

A Tectonic movement

The Tectonics go on tour around the USA

Pages 10-11



Constitution approved

What has changed?
Has anything changed?

Will it affect you? Or is it not going to be felt?

Discipline for disrepute. Good, bad? No change?

Sabbs on highest board: more or less representation



Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

On Tuesday 30 October, Imperial College Union Council voted for the new

Constitution proposed by Paul Beaumont, Union President.

The vote occurred at the very first full meeting of Council for this year. The result was that 32 voted in favour

of the new Constitution, with nobody against the motion or abstaining from voting.

This vote was the very first vote that all of the new members of Council, >>5

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COMMENT

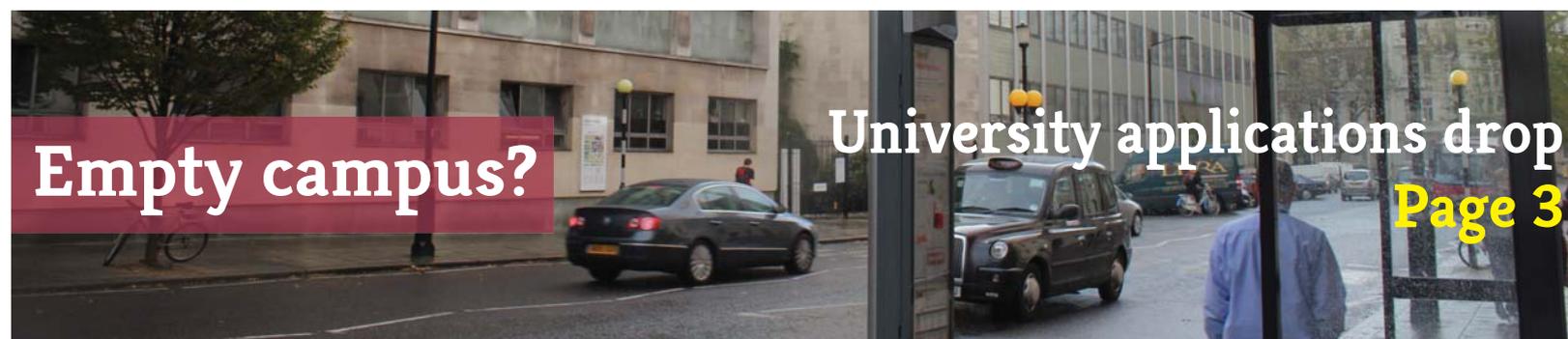


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HANGMAN



Guide to the latest Careers Fair. >>42



Empty campus?

University applications drop
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Apple's keynote

My old iPhone 3GS is dying on its feet. Should I upgrade? Also, worth a read to hear about Jason, out Tech Editor, getting free Beats.



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Biodiversity?

Is there a crisis? Do we all need to chip in regardless of whether or not we think we can feel the changes?



COMMENT

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So many opinions

Angry Geek is back. Also, we have some interesting views on the recent debacle involving scientists in Italy. Plus Will Prince in Grenoble.



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



Don't diss-repute me



Tim Arbabzadah
Editor-in-Chief



Once more I find myself writing this right at the last minute. Standard spelling error warning. Maybe this is good as it lets me just be completely honest.

This week, my hands were tied (metaphorically, not some kind of thing I'm in to) and I had to put a Union story right up there on the front page. For those of you who don't care about the Union at all, and don't register it as existing: I'm sorry. For those who find it really interesting: Huh? Really? You do? Oh, okay. I joke, of course.

The Constitution has changed. Sort of. It needs to go to the Trustee Board and is then sent off to College Council. Obviously the Trustees are going to pass it, and then College probably will too.

Contentious points? Well, the one that catches the eye is the disrepute one. It is actually already in the College documents that bringing the name of Imperial into disrepute can mean you are disciplined, and the President can, and does, intervene in such disciplinary matters. I would like the meaning of 'disrepute' to be clarified, so that people are protected if they want to speak out and give an opinion on the Union with no fear. It's possible, in my view, that people could be deterred from speaking out if they know they can be disciplined. Although it wouldn't make good

publicity for the Union when it gets out. It is just worrying that it could be used in a twisted way years on down the line. Although it is unlikely to occur, it should be protected against. I'm glad that there is protection for those reporting things, but it should also be cleared up that it does not curtail someone's free speech; it should be made apparent that people are still allowed to criticise the Union. Obviously any organisation needs to protect itself from lying, and it's good to have less formal measures than being taken to court for libel, but it doesn't hurt to have extra protection in place to stop abuse of rules. This could be in the form of an extra line or two, much like has been done to protect people reporting on matters to do with the Union.

It is important to note that, as with other rules, I would assume that if you say "the Union are xyz-ist" you are allowed your opinion, and it would be the people doing the xyz-ism, if they were, who would be disciplined (rightly so) for bringing the Union into "disrepute" (legal chat for "making them look like a bunch of wankers"). Crucially, I ASSUME this. I like to think I'm a reasonable person, but what if the people in charge were not so easy going? That's why you need to make sure assumptions are incredibly hard, nigh on impossible, to make.

I should mention that you can always, if wrongly accused, say "nah, fuck this I'm opting out". Although you won't be allowed in the Union (they don't ID everyone at all times, as it's hard to, and so you can probably get in pretty easily), and wouldn't be allowed in any Clubs or Societies (who would tell on you turning up to an event though? Again, in practice easy to get around). I only mention this to show how, in real terms, while important, these are all so minor in the grand scheme of things. When you're worrying yourself about your next lab report at 1am, tell me how much you care about point 2.342321235. ab. iii. Not saying that priorities coming up means that you don't care, or aren't allowed to forget it, I'm just reminding you that, after however many years, you leave this place and the Union behind.

In an out-of-character move I'm going to say that the only good thing about the whole disrepute stuff is that the Union can protect you from College by disciplining you for them. This is what the Union should always do: protect you from College, and stand up for you and your rights to make everything better.

Now back to frantically pulling out my hair while I attempt to finish the paper. Also, I left my glasses at home today. That was really annoying. Not newsworthy, but just really irritating.

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NEWS

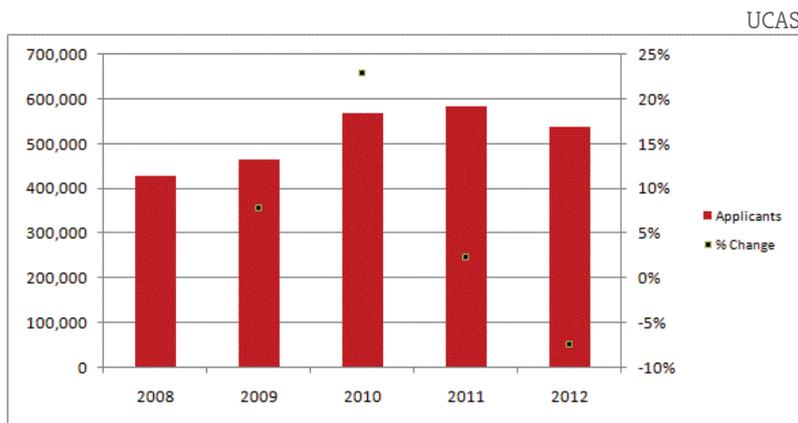
Uni applications fall

- Applications peaked in 2011 and now fall
- Warning over shortage of engineers

Maciej Matuszewski Reporter

Figures released by UCAS (Universities and Colleges Admissions Service) over the summer show that almost 44,000 less home students applied to study at UK universities for 2012 entry than did for 2011 entry, representing a drop of 8.7%. UCAS analysis suggests that, accounting for changes in population size and long term application patterns, 15,000 less individuals have applied than had been expected to.

Science subjects do seem to have suffered the least compared to the arts. Physics, for example, actually saw an increase of 8.3% from last year. Other, smaller, subjects, such as Biotechnology, even saw an increase of about 20%. However, as less people do the subject, it takes a smaller number of people to increase to make a large looking fluctuation. Mechanical Engineering and Biology were the other science subjects to see a rise in demand. All other scientific disciplines had a dip in applications. Civil engineering was the worst hit, with a decrease of 12.1%. This comes at a time when The Royal Academy of Engineering reported that there is a danger of there being a shortfall in the number of engineering graduates. The report stated that 100,000 engineering graduates a year were needed to maintain the status quo, with Professor Matthew Harrison of the Royal Academy of Engineering saying that



Above is a table of the number of applications. It shows how they peaked in 2011 and then fell for 2012.

“Engineering firms are crying out for engineers”.

At about 42,000 less students applying than in 2011, most of the decrease is accounted for by those resident in England. From 2012 they may be charged up to £9,000 a year to study at any UK university. The average fee this year is £8,385 this year, which is expected to rise to £8,507 next year. Scottish universities do not charge any fees to Scottish students while fees at universities in Northern Ireland are capped at £3,465 for students domiciled there. The Welsh assembly pays all fees above £3,465 for any Welsh student studying at any UK university. Application numbers from these parts of the UK have remained relatively stable.

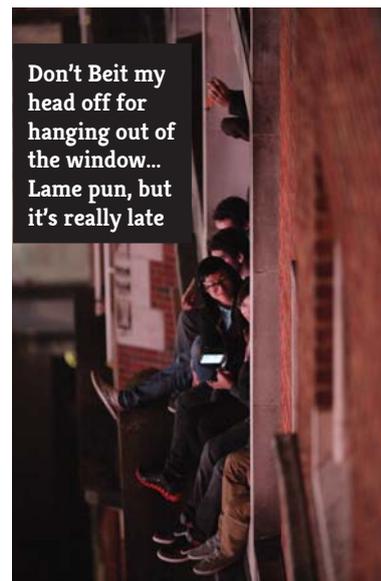
Research by the *Guardian*, however, found that most young people are still planning to undertake some form of higher education. Furthermore analysis by the Independent Commission on Fees found that application rates to the most prestigious Universities have remained constant and the decline in application numbers that there has been “greatest in the most advantaged neighbourhoods” which indicated that “any potential impact from higher tuition fees does not appear to be having a disproportionate impact on those” who are worst off.

In a statement Will Hutton — the Commission and principle of Hertford College, Oxford — warned that it is “very early days” to be able to understand the full impact of the tuition fee increase. He believes that some of those who did not apply this year might well “come back next year” — particularly given the poor state of the jobs market. Universities minister David Willets added: “We do accept that after a peak last year, applications are down from 31.6% of people applying to university to 30.6%. That is actually still the second highest rate of applications on record. We still have very strong demand for university.”

Others reactions to the figures has been more critical. Shadow universities minister Shabana Mahmood said that “It is clear that the drastic increase in fees and the increased debt burden is putting people of all ages off going to university and investing in their future. Most students will be paying off their debts most of their working lives.” Even Hutton admitted that: “We’re asking our young men and women to assume more debt than any other country in the world – it’s higher than the average debt in the US. It’s not clear whether those lost this year will return to the fold next year, or [if] it’s a storm warning of a worrying trend.”

Students scare *The Living Daylights* out of health and safety

Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief



Last week, Felix reported that students had found their way onto the roof of Beit using the sheer mental power provided to the excellent students of this institution. Stephwen Hughes, Head of Health, Safety & Fire at Imperial College London, followed up with the following statement:

“Students have placed themselves at considerable risk by deliberately breaching the measures put in place by the College to prevent unauthorised persons accessing hazardous areas. The measures including window restrictors and controlled access doors are there for the safety and wellbeing

of staff and students who will not be aware of the risk presented by the roof and balconies.

I would take this opportunity to remind students that they have a duty, under health and safety law and College policy, to co-operate fully with all measures put in place by the College to safeguard their safety and wellbeing. They are also responsible for their own safety and that of others who could be affected by their acts or omissions.

The College will now put additional measures in place to avoid a repeat of such an incident.

Sponsored Editorial

More student cuts Discount haircuts for Imperial students at Fresh Hairdressers

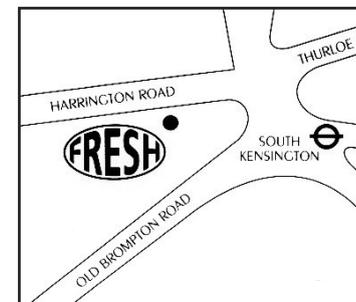
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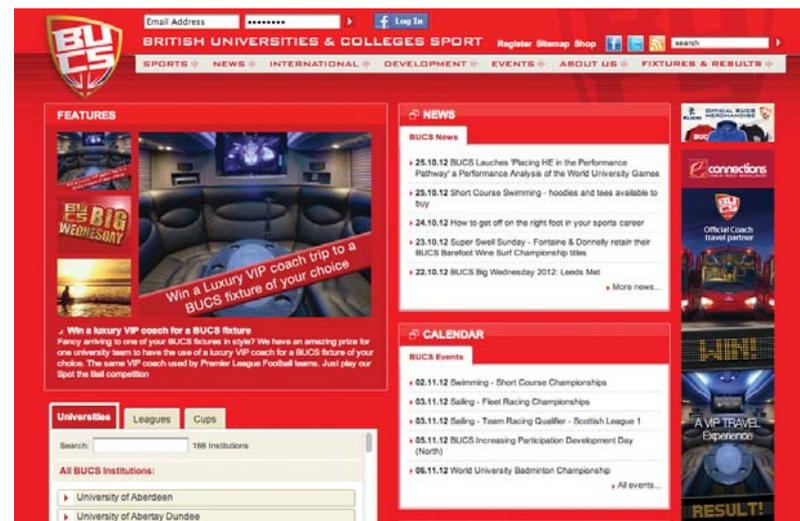
Tim Arbabzadah Editor-in-Chief

Following on from a very brief report in Felix earlier this year, there are still problems with Bucs.

There are currently two options being given to all of the teams, with a lower possibility, at the present time, of keeping the current status quo.

The two options are to do with how the membership of sports teams is. The first option is that all teams will be split with only medics allowed in the medics teams, and only non-medics allowed in the non-medics teams. This means that students have a restriction on which of the options they are allowed to choose.

The other option is that the two teams are not split, and allowing medics and non-medics to choose whichever team they want. However, as both would fall under the umbrella of Imperial, there are issues with what happens if a team were to forfeit their match. It would also mean that there is a limited



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NEWS
25.10.12 BUCS Launches 'Pacing HE in the Performance Pathway' a Performance Analysis of the World University Games
25.10.12 Short Course Swimming - hoodies and tees available to buy
24.10.12 How to get off on the right foot in your sports career
23.10.12 Super Sweet Sunday - Fontaine & Donnelly retain their BUCS Baretts Wine Surf Championship titles
22.10.12 BUCS Big Wednesday 2012: Leves Mx!

CALENDAR
BUCS Events
02.11.12 Swimming - Short Course Championships
03.11.12 Sailing - Fleet Racing Championships
03.11.12 Sailing - Team Racing Qualifier - Scottish League 1
05.11.12 BUCS Increasing Participation Development Day (North)
06.11.12 World University Badminton Championship

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number of teams that could be allowed in each individual league. This means some teams could be 'promoted' only to not go up and play at a level more appropriate for them.

Currently, the system allows for a student to make a decision between

the two choices. It also allows a student to pick a different team based on what sport it is, meaning a student could play IC football, but Medics rugby. This would also go.

The changes only affects a handful of universities around the UK.

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A marathon Council

» continued from the front page

who were only recently elected, had to make. It had previously been questioned, by the Court, as to whether it was too soon for such an important vote to occur, and if they realistically had had enough time to actually look over the proposals in full. It was argued that the time frame was too short, and that there was no way that people would have sufficient time to study the new and old Constitutions in full (especially considering the ever present, ominous Imperial work load). The retort by Beaumont was that the papers were all widely available online and were circulated to all candidates, as well as the emails encouraging everyone to read them. Beaumont said that everyone had had ample time. The concern that the additions made over the weekend were not properly seen were also raised.

Council Chair, Michael Foster, stated that the Council's discussion would be run by the following procedure: a member of the floor posing a question and then receiving an answer from Beaumont. The reasoning given was that it was assumed that everyone had read everything beforehand and therefore seen both sides of the arguments. However, Felix has found out that there are members of Council who did not read everything beforehand. This decision was questioned by the Court, with the objection swiftly brushed aside.

There were a few contentious points in the new Constitution. The fact that the Union now is able to discipline members for bringing the Union into disrepute was one. This was brought up at Council, and the response was that it was already



in the College Ordinances. The addition was said to be nothing new due to this, with no new powers given to anyone.

It was not actually defined what action could be considered to be bringing the Union into disrepute. An individual accusing the Union of acting in an untoward manner could not be punished if the matter was found to be true: those participating in said action would be disciplined.

Diving deeper into the matter to see how this could affect anyone, it is a copy and pasting from the College's Disciplinary Ordinances. In the College's Ordinances, which stood before the current, new Constitution, anyone bringing the name of the College into disrepute can be disciplined by the College. As stated in Ordinance D8 point 29. It states in another part of the Disciplinary Section that any matters to do with the Union are dealt with by the Union President. The Union therefore will discipline an individual instead of College. This has

happened as recently as the PhysSoc incident. This can be seen as a positive for students, as the discipline will not be on a permanent College record. The negative is that the disrepute rule does now have the potential to discourage those wanting to criticise from doing so. Although those reporting the criticism are protected from discipline, the person saying something negative could still possibly be at risk. The point of what can be construed as disrepute has not been cleared up yet, although it is likely to be the same as found in the College Ordinances. The decision would, however, not be made by just one individual. There is also a potential loophole, in that one could just opt out of being in the Union

The Sabbatical Officers are now on the Trustee Board, as well as the elected and, now, appointed Student Trustees. This was argued by the Court to be handing power to the Sabbatical Team and making them more powerful. The Court opinion, which was presented in

written form, and also in spoken form. The Court said that the Sabbaticals could ignore decisions at Council and use the Trustee Board as a way to force through unpopular policies that they want to create. Beaumont reiterated that the Sabbs were the "least powerful in the country" and that the "President has too much power", also stating that the other Sabbs did not have a vote, and therefore not a proper voice, on the Trustee Board. He also said that any Trustee could be recalled and that their can be a motion of no confidence against a Sabb found to go against Council. Although motions of no confidence are very rare.

It was also put forward by Court that there is a danger that the changes could be misinterpreted by future generations, saying: "there is a real risk that it could be misinterpreted what is meant". Beaumont claimed that the current document is much clearer.

When discussing finance, which, due to the money being crucial to how the Union is run, is very vital, Court put forward the opinion that it seems to be that it is not sure who and what approves the money. Saying that the Trustee Board now has too much say. Beaumont said that it was still the Executive Committee, as it was before, who decided the budget and can take it to the Trustee Board. He added that before the Executive Committee could overturn the decision of the Trustee Board and undermine them, even though the Trustees are legally held responsible for losses. Beaumont said that this was wrong and that is has been cleared up, but that the budget still must be decided by students. Beaumont argued that the changes "removes

bureaucracy".

Losses such as the Summer Ball 2011 were sighted as reasons for the changes and the need for the losses not to be made again. Court argued that it should be those responsible for the losses, not the systems, that should be blamed for them.

The Student Trustees and two other Trustees were also present. The Chair of the Trustee Board, Julia Higgins, and Lay Trustee Janet Rogan were in attendance. They gave their point of view on the changes. Both citing the "different view" that they had, due to serving for longer. They both praised the idea of changing the Constitution and said that it was confusing beforehand. Higgins said the "systems weren't fit for purpose". Although the only big change that is admitted to be an outright change is getting rid of Court and creating a Sub-Committee of the Trustee Board.

An interesting point to note is that Court did not appear on the website when it was relaunched, following the server being corrupted while backing up over summer.

Beaumont stated that: "I'm obviously very happy that Council voted it through unanimously, but this is just the first stage of many". Saying that the Constitution and Bye-Laws should have many stages to approval as they are important.

The new Constitution now has to go to the Trustee Board (although, as stated, key members were there: it is therefore extremely unlikely that those praising the changes would reverse the decision), and then to College Council.

The Constitution can be found online, as can Council documents.

£150 million partnership for Imperial

Imperial College London

Matt Colvin

Reporter

A £150 million partnership aiming to support the development of the new Hammersmith-based Imperial West Technology Campus has been announced.

David Willetts, Minister for Universities and Science, revealed the £150 million partnership between Imperial and property company Voreda, alongside six other university and business research partnerships, on Wednesday 31 October.

Following a bidding process that took place over the summer, the Higher Education Funding Council for England has awarded £35 million to contribute towards the development of the new campus' centrepiece Research and Translation Hub.

In addition, a partnership between Imperial and Voreda will result in an additional £90 million contribution from the investor. The remainder will be funded by the College.

This project is one of the two biggest capital projects supported by the government's Research Partnership Investment Fund. David Willetts said of the research partnerships:

"It is fantastic that our top businesses and top charities are queuing up to collaborate with our world-class universities. They want to work together to deliver innovation, commercialisation and growth, which will help make sure the UK competes and thrives in the global race."

In a statement released by the College, it is stated that the Research and Translation Hub "will serve the needs of London's enterprise com-

munity, expanding support for innovation drawn from Imperial and other leading universities" and that it has "an emphasis on the commercialisation of research to bring benefits to society and the economy". Work on the Hub is due to begin in January 2013.

This week's announcement follows the recent granting of planning permission for the new seven acre Imperial West campus, situated in the BBC's former Woodlands site.

As previous reported in Felix, there have been some concerns raised by local residents of the surrounding area, with the St Helen's Residents' Association opposing a potential increase in traffic to the area and possible overshadowing caused by the campus' 110m tall residential tower.

In a statement, Sir Keith O'Nions,



President and Rector of Imperial College, said of the planned Hub:

"With space for 50 spin-out companies, we will be able to support innovation drawn from Imperial and other leading institutions at a scale unprecedented in London and the UK generally. We expect the Hub to

become a magnet for businesses and universities in the UK and beyond, keen to find a foothold in London and to tap into Imperial's world-leading expertise in science, engineering, medicine and business. [...] It's now game on to realise the potential of Imperial West."

Imperial open up about animal research

Aemun Reza

News Editor

Animal testing has always been a very controversial topic amongst people. A lot of research is conducted at Imperial and sometimes this may involve the use of animals. The current policy on the Use of Animals in Research states that “animals may only be used in research programmes where their use is shown to be essential”. This means that every possible method that does not use animals is considered and only if there are no other options, animals will be used. Even when animals are used, this is kept to the smallest number of purpose-bred animals.

Work involving animals can only start once Imperial College’s Ethical Review Process and the Home Office has approved it. The policy adds that “animals will never be used for trivial purposes and their health and well-being are given the highest priority”.

Minimizing the numbers of animals used in experiments is an achievement that can be commended from the National Centre for the Placement, Refinement and Reduction of Animals in Research (NC3Rs). Researchers that make an effort to reduce the number of animals used can win this award and PhD students from Imperial College have won this prize in previous years.

In the Government commissioned

Ipsos Mori poll, it was revealed that there was a ten-percentage point decrease in public support for scientific research involving animals since 2010. Results showed that only 66 percent of people agreed with the statement ‘I can accept animal experimentation as long as it is for medical research purposes’ compared to the 76 percent in 2010. This significant decrease has stirred a declaration to be formed on the ‘openness of animal research’. In October, Imperial College was proud to announce that they had signed this declaration.

Professor Maggie Dallman, Principal of the Faculty of Natural Sciences commented saying “The re-



sults of the Ipsos Mori poll suggest that we need greater openness about why such research is important and what it involves. I hope that this dec-

laration will give organisations and individual scientists the confidence to speak out with the support of the wider research community.”

Imperial College
London

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The A Cappella Tour 2012: E



A packed out itinerary involved travelling over 2000 miles and visiting 8 different states on the 13-day tour. From NYC, we headed north to New Haven to visit Yale, where we were able to experience the oldest and most established a cappella scene in the world. We sang a set outside, amongst their beautiful campus buildings in the baking sun, before watching a 'singing dessert' concert from one of the 17(!) a cappella groups there, before attending an amazing house-party thrown for us by our guests there. For more detail of all these events, see our tour blog at: www.union.imperial.ac.uk/arts/acappella/techtonics.

From Yale, we continued onwards to Providence, RI and Brown University to visit our friends the Brown Derbies. We hosted and performed with these awesome guys when they were in London as part of a European tour earlier this year, and they aptly returned the favour, providing another amazing evening of education into American culture, student life, and a cappella music.

The next day saw a change in direction as we headed back south through 6 states to Georgetown, near Washington DC. It let us experience the feel of a true American road-trip, and spirits remained amazingly high, despite hangovers, heavy traffic, and a 300-mile diversion taken by one car whose sat-nav had an aversion to Delaware. We stayed with a lovely host family just outside the town and caught up on some sleep missed on the last three nights.

Now the tour turned to business, and the **Techtonics** arrived at the first of 4 schools we would visit on the tour. Our visit to Georgetown Day School saw us perform in the high school assembly before taking workshops for their music classes and a cappella groups. The reception was incredible! The British boy-band effect took over and we were mobbed for photos and autographs after every performance; a new experi-

ence for most of us. This also gave us an excellent opportunity to sell a few copies of our debut album: *Groundbreaker*, which was released just before we left for the USA.

From Georgetown, we headed back north to Philadelphia and to the wonderful hospitality of Tom and 'Broad Street Line' from Temple University. The evening's not-so-secret 'super-secret activity' involved going to see the **Pentatonix**; one of the best and certainly most famous contemporary a cappella groups in the world at the moment. The gig was incredible, and afterwards a few of us even managed to get photos with the group as well as palming a copy of our album to them. Still buzzing, we headed back to our host's house on the subway, and were shown yet another amazing house-party; we were so spoiled by the generosity of our hosts.

Following another deep yet brief night's sleep, we were shown a whistle-stop tour of Philadelphia by Tom and Molly, our fantastic hosts. This included experiencing Philly cheese steaks and running up the Philly Museum of Art steps, as seen in *Rocky*. Sad to leave just as we'd settled in, the group headed back on the road and back to NYC and Columbia, where we met our host Eliana from another group called the **Clefangers**. We sampled some more greasy (cheaper) local cuisine before heading onto the picturesque Columbia campus where we took part in an informal concert of a few songs each with the Clefangers. By the end, a hefty crowd had gathered, including people from the far side of the campus, who had heard the music and seen it as a good excuse to take a break from their studies. We then headed down to a (fairly) local bar, where we got to know our hosts a little better despite the extortionate drinks prices. Pleas from some of the harder group members for a longer night out were quickly quenched, as the group had seemed to hit the proverbial wall, so we headed back to the rooms where we were staying for some well overdue sleep.

The next day's schedule gave the group a good chance to spend a proper tourist day in the Big Apple. Some group members awoke early to take one of the cars across to a free parking space (hard to find) at the school we were to sing at the next day, and also to get in line for Broadway matinee tickets. Others slept in more, before heading out to see all the sights. Between the group, we covered most of the major NYC monuments, but the real special moment of the day was for the lucky 6 of us who just happened to bump into our biggest idol, a cappella and musical legend, **Bobby McFerrin**. The group sang for him, which he said was "a real gift" before giving him a copy of our album. The rest of the group were devastated at missing out, and despite 8 time Tony Award winning Broadway show, *Once*, being amazing, it did not compare to meeting such a huge idol.

The evening saw us meet our hosts for the next 2 nights, the wonderful family that is all the people at Leman School, Manhattan. We were to spend the next day giving classes, workshops, discussions on studying in the UK and finally a concert at the school. The families were the best hosts that anyone could ask for – from skyscraper penthouses, to why-would-I-want-to-keep-my-E Emmy-anywhere-other-than-my-upstairs-guest-bathroom, we had such a wonderful experience. The evening saw us hosted at a beautiful BBQ with a chance to meet some of the teachers, parents and kids for the next day.

After a night of the best rest on tour so far, we joined our respective hosts' children on the school run to the amazing school. Situated about 2 blocks from Ground Zero, and with 360 degree views of the best skyline in the world, this was some school! We took two music classes in the morning and were received extremely well, by the students and music teacher alike. After a chance to eat their amazing school lunches, some of us took time to head to Ground Zero and Battery park (to see the Statue of Liberty) while others talked to some students

interested in studying in the UK, and others prepared the amazingly set out theatre (also in the school) for the gig that evening. This was possibly one of the best gigs that the Techtonics have ever performed, and it has given us new ideas about the impact that a good and well used microphone setup can do for our performance; this is probably going to be a major project for the year ahead.

We were mobbed by kids and parents alike afterwards, and sold many a signed CD to the families. We then said our temporary goodbyes and headed for Stone St. where we joined the high rollers of NYC in some appropriately pricey drinks. We then returned to our families (via an excellent florist) and were able to relax and get to know our hosts a bit more. One more amazing night's sleep, a couple of loads of laundry, and another early morning later, we were saying some very sad good-byes.

We jumped back in our cars and headed to Brooklyn and Poly Prep School, where we were to perform in two separate assemblies, for the high school and middle school. The reception was incredible once more, the kids (and especially the girls) absolutely loved it, and the sheer enthusiasm for music, a cappella, and the English accent never ceased to amaze. Straight from the school, we headed north to upstate New York, where we would spend the remainder of tour. We arrived in somewhat ominous thunderclouds to Syracuse, and met our hosts in a greasy pizza place that we'd become accustomed to. The evening that followed was fantastic once again; on dropping our bags at respective hosts' houses, we met up for an a cappella house-party with 4 of the a cappella groups from Syracuse. The loft, a venue which fit up to 100 people, complete with makeshift stage, bar, and ping pong table was up there with the best venues we had the pleasure of performing in. Also the party afterwards was incredible, and lots of new friends and contacts were made.

The next morning gave us the opportunity to see how Varsity is done properly; Syracuse, generally considered the NY state capital for college sport, was out in force to support their team, and considering that events like that occurred at every home game of the year, the difference in college spirit value was clear to see. Leaving yet another set of lovely hosts at Syracuse, we took the short (by comparison) drive to Rochester to meet our next hosts, the **Yellowjackets**. Competitors on hit US show, 'The Sing Off', the Yellowjackets are both very talented and very well known. However, it was clear to see that in essence our groups were very similar, which was a good indication to us that we were somehow doing it right! After a lovely free canteen dinner, we headed with the Yellowjackets to the venue (an ex-frat house) and shared the stage at their homecoming gig. Even though we had improved so much on the tour, it was clear that there was always more room for improvement, and the Yellowjackets showed us some of the ways to do this.

As became a tradition on the tour, we were not only treated to an incredible gig but our hosts then threw yet another amazing social occasion for us afterwards. The following morning, we headed with the remainder of the Yellowjackets to the incredible 'Sled Dog Studios', in true (sitcom style) American suburbia. The team there was amazing; all professionals in the a cappella and music industries, they hosted us amazingly all day, with endless amazing food, conversation and enjoyment, with the added bonus \$500,000 recording studio in the basement. We spent the whole day there, with a short break to head down to the RIT campus for a casual performance with RIT 8 Beat Measure, and as with many places we experienced, it felt like we could've spent at least the week. We then headed for our final hosts of the tour, the lovely Juli, and the local families that lived around her.

The next morning saw our last proper chance for a morning off, which we thought it would be a shame to take when Niagara falls are only a short (again, relatively) drive away. Up at the crack of dawn (with a couple of slight alarm-missing incidents) all but 2 of us headed out to the falls with the plan of heading to the Canadian side (a better view, plus why not make the tour international!!). However, the mixture of an early morning and a long tour meant that not all members managed to remember to bring passports for this international border crossing. Not deterred by the thought of trying to clear Canadian Immigration (or even US Immigration on return) without said appropriate documentation, Eugene confidently drove across the bridge only to be met by less-than-impressed Cana-

ast Coast of USA



dian border guards, who sent us back to the even-less-impressed US border guards. After some relatively quick questioning, we managed to safely reunite on the US side, and those of us that did remember passports walked across to experience the best side of Niagara, leaving those that forgot to watch from the still very impressive US side.

Following this eventful morning, we headed straight back to Rochester, we then had the full school tour from one of the assistant heads, and found that despite it's slightly rough exterior and challenging situation, it was a thriving and interesting school. Once our guide remembered that we were not actually prospective parents and stopped selling his school

students for photos and autographs afterwards. We then had the full school tour from one of the assistant heads, and found that despite it's slightly rough exterior and challenging situation, it was a thriving and interesting school. Once our guide remembered that we were not actually prospective parents and stopped selling his school

to us, the tour was completed and we headed back to Juli's house for a nice relaxing afternoon. After some sleep/skype/dinner/choral music around a piano time, we began to prepare for the final gig of our tour; an intimate performance to the locals in Juli's back garden. The setup was beautiful, and with the clear night sky above and the

perfect acoustic, this was a really fitting gig to end a fantastic tour. The families were fantastic and really enjoyed our performance, which showed by the CD's that we managed to sell afterwards. We had a really lovely evening getting to know our hosts properly and reflecting on what an amazing time we had had.

Another early morning, another very sad goodbye and we were back on the road, headed for JFK and home. Stopping only for one last artery clogging Wendy's, we made good progress, returned our two hire cars, and made it to departures. A four hour delayed flight gave us time to issue some tour awards, film a music video for one of our songs, and to reflect on the amazing 13 days we'd had as well as looking forward to the next year. Despite plans for having a load of fun on the flight, it seemed that the tour had finally caught up with us, and we all crashed only to wake up at home in Heathrow. Thus concluded an amazing tour which none of us will ever EVER forget for the right reasons.



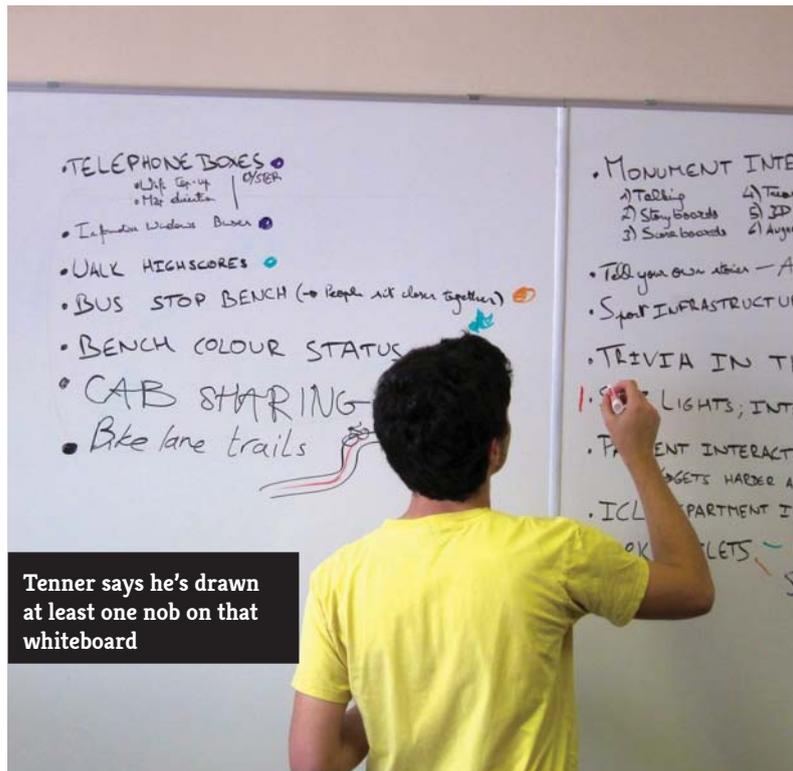
Tantalising talks

Imperial College Design Collective

As term really kicks off and we all start getting stuck in our routine, ICDC are coming at you with more projects and talks than you can shake multiple sticks at to get into a creative state of mind.

Fresh from having the heads of Genesis bikes judging and aiding our successful last project looking into cycling and the city of London, we found ideas ranging from simple effective gadgets to reorganising traffic systems, this really showed how ICDC is a brilliant platform for us to use our technical expertise within the design realm allowing quick development time and detailed concepts to emerge in just under 4 hours! However as you all must know by now, we don't just have workshops, we also had Andrew Waugh coming to talk to us about his architecture firm 'Waugh Thistleton' architects. In the talk we were given some insight into how Andrew, instead of entering into a large corporate entity, built up his own firm doing what he wanted to do from the very beginning. He has just finished building the world's largest timber residential structure in Shoreditch and is now leading the way for cheap and green architecture across the globe.

We now look onto the coming weeks and we have just launched our second project 'Interactive City' which has been planned in collusion with Andrew Shoben (TEDX Speaker and world's only professor in public art, so no big deal..) who is behind www.greyworld.org. Here we will be looking at how to engage citizens of the city



Tenner says he's drawn at least one nob on that whiteboard

through fun and inspiration to respect and enjoy their respective realms. For more information on our workshops be sure to check out our Facebook page (link below).

Whilst these workshops continue we will also be having a talk held by Imperial's very own Professor Peter Childs, on the subject of future aircraft cabin design. With projections indicating an increase in mobility over the next few decades and annual flight departures expected to rise to over 16 billion by 2050 there is a demand for the aviation industry and associated stakeholders

to consider new forms of aircraft and technology. This presentation will describe a collaboration between a large team of Innovation Design Engineering students from Imperial College London and the Royal College of Art and Airbus to explore and develop concepts for future aircraft.

The talk will be held at the Royal School of Mines room LT G20 on Thursday, 1 November 2012 from 18.00 until 19.00. Again make sure to check the event on Facebook where we can be found at: www.facebook.com/ICDCcollective

Piste about in the Alps

IC Snowsports

I hope you're as excited for Imperial's ski trip as we are. It's already snowing in the Alps and with the booking deadline (9th November) fast approaching it's time to book on! Last year we sold out a week early and places are going fast so don't hesitate and put your deposit down now!

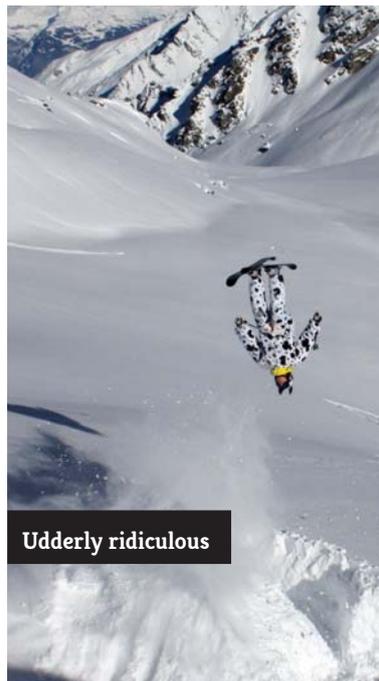
From the 14th - 22nd December, we'll be heading to Val Thorens to hit the slopes and the apres ski, with hundreds of other students from London unis as part of the London Snowoperative. Base price is £329 which includes transport, accommodation and lift pass. This is our cheapest trip yet.

Val T has got it all, with over 600km of piste to choose from as well as an insane night life! We have parties scheduled every night with the other London students. There's a huge opening and

closing party and on Wednesday night we have drum and bass big-dog Danny Byrd from Hospital Records headlining with free entry to anyone on our trip!

To book, you need to buy your Snowsports membership for the year at: <https://www.imperialcollegeunion.org/shop/club-society-project-products/snowsports-products/234/snowsports-membership-12/13> Then, go to <https://accounts.nucotravel.com/create> and create an account. Book on the Imperial London SnowOp holiday at: <https://booking.nucotravel.com/sy/london-snowop>

It doesn't matter if you've never skied before - there'll be people of all abilities going. And yes, you can bring friends from other unis by buying associate membership of the Union for December at <https://www.imperialcollegeunion.org/your-union/how-were-run/membership>. See you on the slopes!



Udderly ridiculous

Breaking wind

IC Skydiving recaps on a rather awesome beginner wind tunnel trip



Bottom left: excellent using-helmet-to-hide-erection skills. A true professional

Isaac Gentle IC Skydiving Chair

Indoor skydiving is a bit like putting your head out of a car travelling at 100mph or so... Essentially, it is a big hair dryer pointed upwards, allowing people to balance on the stream of air to simulate the feeling of skydiving. It's pretty awesome stuff and a surprisingly nice feeling (not really like putting hundreds of angry wasps in your clothing, more like getting an overly aggressive body massage. Hmm...), which is why we took a bunch of tunnel virgins and initiated them into the world of human flight (or falling!). We descended on to AirKix in Milton Keynes in force, a whole 24 of us, and everybody got a little over two minutes in the tunnel, which is sort of equivalent to the freefall time of three skydives. People spent most of that time grinning wildly, as spittle dribbled up their face! Everyone managed to get stable, belly down and arms out, with the help of the instructor and when the instructor felt they were ready, people got to float around the tunnel on their own. There's no talking in the tunnel as the wind whips the words from your mouth (both physi-

cally and mentally) so there are a set of hand signals the instructor gives to you that become surprisingly hard to remember when falling at speed! The most common hand signal used was "relax!", which, at first, is quite a challenge for someone new to the sensation of falling. By arching your back and throwing your limbs out wide, you can control your fall and small movements make a strikingly large effect on the movement of your body. It may take many hours to master this and become a pro, but we all got 2 mins on the way! By next year, I want to see back-flips and all kinds of crazy tricks, guys... Sadly, such an awesome pastime comes at a cost, but SportImperial gave us lots of money to make everything really cheap. Don't worry if you missed out on this trip, we are running more subsidised wind-tunnel trips for those interested in living life to the full! Get out there and find something that takes your breath away. Just like what indoor skydiving definitely did to all of us on the trip. We all had incredible fun with our clothes on and many of the beginners are now interested in doing the real thing from a plane. Anyway, a big well done to all the beginners for your first freefall! The beer's on you!

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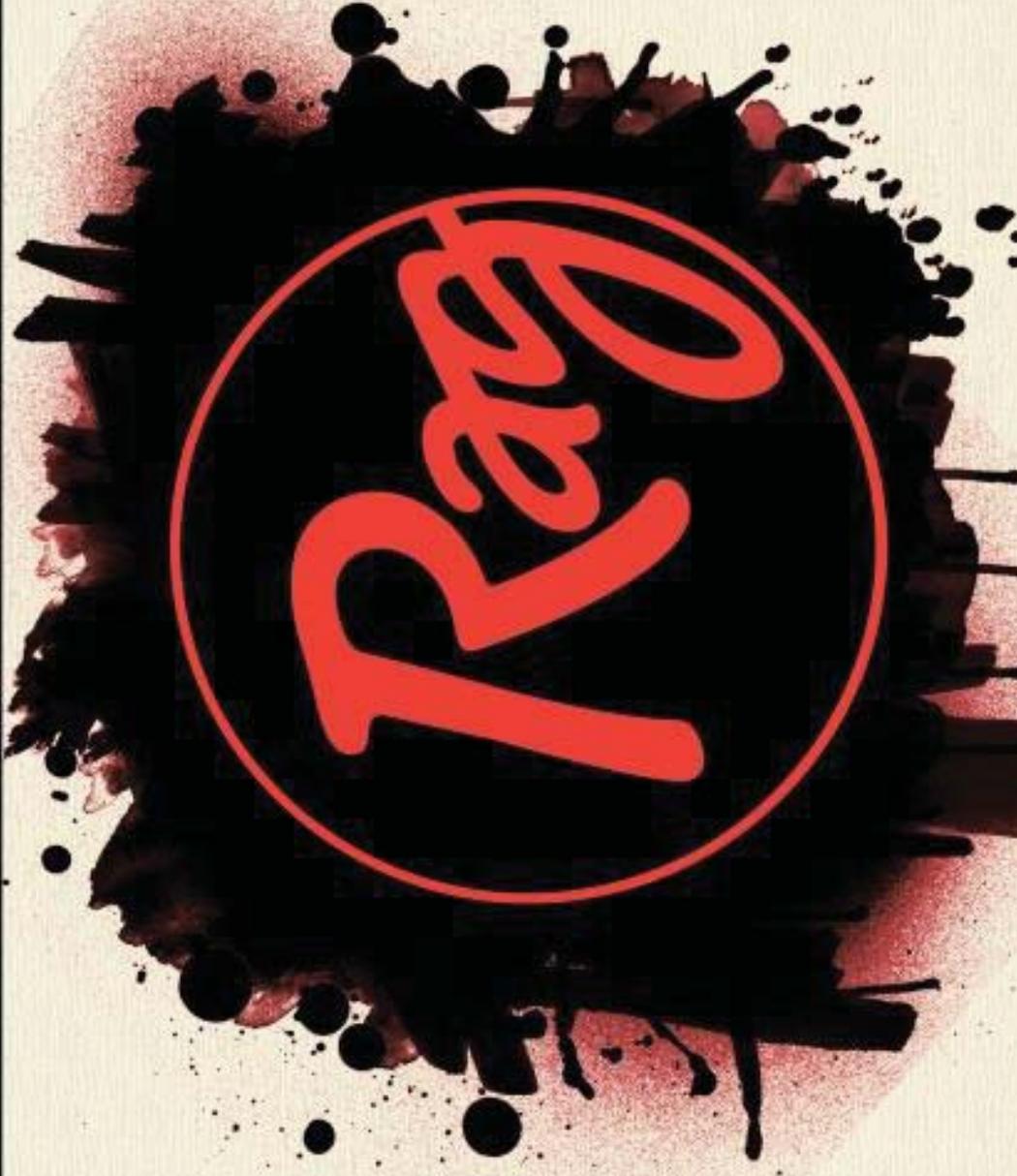
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Food Editors: Carol Ann Cheah,
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FOOD

Porridgeing for oats

Jonathan Mason shows you how it's done

Although the origin of porridge is debatable, the Scots have been eating it since the late medieval times to warm themselves through the cold winters. The UK gets through almost 50 million gallons of the stuff a year, seeing a huge increase recently due to the numerous health benefits including: low GI, high fibre, high protein and low fat. Despite this, many people still picture a gloopy, wall paper paste-like sludge resembling the gruel served up in *Oliver Twist*, or manage to recreate this by not understanding the subtleties involved in preparing the traditional Scottish dish. Unfortunately, we live in an instant society and many opt for a microwavable, milky bland pap which they cover in silly amounts of sugar or chocolate in order to give it any form of taste. After all, what student has the time to spend 30 minutes idly stirring porridge before 9am lectures? I certainly don't, but whenever I have a late start or on weekends I always invest the time into making the truly delicious and traditional breakfast.

The main and key ingredient in porridge is of the course the oats. After being harvested and cleaned, the oat are de-hulled by a machine, leaving the groat. This is then heated to just

over 100°C to break down the lipolytic enzymes, which would spoil the oats if left. From here the groats are either broken into pieces giving raw oatmeal or steamed and rolled to make rolled oats. These 'rolled oats' make up practically all those found in the supermarket including: Quaker Oats, Jordans Organic Porridge Oats, Scott's Porage Oats and also the instant varieties such as Ready Brek. Despite this, porridge purists, and any self-respecting restaurant, will always use the raw oatmeal, the coarsest ground is known as pinhead oatmeal. You should be able to buy these at most whole foods shops and sometimes in Waitrose. Although they take longer to cook, and require soaking overnight, they produce a significantly more textured and flavour-some porridge.

As for the liquid, you should use only water when cooking the porridge, milk is usually added afterwards to form a cooling milky moat. Although many people use either milk or a water/milk mix, I think it masks the taste of the oats and in fact and leaves the porridge blander. Putting milk in porridge is much like putting sugar in tea; don't be a hooligan, leave it out.

Traditional Scottage Porridge Recipe

Mason's Oats

Makes two regular portions... or one champ's portion

Method:

The night before, combine the water and oats in a saucepan and leave to soak overnight. Bring the oats to a boil whilst stirring continuously with a spurtle (traditional wooden stirring stick) or wooden spoon. Ensure you stir with your right hand and in a clockwise direction, otherwise risk invoking the devil into your breakfast. Simmer the oats for around 15 minutes whilst continuously stirring, until the porridge becomes thick yet still pourable. At this point, add the salt and leave to rest off the heat for 5 minutes. Adding salt beforehand will stiffen the oats and ruin the texture. Serve out the porridge into bowls; it is common to add a splash of milk or cream. Pour yourself a glass of hand-warm scotch whiskey and enjoy!

Ingredients:

- 1/3 pint of pinhead oatmeal
- 1 pint of Scottish mineral water
- A pinch of sea salt
- A splash of milk and/or your favourite topping - blueberries or raspberries are good

The simplest chocolate tart ever!

Yiango Mavrocostanti

Ingredients:

For the filling:

- 4 avocados
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 2/3 cup good quality cocoa
- 1 cup maple syrup
- 1/2 cup coconut oil

For the base:

- 1 cup roasted almonds
- 1 cup dates

Procedure:

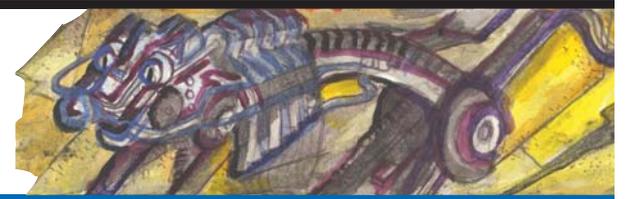
Yes... This is indeed the simplest tart; very healthy and it has a rich, dark chocolate taste.

You start by lightly greasing a 9-inch pie pan.

Then, use a blender to blend the almonds and the dates. Press the mixture in the pie pan and place it in the fridge. To make the filling simply blend all the filling ingredients until completely smooth and then pour it on the base.

Leave it in the freezer to set for about 2 hours. Finally, dust with icing sugar or cocoa powder. Enjoy!





Reddit: Freedom of speech?

Yong Wen Chua summarises the controversy currently plaguing Reddit



reddit

Reddit are having a pretty hard time at the moment, as demonstrated above with their new logo. See what I did there? I totally turned that upside down frown upside down.

Somewhere in a dank basement, a high school white American teenager smiles to himself for discovering a cute picture of a cat, worthy of sharing with his peers. He fires up his browser and heads to a website called reddit (www.reddit.com) where he posts a link to his uploaded image in a corner of the website called “Awww”.

This is the stereotypical image of a reddit user that most of the internet and media would like you to have: a young, white American adult living in the basement of his parents. But reddit users, or redditors, would like to dispute that claim, and perhaps rightfully so. Whilst the average user on reddit might fit the stereotype (according to some study), reddit is much more than just a website to post cute pictures or to plot the next nefarious internet mischief (like the “Anonymous” attacks on the internet last year), it is, as redditors argue, one of the bastions of free speech on the internet.

To put it simply, reddit is a website where users can post links or textual content to anything (well, almost anything that isn’t banned by the rules). The community decides what content is worthy, or not, by using a voting system. Any content that is highly voted, and thus highly regarded by the community will surface to the front page of the website and gain much prominence and traffic. Free speech is especially valued in the community. The community relies on the voting system to weed out the junk from the good, in theory at least. The community is divided into

different interests groups known as subreddits. Redditors have an eclectic range of interests: from the geeky Android to the, arguably, mundane politics and even the eye-raising pooping advice. The website has seen massive adoption by leading figures and celebrities. Most prominently, President Obama did a Q&A session on the website. But behind all this glamour, lies the dark side of the limits of free speech of which reddit is finding itself embroiled in yet another controversy.

A redditor who goes by the pseudonym ViolentAcrez (pronounced violent acres) has been infamous over the last few years on reddit, even garnering an “award” for being the worst redditor. ViolentAcrez was infamous for creating several offensive subreddits, with the most “famous” of them all being “jailbait”. Jailbait was an avenue for, supposedly horny males, to post snapshots of teenage girls who were, most of the time, scantily clad for the scrutiny and enjoyment of the other users. This caused a controversy when networks like CNN “discovered” the subreddit and hoisted it into the limelight of national news. When it was discovered that child pornography had been posted and traded via the subreddit, reddit was forced to ban the subreddit and institute a rule on prohibiting child pornography on its website, albeit reluctantly. From the perspective of the site’s owners, this was a curtail on free speech that they were reluctant to engage in. The second major curtail on free speech was to happen right after media site Gawker posted an exposé of Violent

Acrez, who turned out to be one Michael Brutsch.

Anonymity is the other core ideology of reddit and this was threatened by the exposé posted by Gawker. Immediately, a storm brewed on the website. Moderators of various popular subreddits scrambled to ban any links to the article, and even the entire Gawker network of sites. Some of them cite the rule of no doxing (the slang term for the revealing of personal information) as the reason whilst others are doing this simply “in solidarity”. The website administrators even instituted a temporary site-wide ban on the article. The community is split on the issue.

Users are split on a couple of issues: the rightfulness of the exposé and whether there should be any censorship of links to the exposé. Proponents of the exposé argue that naming names is one of the few ways to stop the stream of offensive content. Many redditors are not exactly fond of the questionable content in the first place. Opponents of the exposé argue that this is a violation of reddit’s rules, and most importantly, the threat of having their identity exposed will cause users to withhold speech and practise self-censorship, threatening the very essence of free speech on reddit. Users could even be in danger for merely posting. This ties in directly with the second issue. Proponents argue that the article was a legit and quality article as a product of investigative journalism (which this author must admit: the article was very well written). Opponents argue that the article was merely an attempt at doxing one

of the users. There were allegations that the author of the article has blackmailed ViolentAcrez, which turned out to be untrue. Dissidents of the moderation policy have been banned (and then restored). Even moderators weren’t spared.

Reddit’s administrators appear to be unsure of how to deal with the situation. After keeping quiet for a few days, reddit’s CEO posted an internal memo that announced that reddit will not ban legitimate investigative journalism. In the memo, the CEO wrote that “[they] stand for the freedom of speech” while continuing to ban any attempts at doxing. He recognises that the banning of Gawker sites on reddit has not put the site in a good light and that it would be ineffective in preventing the spread of the news. The site owners still seem to be rather unsure on how they are going to handle the situation. They are playing a difficult game trying to balance between the aspects of free speech: where does one draw the line (or even if there is a need to draw the line) between acceptable and unacceptable content? Add this to the fact that reddit is trying not to commit the same mistakes that led to the downfall of one of their competitors, Digg, and you can see how hard it is for them to toe the line.

The face of the controversy, Michael Brutsch, seems to be taking things well. Other than allegedly losing his job, he has turned to CNN to apologise for his actions whilst defending himself by saying that “[he] was playing to an audience of college kids”. He admitted getting “a thrill” when posting content on reddit. The

Should we curtail free speech to prevent any form of racism, harass, abuse, or sexism?

user drama on reddit is no less exciting. Brutsch has since deleted his account, and in doing so, dragged a number of other less known, though no less prominent, users into some sort of a drama. This drama is documented fully by a user on reddit no less!

Free speech is problematic. Does one have an unlimited right to say his mind? If so, does he have to face the consequences of his right to say anything? Should we curtail free speech to prevent any form of racism, harass, abuse, or sexism? The United Kingdom is struggling with this issue over the various “Twitter arrests” whilst internet communities like reddit are also struggling with this issue over questionable content. Commonly, the issue of free speech in this digital age arises from a single source: the web. The web has empowered us all with a voice, but how should we wield that voice?

Apple had another keynote

Max Egg looks at Apple's latest expected and unexpected products

At last week's Apple keynote we all expected just the launch of the new iPad mini, but the keynote proved a surprise as Apple announced more new products and upgrades than most had expected.

Introduction

Tim Cook came on stage, and like all previous keynotes spouted off facts and figures that describe Apple's amazing position with its various products. The iPhone 5 "5 million iPhones sold in the opening weekend" and "[the] fastest selling smartphone", iOS 6 "200 million devices in spite of "mapgate" and "scuffgate", iMessage "300 Billion messages sent" and Game Centre "160 million accounts" were all mentioned, as well as a few more. These stats are quite amazing, however, they have to be taken with a pinch of salt, as Apple will not really brag about their not-so-amazing figures would they.

iBooks

For all those who read on their iOS devices, Apple has brought out a new version of iBooks (which now has more than 1.5 million books). The new features include: a scrolling option for easier reading, better integration with iCloud directly in the bookshelf, easy-to-use Twitter and Facebook sharing as well as supporting new languages like Korean, Japanese etc. The download of iBooks is free, meaning there is no reason not to upgrade other than being lazy.

MacBook

After having put Retina display on the MacBook Pro 15", the MacBook Pro 13" now finally has also gotten the upgrade to the beautiful display. The 13" (Macbook Pro) also has other significant differences from the previous version, e.g. it has been made 20% thinner as well as almost half a kilogram lighter. Apple has continued with their movement into cloud storage and has also removed the optical drive on the Macbook Pro (meaning no CD/DVD's for all the retro oldies/hipsters who still use them). The 13" (penis MacBook Pro) has the same features that the new 15" has as well, so you can expect AirPlay, documents in the cloud and Power Nap. Although it is £500 cheaper than its bigger brother, £999 for the cheap-

est model is still quite expensive. The question is, when price isn't a crucial factor, who would want the MacBook Air with this new Pro out?

Mac mini

The first of the two minis mentioned in this keynote, the Mac mini is Apple's budget computer and it has finally seen an overdue upgrade. Hardware-wise, the Mac mini now has ivy bridge chips, Intel HD graphics, WiFi, three USB 3 ports as well as a thunderbolt port. The different variations range from 500GB to 2 TB of HDD memory and the higher end version can be a OS X server, which all in all makes this quite a nice desktop to own.

iMac

After an extremely long time and lots of moaning by iMac users, Apple finally updated the flagship of its Mac range. Incredibly thin (at just 5 mm) and light (shedding 3.6 kilos compared to the previous model) it's hard to believe that such a powerful computer can be encompassed within. The screen has now been laminated directly onto the outer glass and it's 75% less reflective than the previous iteration. There is also now a HD FaceTime camera, with dual microphones, to make Skype/FaceTime calls that bit sharper and clearer. The new iMac also has Ivy bridge processors up to 32GB RAM as well as 3TB of HDD memory. Like the new MacBook Pro though, there is no optical drive, so once again you are limited to a SD card Reader, USB ports and Thunderbolt.

Something new that's quite exciting though is Apple's Fusion Drive. As the name suggests it is a fusion between Flash

and HDD, allowing for the good performance of flash-based storage with the storage size of hard disk drives.

iPad (the big one)

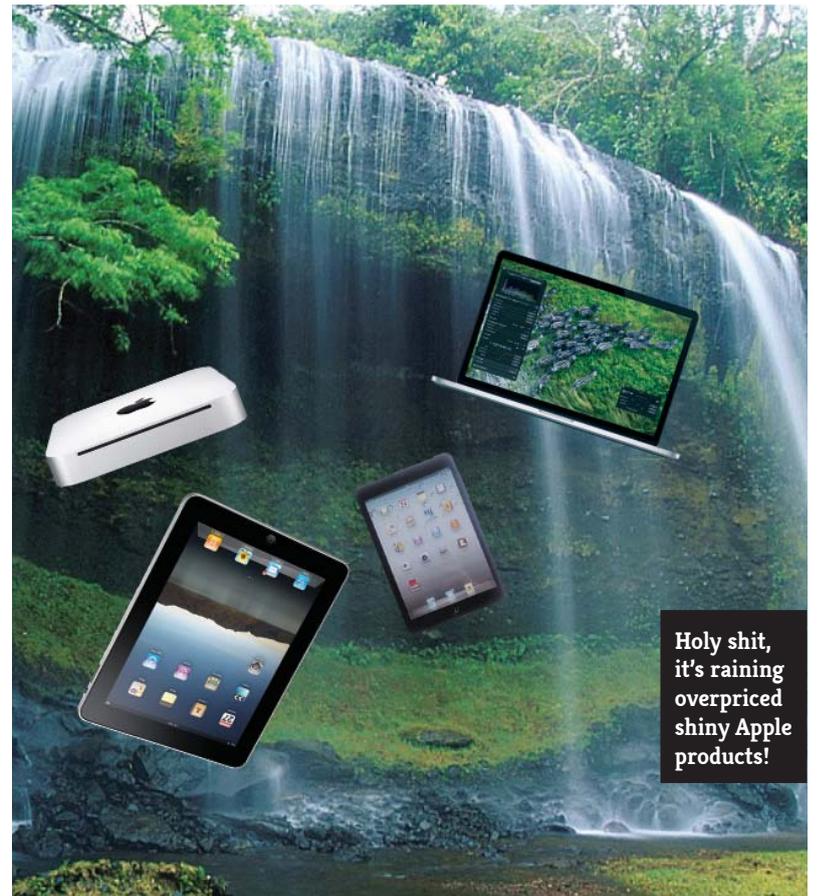
Just six months after releasing the 3rd generation iPad, Apple has pretty much screwed over all their customers who bought one (or more). This is because of the release of a brand spanking new iPad, with the new lightning connector, better processor as well as better graphics. This has pretty much made the 3rd generation as obsolete as the iPhone 4. The price is just the same as before, so if you didn't flinch and buy the iPad (3rd generation) early, this might be a good buy for you. For all the rest of you, who are annoyed at Apple's uncaring attitude, tough luck and better luck next time?

iPad mini

The mini pretty much came out as expected, and we did do a rumour round-up a two weeks ago (have a read online if you want), but for all you people who didn't read that article, here is a short summary of what happened. The iPad mini is a 7.85" tablet that you can hold in one hand. It is as thin as a pencil and weighs the same amount as a pad of paper. One great thing about this release is that it has the same resolution as the iPad 2, which means that all apps that are written for the full-sized iPad will work perfectly for the iPad mini. It has: two HD cameras (one on the front and back each), WiFi, 3G connectivity and a lightning connector. You can buy a magnetic cover just like for the big iPad, coming in 6 different colours. They are priced quite competitively at £270 to £530 for the different models.

Summary

So what does this keynote mean for you? Probably not much, unless you are in the market for a new device. The iMac and MacBook Pro look gorgeous, as does the iPad mini. The new big iPad, I believe, is a mistake on the part of Apple, as it makes a lot of consumers feel like idiots right now. One question I do have, and perhaps some of you will also be thinking, is: "Are Apple on a downward slope?" They appear not to be acting as creatively or market leading anymore, but more reacting to market pressure. This is sad to think about, as the innovation is what made Apple so special. With their edge looking increasingly diminished at Cupertino, it could easily give way for competitors to take advantage and make the step up.



Holy shit, it's raining overpriced shiny Apple products!



Windows 8 UK Launch

Jason Parmar
 Technology Editor



I arrived with a mate to what is a pretty standard PC World Currys on Tottenham Court Road sharp at 9pm. Surprisingly, we found ourselves 66th in line to the UK launch of Windows 8.

It may sound odd, I mean, who in their right minds would queue for anything that isn't an Apple product? And, no, I'm not a massive Microsoft fanboy, despite last week's edition of Tech.

What was "special" about this product launch, and the reason why I was willing to spend 3 hours of my life queuing, was the fact that declining tech giant Hewlett-Packard, HP, (and not Microsoft) were offering super discounts on brand new Windows 8 laptops and a free pair of beats with each purchase to the first 300 customers in the queue.

The company needed some good publicity after reporting a 31% reduce in profits Q2 this year and announcing laying off of 29,000 employees. So what better way to boost their repu-

tation and finances than by giving me £1,200 of laptop for £650, plus two douchebaggy Dr Dre Beats Solo HDs.

I'm not complaining, I got a good deal, made a far bit of money and it was actually pretty fun. But there was one thing I couldn't work out, why on earth weren't there more people?

They gave out free doughnuts, hot dogs & drinks, entered us into competitions and even had a US magician there to entertain us - yet still, despite the online publicity, the feature in *The Metro* and more, there really weren't many people willing to wait a couple of hours.

Maybe it's because HP are seen as seriously uncool, and I can definitely see why. Despite all the good value, the event honestly kind of stunk of a desperate company that is trying far too hard to be cool. Although I'm grateful to HP, they really shouldn't be trying to create a similar hype to Apple. They're just not cool enough, and they make seriously mediocre electronics.



US Presidential Elections 2012

Gods of Rain and Presidents of Men

Sandy has ravaged the Eastern coast of America, caused \$20 billion worth of damage and left millions of Americans without power. **Alexander Soloviev** discusses its impact on the presidential campaigns and next Tuesday's vote.

Mother nature and the election campaigns seem to be syncing up: hurricane Sandy makes landfall just as the last week of campaigning is underway. But just what does this superstorm mean for the presidential hopefuls?

It's important to start off saying that Sandy is not your run-of-the-mill hurricane. It's like a Michael Bay movie: total and utter mayhem with a good clean-up budget. A hurricane from the south meets a winter storm

from the west (a la Gone with the Wind), but a polar system from the north is added to the fray. And a full moon, for those extra high tides, as well!

Minus the werewolves and the superstitious business of it being Halloween and all, Sandy still seems set to be a record killer and coster.

Enter election.

As circumstantial as it seems, Sandy will make some difference to the election. For starters, it is largely effecting the northeast of the good old US of A. Making landfall in New Jersey, the storm is expected to spread to the north, filling up the periphery with several feet of snow and centimeters of showers. That being said, it's important to note that the northeast votes predominately Democrat. So will Obama stand to lose some support?

Short answer, no. Though there might be lower turnout at the polls, as one could expect in weather as apocalyptic as Sandy, Obama still touts at least a ten-point lead in most northeastern states.

Also, as the incumbent, Obama stands to profit from this hellish storm system. That is, if he plays his cards

Will Obama stand to lose some support?

right: a well-managed and quickly fixed disaster could give him an extra boost. Cool brow, yet warm and comfortable rhetoric, Obama could make himself seem as the modest savior/rebuilder of the northeast.

This resonates much wider than just this region. One only needs to think of 2005, when hurricane Katrina ran amok not only on the levees of New Orleans, bringing on flooding not seen since Noah, but also on Bush's popularity ratings. His perceived

ineffective response and lackadaisical approach to the whole crisis defined his second term in office. Obama shouldn't and, if he wants to win the election, can't let this brewing crisis go unnoticed.

Fortunately for Obama, Romney is not helping himself out. While the incumbent is seen as spending his time organizing disaster relief, Romney is criticizing the Federal Emergency Management Agency, FEMA, the federal institution providing help to those states that do not have the

means to fix the mess that Sandy has left behind. This doesn't bode well for his chances in the northeast and diminishes his chances in the bad-weather magnets in the south.

Romney has cancelled events out of respect for those in the storm's path and tried to influence his supporters to donate to the relief effort. That is worth note. But lacking Obama's control of the situation, there is really little else Romney can do.

It seems like Sandy and Obama are a match made in heaven.

Reuters



A visual metaphor for Mitt Romney's campaign

Write for Politics!

It doesn't all end with the US election. The EU is in turmoil, China is changing leadership and the British government doesn't know how to count.

Interested? Email us!

politics.felix@imperial.ac.uk

UK GDP figures: a turn for the better?

Kirstin Hay

Writer

Last week, the Office for National Statistics released their first estimate for the economic growth of the UK economy in the months of July, August and September, known as the third quarter. Somewhat unexpectedly, a 1% rise in the GDP of the country was announced. Given the excuses given by the Chancellor, George Osborne, for previous falls ranging from the weather to the royal wedding, using the Olympics as a reason for growth does not seem so far fetched.

All of the Olympic and Paralympic ticket sales were counted in this quarter's economic output, and the ONS predict that approximately 0.2% of the growth is solely down to ticket sales, with the boost to employment and creative industries harder to estimate. Of course these figures are only an estimate, and as we have seen in previous quarters, they can be revised down.

A 1% rise on its own in the UK's current economic situation is a good thing, and suggests that we have left the second dip of recession. It is also the largest growth seen in one quarter



If I just let one rip really quietly, no-one will notice...

since the financial crisis began in 2007. George Osborne is of course delighted that the economy seems to be responding to his budgetary measures, but Labour spokespeople are wary of this analysis, given that the package of tax increases and spending cuts (worth about 4% of GDP) are only coming into effect in January 2013, and that many of the reasons given for this quarter's growth are temporary.

In other G8 countries such as Germany and France, growth in the

2nd quarter of 2012 was slow or non-existent, 0.3% and 0.0% respectively, compared with -0.7% in the UK for the same period. The predicted rise of 1.0% in the UK GDP in the third quarter is an even more surprising result because of this, and the French predictions of a contraction of 0.9% in their GDP for this quarter. All of these figures mean that the EU predicts the 27 member states will see overall no change in the GDP of the region across 2012, whereas the UK alone would see

a 0.5% rise. Given our unemployment figures and our continued decline in manufacturing and construction sectors, it is hard to see how this position can be maintained for the UK economy compared to manufacturing giants, such as Germany.

Ed Balls, the Shadow Chancellor, has suggested that this growth is fragile, and the government must remain wary of threats to its stability, such as Greece bailing out of the Eurozone, or the effects of hurricane Sandy hitting

the Caribbean and the East Coast of the USA on the global economy. The Conservatives are also cautiously optimistic about the UK's chances of staying out of recession and falling into a triple dip recession for the first time in UK economic history.

With growth in the economy and jobless rates tentatively down in the last quarter (although this does include part-time and temporary work), signs are that the UK is slowly on the mend, but with more public spending cuts on the horizon, will the recovery continue? Christine Lagarde, Managing Director of the International Monetary Fund, has called for austerity measures to be slowed down, else risking economic growth. The IMF has changed the way they estimate the effects of austerity measures away from the method used by the British Treasury, so that a contraction of approximately 0.9% to 1.7% will be felt across Europe if austerity measures continue.

Whilst these figures are only estimates, and no one knows who has the correct interpretation, each party will argue that they have the correct plan. Our fragile economy is in their hands.

MSNBC



Science Editors: Philip Kent,
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SCIENCE

The Biodiversity Crisis

Philippa Skett talks about why we need to act, fast

Imperial saw the advent of OneZoom™ this month, a navigable, online Tree of Life that allows for easy exploration of mammals and how they are related to each other genetically. Using a click of a mouse, you can scroll through millions of years of evolutionary hardship to come to the organisms it has shaped today, each settled cosily on a little leaf.

Created by Life Sciences' own Dr James Rosindell, it comes in a patchwork of colours, not for added aesthetics but to highlight just how at risk some of our mammals are from extinction. Ranging from a healthy green to a morbid red, each mammal's leaf is col-

oured depending on how at risk it is using the IUCN Red List of Threatened Species. The tree appears almost as a patchwork quilt of red and green, with the IUCN currently listing 25% of mammals being at risk, alongside 41% of amphibians, 33% of reef building corals, 13% of birds, and 30% of conifers.

Furthermore, it is estimated that around 50% of the total current species present now will be extinct in the next 50 years. The cascading effects of

species loss it may induce could lead to an even greater extinction rate than could be possibly predicted. Some researchers are estimating that the present extinction rate is up to 100 times greater than the natural extinction rate that occurs due to progression of mutations and general evolution alone.

"The Biodiversity Crisis" is the hot name for this 6th major extinction that we are currently riding out – the other five being down to either extreme climate or biochemical shifts; this one is being blamed on just one species and its actions: the *Homo Sapiens*. As we push climate change, deforestation, exploitation of fisheries, and intensive agriculture to their limits, it is the upsetting of the ecosystems that is claiming the casualties – around 3 species of a plant or animal are disappearing per hour.

But just what implications such a reduction could have on populations and livelihoods, mainly in less economically developed countries, are difficult to determine. Over-exploita-

tion is causing these massive biodiversity reductions in tandem with the population booms these countries are experiencing.

That is not to say they are at fault; it is easy to see how a father of five would go about fishing enough to feed his family without considering abstract biodiversity limitations, but in some coastal communities up to 90% of the individuals are doing exactly the same. With 1 in 4 fisheries worldwide now depleted in biomass to a point where they are below a sustainable level, such exploitation is going to be devastating in the long run when the fisheries run dry and communities lose their greatest commodity.

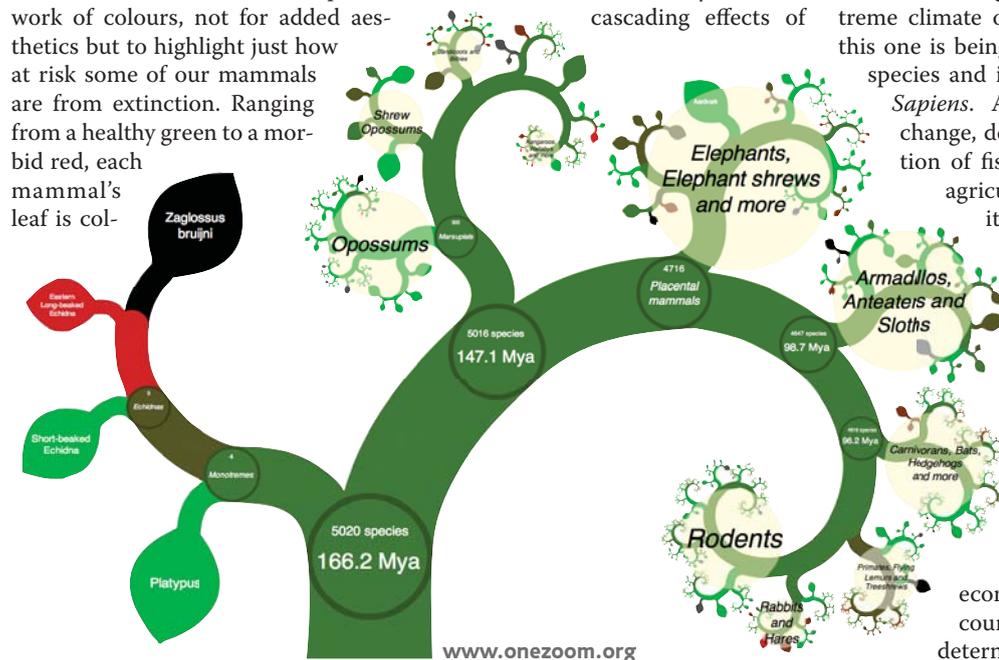
In many of these scenarios, it is the lack of education and resources at such hot spots that make it difficult to implement sustainable resource acquisition, which would provide long term benefits for both them and us. So how does that bring us into the picture? If you are not currently sitting in SAF, then no doubt conservation and resource management are not going to be on your mind, but there are still things you can do to help the bigger picture.

Endeavour to buy sustainable seafood (so avoid Bluefin Tuna or North-sea Cod) and only buy wood or wood-based products that boast the Forest Stewardship Council (FSC) logo to

show it is from a sustainable source. Or simply put more of those energy-saving tactics that were driven into us since primary school into action. With climate change driving biodiversity loss too, cutting down on such effects can only benefit the birds and the bees. Strive to use renewable energy, walk instead of drive places or simply turn the lights off when you leave the room.

Still not convinced? Although it can be difficult to sympathise with a tiny little mushroom on the edge of disappearing, consider the bigger biodiversity blanket as a whole. Biodiversity as a network of individuals is what makes an ecosystem; it is the lattice of interactions between the species that drives habitat construction, maintenance and regrowth. Remove a thread from the weave and it all begins to unravel, which is now accelerating right before our eyes.

Biodiversity contributes to fertility and crop health, medical availability from plants, air quality, material quality and a general high quality of life. As the species drop out, one by one, the buffer biodiversity is providing us is reducing bit by bit. So if you don't really see the point of saving that mushroom, do it to save us; as long as you don't admit to doing it for selfish purposes, no one will ever need to know.



www.onezoom.org

Fancy a change of pace? Go planet hunting

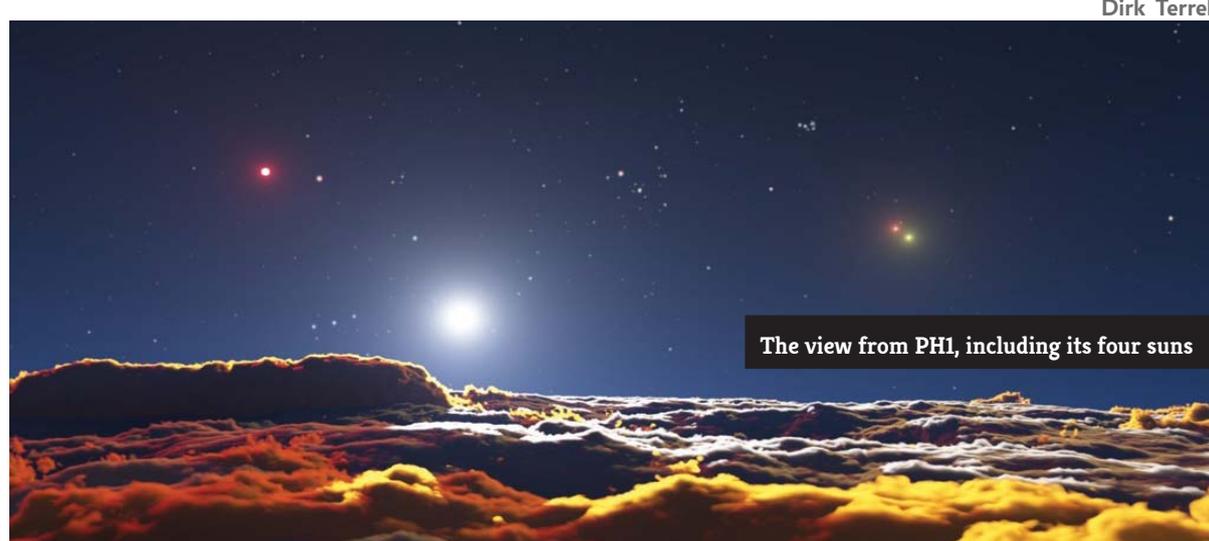
Chris Yates

Writer

An iconic image from *Star Wars: Episode IV* is the double sunset on Luke Skywalker's home planet Tatooine, which orbits a binary star. Not bad, but how about a quadruple sunset?

A recently discovered planet, PH1, orbits a binary star which is itself orbited by another binary star, the first example of this sort of system. The planet's name is short for 'Planet Hunters 1' and is named after a citizen-science project based at Yale University, which was responsible for the discovery.

Planet Hunters was set up to help researchers get through the mountains of data being produced by NASA's Kepler spacecraft. The most common method of discovering planets is to look for dips in the amount of light detected from a star caused by



The view from PH1, including its four suns

the planet passing between the star and the detector. However, doing this requires wading through vast quantities of data, and can take thousands

and thousands of hours. Computer algorithms can help, but in many cases the human eye is better at spotting the tell-tale signs of a planet.

To speed up this process, Planet Hunters was set up in 2010, and now has over 170,000 registered users who look at data collected over the course

of a month to identify whether or not a planet may be present. Kian Jek and Robert Gagliano did exactly that. Several other candidate planets have been discovered by the project, but PH1 is the first to meet the strict criteria needed to be officially classed as a planet.

PH1 has a radius of approximately 6 times that of Earth and circles the closest pair of stars every 137 days. The other pair of stars lies approximately 90 billion miles from PH1.

Citizen science approaches have been widely used over recent years, such as in the protein-folding game Foldit, in which players attempt to fold protein sequences to identify the best possible structure. While computational power is increasing, in many cases the human touch is still needed, and these crowd-sourcing approaches are able to use people on a large-scale to power discovery.

Dirk Terrell

COMMENT

Comment Editors: George Barnett,
Navid Nabijou, James Simpson
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Italy's new Illuminati

(Yes, it's that guy from University Challenge!)



Pietro Aronica

a mockery, as it grossly misinterprets how the scientific process works, and a farce, as it was little more than a search for scapegoats.

By now, you might've heard the news about the Italian scientists that were found guilty of failing to warn the populace of the earthquake that devastated the region of Abruzzo three years ago. The Grandi Rischi (Great Risks) is a commission of experts on calamities whose purpose is to monitor the likelihood of such catastrophes happening, and to advise on how to avoid them or mitigate their effects; according to the judges, they failed to predict the earthquake and therefore are at least partly responsible for the over 300 deaths, thousands of wounded and tens of thousands of evacuees.

This sets an extremely dangerous precedent, and indicates a troubling attitude towards science. Earthquakes, as events, are very hard to foretell and in general almost no scientific prediction can be made with 100% confidence; to require absolute certainty in this matter is preposterous. But science is seen as "those nerds in lab coats who always know things." It is almost as if omniscience is the norm, and whoever claims to be scientist must be prepared to be always right or face the consequences; almost as if science is a dark art from which to conjure answers. Who, in the scientific community, can afford no margin of error whatsoever? Who can even get a flawless record in predicting such matters?

Now, we must be fair. Italy is no stranger to corruption, and there are chilling tales and records of phone calls documenting how the boss of the Protezione Civile (Civil Protection) told the committee to downplay the risk of earthquake to prevent panic in the population, and that other experts had predicted the earthquake and



Searching for someone to blame

were ignored. However, while this is a shameful example of science always coming second to politics, seismologists from America, Japan and Switzerland have reacted to the news of the trial by claiming that the data was contradictory and that, in the same position, they would've also given similar advice.

Many are now commenting that it would've been better for the scientists to err on the side of caution and warn the population anyway; but Italy is a highly seismic zone: does this mean that we should be constantly crying wolf? It has been extensively determined that, with current methods, it is impossible to predict with sufficient accuracy the occurrence of an earthquake; to treat every possible hint as an emergency might create alarmism and cheapen the value of warnings.

High-risk zones should be equipped to deal with such events, but to demand unerring precision is irresponsible.

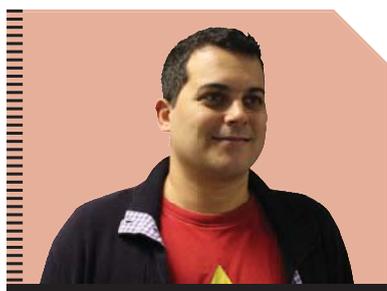
The problem is, fundamentally, one of scientific education, and the need to give someone the blame for the catastrophe. This combination led the public to perceive that experts could've predicted the earthquake but didn't, and hence must be punished and tried. People of Abruzzo cheered at the court's decision, claiming that justice had been done, when in fact it was a mockery and a farce: a mockery, because it grossly misinterprets how the scientific process works, and a farce, because it was little more than a search for scapegoats.

If the committee actually bowed to political pressures and reassured that there was little risk of a calamity with-

out doing a more extensive analysis, it is troubling and it should be addressed more fully; but they never discounted the possibility of an earthquake. People choose to ignore this because it is easier to see the question as one of people who didn't do their job, because their job isn't actually understood, and because it is more reassuring, in a perverse way, to think that it was due to human error rather than a random and unpredictable whim of nature.

The adage comes to mind, that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic, and that's what scientists are seen as: sorcerers who deal with incomprehensible arcane matters. And like them they are burnt at the (metaphorical) stake for things that the public does not understand.

A dangerous step backwards



Diogo Geraldos

In 1615, Galileo was tried and convicted by the Italian inquisition for his unorthodox views on the heliocentrism of our solar system. His denial to comply and bend over before the established power threw him into house arrest until the end of his life. However, it also sparked a scientific revolution, an attempt to distance knowledge from established sayings, dogmas and stories, whilst giving birth to one of the brightest periods of humanity. For the first time, knowledge and the logical search for truth were put ahead of

fairy tales and excuses to sit on gold thrones under marble cupules.

Now, it seems, Italy has decided that science's nice and fruitful run has reached its end, and decided to return to its old methods of castration of the intellect and witch hunting.

I understand that the press is probably not reporting the case in the right way; that there was probably avoidance and trampling of established emergency protocols under seismological alerts; that if the scientists did not mess up the 'advice' they gave on whether the whole town was going to

disappear off the face of the Earth or not, plenty of lives might have been saved.

However, what amazes me is how easily authorities can punish a scientist for wrongly predicting something which is by definition unpredictable, yet can let 'Nobel prize winners' (I do not believe in Economics to be Nobel-worthy) or any big framed, patchy headed CEO walk away freely after their wrong 'predictions' collapse entire economies and, with them, millions of lives.

The difference between these two

is exactly the same one that separates doctors from holistic reiki touch therapy scumbag con artists or pharmaceutical research from watered down solutions of watered down active components, so watered down they don't exist anymore.

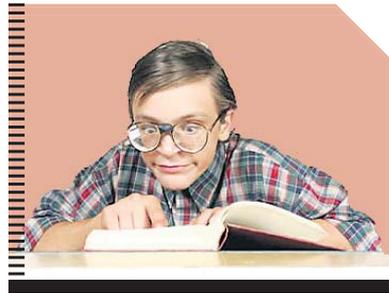
And as long as we don't get these straight and this tendency to punish knowledge (or the attempt to achieve it) continues, our society, our minds, will keep on 'involving' until we return to the dark ages where knowledge and logic were too scared to fight mythology and bullshit.

Comment Editors: George Barnett,
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COMMENT

Angry Geek is back

Hopefully it'll go better than that time Mike Tyson returned



Angry Geek

Hello? Is this thing on? It's been a while, you see. In fact, by my count less than half of the undergraduates were around the last time I wrote for Felix. I'd do a formal introduction and all, but the concept boils down to a pretty simple "I vehemently hate more things before breakfast than you've managed to mildly dislike in your entire life" schtick. I've just been a little preoccupied lately to write in Felix. I've kept busy, of course, thanks for asking. I've taken to just whispering swear words to people on the tube on the commute home. Similar audience size, but admittedly less anonymous.

Originally, you see, I used to joke about hilariously large-scale things, in an attempt to be so offensive that people would be cajoled into writing into the Comment section. My first

year writing included pieces which – and it's hard to list these sarcastically, but bear with me – endorsed the abuse of South American economies, suggested we take the vote away from women and recommended demolishing the entire of the College as a statement about Green Week. You'd be surprised how few people wrote in. At one point I offered fifty quid of my own money and even that only convinced a half-dozen people to pen a comment piece.

As with all gimmicks, though, eventually they take on a life of their own, and before I knew it I was writing about real things that were going on at Imperial, real irritations and obscene regularities of Imperial life. Things like an increasingly smug attitude towards the poor being demonstrated by a worrying number of students. Things like the scary, dystopian obsession with some of the world's best

science and engineering graduates being funnelled into whoever offered the biggest pay packet. Things like a tacit acceptance of sexism and xenophobia that permeates many of the student subcultures here.

These things still hang in the air at Imperial years later, like particularly adhesive farts from the arse of a bigoted and unlikeable dung beetle. It's not that I somehow figured I had so much influence that merely by mentioning them the Rector would take action against them. They'd been going on for many years before I arrived here, and they'll continue many years after I've left. It's more that I see just as few people seem to care about them as they did six years ago when I started writing this column for the first time. That matters.

I don't know if I'll be able to pop in much this year, but I'd like to. In case I don't, let me try a different tack this

time in getting people to debate and talk in this great section of Felix: Imperial needs people to speak up and talk about its problems. It needs people who are unhappy about the way one of the greatest universities in the world conducts itself to stand up and make their opinion clear. Every single person reading Felix is an adult, a citizen of voting age who can go and get a mortgage, get married and go and die in the army tomorrow should they so wish. This is not an institution run by grown-up men and women who know better than you: you are paying to be educated and the way this university operates every day reflects on you. There is no better place to make your views clearer than Felix, so write in now and speak your mind.

Though obviously, if you're wrong I'll write in swiftly the week after and bite your fucking head off.

It's good to be back.

felixonline.co.uk/contact

Letters



Sir,

It undoubtedly came as a great surprise today, upon viewing the latest James Bond film *Skyfall*, to see that the Editor-in-Chief of this very publication is forging an acting career on the side! I very much enjoyed his performance as Q. His rapport with Daniel Craig was one of the film's many highlights. I look forward to his further thespianism with great interest!

Anonymous, via email

Sir,

I would be interested to know how much Glencore is paying to hire a stall at the Imperial Careers Fair (Wednesday 31st of October). I would also be interested in knowing how much Felix was paid for their frankly bizarre looking advert on last week's back page. I am a man of few morals and even fewer principles, but one thing I cannot abide by is child abuse. Glencore have a well-documented history of pre-Victorian style labour practices in countries where there are no law enforcement agencies to stop them (Google: "Glencore, Democratic Republic of Congo, Child Labour" for a spot of light reading) and the thought of two noble institutions; Felix and

Imperial College's Careers Advisory Service being tarnished by handling their money disturbs me. I would suggest all proceeds raised through providing said services to Glencore be donated to Save The Children and that the company is no longer promoted to students by either the Union or the College, until such a time that Glencore stop utilising child labour, and drop whatever pitiable excuse they are currently using to justify it.

Matt Allinson, via email

Sir,

I've been reading the back section of Felix with great interest since the hangman rape joke fiasco last year, and I have to say I'm pretty disappointed at how little has changed. In the past week you have used the work "gay" and "retarded" as an insult several times. This simply is not acceptable, I really hope that you can change these things in time for the issue next week.

This was addressed to Ann Coulter, but I believe its message applies just as well to Twatter.

"Dear Ann Coulter,

Come on Ms. Coulter, you aren't dumb and you aren't shallow. So why are you continually using a word like the R-word as an insult?

I'm a 30 year old man with Down syndrome who has struggled with the public's perception that an intellectual disability

means that I am dumb and shallow. I am not either of those things, but I do process information more slowly than the rest of you. In fact it has taken me all day to figure out how to respond to your use of the R-word last night.

I thought first of asking whether you meant to describe the President as someone who was bullied as a child by people like you, but rose above it to find a way to succeed in life as many of my fellow Special Olympians have.

Then I wondered if you meant to describe him as someone who has to struggle to be thoughtful about everything he says, as everyone else races from one snarky sound bite to the next.

Finally, I wondered if you meant to degrade him as someone who is likely to receive bad health care, live in low grade housing with very little income and still manages to see life as a wonderful gift.

Because, Ms. Coulter, that is who we are – and much, much more.

After I saw your tweet, I realized you just wanted to belittle the President by linking him to people like me. You assumed that people would understand and accept that being linked to someone like me is an insult and you assumed you could get away with it and still appear on TV.

I have to wonder if you considered other hateful words but recoiled from the backlash.

Well, Ms. Coulter, you, and society, need to learn that being compared to people like me should be considered a badge of honor.

No one overcomes more than we do and still loves life so much.

Come join us someday at Special Olympics. See if you can walk away with

your heart unchanged.

A friend you haven't made yet,
John Franklin Stephens, Global Messenger Special Olympics Virginia"

Maybe think twice about publishing material (even in *Hangman*, and yes, I understand that it's supposed to be offensive) that uses derogatory language towards people whose lives are already hard enough as it is.

This applies to using gay as an insult too. I believe that you're intelligent enough to be humorous without making fun of oppressed minorities. Give it a go!

Lizzie Campbell (LGBT Welfare Officer), via email

Editor's Reply:

Hi Lizzie,

I've thought for a long time about this, which is why I'm replying so late.

I apologise for any offence caused. *Hangman* is just meant to be funny, not offensive. All the writers and I want to do is have a section where anyone can write something funny; the hope is that people will laugh and enjoy a welcome break from seriousness. Humour sometimes toes a line.

Having thought about it, I don't think that the use of the word "gay" in Twatter a while ago was offensive. It was completely in context and in character for the politicians in that week to talk to each other like that. It was used in reference to an unimaginative way of chang-

ing people's Facebook status when they leave themselves logged in.

The word "retard" again was used in context of the characters. Part of the whole joke of Twatter is that these serious people are behaving and acting like teenagers on the Internet. Much like a show like *The Inbetweeners* may use language like that for dialogue.

Maybe you can say it is normalising something as an insult to use it, and therefore enforcing a view that it is a bad thing. However, I think that the language used in Twatter is just reflecting and parodying today's society.

Tim Arbabzadah (Editor-in-Chief)

Shouting the below text?

"I THINK THAT EVERYBODY HAS AN INCORRECT OPINION!"
Great. Write for Comment.
comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

COMMENT

Comment Editors: George Barnett,
Navid Nabijou, James Simpson
comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk

50 Shades of Gre(noble)

Will Prince's Weekend d'Integration



Will Prince

It must be about midnight and I'm sitting on a sun lounger in a dress I bought from a supermarket several hours earlier with puffer-jacket-clad security guard checking I don't try and introduce myself to the pool. Luckily I've already learnt my lesson in this department, having tried to introduce myself to someone about ten minutes earlier, only to have a drink poured over my head by their boyfriend for "standing too close to her". Or at least that's what I gleaned as I tried hard to listen with my loose grip on French.

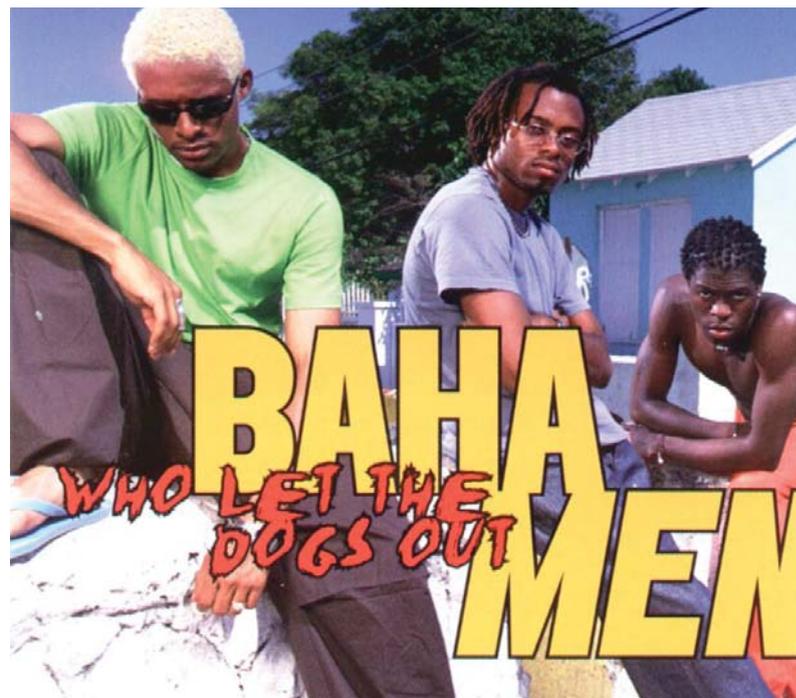
So I'm sitting there, not really feeling the beer-fruit juice cocktail drip in places off my hair, when a larger thought dawns on me, and not for the first time. "Fuck, I'm in France."

I'm not talking about the pleasing, picture-book, peering-out-of-plane-window moment, the "oh look down there, we're in France" moment. No. I'm talking about the dark, suddenly-dawning "oh fuck, what've you done, you're here for the next ten months" moment. A moment I was becoming all too familiar with.

The same notion had come mind about a week or so earlier when, whilst crossing what was probably the most pugent dance floor I've ever had the pleasure to cross, the entire club (no exaggeration) broke into a dance as the DJ played "Who Let The Dogs Out". I was completely blindsided. For the one, said DJ had, up until this point, only played the kind of tracks that you'd expect David Guetta to

consider for a set but ultimately throw out, and for two, I had no fucking clue what was going on. So I stood there, waiting and watching this weird cross between the Macarena and some Moonie ritual, made all the weirder for being acted out by a roomful of sweaty French youths, many of whom looked as though they were still trying to shake off the final shackles of puberty. In retrospect, I think this is what people refer to as a 'cultural experience' but at the time I had myself an 'oh fuck' moment. Maybe that, after all, is the beauty of cultural experiences. Who knows.

Another such moment came on the coach ride to where we are now, a small out-of-season ski resort, Lanslebourg, made all the more charming for sounding like the ancestral home of a certain former health minister. The trip hadn't started well. Ahead of the 'Weekend d'Integration' (no prizes for translating that one) the student body had been a-chatter with rumours of where the secret destination might be. Having gone to Cannes the previous year and with Grenoble making the most of global warming, both J-co (the other Anglophone Imperial export) and myself had packed for a weekend at the beach. As those of you diligent enough to have already googled Lanslebourg will have found out, beach is not something found in its vicinity. So strapped into the coach and clearly not heading for the coast, our troubles were compounded as the chanting began. 'Mauvais ambience,' translating basically as 'bad smell' and



repeated ad infinitum, was a particular favourite, acted out by lifting one arm in the air and patting the arm pit with the opposite hand. At the start of the trip it wasn't one I'd heard before. By the end, I had might as well had it tattooed somewhere on my body, visible to me, such was the degree to which it was (and still is) ingrained in my mind. I do wonder if, like stoners and The Game, someone, years later, will remind me of it, and a little world inside my head will come crashing down. Who knows.

At this point my drunken reverie is shattered as J-Co, wearing the other

dress that came with mine (a snip at €12 for two, a belated bid at fancy dress), comes up to me and reminds me that they're about to start serving TNT (a popular local cocktail made from vodka, Orangina and a regional 55% percent liqueur, that they ration to appear only once every hour) from a hatch about 20 metres away.

No sooner had he said it, I knew there were graver matters at hand and I grasped around the floor for my eco-cup (to be elaborated upon another day). I closed my eyes, thought of Metric, and staggered my way to the queue.

The entire club broke into a dance as the DJ played 'Who Let The Dogs Out'. I was completely blindsided.

Don't waste this space.

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Imperial College Chaplaincy Centre



Neural Networks, Attachment and Therapy

Thurs 8th Nov 6pm

LT Ground, Business School

A conversation across the disciplines of computational neurodynamics, psychology and religion.

Prof Abbas Edalat (Computing) will talk about his research on neural networks in relation to attachment theory, a key element in human development. Reflection on these ideas will be offered by psychotherapists from Buddhist and Christian religious traditions, with audience Q & A..

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IC Cheerleading





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Groups and individuals welcome!

ARTS

Arts Editors: Eva Rosenthal,
Meredith Thomas

arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk



DOODLE OF THE WEEK



Why work? Instead, doodle all lecture long and then send us your drawings to arts.felix@ic.ac.uk. This doodle is by Eleanor Vincent.

TIRED OF LIFE?

Our pick of what's on in London

Random International: Rain Room @ Barbican Centre – Love walking in the rain but hate getting wet? Then this is the room for you. Now – 3 March 2013.

Rothko/Sugimoto: Dark paintings and seascapes @ Pace Gallery – They juxtapose Rothko's late paintings with Sugimoto photographs. Think melancholy and sky-blending into sea. A good opportunity to see privately owned Rothko's for free. Now – 16 November 2012.

London Horror Festival 2012 @ Etcetera Theatre & Wilton's Music Hall – Scary fringe theatre. I think it is for the more bravely inclined of us. Although fringe theatre loves comedy too. So maybe there is something for everyone. Probably cheap. Now – 7 November 2012.

Alice Instone @ Because a fire was in my head – Paintings on the extensive subject of the female muse or thoughts from a female artist on viewing women. From £5. 2 - 20 November 2012.

Empress Stah in Space @ Jerwood DanceHouse – A performance where someone (an artist) called Empress Stah goes to space and stops along at some red light district for fun times. Cabaret fun perhaps? Buy tickets quick. It's this weekend.



The naked truth about the late works

Hamilton's coolness disappoints at the National

Arianna Sorba

Writer

"One of Britain's most influential artists", "the father of pop art", "one of the most innovative and audacious printmakers of the age". These phrases have all been used to describe the late Richard Hamilton, creator of such famous collages as *Just what is it that makes today's homes so modern, so appealing?*, widely considered as the first ever example of pop art. You can see, then, why I was so interested to explore his final works, currently on display at the National Gallery.

You can also see, perhaps, why I was so disappointed. Famous for the political engagement and social commentary in his art, the present collection was frustratingly abstract, and at points, self-indulgent. His fascination with interior spaces, and their possibility for perfection and regularity, was clear, and he cleverly used different perspectives, shadows, and repetition to produce aesthetically pleasing works of art. An image that dominates one piece of art is subtly duplicated in the background of an-

other, for example, and throughout his works stairs, columns and structures stretch out into infinity with satisfying uniformity. But without any meaningful subject matter to flesh out these works, they become mere studies in the powers of computers to create perfect, regular images. In one interior, a naked woman stands holding a Hoover in a flawlessly created, computer-modelled hotel room, all straight lines and block colours and perfectly outlined furniture. Is Hamilton making a social comment on the objectification of women, their perceived imperfections, their domestic roles appointed them by a backward society? To be honest, I think he just really likes naked women and he really likes hoovers.

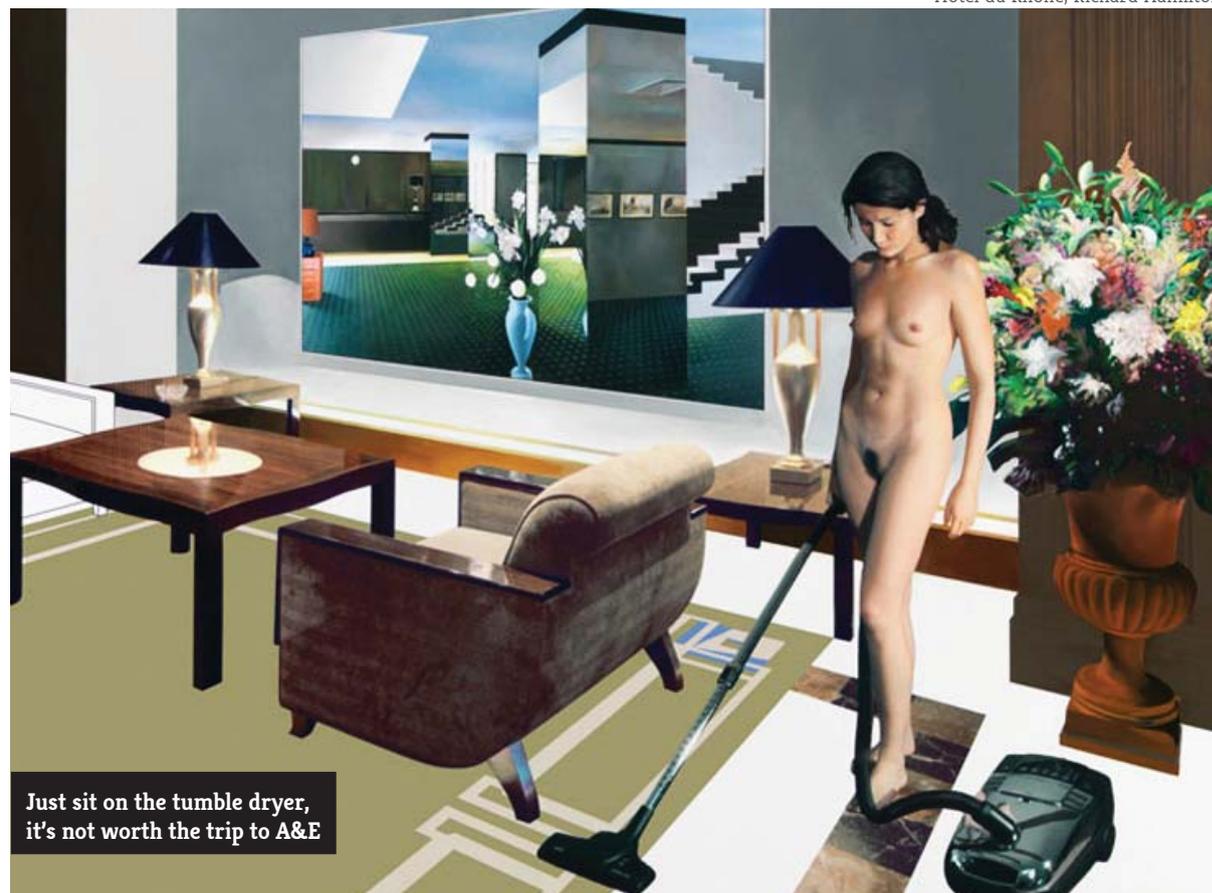
Apparently Hamilton was profoundly moved by a short story by the author Honore de Balzac, in which an artist attempts to create an image of the perfect female nude, but, according to his peers, fails, and thus commits suicide. This idea, culminating in his unfinished trio of works, *The Balzac*, is a recurring theme – at least, naked women are.

We find them in bath tubs, in hotel lobbies, in a rather confusing image depicting the National Gallery itself. The nude female form, created by painting over digital photographs with total accuracy, appears in almost every piece in this small exhibition. Their positions are not suggestive, their expressions are not emotive; they are just there. How can a viewer have an emotional response to that?

The artist's insistence on using harsh, realistic photographs for the nudes, when even the faces of the walls around them have been in some way changed by his creative input, rid the images of any essence of emotion, or self-expression, and I can't help wonder what it is he is trying to say with them. He may have achieved his desire of producing the perfect female nude, but at the expense of any true meaning or power to his art.

When the rest of the National Gallery is so full of artists screaming out to express themselves, Hamilton's clean cut interiors and cleverly ordered compositions just don't cut the mustard.

Hotel du Rhone, Richard Hamilton



Just sit on the tumble dryer, it's not worth the trip to A&E

Arts Editors: Eva Rosenthal,
Meredith Thomas
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ARTS

Turner sur-prizes

The ever controversial prize succeeds this year with evocative and thought provoking nominees

Fred Fyles

Writer

Alongside death and taxes, one certainty in life is the controversy generated every year when the Tate releases the shortlist for the **Turner Prize**. With past winners including Damien Hirst and Grayson Perry, the shortlist has always trod the line between great and gimmicky. However this year, all the work exhibited is pretty incredible.

The exhibition starts with Paul Noble, whose drawings depict the buildings of 'Nobson Newtown'. These are extremely detailed and somewhat reminiscent of architectural plans, but with a humorous air about them. Beginning each piece with a word, Noble uses the buildings to form that word before expanding out into the intricate landscape; this means that, as well as focussing on the finer details of the drawing, the viewer must move far away in order to be able to read the word at the centre. There are no people present in his landscapes, the only vaguely human-looking figures being small blob-like forms dotted around.

The smaller details Noble places in his work – such as the abandoned table-tennis game in *Paul's Palace* – add a depth to the drawings. The desolate landscapes have a menacing air, the lack of people calling into question whether Newtown is some kind of post-apocalyptic wasteland. The surreal wit of Newtown is best described by Noble himself, who calls it “a play without acts or actors”.

Luke Fowler is the next artist to be displayed. The first of two video artists competing for the prize, Fowler works mainly with archive footage, and subverts the traditional form of the documentary film by presenting a non-fixed, fluid view of the subject. His work, *All Divided Selves*, is a 90 minute long film about the Scottish psychiatrist R.D. Laing. Just as Fowler challenges the traditional idea of video art, Laing's ideas challenged orthodox psychiatry, championing the role of social and cultural factors alongside biological ones. The film is similar to a collage, using a myriad of sources whilst also touching on issues such as social housing and poverty. Although it drags on a bit, the film is beautifully edited, as well as informative. Laing is a figure who I had never heard of, but I left the viewing feeling that Fowler had not only told the audience about Laing's

work, but allowed us a rare insight into his character.

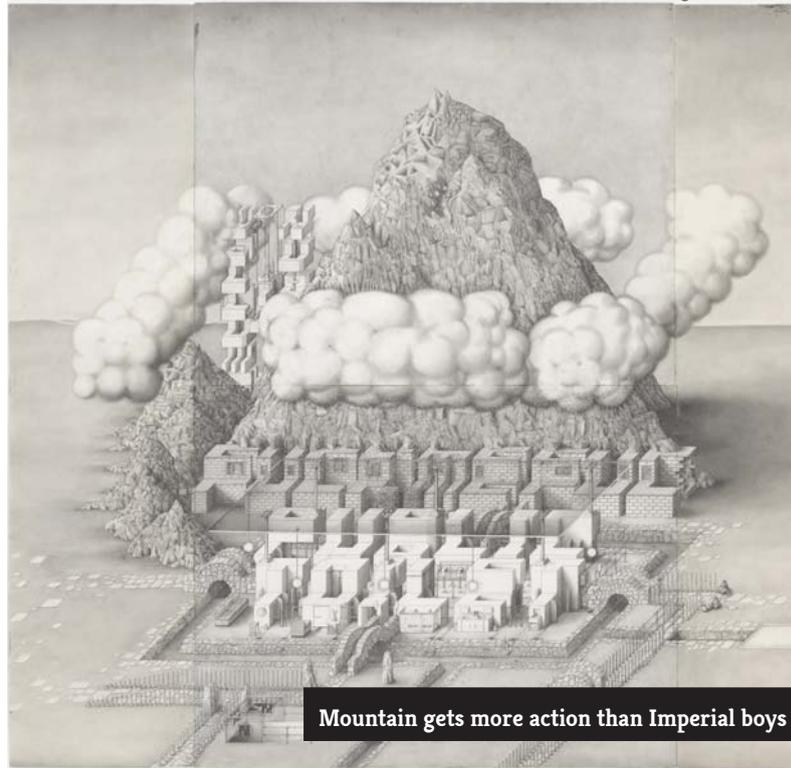
The Woolworths Choir of 1979, a 20 minute long video by Elizabeth Price, is exhibited next. The beginning of the film focuses on the church choir and the area between the altar and the nave. Photographs of wooden carvings are cut across by text describing the features, and the entire piece is backed by clicks and handclaps, building up as the piece advances. As pictures of twisting statues are displayed, a chorus of voices begin to sound and the images segue into footage of the 1960s girl group **The Shangri-Las** writhing and wriggling to the chorus of “Out in the Streets”. The singers begin waving their hands as the music fades out, and then another waving hand appears, this time poking out of a window billowing with smoke.

This time it is a woman signalling for help at the 1979 Manchester Woolworths fire, which left 10 people dead. Silent footage of witnesses is spliced in with images of the police report describing the fire and the repeated shot of the arm waving. The work is evocative yet cold, beautiful and haunting, leaving the viewer feeling a deep sense of unease, and meriting a second viewing.

The final artist is the only performance artist to ever be nominated. Spartacus Chetwynd's work is provocative; while the other works invite you to look in on another world, Chetwynd's piece *Odd Man Out* literally drags the viewer in. The work is primitive and absurd: performers dressed in green rags dance around the exhibition space, which has been papered with enormous posters, and invite the audience to speak with the 'oracle', a mandrake root puppet which whispers future predictions. It feels like being in a LSD-fuelled am-dram class. The costumes and sets are homemade and the performance deliberately amateurish but it is completely charming and liberating. Chetwynd seems the most likely artist for critics of the **Turner Prize** to dismiss as a publicity hungry provocateur, but her work is the least heavy and the most fun of all the pieces shown. Whether that merits a win remains to be seen.

All the artists shown are extremely talented, and I would be happy for any of them to win. Art is a deeply personal thing, and I urge you all to make the trip down to Pimlico to decide on a winner yourself. You will certainly leave entertained.

Public Toilet, Paul Noble, 1999 © Paul Noble, Gagosian Gallery



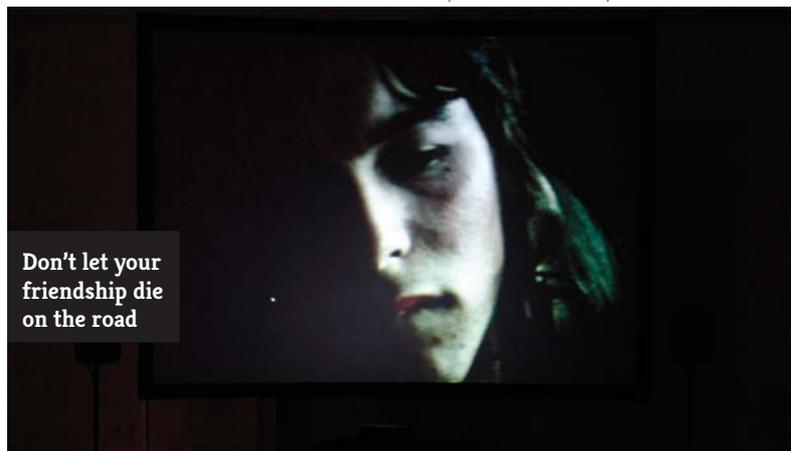
Mountain gets more action than Imperial boys

Spartacus Chetwynd, Odd Man Out, 2011 © Sadie Coles HQ



Imperial College's Next Top Model

Luke Fowler, All Divided Selves, 2011 © Alan Dimmick



Don't let your friendship die on the road

Pedal powered comedy

Emilie Beauchamp

Writer

How do you deal with a heartbreak? Some people go and party it away. Others merge with their sofas until the tears dry out and some develop a freakish emotional attachment to a spinning bike...

That's what happened to Clement, your French spinning class teacher. I'm saying 'your' because the comedy **Sink or Shpin**, which ran from 10-27 October at Boom Cycle studio in Shoreditch, sets the audience in a spinning class. In fact, you sit on an exercise bike! While this could deter most of us from attending such a performance, no level of fitness is required – you can even take a beer in.

From the moment you arrive, the two members of staff – Clement and the 'manager' of Boom Cycle – treat you as though you were really going to a spinning class; giving you a locker, a water bottle, stretching a bit, etcetera. Co-writer and performer Donal Coonan introduces himself as Clement and his other half, spin bike Bridgette, as the new addition to Boom Cycle's spinning instructing team.

He left his home of Perpignan for new horizons so he slurs in a heavy French accent. We soon discover the reason for his move, and throughout his 'seven deadly modules' exercise plan we relive the ups (but mostly downs) of his breakup with a cheating ex-wife. To fill the emptiness in his life post-Emilie, Clement clings to his new fitness mania: a spin bike will never leave you, and it always waits for you at home (alone). Plus it makes you fit.

The whole experience is charming, endearing even. You have a good couple of laughs as Clement mends his broken heart and attempts to raise your heart rate. But unfortunately, the setting itself feels like the best part of the show. I found myself expecting more. The script is smart and well played, but it uses a few too many clichés about breakups and French people and lacked any surprise factor. Let's just say I didn't fall off my bike laughing. Relying a fair bit on interactions with the crowd, maybe the play simply belongs in a smaller room than the half-filled professional studio of Boom Cycle.

Directed and co-written by Josh Azouz, the piece still has been collecting hurrahs ever since it first played at the Edinburgh Fringe in 2011. So there is scope to think that a **Sink or Shpin 2** could bring some wittier upheavals. With that in mind, while there are no next shows announced at the moment, I expect we will hear more from Clement and Bridgette so keep an eye on their website www.sinkorspin.co.uk.



Pandering to every whim

Max Eggl eats shoots and leaves

Everyone has heard of, scoffed at, ridiculed, played, dominated (cross out the ones that do not apply to you) *World of Warcraft*. For those of you who chose the two latter choices, this is the article for you. For all the rest, you can stop judging, get yourselves an account and then read this article!

So now to set the scene. After the release of *Cataclysm*, many players (including yours truly) were a bit disappointed and annoyed at Blizzard. This move was motivated by the attempt to have new players join the 10 million strong online community, however it did frustrate those die-hard vanilla players, who had expected more from the expansion. Once you had killed Deathwing (I currently stand at 19), there was not much to do apart from Twinking.

Mists of Pandaria was Blizzard's way of saying sorry and thus a lot of pressure was mounting on MoP to deliver. Reports from the beta did nothing to stay the hype and finally on the 25th of September, MoP was released, allowing the average player to explore Pandaria, level up to 90, play as pandas and monks, and even more. So did MoP really live up to the expectation?

In the humble opinion of this writer (level 90 Pala), I must say, YES. From the off, *Mists of Pandaria* was a success. I played from day one, and, I must say, I felt like I always had something to do and never was it tedious. Also, my opinion was shared by many others, who I questioned (mostly Guildies). Usually the verdict included the words "amazing", "incredible" or any other expletive that you can think

of. For all you raid leaders, guild members and newbies, here is your guide to the main points of MoP and how they will enrich your gaming experience.

So the first port of call is the new continent, Pandaria. Pandaria is not actually a land mass, but in fact a giant tortoise. From the shape on the map you can vaguely make out its contours. Seven regions will lead you through your quest to gain max level. Most of these are absolutely stunning (my favourite is the valley of four winds), which just highlights all that blizzard put into this expansion. Cherry trees, mountains and typical Chinese architecture dot the areas that you have to traverse, which just adds to that exotic effect. Another positive is that you can't just fly through the continent. 'You CANNOT fly?' I hear you scream. 'That's a positive?' you wonder. Well just think about it, in *Cataclysm*, most of the new regions were quickly explored, but not actually seen. With your trusty flying mount, you just flew easily over Mount Hyjal, Uldum, etc. The big question is, do you remember ANYTHING of those areas? I don't. However I can recall with vivid detail my journey on my chopper through the Jade Forest. Not only did I see more than I would have flying, it was also significantly more difficult and consequently more impressionable. For all those who can't live without their flying mounts, don't despair, just make it to level 90 and then you can fly to your hearts content. One con that is not really a con, but personal preference, is the that some regions did feel repetitive, but that may just be me.

The quests are, for the most part,



I'm here to kick ass and chew twigs. I've still got some leafy branches to scour, so you're fine. For now.

extremely fun, although you do get a healthy mix of the "kill bad guy, get loot" type quest that we all know and just grind through. The fun quests include helping to brew a barrel of beer (the ingredients were not so tasty) as well as infiltrating a brewery and sucker-punching various demons. I did find them quite enjoyable, and there were enough new elements to stop me from getting bored. In fact I would have been quite fine with just questing to level up.

However I did do the dungeons, which not only helped me gain XP that much faster, they were genuinely FUN. I mean, who doesn't like the sight of your fine companions barfing their guts out into buckets while evading huge streams of alcoholic beverages and healing/DPSing/tanking at the same time (I couldn't stop laughing... until I was the one heaving)? Another aspect was that you actually, genuinely, hate some of the bosses in the dungeons, most notably the "Sha". These are black masses of emotions come to life usually anger or hate. These things look, for a lack of a better word, evil (yes I am aware of the cliché), but I actually felt like a better person when I had finally destroyed one of those things. All in all, I enjoyed the dungeons a lot and will be doing them many more times.

Now about the new class. When Blizzard first announced that a new panda race would be introduced, most critics laughed about this decision. I however applaud it, as not only are the Pandaren ass-kicking cool, they also provide some comic relief for all those of us who take ourselves too seriously (myself included). They come in multiple varieties and colours, with

the females even getting a tail. They have several abilities having to do with cooking, which will probably be nerfed in the next update as right now it's overpowered. Also for all those wanting to start a new Pandaren char, you get a bonus on your rested XP and this makes levelling quite a bit more efficient. The biggest thing with the Pandaren race is the fact that you can choose to be an ally or a horde. Now that is deep, think about it, you have the choice to become an amazing ally or a horrible horde. Seriously now though, it is quite cool as this means that you can see pandas on both sides of the war!

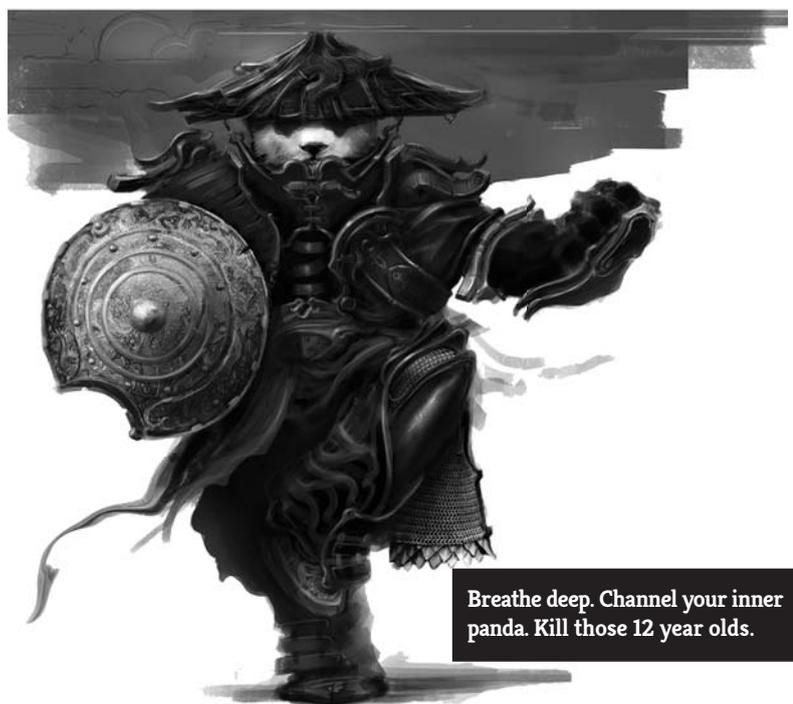
The monk is... epic! They are fun to play and if you play a Pandaren Monk, it just adds to the whole epicness. Most of the variations you can play of the monk, are also quite creative, including: Brewmaster (Tank), Mistweaver (Heal) and Windwalker (DPS) For me, who already plays a Pala, I love classes that can perform many different roles and thus the monk is a cool addition to the hybrid classes. Not only that, but all different specs have this really awe-inspiring kung-fu fighting style which is really fun not only to play, but also just to watch. Combining this with the racial XP bonus of the Pandaren, expect many monks in your raid in the foreseeable future.

Now for all you casual gamers, or for the times between your raids. There is the new pet battle system. Stolen shamelessly from Pokémon, it still is an amazing addition. I actually had a hard time deciding if I wanted to level up, or my gorloc pet. So most of the pets that you already own are battle ready and you can use these to fight other wild pets, specific trainers and

other players. You can also catch these wild pets, which makes it so much more easy to collect those pet related achievements and titles. The pets also have different types, and these have strengths/weaknesses against other types. Thus a certain element of strategy is included in the battles. All in all, since I really enjoyed Pokémon as a child, this is just a welcome addition to WoW.

Another rip-off that Blizzard has incorporated into MoP is a Farmville one. Yes, my dear readers, you can now farm your own crops, rip out weeds, water your own plants and then harvest them to use in your various cooking recipes. It takes quite a while to build up a substantial farm to actually spend time in, but once you do it is quite rewarding. This also has a positive knock-on effect on the secondary profession of cooking (which also has been modified quite heavily, now being split into 4 categories, e.g. master of the Wok), allowing for you to level more quickly and have ingredients easily at hand. For all of those with a business sense, the farming was a really good money maker, as you could sell produce in the auction houses, for incredibly inflated prices. I do not know if this is still the case, but maybe you wanna check it out!

There is so much more that I could say, including the talent tree, the new flying mounts, the new cities, etc. But I am afraid my fellow games writers would appreciate me not hogging the whole issue with my ramblings. I must say this is one of the best expansions of WoW, if not THE best, that Blizzard has released and it is really worth the money! C'mon what are you waiting for?



Breathe deep. Channel your inner panda. Kill those 12 year olds.

Games Editor: Ross Webster
games.felix@imperial.ac.uk

GAMES

A rock and a hard place

Ross Webster Master-at-harms

This week, I played a game that saved my life.

It was a dark night. The stars were smothered by the sodium-lit clouds and the rain had flushed the vermin from the street. It was a quiet night. I kept on walking, a silhouette against the bright shop fronts, welcoming the shadows of the houses. Passing home-ward-bound, amorous couples after their nights out, I kept on, steadfast. I couldn't afford to be late.

My contact was to meet me outside the office, come rain or shine. That's what we're paying him for. We don't call him Timmy the Squirrel for nothing. Two unremarkable, grey streets later and I was under the cover of the arch and past the gates. Leaning on the wall, towards the end of the tun-

nel, I saw him. He's well known around these parts as the go-to guy for news. You don't mess with him, or you'll find your face plastered around town. As I got closer, the light from the courtyard highlighted his trademark stripy jumper and the cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. Only it wasn't a cigarette. It was a maoam.

"Here's your latest shipment", that familiar voice squeaked, as he handed me a box. "Payment'll be as usual" I replied, stuffing the box into my coat pocket, away from prying eyes. I didn't want to be caught carrying such a risky package. Not since my predecessor Ricky the Flounder was found floating in the Thames. He couldn't live up to his name.

I bid the Squirrel farewell. What I didn't tell him is that I'd be rocking all night long with that little box of his and I couldn't wait to get back to my

desk to try out the goods. He doesn't need to hear about my night-life. He has enough snitches to do that for him.

I turned back into the rain, retracing my steps. The streets were cold, but the night was warm as I hurried my way back to the apartment, staying away from sight.

My apartment door was still locked and the seals hadn't been broken. I was safe. I sat down at my desk, turned on my computer and poured out a glass of cheap whisky. Once my computer had booted, I pulled the package out from my jacket. It took me years to find it. *Stone Quarry Simulator*. The genuine article.

After a quick installation, my night's pleasure was ready. No need for those Marilyn Monroe impersonators tonight.

I started with the basics, jumping into a large truck with a couple of saw-blades stuck on the front. I've never driven one of these machines before, but it should be easy. Straight into the water. Darn it. Next try. I rammed into the wall, like a sailor away on shore-leave, into a call-girl, drilling away. Rocks flew everywhere and the ground shook beneath me.

My next task was to pack the van with dynamite. Needless to say, after the unfortunate ice-cream van explosion that took out the Mysterious Brown, I'm well-versed in packing vehicles full of explosives. I drove to the target and drilled into the rock. There was no instruction manual for



the pneumatic drill, so that was an interesting and unproductive initial 5 minutes. With the explosives packed into the holes and covered up like a shallow grave, I drove the van over the explosives. Detonator in hand, I saw a warning about my vehicle being too close to the dynamite. It was too late to stop the explosion.

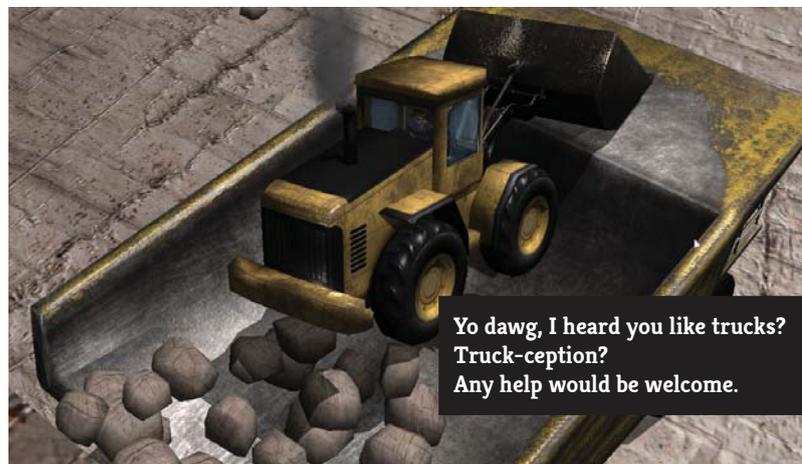
It seems they make these vans out of metal stronger than that in ice-cream vans, as my get-away vehicle was untouched. And floating above the ground.

Growing tired of being told what to do, I decided to start my career in rock pushing. My first task was to buy a quarry. With 100,000 bucks spent on a piece of land, I started my life, poorer than the bums you see on the street.

My secretary handed me a note - collect 120kg of armorstone for an anonymous buyer. Ten minutes of drilling and transporting later, the shipment was complete. My pay was wired over to me. 2000\$. Sixty more jobs like that and I can buy a new quarry. No thanks. I'm not a shmuck. This line of work aint for me. I'd only go down this route if I was looking for a slow and grinding lifestyle, that is quite easy and almost the definition of repetitive.

Fine, that first sentence might've been a lie.

Next week's choices are *Bridge Project* ("Planning - Construction - Testing") and *Police Force* ("Combat city crime and experience law enforcement like never before!"). Let the voting begin - games.felix@imperial.ac.uk



A Haunted Holland Halloween

Ross Webster The headless, horseless man

It was a Wednesday afternoon like any other. Laptops, consoles and "You n00b!" screaming across the room, marking the start of the training session for this week's UCL vs Imperial gaming tournaments. This was just the beginning.

In the dark depths of the Sherfield building (beneath Holland Club, to be precise) the Gaming Club committee was scheming. They were setting up for a night that would even give veteran *My Little Pony* players, nightmares. This was going to be a Halloween like no other.

In the function room, the consoles were set up and the computers deployed. On offer: a variety of games made to have you scream like a little girl. When the clock struck 6pm, the doors creaked open, unleashing the horde into the basement of the condemned Holland Club.

The night started slowly - bringing in casual games of zombie slaughter to the masses. Nazi zombies grabbed out at you, as you emptied your last clip and the dogs dashed for your throat, as you ran away.

Adjacent, the screen flashed blue as energy swords dropped the survivors to the ground, shields and armour depleted.

The night wasn't always that peaceful however. In a dark, dark corner of the room, the atmosphere became much more bleak. Isolated from the rest of the room, our victims took their turns, one-by-one to face the Slender man. Alone. Running through the woods, flashlight bobbing, trying to find the notes of the last survivors. Just don't look at his face and you'll be fine.

Once all sanity (and the spare underwear) had been depleted, we moved into the abandoned European castle of *Amnesia*. Followed by shadows and chased by the darkness, you make your way through the libraries and cellars of

the god-forsaken fortress. Only when you reach the flooded tunnels and you see the water ripple, as some invisible stalker makes his way towards you, do you realise that all hope is lost.

For those who hadn't wimped out and run off to the comfort of pizza and the Holland Club bar, one challenge still remained. *SCP Containment Breach*. We covered SCPCB last year, but for those who missed it, it's based off the SCP universe (duh!). It all started with a massive wiki page, containing hundreds of listed items - any of which could ruin your day. Think of the premise of Warehouse 13, but where everything is Lovecraftian e.g. a neverending staircase and for SCPCB, monsters where you can't blink, or you'll die (don't even bother pointing out the similarities to Doctor Who). Crying and screaming over, it was time to go home.

It's a shame that the future of the Holland Club is uncertain - it's a great activity space for club events. Let's hope we don't lose our way.

Your games section needs you!

Whether you're a die-hard Commander Keen fan, or your parents are able to beat you at Wii Boxing, we want to hear from you! What keeps these sections fresh and flowing, is the writers, their opinions and their unique styles of writing.

You don't even have to play games regularly to be able to write for us - we're not all about the reviews of the most recent games. If you want to vent about the immaturity of online gamers, or why prices of games have always increased and the quality is consistently dropping, in your opinion.

Felix is a good way to get your message out, so if you want to find people to start a *Borderlands 2* co-op, your clan's looking for new members, or you're looking for a team to create your latest game design, let us know.

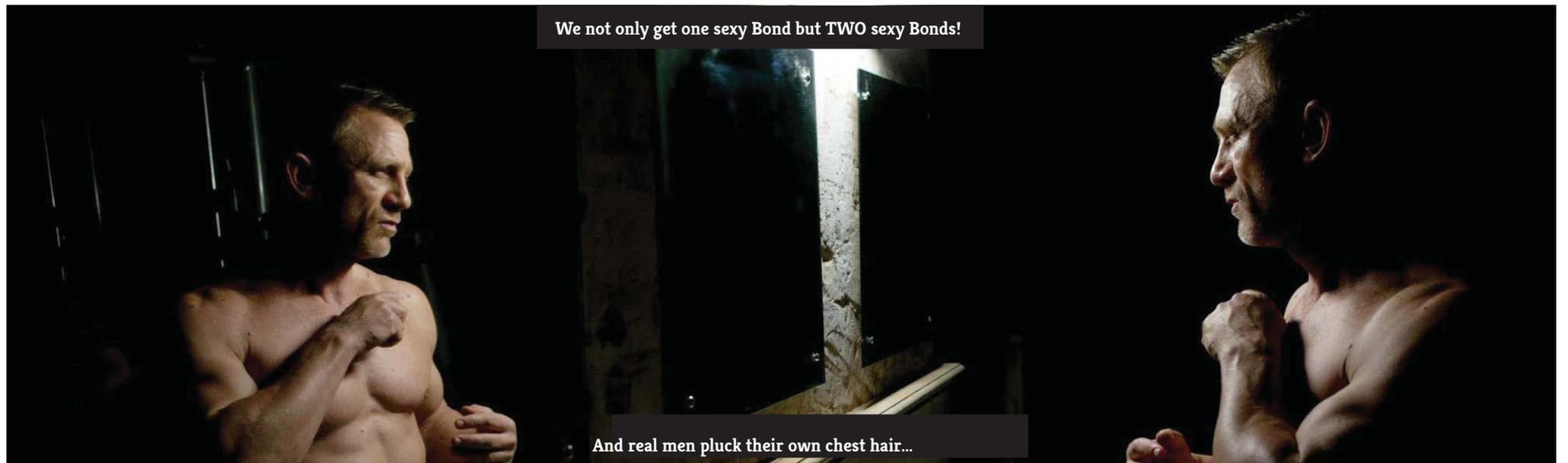
If you get writer's or gamer's block, then you're not excluded from taking part. Game-inspired work (food, art, etc) is always welcome in the Felix office (especially if review copies of the food are sent our way) and we'll give you pride of place in the next issue.

Drop us a line at games.felix@imperial.ac.uk and you can get your opinion out there. Get your hustle on!

Ross Webster



Bond 23: The Skyfall of M



Director: Sam Mendes
Screenwriters: Neal Purvis, Robert Wade, John Logan
Starring: Daniel Craig, Judi Dench, Javier Bardem, Ralph Fiennes



Lucy Wiles Film Editor

Practically every Bond film in the last 50 years has the same final promise before the credits roll: "James Bond will be back". But that's all we ever know – and the expectation surrounding this latest 007 endeavour was at an all-time high before its release last Friday. Sure – we knew it was Daniel Craig, and we knew what the baddie looked like, and the ever-present Bond girls, and the new geeky Q... but that tells us nothing really. And after the slight disappointment of *Quantum of Solace* (probably not helped by the brilliance of *Casino Royale*, nor by the competition of Nolan's excellent *The Dark Knight*), *Skyfall* needed to be something spectacular.

Well, it's safe to say that this one certainly hit the target.

Director Mendes (*American Beauty*, *Starter for Ten*) takes us on an almost

classically familiar journey with some excellently spun twists. We join Bond in one of the best opening chases ever – racing motorbikes over rooftops in Istanbul in a desperate and hair-raising attempt to retrieve a stolen computer disk that holds the secret identities of NATO agents working undercover in terrorist organisations. Despite Bond's best efforts, the disk is lost – and, heart-stoppingly, for a moment so is 007 himself. But, of course, it's all a ruse and our eponymous hero returns after Adele's cracking opening sequence – older, unkempt and distinctly off his game. In the wise eyes of M (Dench), however, he is still the best man for the case, and is retrained and retested under the watchful eye of the new Chairman of the Intelligence and Security Committee, Gareth Mallory (Fiennes). To solve this latest case, Bond is sent off to some of the most exotic parts of the world: Macau, Glencoe and Shanghai to name a few...

Six years on from *Casino Royale*, you might be forgiven for expecting Craig to have waned somewhat. This is so far from the truth; Craig gives a truly stirring, funny, action-packed performance... even if he does run a bit like an ostrich. Surely this

confirms that Craig is the best Bond ever to grace our screens. Whereas, in *Royale*, Bond was a cocky, trigger-happy Oxford graduate, in *Skyfall* our man has matured but not lost his touch. The one-liners make a tentative but very welcome return, and Bond's rapport with his colleagues is sharper and wittier than ever. Scriptwriters Purvis, Wade and Logan constantly remind us that Bond's physical prowess is diminishing, but his verbal sparring with both M and new bad guy Raoul Silva (Bardem) is quick and as nimble as it has ever been.

Silva himself – a disaffected ex-agent with several emotional issues – is horrifically creepy. Bardem portrays this latest madman with a wonderfully unnerving camp turn, making Silva one of the strangest villains since the Roger Moore films. His filthy, blond, nicotine-stained hair (which awkwardly brings Julian Assange to mind) only enhances his performance as it hangs nauseatingly around his face. Along with his 'courtesy' and his constant flirting, Bardem creates a tension-filling character whose next move just cannot be predicted.

Backing up the main pair is an absolutely stellar supporting cast. Dench

is back for yet another outstanding performance as M – in trouble over her decisions yet, as always, fiercely defending them. With a lot of new faces, Dench's arrival is almost reassuring, and she makes much more of an appearance in this film than in any of the others, and with much more emotion. Fiennes' appearance, though new, is also hugely welcome. Mallory is stuffy, uptight, and argumentative – but you can't help liking him. Which is good... but no more said here.

The new gadget-man Q is unveiled, and is the epitome of 'geek chic'. With his floppy, tousled hair, stylish specs and Scrabble mug, it's probably safe to say that, while the gentlemen in the cinema were focusing on the latest palmprint-identifying handgun, the ladies... weren't. Nerdy good looks aside, however, Q (Ben Wishaw) is another man with a fast line in patter, and strikes up an instant, and reciprocated, loyalty to Bond. He is definitely a favourite new character, and one that many will be looking forward to seeing again. Only two Bond girls worth mentioning – pretty field agent Eve (Naomie Harris), who has a warm and sexy vibe about her and is something more than Bond's col-

league (but what is her surname...?), and the beautiful but expendable Séverine (Bérénice Marlohe).

Mendes and the writers let the quieter moments pause, but they have also proved rather good at the 'loud bangs' side of things too. Nine-time Oscar-nominated cinematographer Roger Deakins makes the ambitious action sequences – which had the potential of being utterly ridiculous – the most beautiful in all the films. The wonderfully tense opening scene in Istanbul is soon beaten by the fight in Shanghai, where Bond chases an assassin through a glass skyscraper which constantly flicks between pitch black and bright light thanks to the rolling neon adverts outside. And frankly none of the fights even come close to that in the Komodo dragon enclosure.

Fifty years down the line and the world is still utterly hooked on Bond. Times have changed, terrorists have advanced and nobody believes that Bond needs to go to the moon anymore – and the new films prove, beautifully, that the 007 franchise is moving spectacularly forward. "We don't go in for exploding pens any more," quips the new Q – and nor do audiences.

Fritz the Cat

Director: Ralph Bakshi
Screenwriters: Ralph Bakshi, Robert Crumb

Christian Franke Writer

It was towards the end of a long, drawn-out evening at a festival during the summer, and totally by chance

some good chums and I came across a cinema showing *Fritz the Cat*. I coincidentally had only read about it a couple of days earlier so I suggested

to the cohort that we catch the closing 15 minutes. As we loitered around the back, someone else walked in and asked what the film was about. It seemed appropriate for me to answer the question with the following:

"It's an animated film in which a hedonistic cat is used as a metaphor to explore various social issues that

were particularly relevant in late 60s and early 70s urban America"

What I fired off sums up the film fairly well, but I had made two big mistakes. Firstly I had gone in too high brow and soon found myself in a conversation I wasn't particularly keen on having. Secondly, I had not mentioned that the film is also about enlightenment. Admittedly, that is an aspect that wasn't very obvious in the last 15 minutes, but when my friends and I watched the film in its entirety

we realised that the whole plot consistently revolves around it.

The storyline of the film is largely based on the travels of Fritz whilst he is on the run as a fugitive. Throughout his adventures, Fritz often tries to find answers to the more challenging questions in life; however, as hinted earlier, a lot of the film is concerned with subjects that were acutely topical such as protest and civil rights.

There are moments that are very aesthetically imaginative, such as

pool balls being pocketed to represent a dying man's final heart beats and scenes easily escalate in absurdness at a quick rate; fighter jets bombing, being an initially small street disturbance is just one example that comes to mind.

So, if you're at a loose end I personally would recommend watching a film about a tabby cat that goes about achieving illumination by indulging in an excess of sex, drugs and rock & roll.

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FILM

Size doesn't matter



Paavo Schafer

Writer

13 December 2012. This is a date that should be imprinted into everyone's mind – from those who know that by divine law, Olórin is not allowed to use his magic directly against orcs to those who only know him as Gandalf.

For it is on this day that *The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey* will finally be released in the UK.

Though many may take this date for granted, it was not always certain that *The Hobbit* would ever become a reality. Let us look back and remind ourselves how lucky we are to be able to see a hobbit that is directed by Peter Jackson.

Peter Jackson wanted to make *The Hobbit* as far back as 1995. But the distribution rights belonged to one studio, the production rights to another, and no-one seemed ready to sell anything. So New Line Cinema (who owned the rights to *Lord of the Rings*) told Jackson to go ahead and make the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy first.

When *The Return of the King* was released in 2003, the issue of *The Hobbit* resurfaced. New Line Cinema however, at the time, had their hands full with a number of lawsuits; Peter Jackson, The Tolkien Trust, and Saul Zaentz (producer of the 1978 *Lord of the Rings* cartoon) were all suing New Line Cinema for 'withholding profits'.

Fortunately, by 2007, most of these were settled, and remarkably New Line Cinema soon after decided to partner up with MGM (who together owned all the necessary rights on *The Hobbit*) to co-produce and co-finance the film.

This immediately brought up the question: who should direct the film?

Ever since Peter Jackson's trilogy appeared in the cinemas it was pretty obvious to the public that he was the best man to also make *The Hobbit*. The studios, however, did not share his view, they chose Guillermo del Toro. A terrible choice. The man was previously quoted saying "I don't like little guys and dragons, hairy feet, hobbits" and "I don't like sword and sorcery, I hate all that stuff".

Pre-production began in 2008 and for the next two years, as expected,

Del Toro managed to continuously find spectacular ways to ruin *The Hobbit*. Amongst these were redesigning wargs because he found they looked too much like hyenas and making animals speak so people would not be less weirded out by a speaking dragon at the end. He even spent a lot of time watching WWI documentaries because he thought that many elements in *The Hobbit* represented aspects of WWI, despite Tolkien explicitly stating this is not true.

Thankfully Del Toro got 'fed up by too many delays' and left in early 2010. Again, the studios got into a huge discussion about who should be the director, considering almost everyone from David Yates (*Harry Potter*) to David Dobkin (*Wedding Crashers*).

However, due to overwhelming fan pressure, and a sudden surprising wave of common sense, the studios eventually settled for Jackson. Jackson was finally on board as director. But the drama had not yet ended.

In late 2010, after building of the sets had already begun, the actors unions suddenly began protests and ordered their actors to stop working. Strikes were so extensive that Warner Bros (who by then had merged with New Line Cinema) threatened to move production elsewhere (the Harry Potter studios in the UK were mentioned at some point). But eventually that cleared up as well and production remained in New Zealand.

Very soon after the failed union protests, in October 2010, the budget was announced at \$500million, higher than any movie that has gone before it and almost twice the budget of the currently most expensive film (*Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End*).

In November 2010 Peter Jackson famously ordered 30 red EPIC cameras (each costing some \$58,000). These record in what is called 5k, a resolution that most cinemas don't even have the equipment to display at.

In April 2011, in another controversial move, Peter Jackson revealed that the movie will be filmed in 48 frames per second (fps), deviating from the standard 24fps – which has been used for almost every movie since the 1920s. This should reduce 'strobing'

and immerse the audience even more. But critics who saw it at the April 2012 cinemacon were sceptic and said it looked almost 'too real'.

But perhaps the most controversial choice of all was just recently, in July 2012, when it was announced that *The Hobbit* would be made into 3 films and turned into a trilogy because apparently 'there was too much material to cover in one film'. This meant that *The Hobbit*, which consists of only about 300 pages in its original hardcover, would be made into the same number of movies as the 1600 page *Lord of the Rings*. Whether this is just a typical money-milking stunt, or whether there really is three movies' worth of material, only time will tell.

All in all, we can be very glad that Peter Jackson did end up directing and he even managed to get most of the old team back. I'm really excited to see what Peter Jackson and his team have come up with and can't wait to see the first instalment of *The Hobbit*.

But before we watch the prequel, and as we anticipate its release, what better time is there to rewatch the *Lord of the Rings*? – To refresh our memory of Legolas and Gimli before we meet their fathers (yes, that's right, Thranduil and Glóin are appearing in *The Hobbit*).

Now, back on home ground, in a clever move by the ICU Cinema, they will be showing the *Lord of the Rings* marathon on the 2nd floor of the Union, on the 4th of November, just a few weeks before the release of *The Hobbit*. The marathon should last from 1pm to 11pm. This is a lengthy film session for sure, and lasting all ten hours is known amongst the cinema staff as a feat of manliness only surpassed by staying awake for the entirety of their December all-nighter.

But Frodo's journey from The Shire to Mount Doom took over 6 months in real time. And so anything under ten hours wouldn't really do the journey justice.

This will probably be the last chance to see the trilogy on a 33 foot screen in professional 35mm quality before *The Hobbit* is released. And for a fiver online or six at the door all I can say is I'll see you there!

"Argo F*** Yourself"

Director: Ben Affleck
Screenwriters: Chris Terrio, Joshua
Bearman
Starring: Ben Affleck, Bryan
Cranston, Alan Arkin, John Goodman



Katy Bettany

Film Editor

Based on true events, Affleck's latest directorial is a darkly comic mixture of thriller and political satire.

When the US embassy in Tehran is stormed in November 1979 in retaliation for American interference in Iranian politics, six diplomats, nicknamed 'the house-guests' take shelter in the Canadian ambassador's (Victor Garber) private residence. With the rest of the embassy staff held hostage, and their captors looking for the escapees, the US State Department faces the task of safely extracting them from the country.

CIA operative Tony Mendez (Affleck) is brought in to consult, and devises a plan so ridiculous it becomes the only viable option: indeed it is the "best bad idea" that they could dream up. The trapped embassy workers needed a valid reason to be in the country, in order for them to avoid arousing suspicion when trying to leave. Inspired by his son's love for sci-fi, Mendez and Hollywood makeup artist (Goodman) enlist the help of film producer Lester Siegel (Arkin), serial scene stealer who delivers some of the film's best lines with expert timing; and together set up a fake film studio and begin to create hype around a pretend film, *Argo*. Set on a planet with a Middle Eastern atmosphere, it is a hilariously cheesy film: a case-study into all that's wrong with Hollywood.

The embassy workers are assigned new Canadian identities: they are production staff members location scouting for the film. Mendez flies to Iran to meet the group, and then together, the seven have to convince the Iranians that the film is real, and that their identities are genuine. The group faces a race against time to get out of the country before they are discovered.

This is a little known piece of history that seems made for film: the juxtaposition of the satirical farce of Hollywood is all the funnier against the serious and rather gritty situation unfolding across the other side

of the world. Which is just as well – too serious and the film would be too heavy and oppressive, yet something too comic would be inappropriate, given lives were always at stake. The flipping between locations keeps the screenplay dynamic and pacing urgent. Amusing similarities are drawn between selling the film's legitimacy to the Iranians, and feeding the film to the American media: it's all for show, all just a goal directed business (as Mendez points out, filmmakers would shoot "in Stalingrad, with Pol Pot directing" if they thought it would make money): contrast against Affleck's film, which is beautifully constructed and full of heart.

Attention to detail is clearly important to Affleck, as the actors chosen to play the embassy workers were surprising like their real-life counterparts, as shown from real life stills of the group, well played by the little known actors Tate Donovan, Scoot McNairy, Rory Cochrane, Clea Duvall, Kerry Bishé and Christopher Denham. The weeks the group spend in captivity are oppressively claustrophobic and fraught with tension and fear; visually conveyed with cramped sets, tight close-ups and hazy lighting. The actors themselves no stranger to isolation: Affleck had the group held in captivity for a week prior to filming, to add to the authenticity of the piece.

Affleck plays the pivotal role very subtly – he is restrained and at times almost bland and too underdeveloped. But that's okay: this isn't a film about characters, it's a film about a plot too good to be true (and probably is), and by stepping back Affleck gives the film room to shine. But his direction is first rate – he executes the complex story perfectly; driving it forward; maintaining the sense of urgency, weaving together satire, classic escape film, historical and political commentary with absolute precision and balance. The period feels authentic, with grainy cinematography, terrible fashion and the perpetual fog of cigarette smoke. The final sequences are (literally) nail-bitingly, edge-of-your-seat tense; a testament to an entirely absorbing film that keeps its audience gripped and emotionally involved right until its conclusion. *Argo* is about intelligence winning out over violence; about the importance of good relations with political allies, and has modern day significance for the American-Iranian relationship.



We like to drink with freshers, cos freshers are our mates

FILM

Film Editors: Katy Bettany,
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2012 London Korean

John Park

Film Editor

Yes, I'm Korean. My surname is Park. That automatically means I'm Korean. And so I watch Korean films. Not exactly the most accessible to western audiences or appealing I'm sure, but slowly there have been growing interests in Asian cinema and noticeably films from Korea have caught the attention of various prestigious festivals and prizes.

The London Korean Film Festival, currently in its 7th year, hopes to celebrate the latest break-out hits from the east with a wider viewership, and has put together a 10-day programme (whilst also further extending its duration by taking the festival to Glasgow and Bristol) of excellent choices full of variety and plenty to offer.



Opening + Closing Night Galas



Thieves

Currently the second highest grossing Korean film of all time in its native country, this star-studded spectacle (Kim Yun-seok, Kim Hye-soo, Lee Jung-jae and Gianna Jun are all considered top stars) serves as the Opening Night Gala followed by a Q&A session. After offered a job in Macao, five of Korea's most successful, ambitious thieves team up with an equally competent Chinese crew to undertake their most challenging heist of their careers: stealing a diamond worth over \$20 million. Let the thrilling back-stabbing and double-crossing begin.



Masquerade

Only seven Korean films have had the honour of crossing that most coveted line of 10,000,000 ticket admissions in South Korea, and the latest to break that barrier is this year's Closing Night Gala. South Korea is well known for its lavish, big-scale period pieces dealing with the shady, murky backdrops of dynasty palaces. Here we have the paranoid and insane King Gwanghae (Lee Byung-hun of *G.I. Joe*) who after a failed assassination attempt falls into a coma. The King's double is placed on the throne, although the sudden shift in behaviour raises suspicion from the King's opposition.

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FILM

Asian Film Festival



Dancing Queen ★ ★ ★ ★

It's a film that shows what an all-round entertainer Uhm Jung-hwa is. With a career spanning almost two decades now, this singer/actress/dancer/performer has done it all, and shows off her polished skills in her latest film. As a housewife facing that scary age of 40, Jung-hwa fantasises of once again jumping into the spotlight of a concert stage, an unfulfilled ambition she had to give up in her youth when she married her dim but dedicated husband, Jeong-min. A chance of a lifetime is offered, although the only trouble is, her husband, a down-to-earth and honest lawyer, is being groomed to enter the political circles of Seoul; and having a singing/dancing politician's wife is very much frowned upon. An easy-going mix of comedy, drama and satirical portrayals of the Korean pop culture as well as its political games, here is a touching, oftentimes funny and somewhat inspiring film that tells us we're never too young to pursue our dreams.

Eungyo ★ ★ ★

An intense story of lust, obsession and jealousy, it starts off with an intriguing premise: a 70-year-old, highly respected and successful poet and author (Park Hae-il) and his keen but not exactly gifted apprentice/butler (Kim Moo-yeul) one day stumble across a 17-year-old female high-school student Eun-gyo (Kim Go-eun), and face difficult lies in their already rocky relationship. It's about odd people doing odd things which does provide some odd fascination in its frustratingly slow telling of a potentially powerful story. Hae-il, who himself is only 35 years old, never quite convinces in the scenes where he is supposed to be the seasoned, intelligent and deep-thinking professor. Excelling in her debut performance however is Go-eun, who perfectly captures the essence of these two men's contrasting, but equally potent, desires. It's essentially a love-triangle of mixed, complex intentions, and the outcome is an inevitably dense and depressing one.



Gabi ★ ★

After his wife, Empress Myeongseong, is brutally slain by the Japanese, King Gojong flees to the Russian consulate and ends up with a taste for coffee, and sets his eyes firmly on his personal barista who has the uncanny ability to brew the new and mysterious drink from the west he's captivated by. But barista Tanya (Kim So-yeon) is in fact a coerced pawn in a far sinister scheme hatched by a Japanese socialite, Sadako (Yoo Sun). Her intimate relationship with the King is to be used as her advantage here and her lover Ilyich (Joo Jin-mo) also fits in in this widely convoluted, tonally confused period drama that can't quite make up its mind about the story it wants to tell. There are no thrills, very little passion, which is why even the impressively mounted climax does very little to move. Plus this must be the worst, most poorly decorated and designed film that tries but fails to show a very intricate feel of 19th Century Korea.

Deranged ★ ★ ★ ★

There most certainly is something in the water – citizens of Korea start dying mysteriously. First they start eating lots. Then drinking lots. Then they die. Quite daringly for a health disaster film like this, the director gives away plenty of answers in the first half. But it's only because this film has a lot more to tell. Focusing mainly on a single family, the story is mostly set around Jae-hyuk (Kim Myung-min) a lowly cubical worker in a pharmaceutical company, and his struggle against the clock and eventually, deadly conspiracy, to save his family who are showing the early symptoms of the condition. It's incredibly fast-paced, with brief but adequate bouts of scientific jargon/explanation driving the plot forward. The less you question the teeny tiny details and nitpick, the more you'll enjoy this tightly structured, solid effort that wants to be the South Korean version of *Contagion*.



Black Eagle (R2B: Return to Base) ★ ★ ★

K-Pop superstar Rain (a.k.a Jung Ji-hoon) continues his career on the big screen as he takes over more or less the same role Tom Cruise immortalised almost 30 years ago. As a hot-shot fighter pilot who likes to show off, Tae-hun (Ji-hoon) gets into a lot of trouble for making some dangerous choices. The first-half is spent on character building as well as off-beat, farce humour, whilst also finding time for romance. The final segments concentrate on a surprise attack North Korea inflicts on the South, and a missing pilot who needs to be rescued. Shamelessly patriotic, naively simple, there is a lot of cheese in its awkward dialogue, and hardly any tension builds whilst the bad coup d'état soldiers in the North start planning something malicious, but the action sequences are top-notch, filmed incredibly with high octane energy over the many tall buildings of Seoul, as large powerful aircrafts narrowly avoid disaster on many occasions.

As One Korea ★ ★ ★ ★

In order to beat China, the dominant sports team when it comes to table tennis, the two Koreas decide to unify their two national teams and take on their biggest nemesis in the 41st World Table Tennis Championships in 1991. Of course, this idea does not go down well with the players, as there are obvious culture clashes, personality differences and social divide. And yet a special bond forms as time goes by, and they realise ultimately the only thing setting them apart is the big military line dividing the two countries. The scenes showing the various table tennis matches are sensational, as each grunt, each bounce, each serve and each smash is captured with so much convincing energy. And in the more human aspects of the film, the two lead actresses (Ha Ji-won, Bae Doo-na) give it their absolute all, and succeed in creating a powerful finale. Lots of difficult subjects are glossed over, but as a sugary sweet, feel-good sports film, it's truly smashing.





Gonzales at the Barbican

Simon Hunter Music Editor

In the full flow of a performance **Chilly Gonzales** is a sight to behold. Dressed in a black satin dressing gown and wasabi green slippers his unkempt, sweaty hair hangs across his face as he hammers the keys of a beautiful Steinway. This is a man who loves to let his wild imagination gallop and two weekends ago, in the Barbican Hall, he was given the **BBC Symphony Orchestra** to, in his words, be his “sixty musical slaves”.

To say that Gonzales’ imagination and showmanship are greater than his musical talents is not to do the man a disservice. Chilly Gonzales has released pop albums and rap albums, he set a world record for the longest continual playing of the piano, had his music used by Steve Jobs to sell trillions of flashing pieces of glass and metal, and even made an “existential sports comedy” film focussing on the little-known sport of jazz-chess (...and breathe). However his most successful release has been the *Solo Piano* album he gifted the world in

2004. In this work he put the bravado aside to record half an hour of beautifully delicate piano melodies, showing us that behind all the madcap rap lyrics and ridiculous attire lies some serious talent.

It was with his second, recently released solo piano compositions that he began the Barbican show.

“ behind all the madcap rap lyrics and ridiculous attire lies some serious talent ”

With Gonzales illuminated by a single spotlight and positioned centre stage the crowd hung on every creak of the Steinway’s hammers. *Solo Piano II* carries on where the first left off; melancholic and touching, Gonzales’ love for the minor keys is on full display. Indeed it was this preference over the “politically conserva-

tive” major keys that he proceeded to demonstrate by shifting classics such as ‘Happy Birthday’, ‘Frere Jacques’ and ‘Chariots of Fire’ into the minor realm, whilst making jokes about World War II and his Jewish heritage amongst other things. You wouldn’t get that on “Later... With Jools Holland”.

The entertainer extraordinaire then composed a piece, live, with the aid of a child plucked from the audience before debuting his rather ambitious project of composing a piano concerto. I’m not used to appreciating extended pieces of classical music, my initial wonder tends to wane after a few minutes and my mind drifts off. Unfortunately Gonzales was unable to prevent this fate with his effort.

Things picked up again, however, as Chilly used the orchestra to full effect in creating a barn-storming version of his electro-rap epic ‘Take Me To Broadway’. The show climaxed as Gonzales instructed, through conductor **Jules Buckley**, the creation of pop music’s equivalent of Frankenstein’s Monster. The bass line of ‘Another One Bites the Dust’, a pitch-



Mark Allen

The best use of a satin dressing gown since Hugh Hefner

shifted variant of the ‘Billie Jean’ riff and the strings from **Britney Spears’** ‘Toxic’ were all combined and rapped over. And it pretty much worked. Not content with that however, Gonzales descended into the crowd and tried his very best at ‘surfing’ the Barbican; almost certainly the first time crowd surfing has been witnessed at a venue more used to playing host to the high-brow end of live music.

After much applause for the BBC Symphony Orchestra and a standing

ovation for the man himself, Gonzales returned to the stage to bewilder the audience one last time by reciting a medley of ‘Gogol’ and ‘Overnight’. Sat on the floor. With his head underneath the piano.

This was a performance in which one of the greatest imaginations and entertainers in music was given the tools he’d previously only dreamt of. The result was beautiful, hilarious, stupefying and brash. Chilly Gonzales: a true entertainer.

Cave Painting: Votive Life

Does this much anticipated release live up to the hype and early promise?

Jeni Pillai Writer

Cave Painting are a Brighton based band signed to Third Rock Recordings. Their debut album *Votive Life* released on 24th September this year certainly promised much, but did it really deliver? There was a lot of hype surrounding the album prior to its release because of the popularity of their pre-released tracks, such as ‘Rio’ and ‘Gator’. Not to mention the fact that they have played a few dates with Mercury Prize nominees (and favourites to win) **Alt-J**, who actually have one of the best albums I’ve heard this year so far. It really does feel like *Votive Life* will meet the hype at first...but then it starts to get less convincing.

The album opens with ‘Leaf’ which begins with an assault of noise then cuts into the softness of singer Adam Kane’s voice. It’s a solid song and a great opener to the album. Nuff said. Next is ‘Gator’ which is without doubt one of the stand-out tracks of the album. Kane’s lilting vocals and the African glockenspiel sums up their distinctive sound – swaying, atmospheric indie rock. If that makes any sense at all. This is the track to listen to if you want to know what they’re about. ‘So

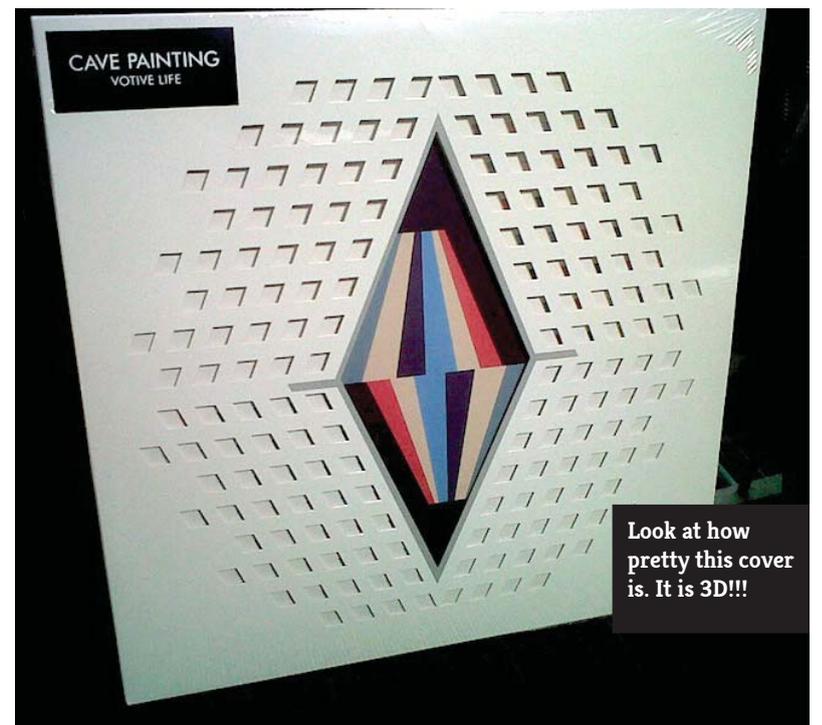
Calm’, my personal favourite, includes Kane’s soaring vocals and chiming chords courtesy of guitarist Harry Smallwood. The repeating line “I’m not wasting time” sticks in your head for hours, especially if you’ve been procrastinating when you’ve got a load of work to do. Jonathan McCawley’s drums in ‘Handle’ match the tribal namesake of the band to produce a slightly darker sound than the previous songs. To me, this song in particular acted as a bit of a metaphor for the whole album really: it starts off really well, lulls, gets good for a bit, and then drops again.

It’s when we reach ‘Only Us’ that the appeal of Kane’s drawn vocals starts to wear off and it gets a bit exasperating. As a standalone track, it could work but here I feel it blends into the background of the album. Also, at 3:23 the music cuts off and his voice has a bit of a David Gray tone to it (remember him? yeah, I cringed too) and the fact that this is the best bit of the song says it all really. ‘The Gator’ interlude is a nice break in the album and a reminder of how well it all started, and then we move onto the (sorry, it’s got to be said) distinctly average ‘Pair Up’ which feels more like an album-filler than a genuine track. They could do

without it to be honest. Similarly, I found ‘Simoleon’ forgettable and the guitar reprise at the end sounds nowhere near as epic as it should have done.

But then we’re gifted with ‘Rio’ and it feels like there’s hope yet! This is where his vocals really work, with the best bit being the line “Who would have seen my face, when I was a hollow man?”. Deep stuff. The sheer vulnerability in his voice when he sings “Riooooo” and “I won’t go” and the a capella “So loooong” at the end makes you fall in love with them again. But that feeling’s short-lived, as the ‘Me You Soon’ interlude is a major anticlimax that doesn’t fit as well as the other interlude in the album, followed by ‘Nickel’. Just...disappointment. To close the album we have ‘Forming’ – an average song to end an average album which, I hasten to add, is a real pity seeing as Cave Painting is a band with so much potential.

There are some incredible tracks on this album (Leaf, Gator, So Calm, Rio) but you might as well not listen to the rest of it because although it starts off promising, by the end it has ultimately failed to deliver. Many of the other tracks do just feel more like album-fillers than anything else. It could



Look at how pretty this cover is. It is 3D!!!

have been terrible had it not been for those aforementioned gems. Singer Kane’s vocals are the focus of the band’s sound and they definitely have a lilting vulnerable charm, but it does start to wear thin midway through the album. Nevertheless, I still look for-

ward to what Cave Painting will do in the future. Any band that’s so actively involved in their own art and design, and can write a song about a girl called Rio without mentioning trivial things like how she dances in the sand, have got my respect.

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MUSIC

Obama and Hip-Hope

Hasaan Choudry discovers that the President has lost his mojo

Music and the President of the United States of America has always had an interesting relationship. Music being played in the White House is a long standing tradition, dating back to ever since the Marine Band were invited to perform in the Executive Suite for President John Adams on New Year's Day 1801. Fast forward to 20 January 2009, President Barack Obama was elected and that evening as part of the Inauguration the Wynton Marsalis Quintet played at the White House for the new President and 100 of his guests. Since then, the on-going White House music series has zig-zagged across the musi-

can be traced back to his election campaign of 2008. Before his nomination as the Democratic nominee, he revealed his iPod playlist showcasing his wide-ranging musical taste. Among the likes of **Bruce Springsteen**, **Bob Dylan** and **Miles Davis** was **Jay-Z** who Obama even invited to perform at his Inauguration Ball. In April 2008, Obama referenced Jay-Z's "Dirt Off Your Shoulder" when he famously brushed his shoulder off, in response to criticism by then rival Hillary Clinton, to wild cheers at Raleigh in North Carolina. Once elected Obama was even labelled the "first hip-hop President" and dubbed "B-Rock" by Vibe Magazine, however his 29-song campaign playlist for the upcoming election had

sent, we ain't ready to see a black President"). Nas revokes Tupac's cynicism and scepticism, renovating it into a message of hope and optimism, much in line with Obama's campaign.

The hip-hop celebrity endorsements were obviously worth their while. Political scientist Darrell West of the Brookings Institution claims that "celebrities can help in particular niches... you can match a celebrity and target and appeal to those types of communities". An analysis by Centre for Information and Research on Civic Learning and Engagement (CIRCLE) showed the voter turnout for African-Americans aged 18 – 29 in the 2008 election was the highest in American history at 58.2%; up by 8.7% from the previous election. The turnout for this particular voter demographic was higher than any other eligible racial or ethnic group in that election, which was a first in the history of American voting.

However, as Obama's term progressed the tide turned and voices of dissent appeared amongst the hip-hop crowd. Jay-Z and Obama have had an enduring relationship that has even been described as a "bromance" with Jay-Z declaring he has Obama on speed dial. Nevertheless, Jay-Z admits that some of the criticism directed towards Obama is "fair" acknowledging that "numbers don't lie" when asked about unemployment during a Watch The Throne promotional interview with GQ. His fellow Inauguration VIP, Sean "Diddy" Combs told The Source earlier this year that "I love the President like most of us. I just want the President to do better".

Perhaps the most critical attacks on Obama came from Chicago based rapper **Lupe Fiasco**. In an interview with CBS in 2008, Lupe Fiasco called Obama "the biggest terrorist" in the United States of America, who went on to further state that the terrorism in foreign states is directly related to



Obama's foreign policy. Furthermore, Lupe Fiasco's single "Words I Never Said" expands upon his criticism by referencing Obama's silence upon Israel's 22 day bombardment of Gaza through the lyrics "Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit. That's why I ain't vote for him, next one either". The disapproval of Obama in hip-hop isn't just limited to American artists. London based political activist and rapper **Lowkey** labelled Obama as "handsome face of an ugly empire" and released two tracks entitled "Obamanation" (part 1 & 2), which launch scathing condemnation of Obama. In "Obamanation (part 2)" **M-1** (of political hip-hop group **dead prez**) declared Obama "a master of disguise, expert at telling lies".

With less hip-hop artists promoting Obama, many hip-hop artists have changed their tune. Veteran rapper **KRS-One** and **Mobb Deep** member Prodigy both lent their support to Texas Congressman and former Republican presidential candidate Ron Paul during the GOP primaries. Rapper **Speech**, of **Arrested Development**, who supported Obama in 2008,

said he felt "disillusioned with some things that Obama has done" and that he would support Ron Paul. **Snoop Dogg** had posted a photo of Ron Paul on his Facebook page with the caption "smoke weed everyday", although he recently posted on Twitter a list of reasons why he was voting for Obama as opposed to Romney.

Earlier this year, cult underground hip-hop figure **El-P** joined forces with Southern rapper **Killer Mike** and released the album *R.A.P. Music*. The combination of El-P's trademark sonic and aggressive production and Killer Mike's introspective and emotive lyrics took critics and hip-hop fans by storm and is a shoe-in for hip-hop release of the year. The track "Reagan" attracted a wide deal of controversy as it vehemently criticised Ronald Reagan and his presidency, in particular the Iran-Contra scandal. Killer Mike also panned Obama calling him "just another talking head telling lies on teleprompters". However, in an interview with HipHopDX, Killer Mike stated that he hasn't jumped off the Obama bandwagon and that he's "still firmly on the train in the first class" but he won't be voting in the upcoming election. He isn't alone. Compton based rapper **Kendrick Lamar** revealed that he wouldn't be voting in the upcoming election, with Lupe Fiasco and **SpaceGhostPurrp** taking the same stance.

Voting or not, the election goes ahead next week. With Obama not including any hip-hop songs on his election campaign play-list, it's clear that he is having a "Sister Souljah moment" and taking a moderate role up against Romney. The lack of hip-hop endorsements that Obama had had in 2008, may be an indicator of Obama losing the "cool factor", begging the question on everyone's mouth for next Tuesday:



Happier times in 2008

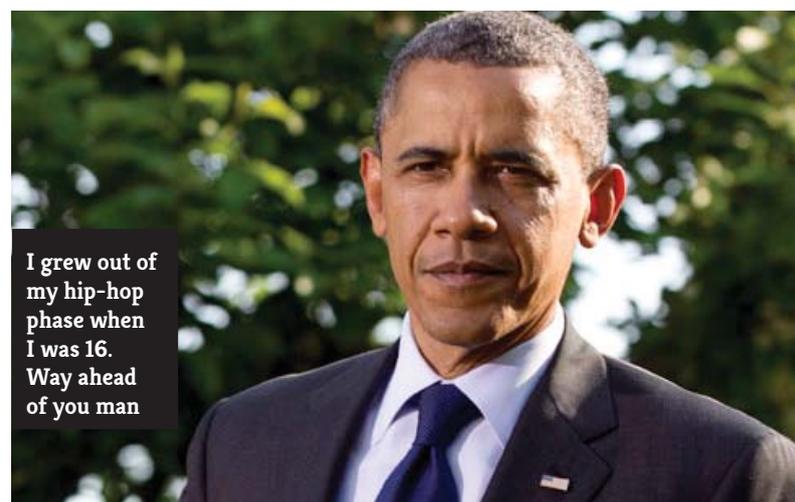
cal spectrum inviting a wide array of artists to perform at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue including **Earth, Wind and Fire**, **Stevie Wonder** and **Ziggy Marley**.

In May last year, Michelle Obama invited rapper, actor and poet **Common** to perform at a poetry reading for kids. Common is known to hip-hop fans as the "king of conscious hip-hop" with his two decade long career focusing on topics including aversion to violence, positivity and fatherhood. However, the poetry and reading was doused in controversy with the usual rightwing pundits fanning the flames by citing Common's 'A Song for Assata'; a track sympathetic to activist Assata Shakur, who was convicted of murdering two New Jersey State Troopers. Sarah Palin claimed the White House "lacked class and decency", with Fox News alleging Common to be a "vile rapper" despite describing his music as "very positive" in a special report a few months previous. Common responded to the controversy through Twitter saying that "apparently Sarah Palin and Fox News doesn't like me"; however, I wonder if it'd be more worrying if Sarah Palin and Fox News did like Common.

Obama's association with hip-hop

not a single hip-hop song. A glaring contrast can be seen between not only Obama's outlook towards hip-hop, but perhaps more interesting, is the change in the hip-hop community's response to Obama since his election.

Rewind to before the 2008 election, and "95 percent of the hip-hop community [was] singing his praises" with figures such as **Sean "Diddy" Combs**, **Russell Simmons** and **Jay-Z** actively campaigning in support of Obama. References to Obama were widespread in hip-hop during this time, with rappers **Ludacris**, **Common**, **Talib Kweli**, **will.i.am**, **Young Jeezy**, **Lil Wayne**, **Jadakiss**, **Big Boi**, **Busta Rhymes** and many, many more mentioning Barack Obama in their songs. Common had set the trend through namedropping Obama back in 2004 with the lyrics "Why is Bush acting like he trying to get Osama? Why don't we impeach him and elect Obama?" on the remix of the song 'Why' featuring **Jadakiss**, **Styles P** and **Nas**. Hip-hop legend Nas endorsed Obama extensively through his song 'Black President' which contained samples from Obama's acceptance speech as well as **Tupac's** 'I Wonder If Heaven Got a Ghetto' for the hook ("Although it seems heaven



I grew out of my hip-hop phase when I was 16. Way ahead of you man

MUSIC

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You Don't Have To Call It Music

Pt. 4 elektronische Musik by Íñigo Martínez de Rituerto

While the Parisian advocates of *musique concrète* exposed the song of every day sounds, elsewhere in Europe, the avant garde was focusing on the musical potential of electricity. While the French has used the tape reel as a medium for sampling and manipulating natural noises, the Germans, perhaps unsurprisingly for a people so renowned for their technical prowess, set about developing new ways of artificially synthesizing sounds completely foreign to the human ear. The whims of a few visionaries were to completely revolutionize the potential of music, opening a new domain in which sound could be made.

In 1948, Meyer-Eppler, a phonetics academic, met Dudley, an American research physicist at Bell Labs. Dudley brought with him from Bell the newly developed Vocoder, a device that allowed for speech analysis and synthesis. The groundbreaking 1970's electronic group **Kraftwerk** were one of the first 'pop' bands to use this Vocoder for musical means, rather than for speech research. The infamous Auto-tune technique, which corrects a singer's pitch digitally, is its modern analogue. Following Meyer-Eppler's publication of his thesis *Elektronische Klangerzeugung* ("electronic sound production") the next year, the two started a conversation between musical and technological communities that would captivate many artists and scientists in the region. An increasing frequency of lectures and conferences would foster a network of composers and researchers pioneering new methods of synthesizing sounds from electronic circuits. In 1953, a handful of them founded the now iconic Cologne studio for electronic music in the Westdeutscher Rundfunk (WDR) headquarters.

By far the best known member of the Cologne studio was **Karlheinz Stockhausen**. Perhaps the most prolific proponent of *elektronische Musik*, he composed from 1950 until his passing in 2007. The following year, the Southbank Centre curated a week-long festival dedicated to him, where audiences were treated to his vast repertoire ranging from piano, percussion and tape performances, to a series of recorded lectures where the composer's unique vision of modern music is stunning to behold. Some of his instructions for improvised collaboration are strongly reminiscent of **John Cage**: "Play a vibration in the rhythm of your body; of your heart; of your breathing; of your thinking; of your intuition; of your enlightenment; of the universe." Other compositions are of baffling ambition, such as his *Helicopter String Quartet*. With *Mikrophonie*, he ventured to use the microphone as a musical instrument (sic), using it to reveal otherwise inaudible vibrations of traditional instruments.

The German technocrats were not in complete disaccord with the *concrète* school however, though some refused to use any sound that was not purely electronically fabricated. What Pierre Schaeffer and his friends in Paris had done was reveal the nature of sound, and to some extent attempt to formalize it. It was only from these foundations that the Germans could then build the electronic devices to replicate such sounds and give them more than a robotic character. Indeed, it was Schaeffer himself who coined the Attack/Delay/Sustain/Release envelope, ubiquitous in modern synthesizers, in his seminal 1952 publication, *La recherche d'une musique concrète*.

This regional obsession with technology was certainly passed down to the younger generations. After the summer of love and the hippie movement that came with it, there was a similar psychedelic turn in German rock music. One notable difference was the propensity of the krautrockers to use new synthesizers alongside a traditional power trio line-up. The result was a far more tripped-out version of what the Americans had achieved, reminding more of trips to the end of space than the backyard garden. For a prime example of the krautrock phenomenon, try lending your ears to **Can's** *Ege Bamyasi* or any of **Tangerine Dream's** early records.

The exploratory urge of *elektronische Musik* remains strong today, with musicians like **Keith Fullerton Whitman** (breakcore alias **Hrvatski**) and **Florian Hecker** (recently awarded a grant by the MIT Media Lab to compose *Chimerization*, a tryptic in English, Farsi and German) wreathing stunning noises from custom modular synthesizers. Berlin based record label PAN have recently released some incredible records from people like **Ben Vida**, who takes a similar approach to intricate electronic synthesis.

With the advent of the personal computer, the challenge lied no longer in how far our instruments could take us, but where could the mind extend. While obvious barriers lie on the way to realizing one's vision, it is now possible to create virtually any sound possible. Whether in wood, brass, hardware or software, there exist the means.

King Krule: Live

Padriac & Polona

King Krule, a lonely rider of the current music scene, the only one that is really talking about being in pain (his own words), is the alias of an 18-year old South Londoner, Archie Marshall, accompanied on stage by a bassist, drummer, saxophonist and guitarist. Archie first caught people's eye last year with the track 'Out Getting Ribs', and a self-titled EP that blended jazzy, dissonant chords and the emotional ache of the blues with spoken words of existential discontent.

But after that release and a small set of gigs in the States and at European festivals, Marshall dropped off the map completely until now, playing a set of three shows ending with his first London gig in nearly a year at Electrowerkz on October 18th. The venue was a small, low-key place, built into an arch in Angel, with art school kids hanging out at the stage, wrapped up in sketching in their Moleskines.

The support act was another young band called **Haraket**, who blended a range of musical influences to produce some interesting and experimental sounds that channeled everything from post-dubstep to spanish jazz. Their live mix of physical and pad drums, guitar, synths and a muted trumpet seemed noisy at first, but quickly settled down into some promising and more complex tracks.

As the crowd milled around before the main act, we noticed Marshall himself chilling out in the neighbour-



In researching this article it came to my attention that Alexis Taylor is also the name of an American adult film actress

ing bar, but felt too starstruck to approach with anything meaningful to say. Our frustration didn't last for too long, though, as he was soon on the stage. The contrast was astounding; he looked frail and delicate, with strikingly red hair and bright green eyes, but when he spoke, his deep voice was slow and assured, bringing to mind a wise, wounded warrior. Words were used sparingly; "Hello, London", and "Thank you for coming" are the few he uttered aside from song titles. The transformation was complete when they launched into a fierce rendition of 'Has This Hit', a track written when Marshall still went by the name **Zoo Kid**.

It was an astounding opening: 'Has This Hit' pulls through a range of emotions the presence of which was

felt more strongly and completely live. It set the tone for the rest of the gig, as they wound through a set list covering everything from the EP, early Zoo Kid tracks and the latest single 'Rock Bottom'.

During the chorus of 'Baby Blue', a cry from the crowd went out: "You guys are fucking beautiful!". A product of the moment, this honest expression seems to perfectly capture our notion of King Krule – expansive sound and voice (he describes his music as a soundscape) which, combined with lyrics that brim over with existential reflection and profound sadness, paints a portrayal of bleak urban existence and brings to the surface something that is both, heart-breaking and beautiful.

Win tickets to Oui Love Exchange

Lily Le

Writer

A night of some of the newest French acts is about to rock up onto the shores of the Great that is Britain in an attempt to maintain the only reputation for which France is unconquerable: electronic music.

Oui Love Exchange shows their support for three new bands hoping to follow in the steps of past promoted acts such as **The Shoes**, **Anoraak**, and Kitsuné golden boys **Housse de Racket**.

Jupiter are a groovy two piece hailing from Paris who have so far released an EP entitled *Juicy Lucy* (*Needs a Boogiemán*) and whose sound are described by the Exchange as "disco and electro-funk" - pretty spot on.

If you are looking for "something

akin to a new wave Scott Walker", **Juveniles** should be right up your street. Having already released two singles through uber-cool Parisian label Kitsuné, Juveniles are due to release an album with Universal next year. This is a great chance to check their happy-go-lucky, synth sound.

Being slightly less poppy and darker than the other two acts, Franco-American **Yan Wagner** will no doubt add an interesting element to the lineup. It is will be well worth checking out whether his live performance will live up to his top-notch producing.

All contributing with their unique styles to a showcase of exciting new electro, the Oui Love night is definitely one not to miss for all French electronic music fans.

Competition

Details:

Oui Love Exchange
21st November 2012
Shacklewell Arms, East London

How to enter:

To be in with a chance for you and a friend to win tickets to this years event simply email us at music.felix@gmail.com with the subject as "Oui Love Competition". It is as easy as that!



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MUSIC

The Cribs are back on top

Mark England Music Editor

The Cribs are a band of many contradictions. They are a band who pack their shows with huge choruses that bring the roof down whilst also getting long poetic spoken word pieces into one of their songs; they are a band who manage to satisfy those fans who want the more visceral punk rock side of the spectrum whilst also inspiring devotion in pop purists; they are a band who have never really belonged to any trends but, with the release of their latest album *In the Belly of the Brazen Bull*, also seem as relevant as ever. Despite these many contradictions, or perhaps because of them, it seems that the Cribs are as vital as they have ever been before.

The Wakefield boys are the type to inspire true devotion in their fans, and tonight was not to be any different. The Q Awards show at the HMV Forum in Kentish Town was a touch on the expensive side in my view, with tickets coming in at around £30 each, but the Cribs' loyal following turned up in droves to watch their favourite indie heroes. Edwyn Collins (of Orange Juice fame) started the night off in fine form. 'Losing Sleep' and

'A Girl Like You' went down very well but it was 'Rip It Up' which really blew me away. It is an extremely simple song containing a maximum of about twenty words but it is a piece of pop perfection. You can tell that Edwyn Collins is a complete don because he manages to include a cheeky saxophone solo without making me want to claw out my own ears. Also, anyone who can look cool with a cane is okay in my book. Kudos to you sir!

The Cribs bounded on stage with total authority, it was clear they knew that tonight was going to be a great show. I felt that around the time of *Ignore the Ignorant* (largely ignored in the setlist tonight) the band had become somewhat of a homage to their former selves but now with the release of *In the Belly...* it was clear that they had recovered that essence which made them such a thrilling proposition. With five albums worth of material to choose from there was not space for any lulls tonight, only electrifying pop hits fuelling mayhem on the dancefloor. It has been so long since I have seen so many crowdsurfers at a London show, so often a city plagued by chin strokers and plaid-shirt bloggers; tonight was made to bring hipster Lon-

don out of its esoteric coma with a blast of indie rock and a whole lot of infectious energy.

At a time when so many people are whining that guitar music is dead, I would refer these idiots to the fantastic trio of songs near the beginning of the set which really set the tone for the evening: 'Our Bovine Public', 'Glitters Like Gold' and 'Back to the Bolthole'. The crowd was going absolutely ballistic for the massive choruses and even sang every word back of a lesser known b-side. When 'I'm a Realist' started up, the crowd erupted into further frenzy and the band lapped up the adoration coming their way. One of the highlights of the night was the spoken word epic of 'Be Safe'. As an album track it is a strange proposition but live it makes perfect sense; the slow burning anger of Lee Ranaldo (from *Sonic Youth*) backed by an epic thrash of guitars. I was captivated and it was only slightly marred by technical disruptions with the video feed but the song was so powerful that no-one seemed to care.

The night came to a climax with some of bigger hits in the Cribs' armoury. 'Hey Scenesters' is always a joy to watch and 'Men's Needs' was a rallying cry for every-



one to throw their ridiculously expensive pints in the air. The relatively newer song 'Chi Town' had an amazing energy about it; Ryan's punk leanings asserting themselves on this balls-out number which could have come straight out of the *Ramones*' catalogue (and this is perhaps a perfect complement to give.) By the end of the night Ryan was ended up dressed in various bits of clothing thrown to him by the audience including some sort of sweat doused cape. He exclaimed to that crowd that he didn't mind sharing bodily

fluids with them because that is the bond which they had. This image of him stood wailing his heart out dressed in disgusting sweaty rags embodied everything I have come to love about the Cribs; they don't care about looking cool, they only want to make amazing pop songs for people to jump around to and, most significantly, they were having so much fun that I wanted to be in their gang. As I said at the beginning, the Cribs are a vital band once again, but I did not realise just how vital they would be.

BE SURE NOT TO MISS

Dirty Three/Zun Zun Egui

ATP bring a fantastic show to West London (Shepherd's Bush Empire) on the 28th November when they hit us not only with the incredibly energetic *Dirty Three*, lead by big-bearded Australian mentalist Warren Ellis, but also with indescribable (seriously, I'm not sure how to describe even their studio stuff) Bristol trio *Zun Zun Egui*.

For those not currently aware, Dirty Three are, I guess essentially, a post-rock trio with a drummer, bassist/guitarist and a crazy man full of ridiculous anecdotes who plays violin. I would describe their studio stuff as generally morose but live it's a completely different animal: a huge amount of energy runs through every performance, perhaps emphasised by Warren Ellis's stage antics.

Even if you have absolutely no interest currently in their music you should definitely check this out: the live show is absolutely incredible as a musical and theatrical experience, possibly one of the best in the world today.

— Ross Gray

Fear of Fiction Festival

Who said that London is the only place which knows how to put on great shows? The very first Fear of Fiction Festival is here to show you that Bristol is an amazing place for up and coming bands. One of the bands to definitely watch out for are headliners *Toy* whose brand of reverb drenched shoe-gazey pop is sure to be a massive hit. I know this is lazy journalism but the similarities with *The Horrors* are hard to play down.

Labyrinth Ear play the sort of stripped down electro that most bloggers would wet their cool East London pants for. *DZ Deathrays*, the totally incredible metal band that it is okay for hipsters to like, have just been added to the bill. And to top all of that off *Egyptian Hip Hop*, whose album was given a glowing review last week in these very pages, look set to recapture the hype they had a few years ago with their set.

This one day festival is all happening in Stokes Croft in Bristol with tickets being sold from £15. It is a great opportunity to check out



some of the best alternative bars and venues in the area. Felix Music will hopefully be there so take a day trip out of the big smoke for a day and have an amazing time.

— Mark England

AMS album of the week

Titus Andronicus: *Local Business*

Titus Andronicus' first two albums are both fantastic lo-fi punk done with furious passion and intelligence. Titus Andronicus' lyrics is nihilism. You can look at the first two steps in accepting nihilism. First you get really pissed off, then you cry. If we take *Local Business*, Titus Andronicus' version of this, it turns out that the next step of coming to terms with nihilism is to become the *Gaslight Anthem*.

My reviews generally take the form introduction, conclusion. Sadly I have absolutely nothing good to say about this album so I'm diving straight into the negatives. It's straight up shit. The first album makes you want to get fucked up and throw yourself around a sweaty venue, the second makes you want to get fucked up and sit in a corner and sob. This one makes me want to go to the pub and have a quiet shandy, specifically without this on in the background. Patrick Stickles used to write clever lyrics with a knack for black humour and a heavy sense of irony. Now we're treated to the lines "your dick's too short to fuck the world", "feeling like we live on diarrhoea planet" and a whole fucking song about being an electric man (he has everything but an electric van). The songs used to slot together whilst all having their own aesthetic. On this album the brief forays out of bad Hold Steady songs are just bizarre. The last few minutes of 'My Eating Disorder' is the sort of thing you imagine *Kyuss* might have found after a recording session where they took the stoner in stoner rock a bit too far. 'Tried to Quit Smoking' uses all the worst parts of *The Pogues* for nearly 10 minutes.

It's clumsy, it's crass and it's certainly not clever. It's bizarre that a band could go from being so vitriolic to being so unbelievably bland. It's like they're happy now, which might be great for them but it's really ruined the band. This album sounds like *Tenacious D* ironically parodying *Bruce Springsteen* as *Titus Andronicus*. It is of course entirely possible that that is what they were going for, in which case they are all cunts. — Stuart Masson



BOOKS

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Mitchell's Cloud Atlas

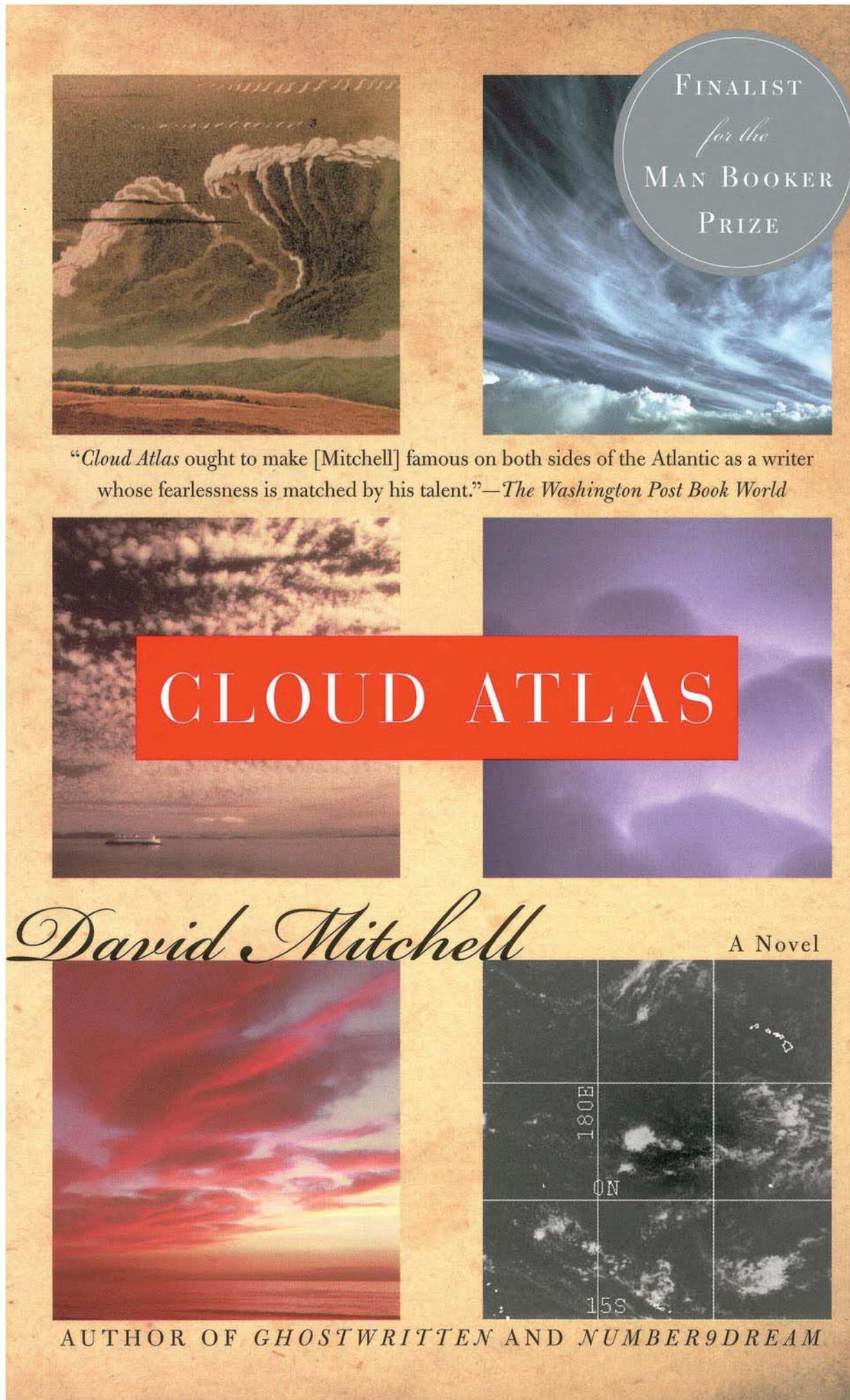
Devang Mehta talks about a fascinating multi-layered novel

Cloud Atlas, to refresh your memory, is David Mitchell's 2004 Booker short-listed novel whose film adaptation is due to release in the U.K early next year. The novel is, to put it mildly, a complex book, composed of six different narratives spanning time and space, from the 19th century South Pacific to early 30s Europe, late 70s America, early 21st century Britain, near future dystopian Korea and post apocalyptic distant future Hawaii. Each story ends abruptly where the next picks up and once the reader reaches forward in time to the sixth narrative he is pushed back through the ages while each story is neatly resolved, ending where the book begins.

It is testament to Mitchell's skill as a storyteller that once you finish *Cloud Atlas* you're pleasantly surprised that it was such an easy read. It helps that the book is inhabited by at least six radically different protagonists – the credulous lawyer Adam Ewing, an oversexed and wily amanuensis Robert Frobisher, a driven heroine reporter Luisa Rey, English publisher Timothy Cavendish, clone and future martyr Somni 451, and the distrustful primitive Zachry. Not all of these characters are particularly likeable but they are all remarkably well formed given the limited space accorded to each.

The tale begins with excerpts from the journals of Adam Ewing, a lawyer crossing the Pacific in 1850, describing his encounters with savage Maoris, differently savage missionaries and his befriending of the unsavory Dr. Goose. The second story takes the form of letters from a Robert Frobisher, a musical talent, to his lover Rupert Sixsmith. Frobisher recounts how he convinced an old genius to take him on as an amanuensis and proceeded to bed the dying man's wife and daughter. Sixsmith appears in the next narrative as a nuclear scientist who helps a tenacious journalist, Luisa Rey uncover a dangerous nuclear conspiracy. In the next part Luisa Rey's story finds itself in the hands of a moderately successful publisher called Timothy Cavendish who through a series of unfortunate events is imprisoned in a nursing home. A slightly longer leap forward in time brings the reader to story number five, an account of an interview of captured clone Somni 451 who attempted rebellion against the rather Orwellian totalitarian state that exploited her kind. The central story, and the only one not split in two, is that of a tribesman called Zachry living in a village after a doomsday event called the Fall.

These six tales are all connected to



the next via physical links as well as the presence of an identical "birthmark" on all the protagonists. The "birthmark" in Mitchell's words is "a symbol really of the universality of human nature".

Reading each story individually (and especially the ones set in our future) it becomes obvious that the author has not written anything truly original. Thematically, the stories fit well within established science fiction canon but it is the narration, the versatility of the prose, the effortless stylistic variation and the perfectly nested structure that set this book apart. This book is a must-read, if only to enjoy the writing.

Explaining the title, Mitchell says, "... the cloud refers to the ever changing manifestations of the Atlas, which is the fixed human nature which is always thus and ever shall be. So the book's theme is predacity, the way individuals prey on individuals, groups on groups, nations on nations, tribes on tribes." This "predacity" and its recurrence through time and through diverse human societies is pretty evident in the book and Mitchell's rather pessimistic view of human nature also comes across equally well. Almost each tale shows a majority of human figures as corrupt, cruel, manipulative and stupid – the whole gamut of negative traits. While his protagonists exhibit some redeeming features, human society as a whole is consigned to a dystopian past, present and future. The theme of the book emerges to be both an acceptance and a subtle critique of the Darwinian "survival of the fittest" paradigm.

And then in the very last pages of the book Mitchell offers us a ray of hope. Through an impassioned and rather preachy soliloquy, Adam Ewing warns, "Belief is both prize & battlefield, within the mind & in the mind's mirror, the world. If we believe humanity is a ladder of tribes, a colosseum of confrontation, exploitation & bestiality, such a humanity is surely brought into being... If we believe that humanity may transcend tooth & claw, if we believe divers races & creeds can share this world as peaceably as the orphans share their candlenut tree, if we believe leaders must be just, violence muzzled, power accountable & the riches of the Earth & its Oceans shared equitably, such a world will come to pass." Mitchell's contention is that without a fundamental change in human nature, mankind is doomed to end back in the primitive jungle from whence it evolved. Although History would argue against this proposition (and successfully in my opinion), *Cloud Atlas* does make its point forcefully and poignantly.

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BOOKS

The Goalie's Anxiety

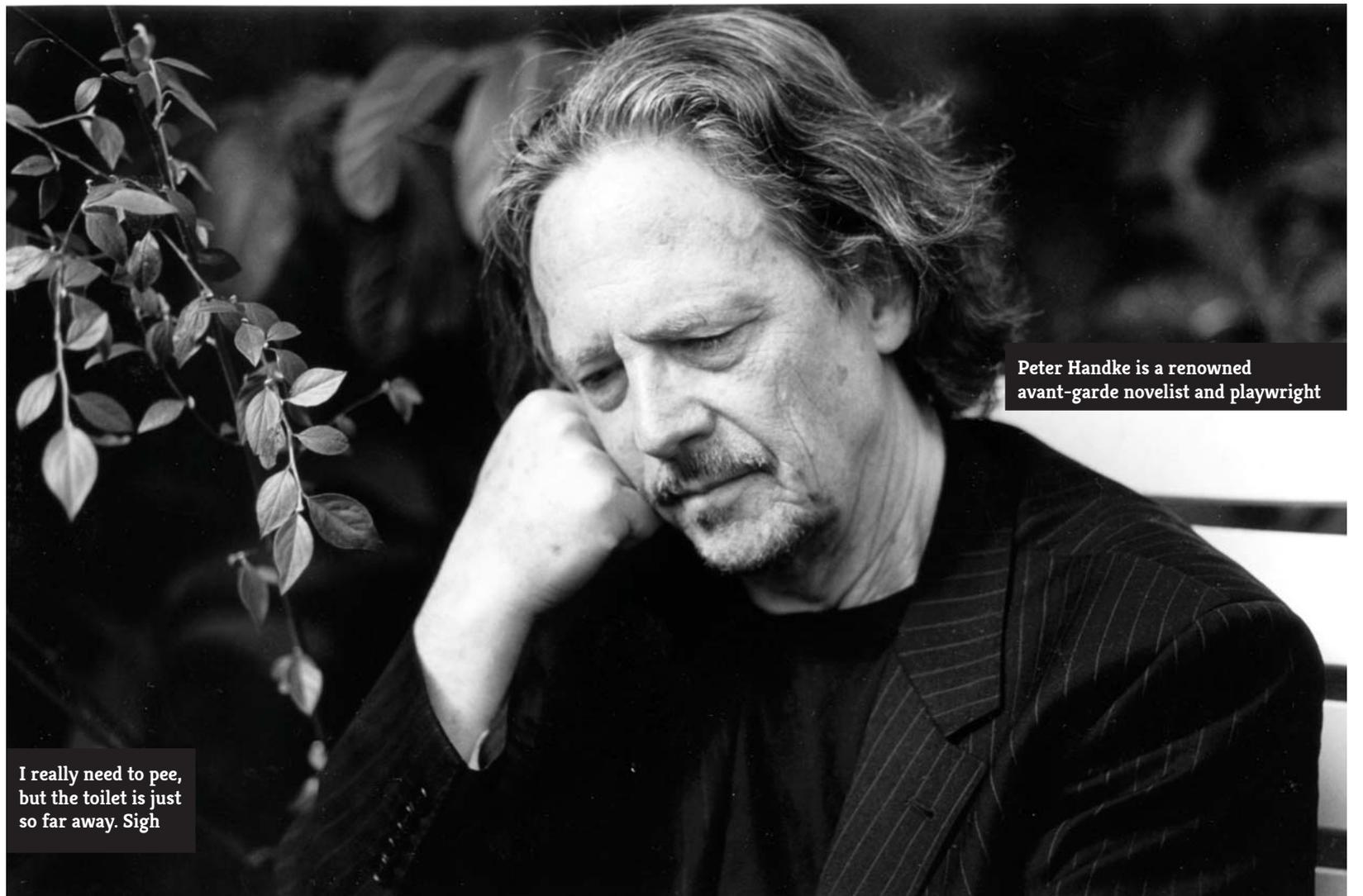
Alejandro Torrado Pacheco discovers Peter Handke's great novel

Peter Handke has been a very prolific artist during his lifetime, leaving behind several novels, plays and film scripts. He started his career working closely with the German literary avant-garde, which promoted works of post-war authors, unknown at the time, of the calibre of Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll.

His 1970 novel, *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*, is one of his most notable works. It tells the story of the Austrian construction worker and former football goalkeeper Joseph Bloch, beginning abruptly with the protagonist being fired from his current job: at least, this is what Bloch understands when he notices that only one of his colleagues looks at him upon his arrival at the construction site. This reaction, devoid of any rational justification, immediately immerses the reader in the particular atmosphere of the novel.

A spoiler alert should probably make an appearance at this point, as I am about to reveal the story's turning point: but the truth is, the unfolding of events is the last concern one should have when reading this book. Rather, what matters is the way that all happenings are approached and interpreted by the main character – the novel really takes place in Bloch's consciousness, perception and feelings (or absence thereof). After a romantic night with a cinema clerk in Vienna, he spends the morning in her company and, suddenly, strangles her. He then leaves the city and reaches a small town on the southern border. Here he spends several days, while seemingly random signs, barely acknowledged by Bloch, tell us that the investigations on the girl's death are slowly leading to him.

During this time we get to know Bloch and the absurd, dreadful anxiety that pervades him. The latter manifests itself in different ways. For one, the predictable paranoia of the fugitive; but this is relatively mild. A major part of Bloch's mental processes denote a cold detachment from the world. This is not due to a conscious estrangement on his part, but to an obsessive tendency to search for meaning in the objects he sees and people he meets, along with his incapacity of finding it. His interpretation of external events is free and irrational (like when he assumes he has been fired at the beginning of the novel). This is particularly evident in his interactions with other people, characterized by a sense of unreality, as if seen through a thick lens. There are rare exceptions: Bloch indulges



Peter Handke is a renowned avant-garde novelist and playwright

I really need to pee, but the toilet is just so far away. Sigh

in provoking others into fights, especially after a few drinks, and in those instances he seems to forget himself and be immersed in the events. This is brilliantly and simply translated by the author into a lack of the usual descriptive frenzy.

Bloch is compelled to spend large chunks of his time maniacally noting details about his surroundings. This is accompanied by his perception of

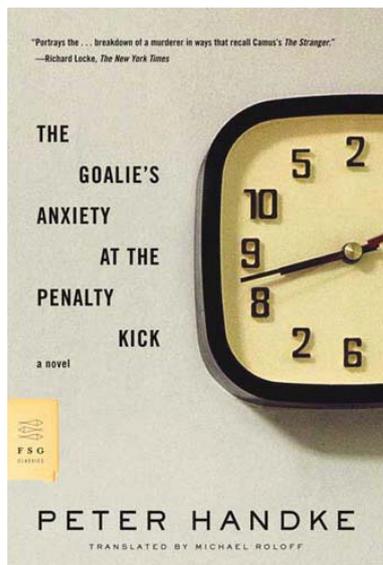
language as artificial, absurd and disconnected from reality. He often tries to describe things he sees with words, but these always fail him. A passage reads: "Bloch grew nervous. On one hand this intrusiveness of the surroundings when his eyes were open, on the other the intrusiveness, worse yet, of words for the surrounding objects, when he closed his eyes!". Everything appears to him present in that place and time for an obscure reason unknown to him, and every attempt to make sense of things, to make them accessible again through language and description only contributes to increasing his sense of alienation.

The book's last pages are worth a thorough look. The story is truncated so that we don't know if Bloch gets arrested (although it is the most probable conclusion). The last scene takes place by a small-town football pitch. Bloch is talking to another spectator, and he invites him to try out an exercise: when a team is attacking, to concentrate on watching the opposing goalkeeper and observe his movements rather than the strikers and the ball. I think what is meant here is that Bloch feels, in the world,

just like that goalkeeper on the pitch, condemned to respond to something removed and detached from him. At the end, a penalty kick is awarded: the goalie stays still and the ball is kicked into his hands. And like him, Bloch the murderer does not try to escape: but accepts that no movement is possible in response to a world that has become meaningless and stranger to him.

The novel fits into a tradition of

works through which the authors have wanted to convey human anxiety, inadequateness and estrangement; the creeping feeling that true understanding and communication is impossible – or a mere artifice. It invites comparisons with Camus' *Stranger* and, in more recent times, John Banville's *The Book of Evidence*. It is a compelling and interesting book, and leaves the reader with a disturbing uneasiness inside.



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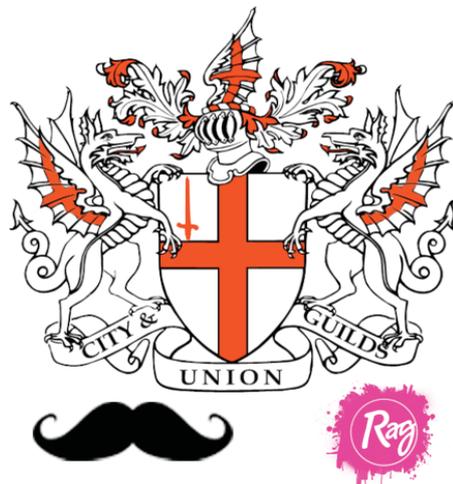
Send your MoBro pictures for "Mo of the week" to rag.publicity@imperial.ac.uk

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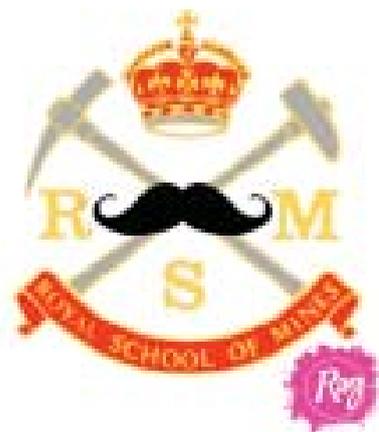
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bit.ly/RSMmo



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

COFFEE BREAK

A journey into the mind

Important questions that you should think about

HOT!

Autumn Term's all well and good until all of your assignments build up at once and all of your deadlines start overlapping and all of your time disappears and so on and so forth. It's a cycle that few can overcome.

So kick back, put your feet up on the chair in front of you, take them down again, sincerely apologise when the person in front looks aggravated, and peruse our list of alternative, quasi-philosophical questions that are probably far more pressing than any project you have going on at the moment.

Should I really have that ready meal?

Oh, food wheel. There you go again, taunting me with your monopoly of red and orange sections. Check out that sat fat section. It's more crimson than a plot of rhubarb under a particularly exposing light.

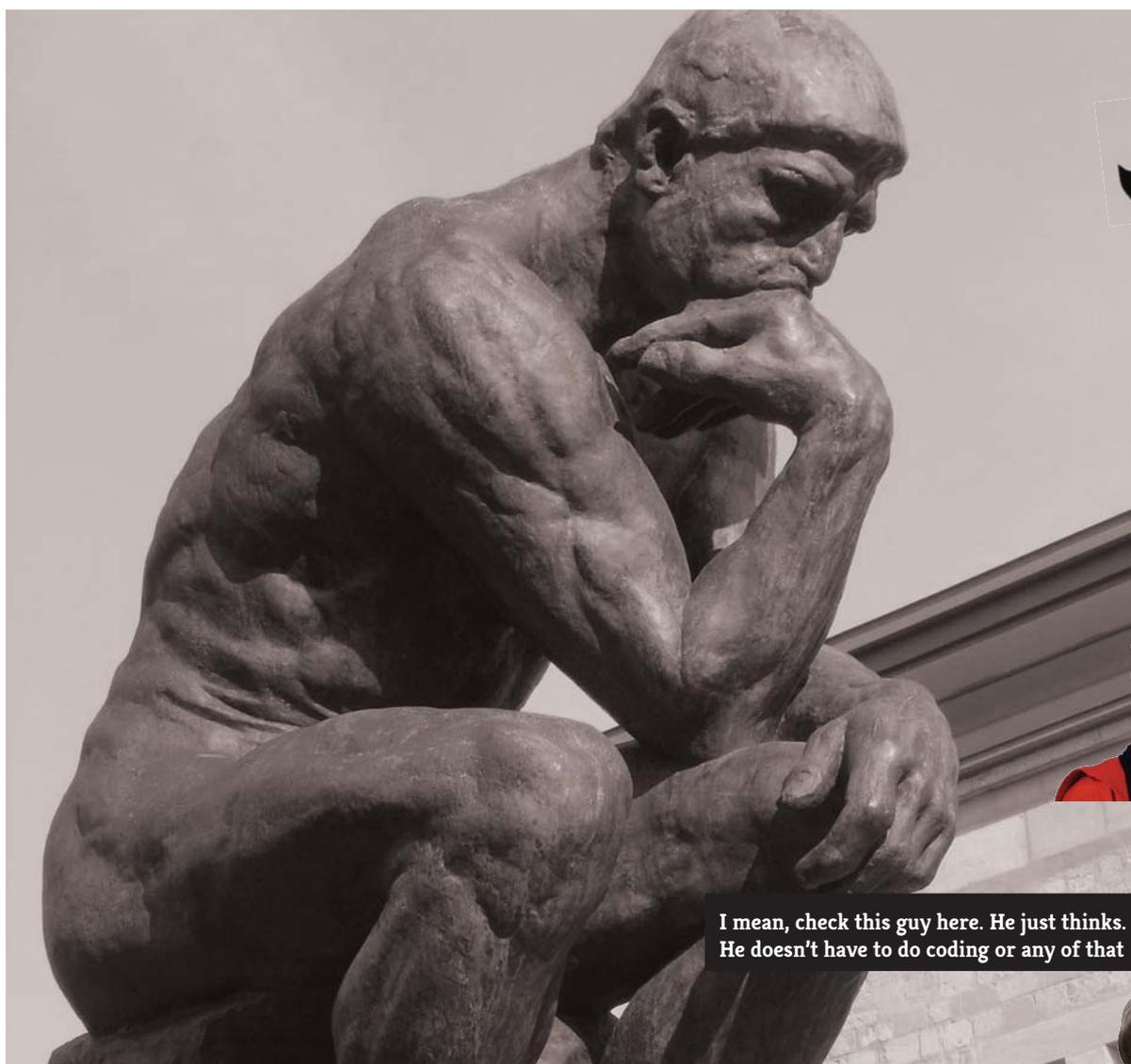
It's not your fault, folks. The fridge is bare, it's been a late night in the library, etc. etc. The reasons are endless. After all, nothing would be better right now than some proper macaroni cheese, right?

If only there was a foodstuff out there that fulfills the wheel of fate and turns it fully green. I'm not talking about iceberg lettuce because I refuse to sit down with a bowl of dry and crunchy greenery and call it dinner.

The debate will rage for decades to come. Answers will be discussed but the allure of a microwavable pasta bake may be too much to handle. Consider it.

How do the James Bond films work? I think it must be time travel.

The question obviously isn't about a specific franchise, but of the film industry in general. Indeed, the film



I mean, check this guy here. He just thinks. He doesn't have to do coding or any of that

industry, much like any other industry and much like life in general, has been moving steadily through time up until the present day. I guess you could say that all of us, deep down, are time travelling in some capacity. Except when we're not. I don't know, I'm not an expert. Consider it.

How do I become a big city banker?

Get the jargon down to a tee, my friend. Bamboozle your superiors and even yourselves with impressive sounding buzzwords and middling Excel skills. There's nothing to lose!

What is Coffee Break?

I don't know.

That's it.

And there we go, I hope the synapses are firing and that you are feeling philosophically empowered. Head on out toward your upcoming assignments with renewed vigour and spirit. Or something along those lines. Be spectacularly dench, perhaps.



MARTIN SHAW



CONSTANT REMINDERS ABOUT MOVEMBER

BRONZE AGE COLLAPSE

BOURSIN

HDMI CABLES

PIRACY



POOR CINEMA ETIQUETTE

UNFOUNDED ACCUSATIONS

HALLOWEEN

NOT!

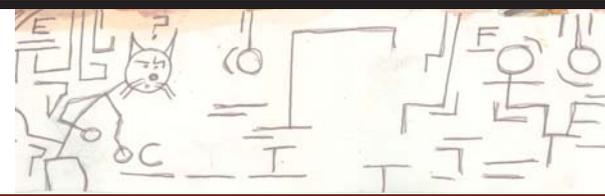


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OBAMARAMATYME2012

Ffs. Mitt is going around telling people that I started hurricane Sandy



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

What a dick. Did you though?



OBAMARAMATYME2012

Did I what?



OBAMARAMATYME2012

Start hurricane sandy?



Cleggmanxxx

How can anyone be solely responsible for a hurricane?



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

Butterflies



Cleggmanxxx

Not this again. Ever since reading that book on chaos theory you blame them for everything.



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

I caught one taking a piss on my toast. Fuck butterflies. Fuck them in their buttery asses.



OBAMARAMATYME2012

In fairness it was me who started hurricane Sandy.



Cameron_DA_Maneron!!!

lol



willyoujoinmymiliband?

I fucked a butterfly once :D

Hangman Career's Fair Awards

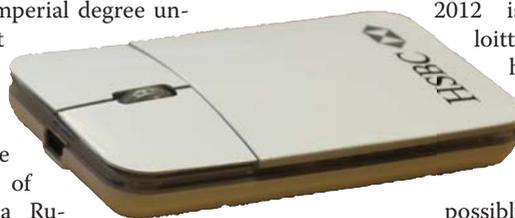
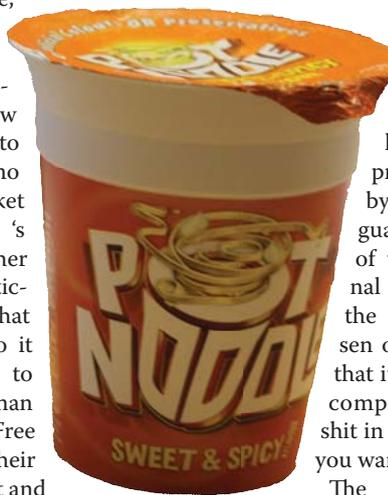
This Wednesday saw the inevitable return of Imperial's largest Career's Fair, and while most students use this as a valuable opportunity to learn how best to 'envision a career trajectory in the Consultant-Technology-of-Finance sector', there is always a small minority who think it's big and clever to collect as many freebies as possible and then rank the associated companies in accordance with the quality of their free crap. Our intrepid reporter is one such person. Below he provides compelling arguments for forgoing a life in technology for accountancy.

Food. When it's free, you don't care what it tastes like. And that helps because branded mints taste like shit. Offerings from Metaswitch Networks and Deutsche Bank yield the same confusion of texture (am I a chewy minty or a brittle, crumbly mint?) which tells us these are companies don't know who the want to hire, and have no concise market strategy. EMC2 's mints, on the other hand, are shit ticcacs. Read into that what you will. So it falls to Unilever to take the Hangman Prize for Best Free Food 2012 with their offering of a sweet and spicy Pot Noodle. These guys might not be gourmet, but you know what you're getting yourselves in for when you apply for their internships. The New York Stock Exchange earn a mention with their branded tubes of Smarties.

From food to literature, and with careers fairs come the customary 200 rain-for-ests worth of brochures you have to lug about before you're deemed qualified but the Imperial College careers service to win a celebration chocolate (but don't get your hopes up, the Maltesers were gone hours ago). That's why this year's Hangman Prize for Career Fair Literature goes to Red Gate for their charming 'The Book of Red Gate' which features a UI art gallery of their software products guarded by a surly security guard and a Code of the Year internal competition, the winner chosen on the grounds that it's 'it has lots of complicated-looking shit in it'. These are guys you want to work for.



Austerity Career's Fair 2012: not too well attended



The miscellaneous category comprises runners up for the grand prize that missed out on the top three but nevertheless deserve a mention. International Financial offered the most arrogance inducing foam thingy of the day with a squidgey planet earth to make you feel like, gee with an Imperial degree under your belt you can rule the world! Bloomberg chose to panda to the nerd in all of use with a Rubik's Cube that, coming from a seasoned 3x3 speed solver, is harder than your average, no thanks to company branding. These guys make your job more difficult than it needs to be. Consultancy firm Towers Watson (never heard of them either...) supplied me with a sturdy metal red water bottle complete with caribena as if indicating their

internship 'Bootcamp' doesn't stray too far from the term's origins. IMC (they're something to do with finance, I wasn't listening that much) gave me a whole T-shirt. Colour blue; size large (I'm a medium. Not impressed) but once you get over the fact you just got a whole garment for free, you realise you're never going to actually wear it.

So to the top three. In third is Deutsche Bank's offering of a Breo style sports watch. Water resistant and a trendy blue with minimal branding, these guys offer graduates careers in being sleek and sexy and most sought after. Second place goes to HSBC with the incredible offering of a fully functional USB mouse. The scroll is a little slow but it comes with a handy pouch and detachable, extendable USB cord. Works as soon as you plug it in. Bloody faultless.

Ladies and gentlemen, pray silence please. Our winner, and Hangman's choice for Top Graduate Employer 2012 is... Deloitte. Why I hear you ask? What could they possibly give a student to trump a USB mouse? The answer: in ear headphones. And they aren't shit! This entire review was written listening to every genre of music I could think of through Deloitte branded in-ear headphones and they are sensational. Provided in a handy 'no tangling of your cord' case and three choices of rubber ear inserts, I'd pay at least £10 for a set of these. The moral of the story: if you work for Deloitte, you become a magnet for cool shit.

hangman.felix@imperial.ac.uk

HANGMAN

Drunk mate of the week



Yes! I haven't lost my virginity yet, but I DO have a Red Stripe!

Got a photo of someone being a waste of a student loan? Get permission, then just send it to us at: felix@imperial.ac.uk

THE NEWS WITHOUT THE NEWS



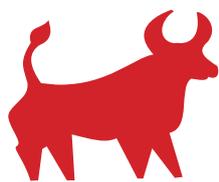
DESPERATE RIOTER ADMITS SMOKE BOMBING BUILDING WASN'T WORTH IT

HOZOSKIZZLES – IT'S THE HOROSCOPES YEAH



ARIES

This week the glow of Freshers' Week has worn off and you finally come to terms with the fact that you made a mistake coming to Imperial and that you should cut your losses and just leave. Unfortunately for you, you're a second year PhD student who's been here for 6 years. Better late than never.



TAURUS

This week a friend admits to you that he once had sex on the steps of the Royal Albert Hall because he and his gal could see from the street that his room-mate was in. In an attempt to do one better, you have sex with 90s pop sensation "Steps" in the Royal Albert Hall. It's awesome up until the point H jizzes in your eye.



GEMINI

This week you wear a YMC-MB snapback to lectures. Unfortunately as you are neither black or "trendy Asian" you just look like a complete twat. You go home and write about how no one understands you on Tumblr. Give up on being cool and embrace the fact you're a nerd, fresher.



CANCER

This week you get a job with Taste Imperial to help them improve their range of sandwiches beyond their current repertoire of chewy bread and chicken in differing ratios. You come up with a mayonnaise, chicken and bacon sandwich and call it The Hollandaise Club. Commercial Services shuts you down.



LEO

This week the Felix Editor tells you to stop writing self-referential, fourth-wall-breaking, macabre horoscopes suffused with surrealist imagery related to angry emotional scars. You spawn wings of a bat and the feathers of a raven and feast on the body of your ex-girlfriend and mother, screaming "WHY DIDN'T YOU LOVE ME?"



VIRGO

This week you decide to see what life is like on the other side and visit the Pleasure Lounge at UCL. There are girls everywhere, and the football team are chanting a song you're not used to. You panic and flee back to 568. It takes you 3 hours to get served, creepy PhDs hit on you and the music is shit. It's good to be home.



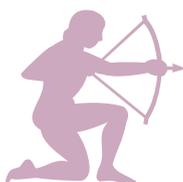
LIBRA

This week you're sat at your desk doing an assessed problem sheet when you realised that you only have at most another 60 years left on the face of this earth and that you should do something interesting. 3 hours later you've scrolled through Reddit and installed Windows 8. Both suck.



SCORPIO

This week you read an article in Felix about the Union's proposed constitutional change. Unfortunately these doesn't include anything about when they're going to stop the bars from being shit and overpriced. You give up on union politics for the rest of your time here. Good decision.



SAGITTARIUS

This week you go to careers fair. You fake interest in as many companies as you can and walk away with 6 mugs, 4000 pencils, a yo-yo and a Frisbee. Unfortunately you don't succeed in getting a job. You go home, burn the pencils for warmth and eat Frisbee soup out of a Unilever mug.



CAPRICORN

This week you go to a Bonfire night party. You realise that it's a massive "we hate catholics party," celebrating a failed terrorist attack. In an attempt to capture the ethnic hatred/celebrate failed terrorist vibe and make it 21st century, you start "we hate Abu Hamza day." It doesn't catch on.



AQUARIUS

This week you start November. Unfortunately your complete lack of testosterone and pale, blonde hair means that after 3 weeks of trying all you can manage is a slightly dirty top tip. You steal elephant hormones from a biochem lab and rub them on your top lip. You get cancer. Unlucky.



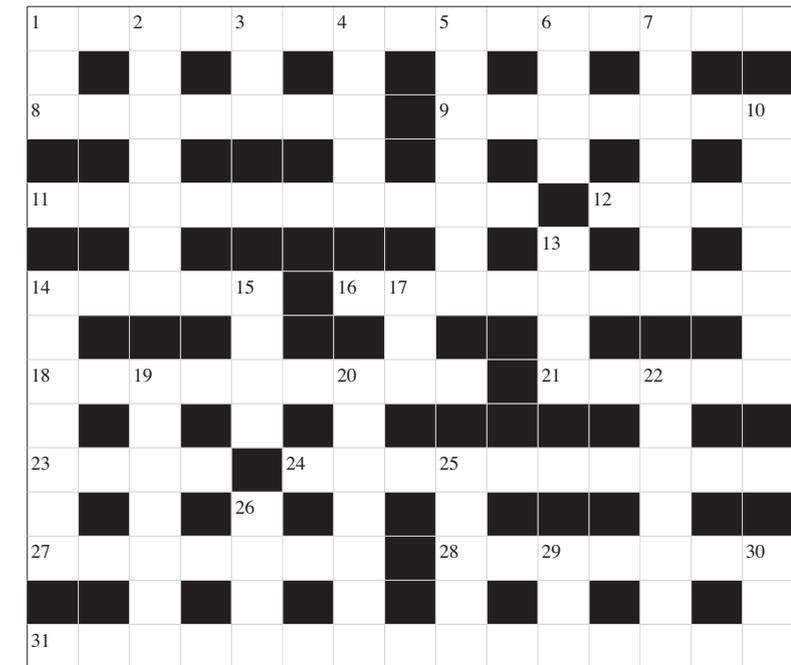
PISCES

This week you go and watch Skyfall. You feel a strange yearning in your loins every time Judi Dench is on screen, which is replaced by an overwhelming sense of guilt and a realisation that you haven't phoned nan in months. You go home and have a misery wank over a retirement home prospectus.

Puzzles Commanders:
Sotirios Karamitsos
Louisa Byrne
 puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk

PUZZLES

Cryptic Crossword #2



Set by: Romandjul

Scribble box? Or desperate way to use space? You decide.

Across

- 1. Crudely and roughly dissect full prey (15)
- 8. Gateman left for identification (7)
- 9. African country allied with one leading Asian country (7)
- 11. Cupid perhaps needs him to be able to make fire? (5,5)
- 12. Some critic on sacred image (4)
- 14. Rampant womaniser loses unknown gem (5)
- 16. Fight one friend in space (9)
- 18. Get rid of furniture cover when not at home (5,4)
- 21. Situated and established (5)
- 23. Fight loudly after suit turns back (4)
- 24. Players and stumbling cousins proceed through (10)

- 27. Sharp gentleman concluded a joke (7)
- 28. Bank walls imprison drunken sheik with capital (7)
- 31. Wireless paper – unknown form of communication (15)

Down

- 1. Don't look inside! It's the boss! (3)
- 2. Mum's engrossed in sex manual set in Indonesia (7)
- 3. Even he has to dine! (3)
- 4. Former United midfielder is first player out getting battered again (5)
- 5. Light unit: cavalry's leading and the spanish armada behind (7)
- 6. Japanese delicacy found in fugue (4)

- 7. Crazy, farcically, Arsenal FC lost! It's poetic! (7)
- 10. Upset anyone and David's first to get irritated (7)
- 13. Member is promoted inside (4)
- 14. Pots tip over next to resting place (3,4)
- 15. Note wooden case in yard (4)
- 17. Part of a fruit is a vegetable! (3)
- 19. Civilised socialist gets a charge (7)
- 20. One threw wildly to fine leg then to cover (7)
- 22. Rob branch in the air? (5,2)
- 25. The French followed the taxi for electrical wire (5)
- 26. Captain switches sign and someone moans (4)
- 29. Gentleman's master (3)
- 30. Port is utterly crucial (3)

Cryptic Crossword # 1: Solutions

If you're anything like most of the Felix office, you'll be thinking "how the fuck do you do those Cryptic Crosswords!?". Well, help is at hand. Below is last week's worked solutions. Much like that lastest problem sheet, it seems so obvious when you see the answer.

Across:

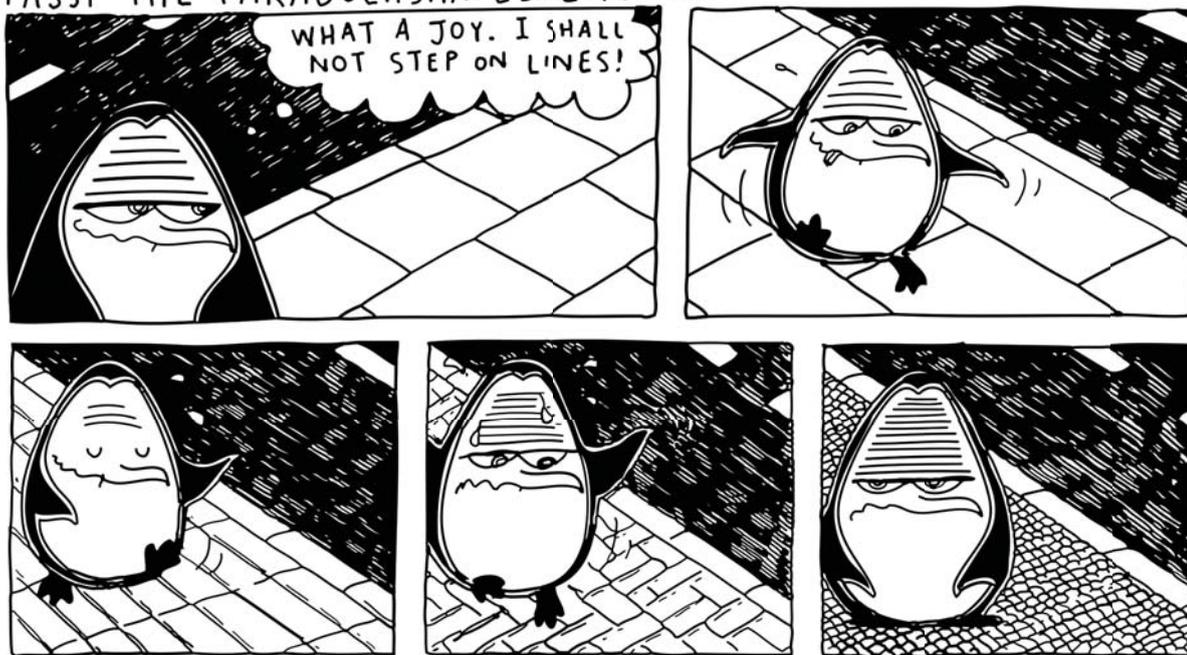
- 1. STONE DEAD: ONE (a) + D (key) inside (filled) STEAD (Place)
- 6. ADAM: Take first letter off (be-headed) MADAM (woman)
- 10. CONDITIONER: CONDITION (prepare) + ER (Queen)
- 12. GOOSE: (Double definition)
- 13. NO ENTRY: Anagram (fail) of NONE + TRY (test)
- 14. DEER: Homophone (by the sound of it) of DEAR (expensive)
- 15. TUDORS: Anagram (destroyed) of Stroud
- 18. QUARTZ: QUART (Two-pints) + Z (ultimate)
- 19. COST: COS (Trigonometric function) + T (of time)
- 21. POISSON: S (Sulphur) in (contained) POISON (toxic)
- 22. NORMA: Anagram (ruins) of ROMAN
- 23. IMMENSURATE: Anagram of (Disfigured) MARINE MET US
- 25. TEST: Answer contained (part of) in the word TESTicle
- 26. HYDRATION: Homophone (Sounds like) of a Royal Park (HYDE) + RATION (Limited Supply)

Down:

- 2. TURNOVER: (Double definition)
- 3. NUCLEAR FUSION: Anagram of (Mixed with) FLUORINE + AS + CU + N
- 4. DEN: Answer is hidden (IN) the word 'dependent'.
- 5. A DIME A DOZEN: A US Coin (Dime) placed inside (swallowing) AA (dry) + DOZEN (twelve)
- 7. DANDY: (Double definition)
- 8. MURDERER: Reversal (upset) of RE (about) + REDRUM (famous horse)
- 9. OGOGO: Palindromic (goes back and forth) 2012 medal winning boxer
- 11. INTERSCENDENT: Anagram (Radically) of DECENT INTERNS. Note Radically also forms part of the definition.
- 13. NATURE STUDY: NATURE (character) STUDY (evaluation)
- 16. PLAYLIST: Put PLAY (perform) ahead of LIST (schedule)
- 17. ESPRESSO: ESSO (Oil provider) goes around (circulates) PRES (detailed coverage - PRESS).
- 20. CABBY: CAB (caught and bowled) goes next to the letters BY in the clue.
- 21. PUMPS: (Double definition)
- 24. AIR: (Reversal) tandoorI American.

Set by: Romandjul

PASSI THE PARABOLASHAPED PENGUIN



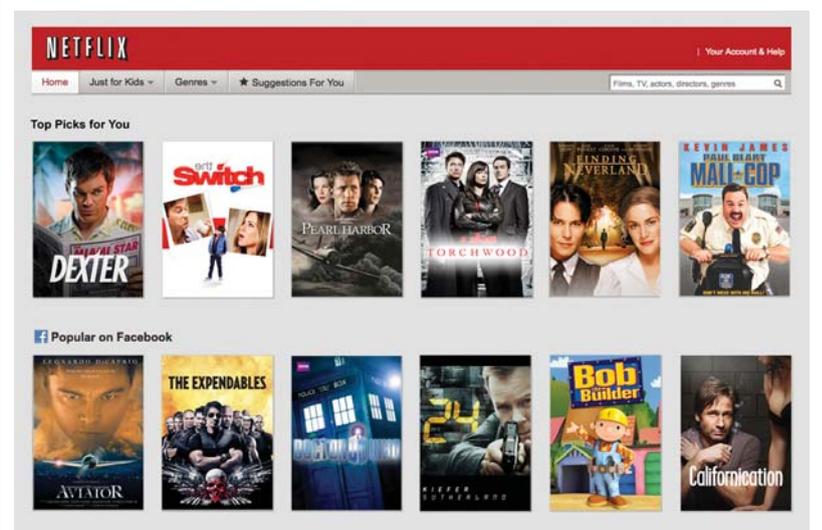
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SPORT

Sport Editors: Oli Benton,
Margot Pikovsky, Sorcha Cotter
sport.felix@imperial.ac.uk

Knights in shining armour win again!



Nothing sexier than a woman in a beekeeping suit with a sword.

Charlotte Fencing Captain

It's a cold Saturday morning as IC Fencing Women's 1st' makes their way over to Oxford. It's the first weekend out of two, and they're going to fence Cardiff University, University of Oxford, University of Cambridge and UCL, the other 4 strongest teams in the South of UK. The epee

team, first up on piste, consists of three new recruits: Paula Heister, Kat Young and Caitlin Jones, and an old member Charlotte Levin. The nerves are tense, for the past two years, women's 1st has remain unbeaten; will they do it again?

First opponents are Cardiff, newcomers in the league who prove very strong in epee. Despite best efforts from the Imperial girls, they have to face a 39-45

defeat, already putting some pressure on foil and sabre. Determined to still do their best, they focus on the next match; Oxford. Kat and Paula prove their new alliance as they watch their old team lose by 44-31, and the team's confidence is put more in to balance. Unfortunately it starts wobbling again, and they lose to Cambridge by a mere single hit, 43-44. In the last match, against UCL, Kat has had to leave early and Paula is not feeling well, so with a team slightly out of balance IC lose 35-45. Feeling slightly guilty, they pass the baton to the sabre team with team captain Zoe Robinson, the fresher Emma Horrix and Jing Xiao (Jingles) who fenced for the Women's 2nd last year.

They don't have to worry for long, Zoe, Emma and Jingles set the bar already in

the first match and prove exactly how strong they are by demolishing Cardiff 45-13. They continue to impress as they first beat Oxford 45-38, grow stronger against Cambridge with 45-38 and finally gearing up even more against UCL to land at 45-19. With the epeeists reassured that everything is under control, and the sabreurs with a strengthened confidence the day comes to an end, and the foilists can look forward to being a few hits ahead.

Sunday morning presents foil. Zoe is joined on the piste by Alice Mitchell, 4th year running on the team, and Outi Supponen who have just returned from a year abroad. Thanks to sabre's impressive performance the day before, they have a 26 hit lead to Cardiff as they start their first match. It's extended as they

win by 45-29, resulting in the season's first overall victory: 126-87! They confidently continue by beating Oxford 45-39, counting the second overall victory of 134-108. Cambridge, on the other hand, has gained some new foilists, and beat the Imperial girls by 34-45, but with the aggregated scores being 122-114 Imperial remain calm and confident.

The weekend is coming to an end as the girls have the final match against UCL. Having done the maths in advance, Zoe, Alice and Outi know they need to score at least 29 hits to secure the overall victory. However, how can you say no to winning if the possibility is there? They end it at 45-34, summing it up to a total of 125-98 and keeping the Women's 1st unbelievable streak of 27 won matches in a row, over more than 2 years' time.

ICSM Netball's storming start to the season

Louise Thornhill Netball 1st Captain

Nerves were rife as we sized up our first opposition of the season, all over 6 feet tall. It was the first match of the season with a new squad and whilst we had the home advantage, we knew it would be a tough game. With the first blow of the whistle, the icy rain started to pour and our nerves were washed away as the shooters sank the first few goals. We comfortably finished the first half leading 25-14, with the whole team getting back into the swing of things as if our summers of inactivity had barely existed. During our third quarter, the towering opposition came back to within a 5 goal dif-

ference after an obviously invigorating half-time talk. But it was not enough for them, and ICSM secured the win, ending the game with a quarter of

brilliance and the final score was 45-29. Everyone played excellently and a huge well done to our new players.



Superman auditions continue at ICSM netball

ICSM 1s	45
Brighton 4s	29
ICSM 5s	33
Roehampton 5s	19

Sarah Grantham-Hill Netball 5s Captain

ICSM 5s started their new BUCS season last Wednesday with a convincing win against Roehampton 5s 33-19. It started off as a perfect day for netball, blue skies and with the team showing up perfectly on time, calming their captain's pre-match jitters. ICSM turned over Roehampton's first centre-pass leading to them scoring the first goal of the match. At the end of the first quarter the ICSM narrowly winning 7-6, a score line that didn't reflect their dominating play. In the next quarter, first time shooter Ifrah Hussain, was on fire, doubling ICSM's goal count to 14. With ICSM's defence being equally red hot "rooeey" fell behind

at half time leaving the score 14-9 to ICSM.

In the third quarter the heaven's opened making for less than ideal playing conditions. The combination of a slippery court and a scramble for the ball led to an awkward fall for centre Lizzy Kostov, and she had to be carried off with an injured ankle. Losing Lizzy a minute before the end of the 3rd quarter led to concern for how ICSM were to continue their great form. Despite injury and driving rain they persevered, scoring more goals in the last quarter than any of the previous. Goal shooter Ifrah thoroughly deserved man of the match for her amazing first game at ICSM. This was an amazing start to the season, lets hope they can keep it going!

Just keep running, running...

Sophie Kirk Club Captain

On Wednesday 17th October saw 42 runners from Imperial College make the journey to north London to take on the "mountains" of Hampstead Heath. This marked the start of the annual London Colleges Cross Country League, with six races taking place around London over two terms.

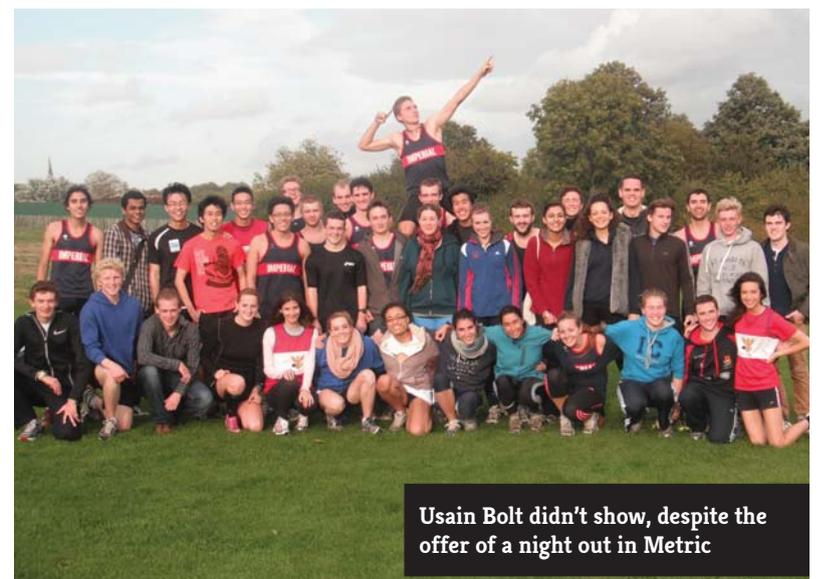
A race rich in tradition began with a shout of "Gary Hoare" a legend within the club, followed by a slightly dubious starting gun. It was then up to the nominated 'King of the Hill' (Sam O'Neill) wearing the obligatory orange t shirt to take on the first hill, aiming to reach the top of the hill in first position. He took

on the challenge with immense spirit but sadly St Mary's had cottoned on to our plan, and they sent some beastly looking runners to chase him on up Parliament Hill. Despite reaching the top of the hill in 2nd position and sacrificing his race for the good of the club, Sam completed the two lap, 5 mile course to finish in 32nd position in a field of 140 runners. Star performances came from Men's Captain James Ellis finishing in 18th position closely followed by fresher Chris Thomas in 25th, showing great promise for the coming season. The men's first team finished in a creditable 5th position, the first non St Mary's team, who are all practically pro runners, and ahead of UCL which is the most important thing!

In the 2.5 mile Women's race, the first team again finished in 5th position and with a record 15 women from Imperial, the future looks bright! The first team made up of Sophie Kirk, Josie Bowler and Imogen Keane all finished within one minute of each other in 19th, 21st and 27th position respectively.

The highlight of the day had to be the post race celebrations with cake, burgers and the traditional sports night at the union, where a certain fresher (who shall remain nameless) really showed how well he will fit in with the club!

With the majority of the Imperial team made up of new members to the club, we are very excited for the coming season, and are looking forward to moving up the leader board throughout the league!



Usain Bolt didn't show, despite the offer of a night out in Metric

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SPORT

Footballers beat Mary's and Bart's

Will Wright Football 2s Captain

Following a good performance but bad result against Kingston 2s in their first BUCS MARS South Eastern 5C league match, Imperial Men's football 2nd team hosted St Mary's men's football 5th team at Fortress Harlington on Wed 24th, looking to pick up their first points of the season. Due to a host of injuries and absentees, Imperial were forced to make several changes to their starting line-up. Consequently Pete Nugent, Andy Smith, Bilal Nasim, Luke Butler and Kume Feese replaced Dom Affron, Bilal Abou Ela Bourquin, Dan Moxham, Alex Dale and Josh March.

Imperial started brightly, with Kume Feese earning a penalty after being ruthlessly taken down in the penalty area. Kume confidently stepped up, only to hit one of the worst penalties in footballing history, passing the ball down the centre of the goal to the delight of the St Mary's keeper. A cagey 15 minute period followed, with both teams exchanging blows. Imperial looked assured at the back marshalled by club captain Sami Dabbagh, and Bilal Nasim asserted his authority in the centre of midfield. Imperial finally broke the deadlock when a wicked cross from Sam Thomas was inadvertently headed into his own goal by the St Mary's left back. Imperial continued to press and a move that started from the left with Sam Thomas and Luke Butler was swiftly manoeuvred to the right, followed by a neat interplay between Alex Hassan and Bilal Nasim giving Bilal the opportunity to thread a through ball to Kume, who made amends for the earlier penalty by burying the ball low across the keeper into the bottom corner. Immediately after, Jon Mitchell nearly scored one of the finest goals of the season with a run past 3 St Mary's defenders down the left wing, before cutting inside and shooting just wide of the far post. Half time, 2-0.

The emphasis from captain Will Wright at half time was to keep composed in the final third and the goals would continue to come. This was to come true within 10 minutes of the restart, with Sam Thomas carrying the ball infield from left back, finding Kume in the box who backheeled the ball to Jon Mitchell, leaving Jon with a difficult opportunity that he took first time, smashing low and hard into the bottom corner. Ten minutes later Imperial completed their scoring, substitute Tim Tolkmitt seeing his shot saved, allowing Kume to follow up for his second of the game. Substitute Tom Greenwood, entering with 25 minutes remaining for an impressive Luke Butler, could then have added three more goals for Imperial, his lively movement getting him into good

positions but his attempts on goal being denied by the St Mary's keeper. Overall, a very good performance and a comfortable victory. With a point to prove, Kume Feese was a constant threat and caused problems for the St Mary's backline all game, and as a result was deservedly awarded man of the match by his teammates.

Milo McGrath Football 4s Captain

The day started with Phil spreading speculative rumours that a certain dreamy ex-Club Captain would be making a cameo appearance for Imperial 4s. Unfortunately, the deal was scuppered at the last minute when Lambe's current club (his parents) decided that he was too important a player to let go of. To make up for lack of a deadline day deal team nutritionist, Cann made pre-match pancakes for his captain.

The news got worse for captain McGrath when Nwobu and Marks pulled out at the last minute requiring an emergency loan deal from the 5s with Varanese slotting in at left back. After transport issues for the opposition, the delayed kick off provided ample time for Imperial to warm up and get used to the questionable pitch. A cock-up by the current Fixtures Sec. meant the game was moved to the darkest corners of Harlington (a better Fixtures Sec. would never have let such disorder occur). On the plus side, McGrath had the foresight to bring some speakers for the changing room. These, combined with a playlist full of some of the dustiest choons known to man, allowed for an increased motivational presence in the changing rooms.

The match started with Imperial applying pressure from the off. The 4-2-3-1 formation was set up with a continental style in mind. Tiki taka was the order of the day. However, the Nou Camp is never expected to have a trench dominating one half of the pitch. Several bobbles also made a crisp passing game difficult. With Gassier dominating in the air the ball spent much of the first twenty minutes in the St. Barts half but without any conversions. Gusty conditions limited much of the play to the right hand side of the pitch with Strampelli and Faisal creating some good link up play down the right side. The best chance came when McGrath sprayed a ball to a free Strampelli who subsequently played a lovely through ball over the centre back's head to an advancing Bizzell. However, the Barts goalkeeper rushed out quickly and blocked the shot. Moments later a push in the back on Bizzell in the box resulted in screams of 'penalty!' being directed at the referee. Alas, these proved to be fruitless as we had

been provided with a referee who, perhaps, was just the wrong side of lenient.

Sadly, the tide of the game soon changed with the first goal coming from a Bart's throw in. With the opposition midfielder given ample time to cross the ball in and with the Imperial defence outnumbered at the back, a free man headed the ball into the near post. Late goalie call-up Stillwell was unable to do anything about this.

With only 5 minutes of the first half remaining Imperial were desperate to get a quick equaliser. Thankfully, just two minutes later Strampelli took it upon himself to change the corner kick taker to himself and then produce quite possibly the worst corner ever witnessed on a football pitch. With the ball bouncing along the floor quick thinking from McGrath meant he was the first person to reach the ball at the near post and play it across goal. Luckily, the goalkeepers flailing arms were not enough to prevent the ball landing in the back of the net.

After a brief half time team talk both sides returned to the field of play hoping to start the second half the stronger. Imperial failed to do this though and, within the first ten minutes, found themselves a goal down again. After a pathetic attempt at a throw from Stillwell the ball ended up at the feet of the opposition left back just thirty yards from goal. A quick ball seared the defence, with the striker lobbing the ball over the goalkeeper. However, Stillwell thought his blushes would be spared when he saw Cann running back to attempt to prevent the ball going over the line. Yet Cann seemed to momentarily forget which side he was meant to be playing for as he proceeded to boot the ball into the back of his own net with a finish that Alan Shearer would have been proud of.

After unjustly falling behind for the second time, Imperial had to dust themselves down once again and press for another. Once more, this happened relatively swiftly. A quick throw in from Strampelli found Bizzell in the penalty area. He laid it back to an open Faisal who just needed to ping the ball into the empty net. Thankfully, this was done with no hiccups.

Imperial could sense blood and brought on van der Bie for Strampelli to add another striker on to the pitch. The chances came thick and fast. A cross from the byline by Bizzell evaded everyone, including the goalkeeper, and was only prevented from going in the back of the net by the woodwork. Further pressure from the wings courtesy of Samad and Bizzell piled the pressure on the Barts defence, yet the next chance



came from an unlikely source. Finding himself with acres of space on the right hand side of the pitch Watkin bombed forward with the ball. On reaching the opposition penalty area he took his chance yet the goalkeeper was quick to rush out and block his attempt.

Tempers were clearly flaring with the Bart's players seeming most likely to lose theirs. The first incident occurred when Bennett kicked the ball into his own head with Stillwell picking the ball up. Clearly, some of the Barts players were unfamiliar with the rules of Association Football as cries of 'pass back' were heard. Luckily, these were quickly shot down by the referee. Soon after, a fracas developed between the opposition right back and Strampelli, in his new position of linesman. Despite being at least 15 yards offside, the Barts player decided that this wasn't good enough and demanded to know why Strampelli was doing exactly as the ref had instructed him to do. The referee gave him a stern talking to. However, Barts were not the only team to lose their heads. Samad received a warning after swearing at the referee.

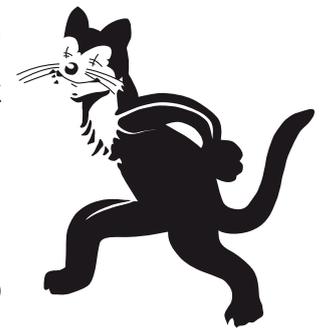
The grand finale climaxed itself with just four minutes of the game remaining when a Barts attack broke down and a quick counter attack presented itself to Imperial. Samad received the ball on the half way line before turning his opponent and playing a sumptuous ball through to van der Bie. With Bizzell screaming

for the ball it was dutifully played through. Several Barts players were closing down the ball yet Bizzell reached it first and knocked it over the goalkeeper. The ball seemed to hang in the air for what seemed like an eternity. When it finally reached the goal it became clear that it had just sneaked its way inside the post. Cheers of delight rang round with McGrath running the length of the pitch to provide hugs and kisses. By the time he had made it into his own half for the kick off he was clearly done for the day and told Gassier that he would be doing no more running. Had Lambe been present we would surely have heard calls of 'Justice' as Imperial had certainly had the better of the game.

Moments later the final whistle went. There was clearly stark contrast between the two teams' emotional states. Whereas Imperial players were filled with a mixture of relief and pure ecstasy, Barts looked understandably downtrodden. However, the Imperial players did not seem to care about this. With Imperial winning 5 out of the 6 games Little Harlington was a rainbow of happiness after the games. Even Arctic conditions in the showers could not dampen the spirits. A post match choon session occurred before a night of getting merry with the Old Boys in the Union. Overall, it was fantastic to get a first win of the season underway but harder challenges will present themselves this season with UCL 4s next up in the Saturday league.

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Imperial Mints pot black in Nottingham

Max Chalmers & Shyam Pankhania
Sports Writers

Over the weekend of the 27th-28th October the Imperial College English 8 ball pool team began their preparations for BUCS success in February 2013 by participating in the third English Universities Pool Championships in Nottingham. Team Imperial (the so-called 'Mints') were confident of success and arrived at the tournament ready to rumble. There were 128 entrants for the individual tournament and 25 University teams in the Team Championship.

Max Chalmers – or "Chamlers" as the organisers misspelt it – was the first Imperial member to play in the first round of the individuals against an inexperienced Will Dean (York 2). Chalmers won a cagey opener, however Will Dean levelled the scores after Chalmers accidentally potted the black in the second frame. In the final frame Chalmers edged ahead and didn't look back to send Imperial into a winning start.

Next up was team captain Shyam "Sharm-el shaken, not stirred"

Pankhania who brushed aside his opponent Jason Dalton (Captain, Nottingham Trent) 2-0 and then Elwin "the Whirlwind" Carlos was given a tough test but some very competent tactical play saw him progress to the next round after a 2-1 victory against Dan Younger (Nottingham 3). Unfortunately Rob "Rob-ot" Speller and Ed "The Grinder" Graham met tough opposition and couldn't quite secure victory. In the round of 64 Carlos and Chalmers battled through with 2-1 victories. The Captain made it a round without casualties by securing a "shy-amtastic" 2-0 win over Laurence Shaw (Nottingham 2). This set up exciting last 32 encounters which were to be played later on Saturday.

The team were in high spirits for the start of the Team Championships group stage in which Imperial were drawn against Plymouth 1 and York 2. This rubbed off in the first match as Imperial stormed to a 7-3 win over Plymouth. However, it looked like complacency was setting in against York when, in the second and final group match, the team let a 4-1 lead slip back to 4-4. Cool heads were required from Chalmers and Speller in



One Direction play pool? Who knew?

the last two frames and they delivered to send Imperial into the last 16 as group toppers.

It was late in the day and a jubilant team went for dinner at Nando's, which is somewhat of a Nottingham tradition for the team now. However, play was not over yet as the organisers decided that the last 32 of the individuals should be played before the day was finished. All players were certainly fatigued by this late stage in the day after being awake for nearing 20 hours, but adrenaline kept them going

late into the night.

Carlos had a tight match with Adam Sykes (Manchester Metropolitan 1) in which he fought back to 2-2 after going two frames behind but was disappointed to lose 3-2. Pankhania met a talented opponent in Todd Neilson (Manchester Metropolitan 1) who ran out a 3-0 winner and Max faced Ben Parslew (Manchester 1), Carlos's conqueror last year, and lost 3-1. Each Imperial player had established their A-game at the business end of the tournament but they were simply out-

classed.

The tournament entered Sunday and Imperial continued their pursuit of championship success with a last 16 knockout match against the University of East Anglia 1 (UEA 1). A poor start left the team trailing 4-0 and from that point something special was required and Speller delivered it. The frame he played resembled more a game of chess than a pool frame where he used his genius to win it and keep Imperial alive at 4-1. Some dogged play from Pankhania and Chalmers closed the score to 5-3, however UEA secured a 6-3 victory.

Although Imperial had aspirations to win this year's tournament, it must be said that they improved considerably from last year. The addition of "The Grinder" brought solidity to the team and "Rob-ot" provided the stroke of genius that was missing last year. One thing is for sure, the 'Mints' reputation is growing and the team look forward to further improvement in the future.

Many thanks should go to Nottingham University Snooker and Pool Club for organising the event.

For further details of events, as they happen visit ICU Snooker online.

Gaelic Football girls score at double header

Ruth Reynolds
Sports Writer

How does a division 3 sport's team respond to the challenge of playing two division 1 standard teams back to back within the one day?

Surely they wouldn't possibly dream of accepting and should redundantly assume their inevitable defeat? This is not how ICGAC Ladies operate. So on Sunday the 21st October the 9 aside team made their way to Tír Chonaill Gael's pitch in Greenford – with the mantra "ah sure why not!" at the front of their minds and love of the team at the forefront of their hearts. No one knows what they are capable of until they try, and with the majority of the team having only been playing for a matter of weeks, this was the perfect opportunity for us to try everything!

St.Alban's were first on the agenda, and first on the scoreboard as Imperial struggled through a rocky first half. This was all to be rectified however in the second half, by placing the amazing Hester Corne in goals and a reshuffle of positions throughout the

field enabled Imperial's true potential to shine through.

With Hester creating an impermeable barrier in the place of where our goals should have been and Ciara O' Callaghan swiftly ensuring the ball made it safely up the pitch, Ami Shirley and Ruth Reynolds got to work on conversion. Captain Ruth managed a point from play whilst newcomer Ami created a complete turn up for the books in hammering home Imperial's first goal (3 points) in well over a year! This from a girl who had literally been playing for 3 weeks! The hype, pure shock and amazement created by this move by Woman of the Match Ami provided the catalyst for a vigorous, heartfelt and inspiring comeback from Imperial.

Despite Imperial clearly dominating the latter half of the game, regrettably St.Alban's were the eventual victors on the day, as the mistakes of the 1st half proved too much for even the most rejuvenated transformed and determined team to reconcile.

Ignited by our performance in the latter stages of the St.Alban's game;

the 5 minute break between games, the ominous proposal of playing Mary's (the most successful team of the last two decades in British Universities Ladies' Gaelic football History!) and certain fatigue didn't even register with the now steadfast Imperial team. This self belief and dogged determination proved invaluable in creating a much more evenly contested game of football. The first half in particular was particularly balanced as it was now Mary's with their newly formed team who were struggling to settle into the game. The half time score was 0-3, 0-1 to Mary's, obviously for a team of their standard this was very encouraging for ourselves. The experience and admirable skill of the 8-time division 1 champions did present itself in the second half of the game with Mary's going on to win the match.

Mary's left Greenford deserving winners that Sunday, but Imperial left with something else – an unquantifiable belief in what we are actually capable of.

In most sports, and I know Gaelic football is no different you never give

up until the final whistle. That's precisely what ICGAC Ladies did and from this I know, we can go on to

achieve anything we set our minds to in the future. Roll on championships in March!



Gaelic football? No, I don't know the rules either.