

“Keep the Cat Free”

ISSUE 1492

FELIX



10.06.11

The student voice of Imperial College London since 1949

36-PAGE PHOENIX PULLOUT INSIDE

IMPERIAL'S FINEST ARTISTS SHOW OFF THEIR STUFF



Union unveil ambitious future for Summer Ball

Holding it in Hyde Park would be the “ultimate aim”

Alex Nowbar

The Union have unveiled ambitious plans to “increase the size, scale and profile” of the Summer Ball in years to come, saying that the “ultimate aim” would be to host the event “in Hyde Park or a similar venue” and attract a huge number of students from across London. The news comes with just a week to go until this year’s Ball, which features headliners Laura Marling and Ian Brown.

The Union’s plans for the future include further collaborations with other universities, building on this year’s joint involvement of King’s and Goldsmiths. The Union say that they have “an expression of interest” for collaboration next year with UCL. A spokesperson for the Union said that the “focus is the enjoyment of students at Imperial” but that increased costs from increasing the scale and “dynamic” of the ball mean that “a wider attendee base is needed”. The spokesperson pointed to events such as the Leeds Student Ball and Cardiff University’s Beach Party as “benchmarking” events to aspire to for their large crowds and high-profile lineups.

The Union are also looking to increase the amount of sponsorship they receive for the Summer Ball. The suppliers of Jägermeister, who are providing significant equipment, stock and staff at this year’s ball, have expressed interest in being a key sponsor for next year supplying both staging and product support, subject to the scale of the ball increasing, say the Union.

There have been some minor changes to the plans for this year. In addition to the main Queen’s Lawn stage and a now downsized Prince’s Gardens stage, the Great Hall is to be used as a club for dance music, as in previous years. The works in Exhibition Road and restric-

tions in licensing in Prince’s Gardens have limited the size of the Prince’s Gardens stage, which will now feature student bands, with the Queen’s Lawn becoming the focus for the rest of the live music, with the headliners playing there.

Ticket sales from other universities are believed to be lower than hoped, with the majority of the approximate 1000 tickets sold thus far being to Imperial students. The Union declined to confirm or deny the figures, saying that the number of tickets sold “remains commercially sensitive” but the spokesperson said that they were confident that there would be “much greater ticket sales from all involved Unions” in the run-up to the Ball.

The Union said that the up-scaling of the Summer Ball was an “ambitious initiative with massive future potential” whilst recognizing that this “as with all new ventures and changes will take some time to bed in.”

There have been some eyebrows raised at the decision of Deputy President (Finance & Services) Ravi Pall to take a week of leave in the run-up to the Ball. When questioned about this he said that he was still active via email and had attended meetings relating to the Summer Ball while on leave. He argued that the preparation for the Ball was now wholly logistical and so his absence would have no negative impact.

President Alex Kendall, who as Pall’s line manager approved his leave, similarly defended the decision saying, “the role of the DPFS is on a strategic level regarding the long and medium term. They are not involved with the final weeks of operational issues.”

The Summer Ball is next Saturday 18th June. Tickets are £45 (or £50 on the night) and can be bought from the Union’s website.

IMPERIAL LEAVES CaSE

Charles Poon



IMRAN KHAN

The Imperial alumnus who rose to become the UK’s most prominent advocate for science and engineering

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LAST ISSUE OF FELIX



Next week is the last issue of this year, don’t miss it!

POLITICS



“We win or we die.”
Protests in Syria:
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MUSIC



Win two tickets to
Lovebox festival:
Page 18

HIGHLIGHTS

On campus

Neuroscience symposium

Speakers from across Imperial will join together at this one-day symposium encouraging cross-faculty interaction between such faculties as bioengineers, biologists and medics. The keynote speech will be delivered by Professor Matteo Carandini from UCL. Includes a networking reception. Open to all with registration required in advance. Contact r.fenton@imperial.ac.uk to register.

**LT 220, Mechanical Engineering
14 June 10:00–17:30**

Unusual zoonotic infection

Director of the clinical microbiology laboratory at Lahey Clinic in Massachusetts, Dr. Dan Shapiro, reveals the many varied and unusual ways in which people have acquired infections from animals. Open to all with registration required in advance. Contact susan.farrell@imperial.ac.uk to register.



**Wolfson SR2, Hammersmith Campus
14 June 12:30–13:30**

Infection Prevention and Healthcare Delivery

The second meeting of the two year old National Centre for Infection Prevention & Management brings together its researchers to talk about their work over the past two years. Open to all with registration required in advance. Contact r.wood@imperial.ac.uk for further information.

**Hammersmith Conference Centre
16 June 15:00–18:00**

Registration for Business School BEST courses open on Monday 20th June

Registration for Business School BEST courses will open at **9am on Monday 20th June 2011**. This year students will be able to enrol via the Departmental Student System (DSS): www.imperial.ac.uk/dss.

These courses are only available for students who wish to gain academic credits. Places on all courses are limited and will be allocated on a strictly first-come first-served basis.

For more information and course outlines please visit <http://www3.imperial.ac.uk/business-school/programmes/undergraduate>

Tweet for Imperial!



Next Friday, Imperial will be using Twitter to tell the story of a day in life of the College, as part of UUK's 'Universities Week'. You can follow the tweets, or join in yourself, by using the hashtag #ImpCol. If you don't have an account but have some suggestions for what Imperial could tweet about, email J-P Jones at press.office@imperial.ac.uk. Happy tweeting twirps!

I, SCIENCE
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OUT
FRIDAY
24TH JUNE**

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Lolcat of teh week



FELIX

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Printed by The Harmsworth Printing Ltd, Northcliffe House, Meadow Road, Derby. Registered newspaper ISSN 1040-0711.
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Ben Scally



John Donohue, foreground left, said that he was "relieved" by the jury's decision

Officers accused of assaulting Babar Ahmad acquitted

Ben Scally

All four of the officers accused of assaulting Babar Ahmad in 2003 were cleared last week at Southwark Crown Court. Detective Constable John Donohue said that he was "relieved" by the jury's decision. The officers' solicitor Colin Reynolds said that "they are hoping to put these unfounded and unsubstantiated allegations behind them."

Recordings from an MI5 bug planted in the house emerged only months before the trial began, which Mr Reynolds said had provided "very significant evidence" that had "changed a large number of matters".

The jury took less than an hour to find Police Constables Nigel Cowley, Roderick James-Bowen, Mark Jones, and Detective Constable John Donohue not guilty of assault occasioning actual

bodily harm.

Babar Ahmad's lawyer, Fiona Murphy, said that the Met Commissioner's admission in 2009 that Babar Ahmad had been subjected to a "serious, gratuitous and prolonged" attack during his arrest sat "uncomfortably with the jury's verdict." Babar Ahmad received £60,000 in damages from the Metropolitan police after the admission in 2009.

Babar Ahmad's father Ashfaq Ahmad read out a statement on his behalf: "The Metropolitan Police admitted at the High Court that I was brutally assaulted by its officers without resisting arrest. Today's verdict means that no police officer has been held to account for this abuse."

On the issue of his extradition, Babar Ahmad denied any involvement in terrorist activity and said "as a British man, I should be given a fair trial in

Britain, just as these officers have received."

Following the jury's decision, the judge expressed his hope that Babar Ahmad detention without charge would "end as soon as possible", either by his extradition to the US, or by his release.

The findings of a Met review into the case is expected to be published soon and a misconduct hearing into the assault allegations is to be carried out. A previous Met investigation into the case resulted in no disciplinary action against any of the officers.

The Guardian has reported that PCs Mark Jones and Roderick James-Bowen "had 40 separate allegations of assault against them between 1993 and 2007, the majority involving black or Asian men." The allegations were all found to be unsubstantiated following inquiries, according to the Met.

Musharraf cancels talk

Kadhim Shubber

Former Pakistani President Pervez Musharraf has pulled out from a talk scheduled for this Sunday. The College

had approved the talk, after initially rejecting an earlier date, but imposed severe restrictions, including only allowing College members to attend and preventing online publicity, except through Clubs' member email lists.

Organiser Hussain Ali said that the restrictions were extreme and that they would have severely hampered the potential of the talk if it had gone ahead.

He said that President Musharraf had been insulted by the restrictions and had pulled out for that reason.

Deputy President (Clubs & Societies) Heather Jones said that she was disappointed that the talk could not go ahead, saying that it would have been "an interesting opportunity for students" but added that she felt the College were right to be cautious.

'Humanities staff' attack College day proposals

Kadhim Shubber

Staff from the Humanities Department have attacked the proposed changes to the College day, saying that there are "serious reasons why [the proposals] will not work" and suggesting that they marginalise and devalue humanities courses.

The letter, signed 'Staff of the Humanities Department', argues that "no other department would schedule classes at the end of a long and hard day" and questions whether the "technical and administrative staff" will be there to support classes later in the evening. The proposals as they currently stand would see humanities courses scheduled from 5-7pm on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, as well as from 12-2pm on Mondays and Fridays. In addition the proposals suggest allowing exams to be scheduled on Saturdays in exceptional circumstances and reducing the amount of time allocated for lunch to one hour. by allowing departments to schedule classes during the current two-hour lunch break.

A member of staff from the Humanities Department, who wished to remain anonymous, hand-delivered the letter to the Felix office on the 2nd of June. The

Criticisms made in letter hand-delivered to the Felix office

letter also criticised Felix's position on the proposals, voicing concern that Felix would accept the plan if the details were worked out satisfactorily. In an editorial on the 27th of May, Felix argued that "the proposals [...] are a step in the right direction" and that if the proposals provided the appropriate safeguards, "Felix will support the changes".

Professor Dorothy Griffiths, who chairs the College Day Working Group behind the proposals, said that it was "premature" to respond to letters as "we are simply discussing ideas at the moment." She said that the "Working Group recognises and values the role of Humanities in the College" but added that the current timetabling issues "need to be resolved."

Professor Andrew Warwick, the Head of the Humanities Department, did not respond to questions about whether he supported or was aware of the letter, or whether he supported the proposed timetable changes as they currently stand.

Sponsored Editorial

More student cuts Discount haircuts for Imperial students at Fresh Hairdressers

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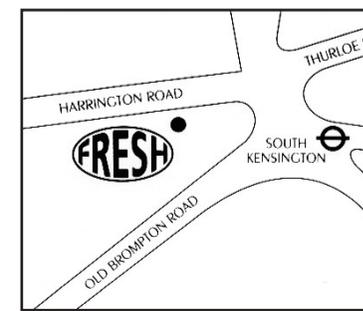
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NEWS

News Editors: **Matt Colvin**
Alex Karapetian

news.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Union could join CaSE

President 'discussing possibility' of affiliating after College decision to leave

Kadhim Shubber

The Union has criticised the College's decision to cut ties with the science lobby group CaSE, calling the decision "cynical" and suggesting that the Union itself could affiliate with the group independently.

In a statement to Felix, later posted online, Union President Alex Kendall praised the Campaign for Science and Engineering (CaSE) and said that the Union was "grateful" for the work it had done to support science research funding and to promote a "positive portrayal of science in the media." He said that he was "discussing the possibility" of the Union joining CaSE so that the students of Imperial would still be represented by "the main lobby group for science and engineering."

CaSE is regarded as having a pivotal role in the government's decision to freeze and ring-fence the science research budget after the Comprehensive Spending Review, instead of cutting it in cash terms. It also led a campaign to win a generous settlement on immigration

for researchers, meaning that although there is a cap on the total number of migrants, researchers are favoured significantly over other applicants.

Alex Kendall said that Imperial's decision to "ditch" CaSE after the hard work they had done for the science community in the UK was a "very cynical move" that would "damage the unity needed to present a single voice on science and engineering funding."

It is currently unclear as to whether the Union will be able to affiliate with CaSE. In an interview with Felix, CaSE director Imran Khan said that the Union's gesture was "very appreciated" and that it was "humbling" that students wished to support CaSE. However, he was hesitant of setting a precedent of Student Unions affiliating instead of their parent universities. He said that they were still considering whether such a model could be sustainable as student unions. He was unable to shed any further light on Imperial's decision, saying that there were no personal disagreements that he was aware of and that all of the feedback, prior to the decision,

that CaSE had received from Imperial was positive.

Normally the Pro-Rector for Research at Imperial would liaise with CaSE, but currently Imperial has nobody permanently filling that position. Professor David Begg, Principal of the Business School, has stood in since the departure of Sir Peter Knight from the position last autumn. When the Times Higher Education supplement first reported Imperial's decision to cut ties, they pointedly referenced Imperial's Pro-Rector situation. A reporter for the Times Higher Education, told Felix that it was unclear whether the reshuffle had anything to do with the decision, but added that he understood that the reluctance to renew membership came "right from the very top."

The College did not add anything new to their previous statement, which explained that they felt the £3,000 subscription could be better directed to "core activities", except to indicate that the decision was taken "collectively" and that it was up entirely up to the Union if it wanted to affiliate or not.

Physics students create popular revision 'wiki'

Website is "outstanding" says Union Deputy President

Deepka Rana

Physics students Deep Shah, Kin-Hing Lo, and Victor See have developed the 'Imperial Physics Wiki', a website which allows students to share lecture notes and past-paper solutions. The collaborative website is built upon the same technology behind Wikipedia. It's fully integrated into the Imperial system, such as logins and email alerts, and by using open-source software, the whole thing hasn't cost the department a penny.

Since its launch in November, the site has amassed hundreds of pages of crowd-sourced lecture notes and past exam paper solutions. As well as allowing students to easily download material, they are able to make their own changes and improvements too. An online forum has been used by students to share helpful hints and to help coordinate the bidding for MSci projects.

Students seemed to agree that the wiki was transformative to the way they studied. This has been most evident in the third-year 'comprehensive' exams. Third year physics student John Selby said, "The third year comprehensive exams are a nightmare, I don't know what I would have done if I didn't have the wiki". The comprehensive exams page on the wiki has received over 14,000 views and features annotations of past paper questions as well as summary notes that have been produced by students in the department.

Deep believes that the wiki will grow as a resource and become an invaluable resource for physics students in the coming years. "Every year students spend loads of time making notes, collating information, doing past papers, and trolling the web for information. Yet as soon as the year is over all this information just disappears into the ether. I always wondered why we didn't have a central place where we could collect everything so every student would not have to repeat the work each year."

Deep is excited about how quickly the wiki has taken off and has pushed for a similar solution to be rolled out across College. "The vast majority of students

in the department regularly use the wiki and a growing number of students are beginning to contribute their own content. Over 700 students have registered to use the wiki and the site was receiving in excess of 1,500 page views a day during the exam period. I hope the website will continue to grow as a resource. We're currently working with Alex Dahinten to give the wiki some additional backing and to roll it out a similar solution to the rest of college."

Deputy President of Education Alex Dahinten had nothing short of praise for the wiki. "The Physics Wiki has been one of the really outstanding initiatives thought of by reps this year. A great thing about the Physics Wiki is how it is student run. Although staff members can access it and contribute, the day-to-day running is done by selfless students who wish to get others to interact online about their learning."

Kin-Hing added, "In the future, we envision that the department could move to a wiki system for lecture notes and lab scripts. This would allow students to add their own improvements such as links to useful resources or alternative ways of deriving a solution to a problem. Lecturers would play an important role in producing the basic content and moderating the page but I feel this could make undergraduate teaching a more interactive experience for both parties."

Director of Undergraduate Studies Prof. Angus McKinnon said that the Physics department is supportive of the initiative but is "slightly nervous about unforeseen circumstances" which could arise – in particular the challenge of ensuring coursework problems are not too similar to those which have been set in the past and for which solutions may be available on the wiki. "In a subject like Physics, where coursework tends to involve solving mathematical problems, the effect is very different from another subject in which coursework consists mainly of essay writing. You can feed an essay through 'turnitin' (a programme to detect plagiarism) but not a solution to a physics problem."

The Imperial Physics Wiki can be found at rcsu.org.uk/physoc/wiki/.

Life Sciences head Ian Owens to take up post at Natural History Museum

Matt Colvin

Professor Ian Owens, the current head of the Department of Life Sciences, has been announced as the Natural History Museum's new Director of Science.

In his new role, Professor Owens will be responsible for setting the strategic direction of its scientific activities and taking responsibility for the collections of over 70 million scientific specimens from around the world.

Professor Owens attracted controversy earlier this year for his role in the restructure of Life Sciences. The restructure faced fierce opposition and protests from the Union and students.

The Natural History Museum has expressed its "delight" at Owens' appointment, remarking that, "Ian's leadership will give our progress greater momentum."

Union President Alex Kendall wished Professor Owens well in his new job and acknowledged that despite their differences in the past year, "[Professor Owens] remained courteous and polite throughout, where others may have not."

Natural History Museum



Professor Maggie Dallman, Head of the Faculty of Natural Sciences, wishes "warm congratulations" towards Professor Owens, adding that, "thanks to his careful and professional leadership, the Department of Life Sciences is in an excellent position to grow and develop."

Responding to his appointment, Professor Owens has highlighted the connection between the College and the Museum.

"In my new role I hope to strengthen

the relationship between Imperial and the Museum...working together I hope we can do even more to inspire the public and tackle major challenges in natural sciences."

Professor Owens, who has served as Head of Department since 2007, is expected to embark on his new appointment in the autumn while maintaining affiliation with the College. The selection process for his successor is ongoing.

Police appeal for Royal Albert Hall death witnesses

On the 23rd of May, a ten-year-old boy was hit and killed by a coach outside the Royal Albert Hall. Police are appealing for witnesses. If you

saw the accident occur, or have any other relevant information, please get in touch with the police via gary.herrett@met.police.uk.

An eloquent spokesperson for science

I'm standing outside the offices for the Campaign for Science and Engineering (CaSE) on Gordon Square, near Euston Square tube station, trying to stop sweating (summer showers tricked me into wearing a coat...) when I notice something. While our university recently took the controversial, and in my opinion foolish, decision to cut ties with CaSE, their offices are actually situated in an UCL building. Our closest London competitor embraces this influential lobby group, "puts their money where their mouth is" as UCL vice-provost David Price puts it, and we do the exact opposite. I'm not sure whether to be surprised or not.

Once I've cooled myself down, I go inside and I'm buzzed through into CaSE's modest office. The two rooms seem to perfectly capture a sense of 'punching above your weight'. CaSE is an organisation that has successfully lobbied the government at the highest levels, spear-headed national campaigns, and won front page headlines on major national newspapers; and all from an office that's a little smaller than the Union bar.

Imran Khan, the director of CaSE, rather shines in this small space. Policy papers are stacked around his office, and there is a heap of placards from the Science is Vital campaign, which helped spare science funding from the worst of the cuts back in October, stacked up against one of the walls. He's extremely well spoken, possessing the rare ability to speak quickly in properly constructed sentences without 'umming' and 'ahhing', and also disarmingly charismatic – not characteristics that one would immediately associate with an Imperial alumnus.

He studied on Imperial's Science Communication masters course in 2007/08 and during his time at Imperial, wrote articles for Felix and had a couple of shows on IC Radio. Gareth Mitchell, who lectures on broadcast and written journalism on the course, remembers him as enthusiastic, saying that he "really threw himself into the course". He calls Imran "an aspirational figure" for students on the course today. "Even though he is doing really well for himself, he still comes back to Imperial, to give seminars to our students, to give them direction and advice," says Gareth, "he has had a big impact by being a role model for students interested in science policy".

As we start our interview it quickly becomes apparent why. He has a deeply technical grasp of the issues affecting science and engineering research in the

Kadhim Shubber meets CaSE director and Imperial alumnus Imran Khan

Charles Poon



UK, but also the skill to explain them in an easy-to-understand manner. Why don't politicians 'get' that investment in science is important, I ask him. He rejects my premise, "I think that is a bit of a misapprehension. All the political parties understand that science and engineering is really important." But the real question, he says, is how important is it in relation to other challenges.

A perfect example of this was shown the Comprehensive Spending Review (CSR), where CaSE and others argued successfully that research funding needed to be prioritised and protected, which it was to an extent. Is rising inflation chipping away at the 'generous' 10% cut that we were given? Yes, he says, but he also points to U.S. research that shows that inflation for some scientific research has often been higher than general inflation, warning that we are still yet to see "how stringent these cuts are going to be."

I ask him about the 50% cut to research capital expenditure, the 'sting in the tail' after the success in the CSR. "You had people saying 'oh we're fine' and then reality hit." He says that the science community has a job to do in not only adapting to the cuts by sharing more, "it's not like the old days, we can't just compete against each other, there's got to be a mixture of competi-

tion and collaboration", but also in convincing the government of the folly of the capital expenditure cuts: "[We've got to say] actually here's the impact of these cuts, here's the world class research that's not being done, here are the world-class scientists that we're losing to Singapore or the States because they can afford the equipment that we can't."

Although I'm enjoying his careful deconstruction of the research landscape, we both know that the reason that I'm there is to discuss Imperial's decision to leave CaSE. Given the the successes that scientists have won since the last General Election, but also the huge challenges that we continue to face, it seems a peculiar time for Imperial to be disengaging from the science community in this way. Does he think Imperial can speak for itself, I ask him.

"All institutions will want to speak for themselves. UCL are very kind in that they're not only members, but they also house us here. However, it's not as if all their science lobbying comes through CaSE," he says. But Imperial doesn't operate in a vacuum, he goes on to argue: "What [Imperial does] impacts of the rest of the community, and what the rest of the community does impacts on Imperial."

The only other institution to end its subscription to CaSE since the last General Election is the British Library,

which given their financial problems Imran says "he would have been astonished if they had stayed on." Imperial on the other hand recently emerged from its 'phoney war', so called by the former Chief Operating Officer Dr Martin Knight because it had come through the financial crisis with a £40 million surplus. During the same period, around 20 new members have joined CaSE. "I think if you just look at those numbers, 20 new members vs. one drop out excluding the British Library..." says Imran, who pauses before adding, "[The decision] surprises me."

There's no resentment or anger towards Imperial, however. This is partly pragmatism, "We're a tiny organisation, we can't afford to stick our noses up at Imperial", but also a focus on what is important. Of course CaSE will still need to engage with Imperial, and Imperial staff and researchers, even if it isn't as straightforward now – "you can't do anything related to science communication or science policy in London without dealing with Imperial at some point," he told me on the phone before the interview.

And of course there's the personal connection to Imperial. He remembers being part of a very close-knit department and says that he loved being close to the Science Museum and the V&A. He speaks very highly of the Science Communication and Science Media Production courses, saying that they are "a real training ground for science communication policy professionals."

When I met his former lecturer Gareth Mitchell, he was setting up the IC Radio studio for his current students, much in the same way that he would have done for Imran when he was here. He says that he finds students initially start out with a strong interest in the media side of science communication, but more and more get drawn towards the policy side, towards directly improving the state of science through influencing government, and other institutions' decisions. He says that Imran followed a similar path. It's obvious when you meet Imran that he could have had a go on the media side, he's got the charisma for it.

But when you hear the passion that he's got for the work that he does, I'm happy that, in the nicest possible way, he's not on our TV screens. It's while we're talking about whether Imperial can lobby on its own. He points to the CaSE's work during the 'Science is Vital' campaign: "It's not a scientific experiment, we can't run it again and say here's the difference that we made, but what we can say is that we left no stone unturned. Everything that we could do, we did. We lobbied everyone from the Prime Minister down. We lobbied civil servants, journalists, the research community, people on the streets. People who weren't scientists turned up [to protest] to make sure that the UK [continues] to lead the world in research."

He adds, "Of course that will have all benefited Imperial, I hope," but I don't pick him up on what could be the understatement of the year.



CaSE's letter, published in The Times and signed by eight Nobel laureates, helped to influence the government's migrant cap policy

ELECTIONS

Graduate Schools Association (GSA) elections

The GSA represents postgraduate students across Imperial and therefore plays an active role in any academic or welfare issues that may arise. These are the submitted manifestos for the 2011 GSA Committee Elections. There are either no students

running for the other posts, or their manifestos were not submitted on time. For the full list of candidates running for election, see imperialcollegeunion.org/elections. Remember you can also vote RON if you don't think this lot are good enough for the position

President

Hi fellow postgrads! I'm Robert, first year PhD at the School of Public Health and I am running for GSA President this year. Why? Last year we have seen department cuts, college bursary 'vapourised' and even refub work which made you more stressed out more than even on those milestone deadlines. The GSA team and I will be there to listen and represent you next year. Representing you on academic and welfare issues would be my priority - Vote NO for cuts to postgrad resources and facilities, NO to College bursary cuts, NO to more unpaid teaching commitments. More places on 'A' graduate school courses. I will also campaign for cheap-

er non-showroom postgraduate accommodation at our new campus and better more-than SCR food. Masters students we will make sure your course are kept up to standards. Social wise I will continue to promote cross-campus events and aim to get everyone involved (and of course keep the popular GSA badminton sessions). I hope get everyone to know our reps at our welcoming event in October. Having done my Masters at Imperial as well, I think I'd pretty much know what you will expect from us next year - so vote me as GSA President!

ROBERT TANG



Events Coordinator

Hello, my name is Michaela and I'm currently in the 2nd year of my PhD (Clinical Medicine Research). The events team did an excellent job last year but there's still room for improvements!

If elected as Events Coordinator, I intend to:

- widen interest and participation in GSA events and activities as well as clubs and societies
- work together with clubs and societies to organize more joint events which are postgrad-friendly
- offer an increased number and more diverse variety of events / activities to cater to all interests (film nights, music nights and comedy nights at various venues, trips outside

London, cultural events, sight-seeing, singles nights, sports events, socializing and networking, book clubs, charity events, picnics, etc)

- increase number of inter-university social events
- encourage students to come up with their own ideas for new events (e.g. using a forum-style website and walk-in sessions)
- provide assistance to students to get into contact with other students with similar interests, enabling them to organize their own events / activities
- improve communication and advertisements so that students are more aware of the different GSA events (website and posters), ensuring better attendance
- increase volunteering for

MICHAELA RUHMANN



GSA events by offering incentives, e.g. discounts / free entry to events

- get detailed feedback on events, allowing to improve future events

Voting opens at midnight on Monday 13th June
and closes at midnight on Sunday 18th June
www.imperialcollegeunion.org/vote

Academic and Welfare Officer for Life Sciences

Life Sciences Postgraduates are Important! I will endeavour to provide a strong, loud voice for all life sciences postgraduates and ensure the welfare of this dynamic network of scientists!

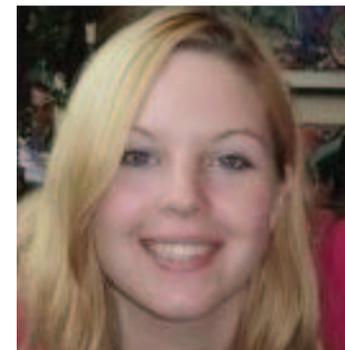
- REPRESENTATION AND RESPECT - Life sciences postgraduates contribute to science, medicine and humanity as a whole! Therefore, you DESERVE to have your NEEDS met by college staff and administration. If you are unhappy about your course conditions or departmental structure, you will have your OPINIONS heard!
- EQUALITY - All postgraduates should have EQUAL RIGHTS on campus! If you feel that you have been treated

unfairly, I will make it known loud and clear that discrimination should NOT be tolerated!

- CAREER SUPPORT - Transferrable skills courses are ESSENTIAL for career development. I will make sure that postgraduates have a SAY about changes, restructures or organisation of these courses!

- NETWORKING AND SOCIAL SUPPORT - Life sciences postgraduates should feel free to voice their opinions... over a PINT or slap-up meal! I am determined to provide life sciences postgraduates with chilled-out social events to help people network and integrate within the departments and more importantly, to RELAX your prodigious brains after a

LISA HALE



hard day of life science!
IMPERIAL COLLEGE LIFE SCIENCES POSTGRADUATES!
VOTE FOR ME AND MAKE YOUR IMPORTANCE KNOWN!

Academic and Welfare Officer for Medicine

Hi, my name is Aleksandra Turp. I am a second year PhD student at the Clinical Sciences Centre located at the Hammersmith Hospital Campus. I am running for the position of Academic and Welfare Officer for Medicine because I am passionate about continuing to improve the standards of the PG experience in the Faculty.

Why me: In the past year I have held the position of departmental representative. I raised the issue of lack of social space and events on the Hammersmith campus. I have set up the Student Community group in my department, which has organised social and academic events both for my department and campus-wide. Just recently I have ex-

panded this to the Hammersmith Student Community, a society run by students from the whole campus, organising a programme of similar activities. I have also represented postgraduate students on the Transferable Skills Review Committee which is currently revising the University's transferable skills programme. To these ends, I have been working closely with the AWO for Medicine and the GSA president. If elected, I would love the opportunity to further develop the various initiatives that we started. I will work hard to represent all the postgraduate students in our faculty and make our postgraduate experience even better. If I win I intend to: 1) Improve the social life on ALL the campuses

ALEKSANDRA TURP



of Imperial College. 2) Strengthen the communication between the departmental representatives and students. 3) Improve links between the PG students on different campuses within the faculty. 4) Make...

If elected as AWO Medicine I believe I will bring insight and a great deal of enthusiasm to the role! Having been a medical student + researcher + academic tutor myself in Saudi Arabia and spent two years in this department (MPH/PhD in Epidemiology) I'd like to think I know how things work and the sorts of issues that people in this department care about the most. Most importantly I am scarily well organised and always get things done... I actually have 3 mobile phones - says it all! I'm a good listener and will ALWAYS make time for people, no matter how busy things get. That's one of my main reasons for wanting this role - I love to help people :)

Specifically, I will aim to:

- maximise the reach to new students when organising Induction Day
- focus on student satisfaction, listening carefully to feedback and investigating every problem thoroughly
- address campus-/department-specific issues, as well as course-related ones

All you have to do is vote for me!

MAI KADI



Let's bee green

Bees introduced to Imperial's 'Secret Garden'

Charlotte Ivison

Imperial's population has just grown by several thousand. No, there hasn't been some clerical error or mass invasion – we now have our very own bee colony.

Over the last decade populations of the European Honey Bee (*Apis mellifera*) have been rapidly declining, with the population in England halving over the last 20 years. Various factors are to blame, including the Varroa mite and the lethal viruses it spreads, the continued expansion of industrial agriculture, pesticide exposure and overwork. However, this is one problem that the masses, rather than governments, have helped to solve. 90% of the beehives registered in the U.K. belong to amateurs – farmers or people just keeping them at home in their gardens. In the past three years there has been a doubling in the number of hives registered – from 40,000 in 2007 to 80,000 in 2010 – and with it, a doubling of UK bee numbers. There's

also been a similar increase in urban beekeeping – hives in roof gardens or allotments inside cities, a trend Imperial is now a part of.

Imperial's Facilities and Property Management team, led by Nick Roalfe, have put a bee hive in the Secret Garden behind Ethos. The garden isn't very well known (hence the 'secret' bit) but is open to all Imperial students and staff. An initial bee stock has just been put into the hive, with the hope that the population will multiply, perhaps filling a second hive.

Students from the Environmental Society, who will be going on a beekeeping course to learn how to keep the bees happy and healthy, will manage the colony and will train future members to do the job, adding the position of Apiarist to their committee. Anyone can get involved – email esoc@imperial.ac.uk to find out more. Environmental Officers Stef Piatek and Reuben Gibbons

Visit ESoc's blog at union.ic.ac.uk/scc/esoc

Imperial College London



were excited about the opportunity: "To get the chance to take part in beekeeping is not something many students, especially those living in central London get to do – it's almost unimaginable. It's really exciting that we start off with one hive out of about a quarter of a million that are in the UK, and with years we aim to expand our apiary to two.

Somewhat the name "Imperial Apiary" sounds like we should have little flying stormtroopers, and we like both of those ideas a lot. Ideally we'd make things like Drambuie or Mead along side one of the food societies with any excess honey.

The hives are part of Imperial's long term sustainability strategy, known as StepChange. Recent achievements

have included the Student Switch Off campaign, which saw a 3% reduction in Halls' electricity usage, and the ComPod, an on-site composter that turns Imperial's food waste into compost rather than sending it to landfill.

For the latest updates on the bees' progress, visit ESoc's blog at <http://union.ic.ac.uk/scc/esoc>

Bee-keeping explained

A colony of bees is made up of a single queen, several hundred male bees or drones, and up to 50,000 female worker bees. The queen bee can live for up to three years and in that time can lay more than 500,000 eggs. Beekeepers can start out with a natural colony, an artificial one (packed in a box) or a nucleus, which is a core colony with fewer drones and workers. Colonies also vary in temperament, so we as beginners obtained docile ones unlikely to swarm. We also have the traditional suits and a smoker, a device used to surround the hive with smoke, making the bees think that there's a forest fire and focus on eating their honey rather than swarm-

ing, allowing us to work in the hive without mass attack. Next spring we'll be checking that the queen is laying eggs, and clearing away debris from the winter like dead bees and cobwebs. Over the summer the colony will be growing quickly and could reach up to 50,000 bees. If space for egg laying and honey storing runs out, the queen leaves the hive with some workers to start a new colony and the bees feed a larva with Royal Jelly to make a new queen. In August, we'll be collecting the honey – a good summer can produce around 40lbs. In Autumn, this honey will be replaced by feeding the bees with a sugar solution, and then the whole cycle can repeat for another year.

Imperial College London



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In brief**Kermit-ted to helping out**

Scientists at Queen's University Belfast have discovered proteins in frog skins that could be used to treat cancer, diabetes, stroke and transplant patients by regulating the growth of blood vessels.

The research identified two proteins that can be used in a controlled and targeted way to regulate angiogenesis – the process by which blood vessels grow in the body. The proteins, found in secretions on the skins of the Waxy Monkey Frog and the Giant Firebellied Toad, have the ability to either stimulate or inhibit the growth of blood vessels.

Most cancer tumours can only grow to a certain size before they need blood vessels to grow into the tumour to supply it with vital oxygen and nutrients. By 'switching off' angiogenesis and inhibiting blood vessel growth, the Waxy Monkey Frog protein has the potential to kill cancer tumours.

Meanwhile, a protein from the Giant Firebellied Toad is able to stimulate blood vessel growth. This has the potential to treat an array of diseases and conditions that require blood vessels to repair quickly, such as wound healing, organ transplants and strokes.

**Cotton computers**

Imagine plugging a USB port into a sheet of paper, and turning it into a tablet computer. It might be a stretch, but ideas like this may soon be a reality thanks to a technique called atomic layer deposition.

The technique involves coating woven cotton or plastic bags with conductive nanocoatings, such as those found in solar cells or microelectronics. Atomic layer deposition is capable of coating a textile fabric so that each fiber has the same nanoscale-thick coating that is thousands of times thinner than a human hair. The research shows that common textile materials could soon be used for complex electronic devices.

"Research like this has potential health applications since we could potentially create a uniform with cloth sensors that could track heart rate, body temperature, movement and more in real time. To do this now, you would need to stick a bunch of wires throughout the fabric – which would make it bulky and uncomfortable", says Dr. Jesse Jur, lead author of the paper published in *Advanced Functional Materials*.

Grandma, Alzheimer's and me**George Wigmore**

It's a strange feeling when you first step into an Alzheimer's care home. What hits you immediately is the smell of urine and cheap school dinners, but the far more unnerving aspect is the sea of blank faces that greets you. I'm here to see my grandma, who has been suffering from Alzheimer's for a number of years.

As I progress down the thick-carpeted hallways towards her room, my gaze catches a group of people sitting in easy-chairs in a loose circle, facing each other as if to facilitate conversation. But they're not here to talk; instead, they mumble away to themselves, uncertain of where they are, forced out of their own homes into one that's been chosen by their children for convenience.

When I finally get to my grandmother's room, I gingerly loiter at the door: she's tucked up in bed, being carefully fed by a nurse. I feel like a voyeur, like I'm watching something I shouldn't, witnessing the cyclical nature of life, and death, as my grandma is fed like a baby. At first I'm not sure if this is the right room, as her complexion shocks me. This is not the person I knew before, who helped me build sandcastles, and fish in rock pools on carefree school summer holidays spent in Dorset. Instead, her weathered skin loosely wraps her toothless skull, her thick-rimmed glasses magnifying tired, confused eyes.

At first I just stand there, rudely staring, but the nurse catches my eye and smiles, gently moving closer to grandma, "There's someone to see you Betty." "I don't want to see anybody," comes the curt response, but I enter anyway and sit on a chair in the corner of the room, as the nurse helps her out of bed and into a chair. It's not that she doesn't want to see me, I tell myself, it's just that she's probably scared, and doesn't know who I am.

It wasn't until 1906 that a German doctor called Alois Alzheimer first identified the



Alzheimer's could affect 1.7 million people in the UK by 2050

disease that came to be named after him. Despite this, it was only much later that it was characterised as a neuro-degenerative disease, caused by the misfolding of certain proteins in the body.

It is the misfolding of two proteins – amyloid and tau – which causes them to clump and tangle inside brain cells. The continual build-up of plaques and tangles eventually causes the cells to die, explaining the progressive loss of brain function that characterises Alzheimer's.

Despite the fact that Alzheimer's has been known about for over a century, treatment is

still relatively primitive. But researchers at the University of Cardiff have uncovered a new molecular interaction that may help us understand what causes Alzheimer's in the first place, and design better treatments.

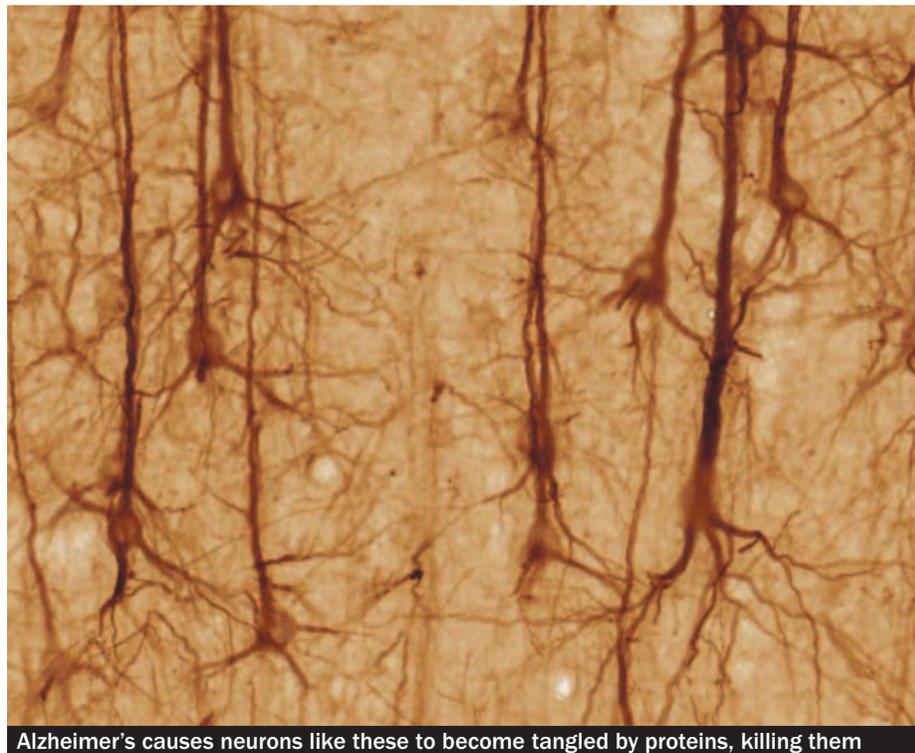
Instead of looking at traditional targets of tau and amyloid in isolation, the team led by Professor Trevor Dale, looked at the interactions between amyloid and nucleic acids – the building blocks of DNA. Together the two can combine to form Amyloid-Nucleic Acid (ANA) fibres, which can also cause deadly plaques in the brain.

According to Professor Dale, the findings could have "importance for Alzheimer's disease because it may be that we can find a way to stop the ANA fibres forming and protect the brain from harm."

While long-term drug development prospects for Alzheimer's are poor, Professor Dale said that "continued funding and basic research will be essential", especially as the number of sufferers in the UK will continue to rise to an estimated 1.7 million by 2050.

This is something Dr Simon Ridley, Head of Research for Alzheimer's Research UK, echoed, as "research is the only answer to heading this off, giving us hope of new treatments and better evidence for prevention. We must invest in research at all levels now to avert a dementia crisis in the next generation."

It's a sobering sight to see my grandmother, once close to six feet tall, now huddled, diminished and shrunken in a chair. But when her weathered face breaks into a toothless smile as she recognises me for a few brief moments, I realise how important it is for more money to be pumped into research, in the hope that a potentially breakthrough treatment can be made available to help ease the suffering of patients such as grandma.



Alzheimer's causes neurons like these to become tangled by proteins, killing them

SCIENCE

Poor performance, or low self-confidence?

Katie Tomlinson

Low self esteem may hinder sex life

Ever find sex horribly disappointing? Finding it difficult to get those teenage kicks? If it's any consolation, according to a recent study from the School of Public Health, you are not alone.

The rather raunchy study probed 15,000 young adults on their previous 7 years of sexual activities and ratings of their sexual enjoyment. For many, recalling so many sexual exploits may be a struggle, but it would seem rating pleasure was another matter. Remarkably, 87% of men compared to 47% of women reported to having orgasms most of the time. This shocking disparity might be interpreted as a lack of male performance but perhaps the real issues lie with the female psyche. In the study, regularity of female orgasms and sexual enjoyment was linked to three psychological factors: autonomy, self esteem and empathy.

Autonomy is the ability to follow personal convictions, even if this means going against social norms and is sup-

posed to represent sexual exploration. Self esteem, on the other hand is the sense of self worth and is aligned with the ability to communicate sexual preferences. Finally, empathy is linked to understanding the partner's needs and knowing how to satisfy them. It is thought this empathy may then inspire the partner to return this "favour".

Unsurprisingly, it was shown that women score higher on empathy but lower on self esteem compared to men. The co-author of the study Adena Galinsky said "these developmental assets may be more important to young women's sexual pleasure since they help them break down impediments to sexual communication and exploration". So maybe it's time to take the pressure away from male sexual performance and work on female confidence for a change.



It's ok, I'm sure Colin Firth will visit Imperial one day...

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Photo by Scott Fynn

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Tips & Hacks

Apple unveils iOS 5 at WWDC



Unveiled at Apple's WWDC keynote this week was iOS 5, the latest version of the operating system that powers iPhones and iPads. The latest iteration brings many features available on competing platforms to Apple devices. Notable among them are iMessage, a BBM-style messaging utility, an Android-esque notification capability and update over-the-air which should allow you to update your phone without having to plug it in to a desktop. Don't hold on to any hopes of showing off to your Android and Blackberry toting friends in the near future though - the update is only going to be pushed to users in the fall. Apple will no doubt do a solid job in bringing their excellent interface design skills to the fore, but the update seems to be a small step rather than a giant stride. Wait for the iPhone 5 for bigger and better things.

Facebook in privacy row (again...)



Facebook has apologised after yet another privacy-related furore this week. This time the uproar revolved around their roll-out of facial recognition features meant for use in tagging photographs. The biggest complaint about the new feature centred around the fact that it was opt-out and not opt-in: people were startled to discover that Facebook could now recognise their friends and family without having subscribed to such a service in the first place. In Facebook's defense, the technology was merely suggesting possible tags for photos from your friends list and not tagging them automatically, using data it always has had access to. The intention behind the release seems to have been harmless, yet the implementation bears Facebook's usual heavy-handedness. It's clear that Zuckerberg and co. have some work to do before they win anyone over with their PR.

The game best played on the move

Jake Lea-Wilson

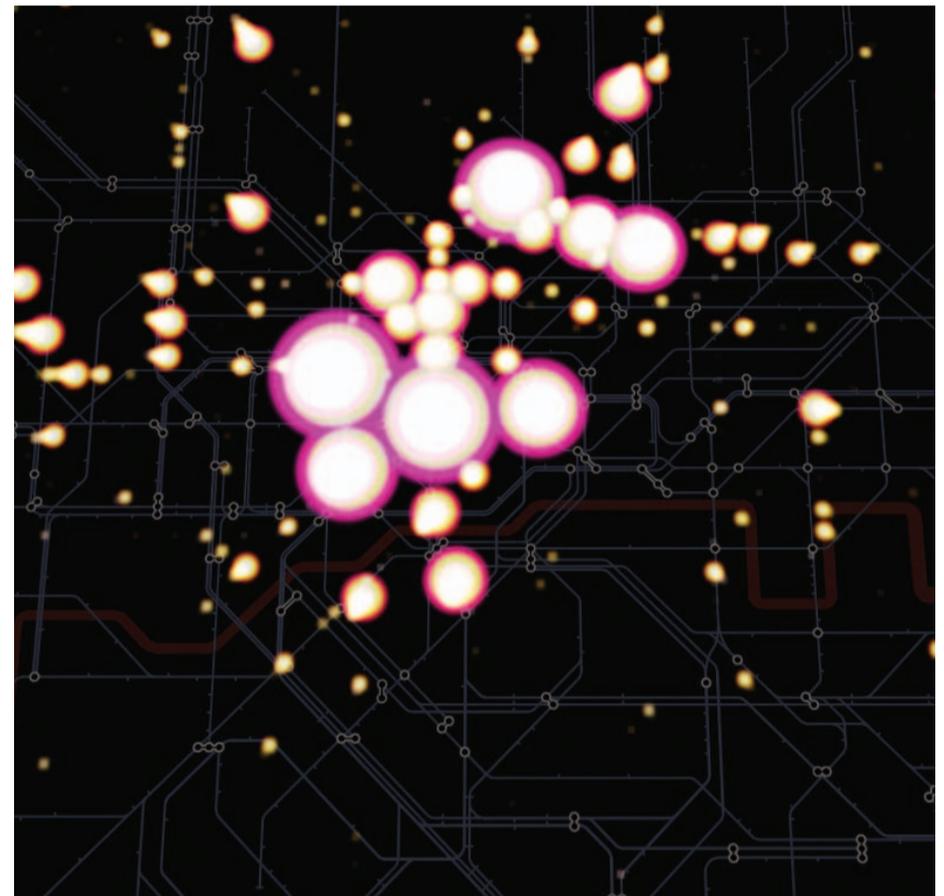
Launched in London last month was a new online game called Chromaroma. The game is played on the London transport network and utilises your Oyster travel card to gain information regarding your commuting. Players can get points by many different actions but each swipe of your card contributes to your team's tally. You can go on personal missions to set record times between stations or venture to parts of London that you might not have visited before.

The developers of the game describe it as a "type of location-based top-trumps. You collect places, identities, modes of transport and passengers as you travel around the city; discover and investigate mysteries attached to different locations and build alliances with fellow passengers that share your journeys. It's a game you can play on your own, or part of a team."

It sounds like an initiative by TFL to coerce the weary Londoner into increasing their Oyster card usage and decrease their bank account funds but it's actually a new interactive form of gaming that has been taken up very quickly. Most games of this nature would require you to use your GPS smartphone to 'check-in' at certain locations (like Foursquare) but this game is based entirely online allowing anyone who owns an Oyster card or a Boris Bike key to get involved.

"It's like a bank, if you deposit money then you have the right to remove it and count it. If you create data then you have the right to take it out and look at it" says Toby Barnes who's responsible for the development of the game. It's the data that's the fascinating part of the game and the biggest reason to sign up is to see your journeys round London visualised in an interesting and engaging way.

The exciting part of the game arises when you align yourself with a certain group and try to take over stations. The game revolves in 'seasons' (lasting a few months each) and the team with the most swipes of the season has ownership of that particular station. The busier stations: Victoria, Waterloo, Liverpool Street



etc. all seem to change hands daily which opens up the game.

The data used does raise some ethical questions about tracking people's whereabouts and creating a log of everywhere you've been. The game designers, Mudlark, get around this with a forty eight hour delay on your information being updated online. This does seem to remove some of the immediacy of the game as you can't always remember your whereabouts two days previous and if you're involved in a vicious battle to takeover your home station then you'll want to see your results straight away.

But it's not all about rushing between stations to secure more points and records. The

organisers say that they are looking to introduce new features to the game which might give you more points for getting off one stop early and walking. Using the Boris Bikes currently scores you points but you may be rewarded with more points if you switch from the underground to the bikes. Mudlark are also considering sponsorship opportunities which would give users discounts to services along their favourite routes and players with more points might receive special offers from companies.

It's well worth a try, the visuals will keep you enticed more than anything else although I'm not sure the game has enough to keep people coming back for months.

Windows 8 preview promises app bonanza

Feroz Salam

After weeks of speculation and leaks regarding the next version of Microsoft's flagship software, Windows 8 was previewed this week at the Computex Expo.

Most striking about the new operating system was the user interface, which has dropped the traditional Start menu and desktop combination in favour of a Windows Phone 7 style tile layout. The interface has won plaudits from many reviewers of their mobile devices and Microsoft has obviously attempted to channel this into their desktop software.

The OS is very touch-oriented, having obviously been designed keeping tablet compat-

ibility in mind. With ARM based Windows 8 tablets on preview as well, it's clear that the company is betting on demand for touch technologies at least equalling the market for devices with physical keyboards.

The preview revealed very little about changes under the hood, however. While the majority of new programs (or 'apps' as we're now meant to call them) will be designed for the new interface, all the traditional programs can still be opened in the old interface should you require it.

Microsoft should be commended for making their first truly bold move in years, but it remains to see if their stodgy but vital business clientele appreciates it as much as they should.



Politics Editors: **Rory Fenton**
Joseph Letts
Rajat Jain
 politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk

POLITICS

“We win or we die”

Pro-democracy protests in Syria continue despite violence

Basel Chamali

The “Arab Spring” has changed the Middle Eastern map beyond recognition. Sparking off in Tunisia, after a fruit vendor set himself alight in protest at the way he was treated by the police, protests have spread like wildfire through Algeria, Egypt, Yemen, Bahrain, Libya, and Syria. Although each country is unique, all these protests point towards the discontent and dissatisfaction many Arabs feel after living most, if not all, their lives under the same dictatorial, autocratic, and oppressive regimes.

For many political analysts the uprising in Syria, which started on the 15th of March, was a huge surprise. The Syrian regime is one of the most oppressive regimes in the Middle East and the people knew that any rebellion would be met with brutal force.

Ruling since 1963, the Baath party came to power through a military coup and quickly placed Syria under emergency law. This took away the Syrian people’s human rights and ruthlessly protected the position of the ruling Baath party. Hafez Al-Assad, father of the current president Bashar, took over through another military coup in 1970. He started his reign by clearing the scene of any perceived threats to him. During the late 1970s, when the Syrian people rebelled against his rule, they were met with vicious attacks to control them and keep order. However, things began to get out of control and his brother Rifaat destroyed the city of Hama in 1982 during an army operation which killed over 40,000 people. Hafez, driven by the fear he installed in the Syrian people, wanted to make himself the ultimate and eternal ruler of Syria. Statues and pictures appeared all over Syria and children were made to chant slogans at schools. By the time of his death in 2000, Hafez had killed, imprisoned, and expelled hundreds of thousands of Syrians and left those who survived scarred for life.

Many people thought Bashar Al-Assad would be different to his father, having lived and studied in London. But it fast became apparent that he was truly his father’s son. Although he began opening Syria up to the world this was done for financial gain, which is evident looking at the ownership of all major technological, oil and trading companies.

Seeing the effects of the revolutions across the Middle East installed a sense of hope in the Syrian people. This led a few children, all under 11 years of age, to paint anti-government slogans on walls in the city of Deraa. They were all arrested and spray cans were made illegal by the government. The parents of the children went to ask for their release but were told to forget about them and make new children. Unsurprisingly this sparked protests across the region, protests that were met with violence from the Syrian security forces resulting in the death of many of the protesters.

Cities all over Syria, outraged at the killing of peaceful protesters, came out to protest in support of Deraa, but they too were repressed. Doma, a suburb of the capital Damascus was the first area outside Deraa to feel the wrath



Pro-democracy protesters in Damascus after Friday prayers on March 25th

“The more repressive the security forces became, the more determined the people became”

of the security forces. They killed and injured dozens of its people and have had installed a large security presence there since.

Just as they rose to support Deraa, the Syrian people rose again to support Doma. This time Homs, Latakia and Banyas were the areas worst affected by the security crackdown. The most shocking footage came out from Bayda, a village near Banyas, where the security forces gathered the men in the village square and began stepping on and humiliating them.

As ever, the more repressive the Syrian security forces became the more determined the people became. The people of Homs rose to defend the people of Deraa, Doma, Latakia, and Banyas. They were met with great oppression over three days, the last of which saw a large death toll, which led to a large open ended protest that turned bloody when the security forces attacked at 2 am on the 8th May. The death toll for that night is unknown as security forces took the bodies to hide their crimes.

Under pressure from the growing waves of protests, the government began an army offensive on areas with heavy protests, this led to Deraa being placed under siege and anyone trying to break it, even to supply people with food, was killed. Other areas that have also experienced increasing military presence include Homs, Banyas and some of the suburbs of Damascus including Doma and Moudamya.

However these plans, rather than scare people into submission, have made them more

determined than ever to overthrow the regime. Which has led it to its final option- all out war on its own people. This led to military operations in Deraa, Banyas, Homs and its surrounding towns, Hama, Jisr Al-Shogour in Idlib and many other cities, towns and villages. Mass graves are being discovered all over Syria and soldiers who refuse to obey orders to kill protesters are killed themselves by the cold blooded security forces. No one has escaped the brutality of the security forces. However, the most shocking and heartbreaking case is of the 13-year-old Hamza Al-Khatib who was kidnapped by security forces during a protest. A month later his body was handed back to his family, neck broken, knees shattered, penis severed, body beaten badly and covered with cigarette burns. However, sadly he was not the only case of torture among children.

These operations have fuelled the protests and helped them spread to areas which the government thought were out of reach- the centres of Damascus and Aleppo, the second largest city in the country. Furthermore, the protests that were once weekly are now a daily occurrence.

Rather amusing in all of this, is the Syrian state channels who have blamed these protests on anyone but the government. Israel, America, Islamic extremists and traitors have all been blamed. It seems that somehow the whole world has put its standing quarrels aside and has decided to attack the great and magnificent Syrian regime.

Finally, I am often asked what I believe will happen in Syria. Although I am no fortune teller I am in contact with people in Syria who repeatedly say that having tasted freedom they will never back down. They use the popular Arabic saying of the great Libyan rebel Omar Al-Mukhtar “We will never surrender, we win or we die.”

The world beyond College walls



Norway

Norway and the Russian Federation have agreed a deal to divide up their shares of the Barents Sea concluding decades of negotiation. The deal splits the disputed area into two equally sized chunks and will allow for exploration of oil and gas in that area. The United States Geological Survey predicts that the Arctic could contain up to 30% of the world’s undiscovered gas. The region is becoming increasingly accessible as global warming melts the polar ice caps and has been the scene of many border disputes between neighbouring states.



United Nations

Ban Ki Moon has formally asked members of the United Nations to support his candidacy for a second term as Secretary General. Mr Ban whose five year terms ends on December 31 has no opponents and has secured the backing of the five Permanent Members of the Security Council. The Secretary General is elected by the General Assembly on the recommendations of the Security Council. Many human rights group accused Mr Ban of putting too much faith in quiet diplomacy and not taking China to task for her human rights abuses during his current term in office.



Chile

Flights in several South American nations are being disrupted by the volcanic eruption in Chile’s Puyehue-Cauldon-Caulle volcano range. Aviation officials have said more than 60 flights have been cancelled and officials fear that the ash cloud could reach the Argentinean capital Buenos Aires. 4000 people have already left the region and Chilean officials are persuading more to leave amidst concerns of flash flooding which could clog the rivers. Chile is the world’s second most seismically active country after Indonesia with about 2000 volcanoes.



Edited by Kenneth Lee

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PHOENIX

THE ANNUAL ARTS PUBLICATION OF IMPERIAL



In 1887 a humble undergraduate, studying at what would later become Imperial College London, founded an arts publication called the *Science Schools Journal*. That student's name was H. G. Wells, and he was to become one of the most celebrated writers of the twentieth century.

Today, 65 years after Wells' death, his creation lives on, though transformed beyond all recognition. The rather lacklustre title was soon abandoned in favour of something snappier, and for more than 60 years *The Phoenix* served as the premier student publication on campus, until the establishment of *Felix* in 1949.

In all those years, though, one thing never changed: every single piece published in *Phoenix* belongs to a college member. The incredible popularity and longevity of the publication are a testament to the sheer volume of artistic activity at Imperial.

A huge number of clubs and societies, covering all forms of art, are to be found at Imperial. Lunchtime and evening concerts run constantly. Nearly every week, it seems, the Blyth gallery is invaded by some intriguing new exhibition.

We truly are blessed by the range of events going on around College.

With all this in mind, we had high expectations when we began to receive submissions. We were not disappointed. The quantity of moving, truly beautiful work received was staggering, and in fact humbling. This publication would not have been possible without the great talents and efforts of all those who submitted their work.

A great many of the contributions relate to the idea of freedom. Allowing this common link to guide the process of production, we have divided the publication into three distinct acts. Each act explores the concept of freedom from a different perspective.

We hope you enjoy this year's edition of *Phoenix*.

ACT I

04. ATTACK FROM WITHIN

06. GAUNT/HYPO

08. UNTETHERED

ACT II

10. THE CONTINENT OF HOPE

15. TON RAI PLAI DEE

16. NATURE OF MAN

18. ZOLTAN VARGA

22. THE FISHING TRIP

24. EXPOSURE

26. BARBICAN

ACT III

28. DESIGN FLAWS

30. UNTITLED

32. OIL AND WATER

34. MUM, I NEED A DOCTOR

Editors: Marie Chkaiban and Navid Nabijou

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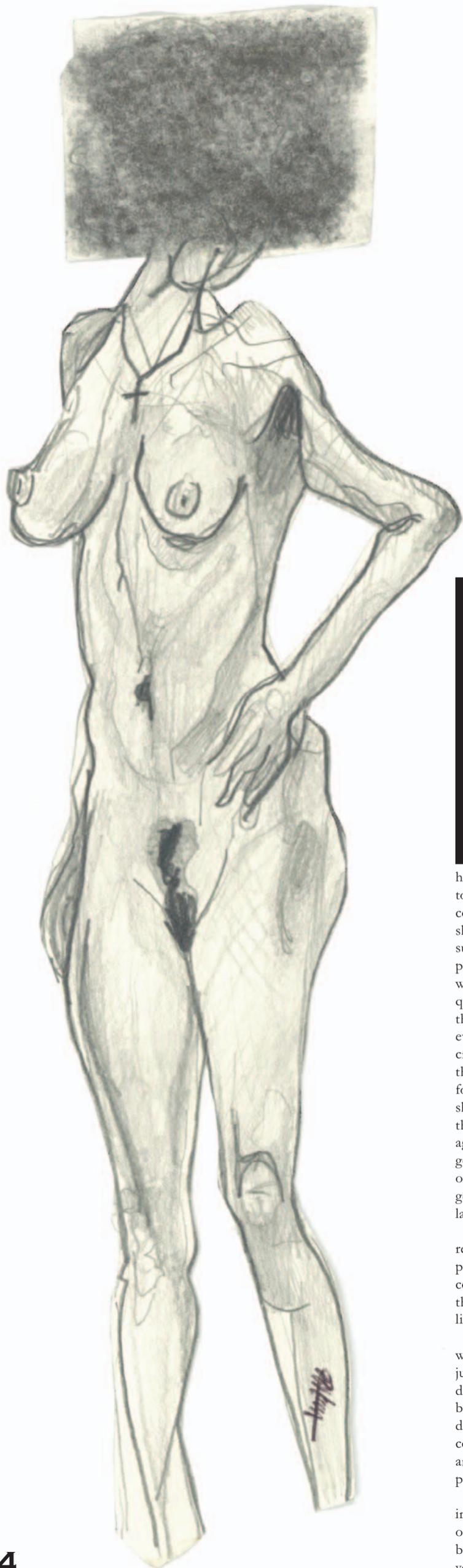
Front cover image by Charles Thomas
Act I image by Charles Thomas
Act II image by Daniel Oppenheimer
Act III image by De-Cheng Lao
Back cover image by Luke Tomlin



ACT I

**WITHOUT
FREEDOM
NO-ONE
REALLY
HAS A
NAME**

- MILTON ACORDA



ATTACK FROM WITHIN

By Charlie Harvey

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he sound of the radio was not loud enough to drown out the cries from upstairs. Sophie continued with her routine, putting the shopping away, unloading the dishes; making sure everything was in its rightful place. She paused, just briefly, to adjust the old radio, which seemed to be getting quieter and quieter these days. She still had the whole of the downstairs to vacuum before she could even start dinner and, with a small sigh, crossed into the dimly lit corridor towards the cupboard under the stairs. It took a while for her eyes to adjust to the dark, and while she was scrabbling to find the door handle, the abrasive noise from upstairs registered again. Realising she could no longer put off going to see her, and with no small measure of trepidation, she ascended the staircase and gently knocked on the door at the end of the landing.

“Can I come in?” muttered Sophie, not really wanting to be heard. A moment or two passed in silence before Sophie could gain the courage to enter. The room was even darker than downstairs; with only a faint corona of light penetrating past the thick curtains.

Quietly, she crossed the room towards the window and slowly drew open the curtains, just a small amount, to allow the now overcast day to filter through. Though the room brightened only a fraction, it was enough to disturb the hunched figure resting beneath the covers on the bed. The figure coiled tighter, and let out a quiet murmur of disapproval, or possibly pain.

Sophie felt annoyed and, although she instantly regretted the feeling, that small surge of adrenaline racing down her spine could not be subdued. It had been this way for almost a year now. She sat herself down at the end of

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With her head in her hands, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine what it was like before she had been reduced to this state of simple servitude

the old, iron bed, which juddered noticeably as she did so. A hand was protruding out slightly from beneath the sheets. Sophie had an overwhelming urge to grab the hand, to shake it violently even, to do anything to get her to react. What use would it be really, she thought. She couldn't change anything, and neither could the doctors.

Reaching out anyway, she delicately touched her mother's hand, which was as icy cold as it always was. She hoped for even the smallest sign that her mother acknowledged her presence, but none came. Was the numbness getting worse, Sophie wondered, or was she retreating even more into her slowly crumbling shell.

There really wasn't any point wondering about such matters again, seeing as she probably would never get the actual answer, not while her mother was in this condition. She had spent too much time sitting here anyway; she had more pressing things to do. Sophie collected the used plates and mugs from the bedside table, and slipped out of the room. As she closed the door behind her, she could hear her mother stirring once more. She had been going through another relapse for the past few weeks, and obviously, the pain was once again getting too much for her.

As she rushed down the dark staircase, hands laden with the remnants of yesterday's meal, she somehow lost her footing – stumbling down the last three or four steps – collapsing on the floor at the bottom. How foolish she must look, Sophie thought, her school clothes covered in the half eaten stew she had prepared yesterday. Really, she was lucky not to have broken her neck, never mind the dishes, which had miraculously survived, although her ankle felt less than lucky. Sophie had seen

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These radio waves were made of the same thing as light, so even in the darkest room one might be illuminated by the soft, comforting voice of a stranger



her mother have similar falls many times over the years; it had been a normal occurrence, that is, until she had resigned herself to her bed. Sophie had no disease to blame for this accident, however, and no mother to console her. And so, with a determined grimace, she picked herself up, gathered the scattered debris and hobbled back into the kitchen.

Returning to the corridor to clean up the mess, she reached for the light switch – for now it was almost completely dark – and, as she flicked the switch, the light bulb above her head flickered violently for a second and then extinguished. The wiring in this old house was in tatters; every other day there was something short circuiting on Sophie, or at least it seemed that way.

The ceilings in their Victorian house were unusually high, and Sophie was quite short for her age. Normally, changing a light bulb would have been in the realms of dad-territory, just like mowing the lawn or accompanying mum to the hospital had been. Circumstances, however, have the frustrating ability to change on you with very little notice. Dad was no longer here and so, once again, the burden would have to fall on her. There were no spare bulbs in the house and she couldn't really be bothered to run to the shops to get more. She had already replaced two bulbs this week, and money was pretty tight these days anyway. Her father's cheques might come as regular as clockwork, but they were small, and could barely meet the household's monthly obligations, certainly not any frivolous expenses like reliable artificial illumination.

Wandering into the kitchen, she walked over to the windowsill and turned the radio up again. Sophie liked the radio, it was comforting; a character always ready to entertain her when

she was bored, a presence to accompany her when she was lonely. Her father, many years ago now, had explained how it worked. How electromagnetic waves could, invisibly, carry a voice, uttered hundreds of miles away, through the air to be decoded by this small box on the window sill. It was fascinating. And, moreover, how these radio waves were made of the same thing as light, so even in the darkest room one might be illuminated by the soft, comforting voice of a stranger.

She looked up from the radio, staring outside at the deserted road. The streetlamps had begun to light now; the sodium glow turning the landscape monotonous and flat, like an old sepia photograph. Standing on her toes and straining her neck, she could just see the entrance to the dusty strip of land, supposedly a garden, shared by the estate. She could see, very faintly, a young child with its mother on the swing set, a rusting monument to the slow passage of time. It was barely useable these days, but despite its dilapidated frame, the two looked happy, together.

Sophie turned away, and collapsed into one of the rickety kitchen chairs. With her head in her hands, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine what it was like before she had been reduced to this state of simple servitude. Was there even a time when she was happy, she couldn't be sure, it had been so long. Looking after her mother was all Sophie did now, whether it was fetching prescriptions from the chemists, walking her to the bathroom, or changing the sheets if she couldn't help her in time. There was hardly any time for herself anymore. Of course she knew she had to be there, no one else was going to do the hard work. And on a good day, she was happy to do it; after all, her mother had done pretty much

the same things for her. But today – Sophie exhaled – today she just didn't have the energy. A bit ironic, she thought, as this was exactly what mum had been fighting for decades. She had first gone to the doctors over 20 years ago, complaining that she felt like she had just ran a marathon, only this feeling would not go away. Sophie found it hard to imagine what it must feel like to find out that lethargy, something everyone feels from time to time, could be a portent of such a devastating future.

Later on, when Sophie had accompanied her mother on one of her frequent hospital visits, a doctor had tried to explain exactly what was happening, and what was going to happen. The doctors said they didn't quite know what caused the condition, only that it was partly genetic, and that because her mum had it, she was quite likely to get it. And if she did – God forbid – it probably wouldn't start to show for a fair few years. Something to look forward to, she thought cynically; the slow, painful transformation into the relic that now inhabited the small bedroom upstairs. It had taken 23 years for her mother to self destruct into her current state; for her own body to slowly destroy her very essence, her personality, her very being. How long would Sophie last?

Enough time to start a family perhaps? She didn't even have time enough for a boyfriend as it was, if you could call Adam that. When was the last time they had seen each other? She couldn't remember. All she knew was that it wasn't fair, so many opportunities missed, so many chances taken away.

How much time she had passed in that solitary doze, Sophie didn't know, but by the time she had come to her senses, it was completely dark. The radio in the corner was

softly murmuring to itself once again, a voice content to be heard, but never truly listened to. Sophie sympathised: whenever she would explain her problems to someone they would give all the signs of real human concern, but she knew they would forget just as soon as Sophie was out of sight. It was a tragic situation, certainly, but not life threatening quite yet. She was sure that, when the time came, she would be inundated by offers of support, but at present she was stuck in a torturous state of limbo; and Sophie was at once dreading and desiring the end to come.

There wasn't much point starting dinner now, her mother wouldn't eat this late, and besides Sophie wasn't that hungry any more. She picked up the radio, extinguished the remaining lights in the house and climbed the stairs for bed. Passing her mother's door, she paused – just to listen. No cries could be heard now, just her slightly laboured breathing.

She carried on to her bedroom, closing the door behind her. Placing the radio on her bedside table, she undressed and got into bed. Without looking, she reached out and detuned the radio to static, the white noise between stations that was not one thing or the other, and could drown out all other sensations. With an empty mind, she drifted into a dreamless sleep, a carefree expression descending on her features – one that would never be seen.

Opposite: by
Rafael Benitez-Cabral
Above: by Jane Seok

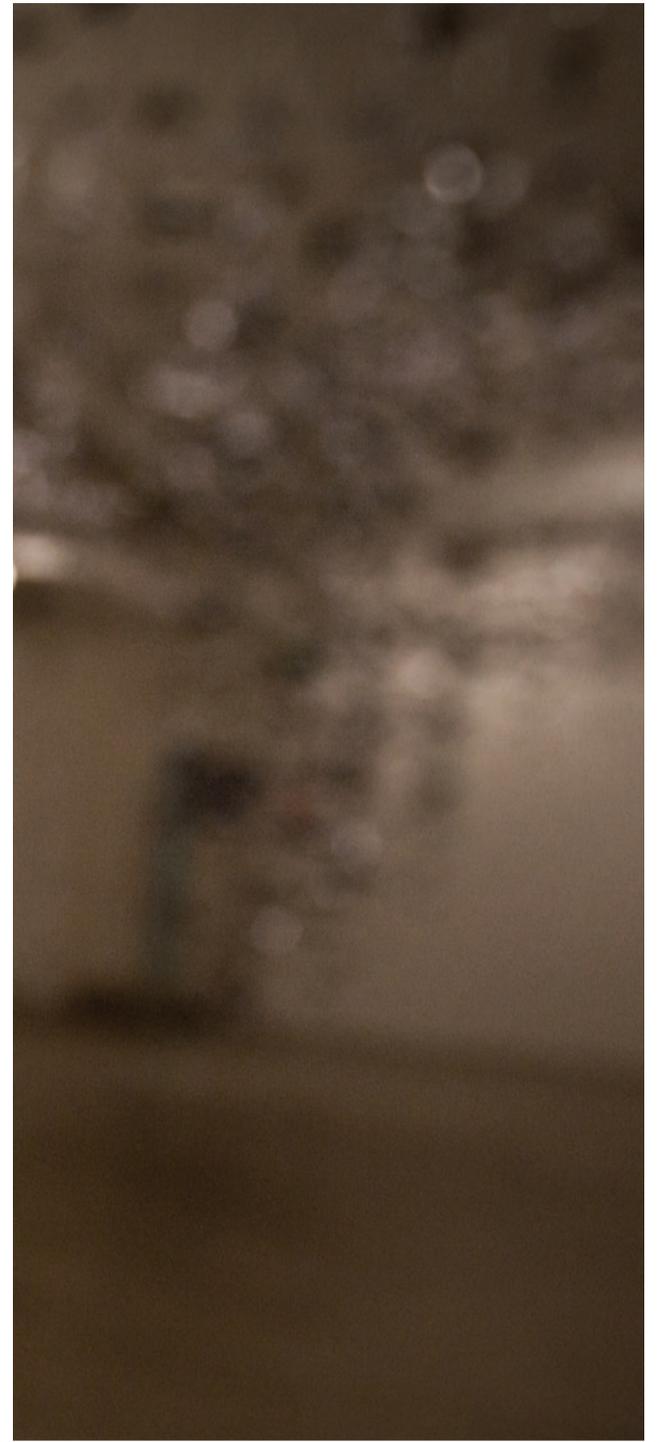
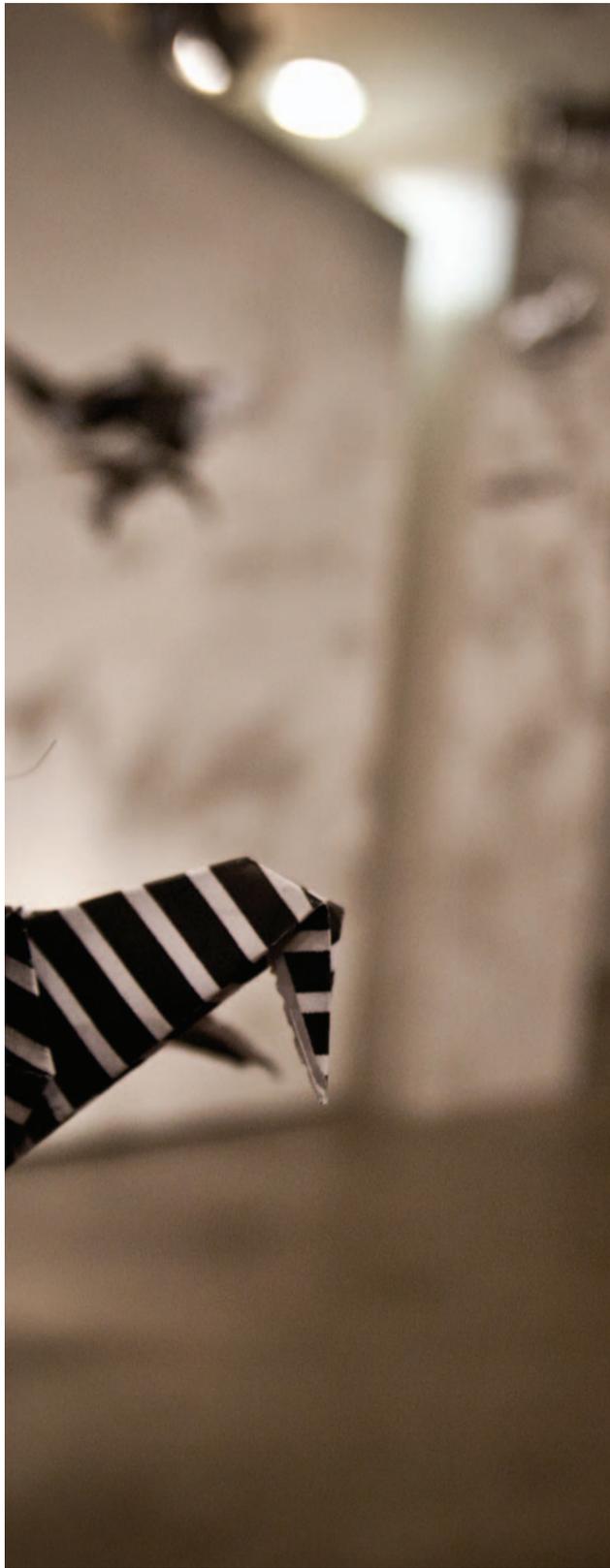
Gaunt



Hypo



By Luke Tomlin



UNTETHERED

PHOTOSOC/LEOSOC COLLABORATION
THE BLYTH GALLERY, SPRING 2011

Imagine: a flock of paper birds set free across the gallery,
surging from out of one corner to disappear into another.
Imagine: the tensions in the lines of string fastened to the ceiling,
fixing, imprisoning their subjects.
Imagine: a weightless bird, spinning helplessly on the end
of a line, at once restrained and supported.

If only: the weights were greater, the tensions increased,
then, only then, might these lines
break

Above: by **David Zheng**
Right: by **Marie Chkaiban**



ACT II

“
Freedom
is the
oxygen
of the
soul” - Moshe Dayan





the continent of hope

PHOTOS BY DANIEL OPPENHEIMER

“Yeah, these guys were proper jokers!” The Physics fresher smiles nostalgically as he leafs through a stack of photographs, taken during his travels last year. He recounts the journey that took him across Latin America, the places he visited and the people he met

In Cuba, he shifted from town to town, sleeping alongside local families and soaking up the culture. In Peru, he immersed himself in the strange, isolated communities of Lake Titicaca, fascinated by their unique lifestyles.

His photographs capture the spirit of this exploration, this uncharted voyage through a young, mysterious continent. Like his photographs, Daniel’s stories burst with detail. In a frank and self-effacing manner, he describes his journey as he experienced it, letting others make of it what they will.

Taquile, Lake Titicaca, Peru.

The people of Taquile inhabit a world untouched by time. Their small island, surrounded on all sides by the freshwaters of Lake Titicaca, is home to a culture that has firmly resisted the pressures of modernisation. Daniel explains, “the locals aren’t hostile, but they keep themselves to themselves.” The patterned clothing worn by the men indicates to the community their marital status.



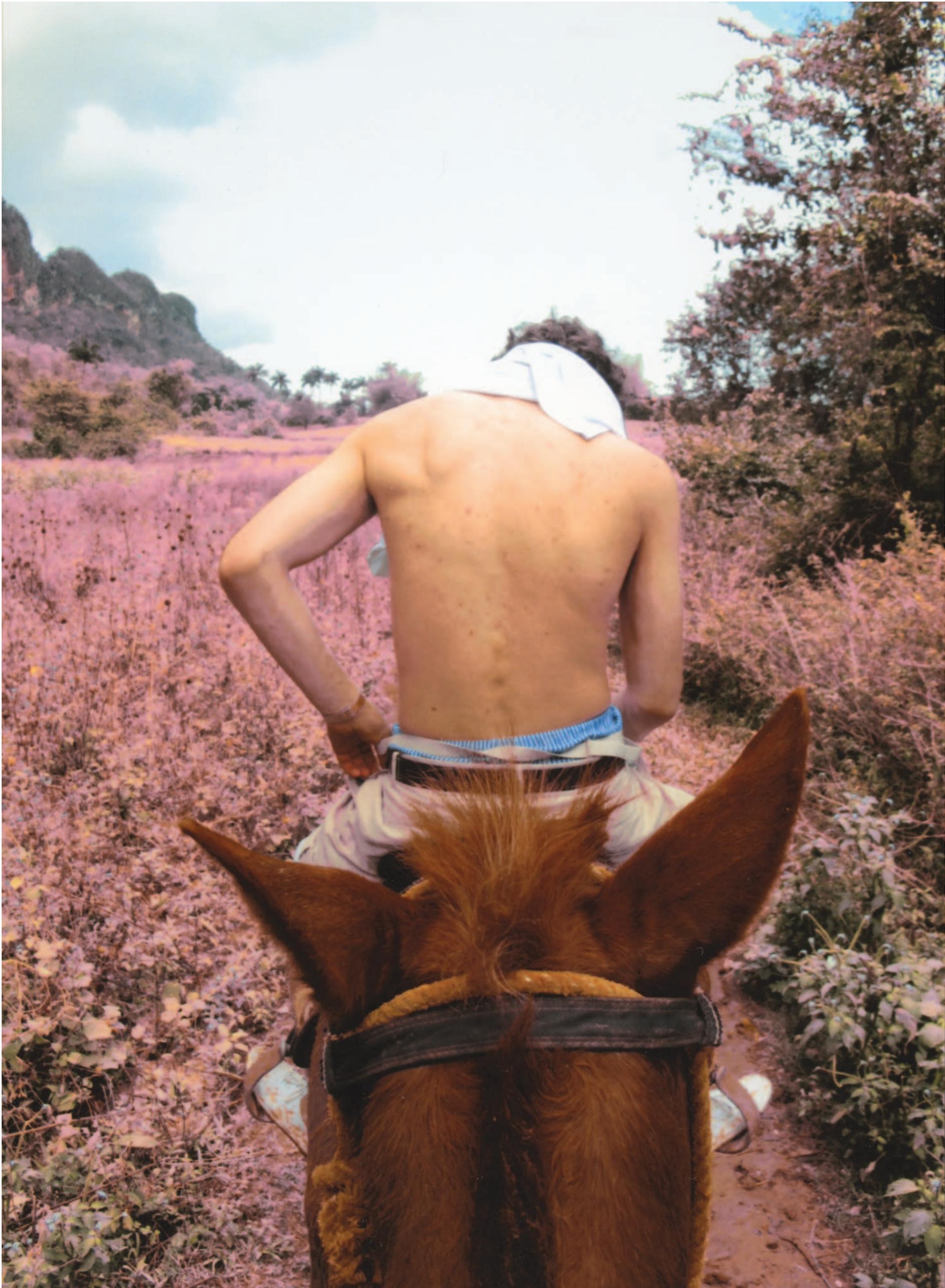


This page:
Island Flotantes, Lake Titicaca, Peru.
The indigenous Uru people make their homes on artificial "floating islands", built from dried totora reeds. They craft their boats by binding bunches of the reeds together. Although they spend their whole lives floating about, the Uru lifestyle is in fact very structured, with strict adherence paid to routine.



Opposite page:
Trinidad, Cuba.
A common institution in Cuba is the Senior Citizens' Club, a place for old people to enjoy themselves: to chat, drink and play games. "Actually, these guys were all pretty drunk" says Daniel, laughing a little at the recollection. Below, Cubans young and old mix together on the streets of Trinidad.







ASCETIC APRICITY

Too much time to play the cynic,
Glad to be your biggest critic,
Lacking purpose and direction,
But keen to give all my affection.

I do mean every word I say,
But definitions change each day,
Calm down dearest, no need to worry,
When I'm gone you won't be sorry.

KHAO SAN BLUES

My hands they tremble and they shake,
Deep down inside I feel that ache.
Time to decide a clear conclusion,
Burst that brutal false illusion,
Put an end to my confusion,
This shouldn't be the life we're choosin'.
Cold inside, nothing to hide,
Where the fuck's your sense of pride?

TON RAI PLAI DEE

Burst from the womb,
Accepting my doom,
Lay me in my tomb
for the worms to consume.

Beauty reborn,
I'm no longer torn,
Sans reason to scorn
and my Mind to adorn.

Finally found myself again and it was all so clear
but I've lost it now so I'll sit back down and reignite that fear.
With my face pushed to the floor I'll just try not to care,
It's not a very pretty place this neither here nor there.

MORPHOSIS

Toss aside that little thud
and oh—so petty burns,
Grow or ache be still or shake
and still the world just turns.

Tiny imperfections are
an inconvenient truth,
Preoccupy inquiring mind
or end up through the roof.

A promise is a promise
and I do my best to please,
The Honesty and open arms
we need in times like these.

Satisfaction not despair,
Only by your side mon frere,
Regardless of the passing stare
Just take my hand I'll take you there.

By **Chris Richardson**
Above: photo by **Christopher Walmsley**

Nature of Man

To recall colour beyond the fracture of days,
Or relish a dawn from Eden's sweet gaze.
Though they lie, deceitful from their roots,
The perverted perceptions of those fatal fruits.
Those true fallacies,
Queens and harlequins of the soul,
Conspiring faithfully in our candid futilities,
Are but sublime details, symbols of the whole.

By **Victor du Mesnil du Buisson**

Photo by **Monique Ho**



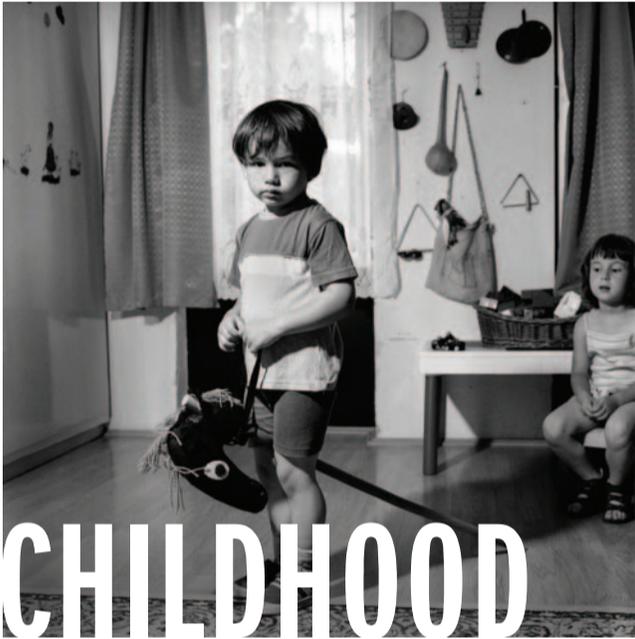


By Christopher Walmsley



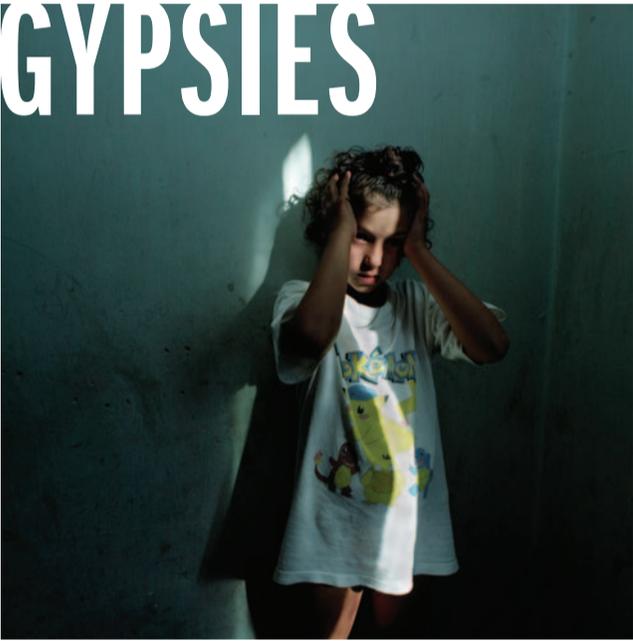
Originally from Hungary, Zoltan Varga studied Documentary Photography at the University of Wales, Newport. His work is based mainly in Britain and Eastern Europe, and focuses on social and political issues. He currently works at Imperial.

This work is a challenge to conventional portrayals of childhood. I want to ask questions about the identity of my subjects, and to analyze their personalities. By using both staged and observed portraits, I manipulate the images in order to achieve paradoxical character and an interplay between fiction and reality, suggestions and expectations.



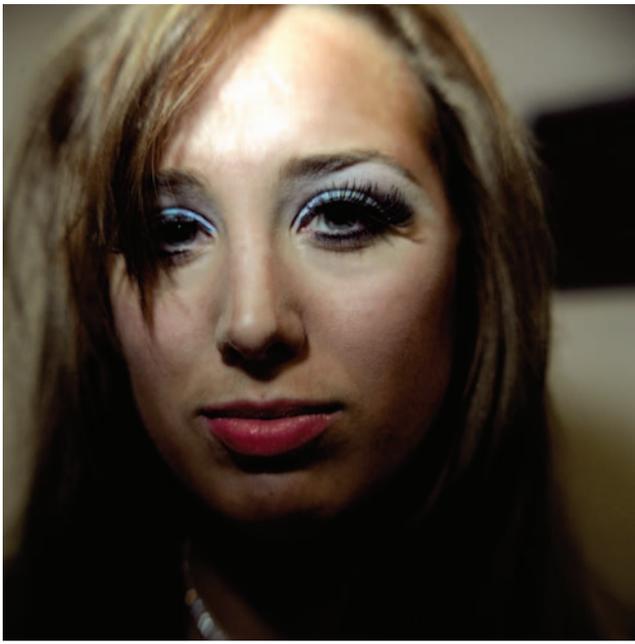


GYPSIES

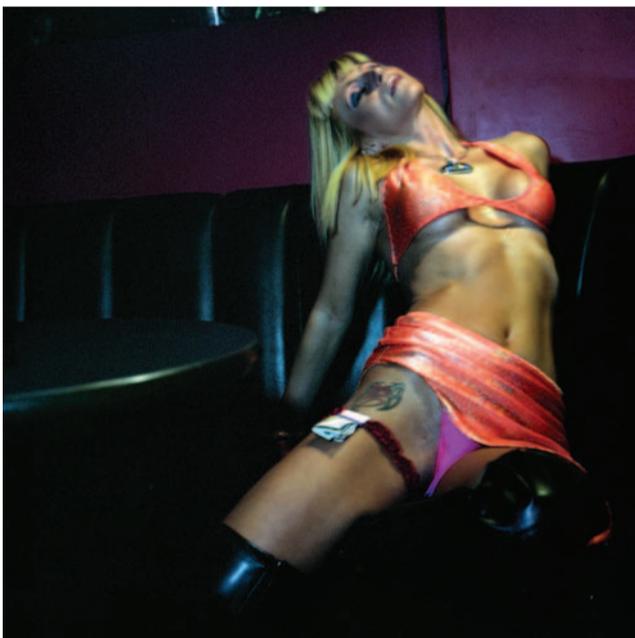
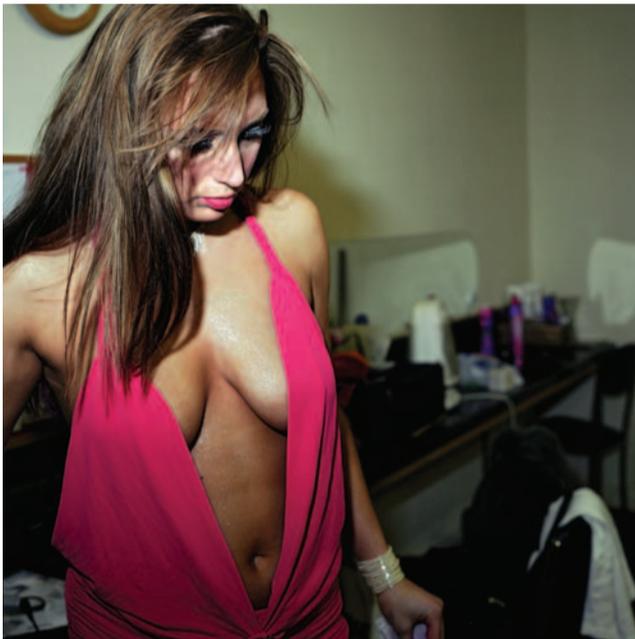
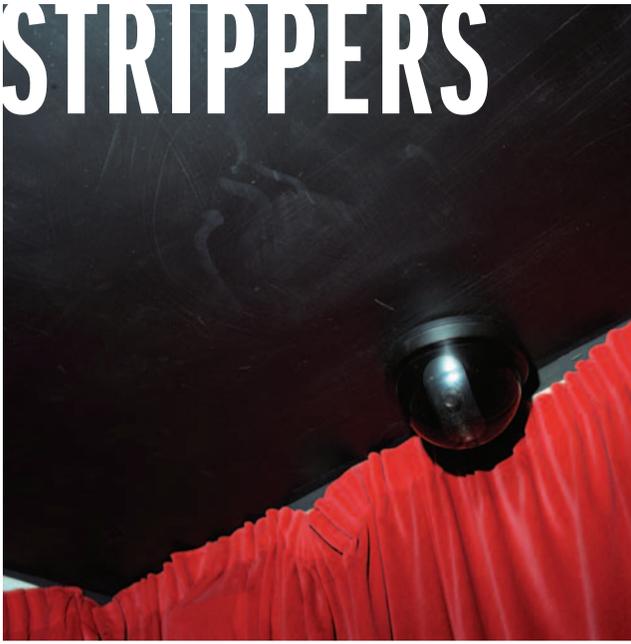


Throughout human history the most successful defence against uncertainty caused by otherness and strangers has been territorial and functional separation. As a result of this, in Eastern Europe, a relatively prosperous region by global standards, the vast majority of gypsies live in misery and want. Prejudice against them is wide and deep, and, on several occasions since 1989, has led to vigilante-style violence and pogroms.





STRIPPERS



Our culture is hypocritical in many ways. Sex is used to sell products, get jobs and find mates but it is rarely addressed in a direct and honest way. The sex industry represents a significant portion of the world's economy. In many countries, it operates in a grey area between legality and illegality. In the UK, it is worth an estimated £1bn and there are many thousands more women working illegally as prostitutes on Britain's streets or in brothels across the country. The line between

journalism and voyeurism is also thin, but for some reason, watching people have sex is considered prurient while watching them get killed is not. The word pornography becomes an epithet for visual coverage of an activity at last as basic to humankind as eating and probably more so. Photographers who choose the subject of sexuality often become a self produced crusader, on a mission to draw back the curtains and let in the light.



THE FISHING TRIP



The old man walked into the kitchen, carefully holding his fishing rod in front of him. He was manoeuvring it gingerly to avoid knocking anything off the cluttered kitchen shelves with the swaying tip, before finally propping it against the jamb of the front door. When she saw him come in, his wife paused from wiping a damp rag over the table, and stood back to observe him, fixing up a few strands of long hair back into the tight bun they had escaped from. Like the table, she was plain and roughly cut, heavy and sturdy. Her hair was sparse and grey as iron, contrasting with her husband's thatch of downy white hair as her soft features did with his angular ones.

"Beautiful day, today," said the old man in his broad Yorkshire brogue. "Thought I'd go out and see if I could catch something."

"Again? Seems like I saw you going out with that fishing rod only a few days ago. There's still quite a bit of the last catch left."

"That were two weeks ago, duck. Besides, we mayn't get a day like this again till next year. Got to make the

most of it while we can." He turned and looked out of a window, blinking at the brightness of the day. If he expected to see any sign of impending storms, he was to be disappointed. It truly was one of those days that come around only a handful of times every summer in Yorkshire. A day with hot sun, dry air, and a slight cooling breeze. The dales rolled away into the distance from the cottage, with the only sounds being the slight rustling of the grass, and a faint buzz from cables strung between a line of pylons that crossed an adjacent field, vanishing into the distance in opposite directions. There were a group of cows on the far side of the field, who had decided to shelter from the heat of the day in the shadow of an oak, chewing cud and lapping water from a stream. The cows were beef cattle; white-faced Black Herefords; so the farmer who owned the fields there about came only rarely to lead one off for slaughter.

The cottage had once belonged to a gamekeeper when the fields were part of an estate, but the estate's grounds had been parcelled off

for farmland fifty years ago to pay various debts, and as the current farmer's father had had no use for the cottage, it had been sold. First to a family who were enchanted by the beauty of the countryside, but when the enchantment of the countryside paled in comparison to the convenience of the city, it had passed into the hands of the old man and his wife, for whom the conveniences of the city had long since been recognised as unnecessary nuisances. It would have been lonely for most, but the old couple had each other, and they saw no need for any other regular company. The cottage itself was a typical affair for Yorkshire, built of the dun-coloured chunks of stone that characterise the housing of that district, two stories high and roughly cubic in shape, with a shallowly-sloped slate roof. At the front of the cottage, a macadam track led between two fields until it exited onto an A-road where cars zipped back and forth, too far away for any engine noise to disturb the cottage occupants, and at the back there was a cobbled yard surrounded

by a high wall, within which were a couple of plastic chairs, a work bench made of nailed-together planks, and a rusted-up water-pump that had been rendered obsolete when the first family to live there had installed running water.

Inside, the old man pottered around the kitchen while his wife held a pince-nez to her eyes and leaned over a recipe book on the worktop.

"Anything that doesn't fit in the freezer will have to go in the fridge and be eaten in the next week," she said.

"We'll have plenty of room, you see if we don't. Did you put the bait away somewhere, duck?"

"It's in the biscuit tin on the shelf by the window. Next to the spice rack. That's it."

"Well what in God's name did you put it there for?"

"If you will leave it lying around on the table, I'll put it away wherever I see fit. If you want to know where it is, then next time you make sure you tidy it away."

They argued in the friendly bantering tones of a couple who've

BY
CHRIS
REYNOLDS



When it comes time to eat, meat's meat, no matter what it's feeled

lived together most of their lives, and who argue so that they have something to talk about.

"And another thing. I'm not having you cutting up your catch in my kitchen. I've just mopped up and I'm not having you making a right old mullock of the place. Not after last time. I don't know how you did it but you got bits of skin and guts all over my nice clean floor. Picking shrivelled up pieces out from behind the cooker for days after, I was. It'll attract rats, you see if it don't."

"Ah, quit your bellyaching woman, it's a beautiful day, I'll cut it up in the yard. Got that nice new workbench set up there. This'll be a good time to make use of it."

"Oh, I hate seeing them wriggle around like that. Wouldn't it be kinder to just put it out of its misery? You could do it when you make the catch. Save you the bother of having to keep it alive all the way back."

"Oh love, you know it's best if it's cooked as fresh as possible. A rub down all over with the grater to get rid of the skin, rub in some salt, a quick gutting with the fillet knife to get rid of them nasty insides, then pop it in the oven. I've got it so I'm right quick now. The last one were still moving around when it went in, and it were the best tasting meal I can remember. When it comes time to eat, meat's meat, no matter what it's feeled." He paused from his flow, and some sympathy came into his voice. "You don't have to watch if you don't want to, duck."

"No, I think I will. It's the only time I get to see you do any work, you messing about with your catch. The window's right above the sink anyway, and those dishes aren't going to do themselves."

"It'll be quick love. You'll see. You put the oven on soon as you see me get back."

"Don't you tell me how to run my own kitchen, Tom. Now be off with you."

"I'll be off. Don't forget to work up an appetite. Them as eats most pudding gets most meat."

While he said this, the old man shrugged on his jacket, and crammed the bait into the inside rabbit pocket. Then he picked up the fishing rod with one hand, a car key from a cracked cow-creamer with the other, and walked out of the door.

The day was even warmer than it had seemed from inside the house, and the old man immediately knew that he was going to be too hot with the jacket on. The thought suddenly came into his head of undressing in the yard while cleaning the catch. One of the benefits of having a house out in the country: no nosy neighbours for miles around to look over into your yard. He'd take his clothes off and pose for her like he sometimes did before they went to bed. Wouldn't she be surprised! And the catch too of course. He chuckled at the thought. His jacket was a medium green tweed, with matching waistcoat, brown flannel trousers, blue bow tie, and grey flat cap completing the rest of his ensemble. When he was young he'd worked down at one of the steel mills like most of the men his age, and none of them would have countenanced walking around outside without a hat and jacket. Now, though many years had passed, he saw no reason to change, certainly not



because everybody else had. The old man worked as a security guard at the shopping mall in the city now, and it horrified him to see the things grown men walked around wearing: crumpled cotton T-shirts that looked like the sort of things they'd sleep in. No respect, that's what it was. Children grew up not being taught any respect, and when they got to be adults they'd no respect then either. He'd been working as a guard for fifteen years now. He was a few years past retirement age, but he was a good worker who knew every inch of the shopping mall inside out, he could spot a shoplifter just from the way they walked through the stores, and he was a valuable source of experience to the younger security guards. The management knew this, and were happy to keep him on as long as he wanted to stay. For his part he enjoyed walking around all day. It kept him fit and healthy, even though him and his wife ate a lot these days. The fat settled on her, but he stayed lean and wiry. He'd gained a lot of muscle from shifting metal around the steel mill for over twenty years in his youth, and even now he was stronger than many men half his age. The bow tie and waistcoat he wore on weekends, to make a change from the navy suit and tie he wore at the mall all week. He didn't have much of chin, so his neck seemed to stretch up to his mouth. Combined with a loose dewlap and pronounced Adam's apple, this left him bearing a slight resemblance to a turkey.

He walked round to the side of the house, where his white Honda was parked up, and a minute later he was driving carefully along the macadam track, before pulling onto the tarmac of the main road and speeding away across the dales.

He drove for upwards of thirty-five miles before coming to a river. It wasn't the nearest river, but one that was perfect for fishing, and one that he hadn't visited before. He never liked to fish in the same place twice. A small track led off from the main road, roughly parallel to the river margin, and he drove along this slowly, looking for a likely spot.

When he had found the spot he wanted, the old man parked the car

under the shade of a clump of trees a little further along, then took the fishing rod off the front seat next to him, and walked over towards the river. For about a ten metre distance along a bend in the river, the bank was free from bushes and trees. One of those places along rivers kept clear by the regular attentions of anglers, but today, the only angling was being done by a young boy. The day was so good, that the middle-aged men who make up the bulk of anglers had been press-ganged into picnics and outings with their wives and children, leaving only those with no family responsibilities free: the young boy, and now, the old man.

The young boy was about ten years old, with lank blond hair down to his shoulders. He obviously didn't see the point of hairdressers and his parents saw no reason to force him to go too regularly. He had a snub nose and blue eyes that were presently surmounted by a furrowed brow as he concentrated on the point where his fishing line dropped down into the water, willing a fish to take a bite. He started with surprise when the old man sat down next to him, but was quickly distracted by envy for the old man's fishing rod, which was an expensive new one, gleaming silver and outshining the boy's own cheap red rod that he had saved up his pocket money to buy.

"Nice day," said the old man. "Good to meet a fellow member of the noble angling community."

The boy grunted and returned to concentrating on his fishing line. He had caught one small roach so far, but that had been over forty minutes ago, and he was beginning to feel frustrated. This was his first fishing trip, and he'd imagined himself astride the bank, flicking his line into the river, and reeling out dozens of fat carp. After the initial excitement of his first catch, the reality was disappointing, and now he felt that he hadn't a chance of catching another now that the old man had arrived with his superior rod that would be obviously preferable to any passing fish.

The old man reached into his jacket's rabbit pocket, searching for the bait. For one moment he thought

he'd forgotten it, but then his fingers closed around it, and he drew it out. The boy saw the man take it out from the corner of his eye, and immediately whipped his head round.

Clutched in the old man's hand was the very latest handheld PlayStation games console.

"Is that a PSP Go?" the boy said, his eyes widening.

"Well I don't know the name, but it's the latest model. You can have a go if you like."

"Brilliant," said the boy, snatching the console from the man's proffered hand and starting to press on the buttons. "I wouldn't have thought someone like you would have one of these."

"Someone so old you mean?"

"No offence, mister."

"None taken, young sir. Enjoy being young while you can. This belongs to my grandson. He's up at my car now. He'll probably join us once he's stopped sulking about going on a fishing trip. Wanted to stay cooped up in the car playing with that thing, but I said, no, you can play those pocket games any day you want, but going fishing on a day like this is something that comes around once in a month of Sundays, and I'm taking this electronic nonsense with me. Do you enjoy the game?"

"Yeah. Bit boring, though. Just one of those card-collecting games, you know."

"Tell you what. My grandson's got a heap more games over in the car. Lot of those fighting games with lots of blood in them. You like those? Well, come and pick out whatever you want, and we'll see if we can't get my grandson to come down and fish with us. I dare say a young man like yourself will have a much better chance of persuading him than me."

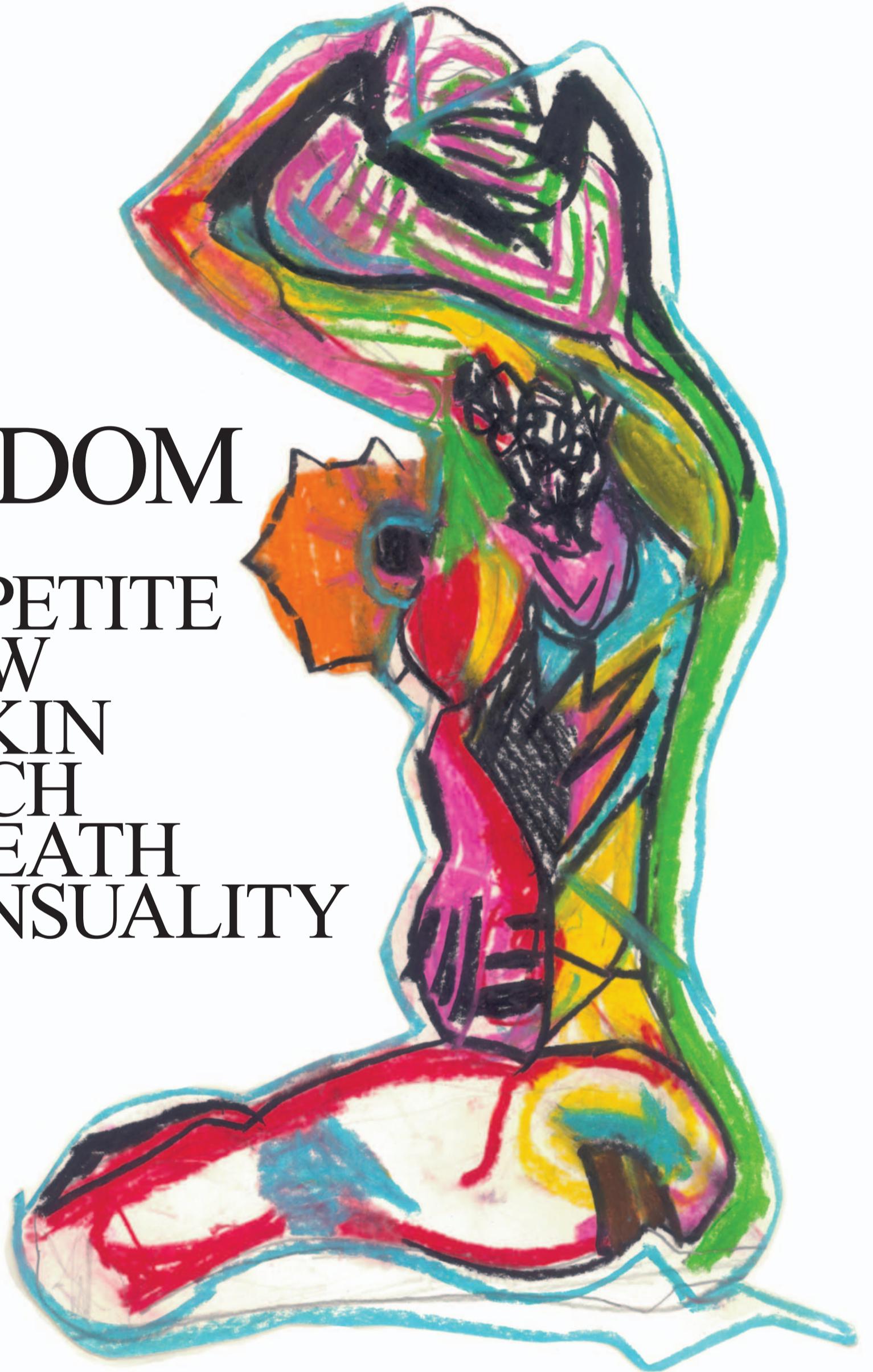
"Yeah, I'll come. I could help him fish if he's not done it before."

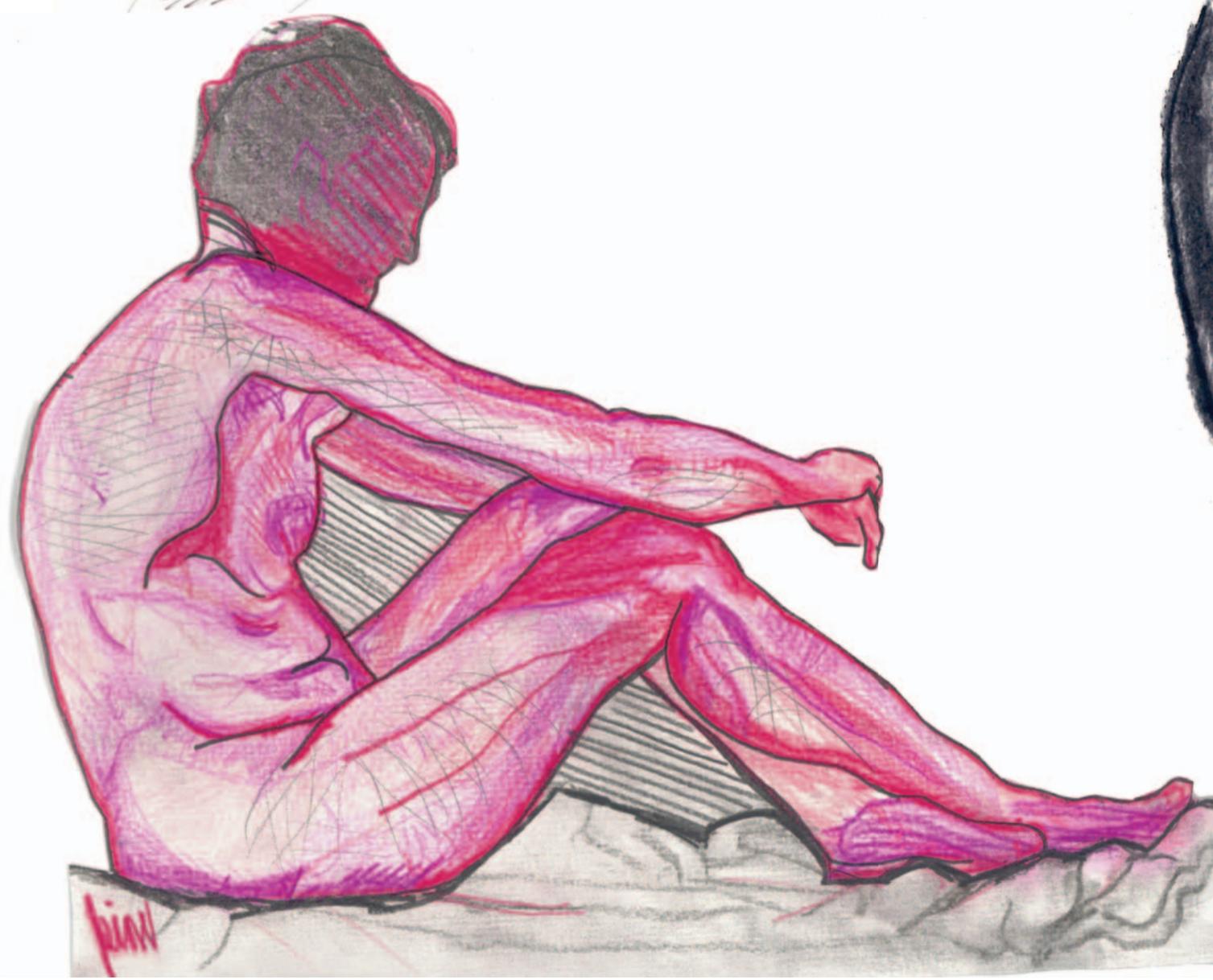
The boy leaped to his feet and started jogging towards the direction the old man indicated. The old man kept pace behind him, walking quickly, and taking his fishing rod with him.



One of the benefits of having a house out in the country: no nosy neighbours for miles around

FREEDOM
SEX
APPETITE
FLOW
SKIN
TOUCH
BREATH
SENSUALITY





PHOENIX

BARBICAN

His sister is always busy
got to keep to time
time is the law
tick tock.
His sister has no plants
inorganic sleek
smooth, straight, safe
she used to carry the stream things
like he did
zip zap
they are flies, filthy flies
zap zip
every night, waiting on every street corner.

Architects made them twins
one fell
out of glamour
out of order
out of use
fingers no longer roll
over his torso
seek his waist
rain disfigures him
peels off the skin
disintegrate, degenerate, deteriorate
yet he is found by me
he is more than his sister.

I love him.

By **Henry Bennie**
Photo by **Marie Chkaiban**





ACT III

“

Who speaks of liberty when the human mind is in chains?

Francis Wright



DESIGN FLAWS

BY
RHYS
DAVIES

When they said that you see a bright light when you die, you did not realise that it was actually a 60 watt desk-lamp.

You also did not know just how fast cars could go round that bend, or how easily shopping can get broken when it is hit. Like bottles, boxes of eggs...human bodies.

"Am I dead?" you ask. Although you are fairly certain of the answer, you are surprised that you can even voice the question. The desk-lamp is, quite conveniently on a desk in a very ordinary looking cubicle. If you are dead, the major religions have vastly over-exaggerated the afterlife.

"That's all anyone ever asks," a reply comes in to the office, followed by a man. At least, you think he is a man...since he looks like one, a John you'd say. He wears his shirt half-untucked, a pen in the chest pocket, a faint air of extreme boredom. "Never 'how are you?' or 'what's the weather like out there?'" It's all me, me,

me. And yes, by the way – you are dead."

You gulp hard. Your partner. Your friends. You will never see them again. You turn to John, "Is this Heaven?" A thought dawns on you and you gulp harder, "or is this Hell?"

"Everyone always asks that as well." John rolls his eyes. He sighs, before shrugging – might as well get on with it, "This is neither Heaven nor Hell...for you at least. Your final destination is currently in design. We would have had it ready on time but we didn't know you'd be joining us so soon. While you wait, you can help us by designing the afterlife for your worst enemy."

"What? Why? Why me? Why my worst enemy?" your mind floods with questions and the dam of your mouth cannot hold them back. You did not even know you had a worst enemy but that thought remains unvoiced.

"We like to personalise eternity, to provide custom-fit endlessness the discerning consciousness." John explains. You see now the group manager pin

on his collar and the precise architect's creases around his eyes and forehead. "As for your worst enemy, they died recently as well and we can't think of anyone who knows what they deserve."

"What do I have to do?" you ask, rapidly acclimatising to the rather bizarre next chapter of your existence. The revelation that there is an afterlife is eclipsed by the revelation that your long-forgotten GCSE in Design and Materials will actually be of some use at last.

"We will provide you with pens and paper." John the manager explains as he lays down rolls of blue schematic paper on your desk. You did not see them when he came in but your mind seems very at ease with spatial abnormalities at the moment. "Take as long as you want. Call me when you're finished or if you have any questions."

With that, he exits the cubicle and leaves you to it. At first, the task seems overwhelming. An entire afterlife? To treat or torture someone for an eternity? How is one mind as small as yours supposed

"The most blinding orgasm on earth will be like a faint tickle in this Heaven"

to envisage all that? And how can you design a Nirvana or Pandemonium for your worst enemy if you do not even know who they are? John was unhelpfully brief on names.

Hesitantly, you put pen to paper. The first attempts are a few ginger strokes before you crumple up the sketch in frustration. A series of idle doodles follow. The first serious work involves a lot of clouds, harp and white people with wings. It is beautiful but horrendously clichéd and it is not long before it too is binned.

You rub your jaw and ponder what Heaven should really be like. Freedom. Pleasure. Beauty. You begin to see, and your hand loyally scribes, vast halls of Ionic white marble set in awe-inspiring verdant vistas. The most spectacular of wildlife will populate the land, seas and skies but will not harm a single person. Meanwhile, people will be free to engage in deep philosophy, charismatic sports-play and, a weakness of your own, a library with all the books there ever was and ever will be – with no late fines. This creation will be populated by all your, no, their loved ones and there will be no ageing, pain or death.

It is a good start, you admit, but, if it were you, you might be a bit disappointed. It still feels a bit uptight, a bit stuffy, for Paradise. You bite your lip and add a few footnotes. Women will be irresistibly hot, with none of their earthly inhibitions or preferences – the men too! And while pain will be gone, pleasure will be multiplied a thousand-fold. The most blinding orgasm on earth will be like a faint tickle in this Heaven. As your grip on morality loosens further, you decree that people will be able to do what they like with absolutely no consequences. All the things they wanted to do on Earth but were too scared to, and much more besides.

You are not struck by a thought but two at once. First, if Heaven grants people true freedom and they use that freedom to do bad things, is that really Heaven? Or merely some ghastly parody? Secondly, this bliss is supposed to be for your worst enemy. You have no idea what you yourself might be getting – there is no guarantee you will get anything anywhere near this nice. Why should he get a better afterlife than you, you argue jealously. Your vision of Utopia is consigned to the bin and you begin again.

You are not certain who your worst enemy is but there is no way he deserves better than you, so you begin to rein in your largesse. You imagine something a lot like Earth but only a bit nicer. Traffic lights will go his way, and people will generally like him. He will not win the lottery but he will not catch any nasty diseases either. You think of a particularly good day you had when you were alive. He shall have an eternity of them.

But that is not fair, you realise. Clearly, your worst enemy is a bit of a prick – otherwise, he would not be your enemy. Is it Bartridge from the office who had never liked you since your first day? That guy at the pub who always resents your help on the quiz machines? The playground bully who probably lived the rest of his life in nameless frustration? It could be any one of them and none of them deserve a good day, let alone a lifetime of them if they are just going to be mean and ornery to everyone they meet. Another potential hereafter scrapped.

You are a good person, or so you believe, so your worst enemy must be bad. So, if they did not receive any justice for their crimes on Earth, you will make sure they get it now. You grin malevolently as thunder rolls and

"If Heaven grants people true freedom and they use that freedom to do bad things, is that really Heaven?"



lightning strikes over jagged mountainscapes. Sulphurous fumes billow into the black air from raging fires that will never die. These will be bonfires, funeral pyres for everyone and everything your enemy has ever loved. Even his memories will burn. His family will burn last, just after the last of his favourite books has turned to ash (you hope he can appreciate the horror of book-burning – to you, it is an abomination). But that is only the start; mental, emotional, physical – he will be tortured without limit. Flesh stripped from bone, haunted by monsters grotesque and barbarous, every feeling he ever felt twisted and betrayed – he will suffer without end, you declare with no small amount of glee. And here is the best part, you note down, when he is finished, completely spent, dried up to the husk with pain and anguish, it will start all over again, repeating until time itself dies.

You sit back with a feeling of satisfaction. It is cruel, yes, maleficent, definitely, but you convince yourself that this is what your worst enemy deserves. Though their

nature and identity still remain a mystery to you, he must be your enemy for a reason. Confident that this is the final draft, you rise and search for John.

He is standing by a door – a fire escape? – in the corner of the room. It is filled with a myriad of cubicles much like your own, unending, with people beavering away at a thousand different versions of Elysium and Gehenna. As he sees you, John checks his watch.

"I didn't expect you to finish so soon." he remarks, faintly impressed, "well, let's have a look at it, shall we?"

You hand him the finished blueprint and he examines it. He frowns to begin with but says nothing as his eyes scan over it. You feel the seconds tick by intolerably as he silently critiques your work. He pauses once or twice for clarification on some of the finer points. You sigh, relieved, when he finally nods and rolls it up.

"Very good. It's not my cup of tea but it will do. Are you sure this is what your own worst enemy deserves?" he asks. You nod with not a trace of doubt. "Fair

enough. You finished at a good time – they've just finished work on your own afterlife." He places a hand on the bar of the fire door, "are you ready?"

"Yes."

He nods and pushes open the door, letting you step through. Immediately you see something is wrong. There is fire and darkness and...pain. Already, you feel it gnawing at your extremities. Then, with a chill, you recognise the hellish vista in background and the towering infernos in front of them. They are familiar, all too familiar, because you designed all of them. Panicking, you turn to your guide.

"But wasn't this for my worst enemy?!" you cry.

"Yes, that's right." John nods calmly, "Just who did you think your own worst enemy was?"

Opposite: by Rocío Molina
Above: by Michael Sahyoun



UNTITLED

Who's hiding in the trees?
Who's watching me through dark leaves,
as I run through Battersea Park at 5 minutes to midnight?

Why aren't they at home?
What will they gain from the sight of hot
breath on cold air and soft shoes on coarse gravel?

Are they listening?
To my breathless monologues about everything,
that's wrong with everything, that looks broken to me.

Do their ears bend,
to my feverish egotistical exultations, as my legs,
gallop past two laps and push onto more sweet, sharp pain?

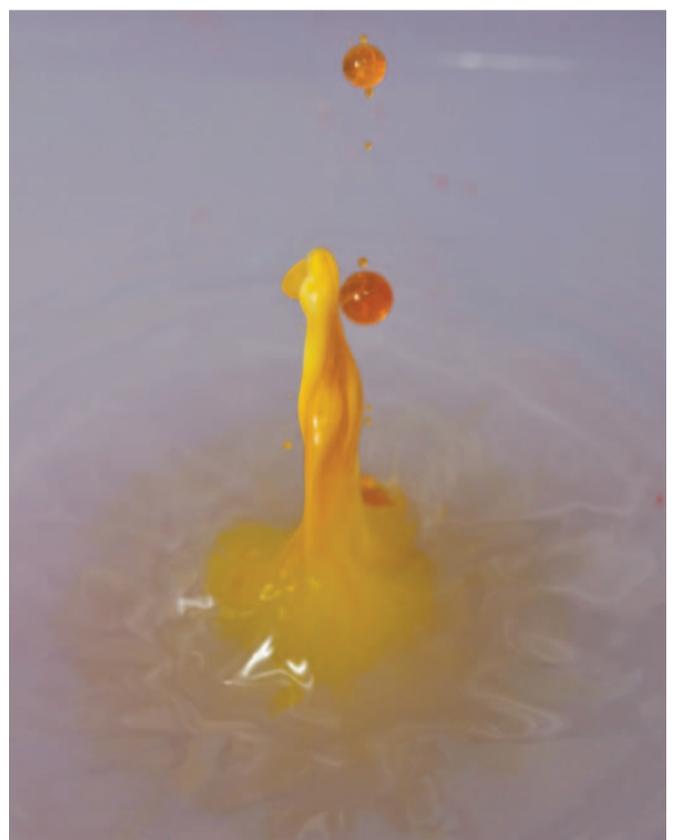
Will they ever emerge?
And tackle me to the floor, and bruise and cut,
my shaking sweating knees on the unforgiving ground.

And will they cover,
My mouth with their hand and beat a rock,
about my head until my brains are mixed with bone?

Will they then retreat and,
find their place amongst the leaves, ready with
a rock, for the next chap with silly hair that passes by?

I certainly hope so...

By **Kadhim Shubber**
Photo by **Jane Seok**



Just like oil and water...

*

Perhaps we should remain separate.
There is that permanent impermeable membrane
That lies between Ying and Yang
Preventing them from meeting half way;
Mixing, and becoming grey...

*

These iron wrought manacles of fear that fastened our pride
Disassembled, and reconstituted our minds.
The same iron drilled through the earth
The centre cannot hold: Things Fall apart

*

You see, a glorious warrior nation was pacified
Their men of valour and chiefs made to cower undignified
We were made captives in our own land
Slapped and rejected at each attempt to voice our opinion or merely raise our hand
Our laws were no longer our own
Each person made to answer to the district judge – a man he'd never known
The old ways are gone and things fall apart.

*

(The power of the oil drills) Its power quakes beneath our feet;
The mighty tremble.
The earth's kernel is ripe to bursting; it oozes black blood.
Its abundance is harvested by the reapers
With scythes tainted by malice and greed
That marks our ground,
The same blades used to mark our graves.

*

The oil drills caused the earth to shake
Our polluted rivers and land lay raped
Fishermen can't fish in a dead oil lagoon
But a young boy still looks up to ask his father -Why- there is -no- food
So we'd had enough.
So we thought we'd make a stand
And arise as a people take the law into our own hands
But who would have known?
The drillers paid off our government, to catch us in our sleep
Peppered bullets across the sky, and this is why my black blood leaks

*

Why do I merely subsist in this physiologically imposed periphery?

*

Double edge!

*

Of supposed oil riches forgone
And empty sovereign wealth funds

*

Why do you mock us?
Although we claim to wield you,
Pressing against us your merciless claw detaches
Seam from seam marrow from marrow;
The dry bones are scattered

*

But who will gather them up?



MUM, I NEED A DOCTOR

In my house, down in the dark there's a door.
It's always kept locked and behind it I store
A wretched, disfigured, maniacal beast.

It screams and it howls. Its anguish reverberates
Along empty corridors into my bedroom
where I curl shivering on my bed, ears aching.

I can hear it bloodying its nails and its body
On the walls and the splintered door.
I can feel the scrapes and cuts and wounds.

My dreams are filled with its unnatural shrieks
Those ungodly noises press into my temples.
It wails, it never stops.

The cracking and crunching frightens me the most.

Do you hear that? Painful, heavy steps on the stairs.
I'm all alone in the house and the shrieks are not far.
I think this morning, I saw that door was ajar...

By **Kadhim Shubber**
Opposite page: by **Luca Modenese**



O, Liberty! Is it well to leave the gates unguarded? – Thomas Bailey Aldrich





Comment Editors: **Anna Perman**
Jan Piotrowski

comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

COMMENT

FELIX

Accountability is needed

A great number of controversial decisions have been taken at Imperial this year. Some have been taken by departments, some have been taken by central College management, others have been taken by the Union. The one thing that unites them, something that Felix has always been pleasantly surprised by, is the willingness of the decision-makers to put forward their argument; to answer questions about their motivations; and to make themselves accountable. Of course this has occurred to varying degrees, and we have not always agreed with their arguments or motivations, but the story of the past academic year is of people accepting the accountability that must come with authority. Which is why we are disappointed that this accountability has not accompanied Imperial's decision to cut its £3,000 subscription to the Campaign for Science and Engineering (CaSE).

There has been no explanation given for the decision. Well, no proper explanation. To say that it was felt the £3,000 would be better directed towards "core activities" doesn't explain why somebody thought CaSE's lobbying efforts weren't already benefiting Imperial's core activities. (We would truly love to hear the reasoning behind this, it is self-evident that helping to protect our research budget from more stringent cuts and lobbying successfully to improve the lot of our overseas researchers in the visa system benefits Imperial's core activities.)

But even if the argument was made, who would make it? The person normally responsible for Imperial's relationship with CaSE would be the Pro-Rector for Research. But this role is currently unfilled; Professor David Begg of the Business School is standing in temporarily. Did he make this decision? Is the decision linked to the departure of the previous Pro-Rector for Research, Professor Sir Peter Knight? The College have refused to shed further light, saying only that the decision was made "collectively", which essentially means that no-one is going to take responsibility for the decision.

Why is it important that somebody be held responsible? The answer is not complicated: this decision affects a large number of people at Imperial. Researchers at Imperial are now left without a formal voice in the UK's most prominent science and engineering lobby group. At a time when the science and engineering sector faces great challenges, this is very alarming.

People across Imperial have been willing to stand by their decisions, make their arguments, and be held accountable for the choices that they have made in the past year. Felix too has done so, and has apologised when it has made mistakes. We believe the decision to leave CaSE is stupid and a step in the wrong direction, but if there's a good argument for doing so, whoever made the decision should have the decency to stand up and make that argument.

Mass deception

The Catholic Church is not a force for good in this world



Sam Horti

The news that the Belgian victims of abuse at the hands of Catholic priests are attempting to sue the Vatican should not surprise any of us. There have been various attempts over the years demanding that the church tries to put right the hideous crimes performed by its members, including a high profile effort to have the Pope arrested on his trip to Britain last year, headed by prominent atheists Christopher Hitchens and Richard Dawkins. Their lack of success comes as no shock to me; the Catholic Church has, after all, built its defenses tall and strong, impenetrable to the opposition it faces.

What I do find shocking, and detestable, is the absence of support by those in power for the people who have been brave enough to stand up to the church. If you care to examine our own government, for example, you will notice that not only have they failed to provide anything resembling encouragement for those seeking justice, last year they actually rolled out the red carpet to the man at the centre of the scandal. All at the expense of the tax payer, of course.

How can we as a nation feel comfortable with this? How can we, on the one hand, send our troops to far off countries to emancipate those worse off than us from terrible tyranny, and on the other, show an unflinching solidarity with an organisation that fails to move away from its arcane beliefs in subjugation? The covering up of child rape and molestation is a heinous crime, which should be met with appropriate disgust and animosity. In this particular case, it does not seem to have elicited this response from those who could really make a difference.

What makes matters worse is that the rot in the Catholic Church that allows these crimes to continue has spread all the way to the top. It was, after all, the future Pope Benedict XVI who in 1985, whilst still a bishop, refused to defrock a Californian priest with a known history of sexually molesting children, citing "the good of the universal church" as his explanation. It was Pope Benedict XVI,



"Why are they booing? What do you mean 'they were expecting Colin Firth?'"

this time in his current position, who offered immunity and safety in the Vatican to Cardinal Law, former head of the Archdiocese of Boston. Law resigned after it was revealed that he approved the transfer of Rev. John Geoghan to another parish under the knowledge that he had raped at least 7 boys. These are just two examples of the conniving that goes on amongst those who hold lofty positions in the Vatican.

Even if child molestation was the only issue towards which the church has displayed a loathsome attitude, the mutual friendship it has with governments of the world would surely cause us all to raise an eyebrow at the very least. The fact that these attitudes stretch across a manifold of issues make the respect it enjoys nothing short of nauseating. For example, the church preaches that people such as these disgusting paedophiles can, merely through the act of asking for forgiveness, experience an eternity of bliss in heaven after they die. The same generosity is not offered to those who experience love with someone of the same sex. This is viewed as, to quote from the famous Leviticus verse, an "abomination." To see this as anything other than hateful babble is to surrender your own integrity as a moral human being.

The Pope, as an individual, deserves no more respect than the organisation he governs. I would ask you all to es-

The Pope, as an individual, deserves no more respect than the organisation he governs

time how many lives you think have been ruined directly by the Pope's stand on HIV, which as he has preached in the past "cannot be overcome through the distribution of condoms, which even aggravates the problems." I would challenge anyone to come up with a more destructive, divisive statement. It has undoubtedly led to the deaths of thousands of people at the hands of this terrible illness. For a man who is meant to be a beacon of morality to those in need, the Pope certainly has a lot of questions to answer.

The church's reluctance to budge from a set of archaic beliefs derived from a book written by second hand authors nearly 2000 years ago should give us pause for reflection. It has, in my opinion, become impossible for any self-respecting government to associate itself with this administration without experiencing palpable cognitive dissonance. It is not until we start to question the actions of religious leaders ruling as demagogues that we can truly start to claim we are moving in the right direction, and fighting for freedom the world over.

Have your say on this article at felixonline.co.uk

COMMENT

Flimsy Facebook friends



Samuel Furse

“Deletion is referred to by many as the ultimate smack-down”

Deleting people is a growing form of therapy. Perhaps happily, this is not the latest jargon for serial-killing, but is a synonym for a re-appraisal of ‘Facebook friends’ – those people you like or love, but also those people who have got married and not told you, even after the event. If those two categories are indistinguishable to you... oh dear.

The fact that we use the word ‘Facebook’ as an adjective for something like friendship instantly devalues it. Think of all those films in which friendship is a strong theme: *The Dam Busters*, *Peter’s Friends*, *Bridge over the River Kwai*. Quite apart from them being from the wrong age, the idea that the characters could be described as something so flimsy as ‘Facebook friends’ seems an almost perverse comparison.

That is not to say I do not use, or dislike Facebook – it is good fun. Though I must admit unless you are careful (or paranoid) about your settings, it is a way for everyone you have ever met to find you.

Problem 1 with the system is the point at which one ‘adds’ a friend. How

many times have you added someone via your phone after a bottle of wine and have never really met or spoken to them since? This is also serious factor in problem 2: at what point do you remove someone? In real life both of these seem far easier: if you want to talk to someone and spend time with someone, you do. If you do not, you do not. Not deleting someone because you might want to talk to them or know them has some credence, but no more than keeping something expensive with no immediate use for but you do not want to have to replace. Having said that, removing someone and even blocking them can be a punishment: deletion is referred to by many as the ultimate smack-down. Fair enough, but if someone deleted me and I found myself unable to recall who they were, smack-down it would not be. However, deleting someone you see regularly is dangerous. I was once deleted by a (now ex-) colleague who had not bothered to check who she was deleting. The awkwardness on her part was delicious, though no apology was forthcoming. I have not re-added her, nor have I accepted a friend request

from her since, needless to say.

I suppose one could restrict Facebook friendships only to those one is in regular contact with. But what would be the point of that? I know people who use Facebook only for the opposite reason – for people they never see frequently because they are overseas. Seems sensible, though if you are in different time zones and doing different things, communication for anything more than correspondence chess seems as unlikely as it is unworkable.

For myself, I use it for a mixture of these two reasons, and much else in between, as do most of my Facebook ‘friends’. In practice this is rather like having my current friends, school friends, ex-girlfriends, drinking pals, and my mother in the same room, with social etiquette preventing anyone from introducing themselves to anyone else. Just putting that list together has made me more concerned. The sum total is that I cannot say what I think as there is always a ‘friend’ I would rather not hear about it, but I can get in touch with virtually anyone of my acquaintances. Well, unless I have deleted them for not knowing what not to say at parties, that is.

Who wants to get militant with me?

Surprise! A funding gap has emerged in universities. If you were in charge of estimating how many universities would ask for as much money as humanly possible and you predicted less than 100%, I feel like you have only yourself to blame.

So many universities are charging the full £9000 that the loans system is going to implode under the weight of all the stupidity that was involved in bringing this about, and the only options available are really appealing things like reducing university places or just cutting funding in. Hooray!

NUS president Aaron Porter said some words to a man with a microphone, as per usual, but I’m beginning to wonder if a Harry Potter look-alike is the best representative here. Not sure if that’s sending the right message. Not that the message is being heard by anyone. Obviously, no-one gives a shit about what the National Union of Students thinks because it’s really only one step up from a Year 7 Student Council. But if the best we’re going to get on BBC News is “these poorly conceived funding arrangements blah blah yawn” then yes, we need a change of tack.

So what I’m thinking is that we club together and start up a militant wing of the NUS. We’ll do all the cool militant wing stuff like pixelate our faces when we go on the news, and claim responsibility for any errors found in exams, that sort of thing. Then the next time someone wants a comment about where it all went wrong, we’ll say we warned them and then laugh manically while Aaron Porter claims he has nothing to do with us.

Again, no-one’s going to listen to us. But if our university is going down the drain, a career in white-collar terrorism is a neat horizontal step on the career ladder from disgruntled student. Viva la revolucion.

Angry Geek

Embrace your mediocrity



Pietro Aronica

“So I urge you, be lazy. Be satisfied with your simplicity. Be average. Be mediocre”

Greatness is overrated. Being awesome, epic, or whichever other adjective you want to use to describe superiority, is not worth it. It’s too much effort, spurred by exaggerated accounts of others who will fail to recognize your achievements. We’ve spent our entire lives being indoctrinated to aim high and attempt to emulate great people, to reach success in any way we can measure it. Whether you want to be a skilled scientist, a powerful politician or a respected artist, you have to work hard for a long time and invest a lot of resources to achieve your goals.

And for what? Immortality? Wealth? What are you exactly going for? Do you want to become the next Churchill, the next Newton, the next Picasso? Good luck with that. The Nobel prize is widely regarded as the highest achievement in the fields it rewards; and yet, how many winners can you recall apart from the obvious ones? Hundreds have been awarded the prize, but most are only remembered by specialists in their sector and Wikipedia articles.

But even if you do manage to become the next Big Thing, eternal glory is not something you’ll achieve. Even if your name goes down in history along with

the other great ones, there will be a day when all of what you have achieved is as relevant as the professional life of the gas station attendant down the road.. Nothing lasts forever, if I’m allowed a cliché, and the human race makes no exception.

Do you do it for the wealth and benefits that greatness entails? Maybe I’m speaking only for myself, but I worked hard at school to get into a good university, where I’m working even harder to get a good PhD placement, where I’ll work to get a good job, where difficulty will go hand-in-hand with achievement, and so on. We live in a society that rewards hard work with the possibility of more, harder work. Any material gains are mostly accidental, and always conditional on your ability to keep up with the fruits of your labour. If you have a *magnum opus*, any future effort will always be overshadowed by your previous one; if you’re establishing an excellent track record, you’re setting ever increasing high standards for yourself, and you can’t afford to slip.

Besides, who said that you’re going to succeed? There’s always someone better than you, and this is true for all but one person on earth. If you think that your skills alone are going to carry you to the top, you’re probably mistak-

en. You’ll need a healthy dose of luck, which is, by definition, uncontrollable. Knowing the right people, being at the right place, catching the right opportunity. How much of this can you influence? “Making your own luck” is all well and dandy, but after a certain point fate might just be ignoring you.

You keep working harder and you get all the lucky breaks, and you finally make it to whatever personal parameter of greatness you have. Now you can wallow in your awesomeness as you are barely rewarded for the monumental quantities of effort you put into it, carefully avoiding the fact that it will, inevitably, amount to nothing. Was it worth it?

So I urge you, be lazy. Be satisfied with your simplicity. Be average. Be mediocre. Ignore your potential for greatness, and be one in the amorphous mob of society. Pleasure yourself with vicarious joy, be it in the so-called achievement of eleven strangers on a football pitch or the foibles of self-proclaimed celebrities. Never mind that you’d be little more than an animal with some intellect, caving in to your basest desires! Never mind that there’d be nothing to distinguish you from virtually any other human being on the planet! Be mediocre, for it’s too hard to be great.

MUSIC

Music Editors: **Greg Power**
Luke Turner
Stephen Smith
music.felix@gmail.com

Competition

Would you like to see **Skream** live? How about **The Wombats**? **Roll Deep**? **Metronomy**? **Example**? **Ed Sheeran**? **Architecture in Helsinki**? You're in luck! This week only, we're giving away a pair of FREE tickets to see all these artists (and many, many more) on Friday 15th July at **Lovebox**.

To get your hands on these (that's over £60 worth of tickets) all you need to do is write 50 words (or less) on why you think London's **Lovebox** is one of this summer's best festivals. Some of the best submissions will be printed in next week's final issue of **Felix**, and the author of the winning article will get the tickets. Simply email your 50-word submission to music.felix@gmail.com by Tuesday 14th June to be in with a chance of winning. For more information on the festival, see below, or visit the website www.lovebox.net.

Any submissions received after 14th June may not be considered. Any submissions longer than 50 words may not be considered. The winning author will be informed by email by Friday 17th June. The Editor's decision is final.

Most listened to this week by Felix Music members on last.fm

1. Radiohead
2. Daft Punk
3. Kanye West
4. Coldplay
5. Bon Iver
6. Arcade Fire
7. Muse
8. Two Door Cinema Club
9. Bloc Party
10. Fleet Foxes

Join in at: <http://www.last.fm/group/Felix+Music>

Make sure not to miss This Ting

London Underdog, London Bridge
Friday, 17th June 2011
www.facebook.com/thisting

This Ting is a rare example of what happens when an exam-oppressed, vinyl junkie decides to call in his friends to have a rave. Yes, a £5 entry, £2.50/drink romp in central London. It's set in a temporary venue under the arches of London Bridge, around the corner from Debut and Cable, with an unnecessarily large soundsystem and the usual balding middle aged men replaced with student DJs that will actually play your requests.

In the lineup are producers receiving regular airtime from DJs such as Radio 1's **Klissy Sellout** and representatives from several different record labels giving you the unheard exclusives mashed into your guiltiest of pleasures and everything in between. These guys are of course joined by the people you may, or may not, see in your lectures bringing their A game to celebrate finally finishing the month-long onslaught their departments put them through. There is absolutely no excuse not to miss this, even if you are a natural scientist and your exams are at messed up times. You need to rebel against that anyway. **Giovanni Charles**

South West Four

Alex Ashford on Clapham's best summer offering

Jealous of your friends going backpacking this summer? Don't be. London in the summer is wonderful and the weather rivals that on any expensive holiday abroad. One of the best things about spending summer here has to be South West Four. What better way to celebrate the end of your exams than two days dancing till the sun goes down (or comes up) to the world's best house and techno DJs? It's on your doorstep in Clapham Common so there's no need to travel to a muddy field in the middle of nowhere, or pay the ludicrous prices of going to Ibiza.

Headlining on Saturday are electronic innovators **Underworld** playing their only show in London this year. **John Digweed** will be there coming home after performing at *Exit*, *Sonar*, and *Ultra* joined by fellow house heavyweights, **Layo** and **Bushwacka** and the not so youthful but always incredible **Sven Väth** of Cocoon records. Joining Sven are fellow Cocoon artists **Loco Dice**, brought up on hip hop and house, his grooves never fail to please, and **Tiefschwarz** with a live set, a line up destined to set the festival alight. Expect the best of classic trance and techno with the likes of **James Zabiela** tearing up the decks. The turntablist genius, with his triple deck, scratch effects anything goes master class will be a highlight of the Saturday. If more contemporary electro house is your cup of tea, **Laidback Luke** is also headlining. Joining these guys are techno veterans **Laurent Garnier** and **Josh Wink**, as well as big names in house music such as Germany's **M.A.N.D.Y.**

If you prefer your grooves harder and your beats dirtier then Sunday is the day for you. Headlining the main stage are the infamous

www.southwestfour.com



The crowd quickly become unruly after they realised that it wasn't Colin Firth DJing

Dates: 27 - 28 August 2011
Location: Clapham Common, SW4
Price: £85
Website: www.southwestfour.com

Pendulum and dubstep heavyweights, **Benga**, **Skream** and **Artwork** performing under their **Magnetic Man** alias. Joining the dubstep drum and bass vibe are jungle pioneers **Shy Fx** and **Andy C** along with **Sub Focus**.

The techno and house vibe carries on from the Saturday going darker into the grooves of

Richie Hawtin, the founder of m-nus records whose innovative digital mixing will blow you away. This along with **Adam Beyer**, **Paul Ritch** and **Ellen Allien** provides one of the hottest line-ups of all festivals this summer. For the electro fans there is **Eric Prydz** playing his debut set under his **Cirez D** pseudonym and **Simian Mobile Disco** who remain the must see group of the moment.

If you love clubbing get ready for the most slamming weekend party in London. Tickets are on sale now at www.southwestfour.com. Day tickets are £45 and weekend tickets are £85 but go up by £10 nearer the date so buy in advance if you don't want to be disappointed.

Lovebox: huge artists on your doorstep

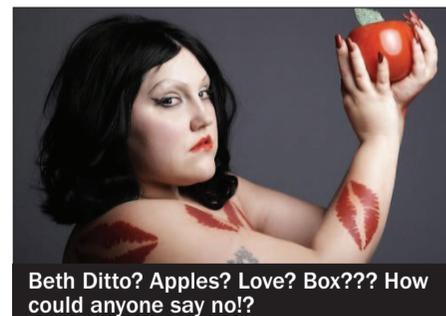
Stephen Smith

If you're looking for a festival with big names in central London, it doesn't get any better than **Lovebox**. Set in the lovely Victoria Park in Hackney, **Lovebox** brings together some of today's most popular artists, and all within cycling distance of Imperial.

The winner of 2008's Best Medium Sized Festival award, London's premier three-day-long musical extravaganza has become an essential part of London's summer calendar, and has previously played host to **Dizzee Rascal**, **Roxy Music**, **Groove Armada** and **Grace Jones**, among others, and this year promises to be the best yet.

Friday features dubstep giant **Skream** alongside **Metronomy**, **Ed Sheeran**, **The Wombats**, and a huge list of other big artists in an extremely diverse starting day.

On Saturday, **Snoop Dogg**, **Jessie J**, **The Drums** and **Santigold** grace the stage while



Beth Ditto? Apples? Love? Box??? How could anyone say no!?

Sunday features **Scissor Sisters**, **2ManyDJs**, **Robyn**, **Beth Ditto** (from **The Gossip**) and **Blondie** on tour for their recent album *Panic of Girls*.

But **Lovebox** is about more than just the music. Information about this year's entertainment is yet to be released, but 2009 featured a treehouse, a vintage fashion fair and a "healing and massage centre," so expect great fun even

Dates: 15 - 17 July 2011
Location: Victoria Park, London E3
Price: £99
Website: www.lovebox.net

when your favourite artists aren't performing on stage.

Lovebox has been described simultaneously as the "trendiest", "most authentic", and "most convincing" festival in the country, so if you want the best festival experience around without spending huge amounts on transport and accommodation, **Lovebox** is the festival for you.

Tickets are available at www.ticketmaster.co.uk. Day tickets sell for £30 for Friday and £50 for Saturday or Sunday, but a well-spent £100 will get you access to an entire weekend's worth of music.

MUSIC

Future sounds at BONED

Greg Power talks to Becoming Real about his music, collaborations, future projects and Samurai movies in anticipation of his headlining set at BONED this Saturday

Toby Ridler, A.K.A. **Becoming Real**, is one of the most promising young producers around today, giving birth to strange new music that tends to melt faces and scar minds. It also turns out he's a really nice dude. He answered a few questions of mine in anticipation of his headlining set at BONED, the second Felix Music Night, taking place this Saturday at Metric (Imperial College Union).

How would you describe your music for readers who might not have heard of you?

Eski / Footwurk / House.

In interviews, you seem to refer to Becoming Real in the third person, implying that you as an artist separate yourself from the music you're producing. Do you have any other current projects, musical or otherwise?

Yeah we, there is me and Becoming Real, we ain't the same person. I'm just the guy that makes the music, he's the entity. Just doing Becoming Real right now, that's my main project. I do loads of filming and walking, I have kinda like a team of people who I'm creative with, but musically it's just me myself and I.

Any plans for a full-length album?

Not right now. I've pondered it, but I'm

busy working on other shit: two EP's, couple films. Full-length is gonna have to wait.

Do you think that the album just wouldn't work as a format for Becoming Real?

I'll make it work for me I guess. It's just a blank CD I gotta fill with music so I'll just do my own thing, but yeah it certainly ain't gonna be some 12 track dance compilation. Fuck that. All I know is it'll be epic.

I really dig the tracks you did with Trim, as his voice and flow really match your music in an interesting way, in a similar way to how Kode9 and Spaceape complement each other. Do you plan on working with Trim again?

Trimbal, yeah, maybe in the future. We'll see. I'm giving the straight up grime ting a rest right now.

Are you interested in working with other vocalists, and not necessarily grime artists?

Maybe. I used to think some R'n'B thing would be cool, but seriously, fuck that. I don't wanna be some guy who's got some American chick over the top of my stuff. I'm British, my music is informed by what's around me. I love R'n'B and all that, but really, I ain't on that bandwagon, if you feel me...



What would be your dream collaboration? You can pick anyone, living or dead.

Hmm, I could get Dizzee back on track.

I recently heard your remix of "Kissing You" on The FADER Soundcloud, and really quite different from the more visceral material you play at your live shows. Are you more inter-

ested in pushing sonic experimentation than writing songs?

Yeah, this a good point. I certainly started off by just pushing sounds and seeing what I could make with my cheap ass equipment, how far could I reach or where could I stretch my equipment and tools to. But nowadays I'm just trying to make otherworldly dance music, music that's been remembered incorrectly. I want them to be left with something afterwards to make people time travel when they come see me live, I guess... durr.

Your ghost-step has its roots in grime and dubstep, but could you see yourself moving away from dance music altogether?

I was never really into dubstep to be honest, grime and footwurk for sure. And I think there's always been traces of house, more and more that's coming to the forefront actually... I'm doing my best to make dance music come closer to me, to inject my set of sounds and processes with more swing and that.

I find that there's a real cinematic quality to your music, in the way it evokes images of dark, desolate back-alleys and seedy city underbellies. What with Trent Reznor's Oscar for The Social Network soundtrack, the Chemical Brothers' Hanna soundtrack and the awesome

soundtrack Basement Jaxx wrote for Attack The Block, it seems like the soundtrack is becoming an increasingly attractive way of getting your music out there, reaching crowds outside of club nights, whilst remaining an artistically challenging endeavour. Have you ever thought about doing a soundtrack?

Yeah man, I'd love to do a soundtrack. I'd like to make a sound track to places in London, or make a soundtrack to my memories of places I've been.

What are you listening to these days? Any recommendations?

Yeah, the new Anti-G record on Planet Mu is the shit. Seriously awesome. A lot of older stuff on Kompact... Kassem Mosse is pretty good. I'm working on a remix for him right now.

Finally, I've heard that you're quite the samurai movie geek. I would like you to tell us about your favourite samurai movie.

Yeah sure. I like 'The Bride With White Hair'. It's a bit more comical, but it's incredibly well edited. Any Akira Kurosawa is a sure fire classic, the texture of his films are so silky... Been watching The Kingdom recently though – the Lars Von Trier series. I'd recomend that also.

Come see Becoming Real at BONED on Saturday 11th (that's tomorrow!)

'Bloops, Razzes and Buzzes': DJ Niceberg on his neo-rave madness

William Berg

You are an Imperial student. Your brain and body require intense stimulation. Thanks to exams, you now have free time and money, are still in the vicinity of Metric, and are dying – craving, praying – for a chance to have your jiving, drunken body pounded with bass-heavy, cutting-edge dance music. Your prayers have been answered. This Saturday, I'll be running the gamut from garage and dubstep to full-on neo-rave frenzy, dropping in 8-bit chipstep treats throughout.

Chipstep is something of a fondness of mine, you see – it's the nostalgic love child of old-school video games and modern dance music, and my production focus. Remember how abrasive and gritty those games used to sound? Our

top bass scientists have harnessed its plutonium-like power and are now putting it to use manufacturing weapons of mass booty destruction.

Chipstep encompasses any dance music with a retro game flavour, from remixes of old game music to tunes that merely incorporate the characteristic bloops, razzes and buzzes. In my tracks, this works particularly well for genres like bassweight dubstep and electro, where a raw, primitively digital sound is what's needed. The target audience is emerging just about now – we're looking to get into clubs and listen to serious dance music, and we're older than the new generation that won't say "aha!" when they hear "ha!-ha". I've noticed a little chip influence in a lot of recent dance music releases now, and some big names have gone all out and made



proper chipstep releases, a notable one being **Bop** - *The Amazing Adventures Of One Curious Pixel*.

Promoting the good cause is a night

called Nintendisco, for whom I'm an occasional DJ. These guys run monthly events where you can come on down to 93 Feet East in Brick Lane for a combo

evening of SNES and boogying. Do you get better or worse at Street Fighter with a couple of pints in you? Come along and find out. This comes especially recommended for those of you who need a fun pre-lash or who don't go for longer nights, as it starts and ends relatively early.

If you want to learn more about anything I've mentioned here, just search SoundCloud, where you'll find my artist page, the chipstep group and Nintendisco's mixtapes, among other things.

Check out Niceberg's sick chiptunage on soundcloud.com/dj_niceberg.

Come support Niceberg and the rest of the Imperial musicians performing at **BONED**, the second Felix Music Night, this Saturday at Metric.

FOOD

Are you MADD?

Dana Li visits MADD, Soho's hottest café and brainchild of a Business School alumnus

Rupert Street. It's not exactly a street name that shouts out "Food Mecca", such an honour usually reserved for the likes of Brick Lane, Old Street and Borough Market. But think again. I visited Rupert Street, located in the centre of Soho, three times within a period of two or so weeks. Not for the X-rated sex shops as some would relate Soho to, but for the relatively newly opened MADD, a mango dessert café.

The brainchild of an Imperial alumnus, Ralph Monthienvichienchai, its creation was stemmed from an unwillingness to study a PhD and a passion for mangoes. Of course, it isn't every day that an equation like that results in opening your own mango café in the heart of Soho. A Masters degree from the Business School may have put him in good stead for the theory behind business, but Ralph believed the only way to learn was to get out there and take each hit and fall as they came.

MADD initially opened back in February with little furore, preferring to test the waters and taking time to listen to their customers. After renovation and ironing out the creases, MADD has had its foot on the accelerator with recent articles in the *Evening Standard* and more close to home, in the *Reporter* attracting attention to the café. And the publicity definitely bears fruit, the weekend following the *Evening Standard* article, MADD was bursting with customers up until its midnight closing time on Friday and Saturday. Ralph also mentions a food blogger who brings a fair share of his customers, mostly students, who make it their mission to leave with a photo with the dashing young entrepreneur. It certainly would be hilarity if all Imperial students



Mango and rice? It can only be Soho...

descended on MADD demanding the same service, albeit not so amusing for Ralph. But hey, it's an idea.

MADD bears a striking resemblance to the other more familiar yoghurt brands like Snog, Yuforia and Frog, capitalizing on clean white décor complete with quirky colours and a slogan here and there; but its unique dedication to the mango is one unheard of amongst Londoners. When asked, "Why the mango?" Ralph is animated in informing us that the fruit bears plenty of healthy vitamins and is one of the most eaten fruits in the whole of Asia. His experiences whilst travelling there have provided much of the inspiration for his extensive desserts menu. And the results are sublime.

Our Mango Sago bowl combines mango with sago pearls, a starch ingredient originating from New Guinea but

rarely presented to the Western palate, and is one of the best representations in London of a Mango, Sago and Pomelo dessert I often seek in Hong Kong. Next comes the Mango MADDness, a jumbo platter featuring sticky glutinous rice with mango, a mango pudding and a Panna Cotta that was created especially for MADD with a chef from Le Cordon Bleu. You'd be challenged to finish that all on your own, which is why MADD is a place to visit with friends. Jenga towers, Connect 4 and UNO cards complete the experience where you can just be a bit... MADD.

Rupert Street is also home to the heavily publicized Bubbleology, which serves Taiwanese bubble tea, a beverage containing tiny tapioca pearls which slide up into your mouth as you sip. In my opinion, it's overrated, definitely not original (although its PR says otherwise) and I can't believe they're opening a pop-up store in Harvey Nichols next month. Try it if you're not used to having balls in your mouth.

Finally, you can also find the food blogger's favourite, Spuntino, serving comfort food with an Italian-American twist, on this street. Peanut butter ice cream and jam – totally!

MADD 53 Rupert Street, Soho. W1D 7PH. Opening hours: Mon-Thur 11am-10pm; Fri-Sat 11am-midnight; Sun 11am-8pm. www.wereamadd.com

Bubbleology 49 Rupert St, Soho. W1D 7PF. Opening hours: 11am-11pm

Spuntino 61 Rupert Street, Soho, London, W1D 7PW. Opening hours: Mon-Sat 11am-midnight; Sun noon-11pm

Try Chopstix

Surviving the exam period with a tasty alternative to Subway

Omar Hafeez-Bore

Be honest now. You love this exam period. It's the ultimate trump card, a super-charged get-out-of-anything free excuse accepted by everyone. Exercise? Can't, exams. Important favours? Can't, exams. Washing? Can't, exams.

But the best guilty self-persuasion is a culinary one. Spending time cooking economically sensible, easy-to-prepare lunches at home? Can't, exams. Eating out is the order of the day, and the South Kensington station area is the place to eat.

So how come everyone goes to Subway, when they could go to Chopstix?

You know, Chopstix? I would say "it's the Chinese place near to Little Japan", but can't for two reasons: 1) I don't want to blow their cover and start some Yakuza/Triad turf wars in the genteel heart of London. But more importantly because 2) I don't actually know if it's Chinese. Especially because 50% of the choice of dishes are called things like Thai Red Curry or Malaysian Chicken. And the internet reliably informs me that these are not actually boroughs of China but whole separate countries! Seriously, I'm not joking!

So I can only assume they call it Chopstix as a catch-all temptation for people from all Chopsticks-using countries. And of course for people like me who use chopsticks to imagine themselves as a kung-fu master/wandering samurai/impossibly trendy Japanese school-girl and so forth. A smart move, like calling a restaurant Forx to appeal to all those savages from outside the west who still eat without them. I say 'the West', but of course do not include Obese America in that as everyone knows they've evolved teeth between their fat rolls and now just plough food straight into their abdomen.

To be fair, I can't talk. That is to say, I can't talk because I'm eating, unlike those guys who chat happily whilst their fat rolls munch away.

...Did someone say Fat Rolls? Then

they must be talking about Chopstix which has the fattest spring rolls allowed before they become Spring Logs. But tasty as they are, they're just the side-show to the main courses.

Sure, they're probably not Authentic Chinese Cuisine. They don't have delicious dumplings from Guangdong, or delicate, crispy Peking duck. There is no Sichuan spice or the stretched ribbon noodles of the people of Uighur. There isn't even any tea; green, bubble or otherwise.

There are however several vaguely eastern dishes packed with flavour. There are the soft potato-and-skin slices in the creamy vegetable curry, or the bright bell papers in the Malaysian. There's succulent nuggets of meat if you get salt-and-pepper chicken or the bright orange gloopiness of its sweet and spicy sister. I especially appreciate the goblets filled to the brim with red-hot Lya-Jyao sauce, to sate those of us who treat a spice as a nutritional priority over protein and carbs and to sweeten the deal they have those awesome cardboard cartons to eat from, after they've been stuffed generously with grub.

But best of all? It's spreading around London. Now Chopstix (and its identical siblings Wox and Noodle Box elsewhere) is my first point of call for a reliably tasty meal that you can order and start stuffing into your mouth within a minute. It's not so much fast-food as instant-food but no less tasty for it.

Maybe though I'm too easily pleased, and am sullyng Felix's food pages by reviewing a cheap, unauthentic, over-flavoured eatery frequented by people like me with a bi-polar palette-gauge of delicious and sub-delicious. So I asked Nicole Ahmed, who is instead someone who describes eating Thai food as like walking into a garden of scents and fragrances.

And she likes Chopstix too.

Chopstix 28 Thurloe Street London SW7 2LT

DEALS

Half-price mojitos
Tamarai, Covent Garden
Until end of June
10pm-midnight only
Free entry for ladies before 11pm. £10 for guys before 11:30pm on guestlist
Email guestlist@tamarai.co.uk for info and guestlist



MADD
Insanely addictive snacks & desserts

IMPERIAL COLLEGE DISCOUNT
30% OFF

PRESENT THIS VOUCHER WITH YOUR IMPERIAL ID CARD FOR DISCOUNT. VALID UNTIL 25/06/2011

Travel Editor: **Chris Richardson**

travel.felix@imperial.ac.uk

TRAVEL

Trekking to Machu Picchu

Priya Garg takes the 'Inca Jungle Trail' route to this iconic site

Photos by Priya Garg

Cusco (or Qosqo in the native Quechua) is the historic capital of the Inca Empire in South-Eastern Peru. It consists of windy cobbled streets, black whorled iron fences, spacious plazas, expansive and luxurious fountains, ceramic plant pots and is home to a constant whisper of "Inca Trail Senorita?" floating the gringo-way. Reaching the Plaza D'Armas (the central square) you are mobbed by Peruvian companies trying to get you to purchase their specific trail, "how much chica?" to the awe-inspiring Inca palace of legends, cloaked in mythology, sitting high above the clouds, the mystical and enigmatic 'Machu Picchu.'

We booked an 'Inca Jungle Trail', an alternative route to the historic trek taken by many travellers, in which they beat through jungle to reach the 'doorway to the sun' spying in the sunrise, the first view of this UNESCO world heritage site, a smattering of stonework aligned in a vast array of doorways, windows, outer frameworks of temples and houses for Inca royalty. Our route took us over a disused railway track, past waterfalls, hot water springs, a hydroelectric power plant and several kilometres of bumpy ground before arriving at the base of our much anticipated end-point.

Our first day involved jumping on to racing bikes and freewheeling our way down 3000 feet of Andean mountain-side. At the very top the wind was harsh, whistling through our jackets as we bent round corners. The 'peloton' started pedalling together as a line, then bundled closer as a pack with finally a few adrenaline-seekers bursting free from the ranks to speed down the circular asphalt road, with a spectacular drop down to the lakes and hills below and before us. Several travellers suffered the consequences of this reluctance to use



"Machu Picchu, you were a real bitch to get to"

the brakes with one girl careering off her bicycle to graze her chin, and one Spanish man landing on his arm in a ditch. However, we were lucky enough to spin through the waterfalls, across the bumps, glide past the villages on the

way and race up to the finish line a few hours later. Our efforts were rewarded with a meal of warm empanadas (local pastry) and slices of gateau as we rested upon a sacrificial Inca mount, rolling green hills in front of a sheer blue sky cradling us in a circular fashion.

The next day involved the unglamorous (walk seems the wrong word to use for this gruelling march) trek over rough terrain in the searing heat to reach our second lodge at the base of Machu Picchu. Sixty minutes hanging in a hammock, and three minutes be-

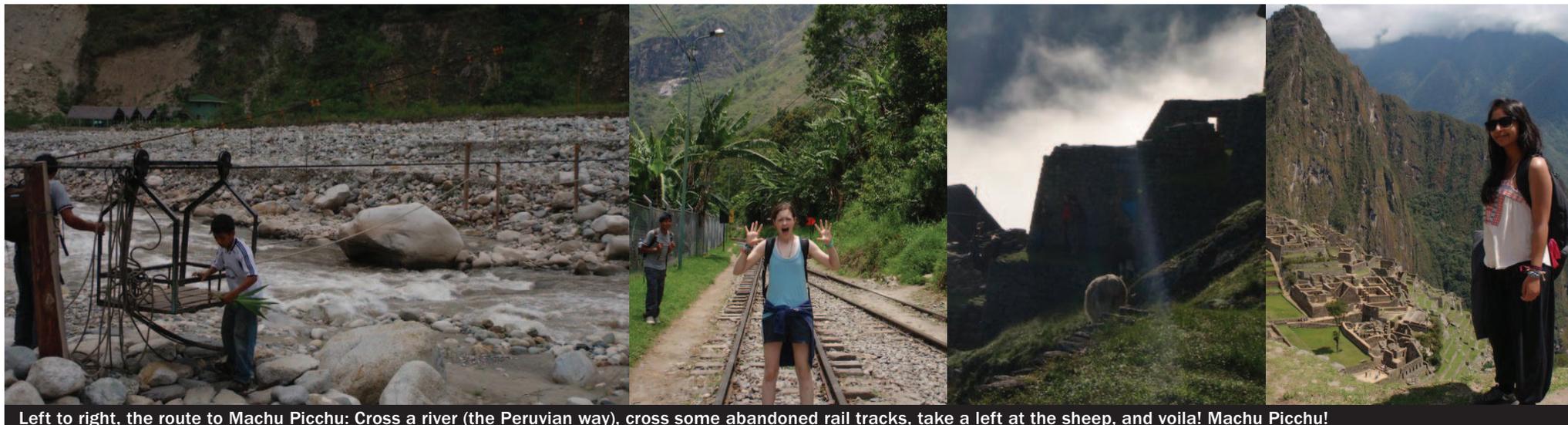
ing pulled over the tempestuous waters of a rough lake on a pulley-bridge provided a welcome respite to the cushions of blisters padding my feet as I arrived seven hours after we started, limping to the town where we would set off for one of the wonders of the world. The words '3am wakeup call' were not music to my ears. Brutally, that hour of the morning arrived all too soon, and hauling ourselves out of bed, we trudged towards the bridge where at 5am the Peruvian doors would officially swing open for us to begin our ascent to Machu Pic-

chu. Flashlights, trekking pants, energy bars, hiking poles and sun-cream galore, a scrum formed to charge up the thousands of slippery steps.

Puffing and panting through the flora and fauna as the mountains arose around us, the clouds quickly disappearing from far above us, to below us, and the oxygen levels thinning with every step, we finally made it, all 1480 ft, to the official entry to the ruins of Machu Picchu after fifty minutes of hill climbing. "Bloody steps" (or something less polite) was the general consensus. Rather than a momentous sprint to see the magnificence of the sights that we were to behold, it was more of a gam stager up to the entry of citadel, as llamas picked at the grass, and bus-loads of tourists appeared, clean and fresh to the world, as if to taunt our weary and sorry state.

However, as the first few travellers handed their tickets in, we were rewarded with a view of terraced fields, soaring luscious green peaks and a metropolis, a labyrinth of tiny stone houses, coming together to form a dramatic and astonishing view of Inca life, evoking the grandeur of a lost empire from centuries ago. As Becky made the horrific climb up a neighbouring mountain, 'Waynapicchu', the local Inca meeting point for the high priest and the chosen virgin sacrifices to the God of the Sun, I nursed my feet and sat at the topmost viewpoint on the peak itself, the 'Guardian's Hut', watching as thousands of tiny people milled their way up and down the steps, awe-struck at the magic of this now defunct and absent city, imagining its sounds, scents and colours.

In summary, it was an honour, an enchanting, unbelievable, inspiring, stupendous sight. But, Machu Picchu, you were a real bitch to get to...



Left to right, the route to Machu Picchu: Cross a river (the Peruvian way), cross some abandoned rail tracks, take a left at the sheep, and voila! Machu Picchu!

HANGMAN



hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

HANGMAN

Multiple movie stars will DEFINITELY be at Imperial

This week Editor Kadhim Shubber was able to announce exclusively, via Felix's Facebook and Twitter feeds, that Colin Firth would be at Imperial. The exposure meant he had to pull out, and not in the good way – or so Kadhim says. The excuse given has been that “due to the uncertainty principle; the more I knew about one thing the less I knew about another. Also I was trying to get the record for most likes and retweets on a single post.”

This week he has upped the ante, and told us that Scarlett Johansson and Keira Knightley will be filming a nude lesbian scene on campus. Apparently they will also be filming an orgy scene and need ‘horny male students’ to act as extras. It has been reported that they decided to film at Imperial as horny male students would be in plentiful supply. Applicants should turn up on the day wearing geek chic (so basically whatever you usually wear.) Hangman has been informed that the extras ‘will not need to be able to differentiate’ and so even Medics can take part. Although as it is exam season Medics are likely to start reciting anatomy, completely ruining the mood.

Students at Imperial were so excited to see a Hollywood movie star that they almost stopped revising. One student was overheard saying: “Unless it’s filmed in the library and contains scenes that include detailed mathematical explanations of Quantum Mechanics I’m not interested.”

It has been suggested that it will just be body doubles and minor characters. However, this is being announced in the fourth paragraph, as it’s more fun to get your hopes up. Kadhim has defended his decision to release the news before knowing whether or not it was bullshit by saying “Hey, even if you’re just a body double for Scarlett Johansson you are likely to still be fuckable”. The Physics department has refused to confirm or deny that the body doubles will be “definite eights, borderline nines”.

It is thought that angry Imperial students will protest by picking up Felix, flicking straight to the centrefold, scanning for talent, and when they inevitably find none, reading the horoscopes and throwing it away. As this is the way that most people indulge in Felix it may prove hard to perform the reverse operation of integration (differentiate – keeping you on your toes, you guys have exams to revise for) between protestors and innocent students. Although innocent bystander and vicious protestor is a distinction that the police never bother making, and if it’s good enough for them it’s good enough for anyone.

We here at Hangman believe that the Felix Editor should be held accountable, and needs to be deposed immediately. Reports suggest his stranglehold over the Facebook page has become unworkable. The other day he was even seen wearing a military uniform, contemplating growing a moustache, insiting he is referred to as ‘General’, and calling Sepp Blatter a “good man, with a kind heart”.

DRUNKEN MATE OF THE WEEK

Send your photos to felix@imperial.ac.uk. As the former head of the IMF will tell you, asking for permission, is a good idea.

Are you fitter than your MP?

Have you ever wondered exactly how fit you are? Have you ever thought that your Facebook stalking is unfocused? Have you ever wanted to know if you were the more attractive member in the couple?

With FitFinder having, like a super hero with the power of superspeed and premature ejaculation problems, come and very swiftly gone, the website with the word fit in the name was roughly like Imogen Thomas’ legs – wide open.

If the answer to any of the questions in the first paragraph were yes, then we have a revolution for you. It’s called fitsort. Unlike FitFinder, everyone at Imperial is automatically applicable to be on it. Basically it’s where you do what you do in the pub with mates, but via the Internet. You rate all of the girls and guys you know. Except the twist is that it’s a one-on-one situation. It’s a bit like a boxing match, if a boxing match consisted of two peoples’ poser profile pictures put side by side and the audience rating them. This can cause some David vs. Goliath situations. Usually occurring when someone you knew from school who now goes to Durham is up against someone you met at Imperial.

Results are shown in the form of a bps (bangable points system). Then you get your friends list all ranked from hottest to decidedly notest.

A lot of people have been worried about privacy, seeing as it’s an opt out system. To be honest, fuck privacy, who cares about that shit

**Which MP would you rather have sex with?
Choose one.**

www.sexymp.co.uk



Spoilt for choice. Look at that blue steel. Oh baby I want you to reform my system

when you can instantly know how (un)attractive you are.

Obviously this isn’t going to help revision in any way, as you will constantly be checking it waiting for the moment when your stats change. This will most likely end up in spending the entire night sulking as you haven’t got the win to lose ratio you deserve. I mean come on, you have long hair in a side parting, what the fuck else do these people look for in a guy?

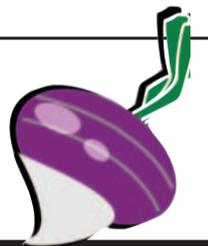
The most interesting thing is when you spot a large disproportion in a couple. Pointing this out to the couple is obviously the way to go.

I’ve found it can only strengthen a relationship if one of them knows that they have been punching above their weight.

If fitsort isn’t exciting you as much as you thought it would, there’s always sexymp.com. This is where mps go head to head in a contest to see which one you’d rather force legislation through. Then the MPs are ranked in order of hotness. There are obviously some problems with the system. For example, Eric Pickles is not actually last. So we can only assume Eric Pickles goes on there everyday to vote for himself.

the turnip

Hangman’s Finest College News Source



Time travellers revealing exam answers – but not to arseholes, twats, or Medics...

Medics said to be angry and drunk...

Departments across the College have reported unusually high average marks in exams taken since 19th May, when boffins in the Physics department confirmed that they now have a fully-functioning time machine that goes back as well as forward in time. All attempts up to this point have left volunteers stranded in random points in the future, lumbered with having to explain to friends why their hair grew 5 inches overnight and tracking down their other selves to challenge them to a duel, Highlander-style. This also accounts for the numerous sightings of students acting as if they don’t have exams to revise for.

All evidence points towards students using the time machine to obtain the exam papers with solutions in advance, avoiding the ob-

vious route of obtaining next week’s lottery numbers or stock market data because Imperial students aren’t renowned for their common sense. Alarm bells first rang when invigilators noticed that everyone in the Modelling in Biology exam finished within 45 minutes, apart from one student who has no friends at all and evidently was left out of the loop. Examiners’ suspicions were confirmed when it came to assessing their answer booklets, which contained not only the full solutions but also various spelling mistakes and in some cases even the accompanying footnotes such as “These are the marks the examiner anticipates giving”.

Not to be outdone, various examiners disgruntled by the fact that the impossibly hard exams they’ve set have just been undermined, are considering using the time machine to change the paper set, resulting in an endless back-and-forth battle until the space-time continuum finally has enough of their bullshit and collapses into a singularity.



An artist's impression of what he wishes the time machine looked like. What we all wish it looked like

THE NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



German farmers shown 'no mercy' over E. coli outbreak



**DRUNKEN
MATE OF
THE WEEK**

Well done sir! Finally someone with real balls. The rest of you are all pussies, it's the night before your exams, and all you want to do is go outside, lie on the concrete, and die. But you don't, do you? Fucking conformists...

Horoscopes

Aries

This week, you're cycling home when suddenly a car hits you and breaks both your legs. You start screaming and crying, the pain is unbelievable. Someone grabs your arm. It's the invigilator. He kindly asks you stop screaming and to leave the exam hall immediately. Damn pills...

Taurus

This week, 'Firthgate' explodes all over campus like a horny suicide bomber with a one-way ticket to New York. Crowds of angry students lay siege to the Felix Office demanding to know where the fuck Colin Firth is and if he'll be giving autographs in exchange for blowjobs...

Gemini

This week, you're cutting your fingernails when you cut a little too deep and end up slicing your wrists upon. At least that's what you tell the picture of Colin Firth on your computer. He's not buying it. "Oh I can't lie to you Colin!" you exclaim before breaking down in tears.

Cancer

This week, Colin Firth is ragging Bonham-Carter when he suddenly gets a call from his agent. "Apparently you've come out of the closet, why didn't you let me know! We're finished asshole." Upon ending the conversation, Firth sighs "Damn Felix" before resuming ragging...

Leo

This week, you're sitting in the Chemistry department, feverishly trying to finish your lab report, when Colin Firth appears out of nowhere, slaps you in the face with his royal dick, and then strides off laughing, "Filming in Blackett", ha!" No-one believes you, not even Felix...

Virgo

This week, you send a picture of your erect dick to a girl on the internet. She's not very impressed with you and sends you an angry email back calling you a disgusting pervert and threatening to "cut off your allowance if you do it again, Love Mom."

Libra

This week, you're a cameraman filming in the Blackett Lab. You're feeling kind of good today. Because even though you know lots of students are watching because they think Colin Firth is there, you can't help but think it has something to do with your new haircut...

Scorpio

This week, you're watching the King's Speech when you suddenly realise that it's 1846 and you're playing croquet with Queen Victoria. You panic and start running around screaming. A man stops you in your tracks. It's the invigilator again... damn pills...

Sagittarius

This week, you leave too much of your work until the last minute and end up spending all night writing any old drivel about refraction or some shit. By dawn you're so worn down that you just want Colin Firth to come and put his finger in your ear. Oh yeah Colin, just like that...

Capricorn

This week, you're the chair that they're using in the filming in Blackett. You're not happy. You were promised that it would be Colin Firth's beautiful round behind pressing down on your face. But it's not. You cancel your subscription to Felix...

Aquarius

This week, the voice in your head tells you to stop. You tell it to fuck off and resume perfecting your life-size model of Colin Firth. "I could cut off the penis," you think. "Or you could let me go?" says the real Colin Firth. "Shutup, talking life-size model of Colin Firth..." you retort. Snip.

Pisces

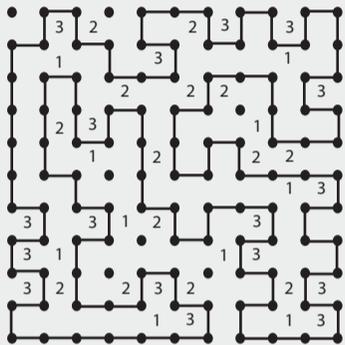
This week, you're freaking with a 3-year old and are so close to busting a nut when the police break down your door. "WE WERE PROMISED FIRTH!" they shout. You ask them "Where is your God now?" and when the girl turns into a sock you realise that you've been at the pills again...

Puzzles Editors: **Polly Bennett**
James Hook
Aman Nahar
 puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk

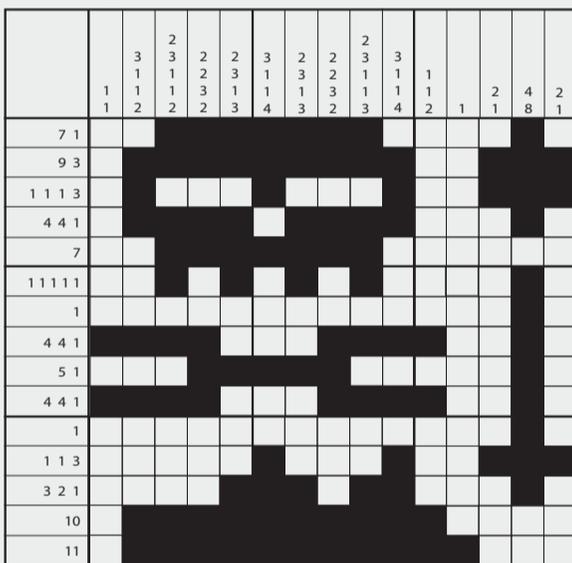
PUZZLES

Last Week's Solutions

Slitherlink



Nonogram



Crossword

QUICK



CRYPTIC



GOING UNDERGROUND

B	O	W	R	O	A	D
2	15	23	18	15	1	4

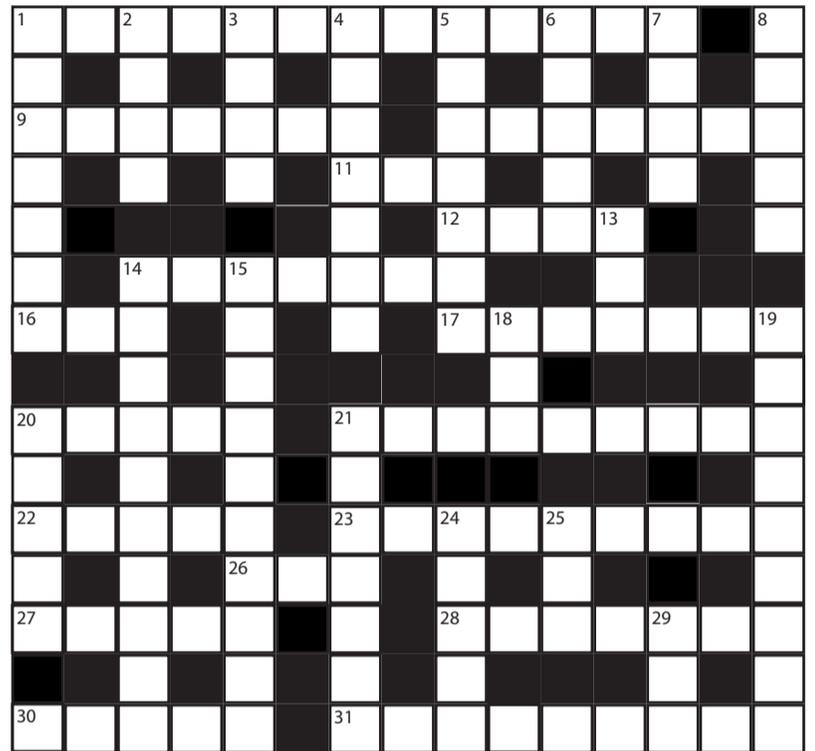
Crossword

Across

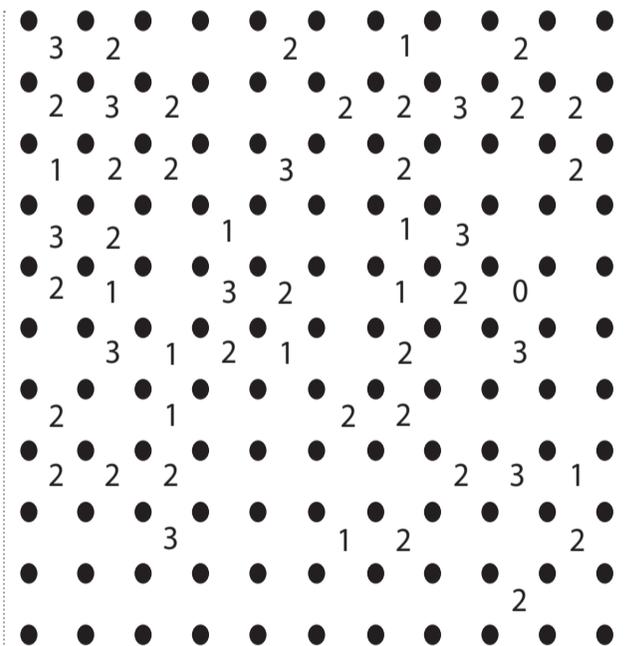
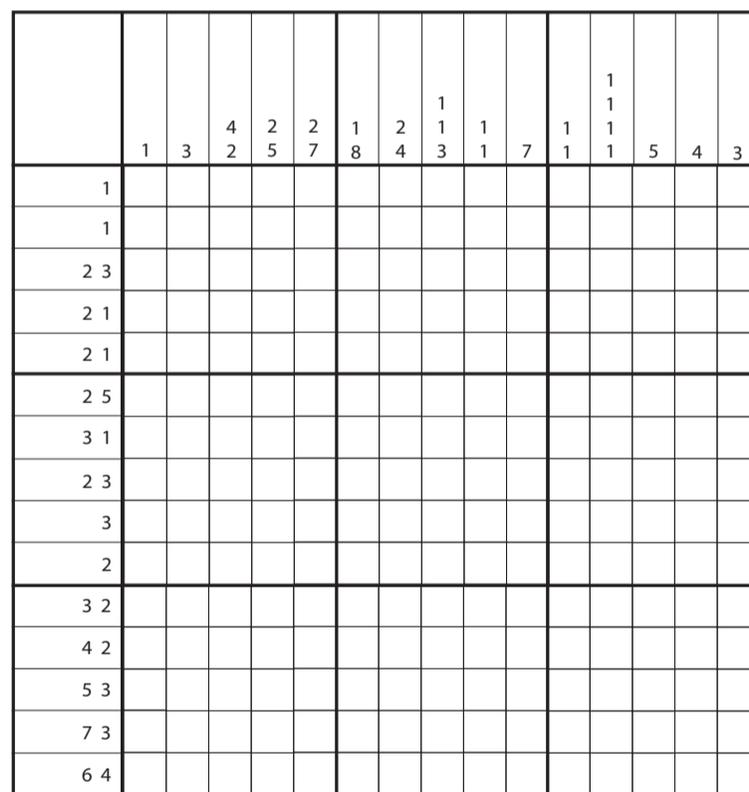
1. A famous bear (6,3,4)
9. Greek mythological dog who never failed to catch what he was hunting (7)
10. Biological catalysts (7)
11. Total (3)
12. --- *Is East*, film (4)
14. Christmas fruit cake (7)
16. Period of time (3)
17. Perceptible by touch (7)
20. Optimus Prime, R2-D2, Wall-E, Bender.....(5)
21. Style of a common weapon e.g. scimitar, sabre, katana (9)
22. Ancient Jordanian city (5)
23. Chemical element with atomic number 57 (9)
26. Acronym of popular computer game (1,1,1)
27. --- *tenens*, someone who temporarily fulfills the duties of another (5)
28. Altaic word for warrior meaning literally: brave (7)
30. A Barbarian statue that must be defeated in *Diablo* (5)
31. Insane 1986 film with David Bowie (9)

Down

1. A greeting (7)
2. Indian, evergreen tree (4)
3. Middle Eastern country (4)
4. Fabric decoration of e.g. curtains (7)
5. A part or aspect of something (7)
6. The sluggish flow of e.g. pus (5)
7. --- *is where the heart is* (4)
8. Curious (5)
13. Young child (3)
14. A rest from work (10)
15. Pertaining to the eye (10)
18. Boat (3)
19. Someone with a fat/rounded figure (9)
20. To ward off (5)
21. An Oxford college (7)
24. A governor in India under the Mogul Empire (5)
25. Expression of interrogation/contempt/indifference (3)
29. A Gaelic fort (3)



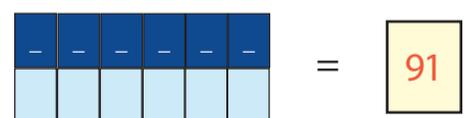
Nonogram - Wipeout! Da-da da da.. Slitherlink



You know the deal by now guys. Make one continuous loop. Each numbered box indicates the number of edges surrounding it.

Going Underground

Which London tube station sums to?

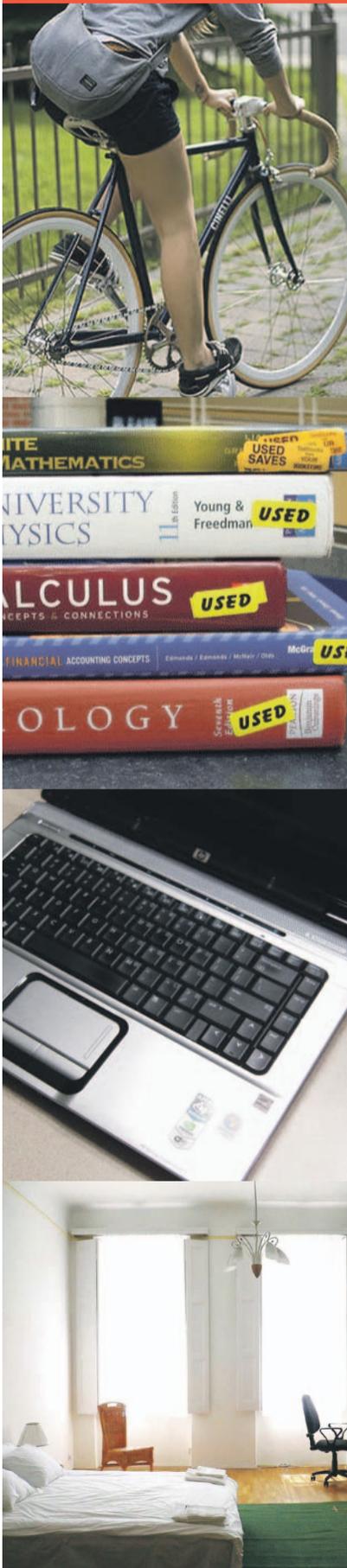


CLASSIFIEDS

To place a free advert, please email felix@imperial.ac.uk

Felix accepts no responsibility for items/services bought/sold

Deadline for adverts is Tuesday midnight



ACCOMMODATION

Flatshare

Two double rooms to let in Fulham (SW6 2AZ). Available 1st August 2011 – 31st July 2012. £125pw per room. Sharing with three male and one female undergraduate(s). Contact Lewis via lb1309@ic.ac.uk

Double Room

Double room in West Kensington to let. Available from September (one year contract). £124pw. Two minutes from Tesco, ten minutes to Imperial via bus. Sharing with two 2nd year Imperial girls. Contact Sophia via sophia.david09@ic.ac.uk

Female flatmate wanted

Room to let in South Kensington (100m from College). Available from 1st July (one year contract). £135pw, including bills. Sharing with female Imperial postgraduate. Contact Lisa via lisa.goers@ic.ac.uk

MISC

Free Piano

'Beautiful old piano', over 100 years old. Needs tuning but still playable. Pickup from ground floor of house in White City before end of June. Must arrange own specialised transport. Contact Lizzy via egriffiths27@gmail.com

LOVE

Send us your adverts. It's a great way to reach a large number of readers and hopefully find what you're looking for. For now, enjoy these (fictional) lonely hearts entries.

Women Seeking Men

Innocent girl from small town in Yorkshire looking for strapping southern lad to show her how they do it "all posh like". If interested, leave a pie outside the library, you know what kind...

Women seeking Women

Terrible twins looking for fearless dyke for spree of sexual adventures on campus. Must be good at accessing areas that are off-limits. If interested, write number on one of the Queen's Tower bells.

Men Seeking Men

Closet gay looking for Academy Award-winner Colin Firth in the Blackett Laboratory, as promised by Felix. If interested, publicly embarrass yourself by posting something incorrect on Facebook.

Men seeking Women

Skinny Dalai Lama lookalike looking for chubby Chairman Mao doppelganger for debates about autonomy, self-determination, and Justin Beiber's latest girlfriend. If interested, invade Taiwan...

Post online!

You can also place free adverts online! Simply head to iconnectimperial.ac.uk, create an account and post on their online marketplace!



5 DJs
3 BANDS
100% SICK

£3



Felix Music Night

BONED

Saturday 11th June

19.00 PM - 02.00 AM

Imperial College Union

A showcase of Imperial's musical talent :

With Special Guest **BECOMING REAL**

SPORT

Felix Sports League

sponsored by



Quality In Everything We Do



Imperial hockey visit Malaysia

Jessica Poore on the club's Summer tour



This year's colourful tour kit

Proudly possessing one of the most ridiculous tour kits seen at Imperial, 32 members of Imperial College Hockey Club will be touring Malaysia this July. Following last year's fantastic trip to Slovenia and Croatia, where much amusement was had on overnight trains, and the opposition ranged from under-fifteen internationals to casual mixed teams, the tourists will be travelling further afield to Kuala Lumpur, the Cameron Highlands, and Penang. In Slovenia and Croatia, there were Roman ruins, sun, and enormous cocktails – Malaysia seems more likely to provide jungles, beach and temples.

With the help of our contacts in Malaysia, matches will be played at Universiti Putra Malaysia, in Kuala Lumpur, and Nur Insafi hockey club in Penang. Universiti Putra Malaysia have, worryingly, described themselves as semi-professional, and will doubtless provide a challenging start to the tour.

The touring group, as is traditional for ICHC, is a

mix of all teams and abilities, ladies and men. A third of the party will have just completed their first year at Imperial, and just less than that will be about to leave us – what better way to finish the year!

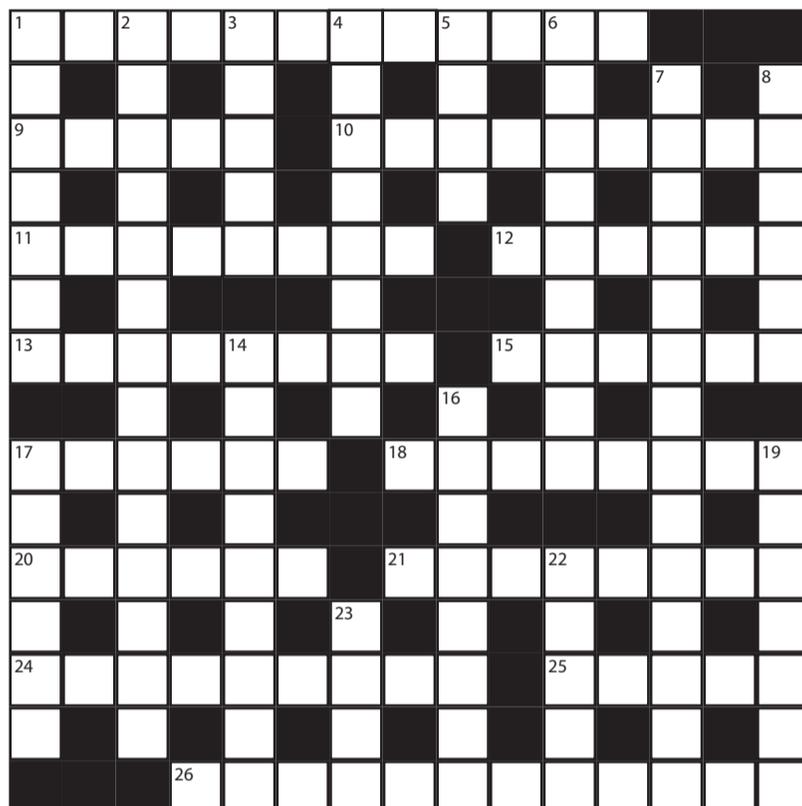
As many of us will be travelling to that part of the world for the first time, some culture-shocks are sure to be had. The club's last tour so far afield took us to India, where we struggled to fit into rickshaws, and were stunned (mostly) by some of the world's most famous sights.

This time the trip will take in sights of Kuala Lumpur, such as the Petronas towers and the Batu Caves, before moving onto the hill territories of the Cameron Highlands.

Penang is our last stop, playing hockey on the mainland (where our opposition have kindly agreed to accommodate us), before moving out to the island with its reputedly fantastic beaches.

If reading this has you envious, join ICHC and make sure you don't miss out on next year!

Cryptic Crossword 1,492



Across

- 1 Race to hunt after a spire (12)
- 9 Put the lid back on the summary (5)
- 10 Ditch insect is quite cutting (9)
- 11 Modest secretary is tardy (8)
- 12 Corrupt king undergoes changes in spring (6)
- 13 Suppositions surround a part of the leg (8)
- 15 Cut a piece of valuable metal (6)
- 17 Annoyed in that shirt you wear (6)
- 18 A challenging ordeal revealed in a gaunt letter (8)
- 20 Honestly get back on the same side (20)
- 21 Somehow wrong age for a cart driver (21)
- 24 Chopin censored mangled rise in intensity (9)
- 25 Farewell! I die in Australia (5)
- 26 Title illustration on the cover is endlessly put together (12)

Down

- 1 Remove a mark from a surface (7)
- 2 Former wife talked about being thrown out of the church (14)
- 3 Student back in slip-ups (5)
- 4 Gives you the right to English honours (8)
- 5 Part of the foot soundly cured (4)
- 6 Alien cronies mess around with emission (9)
- 7 Present day found hidden in naive talents (5,9)
- 8 Older stalker loses knighthood (6)
- 14 Rectal act, somehow, in the Black Maria (6,3)
- 16 Minor ocarina thrown in the pasta (8)
- 17 Elegant tree (6)
- 19 Central turret hides atrocities (7)
- 22 Seize Greek snake (5)
- 23 Unknown future (4)

Nur Insafi Hockey Club



Nur Insafi Hockey Club, soon to be facing Imperial in Malaysia

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Diff	Index
1 Fencing W1	9	9	0	0	1210	607	603	5.00
2 Fencing M1	10	10	0	0	1229	919	310	5.00
3 Table Tennis M2	11	11	0	0	156	31	125	5.00
4 Water Polo W1	8	7	1	0	102	24	78	4.63
5 Volleyball M1	11	10	0	1	22	4	18	4.18
6 Volleyball W1	11	10	0	1	21	4	17	4.18
7 Basketball M1	12	10	0	2	917	735	182	3.50
8 ICSM Netball W1	12	10	0	2	493	312	181	3.50
9 Lacrosse M1	11	9	0	2	154	85	69	3.36
10 Tennis M1	12	9	1	2	84	60	24	3.25
11 Table Tennis M1	12	9	1	2	84	60	14	3.25
12 Basketball W1	9	7	0	2	464	348	116	3.00
13 Netball W1	13	10	0	3	546	367	179	2.92
14 Squash W1	11	8	0	3	31	12	19	2.55
15 Hockey M1	12	8	1	3	46	25	21	2.50
16 Rugby M1	14	10	0	4	344	191	153	2.43
17 Hockey W1	13	9	0	4	67	24	43	2.23
18 Lacrosse W1	9	6	0	3	110	64	46	2.00
19 Table Tennis W1	6	4	0	2	20	10	10	2.00
20 ICSM Football M1	9	5	1	3	28	18	10	1.67
21 ICSM Hockey W1	20	10	3	7	54	48	6	1.40
22 ICSM Rugby M3	10	6	0	4	252	266	-14	1.40
23 Football M1	13	7	1	5	34	20	14	1.31
24 Badminton W1	13	7	1	5	44	60	-16	1.31
25 Hockey M2	12	5	3	4	22	26	-4	1.25
26 Football W1	7	4	0	3	19	19	0	1.14
27 Tennis W1	7	4	0	3	42	42	0	1.14
28 ICSM Hockey M3	7	4	0	3	11	27	-16	1.14
29 Netball W3	9	5	0	4	291	217	74	1.00
30 Hockey M3	11	4	3	4	17	13	4	0.91
31 Badminton M1	11	4	3	4	44	44	0	0.91
32 Fencing M2	10	5	0	4	1122	1128	-6	0.90
33 ICSM Hockey M1	10	5	0	5	25	20	5	0.50
34 Netball W2	12	6	0	6	445	483	-38	0.50
35 Badminton M2	10	4	1	5	43	37	6	0.20
36 ICSM Hockey M2	11	3	3	5	19	29	-10	0.09
37 ICSM Netball W2	11	5	0	6	341	360	-19	0.09
38 Squash M4	6	2	1	3	8	7	1	0.00
39 Ice Hockey M1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.00
40 ICSM Football M3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.00
41 Lacrosse W2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.00
42 ICSM Football M2	5	2	0	3	14	16	-2	-0.40
43 Fencing W2	10	4	0	6	1142	1170	-28	-0.40
44 Fencing M3	10	4	0	6	1146	1201	-55	-0.40
45 Football M3	11	3	2	6	22	30	-8	-0.45
46 ICSM Badminton W1	9	2	2	5	32	46	-14	-0.67
47 ICSM Badminton M1	10	3	1	6	24	56	-32	-0.70
48 Squash M3	9	3	0	6	17	26	-9	-1.00
49 Tennis M2	10	2	2	6	40	79	-39	-1.00
50 Hockey W2	12	3	1	8	13	41	-28	-1.25
51 ICSM Rugby M1	11	2	1	8	144	427	-283	-1.82
52 Water Polo M1	3	0	1	2	23	30	-7	-2.00
53 ICSM Rugby M2	12	2	1	9	200	438	-238	-2.00
54 Rugby M2	14	3	0	11	194	356	-162	-2.07
55 ICSM Hockey W3	5	1	0	4	4	17	-13	-2.20
56 ICSM Hockey W2	10	2	0	8	21	42	-21	-2.20
57 Rugby M3	10	2	0	8	71	357	-286	-2.20
58 Hockey M4	11	2	0	9	15	32	-17	-2.36
59 ICSM Badminton M2	6	1	0	5	16	32	-16	-2.50
60 Squash M2	12	2	0	10	16	44	-28	-2.50
61 Rugby M4	8	1	0	7	59	325	-266	-2.88
62 Football M2	12	1	0	11	14	36	-22	-3.25
63 Squash M1	7	0	0	7	5	30	-25	-4.00
64 ICSM Netball W3	9	0	0	9	186	352	-166	-4.00
65 ICSM Netball W3	7	0	0	7	134	257	-123	-4.00

5 points for a win | 2 points for a draw | -4 points for a loss

German beer, kebabs and plenty of rugby

City and Guilds Rugby prepare for international Sevens tournament in Berlin. **Max Joachim** reports

It has been a good year for the City & Guilds RFC. The team is unbeaten so far this season after wins against the RSM and Oxford's Balliol College but its biggest adventure is still ahead of it. The committee has worked tirelessly to organize a tour that is going to be remembered for years to come. On 1st July, the C&G RFC will travel to Berlin to partake in an international Sevens tournament, the Rugby Union Sevens, as well as establishing contacts with the local engineering universities before returning to London on 4th July.

Funds for the tour were raised on multiple occasions throughout the year, culminating in an epic C&G Club Night at Chateau Six which was jointly organized

by the CGCU and C&G RFC. Further support was received by Laing O'Rourke and Pathmotion.

The club has grown from strength to strength this year which is mirrored by the record attendance on this tour. No less than 24 students will be taking part in this tour which has received generous support from Imperial College Union and the City & Guilds College Association.

With such a strong team, Sevens captain Niall Watson is looking to perform well at the tournament. Being the only student team in the competition, they have their work cut out for them. Their opponents are no beginners either.

Defending champion RK 03 Berlin just finished 8th in Ger-



many's first division and RC Prague just won the KB Extraliga, the most reputed competition in the Czech Republic. The young teams from RC Zug, RC Ticino (both Switzerland), Vienna Celtics (Austria) and Cremona (Italy) have plenty of Sevens experience, too. This tour is going to be a tremendous experience for the entire club and should bring them all together – both on and off the pitch.



The winning team from last year's intra-faculty Engineers Sevens tournament

SCIENCE



A personal account of the effects of Alzheimer's: **Page 8**

COMMENT



The Pope doesn't deserve our respect: **Page 16**

MUSIC



Interview with BONED headliner Becoming Real: **Page 19**

FOOD



Are you MADD for mango? **Page 20**

TRAVEL



Priya finally makes it to Machu Picchu: **Page 21**