

felix

The student 'news'paper of
Imperial College London

Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year
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Behind closed doors

The reason for all the construction work explained for you, see page 3



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Bill Gates gives £5 million to Imperial College

Kadhim Shubber
Deputy Editor

The Bill & Melinda Gates Foundations has given Imperial College London a £5 million grant. The money will support an initiative that is manufacturing inexpensive home tests for HIV in developing countries.

The CD4 initiative was launched with the aim of devising an easy to use point-of-care test with a cost of around \$2. Currently three prototypes have been developed, one of which will be mass produced in 2010.

This is not the first time that the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundations have supported the CD4 initiative. A 2005 grant of almost £6 million supported the first three years of the initiative.

The latest grant will go towards trials of the device in developed and developing countries as well as funding initial production runs.

Measuring a patients CD4+ T-cells is a critical part of the HIV treatment process. Healthcare workers rely on a CD4 count to make decisions about antiretroviral therapy. Many patients in developing countries do not have access to CD4 testing because of cost and the fact that specially trained operators are needed. The new test will not involve electronics or mechanical parts, it will tell patients within minutes if antiretroviral treatment should be started.

"There has been a lot of progress increasing access to life-saving HIV drugs in the developing world, but the lack of access to essential diagnostic tests like a CD4 test is a major barrier to providing the best possible care," said Dr Hans-Georg Batz, Director of the CD4 Initiative from the Division of Medicine at Imperial College London. "The majority of patients start antiretroviral therapy based on symptoms alone. Research shows that if you wait



One of the richest men in the world, Bill Gates, has donated money to Imperial on a number of occasions

until you're sick to start treatment, you have a much poorer outcome than if you start based on CD4 count. Our new test will have a huge positive impact for people living with HIV across the world."

Dr Steven Reid, the project manager for the CD4 Initiative at Imperial College London, added that the reduced time waiting for a result was a great step forward: "In resource-poor rural areas, patients sometimes have to walk miles to get to a clinic. Even if a traditional CD4 count is offered, the patients have to come back in a couple of weeks for the result. By then, some are too sick or cannot afford to return. For

others, it may already be too late."

The Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation has also made contributions to Imperial in other areas. In 2005 a grant of £15 million was given to Imperial from the Grand Challenges in Global Health Initiative programme of research sponsored by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. The money was divided between the development of drugs for the treatment of latent TB and the development of genetic strategies to block the spread of malaria by mosquitoes.

Bill Gates holds an honorary Doctorate of Science (Medicine) from Imperial College London.

Medics win yet another nail biting JPR Williams Cup

PHOTO BY JOE MUDDIMAN



Wednesday's JPR Williams Cup was yet another nail biting and close encounter between the Imperial Medicals and Imperial College. With both teams in the South Premiership B and both teams struggling in that league, the stage was set for a hard fought battle. The crowd were certainly not disappointed. Imperial College were dominant for most of the game, but their inability to convert penalties to points cost them the match with the game finishing at 7-7 at the end of regular time. In extra time, the Medicals stepped up to the challenge and eventually won the game 15-7. On the plus side, Imperial were named the overall winners of the event and a full round-up will be found in The Rival, which will be out on the 20th March.

Beit Redevelopment: The story so far

Jovan Nedić
Editor in Chief

Over the past few months, major building work has been going on inside the Union building as part of the Phase Two Redevelopment of Beit. Last year, felix reported that the funding was eventually found for Phase Two after the College agreed to give £1.93 million towards the fund [Issue 1391 – 11.01.08].

Even though the story was reported over a year ago, students are still confused as to why parts of the Union Building have been blocked off and even more worrying, they didn't seem to know how the Union was going to change once the construction was finished.

At the moment, most of the work that is going on in the Union is for the creation of a mezzanine level on the second floor where the new Student Activity Centre [SAC] will be stationed, which is why parts of Db's and DaVinci's have been blocked to allow room for risers. Below the SAC the main cluster of offices will be located, where all the Sabbaticals and Union staff will be working. They layout for the Union offices is still unsure, however the latest plans show that they will be open plan apart from the Union President and the General Manager who will have their office.

The work for Phase Two was supposed to be finished by January 2009 according to last years article, but as can plainly be seen, the contractors are still in the Union working away. Peter Haldane, General Manager for Imperial College Union, told felix that "You amaze me, I'd like to see what it is you base that on."

He then went on to explain that "When work for Phase 2 was put in



The mezzanine floor that will house the new and improved Student Activity Centre, with the Union Offices just below

hand the programme indicated completion in mid June 2009. That was delayed by 6 weeks as electrical issues came to light; identifying, tracing and terminating old circuits. However, the programme has now been extended to include the extra work, fitting out the 2nd floor West as new Union offices, which was not included in the original Phase 2 programme but has been made possible by Phase 2 coming in under budget. The contractor expects to have all aspects of Phase 2 completed by mid September 2009."

The final work to be carried out in the Union will focus on the remodel-

ling of the ground floor, which will include the expansion of Da Vinci's kitchen to connect with DB's servery, which will mean that hot food can be served on both sides. Other work will include refurbishment Da Vinci's and Union Bar, including cellar modification, as well as a redesign of Db's. As far as felix is aware, the redesign will see the stage moved to the back of the room, creating a bigger open space and a better, concentrated focus on the stage for different acts.

Hopefully the new and improved Union will be ready just after the new year for students to enjoy.

Visa fee hike will deter valuable overseas students, fear Vice-chancellors

Dan Wan
News Editor



Diana Warwick, chief executive of Universities UK

The Government's plans to reorganise the entry of overseas students is putting higher education into jeopardy, vice-chancellors fear. Rising visa application costs are the latest development in a line of measures the Government have implemented to administrate the considerable proportions of foreign students at British Universities.

The Home Office's fee for a student visa application has already increased from £99 to £145. Further mandatory costs that potential students must pay to even apply at British universities are set to increase. Students applying for Visas extensions by post in 2009-2010 will now cost each individual £357, £63 more than the current fee. In-person applications will incur a £65 increase to £565.

Vice-chancellors are worried whilst the fee increases are not massive, they will be combined with several new measures to ensure the governance of overseas students. This in turn will deter the most talented students from enrolling at UK universities, many who are also courted by American, Australian and European universities.

Diana Warwick, chief executive of Universities UK, an umbrella group for UK vice-chancellors said: "The increase in fees will come at the same time as a number of other changes in the UK's immigration system and the UK government is in serious danger of sending out a message that it does not welcome international students."

Last August saw the announcement that Universities and colleges will be required to "sponsor" students that are applying. These institutions first must be licensed by the UKBA. Effectively, it will make the visa application for international candidates much more difficult. Felix further reported last year the introduction of compulsory ID cards being issued for international students renewing their VISA.

More than 100,000 students from

abroad commenced an UK degree programme for the 2008 intake. These numbers include undergraduate and postgraduate courses. Warwick argues these "international students contribute far more to the UK academically, culturally and financially than they use in terms of public resources."

Imperial College would be severely affected if the detriments of these measures started to become evident, with 34.9% of its student body international students. Imperial, a university that prides itself on its diversity amongst its student body, will not only be harmed academically and socially, but also financially. Each international student can pay up to £35,500 per academic year for their education at Imperial College.

A similar impact is expected to be seen on other Russell Group universities. However, the 1994 Group is understandably concerned also. Paul Marshall, executive director, said: "International student recruitment is so delicate that something as small as changing the price of the visa application fee can have a large effect on applications if students are choosing between countries and we're charging a lot of money up front for a visa." "It's one of the things that potentially puts people off coming here – it gives the wrong message."

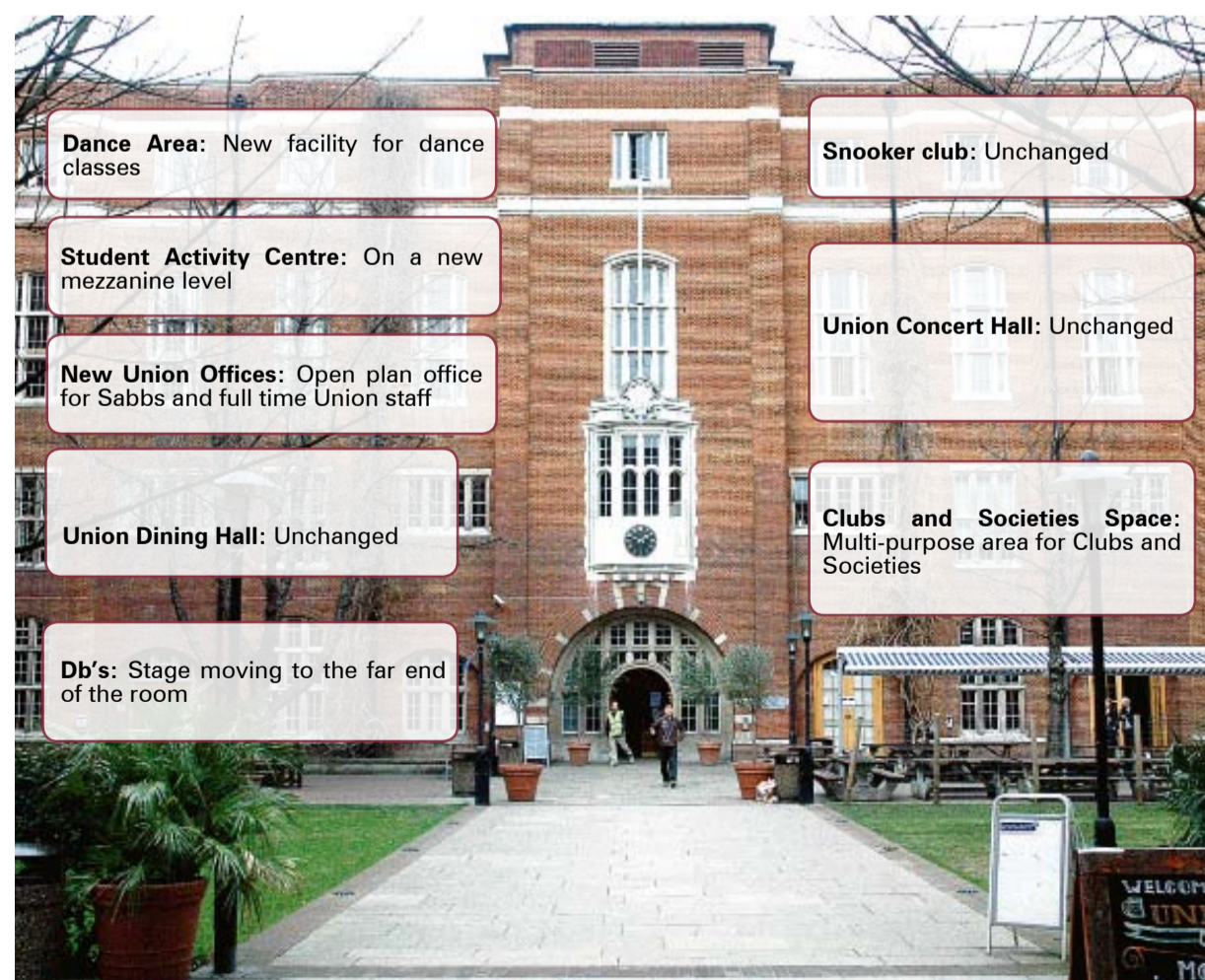
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Felix was brought to you by:

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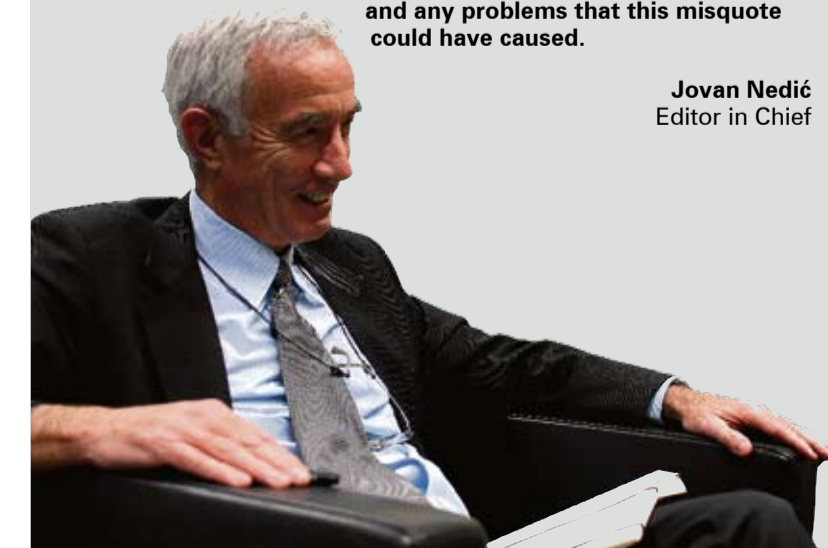


They say a picture can say a thousand words, hopefully this very crude image will enlighten you as to what is going on. The editor is currently considering a post-grad architecture course- seriously.

APOLOGY TO THE RECTOR

In part two of the interview with the Rector Sir Roy Anderson, which came out in Issue 1425 (20.02.09), an error was made. felix quoted the Rector as saying "I have no trouble with high quality researchers saying that they don't have time for teaching" whereas in fact he actually said "I have no truck with high quality researchers saying that they don't have time for teaching."

felix apologises for the mistake made and any problems that this misquote could have caused.



Jovan Nedić
Editor in Chief

The world beyond college walls



Venezuela

Back in 2007, when Venezuelans first denied their President Hugo Chavez the chance to run for more presidential terms after his term expires in 2013, he described the result as 'shit', and promised to reverse it.

Mr Chavez, launched a new campaign, blatantly using state resources for personal ends. He turned the second referendum into a vote on himself and won, but only by a slim majority. Similar referendums on the extension of Presidential powers have taken place in Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru in recent years.

In a country where oil revenues account for half of the government's source of income, when the price falls, the government has reason to be worried. Oil revenues have plummeted (from \$92 billion last year to just \$26 billion this year), and Mr. Chavez's support may slip along with it. His socialist movement gains its support from Venezuela's poor, but the President assures them they would not suffer from the crisis. If his support base continues to slide, he will be handing over an indefinite stay in power to the encroaching opposition, come the next elections.



USA

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton is expected to announce a \$900m (£630m) donation to help rebuild Gaza at a donor conference in Egypt on Monday 2nd March.

The move was leaked by a government official who spoke anonymously, also saying that the aid would be routed through non-governmental organisations and the Palestinian Authority. But any aid would first have to be approved by Congress. It is estimated that the 22-day war between Israel and Hamas has caused about \$2bn worth of damage in the Gaza strip.

In the run-up to the donor conference, anonymous sources have also reported that Hillary Clinton has been pressing Israel to stop blocking aid to the besieged Gaza strip. Currently all borders remain closed, with only intermittent opening for supplies classified by Israel as being 'humanitarian aid'. The day after the conference Hillary Clinton will visit Israel and the West Bank, where senior advisors say aid will be a central issue of discussion.



Bangladesh

Chaos erupted in the streets of Dhaka, the Bangladeshi capital, after the mutiny of a group of boarder security forces resulted in one death and left many wounded.

The dispute was allegedly over pay, working conditions, discrimination and career advancement and the newly elected government has already stepped in and offered amnesty to the mutineers who have now returned to their barracks.

The event revealed just how fragile the democracy is in Bangladesh. It has only recently emerged from several years of military rule. Much of the military's revenue now comes from the UN, as Bangladesh is one of the largest contributors to UN Peacekeeping Forces. The large bounty from the UN, which also compensates the government, does not benefit the border security forces, and this large discrepancy in salary may well have flared Wednesday's violence.



Edited by Hassan Joudi & Raphael Houdmont

Bumper year for ICU RAG

RAG week: crazy kids doing crazy things in the name of charity

Jon Downing
& Alice Rowlands

Last week's Imperial College Union RAG Week was a resounding success; featuring the RCSU Ball, CGCU slave auction and many other events. Students thoroughly enjoyed themselves (see picture right, for evidence of smiley faces) and raised money for this year's charities, Barnardos, Shelter and The Rainbow Trust.

Last Wednesday proved to be the busiest day; In the afternoon RAG RAID was set off with students in fancy dress and RAG t-shirts journeying across London to complete a list of tasks and collect money. The RAID was an astounding success, with one lucky lady - Lu Lu Meng, amassing over £200 in her bucket and winning the best individual collector prize! A box of Krispy Kreme doughnuts will be on its way to you shortly.

Every lunch time, with help from the football club, the Queen's Tower was opened for tours which proved to be very popular; despite having been on all week the majority of visitors turned up of Friday, with large queues and, due to group-size limitations, we even had to turn people away! Tom Post wowed visitors with his wealth of knowledge. Coming up with such classic facts as: "The top of the Albert Hall, The Queen's Tour and the centre of the Natural History Museum are in a perfect line North-South." Who knew? With this and the great views (see picture below) it was well worth the £3 to climb the tower. From the top you can see across Hyde Park, and on a clear day you'll see the London eye and even read the time from Big Ben! If you haven't climbed the 324 steps to the top ICU RAG may put on some more tours next term- so keep a look out!

Other lunch time events included a JCR stall with the society Students In Free Enterprise (SIFE), who were selling Tanzanian paintings on behalf of a school in Tanzania. If you liked the paintings but was too busy to buy at the time, contact SIFE at Imperial.

Katya-yani Vyas, from the RCSU committee, helped to organise the first major RAG event of the week; the RCSU RAG Ball at Maya in Soho. She told *felix*: "Following the success of last year's ball we wanted to make sure this year was just as sensational. With tickets selling out a day in advance, there was much disappointment amongst those who had not yet secured their



RAG RAID: Woah! Yeah we're on TV - yeah! We look cool man! Duude!

ticket, and I was inundated with phone calls, text messages and emails from students wishing to acquire a ticket on the day of the event. I apologise if you were not able to come, but I will shift the blame onto the ruthless facebook publicity campaign.

"The event proved to be hugely successful, but lets be honest, with 5000 pounds behind the bar, how could it have gone wrong?"

"Maya won 'Best New Club 2008' and it was easy to see why; the classy interior, comfortable seating areas and intimate atmosphere factored in making the ball one to remember. Surveying the dance floor, it was clear that the sea of sharply dressed young men and elegantly attired young ladies were enjoying themselves immensely. The eclectic mixture of chilled out indie/electro, drum and bass and mainstream dance music proved to be popular as we showcased dj-ing talent from our very own students, Fabric and Kiss 100.

"Most importantly, a substantial amount of money was raised for RAG which was hopefully a good omen for fund raising throughout the week."

Wednesday was a manic montage of fund raising, with RAG RAID, the CGCU slave auction, and pub crawl. within 12 hours. RAG-RAIDER Afonso Campos told *felix*: "RAG raid was a great success, the team I belonged to raised almost £1000. We did a human pyramid in front of St. Pauls, 'bor-

rowed' lots of things from LSE, raised money in tube stations- it was great fun!"

In the evening, Alice Rowlands and Tom Post auctioned several nervous-looking slaves with around £1500 raised in total. One of the more valuable lots was Mech Eng Senior Tutor, Dr Crofton, who went for £300 to attend a peace rally at the G20 summit. Two titans of the student media world, Live! Editor Kirsty Patterson and *felix* editor-in-chief Jovan Nedic, entered a bidding war that could have ended with *felix* being re-branded as Live! for a week and Live! as *felix* for the rest of term. Muttering that the re-brand would suit *felix* as it would look like a cheap tabloid to match the standard of writing are probably just disgruntled business school members throwing their toys out.

At the same time, running battles with laser guns were being marshalled in the Union quad and members of the rugby, hockey and netball clubs toured the pubs of South Kensington in spiffing golfing attire.

With money still being counted as *felix* goes to press, RAG has raised at least £8000 this year, which is a stirring effort from chair, Jon Downing, who has a final message of thanks for all those who helped make RAG week a success: "I'd like to thank everyone who gave their time to organise RAG this year. The committee has been great!"



Look closely and you'll see I should have been in lectures when I was at the top of the Queen's tower!

Imperial College London

Private Housing Talk Monday 2 March

Have you started thinking about where you're going to live next year?

The Private Housing Talk aims to provide you with:

- tips and advice on when and where to start
- looking for somewhere to live in the private sector
- how much you can expect to pay on rent and other costs
- advice on how to deal with contracts and landlords and your rights as a tenant
- advice and tips for moving in/out

Independent advice and tips for finding and living in private accommodation

Access to Estate Agents and other accommodation and service providers

Get answers to your questions about living in private accommodation

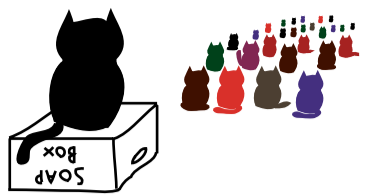
THERE'LL BE A FREE PRIZE DRAW WITH SOME FANTASTIC PRIZES ON THE NIGHT AS WELL LIGHT REFRESHMENTS!

When and Where?

Monday 2 March 2009

- 17.30 Private Housing Exhibition in the Main Dining Hall
- 18.00 Private Housing Talk in the Great Hall
- 18.45 Private Housing Exhibition in the Main Dining Hall.

For more information visit www.imperial.ac.uk/accommodation



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 discloses an all-consuming addiction



“Most of us have our first passionate affair with a book, and the experience has us hooked for life.”

My desk, which offers the largest horizontal working surface in my quaintly miniature room, is currently *hors combat*. The workspace is threatened by a highly unstable pile of books, which casts its shadow over most of the space available in my little cubbyhole. I have taken to working while lying down on my bed, surrounded by absorbent cushions to protect me in the event of a structural collapse.

The reasoning behind this new topographical element in the landscape of my *cubiculum* is simple. I love books. I buy books. My shelf space is exhausted. Ergo books pile up on the table. Hardly the sort of syllogism that would have kept Socrates up nights. No; he was far too busy coming to grips with his own mortality – or drinking wedlock – or engaged in some other such Attic nonsense.

The space in my private boudoir may be limited, but what there is has been used wisely. Two large bookcases dominate the South-facing wall – one stuck in a convenient nook, the other mounted on top of my desk. Thereby limiting my workspace from the word Go.

These two brave plywood construc-

tions have given as good as they have got over the past sixmonth, calmly accepting whatever load was placed on their weary bolts and tired joints. The British soil on which they were mass-produced from trees grown abroad has doubtless had its effect in producing a pair of uniquely stoic storage units.

Their resilience has been truly remarkable, but this last straw has finally broken their camel-coloured backs. Space has run out on their ample shelves, with books piled horizontally on top of others and all available gaps crammed with deserving volumes. As a result, the eleven striking tomes which are the latest additions to my collection can fit nowhere other than on the desk previously described.

This latest mass immigration has been sparked off by a week spent scouring the second hand bookstores of central London. The families of battered editions clamouring for a better place to live are hard to turn away.

In truth, I don't mind. Not only because at the moment I'm hammering this out in my departmental common room, where the lack of desk space is less evident, but because I couldn't have found more charming roommates.



Something about the way second-hand books are brought up makes them ideal bedside companions. It must be all that time spent in musty, dingy, dusty and mingy bookstores, watched over by ardent bibliophiles in sweaters several sizes too big and crooked glasses protecting their light-sensitive retinas.

These stores are my spiritual home. Places of pilgrimage, of worship and of relaxation – the additional stop I am always willing to make no matter how long the day has been or how many puddles I have been pushed into. There is nothing quite so peaceful as to be surrounded by bookshelves full to the point of bursting, and to gently run one's finger along the spines of a set of entirely heterogeneous volumes in the hope of striking gold.

Perhaps not a first edition Gutenberg or, rarer still, a second edition of Jeffrey Archer, but simpler, more meaningful treasures. The chance to broaden one's horizons is rarely as great or as unrestrained, and the sight of two books lying side-by-side that share neither author, nor topic, nor language, nor century of publication leads to wonderful and unexpected mental associations.

To think that the books packed into those overpopulated shelves have delighted a thousand owners, known a thousand cities and been read a thousand times builds a powerful connection with the rest of humanity. To read the soft dedications to parents and lovers copperplated onto copyright pages; to notice the underlining of key passages or the scrawlings of distracted students from past decades pulls one into the maelstrom of the human reading experience.

Forgive me. To paraphrase Gladstone, I have been carried away by the exuberance of my own pomposity. But where the written word is concerned, who can blame me? A book is an object of the most intense passion we can bestow upon inanimate objects. Our need for knowledge and adventure, our erotic attraction towards the unknown, and even our love of other human beings is nowhere else so compactly and attractively packaged.

And while I can sympathize with an amateur librarian who likes to keep a collection in pristine condition, the sight of bent spines and dog-eared pages sends a shiver of glee down my own warped backbone as an indication

of a genuine physical relationship with literature that is in no need of false modesty or imposed purity.

Most of us have our first affair with a book, whether in the form of a one-night stand or a lengthy romance, and the experience has us hooked for life.

Words, to borrow one of Kipling's most powerful lines, are the strongest drugs that mankind has ever used. They are simultaneously more addictive and capable of arousing stronger emotions; they can be as dangerous and as soothing; and the variety available on the streets is certainly as likely to contain lethal impurities.

Books are the easiest way many of us are able to get our fix. All we have to do is find an isolated corner, roll some paper and let ourselves be transported to either heaven or hell on the wings of language, propelled by the engine of syntax and guided by the rudder of punctuation. The winds of overblown metaphor are powerless to blow us down.

I will continue to satiate my appetite for words to my heart's content – and if this cheap token fails to satisfy your cravings, be gentle: I plead guilty of writing while under the influence.

comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Comment

Dan Wan picks a bone with Captain Questions



“Sometimes, I enjoy the odd question, I see it as a chance to do a bit of ‘extra reading’ without having to open my eyes”



You're so bored you've noticed the dusty air settling on other people's heads as it passes through the incoming sunlight. An undoubtedly talented man is speaking in today's industry, but you're simply impermeable to all his wisdom he is giving away for free (well, part of the £3000 you're paying...). The knowledge he exudes just waits amongst the dusty air, swirling around, enticing an opportune moment for your brain to switch back on and soak it up.

Your mind switches to what you're going to do once you step free of this dusty but apparently beneficial experience. Since I'm far too lazy to make my own sandwiches at home, or even to have breakfast before I leave the house (which to be honest, is disgraceful), my mind seems only to wander onto the

glorious want of food. Clearly I'm not the only one either, because College Chicken and Bacon baguettes are always in rare supply even minutes after an 11am lecture finishes.

As your stomach moans at you for sacrificing breakfast for an extra 10 minutes sleep that morning, you wonder how quickly this lecture will be over. However, there's always one person standing between you and the wonderful taste of chicken, mayonnaise and bacon between an oddly half-baked baguette; Captain Questions.

Captain Questions, as you may have already guessed, loves to ask questions. He, or she, must ask at least one question per slide despite the collective tutting that occurs every time their piggy little voice sounds. Of course, most lecturers are delighted to be asked questions. They spew out the same set of lectures almost mechanically each

year and welcome the insight Captain Questions brings to their day. You can't blame them for spending five minutes talking avidly about the research they're involved in to answer Captain's questions. If someone asked me about writing for Felix, I'd probably do just about the same. I can't speak for them, but I assume they also feel obliged to answer Captain comprehensively. However, these five minutes are still five minutes further towards my stomach shrivelling into a useless but very painful ball of organ.

You probably think I'm one of those waste students that sit at the back of the lecture theatre and just sleep or play mental charades with my other personality. I'm not. I ask questions too; mainly because my brain doesn't function brilliantly without these chicken and bacon baguettes and hence don't understand most concepts laid down

in front of me. I even enjoy the odd insightful question, I sometimes see it as a chance to do a bit of ‘extra reading’ without having to open my eyes.

The reason I have such a disdain for all those Captain Questions out there, is that each of your questions are carefully constructed to contain 1) the fact you already know a lot more about the topic than is being currently discussed and 2) an ‘insightful’ question that you probably won't listen to because you're too pleased with yourself that you're able to do 1).

Another graph pops up on the projector. The lecturer has just about pointed out the axes, when trusty ol' Captain speaks up again. Another five minutes of self-gratifying attention from the lecturer, and we finally move onto the next slide.

It eventually gets to the point where you're preparing your own noose from

a collection of scrap paper and shoe string. You're just looking towards the ceiling to see if you can spot any solid hooks to tie to, and just in time, you're saved by the mass shuffling of paper into bags as the lecturer duly apologises for not covering all the slides and running over the allocated 50 minutes. As I unravel the makeshift noose in order to put my shoes back on, I'm in two minds. One induces a sense of injustice; why should the lecturer be apologising for overrunning and not covering all relevant material? We're the ones that will suffer when we don't have any notes for the last 20 slides when it comes to revision. It's all due to the minutes of pointless off-topic questioning. The other thing on my mind is that of potential creamy, salty and meaty semi-delights.

Sadly enough, guess which mindset I act upon?

Kadhim Shubber and his Vespa are not speaking



“It's true what they say about women, that they don't tell you what's wrong until the volcano is ready to blow”



Afonso Campos enjoys being around ‘knowitalls’



“Anagnorisis isn't sudden; it's a process of self-improvement through time”

I am a true believer that while learning is an interesting experiment in itself, it really is mostly about realising what it is that you do not know, and hence deriving the utmost pleasure from arriving at the concept that no matter how much one does, there is always something new to learn. I find it absolutely fascinating that as human beings, we will never be able to capture and absorb the essence of what it is to belong to our species for that would entail a comprehensive knowledge, and most importantly understanding, of well... pretty much everything.

While learning about a given subject adds beauty and objectivity to any argument, it is even more beautiful knowing that, most likely, someone will know more about it than you. In-

stead of seeing this as a threatening characteristic in any one person, it seems to be much more enthralling to learn from this person. Even if you don't necessarily agree with whatever is being said, there is always scope to learn something, even if it is learning that you have learnt very little at all.

Constant questioning for the sake of questioning might seem, and oftentimes is, pedantic. When done right and for the right reasons however, it should almost inevitably lead to a little bit of self-evolution and increased self-knowledge. It is certainly a strange idea to think that we can evolve within our life times. The fact that we are seemingly stuck in a physically unevolving species is an almost universally accepted idea. It isn't that we are literally not evolving as human beings, but discern-



ing any real changes caused by evolution in our short life spans is close to impossible as we are certainly not mutating rapidly enough. Bar convoluted, complicated and potentially dangerous genetic enhancements (or merely changes), there is very little we can actually do on this Earth to feel even the thinnest and most modest sliver of evolution within ourselves.

A way we can taste a little bit of the nectar is to think about evolution in such a way that from now on it includes the evolution of personal and collected knowledge as an integral constituent of this abstract concept. If we think about evolution in such a manner, every time any event, conversation or situation leads to thinking differently about something, we have somehow evolved. Interesting conversations usually have

two possible outcomes. The first is that nothing really changes within you and this is by far and large the most common scenario. Even though the conversation might have been interesting it need not have been enriching in any way shape or form.

Sometimes though, there is one of those perfect moments where everything you hear makes sense, but goes against something you supposedly unequivocally believed in. You begin to question life-long conventional wisdoms and begin considering not thinking of them as benchmark ideas or personal thoughts. Something strange has happened. Something quite magic and potentially life-altering. You have changed your mind. This is the ultimate form of any sort of evolution we can almost literally feel.

My mind is neither weak nor feeble nor prone to indoctrinations of most sorts. I also don't change my mind as often as might potentially be inferred from this comment piece, but truth be told, I find very few things in life that are satisfying as changing my mind following a long, conversation with a friend whom I respect. It's not necessarily that I like being proved wrong or have some sort of self-confidence issue that prompts me to take the view of whoever I am talking to. It is merely that I love the fact that I can, and if there is a compelling enough reason for me to do so, I will change my mind.

Anagnorisis is more a process of self-improvement through time rather than one of instant gratification and it genuinely makes me happy that as human beings we are capable of feeling it.

My Vespa[1] and I no longer speak to each other[2]. We seldom make eye contact and I wouldn't dream of taking her out with me (her name is Vesper[3] by the way). We haven't been speaking for almost a month now and I don't think that our relationship is going to be repaired any time soon[4].

I feel pretty sad about the whole situation; everything was rosy until the incident. I felt pretty stylish whenever Vesper and I hit the streets of Fulham[5]. I felt like I had truly ‘arrived!’ I thought that people would see me ride past on my orange 49cc (not 50cc, round numbers are definitely not cool) Italian goddess and think “hey that guy knows a thing or two about how to treat a lady”.

But it became painfully clear that I didn't know how to treat this lady. It's true what they say about women, that they don't tell you what's wrong until the volcano is ready to blow. I'm still not sure what I did to sleight Vesper, maybe she hated my faux-chic helmet that was labelled “Fashion Helmet” (and she'd be right to hate it), but she

was never understated, not in her looks and not in her demeanor; she never did anything by halves.

That Sunday morning began like most. My body awoke in bed and my mind awoke in the shower. I threw on my Union Bar shirt[6] and a fine day behind the bar lay ahead of me. I went downstairs, behind my block of apartments and said good morning to Vesper. I gave her ten minutes to get ready (she doesn't like to be rushed) and began my journey up Fulham Road.

Then the argument began, she started shouting. Louder and louder. The engine began to roar uncontrollably and we sped inexorably towards 90... (kph, let's not get carried away, she's a 49cc scooter), I reached for the keys to shut off the engine but in a final act of malice she gave the front wheel a twitch, a twist and we both became intimately acquainted with the hard tarmac road.

I did the thing that most people do after an argument; I called my friend. My housemate Rob[7] left work to come help me back on my feet (not literally, again let's not get carried away,

she's only a 49cc scooter). Work at the Union Bar still called and like with all arguments in public places, Vesper and I held our emotions in check until we were both safely home (but much worse for wear) late that evening. She had tried to re-ignite the argument on the way home but I was much quicker to defuse the situation than the first time and after a few minutes of deep breathing at the roadside, crisis was averted. Of course there were still those snide comments, every now and again the engine would cut out while I was waiting at the lights.

I'm still not entirely sure why Vesper is angry with me. The couples counsellor told me that we lack the self-control to build a fruitful relationship; that in short, the carburettor was broken[8]. But I worked on it; I fixed this problem (I should know, I've got the receipt). Still, however, our relationship refuses to bear fruit. Because while she tells me that everything is fine, I still see the malicious glint in her eye. She gives me clues, like the left indicator not working, and she teases me, she gives the front wheel a shake, laughing mirthlessly as I cling

on for dear life; after ten minutes with Vesper, I am a shell of my former self, a jittery bag of nerves.

So we don't speak any longer, we seldom make eye contact and I wouldn't dream of taking Vesper out with me[9]. My patience is wearing away fast and so too does my love for her. Now I spend most of my time on the bus; he's a good friend, stoic and reliable, if not slightly irritating at times (oh hell, in truth I hate the bus but at least I don't fear for my life every time I get on it). And although I tell myself that I don't need a woman in my life, that they are just trouble, my heart disagrees. I recently met a new girl from Brick Lane. She's quite thin and although some people think she's just a hipster, I think she's pretty cute. Her name is Pixie; she's a ‘fixie’[10].

Rob tells me that I'm making the same mistakes again. “She doesn't have brakes!”[11] he implores. And I haven't told him but she says she's not going anywhere with me if I've got a helmet on, apparently it's not ‘cool’. But honestly? I'm just looking for another rush, the bus will never satisfy any man after a moment with Vesper.[12]

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- [3] - Mawkish and Loveable, *The Not So Big Book of Children's Names*, Page 2, Penguin 2010.
- [4] - Nostradamus, Quatrain 12 (for full prophecy see Chapter 12)
- [5] - Residential area of London inhabited by angry middle-aged Lebanese men (source unverified)
- [6] - Hippocampus of Kadhim Shubber, Synapses 3 - 7
- [7] - He says that's his name
- [8] - Conversation 43, *Mechanic and Kadhim, Collected Conversations: Shubber and Friends*, Random House, Vol 207
- [9] - Paragraph 1 of this piece
- [10] - Kadhim's Wishlist, Item 42
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- [12] - Referencing is tedious...

Kawai Wong loves skinny walking mannequins



"Any muffin top on the side will distort the silhouette of a dress which is tightly fitted at the waist"



Natural History Museum. London Fashion Week entrance. 20 women. Skinny, oriental, pretty, black, white, tall, ugly, fat. Prancing and dancing. A4 leaflet in my hand. I read. I nod. I sympathise.

"...We (women) are all different in appearance...Why is there still a 'set look' that models have to conform to... We are tired of seeing the same type of girl represented as beautiful...It is time for real women to be counted... A wake up call for this incredibly prejudiced industry is long overdue..."

If a 30 year old woman who wears gold-loop earrings and numerous rings on her fingers takes fashion at face value, I understand. For these women who actually looked like they have some brain juice to think that Galiano must have some unfound rage for fat people. I offer far more sympathy for them than to a dying Jade Goody.

Catwalk dresses have complicated embroidery and intricate folds that just have to be done by hand. These samples are not mass produced by lighting needles in a factory. For a collection that shows twice in a year, seamstresses have around 4 months to finish the typical 40 pieces in a showcase. With a piece which may cost up to 200 man hours to make, where do they find the time to gather models A-Z to make specific measurements?

Even if dresses are specifically made for models of varying sizes, what if they drop out? A replacement who has the same "varied height and shape" is not easy to find. Does it mean the dress would have to be remade, or worse, discarded? Never forget a fashion show is to demonstrate a designer's vision on dresses. It is not a personal tailor show.

At the time of sewing, the dresses were made using a standard set of

measurements without knowing whose body they may eventually fall onto. If a casting manager books models from size 6-16. He is putting his head on the chopping board. In fact, only 2 weeks prior to the show the seamstresses start to minor tweak the fittings for specific models.

Designers ideally want walking dummies on catwalks. Someone who looks bland and faceless enough to not distract the audience from his creation. Any muffin top on the side will distort the silhouette of a dress which is tightly fitted at the waist. Anyone larger than a size 6 in layers of tulle, folds and bulges will look like a cake. An elephant pouncing on the spongy catwalk flooring wearing heavy fabric and toppling accessories in a pair of 4-inch stiletto will inevitably sink through the stage.

A crowded backstage interview on Fashion TV is not a pretence filmed in a studio. Photographers, broadcast-

ers, PRs, sponsors, make-up artists, hair dressers, models, seamstresses, assistants... If you have seen the real backstage, you will stroke the sardine's head and offer condolences next time you open a tin. Until architects come up with elastic walls, people need to be flexible enough to navigate through the non-existent space.

Whether or not one views models as "the perfect women" is really a matter of personal taste. I once wondered why Burberry employed a horse for their ad campaign. It turned out to be Agyness Deyn. Kate Moss has eyes that permanently stare sideways. Karl Lagerfeld said "Heidi Klum always has a stupid smile on her face", and her boobs are "too big for catwalks". But Agyness has that quirkiness that can sustain the chaotic styles that are currently dominating the catwalks. Kate has the impeccable versatility to carry any dress and murder any camera. Heidi has the

best bum. Ever.

There are always criteria people have to conform to for certain professions. I have never seen anyone to appeal for varying levels of stupidity in doctors. I honestly can't see a drooling and dazed kid cutting open someone's gut. Catwalk models are required to be shapeless and slender, just like doctors are required to be smart.

Failing to acknowledge the reasons why catwalk models need to be thin, the campaigners are articulate enough to appreciate the truthfulness of a Dove advert. "Women, be happy of what you've got"! So why does skinny and tall people - who cannot control their metabolic rates - are worth their trouble to empty a slot on their busy diaries to dance on the street then? Are you genuinely happy or genuinely overshadowed by the skinnies? Jealousy wraps in good will is still jealousy at the end of the day. If not hypocrisy.

Jaimie Henry takes inspiration from Jade Goody



"Jade Goody may have realised, perhaps as we all will one day, that whatever lies in store after death is irrelevant"



The death of Jade Goody will be a profound loss, as to my mind she is one of the more intelligent people I have read about in recent years. I am not making a sarcastic slight on the terminally ill, I am being entirely genuine.

She is best known for being unremarkable. From one reality game show to the next, from big mouthed to bigot, she has apparently done nothing of note for her entire life. Yet she had at one stage amassed a fortune of over a million pounds - and for someone without a career or a company that is no mean feat. She has manipulated our collective consciousness in a way incomparable to anything save for perhaps the "Triumph of the Will." From being universally hatred - so much so that the Indian Government didn't want her apologies - to universally pit-

ied so much so that the Prime Minister himself sends his condolences is unprecedented. I can't fathom why this is, aside from having the world's best publicist, but it seems I am being swept up in the consensus.

For most, death is a time you need alone. The stages of accepting death are five, and none are particularly pleasant, and Goody will go through them like every other person on this Earth. However when walking through the lobby of Charing Cross Hospital, in what was a surreal moment given the number of "ordinary" people on the floors above quietly suffering the same plight, her face was on every paper in the shop. I was genuinely surprised to find the billboard on Fulham Palace Road wasn't featuring her. Instead of time alone to grieve, she has sold her story to the News of the World and been interviewed by, in my opinion, the

most sickening, bile-spouting excuse for a journalist the world has ever seen: Carole Malone. You may remember her as the one who recently labelled Imperial College as "bigoted half-wits" in an argument a blind, toothless raccoon could have ripped apart. She has sold the rights to her wedding for over £700 000, and the television rights for another £100 000 in a macabre spectacle that follows a dying woman to the grave.

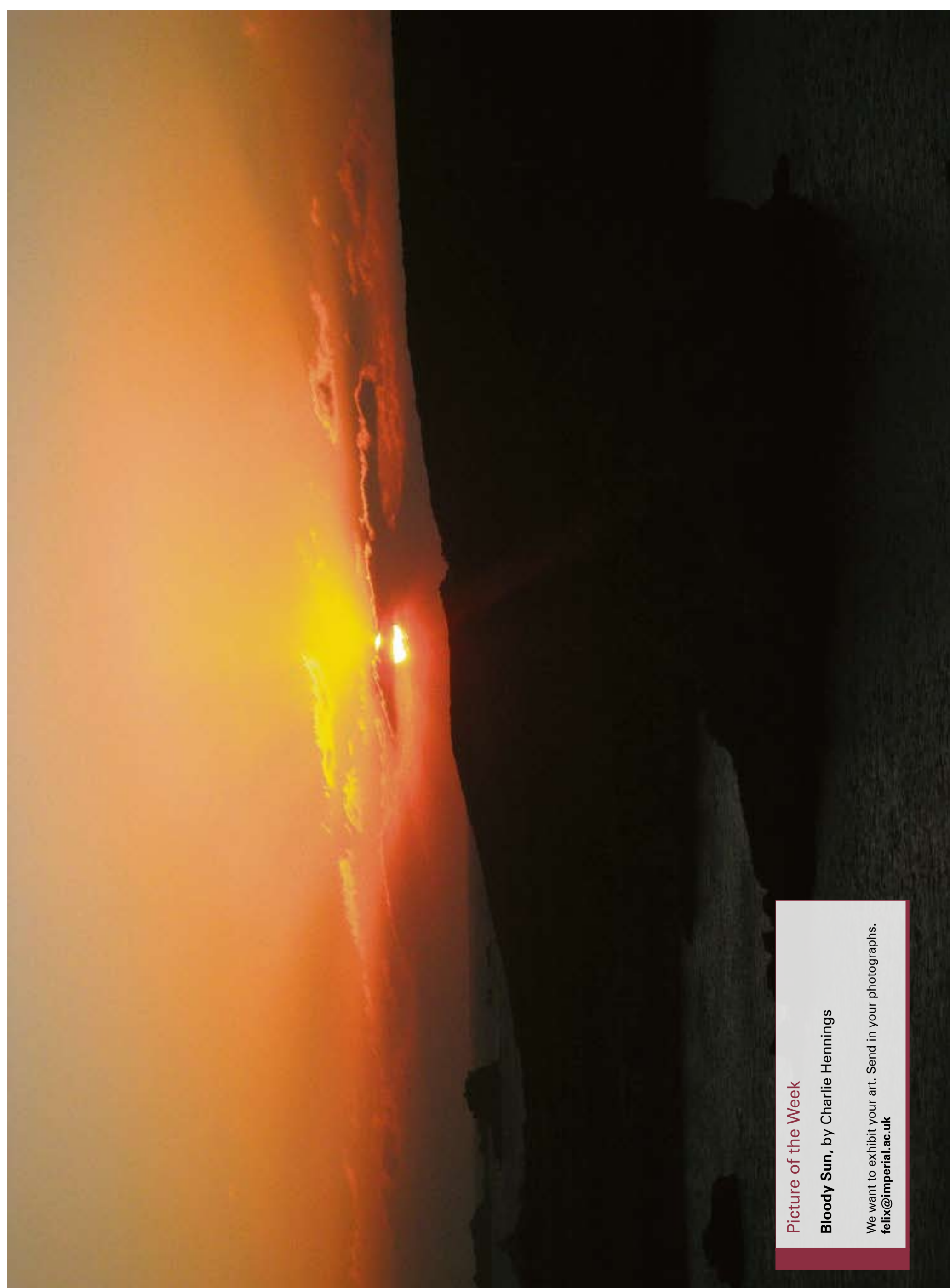
Of course no-one really cares about the atrocities going on around the world, and the only reason people give money at comic relief is a mixture of guilt and wanting to see Noel Edmonds gunged. As Goody will know a million deaths is but a mere statistic and she can use this to make the readers of the tabloids her disciples in what may end up being a cult movement. She is getting the last laugh by cashing in on her own despair, but we should not put it

down to greed. She knows that she has lived by the sword, but as death faces her already she no longer has to fear dying by it, and is controlling her own destiny.

But despite all of sheer revulsion this behaviour could cause, I cannot fault her, for a number of reasons. Arguably she brought this on herself by ignoring a letter telling her to have abnormal cervical cells removed, and I suppose (even if subliminally) she is looking for some cathartic remedy against society by milking it for everything it has to offer; we can't deny her a natural psychological response. And I'm sure she never had in mind the fact that her plight would cause participation in lifesaving cervical cancer screening to increase by up to 21% in some areas - something that no amount of letters and television campaigns could ever achieve. Above all it is said that all of

the money she earns by prostituting herself to the media will support her soon to be motherless children, perhaps maternal instinct at its best.

Though none of these are really the reasons why I will quite happily abide by this abhorrent exploitation of terminal illness. I don't believe she is particularly brave or amazing - no more than the million other cancer sufferers that are being treated. It is mainly because Jade Goody may have realised, perhaps as we all will one day, that whatever lies in store after death is irrelevant. So don't get caught up in the posters around College or on bendy buses arguing whether or not God exists and whether to be happy - just be happy anyway. Because when it comes down to the final crunch, all you can do is to abide by the universal religion of Her Majesty's head and try and make a bit of cash.



Picture of the Week

Bloody Sun, by Charlie Hennings

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



$$\frac{\partial}{\partial x} \left(\frac{\partial y}{\partial x} \right) + \gamma(x) \mu(x) = E \gamma(x)$$

US Cosmetology bans cleaner fish

Miće Tatalović
Science Editor

Cosmetology boards in several US states, including Florida, have banned use of fish in spas and cosmetic salons.

The tiny fish, originally found in Turkey, are popular in Asia. The fish nibble on dead skin and provide customers with hydromassage that is thought to be beneficial for psychological disorders and various skin diseases, most notably psoriasis.

The ban comes before the fish treatment is even available in these states. Boards have highlighted the fact that it is difficult to disinfect pools with live

fish in them. Use of pets and animals for cosmetic purposes is also not allowed in the US.

Other mention ethical issues: these fish do not naturally feed on human skin, they have to be starved to develop liking for humans as a food source.

These 'doctor fish' or 'little dermatologists' come from two species *Garra rufa* and *Cyprinion macrostomus*. They are both used in spas in many countries, including some of the US states. "This is a good treatment for everyone who likes to have nice feet," John Ho, an owner of one such salon told CBC News last year.

It is interesting that humans visit these fish 'cleaning stations' for the same reasons as wild fish: for both pleasure and hygiene.

Marine cleaning stations exist in most oceans around the world where various species of cleaner fish and shrimp advertise their services and clean a variety of fish and even sea turtles.

Many of the biological features of these cleaning stations resemble human economic exchanges, the sort that take place at trading places such as car wash stations and markets. Occasionally, there is even a credit crunch...



Can fish teach us economics?

Miće Tatalović
Science Editor

Demand and supply are the shaping forces in determining prices in human markets. Some biologists propose that similar forces play a role in animal behaviour, especially in the distribution of payoff s between trading animals. Animal interactions such as sexual selection, within-species cooperation and between species mutualism can all be seen as a trade between two classes of traders. For example, males may offer females nuptial gifts in exchange for copulations; territorial animals may allow subordinates to share their territory in exchange for help in raising the territorial animal's off spring; and aphids exchange sugary substance for protection by ants. The exchange rate for traded goods isn't fixed in these examples: for example, aphids may secrete more sugary substance when the number of ants tending them is smaller, so the exchange rates correlate to the availability of certain commodities. The fewer ants there are the more they get paid for their services. Another striking example of a biological market is a marine cleaning station – a place on the coral reef where fish or shrimp, known as cleaners, live by eating parasites off their 'clients'. Cleaning stations manifest many of the features of a marketplace: goods on offer are advertised;

clients are chosen in order to maximise profits; there is competition over the members of the rare class by the common class members; and supply and demand of commodities determine their relative value.

Cleaners advertise their availability to clients by positioning themselves on a visible place at the station (usually a coral head). Good advertising is essential for attracting customers and cleaners advertise brilliantly: one can easily locate a cleaner at long distances when snorkelling/diving. Their bright colours contrast with the pale background of the cleaning station (for example, yellow brain corals) and they usually have a horizontal stripe that also attracts clients. In a business interaction communication is an essential tool for successful transactions. The communication between cleaners and clients has been evolving for a long time and consists of various components. I already mentioned colour signals that inform clients of cleaner's location and availability. Behavioural communication is another component of the graceful choreography of cleaning interactions. Clients that visit the stations signal their willingness to indulge in cleaning by assuming trance-like states. They hover on their head or tail until the cleaner inspects them. These inspection bouts last from several seconds to a few minutes, during which the

cleaner may remove ectoparasites from the client's body surface, sometimes accompanied by the client giving a sudden jolt. These may indicate instances of the cleaner biting the client's tissues rather than removing the ectoparasites. Similar body jerks by clients signal to the cleaner that they are about to leave the station, so if a cleaner is inside their mouth it has time to safely exit before the client swims off. Clients have no in-

"They have a VIP pass to the cleaning stations."

tervention of eating a good cleaner. Cleaners, for their part, communicate their beneficial intention by dancing movements prior to and during the inspection, and they may also provide tactile stimulation of the client with their fins. Cleaning symbioses have been viewed as mutualistic selfless cooperation (a good one for Creationists), as an example of reciprocal altruism (I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine) and more recently as behavioural parasitism (this supposes that cleaners are parasites who exploit clients by eating their body surfaces whilst keeping them under tactile hypnosis). The most recent theoretical background to understanding cleaning symbioses has been the biological market theory, where goods are seen as being exchanged between the cleaner and the client. In light of this theory cleaning interactions provide an opportunity for both cleaners and clients to cheat. Cleaners can cheat by ingesting mucus and taking bites out of the client, which is damaging to the client's health and fitness; while the client can cheat, if it is a piscivore, by eating the cleaner. Clients can also punish cleaners for not cooperating by chasing them, which can be energetically costly for both parties. Imagine having to chase your hairdresser after they cut your ear: it is beneficial for both you and them not to have to resort to that kind of scenario. Similarly, cleaners generally don't make their clients angry. Cleaners may even apply pre-conflict management strate-

gies to avoid being eaten.

Although the piscivorous clients may eat the cleaners they generally do not do so. This fact has been exploited by some other fish species that can mimic cleaner fish species in order to avoid being eaten by piscivores, while exploiting them as a food source (eating their mucus and fins). Using a similar strategy, some human companies exploit designer labels and brands by making fake products and labels to fool the unwary customer into purchasing these instead of the 'real thing'. This imitation devalues the original product, just as the cleaner's 'reputation' is damaged in the eyes of the fooled client, who gets a bite instead of a cleaning and touching session. An interesting possibility is that cleaner species that are mimicked by other fish species may be eaten more often than cleaner species that are mimic-free. There is more selection pressure on clients not to eat mimic-free cleaners than there is to eat the mimicked species since in the latter case sometime they will eat the actual mimic and that would increase the client's fitness, rather than decrease it.

Since clients are more numerous than cleaners there are often queues in front of the cleaning station. Larger and stronger fish attempt to chase the others away, but the cleaner has the final say in who gets inspected, and when. An interesting question that is still unanswered is what determines how attractive the client is to the cleaner. One reason might be that cleaners recognize clients' parasite load and choose those that are most infected. But if cleaners cheat on clients by eating their mucus then they may well prefer to clean those whose mucus is most nutritious. In a sense such clients get ripped off as they have to 'pay extra' to get cleaned if the cleaners are also stripping them of their mucus. Although mucus has been found in cleaners' stomachs it may well be that it was ingested accidentally along with the parasites that were the primary target for the cleaners.

Cleaners have been shown to be able to recognize familiar clients; more specifically, they can distinguish clients that have access to only one cleaning station from those that have access to several. Cleaner fish will inspect and clean those clients that have the option of visiting several cleaning stations (the 'floaters') rather than clients that only

have access to one (the 'residents'). The rationale behind this is obvious: clients that can visit other cleaning stations will do so if they are not satisfied with the service provided at the current station, whilst those that cannot visit other stations are restricted to their habitual station regardless of the quality of the service. The cleaners actually spend more time with the 'choosy' clients and perhaps even cheat them less; in any case, choosy clients wait less time to be inspected by the cleaner when there is a queue for the cleaner's services – it is almost as if they have a VIP pass to the cleaning stations. Interestingly, clients have been shown to remember which cleaning stations have provided them with a quick and effective service and to return preferentially to them, while they avoid the stations where they

"The dance informs the client that the cleaner is about to inspect it."

had to wait for a long time, were not given enough attention, or where they had been cheated previously. In effect, there is pressure on cleaners to provide better service to choosy clients so that they return to their station – a good business with lots of clients is a matter of life or death for cleaner fish.

Furthermore, cleaners seem to be able to recognize piscivorous clients as well as their satiation level. When cleaner fish approach their client they exhibit a dancing motion, and also sometimes touch them. The dance informs the client that the cleaner is about to inspect it. (This dancing swim resembles the flying motion of some birds performing to attract males: it is interesting to see how a similar behavioural signal evolved in the sea and in the air for two different purposes.) The hungry piscivorous clients are touched more often than the herbivores. The explanation for this may be that cleaners are using a 'risk management strategy' whereby they remind the hungry clients that they are cleaning them



and that it is not worth eating them. It looks as if cleaners provide dangerous clients with an especially good service, including more pleasure – imagine getting a massage with your car-wash just because you have a gun. The pleasure that fish get out of tactile stimulation during an inspection by the cleaner has been offered as an explanation as to why clients come to cleaning stations in the first place. This is supported by observations of some clients posing in sea plumes, types of feathery soft coral, even when there are no cleaning stations around – these fish seem to be motivated by the enjoyment of the sensation itself rather than the cleaning benefits of having their parasites removed. However, there is also evidence that suggests that clients carrying more parasites seek cleaners sooner; this would imply that they visit cleaning stations primarily due to the irritation they receive from increased parasite loads.

The exact importance of cleaning stations to the ecological systems in which they are found is still unknown. Some

experiments that have removed cleaning stations from a reef have reported emigration of other fish species and higher infection rates of the few species that have stayed, but others have reported no change in fish biodiversity or health. So the effects of cleaning stations on fish biodiversity are still not fully understood, but there is a possibility that they play an important role in keeping reef fish populations healthy. The fact that cleaning symbioses have evolved convergently several times suggests their importance to the ecosystems. Convergent evolution is when the same adaptations to similar habitats or situations have evolved independently in more than one type of organism. A common example of this is the similar aerodynamic shape of the shark (a fish), dolphin (a mammal) and penguin (a bird), which is thought to have evolved in response to their shared marine lifestyle. In any case, although we do not know the exact importance of marine cleaning stations to the fish biodiversity and health of coral reef communities, the benefits of cleaners to farmed fish

have been demonstrated and so an understanding of cleaner-client interactions have both theoretical and practical (economical/aqua-cultural) value. So next time you go to the market place, perhaps the farmer's market on Bute Street or Borough Market and you attempt to get the best price for the goods you purchase, think about the fascinating power of evolution that has resulted in biological markets where the service-providers and clients exchange goods by the same rules we do, except that they implement these rules without the need for rational thought. Our free economy has reached similar solutions to those reached by natural selection. This further illustrates why Darwin was influenced by Adam Smith's laissez-faire approach to economy. This raises some interesting questions: how many features of human society are shaped by natural selection and our basic animal nature? And how many problematic aspects of our society could be solved by examining the way natural selection has solved similar problems in nature?

IC Radio's weekly science show *Ear on Science* is looking for scientists and PhD students to talk about their research. If you would like to explain your research on radio waves please drop us an e-mail: mico.tatalovic08@imperial.ac.uk or annabel.slater08@imperial.ac.uk



No more "If it's yellow, let it mellow"! Meet the Grey Water Toilet System design

Miće Tatalović
Science Editor

Finally designers and engineers are asking the same question I was asking when I was 10 or so. Why on Earth do we use fresh, drinking water to flush our toilets at a time when water shortages and pollution are on a constant rise?

Alison Norcott, a student designer from Swinburne University of Technology, entered her "The Grey Water Toilet System" design into this year's Australian Design Award competition, and many eco blogs picked up on it, mainly commending such a system.

She explains how the system works: "The Grey Water Toilet System, designed specifically for apartment buildings, helps conserve water by using shower water for flushing. The water is collected from the shower drain and pumped into an in-wall tank. To avoid bacteria growth, the tank is discharged on a cyclic basis so that water isn't stored for over twenty four hours."

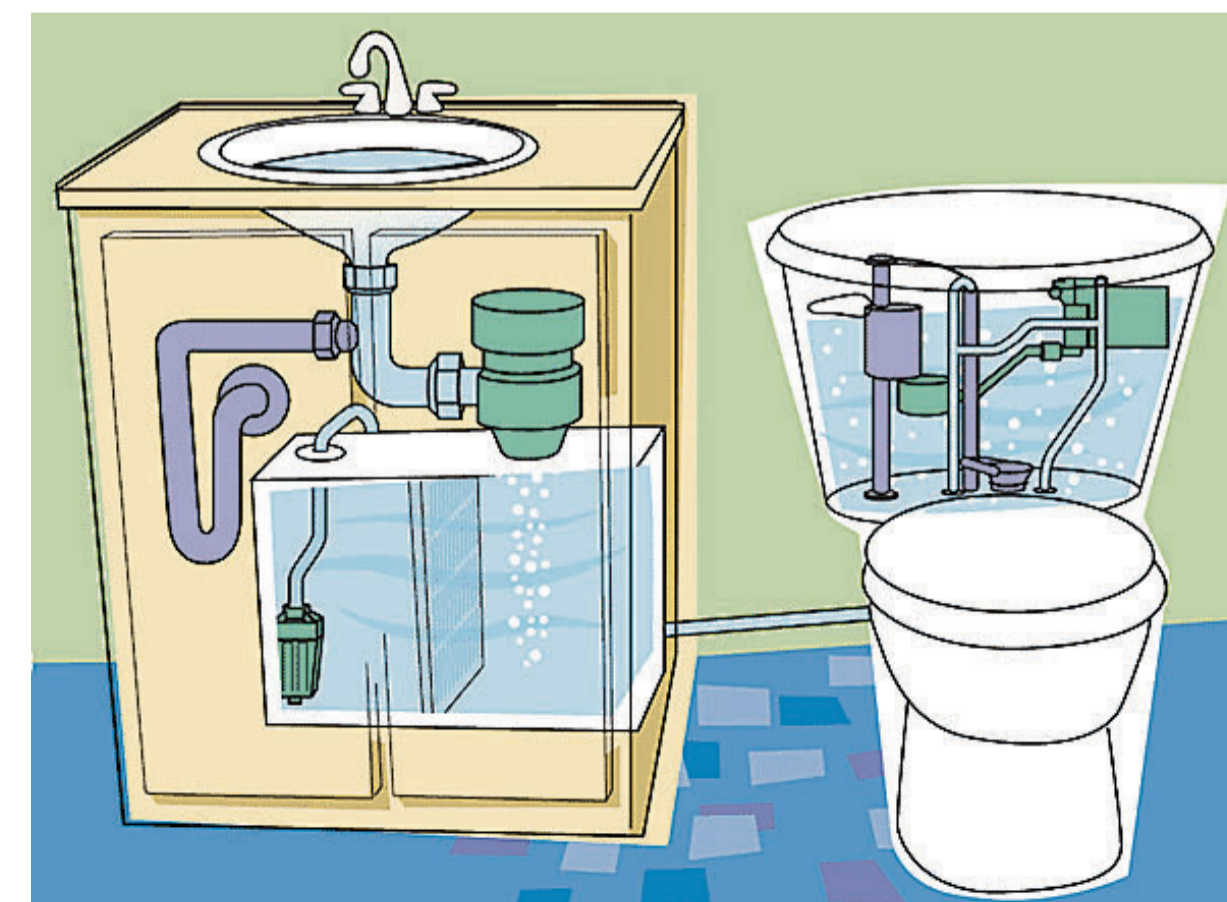
She goes on to explain, "The system has been specifically designed to fit within the wall cavity of an apartment building. There are currently no real solutions for apartments regarding grey water systems, all cater to the household market. Efficiency of the system and space minimisation have been key considerations during the

design process."

And the benefits of such a novel design are that "This system will save hundreds of litres of fresh drinking water per person per week. There is no need to waste such a precious resource on an application like toilet flushing." Now if only we could get Imperial to install this in all the student accommodation...

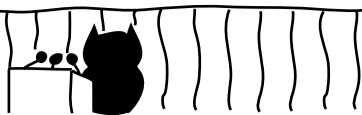
Unfortunately, this design didn't make it to the shortlist for 2009 Awards. Nevertheless, similar commercial systems already exist and perhaps this design will raise people's awareness of such an easy way to cut down on water wastage. One such system is the US based Aquas, "a small scale greywater recycling system that uses treated water that is captured from the bathroom sink to flush the toilet – and accomplish greywater recycling in the process." They estimate savings of up to 6000 gallons of water and \$30 a year per household.

Another such system is Canadian Brac's Greywater Recycling System. They say "Brac systems can help you save 35% to 40% on your annual water bill, and while saving money, you will also help save the environment and provide a better future for our children and their children to come. With this amount of savings, your Brac Greywater Recycling System pays itself." So there are no more excuses for flushing toilets with drinking water.



Simple designs that re-use sink, shower and bath water to flush the toilet could save gallons of water and cut down our water bills.





It has been a while...

Katya-yani Vyas
Politics Editor



Good day, dear readers, it has been a substantial amount of time since I offered a column to the Politics page and for that, I apologise. I will assign part of the blame for this to a sheer lack of time but also in a small amount to the anticipation of seeing who my fellow editor, Mr Goldsack, wished to aggravate each week.

In any case, I have shaken off the dust and will now attempt to reassume some kind of column-like rambling. So this week has been a turbulent one in terms of politics. We have found ourselves questioning the conduct of some politicians and offering heartfelt condolences to others.

A week in which Labour peer Lord Ahmed was sentenced to 12 weeks in prison after texting whilst driving on the M1 led to a collision that proved to be fatal for some of those involved.

A week when UK opposition leader David Cameron's son died in hospital aged six having suffered his entire, extremely-short life from cerebral palsy and epilepsy. Now, I am no Conservative but no parent should have to endure the loss of their child, so I will place to the side any hostility I have towards Cameron and wish him the utmost sympathies during this difficult time.

As for Lord Ahmed, perhaps 12 weeks in prison will allow him time to gain some perspective and, I would hope, teach him a damned good lesson.

Cabinet cover-up?

James Goldsack
Politics Editor

Justice Secretary Jack Straw announced that he would use a clause in the Freedom of Information Act to block the publication of minutes of key Cabinet meetings held in the run-up to the Iraq war in 2003, those in which the war's legality was discussed.

Releasing the papers would do "serious damage" to Cabinet government according to Straw and this outweighed the public interest issues. This disregards the ruling by the Information Tribunal last month that they should be published.

They had rejected a government appeal against the Information Commissioner's ruling that the papers be published because the decisions taken regarding the invasion of Iraq were "momentous" and controversial. The government could have appealed against this decision in the High Court but has decided instead to use the ministerial veto for the first time. Proponents of the Freedom of Information Act see this as evidence that the government has no legal basis for stopping publication.

"There is a balance to be struck between openness and maintaining aspects of our structure of democratic government," Jack Straw said. "The damage that disclosure of the minutes

in this instance would do, far outweighs any corresponding public interest in their disclosure."

The Conservatives backed this decision, since the release of minutes would make ministers more reluctant to discuss controversial subjects in future, impeding good governance. However, Shadow Justice Secretary Dominic Grieve said that the way the government has handled the issue showed contempt for the Freedom of Information Legislation.

The Liberal Democrat justice spokesman, David Howarth, said the decision was "more to do with preventing embarrassment than protecting the system of government". He said it was in the public's interest to know that the Cabinet, as a decision-making body, had "collapsed" in the run-up to war and been manipulated and replaced by a select number of individuals around the then-Prime Minister, Tony Blair.

The release of the Cabinet minutes would reopen controversy over then-Attorney General Lord Goldsmith's advice on the war. His advice to Tony Blair given on 7th March raised questions about the legality of military action without a second UN resolution and was not shown to the Cabinet.

Richard Thomas, who backed publication on interest grounds, said the exercise of a veto over standard FOI procedures must be "exceptional".

Sri Lankan struggle

Nishanth Sivarasan

Sri Lanka; a beautiful island off the south coast of India, home to white sandy beaches, amazing wildlife and a rich heritage. But over the past twenty-five years, this serene landscape has been tarnished by a bloody war.

Before colonisation, the island's different communities co-existed peacefully, living in separate Kingdoms, enjoying parity of status albeit under different rulers. However, during 1517-1948 (The Colonial Era) the country was invaded on separate occasions by the Portuguese, Dutch and finally the British, who unified the Kingdoms for ease of administration.

On the 4th February 1948, Sri Lanka (then Ceylon) gained independence from the British who left the country with a unitary constitution which was subsequently amended by the Sinhala majority – this was to be the start of over half a century of political tension.

The political shift from a mixed Tamil and Sinhala government to solely Sinhala produced the general feeling of unbridled-dominance amongst the minority Tamils. The introduction of various laws such as the 'District Quota System 1972', 'Policy of Standardisation 1973' and the 'Sinhala Only Act' saw the Tamils having to achieve significantly higher points in order to enter university in comparison to their Sinhala counterparts and being refused government jobs if they lacked fluency of the Sinhala dialect; reaffirming their feelings of oppression.

This saw the formation of the Tamil United Liberation Front (TULF) who, with the support of the National Tamil minority and the International Diaspora, contested the Parliamentary elections of 1977 with a clear manifesto for Tamil Nationhood, winning vital seats in the North and East of Sri Lanka.

In 1981 the Jaffna Public Library, which housed over ninety-seven thousand volumes of Tamil literature, including irreplaceable ancient palm leaf manuscripts, was set ablaze by the Sri Lankan police destroying all the original evidence of Tamil heritage in the Island. Many Tamils felt this was a consequence of their political successes in the North-East and this essentially fuelled growing hostility.

A series of protests and riots broke out articulating the feelings of oppression and discrimination against the minority population. The vision of 'Tamil Eelam' was born: the dream of the Tamil Nationals and Diaspora to have a self-run state on the Island – ul-

timately, the hope of autonomy. Over the past thirty-five years various organisations emerged to voice the general opinion of oppression and conflicts broke out over the welfare of the Tamil people. Some took passive political stances, whilst others took up an armed struggle having felt that their initial efforts were in vain. The most prominent conflict to start was the war waged between one of these organisations, now known as the LTTE (Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam) and the government.

Since the start of the war, seventy-five thousand people have been killed by indiscriminate shelling. Both sides have been accused of severe human rights violations by independent parties and the International Red Cross. However, the total ban on external media sources and International peace-keeping processes by the government has meant that there are no details of the humanitarian atrocities. Further to this, wide scale demonstrations across the globe, such as the one-hundred-thousand strong march that occurred in London Westminster on 31st January 2009 outlining the carnage in Sri Lanka, have received significant media containment due to political pressures: the voice of the Tamil people has 'inadvertently' been silenced.



Sri Lankan police investigate the explosion site of a suspected Tamil suicide bomber in Vavuniya



Sri Lankan forces stand guard in the recaptured town of Mullaittivu

timately, the hope of autonomy.

Over the past few weeks the war has escalated severely, and whilst the government claim to be achieving success over the LTTE, over one-thousand Tamil civilians have been killed within the space of three weeks by indiscriminate shelling of schools, hospitals and various other institutions in a government allocated 'safe zone' in North-East Sri Lanka. Meanwhile a further two-hundred-and-fifty thousand civilians are trapped in areas of conflict within arms reach of artillery fire, with minimal humanitarian aid and little hope of escaping safely.

The case of the government and the LTTE is the centre of much controversy; and it seems that today's society is comfortable using this as an excuse to turn a blind eye to the tragedies of this humanitarian crisis. It would seem ethically fundamental that it is a common agenda to every individual to see that all human beings have the right to live with dignity, autonomy and freedom from the fear of death.

As students we are a force; we have a societal stand and the power to make a difference. Please help us do so by showing your support. "Peace can only last where human rights are respected, where the people are fed, and where individuals and nations are free." The Dalai Lama.

For the good of humanity, drugs must be legal

Edward Townes

The War on Drugs, and the illegality of drugs in general, is arguably the cause of the most senseless waste of human life and resources in the history of mankind. In the United States alone, \$50 billion dollars is spent each year on attempting to disrupt the drug market, equal to the combined budgets for the country's agriculture, energy, and veteran's programs. This does not take into account billions more in damages to private citizens and millions of lives around the world destroyed every year.

America's prison population of 2.3 million, where one third are drug-related convictions, costs a further \$60 billion per year and has earned the "leader of the free world" the dubious honour of holding more inmates than the rest of the world combined, along with the greatest incarceration rate of any major country, ever.

Despite this tremendous cost, drug consumption in the US has reliably increased throughout the prohibition. The War on Drugs is a catastrophic failure from any perspective, but I wish to argue that even an effective war is unjustified and evil, even harming

Indeed scientists have proven with rats that this relationship simply does not exist on a chemical level.

Secondly, making substances illegal harms quality accountability in the market. This means that a large portion of the drugs consumed have been cut with other substances that are considerably worse for the health of the consumer than the drug itself, and create uncertainty in the potency of a given dosage, leading to overdoses.

Finally, using the health of the consumers as a justification for prohibiting their voluntary activity amounts to the government assuming it has a role in protecting us from ourselves. This logic, when taken to its full implications, is clearly tyrannical. Most people already understand that when you make a market illegal, many are newly defined as criminals who otherwise do not break the law. They can also understand that the majority of the revenues of the drug market make it into the hands of murderous drug lords.

What most people do not appreciate is the vast amount of derivative crime created when you make a market black. When you declare a market illegal you deny all the actors in that market redress of grievances through the court and justice system. This leads the participants in the illegal market to find other means to sort out their differences, which invariably leads to violence.

For example, if I agree to buy a kilogram of cocaine from a business associate, and then decide to screw him over and not pay up on delivery, can he go to the police and have me arrested for theft/fraud? No. His only option is to attempt to recover his damages himself by force. How many gang wars have you heard about over who gets control of streets to distribute alcohol? Last time that happened, surprise surprise, was the alcohol prohibition in the 1920s.

Alcohol is, in fact, an excellent case study in understanding the consequences of prohibiting drugs, and any time that you want to see how the drug market would manifest if it was not illegal, the alcohol market is a good place to look. Do we have mili-

those most in need of help.

The central problem with calling the production, distribution, and consumption of a substance a crime is that there are no involuntary parties to these activities. When someone grows pot on their land, they are not harming anyone else; no victims have come forward as plaintiffs.

When drug dealer and user make a voluntary exchange between themselves, they are not harming anyone else. This means that the government has created a new category of victimless (i.e. political) crime. Laws that define victimless deeds as criminal should not exist. Period.

Every law that does is a transgression against liberty. Nothing damages the respect the public has for their government more than the creation of laws that it cannot possibly enforce effectively.

In addition, there are important consequences from making drugs illegal that affect both crime and public health.

A frequent justification for making drugs illegal is that it is better for public health. The reality is the exact opposite. First of all, there is no empirical evidence that making drugs illegal leads to any decrease in consumption. In fact, there is evidence to the contrary. In countries with more liberal drug laws, the consumption of drugs is generally lower, by a large margin, than countries with more authoritarian drug laws.

Similarly, there is no data to support the claim that consumption of softer drugs necessarily leads to harder drugs.

"Making drugs illegal is a complete failure"

tias guarding fields of barley? No. Do we have frictional relationships with countries that export alcohol? No. Do we have governments around the world secretly profiting from the alcohol market to the detriment of their people? No. Do we have kids travelling around the world with vials of alcohol in their rectums? No. Do thousands and thousands of people die every year attempting to transport and distribute alcohol? No. Do alcohol addicts looking for their next drink commit most of the burglaries? No. The list goes on and on.

The fact of the matter is, making drugs illegal is not only a complete and utter failure that creates massive harm for humanity, but the justifications for even attempting it are flawed and totalitarian.

The world would be a vastly better place if governments left people who want to consume a substance of their own choice in peace.



Dubai has received criticism from its people and from international organisations for the Atlantis hotel, the latest in a string of lavish projects

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Turning Valentine's day on its head

The Soho Theatre's *This Isn't Romance* explores incestuous love in terms of sex, money and violence: not your standard Valentine's fare. Benjo Fraser is amused and also perplexed.

What impresses most about this play is its boldness. Miso Blake, orphaned at the age of seven, penniless, abandoned her four year-old brother Han and left Korea. She grew up in England, became middle-class; whilst Han struggled to survive and fell into destitution. When Miso goes back to find him, her guilt, his hatred, and their mutual disgust at their own lives are played out in unforgiving fashion.

Ubiquitous here are extremes and intensity of emotion. The two fall in love. The incestuous nature of this is perhaps meant to play a key role ("I am you. You're the marrow in my bones, you're in my genes, in my body") but far more prominent is the pain and guilt of separation destroying the two. Lives full of destruction are difficult to repair. The scenes between Jennifer Lim (Miso) and Mo Zainal (Han) overwhelm us with sexuality and longing, and it is powerful when they fall asleep in each other's arms. How disturbing you find this may depend on your sibling count. For me, it was a beautiful and simple moment, which typifies the places of clarity, which the piece is often able to draw from its frantic bulk.

By this I mean the fact that sex, money and violence are in every scene. Unable to cope with her emotions for Han, and needing money for him, Miso attempts to destroy herself. She sells her body to Jack Cash, a wealthy English hotelier. While sleazy, and morally dubious (with a wife and children at home), he is refreshingly honest about his desires for her. In portraying this in the context of the brother-sister relationship, the writer (In-Sook Chappell) is perhaps inviting us to evaluate our views on the morality of sexuality and money. But the piece often comes across as unnecessarily nihilistic, in the face of

a basically happy situation. In the end, many of Miso's actions must be down to some tragic flaw, rather than due to circumstance if we are to make sense of the play as a whole, and actually to prevent the play descending into the ridiculous. Because I think this play, looked at from different angles, possibly even viewed on different nights, is both tragedy and farce. It is difficult to get a grip on, which all rests on how well integrated and relevant one finds the subsidiary themes of modern money and sex – so brashly are they presented, they begin to feel superfluous by the end.

The dialogue is good, and in the Miso/Han scenes has a poetic quality – ideal for expressing the themes of longing and memory. Other scenes, especially those with Cash, contain well-written humour and are entertaining. The actors make the most of this, and several times I was impressed with the quality of delivery. Cash's Essex accent was wonderfully to-the-point. Miso's middle-class English tones sounded a bit too authentic for someone who left Korea at seven, but made her estrangement with her native land is obvious throughout. The staging, while simple, was nice, and the Soho studio theatre space was used to good effect – the modernist design of the building seeming to echo the present-day urban Korean landscape in which the play is set.

So, we are provided with a nicely round aesthetic experience. At the centre are authentic themes of love transcending time. Go see it, if you think can work out what it all means. And then tell me.

Showing at the Soho Theatre until 7th March



Ooh Baby Baby.... Jennifer Lim as Miso and the Essex Boy Jack Cash. Courtesy of Simon Kane



Sex, money and violence: everything you need for the non-conformist Valentine's day

Celebrating 400 years of misogyny

Shakespeare's first play has a bawdy make-over in this RSC production, Caz Knight reports back.

Few Shakespeare plays kick off with Calvin Harris' dance tune, 'Girls', with the supposed streets of sixteenth century Padua resembling any given town in Britain on a Saturday night – drunken antics in shopping trolleys and blow-up naked dolls included.

This is how Conall Morrison's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* for the Royal Shakespeare Company captures the attention of the teenaged, half-term audience, before the fear of sitting through three hours of Shakespeare kicks in.

Believed to be one of his first plays, *The Taming of the Shrew* is a comedy set in Padua, home to the travelling Italian theatre group the Commedia dell'Arte. The group toured England at the time when Shakespeare was a boy and are thought to have influenced him, exploring the oldest and most pervasive form of discrimination: misogyny. The wealthy Baptista has two daughters; the younger, fair Bianca with suitors a-plenty and the wild, acid-tongued Katherina, to whom no man dares go. Bianca's suitors, frustrated with her father's refusal to let Bianca wed before her older sister, find a man mad enough to marry Katherina (for her large dowry). Enter Petruchio, who is more than a match for the Shrew and eventually succeeds in bending her to his will, taming her in the process. Much comedy and confusion ensue after master and servant, Lucentio and Tranio, swap roles so that Lucentio may woo Bianca under the guise of being her tutor.

Conall Morrison has managed to make Shakespeare's dialogue and wit not only decipherable but also hilarious, whilst at the same time breaking apart any preconceived notions of the playwright being cumbersome and stiff.

The script is tied to the energetic, highly slapstick 'choreography', seam-



Ian McDiarmid as Oxford-educated Father Anderton

lessly making the play flow but also making us feel as if we are watching a Ben Stiller comedy. And it is in this where the play fails.

The first twenty minutes of the production feel more like a pantomime, with much overacting and a totally superfluous song-and-dance routine. The play resumes some slight seriousness when the modern attire is relinquished for period costume and Stephen Boxer drops his Brummie accent for the standard RP, one more

fitting for a Shakespearean lead, as he takes on the role of Petruchio after playing the drunk Christopher Sly in the induction.

The next two and a half hours waver between the script's excellence shining through and being swamped under bawdy gestures which make you slightly embarrassed, especially on behalf of any of the exceptionally young or exceptionally old in the audience.

Special mention should go to Keir Charles, who receives many laughs as

Tranio with barely any obscene gestures. Michelle Gomez is superbly cast as the Shrew, but we are left with the feeling that she is a bit of a one-trick pony after seeing her rehash her, admittedly highly entertaining and unique, role as Sue White in *Green Wing*. However, she pulls off Katherina's closing monologue with the gravitas it requires.

The Guardian criticised this production for glorifying domestic violence, as Petruchio goads and berates Kath-

erina until she finally gives into obedience. It is easy to see how the issues contained within the play could make people uncomfortable given today's vehement struggle for sexual equality: the man gets what he wants and the woman learns to want what she gets. And yet, the play continues to run a good four hundred and twenty years after conception: perhaps a bit of discomfort is worth the price of making sure these great works live on.

Star Wars Emperor in role of priest

Rosie Grayburn is star-struck with a performance from Star War's Emperor, Ian McDiarmid.



Ian McDiarmid as Oxford-educated Father Anderton

For once, I thought that when I saw the words "Catholic Priest" on the blurb of this new play, maybe paedophilia would be taking a night off.

However, when you see the words "Catholic", "priest" and "befriend" all in one sentence, you know it isn't to be the case. I entered the auditorium of the Donmar Warehouse full of suspicion and distrust. I had never seen this topic treated sensitively, but I was to be surprised. *Be Near Me* is the stage adaptation of the Booker-prize nominated novel of the same name by Andrew O'Hagan, which sees an Oxford-educated Catholic priest enter a parish in a pitiable town in Ayrshire, Scotland.

Loneliness ensues, but he is rejuvenated by the striking up an odd friendship with two chavs. Father Anderton is played by the awesome Ian McDiarmid – you may know him as The Emperor in the Star Wars films. After being star-struck for at least half of the first act, we get to know Father Anderton as a kind, thoughtful pastor but with no real passion for the community he has been

placed in. He is far more interested in his vintage wine, classical music and reciting poetry with his determined housekeeper Mrs Poole, who is portrayed magnificently by Blythe Duff.

The play opens with some beautiful prose recited by Father Anderton, which will reappear hauntingly at the end of the play. The unusual soundtrack for the play involves members of the cast singing patriotic Scottish songs and hymns which is rather lost on the central London audience but I am promised that when the play first opened in Glasgow, the songs were met with strong, positive feelings.

Not only do the cast sing a number of these 'fillers' between scenes, but the cast mostly stays on stage during the entire first act as a symbol of the community in this small Scottish town.

The priest's community falls apart as the cast diminish during the second act, when the priest loses allies and friends after the unpreventable turning point in the play. The adaptation to stage (written by Ian "Dark Side" McDiarmid himself) is true to the book and

only leaves out some scenes concerning Father Anderton's past, which can be hinted at quite easily on stage using props and longing facial expressions.

The Donmar Warehouse is the perfect setting for a play like this, as the audience comes right up to the stage so the actor can see each face in the stalls, like he is standing trial and the audience is his jury. *Be Near Me* will mix up your emotions and leave you feeling sad and reflective, which I measure as a good thing on a theatre scale.

There are some laughs, like "Sometimes, I like my drink more than I like my children" or the inevitable chav/unemployed/ "At least he's got Sky" digs, but these jokes get more and more scarce as the play reaches its quiet climax. *Be Near Me* is one for a fulfilling night out, where your beliefs are challenged and eyes opened – see it and you won't regret it.

Be Near Me is showing at the Donmar Warehouse, Covent Garden until 12th March

Soviet friendly art for the people

Emilie Beauchamp reviews Constructivist Rodchenko's post-revolutionary art at the Tate Modern

What do we remember of Russian Communism? For most people under thirty, we are reminded of a fluffy period where you could hear about the Domino theory, the Vietnam War, communes and hungry peasants... In short, some of the remains of a disaster. But Communism in Russia spurred much more than just disaster. In fact, the socio-political setting of Bolshevik Revolution triggered massive artistic movements in the late 1910s, which were dominated by Constructivism. Of this movement, two artists have been glorified for their inventive works: Liubov Popova and Aleksandr Rodchenko. Both artists are now being honoured at the Tate Modern until the 25th of May.

A concept coined in 1919, Constructivism represents a rejection of the "art for art's sake" philosophy and thrives to create art that would be meaningful and multidimensional, questioning its fundamental properties and its place in society. In other words, art should be like a social construction; purposeful and made for the masses. Artistically, it translates into an interesting progression, like responding arguments in a discussion. The first phase of the movement was dominated by painting. Displaying sometimes minimalist, sometimes intricate, works of geometrical shapes and rays, the artists played mostly with colors and textures, developing graphic abstraction. To the unused eye, the pieces could all feel alike at first sight... However, after two or three rooms, the differences in style between Popova and Rodchenko can readily be observed, and one can appreciate the ongoing evolution in techniques that are used. It has to be said that Constructivism was not only a form of artistic expression; it was the embodiment of a whole societal philosophy, taking the form of a debate, a discussion, an introspection. An utterly adequate reflection of the socio-

political context in which Russia was; where one searched for the meaning of art, the other explored the meaning of societies. In itself, the diagnostic was unanimous: both should be productive, organised and planned. This is reflected in the perfect lines and circles pictured in paintings and sculptures, defined in precision by ruler and compass.

In the 1920s, Rodchenko and Popova started exploring sculpture, moving away from plane and platonic painting and forward to representations in "real space". Another parallel to Communism, Constructivists believed art was to be made collectively and for the collectivities; it therefore regrouped many artists working in collaboration for most of the movement's preponderance in Russian arts.

Along these lines, the exhibition presents Popova, Rodchenko and their friends' respective works as painters and sculptors, as they develop following the progression of Communism. With Lenin's New Economic Policy in the 1920s, which allowed private enterprise to operate on a limited scale, Rodchenko, Popova and their entire circle turned to be productive for society by adapting their art to be more useful to everyday life. They therefore became architects, furniture and fashion designers, advertisers, theatre directors and more. Part of their time was occupied by orders from the Soviet government for propaganda posters and political education campaigns. While their pieces from the period demonstrate more flexibility, and allowed characters and figures to be represented, it still depicted the same purely mechanic and engineered style. One can however appreciate much of the new uses they found for their art. In a very interesting outcome, Popova's numerous creations for the State Cotton-Printing Factory in Moscow influenced directly the daily lives of women in Russia, as they bought the fabric to make their dresses and started an en-



Liubov Popova, *Construction 1920*, Oil on canvas

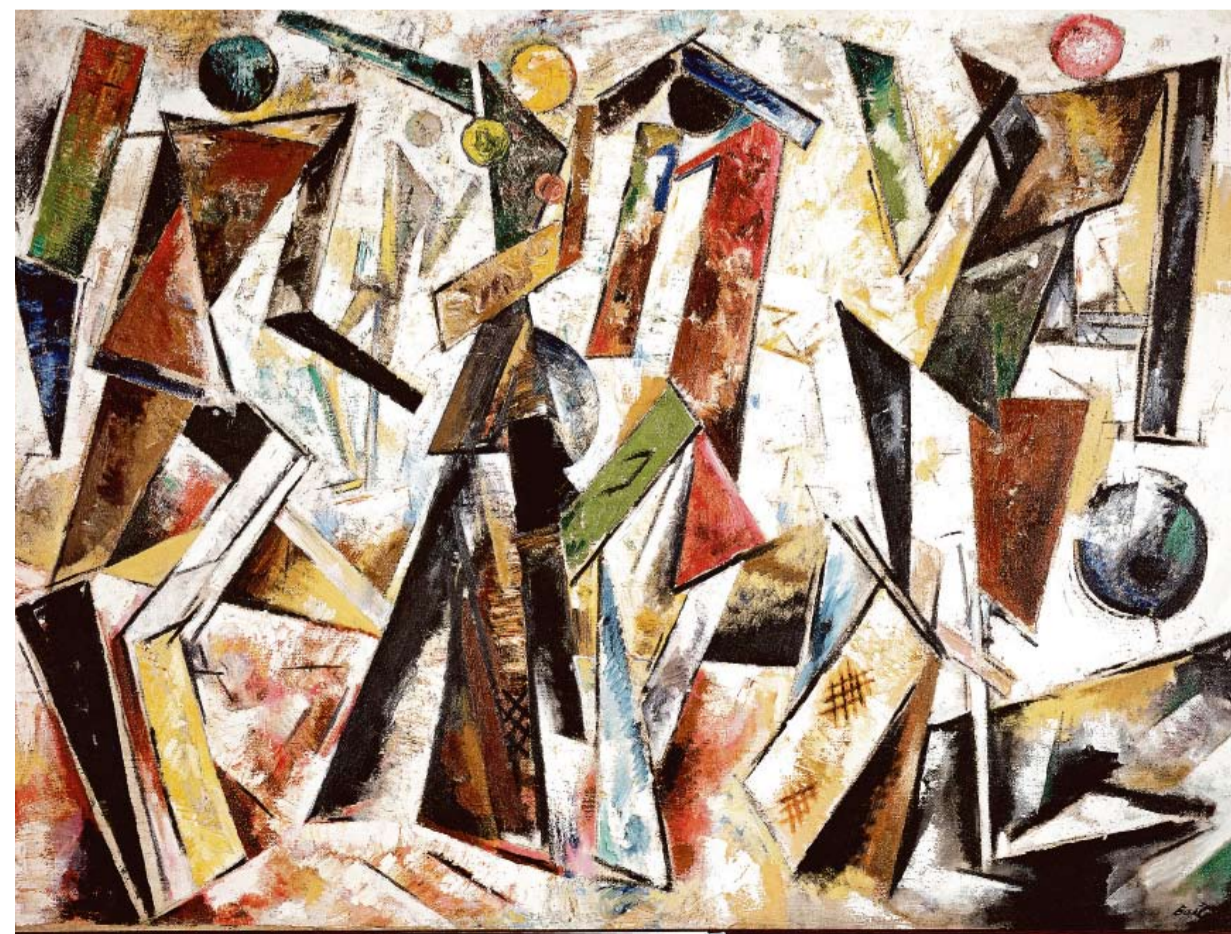
tirely new fashion. Constructivism is also noticeable in that it was one of the first periods when women were equally valued and respected in arts than men, thanks to Communists' notion of the equality of sexes.

Constructivism was ephemeral but intense. As Stalin took power in late 1920s, Constructivism had lost ground by the 1930s to Socialist, or Heroic Realism, which glorified workers and peasants in illusionary paintings and

grandiose sculptures. However, Constructivism inspired numerous others than just our Bolshevik brothers in their beginnings; it was the basis of the eponymous movement that later spread through Europe and America in the '30s and '40s, and is still an important figure in everyday designs. Seemingly a forgotten ancestor of today's abstract and contemporary styles, Constructivism has proven through the Tate's exhibition to be more than

interesting, it is enquiring. The dreary selection of paintings showed at first somehow explodes in an exponential number of techniques and variations, that makes this exhibition a fast-paced and continuous discovery. Great work Tate, it is always admirable to see what geniuses can do out of a bunch of squares and circles!

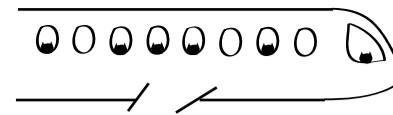
Showing at the Tate Modern until 17th May



Varvara Stepanova, *Dancing Forms on a white background*, 1920. Oil on canvas



Aleksandr Rodchenko, *Illustration for the magazine "Young Guard"*, 1924



And the geese won

Dylan Lowe
Travel Editor

What's that around your neck?"
"It's a pendant, fool!"
"Yeah I know, but what's it for?"
"Keeping me alive."

It is essentially a fishhook, carved out of cow bone, that dad had bought me in Auckland years ago. A Maori symbol, the indigenous people of NZ believed that it guarantees its bearer safe journeys over land and water.

Surely, something like folklore and superstition are way too irrational for an Imperial mind, like mine, to believe and rely upon?

That certainly was my mentality when, the evening before my flight back, the gore of a post-plane crash hospital scene flashed upon the family TV. My clutch on the pendant couldn't be firmer throughout the night and during the flight.

As you might have gathered, I made it back in one piece.

Aviation accidents have frequently made it to our headlines, more so in recent months than ever. Fresh out of the news is the Amsterdam Schiphol Crash today (Weds 25 Feb), closely followed by the Buffalo crash two weeks ago, a crash in Brazil and the Hudson River Incident in January. Which puts the grand total of commercial accidents since the dawn of 2009 at four.

I don't have a phobia for flying, in fact quite the contrary; yet these figures (and those I go through during my research) are enough to make my heart race. I can't help but worry.

For the love of god, I don't want to die. Not yet.

Right after Hudson River, an American friend made it clear on Facebook that she is to never travel on a plane ever again. After being accused – by me – for scaremongering she proceeded to exclaim that "a plane and some geese got into a fight, and the geese won". However childish this might sound (she is a research assistant at the University of Auckland, in fact), the statement has a certain degree of logic in it. It carries the grandiose sentiment one gets from staring into the face of death. This is the harsh, but remote,

reality. The geese did get into a 'fight' with the aircraft, and they did bring it down. Easy as.

But please, don't let this put you off flying. The last thing I want (as travel editor) is to see my readers rot on this island. Here are reasons why there is absolutely nothing to fear about.

Whacking out the cliché, here is a statistical fact: you are more likely to die in a car accident than in a plane crash. More the apparent when you compare the probability of fatality due to an aviation accident (one in 11 million) to that due to an automobile accident (one in 5000). The Times magazine had kindly pointed out, in 2006, that "more than 500 times as many people die on U.S. roads as in airline accidents".

Flying is becoming progressively safer. Other than the events of 9/11, aviation technology of the 21st century has reduced accidents and casualties to the bare minimum. The high standards of training for pilots meant tragedies developed into tales of survival and heroism – look no further than Hudson River and the stray landing of BA Flight 38 (Jan 2008). Out of the four accidents of 2009, two had all or most of the passengers walking out of the aircraft after a crash landing, thanks to the composure and dexterity of the pilots. Stick to the news and you will find proof to my claims.

Speaking about media coverage, it must be blamed for causing our fear of flight. The media is responsible for overdramatising airplane disasters as a way to increase their financial gains – how else could they get our attention? In fact, it is this fear they had created that they are now exploiting to manipulate their readership.

We take risks in everyday situations. Just as choking on food, keeping a pet dog, taking a bath, even getting out of bed – all of which, by the way, have a higher death rate than flying – present a death threat, travelling by flight does involve some level of risk. So have faith in modern aeronautics, and especially in our pilots. Have a pleasant flight. Forget about the engine failures, the fuel starvations. And I am sure the geese can't win every day.

Minced goose for dinner anyone?



You see that kids? That's a man.

Wieliczka Salt Mine

Dylan Lowe went underground and licked the wall - it's salty

I knew someone who had refused to visit Poland because of his hatred for Polish immigrants. How pathetic. Not only is this racist attitude totally unacceptable, he is also missing out big time.

To forsake a country as culturally and architecturally enriched as Poland is utter idiocy. Which brings me to my very own Polish experience. With a tight schedule, Warsaw, a city still staggering away from the obliteration of WWII and subsequent Soviet rule, was left out of the itinerary. Instead we headed towards Krakow, the Medieval Polish capital and home to Poland's finest of architecture.

City aside, the greatest testimony of the Polish's constructional genius lies in Wieliczka, ten kilometres southeast of Krakow Central, in the form of a salt mine.

A salt mine? Care to say that again? Active until 1996, the Wieliczka salt mine had been operating for over nine centuries. It is hard to imagine how a dirt-cheap produce that is salt was the medieval equivalent of oil; harder still is that the mine is now a World Heritage site and major tourist attraction.

Loitering on the surface, somewhere within the township of Wieliczka, I had my doubts. I could almost smell a tourist trap underneath my feet.

Upon entry, through a museum-like complex, the flight of stairs was what separated me from the moment

of truth. That was all four hundred of those cursed steps, though it was more like a thousand.

Accuse me of touristic ignorance here, but I couldn't honestly see the merits of a narrow tunnel littered with archaic mining gear. But then our guide wasn't even in the slightest undetermined by our lack of interest. He was better aware that the boredom was a mere prelude to what is to come.

So when the winches and lumber vanished, and their replacements appeared, the Pole had won back our gusto. There were caverns. And pillars. And pavements. And sculptures. And statues. All cleaved out of rock salt. The vaults were so hectic with the spectacles that, two years on, the memory of my visit has gone fuzzy. But I can still remember recognising the faces preserved in the halite, the joy of finding and naming replicates of artwork found, perhaps, in the Louvre. Oh yeah, and not resisting the invitation to lick the walls – I spent the remainder of the tour craving for water.

You would think the dextrous pairs of hands that carved out the masterpieces – which includes, by the way, a relief of Da Vinci's *The Last Supper* – belonged to true maestros of art. You would be wrong. All it took were generations of ordinary, unnamed salt miners, and their endeavour to transform their workplace and, indeed, homes, into a sanctuary of craftsmanship.

And just as I thought I had had enough flattery for one day, we ambled into the Chapel of St Kinga.

The chapel itself is nothing more than a subterranean church garnished lavishly by religious sculptures and bas-relief. The chandeliers, which were made almost entirely of purified salt, draped the chamber with a humble glimmer. But the essence of the location, the sheer scale of labour and history required to assemble such glamour – it has rendered me speechless even now.

Maybe it was better expressed in songs, since performing in this cavernous concert hall (as a chorister in a school choir tour) had produced the most beautiful acoustics I have ever heard in my fleeting career as a singer.

The Wieliczka salt mine represents what I love the most about travelling: to venture into a site with zero expectations, and to come out completely blown away. It is the discovery of these hidden gems that makes the trip worthwhile.

Even more fascinated still, I learnt this: despite treading for three hours, 90m below ground, I had seen less than a meagre 1% of the entire salt mine, which consists of a 200km-long passage and 2040 caverns (of which I have visited 20). And thanks to memories like these, I am dying to go travelling again. Still a month to go till Easter? Damn.



The Chapel of Saint Kinga



Take the leap

"Bungee jumping originated from the Vanuatuan coming-of-age ritual. Tribesmen, tied to their ankles with vines, would jump off wooden platforms to prove their courage. This ritual, called *Gkol*, is performed in the Pentecost Island of Vanuatu.

Inspired by the footage of the *Gkol*, members of the Oxford University Dangerous Sport Club, attempted the first modern bungee jump in Bristol.

The man responsible for commercialising bungee jumping is A J Hackett, a New Zealander, who opened the first commercial jump site on the Kawarau Bridge in Queenstown, New Zealand in 1988. The man himself per-

formed many bungee stunts, which include jumping from Eiffel Tower in 1987, from a helicopter at 380m, and from the Royal Gorge Bridge, the highest suspension bridge in the world.

The highest-recorded bungee jump was performed by Andrew Salisbury in 1991 (926m). The world's highest commercial bungee can be found in South Africa, at a height of 216m."

Well done to **Jumper** for sending in a brilliant account of bungee jumping.

Want to tell us about your last holiday? Written an account of your travel encounters? Please send it to travel.felix@imperial.ac.uk - I'd love to hear it!



A J Hackett - genius behind the insanity

Musical Theatre Society
presents

PHOTO BY TOM JAMES
PHOTO EDITED BY JOE MUDDIMAN



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

X.III.MMIX - XIV.III.MMIX

UNION CONCERT HALL

7.30pm



In case you missed Oscar night!

The most eagerly awaited night of the year for anyone in the movie industry may have been and gone, but **Jonathan Dakin** denied himself sleep to bring us the night's recap.

Yes that's right! Oscar season has come and gone, and I am pretty sure everyone knows who the big winners and sore losers were at the Academy Awards ceremony this year, held in the Kodak Theatre in Los Angeles. Just in case you didn't, I have provided a list of the winners of the Big Six gongs of the night – the awards that everyone waits nervously (and sometimes impatiently) for.

You might be surprised and shocked to hear that this movie maniac actually stayed up way past his bedtime in order to watch the Oscars live, as they unfolded halfway across the globe. Why you might ask? Well yes, it is a little bit sad, but every respectable film critic has to do it at least once in their life! But because I was sucked into it, I felt like I was experiencing the dizzying heights and embarrassing lows of the evening along with the crème de la crème of A-list celebrities and



Danny Boyle deserves an Oscar just for being such a great person

cars would begin, so I switched to Sky Movies Premiere and was greeted by Claudia Winkleman and other fairly well-known guests (one of them was the hilarious Danny Wallace). They chatted for a good half an hour and I was less than impressed. I kept checking the clock. Why had the Oscars not begun? Why were they dragging this out for as long as possible? Why was I not in bed instead?? I just wanted to see Kate Winslet finally win for Best Actress!!



Sixth time was the charm for Kate

high powered movers and shakers of one of the world's most powerful and successful industries. I jumped on the Oscar train and was dragged along for the ride, so I thought it would be relevant that I write an article chronicling the whole event.

For me and for the rest of the country, the Oscars began at 11pm, and I switched over to Sky 1 to see Fearnie Cotton standing on the red carpet, trying her hardest to grab and interview celebrities as they arrived at biggest night of the year for movies. She was fairly unsuccessful, mainly because she was not pushy enough especially as she was standing next to E! Entertainment's Ryan Seacrest (who presents American Idol), so he was getting all the big name stars before her, and once they had been interviewed by him they left the area and moved to another. Poor Fearnie. She tried her hardest and did do a good job, but spent most of the time talking about the glamorous dresses the stars were wearing, and occasionally speaking to Seacrest himself, when he was taking a rest for a commercial break.

At 1am, we were promised the Os-

Finally, at 1.30am, presenter Hugh Jackman, recently voted 'Sexiest Man in the World', began by singing a moderately funny song that insulted all of the films nominated. Anne Hathaway was pulled out of the audience and joined him, singing and dancing together under the dazzling Proscenium Arch of the stage. Everyone smiled and laughed. Then a new layout was introduced: five previous winners came out together and talked about each of the five nominees and their roles for the category. I really liked this approach – it felt fresh and exciting and was far more dynamic than just watching clips from the films.

First up was Best Supporting Actress, and out came the five previous winners – one of them was comedy icon and my favourite actress of all time, Whoopi Goldberg. She was on

form as usual, making hilarious jokes and stealing the moment from the other four women. And the winner of Best Supporting Actress was... Penelope Cruz – I was very happy about this, as I felt it was about time that she was recognised for her acting talent!

After this, time began to blur into a hazy fog as tiredness began to set in. *Man On Wire* won for Best Documentary – and the trapeze artist the film is about was so happy about it he balanced the Oscar on his chin. Then Seth Rogan (from *Knocked Up*) and James Franco (from *Spirderman*) tried their hardest at being funny and failed miserably. They also came across as spectacularly rude by mispronouncing a German winner's



A.R. Rahman went home with two golden guys. Some night, eh?

name and then laughing about it – I guess it shows how knowledgeable they are about other cultures. I'm sure it wouldn't have been hard to ask someone beforehand how to pronounce the names...

The lowest point of the evening came when a painfully wooden Daniel Craig and a clearly uncomfortable Sarah-Jessica Parker attempted to read an autocue whilst pretending to have some sort of chemistry. As much as I like the new Bond, he doesn't really seem to have any personality at all and was just terrible at feigning an interest in talking about the nominees. Oh dear.

But on the plus side, this horrible event was followed by the most thrill-

ing and amazing highlight of the evening – a show-stopping performance by R&B beauty Beyonce. Along with Jackman and some of the stars of *High School Musical* and *Mamma Mia*, she sang a compilation of songs from famous musicals. Of course she stole the show and out sang everyone, as the kids from *High School Musical* and *Mamma Mia* were completely washed out, but what did honestly you expect? Jackman managed to hold his own at least as he sang with her, impressing everyone including myself. Once Beyonce had finished I leapt off of my sofa for a standing ovation. Maybe I was getting too carried away...

Steve Martin did some presenting and was very funny, as was Cuba Gooding Jr. Heath Ledger was predictably announced Best Supporting Actor and there was not a dry eye in the house. Crocodile tears flooded the theatre (particularly from actor Adrian Brody) and it seemed like everyone was deeply moved (or were they – they are after all, actors). Call me cynical, but was Heath really the best supporting actor of the year or did he just win because he died? I am not doubting the fact that he gave a very good performance – I just question whether it was Oscar-worthy!! But regardless of what this cynic thinks – congratulations to him!

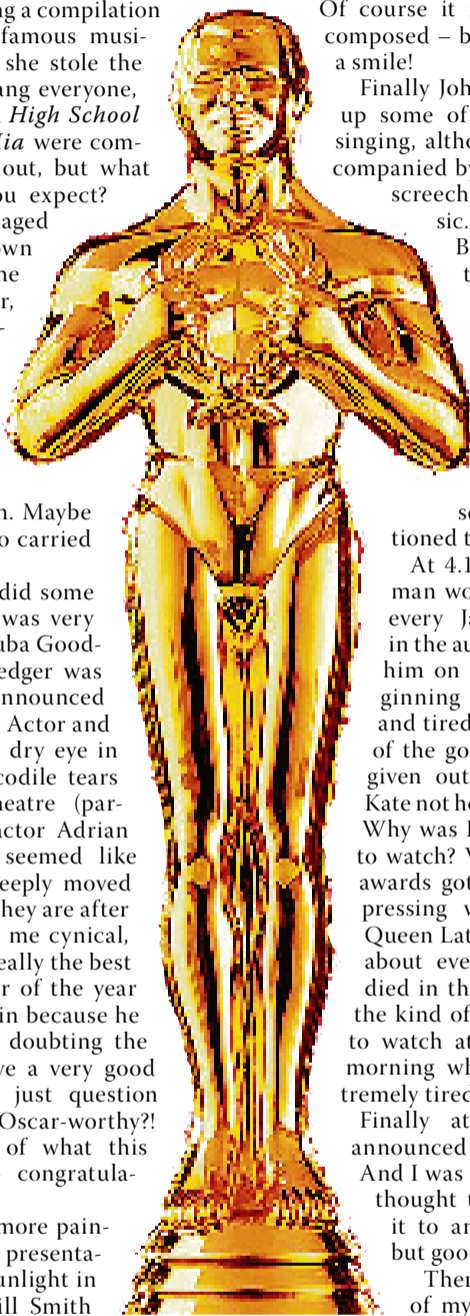
After several more painful auto-cued presentations, a ray of sunlight in the form of Will Smith

awards had been announced. I was less than impressed, especially because the people winning the awards for things like Best Make-up did not seem particularly happy to win. Of course it is good to stay composed – but at least crack a smile!

Finally John Legend broke up some of the tedium by singing, although he was accompanied by some horrible, screeching, Bangra music. I am not a fan of Bangra music; although the man who composed this song went on to win an Oscar for it. As I unplugged my fingers from my ears, I seriously questioned this decision.

At 4.10am a Japanese man won an award and every Japanese person in the audience followed him on stage. I was beginning to feel restless and tired. Why had none of the good awards been given out yet? Why was Kate not holding an Oscar? Why was I still compelled to watch? Why?? Then the awards got even more depressing when the great Queen Latifah sang a song about everyone who had died in the past year. Not the kind of thing you want to watch at 4.15am in the morning when you are extremely tired and irritable.

Finally at 4.20am, they announced Best Director. And I was shocked. I never thought they would give it to an Englishman – but good on him! Then at 4.30am all of my waiting finally



Unsurprisingly Ledger won Best Supporting Actor posthumously. Just a pity the Dark Knight was largely ignored on the night.

popped out and showed everyone how to do it, mainly because he actually seemed happy to be there!

It was 3.55am now, and no other big

paid off when they announced what I had been waiting to hear all night: KATE WINSLET WINS!! I am not going to lie: just before the announce-

ment I was clutching the sofa in nervous anticipation. I thought Meryl might add another trophy to her cabinet, but Kate deservedly won. Well done Kate! I had my English flag out a waved it jubilantly as I jumped up and down, screaming in delight!

4.40am (you can tell I was really getting impatient now as I was intensely watching the clock): Sean Penn wins Best Actor – another shocking win. Poor Mickey Rourke! I couldn't help but feel really sorry for him as he was, after all, tipped to win it! Instead, Penn smugly took to the stage.

4.50am: *Slumdog Millionaire* wins Best Picture, and half of India goes to the podium along with the cast and crew. People smile at the little kids who were shipped over from Mumbai to show that they weren't paid peanuts for acting in the film. Everyone is happy. Everyone has realised finally that the English film industry can make good films! Hurrah!

Hugh Jackman walks out and says "Thank you", credits roll: the end.

The End?? Yes, the end. It was very abrupt! I felt like I wanted more time to see the winners but I was happy it was finally over – I needed SLEEP!

As I dragged myself off of my sofa to bed at 5am, I was left with a few thoughts to ponder over about the movie industry;

1) It is very political. When the writer of *Milk* won Best Screenplay, he took his opportunity to promote gay rights – as did Sean Penn. I have a feeling this has something to do with the recent repeal of gay marriage in California...

2) Did *Slumdog Millionaire* really deserve eight awards? Did it really?? I am proud that an English film and English director has been very successful, as well as the fact that Americans didn't just vote for an American film – but was it really the best film of the year? See my next point for more elaboration...

3) Why wasn't *Dark Knight* nomi-



Hugh Jackman shows off his excellent Broadway entertainment skills

nated for Best Picture or Best Director? It was both critically and commercially successful, making over \$1 billion worldwide. Surely that was the best film of the year???

4) Watching the show in its entirety makes you see that the whole Academy Awards is an old boys' club. They all know each other, they are all friends. It was almost as if they were indoctrinating the cast and crew of *Slumdog Millionaire* into their gang as they won. No wonder it is hard to get into showbiz! I'm sure the camaraderie is good once you are in – but how can you break into such a hard-earned clique in the first place?

So in conclusion: Well done to England: winning Best Film, Best Documentary, Best Director and Best Actress is pretty impressive. Finally we are getting recognised for our talent!

My final thoughts are to give you some advice. Next year when the Academy Awards are on: go to sleep, wake up in the morning and read the

list of Oscar winners. There is no point staying up and watching the ceremony. It was way too long and, at times, boring, tedious and embarrassing. Yes there were some incredible highlights like Beyonce shaking her stuff and Whoopi Goldberg making a brief appearance but if you feel compelled to, watch the highlights on YouTube: it is easier and quicker. That said, I can't help but feel a sense of pride in myself for managing to watch it all... I did get really engrossed in it, but mainly because I was anxiously waiting for over 2 and a half hours for them to announce whether Kate had won or not!! If it is this bad for a random member of the public, can you imagine waiting that long if you were nominated??

Will I stay up to watch the Oscars next year? Only if I am invited to the ceremony itself. And who knows: it could happen! And the winner is... me! Wow, I guess staying up that late really does make you delusional!

The Six Prime Winners

Best Motion Picture of the year **Christian Colson** for *Slumdog Millionaire*

Best Performance by an Actor in a Leading role **Sean Penn** for *Milk*

Best Performance by an Actress in a Leading role **Kate Winslet** for *The Reader*

Best Performance by an Actress in a Supporting role **Penelope Cruz** for *Vicky, Cristina, Barcelona*

Best Performance by an Actor in a Supporting role **Heath Ledger** for *The Dark Knight*

Best Achievement in Directing **Danny Boyle** for *Slumdog Millionaire*

It seems like Eastwood can't leave drama alone

In his latest feature – *Gran Torino* – the famous cowboy boldly takes on the issue of racism.

Gran Torino ★★★★★
 Director: Clint Eastwood
 Writer: Nick Schenk & Dave Johannson
 Cast: Clint Eastwood, Bee Vang

Stefan Carpanu

It's funny, really. I haven't grown to appreciate Clint Eastwood's recent films of "great emotional power" (*Mystic River*) or those where "new emotional heights" were reached (*Million Dollar Baby*). Both were by-the-book dramas, despite being well executed and left me so empty that I simply could not understand what all the fuss was about – and if you've read any of my other articles, you know I don't shy away from sad tales of redemption. But sometimes even good films fall flat because they're too focused on the dramatic spectacle that's unfolding and not so much on the drama itself. Surely, it's a matter of personal taste and interpretation, because otherwise I'd have to stop believing in my sense of value.

Gran Torino is an effort that feels much more down to earth. It does not take itself too seriously and yet manages to strike a good balance between what works and what doesn't. Sure,



Clint Eastwood without a gun – now that would be a sight, but this is nothing we haven't seen before.

the central character, Walt Kowalski, is shaped from the same mould as "Dirty" Harry Callahan with a pinch of self-irony, and the story is not particularly imaginative, but Eastwood uses both to create a romantically nostalgic character that keeps the film together.

Walt is a sour old war veteran, the typical image of the strict and ultra-conservative tough guy and the movie begins with his wife's funeral. Nowadays, the old man is finding it difficult to come to terms with the idea that his neighbourhood has become ethnically

diverse and any concept of socialisation seems foreign to him. Moreover, he has a very strained relationship with his sons, which basically means that he spends his days pretty much alone. Everything changes, however, once Walt defends the son of his neighbours

from a street gang and a process of "re-humanisation" seems to occur.

The reason why Eastwood's character is so likable, despite his diminished social skills, is that he is an embodiment of all the things we so dearly yearn to see in reclusive heroes: he seems obnoxious but actually isn't, he catches on fast, he always knows what the right thing to do is and he is able to come out on top – in a manner of speaking. There's something special about being blunt and always being correct about things – because that's the only circumstances which excuse such anti-social behaviour.

What ruins part of the experience in *Gran Torino* is the generally mediocre acting around Eastwood and particularly that of Bee Vang, who portrays Thao, the boy being bullied. Several relevant scenes get torn to shreds by the unconvincing performance Vang delivers but luckily one can bear these with a little courage and determination.

In the end, *Gran Torino* looks like a fairy-tale of a story: a nice, old fashioned feel-good movie, filled with healthy laughs and divine justice. However it is fairly simplistic and it lacks the depth of other Eastwood movies, which means that unless you grow to like Walt Kowalski, this viewing experience will turn out to be less than rewarding.



Nightlife

Nightlife Editor – Catherine Jones (CJ)

nightlife.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Videopia killed the radio star!

Cocktails, dancing and comically bad acting. Catherine Jones reviews a creative night of film-making fun

Videopia ★★★★★
 Tuesday 17th February
 Notting Hill Arts Club
 Best: Low budget film production
 Worst: Long Island E.T. cocktail was not to my taste.
 Price: £4/5

ficult to follow in places, despite efforts to create character continuity with costume. On a positive note, IC radio stars Seth (Capital Science), Thom and Sam (Papercuts) made some of the best contributions of the night. You can see for yourself on the Videopia facebook group.

The live music began with Bristol's **Let's Tea Party**, a quirky indie-pop act. The endearing trio put in a well received performance, notable for the driving, funky bass rhythms that got the crowd moving.

Let's Tea Party's played with their characteristic deadpan delivery of surreal lyrics, using an eclectic choice of instruments. So eclectic, I think I may have heard a kazoo played at one point. The eclecticism is not always received in a straightforward way. During a flute solo, a friend exclaimed "I just can't get the mental picture of Ron Burgandy (From "Anchorman") out of my head".

Let's Tea Party have been heavily tipped for the big time world of indie-pop stardom this year, by the likes of NME, XFM and BBC Introducing. Based on that performance I would say they were a funny, charming, pop version of The Young Knives, and worth making the effort to see again.

Next up, **Favours for Sailors**, an alt rock foursome. Although an enjoyable band to watch, I felt guitar acts were at a disadvantage. In comparison to the imaginative electro acts on rest of the bill, they sounded flat and generic.

Favours for Sailors were at times reminiscent of Razorlight, The Cribs and King's of Leon. Perhaps in a different context, their guitar rock could shine.

Finally on the bill, the impressive **Portasound**. Whistling solos, nob twiddling solos, dancable electro pop-made with analogue and digital instruments. My highlight was the infectious, uplifting single "The Wrong Parade". I want to dance just talking about it. I thought the keyboard solo was just so "squiggly" for want of a better term. As a frame of reference, I consider I think they are a more electro Late of the Pier. In fact they recently remixed Late of the Pier's "Broken". On tour they have supported Metronomy, Friendly Fires, Shitdisco, and they firmly fit in that genre of band.

Finally the **Rockfeedback DJs** kept the dancefloor going until the early hours with a surprising mix of the revered classics (Rock the Kazbah, Beastie Boys, Yeah Yeah Yeahs) mixed with the new.

The frivolity continued as E.T, yes E.T, made an appearance on the dancefloor. And he has "the moves"! Using his unusually flat head, he executed some break dancing moves which were out of this world! At 3 am after a hard slog on the dancefloor, with some strange characters, we all went home, E.T. included.

Videopia returns on March 10th with remakes of "Willy Wonka" and on May 12th with "Ghost Busters".



Stars of stage, screen... and the Notting Hill Arts Club

ICU Fairtrade Society presents...

Monday 23rd: Sampling in JCR during lunchtime

Tuesday 3rd: Fairtrade tea meeting, 4-6 in Blakett level 8 Common Room. (£0.50/£1)

Thursday 26th: Cheese and Wine Evening. 7-10 in Huxley 344. (£5/£7)

Friday 6th: Last sampling! Sherfield 12-2.

Tuesday 3rd: Free screening of Black Gold. 12.15 in Huxley 311. Free snacks and raffle tickets!

Free coffee for everyone who buys Fairtrade! Exchange a recent receipt showing you have bought a Fairtrade item for a coffee voucher.

Discounts on Fairtrade snacks and drinks in JCR

Wednesday 4th: Free sampling in Sherfield during lunchtime

Thursday 26th: Chocolate meeting. Information about Fairtrade and free samples. 12-2 in Huxley 308

Buy raffle tickets for your chance to win 2 luxury chocolate hampers or a total of £60 PeopleTree vouchers.

FAIRTRADE FORTNIGHT 23 February – 8 March 2009

MAKE IT HAPPEN CHOOSE FAIRTRADE



Catwalks at London Fashion Week

Kawai Wong reviews fashion shows at the Autumn/Winter 09 London Fashion Week. She sneaked backstage to interview Fashion Fringe winner Eun Jeong and William Tempest('s grandfather.)

Day 1 - 20/02/09

13.05 Noir/Black Noir by Peter Ingwersen. Esthetica event

Esthetica is British Fashion Council's initiative to promote sustainable and eco-clothing for high end fashion. "1.5million tonnes of unwanted clothing ends up in landfills in the UK each year". Biodegradable clothing now then?

As a huge fan of Scandinavian fashion, I counted down in milliseconds for the opening of the Danish Show. 26 Avril Lavigne lookalikes strutted down the runway in what I can only call a "New Look" wardrobe. One of the models actually rolled out of bed dragging her linen with her. Opening an Esthetica event with such an unimaginative line has drained any hope for eco-clothing.



Roll out of bed and onto a runway - Noir style.

Noir featured bare backs with bits ripped off plus untidily pleated silk drape tied up with a rope equals a rapey look. The reluctant-thumb ups go to the leather scarves. An Afghan and a neck wrap with slanted military buttons.



14.30 Eun Jeong by Eun Jeong Hong. Winner of Fashion Fringe 2009

Walking away with £100,000 prize money from Fashion Fringe. Eun Jeong's first solo show explains why her designs have captured the heart of Donatella Versace.

ets in see-through. Then comes a perfectly executed pea coat mutation. Low breadth and big round buttons in fluorescent pink wool with a heavily embroidered floral inner hood. Evening wear consisted of surreal haute couture



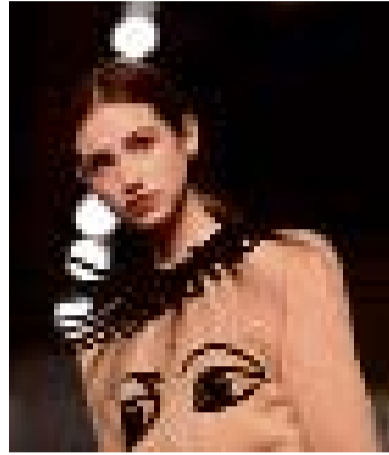
elements. A huge thumb up for the highly frivolous but elegant beige bubbly evening gown.

Kawai: Inspiration for the collection? **Eun Jeong:** Both my parents are fashion designers so I always get ideas from them. Also V for Vendetta. Everything originates from love.



Felix is backstage interviewing Eun Jeong

K: How did it feel winning the Fashion Fringe?
EJ: The minute I won, sponsors were flocking to me which was a surprise. I received a lot of help in terms of business from the Fashion Fringe people.



CSM went all out with their designs this season



A cheeky looking dress!

17.05 Central Saint Martin's Backstage

The oversubscribed CSM show meant it was impossible to get tickets. Managed to sneak backstage to take a few snaps. I wondered what backstage bagged up stuff looked like on catwalk...

Day 2 - 21/02/09

12.30 John Rocha by John Rocha



Fun and puffy over the top aliceband decorates John Rocha's merry dresses.

A CBE for his contribution to fashion. British Fashion Designer of the Year 2004. Of Hong Kong/Portuguese heritage and Ireland based designer.

Good Show. Playful but the femininity and the seriousness was still there. The collection was like John's complicated background: Victorian, 60s, futuristic. Brilliant and quirky cushiony accessories. Huge puffy alicebands comes in

cotton or fur. V-shaped neckline with two puff collars on the side fitted to an otherwise boring tube topped peplum dress. The peplum is also glammed up by sewed on way embellishment on flexible see-through material. The reinforced rim on the peplum gives a nice contrast to the frivolous and fluid tulle/chiffon used on the skirt.

Ingenious tweed swimsuit like mail-lot, perfect fine ruffles on the entire



front. Loosely fitted morning gown like coat. Impressive.

Another applause for the Princessy Victorian removable collar with chiffon pleating held together by an elasticated ribbon. Also bean shaped oversized black leather clutch box complete with round the side bold silver zip.

The men's collection is definitely manly and barbaric. Started off with a ruthlessly oversized and shapeless fur coat that reminded me of a bear. Then a furry SS overcoat with a thin belt above the waist. Also a tweed suit that has mocked tailor marks as details.

Day 3 - 22/02/09



Betty Jackson's fashion accident?

9.15 Betty Jackson by Betty Jackson

First solo show in 1981. British Fashion Designer of the Year 1985. Once a visiting professor at the RCA; current trustee of V&A and a CBE. Has Betty shown design fatigue?

The show started with a shocking short homespun woollen wrap tied up with a huge bow in front. It was shock-

ing in an untidy and sloppy way. Other than this, the show was pleasant and has stuck to the safe and con-



servative design. Betty has recycled some old ideas, high-waisted, loose and cropped trousers tied with a bow at the waist. Mini cardigans above the waist in cashmere are pleasant but will prove a difficult combo for Betty's predominant client range. Good for us young and daring though.

There are some interesting pieces however. Velvety full length dress with



From left: The infamous Betty Jackson style print fabric and the loopy earrings. A straight velvet dress with folded details.



squared and heavily padded shoulder. Lovely details of the bulky folds on the side. It is a Betty Jackson show, the printed fabric won't go amiss. Acces-

sories: looped and looped long earrings that touch the collar bones. All in all, the show was good but lacked the spice that makes you feel fully satisfied.

10.30 Peacock by Shane and Falguni Peacock

The Mumbai fashion duo's work is now stocked by Harrods since their first show in London last September. The sexy and feminine style is reminiscent of Dolce & Gabbana.

A refreshing collection that celebrate the curvaceous and the sexy shapes of women. Utterly jaw dropped at the sheer quality and detailed embellishments on all of their dresses. Insanely



Crazy embroidery including a silver plated swan, peacock hair and feather. All these add-ons give the dress a surprising and shocking look.

chaotic decorative embroidery but cooperated extremely well. In fact if it weren't for the top craftsmanship and the sharp designer instinct at the add-ons, the dresses would have looked boring and tedious.

Not only was the embroidery work satisfying, the design and the cutting of the dresses were equally pleasing. Exotic huge bare backs comes in slitted diamond shapes or kite shapes. Golden zips give dresses a strong and hardened edge.

Perfect mix of all types of fluidy fabrics – silk, chiffon, feather... Lovely and orderly blend. Perfect evening gowns to grab attention.

See the fashion show online on Youtube. Search for "Falguni & Shane Peacock S/S 09 at On Off".

Day 4 - 23/02/09

17.30 Reem by Reem Alasadi. On|Off Exhibition, Science Museum

A regular at Toyko and London Fashion Week for off schedule shows. Reem demonstrated a sophisticated mixture of influences stemmed from her many years of selling personalised vintage clothes in Portobello Market.

The level of details; the intricacy of the craftsmanship; the fabric the collection uses rival the genuine couture houses. Although not all pieces received top level tailoring, the silhouette and the creativity is undoubtedly



Kawai tries on a cape with feather, murano lace and tulle.

plausible. A self-taught designer and a very articulate business woman, Felix had a small interview with her and tried on a few pieces!

Kawai: Fashion recycles. What is so special about the style in this century?
Reem: It has to be fucked up bits. I mean look at this! (Points to her rapey looking white top) Mix of trainers on evening gowns or suits...

K: Do you believe in trends?
R: I don't follow trends. But no mat-



How the cape looked on the runway in Reem's "Charlie Says... Collection".

ter how trendy you are everybody inevitably gets influenced by it.

19.45 William Tempest. Fashion Scout Merit Award Winner 2009

If some hugely influential fashion journalists such as Colin McDowell and Hilary Alexander abandoned the famous designers at 7.45pm in favour of a young one. You know you are in a



Tempest's space invader neckline and a slightly corseted top.

heavy show. And by the time William bowed to the heavy applause in the auditorium. My hands were sore.

Space invader shoulders on a fitted A-line dress. Long and folded pockets on another colourful A-line knee-length dress with corseted tube top. Beautifully origami folded dresses were supremely tailored to acquire a clean and tidy 3D shape.



William Tempest and his finale dress in printed fabric and an origami waistline.

Printed fabrics were used extensively in the collection. Henry VIII, pearls and various accessories add edginess and romance to some of the boyish jackets. The symmetric V-shaped tie dyed jacket on gabardine has fully utilised the pattern.

Felix was backstage hoping to interview William. We ended up chatting to his grandpa instead...

Kawai: What is William like?
Grandpa: An extremely humble young man. We drove round to pick him up for tea ... (5 minutes later) and he is a very talented young man. He got 9A for his GCSEs.

K: When did William start to take an interest in fashion?
G: Since after school really.

K: Are there any fashion influence in the family?
G: Myself and my son are engineers...

No wonder why William's designs have so much structure and tidiness on top of the pleasing aesthetic then.

SICK



Luella Bartley British Fashion Designer of the Year 2008. Luella, 34, revived punk in her AW09 collection. Luella says she doesn't do make up, doesn't do hairdo. Poor Victoria, trying way too hard doesn't make you a good designer OK?



Neon Pink Lips It's just cool OK?



Boater Shoes As with all shoes, great with the right outfit. I think boaters are awesome summer shoes, but strictly summer. You just look a bit metrosexual and Portugese wearing these about College.



Afghan Scarf It drains me, it does. Shred the shit and flush it down the toilet. If you are wearing this for religious or political reason then that's ok. Otherwise, seek medical help.

SHIT

Tips for Bloggers

Don't have tickets to a show? Want to get backstage? Kawai Wong has 10 ways to blag her way into shows.

When it comes to a fashion show, having tickets don't necessarily guarantee entry. PR people invite more people than they can actually accommodate. If you are opportunistic enough, you can get in anywhere. Read these, be smart and you are backstage!

1. **Look Away!** Don't make eye contact with any PR/doorman. They will stop you and ask for a ticket.

2. **How does the invitation look like?** Always check out the size and shape of the invitation. Hold a piece of paper/envelope as you walk

through the barrier.

3. **Follow...follow...** Stand behind someone who has a ticket. Chat to her - "Who do you work for?" "How did you get the tickets?" Make people think that you are friends or workmates. Tail her closely. When she goes through... And voila, you are in a show.

4. **Who are the sponsors?** Find out in advance who sponsors the show - MAC? L'Oreal? Toni&Guy? Strut up to the bouncer and tell them you are a rep/photographer/reporter/correspondent for the company.

5. **Borrow some kit!** Incredibly popular show? Go to the venue two hours in advance. Drag a metallic photographer case. Hold a stand if possible. Head backstage.

6. **I am a very important assistant...** Hilary Alexander/Colin McDowell's assistant.

7. **I am involved in the collection...** "I'm the embroiderer"; "I'm the seamstress"; "I designed the shoes"; "I am an apprentice! Make sure you can back up your little fibs..."

8. **Look bombastic!** Always dress up and I mean DRESS UP (hair, ears, shoes...) Strut your way through as if you belong there.

9. **A great personality helps!** Be nice, a bit shy, but definitely confident. PR people never want to piss anyone off.

10. **Now sit back and enjoy!** Make sure you chat to people. They may even get you into an aftershow party!





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

Learning about the opposite sex

After their very successful survey on what the opposite sex really wants, Every Nation Christian present the debate that complemented it. As before, **Tosin Ajayi** tells us all

A couple of weeks ago, the observant amongst you would have noticed this poster all over campus, the fortunate would have answered a survey about the opposite sex relating to the poster, and the really switched on would have seen the results of the 2009 Opposite Sex survey in *felix* two issues ago.

But the truly, divinely, blessed attended the event it all centred about. Understanding The Opposite Sex 2009 in the Elec Eng foyer. With the Elec Eng Café transformed (well, this time the food was free), the evening kicked off with the results of the survey presented in a Family Fortunes (check YouTube if that makes no sense) style.

In an attempt to 'decide once and for all' which sex understands more about the other, a team of four girls took turns guessing what were the top five answers which guys gave to the survey questions.

Their opponents were a group of four guys guessing answers to the reverse questions, with 10 points awarded for the top answer, 8 for the next, and so on.

The girls' team captain Lakshmi Sreenivasan had assembled a crack squad that promptly proceeded to romp through the first question "What do men look for in women?" – getting four out of five questions right.

The men were an altogether less cohesive unit; only guessing the top one and the bottom two answers right when asked "What do women look for in men?" Team captain James Greenhalgh also took to arguing with other team members and openly berated one, proclaiming "They don't want that!?" when a team member suggested 'Commitment' as an answer.

This was a trend that repeated itself throughout the questions with the men rapidly falling behind. Due to some technical glitches, during which the word 'Boobs' randomly popped up on the screen as an answer to the question "What do women think men look for?" Some answers were revealed before the women had time to guess and although this wasn't their fault, the ladies lost a couple of guesses, giving the men an ever-so-slim chance of catching up. One which the men didn't really grab until the final questions; "What is the most important element to a successful relationship?" and "Which one thing can most jeopardise a relationship?" when they hit on the not immediately obvious yet ingenious ploy of giving the exact same answers as the women did, who had answered before them.

50 points were up for grabs in each category for the most random answer given for each question, but with answers such as "Someone with hand-cuffs", "Someone just as messed up as they are" and "When you tell lies, make them believable". It's perhaps no surprise that both teams failed to get even one of these bonus answers.

In the end, the ladies ran out comfortable 80 – 72 winners. A win that would have been a lot more emphatic without the aforementioned points-robbing technical glitches.

The floor was then handed to Wolfgang (Wolfi) Eckleben, a Pastor of Every Nation Church London, a man who spent 5 years at university (a

"Due to some technical glitches... the words 'Boobs' randomly popped up on the screen"

5-year course he assures us), and has been successfully married for 18 years. He started off by asking the audience to guess whether certain objects were male or female before revealing what the answer was and why (e.g. Computer – male: in order to get their attention, you have to turn them on).

This being a Christian run event, the bible was whipped out, with one of his opening gambits being Matthew 19: 4-6 focussing on the phrase "... at the beginning God made them male and female..."

His main point here was that as men and women, we are obviously different and not only that but also God created

us that way. After warning everybody that what he was about to talk about were generalisations, he went on to outline some of the ways in which we are different and some of the problems that come from that, this included interviewing a married couple, Greg and Suzanne Albrecht, who had been married a year, after only knowing each other a year, cue surprised gasp from audience.

Most of what they said seemed to back up Wolfi's earlier quote – "There are two times in life men and women don't understand each other: before marriage and after marriage". However, when asked what they'd learnt about the opposite sex that they'd share with others, Greg said: "Sometimes, the issue is less important than the relationship. If you have to, pick your time to address it carefully. No use spoiling a good evening over nothing" while Suzanne said: "Respect. Men need women to show them respect".

Wolfi took over again and proceeded to let women in on the ways men are different, and from his experience, vice versa. He started by talking about the way we think. Whilst it would be hard to dispute his assertion that men are compartmentalised creatures who deal with one thing at a time, prefer to bottle emotions up until they make sense or subside and can easily divorce work-life from home-life while women are global creatures who can superhumanly deal with many things at a time, bring emotions into the marketplace

and for whom if something is wrong, EVERYTHING is wrong; his tongue in cheek (surely!) suggestion that this was due to testosterone disconnecting the two halves of the male brain drew the loudest heckles of the night, with cries like "References!" ringing out. Mainly from the men though.

Of particular delight was his plea to each sex to realise how the other sex gets sexually turned on. Men by sight, women by atmosphere. "Guys", he said, "if you need a girl's help with some cal-

"Men are compartmentalised creatures who deal with one thing at a time"

culus problem, and you ask her to meet you at some low-lit Italian restaurant with a guy playing the violin, you are sending a message."

"Girls, if you invite a guy for a platic meal at McDonald's and show up in a miniskirt with a slit all the way up the thigh and a plunging neckline, you might just be there for a chat, but he's hearing something different".

"Be aware of this, and try to only send a message you want to. A lot of hurt will be avoided that way."

Further comparisons made were the differences in shopping styles, communication (Men: headlines, Women: details) and crisis management.

On crisis management, he stated that men like to take a problem away, hide and conquer it. And only then come out and tell everyone 'I did it!', without understanding or knowing this, a woman might try and force him to talk about this and wonder why he seems to grow distant.

Women on the other hand, want to talk through the problem, want someone to empathise. However, the man, seeing the problem and not understanding, might try to ride in on his white horse and solve the problem for the little lady, then wonder why she's having a go at him.

In the Q&A time, the question of generalisations returned, especially as some men present seemed to think that not every woman would like the behaviour that had been outlined, to which Wolfi answered that the main point was to try and figure out what the peculiarities of a particular person are and work based on that, not on what you instinctively think you should do. His point was: In order to do relationships right, be prepared to learn ... a lot.

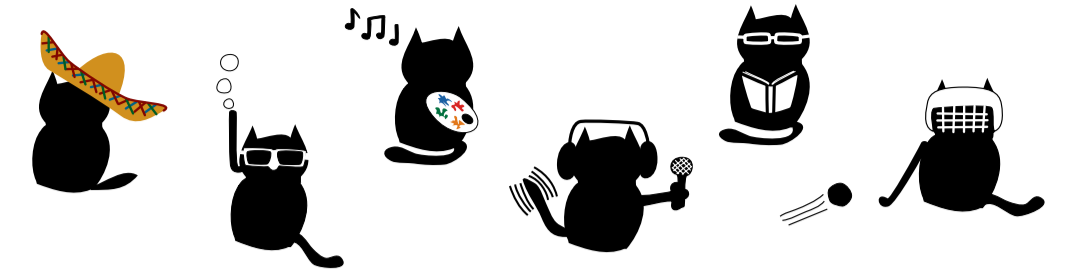
For those paying attention, the answers were there and by the time the boy (toolkit) and girl (scented candle) raffles had been drawn, most left having enjoyed themselves and possibly even having learnt something.

What's on...

Clubs & Societies Calendar

Editors – Lily Topham & Rachel D'oliveiro

whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Monday

Fairtrade Fortnight

Fairtrade Fortnight continues this week with more fantastic Fairtrade activities!

This lunch, come along and collect a letter towards the Fairtrade word and receive the Fairtrade fact of the day.

There is also the opportunity to sample lots of Fairtrade products, as well as finding out more information about Fairtrade and selling raffle and event tickets for the week's activities.

Time: 12-2pm
Place: Junior Common Room
Price: Admission Free

Leonardo Society Talk

The award winning London artist Kate Street will give a talk about her work and inspiration.

Kate's drawings and sculptures explore the rich and fascinating interplay between sex and death, freshness and decay.

Displaced human body parts sprout roots and shoots in precise line drawings reminiscent of 19th Century botanical etchings, while her immaculate sculptures evoke a rotten, perfumed beauty that is part Miss Havisham, part Joan Collins.

Refreshments will be provided. The talk will lead into a short Q&A session with the artist and a hands-on art session, with all equipment provided by Leonardo fine arts society.

Time: 6pm
Place: LT 408, Elec Eng
Price: £3/£5 (Members/Non-Members)

Tuesday

Fairtrade Fortnight

Fairtrade Society presents "Black Gold", an eye-opening film about the multi-billion dollar coffee industry.

Free Fairtrade snacks and drinks will be provided.

You can also collect a letter towards the Fairtrade word and receive the Fairtrade fact of the day

Time: 12pm
Place: Room 311, Huxley
Price: Admission Free

Fairtrade Fortnight

Organised by TeaSoc, the Fairtrade Fortnight Tea Tasting will be a relaxing event where you will get the chance to try a range of Fairtrade teas and biscuits in a friendly atmosphere.

There will be books and leaflets to flick through with information about Fairtrade for those who are interested.

Time: 4pm
Place: Lvl 8 Common Room, Blackett
Price: £0.50/£1 (Members/Non-Members)

The Wind In The Willows

ICSM Drama presents 'The Wind in the Willows' by Kenneth Grahame: a timeless story which has enchanted millions of people of all the ages and is guaranteed to make you smile.

Running Mon – Fri this week.

Time: 7pm
Place: Union Concert Hall, Beit
Price: £5 (Mon-Tues), £6 (Wed-Fri)

Wednesday

Fairtrade Fortnight

More opportunities to sample Fairtrade products at the lunch-time sampling session!

Time: 12pm
Place: Level 2, Sheffield
Price: Admission Free

Art Exhibition

Leonardo Fine Arts Society invite you to the opening of their new exhibition, entitled "Metamorphosis".

With clever ideas, dexterity and a variety of media LeoSoc's members have approached this year's exhibition topic with great success.

The annual exhibition is the highlight of the fine arts calendar at Imperial, and this year runs from 4th - 13th March 2009.

If you want to enjoy some art together with a glass of wine and snacks, then come along to the exhibition opening tonight.

Time: 6pm
Place: Blyth Gallery, 5th floor Sheffield
Price: Admission Free

The Wind In The Willows

ICSM Drama presents 'The Wind in the Willows' by Kenneth Grahame: a timeless story which has enchanted millions of people of all the ages and is guaranteed to make you smile.

Running Mon – Fri this week.

Time: 7pm
Place: Union Concert Hall, Beit
Price: £5 (Mon-Tues), £6 (Wed-Fri)

Thursday

Fairtrade Fortnight

Come to our presentation on Fairtrade in the chocolate industry and learn more about how the cocoa farmers are benefitting from this and how the beans are turned into bars.

FREE CHOCOLATE at the end of the presentation.

Time: 1pm
Place: LT 308, Huxley
Price: Admission Free

Fairtrade Fortnight

Come to the Fairtrade Cheese and Wine evening!

Co-organised with Cheese Society, it will be an evening of indulgence with a wide range of cheeses and Fairtrade wine.

Enjoy the live music, test your knowledge in the Fairtrade quiz or enter the raffle.

Time: 7 – 10 pm
Place: Huxley 244
Admission: £5/£7 (Members/Non-Members)

Imperial Idol

Imperial's own X-factor competition returns to dB's following last year's sold-out evening!

The contestants battle it out in front of the audience and 'celebrity' judges. Tickets available online and in the SAF at lunchtimes. All proceeds go to Save the Children. Who will be the Imperial Idol 2009? YOUR vote decides!

Every ticket goes into a draw to win a signed JLS Hoodie!

Time: 7pm
Place: dB's, Beit
Price: £4

Friday

Fairtrade Fortnight

The last day to celebrate the Fortnight!

We will be handing out the last bit of free Fairtrade products for you to sample.

Time: 12-2pm
Place: Level 2, Sheffield
Price: Admission Free

IC Choir Concert

IC Choir's spring concert features Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor and Handel's Coronation Anthems: The King Shall Rejoice; Let Thy Hand Be Strengthened.

Conducted by Dr. Colin Durant. Soloists include Imperial College students Jessica Gill-Ingwater, Edward Hughes and Paul Plant.

Time: 7.30pm
Place: Great Hall, Sheffield
Price: In advance – £4/£8 (Students/Non-Students)
On the door – £5/£10 (Students/Non-Students)

The deadline for next week's edition is midnight on **Mon 2nd March**.

To feature, please send in the following:

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

All submissions should be sent to:

whatson.felix@ic.ac.uk

Battle of the Bands

Jazz and Rock Society invite you to come and watch the ultimate showdown between the best student bands from Imperial and beyond! With judges from IC Radio, Alternative Music Society and RockSoc - this is an evening not to be missed!

Watch out for Jazz and Rock members in the JCR and Sheffield walkway all this week handing out promotional fliers - take your flier with you to the event and you'll get £1 off entry. For more information, contact: nicholas.read@imperial.ac.uk.

Time: 7pm - 11pm
Place: dB's, Beit
Price: £2/£3 (With flier/Without flier)

Saturday

Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Do you make up words too?

Ravi Pall
Coffee Break Editor

This week I feel like complete waste. Seriously, after a hectic party weekend, the recovery process is a very long experience.

The problem is I can't seem to fall asleep until 6 o'clock in the morning. With lectures at 9, it is most definitely a hard push to get things done. This reminds me a lot like what happened during New Years, when I spent 3 days in a row awake. The difference here is that this time I just don't have the holiday time to catch up on sleep. Well that is enough bitching, let me tell you about a funny story.

It happened this Wednesday to be precise. A friend and I were coming back to the union, after the very entertaining rugby match during varsity. To say we've had a couple of drinks is an understatement. A severe one.

So, we were walking along Prince Consort Road and were stopped in front of the archway at Beit to talk to another friend. Conversation commences, and in order to look "cool" I say a complicated word.

Now I won't repeat this word, and you will most likely never find out, however let me assure you it sounded very sophisticated. The mistake here

is that this word does not actually exist. Both of my friends here asked me what it meant, I had no clue whatsoever. Man I looked like an idiot. When I explained the reason why I used this word, and after much deliberation, it was apparent to my peers that this was most definitely not a word in the Oxford English dictionary.

This brought me to think that I must actually make up a lot of words. It's true, if I don't have an appropriate word I'll just make one up.

The problem with this is no one corrects me by saying that it isn't a real word, so I carry on using them. My question to you guys, the readers of *felix*, is do you make up words too?

If you, like me, make up random words to fit the situation, email us at coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk. In other news, an apology from Kadhim Shubber, who totally messed up the coffee break page last week, by dropping the lines of the bottom of the text boxes. EPIC FAIL comes to mind. Seriously what a mug. If your going to help me out on the twitter competition, do me a favour and post how much you hate him. He deserves it.

www.twitter.com/D00SKI

Battle of the Smiths

JUST IN CASE YOU DON'T GET IT, THIS IS A JOKE!



Agent

Known from:

The Matrix

Most kick ass scene:

Fight with Neo in subway station.

Number of female fans:

3 (some people are weird)

Favourite weapon in a fight:

Desert Eagle

Factoid:

"IS 5416" on the license plate of Smith's car refers to Isaiah 54:16 in the Old Testament:

"Behold, I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have created the waster to destroy."



Will

Known from:

Multiple

Most kick ass scene:

Rolling out thundering punches in the ring as Ali.

Number of female fans:

apx 1 Milion

Favourite weapon in a fight:

Fists of fury

Factoid:

Will Smith donated \$4,600 to the presidential campaign of Democrat Barack Obama.

Barack Obama later went on the win the presidential election, in case you were wondering.



Mark Mearing

Known from:

Guilds President

Most kick ass scene:

Being tied up as the ICU RAG squad stole the mascots Spanner & Bolt.

Number of female fans:

0

Favourite weapon in a fight:

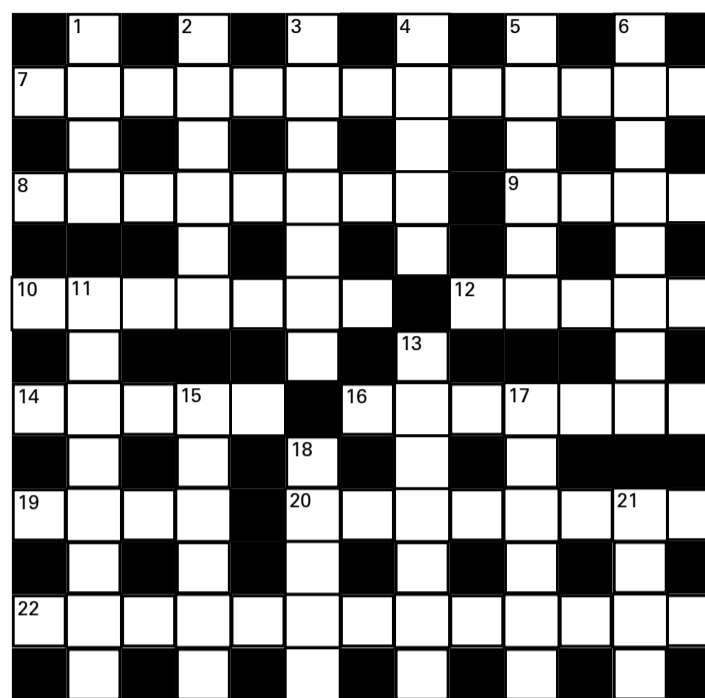
Free biro from Barclays

Factoid:

Mark is an avid member of the extreme ironing association of Britain. Currently ranked 4th in the UK, and 47th in the world, Mark has been ironing in top ultra extreme locations such as Niagara falls, on top of Taipei 101 and the channel tunnel.

sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

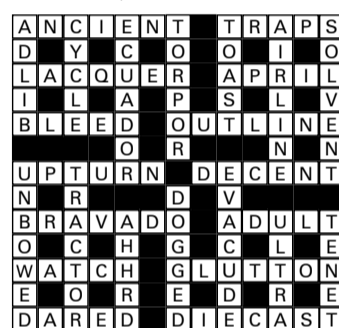
A Quickie (Crossword) 1,426



- ACROSS**
- 7 One who directs physical movements (13)
 - 8 Winter precipitation (8)
 - 9 With a sweet glaze (4)
 - 10 Age of Batman (7)
 - 12 Moneylending for interest (5)
 - 14 Physical exercise (5)
 - 16 Institution of learning (7)
 - 19 Without feeling (4)
 - 20 Sealed wall to hold back water (8)
 - 22 Showing no interest (13)

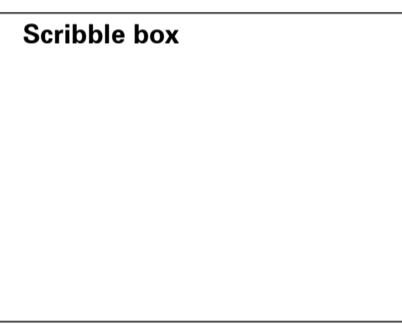
- DOWN**
- 1 Ruler of the Mongols (4)
 - 2 Skim through (6)
 - 3 Payment for the sale of intellectual rights (7)
 - 4 Plankton (5)
 - 5 Study of light (6)
 - 6 Message sent by wire (8)
 - 11 Adoption of a cause (8)
 - 13 Adulation (7)
 - 15 Criticism (6)
 - 17 Tuberos plant native to Mexico (6)
 - 18 Dwelling-place (5)
 - 21 At a distance (4)

Solution 1,425



Last week's winners were **Möchten sie mein Mannschaft**. Well done I am overjoyed for you. Please keep writing in. Really I defiantly don't hate you with a passion. In fact I think I dislike you more than the Medics, but then gain we won Varsity and they didn't. Nuff said.

Special mention to **Ben Hanson** who was only five seconds late in getting his answer to us. I shall send you two tickets to the Ohhhh Noooo show.



FUCWIT League Table

Teams:

Möchten sie mein Mannschaft?	252 Points
Team Shotgun	236 Points
Scii Comm	25 Points
Team Rubbish	17 Points

Individuals:

Giramundo	68 Points
Hringur Gretarsson	38 Points
Jonathan Phillips	18 Points
Enoch	15 Points

The Felix University/College-Wide Invitational Tournament League is new and improved. There are now prizes for both the winning team and the winning individual.

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

5 points for the first correct answers for Slitherlink, Wordoku, London Underground, Mentalist Maze 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!

Ho-ro-roscopes. Sometimes you should visit us, we're really friendly


This week *felix* got bored mlk;|||||||;.....

Aquarius




This week you lose at varsity. Man you're a loser. I can't believe you think you can kick a rugby ball. You're only a hooker, leave it to someone who can kick balls. Like your ex girlfriend, who will break up with you for being such a loser. Man sometimes life tough, too bad it's as good as it gets for you. May as well get fat by eating loads of chocolate.

Taurus



This week you get a twitter account, and begin a competition with another *felix* editor. In the process of being obsessed with this internet fad, you become the ultimate Imperial College geek, for just a moment. You feel so filthy that you decide to viciously stab your eyes out with a nearby USB stick. Your tears of blood gain you no sympathy.

Leo




This week you meet a cute American girl who looks kind of like Laura Marling. "Perfect!" you think and all is well. Unfortunately later in the night you find her in the casted arms of a fellow *felix* editor. You consider fighting to the death for her vagina but realise you'd probably get pwned... Have you seen this guy when he's angry????! kthxbai!

Scorpio




This week you get a piece of course work back and, as ever, check what the marker has to say. You are shocked and appalled when you find this garbage written at the bottom of the page: "Proof read your text before handle it in!" and "Good content but poor written." Seriously what the fuck! What gives them the right to criticise your spelling and grammar when they clearly can't do it themselves. Don't believe me, check out the next page where there is a picture of the said document.

Pisces




This week you play for the medics first team against Imperial college. You shirt number is 14. You reveal to you fellow students that you are a cheating scum bag, and the only reason the referee didn't send you off is because the two of you share the same secret. A high class South Ken hooker. Wait it's no longer a secret.

Gemini



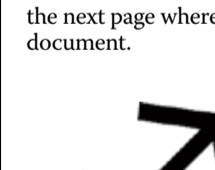
You watch some of your fresher pull another fresher away from his computer while playing world of warcraft. The sight isn't pretty, with screams of death threats echoing in the quad. The +170 xp in rage will defeat your level 4 dick head friend, and all will be restored in the kingdom. WOW forever!!!

Virgo




Your mum tells you that you dad is actually your uncle and that the milk-man is your brother. You think you are dreaming but as you pinch yourself you realise that tour weeni-peeni is stuck in your sister. Man your life is fucked up. And your name is definitely not Charles.

Sagittarius




Last week you left your fellow editor to do the whole section on his own. Unfortunately for him he has a broken thumb and watching him trying to type was so funny that you let him do it again this week.

Aries



This week, Imperial college number 10 shows that he the hands and vision of god. Too add you can never be so good. Maybe it's because you're blind, and have no hands, or maybe it's because you're a waste of space who watches a blank TV all day. Who knows, either way, why don't you fuck off. Nothing good for you this week.

Cancer




Your cuntflap of a friend tries to make a clever pun on the acronym WOW by pronouncing it woe. You argue with him, and eventually burn his facial features off, until he become a gruesome replica of ghost rider. Too bad he doesn't have a motorcycle, but a shitty one speed push bike. Man he's a cunt, why the fuck is he still sitting here with me.

Libra



This week you go home to visit your family. You arrive at your door, ring the door bell as your keys aren't working, only to be greeted by complete strangers. Oh no, your family moved without telling you. Poor thing, you family hate you. Luckily it's not just our family, but the rest of the world as well. Nothing left to do but crystal meth.

Capricorn



You finally realise that the horoscopes section is a little to in-jokey. No one cares about your stupid twitter accounts, stop wasting this space which could be filled with valuable stuff. Fuck it, I don't care anymore, I'm deleting your last three entries and replacing it with this tripe. But don't worry, hopefully next week we'll be back on form. Pint?


Top Trumps

Cut them out!

Highest score wins

Collect them all!

Watch this space for additional cards



Godzilla

Age: 147 years
Weight: 20 000 lbs
Height: 75 ft. 3"
Combat Skill: 10
Intelligence: 2
Agility: 2

twitter



twitter.com/D00SKI vs twitter.com/kadhimshubber

There's a competition down here in the *felix* office. Editor Kadhim Shubber and I have just started using twitter. Join in and add us as friends. By the end of the term, the person with the least number of followers will have to drink a pint through a shoe, in front of everyone who wants to see. So start adding us now, for fun and entertaining status updates I'm going to go straight off the bat, and give myself an advantage. I will give away a 120gb external HDD to one of my followers. Now add me.

Also se the imperial college union twitter at twitter.com/icunion

IC Football 2nds on a hot streak

Damian Phelan

ICUAFAC 2nd XI rolled into this week's varsity clash on a hot streak. After struggling for form before Christmas, the 2s have put in a series of impressive displays in both the ULU and BUCS competitions to stave off relegation in the former and push for promotion in the latter competition. An unfortunate injury to Captain and Bola-Bola favourite Mitchell Fern has allowed him to mastermind two victories and a hard fought draw from the sidelines. Despite an ever changing line-up composed of more than 20 players over the previous three fixtures, Mitch's tactical nous proved too much for the opposition.

The 2s first fixture post-snow saw them face a brutish Hertfordshire side who came to Harlington expecting a stroll but were shocked early on when a beautifully curled through ball from Matty Smith put Damian in behind the defence and he caught the keeper cold with a first time hit from an acute angle which flashed in at the far post. The 2s rampaging opening 20 minutes was then further rewarded when Max rose highest, glasses on, to meet Grego's pinpoint corner and nod it in for a 2-0 lead. At this point the home side proceeded to fall asleep and an audacious cross-come-shot looped over Paul in the 2s goal to leave the score 2-1 at half-time.

Despite a rousing team-talk from Mitch, Hertfordshire continued to pound away at the Imperial backline and a quickfire double, with a tap in from a neat free-kick and another lobbed goal, allowed the away team to take the lead for the first time in the game. The 2s needed something to lift the spirits and the Hertfordshire centre forward obliged receiving a second

booking for a lunging challenge on Max. This, coupled with the introduction of the fastest man alive in Sim, gave Imperial the impetus they needed to press on. The equalising goal came scappily after a sustained bout of pressure when the ball was lumped hopelessly into the box landing at the feet of Matty Smith who looped it cleverly over the keeper's head. With 10 minutes to go Mamzi was introduced on the wing to provide the guile necessary to carve open the Hertfordshire back 4 but unfortunately Sim was unable to finish after his clever through ball. However with five minutes remaining Ron, who had battled terrifically throughout in midfield, provided another scintillating ball which sent Sim through 1-on-1 to finish exquisitely and win the match.

The 2nds looked to continue their good form 3 days later when they met LSE 2s in a relegation scrap. With only 11 players travelling to Berrylands it was going to be a tough ask but the 2s answered the call. The game started at a frenetic pace with both teams creating several half-chances with Sim looking especially dangerous up front, cracking the cross bar with a sumptuous effort after breaking in behind from a long ball played by Paul Reynolds.

However it was to be LSE who took the lead when their striker used his exceptional pace to speed away from the Imperial defence and finish with aplomb. The lead was to be short-lived though, a foul on the half way line would usually spell little danger but not with a certain roving midfielder prowling on the edge of the area. Jonny Hill swung in a dangerous ball and Romain lifted himself, like the proverbial salmon, through the air to plant a header into the top corner. This boost-

Football	L'OREAL PARIS	
Imperial Men's 2nds		4
Hertfordshire Men's 3rds		3

Football	L'OREAL PARIS	
Imperial Men's 2nds		2
LSE Men's 2nds		1

Football	L'OREAL PARIS	
Imperial Men's 2nds		1
UCL Men's 2nds		1



Imperial footballer showing concentration from the pressuring opposition player

ed Imperial who pushed for a second, coming closest when Grego lifted a ball through for Jeremy, only for his shot to crack the outside of the post. Half time came with this epic tussle poised delicately at 1-1.

The 2nd half was a back and forth affair with both teams enjoying spells of pressure but neither really creating any clear-cut openings. With the game creeping towards the final few minutes LSE managed to scramble an opening with a penetrating cross from the left, the ball falling to their centre forward only for Fitz to throw himself in front of his strike, taking one for the team and preventing it from crossing the line. This was followed by a mesmerising challenge from Jon Card to take the rebound off the foot of another LSE player and scoop it over the crossbar from no more than 2 yards out. These two season saving interventions

inspired a final flurry at the other end with Damian picking the ball up deep before turning his man and delivering a pinpoint pass to Sim in the LSE area. Sim skillfully evaded the challenge of one defender before being hacked down by a second, and hearing a swift whistle from the referee who pointed to the penalty spot. His strike partner Damian, stepped up to coolly side foot the ball into the bottom corner sending the keeper the wrong way. Imperial withstood a final LSE barrage to claim a hard-fought victory.

Imperial 2s then faced a testing trip to Cobham to face a UCL 2s team sweeping all before them in BUCS. Once again though, with a changed line-up, IC 2s pulled of an impressive result. In a tight opening few minutes, the away side took an early lead when a Grego corner struck a UCL leg diverting it past the keeper into the corner.

Imperial pressed for more with neat interplay between Viktor, Damian and Grego creating opportunities which didn't quite find the target. However it was UCL who would strike next right on the stroke of half time, when an in-swinging free-kick was met by a glancing header which deceived James Skeen in the Imperial goal, this the only blot on an otherwise excellent performance from the Club Captain saving several times at point blank range. The 2nd half exhibited the growing potential in the IC 2s team, with a resolute performance at the back from Fitz, Mark, Jon Card and Jonny Hill restricting UCL's potent attack, allied with some neat attacking play just failing to yield a winning goal. Notable mention must go to Viktor for a couple of audacious bicycle kick through balls which bamboozled the UCL defence as well as the IC attack.



Fixtures & Results

in association with Sports Partnership

Saturday 21st February

Football		
Men's 1s ULU	1	Women's 1s ULU
Royal Holloway 2s ULU	0	RUMS 1s ULU

Men's 2s ULU	0	Queen Mary 1s ULU
Men's 3s ULU	0	UCL 3s ULU

Wednesday 25th February

ULU Cup		
Men's 1st	1	Men's 1st
King's College 2s	2	University of Bath 2s

Men's 5s	1	King's College 4s
(King's College win 4-2 on penalties)	1	

Sunday 22nd February

Lacrosse		
Mixed 1s ULU	7	Women's 1st
UCL Mixed 1s ULU	5	University of Cambridge 1st

Monday 23rd February

Netball		
Women's 1s ULU	17	King's College 1s ULU
LSE 1s ULU	16	

Women's 2s ULU	21	Imperial Medicals 2s ULU
Women's 3s ULU	42	LSE 7s ULU
LSE 7s ULU	2	University of Portsmouth 4th

Women's 1st	3	Kings College Women's 1st
Women's 1st	0	

Squash

ULU Cup		
Women's 1s ULU	5	Women's 1st
RUMS 1s ULU	0	University of Exeter Women's 2nd

Water Polo		
Mixed 1s ULU	6	UCL Mixed 1s ULU
UCL Mixed 1s ULU	8	University of Birmingham 1st

Wednesday 25th February

ULU Cup		
Men's 1st	4	Men's 1st
King's College 2s	2	University of Bath 2s

Wednesday 25th February

Fencing		
Men's 1st	118	Northumbria University 1st
Men's 1st	129	University of Cambridge 1st

Monday 23rd February

Football		
Men's 3s ULU	0	King's College 1s ULU
Men's 3rd	3	Royal Holloway 2nd

Monday 23rd February

Hockey		
Men's 3rd	3	Royal Holloway 2nd
Men's 4th	2	University of Portsmouth 4th

Women's 1st	3	Kings College Women's 1st
Women's 1st	0	

Lacrosse

BUCS Cup		
Women's 1st	9	University of Exeter Women's 2nd
University of Exeter Women's 2nd	12 (A.E.T)	

Squash

BUCS Cup		
Men's 1st	2	University of Birmingham 1st
University of Birmingham 1st	3	

Table Tennis

BUCS Cup		
Men's 1st	12	Cardiff University 1st
Cardiff University 1st	5	

Volleyball

BUCS Cup		
Men's 1st	3	Oxford Brookes University 1st
Men's 1st	129	University of Cambridge 1st

Saturday 28th February

Football		
Men's 1st ULU vs UCL Men's 1st ULU		
Men's 2nd ULU vs LSE Men's 3rd ULU		

Saturday 28th February

Hockey		
Men's 1st ULU vs UCL Men's 1st ULU		
Men's 2nd ULU vs LSE Men's 3rd ULU		

Women's 1st	3	Kings College Women's 1st
Women's 1st	0	

Sunday 1st March

Badminton		
Mixed 1s ULU vs UCL Mixed 1s ULU		

Football

Men's 2nd vs UCL Men's 2nd	
Men's 1st	2
University of Birmingham 1st	3

Hockey

ULU Cup		
Men's 1st vs Kings Medicals Men's 1st		
Men's 2s vs King's Medicals		

Lacrosse

ULU Cup		
Mixed 1s ULU vs Kings Mixed 1s ULU		

Rugby

BUCS Cup		
Women's 1st vs LSE Women's 1st		
Women's 1st vs King's Medicals Women's 1st		

Lacrosse

ULU Cup		
Mixed 1s ULU vs Kings Mixed 1s ULU		

Women's 1st	3	King's College 1st
Women's 1st	0	

Fencing

Men's 2nd - Royal Holloway 1st	
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Football

Men's 1st - University of Chichester 2nd	
Men's 2nd - RUMS 1st	
Men's 3rd - Kingston University 5th	

Hockey

Men's 2nd - University of Kent 3rd	
Men's 3rd - University of Surrey 2nd	
Women's 1st - Kingston University 1st	

Netball

Women's 1st - King's Medicals 1st	
Women's 2nd - Queen Mary 2nd	
Women's 3rd - St George's Medical School 3rd	

Rugby

Men's 2nd - LSE 1st	
Men's 3rd - University of Chichester 2nd	
Men's 4th - University of Hertfordshire 2nd	

Squash

Men's 2nd - King's College 2nd	
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Men's 1st - Imperial College 2nd	
BUCS Cup	
Men's 2nd - London Metropolitan University 3rd	

Volleyball		
Women's 2nd - London School of Economics 1st		

Netball ladies narrowly edge out LSE

Netball		
Imperial 1st		17
LSE 1st		16

Colette Gregory

IC Netball 1st girls have won again and this time it was a league game – huzzah!! We didn't make it easy for ourselves though... Down for the entire game, after the third quarter Colette promised the girls a match report (with special bonus details on twat of the match Rachel Dille, hehe) if they pulled their socks up and won it. So here it is.

The night before the game the girls were struggling, due to numerous members of the squad being injured, to get a team together at all. Luckily PhD student Alex Godlee gallantly stepped in at the last minute (1130pm, I was having a minor heart attack) and the girls headed off to the surprisingly smelly Berrylands via Wimbledon and free curry.

Perhaps it was the snacks weighing them down, perhaps the fact that they hadn't had their traditional Powerade boost (other sports energy drinks are available) or maybe it was the fact that they arrived at 6.15 when the game was supposed to start at 6pm so had to get straight on with no warm-up but IC 1s were half asleep in the first quarter. LSE clearly weren't fully on it either though, except for their uber lively centre, and didn't take full advantage so at quarter time they were only 5-3 up. The low goal count was due to having to play short quarters that make up for our lateness.

IC knew they weren't playing half as well as they could and team captain Rachel told us so. Play in the defensive D was solid as ever thanks to the well-rehearsed duo of GK Kate Chapman and GD Rachel Dille. Defence were working hard and making great interceptions but needed to bring it down the court further. Nina Davies at



Netball may be a non-contact sport, but taking balls to the face happens

WA, eventual player of the match, was working too hard and having to get on the end of every ball. At half time it was 6-5 to LSE and Imperial were bringing it back. We just needed to slow it down and play our game as we wanted to.

Biased umpiring led to WD Alex constantly being pulled up for contact and distance. GS Sam Westrop was getting very frustrated as the umpires were somehow managing to foresee the future and repetitively blew up for an LSE back line before the ball had even touched the ground off court. One person who did deserve to be pulled up for contact though was GA Colette Gregory who was utilising her new found aggression. This was much to the delight of Kate who enjoys watching a good scuffle from a safe distance down at the other end of the court.

At one point in the final quarter IC fell 4 goals behind as LSE led 15-11 but if it's one lesson we've learnt this season it's to keep our heads up! Determined to go into Varsity on a high the girls dug deep and banged in shot after shot. Carolyn and Nina provided great support working it round the attacking circle to give Colette and Sam some closer attempts at goal.

At the final whistle the court went silent. No one on either side seemed fully certain what the score was; the game

had become so intense everyone was concentrating too hard on their play to think about anything else. Sam turned to dumbfounded Colette and said "We just won..." as if half trying to convince herself. Nobody dared react though as they didn't want to pre-empt the win and look like prize numpties. The umpires announced the score: IC 17 – LSE 16. Whoops of joy and girly little jumps echoed down the court, mainly led by Carolyn. A group hug followed along with a nice team talk from our captain Rachel who was "very proud" of our performance. Meanwhile the LSE GK clenched her fists and wailed "Nooooo!!" Slightly o.t.t. in this netballer's opinion but then again they had just been beaten by a team that has lost to everyone else this season including several teams that they had already beaten by a significant margin – gutted!!

After our win we were in a boisterous mood and ladette conversation swayed onto discussing the finer points of the merkin (that's a lady garden wig for those who aren't familiar with the term) whilst in the changing rooms and on the journey home. Our team captain and twat of the match seemed oddly informed in the department of rasta fashioned muff toppings... I'll leave it at that shall I Rachel? ;)

Sports league

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	%	FI
1 Tennis Men's 1st	10	10	0	0	88	12	76	100	5.00
2 Volleyball Women's 1st	8	8	0	0	17	1	16	100	5.00
3 Squash Men's 1st	12	11	0	1	51	9	42	92	4.25
4 Fencing Women's 1st	10	9	0	1	1317	1067	250	90	4.10
5 Hockey Men's 1st	10	9	0	1	57	13	44	90	4.10
6 Fencing Men's 1st	9	8	0	1	1187	753	434	89	4.00
7 ICSM Badminton Men's 1st	6	5	0	1	28	20	8	83	3.50
8 Lacrosse Women's 1st	11	9	0	2	162	43	119	82	3.36
9 ICSM Netball 3rd	9	7	0	2	323	174	149	78	3.00
10 Badminton Men's 1st	12	8	2	2	61	35	26	67	3.00
11 Table Tennis Men's 1st	13	10	0	3	145	73	72	77	2.92
12 Squash Men's 2nd	8	6	0	2	25	13	12	75	2.75
13 ICSM Netball 2nd	8	6	0	2	250	144	106	75	2.75
14 Netball 2nd	11	8	0	3	364	201	163	73	2.55
15 Hockey Men's 3rd	10	4	4	2	19	25	-6	40	2.00
16 Hockey Women's 1st	12	7	1	4	41	28	13	58	1.75
17 Basketball Women's 1st	8	5	0	3	387	345	42	63	1.63
18 ICSM Hockey Women's 1st	11	6	1	4	47	26	21	55	1.45
19 Hockey Men's 2nd	10	6	0	4	37	30	7	60	1.40
20 Squash Men's 3rd	7	4	0	3	14	9	5	57	1.14
21 Basketball Men's 1st	7	4	0	3	496	474	22	57	1.14
22 Badminton Women's 1st	12	6	1	5	57	39	18	50	1.00
23 ICSM Hockey Women's 2nd	8	3	2	3	23	23	0	38	0.88
24 Hockey Men's 4th	7	3	1	3	15	23	-8	43	0.71
25 Tennis Men's 2nd	9	4	1	4	35	46	-11	44	0.67
26 ICSM Football Men's 1st	9	4	1	4	15</				



Miners don't lose their Bottle

Royal School of Mines beat Cambourne School of Mines in the 109th Bottle Match

Rugby



Royal School of Mines 14
Cambourne School of Mines 10

Ben Moorhouse

The deciding and definitive part of the Bottle Match is always the rugby and has always been a notorious match known for its physicality, competitiveness and banter given by the crowd... which sadly leaves most people shell-shocked and vowing either never to come to another RSM event again or never to drop a touch of alcohol again.

This year was no exception with broken bones, streakers, drunkenness and victory once again to the Royal Miners!

Pressure had been mounting on the rugby team all day with the other teams being on the wrong end of all other matches. This match was the only thing stopping the mutant inbred Camborne miners from obtaining the coveted whitewash. By the time both teams had arrived on the pitch the crowds had amassed on both sidelines, the banter was overflowing from the megaphones and the sun was shining onto an almost glistening pitch. It was the perfect start for the perfect match.

Continued on page 33



PHOTO BY JOVAN NEDIC

Varsity 2009 a success for Imperial

Overall, Imperial win 13.5 to 7.5! Well done to all that took part. Look out for The Rival in the next few weeks for a full round-up of the big day!

With the sporting season nearly over Varsity 2009 has proven a suitable finale. With the final overall score swinging in the favour of Imperial, it was once again the medical students who took the glory at Richmond in the evening. Lifting that JPR Williams cup has been a long time in waiting for Imperial College, and once again the IC supporters were left disappointed if not fairly entertained.

The full time score was all level as it was last year, but extra time was too much for Imperial and the experienced Medical side capitalised on the opportunity to make up for their earlier 7-0 deficit. It is a shame that this year both teams have struggled in their Premiership campaigns, and the draw at full time will stand for their BUCS result leaving them both footing the bottom of the table.

At Harlington, football and hockey was dominated by the Imperial stu-

dents while Rugby 2nd and 3rd XV were both victories for ICSM. The IC netballers did not do well at Ethos, but their newly formed 4th team did manage to get a win.

Other sports including squash, basketball, lacrosse and waterpolo were dominated by Imperial College which sealed the overall 6 point win over the Imperial Medics.

It was definitely a successful day with the ICSM chicken prancing and the IC streaker streaking! Blood was shed, tears were seen and the passion to beat our opposite numbers was more prominent than ever.

You will have to wait for a full round up however... The Rival magazine is being written as we speak with hundreds of photos to sort and matches to analyse there is lots to do! If you would like to help out in any way, get in touch.

If not then get excited about your own souvenir from the showcase sports day that is Varsity and bring on Varsity 2010!

Sport	IC	SCORE	ICSM
Rugby 1st XV (JPR Williams Cup)	7		15
Rugby 2nd XV	8		11
Rugby 3rd XV	5		15
Rugby (Women's)	12		17
Football 1st XI	4		0
Football 2nd XI	2		0
Hockey Men's 1st XI	6		2
Hockey Men's 2nd XI	6		0
Hockey Women's 1st XI	TBC		TBC
Hockey Women's 2nd XI	2		2
Netball 1st	21		27
Netball 2nd	13		19
Netball 3rd	14		27
Netball 4th	11		5
Lacrosse Mixed	7		3
Basketball Men's	80		68
Basketball Women's	50		22
Squash Men's 1st	5		0
Squash Men's 2nd	3		0
Water Polo Mixed	9		2