emotional crippling and social conditioning.

In fact many of the men I know do not like their women caked in makeup. We like the idea that when we wake up next to them the morning after they will be as good as they were when we



decided to go to bed with them (beer goggles notwithstanding). This is not to say I like a woman poorly presented but being clean, smelling clean, shaving and combing your hair cost very little. IG also doesn't seem to realise that I do not wake up every day clean faced. I too have to shave and while my hair style could politely be referred to as 'elegantly dishevelled' many men do spend a lot of time and money on their appearance. Not that I am claiming it is as much work for a bloke to fall into that socially decided norm of what is acceptable. But that comes down to time more than money and barring various analogies, they are generally not the same (or over that long summer break we would all be very rich). Ultimately all this comes down to appearances and preconceptions, a topic already raised by IG and much more successfully than any of her more recent articles.

IG then goes on to suggest her favourite methods of running away when

the bill comes. Is she five? This is what I really believe to be the problem, Imperial Girl is just that – a girl. While all the women around me desperately try to distance themselves from the very body IG claims to represent. IG continues to be childish, running around in her 'fuck-me pumps' and complaining men won't sleep with her. Combining this childish attitude with her idea that being female and paying for dinner is taboo tends to generate certain preconceptions as to her standing in society, with many of those around me coming to some conclusion that featured the word 'sloanie'. So at the risk of looking like an idiot (a risk I often take) I am going to say that being rich,

or at least spoilt, has not done IG any favours.

So if you're reading this, IG, and you plan to retort, then I welcome what you have to say. But please remember I have no issues with women, make up, paying the bill or the rich. My only gripe is the increasingly childish way in which you present yourself; I actually found your first article quite insightful. Also, if your retort constitutes an article whereby you declare me an idiot because you say so and announce you win.

Then let me save you the time by saying you win, if only to prevent you the embarrassment of another A. Geek styled incident.

Letters

I take great issue with Jovan Nedic's article 'What is the point of the letter C?'. Consider the changes recommended. Presence will become presents giving presents a third meaning (this would also have to be split phonetically into two words, one meaning the act of presenting and the other a synonym for a gift).

With regards to the low literacy rates in the UK, the UN Developmental Programme estimates that the UK has the same literacy rate as Ireland, Sweden, Switzerland, France and Germany. On elaborate words, indeed they can be abused but they have a definitive meaning. They are created to more precisely describe something. Indeed without 'elaborate' words, surely we will end up with Newspeak. As Orwell wrote in 1946, '[language] becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts.'

For those who have learned English as a foreign language, the difficulties in its initial learning are not with spelling but instead with words, such as set and get, which have many meanings. Phonemics gets about 80% of spellings right so spelling is not really a great issue except with more elaborate words. English is difficult to master but is this a bad thing? One of the great facets of reading is that either we learn new words and phrases or the writer expresses a common feeling in a far more appropriate way than we would be able. Words such as get (which has eighty entries under it in the Oxford English Dictionary) have many meanings which a non native speaker must become accustomed. The fact that then the meaning of a clause (such as 'get up') is also ambiguous (awake or arise) adds more confusion.

On phoneticising itself, there are in the English language (according to the OED) 27 consonant sounds, 24 vowel and diphthong sounds and about 25 more adopted from foreign languages. To suggest phoneticising suggests a way to write at least 50 distinct letters. Let us assume that we do phoneticise the language. By which convention?

Suppose we adhere to Received Pronunciation. The Americans, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, etc. might adopt their own spellings (the language is after all now phonetic). Many, especially the British, would argue that RP should be the standard phonetic spelling but the fact is that there are now more English speakers in the US, India and Nigeria than the UK. Indeed we also encounter problems of dialect. If we just tell people to spell phonetically, Cheryl Cole will have a completely different way of spelling almost every word from most people. Indeed, spelling and grammar became fixed with the introduction of printing because it became ridiculous to keep three or four spellings of each word. Now with not only dialects within countries but international varieties of English this problem will be exponentially greater. What would be worse is if we phoneticise and the rest of the world does not. The English will write gibberish while the rest of the world writes in English. When we read in our head, we read in our own voices. Thus attempting to emulate the accent of the writer or of the intended character to read a book would be a very difficult task. Indeed, anyone who has tried reading Trainspotting can attest this.

Within language, lies the history of those who speak and spoke it. English is composed of 28% words of French origin, 25% Norse/Dutch origin and 28% Latin origin. The rest includes words of Greek origin, words without any particular etymology, proper name derivatives and others. Not only this, but someone who speaks another language can thus pick up parts of the English language very quickly. This advantage usually comes from reading the language changing the spelling of words will hide their etymology thus removing this possible advantage.

The causes associated with the Serbian phoneticisation of Cyrillic do not apply here; there is no widespread illiteracy and there is already a standard convention for writing particular words. Fixing an unbroken problem is unnecessary and in this case probably quite foolish.

Viren Jeram



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

Science

Science Editors – Daniel Burrows & Mico Tatalovic

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On Monday why did we have the worst (best!) snow for 18 years?

Daniel Burrows

Eight inches of snow caused London to come grinding to a halt on Monday. Pens and keyboards were discarded as people picked up snowballs for an epic battle on Queen's lawn. Mayor Boris Johnson quipped "Well, it was the right kind of snow... in the wrong kind of quantities".

So why did we have the worst snow for 18 years? There are several effects which contributed.

Firstly the jet stream was further South than usual, because of a large area of high pressure over Northern Europe (see pressure map). This same high pressure system allowed cold wind from the east to blow across the UK, as winds like to follow lines of constant pressure. These cold dense winds from northern Europe met the air warmed by the Atlantic, cooling it and as the air cooled water vapor condensed and fell as snow.

Predicting the movements of these areas of high pressure is notoriously difficult. Sometimes they can be stationary for weeks and are termed



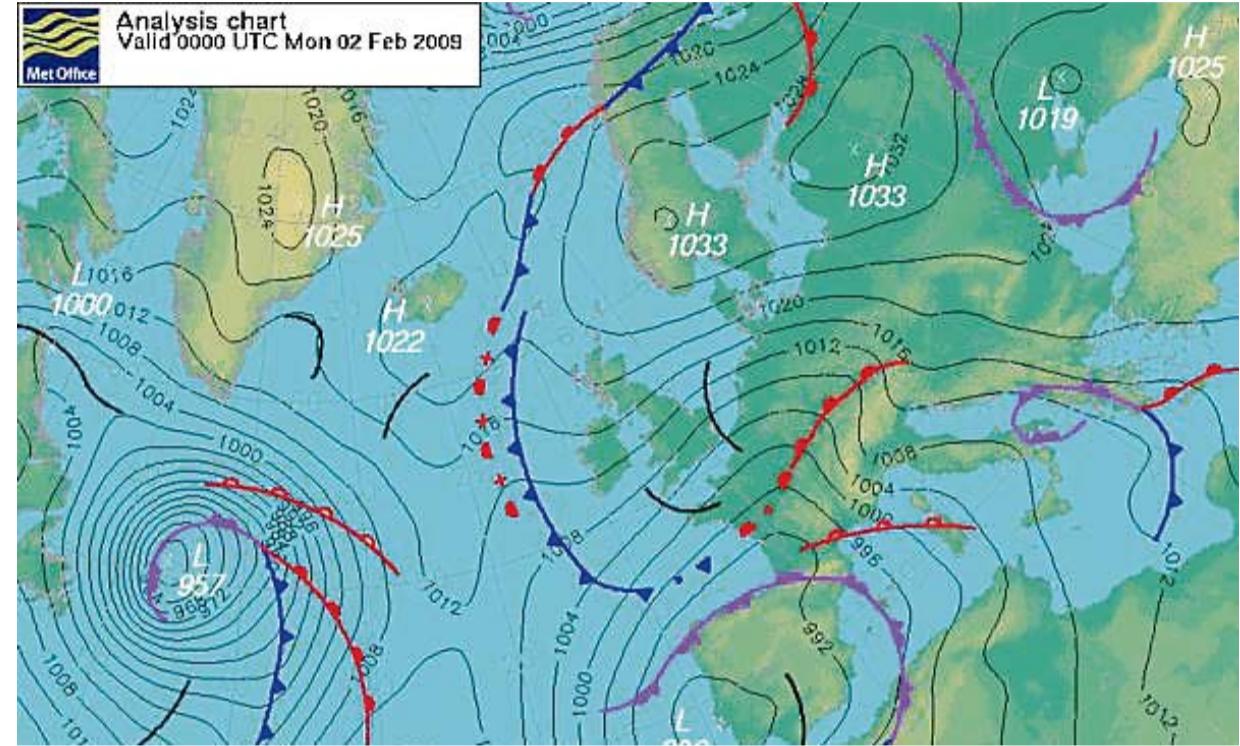
'blocking highs'.

Similar conditions normally cause snow to falls on Scotland, as the jet stream is usually further north. The same high pressure system over northern Europe would then cause chilly, but dry conditions.

"The year it reminds me of most at present was 1962/1963. There we had the same pattern of a lot of the winter with the wind coming off the continent, instead of off the Atlantic and so it was colder. But in 1962/1963 it was a lot colder than this year so perhaps that is telling us something." Brian Hoskins, Director of the Grantham Institute for Climate Change.

The movements of the jet stream are often to blame for unusual weather. The flooding last summer can be linked to the jet stream moving south. "On longer timescales there is some evidence that climate change is tending to force the average latitude of the jet stream, and thus the Atlantic storm tracks, slightly further north resulting in warmer and wetter winters in N. Europe and drier conditions in southern Europe. The current situation, however, just shows how hugely variable the climate is!" says Jo Haigh, Professor of Atmospheric Physics"

The jet stream flows about 10km above the earth, between the troposphere and stratosphere. It forms at the boundary between the cold polar air to the north and the warm subtropical air to the south. In the scarce



Meteorology of this week's snow storm.

atmosphere at that height, there is not much to slow the winds, and they have been measured at speeds of up to 400mph.

Planes therefore obviously would like to use the streams, to save both time and fuel. However the edges

of the streams are often very turbulent and can cause difficult to predict 'Clear Air Turbulence' (CAT). CAT is to blame for at least two airplane incidents. United Airlines Flight 826 dropped 100 feet suddenly, but luckily managed to make an emergency land-

ing with only one fatality.

Food for thought, but on a happier note Carol Vorderman, the ex-Countdown maths supremo, claimed enough snow fell in Britain yesterday for everyone in the country to make a quarter of a million snowballs each.

Chimpanzee (and media) politics

Felix Whitton

Two new studies published this week claimed to shed light on our understanding of chimpanzee social lives. The first, a 10 year study (published in the *American Journal of Primatology*) at Gombe National Park, Tanzania, found that smaller male chimps rely on building coalitions to rise to the top of hierarchies. The researchers, from the Jane Goodall Institute at the University of Minnesota, followed three different alpha males from 1992 to 2001 and recorded the amount of social behaviour shown by each.

Frodo, the largest male at 51kg, re-

lied almost entirely on physical aggression and rarely returned grooming favours; Wilkie, a relative weed at just 37kg, had to work on gaining broad support by obsessively grooming everyone, male and female; and Freud (44kg) used a combination of the two strategies.

While chimps have been known to be political animals for a long time (Frans de Waal's 1982 book 'Chimpanzee Politics' catalogued the power struggles, scheming and backstabbing in a group of zoo chimps) this is one of the first wild studies to find such a clear link between body size and social behaviour. While it is tempting

to draw parallels between their behaviour and our own – talk of Machiavellian apes and dumb brutes and comparisons to various world leaders being all too common in the popular press – the authors caution against such lazy generalisations. Indeed, one of the prime difficulties with wild ape studies is their woeful replication count (can you really take anything with confidence from a sample size of three?).

The second chimp story of the week was right up the *Daily Mail's* street. A University of Portsmouth psychologist, Prof Kim Bard, worked with 46 orphaned or neglected chimp infants at the Yerkes National Primate Research Centre in Atlanta. Her findings are interesting on two counts. First, young chimps are better adjusted when raised with 'responsive care', psychobabble for a mother's touch. In Prof Bard's words, they were "less easily stressed, less often attached to 'comfort blankets', had healthier relationships with their caregivers and were less likely to develop stereotypic rocking."

Cue much talk of the importance of family, broken Britain, etc. in the tabloids. Second, her results appeared to show that young chimps outperform human babies in cognitive tests up to around 9 months. We will no doubt see headlines bemoaning the current state of schooling in our broken society, and how young babies are allowed access to knives and drugs at far too early an age.



More macaques just chillin'



Not chimpanzees at all, but clearly smart. These wild macaques in Japan escape the cold snow by bathing in hot springs.

The fact of the matter is, neither of these studies is particularly groundbreaking. Desmond Morris was talking about human "grooming talking – the meaningless, polite chatter of social occasions" back in the 1960s, and it has been known for some time that young chimps, as well as gorillas and orang-utans, are better at problem-solving than young humans. This is simply an evolutionary result of their (relatively) harsh environment of upbringing.

What is most dismaying is the predictable reaction of the media, to latch

their anthropomorphic tentacles onto anything 'cutesy' that our closest relatives do – "Ooh look, they can drink tea out of china cups!" – while selectively ignoring our ancestry when they do something less savoury (for example, cannibalism or group hunting).

This desire to pick and choose at will seems to echo the general public's distrust of science and, in particular, evolution (that is, if you believe a dubious but well-publicised recent poll). All very ironic given that an eminent birthday and anniversary is fast approaching.

The Snowball Earth hypothesis

Mico Tatalovic
Science Editor

Snowball Earth hypothesis says that ancient Earth experienced periods of global glaciation when ice sheets and snow extended all the way to the Equator.

Last such snowball earth condition happened some 635 million years ago. But what exactly triggered snow and ice to first enslave our planet and then to melt to create the conditions we are more familiar with today?

After some 35 years of research that was suggesting that enormous ice glaciers existed in the tropics, researchers finally came up with a possible mechanism that would have pushed the planet into snowy conditions.

Snowball Earth could have been started when the living organisms used up much of the carbon dioxide from the atmosphere, which triggered global cooling and eventually lead to the entire planet being locked in ice, including the frozen oceans. This version of events was published it in *Science* back in 1998 by Paul Hoffman from Harvard University and Alan Kaufman from the University of Maryland in College Park, who. This event that lasted over 10,000 years would have resulted in extinction of many living organisms, most of which were microbes in those days. Hoffman and Kaufman suggested the planet defrosted thanks to the volcanic activity, which returned much of the carbon

dioxide back to the atmosphere allowing for global warming.

A more recent paper suggests a different scenario. A huge release of methane, a potent greenhouse gas, may have triggered quick melting of the last snowball Earth, a study published in *Nature* in May 2008 suggest.

According to the lead author Martin Kennedy, a geologist at the University of California, Riverside, a similar abrupt temperature spike could occur today if abundant methane deposits in the Arctic permafrost and the continental margins of the oceans are suddenly released.

"I would suggest that this particular type of feedback is one scenario that we could be looking at in the future," Kennedy told *National Geographic News*.

Snowball Earth hypothesis is still somewhat controversial with scientists coming up with evidence both for and against it. So for example,

Yonggang Liu and John Crowley, from Harvard, University co-authored the paper, published in *Nature* in 2000 that, for the first time, demonstrated that while huge deep glaciations did exist, a large amount of water near the equator was left unfrozen.

At the time, adherents to the "snowball Earth" theory coined the term "slushball Earth" to describe Peltier's findings.

Also, in 2002 BBC said that "Snowball Earth theory melted" reporting about a paper published in journal



Was Earth once entirely under snow and ice?

Geology that found some evidence inconsistent with the theory.

But just this January another study in *Science* found one of the predictions of the Snowball Earth confirmed.

If Snowball Earth ever existed, we certainly got the feel of what it might have been like earlier this week.

Perhaps a good way of comparing to what Snowball Earth looked like

would be looking at Saturn's frozen moon Enceladus. It is an innermost Saturn's moon with atmosphere, frozen ocean and average temperature of -200 degree Celsius.

Is global cooling causing another Ice Age?

Mico Tatalovic

"Global warming? Looks more like global cooling to me..." Now how many times have you heard this one before? I certainly heard it a few times this winter, especially while I was in Canada for winter vacations.

In fact, back in 1974, *Time* magazine published an article "Another ice-age?" in which it raised concerns about the global cooling trend observed in temperatures and the negative effects it would have on people and our civilization. It said "Whatever the cause of the cooling trend, its effects could be extremely serious, if not catastrophic.

Scientists figure that only a 1% decrease in the amount of sunlight hitting the earth's surface could tip the climatic balance, and cool the planet enough to send it sliding down the

road to another ice age within only a few hundred years." And it did mention some causes of the global cooling as well, one of them being human activity: "Man, too, may be somewhat responsible for the cooling trend.

The University of Wisconsin's Reid A. Bryson and other climatologists suggest that dust and other particles released into the atmosphere as a result of farming and fuel burning may be blocking more and more sunlight from reaching and heating the surface of the earth."

In 1975, *Newsweek* magazine published a controversial article about how we're headed towards another ice age, with global cooling taking place.

In 2006 *Newsweek* published another article, a web exclusive (something that didn't exist back in 1975) remembering its original global cooling feature, this

time saying "The point to remember... is that predictions of global cooling never approached the kind of widespread scientific consensus that supports the greenhouse effect today." and ending jokingly "Al in all, it's probably just as well that society elected not to follow one of the possible solutions mentioned in the NEWSWEEK article: to pour soot over the Arctic ice cap, to help it melt." [!!]

It is quite ironic then that now we are trying to escape the global warming, this time definitely taking place and definitely caused by us.

And global cooling isn't something to worry about anymore, it's in fact a 'catch-all' phrase for various ways we could intervene further with the climate to try and reverse the global warming.

Wired magazine reported just last week that "Many global cooling approaches have been floated. The broad range of the proposals — from injecting the upper atmosphere with sun-blocking particles to creating plankton blooms by feeding them extra iron to burying carbon-filled "biochar" in soil — has made comparing them very difficult" and that a new study published in the journal *Atmospheric Chemistry and Physics* by earth scientists Tim Lenton and Naomi Vaughan of East Anglia University in England found "By 2050, only stratospheric aerosol injections or sunshades in space have the potential to cool the climate back toward its pre-industrial state."

So perhaps we should just enjoy this local cooling and all the snow it brought to us this week and keep in mind that global warming is the real bad guy to pursue these days.

The Cooling World

There are ominous signs that the earth's weather patterns have begun to change dramatically and that these changes may portend a drastic decline in food production—with serious political implications for just about every nation on earth. The drop in food output could begin quite soon, perhaps only ten years from now. The regions destined to feel its impact are the great wheat-producing lands of Canada and the U.S.S.R. in the north, along with a number of marginally self-sufficient tropical areas—parts of India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Indochina and Indonesia—where the growing season is dependent upon the rains brought by the monsoon.

The evidence in support of these predictions has now begun to accumulate so massively that meteorologists are hard-

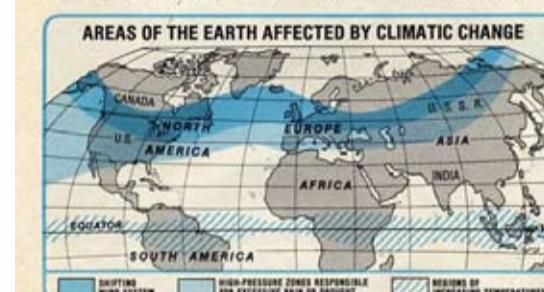
reduce agricultural productivity for the rest of the century. If the climatic change is as profound as some of the pessimists fear, the resulting famines could be catastrophic. "A major climatic change would force economic and social adjustments on a worldwide scale," warns a recent report by the National Academy of Sciences, "because the global patterns of food production and population that have evolved are implicitly dependent on the climate of the present century."

A survey completed last year by Dr. Murray Mitchell of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration reveals a drop of half a degree in average ground temperature in the Northern Hemisphere between 1945 and 1968. According to George Kukla of Columbia University, satellite photos indicated a sudden, large increase in Northern Hemisphere snow cover in the winter of 1971-72. And

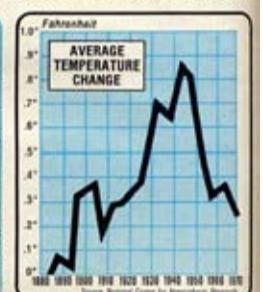
Sciences report, "Not only are the basic scientific questions largely unanswered, but in many cases we do not yet know enough to pose the key questions."

Extremes: Meteorologists think that they can forecast the short-term results of the return to the norm of the last century. They begin by noting the slight drop in overall temperature that produces large numbers of pressure centers in the upper atmosphere. These break up the smooth flow of westerly winds over temperate areas. The stagnant air produced in this way causes an increase in extremes of weather such as droughts, floods, extended dry spells, long freezes, delayed monsoons and even local temperature increases—all of which have a direct impact on food supplies.

The world's food-producing system, warns Dr. James D. McQuarrie of NOAA's Center for Climatic and Environmental Assessment, "is much more sensitive to

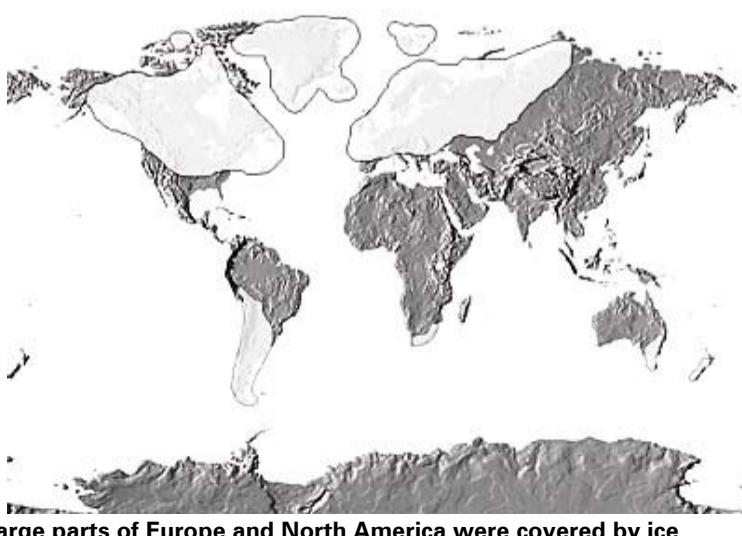


1975 *Newsweek* article about global cooling.



Living with Cancer
Beyond Detente: Why We Can't Beat The Soviets
M*A*S*H
What Exit Will Frank Take?
TIME
SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE
How To Survive The Coming Ice Age
51 Things You Can Do To Make a Difference

science news
THE ICE AGE COMETH
The future looked cold and ominous in this *Science News* depiction from March 1, 1975.



Large parts of Europe and North America were covered by ice during the last ice age, some 12,000 years ago.

Science

science.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Think less, remember better?

Umia Kukathasan

Concentrating less could actually help improve memory recall, in patients with confabulation, a type of memory disorder where 'false memories' are unintentionally created. According to a new study by the Centre for Studies and Research in Cognitive Neuroscience at the University of Bologna, confabulations can be reduced by distracting attention away from a memory task.

Unlike people with some types of memory loss, confabulators are not intentionally creating memories to cover up the embarrassment of memory loss. Instead, they are not aware that they have created false memories; this makes sufferers vulnerable as they cannot distinguish between real memories and their confabulations. The condition can be caused by brain damage to the prefrontal cortex. Dementia, a type of memory loss often associated with Alzheimer's disease, can result in confabulation. Another cause can be the severe malnourishment that results from repeated continued alcohol dependence. It is specifically vitamin B1 (thiamine) deficiency which also can lead to this confabulatory memory disturbance.

Dr Elisa Ciaramelli and her research team carried out a study involving patients with lesions in the prefrontal



Less concentration=better memory?

lobe, including patients with and without confabulation, and healthy individuals. In two experiments they found that memory retrieval was better in confabulators when they were only allowed diverted attention on the task. Distracting attention it seemed reduced false memory creation, hence reducing mistakes amongst the confabulators. The Italian research team

believe, the confabulators over-process irrelevant information leading to false memory retrieval. So by paying less attention during memory processing, the memories are less likely to 'go wrong'.

The findings that were published in February edition of the journal *Cortex* could pave the way forward for new cognitive treatments to train confabulating.

Scientists to explain the benefits of dating

Bell Seth

Scientists have developed a mathematical model to explain why dating can be a drawn out process, claiming that dating statistically gives females a better chance of successfully evaluating males as suitable sexual partners.

The researchers used game theory to construct a dating game, allowing them to investigate the strategies men and women employ during the dating process. The game only ends when the female agrees to mate or when one of the parties gives up.

Professor Robert Seymour, University College London, one of the authors of the study suggests that the findings "may help explain the commonly held belief that a woman is best advised not to sleep with a man on the first date."

The model classifies men as either "good" or "bad", where bad males are those who are less likely to care for children after mating. Good males are prepared to court the female for longer than their bad counterparts. Men score points if they mate with any female, whereas women only score if they mate with one of the good males.

The results suggest that women benefit from a longer courtship process, not only because they have more time to assess the man but also because bad mating partners are more likely to give up earlier.

The co-author of the study Dr Peter Sozou, London School of Economics, explains: "The strategic problem the female faces is how to screen out bad males, and this is where long courtship comes into play. A male is assumed to



A good male is more willing to pay the cost of long courtship in order to claim the prize of mating"

always want to mate with a female, but a good male is more willing to pay the cost of a long courtship in order to

claim the prize of mating."

The research is published this month in the *Journal of Theoretical Biology*.

Paving memory lane

Mico Tatalovic
Science Editor

New research published this week in the journal *Neuron* suggests that newborn brain cells 'time-stamp' our memories providing them with a time-code unique to all memories formed around the same time.

Until now, scientists struggled to explain why we tend to remember things that happened at the same time more easily than events that occurred at different times. For example, when you think about a movie that you saw a few weeks ago, you are also likely to remember the cafe you went to afterwards.

Brad Aimone, a neuroscientist from the University of California, San Diego, and his colleagues set out to explain why a certain part of the brain, the dentate gyrus, continuously produces new cells.

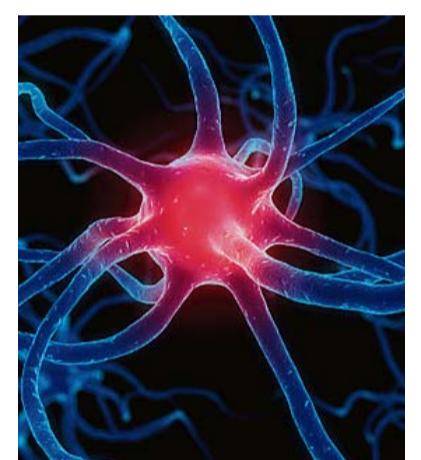
"At least one percent of all cells in the dentate gyrus are immature at any given time" says Aimone. "Intuitively we feel that those new brain cells have to be good for something, but nobody really knows what it is."

They plugged all the existing biological data about these cells into a computer programme designed to simulate the neural circuits in the dentate gyrus. The results showed that these young cells were easily excited by all

the incoming information that they were forming into new memories at the time; however, as they matured they assumed their fixed place in the memory circuitry and did not respond to new information.

This means that independent events that have nothing else in common but the fact that they take place around the same time become linked because they all stimulate the same young brain cells that are storing memories of those events.

The team concludes that "By labeling contemporary events as similar, new neurons allow us to recall events from a certain period."



Bleeding hearts revealed by scan

Louisa Garnier

Researchers have captured images of bleeding inside the human heart after a heart attack for the first time.

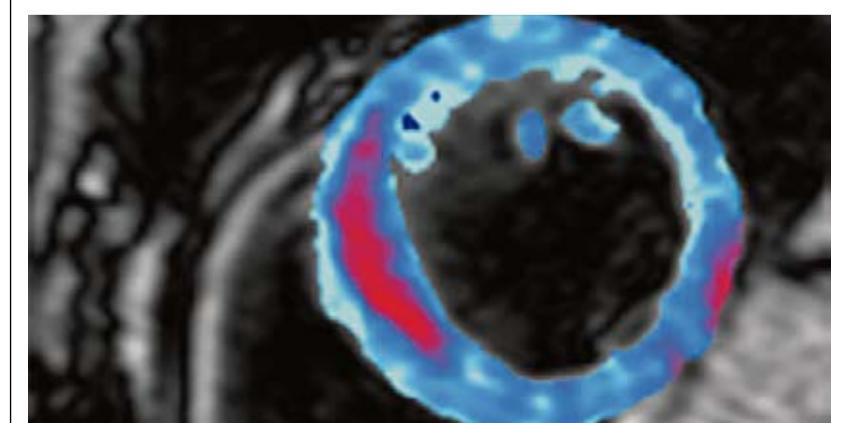
The research shows that the extent of bleeding after a heart attack can indicate how damaged a person's heart has become. The researchers, from the Clinical Sciences Centre at Imperial College London, hope that this kind of imaging will be used with existing tests to assess a patient's chances of recovery. Dr Declan O'Regan from the Clinical Sciences Centre said: "We hope that this will help us to identify which patients are at most risk of complications following their heart attack."

The researchers captured images of bleeding inside the heart of 15 patients who had recently suffered a heart attack, using Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI). The MRI scan-

ner could detect the bleeding because of the magnetic effects of iron which is present in blood. Analysis of the scans revealed that the amount of bleeding correlated with how much damage the heart muscle had sustained. Those patients who develop bleeding inside their damaged muscle have a poorer chance of recovery.

The small study, published in the journal *Radiology* on 19 January, offers new insights into the damage that heart attacks can cause. But it is not yet known how significant the bleeding is. Dr Stuart Cook, the study's senior author said: "We still have a lot of unanswered questions about whether the bleeding itself may cause further damage to the heart muscle and this is an area that needs further research."

The research was funded by the Medical Research Council, the British Heart Foundation and the Department of Health, UK.



The colored area on this MRI scan shows a cross-section of the heart muscle, with the area of bleeding shown in red. Credit: Imperial College London

RAG Week '09

16th - 20th Feb

Monday 16th

**RCSU RAG Ball at Maya,
Soho**

Thursday 19th

**Albertopolis with
Royal College of
Music**

Wednesday 18th

**RAG RAID + After Party
+ ICURFC Charity Pub
Crawl
+ CGCU Slave Auction**

Friday 20th

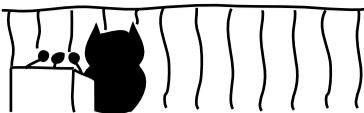
**Imperial does Royal
Veterinary College**

**Every lunch - Queens Tower Tours +
RCSU Hit Squad + much more!**



**imperial
college
union**

Raising and Giving



Politics

Politics Editors – James Goldsack & Katya-yani Vyas

politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Peer attacks our freedom of speech

An insight by our Politics correspondent into the controversial inner-workings of the House of Lords

Neil Dhir

Parliament as an entity and political institution which has developed over hundreds of years and out of time has grown into two houses; the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The history of the House of Lords dates back to the late 12th century when the kings of old required some advice on what to do with England. As a result councils were held with the barons and archbishops and it is the latter, which in this context, is important. Today in 2009, Lord Ahmed, the only Muslim peer in the House of Lords, has managed to threaten his fellow house into submission over matters spiritual. Not even when England withdrew from the then-mighty Catholic Church in 1534, through the Acts of Supremacy, did Parliament falter – whose liberties have been forged through centuries of religious intolerance. Yet when one intolerant Muslim peer decides to admonish the entire corps of Lords, they succumb... In the words of King

George III "What? – What?"

A member of the House of Lords enjoys the same freedoms which are bestowed upon a member of the General Public, those of freedom of expression, freedom of association and other more specific parliamentary privileges in place to protect their function in the legislature. It must have come as quite a surprise to one of the Lords when she found out that Lord Ahmed threatened to take her to court because of one of her devious deeds. The Lord in question had invited a fellow parliamentarian from the Netherlands to a private viewing of his 'documentary' with her colleagues followed by discussion and debate.

The Dutch MP in question was Geert Wilders, writer of the controversial 'documentary' Fitna – a 'documentary' of 17 minutes in length which features a selection of Suras from the Qur'an, interspersed with media clips and newspaper clippings showing and describing acts of violence or hatred by Muslims in reference to the Suras.

The intent of the feature was to demonstrate that the Qur'an and Islamic culture in general incites violence.

The sheer bigotry and extreme bias of Mr. Wilders aside; the 'documentary' is not in question here but the actions of a member of Parliament. Lord Ahmed raised nothing short of hell, for reasons yet to be disclosed, when he discovered that the Lord in question was going to privately screen Fitna in the House of Lords with her colleagues – possibly he was not invited and wanted to make his feelings known. Nonetheless Lord Ahmed is reported to have "threatened to mobilise 10,000 Muslims to prevent Mr. Wilders from entering the House and threatened to take the colleague who was organising the event to court." Aside from this statement transmitting disturbing waves of Stalinism, Lord Ahmed appears to have forgotten that his own government passed the, albeit draconian and arbitrary, Serious Organised Crime and Police Act 2005 (sections 132 to 138) which banned all unlicensed protests outside of West-

minster. Thus even if Lord Ahmed managed to assemble '10,000 Muslims' to prevent Mr. Wilders from entering Westminster, it is questionable if he would get a license to prevent a democratically elected MP of the Netherlands, entering the governing house of Great Britain as a guest of a baroness, one wonders what he would put on the application form. Possibly it is implied but for the sake of distinctness, the screening has been cancelled.

Lord Ahmed is manifesting a notion of Divine Right. His execution of the Labour peerage is laudable; he is one of the founding members of The World Forum whose aim is "to become a global platform for World Peace, where discussions are held with a view to promote a "Dialogue among civilizations" and with the hope of building bridges of understanding among people, cultures, religions, and civilizations based on principles of mutual respect, tolerance and human values, and justice." Why this does not apply to the British Parliament remains an

enigma. On the contrary, Lord Ahmed is not concerned to protect freedom of expression or freedom of speech but to stifle debate and ensure that Parliament only engages exclusively in double-speak. Alas the last line of defence for the baroness remained the Lords Spiritual. It was hoped that they might enter the melee, it was hoped that they might defend the rights of the House to extend an invitation to anyone whom they so wish, even a democratically elected foreign MP. Their silence is deafening. They no longer believe anything strongly for fear of causing offence and to the eyes of men it was thus unveiled who the true cowards were and are forevermore to be.

So, finally when Parliament could not be shamed further, the noble Lord Ahmed went to the Pakistani press to boast about his achievement; he had successfully curtailed the two corner stones of a liberal democracy; freedom of speech and freedom of association, and this he calls "a victory for the Muslim community."



The Houses of Parliament in Westminster have been under much scrutiny by the public and the media recently especially within the House of Lords.

Iraq: A promising Arab democracy?

Hassan Joudi
International Editor

The news coming out of Iraq is of a more positive nature these days. Iraqis exercising their right to vote were visible once again on Saturday 31st January 2009 when they went to the polls in local government elections. They brandished their purple-stained fingers to the cameras as they left the polling centres having cast their vote for one of 14,000 candidates, 4,000 of whom are female, who were competing for only 440 seats in local provincial councils.

For the last few weeks, Iraq's streets have been awash with campaign posters from over 400 political parties advertising their candidates. It is a far cry from the last election in 2005 where most candidates were too scared to put their faces on campaign posters, for fear of terrorists knowing who they were, instead campaigning under their party list. Now TV stations have been filled with politicians debating in person, vying for the votes of viewers. It is an even further cry from the show elections of 1995 and 2002, when then-President Saddam Hussein was re-elected with 99.96% of the vote.

Last week's elections were an important test for the country's young democratic political system which was established after the US invasion in 2003. The period of campaigning was relatively violence-free with only five candidates killed and election day itself took place without any major bloodshed. UN observers said that procedures were good, and the average turnout was 51%, lower than the 76% seen in 2005. Of course there have been claims of violent intimidation and cash handouts for bribes in some areas, and despite the plethora of candidates, the five major political parties with the most funding dominated attention. But by adopting democracy, Iraq has adopted its virtues as well as its vices.

These provincial elections have also



American soldier passes a wall covered in posters in Baghdad's hotel district, promoting the recent elections

been seen as a precursor to national elections to be held at the end of 2009, which will mark the completion of a full four year term of Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki's government which was formed after the last national election in December 2005. Good results for political parties now will foretell good results in the coming national elections too. Many never thought Maliki's government would last its full term, predicting its collapse in the face of numerous crises during the last three years.

There are those within Iraq and out-

side it, who have criticised Maliki and his government, calling them 'puppets of the Americans'. The USA invaded Iraq in 2003 and installed a regime that was friendlier to its oil-related interests in the region they argue. Let's look at what Maliki had to say about the recent conflict in Gaza: "All Arab and Muslim countries should cancel their diplomatic relations and stop all contacts – public and private – with this [Israel's] murderous regime." Earlier in 2007 Senator Hillary Clinton (now US Secretary of State) called for Maliki to be removed from office, to which

Maliki hit back by saying Democratic senators were acting as if Iraq was "their property" and that they should "come to their senses" and "respect democracy".

Conversely Nouri al-Maliki has also been criticised for acting like an autocrat by establishing himself as a strongman, leading to comparisons being drawn between his government, and the previous one of Saddam Hussein. For Maliki it seems like a case of "you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't." If he is receiving criticism from both sides, he must be doing something right.

Democracy in Iraq is still developing of course; its 25 million inhabitants had never experienced such a system of governance before 2003. Living memory consisted of 35 years of dictatorship by Saddam Hussein and his Ba'ath party. Iraqis got used to fearing the police and other security forces, journalists were not accustomed to the concept of criticising the government and civil servants were used to giving and receiving favours and other corrupt practices. In short the whole political culture in Iraq was turned on its head after 2003 and the democratic system cannot be expected to function perfectly straightaway.

That said a remarkable amount of progress has been made in the almost six years since the fall of Saddam. For example 30% of Members of Parliament are women, as required by the minimum quota of 25% stipulated by the constitution – that's a higher percentage than in the US Congress and UK House of Commons. In neighbouring Kuwait women only received the right to vote and stand for election in 2005, and even then not a single woman won a seat in their last elections; other Arab countries average 10%.

The fact is that Iraq is only the second democratic Arab state, the first being Lebanon. Men like Hosni Mubarak of Egypt, King Abdullah of Jordan or the Sheikhs of the various Gulf States don't have to worry about winning elections. Other Arab states have secretly delighted in seeing Iraq mired in daily suicide and car bombs which

peaked in 2007. It reassured them that a Shia-dominated government in the region will be short-lived and served some of their anti-American agendas as they could point to Iraq and say to their people – "this is what democracy and freedom brings, you don't want that here." But with the reduction in violence since early 2008, this is no longer the case. The so-called purple revolution, a reference to the ink-stains marking the index fingers of Iraqi voters, in this election and past elections after 2003, is making the autocrats and dictators of the Arab world shaky and increasing the calls for change from their people.

Outside of politics, improvements are visible in many areas of Iraqi society. Now instead of contracts being given to foreign companies to build presidential palaces and supply military equipment, there are contracts for infrastructure like roads and power stations. In December 2008 the Ministry of Electricity placed an order to Siemens for 16 gas turbines for new power stations. During the period of violence, the only businesses that were flourishing were coffin-makers and concrete manufacturers (to make blast walls). Now that a degree of security has returned to the streets, small businesses and shops are starting to pick up where they left off, boosting the local economy. Regular international flights have recently begun operating from Baghdad Airport again, Kurdish cities like Erbil are implementing massive reconstruction projects and overall a degree of normality has returned to many areas.

Admittedly Iraq still faces dozens of problems. There are still car bombs and the security situation is still measured by the number of civilians killed per month. Public services, especially in health, education and sanitation, still suffer from years of neglect. There is also the danger of the US military not keeping to its promises in the Withdrawal/Status of Forces agreement. Despite these challenges, the progress of the past few years – as symbolised by last week's elections – is a strong sign of a bright future for ordinary Iraqis.



Few thought that Nouri al-Maliki's government would last their four year-term in the face of criticism



Culture & The Arts



A white blank page

Caz Knight
Arts Editor

Monday the second of February dawned, yielding snow, fewer cars and eerily lacking ubiquitous red double-deckers which left the city with a somewhat post-apocalyptic feel – albeit a calm, peaceful, pretty one.

It was the same morning on which the press view for the Tate Britain's Triennial exhibition, *Altermodeern*, was held – the white, blank canvas of London symbolising perfectly the opportunity for a new wave of contemporary art which the exhibition is celebrating and exploring.

The curator, Nicolas Bourriaud, has spent the last two years painstakingly interviewing artists and visiting their studios in search of this new breed of art which is springing up as post-modernism recedes. Rosie Milton will review the Tate Triennial exhibition here next week.

Trajectories, as opposed to destinations, are a unifying theme in the exhibition and one which is beginning to spring up in other exhibitions, too. *Indian Highway* at the Serpentine Gallery explores this theme of travel and displacement in India.

Although only dealt with in terms of India, the ideas put across sum up the globalisation occurring throughout the world and all the travelling that

takes place as a result of this. Theme aside, this exhibition is a must-see on account of the sheer beauty and originality of the works contained in such a small space. Highly recommended for anyone seeking an exotic and exciting alternative to concrete and rain. The Serpentine is five minutes from Imperial, in Kensington Gardens, and is free to boot.

But for this week, Arts has some reviews that will banish the winter blues for when the snow disappears. We have a distinctly vernal theme this week with a book review set in a hot summer in Brooklyn and a theatre review by Emilie Beauchamp of one of Shakespeare's best loved comedies, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In addition to this we have a preview of the Sadler's Wells production, *Eon-nagata*, where we sent Jessica Bland to report back and enlighten us on contemporary dance in London – watch out for next week's review of Canadian dance troupe's show, *Traces*, too.

Thank you once more for the huge amount of enthusiasm we have received to cover all manner of shows and exhibitions. Keep it coming: culture (in moderation if exams are looming) is a brilliant alternative to studying.

Email us at arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk for requests and to send us your reviews.

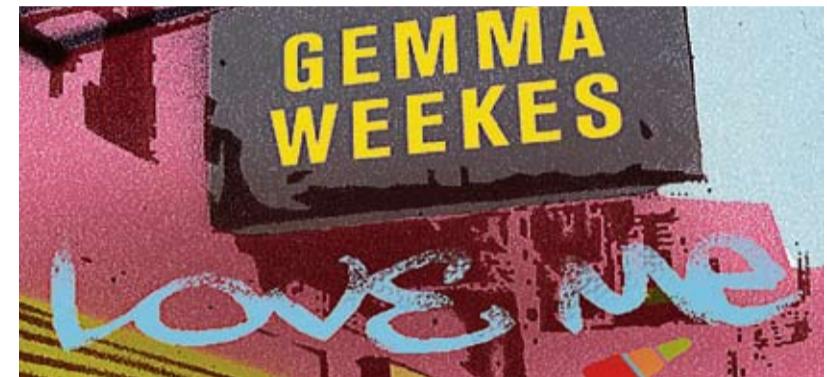
He loves me, he loves me not. He loves me!

Gemma Weekes harkens back to first loves in her first novel, *Love Me*, reviewed here by Caz Knight

Writer. Mother. Musician. Lover. Fighter. Thinker. Poet. Gemma Weekes appears as all this and more after reading her first novel, *Love Me*, published this month. Do not let the fact that a bright, young, female musician/poet 'transitioning' into writing prose (especially that concerning love and romance) fool you into thinking this will be anything short of beautiful; anything other than potent, for this is anything but chick lit.

Chick lit, the romance novel, trash (call it what you will) has received a bad name and for good reason, too. *Bridget Jones' Diary* spurred on a generation of literary works continually rehashing the same old theme of disappointing men, remorse at overindulgence and the woes of one's dreary career. It would be a pity if *Love Me* were to be associated with this brand of fiction.

The subject of love is indeed where the roots of this story lie but is also the fuel which sets ablaze a gripping story that pulls you into the grey drab of London then flings you into a sticky, hot summer in Brooklyn whilst occasionally shuttling you to-and-from St Lucia, as you live through protagonist Eden's obsessions, pains and catharsis as she battles an ongoing infatua-



tion with first love, Zed, and comes to terms with horrors from that first summer with Zed.

Weekes magics up every sight, sound, smell, touch and even taste in her own unique way – descriptions which consist of only a few words yet manage to echo much louder.

She has the true nature of a poet and breaks apart conventional ways of using words: sounds waft, light is loud, humid nights overflow. Love is like a drug, with Eden being drawn in "like a crack dealer attracts stinking, wild eyed cats." The author's refusal to 'sugar-coat' love and put romance in comfortable terms, for example her disregard of the expected similes, puts this

book in its own category of novel.

Blown apart are black stereotypes with characters such as the tee-total, brooding, guitar-thrashing Spanish who abstains from herb yet takes magic mushrooms to break apart the walls of reality. Then there is Eden herself, locked into adulthood yet harbouring all the hallmarks of teenage awkwardness. Through her narrative Weekes offers insights into the constraints imposed on black musicians being expected to conform to a narrow range of music and also alludes to love's dark, macabre side.

The novel is pure sensory escapism and a sure fire way to ban these winter blues with much to please both sexes.

Love, fun and frolics in the Forest

Emilie Beauchamp resists winter's chill with a successful modern adaption of Shakespeare's *MSND*

For the past three years, the Novello Theatre has hosted the Royal Shakespeare Company for its winter program, revisiting the classics of this proclaimed playwright. As the first play (to be followed shortly by *The Taming of the Shrew*), the RSC presents *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in all its flamboyant comedy and ridiculousness, marvellously played by the whole cast.

Whilst Shakespeare's plays have proven over and over again to be timeless, almost eternal, it is always a relief to see such a play enshrined in a contemporary setting without the loss of the traditional touches of Shakespeare's time, language included. In fact, many have tried to reinvent and reintegrate Shakespeare into the modern world because of the everlasting topics his plays address but few have really succeeded in creating effectively something with the proper effect. On most accounts, Gregory Doran's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* can be counted within these few. Accents suitable to Shakespeare's time are used and all verses are kept in, matched with good intonation and pronunciation for those unused to the old style of English. The magic of the woods at the border of a modern

Athens is perfectly presented in a setting of light bulb-lit nocturnal skies and elevating moon crescents, with a large mirror at the back reflecting all the actors and spectators creating the illusion the entire forest is alive but also working as a witness to the play's moral and emotional symmetry. The costumes are just as well-designed, the Athenians dressed in smart business suits and cocktail dresses whilst the fairies parade a mix of punky-trash ensembles, along with voodoo-esque puppet-mimics of themselves. All of this confers true personalities to each of the characters as soon as they step on the scene and astonishingly everything is very well performed throughout the long tirades of the play and even includes some accompanying songs and dances.

This can easily be explained by the all-star cast performing; from Peter de Jersey's powerful and God-like Oberon to Andrea Harris' passionate Titania, without forgetting Shakespeare-learnt Edward Bennett playing a sincere Demetrius, it was set to be a stellar evening.

With a range of discussion including Indian babies, love, friendship, drama, treachery and a crew of at least 20 actors, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is definitely one of London's must-sees of this year so far.

Dream could sound like a confusing Bollywood love story, but after the first scenes direction is established and maintained until the last minute of the show... three hours later! If the play is a delight and enchantment for the first two hours, one wonders why risk to overstretch its success by enduring even more languishing Hermia or ridiculous Bottom who makes us laugh so much. The last scene is still very amusing, but one notices more easily the continuous physical representation of all the wordy imageries of the text; the "moon" is accompanied by all staring at the sky, reference to "love" is never pronounced without all six lovers looking automatically lost in each other's eyes... Great acting or overemphasised emotional depth? In the end, one could have skimmed off these extra theatrical moments, though none of them really affect the overall result of the play.

Revisiting such a classic is definitely warming up the ghastly winter and one would wish the fairies' touch to linger in your mind for a little longer. If it can be afforded, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is definitely one of London's must-sees of this year so far.

On at the Novello Theatre until 7th February



Andrea Harris (Titania) and Peter de Jersey (Oberon)

Arts Editors – **Caz Knight, David Paw and Emily Wilson**

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

You make me feel like dancing...

Jessica Bland gives us a beginner's introduction to contemporary dance: a fresher, funkier and distinctly cheaper alternative to your average play or exhibition.

Right foot. Left foot. Wiggle a bit. Right foot... Wobble. Whoops. Step behind – style it out. And left foot. Just keep nodding. It's OK if you just keep nodding, that way you're still dancing, still on the beat, still in the groove."

Except that you're not really dancing. You're lolling round a dark room on a Friday night, limbs slightly less under your control than normal. And whatever it might be that led you to be there (booze, lust, caffeine pills...), it's making you perform the kind of body jolts that stretch the definition of "dance" about as far as it will go.

But it's this form of dancing that many of us participate in most regularly. Whether on the dancefloor of one of London's array of night-time establishments, or at home on a computer game dancemat, the bopping-head-whilst-shuffling-from-one-foot-to-the-other is the most complex dance move we do or see. So perhaps this kind of movement isn't stretching the definition of "dance" at all – maybe it's exactly what we mean by dancing?

I hope not. Dance is a lot more besides; it's traditional, social dances like ballroom or flamenco. It's a storytelling artform like ballet or kathak. Each of these genres has its own technique, community and often also a wider cultural familiarity. However, there is one kind of dance amongst these that is equally well-defined and equally well-supported, but when asked to define it most people draw a blank; this is contemporary dance.

Contemporary dance is not the same as modern dance. Modern (and certain types of jazz) dance are what you might expect to see on-stage in musical theatre. Nor is it the same as hip hop, breaking or ballet. Contemporary dance traces its roots back to the US in the early Twentieth Century, when choreographers started to move away from the constraints of traditional ballet.

At about the same time, movements such as expressionism and cubism took art further away from its classical routes. Indeed, the development of modern art is a pretty good parallel



Some impressive feats from French-Canadian dance troupe the 7 Fingers. Their sell-out production *Traces* is reviewed here next week

for the way that contemporary dance evolved. In much the same way as artists tried to break free from technical and conceptual constraints and ended up developing their own techniques and conceptual frameworks, contemporary dance's struggle has resulted in several techniques and philosophies of its own.

These techniques form the backbone of what is now a burgeoning international scene. In London we have The Place (home to London Contemporary Dance School) which was established in the 1960s and has been a beacon of contemporary dance in Europe ever since. Even the Royal Opera House stages occasional contemporary performance.

This then begs the question: why have most of us never heard of contemporary dance? And to this there is no clear answer. You could argue that the scene built around it is inward looking and doesn't make enough effort to reach beyond its current participants: beyond trained dancers and loyal audiences. You could also argue that contemporary dance is akin not to modern art in general but only to its very abstract parts, and so we should not expect it to be any more widely known about than the runners-up in the Turner Prize.

But, whatever the answer, there are several good reasons to get to know a bit more about it right now.

The first is that there are several shows

on at the moment that manage to combine the artier end on dance with things like circus, breaking, and thumping sound systems: making going to see them less like two hours of Rothko and more like an episode of Skins.

The second is that dance performances are generally cheaper (and often shorter) than mainstream theatre. Whereas the average theatre ticket in London is now £30 or more, you can often find dance tickets for £10 or even £5.

So what, you might say, it's still not Fabric on a Friday night.

Well, you'd be wrong. One dance work is to become part of exactly that Friday night experience. A multimedia dance installation that contorts the movements of passerbys will be set up outside Fabric on selected nights over the coming months. *City of Abstracts* is much like a high-tech fairground house of mirrors: creating movement on a screen by distorting the movements of anyone standing in front of it – much more fun than the warm can of beer that Fabric queuers normally have as their amusement.

This installation is part of a new season of offsite dance events commissioned by Sadler's Wells Theatre. Another highlight of which is Hofesh Shechter's gig at The Roundhouse. Award-winning choreographer Hofesh produces political and gritty works that are always accompanied by very cool music, most of which he writes himself. On the 27th and 28th February, he is putting this music in the limelight when he puts on the first ever contemporary dance gigs. 20 musicians and 17 dancers will take over the main space at The Roundhouse to present a reworking of two of his current works.

Away from their new, slightly left-field, offsite programme, the Sadler's Wells retains its reputation for accessible dance, making it a good place to start if you are thinking about dipping your

toe into the dance world. They often have cheap ticket offers and also host events like the annual hip-hop dance festival *Breakin' Convention*. And their West End venue, The Peacock Theatre, is currently showing the hugely successful *Traces*, which combines acrobatics, film and music to create a whole new brand of circus.

They are also host to one of the most widely awaited premieres this season. Opening on the 26th February, *Eonogatta* is a new collaboration between Sylvie Guillem, Russell Maliphant and Robert Lepage. Created and performed by all three, this piece draws on the Japanese art of Kabuki to tell the story of the 18th Century French spy Charles de Beaumont.

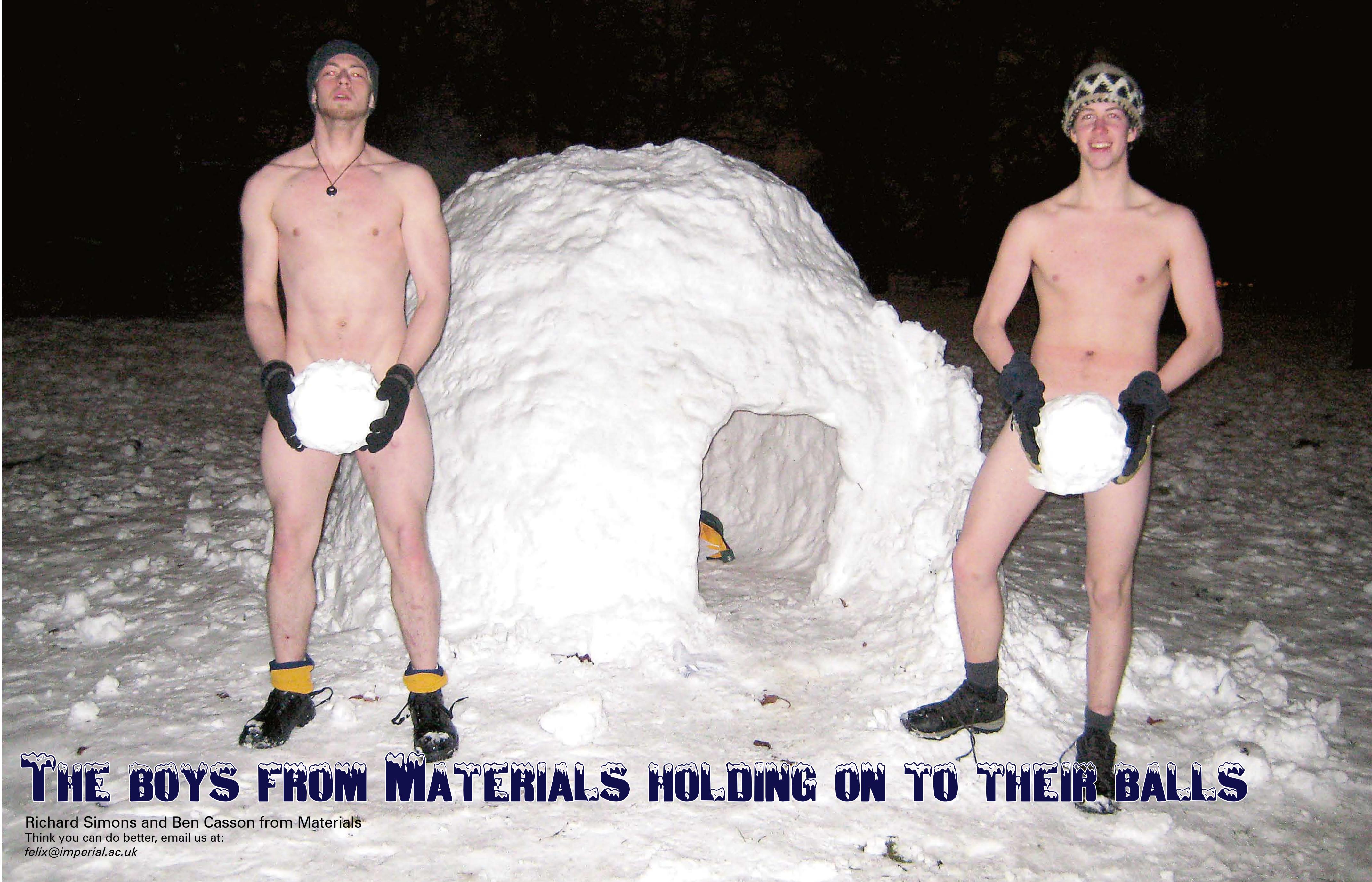
What makes it so special is that each artist involved is at the top of their game: Sylvie as a dancer; Russell as a choreographer; Lepage as a director. It's a bit like 'fantasy league theatre company' has come to life. And when you add costumes by Alexander McQueen to the team, I can't help but get a bit over-excited.

Dance, whether it's straight-up contemporary, an installation piece or flamenco, is not just bopping your head whilst shuffling from one foot to the other – we all know that. It can also be a cheaper, edgier and more entertaining alternative to theatre or art. So if you are looking for a credit-crunch sized, skinny-jeans friendly arts fix, then I can't think of anything better to recommend.

Further information:
www.sadlerswells.com (video previews as well as show bookings)
www.theplace.org (for performances and great adult dance classes)
www.danceumbrella.co.uk (annual autumn dance festival)



Action from Sadler's Wells: Award-winning choreographer Jasmin Vardimon's *Yesterday*



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Food

Food Editors – Afonso Campos & Rosie Grayburn

food.felix@imperial.ac.uk

What do snowmen eat for lunch?

Rosie Grayburn
Food Editor



According to one liberal snowman in Battersea bearing a “Free the Weed” sign, snowmen like to have a massive bong for lunch. Otherwise the answer to this very, very poor joke is Ice. Well, it was either that or the bloke-joke about all women being like snowflakes which fall on your face...

In a country of mildness, it's nice to see a bit of violent blizzard outside my window while I write this – it is making me feel warm and smug inside. If this Russian weather is not doing the same for you and you are freezing your hypothetical bollocks off, then you may need external help. Hot soup is universally renowned for seeing off the cold and giving you a big soupy hug in the process. From Thai Tom Yum to American Chowder, soups fend off those winter blues. So, get yourself a hand whisk (£5 Tesco Value works just fine) and get liquidising! It's the easiest and cheapest thing in the world. You can bond with your flatmates over a pan of soup, a loaf of bread and a chunk of cheese or alternatively, take a thermos into college for soup breaks and JCR avoidance.

1. Broccoli and Cheese Soup (4 servings) – Boil 2 large potatoes in 850ml of vegetable stock for 15 minutes. Add 500g of broccoli and simmer for a further 15 minutes. Get your whisk out and blitz the soup. Melt 100g of grated cheddar into the soup and season. Eat. Done.

2. Cauliflower and Nutmeg Soup (6 servings) – Fry 2 chopped onions and 2 diced carrots until softened. Add 2 litre of water, 6 cloves of garlic and 75g of red lentils. Bring to the boil then add 1 chopped head of cauliflower and 300g of other green veg you have lying around. Simmer for 20 minutes then whack out your hand whisk. Blitz the soup to oblivion then add 100 ml of milk or cream. Season and add 1/3 nutmeg, grated. There you have it: flatulence in a bowl.

3. Butternut Squash Soup (4) – Cook 1 onion with 2 tsp curry paste until softened then add 700g of butternut squash and cook for 3 minutes. Add

1.2 litres of vegetable stock and simmer for 20 minutes and liquidise. Season to taste. Get some naan breads from your local Indian takeaway to make a meal of it.

4. Borscht (4 servings) – Fry 1 onion, 1 potato and 450g diced raw beetroot in 25g butter until the veg have softened. Add 2 pints of vegetable stock, 3 tbsp vinegar, 1 tsp marmite, salt, pepper and a pinch of nutmeg. Cook for 30 minutes then blitz. Serve with sour cream and NOT your favourite white shirt/dress.

5. French Onion Soup (4 servings) – Fry 5 sliced onions in 20g butter until the onions are sticky and brown. This can take up to 30 minutes, so be patient. Then add a couple of glasses of wine and 750ml beef stock. Simmer for 10 minutes and season. Make some cheese on toast and place it in the bottom of bowls. Pour the soup into the bowls and play ‘Find the Crouton’.

6. White Chocolate soup.... oh baby – Heat 300ml double cream, the zest of an orange and the zest of a lime. Once heated for a few minutes take off the gas and add 100g of white chocolate. Whisk this until the chocolate has melted, then pour into a bowl half-filled with orange segments, cherries and marshmallows. Eat and be careful not to wet yourself with excitement at how good this is.

This week's food section should, if it hasn't already, warm you right to the bones as your gran would say. David Wallis, our resident Gastronaught, knows how to do just that – his lentil dish is bound to warm you right to the cockles... whatever that means. Our Viking cousins also know how to do cold weather food, as I discovered when I visited Masden, our new local Scandinavian restaurant. It turns out that it isn't all meatballs and reindeer and banana curry (long story). Incidentally, the Scandinavians also know how to do student discounts, so please take advantage of the offer in February. Just cut out the voucher below and have a good old Viking time! Meanwhile, enjoy the snow and good luck with trying out that old “my problem sheet is snowed in” excuse.

Just going out for a Danish

It's not just meatballs and reindeer, says Rosie Grayburn



Madsen ★★★★

20 Old Brompton Road, SW7
3DL
020 7225 2772
www.masdenrestaurant.com

*Best: The Danish Beefburger
Worst: Being unable to finish the epic dessert!
Price: £25 per head*

Lads, we're going out for a “Danish” are not words we often hear in this country. Despite being just a short distance across a cold pond to the shores of Scandinavia, we would more often choose to eat food from 3000 miles away in the Far East rather than from our neighbours. However, this is the joy of living in London – you can experience a thousand cultures in just one neighbourhood.

Just opposite the Lamborghini garage, Masden is the new kid on the block in the heart of multicultural South Kensington, and I can describe it in no more than a word – cool. By day, Masden is a chic café serving hefty portions of Danish lunchtime *Smørrebrød* to famished workers and students. *Smørrebrød* means “bread and butter” but the vast quantity of sandwich in Masden's *Smørrebrød* makes this translation from the Danish rather measly! As expected with the clean and crisp characteristics of Scandinavian food, fresh rye or sourdough bread is topped with a healthy pile of toppings – herring, roast beef, salmon, egg... It makes me especially happy that this fresh, more-ish lunch, is available for the same price as the equivalent at Pret a Rubbish over the road.

Lunch at Masden is not just about open sandwiches, however. Hot lunches are also available to suppress those rumbling lunchtime tummies. If you're in a hurry, Masden offer a quick lunch for a tenner with the obligatory “served

in ten minutes or it's free” tag line. For this you get two reduced sized *Smørrebrød* and a drink which isn't at all bad for South Kensington.

Of course, Masden isn't just a cool café. When the sun sets and the candles are lit on the sustainably sourced wooden tables, the room is transformed into a romantic, yet welcoming restaurant, serving hearty Scandinavian meals at great value for money. It was this warm atmosphere that drew Hungry Accomplice and I through Masden's doors, like moths to the flame. The simple wooden Scandinavian décor of the dining room works very well with the flickering tea lights and reflects the completely unpretentious nature of the restaurant and the cuisine it serves. All in all, the ambience in the restaurant is relaxed and natural – the perfect antidote to a stressful working day.

Hungry and I chose from the evening a la carte menu which is a mix of traditional Scandinavian and just wholesome dishes of meat, veg and potatoes.

Now, I always judge a restaurant by its bread. After ordering, a plate of warm bread arrived at our table. This scored top marks as it reminds me of eating homemade bread straight out of the oven with salty butter. Soon after, our fishy starters arrived. Hungry Accomplice has only just become a fish convert but he tucked into his soft cheese filled salmon with relish. The salmon was thick, generous and extremely fresh – just close your eyes and think of Sweden! My herring was sweet and delicious and I enjoyed the rye bread croutons that accompanied it. Not only were our starters delicious but both plates were very pleasing on the eye, which is half the fun of eating out, I think. It's just not the same eating your own creations which look like they've been presented by a three year-old!

Now, whenever someone mentions ‘Wednesday’ we automatically think Orange. At Masden, it is Danish Wednesdays when the daily special comes from Denmark, while Swed-

ish Tuesdays follow the same pattern. Hungry went for the Danish Wednesdays' dish as soon as our waitress said the words “thick bacon”. For a big rugby player like Hungry, nothing could make him happier than a plate full of inch-thick bacon, a huge bowl of potatoes and a jug of parsley sauce. However all Hungry could say on the subject of his main course was “Mwohwhmmh”. My reaction was similar (albeit more lady-like) when my *Hakkebøf med bløde løg* arrived. The menu's translation of this dish as a “beefburger with gravy” gave this traditional dish no credit – it was possibly the best meat dish I have ever eaten. The “burger” was juicy, mouth-watering and accompanied with a perfect balance of onion and delicious gravy. I enjoyed the accompaniment of beetroot and plentiful potatoes especially as it made the meal extremely good value for money.

When you think of Scandinavia, you tend to think of endless forests, saunas, lakes and meatballs. Puddings do not tend to come to mind. The people at Masden clearly wish to dispense with this stereotype and serve epic Scandinavian desserts. Perhaps we have just become used to weedy puddings at restaurants but I was surprised when a pile of caramel parfait and yoghurt arrived at my plate. No complaints about the dessert itself – the yoghurt was marshmallow-fluffy and the parfait, addictive – but there was just too much of it! Even Hungry struggled with the traditional *Æblekage*, a simple pot of stewed apples and cream.

But if the only complaint I can make is one of too much dessert, then I can't see any problem in giving Masden five full *felix* stars. Charlotte, the restaurant's founder, is a charming and knowledgeable host and was happy to tell us about the cuisine of Scandinavia and about her restaurant. I will definitely be going again to Masden, and if it was up to me it would be Danish Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays... You get the idea.


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A Warming Winter Stew of Lentils

This lentil stew works really well on its own with a hunk of bread or with some grilled meat. Any leftovers can be whizzed into a soup or even a pate if it's thick enough.

Serves 4

Green lentils (such as puy) soaked in cold water for 15 minutes, rinsed and drained.
4-5 slices of streaky bacon or pancetta (preferably smoked) cut into small pieces
1 onion finely chopped
2-3 garlic cloves finely chopped
2 carrots finely chopped
3 sticks of celery finely chopped
A good sprig of rosemary, 2-3 sprigs thyme and a handful of chopped sage
100-150g of mushrooms roughly chopped
Glass of red wine
2 tbsp red wine vinegar
3 tbsp olive oil
100 ml Chicken stock
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Handful finely chopped parsley to serve

Cover the lentils with boiling water in a pan over a high heat. Reduce to a rolling simmer for 15-20 minutes, or until cooked. Meanwhile, heat the oil in a large, deep frying pan over a medium-high heat. Add the bacon and fry until it starts to crisp up slightly and the fat turns golden. Add the vegetables and herbs (don't add the mushrooms just yet). Cook for 5 or so minutes, stirring occasionally until softened but not coloured. Now add the mushrooms and cook for another 2-3 minutes. Season with a pinch of salt and a few turns of the pepper mill. Add the wine. Simmer for 5 minutes to allow some of the wine to cook off. Meanwhile, check to see if the lentils are cooked (taste a couple – they should be quite soft but still retain a bit of bite) and, if so, remove from the heat and drain. If the lentils need further cooking, return to the heat and turn down the pan containing your other ingredients. Remove the bay leaves, rosemary and thyme stalks where possible. Add the lentils followed by the chicken stock. Simmer quite briskly for another 4 or 5 minutes and allow the stew to thicken up a bit.

Written and Created by David Wallis

Imperial College London

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Film

Film Editors – Zuzanna Blaszczak & Jonathan Dakin



Constructive criticism?

Zuzanna Blaszczak
Film Editor

I received the following last week: "Film Cynic Clinic, I am ill. Lurching. I struggle to comprehend the worth of your article. You begin by bemoaning the arrogance of the English speaking community, its ignorance of foreign culture. Then personify this stereotype by demonstrating your confusion between art house and world cinema. This warped understanding of international media appalls me. I cough and gag, aren't you supposed to be a film critic? Your article bears the stench of the typical *felix* nobody, the writer who has nothing to say but wants everyone to hear it anyway. I spit a gooey flem-ball of judgement upon your name."

Towards the other articles in this section, I am apathetic. They are boring, neatly written vacuums of incite. Reviews of the same mainstream films as the *Metro* and *London Lite*. Shudder and baulk. Isn't this supposed to be a student paper? Where is the youth, where is the invention? Godammit, shake it up a bit! I am by no means a film expert, but here are a few viewing suggestions:

Let the Right One In (2008) – A hazy Swedish thriller, it creeps and tiptoes around you, drawing you in. Ghoulish.

Angels of the Universe (2000) – As bleak and spiritual as the land it's set in, one man's decent into the realms of the insane. As depressing as the Anton Corbijn's 2007 movie, *Control*. Iceland plays hard-ball with the black dog.

Y Tu Mama Tambien (2001) – This playfully sour drama has a fantastic ending. Passionate Mexican emotion at its best.

The Return (2003) – Breathtaking scenery. Probe the levels to uncover a pure Russian psyche driving this father-son drama. Authentic.

Four Shades of Brown (2004) – This epic saga depicts some of Sweden's quirkiest individuals, wracks you from hilarity to speechlessness in seconds. Watch in two halves if you have to, but a must-see.

So please stop printing crap. If I want someone to piss in my eyes, I'll hide in Jabba the Hutt's toilet." Bad Taste

I had two reasons to print the comment. Firstly, I liked the movies which Bad Taste recommends and wanted to share that recommendation with our readers. Secondly, I really liked Bad Taste's style of writing; he uses a plethora of adjectives (let's just hope he knows the nice ones too), attempts to be funny and is absolutely clueless about the hypocrisy that oozes out of his piece. So now I'm appealing publicly to Bad Taste – send a review in, write something that you believe is worth reading and (here comes the corny bit) be the change that you want to see. The fact that you're a prick doesn't mean I will not print your reviews.

On an end note, I have to laugh at how educating it is to be on the receiving end of a scathing comment. I just might give some slack to crappy film directors and producers from now on.



30 Days Of Night

Just as a small Alaskan town is preparing for a month without sunlight, a pack of murderous vampires set up camp and feast on everyone living there. Only a small band of survivors can try to fend off the vampires – but will they survive the 30 days of night? A film for horror fans and those of you who prefer dark (both literally and figuratively) plots, this film delivers in both shocks and suspense.

Snowy Moments include people being slaughtered on the snow, blood splattering the snow, a snowmobile churning vampires onto the snow... you get the drift...

Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind

A couple break up but instead of moving on, they both have their memories erased. This amazing romance/drama makes the most of both Jim Carey and Kate Winslet and by the end if you aren't sobbing into your pillow, then you have a heart made of ice. This is a great film to watch, even if you don't like chick flicks, as it is very unconventional.

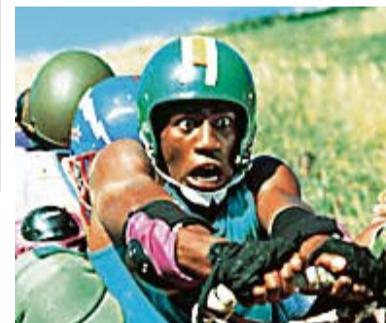
Snowy Moments include the main characters falling in love on a frozen lake and having a snow fight on a beach.

Snowy Day rating: 2/5

Miss the snow? Don't worry, there's plenty in these films

Jonathan Dakin
Film Editor

For those of you who are now house-bound because of the uncharacteristic snowstorms that are obliterating the country, this Film Editor decided to write an article featuring films in which the glorious phenomenon we call 'Snow' is heavily featured, or is an important plot point. The main reason for this being that *felix* enjoys being topical but also because we are aware that while you are curled up snug and warm in your beds/sofas you have to do something – essays and university work do not count because when you are given an unexpected day off you better make the most of it – so what better activity than brushing up on your film knowledge! Any excuse for watching films is a good excuse! Another reason for this article is because I was meant to go to the cinema to review the latest films – but got snowed in! So instead of seeing something new, I blew the dust off of some of my old favourites: films that made me feel seasonal but not Christmassy, sat down in front of a roaring Tesco value heater (poor students can't afford real fireplaces – but hopefully one day we will!). So here are a few suggestions;



Cool Runnings

Will four Olympic athletic failures be able to overcome adversity and triumph as the first-ever Jamaican bobsled team? I think most of us know the answer to that question, but this film is still worth a watch because it is a heart-warming classic.

Snowy moments include sitting in an ice-cream van to prepare for the cold, finally arriving in Canada and feeling the cold and the unavoidable fact that this is about the winter Olympics.

Snowy Day rating: 3/5

Selected James Bond Films

James Bond is well known for his escapades around the globe and sometimes he comes across a rather perilous snowy situation that he has to ski out of. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* is probably the wintriest Bond film, as it is mostly set in a ski resort, but *The World Is Not Enough*, *Die Another Day*, *A View To A Kill*, *For Your Eyes Only* and *The Spy Who Loved Me* all have snow-bound action scenes. I am sure others do, but these films also happen to be great Bond films anyway.

Snowy moments include: Bond skiing down a bobsleigh track, Bond being chased across a glacier by a beam of sunlight (yes, you read that correctly), Bond being chased whilst skiing (this happens a lot, and I mean a lot), and a sexy scene in an Arctic submarine.

Snowy Day rating: 3/5



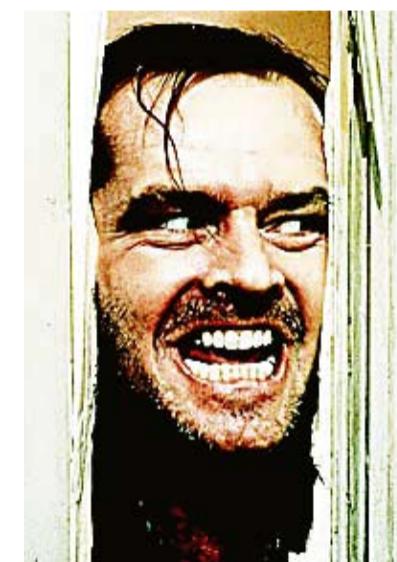
Kate Winslet as the 'Cookie Monster' enjoying subzero temperatures.

The Shining

Snowed in at a haunted hotel in which the ghosts have made house-sitter Jack Nicholson insane. You better grab an axe before he does and get chopping, or you will end up in the spooky photo of the dead that concludes this freaky chiller.

Snowy moments include running through a huge hedge maze in the freezing cold, trekking across hills to save the family and someone being frozen to death. Any film that can make snow seem ominous is guaranteed to make you scared.

Snowy Day rating: 5/5



Anybody? Nope? Ok I'll do it, heeres Johnny!"

Groundhog Day

When weatherman Phil (Bill Murray) gets stuck in the same day, unable to escape the small town of Punxsutawney because of a blizzard that he predicted wouldn't be there, hilarity, as well as a few life lessons, ensue. February 2nd was Groundhog Day; so if you weren't sad enough like me to actually remember and watch it on the day, then make sure you see this as soon as you can, because it is an excellent film.

Snowy moments include Phil stuck in a snowy traffic jam on a motorway, having plenty of snowball fights, ice-sculpting, and of course the beautiful snow-angel sculpture of Andie MacDowell.

Snowy Day rating: 5/5

Die Hard 2

Can John McClane (Bruce Willis) battle insane terrorists once again, this time at an airport covered in snow, who wish to crash aeroplanes filled with innocent people unless their demands are met? Although this is not the best *Die Hard*, it is still very good and includes lots of action scenes and witty remarks from our hero. SPOILER WARNING: Do not watch this film if you have a fear of aeroplane crashes! I hate to say it but us English don't make it (why couldn't they kill Americans – why us??). Snowy Moments include John running across a snow-filled runway, murdering someone with an incredibly large and sharp icicle, and numerous snowstorms.

Snowy Day rating: 4/5



Mackenzie Astin races through Canada to save his family... sob...

Iron Will

I had to have a Disney movie somewhere, didn't I? But this feel-good tale about overcoming the odds contains lots of snow, as it is about a young teenager who heroically joins a dog-sled race to win money for his family. Based on a true story, those of you who love feel-good films will enjoy this, especially because it is hard to know if he will win the race or not. Kevin Spacey also makes an appearance as a scene-stealing, morally-challenged journalist.

Snowy Moments include... well, this is a film about a sled race in Canada. Snowy Day rating: 4/5

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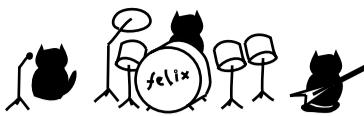
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Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair James Houghton & Alex Ashford

music.felix@imperial.ac.uk



The new creative generation

Peter Sinclair
Music Editor

The 1960s saw a renaissance of cultural creativity in almost every media, from music to art to philosophy. Rock bands put down the surf-boards and stopped grooming their side-partings in favour of adopting a more progressive attitude to what their music could be about, and what it could mean to the people listening. The entire creative output of a generation united around the idea that society didn't actually have to be a slippery slope of individualism and social isolation – it could never be perfect, but it didn't have to be so shit.

The philosophical nature of pop-culture development died on its ass shortly after the hippies all got jobs but their generation had been defined by its idealism. Future generations wouldn't be so lucky. Recessions in the 1970s ravaged the country and the children of this time became the punks, partly as a reaction to the dire greyness of that era. Cue the '80s when the rigorous social mechanisation of Thatcherism was mirrored by the disjointed, inorganic sounds of its pop musicians, much beloved by the nouveau-cool of today.

This is where most accounts end. The 1990s are notable only in their lack of any one defining musical movement. Self-conscious, flavour-of-the-month mini-revolutions took place in the form of grunge, rave, rap-metal – they produced good music at times, but lacked any real mental longevity. And here we are today, children of the MTV generation, lacking a common musical purpose, a rallying point, a 'We Were There' moment.

However human creativity is a tough one to stifle and, if you can entertain the thought, I would argue that we

(that is, people of our generation with special emphasis on the people of Imperial College London) are at the cusp, or even in the throws of a musical revolution unlike any which has come before. A revolution not based on shared social values as in the '60s, or a shared sense of despair as in the '70s, but based rather on the technology which is now available to us. Music-making technology has come a long way since the hyper-awareness of the synthesiser movement of the '80s, when people were actually trying to make music which sounded like it was made by a robot. Now, making music with the aid of a computer has become the norm in most genres of pop and on the creative edge of this transition, people are using it to free the mind from any of the imposed constraints of instrumentation or practicalities of arrangement.

When writing music for two guitars, bass and drums, an infinity of musical avenues are instantly blocked. When making music on a computer, people have virtually instant access to every frequency, every texture, and even the most abstract samples of sci-fi cartoons from their childhood. As human-computer interfacing becomes a hot area of development, the mind becomes free to accurately express its variety and breadth. Watching someone playing around on Q-Bass who really knows their way around it is mind-blowing.

The new musical paradigm shift will not be started by poncy art-school know-it-alls, but by scientists, engineers, technologists, people who learn computer languages in their spare time, people who own calculators that can do graphs. Embrace the knowledge, Imperial College. You've got to stay in school to keep it cool.

What's on: IC Radio this week

Friday

- 13:00 – 14:00 Friday Lunchtime Fantastic
- 18:00 – 19:00 SoundBeam
- 20:00 – 22:00 The MusicTech Show

Saturday

- 11:00 – 13:00 VPT
- 15:00 – 17:00 Yes We Can

Sunday

- 16:00 – 17:00 The Pop Show
- 17:00 – 19:00 The G and T Show
- 19:00 – 20:00 Hypercommunication
- 21:00 – 23:00 The Crack Den

Monday

- 18:00 – 19:00 Clear the Dancefloor
- 19:00 – 20:00 Pick 'n' Mix
- 20:00 – 21:30 Peer Pressure

Tuesday

- 12:00 – 12:45 Capital Science

- 13:00 – 14:00 Science at One
- 14:00 – 15:30 Beyond the Hype
- 17:00 – 18:00 Maggie's Thatch
- 18:00 – 19:00 It's All About the Music
- 19:00 – 20:00 Believe the Hype

Wednesday

- 12:00 – 13:00 The Roushan Ala Show
- 14:00 – 15:00 The Indie Show
- 15:00 – 16:00 Consider This...
- 16:00 – 18:00 The Flagship Show
- 18:00 – 19:00 1 for the Heads
- 19:00 – 20:00 Off Beat
- 20:00 – 21:00 DJ Chainz Ice Cream Hour
- 21:00 – 23:00 Pirate IC Radio

Thursday

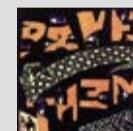
- 12:00 – 13:00 Belated Hype
- 13:00 – 14:00 Dead Air Space
- 16:00 – 17:00 Papercuts
- 18:00 – 19:00 Nath and Yuvi's Happy Hour
- 21:00 – 23:00 The Spectre Show

Pavement remastered

Twenty years after its release, James Houghton listens to the rejigged edition of Pavement's *Brighten the Creedence*



In their native America, Pavement release all of their music under the name 'Sidewalk'



Pavement
Brighten The Corners: Nicene Creedence Edition
Domino
★★★★

James Houghton

Forget Nelson Mandela's release from jail and Leslie Nielsen's birthday, February the 11th is only important for one thing; next Wednesday is the twelfth anniversary of the release of Pavement's *Brighten the Corners*. Every two years, since the band's demise eight years ago, Domino have been pumping out deluxe reissues of Pavement's albums in chronological order and December saw the release of the latest: *Brighten the Corners: Nicene Creedence Edition*. The 2-CD, forty-four track long monster contains a remastered version of the original album along with every B-side / compilation track / previously unheard live and studio track from the period of the original release.

The original album takes its place as the first 12 songs on the box set and really needs no introduction. Whilst arguably their most accessible and consistent album, it still has the trademark

Pavement feel: slightly shambolic, light and excited but totally perfect in its mess and never unplanned. Album opener 'Stereo' starts with Steve Malkmus telling us that "Pigs, they tend to wiggle when they walk" in an almost child-like manner, setting the light-hearted tone that prevails through the majority of the songs, maintaining an incredibly fun and catchy feel without becoming corny or clichéd. This is a great starting place for those yet to be enlightened, although die-hard fans won't be overly impressed by the remastering which has had minimal effect upon the overall sound of the album – it is slightly louder than the original perhaps, but it's barely noticeable and not enough to cause any substantial clipping or distortion.

The inclusion of a huge amount of additional B-sides and rare songs will get Pavement fan-boys hot under the collar. Eighteen of the extra thirty-two songs are all previously unreleased and the CDs come with a 62-page book (which was missing from my promo copy unfortunately, so I can only guess what's in it). The reissue is worth buying exclusively for the *Spit On A Stranger* B-side 'Harness Your Hopes' which is as good, if not better, than most of the original album tracks. It's hard to understand why they would leave such an excellent song off the album, but then Pavement were never predictable. As Steve Malkmus sings "Show me / A word that rhymes with pavement

/ And I won't kill your parents / And roast them on a spit", it's hard to stop that smile spreading across your face and his lyrical and rhyming style make sure that it stays there throughout the whole album. A few of the songs on the second disc (see 'Neil Hagarty Meets Jon Spencer in a Non-Alcoholic Bar' and 'It's a Rainy Day, Sunshine Girl')

"Forget Nelson Mandela's release from jail and Leslie Nielsen's birthday"

aren't particularly special or interesting but then with such a huge amount of songs there's always going to be a couple which don't stand out.

For Pavement fans this is definitely a worthy inclusion in your collection. If you're new to the band, the Nicene Creedence Edition is still worth buying. It's not particularly pricey and although it's dauntingly track-heavy, the original 12 tracks and the 'Spit On A Stranger' B-sides make it the perfect start to this incredibly influential band's back catalogue.

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Nightlife

Nightlife Editor – Catherine Jones (CJ)

nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Snow Bar!

Catherine Jones
Nightlife Editor

I guess I should start with some bad innuendo about white powder, as this is the nightlife section. Hahaha. Oh yes, of course I am talking in a sarcastic manner about snow blizzards, not cocaine. Hahaha. We're not all rampant drug takers here at the *felix* offices (I myself have checked into rehab). I love snow, but it certainly is not conjunctive with having an awesome night on the town. When the temperature drops below zero and the transport infrastructure is down, clubbing is off the menu.

As ever, you should make the most of the situation, Imperial students! Why not drink cocktails in the snow?! If you can't physically make it to a bar, make your own bar? It is the credit crunch after all...

So why not build your bar from scratch, placing blocks of snowman on top of each other like lego bricks. You could get carried away and create an

igloo drinking lodge!

Or, more realistically, you could simply find a preprepared, snow-covered wall to perch against. And this has its benefits. It's a safe and easy place to put your drink. Plus, you might require something sturdy to hold onto later. I find the ice underfoot strangely becomes a bit slipperier than expected after a few drinks.

Finally, don't forget the fabulous snow-themed drinks! I garnished my mojito with a sprinkling of snow. I call this new cocktail a sno-hito! Wow! And don't forget; that snow drift is nothing more than nature's beer cooler!

Okay I'm just messing here. Drinking out in the cold is not big or clever, or at all classy. It's one step above drinking cider on a park bench. Be careful with alcohol and snow. Think about the long term consequences of drinking alcohol (and eating snow) for your health and well being.



I was stood alone inside Tufnell park tube station, just north of Camden. The rain was heavy and unrelenting. I paused briefly weighing up my doubts, before running out headlong into the weather. As I carried along the road, pounding trance beats gradually started to dominate the urban soundscape and I felt a warm rush of excitement.

Then I was inside, walking along the hallway and waving goodbye to £10, but as I entered the main room my heart sank. The place was practically empty and wandering around I became increasingly self-conscious of my solo status. Defaulting to the bar, I grabbed a very reasonably priced pint of lager and found a discrete wooden post to lean against and take stock. There were two rooms of medium to large size, both like dishevelled school assembly halls. Thankfully the décor, which consisted mainly of luminously coloured fabric triangles, served well to cheer the place up. However, the lighting rigs and sound systems were fairly unspectacular, paling in comparison to those of more commercial venues. The DJs were playing psy-trance, progressively merged with flavours of house, breaks and other strains of electronica. The music was constantly evolving in terms of its rhythmic/harmonic struc-

ture and so succeeded in holding my attention.

As my first pint shallowed, the place was beginning to fill up and there was a lively vibe developing. Walking outside into the covered smoking area, I was soon at ease, sensing that the crowd were generally part of an eclectic community of intelligent, interesting and mostly warm-hearted people. The average age was probably in the late twenties and I soon found that dreadlocks, face-paint and flowery skirts were all common adornments. The first person I talked to turned out to be one of the DJs (Pieman) and before I knew it, I was being invited to bring my saxophone along and play at the next event!

Then I took to the dancefloor. The smooth flowing bass-lines and hypnotically iterative melodies seemed to weave connectively through each other. Squelchy saw-waves and ethereal twinkles created a rich texture, expansive and unmistakeable. Dance styles consisted of flowing circular movements and allowed for much interaction between individuals. There was a shared space and a shared purpose. I no longer felt alone.

The night was high-spirited and celebratory in nature. My sense of

Absolut(ely) Chilled

Ice Ice Baby! Catherine Jones just can't get enough of this ice

Absolut Ice Bar ★★★

Best: Capes
Worst: It's expensive...

Price: £12.50 Sunday-Wednesday for 40 minute time wwsot.

On one of the coldest days of the year, there is only one place to go. Absolut Ice Bar; the coolest bar, in temperature at least, in the whole of London town.

Absolut Ice Bar is a stylish, minimalist paradise. Everything is made of pure transparent ice, from the ice sculptures to ice cube glass containing my Absolut vodka cocktail. The beautiful crystal clear ice is sourced from the pure springs of the Torne River in Lapland.

Upon arrival, a doorman draped us in fabulous cloaks to keep us warm. These shiny blue ponchos with a furry hood had a "seventies disco elf" vibe going on, and certainly added fun to proceedings.

To keep the ice in tip-top condition, the bar is kept at a chilly minus five degrees celsius. "Is this eco-friendly?" my companion asked. I don't know, but there is certainly no other bar like it.

Our Absolut vodka cocktail in hand, we sat back in the fur lined ice seats, enjoying the futuristic blue lighting and smooth ice sculptures. My personal favourite was the ice cube chair, a '60s sci-fi "egg" chair. The combination of intriguing ice sculptures and sleek industrial silver floor made my slightly drunk companion chuckle,



Inside the Absolut Ice Bar. Warm clothing are a must

"Doesn't it remind you a bit of the Crystal Maze?". "No, it's like a perfume ad in my opinion".

After 40 minutes chilling out, it was our time to leave. We swept through the fur drapes out into the reality of the cold London streets. "It's like leaving Narnia" my accomplice said, and he was quite right. It was a captivating ice world, something out of the ordinary.

Overall, it was an enjoyable experience, something to save for a special

occasion. I think Absolut Ice Bar would be ideal for a quick pre-theatre drink, as the small icy capacity means time is limited to a disappointing 40 minutes per group.

I am excited to note Absolut Ice Bar will undergo an interior ice redesign in April; "Acclaimed jewellers David & Martin, former designers for Karl Lagerfeld, will be transforming the ABSOLUT ICEBAR into a glittering treasure trove of gemstones".

One Tribe unite on the dancefloor

David Boyce discovers a bohemian subculture of psy-trance, swirling colours and communal loving...

One Tribe ★★★★

Best: the crowd and the vibe
Worst: the venue and the sound system

Price: £10

I t was another murky January afternoon; my coffee was warm and my attention span short. I took to the internet. Left brain/right brain functioning, transcendental meditation, bohemian counterculture - my absent mind was dragged along through a chain of vaguely related themes as I clicked onwards. Eventually I arrived at <http://www.one-tribe.info/>, a multicoloured pastiche of swirling colours, hippie ideals and amusing animated butterflies. On inspection it turned out that the site was a hub for a multitude of London based parties and gatherings, where like-minded people could share friendship and a collective concern for the 'delicate planet and everything within it'. This all appeared sincere and well-intentioned, so with a spirit of inquisitiveness and mild adventure I decided to go to the next party.

It was 11pm on Saturday night and

time began to break down as I gradually became absorbed into the environment. Several hours passed. Periods of burning energy were punctuated by breaks outside where people shared freely their stories, thoughts and opinions. As conversations began to follow certain themes; trips to Goa, the history of trance, communal living and modern revolution, I began to realise that I'd tapped into the vein of a whole subculture.

Then the trance was broken. The music stopped and the lights came on. The night was over and the artifice of purpose gradually dissolved. I left the

club exhausted and refreshed as the daylight revealed pale faces and tired eyes. In the relative silence people slowly dissipated, heading their own separate ways. As I stood on the pavement, alone again, I recalled the name of the web site that had brought me there, 'One Tribe'. For a short time I had been a part of it and maybe I would be again.

One Tribe returns on Saturday 14th February for The 7th Heaven Valentine's Special. www.one-tribe.info



The smooth bass-lines weaved connectively through each other

Top music, but is it a rotten Egg?

Jessica Bland checks out MUAK (People together) @ Egg, with New York house legend Osunlade topping the bill

MUAK (People Together) ★★★

31st January

Egg

Price: £15 on door, £12 conc

Standing in the 5th arena of the Egg nightclub at half three on Saturday night, I got chatting to a guy. Unlike the predatory males who populated the two main dance floors, this one just wanted to share my place in front of the air conditioning. He put his hands up to the cold air and sighed, "Ah, oh dear, the poor rotten Egg." Really? I thought, I can't smell anything.

Then the penny dropped: "What, so you don't think much of this place then?"

"No," he says, "it's falling apart, and the crowd are just not cool."

Looking around at the slightly droopy tent-style ceiling and the sad looking dj playing to the twelve people sitting on dirty white leather stools, and thinking back to the testosterone fuelled dance floor, he definitely has a point.

Clubbing is much more fun when

there are nice toilets and clean floors and when I can dance by myself and not be bothered by anyone around me. But, unlike my new friend, I care more about the music than the people and that night the music can only be

"This man knows how to get people really dancing: no drops, no jump up beats, just damn good music."

described as bangin'

Muak did a great thing in getting New York house legend Osunlade to play in London. This man knows how to get people really dancing: no drops, no jump up beats, just damn good music.

By keeping the funk in house music, whilst avoiding the dismal genre of funky house, Osunlade is unlike any European Dj I can think of.

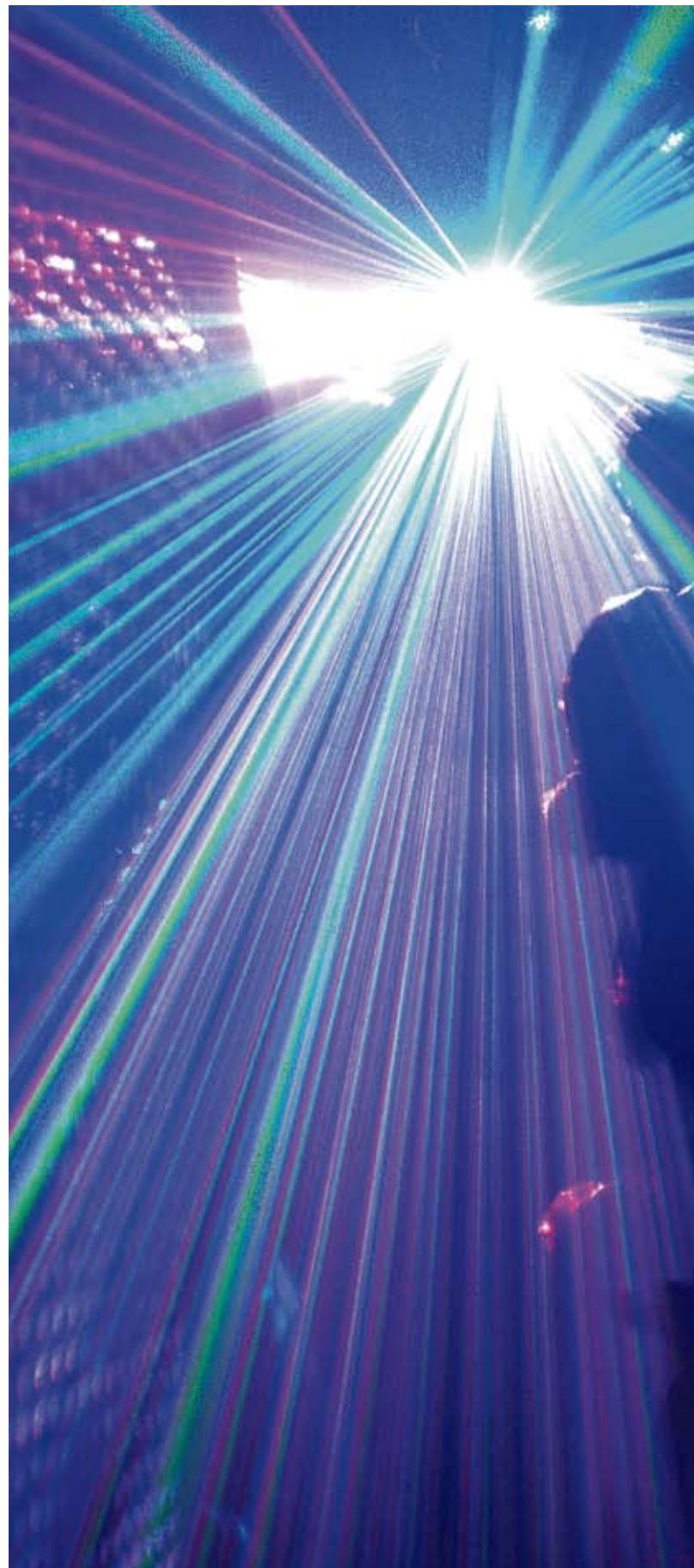
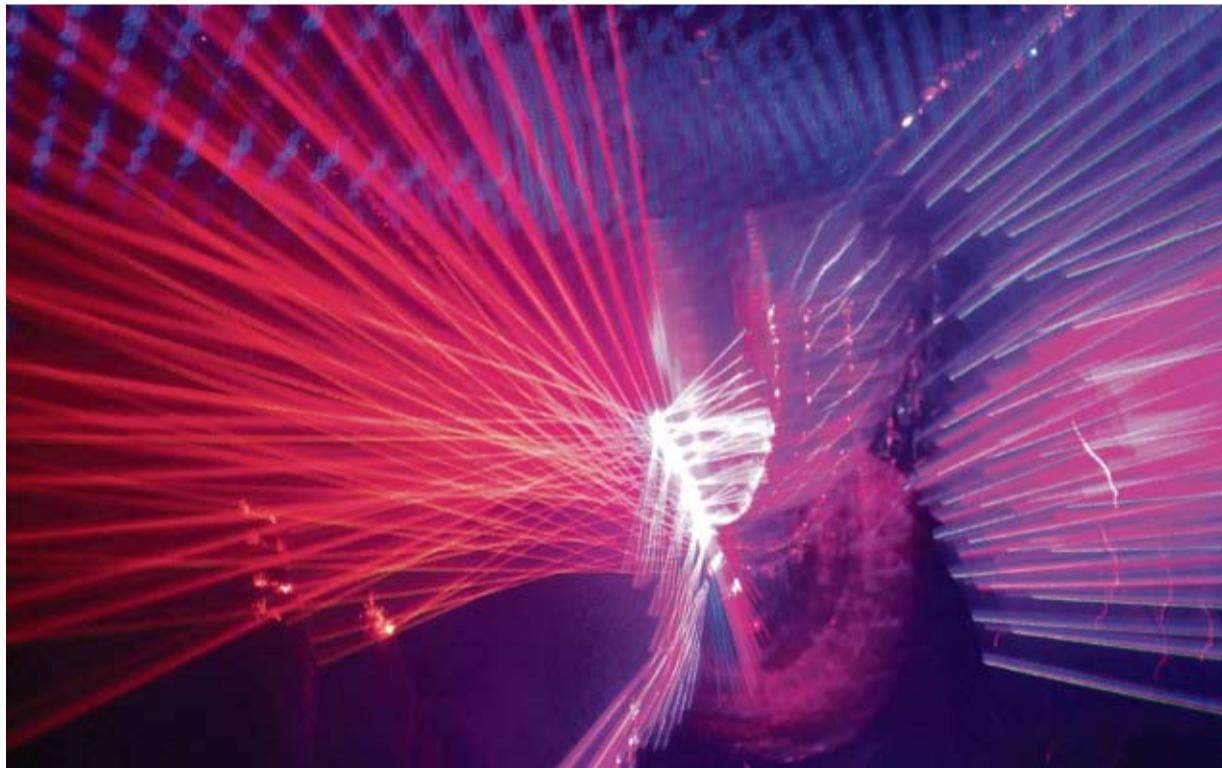
To add to this treat, we had Matthew Bandy on before him. Even without his partner from Deep House Soldiers (Joel Jackson), his mixing skills kept my attention long enough that I didn't even think about getting a drink until I had been in the club two hours already.

The only thing that was upsetting was that they were on in the smaller Basement rather than the Terrace room. So most people didn't even realise they were playing. Indeed, this was what baffled me most about the night – the difference between the music and the crowd. The crowd were unreactive (except in their leering) and the music soulful and imaginative, which all in all made for a bit of a bizarre evening.

The rotten egg man summed it up for me when he asked, "so who is playing tonight anyway?"

"This guy who is kind of a big deal in NY. Why are you here then if you don't like the place and don't know who is playing?"

"Well The End is shut now, as is Bar Rhumba et al and I am not 18 or for into minimalist, so I won't go to Fabric and I am not yet 30, so I won't go to Koko's. But I couldn't sleep; so I thought a bit of rotten Egg was better than drinking by myself."



Competition time!
Win a pair of tickets to
Propaganda!

Propaganda, the "UK's biggest indie student night" will soon be making its debut at KOKOs. Featuring the latest indie mixed with the classics, Radio 1 and MTV's Zane Lowe will be Dj ing in the main room. Elsewhere, DJ Dan and Geck will give an audio-visual DJ set in Room 2.

Wednesday 18th February,
KOKO, Camden High Street.
11:00pm-3:00am,
Tickets from £6.

To get your hands on those tickets. Just email the answer to this question to;
nightlife.felix@ic.ac.uk

What is the name of the Radio 1 DJ performing at Propaganda?

The closing date is 4pm
Wednesday 10th February.
www.thepropaganda.co.uk

Your Guide to Staying Safe on Campus

Sadly, students can be affected by crime and Imperial students are no exception. In a survey last year, most of you said you felt safe on our campuses but felt less so when going further afield. There are a lot of things you can do to reduce your chances of being a victim of crime, both on and off campus. These include protecting your property against theft, staying safe when drinking and staying safe on the streets. The following advice has been taken from governmental websites- for more details please visit www.crimereduction.homeoffice.gov.uk

Immobilise- protecting your property

Immobilise is the UK National Property Register, and should be a first stop for all students. The idea is that you register your property such as laptops, phones and MP3 players using their serial number on your personal portfolio which is completely free. If it is then lost or stolen, you use Immobilise to tell law enforcement, your insurer, and the second-hand trade to assist in recovering your property and catch the thief.

Immobilise is the world's largest FREE register of possession ownership details and with its sister site CheckMEND (www.checkmend.com) the largest database of stolen property and blocked mobile phones. This online checking service is used by all the UK Police forces to trace owners of lost and stolen property. In addition Immobilise is checked daily by a huge range of recovery agencies and lost property offices including the Transport For London Lost Property Office.

As a direct result of Immobilise there are over 250 cases a week where property is returned or information collected that assists the Police in investigating criminal activity involving stolen goods. Visit www.immobilise.com for details.



Bike theft

With an the ever-increasing popularity of cycling, the South Kensington campus has seen a weekly increase in the number of bikes parked on site. Unfortunately we still see a number of thefts from the campus. The bikes that have been stolen are often those that haven't been locked up, ones with insufficient bike locks and those parked in insecure areas.

When you purchase your bike:

- Take out insurance, either by extending your home contents insurance or through a separate policy. Cycling organisations and bike shops may offer specialist cover.
- Register your bicycle model, make and frame number. This assists the police in returning recovered bikes to their rightful owners.
- Take a clear, colour photograph of your bike and make a written record of its description, including any unique features, so that you can report it accurately if stolen.
- Security mark the bicycle.

When locking up your bike, try to take the following into account:

- Always lock your bicycle, even if you are just leaving it for a couple of minutes.
- Lock your bike to an immovable object. Use a proper bike rack/ground anchor. Remember that thieves can remove drainpipes and lift bikes off signposts.
- Lock your bike through the frame.
- Secure removable parts. Lock both wheels and the frame together. Take with you smaller parts and accessories that can be removed without tools, for example lights, pumps, computers, panniers and quick-release saddles, or fit security fasteners on items such as wheels, headsets and seat posts.
- Make the lock (and chain, if used) and bike hard to manoeuvre when parked – to stop thieves smashing the lock open.

- Never leave the lock lying on the pavement – a lock can be sledgehammered easily when it's resting on the ground.
- Locks can also be picked, so face the lock towards the ground (but not resting on it) so it can't easily be turned upwards for picking.

There are many different locks on the market and price is not necessarily a reliable indicator of quality. The most important factor is how long the product can resist attack.

- You should look for products that have been tested against attack. Check out www.soldsecure.com for certified locks, or ask your local bike shop for a recommendation.
- Invest in a quality lock. Hardened steel D-shaped locks are recommended as the minimum standard. It is worth spending proportionately more on a lock for a more expensive bike.

Drink spiking

Drink spiking is when mind-altering substances, such as drugs or alcohol have been added to your drink without you knowing. Sadly, this is increasingly common in the UK, with the most common motive being the intention to carry out sexual assault, rape or theft. 11% of drink spiking victims are male.

The most common drugs used are GHB, rohypnol and ketamine. These drugs act as an anaesthetic when mixed with alcohol, reducing a person's ability to resist sexual assault or robbery. They are usually tasteless, odourless, and have no colour. Therefore, it is hard to tell if your drink has been spiked by tasting, smelling, or looking at it.

If your drink has been spiked with GHB, rohypnol, or ketamine, symptoms normally come on within 5 to 20 minutes, and can last as long as 12 hours. However, your symptoms can vary depending on what drug has been used. Common symptoms include:

- dizziness and difficulty with walking,
- confusion or feeling of disorientation, especially the next day,
- nausea or vomiting,
- hallucinations,
- tiredness and fatigue,
- difficulty speaking, or slurred speech,
- visual problems, blurred vision,
- paranoia
- memory loss

If you begin to feel really drunk after a small amount of alcohol, or you think that your drink has been spiked with drugs, get help from a friend, relative, or a senior member of management in the club or pub you are in. Tell someone you trust immediately. Get to a place of safety as soon as possible, and only go home with someone who you totally

trust. If you are with people you do not know, contact a trusted friend or relative and ask them to pick you up and look after you.

If you are experiencing symptoms such as drowsiness, vomiting or hallucinations, go to an Accident and Emergency (A&E) department immediately. Tell the medical staff there that you believe your drink was spiked, and they will contact the police for you as drink spiking is illegal. The police may ask to take a blood or urine sample from you so that it can be tested for any unusual substances. Most drugs leave your body within 12-72 hours, so it is important you are tested as soon as possible if you think your drink has been spiked.

If your drink has been spiked, it is unlikely you will be able to see, taste or smell any difference, so it is important that you try to prevent it from happening. Follow these guidelines to lower the risk of your drink being spiked:

- keep your drink in your hand, and hold your thumb over the opening if you are drinking from a bottle,
- keep an eye on your friends' drinks,
- do not leave your drink unattended at any time, even while in the toilet,
- never accept a drink from anyone you do not know or trust,
- if you go on a date with someone you do not know, tell a friend or relative where you will be and what time you will be back, and
- try to drink from a bottle rather than a glass when possible, as it is more difficult to spike a drink in a bottle.

Personal Safety

Self-defence and safety awareness classes may help you feel more secure. There are some student societies that offer this such as the Filipino Martial Arts Society and other organisation. Visit www.suzylamplugh.org for some more information.

CABWISE 

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Cabwise

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Clubs & Societies

Clubs & Socs Editor - Alice Rowlands

Is your club cooler than the cat that got the cream? Write to us.

clubsandsocs.felix@imperial.ac.uk

All in a weekend for fellwanderers

Heather Jones reports on the Fellwanderers' weekend trip to the Yorkshire Dales

It was not an auspicious start. Maybe the seven fellwanderers who dropped out before we departed on Friday night had some inkling of what was in store for those who braved the Yorkshire Dales at the end of November, hoping for crisp blue skies and beautiful views.

The exodus from London was straightforward and both minibuses made good time to Warwick where we stopped to visit a fish-and-chip shop for dinner. The first error of the trip was made after Warwick; the fish and chips clearly having addled Nathaniel's brain causing the second minibus to miss the junction for the M6 and take a 10-mile detour via Burton-on-Trent before rejoining the motorway.

Continuing north it was the turn of the other bus to take the scenic route and after persevering down some very icy and steep single-track roads both buses arrived in Garsdale together. Although the gap through the hall's gate posts was perilously close to the width of a Union minibus both drivers managed to safely negotiate the minibuses into the parking field, where it soon became apparent that they weren't going to escape so easily. So, after a good measure of pushing and spinning wheels, we retired for the night hoping for the ground to freeze enough to get the buses out in the morning...

Upon entering the hall it didn't take long for suspicions about the water supply to be aroused. The bathrooms smelt unpleasantly of sulphur, in fact, all running water at Garsdale's village hall smelt the same and occasionally had peculiar black flecks in it for added interest. I persevered and brushed my teeth with it (trying hard not to notice the black bits). Others, wisely, were not so brave and used the little water we had brought from London. So, with the grim sceptre of contaminated water and the possibility of no transport the next morning, we went to sleep, at least those with good sleeping bags did... the heaters in the hall weren't producing quite as much heat as some of us would have liked...

The next morning we boiled the water and hoped that despite the lingering smell we would have killed anything dangerous. With water supply issues "solved", attention turned to the buses. Luckily the ground had frozen overnight and while one bus escaped relatively easily the other required a little more coaxing. Eventually it was jacked up, and a road was built beneath its back wheels allowing us all to drive to the start of our walk, Kilnsey...

Or maybe not. The first bus, driven by Nathaniel and Rachel, thought we were all going to Kilnsey. We were. However, bus two driven by Rafal and Chris took an alternative route and when the first bus saw it turning off the road they were confused into thinking it was heading to not-so nearby Malham and went there instead. Forty minutes and a number of confused calls and texts later, it was discovered that bus one was in Malham and bus two was in Kilnsey. Happily, this gave the Kilnsey bus time to visit nearby Grassington to buy essentials such as chocolate and drinking water, plus squeeze in a pre-walk hot chocolate at the pub, conveniently making us pub

patrons so we could leave the buses in their car park.

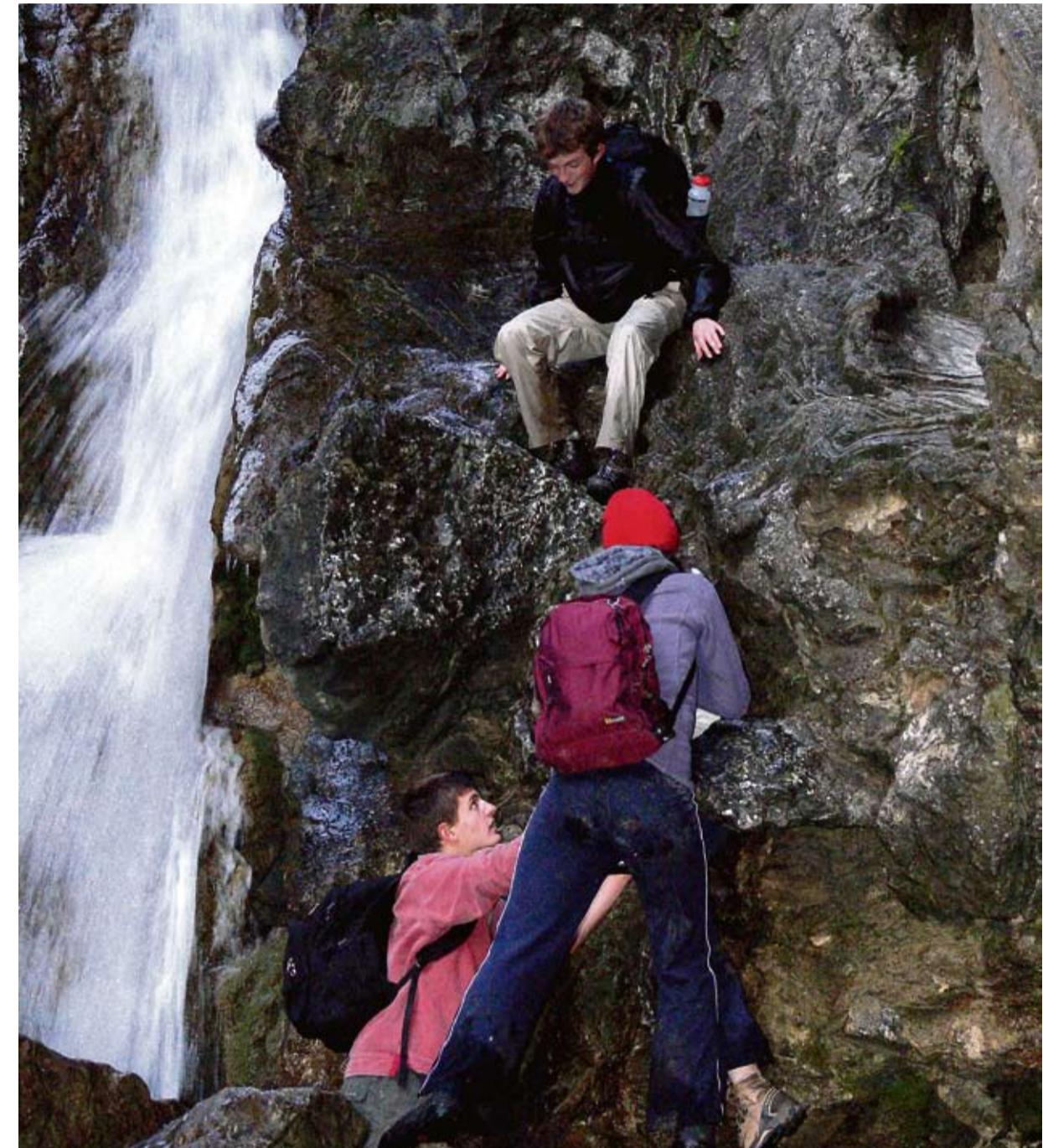
Eventually we were reunited and began walking. Due to cold, clear and mercifully dry weather, the views were beautiful although the dying rabbit lying in the middle of the path dampened the mood a little. We stopped for lunch at Malham Tarn, and admired the thin layer of ice over the lake as we ate. Most people had decided against drinking any more of the water from the hall by this point. However, this precautionary measure came too late for Jim. Shortly after lunch he felt so ill it was decided that he and some others would return to the bus directly instead of completing the walk. Those continuing decided to take the path rated as "difficult" down to Malham pub from which a couple of people could be dispatched to walk back collect and the other minibus.

The "difficult" path kept giving warnings of how challenging the descent was going to be and as we got closer and closer to an impressively steep-looking gorge we realised that we needed to get to the bottom. As the sun got lower and lower in the sky, it became apparent that the warnings of difficulty perhaps should have been heeded as we effectively climbed down a waterfall clinging onto freezing, wet rocks. It took the intrepid scramblers the best part of an hour to go less than 100m down the waterfall but having safely made it at dusk the fellwanderers were split into three groups; Jim's group, the group on the way to the pub and the group going back across the moors for the other minibus. After some amusing walking across the moors in winter, at night with no light, we were all reunited at the pub and set off back to Garsdale for dinner.

The drive back to the hall was interesting to say the least. The roads were extremely icy and steep, with what I consider inadequate protection from drops on either side. At one point we stopped on the way up a hill, put the brakes and found we were still moving... back down the hill. However thanks to some very skilled, although at times alarming, driving we all made it back to the hall ready for dinner.

We decided to get cleaner water to cook dinner with and it was at this point that we realised how peculiarly empty Garsdale was. Sure there were houses, but there was no evidence that any of them actually had residents. Upon knocking on the door of one house we were met by a lone man in a half-renovated house with what looked suspiciously like a sniper rifle sitting in one corner. After revealing he hadn't spoken to anyone all day he proceeded to make us feel comfortable in Garsdale by telling stories of the babies' bones that had been found at the abortionist's house in the village and the supposedly haunted village hall...

The excitement for the evening was not yet over though. After dinner, whilst playing the traditional werewolf game, an ex-Imperial student who happened to be passing by and noticed the minibuses came in to let us know where the best places to walk were. He seemed to assume (correctly) that walking unannounced into a village hall in the middle of nowhere at mid-



The crew attempt to scale the rocks next to one of the waterfalls in the dales

night wouldn't be a problem for anyone. However, his advice on the best walks to do in the area was gratefully received and Sunday's walk was more challenging, but also more spectacular, than Saturday's.

On Sunday we gained enough height to have a clear view of the Lake District, Howgill Fells, the Pennines and the Dales and were treated to snow at the top for our banner photo. Everyone was happy that the stunning weather continued although high morale on Sunday may also have had something to do with squeezing in a second breakfast at a café before the walk. At this café the reason for our hall's dodgy water supply became apparent. The café owners told us that Garsdale didn't have mains water and all the water they used came off the mountains and was filtered to become drinkable. Interestingly, being from Imperial, we took a water sample and upon analysis found that it did actually meet the minimum standards for drinking water.

Happy fellwanderers got back into the buses on Sunday afternoon having had a lovely walk and were eagerly

looking forward to a well-deserved pub dinner. Sadly this was not to be. Whilst driving along a single track bridge on the way to the M6 the car in front of one of the minibuses stopped suddenly.

The brakes were slammed on and we stopped in time but couldn't pass it and were shocked when an angry man got out and started running at the bus waving his fist! In a moment of panic the driver reversed to try and get away and unfortunately bumped the car behind him. The crazy man in front saw this, laughed and drove away before anyone could do anything. The car behind was almost undamaged but unfortunately the minibus had a significant dent in it... As time passed sorting things out, the chances of a well deserved pub meal were diminishing but we needn't have worried. All hopes of a pub meal were dashed as we entered truly horrific traffic. Due to an accident on the M6 a whole junction was closed and the motorway was backed up, practically stationary, for miles. We managed to crawl just three miles in three hours, in the cripplingly cold (at the back of the buses at least) and mind-

numbingly boring traffic jam with the only points of interest being the many cars overheating on the hard shoulder occasionally sending clouds of smoke over the buses.

By the time we escaped the M6 it was around the time we had expected to be home and we were only as far as Manchester. Stopping at a petrol station with an attached Chinese to regroup seemed to be the best plan, even though their toilet facilities had clearly been used by everyone else who had escaped the M6 that night too... It was 2am by the time we got back to London and the minibus drivers nobly drove the majority of the fellwanderers home to bed. The whole trip had lasted an impressive 56 hours and most of us would agree that whilst it was a significantly more eventful fellwanderers excursion than the average perhaps not all of the excitement ought to be repeated!

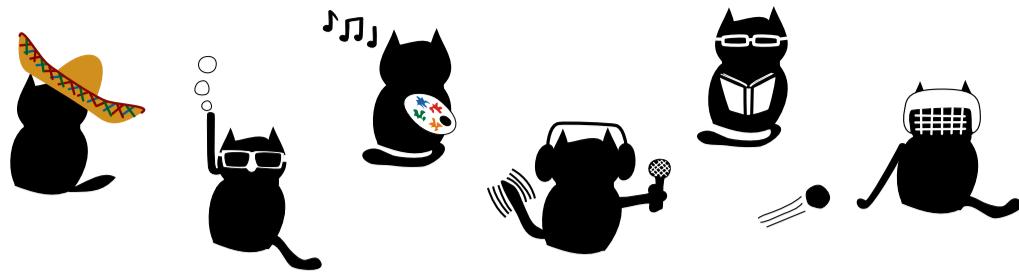
If you would like to join the adventure or find out more we meet for lunch on Tuesday's in dB's from 12:30. Or check out www.fellwanderers.com

What's on...

Clubs & Societies Calendar

Editors – Lily Topham & Rachel D’oliveiro

whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Monday

Valentine's Day Roses Sale

SIFE Imperial are selling high quality and affordable roses that you can pre-order for the perfect Valentine's Day surprise!

All profits go to charity. Please come along and find out more at our booth from Monday to Thursday this week!

Time: 12-2pm
Place: Sherfield, Level 1 Foyer

Art Exhibition

'Colours of Ubud' is the latest exhibition taking place in the Blyth Gallery.

It features work from Dr Delisa Ibanez Garcia, a Research Associate at the National Heart and Lung Institute, and is on display from 4th - 13th February.

Time: Open 8am - 10pm
Place: Blyth Gallery, Level 5 Sherfield
Price: Admission Free

Welcome to What's On! As usual, this page features club and society events running from Monday to Sunday of next week, let us know what you are up to!

The deadline for next week's edition is midnight on **Monday 9th February**. Send in the following to whatson.felix@ic.ac.uk.

- Club name
- Event name
- Date(s) & Time
- Place
- Price (if applicable)
- Short description of the event (max. 30 words)

Tuesday

Valentine's Day Roses Sale

SIFE Imperial are selling high quality and affordable roses that you can pre-order for the perfect Valentine's Day surprise!

All profits go to charity. Please come along and find out more at our booth from Monday to Thursday this week!

Time: 12-2pm
Place: Sherfield, Level 1 Foyer

iCU Cinema

iCU Cinema is hosting a Monty Python themed week: "Everything I Know In Life I Learned From Monty Python".

We will be showing "The Life of Brian" and "The Holy Grail" on both Tuesday and Thursday.

Time: 6pm – Life of Brian
8pm – The Holy Grail
Place: Union Concert Hall, Beit
Price: £3 (one film), £5 (both films).

Membership to iCU Cinema can be bought on the door or online for £3 and includes one free film.

Jam Night

Jazz and Rock invites you to Jam Night. Admission is FREE and it is open to all.

Bring yourself, some beer money and your chosen instrument. It's a great way to meet like minded musicians and potentially form a band.

Time: 7pm
Place: dB's, Beit
Price: Admission Free

Wednesday

Valentine's Day Roses Sale

SIFE Imperial are selling high quality and affordable roses that you can pre-order for the perfect Valentine's Day surprise!

All profits go to charity. Please come along and find out more at our booth from Monday to Thursday this week!

Time: 12-2pm
Place: Sherfield, Level 1 Foyer

Drama Workshop

Try out a free drama workshop courtesy of Dramsoc. Anyone is welcome – no prior experience necessary!

Time: 2pm - 5pm
Place: Union Dining Hall, Beit
Price: Admission Free

ACC Bar Night

Come share a drink or several with the ACC teams!

Tickets are available on the door and also in advance.

For further information, contact accvc@imperial.ac.uk

Time: 8pm
Place: dB's, Beit
Price: £7/£3 (alcoholic drinks/non-alcoholic drinks).

Thursday

Every Nation Debate

Every Nation Society invite you to a debate on 'Understanding the Opposite Sex' that asks questions such as 'Why do Women talk so much?' and 'Do men actually have any feelings?'. The night will involve a game-show, a talk on understanding the opposite sex, and a Q&A session.

Time: 5:30pm
Place: Café, Elec Eng
Price: Admission Free

iCU Cinema

iCU Cinema is hosting a Monty Python themed week: "Everything I Know In Life I Learned From Monty Python".

Time: 6pm – The Holy Grail
8pm – Life of Brian
Place: Union Concert Hall, Beit
Price: £3 (one film), £5 (both films).

Membership to iCU Cinema can be bought on the door or online for £3 and includes one free film.

RCSU Science Challenge

Guest Lecture by Edward P. Gibson, Chief Cyber Security Advisor Microsoft UK, and ex-FBI Special Agent.

The Internet is one of the greatest inventions ever created. Edward P. Gibson will explore trends in the developments of the Internet, in particular the threats that this technology poses and the benefits it can bring.

Time: 6pm
Place: LT 1, Chem Eng
Price: Admission Free

Friday

Percussion Society Session

Ever wanted to try out Trash Percussion?

Made famous by STOMP, trash percussion is an accessible mixture of simple rhythms, body percussion and dance (more street than ballroom). A collection of everyday objects combined with a bit of choreography is enough to make a routine you'd be happy to perform by the end of the evening, so come along and give it a try!

Time: 7pm
Place: Room 301, RSM
Price: Admission Free

International Night 2009

International Night is an annual event brought to you by various students from different Overseas Societies at Imperial, who have created a series of spectacular performances from different cultures around the world.

All proceeds go to Médecins Sans Frontières, an international humanitarian aid organisation that provides emergency medical assistance to populations in danger in more than 70 countries.

For tickets contact: int.night@ic.ac.uk or visit www.union.ic.ac.uk/osc

Time: 7pm (doors open)
Place: Great Hall, Sherfield
Price: £7/£10 Students/Non-Students)

Saturday

Hyde Park Relays 2009

Hyde Park Relays is an annual event hosted by the Cross-Country and Athletics Club and is considered to be the biggest international student relay event in Europe, attracting over 800 participants from Europe, across UK and within college every year.

Please log on to www.union.ic.ac.uk/acc/hpr to find out more and apply!

Time: Registration from 10:30am; Race starts at 14:00

Place: Hyde Park

Price: Teams are Mens and Mixed = 6 people £18 each run 5km; Women = 4 people £12 each run 3km

Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



I can haz
iPhone?

Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

A terrible thing happened this week! My iPhone went broke. Now I realise that that isn't a sentence, but it went broke real bad. Now let me explain why this is such a big deal. My phone is basically my life (apart fr, now people say this all the time, but in my case I can definitely tell you it's true. For the 24 hours I was without a phone, I was completely cut off from the outside world. I couldn't speak to my friends, colleges, contractors... anyone! The silence was not welcome, especially since this has been a pretty busy week. Being busy means lots of phone calls, e-mails and texts. Something quite important. That was a

dark time people. All my iPhone would say is "No Service". I'm like "what the fuck do you mean no service?" Thankfully I was saved by the apple man. More specifically, the man at the apple store who kindly changed my iPhone over for free. Awesomez!!! Admittedly I expected it to be swapped for free, but only after a struggle with upper management. However this was a pain free and easy process. Would you know it, my phone is all fine again, and I can finally call Kadhim Shubber after about eight weeks of avoiding contact. Well maybe I'll give it a week, but I can finally go out with the piece of mind that I have my phone if I need it. You know, to call the police, or a hitman.

Aero Eng: What position was Sir

To get you psyched in the mean time we've got a tantalising taster for you here in the daylight safety of college- all you have to do is answer the clues, which are all located in places accessible to everyone in the college, so no excuses.

Last week, to tie in with the launch of the Science Challenge, we brought you questions from various science buildings so it is only fair that this week is for the Engineers. Here it goes...

Chemistry: 6 July 1993

Well, that snow was certainly very exciting, but something that is equally if not more exciting is the Annual RCC Nighthike; one crazy night of clue finding, adventurous walking and hopefully a bit of map reading- but if you can't don't let that put you off. All this is happening on the night of 28th February, and it's now possible to get more information or sign up your team by logging on to our website www.union.ic.ac.uk/rcc/nighthike.

Roderic Hill in the RAF & what years was he rector?

RSM: By the ornate entrance, there are two stone carvings of heads- but who are they?

Mech Eng: Which rector placed the plaque in the case of the clock in the Mech Eng Foyer?

EEE: What floor is the balcony on? Skempton (Civ Eng): What friendly sign is directly above the main entrance?

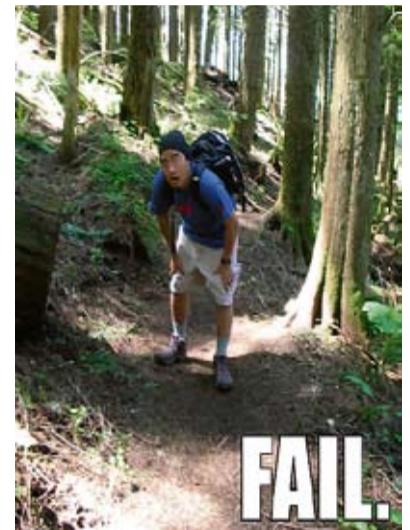
And now it's like Jeopardy (the games show) where we'll tell you the answers from last week's Quizzy Wizzy:

Blackett Laboratory: Diamond

Biochemistry entrance: Sir Derek Barton & Sir Geoffrey Wilkinson

Huxley: Biology

RCS1: Descartes, Galileo, Copernicus



Another epic fail. This guy is shit



Strawberry?



Military Secret Weapon No. 179



Lego Newton



Seriously whadafuh?



Nice!

Top Trumps

Cut them out!

Highest score
wins

Collect them all!

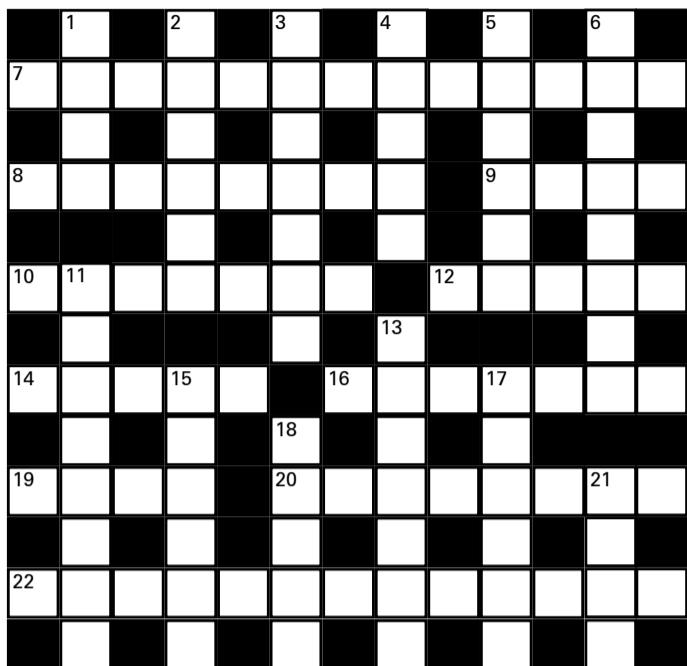
Watch this
space for
additional cards



Fun & Games

sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

A Quickie (Crossword) 1,423



Solution 1,422



Well done to last week's winner **Enoch**. Yes, he is the brain box who actually formulates the crosswords. But is he allowed to enter considering he wrote it? Well yes, he bloody well is. You're all fucking idiots. Why don't you write in to me? You know how hard it is if I have to answer the fucking thing before I can put the solution in? Well I shall tell you. Very. This man does not have a normal sized brain – he makes cryptic clues for fucks sake! It's not just a time thing, there are iPods at stake

here... and Bounty bars! That's chocolate and music. Fuck it. I'll even throw in a dirty hooker. What more of an incentive do you need? I understand if the editor-in-chief scares you, but don't worry. We have brought him a muzzle this week as he keeps on biting the Arts Editors. If I don't get answers this week, someone will get smashed in the genitals. I don't care if you are a girl. Right that's it. Anyone who sends me a correct fucking answer who is not in a team gets **100 points**. Now piss off.

ACROSS

- 7 Defiant of authority (13)
- 8 Capable of magnanimity (8)
- 9 The 15th of any month (4)
- 10 Irreligious (7)
- 12 Perfect template (5)
- 14 Collapse in refined amazement (5)
- 16 Spanner in the works (7)
- 19 Carpenter's tool (4)
- 20 Timbre; specific pitch of a sound (8)
- 22 Specialist in female medical issues (13)

DOWN

- 1 Poker bet (4)
- 2 Papal envoy (6)
- 3 Light dessert (7)
- 4 In an unusual fashion (5)
- 5 Cool down; relax (6)
- 6 Cheap accommodation area on a ship (8)
- 11 The 21st century (8)
- 13 Fold; crease (7)
- 15 Monodirectional (3-3)
- 17 Russian cetacean (6)
- 18 Broth; supply (6)
- 21 Labour; job (4)

FUCWIT League Table

Team Shotgun	188 Points
Möchten sie mein Manschaft?	186 Points
Giramundo	54 Points
Hringur Gretarsson	29 Points
Jonathan Phillips	18 Points
Team Rubbish	17 Points
Scii Comm	16 Points
Enoch	15 Points

Right then, the Felix University/College-Wide Invitational Tournament League is officially back, and it's about time we explain what the hell is going on.

Basically, you get points for doing all the various puzzles and challenges, and at the end of the year, the winning team will win an iPod nano! Pretty cool right? The scoring is as follows:

5 points for the first correct answers for Slitherlink, Wordoku, London Underground and Quickie. 4 points for second, 3 points for third, 2 points for fourth and 1 point for fifth.

Double points will be awarded for correct cryptic crossword answers, because it's über hard.

Simple! Now then FUCWITs, send in your answers to felix@imperial.ac.uk or sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Go!

Horosnowpes – yellow snow Horoscopes. Yummy

Bob the Tom decided that snow is shit and needed pissing on. Then a small child should be forced to eat it

**Aquarius**

This week you will be curled up on your kitchen floor shivering. You're going cold turkey and desperately need

some coke. You look out of the window and see that the whole of London is covered in a white fluffy substance. With a shriek you grab a shovel, run outside and create a 3m line in your garden. You die of pneumonia. Fuck tard.

**Taurus**

You're clambering up the stairs in Blackett because the lift has broken. 'Three Perish in Blackett Lift' Plummet' scream the headlines in *felix*. "Inconsiderate cunts dying," you think "making me take the stairs." Your bowels implode. You fall over the bannister plunging six floors. Blood. Faeces. Massive shit infused damage.

**Leo**

ROAR! ROOOOAR! That's the sound of me on the prowl. Hello ladies. Why yes, I would like to investigate your crevices – thanks for throwing yourself at my feet. If you'd like some hot one-on-one action with this manifestation of manly machismo, send a self-addressed pair of knickers to the *felix* office so I can smell your innocence.

**Scorpio**

Snow, snow, fucking snow. Next time someone tells me how fucking icy it is walking into College I'm not going to ram yellow snow down their throat, oh no. It'll be bloodcurdling burgundy snow sprinkled with a dash of semen for salty seasoning. And if you don't suck it dry I'm going to come round your house and bite your fucking goldfishes' eyes out. You cock stubble.

**Gemini**

Every This week you write a shitty column extolling yet more drivel about how sexually liberated you are.

**Pisces**

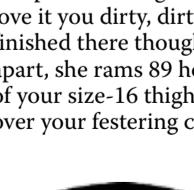
I know a certain person who writes an angry geeky column for the paper. I have got to say if I shit on the page and then swirled it with a stick it would be an improvement. What gives you the right to inflict your unimaginative, mind-numbing boring SHIT onto us. If only you had half a brain you might be as intelligent as a goldfish.

**Virgo**

Hush little child, don't say a word/ You're in safe hands now/I've got a little present for you/ Come to my ice-cream van and see/Hush little child don't say a word/ You're in safe hands now/Here is my 99 for you/Gobble it down, gobble gobble gobble/ Hush little child don't say a word/ You're in safe hands now/*CENSORED*//*CENSORED*

**Aries**

And look here! A wild Jiffy-bag grazing on the luscious green pastures of a fertile Pritt-Stick. O glorious amazement! But wait! What's this? A Golden Stapler soaring through the skies swoops down engulfing the Jiffy in its sharp, pointed claws – its prey fighting a futile battle. All is lost. Life has expired. Silence.

**Sagittarius**

This week you decide you hate Peter Sinclair. Good, I always thought he was a cunt too. Here's what you're going to do about it: fill a bath full of caustic soda, chop his toes off, one-by-one before dipping each stub into the bubbling, fuming liquid. Then smash his face in with an anvil before eating an omelette off his mum's axe-gash whilst he watches.

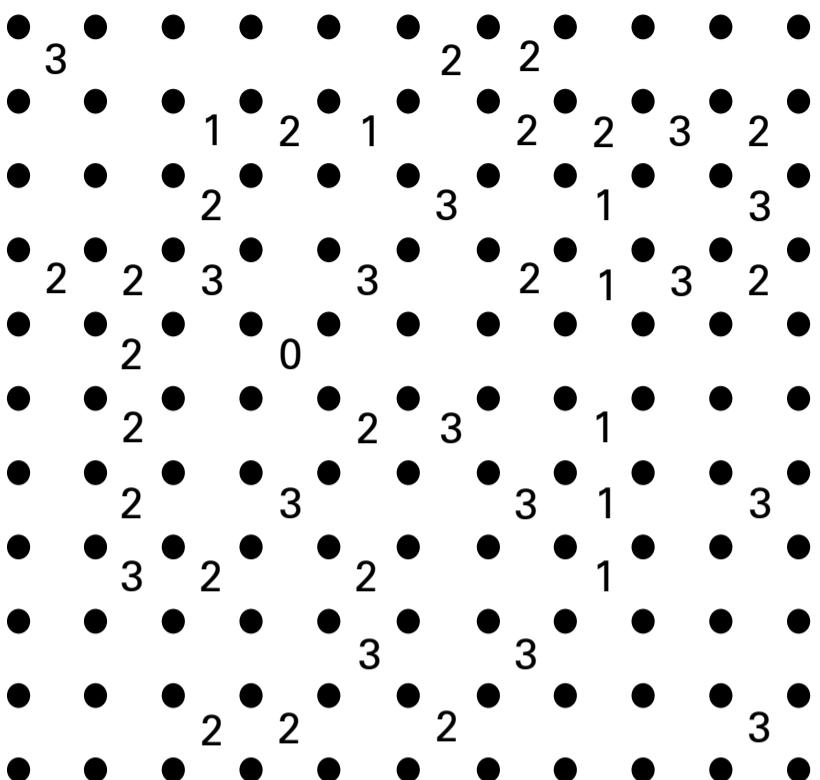
**Cancer**

I overran. Fucking sue me you cunt. Eat a chlamydia infected clunge please. Now, jog on. Moron.

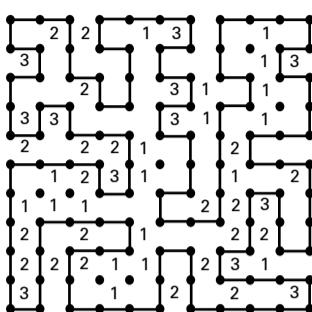
**Capricorn**

You spend most of the early part of this week stumbling about in the snow. Well done to you. Unfortunately you slipped and had a metal road sign tear through your jeans. Right up your arsehole – destroying your internal organs in the process. You crawl to hospital with severe internal bleeding and a 'caution men working overhead' sign hanging out of your arse. Pint?

Slitherlink 1,423



1,422 Solution



Well done to team **Shotgun** for winning last week. I am actually far too happy. Really I am. If the rest of you want to get answers in I will be even happier. Really, I love *felix*.

How to play:

It's quite simple, all numbers are in a cell and must be surrounded with a corresponding number lines. Lines cannot split and there can only be one continuous line. Any cells with no numbers can have any number of lines. Look at the solution above for help.

Wordoku 1,423

K	S	O	C	U	W
	C	S		O	
	K	Y			
		W		S	U
Y					C
F	W		C		
		N	K		
	O		F	U	
W	K	C	U	Y	N

Scribble box

1,422 Solution

R	I	A	L	D	Y	G	T	S
T	D	Y	S	I	G	L	A	R
L	S	G	T	R	A	Y	D	I
I	Y	R	G	T	L	D	S	A
D	G	S	A	Y	I	R	L	T
A	L	T	R	S	D	I	G	Y
S	T	D	Y	L	R	A	I	G
G	R	I	D	A	T	S	Y	L
Y	A	L	I	G	S	T	R	D

Shotgun were *again* last week's winners, underlining the fact that they have no friends. However for the rest of you, the hidden word was 'DIRTYSLAG'. The offer of a flaky white Bounty bar for all correct answers still stands.

Wordoku is identical to Sudoku; we've just replaced numbers with letters. Complete the puzzle and then send the whole grid to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. You will not get credit for just the word alone. It's not an anagram.

Going Underground

Last week, **Möchten sie mein Mannschaft** snow ploughed their way to victory by finding WIMBLEDON PARK. This week it's much shorter... partly due to the snow causing delays. To my brain. And topically to the whole of the Underground system.

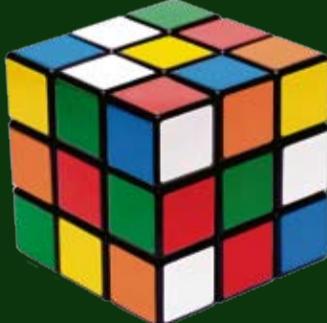
Each letter in the alphabet is assigned a value, 1-26 (see table) and when added together for a specific word the sum equals the total shown. All you have to do is scan and send the Underground station that is hidden each week to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

B	A	N	K	=	28	2+1+14+11=28. Job done.
2	1	14	11			

So which London tube station sums to 59?

-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	=	59
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-		



ACC BAR NIGHT

This Wednesday at dB's

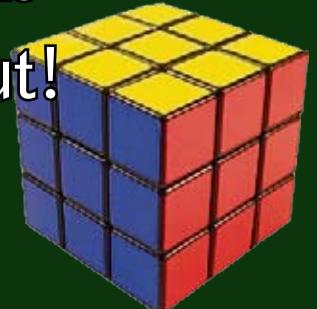
£5 in advance, £7 on the door, £3 soft drinks only

Fosters, Blackthorn, John Smiths and Soft Drinks

As much as you can drink, or until 20 kegs run out!

e-mail accvc@ic.ac.uk

Dress in Rubik's Cube colours



Ask the captain - Lauren Chalmers

Lauren Chalmers, the ladies Medicals 1st XI captain braved the Wednesday morning snow to meet Mustapher Botchway.

Good morning Lauren on this bright but very cold Wednesday morning. First things first. What is your status on your year so far?

Yeah it hasn't gone too badly. We lost a couple of key players last year, but we have overcome that and everyone that has come in has played really well.

So far in our BUCS league, we are third. We should be third but we lost to Essex due to what I would like to call a 'Maradona (Hand of God) Moment' where one of the opposing players lifted up off their body and into the goal, which was unfortunate. We should be higher but so far so good. We are doing well.

As you said, you have lost some key players last year. What is the history of the 1st XI? How have they fared over the past few years? Would you call this a good or challenging year in general?

I think we've been pretty consistent because obviously being medics we have got the six years. And we have a lot of fourth and fifth years, so we play together for a long time.

So I think we have been consistent, but consistently developing because playing hockey, or any sport at that matter, the longer you play together as a team the better it gets. Which translates to our team as we have got better and better.

How have you progressed in your four years to 1st XI captain?

I was always in the first team. I think I have developed in confidence predominantly. It's part of growing up really, now being over the half way mark at med school; you kind of have to be a bit more old.

What challenges do you and the club face on a sporting level?

The challenge for the first team is gaining promotion in BUCS that we should have done years ago. We basically lost out because a team gave another team a walkover, a game they would have won so we didn't go up. That has kept our level of hockey the same.

Additionally, especially in BUCS host such a small amount of matches, if you mess one or two matches up that could be the end of it. Also for us fourth year exams are now so a few people can't play which exacerbates the problem.

What challenges do you face personally? This incorporates my following question of what are the best and worst things of being the 1st team captain?

The best thing is being able to have a say and to have the respect of the team in which you have been voted in and that they listen to what you say.

We're lucky in that our first team are really close; we are all a bunch of friends. The hardest part of the job is being so close to the people that I am trying to tell what to do. Sometimes people can get offended but I try and be fair and polite as possible when dealing with such situations.

What has the standard been like this year? What is the new intake

of freshers like?

We have one really good fresher in the first team who actually took the place of someone we lost last year, playing at right back, which is fortunate. She fits into the team perfectly; she is a really nice girl and is loads of fun.

What about historically? Do you always get a good bunch of freshers in?

It varies from year to year. In my first year there were originally six freshers who made the 1st team whereas the next year we didn't have any and in the year after that one so it depends.

I am suspicious because since the BMAT was introduced to Imperial there have been less and less freshers who make the first team. I don't know whether people are getting cleverer at the expense of sporting ability?

What is your priority: BUCS, ULU or UH?

We play UH but that is more of a fun thing. UH is just one tournament for us. We normally come second by drunkenly giving our medals away to the winners (GKT).

Our main target is always BUCS because I believe we can go up and we miss out every year, which is frustrating. I'm hoping at one point during my med school careers we would gain promotion.

I have set targets for the team this year. Everyone has two or three things that they aim to improve on in their game so at least if we don't do it this year we will get promoted next year. We really deserve it as a team because we work really hard.

Sounds like you have a plan that I hope you succeed in. Moving on to discuss about how outside influences affect the club, how have the union and/or Sport Imperial helped particularly the first XI in their sporting endeavours?

I think Sport Imperial (SI) is brilliant. They obviously provide us with kit and as much as they can, provide us with a pitch for training. Obviously IC come first and they have training on a Monday and play on Wednesdays both at Harlington but SI fund us to play at Osterley on a Wednesday.

Alissa (Ayling) is amazing. She is always there to answer any questions and is at the end of her computer at all times.

** Ed - At this point, Lauren still had not receive confirmation that her game was cancelled and had received a number of phonecalls from her eager team-mates who desperately wanted to know if their wishes of it being cancelled had been verified **

Apart from your plaudits of SI, do you think there is anything they could improve on? Even if you are nitpicking!

They could put another astro on at Harlington! I read in felix recently that they might be buying land in Ealing (Norwood Green). Having two astros is important because we have so many teams, as medics we have three wom-

en's teams and two men's team, then you have to factor in the IC teams as well.

At the end of the year, if we are renting someone else's pitch then SI pay for it anyway, so they might as well build two nice pitches of the standard of the one in Harlington.

Do you find not playing in a central location with the other medics, namely Teddington, a challenge, in terms of centralised travel arrangements?

Well what is difficult for us is that we train and play in different locations.

We train on a Thursday, which at the moment is an issue as we are hungover and tired and hungover from Wednesdays so training isn't as productive as it should be. That is probably one of the challenges as a club where we are trying to change training to a Monday.

Additionally we have a Saturday side that IC doesn't. We play in a ladies league.

So, we play our Saturday league home matches at Harlington and our Wednesday BUCS matches at Osterley and the pitches are completely different. The pitch at Osterley is sand based and quite slow whereas in Harlington it is rubber crumb based and bouncy. That makes a difference because if you train on a different pitch, you get used to a different stick hold and pitch positioning.

Do you err more on to the side of participation than excellence?

Participation, definitely. I don't think anyone is at Imperial to be the best at sport, if so they would go to the likes of Loughborough or Bath. People are here to work, Imperial is a good university and people are here to study so sport shouldn't be something where you have to work as hard as you study as you do on your sport. Sport should be a kind of break from studying. Not that I study that hard!

On to the big day. How do you think you will do at Varsity and what is the history between the two sides?

Our history isn't too favourable for us. In my first year we lost by quite a lot. However in my second year we had a brilliant match, I think we lost 6-7 where we conceded in the last minute. The crowds were amazing.

The next year we lost again, by more goals than we should have done.

This year I think will be an exciting one. I think we could win this one.

We played IC a couple of weeks ago and it was an interesting match. The score was 1-1 but we were down to ten players as one the IC players accidentally broke one of my teammates' foot.

We were also carrying numerous injuries within the team so we were an under strength 10-woman team and we still drew the match in normal time, only to lose 3-1 after extra time.

I think it's especially exciting round because some of us play indoor hockey and I think the relationship between IC and ICSM is nicer this year.

I think competitiveness for Varsity is key, nothing is going to change that at the end of the day we are medics and

FACT FILE



Name: Lauren 'Judith' Chalmers

Team: ICSM Ladies Hockey 1st XI

Position: Centre Midfield

Date of Birth: 31/12/1986

Hometown: Maunden

Course: 4th Year Medicine

Height: 5'4

Weight: 40kg

A proud hockey geek fathered by Mick Hucknell. Judith the "ginger winger" is never one to shy away from a tackle even if it involves salmon diving into the ground. She always plays with heart and manages to spread the hockey love far and wide even to the dance floor, where she has taken moshing to a new level with the aid of JD and coke. Another role she has successfully fulfilled is that of a parasite, a skill one might say she has perfected. She will commonly be found being fed by her team-mates, however when under duress she manages to produce quite a culinary delight. What's left to say she's a rocket fuelled ginger nut who will stop at nothing to lead ICSM to victory.

they are IC and that's what makes the event so exciting.

I think at least this year though it is going to be less bitchy because when this happens, you get injuries and it gets really stupid. Hopefully there will be none of that; it will be a nice competitive affair.

How do the two teams differ from each other?

I think they've got quite a fresh team whereas we have a more established and experienced team I think.

How can you describe the atmosphere of the rugby match? And

how do you think it has changed over the years?

I think everyone has different opinions on the match. Some people are more anti-IC than others and vice versa whereas some people have better relationships with one another.

I think it's a mixture of intensity, cordiality and competitiveness, but it all ends in a drunken mess where people are shouting and screaming!

The atmosphere has stayed pretty constant over the years. Last year it was really exciting as the match was more exciting as we let it slip a little that rallied the IC troops together.





Fixtures & Results

Saturday 31st January**Fencing****BUCS Tournament**

Men's 1st 132-119 Oxford University 1st
Women's 1st 135-81 University of Kent 1st

Football

Men's 2s ULU 1-4 RUMS 1s ULU
Men's 3s ULU 0-2 King's College 1s ULU
Men's 4s ULU 1-2 LSE 5s ULU
Men's 7s ULU 1-3 RSM 1s ULU
ULU Cup
Men's 5s 2-0 Royal Veterinary College 1s
Men's 6s 5-1 Heythrop College 1s

Sunday 1st February**Basketball**

Men's 1s ULU 85-90 Royal Holloway 1s ULU

Fencing

Women's 1st 135-105 University of Cambridge 1st
BUCS Tournament
Women's 1st 131-129 University of Bristol 1st

Hockey

ULU Cup
Men's 1s 6-2 King's Medicals 1s
Men's 2s 1-0 Goldsmiths 1s

Rugby

Women's 1s ULU 5-31 Royal Holloway 1s

Tennis

Women's 1st 6-4 LSE 1st

Snowball Fighting

Men's 51st 54 - 23 King's 1st

Wednesday 4th February**Dog sleigh**

Women's 1st 5 - 6 SSEES Men's 3rd

Netball

Women's 2nd 41-10 LSE 3rd

Squash

Men's 3rd 3-0 University of Kent 2nd

Tennis

Men's 1st 7-3 Brunel University 1st

Saturday 7th February**Football**

Men's 1s ULU vs SOAS 1s ULU
Men's 2s ULU vs Royal Holloway 1s ULU
Men's 3s ULU vs UCL 3s ULU
Men's 4s ULU vs LSE 4s ULU
Men's 5s ULU vs Queen Mary 3s ULU

Men's 7s ULU vs Royal Veterinary College 2s ULU

ULU Cup

Men's 4s vs Queen Mary 2s
Men's 5s vs UCL 6s
Men's 6s vs Goldsmiths 3s

Sunday 8th February**Football**

ULU Cup
Women's 1s vs King's College 1s

Rolling around naked on ice

Rugby Men's 1st 3-3 Centrefold Models 2nd

Hockey

Men's 2s ULU vs King's Medicals 2s ULU
Men's 4s ULU vs King's College 2s ULU

Lacrosse

Mixed 1s ULU vs King's College 1s ULU

Monday 9th February**Badminton**

Mixed 1s ULU vs UCL Mixed 1s ULU

Basketball

Women's 1s ULU vs Queen Mary 1s ULU

Netball

Women's 1s ULU vs St George's 1s ULU
Women's 2s ULU vs UCL 4s ULU
Women's 3s ULU vs Imperial Medicals 4s ULU

Squash

Men's 2s ULU vs St George's 1s ULU
Men's 3s ULU vs LSE 3s ULU
Women's 1s ULU vs King's College 1s ULU

Volleyball

Mixed 1s ULU vs UCL Mixed 2s ULU

Water Polo

Mixed 1s ULU vs King's College 1s ULU

Tuesday 10th February**Basketball**

Men's 2nd ULU vs South Bank University 1s ULU

Netball

Women's 2s ULU vs Royal Veterinary College 2s ULU

Wednesday 11th February**Badminton**

Men's 2nd vs Royal Holloway 1st

BUCS Cup

Women's 1st vs Oxford Brookes 1st

**Basketball**

Women's 1st vs Thames Valley University 1st

Fencing**BUCS Cup**

Men's 1st vs Aberystwyth University 1st
Women's 1st vs University of Liverpool 1st

Football

Men's 1st vs Royal Holloway 1st

Men's 2nd vs University of Hertfordshire 3rd

Men's 3rd vs Imperial Medicals 2nd

Men's 1s ULU vs Royal Holloway 1s ULU

Men's 4s ULU vs Queen Mary 3s ULU

Men's 6s ULU vs Queen Mary 4s ULU

Men's 7s ULU vs Imperial Medicals 4s ULU

Hockey

Men's 2nd vs King's Medicals 2nd

Women's 2nd vs RUMS 2nd

BUCS Cup

Women's 1st vs University of the Arts London 1st

ULU

Men's 1s ULU vs King's College 1s ULU

Men's 2s ULU vs Goldsmiths 1s ULU

Men's 4s ULU vs St Barts 2nd ULU

Women's 1s ULU vs King's Medicals 1s ULU

Netball

Women's 2nd vs University of the Arts London 2nd

Women's 3rd vs University of Reading 4th

Rugby

Men's 1st vs Swansea University 1st

Men's 3rd vs Royal Holloway 2nd

Men's 4th vs University of Portsmouth 4th

BUCS Cup

Men's 2nd vs University of Chichester 1st

Women's 1st vs University of Sussex 1st

Squash**BUCS Cup**

Men's 1st vs University of Liverpool 1st

Table Tennis**BUCS Cup**

Men's 1st vs University of Plymouth 1st

Tennis**BUCS Cup**

Women's 1st vs University of Brighton 1st

Volleyball**BUCS Cup**

Men's 1st vs University of Bristol 1st

Women's 1st vs University of Exeter 1st



Sports league

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	%	Fl
1 Squash Men's 1st	10	10	0	0	44	6	38	100	5.00
2 Fencing Men's 1st	7	7	0	0	934	533	401	100	5.00
3 Tennis Men's 1st	7	7	0	0	58	12	46	100	5.00
4 Volleyball Women's 1st	7	7	0	0	14	1	13	100	5.00
5 Lacrosse Women's 1st	9	8	0	1	139	31	108	89	4.00
6 Hockey Men's 1st	8	7	0	1	45	11	34	88	3.88
7 Netball 2nd	8	7	0	1	303	144	159	88	3.88
8 Fencing Women's 1st	8	7	0	1	878	179	88	3.88	
9 ICSM Netball 3rd	7	6	0	1	227	114	113	86	3.71
10 Squash Men's 2nd	7	6	0	1	23	10	13	86	3.71
11 Badminton Men's 1st	10	7	2	1	52	28	24	70	3.50
12 ICSM Badminton Men's 1st	4	3	0	1	18	14	4	75	2.75
13 ICSM Hockey Women's 1st	9	6	1	2	45	17	28	67	2.67
14 Table Tennis Men's 1st	10	7	0	3	114	56	58	70	2.30
15 ICSM Netball 2nd	6	4	0	2	192	117	75	67	2.00
16 Hockey Women's 1st	9	5	1	3	28	22	6	56	1.6



Hockey rampage

Hockey men's 1sts continue their dominance in ULU and BUCS

Hockey - ULU League

Imperial Men's 1st XI	4
IC Medics Men's 1st XI	2

Hockey - ULU Cup

Imperial Men's 1st XI	6
RUMs Men's 1st XI	2

Jack Cornish

ICHG men's 1st XI have consistently been one of the strongest teams in London, even though they have recently produced poor performances against a host of medical students. As the saying goes, a good team wins when they play badly. This has certainly been true over the last few weeks but the ability of the team to put games to bed has been invaluable.

Last week, the grudge match between IC and IC Medicals was timed perfectly before the big varsity day on February 25th. A strong start by Imperial saw many goal chances pass by. A super run by BJ on his debut for the 1st XI made a mockery of the medical defences and a superb finish saw the crowd go wild. IC 'Allez Voué' after the Frenchman's goal, which was added to by a rebounded short corner by the German, Koch. The medicals put a brave fight and scored a wonderfully worked move in addition to a decent short corner routine.

The Englishmen decided that we could not depend on these foreigners anymore and Diana took advantage of a penalty flick decision with Yogi Bear providing the killer 4th goal blow. Final score 4-2.

At the weekend the winning momentum continued on a cold and rather bleak day. Against a team who have only won a couple of matches all season, the game was over before it began. A couple of goals in quick succession confirmed this! Although a couple of goals were conceded during the blizzard that covered the pitch in a light layer of snow, the game finished on a high with short corner routines and set pieces flowing well. Strong performances in the midfield by Krusty, Diana and Dennis proved invaluable during the match with a the defence and attack dealing with their jobs well considering the conditions. Avtar the great debriefed and DR gave his usual passionate team talk in preparation for the big game against Canterbury Christ Church, although it was later postponed due to the accumulation of snow! Final score 6-2.

The team is now working towards the triple – as defending ULU Cup champions and strong performances in both the ULU and BUCS leagues in the last couple of years the stage is set for the men's elite to become even more so. Watch this space!



PHOTO BY TOM ROBERTS

Revenge is sweet as the Miners dominate Imperial College FC 7's

Football

RSM Men's 1st XI	3
Imperial College 7th XI	2

Steve Meunier

Many people would have forgiven the RSM players for feeling they had a point to prove after the way that they were laid into by the Imperial captain following the previous encounter, and the ensuing view that the RSM teams among others were not needed.

It turned out that this was helped along by the Imperial team, with a lack of organisation resulting in them

finding themselves with only 10 players half an hour after the game was meant to have started while the RSM players kept themselves warm. The game started at 11 vs 10 and RSM were quick to take control, with good runs from Christian and Danny the two wingers. It didn't take long for the possession to take an effect when captain, Steve Meunier won a free kick out on the right hand side which was delivered with deadly accuracy by Matt W for Steve to glance into the far post with only 5 minutes gone. It was at one nil that Imperials illusive 11th player turned up but he showed little urgency to get onto the pitch, spending another 10 minutes on the sideline getting changed. This proved to be very

costly as the over confident IC continued to play with three at the back and they were punished again on the counter attack when a great run from Johnny ended with a selfless lay off to Matt who calmly slotted home to make the score 2.0. IC were now up to 11 players, and they tried to break down a solid defence with most of the possession coming down the left flank but usually ending with a dominant Ez at right back cleaning up constantly.

Owen and Alex judged the wind perfectly and controlled any balls over the top and RSM faithful Andy was solid as ever at the left back position. Hard as they tried IC could not get into the box and had few shots of any kind, with keeper Rowan having little to do but

clear up over hit long balls. Half time came with RSM deservedly 2:0 up. Half time saw the replacement of an injured Johnny with Jon and IC started in a fashion that summed up their performance, in kicking the ball into touch almost straight from kick off. It was IC however who had a share of the possession and were able to claw one back when a player who appeared not to be from the 7's, but from a higher ranked team, found himself unmarked from a corner to nod home.

Where RSM teams of old may have folded under the growing pressure, today it seemed to wake them up once again and the reaction was almost instant with Jon firing into the side netting and then 5 minutes later, finding

the post. RSM had found another gear and with the exception of a couple of corners, IC were unable to cause any more problems. Subs Fabrizio and James worked well down the right and Matt and Stu were controlling the middle of the park.

The game was put beyond doubt when Jon, who had come so close earlier on, chipped and rounded his man and then lobbed the advancing keeper with 8 minutes to go. The game was seen out by a dominant RSM team who deserved the three points and move up a place as a result.

This was the perfect response to earlier criticism and also a great start to the run into the bottle match, which takes place at the end of February.