

FELIX

FRIDAY DEC. 9th.



EVERY FORTNIGHT

30

60TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

Extracts from the first issue of Felix, published on the 9th of December, 1949



The need has been felt for some time for a frequently published journal to comment upon the affairs of the College whilst they are still topical, and to bring to the attention of its members the activities of Clubs and Societies of which people at present know little, and knowing little, tend to care even less. This is a function which clearly cannot be performed by THE PHOENIX, particularly since that estimable bird is now to appear only twice a year, and so FELIX has come to meet the need. We do not intend to encroach upon the literary field covered by THE PHOENIX; rather do we intend to be complementary to that journal, even if not always complimentary. Neither are we in any way connected with it, nor are we its offspring. (In any case, this unfortunate bird is presumably unable to produce any offspring, since only one bird exists at any one time, rising from the ashes of its predecessor. Perhaps this accounts for its doleful appearance). No, THE PHOENIX will remain an essentially literary magazine, whereas we shall content ourselves with providing a commentary upon events and personalities.

The success or failure of this paper depends principally upon you, our readers. In the first place we depend upon you to produce many of our articles and reports, since our staff cannot themselves attend and report every College event. Secondly we depend upon you to maintain a lively correspondence in our columns. Here is an opportunity for you to air your opinions, ideas and grievances to the whole College instead of just to those within earshot at the bar, and replies can be published before everyone has forgotten what the original letter was about. Thirdly we depend upon you to buy your own copy of FELIX, and not just to read somebody else's copy. We do not think that 3d is beyond the financial scope even of a student trying to live on a F.E.T. grant, and copies for a term cost less than a pint of beer.

Any profits made by the paper are to be devoted to Sports Day, since it appears that the Union is now so impecunious that it may be unable to subsidise coaches and teas on that important occasion.

Any contribution will be welcomed, whether it be a full article on the marital customs of the Watussi or a chance remark heard in the bar. Contributions and letters should be addressed to:- The Editor, Imperial College Union, Prince Consort Road. Contributors may write under nems de plume if they wish, but must supply their names and Colleges with their contributions.

A debt of gratitude is owed to F.C. EWELS for his suggestion of a title. He shall be rewarded with a saucer of milk.

We note with pleasure that Dinner in Hall is steadily gaining support as a regular College function. We learn that 40 Dutch students are attending next Tuesday's dinner. If every member of the College makes a point of attending this function at least once a term, its success will be assured.

Celebration with Repercussions.

For centuries men, women and children, connected in the smallest way with this country, have taken it to be their joyous and inalienable right to rend the silence and blackness of the November night, for one night only, with loud explosions and vivid flames and fireworks.

The men, women and children of this College differ little from their predecessors in this respect, and on November 5th 1949, many hundred students with escort emerged from the merrymaking at the "Hop" to gambol and caper, - indeed to celebrate in the way that Guy Fawkes so unwittingly initiated. Know this, friends; these merry-makers were indeed worthy of that title. The appellations of organised trouble-makers or hooligans ring as untrue as apologies in the ear of one who has been crippled in the Scrum. Imagine, therefore, the consternation among these revellers at being greeted in the shadow of the Albert Hall by our blue-coated brothers in inflamed mood. Report after report was passed around of he who had been punched in the kidneys, she who was pushed in the face, and others worsely handled.

This treatment, one may conjecture, was designed to quell any merrymaking and fireworking, and in fact force a hasty retreat by all to the Union. The design was bad; there are probably few other bodies in the British community who value their freedom and their rights as much as Students. The rough behaviour of the Law aroused indignation, but apart from urgent expostulation, no departure was made from the practice of Bonfire lighting, the creation of Mighty Explosions and the indescribable whirl and turmoil attendant upon the Festival Spirit. Indeed 4 students (one at least of whom comes from The Bush) were defying the flames and flying fireworks in a dance of delight round the fire. Meanwhile The Prince Consort looked down benignly, and reassured himself, we are sure, by telling himself of the safety of the structure around his head.

Others seemed to disagree, albeit reverently, with the measured opinion of the Prince and more blue helmets were seen to bob their way (usually accompanied by a constable) towards the fire - harmless as it was. In an instant there was a spurt of water; a loud hissing and an uprising of angry steam marked the dousing of the friendly flames. But, friends, this was not all. The jet of water having done its deed was then directed on to those who hitherto, had been enjoying the pleasing warmth and happiness exuding from the fire. Only one outcome could there be; students bore down upon the unpleasant hose in an attempt to maintain the dryness of their clothing. The further outcome was unexpected, for in an instant some of our numbers were linking arms with policemen and walking in some haste towards the mobile police vans.

It became evident that strong measures were being taken by the Law to discontinue the customary celebration; and even more so when student after student was flung into a black van and removed to custody. It was an uneven contest, for the umpire was not on our side. However, the student body is not one to say goodbye before the final whistle, and their attentions having been distracted from the Albert Memorial Steps (oh, bad strategy, sir) some students were seen to have difficulty in crossing the road towards the Hall without lifting a vehicle or two out of the way. Finally, conscious of the fact that the best activities should not continue after the climax, cries of "Come on I.C." and the chanting of the I.C. Boomalaka brought an enjoyable - but disappointing - evening to a close.

- For some, but others, languishing in Chelsea Police Station, were not wholly appreciative of the humour of the occasion. These 16 unfortunates appeared before the Beak on the Monday, to be remanded for a fortnight, since this was considered to be no mere display of "the exuberance of youth" but a serious incident. In the interim police helmets were sought among the student body with little success; many hearts, however, were gladdened by the apparition on The Houses of Parliament of a similar object. Far be it from me to speak sub judice regarding those yet to be tried. However, let us wish them god speed in returning to us from the Court and, moreover, let us dig deep in our pockets to help pay their fines.

THE ESCAPADES OF BOANERGES IN THE LONDON-BRIGHTON RALLY. NOVEMBER 13TH.

The weather forecast on the Saturday evening was not very promising, cold with scattered showers. It was only to be hoped that the showers would not scatter themselves on the London-Brighton road. It meant an early start for all concerned and the very sleepy crew of "Boanerges" rolled up at the College at 7.15 a.m.

In the greyness of the morning "Bo" certainly looked rather dispassionate but after the addition of a few gallons of the essentials the old boy seemed a little more perky. At last after innumerable adjustments had been made to the too numerous controls Bo arrived in fine time at the "Magazine" in Hyde Park, where the noise and smoke seemed to grow in volume as did the spirits of the crews of "Bo and the tender".

The "Guilds" veteran was superior in that it arrived under its own power; for most of the veterans had been carried - not just towed - on quite massive constructions which devotedly followed their charges. In the Park it was discovered that "Bo" had not enough water to last the journey; so what could be better than to fill the spare cans from the Serpentine. The veterans were started in order of age at intervals of thirty seconds. "Bo" was number 48 and was soon off to a fine start, with the tender following watchfully.

Through London went the procession; past most of the noble buildings and almost all London was taken in gallant stride; Brixton Hill caused a little trouble for some veterans but not so for the mighty "Boanerges" - at least not after he realised he would have to go up, so he stopped banging and smoking and went up in triumph, but when he had collected his cheers he flagged and had to be revived by some Serpentine water.

Perhaps it was imagination but "Bo" seemed to have more vocal support throughout the journey than the rest of the entrants put together. "Boanerges" had one misfortune, but quite a minor one. The nut came off one of the the chain joining links, but it gave the crew time to stamp their feet, and someone experience in the use of a hammer.

It seems that the "Guilds" is not very willing for a truce with the "Gentlemen" in blue, for they flaunted an acquired taxi-horn at every aforementioned "Gentleman" they encountered as well as going a little too close for comfort. This was perhaps unfortunate as the Police on that Sunday were really co-operative, allowing staggering veterans to rattle across the lights. It was true that manners were not lacking in the crew of "Boanerges" however, for all gestures whether from on-lookers or Police were acknowledged if only by the taxi-horn. After a while it was realised that "Bo" was speeding, this being prohibited by the rules of the R.A.C. for this run and at one point "Bo" was actually seen to be doing 40 m.p.h. (although it was downhill).

"Bo" eventually arrived in Maderia Drive with much cheering and waving whilst steam issued from the various

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pipes of other veterans.

After lunch "Bo" was moved to the pavillion where the Mayor's tea was to be held. It was here that further preparations were carried out for the return journey. This tea was the high spot of the day and perhaps it was not strictly true to say that all "Bo's" crew and followers were invited, but all attended in the true Imperial College fashion.

During the tea it was learnt that "Bo" had been disqualified for indulging in excessive speed. The day was drawing into evening and the return journey had to be faced. This was quite uneventful except that "Bo" was very reluctant to forego further refreshments as were the crew.

The taxi-horn was used to full advantage whilst the crowds in "Piccadilly" were given a fine exhibition of circular motoring with Mr. Carruthers in the chair. Finally the commissionaire at the Dorchester was allowed to use his voice in order to stop "Bo" entering, so "Bo" reluctantly returned to college, decidedly hot under the bonnet.

SPORTS REVIEW.

With this first issue of "Felix" it has been decided to show readers the present position of the Colleges in the sports field by giving a summary of the results of the three principal winter games played throughout the Michaelmas term. In subsequent numbers it is intended to detail the previous fortnights activities in the whole range of college sport - hostel residents will not with relief that the Sports Editor is not himself a hostel-dweller!

Both the I.C. Hockey Club and the I.C. Soccer Club have played matches in their respective London University competitions within the last week, both being victorious from the I.C. view-point. By the time this has reached its public the I.C. Rugby Club will have also played its Second Round tie, with, it is hoped, equally satisfying results.

Results:

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Points
I.C. 1st XV	9	8	0	1	138	25	
I.C. 1st A XV	8	3	2	3	64	64	
I.C. 2nd A XV	7	3	0	4	69	51	
I.C. 1st Ext. A XV	8	2	2	4	38	112	
I.C. 2nd Ext. A XV	5	3	0	2	29	35	

C&G

C&G 1st XV	4	2	1	1	29	12	
C&G A XV	5	4	0	1	44	33	
C&G Ext. A XV	3	1	0	2	12	19	

R.C.S.

R.C.S. XV	4	2	0	2	39	54	
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R.S.M.

R.S.M. XV	7	4	0	3	37	64	
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HOCKEY

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Goals
I.C. 1st XI	13	9	1	3	48	27	
I.C. 2nd XI	8	6	0	2	22	13	
I.C. 3rd XI	7	7	0	0	35	6	

C&G

C&G XI	6	3	0	3	19	11	
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R.C.S.

R.C.S. XI	5	2	1	2	13	6	
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R.S.M.

R.S.M. XI	3	0	0	3	2	10	
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SOCCER

I.C. 1st XI	8	6	1	1	26	11	
I.C. 2nd XI	7	4	0	3	23	17	
I.C. 3rd XI	8	2	3	3	19	27	

C&G

C&G XI	4	3	0	1	18	7	
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R.C.S.

R.C.S. XI	4	2	0	2	9	12	
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R.S.M.

R.S.M. XI	3	0	1	2	3	23	
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Letters to the Editor.

Sir,

In view of the ever increasing popularity of Saturday night "hops", and the impossibly overcrowded conditions which are resulting, I feel we should tolerate no longer those men from outside the college who seem to regard our Union as a Palais de Danse. Officials of the Union should ensure that a responsible person is stationed at each door of the Union, not the dance floor, who shall ask for the Union card of everyone who is not personally known to him, and members of the College should evict with the utmost vigour and loss of apparel any uninvited guest who does succeed in entering.

Yours etc.

Wallflower.

Sir,

It appears that there is a strange race in our midst. This body of men apparently find it necessary to operate pneumatic drills behind the Albert Hall, whose neighbouring buildings do nothing to muffle the shattering noise, at the ungodly hour of 7.30 a.m. when all right minded people are abed, when the disturbed sleepers are eventually forced out of their beds by thoughts of breakfast or the 10 o'clock lecture, a strange silence envelops the Hostel precincts and the drills are stilled.

This, Sir, is beyond my comprehension. Can it be they bear us some malice?

Yours etc.

D. C. Howe.

Dear Sir,

In a mild sort of way I would like to register a bitter protest about the Union beer. Perhaps one of our own tame entomologists could recommend to our so called Brewers a more virile type of Gnat.

Ulcerated.

Dear Sir,

The publication of Felix provides a long overdue opportunity for Union members to express their views on many day to day items which would not normally find their way into Union Meetings, and even for this alone it promises to be a most valuable organ.

Among many minor irritations a case on which I feel strongly is the price of sandwiches in the New Lounge. That cakes should cost 3d is perhaps excusable. For those who desired a less extravagant tea there were at one time many sandwiches at 2d and excellent jam sandwiches at 1½d. Now the sandwiches are as dear as the cakes and to choose a "cheap" tea: is to face starvation.

In any case, Sir, can a charge of threepence really be justified for two thin half slices of bread with a thin smear or ersatz compound between them?

Yours etc.

S.C.M. Taylor .

DIARY OF FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Friday 9th December.

1.20	Fencing Club Meeting.
5.15	Conservative Group Meeting, Cttee. Rm. "A"
5.15	I.C.U. Athletic Clubs Committee, Cttee. Rm "B"
7.00	I.C.D.S. production.
7.00-10.15	Chem. Eng. Soc. Dinner, Upp. Dining Hall.

Saturday 10th December

7.00	I.C.D.S. production.
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Sunday 11th December.

7.30	Film Society, "Metropolis", Mining Theatre.
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Monday 12th December.

1.15	Musical Society Recital, Cttee. Rm. "B"
6.00-10.00	R.C.S. Nat. Hist. Soc. Social.
5.15	Film Society, Mining Theatre.

Wednesday 14th December.

5.15	Dramatic Society General Meeting, Cttee. Rm. "A"
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Thursday 15th December

5.00	I.C.U. Council Meeting, Cttee. Rm. "A"
6.00-11.00	Chemistry Dept. Party.

----- End - of - Term -----

Friday 16th December

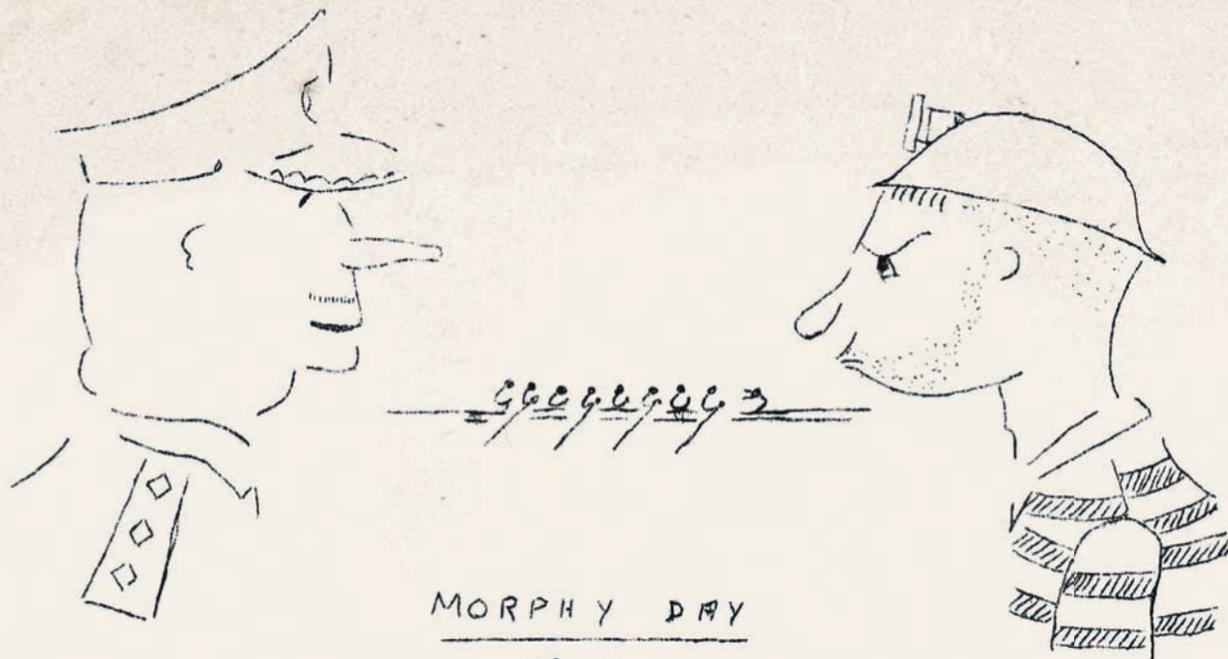
City and Guilds College Christmas Carnival

It is customary to blame cats for many antics on the rooftops and tiles, but we beg to report that Felix was not the "japer" responsible for the utilitarian adornment on the Q.A.Dovecot on Morphy night.

It is reported, from a thoroughly unreliable source that the Astronomer Royal has been asked to be timekeeper in next year's Morphy.

A pile of A.Sc.W. literature was recently found in the R.C.S. lavatory . No comment.

Overheard-at Mines Dance: I.C.W.A's Ideal Girl declares "Mine's a Miner"



MORPHY DAY

1949

ROWING.

By our Rowing Correspondent. (J.F. Levy)

MORPHY CUP.

Before the day, although opinions were divided as to who would win the Morphy Cup, all were agreed that it would be a coxswains race. It was! For the first time in living memory a clash occurred, necessitating a restart, and this happened not once, but three times.

In view of this, perhaps a few words on steering the Morphy would be helpful. The Laws of Boat Racing state that the proper course for a boat to be steered is that which will take it to the finish in the shortest time. This means that the coxswains must try to keep their boats in the fastest flowing part of the stream. Thus, in the Morphy, the first battle for position comes at Harrods bend, where a wide turn means the outside crew losing the stream, and the second at Fulham football ground where, if a wide turn is made, the inside crew can gain $\frac{1}{2}$ a length in a few strokes.

Mindful of the way in which, by superb coxing, Guilds had won the Morphy last year, the coaches of the R.S.M and R.C.S crews spent much time in telling their coxes that they must on no account be pushed out of their courses. As it turned out, the coxes, for once, had listened only too well, and mistaking injunctions against being pushed for orders to force their way through, they made a fiasco of what would probably have been the finest Morphy ever.

So much for explanations. What of the race itself?

As the crews drifted under Hammersmith Bridge the sun came out and made conditions for the race as perfect as could be wished. R.C.S. and R.S.M. made excellent starts but Guilds appeared slightly rushed, but even so rowed stroke for stroke with R.C.S. and completed the first 10 in just under the quarter a phenomenal rating for heavy clinkers. R.C.S. had their nose in front from the second stroke and proceeded to take it away well, blades being really solid in the water. As the crews approached Harrods, R.S.M. began to decrease the inches lead of the R.C.S., and at the lower end of Harrods wharf were about 2 feet up on the R.C.S., with Guilds a further 2 feet behind. Mines, on the inside of the bend, were a little wide and a slight clash occurred between R.C.S. and Guilds, which they were able to clear without difficulty. All three crews were rowing well, particularly the Mines, who with real heavyweights in the middle of the boat were making best use of them by rowing at a slightly slower rate of striking. As the crews approached the Crabtree, Mines were leading, by $\frac{1}{4}$ length from the R.C.S., who were slightly up on Guilds. All three crews were very close together, and, in trying to avoid a clash with Mines, R.C.S. clashed with Guilds. The umpire stopped the race and sent the crews back to the start.

Your correspondent has been informed by members of all three crews that it was their crew which was going up at the time. With over a mile to go it was still anyone's race.

The second start was Guilds all the way. They made a perfect start and were nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ a length up at Harrods when Mines, taking the bend, too wide, clashed with R.C.S., and the race was stopped for the second time. The only consoling thought for the crews was how the vast body of police at Putney must have been enjoying themselves.

At the third start Mines just got their nose in front, but they could do no more, and a magnificent race ensued with less than 4 feet separating first and last crews, and no more than 2 feet between blade tips. At the Crabtree Mines were just leading Guilds, who were only just leading R.C.S. At the mile post Guilds were up by a canvas with Mines nearly a canvas up on R.C.S. Approaching Fulham football ground, Guilds were $\frac{1}{4}$ length up on Mines, who were a canvas up on R.C.S. The Guilds cox, on the inside of this bend, began to take it on a long turn, and the R.C.S. followed him round. The Mines cox appeared to think that the other two were making a short turn, came round too far and too fast, and hit R.C.S.

The umpire stopped the race and restarted them in the relative positions before the clash. The row-in past the boat houses was no reflection of the racing that had gone before, and it was decided that the result to be recorded should be that at the time of the last clash. Guilds, $\frac{1}{4}$ length, Mines, a canvas, R.C.S.

The time taken was 1 hour 20 minutes, a record for this $7\frac{1}{2}$ minute course.

Crews.

C & G. Bow T.Gilbert, 2 S.Peerless, 3 J.C.Howe, 4 J.Shaw, 5 L.Clare, 6 A.Dawe, 7 P.G.Alliston, Str. P.Arnold, Cox D.North.

R.S.M. Bow C.Barwise, 2 W.Brendum, 3 J.Gordon-Smith, 4 A.Fleicher, 5 L.A.Hill, 6 J.Taylor, 7 L.Webb, Str. J.McKay, Cox A.Fable.

R.C.S. Bow D.Ives, 2 R.Hughes, 3 J.Lamerton, 4 D.Lowell, 5 R.Smith, 6 D.Coomber, 7 H.Pushman, Str. F.Moriarty, Cox C.Bracewell.

LOWRY CUP.

The race for the Lowry Cup which followed, in gathering darkness, was a lesson in coxing. Starting from the mile post, all three coxes showed how it should be done. The Guilds crew, an excellent one, made no mistake and showed that the way it had harried its first boat in training had made it unbeatable. They went ahead to win easily, leaving a most exciting race for second place between R.C.S and Mines, in which both crews lead several times by a foot or two only to be pulled back by sheer fighting spirit. The result, justly so, was a dead heat for second place.

Crews.

C & G Bow R.Clark, 2 A.Waterfall, 3 P.Moffat, 4 B.Davis, 5 W.Bergwerk, 6 P.Sharpe, 7 C.Baines, Str. P.Watson, Cox J.Lewis.

R.C.S. Bow B.Baldwin, 2 R.Measures, 3 J.Midgeley, 4 G.Benson, 5 A.Davies, 6 J.Bray, 7 T.Embleton, Str. H.Metcalf, Cox J.Holmes.

R.S.M. Bow M.O'Connor, 2 J.Harbord, 3 W.Stevens, 4 M.Holt, 5 R.Penny, 6 K.Chandler, 7 H.Morris, Str. T.Hulme, Cox B.Hester.



felix

The award-winning student newspaper of Imperial College

"Keep The Cat Free"

Issue 1,447

since 1949

04.12.09

60th anniversary issue

felix celebrates reaching pension age by snooping through the archives, page 6



This week....

Swiss referendum bans minarets



Politics, Page 12

RAG kidnaps 50 costumed students



RAG Feature, Page 13

Wartime rationing and Christian Dior's New Look



Fashion, Page 25

Spam spam spam spam spam spam spam spam



Food, Page 30

What's happening to our road?

felix takes a look at the plans for the redevelopment that will transform Sw7, see page 4





Ex-Dep. Rector joins Cambridge

Alex Karapetian News Reporter

Professor Sir Leszek Borysiewicz, former Deputy Rector of Imperial College and current Chief Executive of the Medical Research Council, has been nominated as the next Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

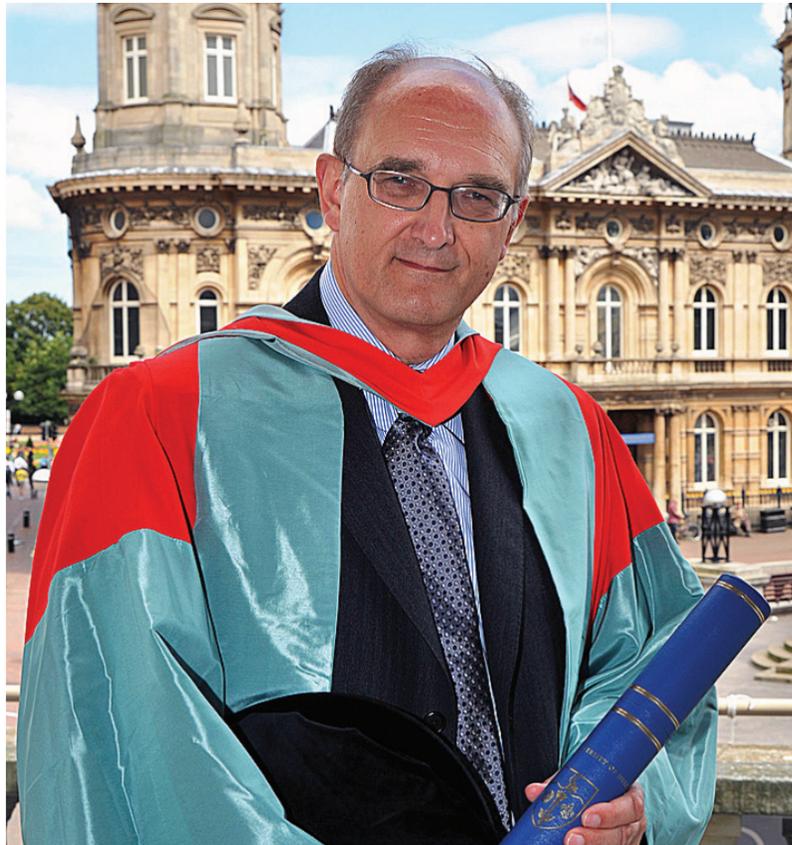
Professor Borysiewicz joined Imperial in 2001 as Principal of the Faculty of Medicine before becoming Deputy Rector in 2004.

He is one of the country's most respected medical researchers, and will commence his position at Cambridge as the successor of Professor Alison Richard at the end of her seven year term on October 1st 2010. Professor Borysiewicz will be the 345th person to take this position at Cambridge, a role which dates back to 1412.

Borysiewicz has a background in immunology, infectious diseases and vaccine development, and was knighted in 2001 for his research which included the HPV vaccine, now offered to all girls to reduce the risk of cervical cancer.

Prior to joining Imperial, he was a professor of Medicine and head of the department of Medicine at Cardiff University.

Frank Kelly, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, who was involved in the search for the new Vice-Chancellor, said that "the university has a history of academic excellence, built upon first-class teaching and research within its distinctive collegiate system, and is in the top flight of research-led universities worldwide. In its 800th anniversary year," he continued, "the university has had much to celebrate from its past achievements and its transforming effect on lives and society, and it looks to the future with confidence and ambition."



Sir Les with something or anything from Hull University. The only reason he came was because he knew he'd look 'propaaa fresh, bruv' in his pimpin' gown

The professor has already experienced employment at Cambridge, having been a lecturer in Medicine as a member of Wolfson College, of which he is now an honorary fellow. Kelly praised his efforts and said his "wide experience and outstanding personal qualities equip him superbly to lead Cambridge as a world leading centre for education and research." Professor Alison Richard added that he is "an outstanding scholar with an impressive record of achievement and leadership at the highest level."

Borysiewicz commented on his nomination and said he is "delighted to be nominated for the position of Vice-Chancellor and excited by the opportunity to build on Cambridge's strong tradition of academic excellence in both teaching and research." The professor was one of the scientists who leapt to the defence of the principle of "unfettered advice without the fear of reprisal" pending the controversial sacking of government drugs advisor David Nutt, which *felix* reported on previously.

Beyond College walls: 60 years ago

December 1949



Republic of China

This week, two million Nationalist Chinese of the defeated Kuomintang (KMT) successfully retreated to the island of Taiwan, leaving only small pockets of resistance to the communists on the mainland.

The Chinese civil war is coming to an end after years of fighting between the nationalists and the communists which had resulted over 1.2 million military casualties since the Japanese defeat at the end of World War II. Civilian deaths amounted to many times this number. In early December, Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the KMT, proclaimed Taipei the temporary capital of the Republic of China, and continued to assert his government as the sole legitimate authority in China.

After a string of heavy defeats in north and central China earlier in the year, and the communist capture of Nanjing, seat of the Republic of China's government, the KMT were progressively repelled to the southern shores of the country. In October, Mao Zedong declared the establishment of the People's Republic of China and moved its capital to Beijing.



Israel

The population of the newly founded State of Israel surpassed 800,000 this month, but tensions remain with Arab neighbours. The one-year old nation continues to grow as Jews from across Europe and nearby Arab states immigrate to Israel. Earlier this year, the country ended the Arab-Israeli war after defeating a force assembled from several of its Arab neighbours, including Egypt, Syria, Transjordan, Iraq and Lebanon, and signing an armistice in March. The victory has not only secured Israel's independence, but also increased the land under its control by almost 50% above what had been agreed by the UN partition plan passed two years ago.

This month, the Knesset, the legislative arm of Israel's government, relocated from Tel-Aviv to Jerusalem, which is still divided between the Israeli west and Palestinian east. Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion who was elected in February continues to push ahead with his national policies of rapid development and rising population by attracting Jews from across the world to Israel.



West Germany

The Berlin blockade ended three months ago after a hugely successful airlift operation by the Allies, but over three months' worth of supplies have been amassed in West Germany, ensuring that the airlift could be restarted with ease if needed.

The blockade, which lasted for a total of 18 months up until September this year, saw a total of 2,326,406 tons of food and supplies delivered aboard 278,228 flights to Berlin by the USA and the UK's RAF. The airlift cost approximately \$224 million, and saw over 100 fatalities, mostly British and American, due to crashes.

The crisis was the first which resulted from tensions between the West and the USSR after the end of the World War. The airlift commenced after the Soviets blocked railways leading into West Berlin, in an attempt to force western powers to allow the Soviet-controlled zone (East Berlin) to be allowed to start supplying the western part of the city with food and supplies, effectively giving control of the city to East Germany.

By Raphael Houdmont, International Editor

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Imperial 'slaughter' St. Hugh's on UC

Alex Karapetian News Reporter

Imperial's University Challenge team won their way to the quarter finals with an outstanding 280 point win against St Hugh's College, Oxford with 80 points.

The programme was shown in Da Vinci's as it was broadcast, and an excitable crowd brought plenty of business to the Union bar as Imperial's success unfolded throughout the episode.

The team, captained by Gilead Amit, with team-mates Simon Good, Ciaran Healy, Benedict Nicolson and Edward Brightman, accompanied by the *felix* mascot, answered a majority of the questions while St Hugh's appeared idle. St Hugh's were also trailing in their first round match, narrowly taking victory in a tie break question regarding the Kyoto Protocol.

The bonus questions tackled by Imperial's team involved topics such as military abbreviations, accidental discoveries in Science, Literature and Physics, the latter of which the team faltered on. When asked about the unit equivalent to 10⁻²⁸ square metres used to measure cross sections in Nuclear Physics, the team conceded, causing a dissatisfied Jeremy Paxman to exclaim "you

chaps ought to know this". The unit in question was in fact the Barn. The bonuses of St Hugh's included Latin expressions in Art, Natural Dyes and Mythology. Of the Oxford team, an excited Brown was prompted to "calm down!" by Paxman for answering enthusiastically such that she interrupted the voiceover announcing her name.

Once the final gong sounded, Paxman lightly mocked St Hugh's for their slow start and joked that they had been "slaughtered". The Imperial team was praised by Paxman for their knowledge in travel literature, philosophy and football in the first round despite being science specialists. Both the Imperial team and St Hugh's were of the youngest teams in the competition with an average age of 19.

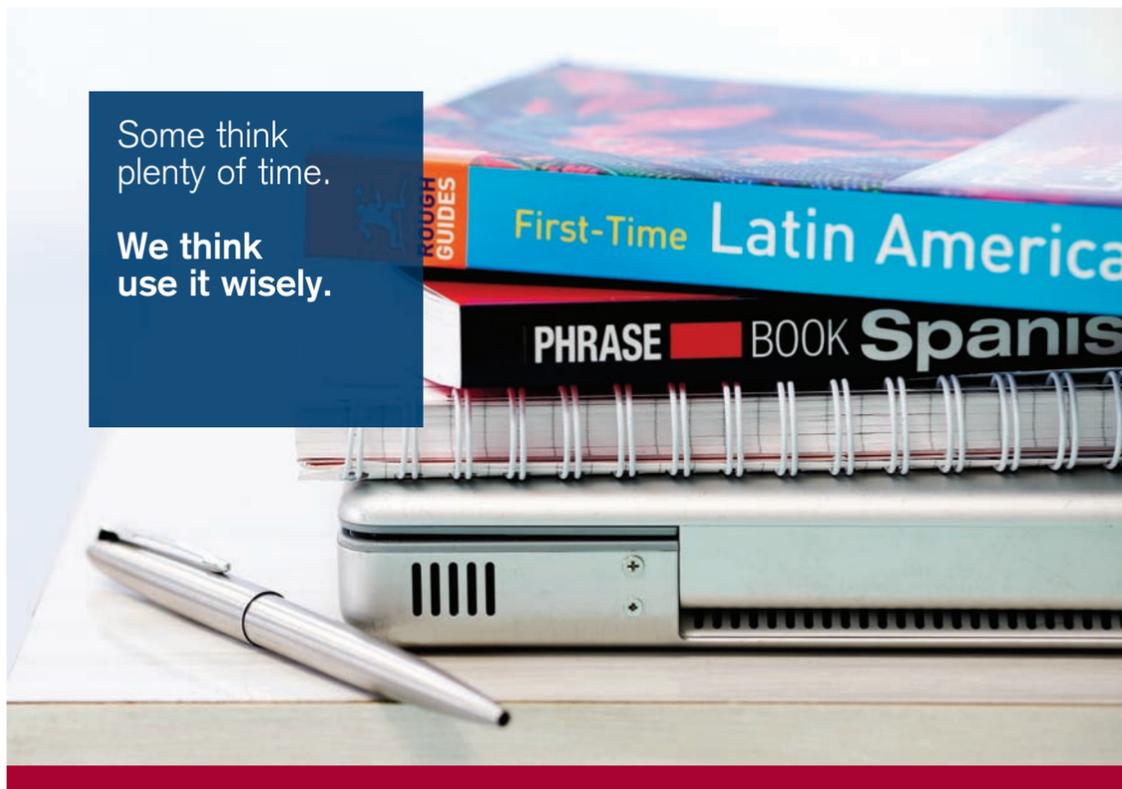
Future episodes are to be broadcast in Da Vinci's by the union to encourage the supportive environment of students and the economic benefits which follow from such quantities of people in a bar. The second round will be over when the University of Manchester plays Strand Polytechnic-1 mean King's College London on December 21st, after which the quarter finals follow. Imperial has previously won in 1996 and 2001, coming second in 2002, and we wish the best of luck to them this year!



"Yes, blad. You iz well thick. We just shat all ova you, bruv. Stick it!" Team captain Amit was a notoriously poor winner

Some think plenty of time.

We think use it wisely.



Right now, graduation feels a long way off. So how can you possibly know which career path is right for you? Our Spring Program has been designed especially for first year students – or second years on a four year course. Joining either Investment Banking (including Fixed Income and Equities) or our support functions (which include Investment Banking Operations, Information Technology and Finance), you'll spend five days learning about real life at Credit Suisse. Because it's never too early to start looking ahead.

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Thinking New Perspectives.



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"Is the Union too expensive? What happened to Union breakfasts? Is there going to be any more Sports nights?"

What do you want to ask the Union President?

Next term, *felix* is interviewing Ashley Brown, this year's Union President. Want to give him a piece of your mind?

Email your questions to felix@imperial.ac.uk



SW 7: LONDON'S INTELLECTUAL HUB



AMONGST THE CROWDS OF TOURISTS WE RUSH DOWN

EXHIBITION ROAD EVERY DAY. **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF DAN WAN**

REPORTS ON SOUTH KENSINGTON'S £25m REVAMP

As thousands of students swiftly make their way down Exhibition Road each morning, they career around tourists standing in the middle of the pavement, map at full stretch, oblivious to anyone else's urgency.

The main road of Imperial's campus is now subject to one of the many redevelopments of public areas in London. Work has already started at the underground station at Thurloe Place; within the next three years the repaving works will make its way north towards Hyde Park. *felix* spoke to Councillor Nicholas Paget-Brown and Mahmood Siddiqi from the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, both leaders of the ongoing 'Exhibition Road Project'.

The vision for the new Exhibition Road is to turn it into a "world-class streetscape". What does that actually mean?

World-class is an overused phrase, I think. What it means is that we are very conscious that Exhibition Road was once called Britain's intellectual high street. It would be, in any other city in the world, a splendid avenue, but actually if you look at it at the moment, it's not that. It doesn't reflect the beauties and glories of the collections inside these really internationally renowned institutions, but is a very ordinary road linking them all together from a small insignificant underground station. It was a real opportunity to not just repave the streets, but to really try and get a top quality design and feel that could make an attractive place for the 11.5 million people a year that visit the area. That's the same number of people that visit Venice, so what we want is a beautiful road.

Do you see it attracting more people after the development has finished?

I don't suppose it will in its own right,

but what we do want is people coming to see the museums who would like to, but currently can't because of the accessibility issues. Part of the design is to go to a single surface: instead of having pavements and roads, we'll put it all on one level.

How much consultation was there with Imperial College and their students during the design process, and ongoing process?

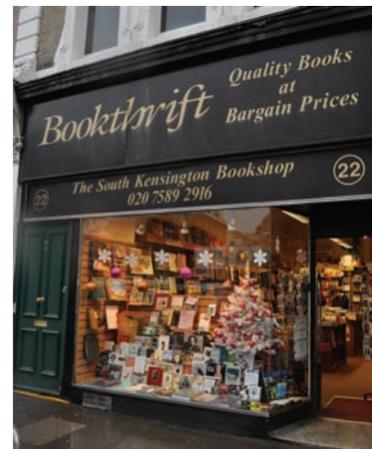
Imperial's part of the Exhibition Road Cultural Group [ERCG] so they are represented on that panel. Professor Michael Bell and at least four PhD students at Imperial are working closely with us with research projects on the concept of this single surface and how it will work and interact with vehicles.

A lot of Imperial students get very frustrated with the lack of space on the pavements due to excessive tourist crowds, especially by Imperial

The locals' point of view

The everyday life of people around South Kensington and Exhibition Road has been and will be largely affected by the ongoing redevelopment works. *felix* caught up with the owners of local businesses, students from Imperial College, visiting tourists and current residents to see what extent the Exhibition Road Project has changed their everyday lives. Plenty of small, independent businesses operate around the tube station and the south end of Exhibition Road. In March 2009, work commenced around Thurloe Place and the roads around the tube stations were closed off to traffic.

Davina Cheung, manager of Bookthrift bookshop (pictured), saw immediate detriment to her business, "It was definitely quiet, and the bus stops moving definitely made a difference." Buses heading west (Putney, Roehampton) were also diverted around Thurloe Place. "It's an eyesore, but eventually it will all be worth it."



College Road. Are there any plans to widen the walking areas of the new 'single surface'?

Yes, the plan is that the western side will be a much wider pedestrian area: 8 metres without a kerb. That should allow a much steadier pedestrian flow and provide better access to Imperial College's main entrance at the Tanaka Building. It should be a lot better.

What does it mean for the rest of Exhibition Road's carriage way if the designated pedestrian area is widening?

The next zone, if you like, we are calling the intermediate zone where you can drop people off, but it has disabled and cycle parking. It'll be another stretch right the way up Exhibition Road which will be distinct from the pedestrian zone.

The carriageway for cars will be narrowed to two lanes rather than a dual-carriageway with parked cars along each side. It'll be a 20mph zone.

We're tending to stick to the term 'single surface' with this project, there is no obvious curb or delineation. The way it has been designed, it will be obvious to the driver which bit they will be limiting themselves too.

So it is a rebalance really. Something we've tried to do throughout the borough, like in High Street Kensington and Holbein Place in Sloane Square. We're trying to rebalance the street in favour of pedestrians and less in favour of the motorist.

What stage is the project at currently and is the project on schedule so far? When is the project due to be completed?

We'd like it to be finished early 2012, before the Olympics and Diamond Jubilee basically. There are 2 main phases to the project, and the first is nearly completed. That is the unravelling of the 1960s one way system round South Ken station. The traffic signals will have changed by 6th December and you'll see it in its final form. There'll be also an environmental benefit. Instead of having to go three sides around a square, there'll be straight roads, and it should cut car journeys' emissions and mileage.

The real benefit is for pedestrians though. There'll be a traffic free environment for pedestrians to step out into.

Will the South end of Exhibition Road that forms the corner with Thurloe Street become more of open piazza

for the small cafes and businesses directly out of the station?

That's what we'd like, for it to be a much more pedestrian friendly area as you come out the tube station. It should create the opportunity for the small cafes and bookshops to be part of a very attractive part of the world as you come out of the north side of the station and head towards the museums. The very distinctive paving will start here too and will go all the way up Exhibition Road. **Do you think the new shared space**

"We're trying to rebalance the street in favour of pedestrians and less in favour of the motorist."

will open Prince's Gardens up to the public and passers-by?

Our idea will encourage indiscriminate movement of pedestrians, and I think part of the problem is that you have a dual carriageway running through the Imperial College campus. So the project will open up Prince's Gardens and locations on both sides of the road.

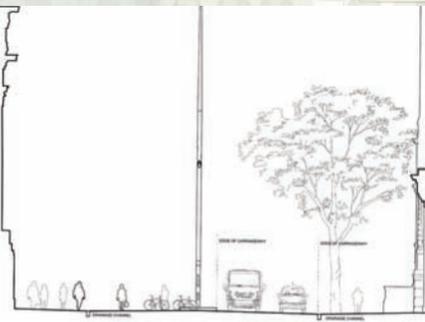
So pedestrians are encouraged to cross at any point?

Indeed, yes. The best comparison is High Stet Kensington where we removed hundreds of metres of pedestrian guard railing, and put cycle racks down the middle of the road. It positively encouraged people to cross the full length of the road. Accident statistics show a reduction in rates.

We also saw this with the new diagonal crossings at Oxford Circus. It was balletic in a way, but it all worked remarkably well. I suppose people are looking and taking care and see what's going on around them, and that's what we hope will happen on Exhibition Road.

This 'single surface' road is designed to create a safe environment for pedestrians, and pushes the idea of 'giving back responsibility to all road users'. Is it not inevitable that someone will abuse or ignore this responsibility, putting the other users of the road at a much larger risk than on a con-

So what's going to be new?



A paved single-level surface

This is the most prominent feature that will be noticeable on Exhibition Road. A criss-cross natural stone paving (pictured left) will stretch across the full width of the carriageway (building to building), and from South Ken tube to Hyde Park. Pedestrians will have approximately double the space that cars will be designated. The current dual carriageway for motorists will be reduced to two single lanes. There will be no curbs, road tarmac or pavements. The level surface is meant to encourage safer and more fluid pedestrian and motorist interaction. Between the pedestrian and motoring zones, there will be a drop-off and cycle rack strip, but there will no place for informal roadside parking. Parking places will be marked off at 90 degree angles to the majority movement of passing people and vehicles.

Open piazza around South Kensington station

South Kensington station has notoriously been a busy and crowded place where people waiting for several buses meet commuters going into and coming out of the underground station. Thurloe Street has been an unpleasant experience for the less-able commuter or parents with children in pushchairs. The new plans are to make the north and south entrances to the station open piazzas for local shops and cafes to thrive.

into South Kensington's 'town centre', whilst Exhibition Road becomes the cultural avenue and main attraction of the area. The 'town centre' will cater to local residents much more.

Pedestrianised space has been opened up on the south entrance to the station, and several large chains of cafes are reportedly interested in setting up shop in the vicinity. *felix* was told by project leaders that the borough are in favour of renting public premises to independently-owned businesses.



Opinion was split amongst Imperial's students. Whilst most took an apathetic stance to the impending works near the Business School, some were looking forward to Imperial's campus effectively opening up. "The new road will allow us to use other facilities down Exhibition Road, like the V&A library. It's a great place to work," claimed Kasia Viass, a 3rd year Geophysicist.

Local residents such as Anna Ranner (who lives by South Ken tube) are seemingly cautious about the drastic changes that are coming their way. "The focus will make this area more of a tourists' haven, and less of a place to live. Though I am looking forward to seeing the small shops remain around the station."

The consensus from tourists visiting this week was that even though the museums are crowded outside, inside isn't, and hence it didn't seem much different to them. "I would definitely come back here to see how things have changed though."

ventional road?

We're looking to create a greater sense of awareness amongst all the users of the space, and not just relying on the mechanics and engineering to manage it all for you; guard railings in the middle of the road, traffic lights changing for you, and places to cross.

Ignoring responsibility can happen at the moment, but the cars will be going slower, plus pavements will be wider. If you were disabled or had a pushchair coming out of South Ken station, the pavement is very narrow with buses and lorries turning through that road. This space will be not only more attractive to use, but safer.

The area will be paved in natural stone; when drivers drive through any area which looks a little bit different, they will drive a bit more cautiously due to an element of uncertainty.

The idea of this area surrounding the station is to turn it



Cromwell crossing

The crossing used by nearly all Imperial students travelling in by bus and tube must cross Cromwell Road to reach the campus. Presently, it involves crossing the road in two parts, resting on an intermediate pedestrian island. The Exhibition Road Project will see a straighter crossing that will allow pedestrians to walk across Cromwell Road without halting.

This is the one of two formal crossings on Exhibition Road.



Bikes for hire

As part of Boris Johnson's "cycling revolution", one of 400 bike-hire docks around London will be located on Thurloe Street, outside South Kensington station. People will be able to pick up and drop off bicycles available from these docks, which are claimed never to be more than 300m apart. Proposals to place a dock by the Brompton Oratory in South Ken are currently being opposed by local residents.

There has been criticism of similar 'single surface' schemes. What is being done to ensure the safety of blind or partially sighted people crossing Exhibition Road?

It is specifically the Guide Dogs that have criticised this scheme, they say the only differentiator between pavement and road for a dog is a kerb, but kerbs are a trip hazard and are not actually an ideal barrier for people with physical disabilities. So removing the kerbs can be very helpful. It is certainly possible to train guide dogs with a recognisable strip of corduroy paving all away up.

Shared space schemes have been largely successful in low-density areas. As one of the largest and most prominent stretches of road to be subject to a 'single surface' scheme, the new Exhibition Road will be under close scrutiny. It has been argued that the concept will not work on such a busy, congested city road. Does this add extra pressure on the Borough for this project to work?

Exhibition Road isn't one of the busiest roads in the borough, the traffic volumes there are relatively modest, and so it lends itself to this kind of management.

Access-wise, the idea is that a single surface removes the obstacle of ups and downs of kerbs and roads on a conventional street pattern. The museums and galleries have invested huge sums of money making their insides accessible, but it's no good if people can't get 200 yards from the tube station to the front door.

£1m

from City of Westminster towards the Exhibition Road Project. They technically govern the northern half of Exhibition Road.

£13m

from the Mayor of London, as part of his 'Making spaces for Londoners' scheme. Originally commissioned by Ken Livingstone.

£11m

from the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, the leading party of the ambitious project.

Royal since 1851; a history of the avenue

Upon arrival onto the South Kensington campus for the first time, it may have seemed like an ironic coincidence to many Imperial students that the College of Science, Technology and Medicine, along with the neighbouring Science Museum, both stand in such close proximity to the rather more arty institutions which include the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Royal School of Music.

It might therefore come as a surprise to learn that this high density collection of academic and cultural hubs from all ends of the spectrum were in fact deliberately concentrated onto Exhibition Road and its vicinity by the vision of Prince Albert and the Executive Committee of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851.

This Great Exhibition was borne to congregate the achievements of British culture, industry and science, as well as those of its international colonies. Prince Albert materialised his idea with the help of architect Joseph Paxton, and in May 1851, the specially constructed Glass Palace that stood in Hyde Park opened to the public. The reported number of visitors The Exhibition received during its run is thought to be a third of the British population at the time. Guests included the esteemed Charles Darwin, Lewis Carroll, Charlotte Brönte and George Eliot.



Prince Consort Albert encouraged and led the purchase of 100 acres of land in South Kensington for the purposes of public education and creativity.

The funds generated by the successful Exhibition were used to open the South Kensington Museum in 1857, which went on to become the V&A, the Science Museum and the Natural History Museum. This neighbourhood just south of where The Exhibition took place was consequently given the nickname of Albertopolis. Imperial College, however, was not yet in existence as we know it

today; in its place stood the Imperial Institute. The only thing that remains of the Imperial Institute today is the Queen's Tower.

The land on which Imperial College now sits also existed once as a collection of landscaped gardens created by the Horticultural Society, where other openland exhibitions were also held.

Today, Exhibition Road and its surrounding area is where the Royal College of Art; English National Ballet; Royal Albert Hall; Royal Geographical Society and the Serpentine Gallery, amongst many others, are to be found. The original motto 'Arts and Science', given to the area by the Commissioners for the Exhibition, can still be seen on some of the surviving buildings which include the Royal Albert Hall and the V&A.

From this road, one may even choose between going for a nibble on anything from frozen yoghurt to sushi or curry; a spot of ice-skating to embrace the Christmas mood, followed by some toasty mulled wine; or, if not in favour of the physical exertion that skating might entail, simply choose to enjoy a film, whether it be in French or in 3D. The possibilities on this road are endless, so much so that even H. G. Wells felt so inspired as to describe it in great detail for his book 'The War of the Worlds'. - Joanna Cai



SNOOPING THROUGH THE ARCHIVE

DEPUTY EDITOR KADHIM SHUBBER PICKS A FEW OF HIS FAVOURITE STORIES FROM 60 YEARS OF FELIX

President Banned



•Carl Burgess: 'Wrecking his room.'

Carl Burgess, ICU President, has been banned from living in Room 434, Linstead Hall, the room that is traditionally occupied by IC Union Presidents. The decision was taken after Dr Richard Clarke, Warden of Linstead Hall, objected to having Mr Burgess in his hall because of his reputation for wrecking his room.

At a meeting of hall wardens to discuss where Union officers would be housed, Dr Clarke complained that the room Mr Burgess had occupied in Southside this year was in such a state that the cleaners had refused to go in it. He went on to say that he wasn't prepared to have someone with that sort of record living in his hall. Mr Burgess claims that he has been picked upon. He says that he has been unable to discuss the problem with Dr

Clarke because the complaint was made while he was in the middle of his examinations. Mr Burgess claims that he is not bothered by the decision. He believes he will have more freedom to criticise College residence policy if he isn't resident in an IC hall.

Mr Burgess moved out of Falmouth-Keogh hall at Easter. When he left the cleaners insisted that they were given full sets of protective clothing including face masks. Mr Burgess claims this was an over reaction. He says that in his view the room was in quite good condition considering the cleaners had refused to touch it for six months.

Normally sabbaticals have their hall bills paid by the Union. In this case Mr Burgess is being paid the money directly. Mr Burgess is at present living at home while he looks for a flat.

Mary Attenborough, ICU President 1978/79, was the last President not to live in College halls, or houses.

60 years of serious headlines

Turd in pool

Jackson slides deeper

NHS Psycho Sex Change Romp

Muff Dive '95?

penetrating warheads



Americans weren't welcome even in 1989

The Year of Living Dangerously Razor's Edge— Pallab Ghosh (FELIX Editor) for walking the editorial tightrope with equal disregard for grammar and things in general.

Admittedly, it's an-Ghosh (now a success-noying when you pickful science journalist) up *felix* and discover awas *felix* Editor and spelling, grammar orgiven the nature of punctuation error (be-his end of year 'award', lieve me, it's more an-probably had a hard-noying for us).

Whenever I see an I suspect that we'll apostrophe that's gonever quite know what astray, I take comfort'things in general' he in remembering thatdisregarded but given Dan Wan (picturedhis following career right) isn't the first Edi-success, I imagine that tor that's received flakthe lessons he learnt as for errors in the paper. *felix* Editor have stuck In 1983, Pallabwith him ever since.



Spot the difference



Ashley Brown: 'Generally quite nice.'

This story is fantastic in so many ways. To begin with, you have to wonder what somebody has to do to their room to offend the Warden to the extent that he throws you out. Moreover, building a reputation for "wrecking your room" makes it look like that they kept fixing it, only for Carl Burgess to trash it again, like some old cartoon gag.

Add into the mix the fact that we're talking about the President of

the Union and this story is heading towards the bizarre. Better still, it's not clear whether the *felix* Editor at the time had a sense of humour and used an embarrassing photo of Carl Burgess or whether our President in 1984 was a stark raving lunatic.

Either way, the idea that his room was so horrifying that the cleaners wore masks is hilarious. Ashley, you still have 6 months. Go on, shave your head and trash your room!

ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE

I.C. STUDENT'S CAR USED IN £7,000 HAUL

AT LAST AN I.C. STUDENT HAS HAD CAUSE TO WELCOME THE INTERVENTION OF THE POLICE. LAST JUNE, WITH LONDON STILL IN THE THROES OF THE BUS STRIKE AND THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE ENVELOPED IN THE PERSPIRING VORTEX OF EXAMINATIONS, A GENEROUS FATHER DEIGNED TO ALLOW HIS CHEMICAL ENGINEERING SON THE USE OF HIS CAR - AN M.G. MAGNETTE. THE DUTIFUL SON, ARRIVING FOR AN EXAMINATION, CAREFULLY PARKING HIS CAR IN FRONT OF THE RODERIC HILL BUILDING, VANISHED FOR THE REQUISITE PERIOD OF MENTAL EXERTION.

Later, when the doors disgorged the unhappy band of examinees, the same student was further confounded to find that his car had disappeared. At first, suspecting a student prank, he did not call the police but performed a painstaking search of the area, unaware that the MG Mquette was speeding Northwards in desperate hands. The following day an elderly lady reported the loss of a new Rover from outside her Chelsea flat.

Some 48 hours later in Derby, a car was rammed by a Rover, the occupants attacked and deprived of a case containing £7,000 by two men who escaped in a waiting MG Mquette.



The victim's own hand-drawn artistic impression of the muggers

KARAKORAM KAOS

"The most ambitious project sponsored by the Exploration Board during two years' existence was a full-scale expedition to the Karakoram. A preliminary report on the work of this expedition can be given at stage."

Thus reads part of the 1955-57 report issued by the Imperial College Exploration Board last year.

When you go into the examination hall, you obviously have a lot weighing on your mind. The last thing you'd expect is that after slogging through 3 hours of Chemical Engineering, you'll stroll over to your dad's car which you borrowed for the day and discover it to be missing.

This article from 1958 would have been newsworthy if that had been the entire story but as it happens the car was used in a violent robbery two days later in Derby.

In 2007, another student also found that the area around Imperial College isn't always as safe as you might

imagine. The Photosoc member was held up at gunpoint on Cromwell Road in the middle of the afternoon and had over £300 of photography equipment stolen.

The unlucky student was kind enough to provide a handy sketch of the muggers for the article (right). Another reason to hate G-Unit.

Have you ever felt that it would be impossible for the Union to get big name acts? And sure, even if the Union could attract some interesting bands, we'd never be able to afford it.

We'll take hope from this great photo from 1967. The Union used to put on something called Carnival which I assume was something like the Summer Ball. In that year, the organiser Jerry Stockbridge got none other than the legendary Jimi Hendrix as the Carnival finale. Beats Athlete, right?

If that hasn't already put recent organisers of the Summer Ball to shame, Jerry Stockbridge also managed to turn a profit of £3,500 (that's around £50,000 today using retail price index for inflation).

You would imagine that after achieving a record 50% increase in profit, Mr Stockbridge would relax and think "Job Done". No he told the then Editor R. J Redmayne, "The job at Carnival each year must be to surpass the previous year's profit."

Mmm, doesn't sound like he'd be much fun on the weekend.



Jimi Hendrix—Carnival Finale

felix

Dan Wan Editor-in-Chief 2009-10

I believe most of us reading this will find it hard to even begin to imagine what life was like as an Imperial student in December 1949.

The campus, for one thing, would have looked entirely different without the current 60s-built monstrosities that are the Sherfield, Huxley and Blackett Lab. One building that has remained in place, and in fact grown with Imperial's history, is the Union Building in Beit Quad. Out of which rose *felix*, a publication to "comment" and "bring to attention" the issues and activities of College life. These of which Phoenix, Imperial's long-standing literary magazine, could not address due its infrequent distribution.

Original Editor, E. M. Hughes, had enough faith in the students of Imperial College to invest his time in beginning this paper 60 years ago; some of his first words in *felix* made sure that

the students knew exactly that. "The success or failure of this paper depends principally upon you, our readers... we depend on you to maintain a lively correspondence in our columns."

Though the first 600 copies of *felix* sold out within the hour that morning on the 9th of December, hindsight is a wonderful thing, and especially hindsight taken from a such a distance as 2009's *felix*. I like to believe that *felix* has been qualified a success when put in context of E.M. Hughes' original mission statement. *felix* not only still unreservedly reports on College, but these days, on its own Union too.

The cat has grown claws too sharp and has become too fearsome to be editorially caged by any institution.

This is a privilege gained by the work of the thousands upon thousands of students over these past 60 years. It is an uprising of student voices that has culminated in standards at which *felix*

and its editors run by today.

It has some poignancy in the fact the very first issue contains the very same message that I have been pushing this year.

"Any contribution will be welcomed, whether it be a full article on the marital customs of the Watussi or a chance remark heard in the bar"

I'm not sure anyone ever did cough up an editorial on the marital customs of the Watussi (we are still waiting), but the message is still the same. Any piece of writing that makes it down into our office, in one form or another, is entirely appreciated. We laugh with, laugh at and learn from the authors of every article we receive. This year in particular has been astounding in terms of contributions. Each page of *felix* bursts with several different by-lines, and as editors we are having a hard time putting all that we receive to print the same week. We are slowly building a backlog of arti-

cles to go to print but it is problem that also evidences how successful a student newspaper *felix* as become in recent years.

Amongst all the satirical laughter and questionable humour (of which has been questioned unreservedly), there is an underlying yet prominent pride that allows most Imperial students to be glad to call *felix* their own.

Another issue that we must address is that of the rumours surrounding *felix* this week. On three separate occasions, I have been bewildered by suggestions that we don't have enough money to go to print this week.

I can truly say that these rumours have no substance, and though I'm personally displeased with the idea that this rumour is circulating College, it also means people care about *felix* enough to be bothered to ask.

I am proud to realise that *felix* runs on its own revenue each week. As a student

newspaper, it means we are susceptible to the blowing gales of recession. However, as we resist the toppling winds, our feet are firmly on the ground. Any situation to arise is still exactly that: to still arise.

I am glad to say that *felix's* reputation as an award-winning newspaper, and also the newspaper that reaches the eyes of approximately 12,000 Imperial College students every single week, has allowed us some financial pull when other student newspapers would have been forced to take mitigating action.

felix's finances have been a long time responsibility of every Editor past. The work done is very much behind the paper facade that is our weekly publication. Those that govern the paper's finances have been kept up-to-date with the current situation, and I am confident they still entrust me, as Editor, to monitor *felix* editorially and administratively. Keep the Cat free.

THE FULL LISTING: 60 YEARS OF SLEEP-DEPRIVED FELIX EDITORS. OUR THANKS TO YOU ALL.

1949-50	HUGHES	EM	1961-62	GILBERT	D	1973-74	CAMPBELL	A	1992-93	BEAVAN	J
1950-51	HARGREAVES	CM		BARRON	MF		WANDSWORTH	PA	1993-94	LAND	RG
1951-52	MIDGLEY	JW		CHANOMAL	A	1974-75	WILLIAMS	MJL	1994-95	BENNALLACK	O
	WEARNE	SH	1962-63	PAWLOWICZ	AT	1975-76	EKPENYONG	PEJU	1995-96	WALTERS	RACHEL
	ELDRIDGE	KP	1963-64	COMBES	JM	1976-77	DEWEY	CG	1996-97	FEAKES	AD
1952-53	WEARNE	SH	1964-65	WALKER	NJ	1977-78	SUSS	JD	1997-98	THOMSON	(JE)
	BRAY	AR	1965-66	WILLIAMS	DJ	1978-79	HARRIS	JL	1998-99	SEXTON	E
1953-54	KALE	DC	1966-67	HARRISON	CG	1979-80	PALMER	CR	1999-00	ROBERTS	DAVID
	STARMER	GH		POTTER	DE	1980-81	MARSHALL	SJ	2000-01	CLIFFORD	JOHN
1954-55	SEFLEY	JS	1967-68	REDMAYNE	RJ	1981-82	SMITH	MA	2001-02	DUGDALE	WILLIAM
1955-56	SOUTHGATE	PA		COOPER	JD	1982-83	TAYLOR	MS	2002-03	DUGDALE	WILLIAM
	HUDSON	WJ	1968-69	HEATH	PA	1983-84	GHOSH	PK	2003-04	COBY	ALEXANDER
1956-57	BRAMLE	JV		EBDON	LC	1984-85	ROWE	DG	2004-05	EDWARDS	DAVID
	GRIFFIN	DJH	1969-70	WILLIAMSON	MJ	1985-86	SOUTHEY	DH	2005-06	NEATE	RUPERT
1957-58	LEVIN	PH		CARR	JC	1986-87	JONES	D	2006-07	SYKES	ANDREW
1958-59	KERROD	RF		CHANT	DC	1987-88	HACKNEY	JD	2007-08	ROBERTS	TOM
	HONER	MR	1970-71	SIMS	AJ	1988-89	GOODWIN	WR	2008-09	NEDIC	JOVAN
1959-60	BARRON	MF		ROGERS	JAV	1989-90	SMEDLEY	DG			
1960-61	CARTER	J	1971-72	SUGDEN	DA	1990-91	BUTCHER	A			
	CHEENEY	RF	1972-73	DOWSON	OF	1991-92	HARRINGTON	A			



Rhys Davies to the max and/or extreme



“The British do not complain, they do not dance if there are people watching, and do not drink milk past expiration”



If I'm honest, I don't like Al Qaeda, or Nick Griffin, and, in my opinion, Hitler was not a nice man. Quite an eclectic bunch, you might think; indeed, I don't think you'll find them all around a table, enjoying a cheeky pint at the Union, any time soon. Of course, I'm sure I'm not alone in my dislike of these people, these extremists if you will – they're all quite reprehensible. But the reason for my particular aversion to them is unique. I don't hate them because they're extremists; I hate them because they give extremists a bad name.

And this is a tragedy! It was reported recently that the first person to live to two-hundred is already living today but, with a diet consisting of curry, pasta, and “other”, washed down with Snakebite and tequila, in between a pattern of work and...more work in the time pre-

viously designated for sleep, I severely doubt that person is going to be me, or anyone at Imperial. Which is why it is vital that we make the most of today! When Horace said *Carpe Diem*, he didn't just mean stroke the day or gently fondle it – he meant seize the day with passion and zeal and shake it down for all it's got! Life is to be enjoyed and if we only have so long, we have to get as much enjoyment in as possible.

But in Britain today, this just doesn't happen. This is partly due to the extremists listed above, which I detest them for, but it's also an innate quality of the people. This is a lukewarm nation. It is not in our nature to push the envelope. The British do not complain (with the notable exception of the weather), they do not dance if there is even the slightest chance there are people watching and they certainly do not

drink milk a day past the expiration date. Our ancestors must have selectively bred for politeness, though for the life of me I can't think why.

Now, I must stress this isn't necessarily a bad thing. The comfortable 28mph lives of the many mean that those few extremophiles, those golden children of sport, politics and culture, really do stand out. This is why Olympic gold medals and Nobel prizes still mean something; they only go to the outstanding among us.

I'm not alone in wanting to live an extreme life. Pepsi's slogan for their Pepsi Max is “Maximum taste – no sugar.” Their adverts show people pushing past the boundaries of madness and public decency to reach that sugar-free, caffeinated soft drink at the end. Still, I don't think an enthusiastic, optimistic approach to an empty, uncaring universe is quite on the

same level as coke but at least the sponsorship pays well.

This aversion to the extreme, this desire to lie within the statistical average, although a trait of the nation, isn't something you grow up with – it's something you grow into. Consider, a newborn baby in their mother's arms. All the family gather round and make silly noises and say “Oh, isn't he special!” But within a few years, special takes on a very different meaning. “Oh, you'll have to excuse him, he's a bit...special.” At some point during our life, we transition from the masters of our own universe to just being another face in the crowd. And worse still, we're happy with this! No, children have the right idea; they don't dream about telemarketing from a four foot by four foot cubicle, they dream about being knights and explorers and secret agents. If they

want to be a cowboy-astronaut with a cape, they're bloody well going to be one, despite what anyone tells them. Children don't settle for mediocre, they don't settle for second-best, so why should we?

I think the point I am vaguely approaching in my roundabout fashion is most succinctly summarised in the film, *WALL-E*. When the rogue autopilot defends its actions by saying it acted to ensure humanity's survival, the captain of the Axiom replies with a heart-rending plea, “But I don't want to survive – I want to live.”

And that's all I have to say. Live each day as if it's your last (and with the way taxis drive in London, that is a distinct possibility). I started off by talking about terrorists and finished with a whimsical animated film. What kind of article would do that? An extreme one! Woo!

Rox Middleton's childhood dream?



“...all that free time is the reason that Imperial is renowned for its army of Renaissance men and women”



I realised at a young age that my life ambition was to be a Renaissance Man. My first steps were obviously to change my name to Leonardo and grow a long white beard, but after an unfortunately 'barbe'd confrontation with school bullies I had to cut all of that. Since then, I can't claim that I've yet been apprenticed by any 15th century Italian painters, as would have been ideal, or even that my knowledge of anything is particularly profound. Certainly I haven't reached anything like the stunning level of cultivation displayed on Monday by the University Challenge team. However, I vaguely cling to my unrealistic goal. While we may not achieve prodigious understanding, we can still take an interest.

Last week, Dan Wan told us that Imperial students don't work as long as

Oxbridge students. Isn't that wonderful? And obviously all that free time is also the reason that Imperial is renowned for its veritable army of Renaissance men and women. After all, while arts are accessible without specialised training, science is largely not, so for the truly well-educated we're looking for scientifically literate young people with time to burn in a cultural capital. So far, so good; except of course, that Imperial's reputation is not one of an artistic and political hotbed.

So, where is this polymath potential draining to? How is it that young scientists with a lot of time on their hands (yes, quit moaning: 11.3 hours a week for starters) and access to all the artistic stimulation you could hope for are not known for the power of their myriad interests? Why are the tiny political societies unvoiced and inactive? How have the TV and radio of Imperial slipped so far

from their heyday that most don't even know they exist? Why isn't Imperial renowned for its graduates as well informed as Healy, Good, Amit, Nicolson and Brightman?

It appears it can be put down to our general apathy. Reflected all too often in these felicitous pages is a mood of complaint and an acute lack of pride in being from Imperial, manifested especially in *The Imperial Stereotype*, also known as “Oh Please Not That Again” and “Flogging a Dead Horse Much?”, which is draped liberally around like pre-emptory Christmas lighting. And we don't understand why student satisfaction is low?

I believe that the apathy which causes lack of interest in the wider world is responsible for lack of community pride as well. Better; I think it can be changed.

The more fascination that you can muster in the outside world, the more

you can enjoy, and feel enriched by your undergraduate years. If, after an investigation (which they surely deserve) of these other worldly delights, you develop the informed opinion that you wouldn't touch the non-scientific world with a bargepole, then you can go back and relish, nay, glory in spending ridiculous amounts of time at your studies.

I can't believe I'm urging anyone towards community pride, a revolting phrase I have been avoiding my whole life. It conjures up for me the image of jingoistic songs, flags and cliquey homogeneity, but lacking it has made me realise what it really is. Self-esteem is missing from students here, and the desire to stand up for the good name of the college.

Students of every other university in the land boast wildly about their own institutions and complaints are second-

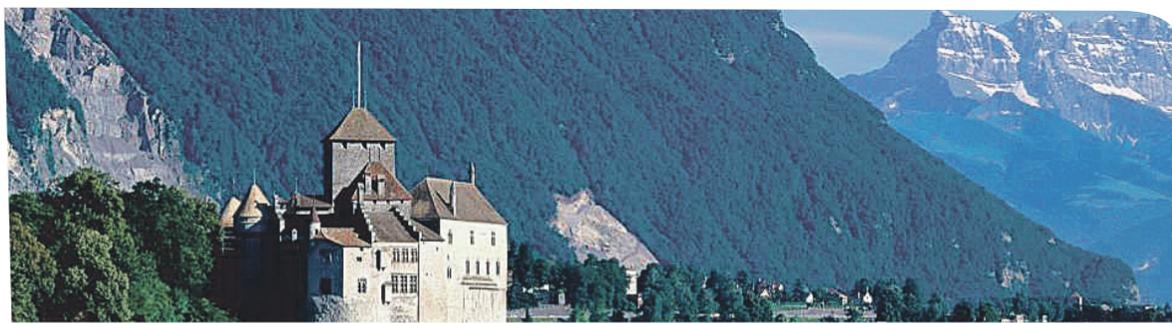
ary to a hyperbolic assertion that it is, without a doubt, the best place to be. In fact, this sort of behaviour can only be found here within a group whose community pride is matched only by the sheer activity of clubs and societies, and willingness to sing the praises of their own faculty. I'm talking of course about the medics. Why is it then that they are treated with such disregard by everyone else? Perhaps because they have found a way to ignore the Imperial apathy and disinterest, and cultivate the self-confidence which would be so dearly treasured by all the rest.

If arts students be the required tools for an atmosphere of intellectual excitement, it's defeatist to think it can't be done without them. You have all the outlets of an arts student here, and only here can science students easily take advantage of them. Make the most of it!

Gilead Amit stands up for the minareties



“Today, the Swiss are languishing in the depreciating stocks of international opprobrium”



This week, *felix* resumes its search for ever more unusual metaphorical places to indulge its fondness for hallucinogenic drugs. If you feel up to it, join us in today's issue as we take a trip down memory lane.

In your unsuspecting innocence, beloveds, you may have thought our vicious and scathing periodical was a recent creation. The hateful campness that litters its pages like its pages litter the campus could only, you suspected, have been born of a cynical, post-Vietnam, post-Thatcherite postal strike-ridden world. Well, far be it for me to destroy that illusion, but allow me to destroy that illusion. This cat, you see, is no ordinary cat. It has breeding. It has a history, a lineage and a degree of pedigree unmatched by your Clapham common or garden-variety moggie.

For today's issue, in case the brilliance of my invective has blinded you to any of the large number of hints strewn throughout the remainder of this paper, marks our 60th anniversary. And it is in an attempt to honour the numerous incarnations of our be-

loved mascot that we stroll down the long and winding road that leads to the land of nostalgia.

Various section editors will be attempting to recreate the atmosphere of 1949 Britain, with potentially amusing consequences for our games and technology writers. And my life has been made a great deal easier by the world's decision to revive the fun, quirky atmosphere which pervaded international politics in the years following the Second World War.

I am talking, of course, about the wise, level-headed and insightful decision made by the Swiss people to prevent the building of minarets in their land-locked European land of fermented milk and money. I use the third-person plural there for understandable yet unforgivable reasons. For although I myself chose to abstain in the referendum, my Swiss citizenship forces me to be associated with its repercussions. And its repercussions in the political arena may well be significant, as national leaders and individual legal experts alike are queuing up to hurl rotten tomatoes at the Swiss

as they languish in the depreciating stocks of international opprobrium.

The world's opinion of my country is vitally important to me, of course, but my own opinion matters even more. And what I find particularly worrying is what the vote says about my chosen homeland.

The danger posed by fundamentalist Islam is real, and it is understandable why the Cantonal malcontents of Thurgau, Glarus and Appenzell Innerrhoden would be opposed to minarets blocking their scenic views of lakes and mountain ranges. But attempting to solve any form of cultural problem by banning their construction is akin to combating cancer by declaring tumours illegal. It is symbolic, superficial and, most importantly, silly.

Nothing is achieved by forbidding mosques to construct minarets, other than a preservation of the pristine patina of parochial propriety which matters most to those who think least. Treating the tiny Muslim population of Switzerland as though their customs and religion are not welcome will do very little to improve the problem

of cultural integration.

All in all, this decision must go down in Swiss history as the most misguided political move since Hermann Gessler stuck his hat on a pole in the Altdorf town square and asked Mr. William Tell why he wasn't saluting it like all the other good little people. That particular incident gave rise to an ingenious new method for coring apples, a Rossini overture, and Swiss independence in one fell swoop. It strikes me that the more recent Helvetic developments may not prove quite so productive.

This is the unfortunate problem posed by direct democracy. Allowing the people to decide for themselves can be a dangerous business, as all too often that is precisely what they will do. Taking decisions by national referendum automatically allows the 50% of the population who are even more bigoted, less well-informed and lazier than the average voter to have what passes for a majority in any federal decision.

While many of my compatriots are people as decent and charming as any you could hope to find between the

Pyrenees and the Urals, the country is as choc-a-block full of cuckoos as a Swiss cheese is of holes. I wouldn't trust half the people who live on my street to look after my nephew for an afternoon, so why would I want them to look after his future? Fortunately they have very little chance of doing either, given as my nephew lives on a different continent.

It may be old-fashioned and elitist to claim that ordinary people need help governing themselves, but I expect those individuals who make the important decisions to be accountable to their citizenry – not emasculated by them. A Utopian system of direct democracy works well in small, homogeneous communities, but minorities will be crushed the moment they dare to make themselves known.

Speaking with my emotional baggage as a Jew, as well as with my mental baggage as a thinking human being, I find the results of last week's vote unspeakably repellent and utterly shameful. And I will shout it as loudly as I can from the top of the nearest minaret.

Adam Falk with a very bitter article



“To get the best career (max money)... you want to put in the least work and get the most money out”

Shock, dismay and furious anger filled me as I read last week's cover story. Us? Dragging down the Golden Triangle? After the nerd-rage subsided, I thought about it and have concluded that we are actually clearly more intelligent than Oxbridge students. Trust me, I have logic to prove it. You like logic, that's why you're here. Think about it this way, why do we go to university? Genuine interest in your subject? I think not. So you can get a good career? That's much more likely. How does one go about rating one's career? Job satisfaction? Ha. Monies? Hell yeah.

Now, some facts from the Times Good University Guide 2010. The average starting salary of an Imperial graduate is £26,299, compared to £24,460 for Oxford and £22,964 for Cambridge (and if anyone says it's because we're in London, they can... err... shhh). I'm going to extrapolate (because I can) and say that starting salary is proportional to amount earned over a lifetime. I'm also going to say that this is the single criterion on which one should judge the worthiness of a career.

Now as we're all scientists let's consider efficiency. To get the best career (max money) most efficiently, you want to put in the least work and get the most

money out. Some relation like LifetimeEarnings/HoursWorkedPerWeek-AtUni. I like to call this the Falk ratio. I always wanted a formula or a constant or something named after me but I suppose I'll have to settle for a ratio. Rather than judging a university on its "research" or "student satisfaction" we should judge them on their Falk ratio, it pretty much gives you all you need to know.

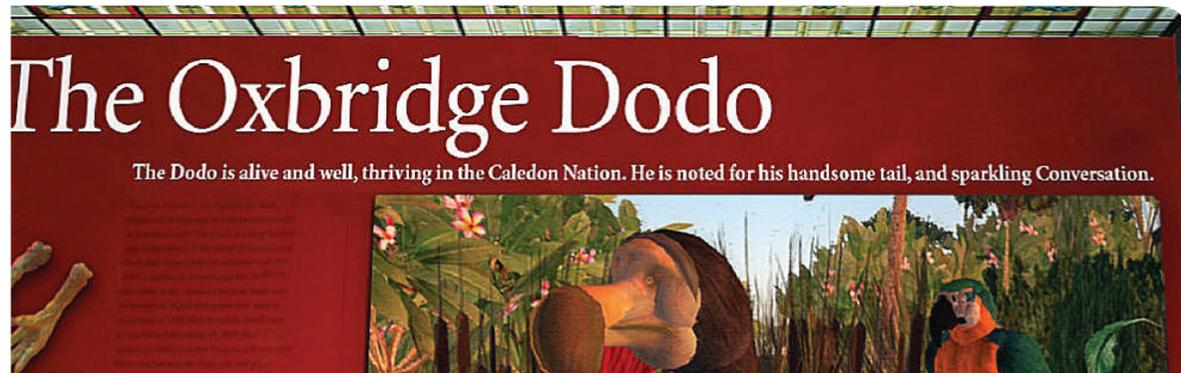
As was proclaimed boldly last week, Cambridge and Oxford students do an average of 40% and 30% more hours of work respectively per week than us.

What does this mean for their Falk ratios? Oh my, we come out on top. Fancy

that. If that doesn't show that we're the most intelligent I don't know what does. We weren't foolish enough to fall for the stories. We saw past the elegant halls, steeped in history and the universal admiration given to Oxbridge students. We went past all that and saw the truth, that to be most efficient (and therefore have the best life) Imperial was without doubt the only place to be (except LSE but they don't do our courses).

Oh wait, no we didn't: "61% of current Imperial students applied to Oxford or Cambridge as their original first choice". That tells me one thing, 39% of current Imperial students lie to make

themselves feel better. Well no longer do we need to be bitter about our rejection. We can rest on our Falk ratio smugly and look down on our poorer Oxbridge counterparts in years to come. They'll be there enjoying their "satisfying jobs" and their "families". Maybe we'll see them as we speed past in our sports cars. Well not likely, we'll probably be driving them at 6am, it's no fun driving a fast car in traffic and we need to be at work for 7. Come to think of it, because we work at investment banks, we'll only be leaving work at around 6am. It's fine though we can laugh at them on one of our days off. So that'll be Christmas Day. Hmmm.





RELIVING THE SCIENCE OF 1949

Archaeology revolutionised by carbon-dating method

Brigette Atkins Science Editor

'Radiocarbon dating' – or just 'carbon dating' – is one of the best known methods of absolute dating used today by archaeologists and scientists alike. The most outstanding aspect of this method is that it allows deposits to be dated independent of any other substances or information.

Radiocarbon dating was developed by Willard Libby and his colleagues, who first measured the radioactive half-life of carbon-14 at the University of Chicago in 1949. The method of carbon dating is centralised around one of the three isotopes of carbon found naturally on Earth. Two of these isotopes, carbon-12 and -13, are stable and account for the majority of natural carbon. The trace remaining is carbon-14 which is radioactive with a half-life, known as the Libby half-life, of 5568 ± 30 years.

Carbon-14 is formed in the upper atmosphere, as a result of cosmic ray neutrons interacting with nitrogen-14 atoms to produce carbon-14 atoms and protons. The carbon-14 is

oxidised and enters the organic environment as a carbon dioxide isotope. Approximately one carbon-14 atom exists in nature for every 1000 billion

up to
60,000
years old

Due to the half-life of carbon-14, carbon dating is limited to samples which have ceased to be living in the past 50 to 60,000 years.

carbon-12 atoms. Hence the proportion of carbon-14 atoms found in any organic substance, once it is no longer living, can be used to calculate the time between the 'death' of the sample and the present day.

When carbon-14 decays, it emits a beta particle to become nitrogen-14 once again. After ten half-lives, the exponential nature of radioactive decay

means there is insufficient carbon-14 within a sample to allow for it to be 'dated' using this method. However, carbon dating is suitable for placing an age on any sample which has 'died' in the past 50 to 60,000 years.

As well as the necessity for the sample being investigated to fall within this time bracket, any results obtained must be calibrated by comparison with samples dated using other methods. This calibration is needed in order to account for the variation in atmospheric carbon-14 levels over time. Changes in cosmic ray intensity and the Earth's climate both have an effect on isotope levels and must be accounted for in order to date a sample accurately. An example of this is atomic bomb tests in

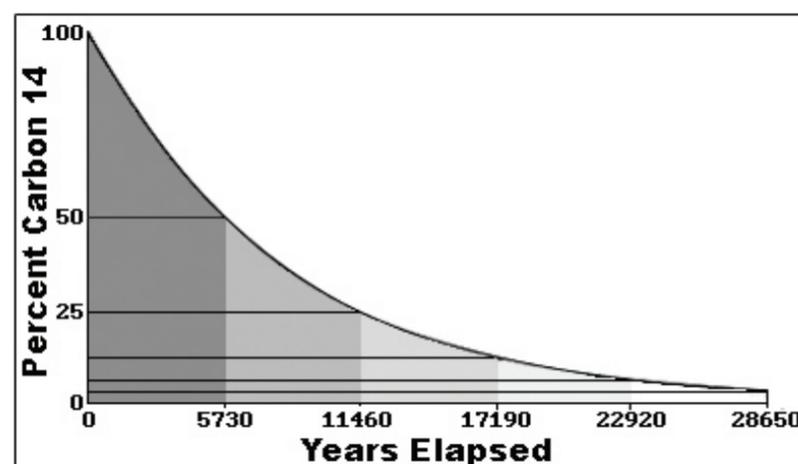
1:1,000billion

The ratio of carbon-14 atoms to carbon-12 atoms found naturally occurring

the 1950s and 60s causing carbon-14 levels to double for a short period of time.

Although the Libby half-life was later found not to be an altogether accurate value for the half-life of carbon-14 (nowadays, the 'Cambridge half-life' is often quoted - 5730 ± 40 years) the calibration of the results cancels out any in-

accuracies and allows carbon dating to remain as one of the most widely used and globally consistent methods of dating samples. The development of radiocarbon dating also gained Libby the 1960 Nobel Prize for Chemistry "for his method to use carbon-14 for age determination in archaeology, geology, geophysics, and other branches of science".



The decay of carbon-14 according to the more accurate 'Cambridge half-life'

Then a few other things happened this year also...

Computers, antihistamines and automatic street lights - you can't imagine living without them

Nathan Ley Science Editor

1949 was hardly a classic year in science on first glance. However, the year culminated in a few important things still relevant today.

One of the first computers was developed, the Manchester Mark 1, also known as the Manchester Automatic

Digital Machine (MADM). The machine was reported upon positively in the British press, being described as an electronic brain.

This description provoked a reaction from the head of Manchester University's Department of Neurosurgery, which began a long-running debate as to whether an electronic computer could ever be truly creative.

The Mark 1 was developed to pro-

vide a computing resource within the university and to allow researchers to gain experience in using computers. Subsequently it became a prototype on which the design of Ferranti's commercial version was based.

This computer is historically significant because of its pioneering inclusion of Index registers, an innovation which made it easier for a program to read sequentially through an array of words in memory.

Thirty-four patents resulted from the machine's development, and many of the ideas behind its design were incorporated in subsequent commercial products such as the IBM 701 and 702 as well as the Ferranti Mark 1.

Development ceased at the end of 1949, and the machine was later scrapped.

Antihistamines were also discovered in 1949. Also referred to as histamine antagonists, these inhibit the action

of histamine. Histamines are involved in local immune responses, as well as in acting as a neurotransmitter. Histamine triggers the inflammatory response.

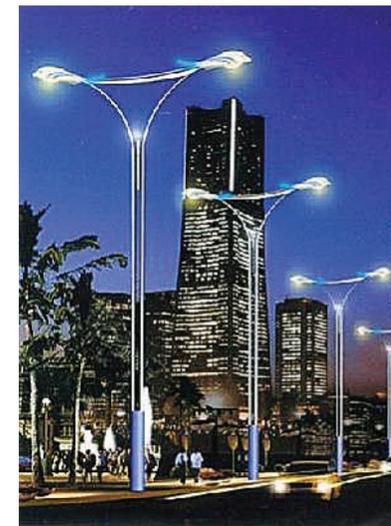
Upon invasion of foreign pathogens, histamine is produced by basophils found in nearby connective tissue. The function of histamine is to increase the permeability of the capillaries to white blood cells and other proteins in order to allow these to engage with the pathogens in the affected tissues. Such is the nature of an innate response, histamines are located in every animal cell of the body.

Since antihistamines act to do the opposite function of histamines (which do a bloody good job) you may be wondering why their discovery was so important? Well, their use as a valuable compound arises in the situation of allergy.

Allergies are caused by an excessive response of the body to allergens to harmless objects that don't need to be met with a full blown immune response, such as pollen. Thus, tempering this response is necessary to prevent a waste of resources.

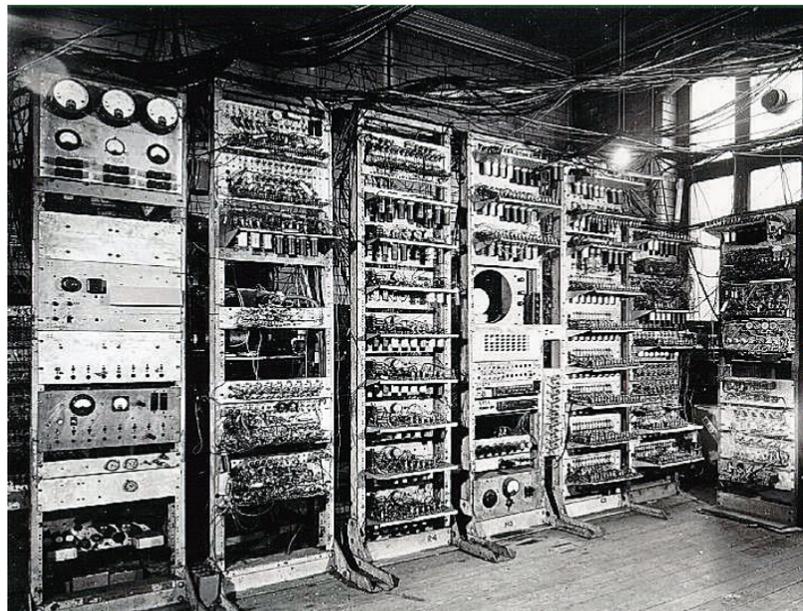
Finally, the first automatic streetlights were installed. The first automatic streetlight was installed in 1949 in New Milford, Ct. This was an automatic streetlight system in which the streetlights turned themselves on at

dark, and was installed in New Milford, Connecticut, by the Connecticut Light and Power Company. Each

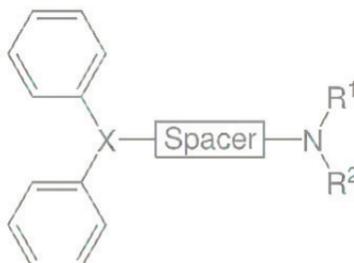


A series of random street lights to fill up a bit of space.

streetlight contained an electronic device that contained a photoelectric cell capable of measuring outside light. By November of 1949, seven miles of New Milford's roads were automatically lit at dusk by a total of 190 photoelectric streetlights. No longer would the proud men of New Milford be forced to don stilts in order to light their street lamps.



The Manchester Automatic Digital Machine (MADM)



Nobel Prize winners of 1949

Brigette Atkins Science Editor

This week marks the 109th Nobel Prize award ceremony. In line with the 60th anniversary of *felix*, we take a look at the people who received the award for scientific achievement back in 1949.

Physics - Hideki Yukawa:

After graduating from Kyoto university in 1926, Yukawa became particularly interested in the theory of elementary particles. In 1935 he published a paper on meson theory and proton-neutron interactions. He received the Nobel Prize for Physics 'for his prediction of the existence of mesons on the basis of theoretical work on nuclear forces' after the discovery in 1947 of his theorised pion by Cecil Powell, Giuseppe Occhialini and Cesar Lattes.

Chemistry - William Giauque:

After gaining a PhD in Chemistry (with a minor in Physics) from the University of California in 1922, Giauque initially

had plans to become an engineer but developed an interest in research under Prof. Gilbert N Lewis (famous for the discovery of the covalent bond). Much of his research was dedicated to demonstrating the third law of thermodynamics as a basic law and developing methods by which temperatures below 1 Kelvin may be observed. Accordingly, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry 'for his contributions in the field of chemical thermodynamics, particularly concerning the behaviour of substances at extremely low temperatures.'

Physiology or Medicine - Walter Hess and Egas Moniz

Walter Hess received his medical degree from the University of Zurich in 1906 and trained an ophthalmologist before turning to research. He started to map the parts of the diencephalon region of the brain following on from his initial interest in blood flow and respiration. He received half of the Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine

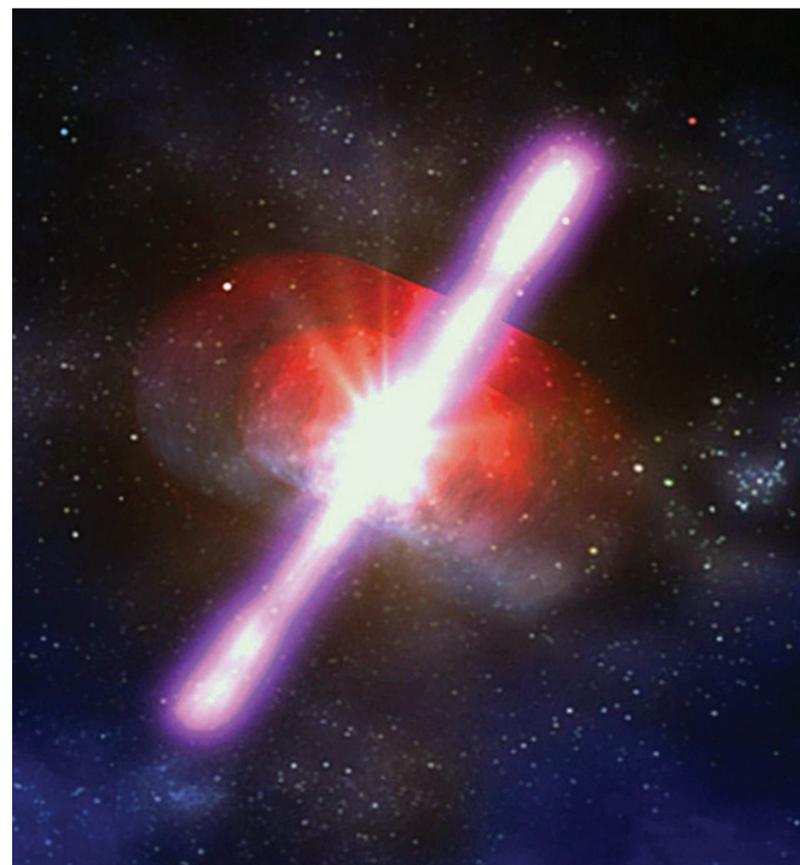
'for the discovery of the functional organisation of the interbrain as a coordinator of the activities of the internal organs.'

Egas Moniz studied medicine at the University of Coimbra before training as a neurologist. After a brief career in politics, he returned to medicine and in 1927 developed cerebral angiography, a method allowing blood vessels in the brain to be visualised. He received half the Nobel Prize 'for his discovery of the therapeutic value of leucotomy [lobotomy] in certain psychoses.'



Special relativity is put to the test

Photons from gamma ray bursts have called into question the Lorentz invariance



Artists impression of a gamma ray burst detected by the Fermi telescope.

Kelly Oakes Science Reporter

One of the key postulates of Einstein's theory of special relativity is that the speed of light in a vacuum is constant. This means that whatever the energy of the photons making up the ray of light, its speed is always the same. It's called Lorentz invariance, and it's been on trial once again, courtesy of the Fermi Large Area Telescope (LAT) Collaboration. In a paper published in *Nature* last month, Abdo and colleagues at the collaboration analysed the light coming from a distant and fleeting gamma ray burst to try and pick up any variation in the speed of its photons – and found no variation, at least down to a limit. Gamma-ray bursts (GRBs) are believed to be released during supernovae and are the brightest events occurring in the universe – despite the fact that most of them are billions of light years away from Earth. The radiation emitted during a GRB is extremely intense, typically releasing as much energy in a few seconds as the Sun will in its entire lifetime. They are good candidates for measuring a variation in light speed due to the cosmological distances the light has to travel to reach us – even tiny variations in photon speed are amplified enough to be revealed in the sharp features of the light curve emitted during the burst.

Researchers at the Fermi LAT Collaboration were alerted to a particularly interesting gamma-ray burst after it was picked up by both the Large Area

Telescope and the Gamma-ray Burst Monitor, which are aboard the Fermi Gamma-ray Space Telescope. This telescope is a joint project between NASA, the US Department of Energy and government agencies in France, Germany, Italy, Japan and Sweden, and is currently in low Earth orbit. A photon, with an energy of 31GeV, emitted less than a second after the start of the burst was singled out and used to find a limit for the variation of the speed of light. In special relativity this limit should not exist, as there is no length at which the Lorentz invariance should be broken. However, some theoretical physicists think that at very small lengths it could in fact be violated. In order to formulate a "theory of everything", they are attempting to reconcile gravitational effects with quantum mechanics and create a theory of quantum gravity. According to these theories, at the Planck scale (lengths of approximately 1.63×10^{-34} cm) quantum mechanics should interact with gravity, influencing the nature of space-time and so changing the speed of light. In the research conducted by the Fermi LAT Collaboration, however, Lorentz invariance was found by two independent methods to hold true down to the Planck length divided by 1.2. This is a blow to some quantum gravity theories that require the fabric of space-time to be altered on small scales. While this may be bad news for some modern day physicists, it's good news for Einstein – after over 100 years, his theory of special relativity still stands.

Imperial Islamic Society in association with 'Dialogue with Islam' Presents Panel Discussion:

Is Religion a Barrier to Economic Progress?



Why do some economies thrive and others fail? Economists have given various explanations ranging from the availability of natural resources to climatic conditions. It has also been argued that some forms of religion have a negative impact on growth and innovation. Is it true that the disapproval of interest-based lending has restricted the development of Muslim societies in modern times? Is religion a barrier to economic progress?

To discuss these issues we have invited two distinguished guests:

Tarek El Diwany

(Partner at Islamic finance consultancy Zest Advisory LLP and author of "The Problem with Interest")

Vs

Alan Beattie

(World Trade Editor of the Financial Times and Author of "False Economy")

Date: Tue 8th Dec 2009

Time: 6 30 pm

Venue: **Blackett Lecture Theatre 1, (Blackett building), Imperial College**

Nearest Tube: South Kensington

For reservations please email dwiimperial@googlemail.com

For further information please contact: 07956 411558





Guess who's back

Katya-yani Vyas Politics Editor

Did you miss me? No? I suspected as much. It has been such a long time that I have had to use an editorial picture from last year where I look faintly amused by someone's footwear. It does feel wonderful to be back though, I think I was in danger of my fellow editors disowning me, but divulging the politics of the *felix* office is not quite what this section is for so that's more than enough of that.

Right, well I think that as self-indulgent an opening as I dare to give, forgive me, I am attempting to stumble my way back into the swing of things. So, on to much more important matters...

First of all, I would like to wish *felix* a very happy birthday. Our esteemed newspaper has reached sexagenarian status, and this issue is quite rightly reveling in the occasion. At the ripe old age of 60, *felix* can look back on its life thus far with pride and anticipate the future with excitement (albeit with a hint of humorous cynicism, a hallmark of the paper). I salute you *felix*, you truly are a prince amongst student newspapers.

What on earth does this all have to do with politics, I hear you cry. Well, not very much, but brace yourself for I am about to take *felix* on a political rollercoaster through the last 60 years starting with the year of its birth.

1949, what a year! Aside from the inception of our beloved newspaper, this was the year the Democratic Republic of Germany was founded, the year Stalin decided to lift the Berlin Blockade and the year George Orwell's 'Nineteen Eighty Four' was published. I could detail a plethora of significant events...

Fast forward through the 1950s, the Cold War is simmering despite

the death of Stalin in 1953. However, the increasing paranoia with regards to Communism leads to the rise of a certain Senator McCarthy and his aptitude for innuendo and intense interrogation. You could offer a beggar a few cents and be incarcerated for 'socialist tendencies'. 1959 saw the Cuban Revolution, bringing communism to America's back garden.

As an adolescent during the '60s, *felix* experimented with hallucinogenics and watched the world transform with the explosion of television, the rise of feminism and counterculture. Anti-war movements instigated by America's involvement in Vietnam were rife as were attempts at procuring better civil rights, it was clear that the shape of politics was undergoing a radical shift.

On to the 1970s, the world's economies were slowing down indicating an end to the years of post-war prosperity. The decade also saw a huge rise in terrorist activity around the world as well as a mass focus on civil rights.

Catapaulting through the '80s and '90s, the Thatcherite years, the rise of New Labour and the momentous fall of the Berlin Wall, *felix* was there through it all.

And so we decelerate, this decade has seen the escalation of terrorism, global recession, the pessimism surrounding Gordon Brown and the optimism associated with Barack Obama.

Let us alight now from this political steam train, take a moment to reflect and appreciate how the world has changed since 1949, and indeed how *felix* has changed. As a student newspaper we have enormous potential and hopefully 60 years from now *felix* will continue to thrive and maybe, just maybe, I will have written another column.

Swiss ban minarets

Anthony Maina

This past Sunday the Swiss voted in a referendum on the inclusion of a ban on the construction of minarets into the country's constitution.

In a surprise victory that has left Swiss leadership reeling, the Swiss People's Party's (SVP) vicious and controversial prohibition campaign won 57.5% of the popular vote. Only four out of the 23 cantons (federal states) of the Confederation voted in opposition to the ban. Of the four, three are from francophone Switzerland (Geneva, Neuchâtel and Vaud), with German-speaking Basel-City (technically only a half-canton) the fourth. Voter turnout stood at around 55%.

The hard right SVP became the largest party in the Swiss parliament in 2007, on the wave of an anti-immigration campaign that has been criticised by even UN experts as being overtly racist. Past campaign propaganda has included a poster of two white sheep kicking a black sheep off the Swiss flag, and another where brown hands

are portrayed reaching eagerly to grab at a Swiss passport. Their latest push, this referendum, displayed minarets placed on a Swiss flag and coloured to appear as missiles.

The SVP strove to portray minarets as symbols of rising Muslim religious and political power, campaigning against what they describe as the "rampant Islamisation" of Swiss society. "The minaret has got nothing to do with religion. It's a symbol of political power, a prelude to the introduction of sharia law," argues Ulrich Schlüer of the SVP.

But these arguments seem only vaguely based on fact. Out of Switzerland's population of approximately 7.5 million, only 6 percent are Muslim, mainly originating from the Balkan regions of Kosovo, Albania and Bosnia. Fewer than 13% are actually practicing. As far as minarets go, there are only four in the entire country, with two situated in Geneva. "And we don't want any more," comes the baffling counter-argument from Schlüer. "There's no sense in banning them once you've got hundreds. What's the point in waiting

for that?"

In league with the SVP were secularist leftists and liberals fiercely critical of Islam and its practices, which they deem sexist. According to these groups, minarets are male power symbols, and their presence is indicative of the state's acceptance of the oppression of women.

The government and political mainstream, as well as the business community, came out in strong opposition against the ban on the grounds of tolerance, as well as very real fears of possible damage to important commercial relationships with Middle Eastern countries, such as happened to Denmark in the wake of the Muhammad cartoon controversy. Justice Minister and member of the Federal Council (the body which serves as Switzerland's collective Head of State) Eveline Widmer-Schlumpf called the legitimacy entire process into question, declaring that a ban would breach anti-discrimination laws and rights to free religious observance. Church leaders and the Jewish community also joined in support of Muslims in calling for the proposed amendment to be rejected. As late as last week, the proposed amendment looked on course for defeat, with only 37% of voters indicating they supported a ban.

There are now fears of a backlash, both economic, through disruption of trade ties with the Middle East, and social, via encouraging radicalisation. For a country that has for centuries avoided conflict by selling itself as politically neutral, and avoided becoming a target of fundamentalists like the majority of Western states, the proposed addition to article 72 of the Swiss constitution represents a worrying development.



Two propaganda posters from the SVP promoting racism in Switzerland

Climate change research: fraudulent and incorrect?

Neil Dhir

The Anthropogenic Global Warming (AGW) hypothesis is, like many scientific exercises before it, no stranger to fraud. *felix* recently exposed the scandal at the East Anglia Climate Research Unit (CRU). As we are constantly being fed the impending threat of Armageddon as a result of AGW

it should come as no real surprise to anyone that the AGW hypothesis has been dipped in fraud, marinated in fraud, stewed in fraud, flavoured with fraud and finally served with a nice bottle of 1962 Chateau de Scientific Bogus Obfuscation. But as we shall see 'Climategate' is only the tip of the iceberg, to use the proverbial phrase, in a long line of events which serve only to dropkick the good name of

science in the bollocks. *felix* asks the dear reader to spot occurrences of scientific malpractice during the reading of this article. The right answers are posted at the end.

A quick 101 on 'Climategate' is in order to get unfamiliar readers up to date. Climategate is the name given to the hacking of CRU where more than 1,000 e-mails, 3,000 documents and 160 MB of data were stolen and uploaded to various websites.

What Climategate has revealed so far is the coordinated effort in the US and UK of non-compliance with both countries' Freedom of Information acts, and the apparent and widespread intent of defrauding the highest levels of international climate science bodies.

We begin with a very bizarre epi-

sode which involved a NASA team led by one James Hansen - a man who makes Al Gore look like an AGW skeptic (Hansen has demanded that warming "deniers" be tried for "crimes against humanity").

While examining a series of NASA temperature graphs, Steve McIntyre a statistician, who is best described as an anti-AGW Doctor Manhattan, uncovered a discontinuity occurring in January 2000 that raised temperatures gathered over widespread areas by 1-2 degrees (which in global warming world is like unicorn genocide using blunt spoons). Hansen refused to reveal what algorithm he had used to process the data. McIntyre thus began the arduous process of figuring it out himself and finally struck gold.

Once notified, Hansen's team prom-

ised to correct the error, stating that it was an "oversight." When the corrected figures were at last released, vanished was the claim that the past few years were "the warmest on record." Now 1934 took precedence. A full half of the top ten warmest years occurred before WWII, well prior to any massive CO2 build-up.

No explanation has ever been offered. Which leave us with a very odd Y2K glitch that behaves like no other computer glitch ever encountered, uniformly affecting a large number of sources distributed almost nationwide.

Although the incident trashed all recent data and raised uncomfortable questions about the warming thesis as a whole, NASA itself made no effort at an investigation or an attempt to clear the issue up.

3,000

Number of documents leaked in the 'Climategate' scandal

1934

The warmest year on record according to new NASA data



RAG gets Lost... Somewhere-shire...

RAG has had its first large-scale event of the year with a great degree of success. **Alex Dahinten**, the RAG Chair shares some details of the event with *felix*. The idea of the event was that you get put on a bus and with a blindfold on, driven to a top-secret location in the absolute middle of nowhere and eventually make it back to the Union without spending ANY money. The

teams were comprised of groups of either two or three, with at least one guy in each team (no this wasn't an Imperial law; it was mostly to do with safety).

The big question raised was to do with how money is raised. Simple, Alex said; through funding! Once signed up to the event, participants were given access to the website "JustGiving". Once the account was set up, they were

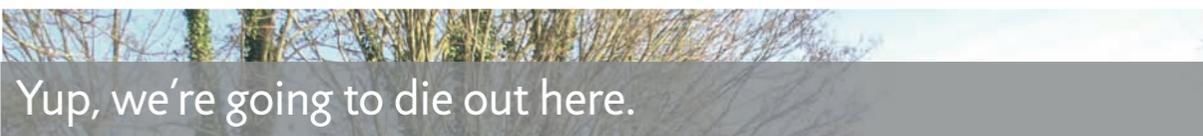
able to harrass their family, friends and anyone they knew into sponsoring their stunt. To make things more interesting, some teams decided to wear fancy dress. One team even dressed up as three Tic-Tacs! Some teams also decided to set goals for amounts of money raised. Depending on the amount of money raised they would perform crazy tasks or wear something ridiculous

like a leotard or speedos. Given the pictures below, goals were definitely reached and exceeded.

Prizes were awarded to different teams for different reasons:

- Most outrageous mode of transportation
- Most money raised
- Best or most imaginative costume.

RAG saw the event as an opportunity to show that the organisation has become a seriously active and engaging one once again. RAG has held several smaller events before Lost that have been popular and this is sure to continue, including the hugely successful Sports Night held in conjunction with the RCSU. The string of great events that students love is bound to continue.



Team Priscilla Queen of the Desert share their experiences of getting majorly Lost with *felix*

After visions of being dropped off in bandit country (aka the north) we were pleasantly surprised that we had in fact gone to the lovely southwest.

Our first job after we were hurled off the bus in a Guantanamo Bay-style hood was to establish where we actually were. Unfortunately Iwan had other ideas and made a beeline for the nearest sheep. After a short time Iwan had cleaned himself up and we had established with a miffed lorry driver - not even remotely aroused by the three sexy men in drag - and we were near Salisbury near Wiltshire.

With that milestone achieved we headed to the nearest pub for some light refreshment and to formulate a plan. The plan mainly consisted of discussing the various merits of the bargirls, who were lovely and eating a fine lunch.

After sinking a few jars and chinning a few gins we set off home. As we left the Pub the local plod turned up, having received word of the Welshman's antics. After a bit of police brutality (they got out of their car) and some argy bargy (took a photo) we had secured

a lift to Salisbury.

During this journey we found out that there is a local tranny who kicks around the car parks which explains why the lorry driver thought he had seen us before. After arriving in Salisbury we tried in vain to hitch a lift with passing motorists. They clearly were not impressed by Tom's or my efforts and mainly gave us the finger. Thankfully a delightful woman on her way back from her shopping offered

to take us to the next service station on the motorway.

On arrival it was noted that several police cars and a fire engine were arranged around the forecourt. Turns out the place had been ramraided and we had just missed out on a potential standoff. Good times.

So onto the next service station. As we arrived, a Ford Mustang pulled up and we thought hell lets ask for a lift. Fortunately the driver was a Lad and offered to take us right into London. Sure enough as any lad does he sank some snakebites and necked a bird before setting off. We sped down the motorway at around 100mph, and arrived in London in good time. From here we took a helicopter/tube train for free back to the union.

All in all a lovely day out in the countryside coupled with a ride in a super car. Not bad really!





Tenuously related events from 1949

In celebration of our newspaper's sixtieth birthday, we look at a few stories from the year *felix* were founded

Adidas

1949 saw the registering of Adidas, and the approximate start of it being a global household name. It deserves a brief mention here as an example of companies of its type gaining greater importance in the second half of the last century than ever before. In particular, it provides an excuse to defend one of the main charges frequently levelled against it and similar firms, that they use 'sweatshops.'

Just to be clear, some developing world workshops referred to by this phrase deceive and even force vulnerable workers into working for them. In other cases no one is coerced into working at a particular establishment, but illegal force is brought to bear against anyone trying to organise any form of unionisation. This is a serious problem that public pressure has admirably done much to tackle in recent decades, with the support of dedicated campaign groups often proving vital.

But such businesses represent a tiny fraction of those tarnished by the label of sweatshop, and are certainly not suppliers to the major western brands that attract so much criticism on the issue. In fact, all that is usually enough to qualify a place of work in a developing country as a sweatshop is working conditions that would make it an

undesirable employer for the activists that attack them. However undesirable a certain firm appears, it must still be better than the next best available option; otherwise no one would freely choose to work there.

So complaining that Adidas or anyone else is 'exploiting workers' essentially amounts to saying that you are unhappy that there is inequality in the world. This may be cause for concern, but few sweatshop-bashers would want businesses boycotted for not respecting absolute financial equality for all workers. If it is more an issue of their being a 'minimum standard,' the furthest from it are certainly not the sweatshop workers, who by definition work. Concerned individuals are already welcome to donate their own money.

Relaxing immigration controls would also even out global imbalances and lead to greater economic efficiency at the same time. But other than that, as regrettable as some may find inequality, it cannot in and of itself be cause for sanctioning individual businesses. Instead, Adidas and its like should be thanked for slightly lessening the gap through their job-creation. Of course that still does not excuse the lameness of their TV ads.



Sexual orientation-specific advertising has been criticised repeatedly both on ethical grounds and for marketing reasons: 10% of the population is a fairly small market segment

Phillips Machine

The Second World War spurred a great amount of creativity and innovation in a number of academic fields, including Economics. The years following the war saw major developments in the discipline, including a sharpening of the dividing lines between free-market versus interventionist schools of thought. 1949 contained two important examples.

One of these examples never amounted to anything of note in itself, but offers an interesting glimpse into the birth of the idea that the whole economy can be viewed at the 'macro' level and planned with scientific precision. This was the Monetary National Income Analogue Computer (MONIAC), designed and built by Alban William Housego Phillips, famous for his curves.

Better known as the Phillips Hydraulic Computer, the contraption is still available for viewing at the London School of Economics, where it was first unveiled in, of course, 1949. As the name suggests it models the British economy with a hydraulic device, where water plays the role of money circulating through the various compartments. The machine looks like something from scrapheap challenge, using tanks, pipes, valves, and water pumped by a motor made out of the windscreen wiper of a Lancaster bomber.

Professor Phillips tried to show income flowing around the economy and being shared between consumer, government and business spending using dyes channeled by a fishing line and bits of plastic. He and his collaborator,

Walter Newlyn, decided on this design only after careful experimentation with methylated spirits and treacle as potential alternatives. Compared to its successors found today in the form of powerful computers in the quantitative analytics departments of large investment banks, the machine was fairly basic. Ironically, it ignored such phenomena as inflation and the business cycle.

The machine came at a time of great hardship. The entire economy was facing major restructuring and people were disgusted to see so much material suffering and idle resources in their daily lives. There was strong demand for a short cut to remedy the situation, to get the idle resources working again and return the country back to its days of wealth and prosperity. The Phillips machine was a significant milestone for advocates of central macro-planning as a means of achieving maximum state control over the economy in the most important but least personally intrusive way.

The thinking underlying the machine is still alive and well, with central planners at the Federal Reserve pursuing the policy of damaging the economy with distortionary interventions and then suggesting worse attacks against the markets as a remedy. All other central banks essentially act in reaction to its decisions and so are not really important enough to merit individual mention. The similarities of the principles of the Phillips model with those used by the Fed to determine how much and where to intervene today is striking.

Although the late forties were a particularly strong time for poor economic theories being popularised by the desperation of the people, they were also an excellent time for the propagation of much sounder thinking throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. The persecution of German and Austrian Jews, who of course provided most of the country's economists, forced many of them to leave for the United States. A notable example, probably the greatest economist of the last century, was Ludwig von Mises. In 1949 he wrote his magnum opus, *Human Action*, which to this day remains one of the greatest treatises on free market economics and the principle of sound money.

The central thesis of the book is that economics is fundamentally different from the natural sciences. Whereas in those we may measure things and guess at conclusions based on our measurements, this would be an ineffective method when dealing with human behaviour. Instead Mises proposed basing an economic theory on praxeology. This is the study of how people behave, based on our a priori understanding of rationality and motivation. He wrote of his book:

"Economics does not allow any breaking up into special branches. It invariably deals with the interconnectiveness of all phenomena of acting and economising. All economic facts mutually condition one another. Each of the various economic problems must be dealt with in the frame of a comprehensive system assigning its due place and weight to every aspect of human wants and desires.

Human Action

I saw the forces operating which could not but annihilate the high civilization and prosperity of Europe. In writing my book, I was hoping to contribute to the endeavors of our most eminent contemporaries to prevent this country from following the path which leads to the abyss." Sadly the book, even the German version written eight years earlier, did little to mitigate the actions of the Nazi regime as Mises hoped.

China

The founding of the People's Republic and the fleeing of the Kuomintang government to Taiwan were clearly very important 1949 events. But they were both such complex events that it obviously would not do them justice to elaborate here.

But they would have been fairly glaring omissions had they been ignored altogether in a piece on the significant events of 1949.



Professor Phillips's MONIAC is a far cry from its current successors

MUSIC

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Tunes that thou listened to in 1949

Okay so it wasn't *that* long ago but seriously 1949's music is pretty much unrecognizable, Alex Ashford reports

I'm so glad I wasn't around in 1949, because pretty much all there was to listen to was jazz (the musical equivalent of amateur improv. drama shows) and music that sounds like it is from a cowboy film. They hadn't even invented the keyboard yet, let alone synthesizers, mixers, autotune and music video girls. The electric guitar was only just being picked up on, and even then it was for playing jazz. People had yet to realize that playing in 4/4 as opposed to 3/4 and 6/8 would create rock & roll: the most popular kind of music since the days of Beethoven and Mozart.

Despite not having the Cartoons, Peter Kay, or Wheatus, 1949 still saw the release of some of the most annoying songs of all time. Songs like "I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts" and "All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth" are still remembered now, by la-

dies with a blue rinse in nursing homes worldwide.

But not everyone listened to such simple ditties. 1949 was the year Miles Davis released his seminal album, "the Birth of Cool". And with that, jazz became cool. It's the jazz you smoke cigarettes and drink red wine to in New York bars. Trumpets were sweeping exclamations over deep, deep, bass tones, punctuated with the tingle of a hi-hat and the snap of a snare drum. This is the sort of music that you can imagine listening to as you hang out in dimly lit attics with characters like Sal Paradise, taking now unknown drugs and living just on the edge of the Beat Generation. Miles Davis wasn't the only musical genius pushing jazz in new directions. Thelonious Monk invented bebop, the definitive sound of the era. Lee Konitz released the highly critically acclaimed bebop jazz album, *Subconscious*.

However, the truth is, I know nothing about jazz and for me to try to write about it it's like having an Austrian, body-building, action movie star governing one of the most influential states of America. Oh wait... bad example. But all I'm trying to emphasize is how far removed I am, with the music we have now, from what was being played in 1949.

The amount music has changed over the past 60 years is so unfathomable, I wonder whether the same will be able to be said in 60 years to come.



Turns out 1949 was a good year to be born if you wanted to be a mega rockstar

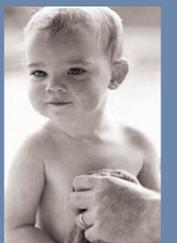
Gene Simmons
- 25th August



Bruce Springsteen
- 23rd Sept



Tom Waits
- 7th Dec

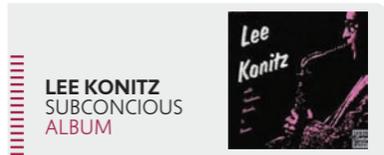


Reviews from 1949



It seems as though, in the U.S.A. in 1949, everything was exactly like a western film and everybody was a cowboy and liked to listen to songs that sound like steam railways with whip crack and horse galloping sound effects, and lyrics that mostly go, "yeeha, giddy up!". I'm reviewing this song but all the most popular songs of 1949 sound exactly like this. As crap as it is, it's about a million times more listenable than the current U.K. number 1 (Peter Kay's Animated All Star Band - Children in Need 2009 - by the way that isn't satirical, that really is the current U.K. number 1 single.

- Alexandra Ashford



According to music critics, this is the best album released in 1949. It has that completely unmelodic fidgety pulse of bebop and I find it hard to imagine anyone but the biggest jazz geeks listening to it. I can picture them now, discussing in great detail the technical nuances, what "cool" means, and ways in which this album is unparalleled genius. Personally, if I want to feel a bit geeky, I'd rather just listen to Radiohead. - Alexandra Ashford



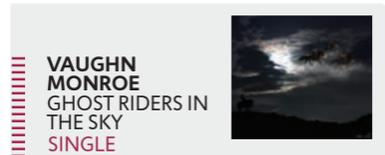
I can imagine a really old couple putting this on the record player, holding hands and shuffling around the living room to this. Aww. I cannot believe this was the fourth biggest selling single of 1949. - Alexandra Ashford



Imagine the comments you would have to put up with if your surname was Hooker! It obviously didn't get in the way of John Lee Hooker, who achieved moderate success with this song in 1949. His soulful vocals and twanging electric guitar jamming are the perfect of example of what makes blues a genre that has persisted all these years. The lyrics mostly consist of "I'm a hobo, gone long way from home". I've realised while doing these reviews, just how much better black people were at making music than white people in 1949. All the white people music sucks. - Alexandra Ashford



Hank is so lonesome he could cry. With talent like this he doesn't deserve to be lonesome. Love him. - Luke Turner



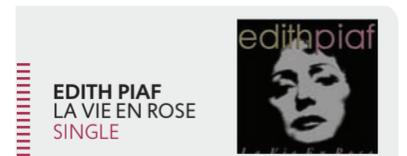
This was pretty much Rhianna's 'Umbrella' of 1949; boring but still at number 1 for an insane amount of time. Number 1 throughout the world, this ought to be the theme tune of every cowboy as they ride into the sunset howling 'yipee-ay yay'. It's definitely not as bad as Rhianna... In fact I've learned to like it, but nowadays it should only be heard with its video accompaniment, trippy stuff. With the galloping horse sounds and honey voice of Vaughn Monroe, it is the deserved soundtrack to 1949. - Luke Turner



Rainy night. Warm coat. Silky voice. A broken heart. Vic was the perfect music. It really is on the boring side of 1949 but if depression over lost love is what rocks your boat. - Luke Turner



Oh yes, 1949 was the year Rudolph hit the big time in his musical form. This has been the first x-mas song I've heard this year which means I can't say a bad word. Not originally written by Gene, it cruised to x-mas number 1, becoming the second biggest selling x-mas song of all time. Following this Gene became known as 'the singing cowboy', which doesn't make a lot of sense, and became the only person with 5 stars on Hollywood. - Luke Turner



The iconic song from Edith Piaf, was popularised in 1946 and chart topping in 1949. Known as France's greatest popular singer, this was some of the most influential on modern music to come from 1949 - Luke Turner

Monotonix are banned in Israel

Luckily this isn't Israel and Greg Power shares his experience

Belgian music promoters Toutpartout celebrated their 15th birthday in style last Thursday at the Scala, with eight eclectic but awesome bands. However, two stuck out in particular.

Kicking the night off with noise-rock from another dimension, London's masters of distortion, Todd punished the small crowd gathered in the Hard Room with a disgustingly loud performance. With endless waves of fuzz and a shit-storm of screaming by their drunk frontman in dungarees, Todd played an extremely entertaining set, showcasing the raw power of new album "Big Ripper". After throwing awkward dance moves, the singer wraps his microphone cable around his neck then around his shoe, tugs on it hopping on one leg, choking himself and screaming. As he is about to pass out, he falls to the floor, unwinds the cable, chats up a pretty girl in the audience, grabs another beer from the bar and rejoins the band on stage to end an enthralling performance. A true professional.

But the band everyone was waiting for that night have become something of underground legends over the past few years. Monotonix, a 3-piece of vocals, guitars and drums, come from Tel Aviv, Israel, where they are banned

from half the live venues. This might be due to the excessive male nudity they indulge in, or the fact they set their equipment – and themselves – on fire, or maybe that most of their performances end as full-out riots.

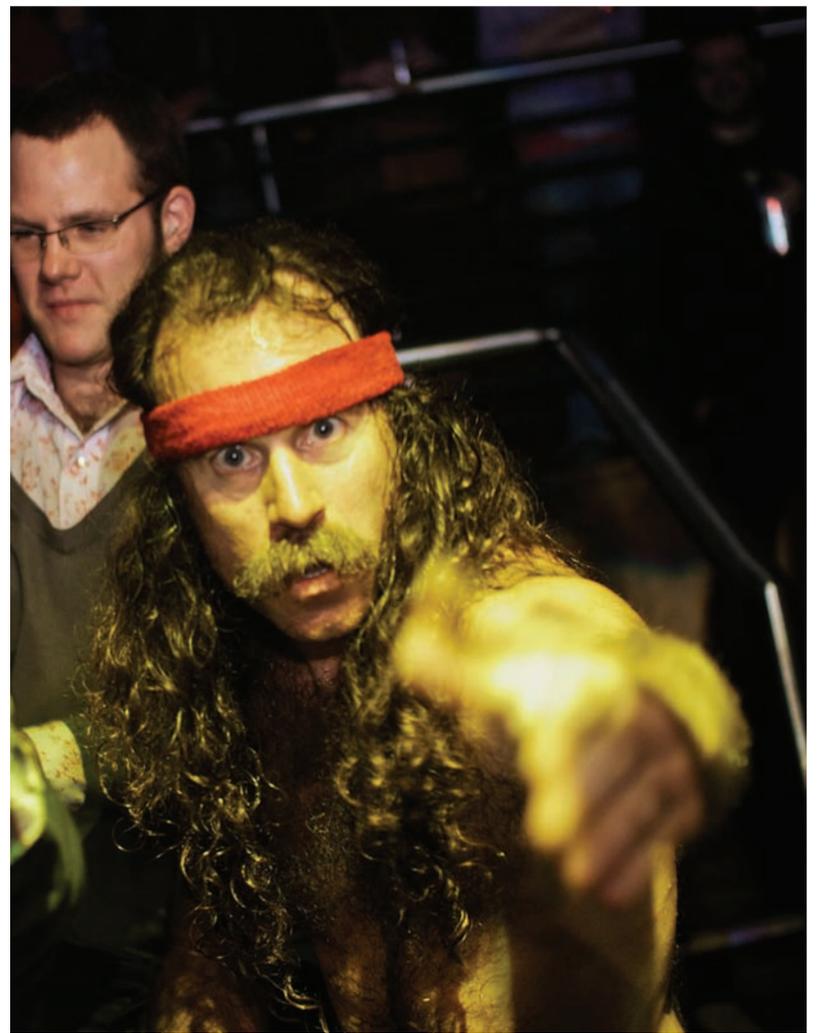
Monotonix refuse to play on stage. They play down in the pit, surrounded by the crowd. That's one thing about Monotonix; you do not so much "watch" as "experience" them. Guitarist Moshe Vegas stands alone in tight sport shorts and bangs out a bad mama-jamma garage rock riff. Drummer Bonanza the Cat jumps off the stage, topless, wearing a massive chain around his neck, to the sound of excited cheers. Vegas' voodoo riffing sends Bonanza into a trance-like fit, writhing on the ground, till moustachioed singer Elvis grabs his legs and drags him around the room. After some acrobatic poses, the time for partying has come. Bonanza heavy-handedly strikes the snare, the heat is on, and they don't stop rockin' till their set is over. Elvis steals every beer he can from the frightened audience and pours them on Bonanza as he plays. The drum kit is drenched, the crowd is ecstatic.

Elvis starts to sing; it sounds like Borat doing AC-DC covers. I mean that in the best way possible. None of their

songs are particularly memorable, but they merge into a chaotic set during which Elvis runs back and forth, climbs on any surface/person possible and jumps into the crowd. It is an exhilarating performance and no one in the room can look away from the three insane(ly) entertaining performers.

Vegas slides along the packed venue, breaking out his sharpest dance moves, Elvis does all he can to distract drummer Bonanza: puts a bucket over his head, even picks up a girl from the audience, dumps her on his head and humps them both violently. Bonanza never budes.

As well as being great entertainers, Monotonix are genuinely talented musicians. Every time a song ends, Vegas keeps a riff going, while Elvis takes apart the drum kit and randomly sets it up somewhere else, so you're never at the "front" or the "back": the gig is all around you. This is where Monotonix base their sets around something most bands today have forgotten. A good live band involves the audience. A perfect gig feels like taking part in something unique. By the end of Monotonix' set, the entire crowd was grinning madly, clapping endlessly, grasping hands with the band and each other. Monotonix are something very special indeed.



The sweat band protects his eyes from sweat, the tache protects his mouth

Peggy Sue killed the Pirates, but don't weep!

Kadhim Shubber

I sat down with the girls from Peggy Sue (Rosa Rex and Katy Klaw) a few weeks ago before their headline gig at the ICA and chatted to them about changing their name, their new album and traveling around America.

Felix: What have you been up to this summer?

Peggy Sue: We've been traveling around the U.S. quite a lot, touring and recording. We recorded our album there and we've just come back after touring with Sky Larkin which was great. We've definitely caught the travel bug.

F: Did you enjoy playing to American audiences?

PS: Yeah, some gigs were quite small but we played a few big ones too, but mainly it was good from our point of view because they hadn't heard of us before so they didn't know about Peggy Sue & The Pirates so we were able to present our new sound to a fresh audience and they really responded to it.

F: Tell us a bit about your new sound, is this why you've changed your name?

PS: Yep, we feel like a new band so that's why changed the name. When we started we did the whole anti-folk thing and that's all we could really do. But we've gotten more confident musically, we got a drummer [Olly Olly], who's really creative and since then we've been trying to make a bigger sound to sort of fill the space, we're a lot noisier definitely.



Do I count as a photographer if I took this photo on a disposable?

F: How have your fans reacted to the change?

PS: At a gig in Southampton someone came up to us asking whether we'd still play the old stuff but we're not going to because we see ourselves as a new band. But we've had lot of people also come up to us saying that they really like it and for us it's the right sound.

F: So you've been around for almost four years, you've got a new sound and finally a debut album; what's taken so long?

PS: It's a lot of stuff really, firstly, even if we had done a Peggy Sue & The Pirates album before, it wouldn't have sounded right, it probably would have been a bit shit. But probably more importantly, we didn't really have the money or the time, we started when we were at uni in Brighton and, for example, the first time we went touring we supposed to be writing up our dissertations.

F: How did you get involved with John Askew, The Dodos' producer?

PS: When we were driving around America, we were listening to The Dodos' latest album in the car and we loved it so much, we both just said "We have to get whoever produced that to produce our album" and so we approached him and we went up to Brooklyn to produce it.

F: How do you write your material?

PS: We actually usually write our songs separately, most of our songs are written mostly by one or the other. But we spend so much time together and our songs are inspired by personal experience that we sometimes end up writing really similar songs.

F: What is success for Peggy Sue?

PS: Success is playing in every city in the U.K. and knowing that people are going to be there.

Peggy Sue's debut album 'Fossils And Other Phantoms' is due early 2010. The first single "Yo Mama" is out now

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- Animal Collective's new EP
- La Roux live @ Shepherds Bush Empire
- Yeah Yeah Yeahs @ Brixton Academy
- Lele's new release, 'Slotmachine'

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MUSIC

Bad-ass jazz covers, cheers Tru Thoughts

Celebrating its 10th year as an independent label, Bristol's much beloved Tru Thoughts released a 3-CD "best of" compilation last month showcasing the vast talent they have accumulated over the years. Considering that back in 1999, founders Robert Luis and Paul Jonas started the label from an "office" under Luis' stairs, they haven't done too badly over the last 10 years.

Along the way they discovered great artists such as Bonobo or Chris Clark – who later moved on to bigger labels Ninja Tune and Warp, respectively – and they still play host to the ever-prolific Quantic, in his many shapes and forms, the genre-hopping Nostalgia 77, or Australian super-heavy funk combo The Bamboos.

The reason Tru Thoughts has become a label of guaranteed quality in

today's over-saturated musical world is most definitely down to their will to constantly reject the old saying that the music business is "99% business, 1% music".

Tru Thoughts love the artists that they sign, and they let them know it by releasing this compilation of crossover covers by Tru Thoughts acts.

The 17 tracks are either B-sides or exclusive tracks from the past 10 years, collected for the first time here. Forget whether you have heard of the Tru Thoughts roster: some of these are simply adventurous, hilarious and downright outstanding covers of songs everyone else has grown tired of by now.

Think you've heard the White Stripes' "Seven Nation Army" so much your ears bleed? Think again, you ain't heard it like this. The amazing Alice Russell, backed by Nostalgia 77, deliv-

ers a powerful soul version of this rock classic, morphing it into a dark, double-bass heavy beast in its own right.

Quantic and his Combo Barbaro give a steaming afro-cuban rendition of Portishead's depresso-matic tune "Wandering Star" that'll give Beth Rowley something to really cry about.

Hot 8 Brass Band turn up the heat yet more by giving Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing" a smooth jazz-makeover, putting you in the right mood for lovin'.

The diversity of the label's acts is always on display: J. Viewz turn Michael Jackson's "Smooth Criminal" into a trip-hop song, and Jumbonics funk up the Strokes on "Last Nite".

My personal favourite has to be the most improbable cover of "Put Your Hands Up For Detroit" ever imagined. TM Juke take Fedde le Grand's dancefloor hit to the next level with

the sweetest of all grooves on display here, punctuated by tight horns and sexy saxes.

For all the Tru Thoughts fans, this is an essential addition to the collection, clearly portraying how the label got to where it is today: by signing artists who are not afraid to take risks, break down a pop song, and jazz it the fuck up.

To anybody who has not heard of Tru Thoughts – or worse still, thinks that jazz has been dead a long time – this might be the perfect introduction. An album bursting with creativity and a crash-course in reinvention.

Tru Thoughts Covers
Various Artists
Out Now
Review by Greg Power



Most Listened to this week

1. Radiohead
2. Bloc Party
3. Four Tet
4. The xx
5. The Beatles
6. Animal Collective
7. Yeah Yeah Yeahs
8. Florence & TM
9. Grizzly Bear
10. Coldplay

I want to make it clear right now that I have absolutely nothing to do with this chart. I don't believe you care what other people you don't know are listening to, and neither do I. Knowing that so many people are listening to Coldplay is a sad truth I'd rather not have known. - Alex

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Albums that you should know

Andy Roast looks at modern classics that shaped music today

I first heard "The Quiet Things That No One Knows" when I was a hormonal 16 year old, and boy did I love it! At that stage I had no idea how it would change my life, I just thought the guitar in the chorus sounded really cool! "Okay, I Believe You, But My Tommy Gun Don't" was the second song I heard from this album that day and I was blown away.

I thought both songs were really cool, but back then I thought LOTS of songs were pretty cool and the plethora of bands I should listen to was so massive that to buy every single promising album would have cost me roughly a year's worth of EMA payments (I worked it out). So luck made me buy this album with the strange picture of an astronaut on the cover.

The first track, "Tautou", was quiet and a little bit spacey and I initially

thought the lyrics were repetitive and way too weird. I was worried. I thought I had bought a dodgy album. And then I heard "Sic Transit Gloria... Glory Fades".

That bass line, wow! I mean WOW! It left me rooted to the spot. I felt that a very horrible concept (like that of electron-hole pairs) was careening straight for me and there was nothing I could do to stop it. The feeling is delicious, since this song tells the story of two people. The loss of the boy's virginity is allegorised as a lamb being taken to slaughter, so a feeling of anything other than the most oppressive doom would devalue the lyrics.

I had grown up listening to KoRn, Limp Bizkit and Slipknot, so the overwhelming use of acoustic-y sounding guitars did weird me out somewhat! But the sheer arrogance of the lyrics "I

Brand New
'Deja Entendu'
Triple Crown
2003



am Heaven sent" and the insane overlay of voices in "The Quiet Things..." had won me over by the end of track 5.

I have enjoyed every track on this album, but space is limited and I would like to talk briefly about the final track, "Play Crack The Sky". The folk-feel and constant referencing to the sea gives the song an intimate "fisherman's story" feel. A beautiful, yet

sad story detailing the decay and sudden end of a relationship caused by a mindless comment.

And that's what I love about this album, the lyrics tell stories. The stories deal with real issues which we will all at one point have to cope with. I can still listen to it (nearly six years later) and understand a song in a different way.

Musee Mecanique & Laura Gibson @ The Luminaire

Luke Turner believes in ghosts after a night at The Luminaire

A ghostly night of picturesque folk beauty, peace and a touch of Leonard Cohen, was what I was unaware of as I departed to a dark corner of Kilburn where nestled The Luminaire. It was not the night for me to riot to indie distortion or break my ears with the frequencies of bass, however, I was a virgin to Musee Mecanique and Laura Gibson and was prepared for anything, and so took the step from the icy street into The Luminaire.

Speechlessness was my first feeling when I got inside and Musee Mecanique had just broken the quiet with their first song. The small black and velvet red venue was completely silent apart from the gentle acoustic guitar and hum of the keyboard from the duo on the stage, Musee Mecanique. There

was a large handful of people all sat on the floor in front of the pair, almost nobody standing, the atmosphere was exactly as it should be. Although the music played, you could have heard a mouse, and the people were completely focused on the sound being made, just as it is meant to be.

Musee Mecanique played soft music, with gentle talented voices. At times endearingly out of tune, this seemed unimportant as the vibe of the room saw past this, as if they were having a soul-to-soul with us, truly showing us emotion.

The pair had an unbelievable musical connection as they paused and continued flawlessly. Taking a change of instruments they both play guitar, one acoustic and one classical and begin by performing minutes of gentle a

capella in beautiful tune and harmony. The skill of these musicians can't be doubted, each playing more than one instrument at once on occasion. Leaving the stage humbly the room was left whispering, this was a new take on folk music for me.

I was impatient to hear what Laura Gibson was to add to this formula and by this time the entire floor was filled with cross-legged spectators. She appeared on stage as a ghost-like figure, vintage white dress and pale, she was followed by Musee Mecanique who were to accompany her set. She gently plucked her acoustic, with keyboard and various stringed instruments being played by her aides. Not only did the image on stage appear ghostly, the sound was calm and peaceful, it was a transfixing scene. Her music was slow

and played with feeling, her voice was sweet and there was real fluid connectivity of all the sounds being made, some echoing others, some giving resonance, flowing with the smoke rings of my mind, it fitted serenely. Some of her songs had pretty two-vocal parts, but her melodies seemed to lack direction.

She sweet talked the crowd between songs that otherwise would have blended together, and towards the end of her set the atmosphere was a dream world. Her lyrics seemed to be personal, as if it was surreal story time and we were her children. She ended her set with a Leonard Cohen cover of "Take This Waltz", humble, as she knew few people knew her own music. She left us graciously with folk spirit in our minds.



Musee Mecanique & Laura Gibson
The Luminaire
26th November
★★★★☆



Lucy Harrold Arts Editor

Hooray! It's finally December, I can't believe how excited I got when I opened the first window on my advent calendar-ooo! A cracker! How excellent!

So what does December mean to us artsy type people? Well to me it means a busy timetable of rehearsals leading to two days of sheer tiredness-based hell performing and coproducing the Musical Theatre Society's revue: *Nicest Kids in Town*.

But I'm by no means the only one putting myself through a life of living off Red Bull and coffee in the name of art. Take a look at any of the myriad of posters around college (or anyone who falls asleep in your lecture). You may find a hidden gem or a new hobby out of it! If you do see any of the magnificent talent at Imperial do send us a review! I may even give you a cookie.

December also means the start of panto season. My parents were always sceptical about taking my sisters and I to pantomimes when we were little for two reasons. 1) Pantos are bloody expensive; it's the one time of the year

theatres can guarantee an audience and can hence charge what they bloody well like. 2) I think my parents realised that even at that young age I thought pantos were a bit crude and tacky.

I have exactly two memories of pantomimes, generally because I have seen two pantomimes. The first was being shit scared of King Rat in *Dick Whittington*- wouldn't you be scared of a 6ft rat trying to eat your pet? This may have had something to do with my fascination with *Basil the Great Mouse Detective* at the time.

The second panto I saw was Aladdin starring Barbara Windsor who I thought was a supermegastar. My greatest memory from this was of her singing 'Could It Be Magic' and me then trying to copy it in my living room for the rest of the holidays thus driving my parents crazy.

This Christmas there will be none of that panto type nonsense. Instead I will be settling down to David Tennant in Hamlet and then quickly switch over to Doctor Who to see him fight his final battle. How cheery. Hang on, Doctor Who is art isn't it? Guys? Hello?

Oooh! Spooky Stuff!

Rhys Davies discovers *The Woman in Black*, the timeless thriller

It's Friday night and I have an old friend to entertain. What am I to do?

Well, it's London so we decide to take in a show. But which show? The choice is practically stinging. However, after a personal recommendation, we finally decide on *The Woman in Black* at the Fortune Theatre, just off Covent Garden.

The plot, adapted from a Susan Hill novel by Stephen Mallatratt, sees a young London solicitor head north to a dour estate to settle a recently deceased client's affairs. While there, he catches glimpses of the mysteriously ethereal woman in black. When he questions the locals about her identity, they behave strangely and refuse to talk to him. Thus, he is on his own as her character and purpose are slowly revealed to him.

This may sound like a pretty pedestrian ghost story and I suppose it is but there are many aspects of the play which elevate not only the standard but the fear also. Firstly, the play is told as the solicitor, now an old man, rehearses the story with a stage actor so he can explain it to his family. Thus, it becomes a story within a story. It is especially effective when the recorded sound and props used to create mood and setting are overtly recognised as

such. What's more, during the rehearsal (the real story) the actor plays the part of the solicitor while the solicitor plays the rest of the cast. Far from a distraction, it is innovative and a great credit to the actors' plasticity.

But what truly impressed and terrified me in equal measure was the use of sound and light in the play. The stage itself is sparse, with the few props constantly given new interpretations with every changing scene. With nothing gaudy to distract the audience, the other senses are given free reign.

Every creaking floorboard, every crow's caw is used to instil a sense of anxiety in the audience. If you can hear something in the play, you're meant to hear it and it's meant to worry you. Light is used even better, despite its infidelity to the young solicitor. Electricians fail, torches give out, lamps splutter and suddenly the stage is plunged into darkness. But this isn't an empty darkness, there's something in this night and it's none too nice. And when the lights come back, that isn't necessarily good, as they illuminate something which should have definitely remained hidden.

In essence, where this play truly succeeds is not in what it shows you but in what it doesn't show you. With a minimal cast, limited (but creative)



She's behind you! Sorry, wrong article

use of props, silence and darkness, the play leaves your imagination to fill in the gaps. It doesn't say that there's something in the blackness but you instinctively know that there is and your heart begins to pound. Then, the play jolts forward, reveals the eponymous woman in black – and you scream.

Well, I did, at least. In summary, you should make an effort to see this play not only for a ghost story well told but for the technical genius behind the narrative as well.

Musical Theatre Weekly: South Pacific

Musical Theatre Weekly has returned. For *felix's* anniversary Lucy Harrold celebrates the hot show of 1949

I'm afraid it was slim pickings for the world of theatre in 1949, possibly because many perfectly good shows were already showing and we can just hide this year under the carpet as an "off year".

History

South Pacific derived from a series of short stories by James A Michener under the name of "Tales of The South Pacific". Joshua Logan, a director and veteran of World War Two, decided that he wanted to adapt these babies and so approached Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, writers of such shows as the Sound of Music and Carousel, to do so. The production won ten Tony awards and went on to win the 1950 Pulitzer Prize for drama (so far only one musical a decade has won this accolade). The show went on to be made into a movie and is considered one of the seminal Rodgers and Hammerstein pieces.

At the time, South Pacific was seen as a brave new piece embracing an end to racism, but in hindsight it was probably more racially blinkered than anything.

Plot

On a small South Pacific island dur-

ing World War Two, Nellie Forbush, a Navy Nurse, has fallen in love with a French plantation owner named Emile. She discovers he already has two children by a native woman (insert racist subplot) and realises she cannot go out with a guy who likes "natives" (she's from Arkansas and it's the forties, what need I say?) Meanwhile, Lieutenant Cable has arrived on the island as a spy and is preyed upon by Bloody Mary: a large, ugly woman, and the only non-Navy woman on the island.

We then discover that her daughter, Liat, is also on the island whom she goes about setting up with Cable. Unfortunately Cable is also a typically racist guy although we discover that both he and Nellie have been brought up that way and (supposedly) "can't help it".

Emile challenges the pair's racist tendencies and Cable realises that he does still love Liat. I won't give the ending away but use your imagination- it's set in the South Pacific and it's wartime. Someone's going to die.

Main Characters:

Nellie Forbush: Sweet, naive Navy ensign from Arkansas.

Emile DeBecque: A wordly, older French plantation owner who seems to be the only non-racist character in

the show

Joe Cable: Attractive young Navy spy who is hanging around the island until he can start his mission

Bloody Mary: Fat, ugly native grass-skirt seller who still manages to get all the sailors' attentions.

Liat: Bloody Mary's young, attractive daughter who falls in love with Cable. Come on, you know something's going to go wrong.

Songs to look out for:

I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outta My Hair: Cute song sung by Nellie. Men pay attention: it is usually sung by scantily clad, attractive young women.

Some Enchanted Evening: Possibly the most famous song from the show- a booming ballad. Very lyrical, very nice.

Younger Than Springtime: I see this as basically a bouncier, less solemn version of *Some Enchanted Evening* and hence, like it more.

My head of department suggested I added *Happy Talk* to this list but I still can't get over that awful remix by Dizzee Rascal.

Where can I can get it?

Well the DVD definitely still exists,



This is the reason girls really like musicals- fit men with their tops off, mmm....

in fact there are a few versions. There are recordings aplenty and if you have lots of money or daddy's credit card then go to Broadway and see the Lincoln Centre revival. It won the Tony award for best revival and is even considered better than the original. The picture above is from that production including the very delicious Matthew Morrison and his oh so beefy biceps.

If you liked this, try:

The Sound of Music- Well, you've

probably tried this before South Pacific but it is possibly Rodgers and Hammerstein's most famous show.

On The Town- More sailors!! This time they're in New York but there are still links back to the war and the sadness it brings.

Finians Rainbow- Another golden oldie but also another show about racism. This was definitely ahead of its time, a place where bigoted old town-folk are changed race by a magical leprechaun.

Wyrd Sisters review; definitely wyrd

Gilead Amit reviews Dramsoc's take on Wyrd Sisters that played out to audiences last week in the Union

Terry Pratchett's Discworld: a fictional flat world that floats through space on the back of four elephants, which in turn stand on the back of a Great Turtle... Seeing as we are at Imperial I'm probably already preaching to the converted. Many of you would probably stop me right now and explain that the Turtle is called The Great A'tuin; the world, though fictional, throws more satirical light on real life issues than a month of Jeremy Kyle repeats, and that overall, it's just pretty darn brilliant.

What you may not know is that Dramsoc have decided to take on *Wyrd Sisters*, one of the best known Discworld tales, for their Christmas performance. What you would like to know is: 'is it any good?'

For the uninitiated, *Wyrd Sisters* shows Pratchett indulging in one of his favourite pastimes, riffing on popular literature: this time, Shakespeare, notably *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. As such, prior knowledge of both plays will help with some of the jokes, but such is Pratchett's skill that there's a lot more to get out than just references to long dead playwrights.

A play of this sort, involving witches, jailbreak, numerous instances of conjuring, and at one point 'flying' broomsticks, requires more than acting, it actually requires some technical skill. And here once again, Dramsoc manages to do im-

pressive things with limited resources. There's some great pyrotechnics, including a brilliant exploding door. Some good sound effects, an earthquake that rolls impressively around the room, good use of a trapdoor during a demon invocation, and a play-within-a-play scene (like all good Shakespeare) that inventively splits the stage into actors (within the show) backstage, and audience (within the show) watching said play. If that doesn't make you even slightly curious, then you are made of meaner stuff than I am.

As any fan of Doctor Who pre-Russell T. Davies and the first six seasons of *Red Dwarf* will tell you, wobbly sets, camp costumes, and kitsch production values are good things. These lend the endeavour a certain charm that tells you it isn't trying to be the next *Avatar*, but is just being what it is, promising a good, silly, and ultimately fun time. This show has all three in spades, which works in its favour. There's a home-made charm about it that immediately puts you at ease and let's you know from the off that you are not going to have to do too much thinking.

Pratchett always suffers when adapted from page to stage, every reader has already directed the story in their head, and on a much larger scale than can be provided on any stage, so any production (in my mind) will not compare favourably if you have read the book. Subtleties are lost, descriptive passages that draw so

perfect a picture just cannot be acted out, and the thought processes detailed in the books are especially tricky. This can result in non-sequiturs and it can be hard to keep hold of the narrative. Even the recent multi-million pound Sky TV adaptations fell victim to this fact. So what's left?

Like all good writers, one of the best things about Pratchett is the language. If you are going to succeed with Pratchett, you have to get the language right. I am pleased to say that in some sections of this show, it zips back and forth like you always hoped it would. The interplay between the central trio (the Wyrd Sisters), which holds the show together, works well with the three actresses making use of the respective statuses of their characters. There are some well-executed jokes (I particularly enjoyed the 'Is this a dagger I see before me?' line). And though it isn't a matter of language, the escalating joke in which Duke Felmet tries to get the blood off his hands first by rubbing with sandpaper, and then with an ever-present wood sander is genius.

A related issue with Pratchett is you really need to sell the world you are in. The best adaptations of his works in any media immediately sell the characters usually as British cultural stereotypes, so Granny Weatherwax walks on stage and straight away, you get that this is an old no-nonsense, not to be messed with, West Country Marm. There are successful attempts in



Shamini Bundell, Lauren Waterman, Ilse Daly as the maiden, the mother and...

this show at that, notably Shamini Bundell as the motherly Nanny Ogg, and Aaron Singh & Lily Topham make a good comedy double act, as the Duke and Lady Felmet, playing characters that are totally oblivious to their own ridiculousness. Their Doctor Evil style laughter that slowly peters out was one of the moments in which I found myself laughing without realising it.

It is however a big ask of a cast of 22, some of whom do not appear familiar with the Pratchett world or the type of language being used. As such, the world is not kept consistent, with accents rang-

ing from South England to South France with a slight detour via Eastern Europe, but hey, that's student theatre. And it kinda adds to the aforementioned home-made charm of the thing. All-in-all, considering that the cast is entirely made up of Imperial students, this is a good try at a hard job, putting Pratchett on stage.

Any review exists to ultimately tell you what to do and the bottom line of this review is: see this show, take a friend or two, have a pint in DaVinci's and have a good time, because that is what this show promises and ultimately offers.

From the sublime to the ridiculous?

Rosie Milton reviews Damien Hirst's exhibition of paintings, *Nothing Matters*, at both White Cube spaces



Damien Hirst's *Insomnia*, not a drop of formaldehyde in sight

I can't escape the fact that as an art historian, an art critic and a plain old art fanatic, I am wary of an artist such as Damien Hirst making a 'foray' into the traditional arena of oil painting. Hirst has drawn us as spectators right through a gamut to the sublime, then whipped round and laughed in our faces with ridicule. I shall try to

explain how I have come to feel this way in the following article.

My experience of his paintings has inspired not only suspicion, but also cynicism in my interpretation of his style and subject matter. For example: does Hirst have a deep-set hatred for creatures of the animal kingdom? When he is not drowning sharks and young calves in formaldehyde, he is ex-

ploding crows in a spatter of cadmium and feathers on his canvases.

As for Hirst's formal style, only a year ago the Tate Britain held a retrospective of Francis Bacon's works. Bacon's tendency to use the triptych format and fill his spaces with loose geometric structures painted in narrow lines has clearly inspired Hirst. If we are to compare Hirst's portraits with Bacon's, they differ greatly. The larger expanse of a Bacon, such as 'Chimpanzee' of 1955 has a worked surface of blacks and blues, with fine white, cobwebby lines drifting across it, yet structured so as to form a cage around the creature inside (very much alive), signified by his wide-open jaw and head thrown back in raw animal cry. The detail of this face completely contrasts with the background. The creature's face is like a vortex of the greater expanse of the picture, drawing you in to its deadly mouth – a device used frequently by Bacon. Hirst's 'Portrait of a Man IV' (2008) is quite different. The background is dark and the palette of blues and black is similar, with the contrasting details of white. This deathly, bluish face creates a sort of inverted portrait. Hirst's figure is flattened – his face crudely lit from the side, the shape of his mouth and nose rendered with naïve difficulty in impasto oils.

Yet this tendency to imitate the artistic works of a mind whose creativity at least seemed somewhat disturbed rings for me only of cliché. Hirst's private life – at least any part that might give an explanation to the obsession with death in his art – has not been made clear throughout his history as an artist. Bacon on the other hand had a friend, possibly lover, who he apparently goaded to suicide through insults. The work resulting from this episode in Bacon's life appears transcribed on the canvas with difficulty, to express his feelings: the individuals he made portraits of began to literally lose their facial features, as if the artist was unable to look into the eyes of those he painted.

What I am trying to imply is that Hirst has made 'art' and existed as an artist in a manner which up until now seems to have mocked and ridiculed the body of the institution. He has used the art auction to experiment in dragging the prices of artworks above the million mark and created the most expensive art object on earth, merely for the sake of having someone buy it to exacerbate the situation of culture in a capitalist world. Then he turns to the oil painting: a traditional, exalted and admired art form, out of which famous protagonists such as Edouard Manet, J. M. W. Turner, and of course Francis

Bacon, created beautiful illusions of ferocious sea storms, courtesans that shook French society's ideology and a pope that seemed to be screaming his way to hell on his throne.

Hirst is by no means setting a new milestone in subject matter: his skulls and lemons speak of still life and Dutch genre motifs (the skull was a symbol of vanitas, literally a warning against foolish vanity in life that would ultimately lead to one's death) and stylistically we have already witnessed his homage to Bacon.

My concern as an art enthusiast is that the public will not be able to see the wood for the trees: and mistakenly admire Hirst's foray into expressive painting, when he is merely entreating you to do this in the first place, to make an example of what 'tourists' we are to the art gallery, when I know this is not how I and many others feel. Even though I am wary of Hirst's intentions as an artist, I still appreciate the debate which is thrown our way from such exhibitions. After all, I enjoyed some of the grand sale at Sotheby's last autumn, if only to see a huge number of his installation works collected in one place.

I would like to encourage you to go and form your own opinion of Hirst's paintings, but don't expect to see any formaldehyde.



An irregular romance for John Malkovich

Stefan Zeeman

John Malkovich stars in Steve Jacob's new adaptation of the Booker Prize winning novel, *Disgrace* by J.M. Coetzee, which tells of the struggles of a man and his daughter in post-apartheid South Africa. John Malkovich plays serial romancer Prof. David Lurie, who teaches romantic poetry at Cape Town University. Feeling lonely and unappreciated by his class, Lurie impulsively starts an obsessive relationship with a reluctant mixed-race student, Melanie. The relationship is swiftly revealed although Lurie offers no defence to his case. The words "your days are over Casanova" are written on his blackboard, although the unfazed professor leaves his post seemingly guilt-free. He fancies himself to be an owner of a mad heart instead of a corrupted mind.

The beginning could be considered a plot of a film in itself, although it is only the starting point for Lurie's journey. Soon after, Lurie leaves to live with his daughter Lucy, who lives alone on a remote farm. Lucy is the only woman Lurie can form a connection with, and despite the obvious dangers of living alone, Lucy is immovable and proud of her land.

When three men suddenly attack Lurie and rape Lucy at her farm, their lives are uprooted and the father-daughter relationship is taken to a new level. Lurie becomes obsessed with conspiring against the

mysterious Petrus (Eriq Ebouaney) - a man who lives and works on the farm. Lurie is concerned with the lack of boundaries that Petrus has around the farm, and the relationship that he has with one of the attackers. After the attack, Lucy must rebuild her previously untarnished world, and Lurie must grasp the decisions that she makes and adapt to an unfamiliar place. Lucy wants to leave her past behind, claiming it is a "private matter", although Lurie wants justice for what has happened to his invaluable daughter.

You can imagine that the fast paced story would fill a book excellently, although there is almost too much to pack into two hours. Several important moments are crammed into a few brief scenes, so the characters' development



John Malkovich apologies once again for harrasing his wife for shower sex

is blunt. Saying that, it definitely contains enough drama to keep you gripped throughout the film, and South Africa's open landscapes provide a superb backdrop to illustrate the exposed land. The performances are absorbing, especially John Malkovich, who produces a gripping portrayal of a flawed man. Despite the failures of Lurie, Malkovich forms a character you can empathize with.

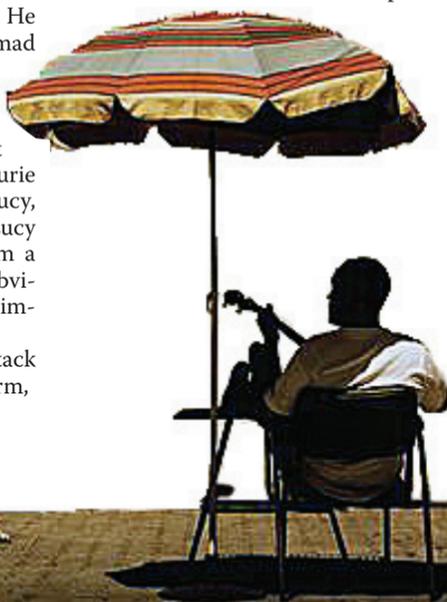
The film is shot tastefully, and the characters give the powerful story an excellent backbone, although the portrayal

of post-apartheid South Africa is somewhat rushed. *Disgrace* is an interesting tale of a country trying to rediscover itself after the hurtful apartheid.

Lurie's unforgiving approach to the people he encounters is a good indication of the hopelessness in the country.

Jessica Haines makes her film debut play-

ing Lucy. A graduate from the University of Cape Town, gaining a degree in social anthropology, she has travelled throughout Africa, making her an ideal candidate for the role. J.M. Coetzee, the author of the book, grew up in a South Africa under apartheid and left before the apartheid ended, which means he presumably left with somewhat twisted feelings towards the country, similar to the awkward (and probably intentional) taste that's left in your mouth at the end of this film.



A not-so-legendary film does no justice to an American legend

John Park

Based on a true story, *Amelia* is a non-fictional, extraordinary story of an extraordinary woman who tried the impossible. And it stars Hillary Swank, yes, the Oscar season is here. But given the film's quality, chances of Swank scoring a nomination is looking very unlikely, unless there are no more decent performances from now until around December/January.

Amelia Earheart was a pilot who accomplished many avian techniques and broke many records as a woman however she mysteriously disappeared over the central Pacific Ocean whilst she was trying to complete her circum-navigational flight of the globe. She was the first person to fly solo between Hawaii and California, however to modern viewers her disappearance is possibly the only interesting thing about her and most likely why she's actually famous. The film focuses on various awards and titles that she won; that and the occasional shallow/light look at her love life with the publishing tycoon George Putnam (Richard Gere) and an aviation administrator Gene Vidal (Ewan McGregor). By focusing way too much on the dull, predictable ro-

mance and her extraordinary awards, the film feels more like a detailed documentary on Earhart's life, whilst never fully engaging the audience.

The film's incredibly unsubtle Oscar-baiting format is actually more irritating than anything else. Grand cinematography bombards the screen, Hillary Swank puts on a funny accent to imitate the flying legend and there's pompous music to emphasise the great emotional challenge that Amelia Earheart had to go through. The film appears to be desperate to snatch up some awards by deluding the voters with its technical beauty and achievements, as it was never going to perform too successfully at the box-office. Sadly, the film will probably end up gaining neither.

It's obvious to see why Swank was cast in this dismal biopic. She's an excellent actress and also resembles the late legend but even she

can't salvage this messy script and direction. The narrative is repetitive and confused, and doesn't know whether it wants to be a doomed romance film or a dull biographical film that tries to squeeze in as many of Earhart's achievements in the shortest running time as possible. Either way, this project wasn't going to startle the viewers in any way.

Amelia is a lazy attempt to gain some Os-

car love. Who knows? It may get some nominations. But I hope they're all in the technical department. The scenes involving old-looking, beautiful planes are definitely impressive, the period costume is always an Oscar favourite and the score fits the adventurous style perfectly.

The cast is fantastic, but looking at the film as a whole, it's a complete waste of talent. Swank, Gere and McGregor deserve so much better than this.



U.K. Top ten Box Office

1. Twilight Saga: New Moon
Weekend Total - £4,303,257
Grand Total - £20,320,686
2. Paranormal Activity
Weekend Total - £3,593,762
Grand Total - £3,593,762
3. A Christmas Carol
Weekend total - £1,935,283
Grand total - £11,333,978
4. 2012
Weekend Total - £1,834,817
Grand Total - £16,217,379
5. Law Abiding Citizen
Weekend Total - £1,488,143
Grand Total - £1,488,143
6. Nativity!
Weekend Total - £794,314
Grand Total - £794,314
7. Harry Brown
Weekend Total - £333,459
Grand Total - £3,519,275
8. Up!
Weekend Total - £327,174
Grand Total - £33,963,586
9. De Dana Dan
Weekend Total - £308,029
Grand Total - £308,029
10. A Serious Man
Weekend Total - £243,964
Grand Total - £744,239

Competition

We have four free tickets for Mascarades to give away!

Mascarades is showing at the Ciné Lumière as part of their French Film Festival. All you have to do is answer this question. Avatar is the up coming film by which famous director?

If you know the answer then send it to us at:
film.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Apologies

Ho Kong was the winner of the competition we ran three weeks ago but we forgot to publish it! The correct answer was of course "La Vie en Rose"

No budget means no thrills

Tom Roberts

Every reviewer and his dog has been calling *Paranormal Activity* this year's *Blair Witch Project*. But this comparison is only partly accurate. *The Blair Witch Project* pioneered the shaky, handheld camera style seen here, but countless horror films since have hopped on the bandwagon so much so that an entirely new subgenre has spawned for example *Cloverfield*, *Diary of the Dead*, *[Rec]* and *My Little Eye*. Without spoiling it too much (and frankly, if you're reading a review about a film like this, which thrives on surprises, you probably don't care for spoilers) *Paranormal Activity* is thematically closer to the recent *Drag Me To Hell*, just not nearly in the same league.

A young couple living in San Diego suburbia choose to document their life from the moment things begin going bump in the night. The first half of the film trundles along steadily while it is established whether the sceptical Micah really is taking his girlfriend Katie's paranoia seriously, or whether he just wants to film the pair getting down to some 'extra curricular' activity. Micah's obsession with gadgets leads him to rigging up microphones around the bedroom and using the camera's infra-red mode to film while they sleep. Doors open on their own accord, personal belongings are mysteriously misplaced and chandeliers swing despite all the windows being locked in the house.

The atmosphere trembles, slowly boiling but too often the tension is cut with images of Katie's arse or Micah requesting a striptease. Thrust a camera into the hands of a warm-blooded male, especially one with an infra-red mode, and thoughts will probably turn to recreating *One Night In Paris* or something equally salacious, but the whole premise of the film is that the



Aw...Katie couldn't sleep.

tapes have been discovered, dusted off and their contents released to show the horrors lurking in the celluloid. Retaining the tits and arse when cutting together a week's worth of footage isn't the most respectful way of remembering the missing or deceased's final days. The editor's hand is far too apparent.

The Blair Witch Project succeeded so brilliantly as you rarely felt aware of the camera, and because there was such little editing between scenes, the film felt like raw footage. In *Paranormal Activity* you are acutely aware of the camera's presence as every other scene references it in some way and this is ultimately at the detriment to the toe-curling tension.

The whole point of the handheld technique is to heighten the sense of reality and immersion. *Cloverfield* managed this despite featuring a gargantuan monster, but *Paranormal Activity* just feels contrived and no amount of shaky-cam is going to rescue it. The story is pure hokum. I'm probably stirring the depths of hell by saying this, but the people who believe in demons and ghosts are the same idiots that think global warming is a hoax. *Drag Me To Hell*, as well as Sam Raimi's earlier films such as *Evil Dead*, recognised the absurdity of the spiritual world as well as its believers, and took great pleasure in making a joke out of them while creating effective, scary horror films. *Paranormal Activ-*

ity takes such laughable subject matter far too credibly.

Alas! *The Blair Witch Project* is still the queen of the shaky-cam genre; *Paranormal Activity* on the other hand is what you'd get if you asked the Big Brother producers to remake *The Exorcist*.

The new 3D spectacular!

Ed Knock Film Editor

First we had stereophonic, now prepare yourself for stereoscopic! As the 22nd Academy awards draw closer and the bookies place their odds on the contenders, a small band of renegades are causing ripples among the film community. They claim that soon they will be able to make pictures jump out at us in 3 dimensions. That's right, instead of just watching the film, we will be surrounded by the film.

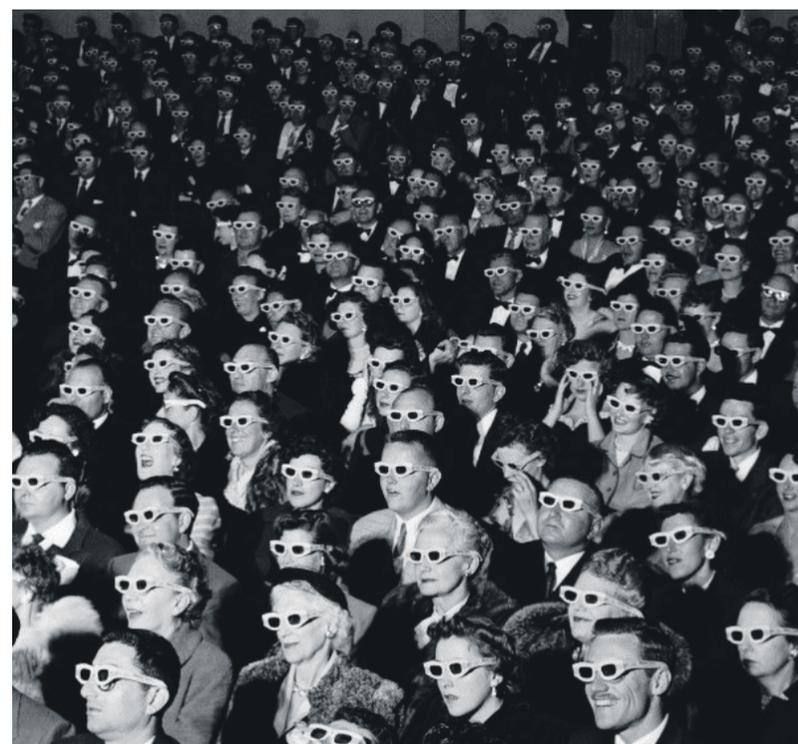
Milton. L. Gunzberg has been developing a method of projecting '3D' images called 'Natural Colour' and has started to demonstrate it to all the major studios but with little success. MGM showed some interest and even optioned the process, however they seem to have forgotten about it

since and are now concentrating on the usual lavish musicals instead. Mr. Gunzberg stated "Louis B. Mayer is blind, audiences are turning away from cinemas in their millions to sit in front of their new 'televisions' and he thinks that turning out more and more ridiculously expensive musicals is going to bring them back! Natural Colour is the future of cinema, we will bide our time but in ten years time all films will be three dimensional and in sixty years time technology will have advanced so much that the pictures will be beamed straight to our brains!"

We will have to wait and see about the latter point Milton but rumour has it that the maverick director, Arch Oboler, is condising this new medium for his next film: 'A savage and fantastical adventure through the mysterious lands of the African Savannah!'

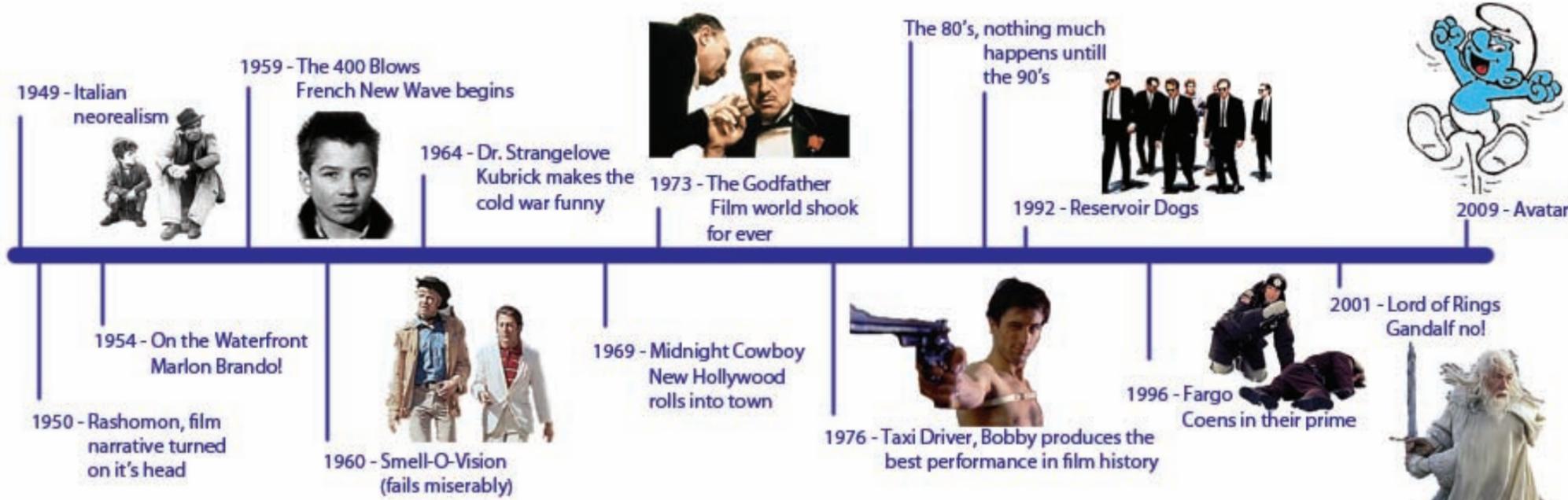
Film Releases December 4th

- Box, The (12A)
- Cracks (15)
- Departures (12A)
- Disgrace (15)
- Girlfriend Experience, The
- I Know You Know
- Me And Orson Welles (12A)
- Merry Gentleman, The (15)
- Paa
- Planet 51



felix is sixty! So here's sixty years of the great and iconic cinema landmarks

(As decided by Ed Knock who spent hours on Photoshop making this rather excellent timeline!)



We need your views on our new bars and nightclub!

We've had some good news this week, as our plans for Phase 3 (refurbishment of the ground floor bars in Beit) have, in principle, been formally approved. Our first student focus group has met to discuss the plans, but there's still time to get involved – you can send your views to Daniel Hill, the Deputy President (Finance & Services) on dpfs@imperial.ac.uk. We want to hear from everybody, whether you currently use our bars or not. In fact, if you don't use the bars and nightclub very often (or at all), we're especially keen to hear your views; what would encourage you to come over? Where do you go now and why?

Phase 3 is the final part of the Union Building Redevelopment project which started in 2006. Since then we have radically changed the way we use the space we have in both the main building and basements. We want to achieve the same with the redevelopment of the ground floor. Some things are not possible to change due to time, money and planing constraints. What we will have at the end of this phase is a new nightclub/

bar where dB's is now and a new cafe/bar where da Vinci's is now. We will only be making slight changes to the Union Bar to modernise the lighting and some light re-decoration.

The nightclub, dB's, will be a completely blank slate with lots of extra space: we hope to create a bigger, better venue with a more efficient design. We need your feedback and ideas to help our architects design the best space for you. Our bar/cafe da Vinci's will also be completely refurbished to better utilise the space and make services more efficient.

Below we have included a plan of the ground floor of the building with the space in both dB's and da Vinci's that we can utilise during these works marked in red. We would really like you to cut this out and sketch your ideas on it. Think about where the bars could go, where we would put catering and where we would put the stage in dB's. The space behind da Vinci's will be the cellar so that has to stay as it is. In dB's there are unfortunately

load bearing walls to take into account which cannot be removed! Once you have completed your sketch hand it in to Union Reception, floor 2M of the Union Building, email it to dpfs@imperial.ac.uk or post it to us.

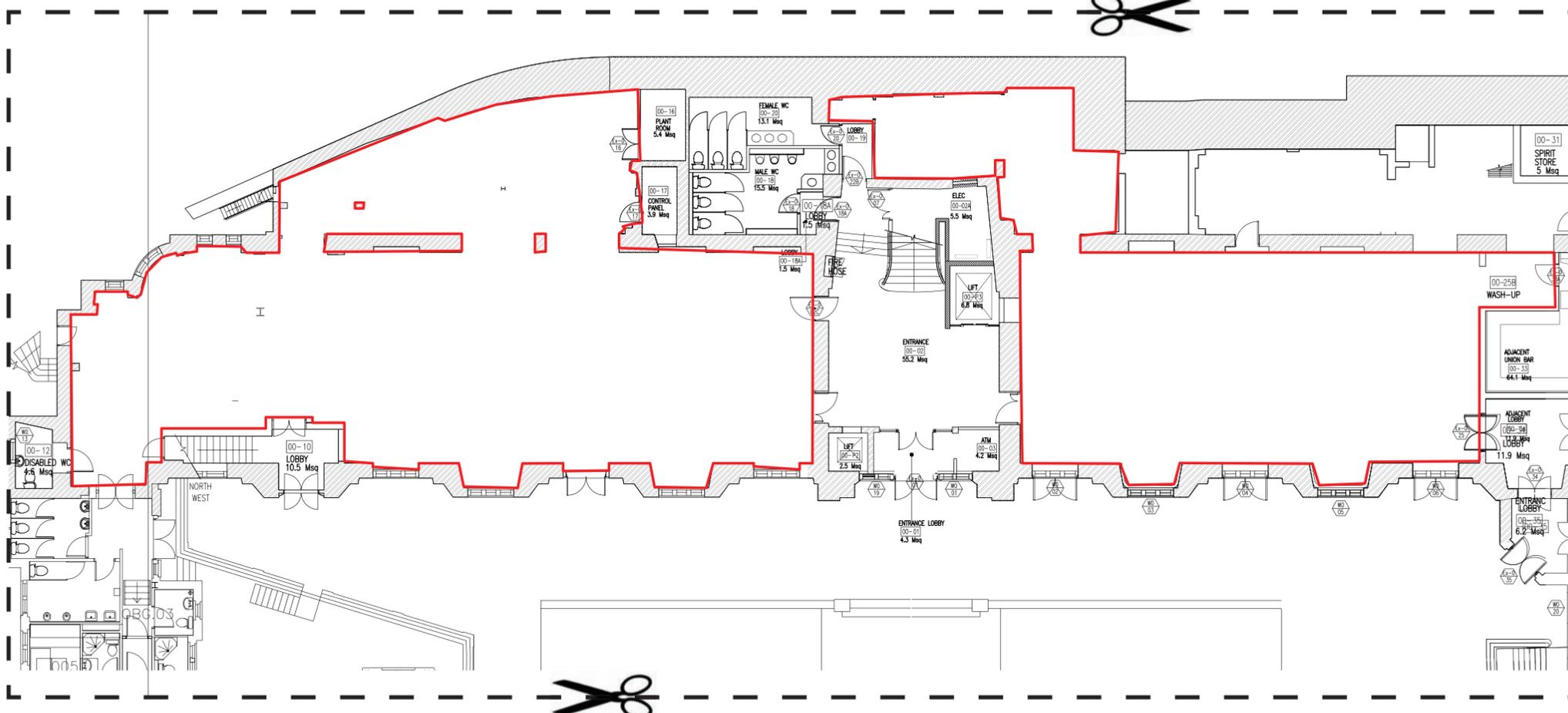
We are still finalising the exact project plan, but we are currently aiming at minimal disruption to our bars, catering and nightclub until the end of the academic year. The major works will be completed over the summer with the new venues ready for October and Freshers' Week 2010.

Remember: it's your Union, so tell us what you want, whether you currently use our bars or not. We will continue to keep you up-to-date on this project as it continues on a special area of our website and in Felix. Next week we will open a survey to collect more of your ideas, with some prizes to be won as well. Please do take the time to let us know what you want, we have the opportunity to create something really special for you and future generations of students!



The Wave
SATURDAY 5th December
 Meet at 12.00 in Beit Quad with your banners

For more info
visit our website
imperialcollegeunion.org/green
 or the-wave.org.uk



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Legal plagiarism

Kawai Wong Fashion Editor

An injunction from 2008 dictates that eBay is banned from selling goods from the LVMH empire on its French website. LVMH is a luxury giant that owns Louis Vuitton, Dior, Fendi and Givenchy - just to name a few.

This Tuesday, a Paris court judge ruled that eBay had breached the injunction by not blocking sales of LVMH products on its site. eBay was fined £1.5 million. LVMH's move to ban sales of its goods on eBay is to prevent the sale of counterfeit products and also to ensure that the brands' products are distributed via franchised vendors. The latter is worrying because this has opened the door for big corporate companies to seize control over the marketplace. This episode has also highlighted the fragility of independent designers when it comes to defending their authentic creations. While rich companies like LVMH can rage a lawsuit against anyone; what prevents corporate clothing chains from ripping off designs of young designers who don't even have the strength to complain about the misconduct?

Take Erdem for example. His autumn/winter 09 collection featured splashed water-coloured floral printed skirts and dresses. Four months later a

similar design with a similar print appeared on Primark's shelves with a £12 price tag. If you look at H&M's shop window now, you can see a mannequin donning a rose-pink puffy tulle skirt that is reminiscent of Giles Deacon's black tulle petticoat, as seen in his show back in September. Plagiarism on the high street seems to be an unstoppable plague. Yesterday, I walked into an Aldo and was shocked to see the number of shoes on the shelves that exude an uncanny similarity to Giuseppe Zanotti and Christian Louboutin's original designs. In Aldo, there's a Stemper shoe which is embellished with rainbow coloured crystals. In Zanotti, there's also a rainbow coloured Swarovski crystal ankle boot. Only that Aldo sports a £600 discount on this 'alternative design.'

For Giles and Erdem who seem to have planted their feet firmly on the ground, the impact of 'legal corporate plagiarism' may not be as hard hit as it is to any fresh graduate designers. But plagiarism on the high street seems to be a contagious plague that is unstoppable.

For fresh designers, they barely have any money to buy materials. It hurts to see these young talents struggle, while these multi-billion pound companies rake it in with counterfeit designs.

Renaissance of Glamour



Saskia Verhagen Fashion Writer

Year 1949: with endings come the brightest beginnings. Just two years after Japan's surrender documents were signed on the USS Missouri, Christian Dior revealed his 6 mannequins draped in yards of extravagant materials; the full, below calf-length skirts and narrow, tailored jackets later chronicled in fashion history as the "New Look".

Dior gave no quarter to the idea that cutbacks and timidity should have been the order of the day in times of post-war fabric rationing; instead he was to spawn a generation of silver screen icons to be remembered for their pristine, lavish glamour, both on and off-screen.

Vivien Leigh was one of them, an actress most commonly remembered for her Oscar-winning performances as Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind* and Blanche DuBois in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Leigh embodied the immaculate, refined look of the time in silhouettes defined by a tiny waist. The wide shoulders and A-line skirts fashionable at the time served the sole purpose to bestow upon the wearer the illusion of an unspeakably minus-

cule waist.

She is emulated today by burlesque artist Dita von Teese, who is drawn to the polish of the 40s and spends her days laced into Mr Pearl corsets and atop one of her 500 pairs of Louboutins. The model, muse and style

"Elbaz combined a silk blouse in the palest latté with black gloves, a neat matching pencil skirt and swathed it all in a stole."

icon says, "I advocate glamour. Every day. Every minute."

This season, the bright, cinematic spotlight of glamour shone over the A/W 2009-10 catwalks at Dolce and Gabbana, Alber Elbaz at Lanvin and Christian Dior Couture. Clear references were made to the 40s as luxe furs, silks and rich brocades were worked into narrow, chic silhouettes and paired with elaborate milli-

nery, clean, porcelain skin, neatly lined eyes and pillow-soft matte red lips.

A look I personally favoured was seen at Lanvin: Elbaz combined a silk blouse in the palest latté with black leather opera-length gloves, a neat matching pencil skirt and swathed it all in an ultimately luxurious red fox stole. A true homage to the classic chic of the 40s: sumptuous materials transformed into a functional combination fit for a Hollywood screen goddess.

If your wardrobe is craving a bit of glitz and glamour, look no further than your nearest vintage boutique for a few 40s originals. Scour out the light silk blouses, full skirts complete with millefeuillecrinolines, jaunty feathered hats and look out for stoles, capes and collars in mink, sable and fox - or faux, if fur isn't your thing. For those of you looking for an easier fix than trawling through malodorous racks of old clothes in amongst the teenyboppers who seem to now frequent such vintage outlets, both Topshop and ASOS have the answer: elbow-length gloves, luxurious embellished jackets and wide corset belts are just a few mouse clicks away. There's no pride in having taken only 5 minutes to get out of the house - if you want to have every head turn as you strut down Queen's Gate, take an extra minute to polish off your look with a touch of 40s glamour.

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Simon Singh

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6 pm, Monday 14th December
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imperial college union



From left: Opera leather gloves, ASOS, £30; pearl embellished bolero, Topshop, £125; mary-jane shoes, Manolo Blahnik, vintage. Alber Elbaz for Lanvin, AW09 collection; Dita von Teese in a jacket resembling the 1951 Balenciaga balloon sleeves design.

The presence of fashion's past

Kawai Wong Fashion Editor

During the Second World War, clothing factories were reserved for making parachutes and uniforms. Due to the shortage of material and factory workers, clothes rationing started in 1941 and lasted for 8 years.

At the time, everyone in the household was given a booklet of coupons to exchange for clothes. People had to go to a shop, present the appropriate number of coupons and money in exchange for any items from shoes to pyjamas. For men and boys, an overcoat was worth 16 and 11 coupons; for women and girls, a dress would cost them 11 and 8 coupons.

To prevent people from using up all the coupons in one go, the booklet was divided into colour categories. From time to time, the government would announce which colour to be used in the period.

Instead of hitting the shops for new clothes, the government also issued a book called 'Make Do and Mend' to encourage women to repair broken items. Old curtains could be made into a new coat; dated jumpers could be re-knitted into something new. Petrol was also rationed during the war, hence make-up also became one of the most luxurious of all luxury items. Stockings also saw a re-

duction in supply. Women would get a friend to draw lines at the back of their legs to mimic the seams. In the most extreme cases, some even painted their legs with gravy – which on a hot day could attract flies to their bodies.

Two years before the clothes rationing ended in 1947, someone burst onto the fashion scene and transformed the perception of fashion for good. His name was Christian Dior, a political science student who served in the war and eventually became a designer. His first collection had such a great impact in the fashion world – his clothes were feminine, youthful and sensuous – a huge contrast to the modest civilian war time outfits.

Harpers Bazaar branded his designs the 'New Look'. Today, 1950s fashion is still known as the 'New Look of Christian Dior'.

The New Look accentuated a woman's curves while maintaining the clothes' functionality. The 2-piece suit featured a cinched-waist, large shoulders and a full calf-length dress.

In an age where turn-ups on trousers were banned to save materials, a full Dior New Look would use up 10 yards and sometimes up to 80 yards of material. To achieve the fullness of the skirt the wearer may require a petticoat underneath to create a buffon look.

This lavish use of material had made the reincarnation of this New Look impossible across the English Channel when the clothing rationing was still in place. Jane Brostein, the founder of

Browns, famously had to save up coupons in exchange for one of the New Look dresses. Nonetheless, it was Dior who had started this new era of fashion. Fashion was no longer a mere necessity in life – it became an art form, something glamorous and admirable.

The 1950s were the Golden Age of fashion. The dull civilian war-time outfits were suddenly a thing of the past. Balenciaga, Balmain, Schiaparelli and Dior created the effortless and chicness popularised by Grace Kelly and Audrey Hepburn. Their looks consisted of a plain black blouse with a ballerina A-lined skirt or a swoop line full length dress is still an all time classic in fashion history. Hussein Chalayan's AW09 collection featured re-interpretation of the swoop line dress with a raised side slit and reinforced shoulders. The 1950s is an era in fashion that will never be forgotten.

Soon the Parisian society of the 50s moved on to something even more glamorous for the hedonic post-war days. Evening dresses were in high demand for dinner parties. Haute Couture continued to grow, reaching almost 3000 private clients across Paris. Ostrich feathers, rare stones, genuine pearls and a wide variety of appliques were handsewn by in-house ateliers, sometimes taking up to 200 man hours for a dress.

Coco Chanel understood the appeal of fashion, which is always about newness. She realised the limits of the exclusivity of Haute Couture and her new approach to clothes-making would eventually morph into the ready-to-wear collections we see today.

When Coco Chanel reopened her boutique on 31 Rue Cambon in 1954, she was determined to change the cinched-waist look. Chanel's Upper East Side uniform was born. Boxed shape jacket with a straight waist and a knee length skirt in a rich textured boucle.

The 50s also

marked the birth of fashion shows. Fashion shows were strictly a thing for the royalties, nobles and the rich. They would be invited to an exclusive location and be seated around a round table in a ballroom. Men chatted away and smoked cigars; women in expensive jewellery and clothes would sit and watch the models coming out from a backdrop. Fashion shows were less of a theatrical show then. Models casually walked along the centre of the room – not on a runway – to demonstrate the clothes. Dior's first collection was secretly shown to Queen Elizabeth at the French embassy.

60 years later, the mood of war is back. Some of the wartime classics are reinvented by many fashion houses, most notably the double-breasted wool coat as seen at DNKY, Michael Kors, Louis Vuitton and Prada that boasts functionality.

Alber Elbaz of Lavin and John Galliano of Dior both revisited the archive and brought back the post-war ladylike skirt suit. Christian Dior's debut classic is retouched to include a mid-body leather belt and a dropped neckline.

Some designers were being more optimistic. The runways of Balmain, Gucci and Marc Jacobs demonstrated a more frivolous mood. The glitter of sequins and the fluorescent colours possibly reflect the hopes of these designers that by winter, the financial woe will be over and everyone will be raising their champagne glasses again.

Worries will never cease to haunt us. Another tornado is tearing through the money markets in the shape of a 6-star sail shaped hotel. Lloyd's TSB is in trouble again, everyone in the city frowns and businesses are pondering their future with the market in another wave of distrust. This is why fashion is a sanctuary to all. Fashion never sulks, it is always glamorous and fun. The simplest form of escapism is at hand to all of us – leave the real world behind for a minute or two. Let's indulge ourselves in another dose of fashion.

News Strip

Gabriella Gentilcore
Fashion Reporter

Selfridges' Centenary Sales

Selfridges' will have even more cause for celebration. The famous department store, which turned 100 this year, will see its profits exceeding £100 million this year. Despite the recession, consumers have continued to buy with profits up by £12 million from last year.

British Fashion Awards 2009 Nominees Unveiled

With the votes closed for the British Fashion Award's new London 25 category, the race is on to see who will win. Earlier this week the British Fashion council announced that the fore-runners in the competition are Kate Moss, Vivienne Westwood, Alexa Chung, Joan Burstein and Alexander McQueen. The winners will be announced on the 9th December at the British Fashion Awards.

Another Giles Deacon

After a deal with New Look and a stationery line with Smythson, Giles Deacon has designed another exclusive online collection deal for the online retailer thecorner.com. On sale are three pieces from Giles' resort collection that have been created in exclusive fabrics. The business savvy designer, who moved to show in Paris a season ago, will remain in Paris for the foreseeable future because orders for his collection have increased dramatically since his arrival on the Paris scene.

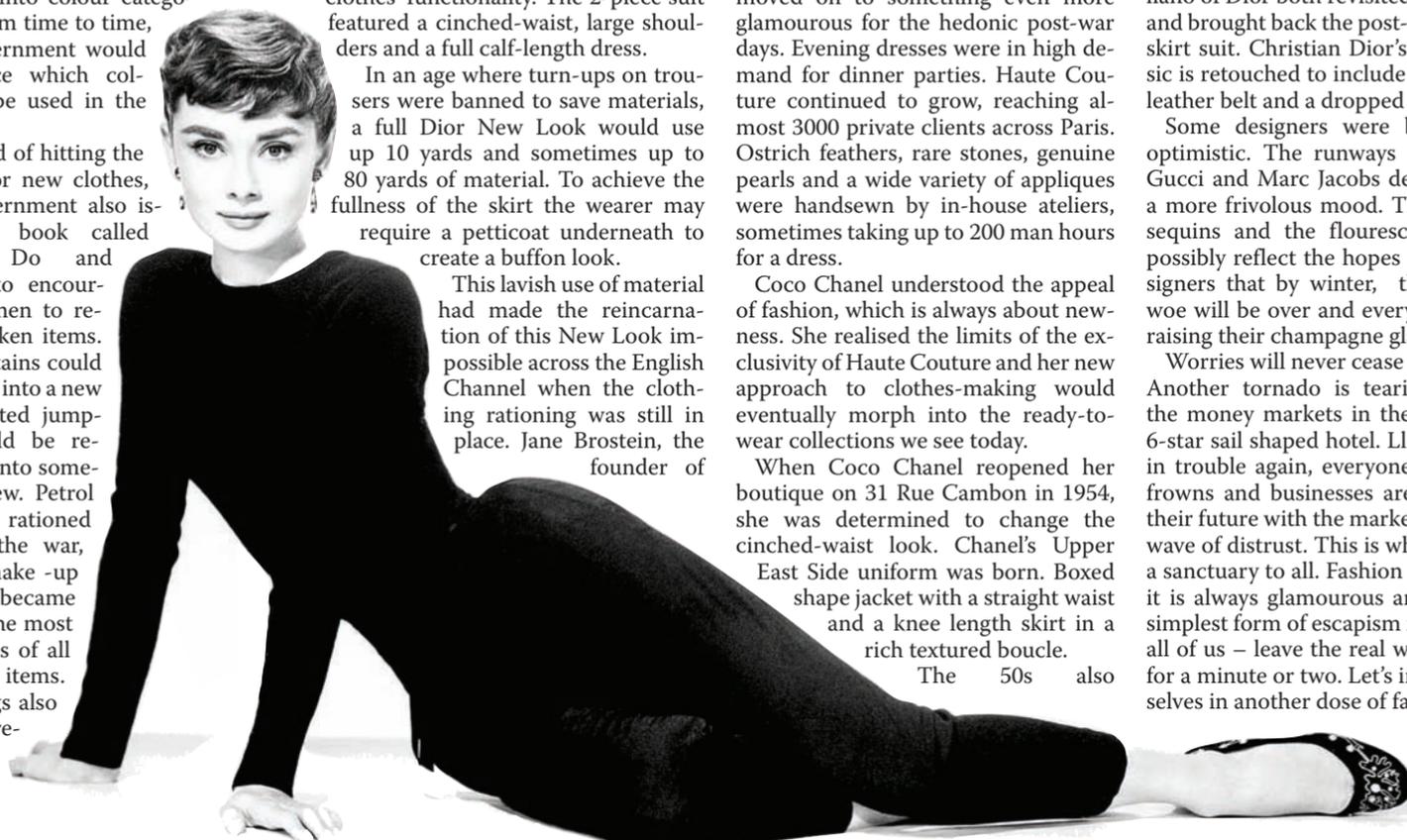


Polan and Tredre's New Book

Fashion commentators Brenda Polan and Roger Tredre have brought out a new book which will aim to answer the question "who are the great designers?" The book documents the top 50 designers that the authors thought willing to grace the pages of their new literary must have.

Roland Mouret's Helping Hand

Roland Mouret, in partnership with Browns has launched a power mesh dress that allows the wearer to get the Mouret shape under her favourite dress. The slips not only give a woman the perfect shape, but also is bang on trend as the must have sheer slip dress for summer.



1941 Clothes rationing starts. Coupons are exchanged for clothes. Women are encouraged to make do and mend.



1947 Christian Dior debuts his New Look designs. The Golden Age of fashion starts.



1950 Designers such as Cristobal Balenciaga and Pierre Balmain contribute to the Golden Age dresses.



1954 Grace Kelly in Rear Window. Tulle was traditionally used as an undergarment.



2009 John Galliano revisits the Golden Age and features underwear as outerwear.



Angkor What? That's what she said.

Following on from last week's article, **Tom Culley** takes you on a tour of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat.

Last week I left you having explored the south coast of Cambodia and returning to Phnom Penh. I returned to Lakeside to have one final night relaxing in a hammock before moving on.

However as often happens, I met a large group of people that were heading out into the city for a night out. We drank some cheap local whisky to get the party started, which was clearly a bad idea to begin with. Buying any bottle of spirit

felt so guilty that we each gave the driver a dollar tip. He was a very happy man that night.

After all that excitement I now bring you to the temples of Angkor. The town of Siem Reap is the jumping off point for anyone going to Angkor so it is a magnet for every tourist operator in SE Asia. The entire town is made up of hundreds of giant four-star hotels and even more budget guesthouses for the cheapest of travellers. It is the one part of Cambodia

the foreign money rather than to actually benefit the locals.

Over the centuries, many cities and temples were built around the Angkor area, all of whom are seemingly completely separate from each other; I explored at least twenty temples and not one of them even remotely resembled the last. I had thought that two days of temples would have bored me shitless but they were simply amazing.

The first day I decided to hire a rusty one-speed bike as the cheapest way of exploring the area, but very quickly realised that I was going to spend the day covered in sweat and dirt. The roads were often just bright orange soil and the mudguards were no match for the dust thrown up by my tires. However, after about half an hour of cycling I had reached the first point on the map.

The most famous temple is in fact the biggest, Angkor Wat, and it certainly is impressive due to its size, but it was not necessarily the best. It is surrounded by a moat of simply jaw-dropping size, which had been built by hand, supposedly by slave laborers, and which definitely puts the Tower of London moat to shame.

Many buildings had the steepest stairs that I have ever seen, and climbing them without a harness seemed a good idea at the time, but quickly my vertigo took over. One temple had been allowed to become overgrown for the last thousand years and has remained untouched since, apart from a few support beams keeping the structure stable. The roots of 100ft high trees seem to flow over the roofs and walls and become a part of the structure, and I could tell why this particular loca-



The lakes and courtyards resemble the oceans and continents of the real world.

tion was chosen for the filming of *Tomb Raider*. My favorite temple was by far Preah Khan. The complex was almost deserted during my visit and it was incredibly easy to get completely lost wandering around the endless maze and seeing where nature had started taking over. I was surprised that even in this heavily touristic environment the temples seemed empty. At some points I would climb into an old ruined building and read a book for a while completely undisturbed in total silence. Every so often, I would stumble upon small groups of blind and/or mutilated children who would play a short

piece of music automatically as you passed. My final experience of the country was going through the incredible busy border control into Thailand. The no-man's land between the passport controls were in fact a tax-haven for giant casinos and people seemed to throng freely between the sides of the border. It is said that Cambodia will definitely make you feel a lot more charitable having seen the conditions that exist there, and I think that is very true. Overall I am very glad I made the effort to go to Cambodia; I met amazing people and saw a new side to life that I will always remember.

that costs \$1 a litre is dicing with death, and the delightful Mekong whisky was no exception. Feeling very ill we took a tuk-tuk to a local club recommended by one of the group, quite worried by the fact we had no idea where we were and would be an easy target for any robbers. We were in fact the centre of attention in the club. As Caucasians we were all a good foot taller than all the Cambodian partygoers so at any point we could see everyone in the group regardless of where they were. Soon we were dancing to the crazy electro music in a circle and one by one the locals joined, making the circle almost the size of the whole dance floor. After a while it dawned on us that there was something very odd about the place. It turned out the club was in fact a gay bar, which was probably why we were being paid so much interest. Once it closed we decided to get transport back but being cheapskates we managed to fit thirteen of us in a 2-seat tuk-tuk and negotiated the fee down to \$3 in total. With several people hanging out of the side and two people 'surfing' on the roof we were a sight to behold and passing police cars simply laughed at us. Every time we tried to turn a corner, or even slightly swerve, the whole vehicle would lean over and the tires ground against the wheel-arch so we would pull people in or lean them out at various distances to even it out. It couldn't get above 5mph and most of the time several people would get off and walk to allow it to get back up to speed, but we crawled into the guesthouse about 40 minutes later and

that appears to have had any sort of serious investment, but mostly only to lure in



The steep steps leading up to the central building of Angkor itself.



The main walkway into the temple



Trees in Preah Khan have taken over the ruins in the last thousand years.

Sinful holidays across the pond

Olivia Davies wants to go to the desert lake-bowl city in Arizona - Las Vegas

A few weeks ago when I wrote this, the Christmas holidays didn't feel as close, yet I still feel the same - a trashy holiday would be nice. To go against the general eco, backpacker view, sometimes it is good to just go somewhere simply to enjoy yourself, and I don't think that's a bad thing. Ideally far away, expensive, and with time spent in hotels, a non-culture holiday is brain and body candy.

Expensive things are generally good, but seem especially appealing as I just managed to spend £30 on fish fingers and Taboo vodka at Essentials-money seems to be scampering away like a rabbit on speed at the moment and I don't want to spend most of it on Admiral frozen food. Far away would be nice too, as plane travel has made everything so quick nowadays that I often feel like I could be still in England with the tiny time it took to get somewhere. Crossing time zones and spending more than a few hours on a plane seems to make the escapism of a holiday more real, at least to me.

Hotels are also good, mostly because of the decadent fantasy atmosphere

they create, as long as you know to go exploring and not stay encased in them throughout the duration of your stay. A bit of time drunk is always welcome too-everyone wants to have fun, especially at this time of year.

This got me thinking about Vegas. Drinking age there is 21 so I would have trouble in the drunk department, but when I went there 2 years ago with my uncle and brother it was the best in tacky consumerism and pure entertainment, if that is what you are looking for.

When I went, (with family) we stayed in the Golden Nugget. This is one of the most famous and old hotels in Vegas (apparently you can visit it Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas). It has the world's largest gold nugget on display called "the Hand of Faith", and a lobby extends for ages, eventually merging into casinos, 2 restaurants and a shopping street. Rooms at the Nugget, and presumably elsewhere in Vegas, have single beds the size of English doubles, extensive mini bars, good views and mirrored ceilings (comical considering the company I was with).

Defying global warming, carnival lights are everywhere, and at every cor-

ner, men flick call girl cards at you (it is illegal to actively publicize), advertising "hot girls delivered to your room quicker than a pizza". I guess if you think about it, pizzas have to be cooked, but the slogan still sounds impressive. Dancing girls are also famous from the time Vegas was born- the more kosher side to female entertainment. Gambling is a main attraction as well; \$50,000 chips are regularly used at some poker tables, and a world away from the topless guys playing the same game knee deep in the Nugget pool. This juxtaposition of wealth was in a way kind of liberating, as it created an air that anyone could live the elusive "American

Dream" and start playing those high value chips.

Sin also comes in liquid variety- people happily walk down the street with a collectible cocktail 'bong' from one of the casinos, and seemingly every second stop on the streets is a bar. To complete the carnival theme, (not advised after too many frozen margaritas) there are rollercoasters in most of the casinos- my favourites are the MGM Grand coaster and the few up on the skyscraper; the view from the top of the building is really beautiful at night.

Vegas is in a desert, satisfying all heat seekers with 110 Fahrenheit dry heat.

Actually, one out of the few times it has snowed in Vegas was *felix's* anniversary year, where 12 inches of snow fell on the city on January. However the (normal) heat means cabs have to be taken everywhere at midday unless you want to die-a shame as some of old Vegas' streets are really lovely as you move away from the corporate casinos; old Vegas is really brilliant.

So even though I blatantly can't go, it still is nice to know that somewhere out there people are having mindless fun in a dust bowl in Arizona; Sin City is what it says on the packet in almost every sense, but it sure is fun.



It's not that fabulous. I mean, it is in Nevada; home of desert...and some wind



Old Vegas, circa 1949: such a contrast to modern day Vegas with its elements of old-time Western towns.

<p>Jul, 1949</p> <p>The world's first commercial jet airliner, the <i>de Havilland Comet</i>, takes its first flight</p> 	<p>Jul, 1969</p> <p>Neil Armstrong performs first moon walk</p> 	<p>May, 1973</p> <p><i>Lonely Planet</i>, the current largest travel guide book and digital media publisher in the world, is founded by Tony and Maureen Wheeler in their Sydney home</p> 	<p>Feb, 1978</p> <p>Launch of the first experimental Block-I GPS satellite</p> 	<p>Aug, 1984</p> <p>The world's first commercial MagLev transport system, AirRail Link in Birmingham, opens; development of first full-size working model credited to Imperial College professor Eric Laithwaite</p> 	<p>Nov, 1994</p> <p>Eurostar services begins between Waterloo International station, Gare du Nord and Brussels-South railway station</p> 	<p>Sept, 2001</p> <p>9/11 terrorist attacks; decline of plane travel due to tighter airport security and fear of terrorism</p> 
<p>May, 1953</p> <p>New Zealander Edmund Hillary and Nepalese Tenzing Norgay reach the summit of Mt Everest at 11.30am local time</p> 	<p>Jan, 1972</p> <p>InterRail first introduced; dedicated to under 21s, the rail pass allows unlimited train travel for one month</p> 	<p>Jan, 1976</p> <p>Launch of the <i>Concorde</i></p> 	<p>Jun, 1985</p> <p>First signing of the Schengen Agreement - removal of systematic border controls between participating European countries</p> 	<p>Nov, 1989</p> <p>Fall of Berlin Wall symbolises the end of Cold War - regulations flexed for travelling in Eastern Europe</p> 	<p>Sept, 2004</p> <p>Sir Richard Branson launches Virgin Galactic, with promises to provide sub-orbital spaceflights to paying public</p> 	



The (Very) Old Days

Michael Cook Games Editor

It's the birthday issue this week, of course, and so we're supposed to be theming our sections around how they'd read in 1949. Which is certainly an interesting challenge for the Games section, as we hint at below this editorial. You might think that 1949 isn't so far back for the games industry, and maybe if you chose old enough games you'd get there eventually. Space Invaders? 1978. Pong? 1972. In fact, in 1949, we were a full thirteen years away from the first computer game being hacked out on a PDP-1 at MIT over in the US. And Spacewar was hardly a global phenomenon at the time.

However, that in itself should be food for thought. Although computers were a reality in 1949, we were a long way off graphical interfaces. Yet since then we have developed techniques and technology to create scenes of such high-fidelity that a reader of *felix's* first issue would have found it hard to distinguish them from photographs. That's somewhat humbling.

I suppose the obvious question to ask is where we'll be in another sixty years' time, but it seems a question that's fruitless to answer. The impact of home computing or the internet on video games had an unpredictable and vast effect on gaming as a hobby, and by the time you're drawing your pension you will most likely no longer be

able to relate Modern Warfare 2 to the hobbies your grandchildren enjoy.

Gaming's youth is currently a drawback of sorts. It would be hard to cite any major cultural landmarks for gaming that are more than forty years old, and for some people that's a good excuse to dismiss gaming as a medium in its infancy. A lot of people use the film industry analogy, that we're only just entering the age of the talkie, or similar nonsense. The truth is that while reflecting on six decades of *felix* is a good thing, it's very hard to compare one period of time to another, and even harder to compare the passage of time. Things change fast, and gaming is transforming at a frighteningly fast rate. Ten years ago, I visited the Millennium Dome, where I was told how a 1Mbit internet connection could download a movie trailer for Lord of the Rings in just nine minutes. Nine minutes! On the sort of connections you can now obtain at Imperial College, downloading the entire trilogy of films would take somewhere in the region of half an hour.

Next week, we look at 2009 in gaming and give you the change to take home some of its highlights in competition form. But whether you look back at a year, a decade or six of them, the change you'll see is huge. If nothing else, it should excite you about the next twelve months.

The 1949 Games chart in full

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10.

Source - His Master's Voice, All Formats

Modern Warfare Two

Tristan Allwood doesn't need online multiplayer - and neither do you

So, I found someone who had avoided all the hype surrounding Modern Warfare 2. His name is J, a student primary school teacher at Southampton Uni.

Now, contrary to what the internet would have you believe, Modern Warfare 2 actually features a rather substantial offline component. There is a singleplayer campaign which consists of 5-6 hours of ridiculously scripted set-piece FPS action; and a set of "challenge" levels for one or, if you have any friends left in the real world, two players.

lic-and-herb-dipped slices and guzzled Fanta.

Of course, I described "the level" to him. Thanks to the oversaturation of the media, you have by now either played "the level", youtube'd a video of it, or are clinically dead. So on hearing that you get to shoot civilians, in a Russian airport, J's reaction was about the same as any normal person aiming to establish themselves in a role moulding the malleable minds of the future generations: "Load us that level up T, sounds like a laugh!"

The screen flickered to life, the in-

ger. "This is awesome!"

50 bodies fall, the blood flies everywhere. J walks through a metal detector "Heh, I love the beeping noise it makes", before he spots a lone civilian trying to hide by a flower-pot. J gets right up in his face, we can see the detail, his eyes, his brow, "It's quite realistic", as the brain matter lands on the geraniums. "Watch this:" I say as the airport security climb into a crystal lift to try and reach J.

The lift doors open, and exactly on cue one of J's terrorist companions lob a grenade, the glass explodes in glorious 5.1 surround sound and lift, blue law enforcement offers and shards crash back down in a plume of smoke and a resounding thud.

Eventually, there's silence. Everyone's dead or has run away, and all you can hear is the tick-ticky-ticky-tick of the departure boards en-masse declaring all flights are "delayed". The level then proceeds in standard FPS fare from there, those that feel your actions are morally repugnant should fear not, Infinity Ward redresses the good/evil balance by - and surely this can no longer be a spoiler - executing you at the level end, thus sparking a world war. This won't be the last time IW decide to kill you, mind you, but it's not the only highlight. My favourite moment was getting to see the first nuclear missile launch of the war from space. Turns out nuclear shockwaves and shuttles don't mix well.

Our evening continues and the pizza is finished, and much fun is had working through the co-op challenges. We finally conclude that it's a more varied and fresh set of levels to replace many worn out sessions of Rainbow 6 terrorist hunts. So even if you have no intention of being sworn at online by a squeaky 12-year-old yank, MW2 can offer you something.



Two men. Skin-tight suits. Lots of back-to-back shooting. It's manly stuff.

Having woken up at 6.30am to get my prize copy from the overwhelmed customer services desk at Sainsbury's for a measly £26, I was determined to make the most of my purchase. J was recruited, a large Domino's pizza (with ham, beef, sausage, sweetcorn [*meatcorn, surely?* - Ed] and chicken) was acquired, and I briefly explained a bit about the game while we munched through gar-

tro animation rolled. The screen goes black, the sound of guns cocking and bullet proof vests being zipped up and clicking into place, a light turns on and 5 men appear. "Remember, No Russian", you're told as the door opens. Heavy machine-gun in hand, and a swathe of digital civilians bored and going nowhere in an airport waiting lounge in front of him, J laughs and pulls the trig-



What you can't tell from the screenshot is that underneath the facemask he's humming "So... ronery. I'm so ronery."

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Rationing, bad cooking and some spam

Chris Sim found out that whilst foodies didn't have it all their own way in the 1950s, there was at least spam...

Felix is 60! He will now be able to collect his pension! So to celebrate this special occasion we thought it was important to tell you a bit more about the diet of Imperial's students in 1949 and its following years.

Transport yourself back to the beginning of the nineteen-fifties. An interesting proposition, one might think. Well, I guess it depends on your definition of 'interesting'. For a foodie such as myself, the word 'interesting' could very well be replaced with 'nightmare'. So why the use of such a harsh word?

Let me explain. The after-effects of World War II were still prominent throughout nearly every aspect of British life in the early 1950s. This was particularly noticeable at home on the dinner table, with everyday necessities such as sugar, butter, cheese, cooking fat, margarine, bacon, meat and tea still being rationed. In fact, it took until 1954 for meat and bacon to come off the ration. To make matters worse, you could only buy food from butchers and grocers with whom you were registered with, and even then what you took home depended on what was keeping their shelves warm. And it gets better. A decade of rationing left housewives with inadequate cooking skills, resulting in run-of-the-mill, bland cooking and rather un-amused palettes.

I guess all was not all doom and gloom in the Fifties. As rationing ended, a greater variety of food returned to the shelves. Bananas and oranges, so sorely missed during the war, eventually made a welcomed return to the shopping list. And then food shopping as we know it today was conceived,

with a self-service style of shop emanating from the States arriving on British shores. They even had the long-lost uncle of the modern shopping trolley, 'the pram': a wheeled frame well capable of holding two baskets. Another plus for this decade was that the re-emerging trend of eating seasonal produce was the norm during this less agriculturally advanced period. And before Jamie Oliver came along, modern school meals were not a patch on their Fifties' counterparts. Real, unprocessed food such as meat and two veg, macaroni and cheese and fish on Fridays ensured that children got the fill they deserved. And a British classic, Coronation chicken, was one of the most widespread favourites conjured up during the celebration of Elizabeth II's coronation. Cold chicken, with an aromatic curry-spiced mayo and sliced and diced apricots really got the nation's tastebuds talking, and I guess, at least every now and again, it still does today.

That's the end of the 1950s food education lesson for today folks. I would really recommend making the spam fritters, as they are so simple to make and extremely tasty (I say that slightly sarcastically!)

So to conclude, whilst Spam and rationing will probably live a bit too long in the memory of the post-war generation, those hard times undoubtedly had moments of gastronomic pleasure, even if they were few and far between. At least we do not have to eat Spam anymore that is definitely something else to celebrate! We are the lucky ones- some of us may have never tasted spam. But make sure you try it at least once.



Spam, Spam, Spam. Everyone should like SPAM!

Spam Fritters

Serves 4



A slab of Spam
(12 ounces to be precise)
Oil for Frying
Batter mix:
1 cup of flour
1 large egg
½ pint of milk

Spam sums up the food of the early 1950s: a ghastly source of protein born out of sheer necessity. Made out of pork entrails and random bits of shoulder meat, it still baffles me why people still eat it today. It really does. But here's a Spam Fritter recipe just for the sheer hell of it. Here's how to make them:

1. Slice your spam into 8 slices whilst heating 2-3 tablespoons of oil in a pan. Mix batter ingredients together.
2. Smother the 'spamlets' in batter before dropping them carefully into the hot oil.
3. Fry the fritters for 2-3 minutes on each side until golden-ish colour.
4. Enjoy this timeless recipe with chips.
(I am sure you will enjoy this, because we *all* love Spam!)

Happy Birthday to you! Happy 60th Birthday dear *felix*!

Holly Cumbers thought it would be a grand idea if everyone made a cake to celebrate this occasion!

You should all know me by now, I adore cakes! Therefore as this is *felix's* 60th Birthday I decided to give you a recipe for an ultra-special birthday cake, letting you join in with the celebrations. If you are feeling especially kind you could share it with us all at *felix*- we would all appreciate a piece of cake! However I think I may be pushing my luck ever so slightly!

However this is no ordinary cake recipe- to tie in with the 1950s theme I thought it would be good to give you a recipe from the 1950s- so you can celebrate like it is 1949! Heck, why don't you go all out and have a 1949 party, grab your best 1950s frock or suit, get your friends to do the same, put on some music from that era which I think is sensational, let your hair down and party! Don't forget the wine either! Unfortunately I don't think you will be able to get hold of any vintage alcohol. So enjoy transporting yourself back to the 1950s this week.

This cake is truly heavenly. We suggest you make it for us...

60th Anniversary cake

Serves our entire party!

260 grammes cake flour,
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
4 egg whites
180 grammes white sugar
90 grammes butter
90 ml milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon almond extract

1. Measure sifted flour, baking powder, and salt; sift together three times.
2. In a mixing bowl, beat egg whites until foamy. Add half the sugar gradually, and continue beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.
3. Cream butter or margarine. Gradually add remaining sugar, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add sifted ingredients and add milk a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Mix in flavourings. Add egg whites and beat thoroughly into batter. Spread batter onto a 15 x 10 x 1 inch pan which has been lined on the bottom with greaseproof paper.
4. Bake at 350 degrees F (175 degrees C) for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool cake in pan for 10 minutes, then remove from pan and transfer to a wire rack to finish cooling. This cake may also be baked in two 9 inch round pans for 30 to 35 minutes, or in three 8 inch round pans for 25 to 30 minutes.



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Welcome to the World of Tomorrow....

Technology Editor **Samuel Gibbs** takes a quick look back in the annals of history to what 1949 gave the world of technology

If you've got this far into *felix* this week you should know by now that it's our 60th birthday. To commemorate the rather fine achievement of 60 years in print, we're going to take you back to 1949, sixty years in the past, to see what technology was like in our first year in print.

Technology, if you can call it that, was very different back then as you can imagine. Computers had only just started to make moves within the institutions of learning whilst Microsoft, Apple and other behemoths of the 21st century era weren't even a twinkle in a lucky man's eye.

1949, apart from giving us household names such as Sigourney Weaver and Arsene Wenger, also debuted some impressive tech for the time. January 17th saw the first VW Beetle roll into New York to a decidedly lacklustre reception. Despite VW's best efforts, only two 1949 models were sold in the US that year. A bad start, but it wasn't all bad as the Beetle was set to become the greatest automobile phenomenon



in American history.

March 2nd 1949 saw the first ever non-stop around-the-world flight by the aptly-named Lucky Lady II. It took Captain James Gallagher and his crew of 14 just under four days to make the

circumnavigation of the globe in their Boeing B-50 Superfortress bomber,



Lucky Lady II

with four in-air refuelings on the way.

On May 23rd 1949, EDSAC, the first stored-program computer, kicked into life at Cambridge's Mathematical Laboratory. Consisting of mercury delay lines for memory and derated vacuum tubes for logic, with data inputted via 5-hole punched tape and outputting via a teleprinter it certainly didn't resemble the modern PC. The EDSAC, however, came packed with something rather special. It shipped with the world's first, albeit rather primitive, assembler, which it could be argued was the start of the global software industry that we know and love today. Another British technological first, like the Internet, without which we wouldn't have many of things we couldn't live without today.

June 8th 1949 saw the publication of one of science fiction's most celebrated and culturally significant books of all time, George Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four. The book told of a society under total control from the top, where independent thought was removed and its people suppressed. It also introduced the idea of Big Brother, watching your every move, something we're moving closer and closer to in today's society.

Another truly revolutionary first that took place in 1949 on July 27th was the first ever jet-powered airliner's maiden

voyage. The British-designed de Havilland Comet was the first-ever commercial jet to reach full-scale production. The early Comet models suffered from catastrophic metal fatigue, not something you would want travelling at several hundred miles an hour, and had to be withdrawn from service for a redesign resulting in the Comet 4 series. Derivatives of the Comet are still in service today including the Nimrod MRA4 which is set to see the RAF out until the 2020's.

August 29th 1949 saw the Soviet Union test its first atomic bomb code-named Joe 1, which borrowed heavily from the plutonium bomb dropped on Nagasaki in 1945 by the US.



More from the military, the first of the 20mm M61 Vulcan Gatling gun prototypes was produced and tested in 1949. Various derivatives of the impressive Vulcan cannon as it was known are still used in almost all fixed-wing military aircraft today. The M61 also gave birth to the M134, which you'll probably know by the name Minigun. Yes, that's right, that hulking massive gun that the Governor of California had to be strapped to the floor to fire freehand in Terminator 2.

1949, the year that gave us Big Brother, *felix* and the jet airliner.



Tablet Crunched no more

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

This week saw one of my most anticipated devices of 2009-2010 go the way of the Dodo just before release. I'm talking about the CrunchPad, Michael Arrington's attempt to create an internet tablet built around a 10.2" touch screen and the Intel Atom processor. The promise of a couch-friendly touch screen tablet for around the \$300 mark was pretty tempting. Up until now, prototypes and mock-ups have all looked great with Arrington hoping to unveil the CrunchPad for mass production this week. News came two days before the official launch that a fall-out between TechCrunch and their manufacturing partner has put the kibosh on the CrunchPad.

A post on TechCrunch said that Fusion Garage, the manufacturer of the fabled device, had decided to go it alone and make the device without TechCrunch. As Arrington put it so succinctly, it's like:

'...Foxconn, who build the iPhone, notifying Apple a couple of days before launch that they'd be moving ahead and selling the iPhone directly without any involvement from Apple.'

The problem for Fusion Garage is that both it and CrunchPad, the team

from TechCrunch, own the intellectual property behind the internet tablet. So, however they proceed, it's eventually going to be the Court's decision as to whether this hotly-anticipated device ever makes it to market. The irony here is that Arrington is no stranger to IP battles and infringement, as he's willing to publish any and all leaked data and information, as he aptly showed with posts containing Twitter's business model and their plans to monetise the free service.

In other news this week, Google has killed off development of Gears now that HTML 5 is making headway. Google's plan for Gears was to introduce the concept of rich, offline web apps like Google Docs, Wave and Gmail and force adoption of a standard that did away with the need for plugins like HTML 5. Now that its mission is complete, Gears will cease development but be maintained for the near future, as more and more browsers become HTML 5-compliant.

Talking about web apps, Facebook this week decided to do away with regional networks in an effort to bolster user privacy. It also made changes to many of its privacy settings to help protect its 350m users.

GET

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If it's something decent you might even end up in *felix* one week.

Weekly Wrap-up: A quick guide to the best of the rest you might have missed

Samuel Gibbs Technology Editor

Another week in Tech has flown by as we head into December and the inevitable Christmas rush. This week we've had the good, the bad and the downright ugly rear their heads in the world of consumer technology.



In a break from tradition we'll start with the bad. Virgin Media announced this week that it would be doing some snooping into 40% of its customers' traffic using a technology called CView, which conducts Deep Packet Inspection (DPI) in an effort to determine the rate of music piracy across its network. Yes that's right, Virgin is going to examine everything that goes to and from your computer if you happen to be in the 40%. What does this really mean? Well if you're pirating music across an unencrypted network like BitTorrent, VM will know and what they'll do about it is unknown. Virgin are set to launch a music service in conjunction with Universal and their official line is that they want to gauge piracy levels. I don't know about you,

but piracy or not, I don't want people snooping at everything I do or send across the Internet including email, IM, Waves and surfing.



Well that's the bad out the way, how

about the ugly? Are you living off Daddy's trust fund or have recently come into a load of money? Do you have £1.92m burning a hole in your pocket? Well I've got just the thing for you. How about a solid gold iPhone encrusted with 136 flawless diamonds just in the front bezel? The iPhone 3GS supreme features a very rare, single cut, 7.1 carat diamond for a home button and 53 flawless diamonds making up the Apple logo on the back. Nice.

On with the good with more Apple rumours this week. Apple names its hardware via strict numerical numbering system, a single generation number followed by a decimal iteration number. An iPhone identified as 3,1 has been spotted by a software analytics program operating in the San

Francisco area. The current iPhone 3GS carries an iPhone 2,1 identifier and it was spotted in much the same way in testing in October 2008, eight months before it's eventual release. What does this mean? Well, we already knew Apple was likely to release a new iPhone in just over 6 months time, but the 3,1 identifier indicates that Apple will consider this a major hardware refresh. Whether this means a move to a PA Semi ARM chip, an OLED screen or a forward facing camera for mobile iChat is anyone's guess.

Speaking of video calling, Fring brought one-way video calling to the iPhone this week with an app update. While one-way video is not particularly useful, given hardware limitations, it's better than nothing right?

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imperialcollegeunion.org



ENTRY

£3.50

on the door

SAMBUCA SHOT

£1.20

all night

take me to the DISCO

FRIDAY 4 DECEMBER
20:00 - 02:00



Symphony Orchestra stun Dorchester

Lots of eating, lots of drinking, and of course lots of good music as **Ellie Berry** travels to Dorset with ICSO



Boys who bake will always be the girls' favourite on a long coach trip. The Imperial College Symphony Orchestra's annual trip to Dorchester in Dorset started sweetly with caramel shortbread and oatmeal and raisin cookies courtesy of viola player Owen Davies. His efforts made the three and a half hour coach journey much more bearable.

Every year the orchestra heads off for a free weekend of playing, partying and food. We go to Dorchester to give a concert of our term's pieces and to accompany The Thomas Hardy School Choir with theirs. Everyone is hosted in ones, twos, threes, fours, fives and even a six this year by families of members of the choir – or just local residents who enjoy the annual concert and want to help out.

On Friday night we arrived to find the ladies of Dorchester hard at work

making a delicious meal for us – many thanks go to Kate Cumber for all her hard work and fantastic banoffee pie. After stuffing ourselves to bursting we had our first rehearsal of the weekend and then met all of our hosts. Not to fall into the student stereotype or anything but most of the orchestra did make it to the pub that night, as did some of the members of the choir. You will be pleased to know however that we weren't too late out – our morning rehearsal was looming...

Saturday was filled with rehearsals, Wetherspoons and tearooms – in varying amounts. Our lovely hosts provided us with packed lunches – even a homemade Victoria Sponge for half of the bassoon section. Before our sold out evening concert the ladies once more convened to make a delicious buffet dinner for us. As I come from Dorchester even my mum was helping out – so thank you to her for stirring

the soup.

The concert opened with Zadok the Priest, by Handel, conducted by The

'Our lovely hosts provided us with packed lunches, even a homemade Victoria Sponge for the bassoon section.'

Thomas Hardy School head of Music James Baker. The choir was in fine

form – boosted by a few members of the orchestra – and it went without a hitch. Second in the programme was Vivaldi's Gloria, with Louise Wayman and Ellie Turner as the soprano and alto soloists respectively, both of whom used to sing in the school choir. This was conducted by Peter Oakes, the organiser of the Dorchester trip and choir master at the school. A huge thank you goes to him as well for making the weekend possible. Once more the choir gave their all and the soloists sounded beautiful in the lovely acoustic of St Mary's Church.

After a brief interval the orchestra came back on to finish the programme with Rachmaninov's magnificent Symphony No. 2, conducted by Richard Dickins and led, for the first time, by Mervyn Chong. The audience was delighted for a third time that evening. I for one thought it was one of our best ever Dorchester concerts. It was great to play in such a good acoustic and to get such a reception for our efforts.

In true Dorchester style the evening moved onto the pub, The Junction,

where sectional shots were a must. Thanks to our wonderful social secretary Jacob Brady, when we were thrown out at closing we all got into the (only) club in Dorchester for half price and partied the night away into the wee hours before (some of us) stumbled home. I won't mention the best dancers of the evening, they know who they are, and the pictures are up on facebook to prove it...

A special belated happy birthday goes to Mervyn – who turned 21 on the Sunday. Dorchester rang into the early morning with 'Happy Birthday', progressively more out of tune.

Our dedicated hosts managed to drag everyone out of bed and onto the coach for the (approximate) departure time of 10am, and we were all back in London for a late lunch and a desperately needed nap. Knowing Peter, plans will already be in motion for next year's trip and I know the whole orchestra will be waiting for it to come round.

Want to get involved? Email icso@imperial.ac.uk for more information.



Cold? Broke? Come and make your own clothes with KnitSock

It's getting chilly!

You may have noticed in the past week while struggling to get out of bed that it is getting altogether chillier. But now matters are complicated, either because you are an astute student who has taken note of it being Green Week, or because you have got to that stage in the term where you have no money to spend on any thing but baked beans and beer. Either way this leaves you without the option of turning on the heating. That's not to say however that you're not aware of the cold. The clue was when you could see gas evaporating from your steady stream of urine. This can mean only two things a) you live in Scotland or b) it is nearing Christmas.

We can clearly discount a) ergo it

the festive time of year must be upon us again. Yes it is only 21 days to the big event if you celebrate Christmas, though it's worth noting that there are several other festivals that take place around this time of year.

Regardless of which one or many that you choose to celebrate, it probably means it is present time yet again, but before you dash off to the shops this weekend for all the Christmas bargains, think again! What would be more awesome than to receive a knitted garment! Well you can make someone's dream come true!

NOW is the time to start clicking away with those knitting needles or twisting with your crochet hook to create some amazing and unique gifts. It doesn't matter what level you are- you can start off with the classic rectan-

gular scarf or hat, or go wild knitting dinosaurs, lingerie or a multitude of other-worldly knitted stuff. Don't forget that everything in this world could do with a cozy- from your tea cozy, to your iPod cozy, to a walking stick cozy for your Nan.

You don't need me to tell you how cool knitting is. But that won't stop me! From the dawn of time - approximately the dawn of knitting – hot women have knitted! And it's a proven fact that men who knit get the hot knitting women. Knitsock proudly holds a 50:50 men: women ratio, a seldom seen occurrence at Imperial. So I ask why not come along?

December will see KnitSock focus on the lead up to Christmas, and we will have our customary jugs of Pimms; masses of scrumptious baked goods;

sexy women; handsome men and lingerie patterns for altogether warmer and kinkier underwear for yourself or loved ones during the holiday season.

We are also currently planning a trip to the land of sheep – Wales – not for the sheep. That is something for the rugby boys. This will take place in the new year, and we'll spend a weekend knitting in a mountain retreat and a visit to The National Woollen Museum

Don't worry if you're currently salivating at the prospect but have just realised that you can't knit. Not to worry! We will teach you and give you everything necessary for a beginner as well as some patterns to get your creative juices flowing!

Come along and meet the family 5pm in the Union Bar every Tuesday. **Email: knit.sock@imperial.ac.uk**

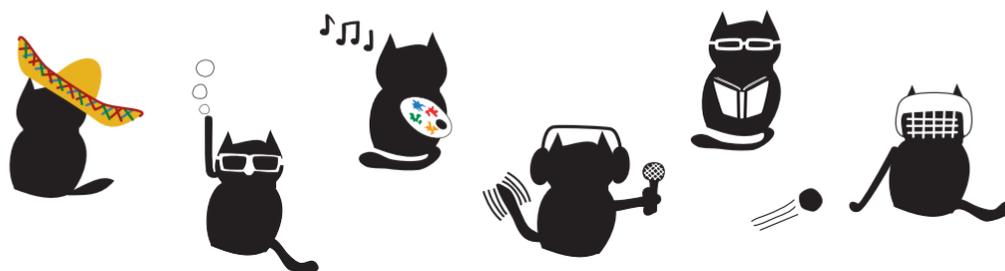


What's on...

Clubs & Societies Calendar

Editors – Lily Topham & Rachel D'oliveiro

whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Mon 7th Dec

Malaysian Society – Malaysian Fayre 2009

- 12-7pm, Sherfield Concourse Levels 1 & 2
- Free!
- A great opportunity to learn about Malaysian culture, be photographed with models wearing traditional costumes and eat some awesome food!

Amnesty and LeoSoc Greetings Card Campaign

- 6:30-8:30pm, EEE 407
- A chance to make greetings cards and send them to a prisoner of conscience (and enjoy some festive refreshments)
- Free, all are welcome!

Musical Theatre Society – Freshers' Revue

- 7:30pm, UCH, Union
- Free (with collection for charity)
- Featuring a mixture of entertaining numbers from a variety of West End shows.



Tues 8th Dec

Christian Union – Impact

- "Life's good! - Who cares about religion?"
- 12pm, Union Dining Hall
- A discussion based lunch bar open to all students. Free lunch and drinks are provided!

Hindu Society – "Why Do We? Hinduism on Trial"

- 6-8pm, SAF LT2, Free
- Ever wondered "Why do Hindus worship idols?" or "Why do Hindus revere cows as sacred?" This is an interactive workshop with Rishi Handa and Jay Lakhani.
- Indian Refreshments will be provided.
- Submit your questions to hindu@imperial.ac.uk

Wind Band Christmas Concert

- 6pm, dB's, Union Dining Hall
- £3 for students, £5 for non-students
- Programme to include Marche Slave by Tchaikovsky, the William Byrd Suite and Sleigh Ride!

Weds 9th Dec (My 60th birthday!)

Pakistan Society – Shaam 2009

- 6:30pm, Hammersmith Town Hall
- Tickets from £15 (available online or in SAF every lunch-time). All welcome!
- An evening filled with the finest cuisine, great live musical talents, professional photography and outstanding comedy!
- All proceeds will go to help the current Humanitarian Crisis in Pakistan.
- Dress Code: Formal/Traditional
- For more info contact: pakistan@imperial.ac.uk

BioChem Society Christmas Dinner

- 7pm, Eastside Bar, Princes Gardens
- Afterparty from 10pm at Studio Valbonne (62 Kingly Street, London W1B 5QN)
- £15 (includes a three course meal, wine at Eastside Bar and free entry to afterparty).
- Dress Code: Smart
- Contact: rcsu.biochem@imperial.ac.uk

Thurs 10th Dec

Model UN – Simulation on the situation in Guinea

- 6pm, Pippard LT, Sherfield
- A nail biting simulation on the situation in Guinea with an introduction to the topic.
- Free for all, food provided!

To Do....

- 1) Buy Birthday Cake for the cat.....
- 2) Email whatson.felix@imperial.ac.uk (Club name & event, time, place, price, pics...) by end of Tues 8th Dec.

Fri 11th Dec

IC Choir Winter Concert

- 7:30pm, Great Hall, Sherfield
- Programme includes Mendelssohn's Elijah.
- Students: £3 in advance, £4 on the door
- Non-Students: £7 in advance, £9 on the door.



Sat 12th Dec

Imperial College String Ensemble Winter Concert

- 7:30pm, Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road
- £3 for students, £6 for non-students
- Programme includes: Elgar - Introduction and Allegro for Strings, Britten - Simple Symphony



Sun 13th Dec

ICSM Carol Service

- 6:30pm, Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road
- Free (with retiring collection for RAG)
- Traditional medical school carol service with free mince pies and mulled wine.

CAT-NIP

Text in to 07832670472

Email in at catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Drop us a message at felixonline.co.uk



NEXT WEEK'S CATNIP QUESTION: THE WORST PICK-UP LINE YOU'VE EVER HEARD? (DID IT WORK?!)

What do you hate most about medics?!

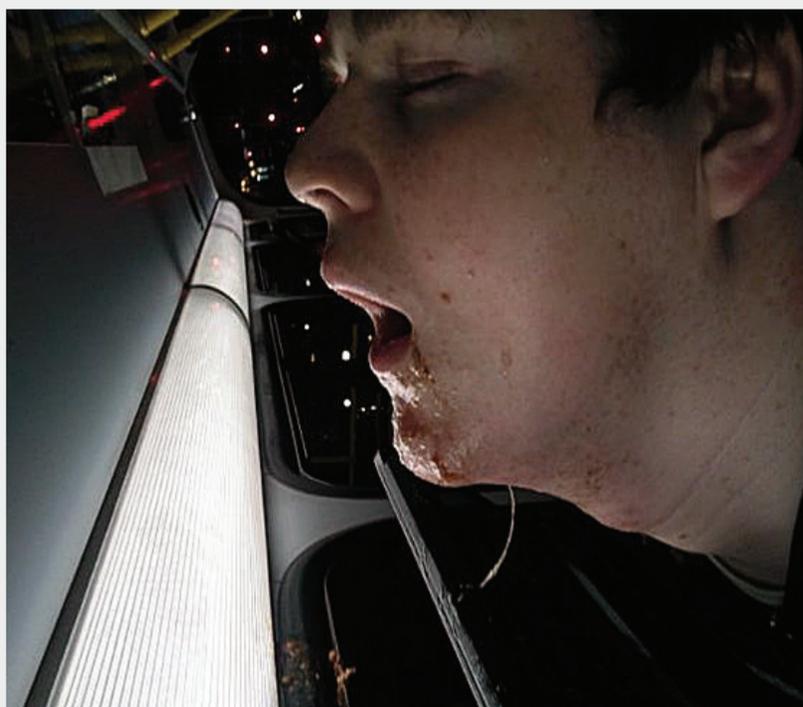
The rugby team. What a bunch of nancyboys - total sausagefest!!! And they keep beating us too! It's not fair!
Anonymous on the wing

They're always complaining that they have so many lectures and no time to do anything and then get totally boshed at the reynolds and come home and wake up the entire hall! It's annoying - some of us are trying to have sex!
Mr and Ms. Anonymous-Smith

They strut about the SAF like they fuckin' own the place! Yeah, penicillin, we GET it!!
2nd Year Bioscientist

They're always busy hanging out with other medics...not that I want to go out with them anyway!
Going to the Union

Drunken-mate photo of the week



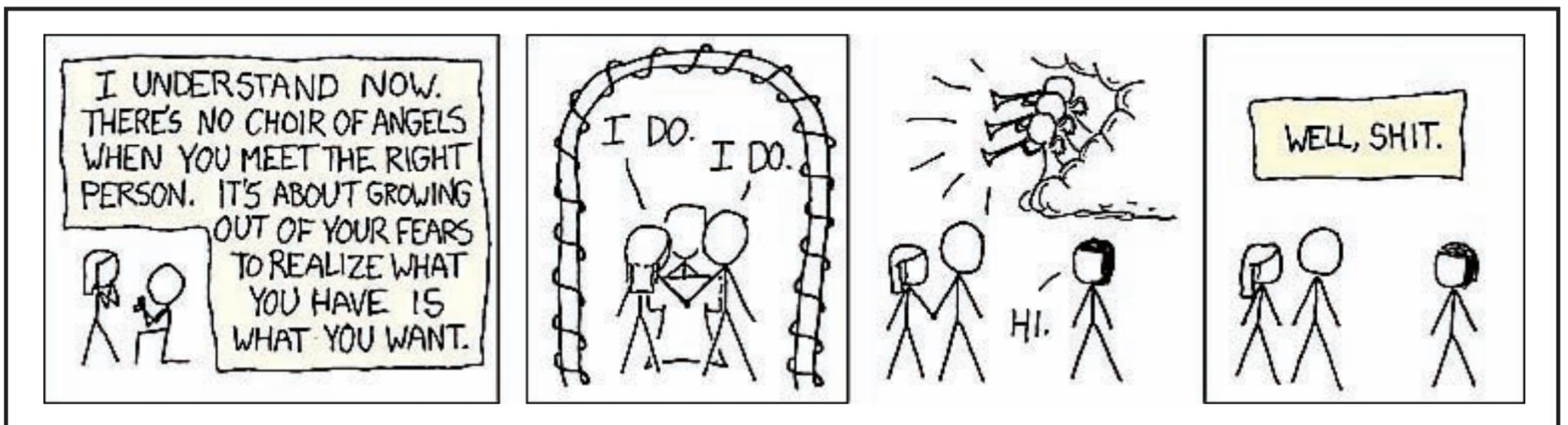
Got a picture of your mate being an absolute waste of oxygen? Well, get your camera out and email your drunken-mate photos to catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk

This guy just vommed out of a bus window - from the top deck. While he slept on like a little drunken angel, several passers-by were in dire need of counselling.

Senders must have permission to use submitted photos and accept full responsibility for them

CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
EMAIL TO
catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk
FACEBOOK
 it on our 'Felix' fan page
TWITTER
 just tag your tweets with **@felixcatnip**
OR TEXT US
 on 07832670472

xkcd.com



Hangman

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

The Beginner's Guide to the history of *felix*

What you've read in this paper up until now is complete bullshit. Here's the real history of this dump of a paper

Anonymous Hangman Editor

You probably don't know much about *felix* and how it came about. In fact, you probably don't care about *felix* and how it came about. Either way, it's the 60th Anniversary and us editors now have to theme our sections and pretend we're celebrating something.

1949

Dr Hubert Alfenstead, an Imperial researcher in biological warfare created the first Imperial student newspaper to promote his evil plans. He named the paper 'Dr Hubert Alfenstead's evil student newspaper.'

Two weeks later, Alfenstead was arrested for conspiracy to eradicate the human race. He had manufactured a virus that, as quoted from his student newspaper, 'makes people really really angry.' Director Danny Boyle later used this angry virus as the premise for his 2002 film, '28 Days Later.'

When asked why he published his evil plans for students to read, Alfenstead said that to be truly evil, one must be openly evil. He believed that Imperial students deserved to know just how evil he was.

Alfenstead was sentenced to death by hanging. It would seem that his open evilness had cost him his life. However, he famously escaped death by blaming it all on the cat.

Alfenstead explained how his cat *felix*, had held him at gunpoint and forced him to synthesize the virus and divulge the evil plans in a student newspaper. The judge apologised profusely and passed the sentence onto Alfenstead's cat. 'Dr Hubert Alfenstead's evil student newspaper' was then renamed to 'Felix' in honour of his scapecat. (this witty take on the word scapegoat would have been hilarious in 1949).

There is debate over where the name *felix*, or the cat logo came from, but hangman can assure you that this is the correct story! Hangman was also named after the hanging of Felix, hence the picture above.

editor, Brigette Downs.

Downs started preaching her hippie nonsense about world peace and started drawing flowers on every page in an attempt to pacify any angry readers.

Flowers, up until this point, had always been regarded as masculine and evil. Dr Alfenstead put flowers on graves as an image of mockery. People now do this as a message of respect.

The male population of Imperial retaliated against Brigette Downs with the one thing they held dear to them - *felix*. That's right, they coiled up the folded sheets of hippie jargon and started beating the shit out of every female Imperial student.

The Great Felix Vagina Cleansing of 1965 saw Imperial College become a male-only university. The Police force even took inspiration and made truncheons, akin to the rolled up newspapers, to combat hippie protestors.

With a woman in power, it seemed that Britain was really starting to accept women as equals. Likewise, Imperial College saw a rise, albeit a small rise, in female students. The male-to-female ratio has still not recovered from the Great Vagina Cleansing of 1965.

On July 1st 1979, Thatcher controversially tried to censor *felix*, worried that its global influence was growing out of hand. It has been speculated that the Soviets invaded Afghanistan just to try and out-evil Dr Alfenstead. This rumour is yet to be confirmed.

felix stood firm, insisting that they would always have freedom of speech and would not be censored, 'Keep the cat free.' As a radical backlash and show of power, *felix* decided to sponsor the Eighties. Yeah, that's right - the Eighties.

So before you pick up a copy of *felix* and think it's just an average student newspaper. You remember that it was once a symbol of evil, a weapon for beating women and sponsor of the Eighties. Felix the cat died for evilness and every time you put flowers on a grave you are insulting that cat and everything it stood for. Hangman is grateful for your dedicated page skipping, but does not tolerate ignorance. A cat died for your rights.



1965

The Sixties. A defining era that saw us put our old english traditions aside and welcome a colourful world of drugs, casual sex and the Beatles.

It unfortunately also saw the rise in feminism and women started to genuinely believe that they could, well, do stuff. This included reading and writing.

In 1965, to the dismay of *felix's* male readers, the paper saw its first female

1979

You've just bought your microwave, VHS recorder and first pair of Levi's. Nothing can get in your way. That is until Maggie Thatcher comes along and rules your country. Your VHS recorder has just been ruined forever.



These lecture notes were generously donated to hangman by 'The second year physics boys'. They insisted it was printed in this weeks issue. God knows why - fucking weirdos.

We hope that this detailed diagram will help you with your differential equations. If you feel that other students would benefit from your lecture notes, email them to us



Hangfan

We love hearing from the fans and have received some really warm feedback

"Dear Hangman. I tragically lost my best friend to the sport treeming, I'm glad that you gave a serious guide to the extreme sport and warned readers of the dangers"

Someone who actually read last week's issue

"Dear Hangman. I'm currently writing this from a US hospital ward. After reading your guide to treeming, I thought I would give it a go on my holiday to America. Tiger Woods drove into me and I have lost the use of my legs." Amateur treemer



TWATTER



SexyOsama69

OMGZ! Trial is soooo boring *yawn*. I told dem dat 9/11 was a joke. They dont get it lol



Barack_attack_l33thaxor

LOL! I get it!



SUPERACEGORTHEROAR87

:o U cant make jokes bout 9/11! Thnks 2 u Osie, we hav to hav min silence EVERY september! Pls don't do it again, or it'll become 2 mins lol



SexyOsama69

LOL. Ur just jealous Gor coz ur prime minister and ur not allowed to blow up trains

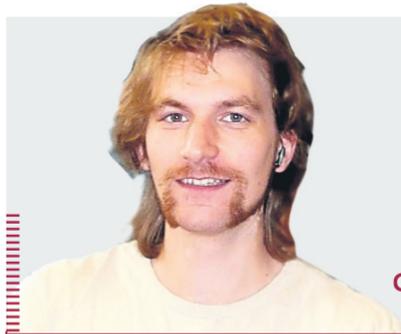


SUPERACEGORTHEROAR87

STFU Osie! I cud blow up train if I want. I just dont coz I'm not a knobhead rofl

COFFEE BREAK

Coffee Break Editor Charlie Murdoch
coffee.felix@imperial.ac.uk



A long, poorly written rant

Charlie Murdoch Coffee Break Editor

X factor fuck off. Is this the new Harry fuck-face Potter that is thrust upon us and we've all been told that we are going to hear about it like it or not? Facebook is not a place where I go to see pictures of my mates pulling ladies, or vomiting into a vomit pit. Either or, I'm equally amused. I don't want to join a group about some nob trying to sing or X factor related status updates. Mannish updates like 'Chris Baker-Brian had an interesting journey home last night, via Waterloo, Basingstoke and a £130 taxi ride to Surbiton!' should be actively encouraged. On the bus home I often fancy a browse of the day's news. I do not care if Jezward or whatever the fuck those scrawny little BASTERDS are called, have been voted off some bollocks popularity contest. Good. They should have not even been allowed onto screen. Mate, you look like a twat, if you want to resemble a twat feel free to do this in your own time. Get off of my TV, get out of my paper and join the queue for the dole. As you can't sing and you can't dance, or even manage an attempt to hide this from the rest of the world, I'm not going to trust you with a broom. You'll prob-

ably just shove it up your arse- not that I'm against that, I just feel it a waste of council money and that you'll struggle to actually sweep any streets with it. It's a bloody good thing that Robert Palmer is no longer with us because he'd have bottled you long ago.

Moving on. 'I Celebrity Get Me Out Of Here.' You what mate? You're not a celebratory really are you? No, so fuck off. Nuff said. Join Jezward and get on the dole. If you can't do that just stay in that jungle with all those Auzzies. They'll be overjoyed to see you, after all they have a slightly dimmed outlook on life. Why do you think they are all over here working in our bars? That is, believe it or not, actually a step up for the large majority of Australia. Unless you are Kylie Minogue, which as you are reading a free student newspaper, I am going to assume that no, you are not.

I think I have outlined my feelings in one of the most constructive ways, and I feel considerably better. Well happy birthday *felix* and watch this space next week for more information on the vomit pit situation. Currently the idea is going round the upper circle of Union staff, and the reaction is said to be 'mixed'. Well, that's not a no then so fingers crossed.

Stuff Imperial students like:

9. SCR Breakfasts:

Between 8.00 and 10.30 every weekday something beautiful happens in that mysterious distant utopia where your favourite lecturer eats lunch (stop staring at him those glass windows are two-way and he can see you!). Yes, you are allowed into his sanctuary before 10.30!

They do a spiffing fry-up for less than a fiver - less than £3 depend-

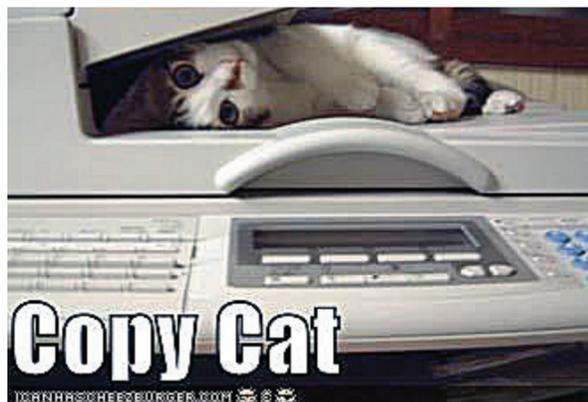
ing on how crafty/fatty you are! Hung-over? Come out of a painful 9am lecture into the harsh daylight? Head to SCR and feast with your fellow sleepy peers and weirdos who go to the gym before 8am.

The art and skill lies in deception. It's all about the order of choice. Ask for bacon. Ask for beans. Never the other way. The bacon is hidden and you might not be charged! Ask any shifty looking hockey player in the SCR early in the morning to pick up more tips and tricks.



Nom nom nom, only for external use

This week's best of lol catz



Quote of the Week

Bloke on the bus: "I know you don't understand. I don't expect you to understand. It's because you're a woman."

Wordoku 1,447

H		C			M	
	O		S			E
		U		H		R
R		S				H
	M		E		S	
		E				U
					R	
O			C			U
	E	H	R	S		M

Solution 1446

A	I	T	B	L	C	H	F	E
H	L	B	F	E	A	T	C	I
E	C	F	H	T	I	L	A	B
F	E	L	C	H	B	A	I	T
C	A	H	T	I	F	B	E	L
B	T	I	E	A	L	F	H	C
I	B	C	L	F	H	E	T	A
L	F	E	A	C	T	I	B	H
T	H	A	I	B	E	C	L	F

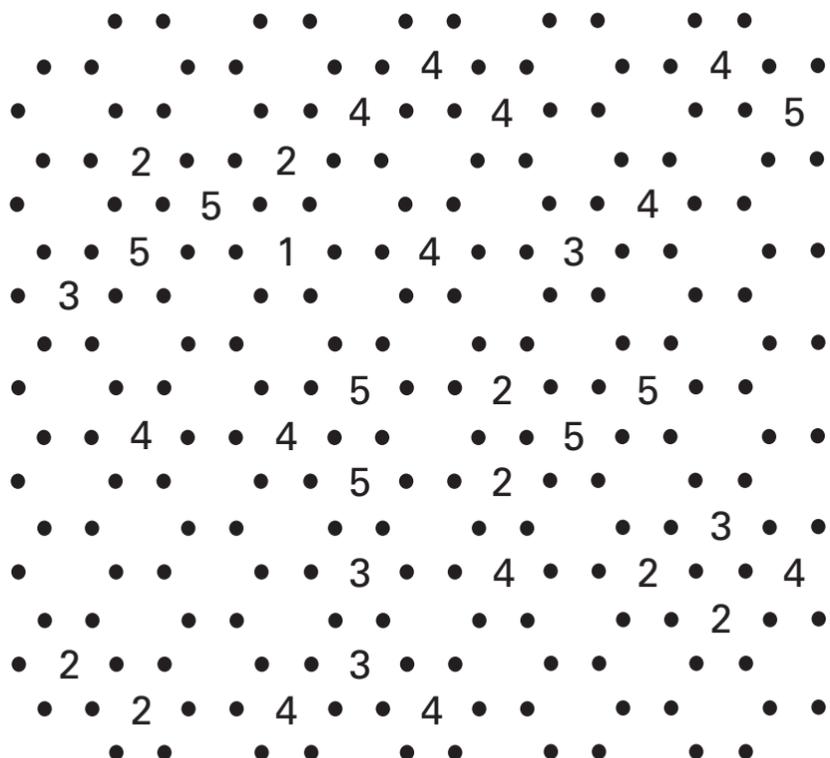
How to play:

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

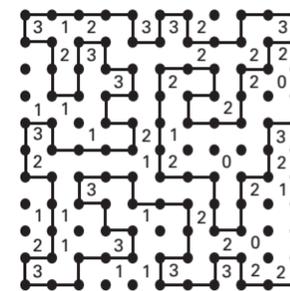
I think we should reward double points on all puzzles this issue, given it's birthday week, so go mental. Not like an American though. Well done to **Harry Potter Trio** who managed to fire a winning entry in Friday afternoon.

Scribble box

Slitherlink 1,447



Solution 1446

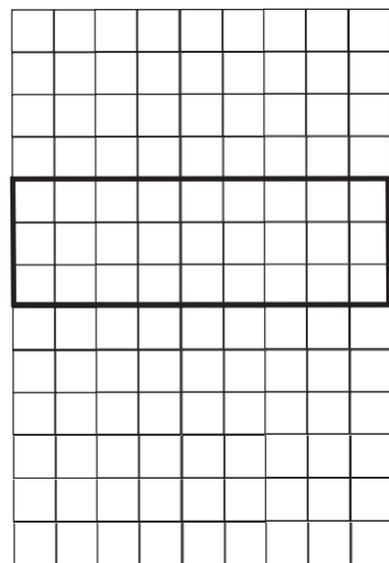


This is a pretty swish one for our birthday. You should be able to work this one out for yourselves. Well the winner of last week's was **Absolute Cunt**. Very mature choice of name that mate. However also funny.

How to play:

Just like normal slitherlink except cells now have 6 sides... Varified this half a dozen times but if multiple solutions still exist then all are valid for points.

Intersection 1,447



Horizontal:
Surnames of past *felix* editors
(in order - last most recent) (?)

- Vertical:**
- 1) Santa Claus (2,8)
 - 2) Restaurant without a waiter (9)
 - 3) A long journey with a purpose (usually a group) (10)
 - 4) Able to hear the dead (12)
 - 5) The city of angels (3,7)

Winner last week was **Louise Parchson**, well done. This week's one should be a lot of fun. I've been told. This puzzle is not as hotly contested as all the others, so it's a great chance to pick up some much needed FUCWIT points. GET ON IT YOU NOBBERS.

How to play:

Solve the clues (given in order: top-to-bottom & left-to-right) and fit the answers into the grid. Only letters contributing to the horizontal answers (and blank spaces) may occupy the middle section. Not all columns contain a vertical answer. There are no empty rows or columns in the solution. Look at the solution below for help.

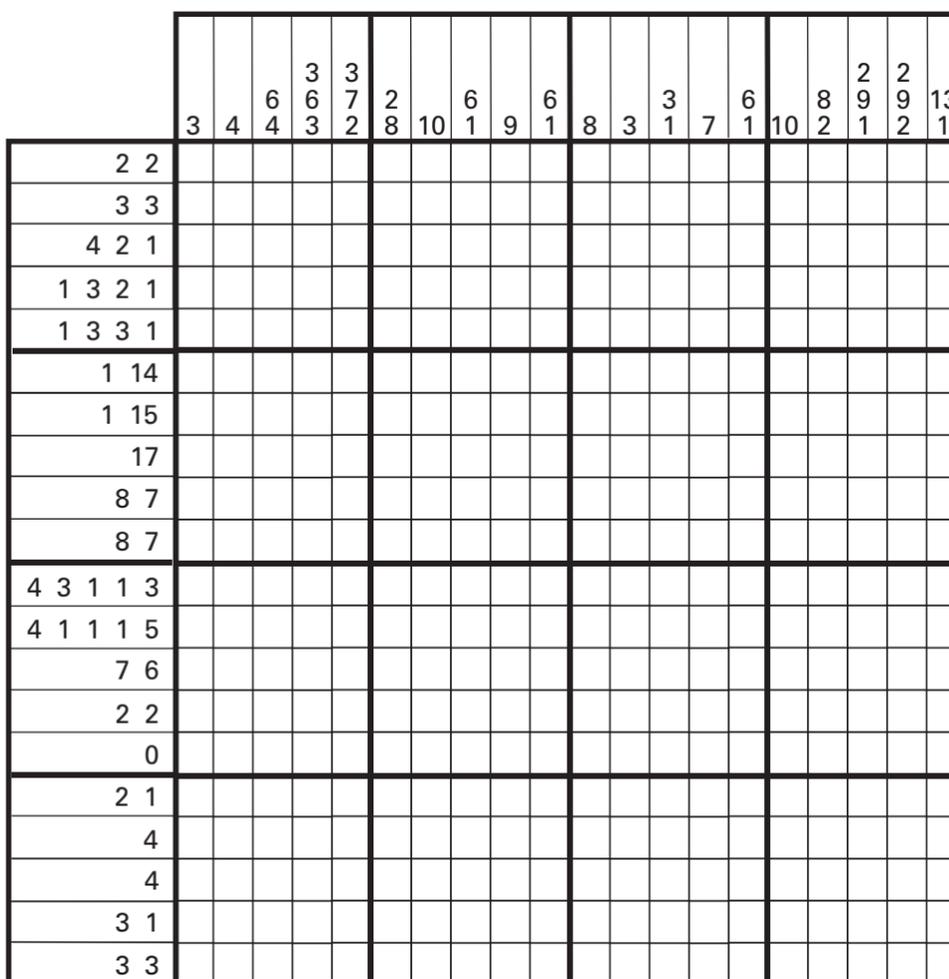
Send your solutions to:
sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Scribble box

Solution 1446

															L
	E														A
	L														C A
	A														A Q B
	B	A	R	B	E	C	U	E							
W	O	R	C	E	S	T	E	R							
C	R	A	N	B	E	R	R	Y							
	A	C						E	S						
	T	H						S	T						
	E	N						S	W						
		I						E	Y						
		D						S	T						

Double-nonogram 1,447

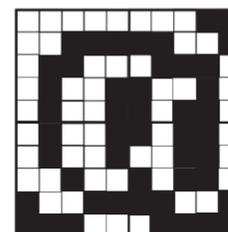


How to play:

The numbers represent the size and order of blocks in each column and row. There must be at least one space between each block. Solve both sides and (provided they're reasonably lined up correctly) your efforts will be rewarded! Points are awarded for each side separately at the normal rate.

This is a mental 60th birthday one so go mad. Last week's winner was **Kelvin Wong**. Well done mate. Enjoy this one.

Solution 1446



Going Underground?

We regret to inform it was not possible to fit Going Underground into this issue. However - do you miss it? Let us know: sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Harry Potter Trio got the solution HYDE PARK CORNER. But there were double points on offer if you spotted some numbers had been switched and found GLOUCESTER ROAD!

FUCWIT League Table

Teams:

The Tough Brets	76 Points
Harry Potter Trio	74 Points
I Hate Medic Wankers	9 Points

Individuals:

Matthew Colvin	71 Points
Ying Liang	27 Points
Louise Parchson	26 Points

The Felix University/College-Wide Invitational Tournament League is new and improved, with an iPod nano for both the winning team and the winning individual.

5 points for the 1st correct answers for all puzzles on these pages, 4 points for 2nd, 3 points for 3rd, 2 points for 4th and 1 point for 5th. Double points will be awarded on all puzzles for this issue to celebrate felix's 60th birthday!

Now then FUCWITs, answers to sudoku.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Go!

felix Lovestruck



Do it for me in private, and I'll teach you a thing or two. Probably two; I have OCD and everything must come in pairs.

Shoes, gloves and trousers

"To any of the Gaelic men's team. They say Dublin is the mythical city of drunken debauchery. Let's test that theory."

Any of the ladies' gaelic team

"Looking for a Northerner. Wanting someone who deep-fries everything in sight for dinner every night, then drinks his pint of extra smooth bitter until he drunkenly falls into a slumber. Willing to wear flatcaps, support shit football teams and survive on a diet of pasties and chips."

Posh southern girl

"Looking for another pony to join my lonely Shannon. Not sure how we're gonna get them together for the Union lunch. Maybe they can just share some Union carrots."

Posh southern girl

"A guy that isn't a fucking weirdo at Imperial. Not going to happen is it?"

Girl

"I saw you eating Christmas dinner at the Union. It looked rank, but you looked fine. Christmas round mine? No dinner involved."

Horny in the holidays

"Why don't you come and find out for yourself. Remember, it's not the magnitude of the vector but the perpendicular force that would determine our moment. Not too deep mind, too far and it may get clipped."

Long Hair

"You the soft spoken irish rugby player. Me your rough and ready northern housemate. I can't handle this sexual tension anymore; let's just get it on already!"

Dave with a Spanner

"Desperately seeking firey sexy theoretical physicist who got me hot n flustered on monday night watchin bbc2-u can felch me anytime baby."

3rd year Maths

"I called you daddy, you called me son. I was being playful, but you were being serious. I've always wanted to try incest, but then maybe you were being serious about being my real dad. It is feasible. You're 52 (wikipedia) and I'm 21. Fancy a shag to see if we finally feel like family?"

2nd year Biochemist

"Just horrific. Did you see how many times you touched your cock in lectures today? In truth, it turned me on."

07726 799 424

Seen that special person? Could be the one? Want to see them again?

Text **Lovestruck** to get a free union lunch together!

Horoscopes: star-signs like it's nineteen forty-nine!

It's *felix's* birthday and I'll cry if I want to... tears of tobacco straight into your pipe in the Ministry of Love



Aquarius

Again you can't fight that feeling you're a waste of space. Guess what - you're right! Yes everyone would be much happier if you hadn't been born. Someone should have sterilised both your grandfathers.

should have sterilised both your grandfathers.



Pisces

You wake up in the morning slightly concerned by your missing Fluid Mechanics text book. Never mind, the notes on the inside cover in unlawful sex positions can only boost your grade....

the notes on the inside cover in unlawful sex positions can only boost your grade....



Aries

You meet a shadowy character whilst buying your sandwich. They ask if you want a candle with your order. You joyously accept.

Little do you know you've just been framed for the murder of Colonel Sanders in the library! OMG! YOU KILLED KFC! YOU BASTARD!



Taurus

Having watched Imperial shit diarrhea all over St Hugh's, you develop a huge crush on one of the IC team. You add him on FaceyB, you send him a dildo

but he ignores it all. I love dildos.



Gemini

The TV's angry at you. The fridge won't put out. The banana saw what you did and is attending counselling sessions. Bitter and lonely, you invest in a Fleshlight. Surely now you will be happy! But it's too tight to get it in.

and lonely, you invest in a Fleshlight. Surely now you will be happy! But it's too tight to get it in.



Cancer

You're developing a rash down there. You wait a few days and it's just about to fall off. Well, better finish the job, my son; it's a bad case of knob-rot. Teaches you to stick it into the caverns of the Southside Slut, Beit Bicycle, Garden Gash and even a ride on the Wilson willy.

bad case of knob-rot. Teaches you to stick it into the caverns of the Southside Slut, Beit Bicycle, Garden Gash and even a ride on the Wilson willy.



Leo

It's not your birthday. You're not upset. You have a super-evil plan on how to take over the world with a cheeseburger. But your computer keeps breaking. Pooh you!

I'd say chin up but there's a milk storm due to hit.



Virgo

It's your Christmas dinner this week. Your SocialSec fucked up and you're all at KFC. You still manage to get bungalow-ed and can't make eye contact with the cat across the street for a while. Well played!

bungalow-ed and can't make eye contact with the cat across the street for a while. Well played!



Libra

ACC! You're practically creaming yourself. All those hot horny jock freshers grinding their sweaty bodies up against

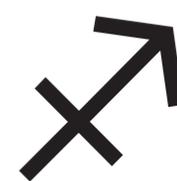
each other. Be careful though, they might have chlamydia! Oh, you have creamed yourself. I'll get you a tissue. No, I won't stroke your hair!



Scorpio

Walking out into the street you sense someone watching you. You turn around and glimpse your lecturer run. I advise you stay on guard and keep your hands permanently

behind your back protecting your bumhole.



Sagittarius

You make a booty call on your birthday but there's an odd turn as they weep into your genitalia. You're not sure if you mind though, the slipper the better! You give them a hard arse slap and a crotch rub as a goodbye. Give and take baby. HAPPY BIRTHDAY! xXx xXx xXx

though, the slipper the better! You give them a hard arse slap and a crotch rub as a goodbye. Give and take baby. HAPPY BIRTHDAY! xXx xXx xXx



Capricorn

You create a pretentious music album based on the book 1984. It flops but there's one girl who thinks it's completes genius. She leads you to

a secluded spot in the woods. All hell breaks loose as you stick your fingers in and you realise her vagina has teeth. You put your penis in. Pint?

RAG kidnaps 50 students and dumps bodies in Wiltshire

In case you're one of those people that flip straight to Coffee Break, firstly, you have excellent taste, and secondly, last Saturday, was LOST. It was epic. Our 50 RAGgers were picked up in the Union at 9 am in costumes ranging from giant tic-tacs to teddy bears, carted onto a coach, blindfolded and dumped on the side of a road about 5 miles from Salisbury, with nothing more than a razor, lollipop and a condom.

Most teams managed to make their way back, either by hitchhiking, blagging free train or coach rides or getting

picked up by a group of squaddies. We did, however, have one lovely group who managed to strand themselves in Southampton. As promised, LOST HQ sent out two very noble committee members willing to sacrifice their Saturday night in a Union minibus down the long M3 on a cold, wet winter's night to pick up the tutu-clad aliens from Southampton Central Railway Station.

All in all, however, the event was a great success, having raised almost £4000 all for Barnardo's!

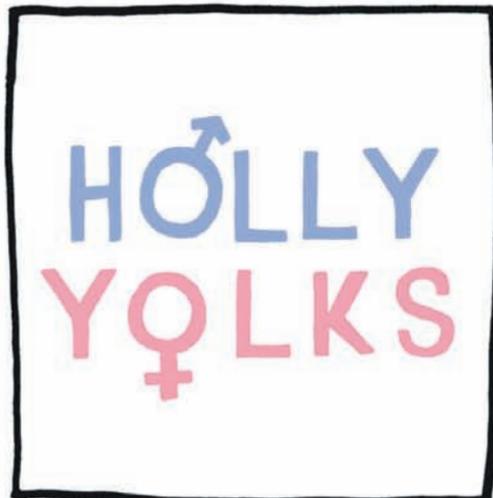
Also coming up our two carolling events! Today (Friday 4th December) we're going to Green Park with the Imperial Chamber Choir, and next Monday (the 14th of December) we'll be with the Main Choir on the Main Stage in Trafalgar Square beside the giant Christmas tree! Both events are in support of Great Ormond Street Hospital in Bloomsbury.

So as always, if you want to get involved with any upcoming events we've got planned, just drop us a line at rag@imperial.ac.uk.



To read more about LOST, see page 13

ANDY PANDA



ANDYPANDA.CO.UK



Dodgeball progression

Christopher Jones Dodgeball

'Just remember the five D's of dodgeball: Dodge, duck, dip, dive and dodge'. I am afraid to say I have given into the temptation of stealing a cheeky quote from the film 'Dodgeball: The true underdog story' however it is incredibly relevant with respect to the recent performance of the club. An infant of only two years old, the dodgeball club challenged the UK's leading teams at the London tournament last Saturday.

The tournament began with our first team sweeping 5-0 victories against two well-established clubs as well as the second team securing an initial victory of 5-0 but our juggernaut-like performance was halted by the 'Jammy dodgers'. The 'Jammy dodgers' who have won the University championship on two occasions and one of their members has had his throw measured: he can fire a dodgeball at speeds up to 65mph (105kmph). The 1st's enjoyed an early lead but our valiant efforts were thwarted by our lack of tournament experience meanwhile the 2nd's encountered another goliath of an opponent. They faced a team whose average throw speed was 50mph and contained an unnameable beast with afro-like hair that has been measured to fire a dodgeball at up to 85mph. The

2nd's saw some inhumane dodging from their captain, Jag and Alby but even they were overcom.

The tournament progressed with a fantastic series of dodgers from members of both teams with a significant majority of thrown dodgeballs being successfully dodged by the players in each team. Two years of dodgeball within the tight space of the Union Dining Hall had sharpened our dodging skills but weakened our throwing abilities. But both teams battled forward courageously and the 1st's steam-rolled our way into the semi-finals, faced the 85mph thrower and his team but gave a fantastic fight with one match where we eliminated their entire team with no losses. But a dodgeball match consists of 5 games and we were narrowly defeated 3-2 by the Leicester Ligers.

The contrast between the Leicester Ligers, a team in white Lycra kits patterned with meticulously designed tiger-like creatures that had a surrealism that wouldn't look out of place in a Dali painting and our £1.98 white Primark T-shirts with black-marker penned numbers on the back emphasised our tournament inexperience but this also highlighted the potential of Imperial college's dodgeball team. A team who after only one year can challenge the UK's top teams and this was



A dodgeballer launching a ball at speeds well over 50 miles per hour; that could kill a man

recognised by the tournament organisers who proudly awarded our 1st team with a team achievement award. The organisers described our 1st team as 'the best performance seen by a team in their first tournament ever!' and this was also a distinguishing characteristic of the 2nd team as well.

Dodgeball is considered a joke sport. An offshoot from a witty film with Vince Vaughn (and others) and recently quoted by Boris Johnson in his description in the things he must do as a politician ('Dodge, duck, dip, dive and dodge'). It hasn't received the most serious publicity but there are almost 200

teams in the UKDBA league (approx. 100 of which are university teams). The university championships will test our team to its new experienced limits and it is unacceptable to have a lesser university as the university dodgeball champions – especially if it is Warwick who currently hold the title.



FIXTURES & RESULTS



in association with Sports Partnership

Saturday 28th November Football (ULU)

Men's 1s 0-1 King's College Medicals 1s
Men's 2s 1-4 RUMS 1s
Men's 3s 0-2 Imperial College Medicals 1s
Men's 4s 1-0 Imperial College 5s
Men's 6s 1-4 King's College Medicals 5s
Men's 7s 0-5 Central School of Speech and Drama 1s

Squash (BUCS - Stage 2, Upper Group)

Men's 1st 2-3 University of Manchester 1st
Men's 1st 4-1 University of Birmingham 1st

Volleyball (BUCS)

Men's 1st 2-0 University of Essex 1st
Men's 1st 2-0 University of Kent 1st
Women's 1st 2-0 University of Essex 1st
Women's 1st 2-1 University of Sussex 1st

Sunday 29th November Football (ULU)

Women's 1s 2-1 UCL 2s

Hockey (ULU)

Challenge Cup
Men's 1s 8-0 Royal Veterinary College 1s
Reserve Cup
Men's 2s 4-0 UCL 3s
Women's 4-0 Royal School of Mines 1s

Squash (BUCS - Stage 2, Upper Group)

Men's 1st 1-4 University of Nottingham 1st

Monday 30th November Basketball (ULU)

Men's 1s 26-70 SOAS 1s

Netball (ULU)

Women's 1s 34-35 St George's Medical School 1s

Women's 3s 26-6 Queen Mary 3s

Squash (ULU)

Men's 3s 4-1 LSE 4s
Men's 4s 2-3 UCL 2s

Water Polo (ULU)

Mixed 1s 15-4 St Barts 1s

Wednesday 2nd December Badminton

Men's 1st 6-2 University of Hertfordshire 1st
Men's 2nd 2-6 University of Surrey 1st
Women's 1st 3-5 University of Hertfordshire 1st

Fencing

Men's 3rd 63-135 Uni. of Hertfordshire Men's 1st
Women's 2nd 81-135 Brunel University 1st

Football

Men's 1st 3-2 Brunel University 4th
Men's 2nd 0-1 University of Hertfordshire 3rd
Women's 1st 0-11 University of Surrey 1st
ULU
Men's 7s 2-8 Goldsmiths 3s

Hockey

Men's 2nd 5-0 Imperial College Medicals 2nd
Women's 2nd 2-1 Royal Holloway 2nd

Lacrosse

Men's 1st 12-3 University of Kent 1st
Women's 1st 8-10 UCL 1st

Netball

Women's 1st 44-40 University of Greenwich 1st
Women's 2nd 51-10 Thames Valley University 1st

Rugby

Men's 1st 40-6 Bucks New University 1st
Men's 3rd 12-12 University of Chichester Men's 2nd

Squash

Men's 4th 3-0 Royal Holloway 2nd
Women's 1st 3-1 University of Sussex 1st

Table Tennis

Men's 1st 17-0 Middlesex University 1st

Saturday 5th December Badminton (ULU)

Reserve Cup
Mixed 1s vs King's College Medicals Mixed 1s

Football (ULU)

Challenge Cup
Men's 1s vs Imperial College Medicals 1s
Men's 2s vs King's College 1s
Reserve Cup
Men's 3s vs LSE 4s
Men's 4s vs Queen Mary 3s
Plate
Men's 5s vs King's College 3s
Vase
Men's 7s vs Queen Mary 4s

Volleyball (BUCS)

Men's 1st vs University of Reading 1st
Men's 1st vs University of Sussex 1st
Women's 1st vs University of Reading 1st

Sunday 5th December Football (ULU)

Challenge Cup
Women's 1s vs UCL 1s

Rugby (ULU)

Challenge Cup
Women's 1s vs UCL 1s
Reserve Cup
Men's 2s vs RUMS 2s
Men's 3s vs Central School of Speech and Drama 1s

Monday 7th December Basketball (ULU)

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

Netball (ULU)

Women's 1s vs UCL 1s
Women's 2s vs St. Barts & the Royal London 2s
Women's 4s vs King's College 5s

Squash (ULU)

Men's 1s ULU vs LSE 1s
Men's 2s ULU vs King's College 1s
Men's 3s ULU vs King's College 2s
Men's 4s ULU vs SOAS 1s
Women's 1s ULU vs RUMS 1s

Water Polo (ULU)

Mixed 1s vs UCL Mixed 2s

Wednesday 5th December Badminton

Men's 1st vs LSE 1st
Men's 2nd vs University of Hertfordshire 2nd
Women's 1st vs LSE 1st

Fencing

Women's 1st vs University of Bristol 1st
Women's 2nd vs Royal Holloway 1st

Football

BUCS Cup
Men's 1st vs University of Reading 1st
ULU
Men's 4s vs UCL 5s

Hockey

Men's 1st vs Brunel University 1st
Women's 1st vs University of Chichester 2nd
ULU
Men's 2s vs Royal Holloway 1s
Men's 5s vs St. George's Medical School 2s
Men's 3s vs St. Barts & the Royal London 2nd
Men's 4s vs Goldsmiths 1s
Women's 2s vs King's College Medicals 3s

Lacrosse

Women's 1st vs Royal Holloway 2nd

Netball

Women's 2s ULU vs Imperial College Medicals 3s
BUCS Cup
Women's 1st vs Royal Holloway 3rd

Rugby

Men's 1st vs St Mary's University College 2nd
Men's 3rd vs University of Chichester 2nd
Women's 1st vs Canterbury Christ Church Uni. 1st

Squash

Men's 2nd vs Brunel University 1st
Men's 3rd vs University of Kent 2nd
Women's 1st vs LSE 1st

Table Tennis

Men's 1st vs Brunel University 1st

Tennis

Men's 2nd vs University of Essex 1st

Skiing, Scotland and Shenanigans at Annual Skifest

Jamie Perrelet Snowsports

On the 12th November, 17 members of snowsports set off to have some serious fun in Edinburgh.

As I carried my snowboard into the union, many kind-hearted people pointed out to me that, although Scotland is chilly, I was being fairly unrealistic in my quest for November snow.

I quickly informed them that although Scotland was chilly, I wasn't in search of snow; I was in search of BUDS.

BUDS stands for British University Dryslope Championship, and is the first major event of the season in the university snowsports calendar.

We clambered into the bus and excitedly set off to the tune of the Spice girls, maxing out at 62mph, and arriving in Scotland after a scant 9 hours.

The next morning, after an hour and a half of sleep in one of the friendliest hostels in the world, we headed up to the slope. Now normally at 9am, you expect most people to be sleepily scratching their eyes/cracks and having a coffee.

Instead we were welcomed by armed students equipped with water balloons and a sling shot. So in true Imperial form we decided to get stuck in a have a morning beer bong.

The competitions included giant



Imperial Snowsports atop the peak of Scotland's finest artificial mountain. They seemed prepared for that night's antics.

slalom, big air, slope style, dual slalom and boarder x. Imperial members competed in all areas with impressive

shows from all.

The standard of skiing and boarding was ridiculously high (the winning trick for the ski big air was a 1080! In Imperial terms that's 6π).

It all started going off in the afternoon, with the finals of the Big Air taking place to some massive tunes courtesy of the Red Bull pick-up truck with a set of decks on the roof and a huge sound system in the boot.

At the end of the comp, everyone rushed on to the slope and provided one of the coolest images I've seen this year, 800 students bouncing up and down with the sun setting in the background over the coast of Edinburgh. The night had begun.

The BUSC committee booked out a club in Edinburgh that night, and after an evening kebab (which led to a certain member of Imperial having a not-so-tactical chunder on the way into the club) we headed on into City club.

The scene in the club was similar to the scene on the slope, a multitude of drunken skiers, a massive vibe of excitement about the upcoming season, and fear of the following morning's 9am races.

Despite an awesome DJ, some amazing conversations with strangers in the smoking area, and the discovery of a secret upstairs bar with no queue, the highlight of the night had to be watching snowsports captain, Jamie Perrelet, walk straight into a glass door.

The next day (again after an hour and a half of sleep) we reluctantly piled into the bus again to get back onto the slope.

Arriving there on time, we looked out the window, saw it was raining, and proceeded to have a three and a half hour nap in the van.

After waking up we decided the only solution to our hangovers was baked goods, so we drove down the road and

asked a local builder where the nearest shop was, he replied with 'hinka cum-fae cashore canfeh, Ahl hityi oar hied 'caw taughtie'.

Not wanting to be rude, we thanked him, well Tom thanked him and I chuckled into my bra, and headed off.

The skill on the second day was incredible, and despite the rain and the wind (not much of a surprise in Scotland) everyone rode with loads of style.

The collective hangover slowly merged into another round of collective drunkenness and before we knew it, the riding was over, and the partying had begun again.

Saturday night was the final black tie ball, after spending a couple of hours trying to get tickets (they had all sold out on the Friday), we eventually managed to get in to the ball held in a massive rugby stadium.

I headed straight to the bar, but about one minute and thirty six seconds after our entry, Tom sprinted up to me and told me that Jack had been a little bit (a lot) naughty and was kicked out of the club.

This put a massive downer on the night, after a twenty quid entry fee and all our great efforts to find tickets, someone had already been sent packing. Luckily for us, the bouncers weren't the brightest chaps in the world, and we swiftly managed to get Jack back in.

Everything was looking pretty good and the awards were handed out, when five minutes before the end, Jamie and Amaury were thrown out when Jamie tried to replicate the day's freestyle on Amaury's shoulders.

All in all an amazing night, a weekend to remember, and a hangover that has lasted fifteen days and still counting.

If you want to spin around on Amaury's shoulders, get on over to www.studentskiing.com with clubcode = 'imperial' to grab yourself one of the last remaining places on the imperial ski and snowboard holiday.

Everyone is welcome and the price is unbeatable: £329 includes lift-pass, travel and accommodation. Absolutely final booking deadline is tonight, no other chances!



Monday
December 7

6.15pm



The Story of G-d

Join us for a fascinating lecture with one of Britain's leading scientists, Professor Lord Robert Winston.

Pippard Lecture Theatre (Sherfield Building, Level 5)



Robert Winston, takes the floor to present a talk based on the content of his outstanding book, 'The Story of G-d'. In this groundbreaking book, he examines this relationship across time, beginning with the primitive worship of our early ancestors, and concluding with a vivid portrait of faith in the modern world.

This event is open to all. To ensure you don't miss this talk, please sign up as directed on the bottom-left of this poster.

Location: Pippard Lecture Theatre - Imperial College, South Kensington Campus, Sherfield Building, Level 5.

To RSVP please email: info@chabadofsouthkensington.org
For more info, call either Mendy Loewenthal on: 07800 639 565
Or Mark Harris on: 07903 609 372.

Men Continue 100% record in Sussex

Continued from Page 44

they had beaten previously in the year.

It turned out to be a straightforward match for the team, with the opposing coach constantly setting Essex targets of small amounts of points to achieve. Great serve receiving from Lea Seaffer, and effective blocking from Alex Krieger gave Imperial a comfortable win in the first set.

The second set was motivated by coach Ercu's promise of a drink each if Essex got less than ten points, but ten press-ups for ever point over ten they

received.

Unfortunately, the team just about ended up doing press ups, but great hitting from middle hitters Linda and Alana Johnson, and good linking for opposite attacks between Ashly and myself gave the team a comfortable win, and was a great end to a successful day. Meanwhile on the second court, the men were playing the University of Kent.

Now wearing different shorts, captain Marc and experienced outside hitter Christoph Datler linked well to create some effective play, while Platon Vogiatzoglou used his powerful hit to great effect. In the end it was an easy win for the men's team, who maintained their 100% unbeaten record.

Another victorious weekend for the club, who continue to go from strength to strength. The club look to continue their success at their home tournament in Bethnal Green this weekend.

Scullers' Head

Continued from Page 44

sive move for the finish" found her feet come flying out of the shoes.

After a few strokes she had no choice but to stop to replace her feet before barrelling on towards the end of the race in a desperate bid to reclaim lost time. In the end the pennant went to Nicky (23:21.73) with Ro taking the runner-up position (23:33.77). Flat-mate Chazz Moultrie also claimed second in the W.SEN.1x category (288th overall).

Head Coach Steve Trapmore was pleased with the results and commended club members on their hard work so far this season. Well done to everybody racing and sincere thanks to all supporters on the day.



Kirkwood wins Scullers' Head

Christina Duffy Rowing

ICBC's Jamie Alexander Kirkwood has become Head of the River after winning outright over the 4 ¼ mile tide-way race from Chiswick to Putney. The U23 elite lightweight sculler takes the title from last year's winner GB sculler Alan Campbell. Imperial won four pennants, had five 2nd placings, and three 3rd placings as well as nearly all IC competitors finishing in the top 10 in their categories.

Big Deal status (more difficult to achieve than an MBE) has officially been bestowed upon Newcastle Upon Tyne's Jamie Kirkwood; a first for the North. Starting at number 115 Kirkwood set out to get a good placing for next year's head race, which he claimed he would win. The 20 year old lightweight far-exceeded all expectations by clocking the fastest time of the day (20:55.38), over 8 seconds ahead of runner-up R. Dunley of London RC. IC's George Whittaker had the honour of starting the race in respect of his overall win in 2007 and fourth place finish in 2008. Whittaker placed third overall this year taking a pennant, much to the delight of 19 year old fresher Rory Sullivan who placed an impressive 5th overall and had to settle for 2nd in the same category.

In 13th place overall was IC's German lightweight Ole Tietz who claimed the novice pennant last year. Imperial managed to retain the pennant thanks to Henry Goodier who finished 19th overall. Also racing for the novice pennant was Trapmore's former glory days crewmate Dan Ouseley whose competitive record includes a World Bronze Medal in 2003 and 2001 as well as competing in the 2004 Athens Olympics. Ouseley finished 73rd overall and 5th in the novice category; which has untold comforting effects for Officer Duffy who finished 7th in Women's Novice category

There was tough competition in the lightweight IM2.1x category with Alex

Gillies (who placed 24th overall this year compared to 59th in 2008) missing out on a pennant by a mere 0.02 seconds to Berridge of London RC. IC's Andy Gordon finished a respectable 4th in category and 35th overall; 9 places higher than last year's race. With the IM3.1x pennant assumed a Whitaker shoe-in, the race for place was on. Highlander Johnny Rankin claimed 7th (43rd overall) followed by chest infected Ben Anstiss who coughed home in 22nd (115th overall).

In the women's squad Rachael 'Chewy' Davies took the honour of fastest IC girl (148th overall) as well as fourth fastest lightweight in the entire head race. She claimed the pennant in a blistering time of 22:57. Davies has never lost a category pennant in the three times she has entered the Sculler's Head of the River. Appearing at training on Sunday morning Chewy was disappointed at the absence of women's coach Brian Steele; "I wanted to abuse him." A still intoxicated Chewster went on to announce her legendary status to anyone who would listen before sculling off into the distance on her "recovery paddle" past UL. She was not seen again for another two hours and was still hyper upon her return. Women's Captain Mathilde Pauls came 2nd in category (W.ELI.1x) and 173rd overall. Zoe Lee, representing the newly formed Sport Imperial club for non-student members, finished 3rd and 182nd overall.

It was the battle of the Smith sisters in the W.IM2.1x category as IC's Ro Smith was pitted against older sister Nicky. Nicky has won two Henley medals representing IC. She recently made the move from Imperial to Oxford and was racing for City of Oxford at this year's Scullers' Head. Nicky, starting last in her category, overtook all other scullers but could not catch Ro who led the category out. After a strong first half Ro came under Hammersmith Bridge and making "a deci-

Continued on Page 43



Volleyball Success

Jennifer Smith Volleyball

Saturday brought wind, rain and volleyball to the University of Sussex, where the team travelled to play in their South East Division 1 BUCS matches. Despite the 5:30 (am) wake up call, everyone was in high spirits, and determined to keep the success of the season so far going. With the men unbeaten and the women (mostly) unbeaten, the expectations were high for both teams.

First up on court were the women's team captained by Linda Vaccari, playing the hosts. Imperial, suffering from sleep deprivation, lost the first set to a team that rarely threatened, but forced Imperial into mistakes. However things perked up in the second set, helped by some amazing hits by new team member Monica Luegmair.

In the deciding third set, both teams exchanged points, but some consistent and effective serves from club captain Ashly Black gave Imperial the edge, and they won the final set 16-14.

Next on court were the Men's team, playing the University of Essex. Despite the incredible volleyball on display in the warm-up, all eyes were on captain Marc Schaepertoens' shorts, a rather fetching women's pair in size small (see photo).

The men starting strongly helped by consistently powerful jump serving

from Alessandro Galli and solid defensive play from Marios Chartosias, and won the first set 25-17. The second set however was a slightly different story, and so the game went to a deciding third set. Some effective quick attacks from new addition to the team Nikolaos Nikolaou allowed Imperial to win

the set 15-11 and so the match.

After a three hour break, both teams were back on court, providing coach Ercu with a dilemma of who to support. The women were on court against the University of Essex, a team

Continued on Page 43

