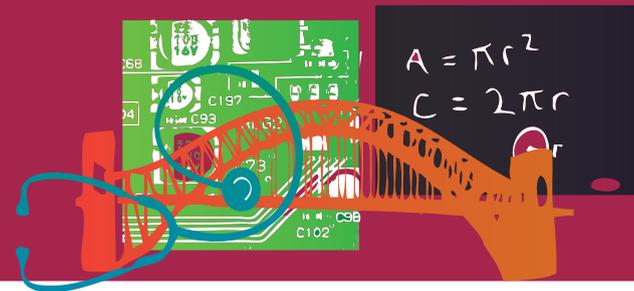


A university to challenge?

How does Imperial compare to the elite universities. See pages 5-6 for where we stand.



Babar Ahmad extradited

- Former Imperial employee now in USA
- High Court refused last minute application

Aemun Reza News Editor



Babar Ahmad has been extradited to the United States after the High Court refused to review his case. Last month, the European Court of Human Rights (ECHR) gave its final approval for the extradition. At a federal district court hearing in New Haven, Connecticut, Babar Ahmad pleaded not guilty and is currently in custody.

Mr Ahmad has been held in prison in the UK for eight years without trial. He was arrested in 2004, imprisoned under the Extradition Act 2003, and has been detained ever since. He had been arrested due to allegations that he was involved in terrorist activity through a website hosted in America.

Babar Ahmad's brother-in-law Fadah Ahmad read a statement on his behalf, in which he said, "Today I have lost my 8 year and 2 month battle against extradition to the US. I would

like to thank all those over the years who supported me and my family: lawyers, politicians, journalists and members of the public from all walks of life. By exposing the fallacy of the UK's extradition arrangements with the US, I leave with my head held high having won the moral victory".

A last minute appeal for a judicial review at the British High Court was denied on 5th October and Babar Ah-

mad was immediately extradited that evening to the United States. The European Court of Human's rights ruled that there would be "no violation of the applicants' rights if they were to be extradited for a trial in America and therefore rejected a request for the referral of Babar Ahmad's case to the Grand Chamber.

Babar Ahmad's father, Ashfaq Ahmad, who was extremely disappointed

over the High Court's refusal of the judicial review, said, "After over 40 years of paying taxes in this country, I am appalled that the system has let me down in a manner more befitting of a third world country than one of the world's oldest democracies... It seems that the Metropolitan police, the CPS and



Inside...>>

POLITICS



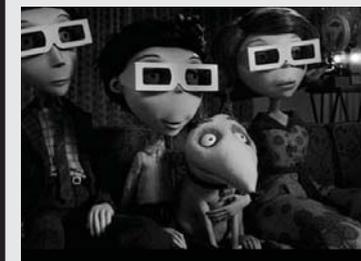
Has Ed got the elect factor? >>10

MUSIC



The French do it (Radio) well >>25

FILM



Are you game to read this? >>38

Con man near campus takes student's money

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

Last Thursday 4 October at around 10:30am, a student at Imperial College London has had £70 taken by a confidence trickster.

The student, who wished to not be named, was approached by a man on the corner of Queen's Gate Place. The man, who was on the phone at the

time, asked if the student knew the area. The man was described by the student as middle-aged with white/dark hair, is in his 40s, and was well dressed. The man reportedly also spoke in an American accent and told the student that his car was impounded on Cromwell Road. The student pointed him in the right direction, but the American man insisted that they take minicab to the car pound,

and paid the driver £15 upfront. The American man regaled the student with information to implicitly suggest that he was to be trusted; one such piece of information was that he was in the US Marine Corps.

The American man then wanted the student to pay for the car to be released, claiming that his credit card was not working. The student was promised that he would receive an

iPod or double the amount of money asked. The student said that at this point "I tried to hide my surprise at the rapidly deteriorating situation, and said I didn't want to profit, I just wanted to help him." The student withdrew £70 to give to the man, saying that "by this stage... the loss of £70 was probably



EDITOR'S PICKS

HANGMAN

>>34

Twitter is right

See what Obie is up to this week. Many of you may have spotted the terrible error last week. This week there aren't any such atrocities.



FEATURE

>>6

RPS at Imperial

Finally, the moment that literally no-one thought would come to Imperial (as they had never heard of it).



FASHION

>>17

Fashion week

This week we report back on the Fashion Weeks that are going on. It includes the (I'm told the correct word is) chicest toddler ever.



CLASSIFIEDS

Medical Summarizer Wanted

Looking for 4th, 5th or 6th year medical student with medical understanding. 15 hours a week.

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For further details please contact Mr. Faisal Ahmed on 07776126204

Job Description - Summarizing all medical letters and discharge summaries from Secondary Care (Hospitals) into the medical records for each patient at the practice, clinical software used is EMIS LV.

All Saints Church, Fulham

Altos wanted

The choir of All Saints Fulham is an excellent, semi-professional choir of approximately 20 amateur, auditioned singers.

We are currently looking to expand our alto section. The choir sings weekly Sunday Eucharists, with sung Mass settings on feast days, and Choral Evensongs. The positions would be ideal for, but are by no means restricted to, a young professional, or London student looking for somewhere friendly to sing, but which provides a high standard of music making.

This term's music includes a Bach cantata Evensong with orchestra, masses by Palestrina, Vierne and Briggs, Howells' Requiem, and the world premiere of a composition by Francis Pott, as well as the usual cathedral-style anthems and settings.

The choir is extremely welcoming, and has a busy social life! The director of music is always interested in hearing from prospective singers, and is very happy to chat about any aspects of the position.

Jonathan Wikeley (Director of Music)

dom@allsaints-fulham.org.uk, tel: 07966 969 746

<http://www.allsaints-fulham.org.uk/music.htm>

LOLCATZ OF TEH WEEK: Finding these is a perk of the job



This week, we have painstakingly (sort of) gone through all of the league tables so you can see where we stand. Also, importantly, you can see where your subject is placed. I hope it's interesting and that you enjoy the pretty infographics. We've tried to strip out the boring waffling from us and just give you the facts and figures.

League tables are a tough one really. It's impossible to really measure how good a university is. It's definitely not an exact science at all. The main problem is that a lot of it can be subjective, and some parts can be swayed by people massaging the truth like their working on a pleasure cruise. By this I mean both the academic assessment and the NSS. The NSS is, of course, the most subjective, and the most open to people attempting to cheat their university into a higher slot. I don't blame people for that. Wanting to have a high value degree and excellent job prospects because of it isn't exactly a crime.

It really does boil down to what you say it actually is that makes an institution good. It could be the teaching standards, the satisfaction of the students, the quality of the research. There are many different factors that all contribute towards making a uni-

versity a good university. In my humble opinion, sometimes a name of an institution proceeds it, and they can always count on being thought of as excellent. I'm not convinced that, at this point in time, the wider public are as intently aware of who Imperial are.

When discussing league tables it really is impossible to not talk about The Guardian really. They have become notorious (sort of, well, amongst me at least) for the use of their strange, stupid, and downright absurd "Value Added Bullshit" (actually called "Value Added Score", but that gets the gist of it across). What happens with this is that it takes your entry tariff (your IB, A levels, whatever you needed to get in) and then looks at the degree you achieve from your university. It then says that if you get very low grades at A Level and come out with a high grade at university, then the university is excellent at teaching. This is, to put it mildly, a bit of an odd perspective. The question that I'm sure you're shouting into your sandwich is "couldn't that just mean that the course is really piss easy?". The answer, that I'm hastily writing on a Thursday night with too much caffeine and too little sleep, is yes. I really think that it does mean that the degree is not as challenging. If you

come in with high grades and don't get a first, to me, that indicated that the course is pretty tough going.

Imperial is very high in most of the tables. This indicates that we are, indeed, a truly great university (with a truly great newspaper...). In my mind, considering we are consistently within, at least, the top 30 in the world, I find it odd to think that I could have been accidentally allowed to waltz in through the doors. It's a surreal feeling looking at those tables and figures and thinking "hey, I am at one of the best universities in the world". Well, according to what we found, you are. Now pat yourself on the back. Now stop patting yourself on the back as people are watching you and you look slightly odd.

However, my only perception of a degree is actually this one that I have done. How can I know what a degree is like elsewhere? How can I say that chemistry (which is what I "studied") is not better at, say, Bristol, or even (I shudder at the thought) UCL? The reason I close with this statement is to give you a word of caution to pass on to everyone that will listen. Don't blindly take ranking tables to be absolute fact and undeniable truth. There's method to the madness, but is it the correct method?

THIS WEEK FELIX WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY

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NEWS

Constitution changes to be discussed

- Full changes to be circulated by Monday
- Agreed to in principle by Council
- Changes to structure of some Boards

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

In the first Council of the academic year, changes to the constitution, which were put forward by Paul Beaumont, Union President, were agreed to in principle. A period of consultation is now expected to begin. Beaumont said that he was going to be talking to people about it and explaining the changes.

It is expected that the final document, with any changes made to the current one available, will be made public twelve days before Council meets to vote on it.

Last year, the Union President at the time, Scott Heath, proposed changes to the Constitution, which is effectively the set of guidelines that decides how

the Union is structured and governed.

The changes proposed this time around are different do not include the Deputy President (Finance & Services) no longer being a position.

The Representation & Welfare Board (RWB) would be split into two in the changes. These would be the Education & Representation Board, where officers who are dealing with representation would sit, and the Communities & Welfare Board, where welfare officers would sit.

The composition of Executive Committee has also been proposed to be changed. This would include the President as the Chair (as before), the Deputy Presidents, the Constituent Union Presidents, and four members of Council; this would be instead of the members of the CSB and FWB. The Executive Committee, which currently deals with the day-to-day running of the Union and not the policy direction, would remain in that role. It would, however, be able to approve expenditure of up to £100,000 and not £500,000 as before. This was justified with the reason being that only one or two events ever get to that much.

In the new Constitution, Court will no longer exist with its roles shifted to sub-committee of the Trustee Board.

The changes propose that the Trustee Board is changed in makeup. The new Board would be the President, Council Chair, all of the Deputy Presidents (Education, Welfare, Finance & Services, and Clubs & Societies), and two elected Student Trustees. The other members of the Trustee Board

would all be appointed. They would be the Lay Trustees, College Governor, Life Member, and two appointed Student Trustees. The Student Trustees would be appointed by being put forward by the Appointments and Remunerations Committee, ratified by Council, and approved by the Trustee Board. Any Trustee could be removed by a 2/3rd vote of Council.

The Trustee Board would no longer have 4 Student Trustees voted by the entire student body, and the Court Chair would no longer have a place.

Another change is that the RSM would become a Constituent Union, along with all of the other current Faculty Unions (RCSU, CGCU ICSMSU). In Council, this point did cause some contention about how it would effect representation.

The position of a Sabbatical Officer for Postgraduates is put forward as well. The paper says that Beaumont's opinion is that the Graduate Schools Association (GSA) President being the Sabbatical Officer would work best. Also the Faculty Unions (e.g. RCSU) would no longer be representing Postgraduates, with the GSA taking that role.

A change proposed in elections was that the Returning Officer would be an external person.

Paul Beaumont will be writing a Comment article for next week's Felix to explain the changes. To see the document with all of the changes in full go to: https://www.imperialcollegeunion.org/your-union/how-were-run/papers/12-13/Union_Council/226



The camera man was leaning against a wall to look effortlessly cool

Student asked for £200

... continued from the front page

stage... the loss of £70 was probably the best outcome I could hope for". The student informed the driver of the minicab asking to not be left with the con man.

Having left the student in the minicab with all of his belongings, the con man returned to say that he now required £200. The student avoided withdrawing this money by telling the con man that he had reached his overdraft limit. The American man then attempted to take the mini cab to a "relative's house", but the driver

did not take him. The driver then left, and the student told the con man that he could not help any more. The driver then picked the student up further down the road and took the student to Kensington police station. In the police station, the crime took 4 hours to report.

The crime has also been reported to the Imperial College Police Officer and the Imperial College Head of Security.

The student said: "I was lucky to lose only £70. Had it not been for the decency of the cab driver, it may have ended up much worse".

BUCS changes could affect sports teams

Changes to the league that Imperial College London's sports teams play in could require some reorganisation.

The teams are currently split into Imperial College (which is all of the subjects from the university) and Medics (which,

as hinted in the name, is Medicine).

However, it was brought up in Council on Monday 8 October by the President of the Imperial College School of Medicine Students' Union President, Shiv Vorha, that the league is going to force

Imperial to change. This change could mean that teams will lose positions in leagues, or be put into different leagues. It was decided at Council that it would be more pertinent for the sports teams to discuss the issue.

Ahmad will now face trial in the United States

... continued from the front page

the court have colluded to implement a pre-determined decision which was made in Washington. We will never abandon our struggle for justice and the truth will eventually emerge of what will be forever remembered as a shameful chapter in the history of Britain".

Shadow Justice Minister, and Tooting MP, Sadiq Khan, said: "The way criminal cases work in America means that defendants facing a trial are advised to plea bargain. It is a big

risk pleading 'Not Guilty'. My understanding is that the consequences of this include the threat of life in solitary confinement without parole, should they lose a trial. If those are the stakes which pleading 'Not Guilty' involve then it is no wonder that over 97 per cent of defendants accept a plea bargain – regardless of how confident or determined they are to stand trial"

A British Businessman and anti-extradition campaigner Karl Watkin tried to call for a private prosecution in the UK. The Director of Public Prosecutions (DPP), Kier Starmer QC,

rejected his proposal. Mr Starmer released a statement that said Mr Watkin's documents were "very short, lack any meaningful detail and do not provide any real support for a prosecution".

Mr Watkins responded stating, "The public will decry this decision as it supports a trial thousands of miles from where the alleged crime was committed simply because in the DPP's opinion, the evidence is too weak to prosecute in the UK. If that's not outsourcing our criminal justice system, I don't know what is."

Sponsored Editorial

More student cuts Discount haircuts for Imperial students at Fresh Hairdressers

More student cuts for Imperial students at South Kensington's FRESH Hairdressers.

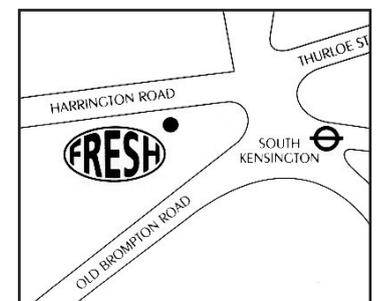
Men's cuts £22
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All of our cuts are done by highly experienced stylists. Tuesday to Fridays 9.30 to 4.30 (sorry no discounts on Saturdays).

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Where Imperial College London Positions in the world rankings

Times Higher Education World University Rankings

Ranking	University	Overall Score
1	California Institute of Technology	95.5
2	Stanford University	93.7
3	University of Oxford	93.7
4	Harvard University	93.6
5	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	93.1
6	Princeton University	92.7
7	University of Cambridge	92.6
8	Imperial College London	90.6
9	University of California, Berkeley	90.5
10	University of Chicago	90.4

Brief overview of how the table is compiled

This table is compiled using thirteen different factors, which are grouped into the five areas. These areas are weighted in differing amounts. Teaching is worth 30 per cent and has five sub-categories. The main weighting of which is an invitation only academic reputation survey from Thomas Reuters in spring 2012. Other factors include various ratios. Research is 30 per cent and the main factor is the university's reputation for excellence amongst the academic community. Research income is also used as an indicator, but is normalised to take into account different grant sizes being given for different subjects. Citations counts for 30% and is the heaviest weighting in the table. It collects citations from 2006-2011 and uses 12,000 academic journals, looking at 50 million citations from 6 million articles. International Outlook, worth 7.5%, is compiled by studying the diversity on campus and how much research is performed with international collaboration. The ratio of international to domestic students is measured: the more international students, the higher the ranking. Industry income is the final factor. It is only weighted at 2.5%, and so is the least influential factor. It looks at the universities ability to help industry with innovations, inventions, and consulting.

World Reputation Rankings

Ranking	University	Overall Score
1	Harvard University	100.0
2	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	87.2
3	University of Cambridge	80.7
4	Stanford University	72.1
5	University of California, Berkeley	71.6
6	University of Oxford	71.2
7	Princeton University	37.9
8	University of Tokyo	35.6
9	University of California, Los Angeles	33.8
10	Yale University	32.4
11	California Institute of Technology	29.6
12	University of Michigan	23.2
13	Imperial College London	22.2

Brief overview of how the table is compiled

The first thing to note is that this table is not the same as the World University Rankings by the Times Higher Education Supplement. The table is compiled by tens of thousands of academics being contacted and asked to fill out the Times Higher Education Academic Reputation Survey. The survey used United Nations data to distribute it, and was available in nine languages. The table ranks the universities on an overall basis, which combines the data on their reputation for research and teaching. The weighting of the scores are 2:1 in the favour of teaching. The Times Higher Education say that this is because their expert advisors have noted that academics are better placed to make accurate judgements on the research quality of an institution. The scores are compiled by looking at how many times an academic responded that a certain institution was the best in their field. E.g. a chemistry lecturer may say that Harvard are the best for chemistry. This higher their score. The scores are represented as a percentage of Harvard's. Therefore Imperial's was 22.2% of Harvard.

QS Rankings

Overall Rankings

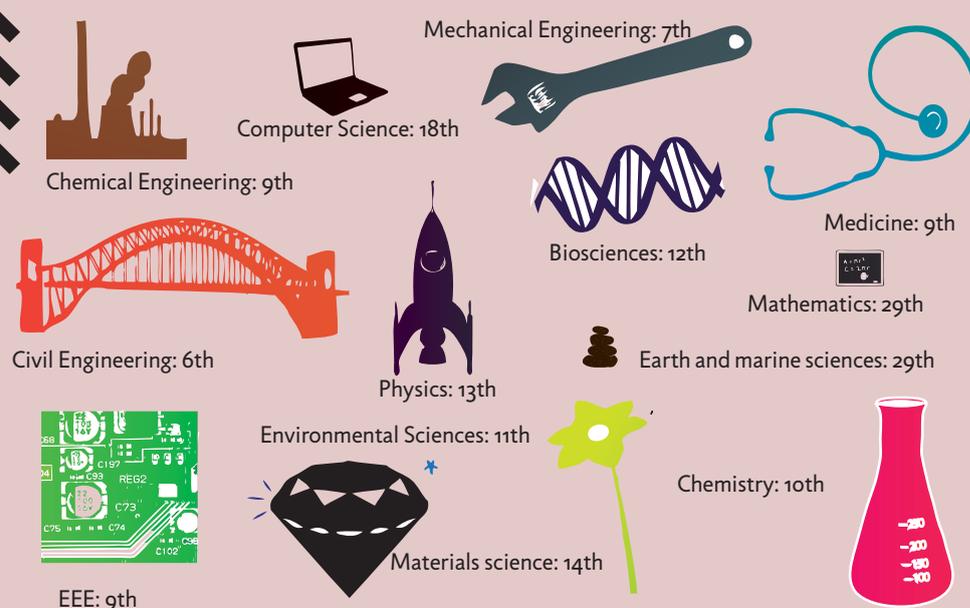
Ranking	University	Overall Score
1	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	100
2	University of Cambridge	99.8
3	Harvard University	99.2
4	UCL (University College London)	98.7
5	University of Oxford	98.6
6	Imperial College London	98.3
7	Yale University	97.5
8	University of Chicago	96.3
9	Princeton University	95.4
10	California Institute of Technology	95.1

Brief overview of how the table is compiled

Firstly, it should be noted that Imperial College London is ranked the exact same in the world as it was last year.

The table is compiled in a similar way to many other tables: that is that the academics, teaching, and citations are assessed. The criteria are, with the weighting used in brackets: academic reputation (40% – the highest), employer reputation (10%), ratio of staff to students (20%), which is there to assess teaching, citations per faculty (20%), amount of international students and staff (10%).

QS World Subject Rankings



Academic Ranking of World Universities

Imperial are currently ranked 24th in the Academic Ranking of World Universities table, which is compiled by Shanghai Jiaotong University. Imperial has been typically hovering around the mid twenties in the table. The highest ranking achieved by Imperial was in 2003 when Imperial were 17th. In 2008, Imperial were ranked in their lowest place in 27th.

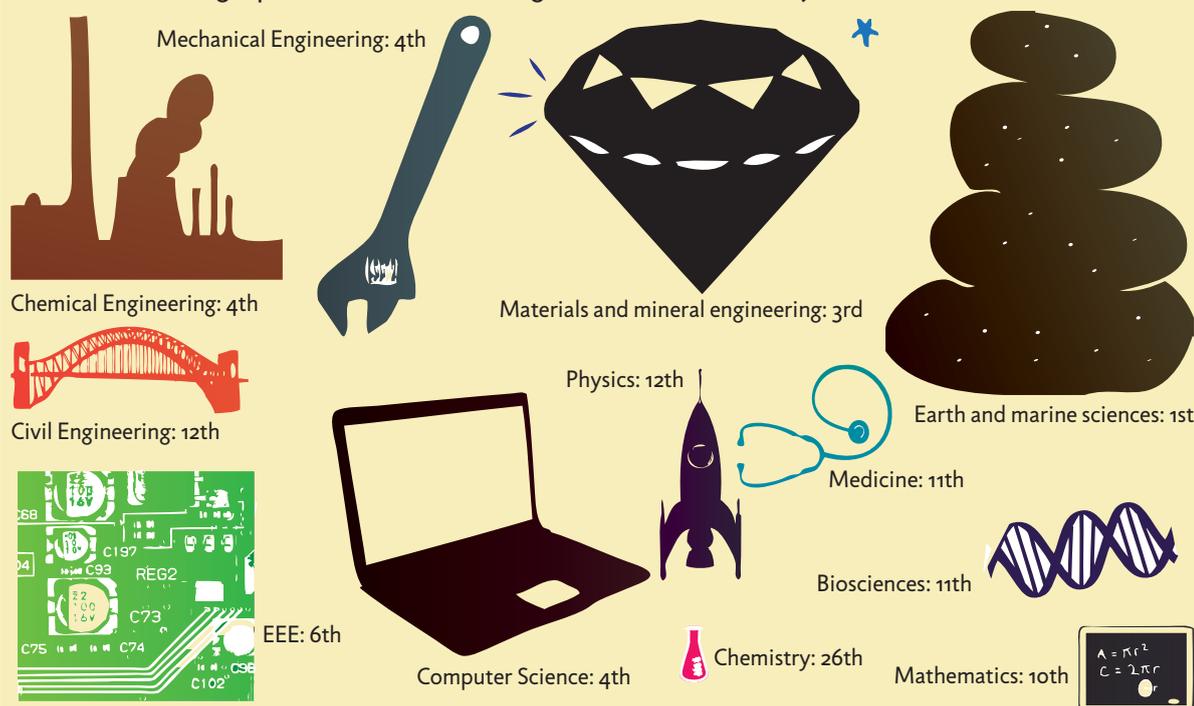
It is considered to be very influential on the international scene, and is even backed by the Chinese government.

London is ranked in tables

Subject Tables

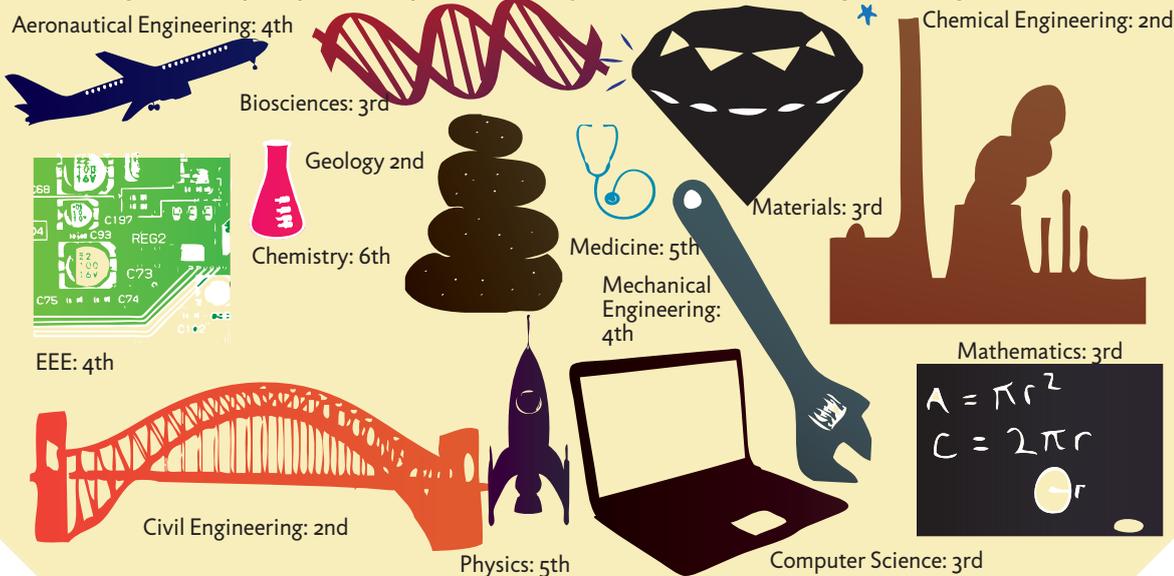
The Guardian

In the overall table, Imperial College London ranks 13th. In terms of the NSS feedback score, Imperial is 3rd from the bottom (with the bottom institution not actually having figures for the NSS response). However, the entry tariff, which is the UCAS points required to be offered a place, is the third highest at Imperial, with only Cambridge and Oxford above. Below, the infographic shows the rankings in the different subjects.



The Complete University Guide

In this table, Imperial currently ranks 4th overall. In this table, Cambridge is first, with LSE being second and Oxford being 3rd. From 2010-2012, Imperial was 3rd overall, and so has fallen by one spot. In all of the subject tables, shown below, Imperial ranks very highly. In terms of graduate prospects, Imperial actually is 1st, with Cambridge coming in 2nd.



Responses

From the Union



Doug Hunt

Deputy President (Education)

Imperial's academic staff are making changes to improve the NSS score but it takes a few years for the cohort that is benefiting from this to fill out the survey in their final year. So we won't see immediate results but know that the academic staff are working hard to give you a world class education, while trying to improve your satisfaction.

However there still is large potential for improvement and more needs to be done to increase student's satisfaction, for example 86% ranked us 67th but 89% would rank us 25th for satisfaction due to it being so densely populated at the top of the table. A significant number of Imperial College Union's 2011 NSS response recommendations have not been acted on and it is up to the College to decide if they want to put more resources behind accomplishing these, which will result in a significant rise of student satisfaction.

The Union is taking this seriously because unless your teacher or parent tells you to apply for Imperial, you are going to generally go by the league tables when you are 17 or 18 years old.

Some league tables are misleading for talented prospective students, for example the Guardian doesn't take into account research as a metric and heavily relies upon the NSS results, while using the the value added score, which is a useless metric since it measures how much a student has improved from their entry standards to their final graduating honours, which of course is an idiotic way to analyze a university where everyone gets at least three A's at A-level.

The disparity between international and national rankings is based on what they wish to assess. So international rankings focus on hard reliable facts, while national rankings use unreliable student satisfaction results.

From the College



Sir Keith O'Nions

President & Rector

While league tables can be met with mixed emotions, we must keep in mind that they influence perceptions of the College and inform the decisions of prospective staff and students. It is therefore a welcome boost that Imperial has kept its position as the eighth best university in the world according to the THE, in good company alongside three other UK universities in the top twenty. We cannot rest on our laurels but we can be proud that we are firmly embedded among the world's leading universities, unshaken by competition from Asia where massive investment in higher education and research is paying dividends.

Compiled and written by Tim Arbabzadah and Aemun Reza
Illustrations by Lizzy Griffiths



Being adventurous with wo Erasmus orgasmus: an introduction

A welcome to the “sexual revolution” and culture swapping

The ever expanding programme is mixing Europeans up. Students not only polish their language skills on their year out, but discover other delights. A true immersion in another culture is something different to travelling here and there.

Erasmus is a truly European experience, where Bulgarians date Brits, Poles swoon with Swedes, and Germans canoodle with Spaniards. As well as much loving, there is, of course, much heartbreak and STI-spreading. As summed up by Umberto Eco, Erasmus is a “sexual revolution,” where people are becoming European. His example in-

involved a Catalan man and a Flemish girl shacking up. Of course, he is romanticising, for there are risks of culture clashes and messy, long distance mishaps. However, you cannot help but be impressed by the German guy becoming fluent in Polish for his newfound love or at the French man proposing to his English rose. For the record, both are true stories.

Don't forget: we are truly lucky to live in the Europe we have today; we have had peace for seventy years, and it has been more than two decades since the fall of the Berlin Wall. Don't forget we are free

to study where we want, when we want, intellect and money providing (Erasmus helps with the latter, but not the former).

Do not be limited by Erasmus. It doesn't take that much effort to up sticks, go pick grapes in the Bordeaux region, au-pair in Prague, or intern in Vienna. Where there is a will, there is a way. Don't limit yourself. If you have a second language, no matter how hazy, use it, go and improve on it! Even if you don't, with English as the lingua franca, the world is your oyster. Go explore, work and study elsewhere, for it has never ever been easier.



Chopin lays down the moves

Integration issues

Emily Beech isn't talking about maths, don't panic...

When contemplating my year in France, I imagined myself surrounded by various French friends, drinking wine in the sun and eating bread and cheese. I found myself slightly disappointed. The cheese and wine were present in abundance but the French?! Where were they?

As one of the only foreign students to arrive in September to an agricultural university in the south of France, I thought it quite likely that most of my acquaintances would be from France. However, I could count the people of French origin who would stop and say hello on one hand. After 10 months there, I feel that is somewhat shocking.

That is not to say that I did not make friends there; there were some very lovely people from all over the world. Every weekend I spent my time with a group of foreigners speaking in pigeon French. Most of the first term was spent solely with Brazilians (strangely there were around twenty!), with very little contact with the

inhabitants of the country I lived in. Unfortunately when there was some communication with these elusive nationals, they lacked originality in their conversation. As the only foreign girl taking one module I was asked around 150 times whether I was the English girl. Awkwardly, that appeared to be the only question that they could come up with, and I have lost count of the number of embarrassing silences which followed in those first four weeks.

Perhaps they were just not interested in trying to decipher what I was saying? I for one think it is sad that they are missing out on the opportunity to mix with people from all over the world and learn new stuff. Unsurprisingly there was no Erasmus club there; something which I think shows that they are not ready to welcome the world with fully open arms.

I must note that this lack of French interaction is not necessarily lacking for all the Erasmus students in Montpellier; the only American male seemed to be attracting the attention of the whole French female community! Superficial much?



Errrrgh, which way to a chip butty?

Features Editors: Stephen Smith,
Caroline Wood
felix@imperial.ac.uk

FEATURES

Work: Erasmus and industry

So, this one time: in Aachen

Mary Raveendran gives you an insight into a year in Germany

Everyone says that a year abroad is one of the most exciting journeys of self-discovery you can go on. They are right. I thought I'd share some noteworthy (if not always happy) memories of my time abroad.

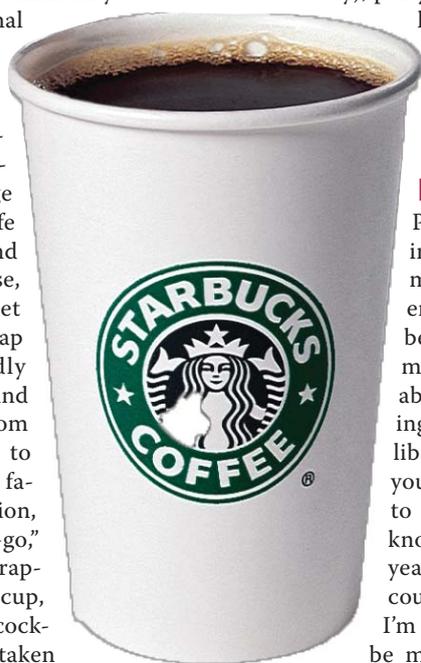
Arrival

I missed my flight to Germany, resulting in a terrifying start to the year. After many panicked calls, I hopped on the next flight, having spent the day getting to know Gatwick. A few hours later, I arrived at my building, where I slyly tailed an unsuspecting resident in, and then called upon my new neighbours to help break into my bedroom with a credit card and a knife – great first impression! I then had my first taste of halls in Germany... a wardrobe, a desk, and a bookshelf... and that's all. No bed. No curtains. I rolled out my sleeping bag onto the floor, wondering just what I had let myself in for...

Party Time

Just like here, the start of the academic year kicks off with a plethora of alcohol-fuelled nights out, especially for the huge community of international students.

The switch from London to a student-based community was a huge one. Student life revolved around the Pontstrasse, a single street full of cheap student-friendly bars, clubs, and restaurants. From 25 cent shots to my personal favourite invention, the "cocktail-2-go," (a Starbucks Frappuccino style cup, filled with a cocktail, to be taken



The Polish Rick Astley. Unlike ours, he has no qualms about letting you down, apparently

away), partying is taken seriously! Needless to say, some of my most memorable evenings are a touch hazy...

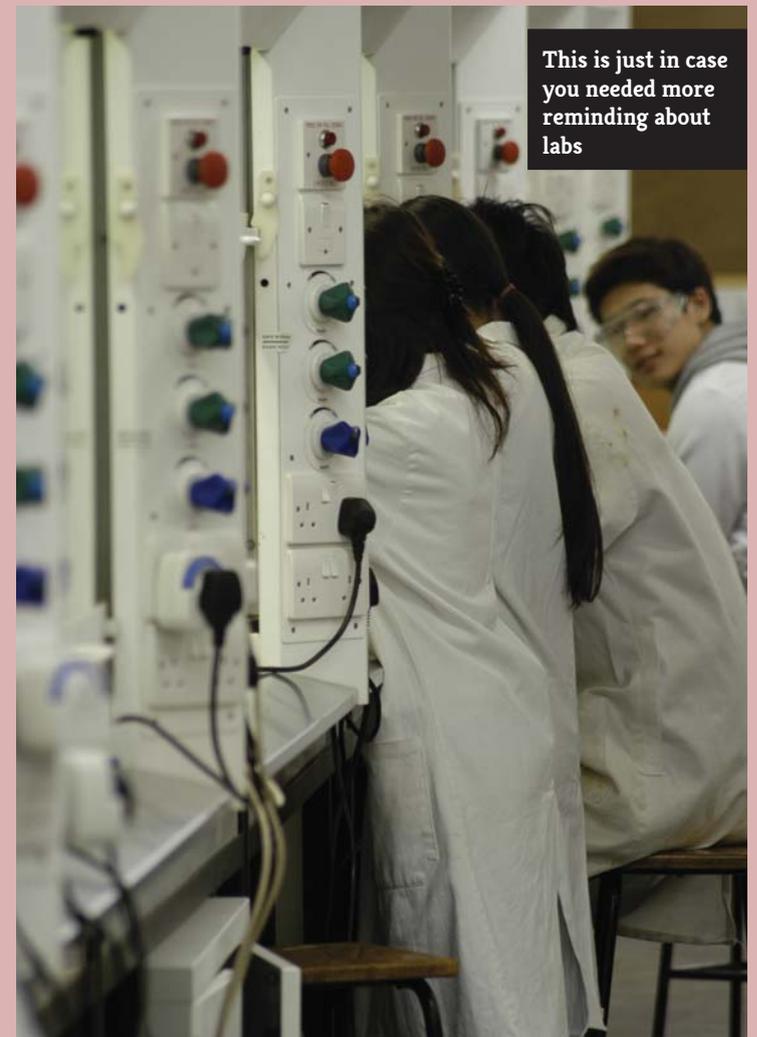
Friendship

Possibly the most incredible part of my Erasmus experience was the number of great friends I made. Although being abroad can be daunting, there's a strange liberation to knowing you can say anything to anyone, safe in the knowledge that in a year's time you'll be countries apart. "Hello, I'm new here, will you be my friend?" loses the

threat of complete humiliation... and it works! By the end of the year my room was fully furnished with gifts from my new friends, including a bed! I also learned a huge amount about life in places I had barely even heard of and got to experience new cultures from home, as well regularly jumping onto trains across Europe in my spare time. From discovering a love of Azerbaijani cuisine, to turning up to a Finnish sauna gathering (and then making a hasty exit when everyone turned out to be naked) I found myself thriving in a world of new experiences.

Needless to say, from a shaky start, my Erasmus year developed into an incredible, eye-opening experience. I couldn't recommend a year abroad more to anybody even slightly interested in travel... and I can't wait to start visiting my new friends worldwide!

But wait, what about a Year in Industry?



The placement year is touted as a commendable and worthwhile achievement to undertake. Unfortunately, in our current economic times, they are neither in surplus nor simple to acquire, even for students from Imperial. All I can say is: at the interview, be passionate and knowledgeable about your employer and your employment. It will sell a portion of your case for you.

My experience in Norwich at The Sainsbury Laboratory has been eye-opening, educational, and enjoyable. Thus far I have spent 8 months developing my own project looking into expression of the protein receptor FLS2 and its function in the plant immune response. While the learning curve was steep initially – what you actually do in practice is far different from the theory you get taught – it allows you to better appreciate what goes into the discoveries that you study.

I have further been introduced to the way science is truly global, arguably a double edged sword. Brilliant because you can meet and interact with people that you would never meet otherwise, but there is also the moving from place to place regularly, meaning you will have to start the process of making friends repeatedly; not an easy challenge for some.

You can, of course, find different methods of keeping your mind preoccupied – sports for example are a valuable outlet that allow you to relax after a long day. As is going out with friends for a few pints at the local pub – something Norwich certainly doesn't have a shortage of. Before 2008 it boasted a pub for every day of the year!

All said, the year in industry is an excellent way of finding out whether academia is for you or whether you would be better suited in an office environment or corporate laboratory.

James Strutt

FEATURES

Features Editors: Stephen Smith,

Caroline Wood

felix@imperial.ac.uk

“Better than the Olympics”

Caroline Wood reports on the newest sports craze to hit campus

Last Friday, the game famous for ending disputes amongst friends and acquaintances worldwide arrived at Imperial. In what can only be described as probably the most eventful lunchtime of the term so far, Imperial played host to the inaugural Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Championship (or RPS, as it's called by almost nobody). Felix brings you an on the ground report of the lunchtime's events.

Students and staff from all departments assembled beneath the Queen's Tower to participate in the momentous event. The Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Championship was officially declared open by Denis Wright, Dean of Students, and Jane Neary, Director of Commercial Services, as they gave participants an exemplary demonstration of how to play the game.

After an energetic warm-up, participants battled against each other valiantly, showing impressive dedication and commitment to the sport. Brutally, however, fifty percent of players were wiped out of the competition with each round, whilst the remaining contestants progressed up the 'steps of glory' towards the Queen's Tower.

After just four rounds, the Ladies' Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Champion, Sonali Campion of Imperial Hub, and Men's Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Champion, Alan Soltani from the Physics department, emerged from the participants. Sonali and Alan then went head-to-head in a battle to become the first ever Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Champion of Champions.

In a tense final, the skill level was upped to 'expert' level – the winner was crowned after not the best-of-one, not the best-of-three, but the best-of-FIVE matches of Rock Paper Scissors'. Sonali and Alan took their stance on the third step up.

Match one. A point to Alan! The crowd cheers! (Well, one of Alan's friends cheers.) The next match yields a draw. And the next, another draw. And then... SONALLIIIII! The Imperial Hub cohort goes wild and chant “So-na-li, So-na-li!”

Silence descends across the crowd in preparation for match number five. Alan just clinches it and takes us into a nail biting sixth match. Draw. The tension is prolonged and the handful of remaining spectators still watching fell silent. Another draw. (OK, when will this end?) And then, out of nowhere, match nine... goes to... ALAN!



Everyone swears at each other



RPS, or throwing gang signs?



Tense...



Alan basking in glory



Alan and his big trophy



Global celebrity Alan Soltani. Known as the “Tiger Woods of RPS”. Hopefully for the right reasons

He is triumphant! He basks in the glory! Alan Soltani from the Physics department is the first ever Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Champion! The Imperial Hub team rush to comfort Sonali, who seemed surprisingly unemotional.

Felix managed to get an exclusive interview with Alan just after he'd received his new title. We asked him how it felt to be the first Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors Champion. Elated and slightly overwhelmed he said: “It's an amazing feeling. The final was really tense and for a minute I thought I'd lost. But I pulled through after some great coaching and with mental strength.” As a friend called to him telling him they were late for their next lecture (or something like that) he was heard saying “I can't talk to you now, I'm a celeb.”

We later spoke to Sonali who told us “I'm still in shock! It started off fairly relaxed but as I climbed the steps it got more and more intense.”

She added, “I was disappointed to miss out on the overall title... but Alan was a worthy winner.”

Both Sonali and Alan have secured their place in the National Rock Paper Scissors Championship this Saturday. Sonali has been swatting up on tips and also practicing with friends in the hope that this time she might claim the top prize. Encouragingly, she is yet to be beaten by anyone except her boyfriend. (Awkward?)

The event really was a great success and Sport Imperial should be thanked for arranging the tournament. Neil Mosley, Head of Sport Imperial, told us: “Sport Imperial has always been devoted to enhance students and staff experience at Imperial. We hope this event gives people, especially new students, a different way to meet new



people. This is our first Imperial Rock Paper Scissors Championship and, given everyone's involvement and response today, we think it could become a new tradition at Imperial!” Felix couldn't agree more, and we can't wait for the return of the Imperial College London Rock Paper Scissors

Championship next year.

(Oh, and in case you were wondering (which you probably weren't), I came last after losing four consecutive times, which is actually just as probable as winning four times in a row. Therefore technically I am a winner too, right? Right?)

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Short Stories of the Week

Missing Women

After being accused of spying on employees in France, Ikea has issued an apology concerning its catalogue available in Saudi Arabia. In the Saudi version of the catalogue, women have been airbrushed out of pictures, including a woman standing in her pyjamas and an Ikea designer. Members of the Swedish government in particular were very critical of the multinational group, stating that companies should not abandon their values abroad. Saudi Arabia has been in the spotlight for women's rights (or lack thereof), as women do not yet have the right to vote, and it is the only country in the world where women are not allowed to drive.

Synchronised Toilet Flush

Citizens of Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, have been asked to participate in a synchronised toilet flush. The aim is to prevent blockage of sewage pipes by keeping them wet. This has been difficult due to a prolonged drought and water shortages. Authorities have warned that residents who fail to flush their toilet at the designated time and date will risk being fined. The first flush took place at 17:30 GMT, 24th September 2012. Two synchronised toilet flushes have been scheduled every week from now on.

Train Wreck

The Department for Transport has gone back on its decision of giving FirstGroup the west coast mainline contract. When the contract was awarded during the summer, it was met with cries of protest from Richard Branson and Virgin, the west coast's current operator. Branson claimed FirstGroup's bid was unreasonably high and service quality would deteriorate or lead to a similar crisis as that of the east coast mainline, which was subsequently nationalised. The decision was finally scrapped last week by the government, explained by flaws in the bidding process and calculation mistakes. The blame has been placed on civil servants, including three who have been suspended. The government is now faced with two difficult challenges. The bidding process has been shown to be complicated and flawed, it will most likely need to be abandoned or reformed. In addition, Virgin Trains' contract ends on 9th December; the route will have to be nationalised or an agreement will have to be reached with Virgin until a new bidding process can go through. The blunder has cost taxpayers £40million and is estimated to cost another £75million for every year the new contract is delayed. FirstGroup has stated it is considering legal action.

Marie-Laure Hicks Politics Editor

Miliband's Makeover

After his party address and mastering of the skill of repetition ("One Nation" - 46 times), the Labour leader is hoping to boost his election chances. **Matthew Proctor** looks into them.

Ed Miliband is on a high: his party has a 14 point lead over Cameron's Conservative party (YouGov/The Sun) who are themselves suffering from somewhat of a crisis of identity as Cameron struggles to find policies that will impress his right-wing backbenchers but will still keep his Lib Dem colleagues satisfied in government.

The Conservatives are struggling then, but, is it possible for Miliband to win the next election? His election to leader of the party brought widespread criticism from some in the party who believed that his brother, David, was the more confident character and was therefore more suited to the job. To some, David represented a new-era Tony Blair who would take the Labour Party back to 1997 levels of support. However, the votes of the unions for Ed Miliband eventually meant that he

was voted in.

Miliband is still thought of as a bit of an awkward character who can't really be seen to be a true leader. It was therefore important that he made a strong impression at his party conference last week. He had to make sure of three things:

A New Image

Ed took to the stage without notes, echoing what Cameron has done time and time again, and began to speak confidently, casually joking along. He had strong presence on the stage, moving around and making himself seen. Comparing this speech to his 2010 inaugural speech as Leader of the Opposition, the changes are profound: from a bumbling man behind a podium to an assured man commanding his audience. This was a new Ed Miliband, a true leader. That's the first point ticked off.

A party with real policies?

Unfortunately, his speech was rather lacking in this department. Miliband mainly talked about his own life and his upbringing — making sure to explicitly mention, multiple times, that he went to a comprehensive school and that he was born in a National Health Service hospital. This kind of spiel of course excited the strong left-wing crowd, but it did little to allay voters' fears that the Labour party were simply a party to criticise the Coalition's policies while continuing without a clear policy plan themselves. Miliband also piped on once again about "dealing with the banks" but failed to say how he planned on doing so.

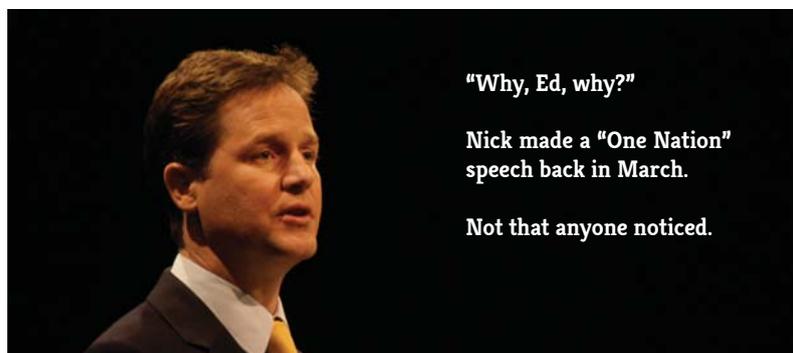
A party of the people?

Miliband talked of a "One Nation" Labour. This harks back to Disraeli, a Conservative politician and Prime Minister from 1874 to 1880. It was a bold move from Miliband. "He (Disraeli) was a Tory... but don't let that put you off!" he joked. He praised Disraeli's vision of a country coming together to defeat fascism — Miliband presented his vision of a Britain coming together today to rebuild the country after high levels of unemployment, a widening gap between rich and poor, and a general view that meritocracy has gone out of the window. It was a clever hijacking of

a traditional Tory ideal and an attempt from Miliband to claw back the voters he'd lost at the 2010 election — the middle-class, centre-ground men and women who had lost faith in Labour during the economic collapse in 2008. Miliband wanted to finish the idea of New Labour without going back to "old Labour."

So that's two out of three overall. Not a bad show from the Labour leader. In fact, YouGov polls showed that after the conference, confidence in whether Ed could become PM rose by 6 points. However, there's still a widespread view that, currently, Cameron is better off as PM. We'll have to wait and see how the Conservative party conference turns out before we can clearly say how well Ed Miliband has done. However, with Cameron finding it hard to keep his backbenchers happy and Osborne losing grip on the economy, it's hard to see how Cameron can turn the polls around to a clear Tory victory in 2015.

If they aren't victorious, it seems increasingly likely that Cameron will be ousted. Will this mean a return to the House of Commons for Boris Johnson? Probably not, with more right-wing characters such as Michael Gove and Liam Fox impressing backbenchers and Boris in the mayoral office until 2016. Boris fans will likely be disappointed come the next Parliament.



"Why, Ed, why?"

Nick made a "One Nation" speech back in March.

Not that anyone noticed.

Abortion debate resurfaces

Padraic Calpin Politics Editor

One of the central features of David Cameron's reinvention of the Conservative party going in to the 2010 election was the pull to the centre; dressed in the vocabulary of the Big Society and Green Conservatism, they sought to shed the old-fashioned, right-wing image. 'Backbench' MPs may have been unhappy, but the promise of government and a Tory majority kept them at bay.

However, that majority resolutely failed to materialise, and so began the struggle between Cameron and his backbenchers that seems to have defined the Conservative's period in coalition. Indeed, one of the first things Cameron did after becoming Prime Minister was to hammer through a vote allowing cabinet MPs to sit on

meetings of the 1922 Committee, a group of backbenchers that has the power to unseat a Tory leader.

In this way we can interpret the Tories' continual jerks to the right as the inevitable result of continual infighting, with Cameron swerving between direct conflict with his backbenchers, such as the unprecedented rebellion over Lord's reform, and attempts to placate them such as continual discussion about an EU referendum and the recent Cabinet reshuffle.

The recent furore over Jeremy Hunt's declaration of support for a reduction in the 24-week abortion time limit is a good example of the continual push and pull between the centre and the right. Hunt's position, unchanged since the 2008 vote,

which kept the time-limit at 24 weeks, appeals strongly to the more hardline voices in the back benches.

As Health Secretary, Hunt's role requires evidence based decisions and, simply put, the evidence is entirely against him; survival rates below 24 weeks have not improved substantially, and both the British Royal Association and the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists advise holding the limit at 24. Yet, by virtue of his position, his reaffirmation takes on more weight than the similar remarks made by Theresa May and Equalities Minister Maria Miller last week.

But David Cameron has stated quite plainly that the Tories have no plans to table another vote on the issue

of abortion. So why all the noise? Looking at the events with the context of infighting, it seems that Number 10 sought to reassure hardline Tories with a reminder that the Cabinet still sits to the right, in order to dampen the potential rebellion over the upcoming debate on gay marriage.

Looking at the speeches from the Conservative Party Conference this week, the language of the 'centre' seems to have disappeared entirely. Despite Cameron's appeal that "The Conservative party is for everyone" and refusal to stop talking about the invisible Big Society, his aides insist that the common ground in politics sits with them, well right of centre. Number 10, it seems, sides with the backbenchers, but it's taken two and a half years of pulling on their part for Cameron to let slip the mask of centrism.



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Date: **Monday 22nd October 2012**

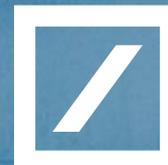
Time: **6.30 – 8.30pm**

Venue: **Winchester House, 1 Great Winchester Street, London EC2N 2DB**

For more information and to register to attend, please visit
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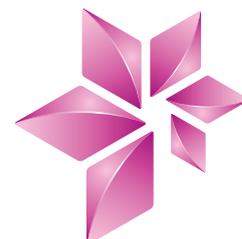
Monday, October 29th, 2012

Metric Nightclub, Imperial College Union, London
Refreshments at 5:00pm, debate starts at 5:30pm

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CLUBS & SOCIETIES

ICSE's Summer tour

Cora Xydas and **Rebecca Stenning** gently play you through a quick guide to what they got up to in their break from work

Stands, music and instruments packed up, the Imperial College String Ensemble headed off on the 13th of September to Speldhurst in Kent for their annual Summer tour. A long weekend of music, socializing and charity events was to follow. After a full cooked breakfast (an ICSE speciality) the 16 ensemble players rehearsed intensively at mastering Vivaldi's Winter, Corelli's Concerto Grosso "Christmas Concerto", the Imperial ArtsFest favourite "StopPlaying Your Homework And Do Your Video Games" by Gen Kim, and an arrangement of John Kander's Cabaret for string ensemble. All of this was performed at the concert in St Mary's Church in Speldhurst raising a fantastic £150 for St Mary's Church and the Tunbridge Wells Winter Shelter. The main social event of the tour, a village Barn Dance, allowed members to play as part of a Ceilidh band, try their hand at calling and entertained the local community, all whilst raising £70 for their newly launched "ICSE young conductor scheme". This will enable one Imperial student to gain training in conducting through conducting



ICSE casually playing with each other in a garden... What? Not like that

lessons whilst benefiting from ICSE's new conductor, Dan Shilladay's experience. Prior to the Ceilidh the ensemble split into two groups rehearsing and arranging "Swedish" (originally recorded by Blazin' Fiddles) and "Jigs"

(originally recorded by Last Orders) for the dance, an entirely new challenging but fun departure from ICSE's usual repertoire. Free time was spent exploring the local area and playing in small groups, all whilst consuming tea

and biscuits, in quantities only ICSE could manage! A barbecue and party rounded the weekend off and wet everyone's appetite for the next year of ICSE filled Friday evenings, social events and future weekends away!



Stringfellow jokes at the ready

Do you have a cloud of ideas?

Imperial College Design Collective

What if the word "career" meant "fun", "passion", and "entrepreneurship", instead of "oil-platform", "finance", or "academia"? We want to show a different set of doors the education at Imperial College unlocks for you far from the obvious and spineless paths Imperial's flocked careers fairs hold. Imperial College Design Collective (ICDC) demonstrates how knowledge acquired at Imperial can be applied in all design fields.

On Wednesday students from Civil Eng, Electrical Eng, Computing and Mechanical Eng (to name but a few) worked on "Enhancing the cycling experience in London". Concepts were put forward by members of different teams and developed through the afternoon. Ideas such as a new brake distribution system or a bike detection system for buses were developed. Designer Larissa Kunstel assisted the workshops in the creation and deepening of ideas. We will



"Totally just stealing this Macbook"

work on bringing the ideas to real projects this Wednesday and the designer Dominic Thomas, of the legendary award winning Genesis Bikes, will come and review them in person!

This year holds a very exciting programme: our four themes for 2012-2013 are Interactive City, Toys, Emotions and Personality, and Barriers. Members of the society will enjoy an in-depth view of each theme through hands-on workshops led by professionals and academics from Imperial and the Royal College of Arts.

No specific skills are required, but a smile, a cloud of ideas and a will to share them. We encourage people from all different backgrounds to join as there is

no such thing as irrelevant knowledge when it comes to creativity as we saw in our first workshop.

ICDC maintains connections with distinguished and prominent designers, architects and manufacturers who will provide us with insight and guidance. By organising regular talks, office visits and exhibitions, we will further allow for Design to play a larger role at Imperial.

If you believe that Design, Science and Technology are complimentary fields and if you want to see what kind of remarkable things can happen at their junction, then like our Facebook page "Imperial College Design Collective" to access our talks and events and come to our workshops!



They lost their sign-up sheet at Freshers Fair.

Email:

bonerges@imperial.ac.uk if you signed up!

RCSU on top

Plabon Saha says: seriously, we stole everyone's shit

Fresher's Fair 2012 saw an unprecedented rise in mascotry and the RCSU-CGCU rivalry was re-ignited with a burning vengeance. After the capture of the ICSMU's Phoenix head last year the RCSU went a step further as it is currently holding onto City and Guild Union's Bolt and Spanner and the ICSMU's Phoenix feet. However, it pains me to say that our beloved mascot Theta was violated as well and one of its four parts is currently in the hands of the dirty engineers in CGCU.

After numerous failed attempts by the engineers to steal Theta during fresher's fair they finally struck gold (or steel) when I was taking Theta apart. Michele Tonutti, the CGCU Events Officer ran off with a pole while someone else ran off with the bulb. By the time the bulb had been recovered, Michele was safely away to the CGCU office, which was only a flight of stairs away. The irony of the situation is that Theta was being taken apart just so it can be safely put away.

Further efforts were made by other committee members to find a way to make Theta whole and once we realized that our effort was going in vain, the committee decided to exact revenge on the CGCU by stealing their mascot. Despite CGCU members' watchful eye, RCSU Events Officer Ali Ibrahim was able to swipe the 35kg Bolt and bolted for the

door where he met resistance in the form of Michele Tonutti. But at this point a six-way tussle broke out near the Mech Eng entrance to Dalby Court as other RCSU committee members rushed to Ali's help. They helped to pin Michele down on the floor and Ali was able to safely flee with the bolt. Michele was later seen distraught alongside Bolt bearer Yuchen Wang.

Furthermore on Wednesday night, CGCU's hope of salvaging any form of pride vanished as their Spanner was captured. With the Spanner bearer Melanie Singh intoxicated, I was able to convince her to let me borrow her college card, which gave me a sure-fire way into the CGCU office. While on a mission to retrieve Theta, I found the Spanner carelessly lying on the floor. Unable to find Theta's missing part I decided to make-do with the Spanner, which leaves CGCU mascotless. In other news, during Fresher's Fair the Medics also lost a part of their mascot to RCSU. During mid-day Ali and I made our way to SAF for reconnaissance as we tried to locate Phoenix. At this point we were spotted by some medics and were escorted out of the area. However, I was cunningly lying in wait and went back half an hour later to find the feet of the Phoenix carelessly lying under one of the desks. I made a quick grab for it and made a run for it before the medics could realise what

hit them. The ransom demands for the Phoenix are the first four terms of the mascot negotiations where "CGCU" is to be replaced by "ICSMSU".

RCSU President James Tsim wants to use this chance to issue a warning to all the faculty unions that the RCSU's love for Theta is eternal and the lengths we'll go to protect it is immeasurable. As evident by the mascotless CGCU's hopeless situation, anyone who tries to violate Theta should know that the RCSU will show no mercy. We will look for you, we will find you, and we WILL HAVE REVENGE.

The RCSU is issuing the following ransom demands to CGCU:

1. The CGCU President will come to the next RCSU Bar Night and do a Fresher's Yard.
2. An E-mail must be sent out to the Faculty by the President where the sole purpose of the e-mail is to accept RCSU's superiority.
3. £200 must be donated to RCSU Rag.
4. The CGCU will buy a keg for the next RCSU Bar Night.
5. The missing part of Theta will be safely returned.
6. The President and the Spanner and Bolt Bearers must go through a form of public shaming at the next RCSU Bar Night where they must stand at the entrance in ragged clothes and hang their heads in shame while wearing signs around their necks claiming RCSU's superiority.



One night, in Gem bar

Felix sends undercover reporter **MC Hämmer** on a night out...

Undercover reporting allows for the scythe of truth to cut through wrongdoings like a wieldy knife through butter. Corruption can be unmasked! Bureaucracy criticized! All with a single tap of the keyboard, preferably followed by several more. But how could one possibly decide what deserving targets to strike? The answer, in this case, was determined by the fact that there was nothing better to do on Tuesday night. The fickle finger of fate fell upon the RCSU Autumn Ball, held at Soho's Gem Bar.

What deadly secrets would the event be hiding? None, it turns out.

For the uninitiated out there, all students of the natural sciences belong to the Royal College of Science Union, or RCSU. The Autumn Ball marked one of the ongoing festivities of its 'Freshers' Fortnight', which con-

cluded with its 'Buddies Bar Night' on Thursday. But anyway, to business. Was it worth it?

The RCSU has undoubtedly had somewhat of a legacy in the past year or two, racking up events with astronomical bar tabs. Could the new committee compete? With three free drinks on offer for a £12 ticket, it certainly allowed for easy mingling to find out just what people thought of the event themselves. Luckily I'd been to a networking event earlier in the evening – ironically, of course. Armed with a repertoire of buzzwords and catchphrases that would make Roy Walker balk, my newly acquired skills in jargon and my own sheer natural charisma saw me through.

I avoided asking certain individuals about what they studied or what year they were in, but instead went

far more profound, offering such scintillating brainteasers designed to stimulate and evoke a deep response. "What do YOU hope to gain from tonight's event?" "What do YOU think about the economy?" The questions flowed and the answers ranged from "What do you mean?" to "I can't hear you," due to the music. (Top marks for remembering to have music, RCSU folks! I literally cannot fault the fact that there was music in a club environment.)

While some events in the past have been a bit crowded, the choice of venue this time was definitively spacious. In the words of Another compatriot remarked that it was "pretty big."

And yet... and yet the opening strains of R Kelly's seminal classic 'Bump n' Grind' were cruelly snatched away by a far less musically interest-



ing composition. Seeking solace away from this crushing disappointment, I ventured outside.

The RCSU's perennial fire engine Jezebel turned up to offer rides around the Soho backstreets to interested parties, and then drove off by midnight, presumably because it was past its bedtime.

"It was great riding it and all but I thought we were going to head down Oxford Street at 60mph," complained a second year Biochemistry student, demonstrating a clear lack of knowledge about speed limits.

Events took a sour turn when my

freshly pressed chinos suffered the misfortune of coming into contact with what could, in retrospect, have been a pile of salt, judging by the hideous white mark I found on them on the bus back. How a pile of salt wound its way into such an establishment will undoubtedly remain a mystery, but I implore the committee to investigate ways to prevent this kind of mishap from happening again.

I could say that the event was life-affirming, but unfortunately I'm not studying for a degree in hyperbole. It was the one below life-affirming. Two thumbs up.

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NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS OF OUR BARS

Due to College ID cards not being provided with a 'red box' this year for students who are under eighteen, the Union will have to be even more diligent than normal when checking students' identification on entering bars.

Students visiting the Union's bars – both in South Kensington and Charing Cross – will have to show photo identification on entry to the venue (passport, driving licence or pass ID), and at the bar too. Students who are under eighteen are still welcome to come to the bars, but extra care will be taken to ensure that no alcohol is being bought 'on behalf' of others.

Please don't be offended by more identification checks than normal – these measures are purely as a precaution to protect the Union's licence to sell alcohol and shouldn't affect your enjoyment of the bars in anyway!

The Union would like to remind students that our bars, whilst not public, are licensed premises, and anyone found to be breaking these or any other Union rules will face disciplinary action.

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union



From stem cells to sex cells

Stem cell research receives another vital boost. **Fiona Hartley** reports

Japanese researchers have created viable eggs in mice from skin stem cells which produced healthy fertile offspring that successfully had their own progeny. This breakthrough could hopefully lead to treatments for human infertility in the distant future.

Stem cells give rise to all specialised cells in the body, and are also self-renewing to produce more stem cells. Stem cells in humans come in two basic forms: embryonic stem (ES) cells and adult stem cells. ES cells were ethically controversial because of the embryonic destruction required to harvest them. In 2006, Shinya Yamanaka succeeded in reprogramming adult stem cells to an ES cell-like state. These cells were named induced pluripotent stem (iPS) cells. Yamanaka won the Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine for this work just this week.



The recent successes will help aid research into germ-line development. Meanwhile, the mouse thinks: "hmmm, definitely smells like an arse"

news.wisc.edu

Mitunori Saitou and his team from Kyoto University, the authors of this study, have previously made functional sperm cells from adult cells in mice, which were used to successfully fertilise eggs. Their new study, published in *Science* last week, shows that a modified version of the system they used to make sperm can also make eggs that, importantly, give rise to healthy progeny.

The group applied a mix of signalling molecules to turn ES cells and iPS cells (derived from skin stem cells) into primordial germ cells (PGCs), the precursor cells to sperm in males and oocytes (eggs) in females. The PGCs were then added to embryonic ovary tissue, making "reconstituted" ovaries. This mixture was transplanted into female mice, where immature oocytes developed. The immature oocytes were removed, and allowed to mature in vitro. The team then fertilised the mature oocytes with mouse sperm.

The resultant embryos were transplanted into surrogate female mothers, and these embryos developed into fertile mice.

Saitou and colleagues are now investigating whether PGCs can be made from adult human stem cells. This may prove difficult because of differences between mouse and human cells, but the ultimate hope is that one day this technique could be used to make eggs to help infertile couples have children. Scientists have cautioned that a lot of work remains before this goal is remotely achievable though, including ethical considerations about using human ovary tissue to culture the cells. The immediate impact of the study will be to provide a robust system for further investigation of mammalian female germ-line development, the poor understanding of which is one of the reasons why the research does not yet have any current clinical relevance.

Deadly snake venom better pain-killer than morphine

Nick Kennedy Science Writer

Few of us associate the black mamba, one of the world's most venomous snakes, with pain relief.

But findings recently published in *Nature* show that black mamba venom may be a more effective pain-killer than morphine.

The black mamba, *Dendroaspis polylepis*, is feared throughout southern and eastern Africa for its extreme speed, length, aggression and lethal toxicity.

However, the French scientists involved found that its venom not only served to abolish pain in mice, but did not cause any side-effects. Morphine, commonly used in anaesthesia to reduce pain, has myriad side-effects, the most dangerous of which is respiratory failure.

Snake venom can be so deadly because it attacks key ion-pathways across neuronal membranes. We rely on this transport of ions to communicate vital information around our brain and body. If these pathways are prevented from working as normal, our entire neuronal super-organism breaks down – signals cannot be passed around the body. But some signals communicate unpleasant sensations, like pain.

Black mamba venom contains pain-killing proteins called mambalgins.

These mambalgins block the acid-sensing ion channels (ASICs) in the cell membrane. ASICs are principal players in the pain pathway.

But a perplexing question remains: why does venom of such legendary toxicity contain pain-killing proteins? This is a question nobody seems able to answer.

The black mamba is not the only venomous snake with a potential benefit to medicine. There are already three drugs on the market based on snake venom proteins. Eptifibatid and tirofiban are derived from anticoagulant proteins found in the venom of the southeastern pygmy rattlesnake and African saw-scaled viper, respectively. Both drugs are used to treat sufferers of angina or heart attacks. Contortrostatin, a component found in copperhead venom, is being used to attack breast cancer cells and to prevent cancer from spreading.

In fact a plethora of highly toxic animals – and of course plants – exhibit this 'poison paradox'.

Cone snails are predatory sea snails. They hunt and immobilize prey using a radular tooth and a poison gland containing neurotoxins. In 2004 the Food and Drug Administration approved the pain-killer Ziconotide, derived from snail cone toxin, for use as a non-addictive pain-killer substitute for morphine.

The venom of the Israeli yellow scor-



nationalgeographic.com

I'M TIRED OF THESE MOTHERFUCKING SNAKES IN THIS MOTHERFUCKING ARTICLE

Battles of Science and Ethics

Jamie-Li Rickman Science Writer

The Battle of Ideas is a weekend long festival of talks and debates hosted by the Institute of Ideas, an independent think tank. On the 20th and 21st of October, 350 speakers and 2000+ attendees are expected to gather at the Barbican centre for 80 talks and debates on some of the most pressing contemporary issues in politics, culture and science. The battles are an opportunity, says the Institute, to be fearless in the face of controversy

and to explore the intellectual legacy of our generation, summed up by their punchy tag-line: FREE SPEECH ALLOWED.

The Science and Ethics strand of talks, entitled 'Ethical Battles in Science and Medicine' promises to be particularly exciting; speakers include Sir Professor Mark Walport, director of the Wellcome Trust and future Government Chief Scientific Adviser, and the award winning science fiction writer Ken Macleod. This strand of talks will aim to dissect the ethical questions surrounding emerging sci-

ences; biotechnology, and embryology for example. It will look at if and how science should inform policy on a wide range of areas from climate change to organ donation, and the ways in which it could reshape our cultural attitudes regarding issues such as homosexuality and abortion. The attitudes of the public and the influence of the media will be examined in this context, highlighting the ever-pressing issue of good and bad practice in science communication. Student discounts are available; for more information visit <http://www.battleofideas.org.uk/>

So it seems there is a charitable flip side to these venomous creatures that are making up for countless lost lives.

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FASHION

A bluffer's guide to fashion month

If one more person asks me what 'actually happens' during fashion week I will stab you with my Manolo

Saskia Verhagen Fashion Editor

For those unfamiliar, fashion month is a bi-annual occasion made up of fashion weeks in the four fashion capitals, where the fashion community (editors, buyers, bloggers and celebrities alike) collects to view the major designers' collections for the following season. This September saw the presentations for spring/summer 2013, beginning in New York.

The major trend-setting collections to watch in New York are Marc Jacobs and Alexander Wang – the new school. Wang went with a predictably monochrome palette, as well as his signature streamlined sporty silhouette – nothing new to report there, bar some cutout detailing and (the highlight of NYFW) his devastatingly chic 3-year-old niece, Aila, in the front row, complete with black alligator print halter dress, mini Chanel 2.55, Ray Ban Wayfarers and tiny Nikes.

Jacobs' show served as a prelude to his offering at Louis Vuitton. Starting at home at his own label, he showed thick stripes in a Factory Girl-inspired show, with flared shapes and simple styling – hair backcombed at the crown and tied into a low ponytail, with thick black eyeliner. Later, at his show for Louis Vuitton in Paris, he showed an amped-up version: more sixties shapes but this time, bold checks both in chic monochrome and in 60s brights: avocado green and lemon yellow. The Damier print handbags also found themselves reincarnated in the new colours.

Lifetime members of New York, and stars of red carpet glamour, Oscar de la Renta and Ralph Lauren did not disappoint. The first half of Lauren's show might have appeared like a Spanish costume drama, complete with fringed piano shawls, matador jackets and flamenco ruffles. However the Latin theme came into its own for eveningwear: Karlie

Kloss waved her fan-shaped clutch bag wearing a crisp white shirt and floor-length black sequined crochet skirt, topped with a black felt boater, followed by fluttering white organza ruffles, and a red fishtail dress with a flouncing black bolero jacket.

Oscar's show had more variety – from perfectly cut black gowns and a Cruella DeVil monochrome sheath dress to the full-blown embellished glory of a turquoise blue feathered ballgown and a strapless fuschia number embroidered with green pom-poms – a sure bet for the red carpet.

Anna Wintour graces very few shows at London Fashion Week – despite being London-born, she only began attending LFW a couple of seasons ago. Now though, London is home to some exciting designers – Erdem, Christopher Kane, and Christopher Bailey for Burberry Prorsum. Other British labels, including Stella McCartney, Alexander McQueen and Gareth Pugh have since decamped to Paris, considered a more prestigious place to show.

Kane and Erdem shared a common palette of sweet pastels, though Erdem punctuated his with flashes of fluorescent brights and Kane with touches of punk – gaffer tape, filigree rubber, and leather. The pieces were trim and ladylike, yet modern in fabric and cut.

At Burberry, Bailey seems to be moving the brand out of

stodgy practicality and into a modern form of British glamour. Shapes were 1940s-inspired – capes and capelets; skirts to the knee. However the show was anything but demure: shorts were super-short, colours were brassy metallics and rich brights.

Milan is home to the iconic Italian brands: Gucci, Fendi, Prada, Versace, and Dolce and Gabbana. Each collection walked to the beat of a completely unique drum: at Prada we were in Japan, at Dolce in Sicily, and at Versace it was a vampy Italian incarnation of Coachella. Then, Fendi showed graphic, fur-trimmed 60s silhouettes, and at Gucci there were bright colour-blocking and 70s shapes.

However, the high point of fashion month was certainly Paris. Gareth Pugh was startlingly beautiful and romantic yet severe, with blood-stained eye-makeup – to me it screamed Lilit-chic. Vampires and fang-bangers everywhere: Pugh is where it's at. Balenciaga was thrilling and sexy, with flashes of skin in plentiful supply: Ghesquière showed plunging sweetheart necklines, bare midriffs under suits, and skirts cut shockingly high on the thigh. There were handbags at dawn at the Saint Laurent show. When Hedi Slimane didn't offer *New York Times* Fashion Editor Cathy Horyn a seat at his first collection at the house, she proceeded to review his show as lacklustre (it was). Haider Ackermann continues to be a Paris highlight.

So, what's the parting message? What should you be stocking up on for next season, and what trends are going to look so old that you won't even be able to deal with it? The simple conclusion to fashion week is that each editor, stylist, buyer and consumer draws their own conclusion. There are some trends that surface as THE trends for the season, but some fade into the ether. Block colours, monochrome and beautifully cut trousers will be a highlight, but the fact is that what trickles down into the hands of the ordinary consumer is dictated largely by the major editors and buyers. And also what the people at Zara and Topshop think that you might like.



"Oh girl that Prada fox stole is from like, before I was born. Not chic."



Clockwise from top: Gareth Pugh, Balenciaga, Haider Ackermann



Productivity solutions

Dr. Magdalena Bak-Maier responds to students' queries

Personally, I do not think that procrastination is entirely bad. While we delay the work, we may find out a shortcut or a better way to finish the work in short time. As Aaron Burr wisely said, "Never do today what you can do tomorrow. Something may occur to make you regret your premature action." Do I really waste something while I decided to put off the work? Could I be productive as well when I am waiting for an idea to come up? – Guang Yang, EEE undergraduate.

Procrastination is not bad in itself. In fact our brains procrastinate for a reason: this may be to gather information, generate ideas or simply because of other priorities. Some people appear to be procrastinating because they are not doing any explicit or visible work, and yet, their brain is actually gathering relevant information and working things out. If during the 'procrastination' phase ideas are created, links are made, information is gathered however unconsciously, resulting in a sense of readiness and preparedness and ample time to execute the work, then that's good. The

issue here seems to be about using procrastination as a strategy to delay action/decision to avoid doing something that may turn out to be less than ideal. Procrastination where nothing is done out of fear of doing something wrong, is equal to avoidance. Such procrastination will leave the person having to face last minute pressures, work under unnecessary stress and often delivers less than perfect result. This is not productive. Many procrastinators mistakenly believe that they do their best work under pressure of the last minute. More often than not, they lack any benchmark around work which they did not have to rush. In my experience, when they try to tackle a project in a more planned way, they are amazed at the quality of the results and realise the power of effective procrastination. Only by increasing self awareness and learning about oneself can one make best choices when to procrastinate and how to do so productively.

How difficult is it to discern between a person who is just having trouble staying on point, from a person who may be suffering a lack of productivity because they have chosen the wrong ca-



Dr. Magdalena Bak-Maier

reer for themselves and are unhappy? In the latter case, does your coaching strategy shift from productivity development to career advice? – Clinton Cahall, Physics postgraduate.

To discern whether one has trouble staying on point because one is not motivated or whether there's some other reason for lack of results one has to be really honest with oneself. This is probably the hardest thing to do in my experience and yet also a sign of true strength. Sometimes talking to a learning professional or a coach can help, as confidence features strongly in this equation. For

example, a person lacking confidence may self-sabotage without being aware of this. This is done to ensure that their original thinking that they can't do it turns out to be right. How unfortunate you may think. According to Daniel Pink, author of *Drive*, there are three characteristics that ensure motivation, or as Daniel calls it, drive. Drive makes people work hard for a result. To have drive one needs to have autonomy to make independent decisions (Example: If I am studying economics it's because I really want to and not because my parents thought it was a good idea), being able to see/notice one's skills and mastery grow (Exp: As I have a passion for the subject, studies become a pleasure because I am really interested in what I discover and learn and I become more knowledgeable) and having some certainty that the effort contributes to something larger; a greater purpose (Exp: My studies in material design will help create recyclable fabrics that adjust to people's mood and are inexpensive). If you can say yes to all three conditions and yet still feel not 'on point', then it is possible you may lack specific skills or knowledge to help you realise re-

sults. I often find that we all lack specific skills and that's what's difficult to face as it requires extra work. Coaching as a developmental intervention does not give advice. A coach helps you find your own answers by working things out for yourself in a similar style to the exercises in my book *Get Productive*. Sometimes, our thinking can get very muddled, and decisions can be made for the wrong reasons. We all make mistakes but to persist in one is silly. Working with a coach or a mentor can help unravel the underlying causes for how come something is the way it is and help you take action to improve it. So be honest with yourself and then talk to other people whose opinion you value and respect and get to clarifying your thinking. It may also be worth to explore the other attractors that are making you not appear or be 'on point'. They may well hold the answer to your question.

CONGRATS!

Clinton Cahall has won a signed copy of Dr. Bak-Maier's *Get Productive!*

Good service vs. good marketing

Máximo Sanz Hernández

What should you do if you stumble upon a great idea for a product with high demand in a certain market segment? Many first-time entrepreneurs have found themselves in this situation before, and most of them do not manage to turn their idea into a successful business. While there are many things that can go wrong in the process (within or beyond your control), a very common mistake you could make is thinking that the quality of your product will undoubtedly lead you to success. Unfortunately, a good product will not be enough if you don't have a good business model backing it up.

Amongst the many people that have made the same mistake in the past is budding entrepreneur Andrew Strube. As he describes on his website, Andrew moved into a house inundated with stink bugs in 2009. He tried to find a solution for it but he couldn't find any product in the market that worked effectively against the bugs, so after running out of options

he designed and invented the world's first indoor stink bug light trap. He had come up with a good product that worked perfectly and fulfilled a need that was unsatisfied until then. He patented his product and started taking orders online, what could go wrong?

During the first two months Andrew took in almost \$100,000 in sales. However, sales have been flat ever since. Even though the start looked promising, his company did not have a good growing business model. As soon as the product was out in the market, corporate competitors developed their own, and they have now taken the entire market share with what is an inferior product, but better delivered. As a lone entrepreneur, Andrew had limited ability to compete, but with a solid business model he could have found investors or corporations willing to invest or partner with him.

This happens to be a constant for any business, and is one of the reasons why branding is so important for a company: if your product is not good, you need to know how to sell it; but even if you have the best product in the market, you still

need to know how to sell it! We'll illustrate this with a couple of very clear examples.

McDonald's, Burger King and big corporate fast food chains sell a product of very little quality. In fact, probably most of the freshers that have just arrived to Imperial clueless about how to fry an egg will be able to produce a better hamburger in a few months' time than the one you get with your Big Mac. However, I can assure you that they won't make as much money if they decide to start selling them. Fast food corporations prioritise their food making and delivering system over the quality of their product, and that is a business model that has proven to be successful for them. It allows them to scale up their business fairly easily and build a strong brand so that the company can grow far beyond the size of small and medium enterprises.

Let's now look at Rolex, a company whose aim is to make the best looking, most precise watches in the world. They have been producing the best watches for over a hundred years, but the quality of their product itself would not have been

enough to for the company to reach their current dimensions. They follow a solid business model that has made Rolex watches a status symbol rather than just precise watches. Their branding allows them to sell their product as a luxurious good, obtaining high margin profits for it.

As you can see, these are both examples of extremely successful companies, and what they have in common is not that they provide a good product or service, but the fact that they are driven by a good business model that allows them to create a solid brand. That being said, we should not underestimate the importance of delivering a good product, but without a proper business plan you will not be able to grow your business to its full potential.

So let's go back to the key question: What should you do if you have a great idea you want to turn into a business? First of all you should identify your market segment (who your potential customers are) and the value you deliver to the customer. That's what makes your product good: the fact that it fulfills an

existing need and the fact that it works the way it should. You should think about how you will deliver your product: the channels through which your customers want to be reached and the relations you want to develop with your customers. Think about the resources you need and whether you can partner up with someone else that can provide them to you. By solving all these issues you are effectively elaborating your own business plan.

Finally, you will have to create a brand that people can identify, and this is the tricky bit. There is plenty of material online and on textbooks on how to build a successful brand, but you will have to make sure that this brand is consistent with your business model. You will want to focus on different areas depending on the strengths and weaknesses of your service, as well as the nature of your target market segment. Finding the appropriate balance between a good product and its successful marketing will enable your company to reach its full potential.

Maximo is a representative of Imperial Entrepreneurs. For more information see www.imperialentrepreneurs.com



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FOOD

What's for breakfast?

Carol Ann Cheah Food Editor

You don't need me to rehash that old cliché about breakfast being the most important meal of the day, seeing as it's been nattered on enough. Some of you who skip breakfast might even want to stab my eyeballs for even bringing it up. However, for the majority of you who skimp on it because you rolled out of bed with precious little time to spare, this one's for you. A major plus is that these things won't give you a severe sugar crash afterwards. Thank us for the improved concentration in lectures later.

Most of these things can be partially made the night before, and then eaten on the walk to lectures with minimal utensil use (or even in the lecture theatre if you can get away with it – be discreet though, and if it says it's not allowed in your lecture theatre then don't do it). Trust me, I've tried!

Dressed-up Yogurt: I'm a sucker for flavoured yogurts from time to time; but this is definitely far better for you as you have more control over cost and the stuff that goes into it. Grab a small tub of plain yogurt (normal or Greek, full-fat or low fat, we don't discriminate) and slap on a couple of teaspoons of your favourite jam – use honey to sweeten. Add a handful of your favourite chopped nuts or fruit (anything works) and you're good to go!

I've managed to whip these up in about a minute when severely rushed. My favourite combo both in colour and flavour: strawberry jam and pistachios. To save even more time, you can



pre-chop your nuts and fruit – or you could even make a serving of this the night before and then grab it on your way out the door!

Fruit Quesadilla: Yeah, this one may be a bit of a weird-sounding idea – especially since Granny Smith apples replace the meat. But cheddar cubes have been known to coexist with apple chunks in salad, so it's not that far-fetched. You can make part of this ahead by prepping a flour tortilla – scatter some grated cheddar over it and pre-slice your apples thinly (use lemon juice to stop them browning.) In the morning, scatter your apple slices on the cheese-laden tortilla and top with another tortilla. Blast in the microwave on high for a few minutes so the cheese melts, then cut into wedges. Arriba!

Peanut Butter Waffle: Forget the syrup-laden waffles you know – apart from the sugar spike/low, they're just too sticky and messy to eat on the go. Spread a warm bran/whole-grain waffle with peanut butter (chunky or

smooth, your call) and top with some dried fruit/extra nuts. This ensures that you get your energy in a slow and steady release, thanks to the peanut butter. You also get a protein and fibre boost in this meal!

Pop Toast: We haven't gone mad trying to re-invent the wheel – these are better than Pop Tarts because you get so much flexibility (apart from the sugar overload of the latter, tsk tsk). For a basic jam Pop Toast, butter two slices of bread lightly, and then top with jam leaving a half-inch border around the edges. Cut the crusts off and seal the "tart" by pressing the edges together with a fork – just like how you would a pie crust. Slide it into the toaster (you get to control how "well done" you like it) and that's brekkie done! You could try other combinations including thinly-sliced fruit, peanut butter, Nutella (for you chocoholics) – or even cream cheese and ham slices if you want it savoury.

(Loosely adapted from Not Without Salt)

Boisdale of Belgravia

15 Eccleston Street
London
SW1W 9LX

The food review

Charles Betts

I hadn't been to the Belgravia branch of Boisdale for around three years. You see, the last time I went I had the worst date of my life. Not one to judge someone for their job title, I took an Exotic Credit Trader at Barclays Capital to dinner for what should have been a stonking night out. But it all went wrong at the wine.

Faced with not so much a wine list but what can better be described as a leather bound encyclopaedia of vintages, I asked my companion if she had a preference – she said she did not. "Red or white?" I asked. She said red. I ordered a bottle of Sancerre Rouge, described in the book as "showing a great finesse, the tannins soft and elegant." Classy, I hoped she'd think. I hoped wrong. I tasted the wine, it was fine. She tasted the wine, pulled a face and blurted "Urgh, I can't possibly drink that, it's not full-bodied enough." Stunned, not quite sure how to react or what to do, I watched as she ordered her own glass of wine. Vulgarity may be no substitute for wit, but all I could do was curse. I pretended to need the loo, got up, walked past the bar to pay for my wine and escaped from the restaurant.

Last Friday, I went back with my girlfriend. And, wow, what a night! The food is fantastic – we had Colston Bassett Stilton ravioli (rich and warm), Hebridean handpicked crab (fresh and light), Rabbit and Scottish grolles pie (creamy and tender) and Sirloin steak on the bone with béarnaise sauce (proper steak, just how it should be). But the greatest triumph, the truest charm of the place, was first a foot stomping piano player who assaulted the keys with tunes such as Don't Get Around Much Anymore and then a New Orleans style quartet blasting out numbers like When You're Smiling. The place was alive, oozing, buzzing, teeming with atmosphere. Restaurants like this are what makes living in a big city worth all the hassle; the overcrowding, the overpriced rent. Who cares if it was raining outside, if the District line was partially suspended?

Top food, top music, top company. And the wine? We drank a roaring full-bodied Sangiovese di Romagna.



Delicious "green" dishes!

Yiango Mavrocostanti Food Editor

Yes, the food at SAF restaurant is green, and by green I mean good to the environment. Most of the dishes are raw, which means that they are prepared at temperatures below 48°C. You would never believe that raw food can be so exciting! We had a two course meal which included starter and main course.

This is the first starter, called Dolmades with Tzazyki.

Very nice presentation but I was not impressed with the taste. Very different from the traditional Dolmades, which are stuffed with rice and vegetables. Instead, these are filled with cauliflower rice, pine nuts, cumin, lemon juice, and dill. They were served with a vegan yoghurt and cucumber dip. What I did not like was the cumin, as I believe it overpowered the other great, fresh ingredients.

The second starter is the Pesto au



Poivre. Now this was amazing! On the left is the cashew cheese with the layer of the basil pesto, in the centre is the rocket salad and on the right some raw flaxseed crackers. I cannot describe how delicious the cashew cheese was. Its creamy texture and the



pink peppercorn crust on top went so well together.

And the main! This was a real monster. I had the SAF Pad Thai and I am very glad I chose it. The first thing that made me very excited was the enoki mushrooms on the side of the plate

because they really are expensive and I haven't had the chance to try them before. I was not disappointed. That huge mountain is made from Julienne strips of carrot, mangetout and courgette. It also has mung beans and spicy cashews, which added a great crunchy

texture. The chillies and the lime on the side was a nice touch, ensuring that both the people who like citrus flavours or spicy food will enjoy this dish to the maximum. And I should not forget the Nori sheet, which made me believe I was eating fish.



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ARTS

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POET'S CORNER

Tonight, Tonight

Today I found you trying.
Tonight I feel you breezing.
A cold wind blows to tease me.
Aw bleeding never ceases.
Today I heard you talking.
Tonight I meet you screaming.
A dense smoke fills a clearing.
A language dies of meaning.
Today I left you shining.
Tonight I find you freezing.
A wolf's howl makes it easy.
A scarecrow never pleases.
Today I saw you walking.
Tonight I hear you breathing.

Go to Sleep

My eyes are a star-shaped gift
from the sky;
I hope to believe their version
of life.
My heart is as soft as snow
glowing white;
It feels bitter-sweet, but
warm deep inside.
My fear is confusing shadow
and light,
Dreaming until I forget which
is mine.

by Paul Cosma

Got a sonnet up your sleeve, a verse in your purse or a haiku in your trousers? Submit your work to arts.felix@ic.ac.uk!

Superhuman

Meredith Thomas ventures into the weird land of the cyborgs at the Wellcome Collection

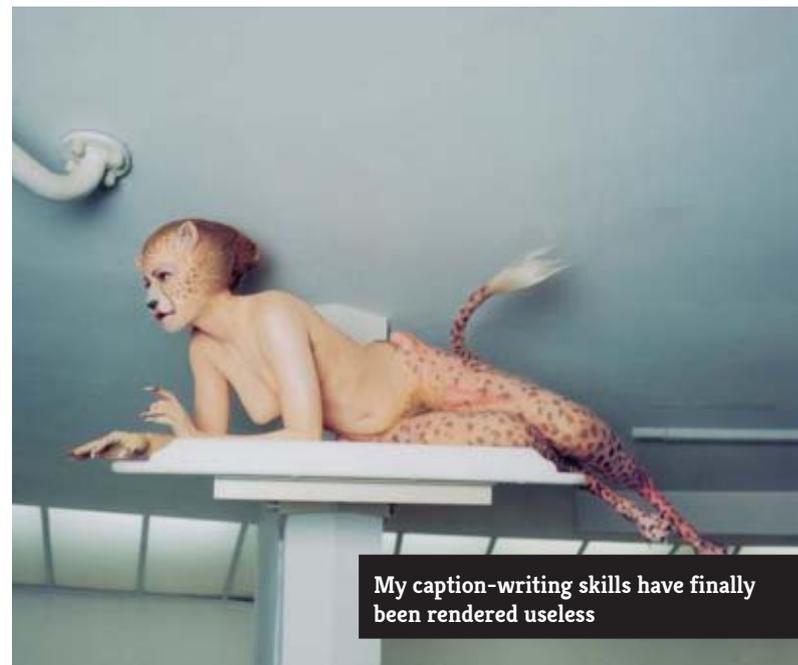
What do dildos, wheelchairs and steroids have in common? There are probably only two places in London you will find these three things in conjunction. One of them is not suitable for a family newspaper, the second is the Wellcome Collection. In the latter case their justification for sharing a room is their function as devices with which humans have tried to improve, repair or augment their bodies. This is a theme that should excite scientists and artists and equal measure.

Cannily placed in the middle of an Olympic summer, *Superhuman* explores the theme of human enhancement. Despite the timing, the show expands the premise to wider contexts than simply sport. The curators have pulled together an unapologetically idiosyncratic show with a rambling scope, sitting somewhere between gallery, museum and Coney Island freak show. This will be familiar to anyone who has visited the venue before. However the 100 artefacts, including artworks, videos and archaeological curiosities, definitely make for an impressive collection.

Typically of the Collection, you are not permitted to simply browse and enjoy. The curators seek to poke your conscience and provoke your imagination with every step. The first question the curators ask is what we mean by enhancement. We probably all agree that medical innovations designed to repair or replace function lost through illness or injury count. This would include prosthetic legs and pacemakers but are we willing to count sex toys, high heels and recreational drugs? How confident do we feel about a future where transhumanist dreams of implants and robotic limbs start to look a lot less far-fetched?

The result is an inclusive and slightly subversive exhibition. The very first thing you see as you enter the space is a tiny 2000-year-old stature of Icarus. This one tiny figure is a concise allegory for the timelessness of man's imperative to enhance and the inherent pitfalls that result. What follows is a journey past Egyptian false toes, gothic devices for assisting thalidomide victims and photographic histories of drug scandals from the early days of the Tour de France.

What really hit home from the exhibition is that the instinct to add an augment is so very old. Previously aesthetic enhancement has been a dominant theme. Jewellery, make-up and



My caption-writing skills have finally been rendered useless

clothing are very familiar examples of this desire to artificially change one's image.

The second thrust historically has been medicinal and restorative. However thought has been limited to simply replacing lost functionality. These efforts have often been abysmal, clumsy failures.

There are more speculative and reflective exhibits too. There are examples of comic book heroes with superhuman abilities and interviews with futurists fretting about the social impact of cybernetics.

The show has undoubtedly benefited from the interest in Paralympic sport over the summer. One of the interesting themes that emerges is the changing attitudes to disability prompted by technical advance.

One of the exhibits, a rare screening of Matthew Barney's film *Cremaster* reveals athlete and model Aimee Mullins (pictured top) in all her unconventional beauty.

In case you are unaware of Mullins, suffice to say she is gorgeous from the knees up. Her extraordinary athletic prowess and a widely viewed TED talk, discussing her disability, have made her an influential proponent of this change in attitude.

She now has designers fighting for the chance to create prosthetic legs for her and film makers like Barney queuing up. His piece shows her wearing a range of unconventional prosthetics aimed at challenging ideas of body image. These include animal inspired works and jellyfish tentacles.

Things are certainly changing, with technology offering real potential to

move beyond aesthetic enhancements towards ones that give us new or improved abilities, there are some that believe a new tranche of functional implants and modifications are on the way. Does it, however, follow that merely because we have the technology, we should use it?

At the end of the show the we are led into the realm of the hardcore transhumanist. We are introduced to the concept of enhancements directly integrated with the body, not to replace missing function but to add new abilities.

There are strange videos of patients overcome by cybernetic infections and the wheelchair of dead artist Donald Rodney roams freely around the gallery, tracking lonely trajectories. These artworks speak of our fears and discomfort surrounding the idea of changing and adding to our own bodies. We recognise tattoos and piercings as fairly normal, are bionic devices a natural extension of these ancient practices?

Dreams of a new bionic dawn remain largely in the realm of science fiction, due to cost, legality, ethical concerns or the harsh reality of what is possible. Occasionally however, these realms do drift closer to reality. Out there on the fringes is where things get a little weird. Black-and-white morality starts to give way to some rather uncomfortable shades of grey.

You have one week left to catch *Superhuman* at the Wellcome Collection. Your thoughts will be forcibly provoked. After all, with glasses on our heads and the phones in our pockets, we are all cyborgs already.

TIRED OF LIFE?

Our pick of what's on in London

The Tanks @ Tate Modern – Don't miss out on making your way to the experimental performance space currently found in the stark and industrial galleries of the Tate Modern. Closes October 28.

Three Sisters @ Young Vic – This sounds like a particularly modernised retelling of Chekhov's play, keeping only its spirit alive. Until November 3.

Moniker Art Fair 2012 @ The Village Underground – The alternative to Frieze Art Fair this week in London. If you are not a fan of the contemporary art world, perhaps this is the show for you, showcasing the best of urban culture. October 11-14. Admission can be free if you choose the right time.

Tuesdays @ The Flying Dutchman – An exhibition space in Camberwell, dedicated to promoting young local artists. Every Tuesday, 5pm until midnight, entrance is free and drinks are 30% off for students. What more could you want?

Richard Hamilton: The Late Works @ The National Gallery – Previously unseen works, some expressly commissioned for this show, by one of the inventors of Pop Art. Until January 13 2013.



'Portrait of the woman as the artist' by Hamilton



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BOOKS

Masterpiece of the Mundane

Matt Allinson

Writer

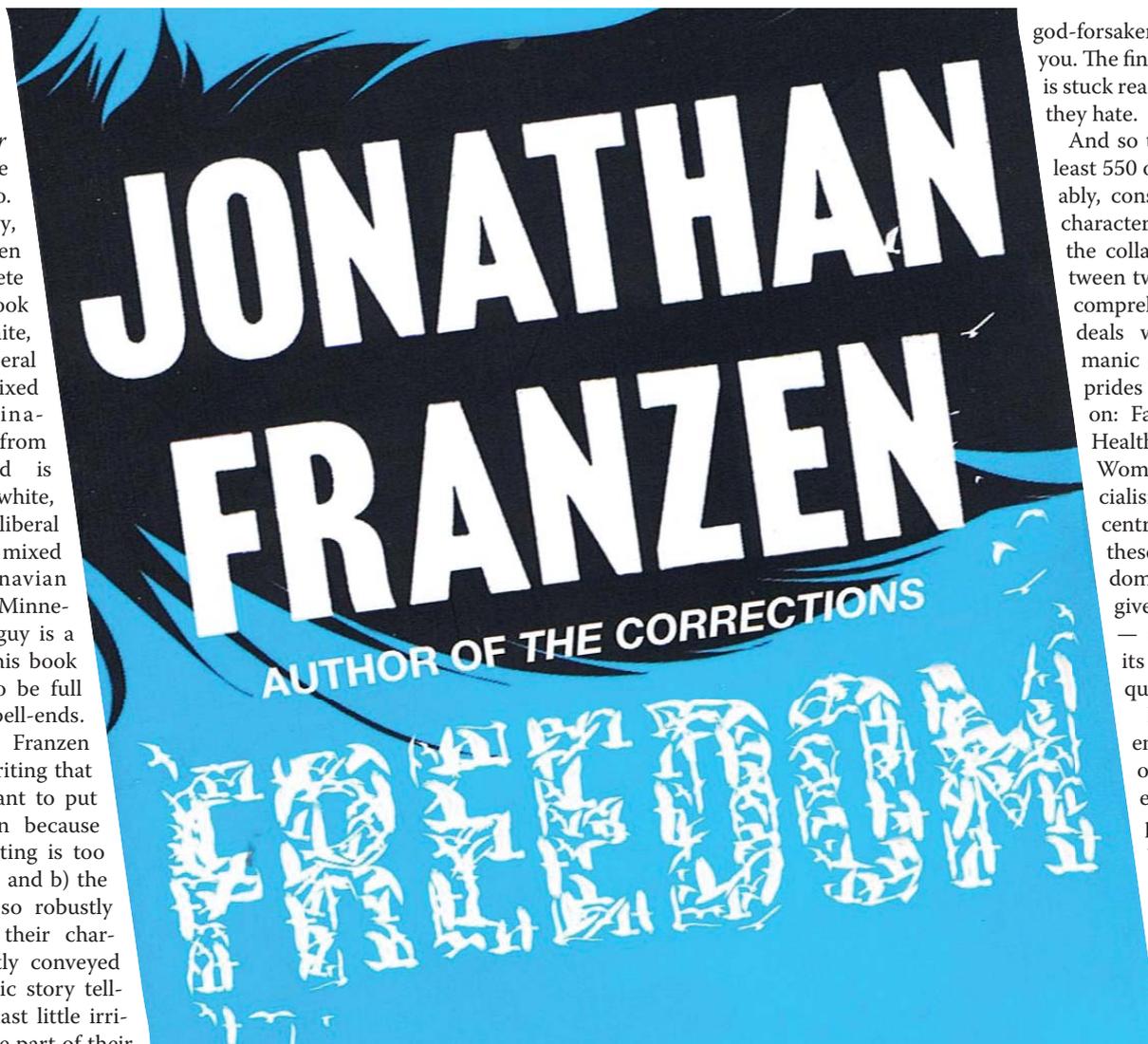
Much has been said derisively of the German sense of humour, but my favourite book review of all time, translated for me by a friend, was of Jonathan Franzen's 2010 work and appeared in the German newspaper *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. The closing passage of it read, simply: "It'd probably be unbearably boring if it wasn't such a masterpiece".

This critical assessment is arguably true for all brilliant books (and films, and albums, and art) however with *Freedom* it feels particularly salient. The story itself rotates around the life and dysfunctions of a normal-enough middle-class family: dysfunctions which have been well-worn by soap-operas and agony aunts but, when explored in *Freedom*, become painfully real and thoroughly absorbing.

The sheer length and depth of the book is physically daunting. At several points throughout the story I could feel the plot reaching a point that another author could've comfortably began wrapping up, however with an output of just under one book a decade, Franzen isn't in any hurry to finish. By employing several interesting writing techniques — for example by not only shifting the imagined story teller, but also the imagined audience of the story being told — and by focusing on only 4 characters, *Freedom*

manages to avoid reading like it's well over half the length of *War & Peace*, despite actually being so.

Unfortunately, however, Franzen is a complete bell-end. If a book is about a white, middle-class liberal American of mixed Jewish/Scandinavian heritage from Minnesota and is written by a white, middle-class liberal American of mixed Jewish/Scandinavian heritage from Minnesota, and that guy is a bell-end, then his book is very likely to be full of complete bell-ends. Unfortunately Franzen is so good at writing that a) you don't want to put the book down because reading his writing is too damn enjoyable and b) the characters are so robustly produced and their character so expertly conveyed through fantastic story telling that every last little irritating despicable part of their

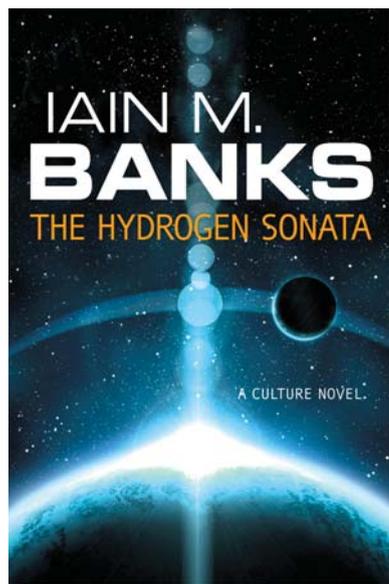


god-forsaken personality is known to you. The final result is that the reader is stuck reading a book full of people they hate.

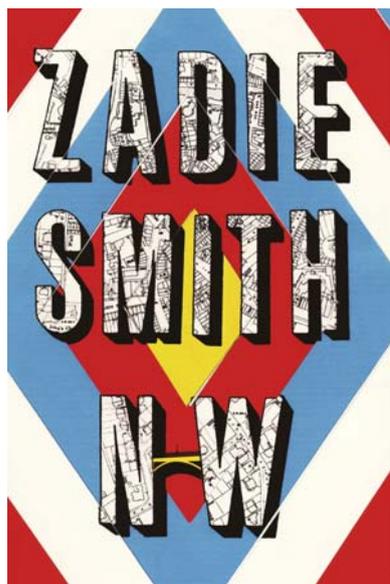
And so the book proceeds for at least 550 of its 600 pages. Remarkably, considering its core of four characters and a plot focusing on the collapse of the marriage between two of them, it feels like it comprehensively and cynically deals with every single talismanic problem liberal America prides itself on having a voice on: Family, Tradition, Mental Health, Environmentalism, Women's Rights, Commercialism and The Iraq War. The central theme that holds all these together though is freedom — perhaps unsurprising given the name of the book — and the novel explores its meanings and consequences, for good and ill.

By subtly combining enough food for thought on broad moral dilemmas, expertly satirising recent periods of western history and society but all the while keeping it to within the confines of an entirely relatable and moving personal family story, Franzen weaves a masterpiece from the truly mundane.

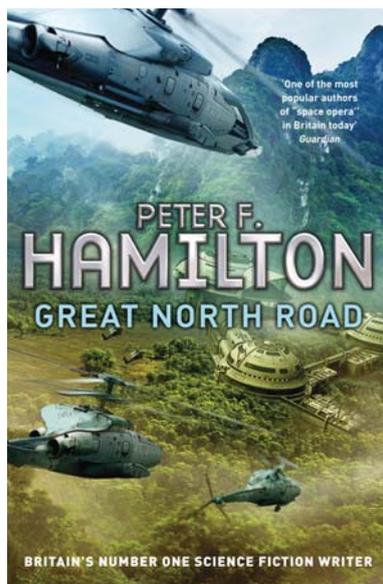
Time to spare — try these five great new reads



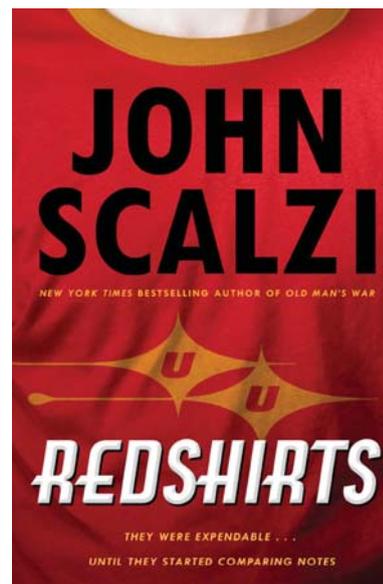
The much anticipated latest novel in Iain M. Banks' epic space opera series. As with all of Banks' work you can expect this to be an intelligent and highly engaging read. All the *Culture* novels are standalone so this is a great opportunity to get into the series.



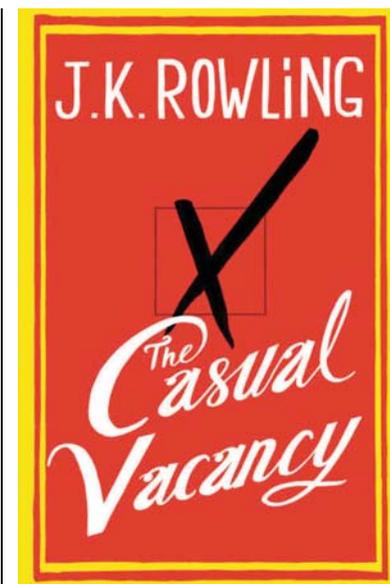
Orange prize winner Zadie Smith returns to writing with another highly acclaimed novel. *NW* tells the powerful story of four people from an impoverished North West London housing block development. A must read that deserves all of its accolades.



Despite Hamilton being best known for his trilogies and long series, his latest offering is a standalone novel. This is the perfect opportunity to get acquainted with this brilliant author before he visits the College for the Picocon SF convention in February.



Scalzi's latest novel parodies the tenancy in *Star Trek* of redshirted security officers dying with alarming regularity while main characters remain unscathed. While not yet published in the UK you can get a US import from Forbidden Planet.



While Rowling's first novel for adults has received mixed reviews, it's still worth a look. While certainly not a highbrow masterpiece much of the flair that made *Harry Potter* such a phenomenon is still on show. A good if unchallenging novel.

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You Don't Have To Call It Music

Pt. 1 Contemporary classical by Íñigo Martínez de Rituerto

I was brought up to disown classical music. When I wanted rock & roll, I got baroque. Admire conventional wisdom as sacrosanct and do not touch. Unfortunately, it took years for me to gain any sort of interest in classical music, and when I did, it was decidedly towards the anarchic end of the spectrum. Despite the polite waltzes and majestic sonatas of centuries past, the shape of modern composition takes an altogether more tumultuous form.

This convention is what deteriorates the so-called "serious music, domesticated under the barbarous name of classical so as to enable one to turn away from it again in comfort," as Theodor Adorno put it in his essay, *On the Fetish Character of Music and the Regression of Listening*. In fact, not only the audience but even the composers grew tired of the servile rectitude of the simplistic, predictable, and almost patronizing plays of harmony. One **Arnold Schoenberg**, all but single-handedly banished conventionality in music with his twelve-tone technique, dubbed serialism, decidedly defenestrating tonality altogether. His cacophonous approach was equally revered and reviled by the new and old respectively. Regardless, it came at a time when music was more hackneyed than ever. Opening our ears to atonality was a way of breaking free from convention and exploring new ground in an agoraphobic art.

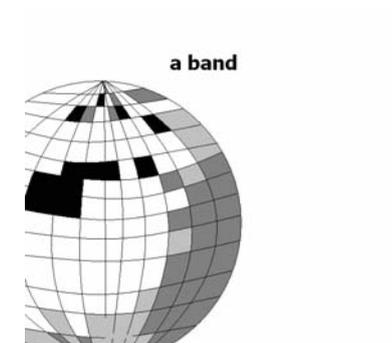
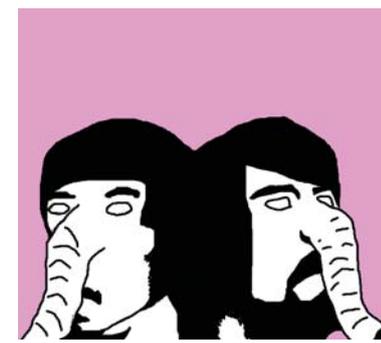
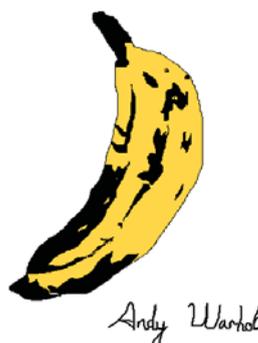
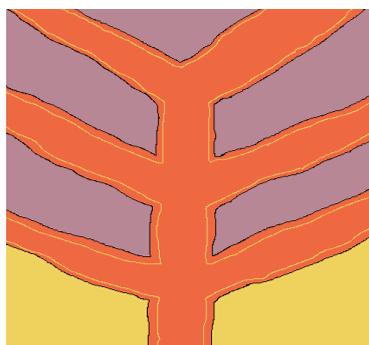
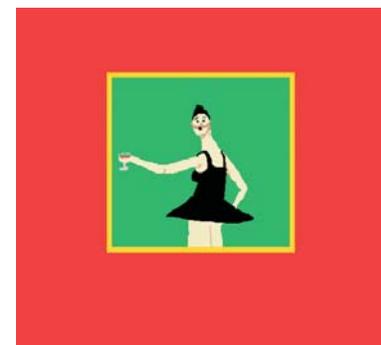
Before this explosion into unknown territory, some composers had already begun to unravel the creases in the partiture. Hungarian **Béla Bartók** is said to have been the first to use a method akin to serialism in 1908, before Schoenberg concretized it in 1921. Two years before, **Richard Strauss** sonified perversions on biblical characters, which culminated in necrophilia, in his opera *Salomé* based on the play by Oscar Wilde. His most famous work, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, was inspired by the Nietzsche's opus, which claimed that "God is dead." Later, **Igor Stravinsky** would incite a riot in the concert hall with his orchestral ballet *The Rite of Spring*. Truly, the times of genteel eloquence and pompous balladry were now reserved for the ignorantly arrogant.

After the collapse of Europe in the wake of WWII, when harmonic excess and euphoric beauty was no longer fit to entice the hearts of a broken continent, a new resurgence in dissonance took form. **Krzysztof Penderecki's** *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima* is perhaps one of the most chilling and illustrative documents of the zeitgeist. The violins open with a single chord, merging a million crying voices into one agonized shrill, shivering in terror. The cacophony quickly falls apart as the glissandos turn to staccatos like collapsing footsteps, eventually giving way to a void of silence. These elements permeate the entire piece, painting a terrifying vision of man's greatest discovery turned into its greatest misfortune. The pristine face of the orchestra turned into an ominous and macabre portrait of the depths of mankind. The listener was plunged beneath the safe space between whole notes and half-tones, into a flood of dissonance and conflicting harmonics. Yet this was not merely a chaotic mass. The dissonance induces a calculated state of terror. It was mankind recoiling at the mere thought of itself. Something stranger than taboo, something seemingly unnatural, but so innate.

This tendency towards abstraction from our imperfect nature was further elevated by **Iannis Xenakis**. Xenakis used his training as an architect to make up for his lack of musical background. After fleeing his natal Greece, following the ruination wrought the fascists (where the then student's visage was severely disfigured while fighting in the resistance), he found a place in Parisian brutalist-extraordinaire Le Corbusier's architecture studio. Not long thereafter he met composer **Olivier Messiaen** (who famously scored bird songs for orchestra) who spurred the anxious expat to use the tools at his disposal to pursue his musical passion, even when a classical education had been missing. Xenakis used his knowledge of structural engineering and stochastic processes - such as those found in nature, from bird flight to cellular organization - to extract music from the rigid foundations of mathematics. His most famous piece, *Metastasis* was composed using the same formulas as those used in designing the emblematic Phillips Pavilion for the 1958 World Expo in Brussels.

The New Yorker's Alex Ross recently recounted these tremors of the XX Century in his book *The Rest is Noise*. The Southbank Centre are curating a festival from January to June of next year inspired by the Pulitzer Prize finalist. It features concerts from many of the above, as well as more manageable and certainly more beautiful works by **Debussy, Mahler, Prokofiev, Satie** and countless others. If you ever felt a curiosity but never dared confront the vastness of the repertoire, this may help to make some sense of it all.

MS Paint Comp!



Can you name the album covers that we've reproduced with the accuracy of that Spanish woman who tried to fix the painting of Jesus?

Send us your answers to the 12 album covers drawn above to *music.felix@gmail.com*. Up for grabs is the eternal (5 day) fame of having your name printed in this illustrious publication, we may even print it in bold type. (Seriously though, the Felix Music budget doesn't stretch to actual prizes.)



Music Editors: Mark England,
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MUSIC

Bestival: It's in the name

Alex Hooffman Music Writer

Monday morning at Bestival provided one of those typically British end-of-summer moments. As 50,000 hung-over festival goers packed up, or, in many cases, abandoned, their tents and gazebos, a distinct air of conclusion could be felt in the rainy skies of Robin Hill Country Park on the Isle of Wight. The preceding four days could not have been in starker contrast, with intense sunshine ensuring unfortunate burns and tan lines all round, accompanying a barmy weekend of wide-ranged music and comedy.

Not many people will argue with me when I say that there were some extraordinary performances at Bestival this year, not least from the 62-year-old soul legend **Stevie Wonder**, who produced such a hit-packed two hour set that it left many in a daze, including covers of John Lennon's 'Imagine' and the Beatles' 'She Loves You'. This was, in fact, a trend at Bestival this year as the older generation of performers generated the loudest cheers, with the exception of **Gary Numan**, who decided the crowd would prefer to hear him reel off his new brand of heavy metal at the expense of his classics. Saturday's headliners **New Order**, with 56 year old Bernard Sumner at the helm, captured the imagination with an immaculate delivery of their hits, combined with several Joy Division songs

including the show-stopping 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', played to a backdrop of Ian Curtis with the words "forever Joy Division" displayed across the screen. **Sister Sledge** (of 'We Are Family' fame) and ever-present funk group **Earth Wind & Fire** also raised the proverbial roof despite a sizeable age gap with the Bestival audience. That is not to say that the current generation of indie bands delivered lacklustre performances. **Two Door Cinema Club** were as good a warm up for New Order as anyone could have hoped for, working the main stage crowd into a frenzy with a combination of new songs from recently released album *Beacon*, and well-known crowd pleasers from *Tourist History*. **Friendly Fires** also proved to be a massive hit late on Sunday evening for those brave enough to stand through lead singer Ed Macfarlane's ridiculous dancing, as they raced through their unique brand of indietronica. Bestival organisers however did not prove to be the most popular of figures on Friday evening as an awkward clash between post-punk band, **The Horrors**, and minimalist three-piece, the **XX**, presented itself to the Bestival crowd. The contrast between these two performances could not have been greater, as the main stage crowd were rewarded with the XX's only UK festival performance this summer, sending shivers down the spine of those watching. The Horrors however, blitzed their



This photo makes me hate the fact it is not summer anymore...

way through a 45 minute set, under a cloud of smoke created by their overly-exuberant spliff-smoking fans. Friday evening had already provided us with a clash between Mercury hopefuls **Alt-J** and psychedelic quartet **Django Django**. Alt-J, spurred on by an expectant crowd, overcame early nerves to show exactly why their album, *An Awesome Wave*, reached a peak position of 19 in the charts earlier this year. Friday night, however, was dominated by one woman and her band; Florence Welch owned the night with her humongous stage presence and extraordinary voice. From what I recall, she did not miss a single note, even on her recent number one 'Spectrum' which the crowd tried (and failed) to sing along to.

Although wildlife was the official theme of Bestival 2012 (and impeccably observed by the majority), curator Rob Da Bank had clearly placed an emphasis on dance and electronic music in his lineup to go with the usual indie and rock acts. Friday evening in the Big Top was a prime example of this, as a rousing DJ set from Radio 1 DJ **Zane Lowe** was followed by London DJ **SBTRKT** and concluded by Belgian duo **2manydjs**, by which time the crowd had been pounded from all sides by irrepressible bass for 3 hours. Saturday evening followed a similar trend as a rousing rendition of 'Pon De Floor' by **Major Lazer** was followed by many peoples' highlight of the weekend, as **Justice** taught a lesson in how to work a crowd into an absolute

frenzy, accompanied by a quite incredible stage setup and lighting. By the time they reached their encore, the crowd was so large many stood outside the tent to catch a glance of the duo.

I like to think of Bestival as a quirky festival. It likes to do things a bit differently to other festivals, as shown by the annual fancy dress theme. You're surrounded by people who have a common passion for a certain kind of music (not always the case at R&L). The one thing Reading does have in its favour, however, is location- who ever thought it would be a good idea to host a festival on an island? I would recommend Bestival to anyone who goes to a festival for the music and is not put off by the queues.

French Radio: Pourquoi pas?

Lily Le Music Writer

It seems as though the older you get, the less time there is for doing fun things, like having sex or keeping up with the best new music. (Or maybe that's just because you have a frigid boyfriend from Imperial and you finally have better things to do with your time than read the slightly ridiculous and shit NME). Although the getting-more-sex issue hasn't been resolved, a great solution to the latter is the Laura Leishman Project, a show on French radio station Le Mouvement.

"Le French music? Le merde!" I hear you cry. Much of the time this is the case. Many students studying French and trying to improve aural skills will come across the inability to find a good French radio show which plays good music. There probably are very few others apart from LPP which ticks both these boxes.

Hosted by the lively Laura Leishman, she does a right job of engaging the listener and making them passionate about the music she plays. Even her voice is a pleasure to listen to. Being of Swiss origin and fluent

in English, the effect on her accent makes it easier to connect to her as a DJ, rather than feeling distanced by the posh tones of a typical French-from-France accent.

For those who don't speak French, the playlists in themselves are usually worth tuning in for – that is for fans of electronic music and hip hop (both Anglophonic and Francophonic). Being French, obviously the station has the best access to artists from the French electro scene, who feature strongly in the tracklists. Longer exclusive mixes are also a bonus and can usually be easily found on internet searches.

For French speakers, regular interviews are a chance to get a good insight into French musicians when English interviews may restrict their expression. English-speaking artists are interviewed and have their responses translated. Reviews on new music by guests are also featured, similar to the format on British radio shows and public interaction is sometimes encouraged through the medium of suggesting songs for silly themes at the end of the night. Despite this, the best part of the show

is its lack of gimmicks and cringey phone-ins from listeners.

If all this takes your fancy, and your Imperial man is still not being man enough for your evenings, you can listen to LLP live between 9pm and 11pm Monday-Friday by streaming from Le Mouvement website or re-listen at anytime.



AMS' album of the week

Tame Impala - Lonerism

Tame Impala released their debut album, *Innerspeaker*, in 2010. A 60s throwback made of fuzzy guitar and big psychedelic hooks, it was filled with catchy pop songs and hum-along melodies. Their new album is a much more complicated affair. *Lonerism* is the classic sophomore album. It's a band maturing, diversifying, experimenting, but ultimately, running out of hits.

There is definitely a lot to like here. The opener *Be Above It* is a really nice intro, with spoken word hidden under waves of fuzz. There's a really nice bass line carrying the track along in *Apocalypse Dreams* and there's a great synth part in it as well. In fact, the whole song is great until around 3 minutes when it goes a bit Pink Floyd. *Why Won't They Talk To Me* is probably my favourite on the album. The dynamic changes feel natural and the bubbling synth in the background is really pretty. *Feels Like We Only Go Backwards* is lovely too. The laughter in the background of *Keep on Lying* is a personal highlight, it's a shame about the ending to the song. The last track is an absolute treat as well; a Tame Impala song I can't think of a lazy 60s comparison for. A piano and vocal affair followed by over 2 minutes of flange effects. It might not be that much of a treat.

The problem with the album is that it consistently overruns. The intro is great, but it should be just that, an intro, not a full length song. Long songs need to go somewhere and that doesn't seem to be something Tame Impala excel at. There are several 5 or 6 minute tracks here and they all either go nowhere and become really dull (*Music To Walk Home By* and *Keep on Lying*) or go somewhere that really doesn't work (*Apocalypse Dreams* and *Nothing That Has Happened...*). *She Just Won't Believe Me* is really shit as well. It sounds like a proper song and then just stops. I don't see the point, it doesn't sound good, it's not clever. It's trying too hard at it's most bizarre.

This album is not bad, but I don't think it's particularly good either. Instead, I'm going to patronisingly call it "promising". There's enough here that I think they have a great album in them, it's just not quite there yet.



FILM

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Emma Watson's tasty wallflower

Director: Stephen Chbosky
Screenwriter: Stephen Chbosky
Starring: Logan Lerman, Emma Watson, Ezra Miller



Lucy Wiles

Film Editor

Adapted and directed by the author himself, Stephen Chbosky's *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* is an enthusiastic, somewhat rushed, American teenage rite-of-passage story. Although a good premise and a best-selling novel, the film itself is distinctly over-full and does appear to have been put together a little hastily – or not edited well enough to reduce the book to film length. That said, this modern classic tale is generally well acted and well scripted.

Back in the Nineties, young teen Charlie (Logan Lerman – *Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief*) is a quiet, sensitive, emotional type, and is just starting out at a new high school in Pittsburgh, USA. Here, his stepbrother Patrick (Ezra Miller – *We Need to Talk About Kevin*) and stepsister Sam (Emma Watson – do you really need telling?) take him under their wing and attempt to guide him through the early twists of adolescence and the



Ron and Harry got hotter.....

first few semesters of high school. As the school year progresses, Charlie finds himself the half-reluctant, half-delighted centre of attention within the friendship group. However, the mystery surrounding both Sam (who is supposedly more hip and music-savvy than her mainstream peers, but fails to recognise Bowie's Heroes on the radio) and Patrick (bitchy as hell, but appears to be hiding something significant) leaves naïve Charlie confused, upset and emotional. Is this re-

ally any better than his old, lonely life?

Still trying to cast off Hermione's Hogwarts robes, Watson does a good job in a role that is a little complicated. One false move and it could have been horrific, but thankfully Watson's convincing American accent and quirky acting style proved very effective here. Lerman, too, is solid in his role as the nervous, lonely Charlie – despite being relatively unknown alongside Watson. After his significant success in the role of Kevin

in Lynne Ramsay's *We Need to Talk About Kevin*, expectations were rising surrounding Miller's performance in this, his latest venture. Sadly, although he does his best, one could say he is ridiculously miscast as the 'gay best friend' – a weak role, poorly scripted and apparently mostly used to bulk the story out.

Throughout the film there is an underlying thread of child abuse, suicide and suffering (we see Charlie in a lab-coated therapists office on a few occa-

sions, seemingly to deal with past demons), supposedly to emphasise the key points of the tale. Unfortunately, the drama fails to support this theme, and the brief moments of excitement are more *Eastenders* than five-star film. The drama, too, seems like it is only actually dramatic to the teenagers throwing the tantrums.

All things said, it is an enjoyable and steady film, but the idea that 'less is more' may have been a good notion to follow here.

Ethan Hawke gets sweaty, wet, tense, and hard

Director: Scott Derrickson
Screenwriters: Scott Derrickson, C. Robert Cargill
Starring: Ethan Hawke



John Park

Film Editor

It's a shame characters in horror films leave things until too late to put the pieces together. They spend an agonising part of the running time going through all sorts of danger and jump scares but refuse to admit that there's something wrong with the house they're living in. It's not entirely clear just what Ellison Oswald (Hawke) is trying to achieve when he moves into the house where an entire family was hanged in their garden. Sure, he's a true-crime writer but did he really need to drag his family into the scene of the crime? He of course keeps this little secret to himself, with his wife Tracy (Juliet Rylance) and two children completely unaware of what

they are in for.

Following the pattern most struggling writers do in films, he looks to Scotch for his inspiration. Knocking back a bottle every evening without the much feared consequences of a hangover, he sets up his own investigation "wall" where photographs, maps, print-outs and articles are put up and tied together with bits of string. It makes very little sense to us, but Ellison seems to be pretty content and know what he's doing. But it's not until a miraculous discovery of home videos that really kicks off his novel-writing process.

So what exactly have been recorded in these family home videos? Initially they appear harmless, of various happy looking families. But in a series of bizarre twists, the videos go on to record some horrific murders. Well crafted and meticulously planned and executed, the families helplessly fall victim to some grizzly, nasty massacres. But what do these seemingly different victims have in common?

As he embarks on his investigative journalism, often aided by a wannabe helpful but slightly dim police officer

Put... the lanyard... down



(the excellent James Ransome who provides priceless offbeat comedy), he discovers links that aren't too fascinating or complex, and it frustrates us to see how long he spends to connect the dots. For a man who has supposedly written popular crime novels in the past, he's not too sharp when it comes to actually doing his job.

In the meantime he hears odd noises, loud thuds, opened doors which were surely locked, electronic equipment that was surely switched off, and this carries on for several nights, as Ellison is incapable of taking a hint.

Plus there's the obligatory young daughter who sees things no one else does. Young girls in horror films traditionally turn out to be more crucial than they seem. Cryptic dialogue, spoken in a soft, high-pitched voice of an assured child showing very little emotion, drawing random pictures on the house wall; these are all textbook methods of throwing together a bunch of overused ideas.

But why does this film actually work? Despite its unnecessarily lengthy running time, it's Hawke's

gripping central performance that holds everything together from start to finish. Forget the mystery, forget the horror, and forget the clichéd scares. What *Sinister* has done so well better than any other horror film is that it has truly found a capable lead, a rarity in horror films that normally choose to go for the young ones with looks rather than talent. He inhabits his role with commitment and compelling energy that helps to sell the story, no matter just how ridiculous everything builds up to.

The familiar ideas do sometimes work – but the overused cycle the film gets itself stuck in is a tiresome one. It starts off with an intriguing premise: *The Ring*-like story a character stumbling across a horrific footage that marks you for all sorts of terror and violent demise. But from that point on it never builds up to anything truly substantial. The ending is a shocking one, not the kind commonly seen in films that decide to play it safe, but with *Sinister*, it does redeem some points with a daring finale.

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FILM

56th BFI London Film Festival

John Park

Film Editor

Caesar Must Die

The big winner at the Berlin Film Festival earlier this year, this low budget but intricately directed and intimately staged Italian prison drama lives up to its reputation, as inmates of a prison in Rome rehearse for their very own production of William Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Beautifully drifting in and out of their world and one written by Shakespeare himself, the prisoners (all of them actually serving time for various crimes, with no prior acting experience, but giving such raw, powerful performances) find parallel between the lives they're leading, and the characters they're playing. Very little is told about the details of prison life, but a lot can be deduced during their audition and rehearsal processes. A short, concise but undeniably stirring and surreal experience.



Grassroots

Two jobless best friends decide to take on the supposedly corrupt incumbent council member in Seattle. Their method is to heavily campaign the use of the city's electric monorail for a cleaner, less grid-locked neighbourhood. That strategy, along with the running man's genuine, earnest albeit quirky desire to improve the area does gain a lot of support. For the campaign manager (*American Pie*'s Jason Biggs), who started this with a half-hearted belief, it becomes an important project that could really become something legitimate. The film is simple, light on details and the brisk pacing does not help with the film's political aspects wanting to be taken more seriously, but the ensemble of various talents does bring out the occasional outrageous laughs.



Like Someone in Love

A young Japanese student working as a prostitute gets a call to pay an elderly professor a visit. She reluctantly goes, naturally assuming that the service she needs to provide would be sexual in nature. Turns out the old gentleman has very little interest in actually sleeping with her. What follows is a dull, plodding series of conversations between the two, covering a range of topics that are clearly supposed to have some sort of a deeper meaning. The two brilliant actors are given plenty of room to breathe, as director Abbas Kiarostami has no problem standing back and letting the leads do all the talking, but the criminally abrupt ending that provides absolutely no sense of closure will surely leave everyone dumbstruck without fail.



In the House (Dans la Maison)

French director Francois Ozon's latest offering is a warm blend of intriguing drama as well as downright hysterical comedy that handsomely unveils the many hidden layers in his characters and plot points with his controlled pace. A frustrated high-school literature teacher finally finds a young student who shows talent in the subject. The only hiccup is, all the boy wants to write about is his obsession with his friend's mother. It's fascinating, disturbing, amusing all in one big swoop, which is why he lets his pupil carry on with this task. But as time goes by the situation gets slightly out of hand, and the two find themselves in precarious positions. Sounds dead serious, but often it's not, which is one of the film's greatest strengths.



Crazy Eyes

There is nothing wrong with exploring the dark and twisted sides of wealth, women and alcoholism, but when handled distastefully, as it is with Adam Sherman's latest feature, it can turn into nasty, unpleasant viewing. A rich young man (Lukas Haas) with a long list of problems turns to heavy drinking for comfort and solace. He has a string of eccentric lovers but the one he is truly interested in doesn't return his feelings. His obsession is creepy, her money-grabbing, quirky behaviour is frustrating, and the film fails to truly hone in on either of their true nature. Lacking a single character worth giving a damn about and bombarded with meaningless, pretentious narration, there are far too few redeeming factors on offer here.



Antiviral

In a distant future where celebrity culture has grown wildly out of control, members of the public pay to receive injections of diseases that were once carried by the big shot superstars themselves. It's an odd concept difficult to fully accept, which is a part of the reason why this social satire never fully works. Despite a strong, unsettling performance from Caleb Landry Jones, as one of the employees of a mass pharmaceutical firm that purposefully acquires the latest "disease" only to discover its deadly consequences, there always exists that feeling of disbelief that undermines the film's narrative drive. Still, the ideas behind the story, as well as its reflection on modern day's fixation on fame provide some food for thought for the audience.



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FILM

Film Editors: Katy Bettany,
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On the road, to nowhere

Director: Walter Salles
Screenwriters: Jacques Kerouac (novel), Jose Rivera
Starring: Garrett Hedlund, Sam Riley, Kristen Stewart, Viggo Mortensen, Amy Adams, Kirsten Dunst, Elizabeth Moss, Steve Buscemi, Alice Braga, Terrence Howard



John Park

Film Editor

Here is a repetitive bore of a movie in which the three main characters (Hedlund, Riley and Stewart) spend far too much time chasing three things: alcohol, drugs and sex. Yes, they're either getting drunk, getting high, or getting laid. One of them fancies himself as a bit of a deep-thinking writer, and he serves as the film's narrator. We see things in Sal Paradise's (Riley) point of view, who records every single wild experience he shares with various people in his life.

Plans to adapt Jack Kerouac's classic novel of the same name have been around for decades, and here it finally is, in year 2012, with a fresh, good-looking large ensemble that tries to bring out the complexities in each character. And the talented cast does truly give it their all but what this ends up looking like is a series of arty short films strung together with no real clear sense of purpose or direction. Plus it goes on for far too long, and without a real story to tell, even a standard two-hour film feels like an unbearable chore.

Sal has lost his father, and whilst living with a writer's block, pondering the meaning of life, meets Dean Moriarty (Hedlund), a suave, enigmatic youngster who he is captivated



Death to Hipsters!

by. His energy, his spirit, his attitude, just everything about him clicks for some reason, and Moriarty immediately becomes his inspiration to venture out into the world, live his life, and the two hit it off becoming best of friends. The two of them travel a lot, and we get many shots of them driving across empty roads in America, comfortably drifting along to their next destination, wherever that may be.

Of course, a fair share of women enter the picture: Stewart is the dim, horny young girlfriend of Dean, a shallow role the actress has played many, many times in the past in the vampire franchise that made her a global sensation whereas Dunst tunes in for a fine supporting turn as the one woman who genuinely tries to make something out of the irresponsible and reckless Dean. Braga's Terry, a cotton picker who Sal has a brief but



Edward and Jacob got hotter...

passionate affair with, is never fully explored, neither is Adams' eccentric Jane, who makes a brief cameo appearance but not adding anything substantial to what the film is trying to say. Four potentially interesting characters, played by four talented actresses, all put to no good use as the film is far too busy trying to tackle the budding, complex relationship between the two men.

But the film also has trouble diving into the male leads. Dean is defined by the mad way with which he chooses to live his life. So we see a lot of monotonous, tedious scenes of Dean hitting rock bottom. He drinks a lot of spirits, smokes a lot of weed, and screws a lot of women. Being with Sal ups his mood even more, and his drunken antics get worse. Exactly what Sal is so captivated by is anyone's guess, and the film fails to truly address the bond that keeps these two

together.

Credit has to go however, to the two actors with an enormous burden of bringing to life the two aimless drifters who are difficult to figure out. Riley, driving the narrative forward with his narration, conveys a lot of feelings during his time of growth and change, always keeping us updated with what is going on, when, why, where and how. Although the real revelation and breakout star here has to be Hedlund, who brings out such natural, classic alpha-male macho charisma so readily to his role, and the untamed ways he goes about his life is captured with much dedication and power. But his impressive range doesn't end there, as he also brings out the more grounded, tender side of his character, a calmer alternative that is rarely shown. It's obvious he has trouble following him wherever he goes, and he does have several mo-



Insert inappropriate sexual moaning caption here... baby

ments of rather depressing revelation, intermittent reality checks, that tell him no good can come out of any of this. This is where the more sensitive expression of Hedlund's superb showing stirs up a lot of sympathy and emotions which are otherwise very lacking in the film's dry duration.

Basically, it all comes down to the two kids needing to grow up and face the harsh truths of life. And no prizes for guessing who comes out as the eventual winner, and who needs to come grovelling back after his futile attempts to lead the more "fun" years don't quite work out. And due to barely developed characters and a superficial look at their relationships, it is difficult to feel anything for anyone in the end. But thanks to the exceptional cast trying their best, and some lovely colourful shots of the peaceful countryside, *On the Road* avoids becoming an absolute disaster.

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GAMES

A DayZ by any other name...

Ross Webster is looking for friendlies in Chernob

Zombie games have taken all shapes and sizes over the years, from Wii-based Evil Dead-style games within the Resident Evil universe (Umbrella Chronicles) to frantic rooftop gunfights in the Left 4 Dead series. They all bring in the element of isolation into the mix, surrounded by crumbling cities and smoking ruins, but they just manage to miss that feeling of desperation - you die, and then you respawn or reload, not that far back.

Enter DayZ (pronounced day-zed, or day-zee depending on your horoscope and the phases of Jupiter's moons) - a zombie survival simulator. Firstly, a little bit of background. DayZ is a mod for Armed Assault 2 (ArMA 2), a military combat simulator. The base game, developed by Bohemia Interactive, is massive - hundreds of realistically modelled weapons and vehicles, along with bullet physics and wind directions - and has been quite popular within the mil-sim community, since its release back in 2009. One of Bohemia's developers started making DayZ for fun, and it quickly went viral, pushing the lacklustre Steam sales of ArMA 2 to the top of the charts for months (quite a feat for a 3-year old niche game) during spring/summer 2012.

So, the game. You (and up to 39 other players, depending on the server size) are stranded in 225km² of pseudo-Russian countryside. You can go anywhere and do anything. There are stories of kidnappings, urban legends and large clan-battles in the larger cities. As a fresh-spawn, you start with some odds and ends, including a torch, a bandage and a box of painkillers (earlier versions of the mod had you spawn with a pistol) and that's it. You have to scavenge the rest of your equipment, but the problem is that the best loot

is found in the more once-populated areas of Chernarus. Or other player's bodies. The closer you get to a built-up area, the more zombies spawn around you. "Fine" you might say, "I'll just shoot them all and if I run out of ammo, I'll just run away". Good luck with that, little Timmy. The predators of Chernarus are not your jovial, slow-moving zombies; they are the 28 Xs Later (where X is a unit of time) style of zombie that will run at you, zig-zagging like a ziggy-zaggy thing. Zombies are attracted by noise, so by the time you've killed your groupies, the next lot is on the horizon, running straight for you. When you die, you respawn along the south, or south-east coastline, back with the original starting equipment. Death is meaningful. This isn't a game you can win. The aim is to live as long as possible.

The base game is buggy, with zombies being able to walk and melee through concrete walls. Lying down on the ground can break your legs, and lag issues can cause you to go flying. As such, a standalone version of DayZ, has started development, which will hopefully remove the majority of engine problems and other game-play issues such as people alt-F4-ing in the middle of a firefight, as to not die. Douchenozzles.

Some people don't like the countryside - maybe it's the parachuting cows, or the rocks that look like people. Maybe they have allergies. Those people have been working on more maps for DayZ, and have brought us the bottle-necked-by-bridges island of Lingor, and the city of Fallujah. That's right - instead of rolling hills and 30-minute runs between villages, the whole map is a massive city, with loot and zombie spawns all over the place (it's not too kind on your computer though, if you like things look-

ing pretty).

Now, in all the lives I've had, it's not been the bugs that have killed me the most, nor the zombies. It's everyone else trying to survive, who thinks that it's a good idea to shoot an unarmed freshly-spawned player. But then, that's simple humanity for you - kill all your competitors, no matter the challenge. I'm not bitter at all.

Being a survival game, it's not just bullets and teeth that can mess up your murder-streak (your HUD shows zombie kills, PC kills a.k.a. murders, temperature, number of zombies on the server, etc) but you also have to worry about hunger (assuaged by cans of beans or pasta), thirst, bone breakages, blood loss and a bad case of the sniffles (no, really. Let your temperature drop too low for too long, and you'll catch a nasty infection).

Team-work is the name of the game - your limited inventory allows for little hoarding, so making camp sites with tents, and spreading the work load over multiple servers can make your life easier, especially when it comes to finding parts to repair your helicopters and ATVs. Trusting your group to shoot the hostile PCs and zombies, rather than yourself is quite a hurdle (especially with no easy way to recognise a player), and is one of the reasons I love DayZ. It's actually a game where I fear dying.

I truly love the slow approach that you can take to the game running and gunning results in premature deathulation and the patient, slow and steady route gets you the best loot and gives you the best chances. Keeping quiet and out of the way is often the wisest tactic.

The bean wars have been long and painful, but remember that your enemies may take our brains, but they'll never take our FREEDOM!

DayZ Diaries

Day Two

Dear Diary,

Something's wrong with the world.

I dragged the body into the woods, to leave it for the wildlife. The adrenaline had worn off from our earlier altercation, and I'd made my peace with his crumpled remains, when I heard some rustling behind me.

I turned around with my axe out and saw nothing apart from fireflies, bouncing around in the distance, and heard nothing apart from the roar of the sea and the crickets in the night. It was getting cold, and I looked to find somewhere that was dry and didn't smell of death.

I kept on walking - west, I think - but I let my mind wander. Never again. I didn't hear them until it was too late - the men standing around me, with chem-lights clipped to their bags, and axes in their hands. A few seconds later and it all went black. I awoke, tied to a tree and aware of the heat on my face, and the glow through my eyelids. Fire. I didn't notice at first, over the crackling of the logs, but there was a murmuring. It was as if you asked someone to speak as quiet as humanly possible, but without resorting to whispering, and the noise was everywhere. I was surrounded. I couldn't make out what they were saying. If it was a man-made language, I had never heard it before. I pray I never hear it again.

A bespectacled man with a heavily scarred face and a pair of round reading glasses crouched down in front of me and pulled out a knife - an old military-issue knife, I believe. Maybe this is the remainder of our armed forces? He was chanting, until he pointed the knife at my throat, and moved an index finger up to his lips, like I was being let in on a 5-year old's big secret I shouldn't be telling anyone. I'm pretty sure his parents wouldn't be happy.

Considering the slit throat of the woman on the next tree over, I nodded. Two arms from behind me removed the bonds, and lifted me from the tree, towards the fire. I was brought towards a makeshift altar - the hood of a car, bent over a pile of logs. Candles had been lit and were placed at the ends of the table, where the spread of molten candle wax had dried with streaks of red. I was forced down to my knees, and my head was held down onto the cold, rusty surface. I could feel my pulse quickening, and the adrenaline pumping again, drowning out the chanting and the spitting fire. The librarian-turned-serial killer moved to the opposite side of the altar and held the knife to my neck, the cold metal of Death's scythe wavering millimetres away from the darkness.

The chief gave a guttural scream and my vision filled with blood, as the crimson sprayed over the altar, covering the candles.

His body slumped onto the table, and I felt the grip on my shoulders loosen and fall away. More shouts and screams filled the air, as bodies fell to the ground. From the darkness, 4 men came out, alert and in military uniform. The one in front, with a blue-painted face and aviator glasses came up to me, lowered his weapon and said "Come with me if you want to live." His sentiments were echoed by his cohort, with calls of "LOL", "epic" and "You better not be another crazy axe murderer."

I smiled, and grabbed my new friend by the hand. It looks like Death has other plans for me.

Next Week's Felix

We're reviewing FTL, discussing the role of girls within gaming culture, and maybe, maybe we'll throw in a review of Borderlands 2. Because we like you. Some of you, at least.

Meanwhile, I hope you're all clocking up your hours in the Planetside 2 Beta, and getting ready to play Dishonored. I'll be sitting here eating Maoam.



COMMENT

Comment Editors: George Barnett,
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Ferguson, Newsweek and the Huffington-postisation of the News



Joseph Kaupp

Any public official guilty of such incompetence would likely be impeached, castrated and crucified in a public square

Nial Ferguson's cover story in the latest issue of *Newsweek* is still generating buzz on the blogosphere. His lengthy editorial "Hit the Road, Barack" took on a barrage of criticism shortly after it hit the shelves (well, the internet). However, the criticism wasn't about the subjective conceptual hang-ups or reasonable differences of opinion that the right and left usually bandy back and forth.

In his "Conscience of a Liberal" blog, Paul Krugman put the match to the powder keg, asserting that Ferguson's premeditated aim was to mislead readers. In typical fashion Krugman used a concise and incisive example to make his point. After dealing with Ferguson, Krugman set his red pen upon *Newsweek* itself, saying:

"We're not talking about ideology or even economic analysis here — just a plain misrepresentation of the facts, with an August publication letting itself be used to misinform readers. *The Times* would require an abject correction if something like that slipped through. Will *Newsweek*?"

For Ferguson, fact checks sprang up like cold sores with most major news organizations delivering salty impugnments of his article almost line by line. Matthew O'Brien's piece

in *The Atlantic* lays out a play-by-play of the article with accompanying commentary from a fact check carried out by the news team.

Ferguson set out to deliver a blistering condemnation of Obama. With a little directed oversight, truncation and manipulation he was able to fit a square peg into a round hole. His accusations against the President were so egregious that hyperbole was bound to be afoot. Any public official guilty of such incompetence would likely be impeached, castrated and crucified in a public square. With a career chock-full of adulation and fawning students, Ferguson likely believed that his piece would be a feather in his mortarboard. On the contrary, it has ended up undermining his credibility. It was a takedown piece turned on its head. Through his tendentious, misrepresentative attempt at a coup de grace, Ferguson ended up snookering himself. A humbling experience for a man used to getting patted on the back. How could he put such a cultivated reputation on the line? This can't be an easy blow for a professor; the veracity of his highfalutin demeanour now in question every time he enters the classroom.

Enough about Ferguson — despite his questionable lack of judgment, he is still one the most thought pro-

voking historians kicking about. His book, *Civilization*, is a testament to that fact. So, how about *Newsweek* then? Are they desperate enough to publish such a cheesecloth piece of work? Are they cavalier enough to let such a dubious article find its way on to the cover without a scrupulous fact check? The Daily Beast has put up a short video clip with Justine Rosenthal, Executive Editor of *Newsweek*, discussing the piece. The clip is quick to point out the commercial success of Ferguson's article. It boasts of making it to the top of Drudge Report as well as accruing 10,000 likes on Facebook.

While Krugman is justified in most of his accusations, he is wrong in claiming that *Newsweek* was somehow a pawn in Ferguson's game. *Newsweek* isn't new to the rodeo. They knew the storm that was coming. Not only did they know it — they orchestrated it from the moment they called up Ferguson and asked him "what is the next big thing that you want to say?" *Newsweek* is primarily a business, run by businessmen. (The news business and the newsmen fall somewhere further down the hierarchy.) The cost and the benefits for "Hit the Road, Barack" were undoubtedly weighed. This article, along with others, such as "America's 'Oh Sh*t' Moment," signal

a shift in *Newsweek's* strategy toward the 'Huffingtonpostization' of the news. Although the prospective cost of Ferguson's article was *Newsweek's* damaged credibility, this was apparently outweighed by its prospective benefit — accessing a new market segment. Perhaps they are looking at the floundering business model of their industry and wondering how to stay afloat in a time of disruptive change.

Newsweek has to attract and lock-in an audience that wouldn't dream of visiting its website (it will, after all, become just a website). Perhaps this move will strain their relationship with the well informed, but — as *Newsweek* knows — the well informed are a small minority who know how to access their news on the Internet — for free. *Newsweek* is going for a volume play. And that naturally entails casting a wider net, which, in turn, entails dumbed-down, sexy and incendiary content. *Newsweek* is after a new audience: one that enjoys the trappings of intellectual life but finds its sustenance in the broth of entertainment.

Regarding the debate between Ferguson and Krugman, Ms. Rosenthal states: "I'm not sure there is a clear delineation of what is right and wrong here." There probably is, but for now keep an eye out for a Kardashian-Kayne cover story.

P. KRUGMAN VS N. FERGUSON

Previous Bouts

In a 2009 panel discussion Ferguson contended that the Obama administration was both Keynesian and monetarist — an incoherent mix (or so we're told, we're not really qualified economists over here I'm afraid). Krugman extended his argument to both China and the EU and claimed that Ferguson's view was "resurrecting 75-year old fallacies" and containing many basic errors. Oh and he also called him a "poseur" who relies on "snide comments and surface cleverness to convey the impression of wisdom". Ouch.

Krugman 1–0 Ferguson.



The head-to head

Last week, Babar Ahmad, a British Muslim who worked at Imperial College, was extradited to the United States to face terrorism charges (see News for full story). So are these extradition justified? **IC Debating Society** weighs up the arguments:

Are extradition treaties justified?

YES



Navid Nabijou

To reject extradition is to embrace a host of far more odious measures.

Though they are certainly not perfect, our current extradition treaties are absolutely necessary in order to capture and convict terrorists in an increasingly globalised world. Against any harms brought about by this legislation, this crucial benefit must be weighed.

Modern terrorism is a truly global enterprise. Its backers have diverse origins and motives, and are spread all over the world. Its targets, too, can be found in any country on Earth. The rhetoric of terrorist organisations appeals increasingly to religious and political convictions, rather than nationalistic ones; a result of this is that the pool of potential recruits is indifferent to national borders, far too dispersed to be explained in the simplistic terms of political geography (as America and its allies discovered, tragically, in Afghanistan). This globalism means, for instance, that an Egyptian man who trained in Pakistan can travel to a European capital and detonate a bomb that was assembled in Yemen. And this internationalising trend is continuing relentlessly, aided by the spread of the World Wide Web and the increasing interconnectedness of modern society.

As such, no terrorist act is confined within a single border. Even the simplest plot depends upon the joint efforts of a number of people spread across several different countries. When someone is implicated in terrorist activity, therefore, it often happens that the evidence required to prosecute is only to be found in another country.

But therein lies a problem. Law enforcement agencies are typically wary of passing evidence on to other countries (usually citing national security concerns). Now, this is a truly regrettable state of affairs, and steps should certainly be taken to encourage greater openness and transparency from these agencies. However, with public

nervousness already high and governments loath to appear soft on security, it seems unlikely that things will change any time soon.

Given these restrictions, then, we must be pragmatic and seek the best possible compromise. We find ourselves with three options. One: simply let the suspect walk free. Two: detain the suspect indefinitely without charge, arguing that they are too dangerous to be released, but that there is at present insufficient evidence to prosecute them. Three: extradite the suspect to the country in possession of the evidence and allow them to stand trial.

The first option – allowing them to walk – would inevitably result in more deaths. Of course, not all those accused are guilty, but a significant proportion of them are: if released, they would almost certainly resume terrorist activity; leading to further acts of violence.

The second alternative – detaining the suspect indefinitely – is in many ways even worse. Scores of innocent people would lose their liberty, and many citizens would be left to live in a state of constant fear, at the mercy of the capricious whims of the police and judiciary. The consequent erosion of public trust would be catastrophic.

Now consider extradition. The suspect stands trial, in a country whose judicial system affords them all the same rights and protections as our own. They have every chance to defend themselves against the allegations. This last point is important: the suspects are only extradited to countries with strong legal systems, which ensures that they receive a fair trial.

The use of extradition is admittedly the result of a compromise, but considering the other options available, to reject it is to embrace a host of far more odious measures. For that reason, the treaties are justified.

NO



Eleanor Angwin

Extraditing criminals ... is an example of snide and sneaky backdoor politics.

Extraditing criminals is both damaging to overall world justice and an example of snide and sneaky backdoor politics.

When someone commits a crime, there are always victims and there will always be consequences. Whether it is assault, where the victim has been physically harmed, or theft, where the victim's livelihood takes the hit, breaking the law always leads to someone being emotionally damaged by the perpetrator of the criminal act. Decisions based upon emotions that you have felt tend to be biased. For example, if someone had killed your brother, you would want them to be sent to prison for the maximum amount of time, or worse. In your eyes, that would be the only way to ease your pain: knowing that the killer was brought to justice. However, that decision may be a bit harsh, especially if the death of your brother had happened by accident. That's why we have judges and jurors, people who are impartial and not emotionally biased towards either the victim or the criminal. We trust in them to make the right decision.

Now think about this on a larger scale. When 9/11 happened, there were thousands of victims who died in that crash, leaving behind grieving families. Not only that, it was a massive attack on the American way of life, meaning that every American felt the pain of 9/11. When a whole country is left emotionally damaged from a crime, who becomes the judge, supposed to hand down impartial sentences proportional to the crime? The President. He, however, can't be impartial, because he is elected by the people who are feeling the pain. This means that he has to pander to the wants of the public, and so justice becomes

perverted into the vengeance of the mob.

So now we have a whole country of irrational actors. Anything even related to 9/11 is an attack on America, but not only that; the allies of that irrational country are bound to supporting their actions. Governments apply pressure to the courts, forcing through decisions that ensure criminals are extradited to the country where they will face the biggest charge. This isn't justice proportional to the crime; it's allowing the victims to decide the sentence.

What makes things worse is that the country a suspect is extradited to depends massively on that country's economic and political standing in the world. According to the US-UK extradition treaty of 2003, the US can extradite UK citizens for offences against US law, even though the offence was committed in the UK by a UK citizen. There only needs to be reasonable suspicion that the person committed the crime in order for them to be shipped off to America, where they won't face a free trial and will not have access to legal aid from the UK. There is no comparable measure for extraditing US citizens to the UK. This glaring judicial imbalance is a direct result of the economic imbalance between the two countries.

Although we tend not to extradite criminals to countries where they could face the death penalty, what if there was "reasonable suspicion" that a UK citizen breached Uganda's Anti-Homosexuality bill? In this case they wouldn't be extradited, because the UK doesn't receive as many benefits by allying itself with Uganda as it does from the US.

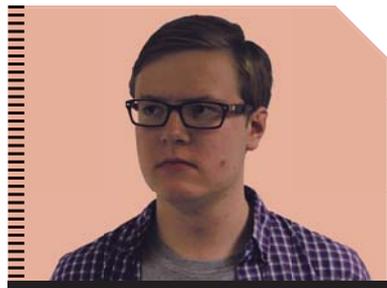
If extradition continues the way it is, the UK government will always be treading on eggshells, trying to appease whichever superpower is giving them the most money. Justice, my arse.

COMMENT

Comment Editors: George Barnett,
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Mandatory castrations for all!

The **Feminist Society** and why it might not be what you think it is



Keir Little Feminist Society

Anyone can be a feminist. It doesn't matter if you're male, female, gay, straight (or anywhere in between)

Because that's what feminism's all about, right? Right? Wrong, but from the incredulous looks, comments and questions we got at Freshers' Fair, it seems like a lot of you really believe that the goals of feminism are to overthrow and subjugate men and introduce a gynocratic fempire. Consider your entrance to Imperial and this article your welcome to reality. You're in the real world now, and you're here to learn. So, get learning:

What actually is feminism, then?

The belief that men and women should have equal rights and should not be judged based on their gender. Nothing more, nothing less. It's not about female supremacism or misandry: it's about equality.

But men and woman are equal! Sexism doesn't exist any more.

No, they aren't: a quick look at Imperial's gender ratio will show you that women are still encouraged away from "hard" subjects. In business and politics women are underpaid and under-represented, with each becoming more male-dominated further up the ladder. Their appearance, weight and personal lives are obsessed over (see this paper's comments on Louise Mensch last year), and they are frequently victims of harassment, sexual assault, and rape.

Men are oppressed too: look at how few men get custody in divorce cases! Also, men can be raped and abused as well.

We know, and we care about these issues. Yes, really. Feminists believe in



equality for all genders: our society tells us that women, not men, should care for children, and thus women get custody (although in fact, when men bother to fight for custody, the majority get it). Feminists want this to change. As for male rape and abuse? Of course, we want those to end too, but they have a small incidence compared to similar abuse against women, which is why you'll hear us talking about them less.

I'm an equalist/humanist because I care about all issues, so I'm not a feminist.

Yes, you are. "Feminism," although about equality, gets its name from the fact that women are currently the oppressed gender, and when the movement started, were truly second-class citizens, unable to vote, buy property or get an official education. So, what about racism, homophobia, transphobia and

other forms of bigotry? Those are issues we care about as well, and in many cases, there's a big overlap with them and feminism: this is something we call intersectionality.

I heard feminists believe X.

There is no singular defining philosophy or belief in feminism, save for gender equality. Sure, some feminists may believe what you've heard, but that doesn't mean all, or even a majority, of them do.

I'm a man, can I still be a feminist?

Anyone can be a feminist. It doesn't matter if you're male, female, gay, straight (or anywhere in between); whether you shave your legs or not or whether your hair is short or long.

How can I be a good feminist?

First of all, educate yourself. Read up on terms like privilege, intersectionality, slut-shaming and rape. Secondly, stop generalising: any time you think, "wom-

en are all X," stop and consider that for a moment: really? Are all women like that? If you think it's wrong when people say that all men are sex-crazed brutes, realise that similar generalisations about women are just as wrong, and congratulations, you're a feminist!

What does the Feminist Society do?

The Feminist Soc is just a place for like-minded people to gather together in a safe space. We're planning on hosting speakers during the year, film nights, a book club and probably a fair few bar nights. We're welcome to people of all genders, orientations and persuasions so feel free to come along to any of our events if you're interested.

Join our Facebook group at [facebook.com/groups/ICFeministSociety/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/ICFeministSociety/) or come along to meet us in 568 on Monday, the 15th of October, from 6 o'clock.

Letters



Irritated? Bored? Horny? Send your angry letters to comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk or write to us anonymously at felixonline.co.uk/contact

Sir,

A friend and I were at the Union last Wednesday, having not been there for some time. After having paid for the privilege of entering the quadrangle in order to purchase drinks - something which I find highly irksome, we were afforded a wait of more than 20 mins to exchange our cash for a plastic cup of poor-quality beer. It may be "the longest student bar in the UK" but if it is chronically understaffed (as is absolutely always the case) it will (and does) generate queues to rival its length. I also feel it is unusual for the Union to employ a number of bar staff to meander aimlessly behind said bar exchanging jokes with each other, as seems to be the case. When will the Union get its act together?

Anonymous, via website

Sir,

I would like to take this opportunity to publicly express my disappointment at the apparent lack of personal cleanliness amongst some students in the Department of Computing. Lectures are gruelling already without the imposition of certain individuals' bodily effusions.

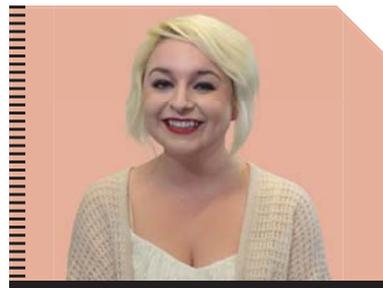
Anonymous, via website

Sir,

I feel I must complain about the sheer number of banal emails I have received this week from the CGCU President. Perhaps he may consider grouping his communications into a weekly digest or allowing recipients to unsubscribe from what is nothing other than a regular spaffing of uninteresting text.

Engineering student, via note

Save the planet all year round



Becky Lane

Deputy President (Welfare)

Green week really seems like a redundant idea to me. It makes it seem like it's ok to go around burning fossil fuels and not recycling paper for the other 51 weeks. This year I really want to tackle green issues with an initiative that has some impact. I think it is high time that as students of an institute internationally renowned for scientific research we took some initiative with our green issues. Do you? Come along to the Green Forum on Tuesday 16th October in Meeting rooms 4/5 in the East Wing basement in Beit Quad.



We're looking for new writers!

Scan the code and enter your email to join our mailing list.

Oh and follow @FelixComment!



<http://tinyurl.com/FelixCommentList>



Coffee Break Boss: Matt Colvin
felix@imperial.ac.uk

COFFEE BREAK

How to... get a job

Buckle up folks, this is real talk.

It's that time of year when your colleagues are eagerly discussing what hedge funds they're looking to work at, and the best way to iron out the creases in their power suits.

There might be some of you out there highly anxious about the fact that everyone else seems to have applied to hundreds of lame and square city firms. But don't despair – you can too! With none of the effort!

What better time than this to introduce Coffee Break's own foolproof guide of securing a job... 101% of the time!

1) GO ON THE APPRENTICE

Forget all these online applications to places you don't really know a whole lot about apart from the massive salaries they offer. Television's the new upcoming medium and people jump at the chance to be shouted at by an angry man in a confined space. It might not be the gruelling twelve-week job interview it once was, but if you end up as Lord Alan's chosen one, you're set for a glittering career.

2) RELEASE A NUMBER ONE SINGLE

Recruiters everywhere look for interesting details on your CV, and what's more interesting than scoring an international hit single!

You only need to believe. If Geldof



HOT!

TIM WESTWOOD

WHEAT INTOLERANCE

THE CRYSTAL MAZE

PHYSICAL EXERTION

SANDALS

GOLD

WHITE WINE

NOT!

What are you doing reading this?
Get blahdy applying!

can do it, then so can you.

For the big bucks, aim for Christmas. It's not hard, just toss together a few Christmas related lyrics and

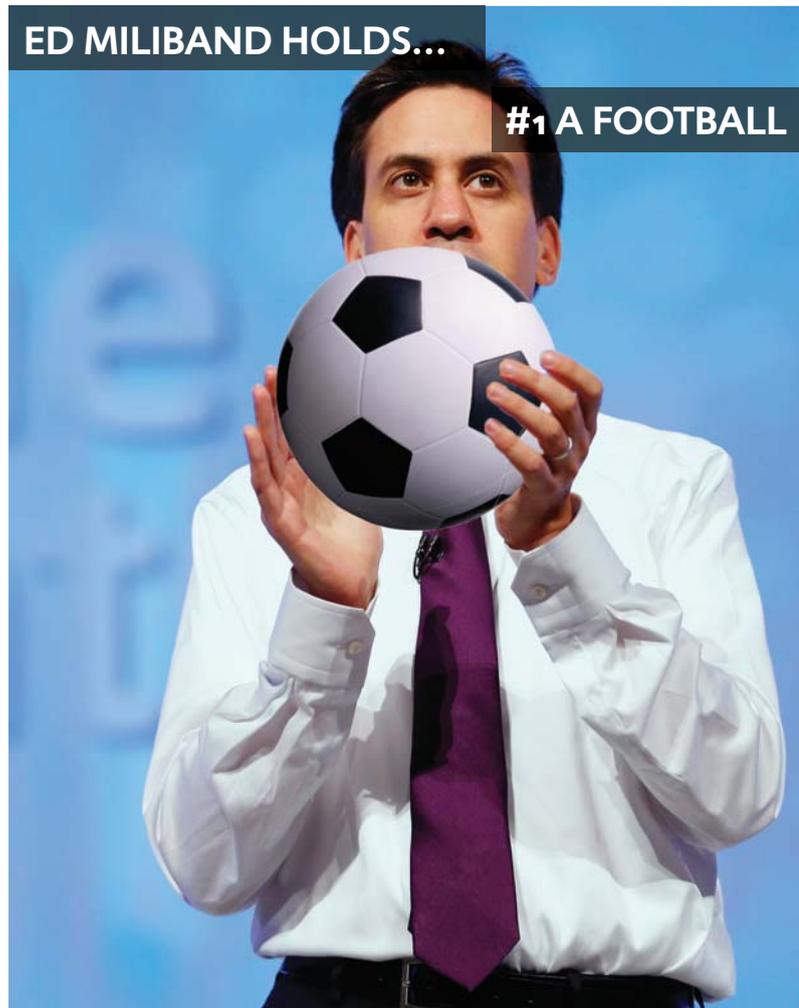
something about famine.

3) THERE IS NO 3

And there you have it. If neither of

the previous work then you're doing it wrong.

Follow our plan and you're guaranteed to land yourselves in the dollar.



Coffee Ring Corner

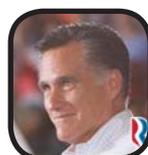
PLACE COFFEE HERE

Christ in your coffee? Email felix@imperial.ac.uk with pictorial evidence if your Americano produces any holy figures.



TWITTER HIGHLIGHT OF THE WEEK

Mitt Romney @MittRomney



It is time to change course in the Middle East. America must have confidence in our cause, clarity in our purpose, and resolve in our might.

I know 140 characters isn't much to work with, but Romney's hit a home run here. Never has there been so much said, yet so little. If patriotic fervour with just a dash of sinister floats your boat, fair play to you my friend. #yikes!

HANGMAN

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

twitter



OBAMARAMATYME2012

fuck fuck fuck. I need your help guys.



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

why? What's wrong? It's not evil pigeon again is it?



NOT_A_SAD_Cleggmanxxx

Ffs obie, the pigeon isn't going to murder you in your sleep



OBAMARAMATYME2012

no it's not evil pigeon. I'm at mitt's campaign thing. He's left his Facebook on. How should I frape him?



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

change his status to "I'm gay". Then people will think he's gay!



OBAMARAMATYME2012

that's genius Cammy!



NOT_A_SAD_Cleggmanxxx

no, that's not funny or original. Upload a picture of your dick and pass it off as mitt's



OBAMARAMATYME2012

...my dick is black Cleggman.



willyoujoinmymiliband?

I'll take a picture of my penis and forward it to you obie.



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

no one will believe that, ed. your penis looks nothing like mitt's. Use mine, obie.



OBAMARAMATYME2012

yeah, I'll just stick to the gay status thing.

Internshit

Mickey Luff welcomes you to his world...

I sat in the dim-lit cubicle, struggling to properly make out the naked photos on the tiny handheld screen in front of me. My life had become a combination of instant coffee, pringle jumpers and pixelated tits. But it didn't bother me, I just sat there tugging away at my shrivelled dick, desperately trying to think of anything that just might get me off and momentarily lift me out of my crummy existence.

Day one: a rough day at the office, and not exactly the life-enriching experience I had in mind. I was expecting it to be as advertised: a fantastic opportunity with a world-leading team that would harvest my talents to make the world a better place. Instead I found myself in a dusty store cupboard, surrounded by idiots and other lost souls, praying to be left the fuck alone.

This is my introduction, and I'll keep it brief. I'm ugly, white, and twenty years old, and supposedly full of ambition. But this ambition extends about as far as the JobSeekers website, or a mediocre Hangman column. I'm now trapped in the teeth of a large multinational – you've probably heard of them – and bound by contract to remain in this tomb for the next twelve months.

Stay tuned, because hilarity is sure to ensue as I become increasingly distant from anything worth living for, and realise that it's all

been a big fucking mistake. I'll keep you in the loop on my co-workers, team-building exercises, and mid-morning masturbation – because that's all I have to live for now, kids. I suggest you start practicing sucking city boy cock right this second, or develop a passion for something niche that nobody in their right mind would be interested in, so you can avoid the same fate – my fellatio skills are average at best and my interests far too common, and both have got me nowhere. Please, kids, learn from my mistakes.

I'll drip feed the series of events over the coming weeks, so that in the future my lonely, dementia-riddled self can look back and think 'shit, things used to be a lot worse than this'. And who knows, maybe it'll cheer you up, knowing there's some poor twat out there having an even worse time than you. Right now I'm looking over at my manager, Sheila. She's the main cause of my disdain. She looks like a transvestite Phil Mitchell on her way back from a Bill Gates-themed gangbang. Her Marlboro mouth smells fucking putrid, and her incompetence is enough to make me want to beat her over the head with a shovel

until the office runs red with blood.

Anyway, I'd best be getting back to work. There's a whole bunch of cases I have to attend to. Who knows, maybe yours, along with all its dark secrets, is in there somewhere. Maybe you're the chubby 19 year old man from Essex whose tits won't stop lactating. And if you are, I just want you to know that we all laugh at you. Nobody is here because they care about people: they're here because other people's misery gives them some smug satisfaction. I bet you're feeling pretty

optimistic about the start of the new academic year, aren't you? Well I want you to know that for most of you it's going to be fucking terrible: your grades, aspirations, and standards in sexual partners will slip massively over the next few weeks. But don't worry, because I want you to know that my year is going to be much, much worse. I hope that fact brings you some joy.

Follow the adventures of a disgruntled Imperialite as he regrets his decision to take a year out and enter the workplace, where he finds himself overworked, underappreciated, and surrounded by fucking idiots. Stay tuned and watch hilarity ensue as he enters the fight for his salary and sanity.



the turnip

Hangman's Finest College News Source



It will get hotter in the Library

by Hugh Moor

The claim from Imperial College Library staff that Level 4 "can and will be made hotter" has been met with scepticism by disillusioned students.

Students have long demanded higher studying temperatures and the calls were renewed during this summer's disappointingly tepid revision conditions.

"I was shocked, it barely reached the melting point of steel," said one angry student, "and they call themselves a great institution, I've heard they're able to produce nuclear fusion in the UCL Library's reception."

Imperial responded to the complaints by releasing a statement that claimed they had several plans in place for raising the popular area to study-worthy temperatures:

"We've taken on board the comments and – rest assured – we are already implementing a number of procedures to ensure that no student leaves the library without at least one sweat patch."

A spokesman added: "We've already removed the fans and ensured that the computers are constantly running Diablo 3 in the background on full graphics settings. We're also considering replac-



Artist's reconstruction of the library

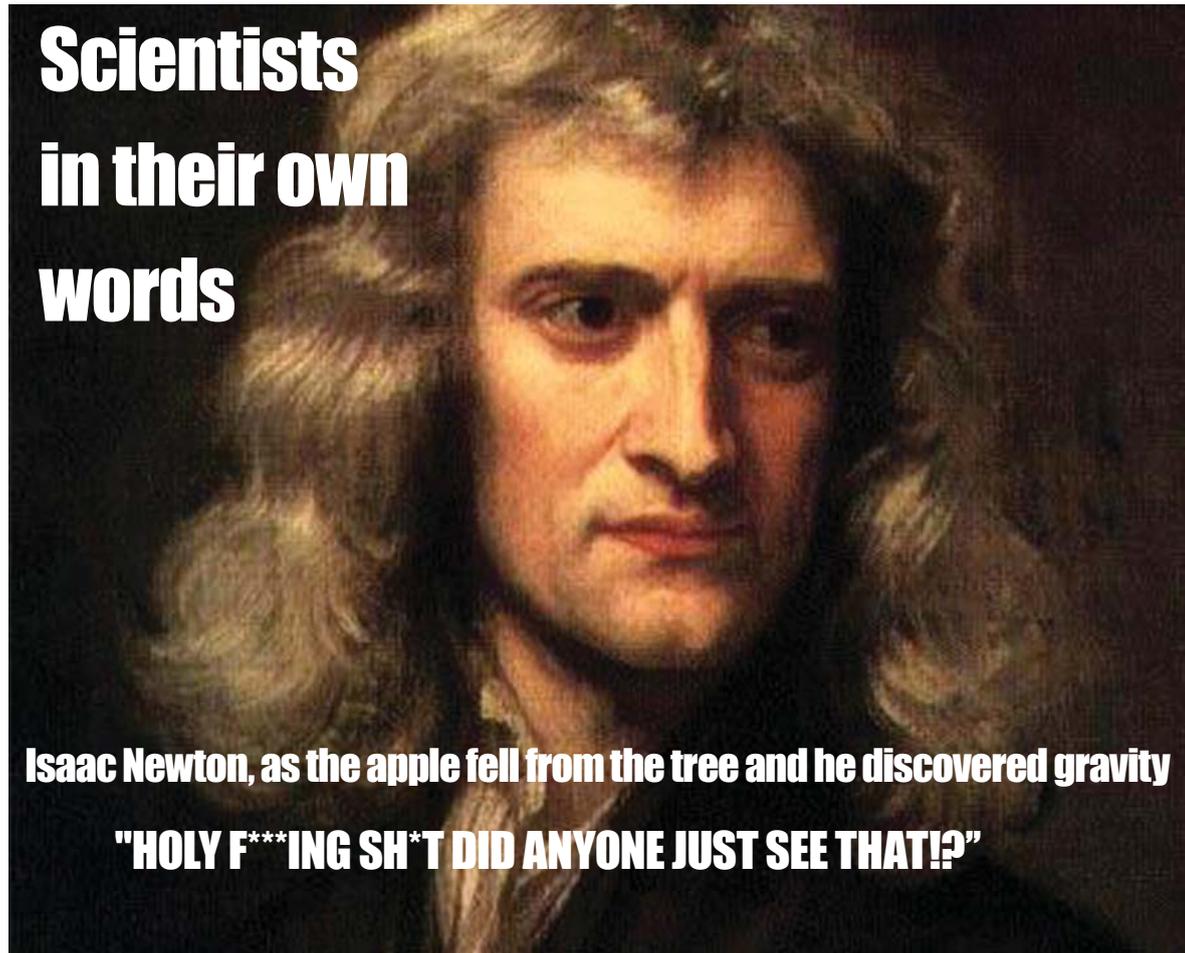
ing desk chairs with high-end Bosch ovens."

Not all students have taken to the announced plans. A third year chemist said: "we don't simply need more heat in order to compete with places like Marbella or Rwanda. Give us a few tonnes of sand and a paddling pool too; maybe a cocktail bar – then we're in business."

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

HANGMAN

Scientists in their own words



THE NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



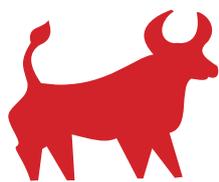
BEATRIX POTTER JOINS WRITING TEAM FOR CSI: LAKE DISTRICT

HOZOSKIZZLES – IT’S THE HOROSCOPES YEAH



ARIES

This week you decide that Imperial is just all too much. Just like that, you drop out and go to UCL. You have wild nights and no lectures, an amazing university experience. Two years on and you're still unemployed. Could be worse, you could still have no luck with the opposite sex. Oh wait, you do. Sucks.



TAURUS

This week you give in and just resign yourself to the fact that you just can't get good grades without performing cunnilingus on a lecturer. Gasping for air, and mouthwash, you are sure that you've secured yourself a solid 2:1. You fail. Your lecturer says he "has integrity". Meh. It was worth a shot.



GEMINI

This week you decide that heroin is for you. Turns out it's just a teeny bit moreish, much like a second chocolate Hobnob with that nice cup of tea. Before you know it your student loan is gone. You just can't get any work done and can't do handle a tough degree. You transfer to Kings and get a first.



CANCER

This week you just can't shake off the feeling that you're being watched. Gasping for breath, you see a demented clown saying. "FUCK YOU" you scream as you knee him in the balls. Turns out you were sleepwalking, that was a demonstrator in labs, and you have an awkward viva coming up. Pint?



LEO

This week you seduce a student. Awww yeah, this is amazing. You're the sexy lecturer that everyone wants and no-one can resist. Wait, they just wanted higher marks. Typical Imperial students. Weeping, you give them a low mark. Oh well. There's always masturbation. You become impotent. Damn.



VIRGO

This week, you've finally done enough stretching to make self-sucking a reality. The taste of your parts in your mouth are undeniably sweet, and salty, and oh sooo blissful. You come uncontrollably and screaming at the top of your voice. Tip for next time: don't do it in the changing rooms in Ethos. Pervert.



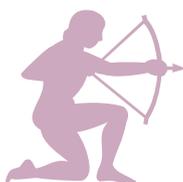
LIBRA

This week you are perfect in every way. All people want to be your friend. Everyone is eyefucking you 24/7. You get firsts on everything and wake up at 6am with no hangover after a big night out, during which you had many successful rendezvous. What? Can't these be positive once in a while?



SCORPIO

This week you try to be a nudist. Except for the odd oil from a pan spitting incident it goes pretty well. One thing though: people seem to be avoiding sitting on the same seats as you. Two words: toilet paper. Stop walking brown if you're all on show. You finally catch Freshers' Flu and decide to wear clothes.



SAGITTARIUS

This week you watch a couple getting in on in the Library. HOT STUFF. You furiously finish yourself off while they writhe with pleasure. "Erm, hi, erm, can I return this book please" someone says to you at your desk. You immediately shush them and point to the self return machines.



CAPRICORN

This week you're David Cameron. You start tweeting. This is amazing. The crowds of plebs will show you how they admire, respect, adore, almost worship, you. You look at your mentions. Oh well. You call in Nick Clegg and tell him to get on his knees or you won't let him in cabinet meetings anymore. Mmmm. All better.



AQUARIUS

This week, you're Nick Clegg. You Google your name. You immediately decide to never use the internet again. Your phone rings. "BITCHBOY, GET IN HERE NOW. MY BIG SOCIETY WON'T LICK ITSELF YOU KNOW". Fuck. Your knees had just recovered. You put on your pink tutu.



PISCES

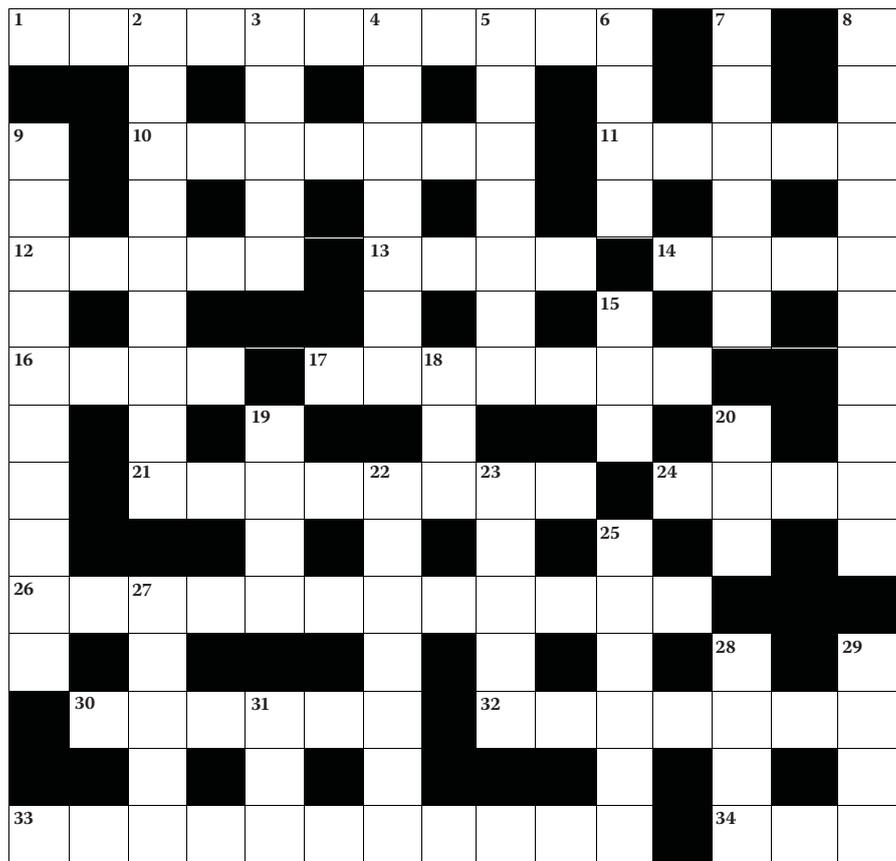
This week, you transform in to Ashley Cole. You start tweeting about everything. You use some choice hashtags. Oooooooooooooooooooooops. Oh well. Things could be worse for you: you could be Nick Clegg. You deliriously wake up from your sleep and realise you are Nick Clegg, and your phone's ringing.

PUZZLES

Puzzles Commander:
Sotirios Karamitsos
puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk



Crossword



ACROSS

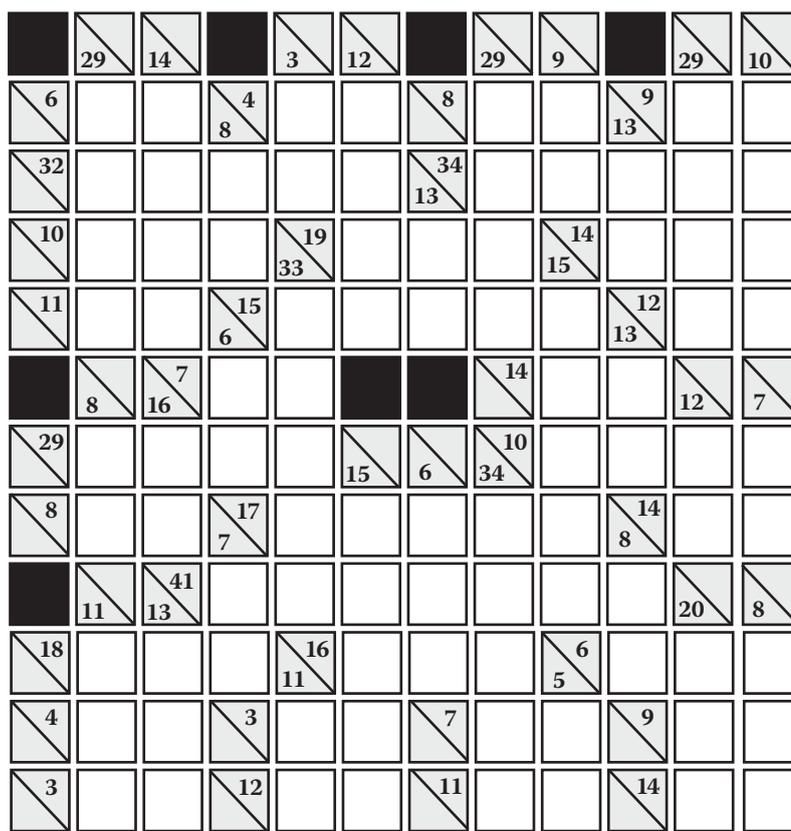
- 1. Alchemist's mercury
- 10. Latin truth
- 11. Hindu name for the planet Mercury
- 12. Endangered bear
- 13. Beams; lines with a starting point but no end
- 14. Anti-establishment initialism
- 16. A form of precipitation
- 17. Extremely foolish
- 21. Constructed language in Nineteen Eighty-Four
- 24. Age, lifetime
- 26. Too many
- 30. Popular form of swimwear
- 32. Indifferent
- 33. Unpleasant to the ear
- 34. Turkish mass unit

DOWN

- 2. A physical product of the mind

- 3. Determines one's next reincarnation
- 4. Jaundice
- 5. From a province in the Philippines
- 6. Precious stone
- 7. Person dependent on a substance
- 8. Excessively ornate
- 9. Manifestation of a spirit
- 15. Tavern, lodge
- 18. A freshwater fish of the Cyprinidae family, relative of the carp
- 19. Michael... : English footballer, forward for Stoke City F.C.
- 20. Final; trapping contraption
- 22. Area in central London
- 23. Units of area
- 25. Prone to slippery, viscous secretions
- 27. First computer
- 28. Prefix meaning "outer"
- 29. Request; defendant's response
- 31. British physicist organisation

Kakuro



Just like last week, insert a digit from 1 to 9 into all of the white cells, so that the total of each row or column adds up to the corresponding number in the grey cells. But hold your horses homeslice! Each row or column cannot featuring repeating digits.

FUCWIT RETURNS

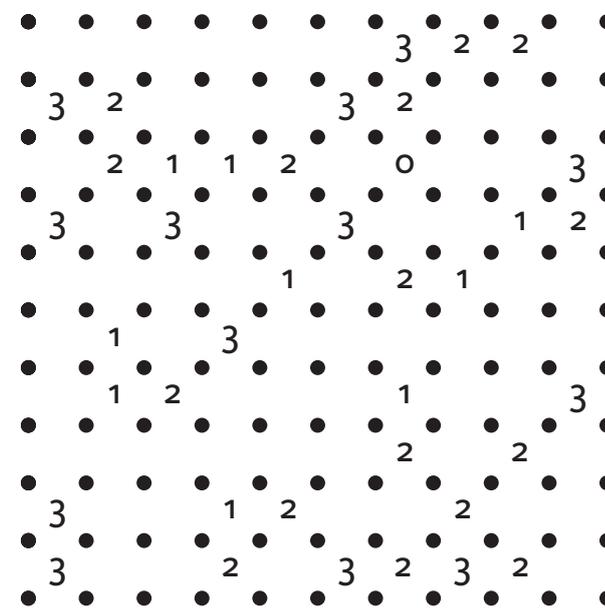
That's right, the **Felix University and College Wide Invitational Tournament** is back with a vengeance. Email your answers to any of the puzzles on this page to puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk for the chance to get some much sought after points. With leagues for both individuals and teams, enter and you could win fantastic prizes!

Slitherlink

Rising from the ashes, the invincible Slitherlink makes a triumphant return to the hallowed pages of Felix Puzzles. A new year means all new chances to be foiled by its fiendish traps and challenges. Dare you proceed?

Your aim is to to make one continuous closed loop by connecting the dots. The numbers in each square indicate how many edges of the square are part of the loop, so if it contains a "2", you know that two and only two out of four edges have lines. That's all the info you need to get the one logical answer (though waiting a week to see the solution will also do).

Answers, as ever, to puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk. Back in my day, you had to scan this kind of thing over. Now everyone's got these new fangled smartphones. Ridiculous.



Outi 2012

Knights and Knaves

Somewhere across the vast ocean, there exists a peculiar island, the Island of Knights and Knaves. Its inhabitants are, of course, Knights, who always tell the truth, and Knaves, who always lie.

A horse has been stolen on the island, and three inhabitants, Andrew, Bartholomew, and Curtis, are brought to testify. The following exchange takes place:

- Judge:** Andrew, did you steal the horse?
- Andrew:** No, Your Honour.
- Bartholomew:** Liar! You're lying!
- Andrew:** No, I'm not!
- Curtis:** Shut up! Both of you are lying! Your Honour, Andrew's the thief!
- Andrew:** One final remark, Your Honour. The day before the theft, I overheard Bart and Curtis talking amongst themselves. They both admitted to stealing the horse!

Whom should the judge convict?



90's

Tonight

12 October

20:00-02:00

Metric

£3.50

Come to Metric and be transported back to the 90's. Disco Dave will be spinning the decks and feeding you with all the 90's classics. 'Metric Loves 90's' is a great night to relax, unwind and throw those shapes on the dance floor.



Every Wednesday

19:00 - 01:00

Metric

Free before 21:30

£2.00 after

Boom Box is your weekly club night in the Union's famous Metric nightclub. Every Wednesday we bring you the best in chart music, drinks offers and post Wednesday afternoon celebrations.

Testing Triathlon waters

Sarah Lewis

Sports Writer

I joined Imperial's triathlon club in October 2011, with no real intention of ever competing in any triathlon; all I wanted was to come to the swimming sessions so that I could keep eating pies while a stress fracture healed. But even as Christmas rolled round and my foot went back to working order, I somehow didn't manage to quit swimming. And every morning, no matter how gentle my intentions as I left home, I'd arrive at the lab a sweaty mess, after half an hour of silly commuter racing on my rattling, pannier-laden bike.

By the spring, I wanted to enter a triathlon. Come summer, another running injury and several conferences had meant I'd missed out on both BUCS triathlon events. Still, the itch needed scratching so I looked at the calendar and picked a race, finally opting for the 'Olympic' distance: 1500m lake swim, 40km bike on country roads, and 10km run around a park. It turned out to be the Triathlon England National Championships. Was I even allowed? Hmm ... nothing about any qualifying times... I'd just have to go and do it, and hope to be swept along by the super-fit crowd sometime in the process.

Blessed are those who race with a club. I look forward to the camaraderie and minibus transport of the TriIC 2012/13 racing season. Getting to this race was a lonely faff: up at 3am to drink coffee, eat porridge, get my borrowed bike and a heap of kit into the car, and drive to Milton Keynes in the dark. I was so convinced I'd forgotten something that I asked a stranger to check over my

kit.

The race begins with a mass of competitors treading water in the lake, going off in several batches or 'waves' separated by 10 minutes. Everyone knows you can slipstream on a bike, but I was surprised to learn you can do the same swimming --- something I only realised after an annoying training session where someone kept swimming up behind me and tickling my feet, then slowing down as soon as he overtook.

In open water there's another reason to 'find a good pair of feet' and follow them: it helps you navigate when your goggles have fogged up. Alas, it's difficult to do in opaque water, and possibly cheating, so I mostly splashed my own way round, at a conservative pace since—even for a girl who loves a swim with the swans in Hyde Park—hyperventilating in the middle of a big deep lake sounds scary. Volunteer marshals dragged us up the slippery exit ramp as we finished swimming. No matter: I had already traded my dignity for a wetsuit.

Next task: removing said wetsuit. After a dispiriting session in my parents' garden with a tube of KY jelly and a hosepipe, I found the perfect lubricant (it's called BodyGlide), so this was a breeze. I even remembered where my bike was parked. Swim hat off, goggles off, helmet on, shoes on, slurp some sugary goo, grab the bike, get going, stop to tie forgotten shoelace, get going again, out onto the road where I am allowed to jump onto the bike and I'm free, chest heaving, pedalling out into the countryside and trying to get a bottle of sugary drink down ASAP because I know if I leave it to just before the run, it won't stay down.

With most of the drink spilt down my front and legs, I gave up on it and put my head down. In this, as in most triathlons, riding in someone else's slipstream was illegal. There's an exclusion zone of a few metres around each cyclist; you can overtake as long as you don't spend more than 15 seconds in that imaginary box. Despite various tactical quandaries, it turned out the bike was my strongest leg: the sun came out and I was able to overtake some people.

A veteran triathlete had advised me previously that 'the run is just about holding it together'. With jelly legs and stomach cramps, all I could do was put one foot in front of the other and hope that meant I was going forwards. It was horrible, but I liked it. By lap 2 of 3 it was hot and a man with a hosepipe appeared and started sprinkling us. Ladies of ambiguous leg-letter overtook me and smiled sweetly. Later I heard footsteps behind me winding up for a sprint finish so I hoofed it off up the final straight, but it turned out to be a ghost.

I did the whole race without seeing a watch, bike computer, or clock - even the one at the finish line was broken - but expected to finish in anything between 2:30 and 3 hours. Imagine my delight, therefore, to find I snuck round in 2:28:57! Clearly, champagne and Doritos are the way forward in endurance sports nutrition.

We clapped in the last finisher, who won a 'first prize' and got the biggest cheer of the day (since separate prizes are given in each five-year age-band) when it occurred to me to ask about showers. "Most people just jump back in the lake", they said—silly me!—and I dived back in to rinse off the sweat and lemonade. I think I'm hooked.



Mud in Manchester

Sophie Kirk

Sports Writer

After a successful Fresher's Fair and first run (with a record turnout of 80) Cross Country and Athletics club travelled up to Manchester for our first race of the year. Expecting cold temperatures, mist and rain we were surprised to find ourselves faced with a lovely sunny day!

Birthday boy Sam O'Neil was first up for Men's A finishing in the top third whilst new member Ed Hallett took the lead representing Imperial Triathlon Club in the B team. Fresher Liam put in a great run for the club and the A team finished a very credible 13th place against some strong teams from the northern universities. The B team was largely made up of new runners but still put in a good time to finish in 30th position. Thanks to Sam and Phil McCorquodale for running twice!

Meanwhile in the women's race, due to a certain committee member missing the bus the team was down to just two (insert classic Imperial ratio comment) and it was up to Club Captain to run twice. The muddy but flat 2.1 mile course was no trouble for seasoned cross country runner and social

sec Insa however and as a result the team finished a great 36th place.

The real highlight, and main event of the weekend, couldn't come soon enough: showing the 'northerners' how partying is done in the south! An unusual alliance with Leeds University was made such that we could take on Edinburgh Uni in a 'chanting war'; their cries were soon silenced with calls of "You're not really Scottish". After a traditional curry, the highly anticipated boat race required our men's team to step up to the mark. A great performance from Frenchman and newbie Davy Martin put us in true contention for the title with a sub 2-second pint; unfortunately though Matt didn't put in enough training over summer and we were pushed back a place or two. However the highlight of the evening was the tune-fest rendition of 'Naan Bread' to the tune of Hey Jude; I'm sure we will all have this in our heads for many weeks to come!

We are now looking forward to future weekend races away, and the London Colleges Cross Country League. If you want any more information about Cross Country and Athletics Club email run@ic.ac.uk

Imperial Wolverines dodge victory

Steve Ndumbe

Dodgeball Chair

The Imperial Wolverines had a fantastic start to their season with both teams taking home medals after a suspense-riddled day in Hatfield.

The morning started off in standard fashion, with the Wolverines discovering the endless delays away from Hyde Park due to the Royal Parks half marathon, culminating in an hour-long detour taking them on a stressful tour of Central London. However, the ever-reliable driver Alan Soltani maxed out the minibus's solid top speed of 62mph in his desire to get to the venue on time, driven on by a strengthening urge to go to the toilet (despite repeated refusals to just stop at a petrol station) and to prove he could drive for longer than 5 minutes without stalling (which he definitely couldn't).

Thus the Wolverines turned up fashionably late, arriving in Hatfield in shirts and ties with just 20 minutes till the first matches kicked off. The team was looking pretty fly, apart from Justin 'The Defendant' Ioanna, thinking that matching a shirt and tie with jogging bottoms and trainers was a good look. Blunder.

Both teams struggled to warm up in time, with the 2nd team unfortunately losing all three of their group matches placing them into the playoff stages, while the 1st team won the first and the final matches and just lost the second group match against eventual winners The Meteors.

The 1sts then played a relatively easy Quarter Final game before coming up against their rivals Reephram Raiders in the Semis in a best-of-7 match. This was always going to be close, but the Wolverines came out on top, thanks

to some hard hits from Jan 'Janimal' Kosco. Meanwhile, the 2nd team were cruising through the 'best of the rest' matches, and despite several calls of questionable reffing from the opposition, made it to the playoff final.

After witnessing a beautiful double catch from Zain Abbas and Justin Ioanna during the 2nd team's demolition of Bedfordshire Mixed Bulls II to win the playoff medal, it was the turn of the 1sts to face The Meteors once again in an attempt to do the double for the Wolverines, and win only their second-ever tournament in club history. The only time the 1sts have ever played The Meteors twice in one day was at East Anglia, where the Wolverines won their first ever gold medal. Were The Meteors about to win their first ever gold in the same fashion and beat us for the second time?

Unfortunately it was not to be for

the Wolverines. Despite solid performances across the team, the expertise of the Imperial Alumnus Adam Cutmore as well as the fastest-recorded thrower in the UK proved too much for the 1sts, losing 4-2 to take home silver.

Man of the tournament for the 2nds was Will Robinson for his superb catching and countering, whereas for the 1sts it was a tie between Alan Soltani for his club record-breaking 4 catches in one game and Steve Ndumbe for some strong throwing. Congratulations must also be given to Jan Kosco and Nuno 'Too Easy' Cunha for their excellent debuts for the 1sts and 2nds respectively, and to Tom Peake for his incredible leadership as 1st VI Captain for the first time (even Alan 'The Dictator' Soltani listened to him (most of the time...)). Overall, it was a solid start to the season for the



Wolverines, who are hoping to build on this performance with the help of some amazing fresher talent. Here's to a successful year! Dodgeball run free sessions in Ethos, Weds 8-10pm.

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SPORT

IC Polo "wets" appetite

Alex Savell Riding and Polo chair

This year's summer weather wasn't the greatest for polo and for the first time in a number of years the weather forecast looked extremely grim when we headed off to Royal Leamington Spa for the Schools and Universities Polo Nationals. On the upside the Jubilee weekend fell perfectly to give us a full four days of play and a chance to get through even with the looming rain. We pitched our tents at midnight on Friday under the headlights of the union minibus and started a few relaxing drinks and cigars as the rain began to come down.

Bleary eyed but awake we got down to business, which for the Lower Intermediate (LI) teams primarily meant a hair-of-the-dog as we waited through the two days of lower level play before our matches began. Fortunately, we had a Novice team with team captain Mo and his mixed university team in Novice 1a. We clearly had the best shirts so let the rag tag bunch of friends from across the nation sport our red, white and blue as we introduced them to our pony providers Greenpoint for the first time. Matching polo pony to rider is not just a skill it's an art form, and with two unknown players and with only a sentence or two regarding their ability it was anybody's guess what would suit.

Though they took to the field with more enthusiasm than I've seen in a long time, only Mo looked settled on his pony and the slightly more expressive gait of one of the other ponies left one player unable to keep his seat and he hit the (fortunately) soft ground with only a muddy patch to show. The first match, or chukka, never really got off the ground for the boys and they came away with a loss and less than sparkling whites.

The rest of us busied ourselves with the usual drinking, merriment and occasionally helping out the organisers until a damp evening came about and the polo concluded to give way to BBQs, even more drinking and general revelry. A much appreciated gazebo was assembled to keep the worst of the weather off. It was at this stage that one player admitted to remembering the BBQ, cricket set, minibus, polo gear, tent and space blanket... but not his sleeping bag. As such he spent his second night shivering under some silver tin foil, beer jacket not quite covering the distressingly unsummery conditions.

With the novices up to play again the next day things looked set for change. For anyone that hasn't seen polo it's possibly the fastest, most intense sport out there. For those unbelievers; when you're going 25mph on the back of a ball of muscle five times your size with a 52 inch wooden mallet it's hard to name something more intense. Add to that the other players trying to get their stick in the way of yours, and adrenaline isn't going to be lacking. Periods of play last just 7 minutes, but that's more than enough to get your blood racing. On their new mounts the novices, who were hurtling around at breakneck speed, had obviously managed to find their feet a bit more and progress was swift, the victories started to come and we began to look forwards to the LI matches to come.

By this stage though the rain was starting to come down, and the pitches were starting to suffer. A football or rugby pitch gets cut up a bit after a wet match, but half a dozen or so ponies charging around can really churn up a wet field so mutterings of cancellations were starting to circulate. Huge thanks go to Offchurch Bury polo club for letting us carry on, in the polo

world your fields are your livelihood and they took a huge risk and a great expense in order to let us carry on. The slippery grass took its toll on one member of the team that afternoon; with Jon tearing a ligament before even getting on a horse as he was running to judge a tiebreak while working for the organiser.

This sent us scurrying to find a substitute for our LI team, not only that but it needed to be someone our pony provider knew and could mount. Eventually a suitable alternative was discovered in the form of Nick, even if he was a Cambridge student. Donating him an ICU shirt that instantly made him look better; we mounted up and yelled a few frantic words at each other before the carnage commenced. The big pitch for the higher level matches had seen relatively light play so far and despite a fair number of dodgy bounces and a warning to be careful about turning too fast to avoid slipping, the pace of the matches quickly got up. Communication was an issue to begin with and between trying to find a shape as a team and getting to grips with the ground and the ponies, we unfortunately didn't fare too well and lost.

The last, rival IC team fared better with their first two matches coming in as victories and putting them into the two chukka final. We struggled our way to a frustrating defeat as the team finally started to coalesce into a functioning unit. The tide of the match turned just too late for us to capitalise and secure a victory, leaving us fighting to avoid the wooden spoon. Meanwhile the novice pitch was forced into switching to the larger inflatable arena polo balls as the pitch had become a quagmire and the small hard ball traditionally used for grass polo simply sunk into the mud on every hit. This wasn't slowing the novice team down



Image courtesy of edphillipsimages.com

though and their big hits looked fantastic.

It wasn't all fun and games though; the odious duty of partying the night away was left. Many of the final day matches are decided upon which team does better at avoiding the hangover, or very occasionally, on who ends up with least company. Fortunately, no one that was to be riding in the morning misbehaved too much and after merrily toasting the Jubilee we were all just about safe to get on horses in the morning. A goal from a penalty hit at 60 yards was still not quite enough to save us from the dreaded wooden spoon, though the Novices finished their weekend strong. The final Impe-

rial team fought a close final where at the end of the first half things didn't look great, but grit and determination set in and they pulled ahead in the dying stages to take the victory.

With the winter season just beginning, our training for the February winter nationals has had a little head start with the wet weather and a few of us are raring to get back in the saddle now. As such there is an exhibition match to top off the summer season on October 20th alongside the Beginner taster session. If you think you'd like to try one of the fastest, most exciting sports around why not come along and have a go... and get a bit of a show thrown into the bargain!

IC Rowers take on World U23s in Trakai



Ben Smith Sports Writer

The Under-23 World Championships were held in Trakai, Lithuania between 11th- 15th July. This year medic Tim Richards and biochemist Wilf Kimberley donned the triple hooped

vests to represent their country and defend Imperial's honour which they did in style.

The road to Trakai was by no means easy for Richards, who was rowing the lightweight quad. In spite of injuries to other athletes who may have strengthened the crew, the foursome of Tim, Rupert Price (Cambridge Uni), Kieren Brown (Edinburgh Uni) and Alex Robertson (Leander) finished a respectable 9th overall in an event where the standard was at an all time high. The crew placed a disappointing 5th in a tough opening heat, with last year's bronze medallists Switzerland only a second in front, forcing them in to the repechage. In spite of giving their all in the rep, the quad missed out on qualifying for the A-final by less than three seconds be-

hind the Netherlands. Forced into the B-final, the crew battled it out to finish just the wrong side of the Brazilians whom they had narrowly beaten the day before in the repechage.

Meanwhile, Kimberley was put in to the lightweight pair, in what was a previously unthinkable partnership with Matt Bedford from arch-rival boat club University of London. However, the two managed to put their differences aside and the partnership worked remarkably well with wins at Metropolitan Regatta and the Hollandbeker Regatta in Amsterdam, before finishing the domestic season at Henley with a nail-biting half-length defeat by the Greek U23 heavyweight pair.

The Regatta started strongly for the guys, winning their heat with no

great difficulty to progress directly to the semi final two days later. Despite a sub-par race they finished second, being overtaken by the French crew whom they had beaten two days previously, but this still meant progression to the A final. A World Championship final is a rather nerve-racking situation to be in, and it can cause



one to do some rather silly things as Wilf found out way back in his junior days when, getting into his boat raring to go, he completely forgot his oars. However this time it was his crewmate in the wrong, and the pair were swiftly awarded a yellow card on the start line due to Bedford wearing the all-in-one he was meant to change out of after weighing in two hours before the race. The pair had a strong race but narrowly missed out on a podium finish to come in 4th over all after being rowed through in the second half of the race.

With the new season now well underway, the two IC rowers will now join forces for the pair's head of the river. With a strong intake and several returners for ICBC, it looks like this year's going to be a good one.



ICHC party in Porto

Jonny Clowes dishes the dirt on Hockey's latest foreign travels

July 2012 saw thirty intrepid Imperial College Hockey Club members travel to Portugal for two weeks of sun, sea, sand and hockey. This followed on from successful tours to Malaysia, Croatia/Slovenia and India in the last three years.

Leaving early in the morning the day after the last day of term was always going to be risky. Many of the touring party still bore visible signs of the night before but everyone made it onto the plane with a quick trip to the most expensive Wetherspoons in England for a spot of hair of the dog. Upon touch down in Porto, the first hurdle of the tour presented itself. No one on the tour spoke Portuguese so contacting the coach driver that was to take us to our hostel proved tricky. Eventually through much running around and arm waving, the tour found themselves on a bus into central Porto.

The accommodation in Porto was unlike any other previous tourers had experienced: clean, friendly and actually like the pictures online.

The first full day of tour saw our first two matches against scratch teams from Sport Club do Porto and The Porto Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club. This was when we found out the true meaning of Portuguese time as our opposition arrived a full 2 hours after the scheduled push back. This had two effects on the party. Firstly, it gave them the chance to sleep off the first hangover of tour. Secondly, it exposed some of the fairer skinned hockey play-

ers to their first round of lobsterfying, Bergamasco most notably leading the charge after he fell asleep in the sun. Rather worryingly, when the opposition did arrive they proudly announced that they had several ex international players. This did not fill us with confidence as we were barely able to walk let alone run in our current state. The two games were hotly contested as the heat on the pitch rose to match that of the surroundings, with many of the Portuguese frustrated with the strictness of the umpiring and the IC players frustrated at the local's use of their size advantage to try to bully IC off the ball. Eventually the games ended in a 1-1 draw (BT) and a 3-1 loss (2s Captain) with the heat eventually proving too much for IC to handle.

The next day presented the opportunity for a spot of culture as we walked the city on a free tour. If you ask any lecturer they will tell you that keeping 30 students entertained for a hour is hard work but our lovely guides kept us enthralled for over 3 hours as we took in all the culture we could, from J. K. Rowling to the rather odd sexual exploits of some of Porto's most famous residents. The tour ended up by the river where we ate the local speciality Francesinha which is sure to clog even the fittest arteries with cholesterol.

After lunch a quick pop across the river found us in the heart of Porto's famous Port district. Despite what many members may have hoped, it is the fortified wine that takes its name from the City rather than the other



way around. Taylors was generally agreed to be our favourite producer and so we paid a visit to their Lodge and Wine Cellar where all sorts of intelligent questions were asked and many different ports sampled. Unfortunately no one could quite afford the Scion which came in at £2500 a bottle and we never found out the answer to the question "How many grapes does it take to make a bottle of port?"

That evening we found ourselves enjoying cocktails served in buckets, for only €5, by the river side. Measures don't seem to apply in Portugal with the rather simpler equation of half a bottle of spirit per drink seeming to be the rule of thumb. This continued into the early hours with those hardy souls still awake watching the sunrise over Porto from the bridge Dom Luis, with one member of the trip attempting to get intimate with a slow moving train.

A rather sleepy 4-hour coach journey saw us arrive in the capital, Lisbon, which also heralded the return of more familiar tour accommodation with the rather less habitable Tagus Homes. Without warning and in muddled English the tour group was split into two groups with six brave souls being led off to a different building 500 yards down the road. These six had to put up with the creepy Maria who reminded one and all of a female Sweeney Todd and so the door to the dorm remained locked at all times. The other tour party had the main hostel booked out but with only 4 toilets between 25 the morning rush

proved difficult at times.

More culture was to follow as the group soon discovered that it generally seemed to be a pretty effective hangover cure. However some of the group was a bit shocked to find that Sintra is pretty much just one big hill. A gruelling walk up to the top most castle was dodged by some as they chose to get the bus, which despite being overpriced left many wishing they had forked out.

The remaining members of the tour decided to visit the botanical gardens and its neighbouring zoo. This resulted in the small child in each resurfacing as they ran from enclosure to enclosure to see, and sometimes attempt to imitate, every animal.

Before our third match we visited the world famous aquarium in Lisbon, the Oceanário de Lisboa. The darkened corridors proved the perfect surroundings for pre game naps and the fish confusing to those who were yet to reach the hungover stage.

Our third game was a men's match vs the Lisbon Casuals at the Olympic park. Their name lulled us into a false sense of security before we saw their highly professional warm up and a quick investigation found that several of the opposition played for Portugal in their respective age groups. A hard fought match ensued with IC eventually going down 3-0 with a stunning defensive effort by all in the sweltering heat. Special mention must go to Skid Mark, Trinh-Duc and Fresher Rob for their performances.

The fourth game took place the

next day at the same venue against the Lisbon Casuals mixed team. The mixed game ended 4-4 (Poore Choice, Stumpy, 3>2, Brown Love) which reflected the evenness and good spirit the match was played in.

A final long journey deposited us in Albufeira in the heart of the Algarve. Unfortunately our match in the south was cancelled at short notice but with the temperature another 4-5 degrees hotter than in Lisbon it may have been a blessing in disguise. Much of the rest of the trip was a bit of a haze with the Strip stripping away all inhibitions and the tourers diving into the "culture" and mixing with the diverse range of "locals".

The highlight of Albufeira had to be the boat trip on our last full day. On board a 40 foot yacht sailing down the coast, lunch on a secluded beach and, as ever, glorious sunshine. Many felt so relaxed that they decided a spot of exercise would do them good and chose to swim back to the yacht despite the rather arctic temperature of the water. All but Bergamasco and Token managed the 400 yard swim back as they had to be rescued by the landing boat that was keeping close tabs on "the crazy English people".

It was a great tour and although we returned home winless it's the taking part that counts. For anyone considering joining ICHC, whether you have picked up a stick before or not, please contact ic.hockey@imperial.ac.uk.

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Send your match reports in to sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk