



# felix

The award-winning student newspaper of Imperial College

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Guardian Media Student Newspaper of the Year

## felix review

The goss from this year, pages 4-5



### In this week

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Union to hire  
Oompa Loompas**



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loves Coldplay**



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Sabb Review**



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# Materials set same exams

## D'oh!

Students from the Materials Department given same exam as last year, see page 3





## News

News Editors – **Kadhim Shubber and Dan Wan**

news.felix@imperial.ac.uk

# Hack gives hack Fellowship to his own Union...

**Scandalous**  
News Correspondent

Last week saw an ancient tradition which has existed since the dawn of hacks. I am, of course, talking about the Imperial College Union Colours ceremony where hacks acknowledge the hackery of other hacks.

The ceremony included food, as well as numerous bottles of wine and beer, which they didn't touch (we did though, it would be a great shame to let such a fine selection of food and drink go to waste!).

A range of hack species went up to collect their certificates, each showing various levels of appreciation for their award, with the few non-hacks in the room looking baffled as to why they bothered turning up just to collect a piece of paper, well apart from the food and drink of course! The non hacks in the room, once receiving their certificates, proceeded to the back of the room, picked up a bottle of wine and swiftly left the room, much to the disapproval of the spotty faced gimps sitting in the Union Dining Hall.

Although this is traditionally a ceremony where hacks congratulate each other, this was the first time that a hack managed to congratulate himself! Ray Charles, current RCSU President, awarded himself RCSU Fellowship for "outstanding service to the RCSU and keeping the RCSU performing better and better each year. [Dave] has been awesome keeping the RCSU going, and supporting me/science challenge very strongly."

This is literally a chase of giving yourself a pat on the back!

**If you want to stop this sort of stuff happening, then make sure you nominate people for the award next year!**



PHOTO COURTESY OF LIVE.CGCU.NET

**The hack filled Union Dining Hall last Thursday where the Colours ceremony took place. It was really fun!**



**David Charles, recipient of the RCSU Fellowship**

## More Colours

Even more pats on the back for various individuals, this time from the Recreational Clubs Committee, the Social Clubs Committee and the Royal College of Science Union. Also we misse out Alex McKee last week who won the ICU President's Award, our bad!

### Recreational Club Committee Colours

#### Half Colours

Jim Carr  
Simon Chard  
Will Dugdale  
Jonathan Feldman  
Rory Fyffe  
Samuel Groth  
Tom Haywood  
Andy Parsons  
Robert Porter  
Joseph Rumer  
Kapil Sugand  
Eduardo Vasquez  
Ariadne Whitby  
Jiri Zita

#### Full Colours

Ben Banfield  
Nathaniel Bottrell  
Andrew Cockerill  
Hilary Dyer  
Paul Hutton  
Rishi Makhecha  
Abeed Visram  
Grace Yip

### Social Clubs Committee Colours

#### Full Colours

Alex Cameron  
Kristina Ostman  
Melissa Loh  
Jayna Mistry  
Nikita Gandhi

Heather Jones  
David Birch  
Anuja Shah  
Amar Shah  
Albert Kang

And the SCC Prize to the Cheese Society, with an honourable mention to the Debating Society.

### Royal College of Science Colours

#### Half Colours

Vazquez Garcia, Ignacio  
Edward Poynton  
Matthew Taylor  
Ray Pang

#### Full Colours

Hemal Bosamia  
Shappy Guo  
Katherine Gray  
Jackie Fok

#### Outstanding Service Award

Oliver Rogers  
Andreas Esau  
Vicky Erickson

#### RCSU Fellowship

Katya Vyas  
David Charles  
Jad Marroche  
Jenny Morgan

#### RCSU President's Award

Marc Coury  
Lauren Anderson Dring  
Christina Flanagan

# felix 1,437

Friday 19/06/09



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LOLEATZ



OF THE WEEK



# Materials exams end with massive epic fail

De La Beche

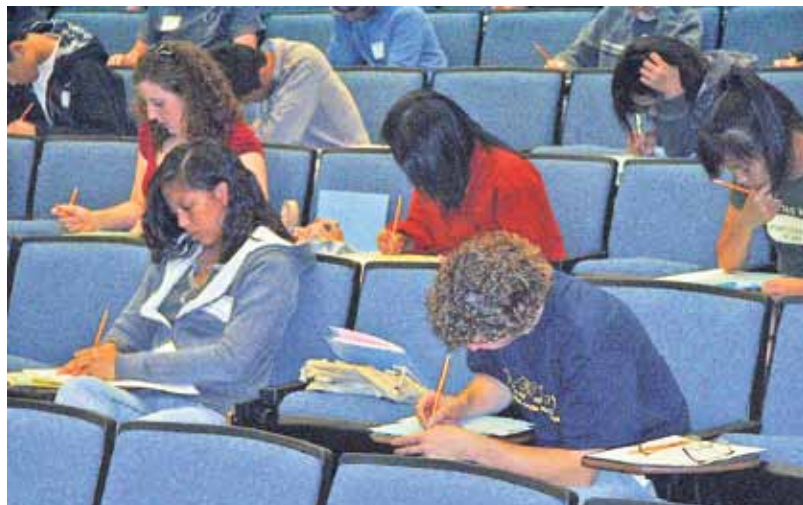
For the first time in years, first and second year Materials have had all of their exams squashed into one week. You may think 'that's not so bad – Materials people took a soft option anyway, why are they complaining?'

For second years, it was Bad. Last year, the exams were spread out over a couple of weeks at the beginning of the third term, then a fairly hardcore, but relaxed case study with a final report and presentation worth 30% of the final coursework grade due in the last few weeks of term. They could put in as much or as little effort as they liked, without having to worry about whether or not it would affect their exam results as well.

Not so this year. With the case study deadline two days before the exams started, the time that most students felt was necessary to complete the coursework to a satisfactory standard was distinctly lacking. Revision was fraught with the worry that the case study wouldn't be handed in on time or up to scratch.

Friday (deadline day) came and went, and they entered their exam week. Maths on Monday, the exam lots of people were most worried about because everyone knows that maths isn't about revision – it's about practice. The exam itself went pretty smoothly, there were a few minor mistakes, everyone came out tired, pissed off (in some cases) and ready for the next round.

Chemistry on Tuesday – everything went smoothly, though there was some worry about a question in Section B, which came up with an answer that had a magnitude that seemed unreasonable. A question was raised, the lecturers came back with a new value for a constant that had changed from 10-1 to 10-17. Values were recalculated, and an even worse order of magnitude came out. The constant was checked



Susie, is it just me or is this exam particularly easy? I swear I've seen it before... (Ed: This story is true by the way...)

again. It was actually 10-1.

Wednesday was Mechanics. Matrices question, which some people spent literally hours working on – in one case an entire exam booklet was filled with working out. Somebody raised a query and the lecturer responsible for the question came and changed a value in the paper which changed the whole matrix from asymmetric to symmetric. People who asked for extra time were denied it, despite the fact that the question had been completely impossible and the error was corrected relatively late into the exam.

Microstructure and Properties was approached on Thursday, with everyone thoroughly sick and tired of exams, and hoping for a better day with the exam papers. It wasn't flawless – there were a couple of misprints but nothing major and everyone came out looking forward to the last day of exams (if not for the exam, for the drinking afterwards!)

Was it too much to hope that Physics on Friday would be a perfect paper? Most people certainly thought so as

they sat down and started to write the paper, but it quickly became apparent that this exam was EASY. The answers were easy to find, it was almost as if they had been thought about previously and come straight to mind. The more observant realised the obvious truth long before the admin did.

So when the head exams dude walked into the exam room and announced that the paper was the wrong one, you can imagine the atmosphere in the room. Instead of managing to print this year's paper, last year's paper had been given to them; hence the 'easiness' of it. Everyone was kicked out and told to come back at eleven to start 2009's paper. Imagine it for a moment. You're writing possibly the easiest exam of your life and had a bitch of a week. You're maybe half an hour off finishing, and are looking forward to a quiet pint in the union, already imagining the freedom. Suddenly, you find out that no, it's not the right paper, you have to start again.

You have to ask some questions about this. How hard is it to check the paper you've printed is for the right year? And if it isn't, how does it take forty minutes to realise you've given everyone the wrong paper? One of the lecturers even corrected a typo in the paper – a correction he must surely have had to make last year. We go to what is supposedly one of the top universities in the country – how is it possible that mistakes like this are made? And if there are mistakes that make questions impossible to answer, how is it fair that people don't get extra time?

We're not suggesting that they should have let us carry on with the exam and given high marks for those who'd done it before, but the mistake shouldn't have been made in the first place. Some of the lecturers seem to have gone out of their way to make it impossible to get through the end of the year without feeling like crap at some point, and are actually punishing everyone. Maybe some people need to be punished for not working hard enough, but what about those who have?

We would like to see a significant improvement next year across the board for all Materials (bear in mind the current second year gave feedback which improved the first year for this year's Fresher's – where was the feedback that improved it for us??) and hope that these circumstances will be taken into account when they give us our grades.

## The world beyond college walls



### United Kingdom

Next week the UK Parliament will elect a new speaker to the House of Commons.

Usually the speaker is elected after a new Parliament has formed following a general election, and the current speaker Michael Martin has retained his post since 2000. But following unprecedented scenes last month when MPs were openly calling for his resignation over the ongoing expenses scandal, Mr Martin announced he was standing down on 21 June.

This week hustings took place between 10 candidates as they put forward differing programmes for creatively reforming parliament and wider parliamentary culture, which has been called by one candidate "profoundly old-fashioned, male and frequently boorish". The speaker should theoretically be politically neutral and be above party politics, which is partly why MPs will vote in a secret ballot.

The deep rooted corruption over claiming expenses has shocked not just Britons, but many around the world. This is because the UK Parliament – formed in 1707 – is often considered the "Mother of Parliaments" and many other countries have parliaments based on its "Westminster system."



### Ethiopia

Nine million people are at risk of severe food shortages in Ethiopia, as the UN runs out of food aid.

The UN's World Food Program distributes the food to Ethiopia's poorest, who are hugely dependent on it for their sustenance. The UN says further supplies are not expected to arrive for another five months. Landlocked Ethiopia lies in Eastern Africa, and relies on the neighbouring country of Djibouti for its supply line, but Djibouti's port is overflowing and congested.

The next three months in Ethiopia are usually the hardest of the year, as farmers await the harvesting season in September. The government is said to have prioritized imports of fertilizers to increase the harvest. The Ethiopian ambassador to the UK has said that his country is not facing a food crisis, and that food was being delivered by truck from Sudan.



### Iran

The results of last Friday's elections in Iran have sparked huge rallies in the capital Tehran.

The incumbent, President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, won almost 63% of the vote, while his main opposition rival Mir-Hossein Mousavi garnered 34%. Voter turnout was staggeringly high, at 85% of the voting population.

Alleged voting irregularities reported by the opposition party, have since triggered protests in the capital Tehran. Over the course of the week the protests have grown larger, and more violent, resulting in the deaths of at least eight people in clashes with the police. Supporters of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad have also staged protests in the capital, with masses of people coming in from the countryside, where most of his support base resides.

While international observers have urged restraint and are waiting to see how the situation develops, Iran's media has been censored, foreign journalists have been banned, and protest leaders have been arrested. The Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, who is actually the head of state, has called for unity, and is expected to make a pivotal speech at Friday afternoon prayers on 19 June.

Edited by Hassan Joudi & Raphael Houdmont

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# felix review of the year '09

the *felix* news team go through this year's news and pick out the best bits, in comic book form...



Let's start at the start. At the beginning of the year a bunch of our students had to live at a Thames Valley University Hall called Paragon. Bit of a balls-up by accommodation but they eventually got moved into Imperial Halls.

Then there was that Palestinian student Zohair Abu-Shaban. He had a scholarship to do Electrical Engineering at Imperial but he couldn't leave Gaza. Eventually he escaped by boat and he's going to start his course next year.



That's you just wanting to show off your news pieces Kadhim. Both matters got resolved though, which was good. A few of the freshers came to Southwell and they seem to have settled in nicely.

One of the best stories was when the Canoe Club saved a man's life. Apparently he was having a bit of trouble in the water and they dived straight in. Legends.

Unlike the Football Club, they made the headlines for smashing up pubs in Hammersmith. People were not best pleased. They ended up doing community service.



Then we had some really good news in November. We won Best Newspaper at the Guardian Student Media Awards and last year's Editor Tom Roberts won Journalist of the Year. Angry Geek and iScience both came runners up for Best Columnist and Best Magazine.



That was the first term, and while we were relaxing over Christmas a couple of Geology students were busying getting fined by the Chinese government for "illegal map-making". They were doing geological surveys as part of their course and the College agreed to pay the fine for them. Win!

We finally got to meet the new Rector in he Spring term. He was a bit of dude wasn't he? Sure he said some pretty controversial stuff about increasing fees and privatising universities to be like Yale and Harvard but still, bit of a dude.



There were some more problems with football teams, even after the Hammersmith incidents. The Gaelic Football team were a bit aggressive in the Union and chanting stuff about the IRA... definitely not cool.

It seems like violence was a bit of an 'in-thing' this year. There was a bust up at House of Coffees and one guy got hit over the head with a chair. The worst is that there was a girl in crutches who got showered with broken glass and had a cut on her forehead.

But it wasn't all bad news with sport. Varsity was a great success as usual, even if the Medics won the JPR Williams Cup again.



That's not funny



So what happend with the medic's this year Dina?



In the final term it seems like things kept getting shutdown. On top of the Humanities cuts, the library in the Aero Department was closed down. People really got annoyed about the Humanities cuts, there was a huge protest (well around 100 people), a petition with over 1,000 signatures and a council motion opposing the cuts but it's not clear if the College are actually going to pay attention.

Also students cycling into the bike rakes outside Blackett were fined by police officers one afternoon for going on the pavement for a couple of metres. And there were a few dodgy dealings in the ACC with the clubs belonging to the ACC Chair and the ACC Treasurer getting big increases in their budget... bit below board I think.



Well, a surgeon at St Mary's took out the wrong organ. She was meant to have a gynaecological operation but got her gall bladder removed instead. Then a consultant tried to poison his pregnant girlfriend in order to make her miscarry. It goes without saying that he's been disqualified from working at St Mary's.

On a more lighthearted note, a Medic student went on the ITV show "The Colour of Money". Almost nobody watches it and unfortunately the student, Sumera Shaheny went home empty handed.

To end a year of mishaps for Medicine at Imperial, it turned out in May that a taxi-firm had conned Imperial College NHS Trust out of £280,000. Employees at Lewis Day Courier made up fake journeys and then invoiced the Trust for them.



Obviously we had elections for Sabbs as well. Ashley Brown won President, Danny Hill won Deputy President Finances & Services, John James won Deputy President Welfare, Jonathan Silver won Deputy President Education and Jenny Wilson won Deputy President Clubs and Societies. I don't remember who won felix Editor can you?



So basically Medics are better than IC at rugby but shit at everything else?

Perfect





# Is your room in Southside safe?

Freddie Witherden, resident of Southside, finds out how easy it is to break into the rooms and secure lockers

It all seemed rather impressive: swipe cards, RFID, strange looking keyholes and a security guard on-hand to testify about the impressive security of the Southside 'complex'. At least that is how it was presented during freshers week. We were told that so long as our doors were shut correctly that it was almost impossible to break in and that all burglaries thus-far had been as a result of students not shutting their doors.

So that's exactly what the 350+ freshers living in Southside did — in the belief that they were secure. Of course, it was not long before the more astute students realised that it was theoretically possible to open the doors using a credit card. A Hollywood favourite shim is a lock-bypass technique whereby a flexible object — such as a credit card — is slid in between the door and the frame and used to manipulate the latch. For this to work two conditions must be satisfied.

Firstly, the door can not be dead bolted, which is when bolt is connected directly to the locking cylinder. Thus the only way to move the bolt is to rotate the cylinder — which requires the key to be inserted. Although most house locks are dead bolted those in Southside are not. This is as a result of the swipe card access system. (In order for

the doors to automatically lock when closed the latch must always be free to move.)

Secondly, there must be sufficient space between the frame and the door to allow a shim to be inserted. Although this should never be the case there is no substitute for shoddy workmanship, as I will get into later.

While you occasionally heard stories of someone in another Southside hall managing to get into their rooms using a credit card, few took them seriously, assuming that his/her door had shifted significantly to make it possible. Until, that is, I tried it myself.

After five minutes R&D with a fellow Physicist and an empty coke can we had created our own shim. Being made of aluminium it was a good deal thinner than a credit card and much better shaped. Using this we were able to open (with permission, naturally) over 70% of the doors we tried. Usually the entire process, from inserting the shim to opening the door takes a smidgeon under five seconds. Five seconds!

Some of the doors are so bad that it is possible to open them by wedging an unfolded Tropicana carton in between the door and the frame and jiggling it around for a few seconds.

But, there's more. Each person in Southside has a lockable drawer in

their wardrobe. Perfect for valuables, such as cash, passports &c — or so we thought. Sadly the locks used on these drawers are some of the poorest I have come across in my two years of picking. In lock-jargon terms: the locks have an open rectangular keyhole with a single row of three pins; none of which are security pins.

With a set of lock picks it is possible to open any of the drawers in Southside in under ten seconds, on average. However to add insult to injury, so to speak, it is possible to open them in a similar amount of time using nothing but a screwdriver and metal paper clip. Although those with any experience picking locks normally frown at the use of paper clips (on most real locks they are useless) the locks in Southside are so exceptionally poor that they are actually a valid option.

It is a somewhat disturbing thought that a would-be burglar needs nothing more than a folded up coke can, a screwdriver and a paper clip to be able to successfully mount a crime spree on most of the rooms in Southside. Moreover with tailgating into the building as easy as it is this is something of a real concern for both myself and others who I have talked to on the issue.

So, what can be done about all of this? Well, in the short term, very lit-



All you need is a metallic can to open the doors...

tle. Thankfully with only one week left and very few (if any) robberies this year us Southside residents can consider ourselves lucky.

In the long term security and residency will need to look at each and every door in Southside and see if it is vulnerable to shimming. If this is the case then the door will need to be reseated such that it is impossible to insert a shim.

If nothing is done then I would not be surprised if by the time next years lambs come to the slaughter (I mean, err, freshers) that over 85% of the doors could be susceptible to shimming. This is because Southside appears to be either (depending on who you talk to) still settling or subsiding;

resulting in ever larger gaps between doors and frames.

As for the lockable drawers, my personal recommendation is that locks on each drawer are changed to something more substantial. It is somewhat ironic that the locks on the doors — which are seldom used — are some of the best in the industry (jargon: Multi-lock Classic dimple locks featuring pins-in-pins, layman: reasonably difficult to pick) while the drawer locks are some of the worst available.

Finally, what does this mean for the new Eastside halls? While I have not visited Eastside yet I would not be surprised if it uses the same set-up as Southside and so is also likely to be equally vulnerable.

DramSoc presents

Twelfth Night

Or What You Will

Sunday 21st June, 2pm

Thursday 25th June,  
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Queen's Lawn



IMPERIAL COLLEGE LONDON

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Saturday 20 June

LIVE ARENA

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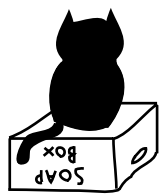
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# Comment, Opinion & Letters

Let us know your views: [comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk)

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



## Reaching the end of the road

**Jovan Nedić**  
Editor in Chief

**S**o this is it, my last issue. The 18 month journey that started in January 2008 is slowly but surely reaching the end, and I feel that an editorial is appropriate.

To start off with, I would like to apologise for the length of this article, although I might get this wrong and it might end up being quite short! But the fact of the matter is that there has been a lot on my mind, a lot of issues that have been burning away, which I have held back, mainly because I was unsure of the consequences it might have on the paper. But then again, this is the last issue, what's the worst that can happen.

Let's start from the beginning. The first term is always full of optimism! Whether you are a first year student, a returning student or a graduate who has, for some bizarre reason, decided to stay on for one more year to run the student newspaper, all of you will feel optimistic. "This will be a new year" you say to yourself, "things will be different" you reassure yourself. This optimism vanishes as quickly as it appeared, as soon as you step foot on the campus, it is gone. I, for one, was optimistic that our new sabbatical team will be different this year, that they will show themselves as the voice of the students and not just someone who is doing the job for their own gain! To me, this means showing your face every now and then, and what better way to start than the Freshers' Week nights. Alas, they did not go. The only ones to make it were myself, Hannah Theodorou and Mark Chamberlain, the last of which is the ICSMSU President and even he managed to come to our Union to show that he was there for the Medical students. If you want to get the students involved with the Union, then you have to show your face, it's your bloody job! You are there to represent the students, how can you represent them if you do not know who they are?

So it wasn't the best of starts for them, but at least they did make it up as the year went on, most of them that is; Carter (DPFS) still manages to get in at 10:00 and leave at 16:00 without fail, also trying to find him during those hours is also a fun game! My advice to next year's Sabbatical Officers, GO TO THE EVENTS AT FRESHERS' WEEK! Show your face, wear brightly coloured shirts, wear your badges, show them who you are and that you are easily accessible.

As for me, I was full of high hopes that this year will be a good one, all I wanted to do, was expose the problems that I thought existed within our Union. All credit to Tomo, he did an excellent job last year but there were a few stories that I thought he should have ran but there was, of course, the fear that we would be sued or that the paper would be impounded. This fear was manifested from the Students' Union, who came down to the office and basically told us that we can't write that. The result of that was the birth of the gag and an interesting front page that was blank but for a few words. We had been censored, the cat had been gagged and for every issue since then, our logo has had a gag over the mouth and we've written 'news'paper. I for one was outraged at this, not the act of gagging the cat, but the act of being told what you can and cannot write. This all boils down to the Student-Staff protocol which protects the Union staff from any criticism in an open forum i.e. media! My argument has always been that they are here to serve the students of the Union, therefore if they do not do their jobs properly and it has an impact on the student population, then the students have a right to know. This is essentially what annoyed me because the

members of staff could continue to fail at their jobs and were getting away with providing a sub standard service. So I kept the gag, kept the design and went in with the mentality that if something similar came up again, then I would actually print it.

Just in case you are interested, the stories that we were told not to print included the old bar manager allegedly beating up a student at the bar when drunk and that some money had gone missing from the safe. Ooops, not sure if you guys were meant to know that!

So for those of you who might have been wondering why the cat was gagged and all that, now you know!

But what has been achieved since the cat had been gagged? Have we done enough to ungag the cat? I think we have, which is why there is a brand new look. If you ever needed any proof, then here is a list of some of the problems we have had this year:

- **Formal reprimands from the Union**
- **College complaints over the Horoscopes (lol!)**
- **Threats of lawsuits from Union Entertainment Department (threats, meaning they thought about it and realised that they can't win!)**
- **Threats of lawsuits from Union Finance Department**
- **Complaints from Union Catering Department (mega lol!)**
- **Threats of 'no-confidence' vote over Hangman articles (again, thought about doing it, then changed his mind!)**

There are more, but the whole page would be filled which would be pointless, but the message is clear; if you don't do your job properly, you will be criticised. Oh, and before any of you say that I'm just being a moaning git, I have been criticised for my work. In case you haven't noticed, we have had a few spelling fails this year; several of you have come down to the office to point out the mistakes, yet none of you offered to help out, instead you just moaned how the spelling was atrocious and left very quickly when I asked you if you wanted to help us out! Apart from the spelling mistakes, there are those of you (all 13 that is) who complain that I don't write enough about the matters that are affecting the students, like the latest change to paragraph seven, line two of Section B in the Imperial College Union Constitution. The reason I don't write about crap like that is that people couldn't care less what needs to be put on official voting posters or arguing for two hours over whether or not we should twin with a university in Gaza and then there being an overwhelming rejection of the paper. People will not care about any of this because the fact of the matter is that students are too apathetic over what the hacks do in the Union. Luckily for me there are, however, people who are willing to write about that sort of stuff.

*Live!* has developed a reputation for covering the more serious (read boring) stories that go on around our campus. Saying it's boring is probably a bit too harsh, but from experience, I find writing them incredibly boring mainly because I couldn't care less what they do, unless it actually affects the students directly; the ACC Scandal story springs to mind! At the same time, despite the fact that some of them might seem boring, some are incredibly useful for the students to know, which is why there is a need to develop a relationship with *Live!*. We

are very fortunate to have a wide range of media outlets at Imperial, and I see no reason why we can't work together, after all we are all trying to get the news to the students. So I would like to take this opportunity to thank *Live!* for making my life a little bit easier and not having to put me through writing those stories, yet at the same time, thank them for providing the initial information from which to build a story on!

Carrying on with the gratitude, I have to thank my entire staff. Throughout the year we had up to 40 people working on the paper (not many copy editors mind (p.s. Louise thanks for always being there)) which is an amazing achievement. Without them, we would have nothing but a four page paper full of news, which would be incredibly boring. I can not take any credit for the paper this year, the fact of the matter is that I am here to put all of the pieces together, regardless of where the source is, so a massive thank you to everyone who was involved this year, you have all been amazing and I hope that you can carry on with the great work next year. I would also like to make a special note of three particular members of my team, firstly my managerial team. Kadhim and Gilead have been absolutely amazing this year, always there to give me a helping hand and go over the finer points of some of the more problematic stories. I am indebted to their contribution this year. Finally, I would like to create a little *felix* award for the best editor this year and will hopefully get a tankard set up for them. This year, there has been one person who has gone beyond anything that I have ever expected, even travelling thousands of miles to cover a story. The Technology section has been an incredible success and has included reports from as close as Birmingham and as far as Las Vegas (yes, he actually went to Las Vegas for a Technology fair!). He has consistently provided content of a high quality and so this year's *felix* Editor Award goes to Richard Lai! My final set of thanks go to the various people who have been helpful on a multitude of levels: Alex McKee for his technical support when things have gone bad with the computers as well as helping out with the new digital archive (which will be done in November, keep an eye out), same goes for Phil Power and finally, I'd like to thank Alissa Ayling for helping us out with the *felix* Sports League which is proving to be extremely popular.

A quick note about this week's issue, we have given it a bit of a light-hearted touch, everything has been done in a much more relaxed manner and we hope you enjoy it (p.s. seeing as there is little sport going on now, the sport section has been very creative with its content this week, as has most of the paper!).

That's about it from me; my final note goes to next year's editor Dan Wan. I wish him the best of luck next year and would like to offer him this advice; do not be scared to print what is necessary. If someone in the Union isn't doing their job and it is affecting the student body, let the students know. The same can be said for the members of the College, probably one area I didn't focus on enough this year! I would also strongly recommend that you not only continue building a relationship between *felix* and *Live!*, but with all of the media sources at Imperial so that our media output is a strong voice to the students.

The Cat is free, let's keep it that way!

Nothing more left for me to say apart from it's good-bye from me, and hello from him...



# Editor in prowling, **Dan Wan**, needs you



**“If you haven’t written for felix before, I hope next year will seem like an open opportunity”**

**I** sometimes need to pinch myself to realise I have been at university for two years. As I muse over these last couple of years, I try to think what I’ve actually done with my time. College data files and records will tell of a below-average student bumbling his through a Biology degree.

Between the heady hours of lymphocytes, nematodes and actinomyosin mechanisms, I’ve been doing what I’ve been most proud to have done at Imperial. It is exactly what I’m doing now; writing for felix.

I have written under two great Editors, Tom Roberts and Jovan Nedic. Both have had a firm grip on the scruff of Felix the cat’s neck. Their commitment to the newspaper has been outstanding, and has been evidenced every Friday when a new issue arrives around College.

Tom “the Bob” Roberts will be leaving Imperial this year after somehow scraping out a Physics degree from bottomless pit that is his abilities. He shall leave in the highest regard, not only amongst felix writers and readers, but the nation’s media industry. Under his Editorship last

year, felix won Guardian Student Newspaper of the Year. Alongside that, the Guardian awarded him Student Journalist of the Year. He’s also the brains and founder of Imperial’s own gaming magazine Another Castle, and hence I’m sure he needs no luck in finding employment after he graduates. The prick.

This year, Jovan has arguably had a harder task as Editor. Keeping up with expectations and reputations of an award-winning newspaper is not an easy feat. He could have easily suffered from ‘second-time syndrome’, but instead has kept a steady ship throughout this academic year. He has ruthlessly lifted the lid on the many aspects of College and the Union that needed bringing to account, and that is the true-calling of a student journalist.

Through these two people though, I have learnt many a lesson. But on behalf of the entire felix team, I sincerely thank both Tomo and Jovan for the hours they have spent in the dungeon that is the felix office as Editor-in-Chiefs. Felix would be a fraction of its current form in terms of reputation, quality and readership without these two Editors.



Next year however, it will be my lap that Felix the cat will reside on. Depending on my exam results, you shall see a felix next year which will be refreshed and purring, awaiting the new Freshers’ arrival and beyond.

I am not mistaken in thinking being Editor will be an easy task. It is an immensely difficult one. It will be a spirit-sapping challenge to get to the printing deadline with a newspaper I will be satisfied with. One good enough to release to the masses of Imperial each week. However, my two years as Fashion and now News Editor have taught me I’ll enjoy the many rushes and stresses that it will bring me.

The very being of felix is not possible without the contributions of so many people each week though. The receiving, reading and discussing of people’s articles is one of the most fascinating aspects of editing for felix. I love seeing the diversity of activity and opinion that comes from the people at Imperial. Hence, I hope contributions will continue into next year because I’m definitely proud to publish them.

So this is my early call-out to everyone

that wants to contribute. I’ve been recently been made aware that a lot of people want to write for felix, but either don’t know how, or feel they don’t know what to write about. Just write. Write to argue a case, to fight a cause, to show off, whatever. You can definitely tell when something is written with enthusiasm and that’s pretty much what most writing is based on. felix rarely, if ever, reject a contribution. I’d only reject a contribution if it’s blatantly offensive. Even if you think you can’t write, you probably can. Even if you genuinely can’t, well, that’s what the Editors are there for!

Felix doesn’t particularly look for pieces that are of the highest journalistic or narrative quality. It looks for writing that is of interest to you, the writer, and inevitably others. A student newspaper should represent the interests across a student body; and you’re the only ones that can provide that. I wouldn’t say I’m a great writer by any means. I just started writing because I enjoyed it.

We’re all scientists, engineers and medics. We’re not writers. In a way, this works to our advantage. Everything we write

is contributing nothing towards our degrees, but a lot towards being part of College life. I see felix as weekly snapshot of life at Imperial College.

If you haven’t written for felix before, I hope next year will seem like an open opportunity. Don’t wait for editors to ask. Do the writing first, and then email it over to felix@imperial.ac.uk. It’s actually that simple. As I said, it’s not like we’ll send it back with a giant metaphorical red “REJECT” rubber stamp on it. I’ll then direct it to the appropriate section of the newspaper, and we’ll tart it up for publication.

For those that are really serious about getting involved with felix, there’s going to be various editorial roles vacant come October. With the inevitable cut in humanities options next year, you might need something else on your degree to justify your (my) 2:2 honours. Being able to edit and layout a newspaper is a useful addition to your ever-expanding skillset, and hey, you might even start to enjoy it.

It’s all fun and games down in the office, which is located downstairs in Beit’s West Wing. Just head towards the lawn in Beit Quad, and just before you get to it, turn left. We’re through the doors and down the stairs. There’s loads of cool people to meet and talk with, and the door is quite literally always open, so just waltz in at any hour of the day (and half the time, night). Failing that, I’ll always be there, undoubtedly with my eerie yet welcoming Cheshire cat grin.

So with another year over, here comes the three months of anything that isn’t Imperial College. Unlike most though, I don’t get a real summer, as I’ve got to start on this year’s Freshers’ Handbook. You know, that thing you got in the post as a bright-eyed Sixth Former but never really read. Oh yeh, that thing.

# Rhys Davies goes on an end-of-year adventure



**“I’ve been stripped to waist and shown where my Xiphisternum is”**

**L**ast Sunday, I went on an adventure. Now, when I say adventure, I may be exaggerating just a tad. I had woken up with the desire to see Hampstead Heath, or rather, to see the view from Hampstead Heath which I’ve heard is quite spectacular. My adventure might not have the scope of Middle Earth, or the religious overtones of Narnia, but, I realised, it still made a damn good allegory.

Here we are, coming to the end of another year at Imperial. For me, my first year is coming to a close. Frankly, I can’t believe it. It seems like only yesterday that I moved into halls, fresh-eyed, bushy-tailed and with only a mediocre recipe for beans on toast under my belt. Now, I’m a little older, (hopefully) a little wiser and a little more competent in the kitchen. Exactly how did I get here?

I began my journey to Hampstead Heath on the cultured pavements of Exhibition Road. I mingled with tourists as I passed by the erudite edifices

of the Natural History Museum and the V&A. I knew to get there, indeed, anywhere in London, I’d need to take the Tube. The Underground has always seemed a bit alien to me. You descend into the darkness, impenetrably deep, to be whisked off by iron horses to a far-flung destination at high speed, guided by the ethereal music of the buskers. The escalators in Leicester Square Station are just another rabbit-hole.

It reminds me of my first days here. To an outsider like me, London was a big and scary place. There were so many places to go, so many places to be. It sometimes seemed that London was merely a collection of landmarks connected only by tour-bus routes. And Imperial itself, with its myriads of students. Never mind the architecture, it was easy enough to get lost in the people.

First the Piccadilly and then the Northern Line took me to my destination. I emerge somewhere in Camden and am greeted by very unfamiliar sur-

roundings. I know I’m still in London. I’m always in London. With my A-Z map in hand, I stride forwards boldly into the unknown. In his travels, the hero journeys to unknown lands, inhabited by strange peoples.

By the second term, I had settled in to some extent. I had acquainted myself with my colleagues and the relevant stops on the Underground. I was beginning to feel comfortable, like I knew where I was in the big city. But London and Imperial still had more to offer and to throw at me. I’ve been stripped to waist and shown where my Xiphisternum is; I’ve been offered Charlie five steps after a bunch of roses; I’ve asked City Bankers for money at five in the morning. I am indeed a stranger in a strange, strange land.

Eventually, I reached Hampstead Heath. But there’s more to go. Elevated as it is, I need to go higher, to the top of Parliament Hill to take in the capital. I soldier on up the hill as families and friends enjoy the summer on either side of me. The climb isn’t par-

ticularly steep but, combined with the heat raining down on me, is enough to bring sweat to my brow. Almost there, I mutter, almost there. The climax of the tale, wherein the hero battles countless foes, slays the dragons and wins fair ladies’ hearts. The darkest hour is just before the dawn – even if, scientifically, it’s actually in the middle of the night.

The third term lay in the shadow of the valley of death – that is, exams. I watched as cool, well-adjusted students (Well, by Imperial’s standards) dissolve into neurotic bags of paranoia and insomnia. In lectures, part of my mind wondered, would this be on the exam? Was there any point in learning this? As May gave way to June, life became an ever-more delicate balance between learning the current work and revising the work of the previous two terms, and sleep was entirely optional. It culminated in my first year’s exams, five days of diarrhoea, mental and otherwise.

Back on the Heath, I finally made it to

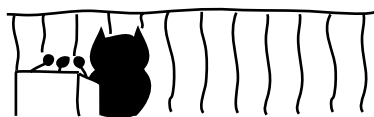
the top. Like Orpheus, I had to piously resist the temptation to glance back at where I had come. Only when I was at the summit did I turn to gaze. The view was everything I had been told it was. From the City in the east to Crystal Palace in the west, via St Paul’s and the London Eye, I could “see the world in a grain of sand.” With my head down, hurrying across to the Charing Cross campus for another Anatomy lecture, London just seems like a ubiquitous, amorphous mass of bricks and people. But up on the Heath, you get to see the creature whose arteries you walk down every day. It’s almost soulful.

In a book, this would be the end of story, the journey completed. But, cliché as it may be, this is far from the end. Imperial and I have many more years together yet. And I can’t wait!

So yes, for most of us now, the exams are over. Woohoo! To those still burning the midnight oil in the library, good luck. To everyone else, have a great summer and (with any luck) I’ll see you again in October!







## Politics

Politics Editors – James Goldsack & Katya-yani Vyas

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### I was a ginger baby

Katya-yani Vyas  
Politics Editor



He's 10 feet 5 inches tall, you know, and that's without shoes on. I'm talking about Barack of course, who else? Yes, I can call him Barack, we are on first name terms, and no, you cannot, he doesn't like you.

In other news, Brown (Gordon, not Ashley, you silly silly hacks) was seen buying large quantities of compost last week lending credibility to the rumour that he is undertaking transfiguration classes at Hogwarts in an attempt to spy on his rivals. It is believed that he has chosen the form of a fly as his disguise. The evidence is stacking up...

David Cameron has been overheard complaining about the fact that flies seem to be constantly circling above his head, nothing to do with the stench of hypocrisy emanating from him of course...

In the recent expenses row it came out that Hazel Blears has been claiming for fly spray and fly swatters, when questioned about the odd purchases, she only commented that Gordon Brown needed them for his tendency to speak/breathe/exist. Coincidence?

Perhaps the most compelling evidence involves Demi-God Barack Obama. No doubt you will have heard the furore over Obama vanquishing a fire-breathing dragon merely by looking at it with mild amusement. Well it seems that he has now developed a new super-power to add to his ever growing arsenal. Yes, that's right, with one swipe of his hand, he is able to render even the most persistent of flies unconscious.

Barry (yes, I can call him Barry) knocked a fly for six in an interview recently, prompting speculation that he is not actually human, but rather a descendant of some kind of alien super-race.

Interestingly 'not-so-flash' Gordon turned up at Downing Street the next day with two black eyes, a broken arm, multiple rib fractures and what looked like a prosthetic leg.

The buzz in London is that 'paper bag' Brown was attempting to gain an insight into what charisma is from his counter-part across the swamp. My advice, Prime-minister, is that you should talk to Sir Peter Viggers about hiring out his duck island, take some time off, reconnect with nature, learn how to dodge like a real fly!

Ok, so, Gordon's a lost cause, let's face it, he's less popular than malaria. What we Brits need to concentrate on now is trying to get Bazza to ditch the US and come over here to swat all our flies, I don't know about you but they're getting pretty damned annoying.

It seems that the Royals are doing their bit, inviting the Obama's over to the palace for tea. Michelle Obama even went in for a hug with the Queen. Obama was about to follow suit and give Phillip a cuddle, luckily the D of E mistook the gesture for an excuse to show off his new break-dancing moves. Don't do things like that Barack, don't you know uselessness is contagious.

So, in conclusion, Obama has signed a contract to be a judge on the X-factor whilst Gordon Brown has eloped with Susan Boyle, current location unknown.

## Hacks spend hours arguing over £1 for IC Boat Club

Wayne Kerr

The Hacks, see definition courtesy of *Live!* had one of their best meetings a couple of weeks ago when the Clubs and Societies Board (CSB) met to discuss budget appeals.

From the Athletics Club Committee (ACC), two clubs logged an appeal in the hope of getting a larger grant than they were originally assigned by the ACC Chair and the ACC Treasurer earlier that month. The Football Club asked for an increase of £1,400 to cover their large travel expenditures, whilst the Boat Club asked for £3,350 more after they felt hard done by when they only received roughly £10,000 of the £70,000 they asked for (*Ed: they were never going to get the full amount!*).

It was decided that the Football Club would receive the full amount, however, the initial claim of £3,350 from the Boat Club was rejected. There is no doubt in anyone's mind that the Boat Club contribute greatly to the College, bringing in more BUCS points than the rest of the clubs combined (a fact they know far too well!), and they need the money to continue this

high standard. After hours of arguing, which included certain Hacks arguing that certain changes were not constitutional, the CSB eventually decided to give the Boat Club £3,349, £1 less than they originally asked for.

This writer wonders what was the fucking point of wasting so much time for a pound. Hacks fail yet again!

### Dictionary

**H** hack [hæk]  
noun

1: Within Imperial College Union, a hack is one intensely involved in union politics, usually with an unhealthy knowledge of the union's procedures or constitution. Hacks tend to form a clique, which may seem impenetrable to outsiders. Any members of the student media covering political issues are also hacks, by virtue of understanding what is going on. (*Ed: except felix writers!*)

ORIGIN: *live.cgu.net*

# Major changes in Union Political structure

Haxor McRandy

At the last meeting of the Imperial College Union Council, some major changes were made to the Constitution and the management structure. After a 15-hour meeting, which included a heated debate over a new Imperial College Union logo and its slogan, the Council finally agreed upon certain changes to the Constitution, document which governs the running of the Union.

One of the major changes included changing the Union's logo from the 'Blue Swish' to the new and improved 'Block' design, as can be seen in the picture adjacent. The biggest protest to the new logo came from Deputy President (Finance & Services), Christian Charles Elizabeth Chigsworth Carter, who questioned the grammar used in the new slogan "Actualising student potential; always", however, after consultation with the *felix* Editor, Jovan Žarko Kalashnikov Nedić, it was found that "both the spelling and gramer was perfect [sic x 10]."

Other changes that were made included changes to Page 3, Section A, Part X, Paragraph 12, line 2, word 9 of the constitution where they changed it to 'there' and Page 3, Section A, Part X, Paragraph 12, line 3, word 12 to 'sexual needs', so that the whole paragraph now reads:

"The Deputy President (Education & Welfare) will be there for the sexual needs of the students of Imperial College Union."

One student welcomed the changed saying that the current DPEW is "well hot innit bro" and that he would "smash that!". However, one second year medical student said that "I wouldn't touch the new DPW (Jonathan Silver) with a barge pole. This is just an attempt by the Union hacks to get with some girls when we all know that they haven't got



Above: the old Union logo with the new one below it

a chance in hell. It's nothing more than student politics gone mad!"

Although there was some criticism of the decisions made in Council, most of them have been ignored with Council Chair Afonso Costa Campos explaining that "the numbers lodging the complaint were nor quorate and thus

their motion was unable to be eligible in Council". Many senior hacks have doubts over this decision and are looking into the strange activities of Mr Camp(os), which include buying the election in which he won the Council Chair last year (*felix* Issue 1,405).

In other news, there have been rumours that next year's ICU President Ashley Brown, has decided to drastically change the personnel at the Union. Every member of staff has been fired, except for the *felix* Editor elect as Mr Brown is scared of what the man can do, and have been replaced by Oompa Loompas. Mr Brown told *felix* that:

"It was the logical solution in the current economic climate. Mr Wonka clearly demonstrated that Oompa Loompas were very diligent and loyal workers, and that they would obey whatever their master would say."

Although this is a bold move by the bawling President-elect, many question whether or not this was just an attempt to make him feel bigger than he really is. This fact has mainly been overlooked as more students were concerned as to what the Union would be serving. When asked about this, Mr Brown told *felix* that:

"We will open a new confectionary shop in the Union to take advantage of the skills of the Oompa Lumpas, however, we will also be aiming to improve the quality of service offered throughout the Union, including Entertainment, Catering and Finance."

Only time will tell if the promises made by Mr Brown will be true.

(*ED: Most or all of the facts in this article are false, however, some of it is true. Find out more next year, possibly!*)



Ashley Brown with his new working force





## Business

Business Editor – **Luke Dhanoo**

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# The last weekly news round-up, you may cry

**Sina Ataherian** takes a brass-eyed look at this week's comings and goings in the business and political world

### Rich Enough

This week the number of people wealthy enough not to need to work reached a twelve year high of 2.3 million. The spike has been attributed to Gordon Brown's divinely-inspired stewardship of the world economy over this period. Increasingly many at

**"The French are currently ahead, with 8.7% of their workforce not needing to work, compared with the United Kingdom's more modest 7.1%"**

home and abroad have been able to retire early, confident that they have enough to stay wealthy for life.

The recent surge in the people's wealth has specifically been attributed to rising consumer confidence as the PM promised all voters a lick of brown sugar if re-elected.

The French are currently ahead with 8.7% of their workforce not needing to work, compared with the UK's 7.1%. This has caused their trade unions to become increasingly jealous, meaning that this week they had no specific reason not to protest.

The protestors have not realised so far that if they do more working and less striking, they too could afford to retire early, because they are French.

\*May or may not be true.

### Success at the European Elections

Three weeks ago, *felix* was heavily criticised for its endorsement of the BNP. Angry students argued that since they could never win a seat, we were only damaging the chances of UKIP as our second choice. Today we can say we told you so, and are delighted to report that the tireless crusaders of the real interests of indigenous voters have won two seats in the European Parliament. This has already been hailed by ordinary people as a victory for seekers of the truth against the fascist oppression of the mainstream parties, who all conspire to keep their snouts in the trough.

Over the last week, however, leading economists have also joined the chorus of enthusiasm arguing that their economic policies offer the only true hope for the future of Britain. Led by beloved leader Gordon Griffin-Brown, whose calls for 'British Jobs for British People' have energised the party base; the BNP has already vowed to stop all them immigrants, especially them illigals, taking are jobs. This will represent a major set-back for the big corporations but lead to improved living standards for indigenous British people.

Economists are reminding us the benefits don't stop there either. Nor do they stop at their other economic policy to end the 'socially, economically and politically damaging monopolies now being established by the super-market giants.' Many of the BNP's social policies will also benefit the economy. For instance, capital punishment for those 'caught red handed' will deter and thus reduce crime, increasing public confidence. The optimistic sentiments about the prospects for BNP government following the next general elections have gripped both of the country's non-Jewish economists. Markets saw their weekly peak on Thursday, in anticipation of the news.

### Swine Flu

Just when we thought swine flu was once again confined to where it belongs, a new wave of infections has spread beyond Mexico. It appears the new world order elitist conspirators, who oppose rising economic optimism, have reinstated the illness in order to prolong the state of hysteria that makes the public ignore violations of their rights. Doctors are warning that the disease remains extremely rare so virus enthusiasts should still consider choosing to be gay as their best bet. For those who dislike illness, the advice remains unchanged: avoid anyone with a poncho or a lawnmower.



Stay away from these people

### Broadband Broadened

The Government has announced new plans to create a 'Digital Britain' where everyone has access to broadband internet. The plans are so good that they cannot be trusted to existing providers to offer interested clients, so all users of the Internet will have to pay for it. The plans also include renewed efforts to fight piracy, which have been welcomed by Mogadishu.



Recently speaking at Imperial College, Nick Griffin commented that he didn't like the way that many of the students were squinting at him, whilst he tiraded against "forrins, facists, pakis and all darkies in general"

# The unsinkable value of the homeless man

*felix* takes a look at how much poorer you are than homeless people

**Luke Dhanoo**  
Business Editor

As I was walking towards college, late for my group meeting, a homeless gentleman asked me if I could spare some change. And as I was about to explain that I couldn't and shuffle on embarrassedly it occurred to me that this pungent gentleman was in a better financial position than I was in. In fact he was in a much better financial position than most of the students at Imperial...

An entities net worth (or equity) is the difference between their assets (stuff they can sell in the long or short term) and their liabilities (money you owe). This gives us ALE, the accounting equation:

$$\text{Assets} - \text{Liabilities} = \text{Equity}$$

For the homeless man, who has no liabilities, equity and assets are the same thing. So the Homeless man I saw had a net worth equal to that of his clothes, his money and his dog.

For your average final year student, things are worse. Assets are essentially anything that exists in the students flat, and liabilities are anything that the student owes i.e. a huge student loan.

A final year students net worth will only be greater than zero if they have worked a job during their time at Uni that has paid off most of their debt – i.e. once every million years. Otherwise the greatest net value that a final year student can have is zero – here's how:

### Case 1: You took out a student loan.

All the stuff you bought with your student loan has been decreasing in value as you were using it (depreciation) and so even if you tried to sell it all you would never get the full amount back. Add to that all the money you spent on food and drink (which didn't give you anything useful apart from prolonged life) and it is clear that taking a student loan massively decreases your net worth over four years.

### Case 2: Mummy and Daddy paid for everything.

Anything bought by your parents (or with their money) doesn't count as yours and so isn't an asset. In that case, your best case scenario is to have absolutely no assets, no liabilities and so exactly zero net worth.

Since most people are a combination of the two it is clear that the average leavers net worth cannot exceed zero. And since the homeless man has clothes, spare change and a dog, he is in a better financial position to you.

But chin up soon-to-be-graduates; the homeless man is doing ridiculously well these days. Consider the fate of the major companies that fell befool of subprime mortgages: most of these institutions are also worth less than the

homeless man. HBOS, Lehman Brothers, JP Morgan and Citibank all had negative net value over the last twelve months, whereas our homeless man stayed consistently in the black with his rags, loose change and dog heavy portfolio. In fact that simple, diversified, steady portfolio has seen the homeless man rise in value against GM, Chrysler, AIG and countless other firms. And not just by marginal amounts. Despite these companies having received billions of dollars of government bailouts, the homeless man still outvalued these companies – with little or no government help. Armed only with a sympathy-evoking canine and a stench that charms pennies from purses, the humble homeless man has managed to outperform some of the largest companies on earth, comprised of some of the best minds of their generation.

**Homeless men have risen in value against GM, Chrysler, AIG, and countless other firms.**

And homeless women have done even better, because on top of the assets of homeless men, homeless women have (I assume) bras, too.

For investors, this is frustrating. Not just because of the performance gap between the homeless and the down stock market, but because there is no real way for them to tap into the rock solid dependability of homeless net values – though not from lack of trying. After the burst of the Internet bubble in 2001, bankers from Morgan Stanley famously attempted to capitalise on the "bankability" of homeless people by "buying" them.\* But because nobody owned the homeless people in the first place the bankers just gave some money to the homeless people then claimed them as a commodity. This then boosted the homeless peoples assets, skyrocketing their value. Traders at the bank then decided to float these new commodities on the stock market, and because their value had been skyrocketing, investors bought up homeless people in droves, expecting their value trends to continue. However, at around lunchtime, many of the homeless bought some lunch with their new found "wealth" which devastated their asset base and ruined their value in the market. The homeless person commodity then crashed spectacularly, providing a lasting lesson about trying to buy homeless folk.

\*Not an actual historical event.





# Shit Art: art that is shit/shite/wank

The last issue of felix arts that David, Emily and Caz will contribute to. A very sad prospect indeed, so for fun **Emily Wilson** and **Caz Knight** are throwing tact to the wind to tell you what art to avoid



The Mona-Emily by famous art/inventor Lucy Harrold

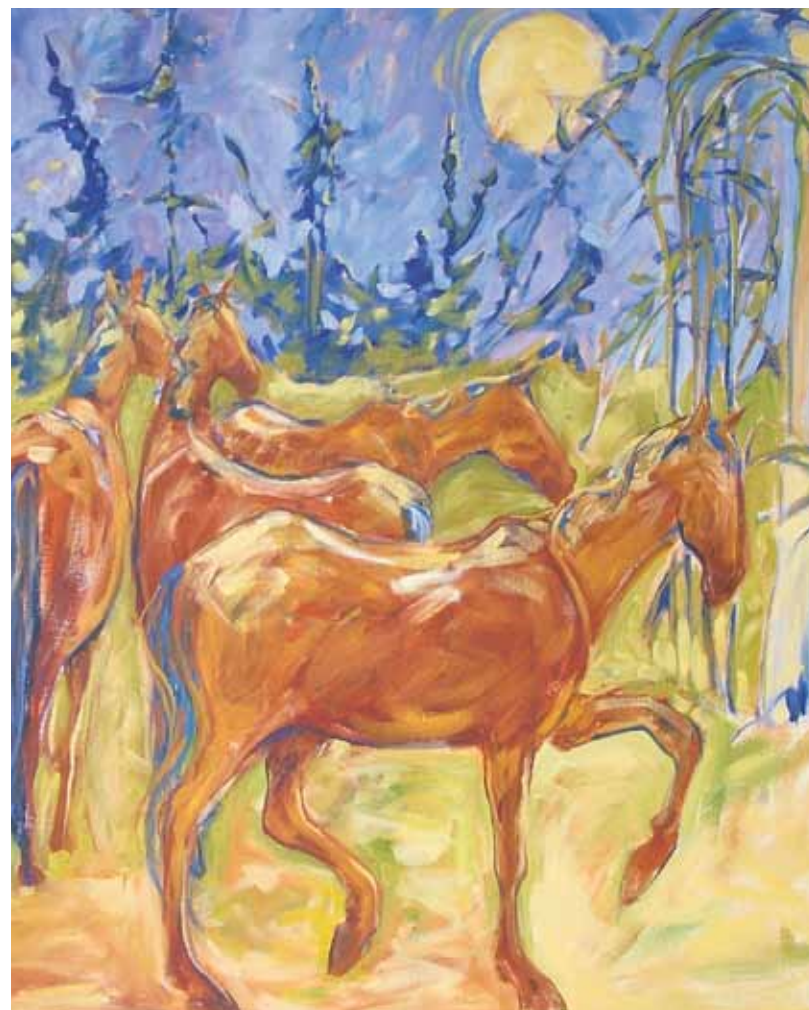
ture of Impressionism and Expressionism from all over Europe and beyond. I noted that all the shittest ones were German. Because I am a fair and balanced journalist, I did look up German Expressionists on t'interwebs, and I genuinely cannot find any that aren't vile. They're skanky mash-ups of lurid colours that look like not a lot, though they're probably supposed to be stuff. Thoroughly shit. Let's face it – can you name any good German artists? Gerhard Richter's German, for a start. Right, I declare ALL German art to be shit.

## Tigers and Wolves

If your favourite animal is a tiger or a wolf, you probably need to be shot. Least not because you're much more like to own tiger/wolf "art". You know the kind I mean. They're usually in the snow, under moonlight and on the back of a garment bought from a naff market stall. Or tattooed on the arm of a serial killer with no taste. I could add "unicorns" and other offences to taste, but it's the tigers and wolves that get to me.

## Prints of Famous Paintings

While we're talking about art you might actually own... is there Shit Art in your living room? What really offends me is prints of Monet's waterlilies, Van Gogh's chair, Renoir's 'Luncheon of the boating party'... IT'S SO NAFF. Plus somebody might be stupid enough to believe you own the



An example of German Expressionism, so shit it doesn't deserve a title

## Critic # 1: Emily Wilson

The majority of what I've written for the arts and culture pages of Felix over the past two years has been very polite and appreciative of everything I've reviewed. Criticisms are constructive and balanced, and always alongside lots of compliments. But recently I dissed Richter, and it felt good. So for my final ever (will you miss me, readers?) issue as an arts editor, I am going to unleash my rage and urge to bitch mercilessly via the medium of... Shit Art.

## Photography

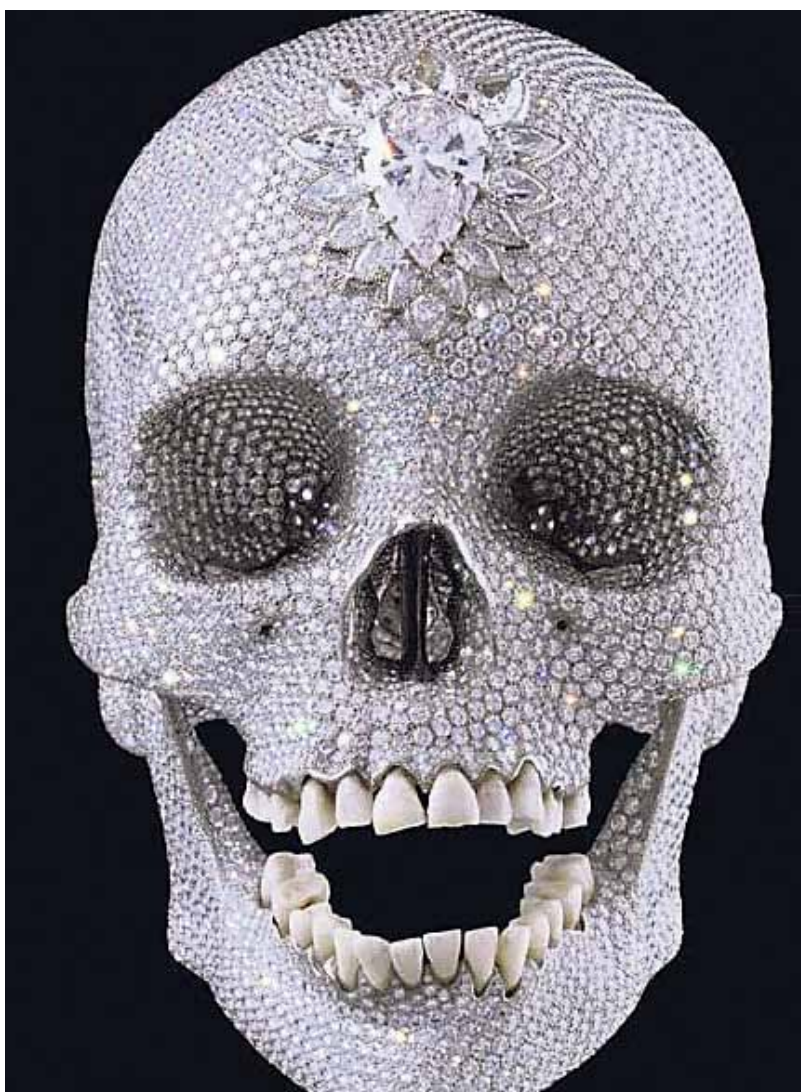
Let's kick off with something controversial. When I declared Gerhard Richter to be shit, really I was thinking that all photography is shit. All you have to do to be a photographer is a) spend a lot of money on a wanky camera (then show it off to all your photography geek mates), b) point it at stuff (trees, buildings, famous people, boobs), and c) press the button. Come on – any moron can do that! If you're really clever you can add d) photoshop it a bit. That's it. It'd be a good way of making art more accessible to the mentally retarded. I don't care if PhotoSoc form a lynch mob... you're shit.

## Sad Clowns

Ah, the sweet cliché that is the sad clown. Nobody can argue here. Sad clowns are awful, edging on scary, even if done for ironic comedy value.

## German Expressionism Art

I saw an exhibition in my innocent teen years (cough) that involved a mix-



Bling skull by YBA (Young Bullshit Artist) Damien Hirst

original, which would send my head colliding with the nearest blunt object. Please do the art world a favour and burn your naff prints. Get something tasteful. I was going to declare "art you bought in Ikea" to be shit, but if it replaces a naff print then I'll tolerate it.

## Artsy Films

You know, when you're at Tate Modern and you turn a corner and find yourself in a dark room showing a film? They're never good, are they? A memorable highlight was when I to, I think, the Tate at St Ives, and there was a film of a man with a carrot wedged up his arse, and he was wiggling about. That was supposed to be art. WRONG. IT'S NOT ART – it's a man with a carrot up his arse!! I also have mixed feelings about that Dali film where somebody cuts into their own eyeball, and ants start crawling out of their hand. It gets rolled out all too often, and it's more disgusting than anything else. Blergh. Let's bin it.

## The Art in the Library

By popular request. Seriously, it's a library. Does it need art? No. Does it need really shit art? Somebody (the rector?) apparently thinks so.

## YBAs

The Young British Artists, for those whose lives have not been tarnished. Think Damien Hirst, Tracey Emin... basically any British twat who has made millions by churning out a pile of wank. I quite like certain Damien Hirsts, but that's not to say he isn't a massive twat on an epic scale. And

don't get me started on Tracey Emin. Alongside this article I was tempted to photoshop a list of everyone I've ever shagged onto a picture of my bed, but I'm not a complete tosser so I am able to refrain.

## Wank Theatre

Look, if you do a Shakespeare play where all the characters are suddenly in Nazi uniforms, or you set it in the future, it's going to be shit. Leave The Bard the fuck alone. Similarly, nobody wants to see your interpretative dance. Just don't.

## Celebrities in Art

If you're a moron like Sam Taylor-Wood (YBA twats strike again) then you might think that a portrait of David Beckham sleeping is good. And if you're Julain Opie you can apparently achieve eternal admiration by doing portraits of Blur, which seemed good for about 5 minutes but are now disgustingly over-exposed. Putting a celebrity in your art will make you famous, but it doesn't make you good.

## 'Dali is my favourite artist' or 'Omigod, I love surrealism'

This is not Shit Art. I like both Dali and surrealism as a movement. But I hate hate HATE people who use these phrases, because they're guaranteed to be epic cunts of the first order. Or really tragic teenage boys. Yes, Dali is a very good artist, but there is OTHER ART OUT THERE. Liking a few melting clocks does not make you "alternative" or "dark"; it makes me want to punch you.



**Critic #2: Caz Knight**

As an Arts editor I probably know more than the next person about all things of a cultural and artistic nature. As one of Imperial College's arts editors I definitely know a lot more about things of a cultural and artistic nature than the next Imperial student. So, for the last issue of term I will take a break from telling you about art worth seeing and instruct you in what art to avoid: shit art, basically. Here are my top five offenders.

**Francis Bacon.**

His dying wish was to have his remains put in a plastic bag and thrown away. This artist was an atheist of the "hardcore nihilistic" kind (yes, do note my closed minded choice of words) and sought to convey through his art life as he saw it: one without God or afterlife. This was a man riddled with angst, living life in a state of "exhilarated despair" and this is brilliantly obvious when examining his paintings. Ok, Ok, so what the man wasn't an infuriating optimistic painting pictures of buttercups and daisies and sunshine (these would make for shit art, too) but Bacon's work is macabre, visceral and nightmarish to the point of inducing

nausea. Although Bacon is undoubtedly skilled at his art, his art still stinks. Of shit actually, as there is plenty of the stuff depicted in his art work which is not surprising as Bacon was gay. And it's quite hard to avoid shit when anal sex comes up.

**Cy Twombly.**

Yet another revered artist who did things like "pave the way" for new types of painting after American Abstraction... whatever that may mean. Basically, what Twombly does is get a canvas or another surface appropriate for making art on, and flick paint at it. Sometimes he will scribble. Other times, smear. The oft-heard, uneducated comment of "a two year old could have done that" may be applicable here. The main reason for Twombly making it here is because his paintings do actually look like shit (the exhibition guide used the term 'scatological' frequently), as if shit were used instead of paint, or as if soiled sheets were used in place of a canvas. Cy also makes it here because his name is shit too.

**Conceptual art**

This type of art could be described as art whose purpose is to convey a broader message, and in doing this per-

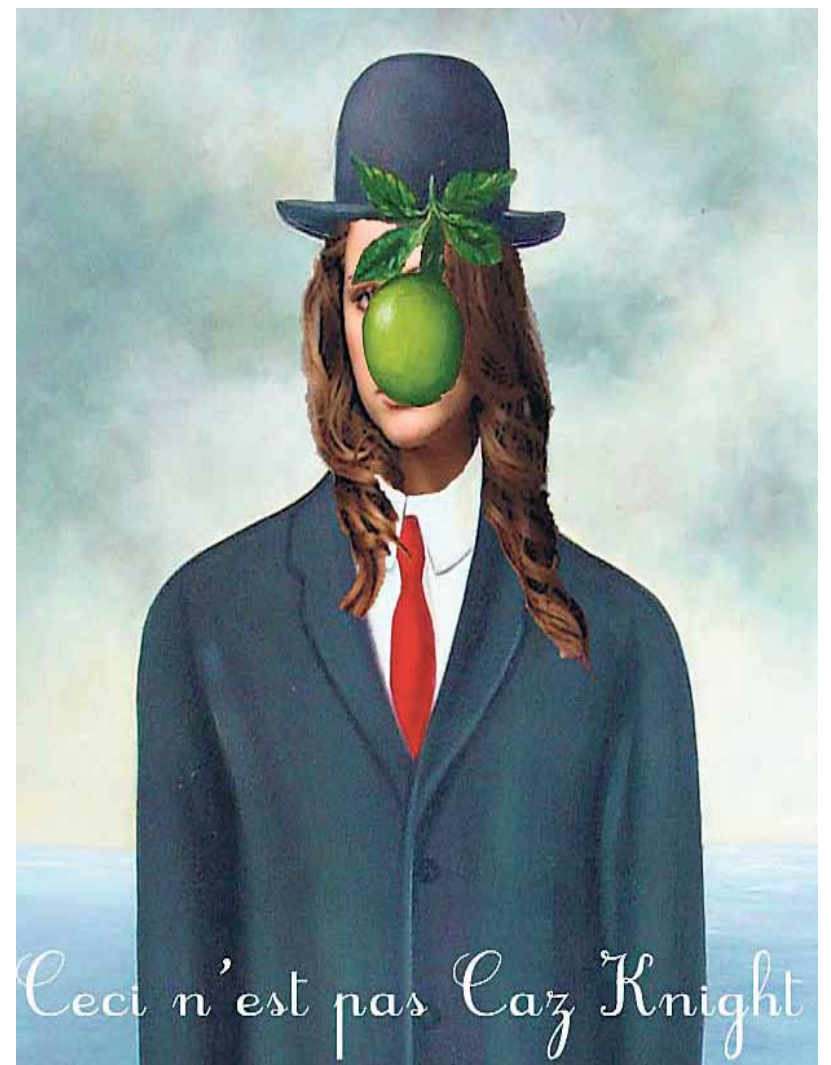
haps glorious originality is achieved. It has the potential to be genius, mind-blowing, eye-opening. It can also be an excuse for artists to dress up their works of crap with the excuse that they are conveying a message. Like Tracy Emin's damned bed, except I don't really see what message can be gained from that. It should be noted that meaning can be found ANYWHERE. There is a term for this propensity of ours to find meaning where there is none (apophenia) and this is why, nowadays, anything can be termed art. As long as you can find a reason for why something is art, it is. This is, in one respect, a great thing as it has expanded art's horizon and the way we see it. However, it also allows for exhibitions to take place which are wank. Take, for example, the ICA's Dispersion exhibition which was held before Christmas 2008. One piece was made up of video clips haphazardly flung together while lemming-like noises played over the top. Another was a projection onto four walls of a room of paint on a door drying – PAINTING DRYING! Yet another looked like what pot-smoking, GCSE students would hand in for a piece of coursework entitled "Gay and lesbian artists: a few examples", complete with unglued-down, fraying edges of newspaper cuttings and dashes of highlighter. Truly an aberration and I think the ICA should be ashamed of themselves.

**Musicals**

It seems that, for some, the most flattering way to pay homage to something is to make it into a musical. Shrek: the Musical!, Lord of the Rings: the Musical!, Jade Goody: the Musical! I'm still waiting for Barack Obama the Musical! I'm shocked we haven't had a Harry Potter: The Musical! but it's only a matter of time. Love of money will always win over artistic integrity, it seems. I know, these shows are always big hits and so they can't be that shit, can they? Wrong. The Crazy frog's album got pretty high in the chart, too, and that was wank. Most people do not know anything about good theatre, hence, musicals. Yes, there is singing and smiling and dancing but most of them are still shit. Don't get me wrong, though, shit can be a lot of fun. (I still love mainstream 90s dance music). I find the music irritating as if it was only half heartedly composed, the lyrics uninspired and the dance routines and accompanying frivolity tiring to sit through. I make exception only for The Rocky Horror Show (the film version so it might not strictly be a musical).

**Excess of sexual innuendo**

I probably indulge in crass and crude humour more than the average lady. But I never do this when I am adapting or writing plays. (I have yet to do this). It seems that the modern formula for adapting plays, especially the old classics, is to revamp with plenty of innuendos and simulation fucking. Alternatively or in addition to, stick in lots of scantily clad slags and make sure everyone gets to say "cunt" a lot. This is meant to lure in and impress the plebs that would not usually go to the theatre. Seeing two fully clothed people do it doggy style is hilarious! When you are fifteen and haven't had sex yet. But now, it grows a bit tiresome and cringe worthy after the fifth pretend blow job or watching someone moan and get fingered, especially if you are with your mother. (This was at a play at the Barbican and not anything else you might be thinking of). Recent offenders include The Taming of the Shrew (we expected more, Royal Shakespeare Company), Enjoy by Alan Bennett and Peer Gynt at said Barbican. How hypocritical of me, I have used expletives and innuendo aplenty in this "article". Oops. This is why I don't direct plays.



This is not Caz Knight... or is it?



The man who brought us Imperial's arts magazine Phoenix: David Paw



Henrik Olesen: the "GCSE art student"



Scat, anyone? Cy Twombly demonstrates his smearing ability



# Is Sam Mendes building bridges?

American Beauty director Sam Mendes brings us a theatrical double bill as part of his ambitious Bridge Project. **Caz Knight** goes to see whether the cast reach the goal set for them.

According to the Guardian's chief theatre critic, Michael Billington, seeing two great plays in one day is a bit like gorging on peacock. I have not done neither but I would imagine bingeing on such a beautiful and rare bird would leave one feeling sick and full of guilt - certainly not how you feel after leaving the Bridge Project's production of *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Winter's Tale*. But then again I did see each play on consecutive nights: a much more sensible and enjoyable option to gorging on peacock.

The Bridge Project theatre company was created when Kevin Spacey and Sam Mendes (of *American Beauty* fame, and much more) decided to pool resources and actors and resuscitate classic plays: an *American* in London running a theatre and a Brit in New York directing plays. Bridges were built and a stellar cast with a seeming abundance of energy and capacity to memorise lines came together to give us this Chekhov/Shakespeare double bill of.

There was some trepidation among the cast and director about performing such difficult plays and doing them back to back. One cast acting out two plays a day for the length of summer is one hell of an order, but this cast lives up to the hype that the Bridge Project has created. As director Sam Mendes says, "pressure is no bad thing".

The choice of plays could not be more topical today, despite being written in 1904 (*The Cherry Orchard* was Chekhov's last play) and 1623. Both are "tragic comedies" which move between scenes of devastation and angst to gay abandon and frivolity the next.

The *Cherry Orchard* tells of a rich

family who are on the point of having their estate sold at auction to repay their debts built up from a life of decadence. *The Winter's Tale* tells us of a king, driven mad with jealousy when he suspects his queen of cuckholding him, to the point where he abandons his new born and recently made motherless daughter. The daughter grows up a shepherd's daughter, falls in love and eventually finds herself back in her father's court with her fiancé.

Tom Stoppard has adapted this Chekhov play, the second of the Russian playwrights plays to be adapted by him for the West End in the last nine months (Ivanov starring Kenneth Brannagh showed at the Wyndham's theatre in October 2008). As a Stoppard fan I thought this adaptation decidedly lacking his usual lightning wit. Perhaps this was on account of the sombre subject of the piece or because this version should probably be credited to Helen Rappaport who translated the play from Russian directly.

Adaptations aside, the cast are superb. Rebecca Hall as the most demure daughter, Varya, and Simon Russell Beale, as the servant turned business man Lopakhin, make for a powerful on stage match. Hall's choked sob creates a palpable despair as Lopakhin fails to propose to her after a charged and suggestive stroke of her face. The two actors recreated their onstage chemistry beautifully as King Leontes and the suspected adulteress Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, stealing both shows.

Special mention must surely go to Ethan Hawke who shatters any image I had of him as a generic action man. The serious, eternal student, Trofimov, in *The Cherry Orchard* couldn't be more different from his part as his



Ethan Hawke shows us there is a lot more to him than scrummy looks. As Trofimov in *The Cherry Orchard*



Simon Russell Beale and Rebecca Hall in *The Cherry Orchard*

court-jester/Jack Sparrow type character, Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale*. Not only does he inject a hefty dose of comedy into the latter earning much riotous laughter, but he entertains with many a song and strum on the guitar. Another comical interlude comes from an impromptu hoedown which would not be out of place in the deep south: the red, white and blue balloons bringing back recent memories of the newly elected President.

If all the recent productions of Shakespeare I have seen in the last year are to go by, then modern adaptations of Shakespeare entail adding as many lewd and crude gestures and innuendos as possible to get laughs and appeal to all the less theatre savvy. Luckily, *The Winter's Tale* is all but devoid of these apart from a few tugs and grabs at suggestively shaped balloons at the hoedown.

This endeavour from Mendes brings together two weighty plays and a strong cast in the glorious Old Vic, making them both extremely accessible. Seeing these actors in two plays on two nights only goes to show what they are made of. Whatever doubts they had about the project should surely be dissolved by now.

Until 15 August 2009 at the Old Vic, Waterloo



Ethan Hawke as Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*



# Shakespeare: pure and simple

No futuristic settings, no conceptual adaptations, just the Bard at his simplest: how it should be. **Emily Wilson** goes to review the Donmar West End's production of *Hamlet*, starring Jude Law.

I knew absolutely nothing about *Hamlet* before seeing this production, having never been subjected to its over-analysis in school, and not being the type to read Shakespeare for pleasure. A friend helpfully informed me the plot is "just like in *The Lion King*" (presumably with fewer lions and less singing), though this similarity proved to be tenuous.

I was lucky enough to have one of the best seats in the small and civilised Wyndhams Theatre – centre of the stalls, just close enough to the front. Without a press ticket, this would have set me back £32.50, which is actually quite moderate for a high-profile production in the West End. Standing tickets are available for a mere £10, but who wants to stand through a 3 hour play?

I won't bore you by relaying the plot of *Hamlet* in too much detail. The upshot of it is that Hamlet's father, the King of Denmark, is dead and his ghost appears to tell Hamlet that his uncle, Claudius, murdered him so he could steal his throne and wife, Gertrude. Hamlet goes a bit mad, and in the general madness kills Polonius, who works for Claudius. Ophelia, Polonius's daughter and Hamlet's would-have-been girlfriend, is a bit upset by this and goes mad too. Then she drowns herself, and ultimately everybody else ends up dead too. The End (sorry, Shakespeare).

As Shakespeare goes, it was better than I had expected of a tragedy. It's not boring by any means. There are plenty of laughs and a sword fight (CLEARLY the best bit!) to keep you entertained. There were bits and bobs that went over my head, such as whatever was going on with Fortinbras, the prince of Norway. But I think anybody could understand who's who and what's going on. Three hours isn't as long as you might think, particularly when there's an interval with ice cream on offer.

But why go and see this production in particular? A lot of people will go for Jude Law, who stars as Hamlet. Admittedly, he is an extremely good actor and his performance did not disappoint. He played the role with skill and emotion, making it funny in all

the right places, without going overboard. But let's not forget the rest of an extremely good cast. I recognised Penelope Wilton, who plays Gertrude, from various television appearances, and she was a thoroughly capable in the role. Ron Cook was an excellently cringe-worthy Polonius. Ophelia was played by Gugu Mbatha-Raw, who was generally good but didn't do a very convincing job of going mad. There seems to be a misconception in theatre that if you sing a bit, that means you've gone mad – as Daniel Radcliffe did in *Equus* not so long ago. It really needs something more.

Peter Eyre, who played the ghost of Hamlet's father and the player king, was outstanding. However, I do find that when actors double up roles it can be a little confusing if you're not familiar with the story. There were several cases of this here. Special mentions most definitely go out to the very fine young men who played Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet's chums, and Laertes, Ophelia's sword-wielding sibling. They provided top quality theatrical eye candy. And Hamlet's other chum Horatio wasn't bad either, sporting a nifty leather jacket and biker boots. Who says Shakespeare is stuffy?

There were other good things about this particular production. There is no arty farting about with setting it in a weird time period or making it "conceptual". It was straightforward and basic with a plain castle-style set and simple black costumes (except the players, who were in white – an effective differentiation). It left the play itself and the skill of the actors to shine through, which is definitely how I think theatre should be.

I'm not an expert on Shakespeare or even theatre in general, and this is the only production of *Hamlet* I've seen, but I loved it. It's simple and accessible but well-constructed and with some top quality actors. It was a fabulous afternoon out that leaves you with something to talk about and a greater appreciation of The Bard.

**Hamlet is on at the Wyndham's theatre until 22 August 2009**



The Prince of Denmark who loses it: Jude Law as the lead role



# Which way to the beach?

PHOTOGRAPH BY AFONSO CAMPOS







## Music

Music Editors – Peter Sinclair James Houghton &amp; Alex Ashford

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## An admission of affectation

Peter Sinclair  
Music Editor

Anyone who pays too much attention to my ramblings every week or so will probably have noticed my general dislike for generic indie-pop quartet Coldplay. In the past I have used them as whipping boys for a musical ultra-mainstream whose aesthetics I sometimes disagree with and often disdain. I have claimed that they are the prime example of the blandness that is pumped into the minds of the population via television and radio – a soulless, emotionless swill created for mass consumption using corporate market research techniques and used as a means of making profit rather than a means of expressing, well, anything whatsoever. A gnawing blandness which grates the senses and erodes the emotion from everyday life.

However, this being the final issue of *felix* of the year, I thought it was time I got something off my chest. Despite

the blandness, despite the incessant 4-4 timing of every single song, despite the feeling of impending, irreversible loss of cognitive functioning every time someone lists them as one of their favourite bands, I FUCKING LOVE COLDPLAY. I absolutely adore them. I want to shout it, proclaim it from the top of the Queen's Tower "I am in love with Chris Martin".

I have harboured this terrible secret for so long. As the trendy music section editor of a trendy student publication, I just wanted to appear edgy and offer an alternative perspective to the mainstream press, but it was all a sham – a sham that I am happy to rid myself of as I step out of the indie-pop closet.

Phew, that feels better. While I'm at it, I also like the Kaiser Chiefs, Two Pints of Lager, and grating my cock with a cheese grater while wearing a cat-suit and whistling the French national anthem.

Yep.

## Extra extra: Coldplay are totally awesome

Coldplay's music scientifically proven to bring about world peace. Pyongyang releases statement: "It's just not worth it"

Peter Sinclair

A discovery by scientists at University College London has proved the link between the music of Coldplay and world peace.

Coldplay's lead vocalist and modern-age messiah Chris Martin said in a statement to the associated press "The world peace is what I got in this business for. The fact that my music is great is merely a happy coincidence".

Hundreds of thousands of copies of the popular indie band's latest album *Viva la Vida* are currently being transported by container ship to volatile areas of Iraq, and massive loudspeakers have been set up on the border of North Korea in an effort to beat Pyongyang into submission. Locals have described the music as "distressing".



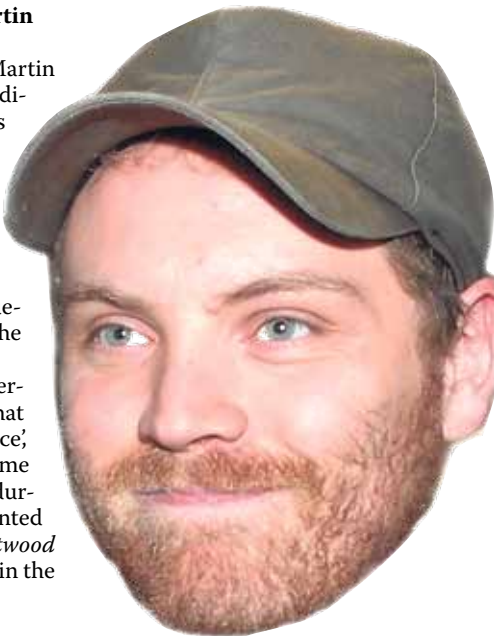
Scientists have recently discovered aurora borealis to be the sun literally shining out of Chris Martin's arse

## SINGING

Christopher Anthony John Martin

Born in Exeter in 1977, Chris Martin soon became aware of his prodigious musical talent when he was sent to harmonica lessons by his mother at the age of eight. His then music teacher describing his abilities as 'fucking ace'. Christopher soon began writing his own bluegrass harmonica music, winning the Exeter Bluegrass Championchips by age 12, the youngest person ever to do so.

During his second year of university, Martin was expelled for what he describes as 'youthful jubilation', but what newspapers at the time described as 'indecent exposure during a tutorial'. Chris later commented on the incident in his song *Driftwood* with the lyrics "I got my cock out in the tutorial"



Jonathan Mark Buckland

Jonathan Mark Buckland was born and raised on a dairy farm in Shropshire. He quickly chose a career in the dairy industry, and it was only after a freak lactation accident in which Buckland lost total movement of his arms that he chose to give up dairy in favour of a career in music (although to this day Buckland still insists on drinking his milk directly from the cow).

Buckland is well known for being the most artistically creative of the quartet, going by the nickname within the band of Jonathan 'Leonardo Da Vinci' Buckland. He primarily works in the medium of *papier-mâché*, and most recently created the band's figurines for the video *Life in Technicolour 2*. In a recent interview, Chris Martin commented: "He likes his papier-mâché does our Jonathan".



## GUITAR

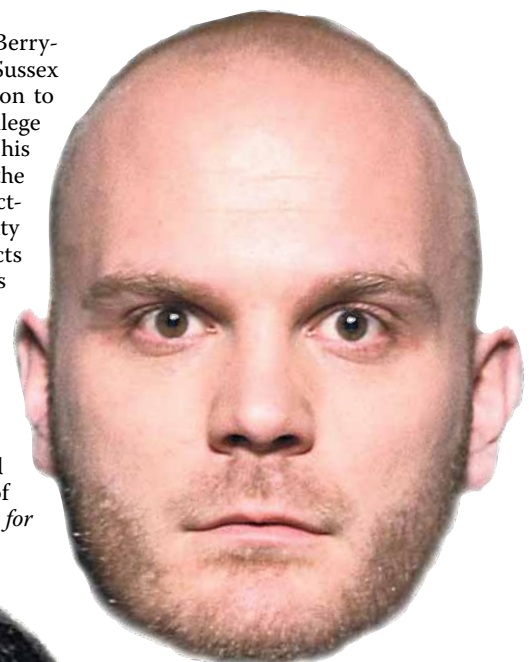
## BASS

## DRUMS

Guy Rupert Berryman

Born in Toronto in 1988, Guy Berryman settled in Worthing, West Sussex at the age of 10 and later went on to study Physics at Imperial College London. Upon completion of his degree, Berryman joined the NASA space program, conducting research into zero-gravity spectroscopic absorption effects in organic compounds. He was also the first person to drink his own urine in space.

Berryman joined Coldplay after meeting lead vocalist Chris Martin in a karaoke bar, the two finding common ground over their love of West End show-tunes and singing a duet of Meatloaf's *I would do anything for love*.



William 'Will' Champion

William Champion was born in Milton Keynes in 1974, the son of an accountant and a bookmaker. His favourite subjects in school were Maths and Geography. He was alright at them, but never very good.

Champion's favourite colour is greyish beige and his favourite food is the mild cheddar cheese sandwich. In his spare time, Champion enjoys creating PowerPoint presentations about the television he has watched, and then deleting them.

In a recent article written in some publication, Champion claimed to have invented the name 'Coldplay', describing the process of its creation as "...like taking a mathematical average of all band names, which reflects the tone of our music quite well, as sort of the average of all music".



*Coldplay*





Our favorite mix of music, theatre, comedy, literature and cabaret returns for its fourth innings on the 16th - 19th July

Latitude is a pretty big deal for such a young festival. Started back in 2006, it's rapid growth and continued popularity, at a time when new festivals are springing up all over the place, is down to the great line-ups and the wide range of acts playing. It's mix of music and other creative arts creates a unique atmosphere, and from the look of the line-up released so

far, this year's is shaping up pretty well. Music at Latitude is spread across four stages, The Obelisk Arena will host many of the larger acts, with Pet Shop Boys, Grace Jones, Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds joined by more modern artists like Of Montreal, Regina Spektor and Thom Yorke. This is the first time the Radiohead main man has done a full solo set and

promises to be the highlight of the festival. Word is that his set will be a mix of 'The Eraser' tracks along with some acoustic Radiohead songs, which could just be the best possible way to spend a Sunday afternoon. The other music stages form the background for less well known acts with Bat for Lashes, Lykke Li, 65daysofstatic, Magazine, Mirrors, Villagers

and Wildbirds and Peacedrums along with a load more. Check out the little guide below for our recommendations about the best bands playing. Long-haired man Ed Bryrne, Jo Brand and Sean Lock will bring a bit of laughs to the comedy arena. The Film & Music Arena will host award winning films, questions and answer sessions with acclaimed directors along

with musical interpretations of visual arts. The Cabaret, Literary, Poetry, Theatre and Outdoor art arenas are filled with great acts that are well worth exploring. Latitude runs between the 16th and 19th of July near Southwold in Suffolk and the full line up is yet to be announced.

# Which acts to see: A guide to the best bands of the weekend

Friday

Fever Ray

Karin Dreijer Andersson, half of The Knife, takes the stage name Fever Ray in her first solo project. Expect to hear most of the tracks from the self-titled album released earlier this year.

Dark repeating electronic music and intense lyrics combine creating transfixing songs full of dread which should make for an incredible live performance.

Mew

A Danish Alternative Rock/Indie band with hints of Shoegaze and Post-Rock sounds. Lead singer Jonas Bjerre's distinctive high pitched voice makes Mew instantly recognisable. Expect interesting visuals backing the music.

With a new album out this September, they should preview new songs along with classics off 'Frengers' and 'And The Glass Handed Kites'

Of Montreal

They are not, as you might think, named after the Canadian city but instead a girl called Montreal.

Famous for successfully combining musical experimentation with catchy melodies, they can even create singlong choruses about divorce that work.

The stage show will be a brightly coloured extravaganza.

Speech Debelle

Tipped as one to look out for this year, Ninja Tunes-signed, South Londoner Speech Debelle creates beautiful and honest hip-hop.

Yet to release an album, expect to hear her first few singles along with a few previously unheard songs.

Saturday

Camera Obscura

Delightful, intricate, mature, fragile. These are some of the adjectives I am currently using to describe Camera Obscura. This charming band are on tour this summer to promote their new album, and also to cheer up all you glum folks. Best served chilled in the A.M. with a cup of tea and a croissant.

Maps

Shoegaze by definition, Maps released a new single this May and will be releasing a new album in September called *Turning of the Mind*. His songs have a certain magical feeling that is hard to describe.

In 2007 they were shortlisted for the Mercury Music Prize which raised his profile dramatically.

The XX

Young Turks-signed, South Londoners The XX recently released their first single with their debut album dropping in July.

They make new wave dream pop songs that have a casual feel to them and give off an air of effortless coolness. Check out the tracks 'Crystalised' and their cover of Womack and Womack's 'Teardrops'.

Passion Pit

Passion Pit make great summer pop songs that are reminiscent of past times, while also sounding fresh and exciting. The first album from the Massachusetts' 'Manners' is loud, fun and full of great pop songs.

They may lack depth, and wear their influences on their sleeves, but when the sun is out and the cider's flowing who cares.

Sunday

Thom Yorke

Lead singer of Radiohead. Ridiculously famous and rightly so. I once met in a record shop and he signed a 7" for me – best birthday present I've ever had.

This will be his first solo set since the release of *Eraser*. Does this suggest their might be something new soon?

Wild Beasts

Wild Beasts' specific brand of indie is both nostalgic and refreshing in one bite sized piece. Alliterative lyrics and ambitious arrangements marked Wild Beasts as ones to watch last year.

They have a new album out in September so expect previews as well as a selection from the magnificent *Limbo, Panto*.

!!!

Dance-punk band !!! dived into the mainstream with their 2004 album *Louden Up Now* followed by *Myth Takes* in 2007.

Their highly energetic live shows have kept fans dancing for the last few years, despite a lack of new material. Definitely a band worth checking out live, listen to 'All My Heroes Are Weirdo' for a taster.

iliketrains

iLiKETRAiNS' historical post-rock has gone from strength to strength in the last few years. They focus their songs on specific events of the past such as the Salem Witch Hunt, Great Fire of London and various fictional ones too.

Their songs are accompanied by atmospheric visuals that guide the audience along in a reflective trance.





## Film

Film Editors – Zuzanna Blaszcak and Jonathan Dakin

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## Out this summer ...

Zuzanna Blaszcak  
Film Editor

Lovely weather and the 40 degree heat-waves this week must have, without a doubt, proved to the disbelievers that summer is quickly approaching and caught the people in the library unawares that they are soon to roast to death, providing free food for those needing carbs and protein before their exams. When I write summer I mean that precious time of the year when London gets more rainfall than during any of the other quarters, when college and coursework and exams seem nothing but a very bad, very long and slightly too realistic dream and when faraway lands beckon with the promise of real adventure meeting the primeval and usually barbarian locals in places as exotic as New Cross or Brixton. In case you don't yet have a summer trip planned, or like me, have chosen to spend a week in Greece and are still trying to pick at random from one of the multitude of Greek islands, don't despair as help is on its way – Hollywood has prepared something extra special for us for the lengthy and never-ending summer days. This time, the ever creative, extremely talented acting, directing and producing gods in California have decided to break the mould, go out on a limb and treat us to something other than huge action movie blockbuster productions. So, what can you look forward to seeing in July and August?

Well, firstly let me recommend, what promise to be fascinating and unconventional dramas – *Blood: The Last Vampire*, *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* and last but not least *G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra*. *Blood*, is a penetrating meditation about vampires, their slayers and the power of human emotions and is based on a popular manga series. It's not often that you get to see a sequel of a drama movie, but the original *Transformers* film portraying the ups and downs of adolescence and what it means to have a 'cool' car, was

so successful that the producers decided to bless us with more. But probably most surprising for its daring subject is the adaptation of the 20th Century classic, the 'G.I. Joe' graphic novels. Themes of death, loyalty and courage have not yet been approached in the manner that director Stephen Sommers has in store for us.

For those with younger brothers, sisters or other relations, Hollywood has decided to team up with teachers and scientists this summer to bring you real educational gems. Everyone's favourite *Ice Age* is now set in the dinosaur era so that little kids can familiarise themselves with the Earth's biggest, scariest and strongest reptiles. For the slightly older kids and teens *Harry Potter and the Half Blood Prince* will provide the perfect way to keep their physics, chemistry and biology knowledge fresh over the vacation.

Unfortunately, the sudden urge to make consequential and momentous movies did not spread throughout Hollywood as widely as one might have hoped. Hence, there are a number of films you might wish to avoid. In particular, keep clear of the mundane and drab *Sunshine Cleaning*, the unoriginal and disappointing Lars von Trier film *Antichrist*. There is also the ironically titled *Tenderness* with an out-of-this-world plot and novice cast that spells 'fiasco'. And beware not to make the mistake of getting tickets for the French *Mesrine: Killer Instinct* – the trailers look dreadful.

In the name of Jonathan Dakin and myself, I would like to say goodbye to everyone who skimmed through the film section from time to time. It's been a great pleasure to write for you and we really hope you enjoyed the reviews. Have a great summer.

P.S. Please don't think that the irony of placing this column piece next to a review of the three star rated *Terminator* is lost on me. My only excuse is the famous phrase 'to each his own'.



Bruno will do for the image of Austria, what neither Hitler or Fritzl managed to achieve... How will they ever pay him back?

# The new Terminator saves the franchise?

Or can the *Terminator: Salvation* box office results be ascribed solely to Christian Bale's five minute freak-out on the set?

## Terminator: Salvation ★★★★★

Director: McG (what a name!)

Writer: John D. Brancato  
Michael FerrisCast: Christian Bale,  
Sam Worthington,  
Moon Bloodgood  
(I kid you not, that's her given name!)Jonathan Dakin  
Film Editor

This film is probably more famous for the on-set rants of its star than anything else. Who hasn't heard about Christian Bale screaming an f-word laden tirade against a member of the crew for minutes on end? It is a shame that this incident has cast a shadow over the movie itself, because it is a thoroughly enjoyable and fast-paced action adventure.

Set in an alternative future, John Connor, a survivor of the robot induced holocaust, is fighting against his cyber foes in order to keep the human race alive. If you don't know the plots from the three films that preceded this one, then perhaps it is about time you watched them (definitely the first two). After his mother survived a killer robot played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the first movie, a teenage John Connor joins forces with Arnie in the second to fend off another killer robot. The third, in my mind never happened, mainly because of the absurdly stupid ending, which led John into the destroyed future where robots have awareness and decide humanity is their biggest threat – and so try to wipe humans out.

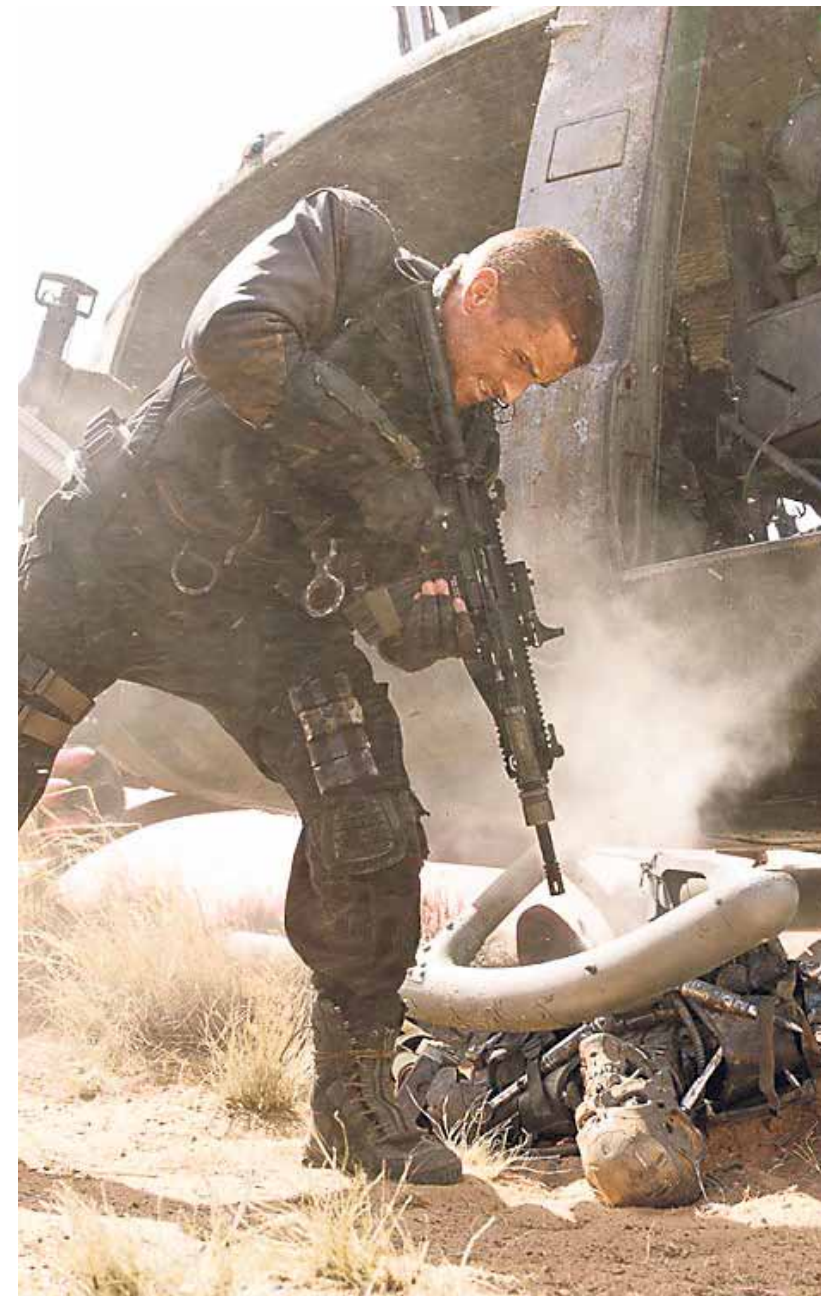
So we begin the movie with a few human survivors fending off attacks from all kinds of assorted robot villains: robot humanoids, robot human catchers, robot aeroplanes and even robot motorbikes (which are really cool). Trying desperately to fulfil the prophesy that he would one day destroy the robot overlords, Connor (played by a very serious Bale), has to save his father who is not yet his father in a pre-established time paradox from the first film, with the help of stranger Marcus (Worthington). The action mainly focuses on Marcus' exploits, and this is supposedly because the part of Connor was originally meant to be a small cameo, until Bale decided to pad it out and give himself an equally starring role. Helping Marcus is sexy pilot Blair (Bloodgood) who provides the female eye-candy against the often topless Marcus. Will they be able to save Connor's father, and at the same time destroy the robots who are trying to wipe them out?

*Terminator: Salvation* is a non-stop exciting and thrilling two hour action film, and if the idea of a fast paced action adventure doesn't float your boat, then don't bother watching it. The action sequences last for a significantly long time and in this reviewer's opinion this is a good thing because they are very enthralling and exhilarating.

Sometimes the camerawork is annoying as there are very fast and choppy moments of editing, but overall the film really shines because of its action set pieces. The cast give solid although two dimensional performances: Bale and Worthington are stern but likeable, and Bloodgood proves she is more than just an attractive add-on. At places the script is tacky and cheesy; especially when Bale says the infamous catchphrase 'I'll be back': at this point a

watching.

Overall, this is a solid action film, and if you like action films then you should definitely see it. If you like Terminator films then I would also recommend it, even though, in my mind, the Terminator series ended with the second one (and the third one doesn't exist), as there are enough references to the other films, including a shocking cameo. I pretended this wasn't related to the first two Terminator films, because to



The whole world knows how angry Christian Bale can get, but to kill for more on-screen time is slightly overdoing it.

groan erupted in the auditorium.

The fact that this is the fourth instalment of the Terminator franchise makes one wonder how they could do anything unique or different to what they have already done in the previous films. But the setting of post apocalyptic robot-controlled war zone is an interesting one, and it gives the film a strong and dangerous environment for the audience to explore along with the characters, a feature that keeps you

do so would be heresy (the bomb still went off – what the hell was the point in the first place??), so ignoring the fact this film is destroying their legacy, I just pretended this was unrelated and sat back and enjoyed it.

It's a really good film, but I have a feeling you will only agree with this opinion if you like explosions, shooting, sexy women and people being chased: all the essentially key ingredients of a good action film.





# Want curly fries with that?

Afonso Campos  
Food Editor



And this is how it ends... no tears, no kicking and screaming and as usual an unmet deadline. Writing this as Jov furiously CMYKs a hundred million different images reminds me that this is actually the last issue. It makes me sad that for the next however many weeks there isn't going to be something keeping me awake on a Wednesday evening or getting me out of bed on Friday mornings.

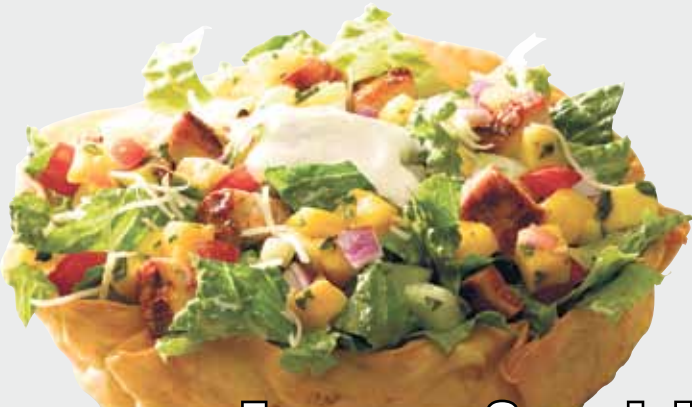
I'm not usually a sentimental guy – the last time I felt any emotion was probably when I was starving coming out of my mother's womb (does hunger constitute an emotion or a state of being?)... as such I will try to keep this last editorial as corniless as possible under the circumstances.

This year, the newspaper saw old editors flourish and become more settled, more sure of their own writing and their stance on issues. It saw an influx of amazing new editors too. The technology and music pages have been sensational week and week on end and the guys (and girl) editing them could not be more awesome. They have come into what can oftentimes be a rather stifling environment for a newcomer and found their place in a heartbeat. I am happy to have worked alongside them for many hours this year. I hope they stick around

for next term as well. As it is inevitable, some of the awesome staff here is leaving, probably to count money at some investment bank or build tree houses in Norfolk... wherever they are going, and whatever they are going to do, I wish them the best of luck.

This actually opens up many vacancies here. I do hope that if you ever had any inclination to write for felix, you do. Getting involved in this thing at the beginning of my first year was the best thing I have done at this forsaken university (and also possibly the silliest). In fact, Food is looking for a new editor as I will be venturing on to something new and different come the next academic term. If you have a passion for gastronomy or if you just enjoy all the pleasures of eating and its benefits, get in touch. It would be great to have you around. You may even be able to score free meals at some of the city's best restaurants and get to review them. Next year is Felix's 60th anniversary and even though Dan, the new editor still, has not officially taken over, it is shaping up to be incredible.

It's all over. Drop the books, ditch the nerdy glasses and have an amazing holiday. Be bold. Eat horses' testicles, drink snake blood, nibble on scorpions, imbibe rice wine in Indonesia... whatever you do, do something different. It sounds long, but 15 weeks are over in a heartbeat.



# Expenses Scandal Salad

Serves 4

- 2 tbsp Harriet Harman
- 1 red faced Hazel Blears
- 2 cloves of Jacqui Smith's garlic breath
- 400g cooked duck (Tory duck house reared)
- 150g frozen salaries
- Handful of "within the rules"
- 200g of church donations
- 6 MPs, disgraced

In a large frying pan, throw Jacqui Smith's porn videos and cook until soft and golden. Add a mixture of public outrage and opportunism from fringe political parties like the BNP. Cook until the next General Election, or until the Cabinet get the balls to stab Gordon in the back.

As soon as the expenses scandal hits the front pages, pretend that you have always railed against political corruption and re-brand yourself as a reformer. Place your proposals under a hot grill for 2 minutes and then introduce proportional representation thoughtlessly with no care for the consequences.

# Haute cuisine at daVinci's

Alfonson Camponan visits Imperial's best kept secret

daVinci's ★★★★★  
Imperial Colle Union, SW7 2BB  
[www.imperialcollegeunion.org](http://www.imperialcollegeunion.org)  
*Best bits:* The people, the food, the atmosphere... too much to mention.  
*Worst bits:* Not having any bad things to say about it for the review  
*Price:* £95 inc. canned drinks

For many decades now, the Imperial College elite (read best, brightest, richest, prettiest, skinniest) has been dining in style while you've been stuck in the MDH, JCR or SCR. I am absolutely sure that as avid readers of this section you are included in this intangible elite, and have been lucky enough to try out the wide selection of food available daily at daVinci's. While this outstanding review is quite possibly a complete and utter moot point, I still think it is worth singing high praise to this most venerable of places, where anyone who is anyone has ever sat down for a meal with the inherent capacity to change lives.

There are a few things I would very much like to put on a pedestal in this little but hopefully enlightening piece. These include but are not limited to: the atmosphere and setting, the food quality and the service. The familiarity with this trifecta of aforementioned details is obviously ubiquitous throughout the campus, but again, not enough can be said about the place as a whole.

From the second one walks into the restaurant, one is inundated by a feeling of calm, happiness and familiarity. I am not one hundred percent sure what does it for me, but perhaps it has something to do with the black walls and blue LEDs. Maybe it's the absolutely delightful wallpaper that reminds me

of the wallpaper at my gran's house in Somerset. It has that rustic and antique quality to it that the connoisseurs of great and ancient wallpaper design go nuts for. For me however, what makes the place special is that surreal feeling of being back at boarding school... long communal benches and tables. Nothing says intimacy like enjoying a delicious meal surrounded by strangers. In this manner of new-wave dining, I am able to obtain constructive criticism from randoms about my conversations with a significant other. If I start swearing or mentioning her weight, I can almost always observe a face of disapproval or disgust nearby that helps me give up the subject and steer my conversation to something less obnoxious. Genius.

And speaking of dining, food at daVinci's is clearly the highlight. The restaurant has recently been known to be operating a recession-proof lunch menu from 12 to 2. One is able to choose from a huge variety of international haute cuisine dishes at very affordable prices. Food names like 'chicken chausser' are bound to be a hit. If the names don't do it for you though, the sight of the delicacies placed upon the silver trays will most definitely do. It is rare to see 'noir french fries' in most places, but this restaurant manages to carbon cook them to perfection on almost daily basis. Served with 'radioactive orange' chicken the vibrant colours really are quite spectacular. The manager obviously takes your health into account and insures portions remain smaller than a baby's fist just like all the supermodels love (fact: Imperial breeds supermodels). I felt at all times engaged by this eating experience. I think my favourite part was queuing for the food. It made me feel like part of a secret society of thinkers and intellectuals that do not need anyone to do anything for them. Independent thought is the phrase of the day here; the restaurant constantly reminds us that good things come only through hard work.

The dinner menu is an even more

upscale. An absolutely unforgettable evening can easily be had. Everything on the menu is cooked to order. When I say cooked, I mean put in the microwave for thirty seconds, because management is clearly in tune with your time constraints and is fully aware of your busy life. Cooking from scratch would be too detrimental to your schedule. Consistency in serving times is something that all the staff seem to be proud of.

The staff are usually elegant and speak to you in completely unbroken English an astounding 15% of the time. They are clearly happy to serve fellow students and friends in what is not a completely humiliating experience. If you have never been before I have to suggest the famous french traditional 'mixed platter' which includes a myriad of different deep fried foods. It is hard to tell what they are by taste or sight, but I assume this was a deliberate choice by the chef in an attempt to engage the diner with all senses and enjoy an experience that resembles discovering a new country. Each bite is preceded by a little bit of fear, which definitely gets the adrenaline going. With enough care, I make out what seem to be onion rings. They are cooked in 3 week old oil. People around you may be saying that the oil should be brand new, but you known deep down they are uncultured nouveau-riche who do not understand tradition and have no idea what a coat of arms is. They do not understand that just like meat needs to be hung for a few weeks for maximum taste, oil must follow a similar process. They probably also do not enjoy the great feeling this delectable meal leaves in your stomach for the next three days. I for one understand the chef's psyche and know for a fact he wants the restaurant to leave a lasting impression on you. Overall, there is nothing to fault about this place and I must congratulate whoever runs it. I shall return soon but not too soon for I am still overwhelmed. Bravo!



Diners deep in thought... just what the chef ordered...



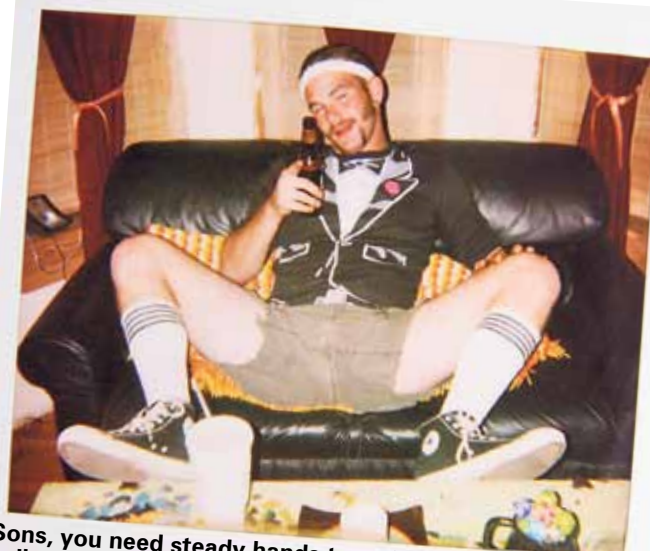


# Subzero cool ball goers in polaroids

**Kawai Wong** shows a collection of Polaroids featuring kids who don't give a shit about what they do or what they wear.



Come and unlock my chastity belt.



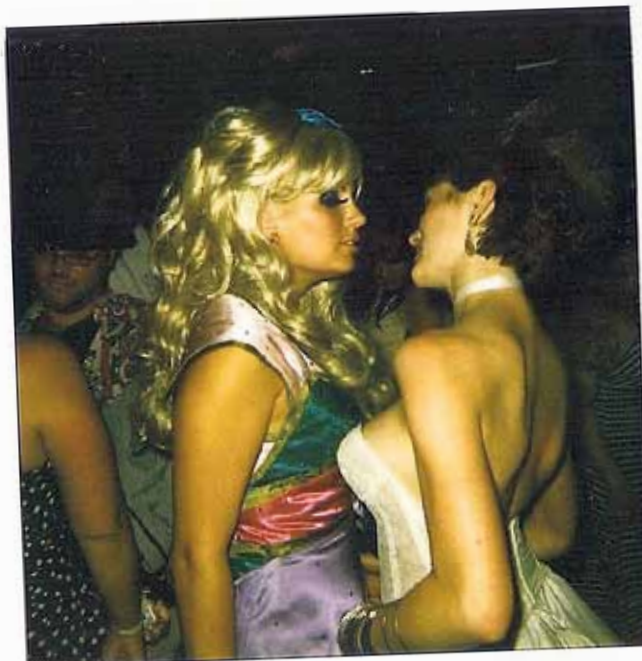
Sons, you need steady hands to make sure no drinks are spilt on your watercolour suit. First order a strawberry milkshake, then a non-alcoholic Bud.



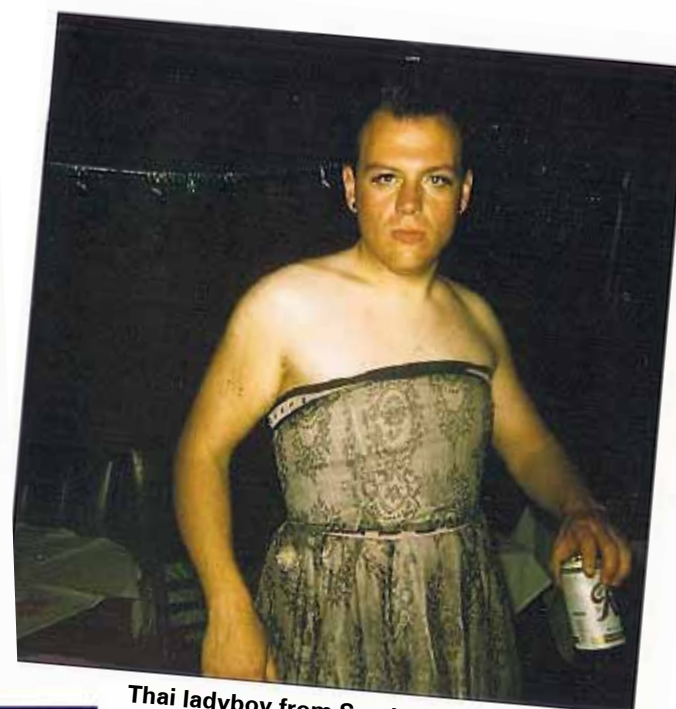
Only her magic glasses can visualise the invisible owner of these hands.



"Close your eyes dude, let's get teleported outta here." "No dude, we're getting photographed. That's never happened before! Giddy giddy."



"Kiss me, bitch." "Actually...I'm only just wondering how can you afford tonnes of tarmac on your eyelids and still keep your eyes open?"



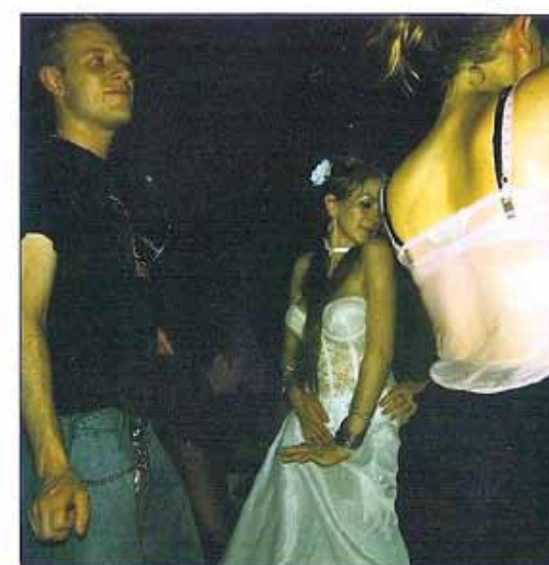
Thai ladyboy from Scotland.



He comes from an era when saying 'Booyakasha' is still considered cool.



I'll tell you what I want, what I really really want. So tell me what you want, what you really really want.



Psychiatric ward summer ball.



# We encourage these outfits

If you plan on doing any of the following please write to felix fashion. We will make sure we command our film crew to make a documentary of you and post it on [www.ILoveVictoriaBeckham.com](http://www.ILoveVictoriaBeckham.com). **Gabby Gentilcore** depicts some of the possible situations that may interest us.



## Naked Beit

If you plan to confess to your crush the very night, especially when you need to try and convince yourself you don't really care about the outcome, you just want him to know. We want to follow you.

You go through all the troubles of getting ready for your big night. Nice dress, nice make up. Only to have rejection slammed at your face.

Heart-broken, you resort to drinks. Drinks after drinks. "It's his loss!" Layers after layers of your dignity (and clothing) stripped away to prove the point.

Your friends have left you in disgust; you cannot remember a single detail past the first 15 minutes of the evening, and are covered in your own, and many other people's vomit. And maybe something else too.

Have a great night, you make fantastic entertainment.



## We look so good

If you believe in two hearts become one, let your styles become one too.



## Oranges

If you don't believe in colour crash, match your skin tone to your ball dress, and match your outfit to your other half who completes you too.



## I heart Jodie Marsh

If you idolise Jodie Marsh, steal her style. Less is more, ladies, less is more.



## Breaking news

If you plan on breaking the news to him, do it at the Summer Ball.

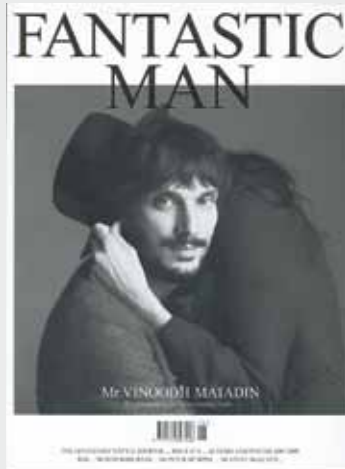


## Boundary pusher

So you are a hybrid species of Big Bird and a colour wheel. So yeah, you are quite unique, quite totally special. Yeah.

# Summer ball do's and do's

Girls, we ask nothing of you this week in felix fashion. Only these – don't let your brows run wild, don't paint your face baffoon-style. Look confident. Like Merkley???s models on [www.threequestionmarks.com](http://www.threequestionmarks.com).



**FANTASTIC MAN MAGAZINE**  
The most exciting men's fashion magazine ever. It has a clean and calm layout; stylish and cool content. Be rest-assured that *Fantastic Man* is not about the meggings but daily, wearable styles. Apparently Fashion Society will stock the magazine next year and *Vogue Italia* and French are also on the agenda. If you prefer spending £6 on food or booze, check out the Fashion Society's booth during Fresher's Week and see how you can get your hands on them.



**GRANNY GLASSES**  
Forget RayBans, forget Kanye West's sillier than ever slitted shades. Swap your Raybans with your nanna, nick her big and embarrassing pair instead. Vintage is not just back, it's everywhere. Stay ahead of fashion and try something different!



**HAVAINAS**  
You know, flip flops are just flips flops. A £10 pair is the same as a £2 pair OK? They are the same material, same cut, and they look the same. So if you wish to splash out £10 on a pair of plastics instead of putting the money in better use, I can only despise you.

SHIT



# Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

## The Oh-bitch-uaries – 2009 Edition

They were so close to completing their terms as Sabbaticals but unfortunately fate intervened and they have all come to sticky ends. Although, they wouldn't have survived long in real world anyway so... meh...



Don't give me those eyes... it won't work! I love my wife!

### Jenny Morgan

**Cause of death:** Defenestrated (thrown out of a window... fools)

There are days when Jennifer Morgan was in the office. I swear this isn't a joke. I've seen her there twice. Personally. These weren't even rumours.

Jenny was quite easily our favourite Sabbatical Officer. Not because she is a pirate, but mostly because she is NOT a ninja. I've heard people try to come up with crazy lies about nun-chucks outside her office. This is blatant libel – the kind that this fine newspaper tends to want to print on a regular basis but the late Johvan Nedick was too much of a girl to ever publish. By the way, Johvan actually misspelt his own name in some of the earlier issues.

Jenny did not take this lightly...

Her achievements were manifold, not only did she make the arduous journey to her office twice (see above) she was almost never, ever grumpy. Or disinterested, or blatantly bored and rude to people's faces on important student issues. Hangman is never sarcastic.

It appears, that she was right to avoid the offices. Even though she spent so much of her time, getting along with the other sabbs and staff (Hangman is never sarcastic), they ~~threw~~ pushed asked her politely to go out the window. It was a gorgeous, splattering, sexy mess on the floor. Awww splaff!



It's ok, you don't technically have to stay at work after four o'clock

### Christian Carter

**Cause of death:** Murdered by girlfriend in his sleep

When you think of Christian Carter, you might remember him as the DPFS candidate that should have been beaten by RON. If you are not hack however, you'll definitely know him from his recurring role as Beaker in the great TV show that was The Muppets. Christian grew up facing vast criticisms and amidst many disconcerting news stories of midget orgies and puppet torture. His rise to fame was stellar, but now but his career at Imperial cemented him as a dying star in a boring galaxy in the middle of a boring part of a boring universe. The perfect demise.

During his Office term, wannabe ponce and Tory Christian came into contact with a succubus by the name of Fiona O'Connell. Every night after bizarre and criminal sex sessions with her, Carter would fall asleep almost immediately. When deep in slumber, Fiona would slowly suck his soul and a little bit of his life with it at the same time. Weeks and weeks of this nightly ritual finally took their toll on a drained Deputy President and he finally succumbed to an untimely death. The Police seems to think Miss O'Connell is on the run. A medium has told Hangman she will win the election to become ICU's new DPFS next year.



Alright, fine it's not very big, you don't have to go on about it

### Hannah Theodorou

**Cause of death:** Drowned in a sea of urine

A fact that many people are unaware of is that Hannah was born in the tiny island of Rhodes in Greece. She spent her childhood eating olives and drinking olive oil. Her love for oil based products was never questioned by her peers. As a child, she was never the prettiest kid and as a result fled to Romania where she spent much of her youth working in a soap factory. When breasts started developing in what was a huge project for her, the boys started paying attention to the girl in pigtales. Hannah revelled in this newfound attention and worked as a hostess in a brothel for many years before embarking on a fulfilling career to become a urologist at Imperial College.

Hannah was excited when an invitation was put through the mailbox of her Brixton estate. It was an invitation to an orgy of "urinary" proportions.

As she dressed in her "fuck me pumps" so aptly described by Imperial Girl, she had no idea what lay in store for her.

In fact the invitation was from the Sci Fi society. They awaited with full bladders and pounced with gallons of warm flowing goodness. Alright...

As a medic, Hannah wished that she had told them to drink less carbonated beverages... it was a smelly end, sozlolz.



Don't smile for me Lily, please don't... love you really

### Lily Topham

**Cause of death:** Choked to death, by a silhouetted figure

Topham. It sounds like the Top of the Ham. Get it? It's funny because I did a little pun involving Lily's name. The reason I did this is because there is absolutely nothing to say about Lily. She is known as a complete non-entity.

Ok fine, I'll write something about her.

Lily has been a fine Deputy President of Clubs (cockheads) and Societies (syphilis). Under her boring rule, club discipline has increased to never before seen levels of moral rectitude. The Football Club now almost never trashes pubs in Hammersmith.

Now they spend their days over at Lily's dark basement, putting on plays for her, so that she knows what she puts the rest of Imperial through when she takes the stage, or the director's chair, or the 430 from Putney Bridge. She loves that bus, the bus doesn't love her back, nobody loves her back. Nobody who's ever met her, knows what love is anymore...

She was strangled in her bed, one evening. We have no idea how this happened, we totally did not murder Lily Topham, I promise. If we knew what love was, we'd love her... right...

A post-mortem found marbles in her va-jay-jay (best euphemism ever). We love you Oprah, not you Lily.



Words cannot describe how much I just vomited in my own mouth

### Mark Chamberlain

**Cause of death:** Killed by other Sabbs envious of his high salary

Same old, same old for Mark Chamberlain, the not-so-beloved Medic President. Known to most of his frenemies as Chumberbum, Mark was a great fan of BDSM (Bondage, Domination and Sado-masochism for those not in his circle of perverted sex fiend friends).

Never to be seen in his office, it is likely that he was at the strip club putting fivers in the G-strings of tanned and oiled barely legal boys. His life was one of pure debauchery, that his overly inflated Sabbatical salary provided him with.

Chumberbum's hobbies were diverse and they included purchasing stockings, wearing stockings, purchasing butt plugs, and using butt plugs. These seem to be along the same lines but for a lover of all things dirty, Mark can see much distinction in all of them.

While Mark was performing an act of auto-erotic self asphyxiation one fine day last week, he was surprised by his fellow Sabbatical Officers who tortured him by putting needles in his eyeballs and playing football with his newly severed head. As the old saying goes, "If kinky sex shit doesn't kill you, Imperial College Good-for-Nothing Officers will". Okay fine, I made that one up, but it is completely befitting of the situation.

## Stop giving receipts in the Library Cafe



Ah receipts, those little paper reminders of how you've wasted your student loan. They are life's little insurance slips, giving

you hope that if you really needed the money, you could march into American Apparel, flourish your receipt and demand you statutory rights as a consumer (which would not be affected). That's why of course, your wallet bulges with old receipts for that scone you bought 3 years ago.

More often than not, we don't return our purchases, especially not for food (apart maybe when you buy milk that's off from Tesco's but then still, that Tesco's down the road is rather far... just hold your nose...). So then why, in the

name of Beelzebub's kid sister, does the Library Cafe insist on giving a receipt for every measly bottle of water!

Is it because they think that we buy our food on some ethereal expenses account and that we'll need proof of our spendings? In any case, it's killing the trees and the lemurs and stuff and nobody wants one. Nobody. Now stop it!

Before the year ends, and I go have an awesome summer while you have a shit one, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all the things I've said... to your mum... when I'm slamming her in your bed... Bye!

## Do you want to edit Hangman?

You can!

Just send a signed photograph of the Prophet Mohammed (pbuh) to the felix office!



# Felix Editor takes over Union in orange revolution

**Allegedly Hangman Editor**

Felix Editor Jovan Nedic (*that's 'The Supreme Leader, His Holiness the Don' to you - Ed*) last night ~~usurped~~ <sup>rightfully</sup> removed in the name of the people the ~~democratic~~ corrupt structures of the Union and ~~proclaimed himself~~ accepted on behalf of the people the title Supreme Leader, the Don.

According to reports from Hangman's team of field (feeble) reporters, Mr Nedic and a team of supporters, also known as "The Lads" marched on the Union offices as the President and other officers were preparing to go home for the evening at 6pm. The President was given the option of leaving peacefully but apparently refused declaring "FOR THE LAST FUCKING TIME, WE DO NOT NEGOTIATE BLEUGH!"

After this, events turned violent with

the entire Union staff being defenestrated (best word ever, please look it up). Deputy President Christian Carter is reputed to have escaped the nights bloody happenings as he had gone home at 4pm.

Mr Nedic has since cracked down on free expression (*another word and you're dead - Ed*)

Students are said to be ambivalent about the change of leadership with one cynically observing "Still it's better than the N.U.S."

Hangman's Political Analyst Rupert Humbertdinkleweather said "After looking at Mr Nedic's manifesto for change on Page 5, it's obvious that he plans to shake things up. It remains to be seen whether he can run the Union any better than he ran *felix*. Expect to see spelling mistakes in Union emails"

Mr Nedic commented "the future's bright, the future's disturbingly orange"



## Editor crushes dissent ahead of final issue



## Oh yes! It's the Annual Hangman Awards!

Hottest Fresher; Not Yet At Imperial: Natasha Dragonfli



Best Name Ever; Not Yet At Imperial: Ryota Phillippe Ichinose



Biggest Ponce At Imperial - Portuguese: Jose Videira



Guy On Facebook That I've Never Met: Miles Napier Glanfield



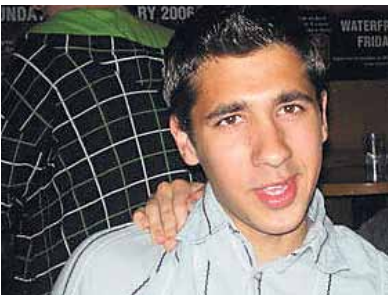
Only person at Imperial that owns traffic lights and has worked as an exterminator called John Mansir: John Mansir



Best Person Currently Alive At Imperial: Jade Hoffman



Funniest Person Currently Alive At Imperial: Adam Gill



Person We All Know But Are Not Sure Why: Arjun Quique Hassard



Best Sunglasses-to-Face Ratio: Kelly Anne Hesketh Oakes





# Coffee Break

coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



## My Reign is over!

**Ravi Pall**  
Coffee Break Editor

This issue of *felix* is our last. For the year, not ever. Well this means one thing. This is my last Coffee Break section ever! Don't cry dear fans, I am not leaving *felix*, just moving on to do other things. Things like photoshopping random pictures, perhaps doing some news stories and comment. Who knows right now, just pick up an issue next year and have a gander. The big question is who will replace me? Well isn't it obvious? The one and only Charles Murdoch. Throughout the year he has been selectively and secretly trained in the art of procrastination, and now team *felix* believes he is ready. Ready for the big time baby, Oh yeah!

So what have we learned this year? I think we have proven the resurrected FUCWIT league has been a huge success, with numerous entries pouring in each week. With a fierce battle between Team Shotgun and Mochten sie mein manschaft? all year, Team Shotgun won by the smallest of margins. Only 5 Points separate the two impressive teams. While Giramondo claims top place in the individual league table. Well done to everyone who participated and let hope the enthusiasm continues to next year.

We also learned that it can be funny to make up lies and rumours about

the current and elected Sabbaticals. Let me take a moment to remind you again, that this was a joke, and give our apologies to all offended parties.

Lastly I would like to comment on the massive success that is the dingbats. Something I thought wouldn't take off, but has proven me wrong. A fun little puzzle to do each week, that makes you think. In fact the idea is ingenious. I personally am liking the new and improved graphical dingbats that can be viewed below.

This year we have also had some fun. There was the great Twitter race, the ethnic top trumps and the "Stuff IC students Like" Lets not forget the greatness that was relentless. We also had a Photoshop competition, which provided many amusing moments. In particular the one with the characters from Aquateen Hungerforce come to mind. I have had fun providing entertainment to you readers his year, and will miss the unadulterate fun that is synonymous with the job, but all great things come to an end, only to be started up again next academic season.

I hope you have had a good year, and for those that haven't finished exams, unlucky, but at least there will be some puzzles for you to do. Until next year, where you'll get the answers :)

twitter.com/D00SKI

And the winner is... \*clap clap\*

## FUCWIT League Table

### Teams:

Team Shotgun	520 Points
Möchten sie mein Manschaft?	515 Points
Team What What	60 Points
Team Dirty Medics	39 Points

### Individuals:

Giramondo	160 Points
Dr. Science!	73 Points
Hringur Gretarsson	60 Points
Ian Gilmore	60 Points

It's been megatron close at the top of the FUCWIT and I think we can class its return as a success. Each week numerous entries pour in soon after the paper is delivered, so I must thank you all so spending your time to write into us. Despite what we may have said we are all very grateful. Looking forward to next year, we hope to retain the prizes scheme so please more of you get involved- especially in the individual class. However there can only be one winner (well five if you look at it that way!), and whilst **Giramondo** wrapped up the individual win many weeks ago, **Team Shotgun** and **Möchten sie mein Manschaft?** have been exchanging blows all year long. **Team Shotgun** finally triumphing by a meagre five points.

I offer my congratulations to everyone who has entered this year and had their name in the paper. Competition has been extremely stiff you should be proud. *Winners... COLLECT THOSE IPODS!!!!*



Team Shotgun in all their finest. Outright FUCWIT winners 2008-2009



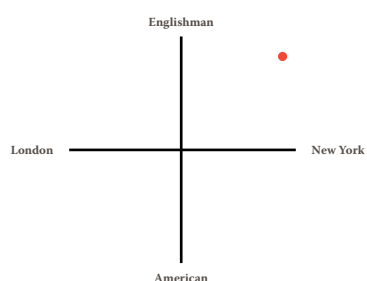
Giramondo- Individual champion

## Graphic Dingbats 1,437

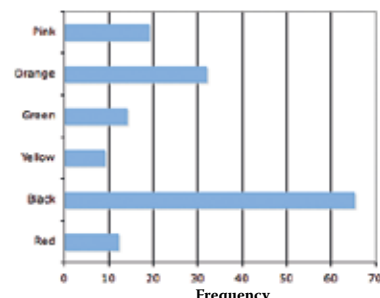
I hope you have enjoyed my graphoc dingbats, and if any of you would like to do the next year, drop us a mail at the usual address. Finally well

done to **Möchten sie mein Manschaft?** who were last week's winners. These are a little more tricky than normal, so think harder. Hokay bai.

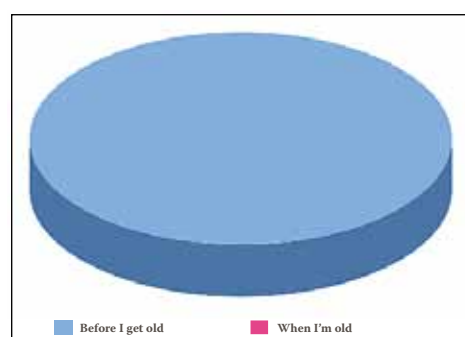
### Recent emigration patterns of developed countries



### Most likely colour of an electronic return



### The hope of Who concerning ages of demise?



## Wordoku 1,437

							M
	M	R			C		S
	C		Y	E	M		R
		T	I				H
							C
R	I				H	M	
T			C	Y	E		M
Y	S		R			C	I
C							

### 1,436 Solution

I							6
	G	R			R		
	T				I	N	
			G	N	L		R
	I	G				E	S
R			I	E	S		
S	R						T
		S			N	R	
E							S

Sorry guys, I fucked up bad

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

### Scribble box

### 1,436 Solutions

1. Do they know it's Christmas?- BandAid
2. I want to break free- Queen
3. I am the one and only- Chesney Hawkes
4. The best- Tina Turner



### This week's Cat Phone:



**07849 190 043**

**DON'T TEXT US!  
OR WE WON'T  
FEED THE CAT!  
THE TIME FOR  
TEXTING IS  
OVER.**

*The usual plus some of the best ones this year:*

*"Where the fuck did that tree on the queen's lawn come from? Has it always been there? Really?"*

*"Will the union ever introduce a no fair weather drinker policy. I'm fuck-ing tired of having to sidestep passed out lightweights and dodge piles of vomit."*

*"Is this the gay exchange dating service? I'm a tall, dark athletically built part time model looking for fun, or maybe more. K x. 07912874817."*

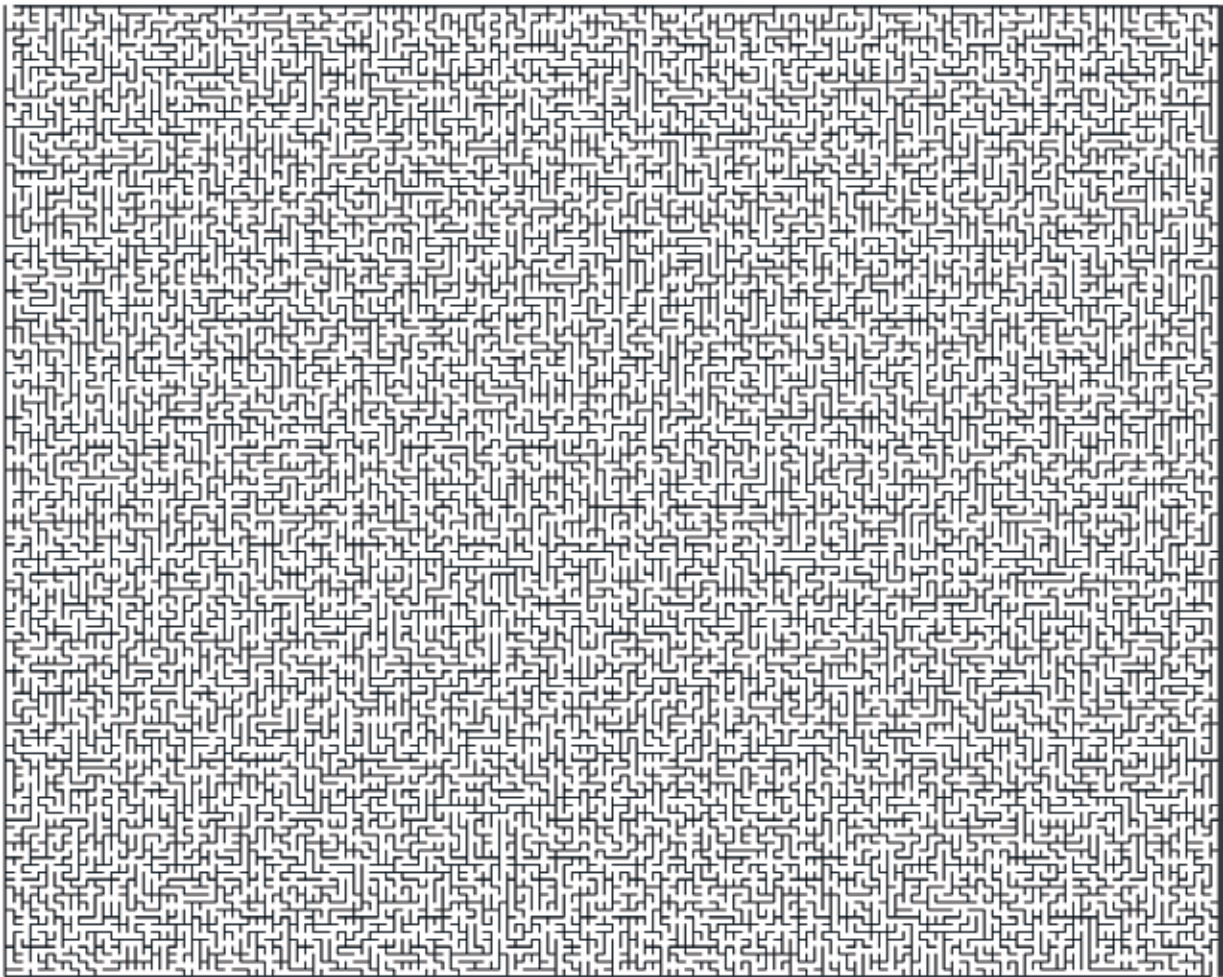
*"James Petit, Team Captain of the year. You must be fuckin jokin. From James Petit."*

*"I can't wait for the summer ball, it's gonna be proper BO! Mcpherson Fabric Live and Pendulum (DJ Set) are playing. Good Times!"*

*"If you're not going to the Summer Ball, party round mine, 40p entry and for an extra 35p you get a cheese sarnie. I haven't got dodgems, but we'll have scaletrix. I'll download Pendulum and stick a Mighty Boosh DVD on, it'll be better than the real thing."*

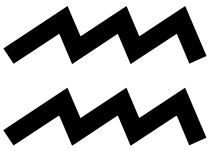
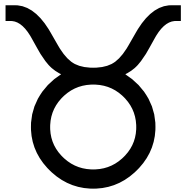

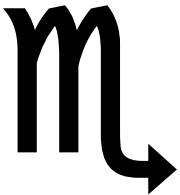

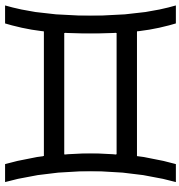

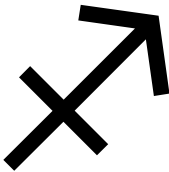
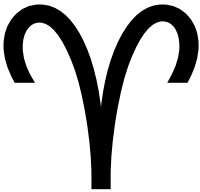
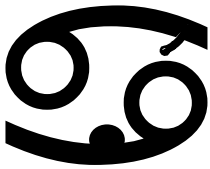
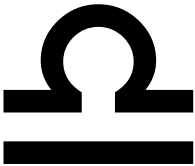
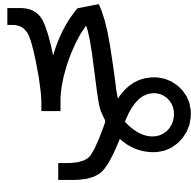
# A final truly Mentalist Maze...

As promised a more mental maze. Last week's winners were **Team Shotgun**. A big thank you for participating this year.



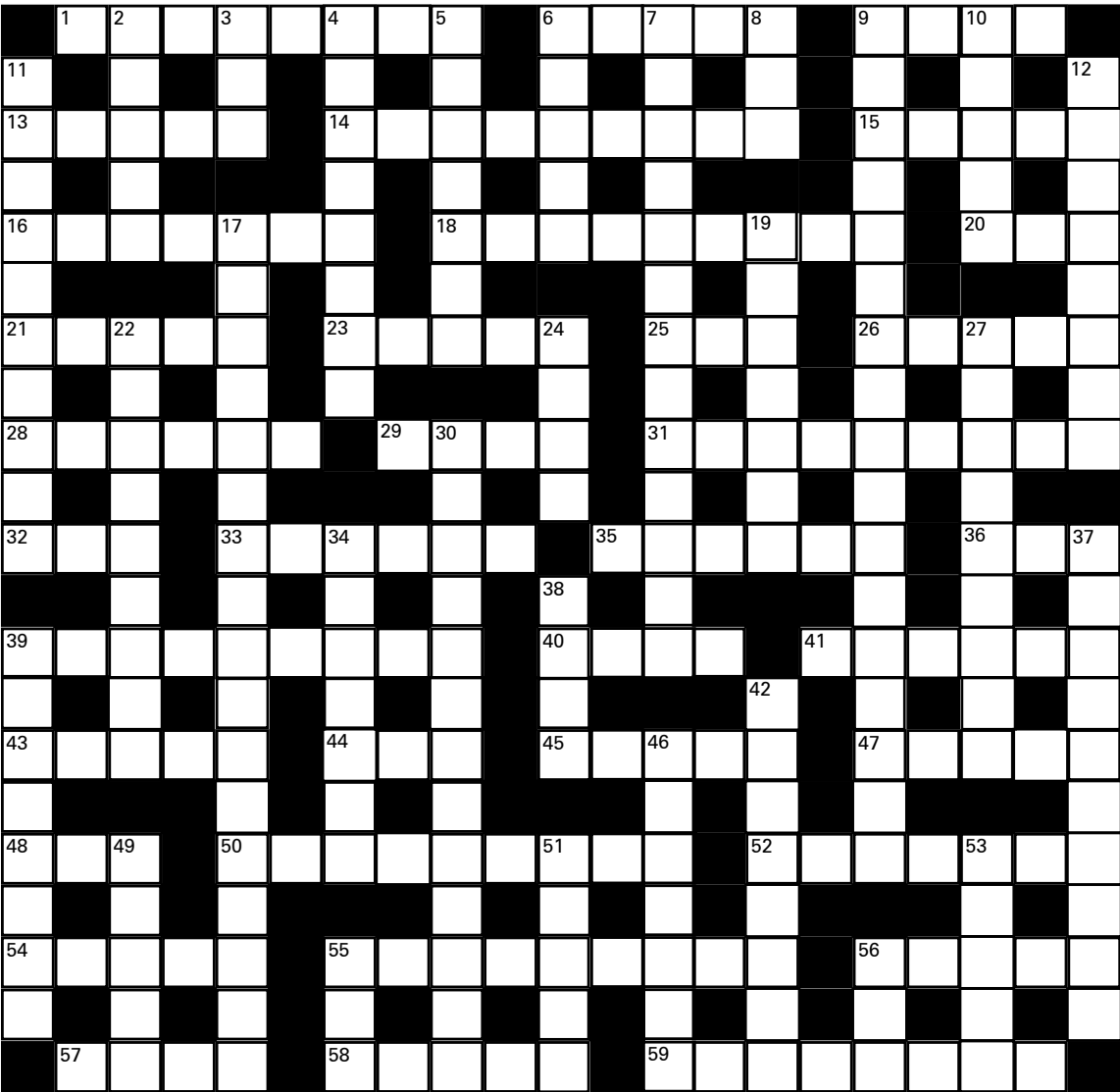
# Horoscopes, all your trials for the forthcoming week

He made a grown man cry, but fear not- Horoscopes have been started up again. Can they compete?

<div><p><b>Aquarius</b></p><p>The stars are aligned in a way that looks positive for you. I feel that its only days before you realise that your dreams are withing your grasp. The moondust will sprinkle down upon you and aid you in your moment of reflection. Do not be too hasty though- the alignment of the stars are not to be rushed.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Taurus</b></p><p>Lightening crashes about you. All hope looks like it is lost, but you must rely on love to bring you though. Confusion may set in, but close the door do not let the evil diffuse into your thoughts. You'll find that the angles will open your eyes and the confusion will be banished. Let the warm radiance of love settle you. You will feel it, you will feel it.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Leo</b></p><p>This week will bring prosperity and easy, simple mornings. This will all culminate into a Sunday morning that will make you realise that you are currently in the prime of your life. You are young, happy, worry free and clever. Go on, push yourself this Sunday morning- don't take it easy, who knows what to exactly to expect, but expect great things.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Scorpio</b></p><p>It's the end of term and you are looking forward to the country roads that take you home. Life is a year older, possibly older than the trees that have grown now leaves. Take a few minutes to stand at your window with you hair blowing in the breeze and watch your mother arrive to take you home, she'll take you home down those country roads.</p></div>
<div><p><b>Pisces</b></p><p>Look at your life, things it has been a bad year and this week will not get better until you light up. It's now of never- you ain't going to live forever. You have to initatiate it yourself- as if you have a choice. I can hardly stress enough how much you need to raise your voice and say "I am ..... and I am a person. I am going to fight for my right. My right to luck."</p></div>	<div><p><b>Gemini</b></p><p>This week you finish another year at university and want to plan a party. The warden says no, so you must use your negotiation skill to persuade him. Do not fight for your right to party. If you fight you will learn nothing your mind is your best tool- use it to its full capacity. In the future weeks you will look back with pride.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Virgo</b></p><p>By finishing your exams you reach total boredom. Do not despair and take your anger out on your dearest. You have nowhere to run, and nowhere to go. So do something with your life, try train spotting. If you don't the devil which has been put aside until this point may be released to drastic consequences. Take care in what you do, love is strong.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Sagittarius</b></p><p>Hello out there all Sagittariusites. You may have been born down in a dead mans town, with the first kick being taken as you hit the ground, but you've done it. You have completed you first year at uni, soon someone will put a rifle in your hands, send you off to foreign land to kill the yellow man. We bid you a fond farewell, please come to see us as soon as you can son.</p></div>
<div><p><b>Aries</b></p><p>Sometimes you dream that some-times it seems that there is nothing there at all, you just feel older than yesterday and live waiting for tomorrow to come. Looking out the curtain one thing is for certain- you are cosy in you room... You can't stay cooped up there forever- venture out onto the sun, chase the hoofbeats of love.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Cancer</b></p><p>You are a warrior. You run, run, runaway, it was only your heart that you let down. Shoot down the walls of heartache, get back out there into the game of life. Like a special man take another bite- who's the hunter? Who's the game? This time you are both, if you survive you will be the most prestigious warrior that has ever lived. Grab it with both hands.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Libra</b></p><p>She wants you in her room. He wants you in his room. What more can you want. Boom boom boom, all you want is each other to spend the night together, from now until forever. Tog get this, step out of character- go crazy, do something unbecoming of you. Its all she needs to prove to her that you are what she wants. You want her, she wants you... go to Ibiza.</p></div>	<div><p><b>Capricorn</b></p><p>Looking in her eyes you see a paradise, this world that you found is too good to be true. Put your arms around her, and don't ever let go. Put your hands in her hand, don't ever look back. Even if the world begins to fall down around you, forget it. You can build this thing together. Nothing will stop you now. You were made for each other and the love you spawn is beautiful. Pint?</p></div>



# A MEGA Quickie (Crossword) 1,437



ACROSS

- 1 Mexican resort (where one goes loco) (8)
- 6/15 1 m^3 (5,5)
- 9 To phone - a circle - the "bumhole" (4)
- 13 Mediterranean oliveoil/garlic emulsion (5)
- 14 The devil (9)
- 15 See 6
- 16 "No entry!" (4,3)
- 18 Natural environmental community (9)
- 20 Yes (archaic) (3)
- 21 Small and dainty (French) (5)
- 23 Corroded - weakened by neglect (5)
- 25 Compact submachine gun (3)
- 26 Oven-baked meat joint - Post-match premier league wind down? (5)
- 28 20s felt hat with narrow brim (6)
- 29 Leave out (4)
- 31 Made less rural - Inbred, USA? (anag.) (9)
- 32 Albanian unit of currency - Elk (anag.) (3)
- 33 Give up - go to bed - stop work (6)
- 35 A systematic plan - to plot (6)
- 36 "What?" (informal exclam.) (3)
- 39 Deep-water, long bodied, carnivorous fish (6,3)
- 40 The garden from which we all fell (4)
- 41 Romeo's GF (6)
- 43 Visuals - antiquated media format (5)
- 44 Charged particle (3)
- 45 Popular Texan equestrian event (5)
- 47 12 (5)
- 48 Acid (1,1,1)
- 50 Virginal - never having been walked on (9)
- 52 Where Gods go to die (7)
- 54 Exonerating explanation (5)
- 55 Waterproofed canvas - Atrial pun? (anag.) (9)
- 56 Jesus' least favourite mate (5)

- 57 13-19 yrs old (4)  
58 Requiring a good old chomp (5)  
59 East-Asian oilseed; a good source of protein (4,4)  
  
DOWN  
  
2 Exact copy (5)  
3 Greek letter (3)  
4 Large, tasty crustaceans (8)  
5 GCSEs that your parents took (1,6)  
6 Peruvian city (5)  
7 "...and so, there you have it!" - Bouncy troubles (anag.) (4,4,5)  
8 Baby bear - Beaver> Scout intermediate (3)  
9 11th November (11,6)  
10 Toilet (slang) (5)  
11 Marx's magnum opus (3,7)  
12 Left - Predated (anag.) (8)  
17 1917 Russian uprising (7,10)  
19 Sewer's thumb-guard (7)  
22 Changed consistency (by adding cornflour?) (9)  
24 Abominable snowman (4)  
27 Polish Nazi concentration camp (9)  
30 Iconic blonde actress - Moan merrily on! (anag.) (7,6)  
34 Author of "The Waste Land" - Toilets (anag.) (1,1,5)  
37 Intermittently successful (3-3-4)  
38/51 Idiom used by Adrian Mole, but probably not by Samuel Pepys. (4,5)  
39 A non-military type (8) 42 With great sobriety, gravitas, and weight (8)  
46 Large, noisy, incestuous Emmerdale clan (7)  
49 Remove frost (2-3)  
51 See 38  
53 South Asian country (5)  
55 Involuntary twitch (3)  
56 \_\_\_ lot - \_\_\_ centre - Part-time \_\_\_ - Blow \_\_\_ (3)

## DOWN

### Solution 1,436

[illegible]

Right then, thought we'd end the year with a megamatron crossword to let you pass the time instead of... well we're not sure really. Oh wait, Biology and Biochemistry still have exams don't they! Unlucky... Anyway this one is for you guys.

Massive thanks to Peter Logg for doing the quick crosswords, they've been very entertaining. See you all next year, well, possibly...

Crossword by **Peter Logg**

## Scribble box

# Nonogram 1,437

[illegible]

**Team Shotgun** won last weeks solution. Yay, everyone cheer... Anyway, this is the last one from me, hope you enjoyed them, if not, I really don't care. Have fun guys and I'll see you at the Summer Ball!

### 1,436 Solution

[illegible]

### How to play:

Nonograms are logic puzzles in which cells in a grid have to be coloured or left blank according to numbers at the side of the grid.

The numbers measure how many unbroken lines or filled-in squares there are in any given row or column. Look at the solution for help.

# Going Underground

I know we said we weren't going to do one this week, and we haven't broken our promise... we've done two instead! How fun these must be, and how sad that some people have actually made a program to work out the solution. Really cool guys, really cool...

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

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

B	A	N	K
2	1	14	11

 = 

28
----

     2+1+14+11=28. Job done.

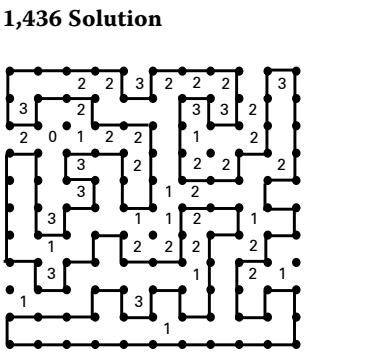
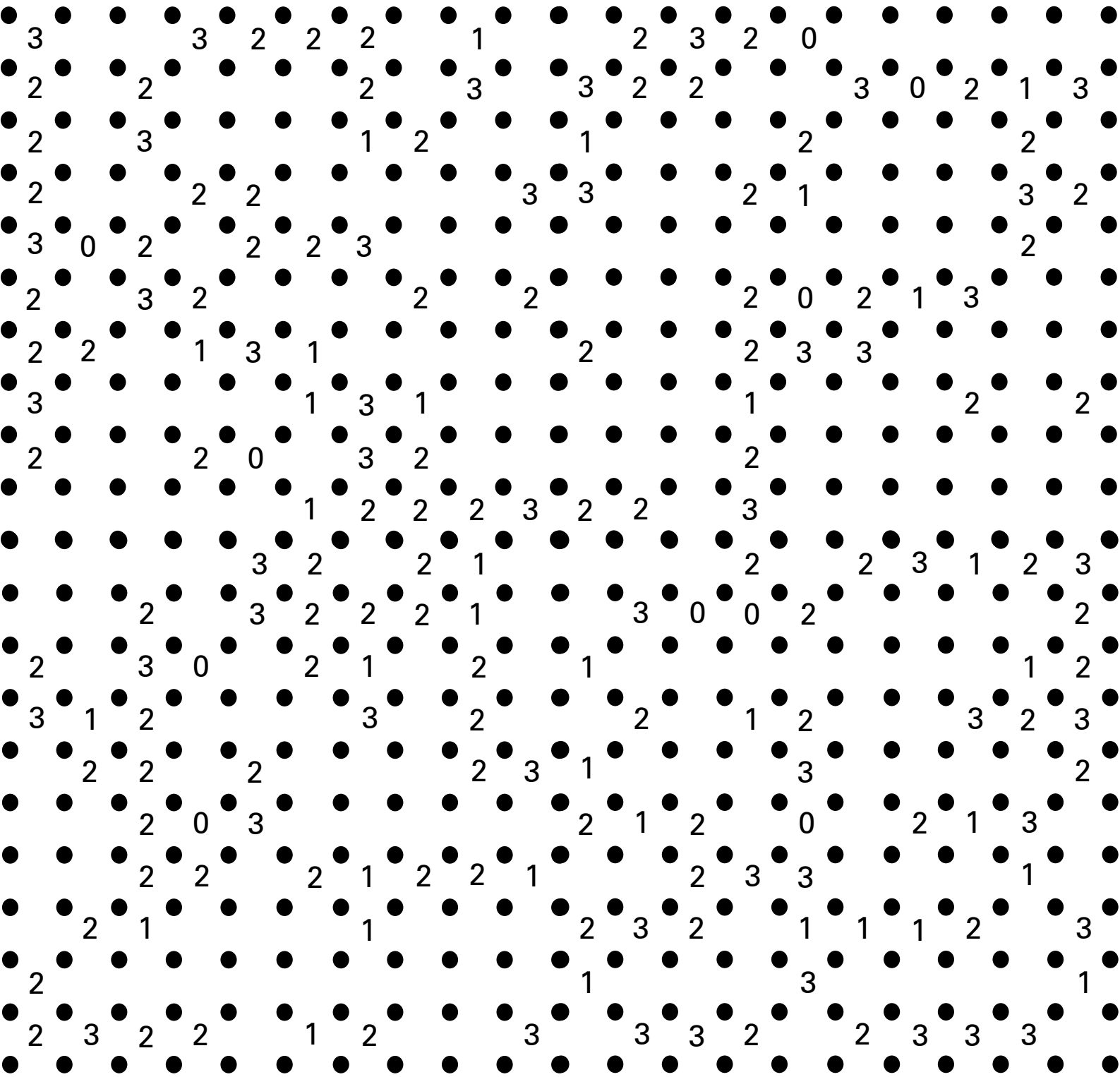
So which London tube station sums to 162 and 130?

[illegible]

-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	=	130



# A MEGA Slitherlink 1,437

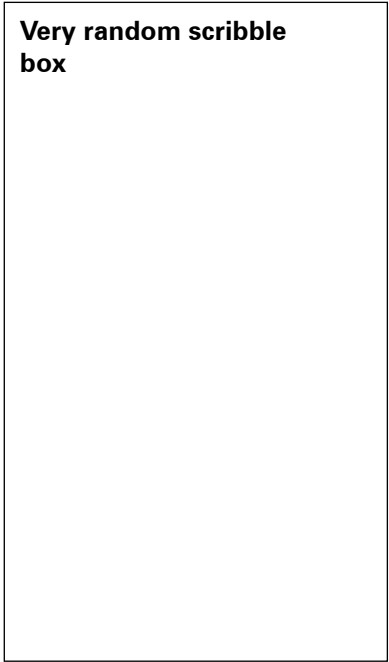


As promised, one absolutely massive slitherlink. We've checked it a few times and there shouldn't be any mistakes... hopefully

See you all next year

**How to play:**

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



## Epic photoshop

Basically, we were quite proud of this fake £50 note that we made for the front cover of Issue 1,435 that we decided to print it again and show you the whole thing!

It took my Photoshop team (Ravi, Tomo and Somerville) several hours to get this final product, which I am sure we can all agree is pretty awesome! It depicts the Rector, Sir Roy Anderson, on the right hand side of the note which we used to show that the idea of privatising Imperial College is nothing more than a money making scheme. Sir Roy did, however, send an email to all the staff explaining what he actually meant by privatising.

Anyway, back to the awesome note. We would like to point out that this is not legal tender, you can not exchange it for drinks from the Union bar, however, if you do, then please let us know as we would love to find out who was stupid enough to take it.





Imperial College Union could not operate  
without its Student Officers.

We would like to say a massive thank you to  
everyone who has contributed their time and  
effort over the past year.

It is really appreciated.

imperialcollegeunion.org



Add your student photos and videos to Flickr and YouTube  
**and tag them IMP150** - they might be selected for  
the College website! ➡ [http://www3.imperial.ac.uk/campus\\_life/contribute](http://www3.imperial.ac.uk/campus_life/contribute)



have enjoyed writing these pages. Do you think it is fun sitting here submitting pages to a paper which was meant to be sent off 2 hours and twenty six minutes ago?

We would finally like to send a big thank you to our commander in chief Jovan Nedić for his patience over the last 9 months. We have managed to submit our pages on time a grand total of one and half times. The half being when Jov completed 75% of our work.

On to more serious news, as Jack is leaving this year, we are looking for an editor to join the team next year. Due to the relative lack of articles about sport from the medical schools we would like to welcome a medical student to the team to offer more balance to these pages next year. If you are interested please send an email to sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk and we will take it from there.

Before we leave you, the guys at Sport Imperial are shelling out a figure in the tens of thousands of pounds for another rowing boat as the said club's boats sank due to a overloading of BUCS points.



Points or life? ICBC chose the former



Wushu was one of the activities held during last Sunday's Workshop

Continued from back page

session. The wushu club introduced the kung fu style of drunken boxing. Under the superb tutoring of the wushu instructor we learned a routine of movements: pretending to be drunk, stumbling around and falling flat on our faces while actually throwing punches and applying joint locks disguised as taking another drink.

Now already bruised and slightly exhausted but at the same time very excited and happy we tapped our last energy resources for Thai kickboxing, the final session of the day. The Thai kickboxing club spared no effort and moved an immense amount of equipment down from Paddington where they normally practice. They provided boxing gloves and shin pads for everyone as well as pads for demonstrations. The next hour was spent practicing the characteristic Thai

kickboxing techniques: kicks with shins and knees to the upper body and to the legs, and the close combat fight called clinching. By this time all clubs were fully mingled. Everybody was exchanging ideas and tips, and discovering or applying techniques from their own sport in the other disciplines.

Completely exhausted, bruised and blistered but with huge smiles on our faces we left Ethos at 5pm for the Union bar where we spent the evening re-hydrating, relaxing and discussing our impressions of the day. The event has clearly shown how much the martial arts at Imperial have in common - in their techniques as well as in spirit. The workshop day has brought our clubs closer together and it will certainly be followed up by similar events in the near future. Next time with even more different martial arts, sweat, food and fun!

# Imperial in the spotlight owing to transfer speculation

**James Skeen**  
ICU Half-Colours Recipient & Part-time Correspondent

Michael Owen has been linked to a high profile switch to Imperial College Football Club in a move which could see the recently out of favour humanities department moving north to Tyneside.

The former England and Newcastle striker was released following the expiry of his contract in May 2009 and has struggled to find interest from suitable premiership clubs as a result of his injury littered past and £50,000 per week asking price. However if reports are to be believed, Newcastle have agreed to fund a proportion of the players wage in exchange for the former Imperial humanities department moving to St. James's Park.

Caretaker manager Alan Shearer has expressed his interest in installing a degree of culture amongst his squad. Current players have also shown support for the swap with Joey Barton excited about increasing his already encyclopaedic knowledge on the History

of Modern Art, and Shola Ameobi realising a life-long dream of studying the Roman Empire.

Imperial College Football Club Captain James Skeen was unavailable for comment but sources close to the matter believe Michael Owen could be the perfect solution to ICUAFC 5th XI goal drought and if he can maintain his fitness levels, could move higher in the future.

The club are believed to have received one of the exclusive 30 page dossiers released by Michael Owen's management, detailing the highlights of the player's career.

Michael Owen said: "Well, in an ideal world I want to succeed here, play as much as I can and score many goals."

Negotiations are in their early stages but both parties are interested in resolving the matter as soon as possible.

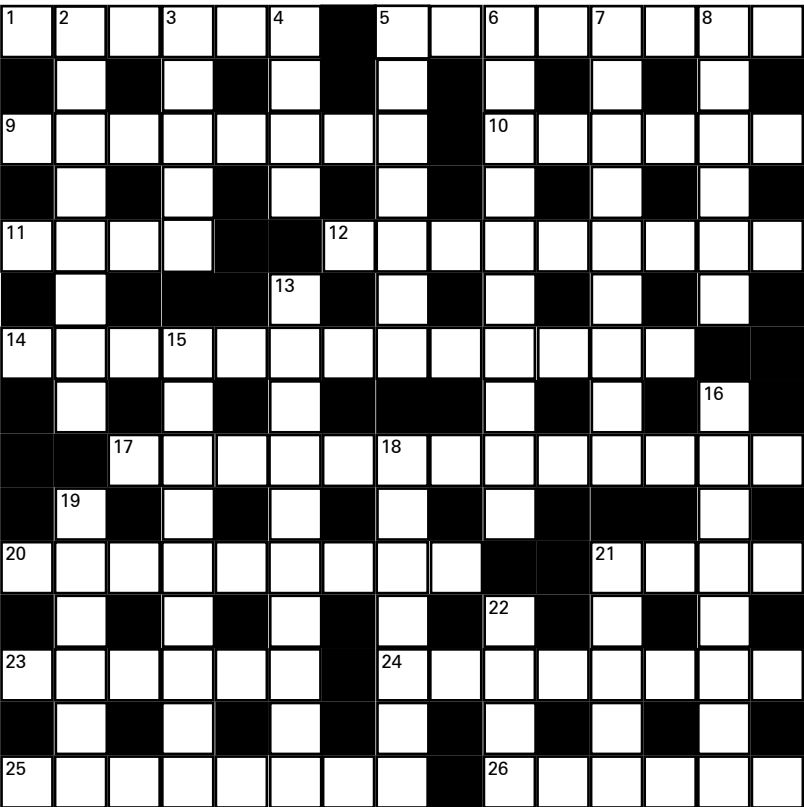
The last time a sports club was linked with someone in the media eye was in January of this year when pop artist Craig David approached the Imperial archery team with the proposition of becoming their bow selector.



Hopefully he can resurrect his England career in media other than Fifa 06

## Crossword No. 1,437

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



ACROSS

- 1 A survey finds love for deity (6)
- 5 Some of caribou ill? One must make a broth (8)
- 9 A bloke, the first character, returned holding article, something detested (8)
- 10 Second American city spun by government charge for orderly arrangement (6)
- 11 Ignition cord has loud function (4)
- 12 Enjoy oneself – eunuchs don't (4,1,4)
- 14 We're all going on one crippled mule, sod my hair (6,7)
- 17 Imperial academic to steal from the Queen before putting close relative in front of rock, almost (6,7)
- 20 Game left untrustworthy person surrounded by offers (9)
- 21 Virus reportedly travelled through the air (4)
- 23 Play involves a small part after endless sport (6)
- 24 See past, or see too much? (8)
- 25 Revenue obtained from making small adjustment to item of jewellery (8)
- 26 Detox arranged to incorporate university formalwear (6)

DOWN

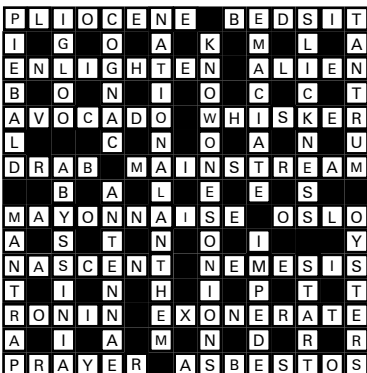
- 2 Writer with wheat variety changing hands – it swings both ways (8)
- 3 Illuminated, he is supple (5)
- 4 Sign seen by zero humans (4)
- 5 Swagger shown at Catalan party? (7)
- 6 Ambiguous if nice cups broken (10)
- 7 Yearn for flying creatures with round vessels (9)
- 8 Novice enters competition in support of love adviser (6)
- 13 Infertile female makes plea to release civil rights campaigner (10)
- 15 Goodness! Round elf, after minor operation, has oxygen-carrying pigment (9)
- 16 Predicted elderly to be buried under wood, almost (8)
- 18 Edward propped up by debts, going on a bit (7)
- 19 Agency captures rascal, one that lives mainly underground in the tropics (6)
- 21 There's iron on 59 of these pages (5)
- 22 Doctor has a point – it allows movement of air (4)

Congratulations to **Team Shotgun** who were the first team to get the correct answer in this week, again

Well we hope that you enjoyed the cryptic crosswords this year. They will be back next year and they will still count for double points in the FUC-WIT League, so get practising over the summer and who knows, you might become so good at it that you could set a cryptic crossword of your own.

Crossword by: **Sam Wong**

Solution to crossword 1,436







# Martial Arts Socs Host Workshop

Daniel Wagner

There're over a dozen different martial arts clubs at Imperial. Their names span the alphabet from aikido to wushu, and their geographical origins range from South America to Far East Asia. On Sunday they all got together for an afternoon of practice sessions at Ethos. Four clubs ran a one-hour workshop each, to introduce the others to their martial art.

The day literally kicked off with tae kwon do, one of the few martial arts played at the Olympics. The tae kwon do club led the warm-up and stretching as well as the first session. The club set a high pace and really pushed us hard. Very soon all 30 participants were dripping with sweat while throwing kicks and punches at the pads offered by the instructors. Under their supervision and encouragement we progressed quickly to more and more advanced techniques until

we were finally let loose on each other for a gentle round of sparring.

The second session introduced kendo, a sport derived from the ancient Japanese swordsmanship. As kendo players use bamboo swords and wear full body armor this session was in interesting contrast to the previous unarmed discipline. Starting from basic foot work, we soon were given our own bamboo sword to practice the typical kendo posture, the striking distance and of course the loud Japanese battle cry. After extensively yelling at each other while maintaining the correct attacking distance, the session was concluded by two fully armored kendo players who demonstrated some of their skills.

With sore throat and aching muscles everybody quickly grabbed homemade muffins and lots of water before heading straight into the third

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## Satirical End of Year Review

Jack Cornish & Mustapher Botchway  
Sports Editors

Continuing in a Telegraphesque fashion with the farce that is the ACC Colours ceremony, *felix* sport have been inundated with letters supporting our stance. One certain club member has commented on another club member who happened to receive colours, chiming "Back then, I used to think s/he was fit, then I thought s/he was OK, but now I think s/he is well rank and fucking annoying." Moving on, another letter we received commented on Samuel Furse. Summing up "... he's a fraud, he's friends with someone called Tarquin and he doesn't need any more money from the union to play polo with Nes-

tor Kirchner and family."

His crony Joseph Lees received similar abuse: "How can you give the basketball team two grand extra when you have attracted less and less students, year-on-year for the past few years. What are you, dyslexic?"

Sport Imperial might have informed us that to celebrate the achievements of both the Netball and Rugby Women's 1sts, they have organised along with BUCS, trials for the England Universities squads in their respective sports.

You heard it here first ladies.

Like French, Spanish, Italian and Japanese level 1 language classes, the union have finally taken heed and now hold the view that the Royal School of

Mines sports teams are utterly useless and should either be offloaded to the equally useless Royal Veterinary College or subsumed amongst the college teams, if they can get into the lowest teams that is.

Similar in manner to David Charles' self-awarding of an RCSU fellowship, I would like to congratulate myself on an outstanding year as sports editor. My input on the ACC scandal was not only informative but relevant and balanced in approach and delivery. I have never failed to turn up on time and I have often contributed to other sections of the paper when other editors are too spaced/stressed out to deal with the workings of the well-oiled machine

that is *felix*.

My colleague Mustapher Botchway is nothing but a bone idle imbecile who fraudulently claimed incapacity benefit during the period of his injured hand. On several occasions I managed to see him necking pints of water in the union on most nights during this term. I hope I never breed a bunch of skiving students in my career as a teacher as I have seen in my colleague.

Saying that, both of us would like to thank the six of you that read our pages week-in-week-out over the past year. We *really* don't hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as much as we

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Netballer doing what IC cant. Scoring