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Wee Buns
Some things are smaller than others. This edition of Linacre Li(n)es is, for instance, smaller than other editions of this esteemed and valued publication. Small, smaller, smallest.

Some things are small but good. Others are small and underwhelming; of little impact or significance. While I leave the ultimate decision to the small number of readers, I would imagine this edition tends toward the latter. Little ... small in both size and impact. The Little Edition.

Hearteningly, I do not think this edition is small and terrible for the (actually heartening) reason that a very small number of contributors have sent in some interesting and entertaining articles that are worth reading. Unfortunately I had to supplement these with some more of my ridiculous rambling (see Editorial, Edition 1). And then I ran out of such rambling and the edition remained, well, small.

One hope for this edition remains: that it provides some small enjoyment and some small distraction. For the next edition I have big hopes but little expectation of a growth in size or contributions.

Underwhelmingly Yours,

ALIVE

Or

How to Increase the Small Chances of Surviving a Fall from a Plane

Nicholas Luke

Since I was small I have been obsessed with the idea of falling from planes. Falling from a plane ... no parachute ... miraculous survival. Early on I thought this would be possible if you fell into water. Then I found out about surface tension ... you mind as well hit freakin' concrete. Then I discovered surface tension could be broken by throwing something into the water first. The problem is you would still probably break lots of things and drown even if you did survive the fall. But then I discovered that a few remarkable people actually had survived the exhilarating plunge from a plane without any form of parachute. Some had even got up and walked away!

In particular, I had heard of the British WWII pilot who leapt from a flaming plane. 18,000 feet, some pine trees and a snow drift later he was mildly shaken, had a few cuts and bruises and a hurt knee, but was otherwise fine – though unfortunately behind German lines. But he survived. I also heard of a stewardess who was thrown from a plane at over 33,000 feet after a bomb exploded only to survive – she broke pretty much everything. If I could do this life would surely be just one gentle downward slope without need for peddling. I would be an invincible secret agent like James Bond or an Unbreakable superhero like Bruce Willis. Until recently I thought this was only fantasy, that my obsession was kinda weird (closely related to my surviving a tidal wave idea), and no-one else would share it.

I was wrong. Whilst the speed and sheer size of a 1km high asteroid induced tidal wave makes it impossible to surf, an incredibly large number of people have miraculously survived falling from planes without ‘chutes. Recently I discovered a fabulous internet site which chronicles these events. A person even more enthused by the idea of surviving long and unplanned freefalls runs this wonderful site. He meticulously recounts these incidents, and even distinguishes between “free fallers” (unaided) and “wreckage riders” (who do things like stay strapped in their seats or fall amongst mangled wreckage). See: The Freefall Research Page (http://www.greenharbor.com/fffolder/ffresearch.html).

He also gives some helpful hints about how to survive a fall. Look around for things to grab onto that might be aerodynamically suitable – a wing perhaps. Most survivors have been wreckage riders. He tells us “molecules are your friends” … try and hit lots of these small, friendly critters in order to reduce acceleration. He helpfully informs us that we “will bounce” when we hit the ground.

Imagine: you, too, could overcome the impossible by doing the unthinkable.
One of the keys to survival, we are told, is to look for trees to land on. But they must be the right sort. Preferably one with “an excurrent growth pattern – a single, undivided trunk with lateral branches, delicate on top and thicker as you cascade downward. A conifer is best”. Apparently a Norfolk Island Pine is pretty much a ticket to survival, so go flying around Norfolk Island (sort of between Australia and New Zealand) when you can.

Another potential lifesaver, and one popular amongst actual survivors, is snow. We are told “Snow is good—soft, deep, drifted snow. Snow is lovely”. Crucially, if you are landing somewhere without the luxury of snow or trees (best are snow covered trees) you may still survive. We are told to remember “the parachutist’s “five-point landing”” to “meet the ground with your feet together, and fall sideways in such a way that five parts of your body successively absorb the shock, equally and in this order: feet, calf, thigh, buttock, and shoulder. 120mph divided by 5 = 24. Not bad! … There will be some bruising and breakage but no loss of consciousness to delay your press conference. Just be sure to apportion the 120-mph blow in equal fifths. Concentrate!”. Gold! Pure Gold.

And our friendly advisor also tells us to avoid negative thinking. It is important that you don’t “let negative thinking ruin your descent”. Positive thinking. Here are some really cool stories to keep you positive…

The WWII pilot I had previously heard about was Nick Alkemade, an RAF tailgunner who jumped from his flaming turret without a parachute and fell 18,000 feet. When he came to he saw stars overhead. He lit a cigarette. He would later describe the fall as “a pleasant experience.” He survived due to fir trees, underbrush, and drifted snow. A Russian, Lt. I.M. Chisov, similarly survived when he “hit the edge of a snow-covered ravine and rolled to the bottom. He was badly hurt but survived”. Or, in perhaps more Hollywood fashion, American gunner Alan Magee was thrown from his plane over France without a parachute by German fire … he fell 20,000 feet and crashed through the skylight of the St Nazaire. Sure he was badly hurt, but he recovered. Another classic WWII tale was that of Australian pilot Joe Herman who was thrown from his plane in an explosion before getting to his ‘chute. In mid-air he collided with his gunner and grabbed his leg, just as the gunner opened the parachute. The ‘chute opened slowly and he held on.

You don’t have to be fighting in a World War to survive. Vesna Vulovic (the stewardess I previously mentioned) set the record for the highest fall. She fell more than 33,000 feet amongst the wreckage after her plane exploded, before hitting a snow-covered slope. She was the only survivor. Although paralyzed from the waist down, she “later recovered and now can walk”. In the immortal words of Lleyton Hewitt: “come on!”.

There was also the story of teenager Juliane Koepcke who fell out of plane that was struck by lightning and fell to bits. Still strapped to her seat she survived the fall. Un fortunately she had to spend the next 11 days walking out of the Amazon jungle with a broken collarbone and other injuries. She survived. You wanna live forever!?!.

Always remember: people do (sometimes) survive.
The Eighth Wonder

Aaron Holdway

What do the Sex Pistols, boomerangs, and patio furniture have in common? Read on . . .

Everyone knows the Great Pyramid of Giza, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Lighthouse of Alexandria, and all the other Seven Wonders of the World that we had to rhyme off as kids. But what if you wanted to imply that your auto-body shop or your pet hedgehog was equally worthy of public awe? Even though only one of the original Seven Wonders still exists (the Great Pyramid of Giza), the natural thing to do is to refer to everything as the “eighth wonder.” It need not be reserved for things that might actually warrant such an impressive moniker – the Taj Mahal, the Great Wall of China, the Grand Canyon . . . There are effectively no limits on what can be called the eighth wonder of the world, and the number of things that have been so designated – at least in references found on the Internet – number well into the hundreds.

Some uses of “eighth wonder” are presumably sarcastic: Wal-Mart, Taco Bell, the London suburb of Peckham . . . Others are the actual name given to something – racehorses, show dogs, mediocre musical groups: things prone to hyperbole. Oftentimes the term is used as the result of journalistic laziness: just as a big win or a comeback in the seventh part of some sporting event sends the team to “seventh heaven,” a sporting achievement that has anything remotely to do with the number eight quickly becomes “the eighth wonder.”

Businesses are also no strangers to the idea of “eighth wonders.” Companies as diverse as Florida Keys Reality, the Elliott Bay Book Company of Seattle, a garden centre in Minnesota, and the Wolverine Lake Chalet and Cabins in Alaska all proudly refer to themselves as the eighth wonder of the world. A restaurant near Pittsburgh went beyond a mere nickname and actually called itself the Eighth Wonder Restaurant – only to close in 2005 when the best the reviewers could say was “Don’t bother.” A number of years earlier, a self-styled eighth wonder theme park in Atlanta closed after being in business only six months.

The tendency is especially strong in America, where fully half of the world’s “eighth wonders” can be found (at least according to a cursory search on Google). With a propensity to make everything a superlative, any unusual geological feature or bridge or tunnel or railroad or dam or theme park can become an eighth wonder, even if it is not known more than a few counties away – and combinations of the above, such as a railroad bridge over a dam next to a cave reached by cable car, are to be especially encouraged.

Britain is not without its own dubious “eighth wonders.” How about the Brunel Museum in London? A pigeon loft near Sunderland? Some stone walls in Cumbria? The Second Floor Restaurant, Bar, and Brasserie Gallery at the Harvey Nichols store in Manchester? Electronica artist Alison Goldfrapp’s album Felt Mountain? All have been implicitly held up to the Great Pyramid of Giza.
Is it a coincidence that so many things dubbed the eighth wonder are so decidedly underwhelming – and/or just plain odd? Judge for yourself: Below is a sampling of people, places, and things that have been called the eighth wonder of the world.

- The magic of compound interest
- Brazilian mail-order brides
- The Chicago Wastewater System
- A recipe for a vegetarian burrito filling on VegWeb.com
- “Yasmine Bleeth’s butt”
- Rev. Jim Rosemergy’s deck in Sunrise Beach, Missouri
- The Sex Pistols
- The Cinema Guild at the University of Michigan
- A plush toy wholesaler in Lancashire
- The Cheese Crown, a pastry made by the Cincinnati bakery Graeter’s (though “to call it a pastry is a sacrilegious affront”)
- Costco’s ability to “sell an entire rotisserie chicken for only $4.99”
- A special on mohair from Beary Cheap Teddy Bear Making Supplies, one of Australia’s “largest and most respected mail-order teddy bear supply businesses”
- The ability of “Victor the Tree,” a cat from Vermont, to change his fur from “coarse and ratty” (when he is “upset”) to “the most beautiful fur in the world”
- The memoir of hedonistic former Mr. Universe “Big” Bill Jackson (Amazon.com sales rank: #3,551,703 – just ahead of Unraveling the Inner Game to Green Tea Sales Success Online)
- At least four different users on MySpace.com, including “bootifulbrenda,” “chickie13,” and a 23-year-old Remax agent from Northridge, California
- A 3-star Best Western hotel in Madrid, according to a review on TripAdvisor.com (though the hotel is ranked elsewhere on the same page as only the 177th most popular hotel in Madrid)
- A three-day “helicopter safari” in Pakistan (named the Eighth Wonder because “it is . . . wonderful”)
- A squirrel-proof bird feeder
- Boomerangs
- A set of modular patio furniture
- “Weed” (according to Pot.com)
- Toast
- Soup
- The TV show Charmed
- Windows XP
- Staple removers
- Alcohol
- The chance to make “thousands of dollars within weeks with only an initial investment of $6.00!”: “You send $1.00 to each of the 6 names and address stated in the article. You then place your own name and address in the bottom of the list ... and post the article in at least 200 newsgroups. Within 7 days, I started getting money in the mail! I was shocked! I figured it would end soon, but the money just kept coming in. . . .”

So if someone asks you whether you want to go and see the eighth wonder of the world with them next weekend, remember to clarify whether you’re going to be wading through the bargain bin at the local thrift store, talking to a thirteen-year-old bassoon player from Bournemouth, or admiring the world’s largest collection of antique feather dusters. You’ve been warned.

If, however, you would like the legitimately wondrous opportunity of making thousands of dollars for an initial investment of $6.00, please contact the Linacre Li(n)es editor at the earliest possible opportunity. You won’t be disappointed. For at least seven days.
SCIENCE WITH SMALL BALLS

Adam Shaw

It not always easy working in Nanotechnology – when you spend all your time in a lab looking at tiny things someone is bound to make a few jokes at your expense. However, it is one of the fastest growing fields of scientific research and what’s more, it grabs people. Many people have heard of carbon nanotubes and their potential, but what of their cousins, the fullerenes? What are they good for?

Many things, surprisingly.

Fullerenes are large molecules made of interlocking rings of carbon atoms which form a kind of ‘nano-football’. The first and most famous of these molecules was the C60, Buckminster fullerene, affectionately known as the ‘Buckyball’. It was named in honour of the noted architect Buckminster Fuller, who started a trend with the geodesic dome structures which the molecule resembles.

If fullerenes are combined with molecules they can be fashioned into new types of polymers. These ‘nanocomposite’ materials can then be put to many uses, including optical limiters which are in essence a form of laser armour. These materials can be perfectly transparent until struck by a highly-focussed laser pulse, when they reduce the energy of the beam to a safe level but then return to their previous see-through state. This works because C60 molecules scatter light in a special way, letting in light up to a specific intensity and then keeping it at that intensity. This can prove useful in making safety spectacles for laser labs or shield sensitive sensors, and perhaps fullerene armour will be employed in the laser wars of the future.

Environmental types out there will be happy to know that C60 composites are finding use in future solar cells. A great deal of research is being put into developing plastic solar cells made from conducting plastics. These devices work by producing more electric-charge carriers when struck by visible and ultraviolet light. In ordinary solar cells these carriers are electrons and holes, positively charged gaps that represent a missing electron. Unfortunately, in plastic cells these carriers are bound by electric forces into pairs called ‘excitons’ and cannot move very far. However, the excitons can be split by sandwiching together two materials. C60 is an effective ‘electron-acceptor’ and so steals the electron from an exciton at the junction, leaving the hole to travel around carrying charge. C60 can therefore be combined with a material which is an electron-donor, to take holes and leave free electrons, and a solar cell is made.

A scanning tunneling microscope image of a fullerene island on a gold surface. Each circular shape represents a single molecule ~1 nm in diameter. To the editor this image seems strangely sinister, if not downright evil. Or at least it did in colour but we can’t afford to print these things in colour.
Fullerenes also have potential uses inside the human body in medical applications. As discussed, fullerenes have many light-sensitive properties, that can be tuned by adding other chemical groups. Such C60 derivatives can be made for use in photodynamic therapies; where reaction with harmless visible light and oxygen produces oxygen radicals, that have been demonstrated to kill certain species of microbes and render some viruses inactive. C60 derivatives can also be used to inhibit HIV by fitting into the active site of the virus and preventing it from latching onto a healthy cell. By attaching different groups to the C60 molecule scientists can not only tailor its properties for various medicinal applications but can also make it dissolve in water, which is vital for the molecule to be introduced into the body.

The carbon cage of a fullerene can also be used as a cage, trapping single atoms and small molecules inside. These new molecules are termed endohedral fullerenes and are a source of hope and wonder for scientists as it is hoped that these molecules will lead to the hallowed quantum computer. Like the classical computers with which we are all familiar with, these devices use binary to express information as either a 0 or a 1. Unlike classical machines the physical means of creating these signals will be based on a quantum mechanical system and, by using the bizarre properties of such a system, a quantum bit (or qubit) will be able to exist as both a 1 and a 0 simultaneously. A machine capable of processing such information will be able to operate on both alternatives at once and perform certain calculations with much greater speed. An endohedral fullerene is a promising qubit as the trapped atom possesses a quantum property called ‘spin’; which would provide the needed two-state system for binary data, whilst the fullerene shell would act as armour, protecting the atom against interference from the environment. This application may yet be decades away from real use but scientists here at Oxford are making vital steps towards this goal.

Although often overshadowed by their cousins, carbon nanotubes (who have possible uses in molecular electronics, body armour and possibly even as the chord on a ‘space elevator’), buckyballs and their derivatives are still useful molecules and deserve their place at the forefront of nanoscience research.

![The ‘football’ structure of Buckminster fullerene: C60.](image)

Again, this image makes the editor feel somewhat uneasy. What might these tiny footballs be capable of? What horrors lie in their extraordinarily shallow depths?
Hearts

Away up in Gorgie at Tynecastle Park there’s a wee football team that aye makes its mark...

Stuart Ingleby

The mere mention of Scottish football in an Oxford bar will induce a range of different responses: the native Englishman will adopt an air of indifference, muttering about a ‘second rate league’, largely to camouflage his ignorance of the subject; the North American will express his highland-terrier-puppy-like enthusiasm for all things Scottish, while trying desperately to recall a prominent Scots quarterback; while among fellow Scots the mere mention of the beautiful game will instantly torch the thin veneer of civilisation and end in the exchange of obscure terracing taunts from wild-eyed, red-faced radges.

Sadly the shocking state of Scottish football coverage in the so-called national press leaves little hope of improvement in global appreciation of our rich sporting culture. Only occasionally does a brief incomplete summary of the weekend’s action give way to a longer, often misinformed piece: the shock is when it’s your team in the feature. An eventful few seasons at my team Hearts have resulted in promotion from the small print results, but these articles haven’t really given much insight into one of British football’s grandest old institutions.

A couple of months ago the Independent ran a feature in which the Hearts support were characterised as a mix of Edinburgh’s blue collar workers, academics and clergy. This is a rather simplified reflection of the faithful that troop into Tynecastle every other week from Gorgie and Slateford, the home of the city’s once-dominant brewing industry, from Marchmont and Newington, suburbs dominated by the various faculties of the University of Edinburgh, from Wester Hailes and Sighthill, housing schemes on the edge of the city, and from the farms of East Lothian and the ex-mining villages of Midlothian. Hearts are a community club with a diverse and predominantly local support, and this is often forgotten when the controversial current owner makes the headlines.

Heart of Midlothian was the first association football club in Edinburgh, founded in 1874, and it took its name from a dance hall frequented by the players. Initially, the club played their matches in the Meadows, a large park in Edinburgh’s Southside, which they briefly shared with Hibernian FC. After joining the nascent Scottish Football Association in 1874, Hearts successfully lobbied for the inclusion of Hibernian in the SFA the following year, and regular derby matches between the two sides stoked enthusiasm for football in Edinburgh. Both clubs prospered and in 1896 the Scottish FA Cup final was played at Raeburn Place in Edinburgh between Hearts and Hibs, resulting in a 3-1 victory for Hearts. The success of Hibernian FC in Edinburgh went on to inspire the foundation of Celtic FC in Glasgow.

In the 133 years since the club’s foundation Hearts have been one of the most successful teams in Scotland’s domestic competitions, winning the league championship 4 times, 7 Scottish FA Cup titles and 4 league cup titles. In the years up to the outbreak of World War One the club established its position as one of the top sides in Scotland, challenging for the league title on a regular basis. The 1914/15 sea-
son began with a 20 match unbeaten run, but upon the outbreak of the First World War, the entire side volunteered to fight in the first so called ‘footballer’s battalion’, the 16th Battalion of the Royal Scots. Celtic prohibited their players from enlisting, and so went on to win a largely meaningless league title. Many members of the Hearts team were wounded, poisoned or killed during the war.

Hearts enjoyed a golden age between 1954 and 1960, when a team spearheaded by the ‘terrible trio’ of Willie Bauld, Alfi Conn and Jimmy Wardhaugh, along with Dave Mackay (later to win the Cup Winners Cup with Spurs and captain Brian Clough’s Derby Country to two championship wins) won the league twice and added 2 Scottish Cup and 3 league cup titles. ‘The King’ Willie Bauld is the club’s all-time top scorer, with 351 goals in 414 appearances. Evidence of the Glasgow-centric myopia of the SFA was evident then as now: Bauld was capped only three times for his country; he scored twice. Had he been selected more often, Bauld could have become one of Scotland’s all-time greatest players.

By the late 1970s Hearts were in a rut. The team oscillated between the top two divisions, suffering relegation in 1977, 1979 and 1981. The seeds of Hearts’ ongoing boardroom disorder were sown at this time. Wallace Mercer was a charismatic and unorthodox businessman who bought the club in 1981. Mercer’s combination of team building and brazen publicity hunting, coupled with the goals of John Robertson, drew the fans back to a dilapidated Tynecastle. Despite being relegation-bound after the first month of the 1985/86 season, Hearts put together an amazing run of form to lead the league and were favourites to complete a league and cup double. On the last day of the league season Hearts were 2 points ahead of Celtic, requiring only a draw at Dundee to seal the title, and Celtic had to beat St Mirren by a large margin to have a chance. In a predictable display of pan-Glaswegian solidarity St Mirren allowed Celtic to win 5-0, and as the news of Celtic’s lead reached Dens Park, Dundee’s substitute striker Albert Kidd struck twice in the last ten minutes. Hearts lost 2-0 and the shell-shocked team tamely capitulated to Aberdeen the following week in the cup final. The fact that Dundee were relegated in the 1989/90 season is of only very small satisfaction to Hearts supporters.

In spite of this disappointment, the late 80s and early 90s saw Hearts grow to be the self-styled ‘third force’ in Scottish football, once again dominating the Edinburgh derby matches. Although John Robertson was a fan of Hibs as a youngster, the pint-sized striker gained a reputation as the ‘Hammer of the Hibs’ during his 16 years at Hearts. 27 of his 271 career goals were scored against the ‘wee team’, and between 1989 and 1994 Hearts were unbeaten in 22 consecutive Edinburgh derby matches. Wallace Mercer dragged the club out of the dark ages, building three smart new stands, and taking effective actions against a shameful record of racism among a minority of fans. A well known incident involved Mercer personally removing a BNP recruitment stall from the stadium entrance.

Mercer’s ambition to financially challenge the Rangers-Celtic duo-poly with an Edinburgh side led him to attempt to buy out the insolvent Hibs in 1991, earning him infamy among Hibs fans, all the more so because he almost succeeded. Although Mercer was an astute businessman, he failed to understand the culture of football in Edinburgh. Neither Hearts nor Hibs fans would follow an ‘Edinburgh United’ with anything like the passion that surrounds both old clubs.

In spite of this disappointment, the late 80s and early 90s saw Hearts grow to be the self-styled ‘third force’ in Scottish football, once again dominating the
It would be a common mistake to think that this fervour is the product of sectarian bigotry. Although the tradition of Hibs being a ‘Catholic team’ and Hearts being, therefore, a ‘Protestant team’ exists, the rivalry between Hearts and Hibs is that of two clubs strongly representing communities in close proximity to each other, not two clubs representing religious sects and drawing support from a wide area. While busloads united by little more than vague feelings of religious-political superiority travel from all over Scotland, England and Northern Ireland to follow both halves of the Old Firm, the majority of Hearts and Hibs fans walk to home games. I can’t deny that sectarian songs are frequently sung by Hearts supporters, and that this is a disgrace to the club, but these are sung more to provoke than out of conviction, and are certainly not sung by a majority of fans. The epicentre of bigotry in Scottish football is the Old Firm and every other club in the country would benefit by its demise.

The legacy of Wallace Mercer’s chairmanship at Hearts is a modern club, playing in a modern stadium, with ambition to challenge the Old Firm. It was exactly this ambition that led to an inflated wage bill being sustained for too long, and by the end of the 90s the club’s debts began to become uncontrollable. Hearts have been in constant financial trouble since. During this time a succession of astute managers have conjured success on the pitch out of a contracting wage pot. Jim Jeffries won the Scottish Cup, beating Rangers in the 1998 final, with a side built around talented Scottish players such as Neil McCann and Steve Fulton, alongside foreign signings such as Giles Rousset. His successor, Craig Levin, developed the club’s youth academy, and with Steven Pressley, Craig Gordon, Paul Hartley, Andy Webster and Robbie Neilson, led the club in our best recent form in Europe, beating Bordeaux, Braga and Basle in memorable games. These talented players were nurtured at the club even as the board went about planning the sale of Tynecastle to pay the debts. In December 2004 a proposed ground share at Murrayfield seemed inevitable.

The man that saved Tynecastle was Vladimir Romanov, a former soviet submariner who made his money in denationalised Eastern European banks and industries, and who already owned football clubs in Lithuania and Belarus. Initially all went well: Tynecastle was saved, Hearts’ debts were reduced, and under George Burley the existing squad was augmented with some well-paid quality players. Romanov spoke of seriously challenging the Old Firm, and the establishment struck back with SFA investigations, media sniping and a BBC documentary expose of his business interests and treatment of agents. It seems that in Scotland the concept of impartial media coverage applies only to the licence fee. On the field Hearts had their best league start since 1914, going unbeaten for 11 games at the outset of the 2005/2006 season, including a fine win over Rangers, a good draw at Celtic Park and a remorseless thrashing of Hibs. Rudi Skacel terrorised defences all over the land, and our home-grown defence was not only the most parsimonious in the league, but also the foundation stone of a revival in the fortunes of the Scottish national side.

Perhaps those individuals in the Scottish football establishment who have recently questioned whether or not Vladimir Romanov is a fit and proper person to own a football club should recall how willing they were to allow a grand old club such as Hearts to become the unwilling tenants of the Scottish Rugby Union. The sale of Tynecastle to developers would have destroyed one of the oldest clubs in world football, reducing Hearts to a lower-league side, watched by a handful of old men in a deserted stadium. In addition, the heart of a diverse and lively community would be removed. Neither the SFA nor Edinburgh Council intervened to prevent this although the crisis did not materialise overnight.

Unfortunately the mirage of a successful Hearts team breaking the domination of the Old Firm vanished as quickly as it appeared, mainly due to Romanov’s insufferable habit of meddling in transfers and team selection. After forcing George Burley out
of the club, a succession of mediocre yes-men have managed Hearts, while the playing side has been used as a shop window for a bewildering number of Lithuanian players, few of whom have had the quality to compete in the SPL. Despite this, the 2005/06 season was Hearts’ best season in years, winning the Scottish Cup and becoming the only team in 11 years to split the Old Firm at the top of the league, qualifying for the Champions’ League for the first time in the club’s history. However, the discontinuity in team selection led to the exit of Pressley and Hartley, and the club were unwilling to find the funds to retain Webster, Skacel and Gordon. Hearts crashed out of Europe early and finished a disappointing fourth in 2006/2007.

The failures and scandals of the Romanov era have been widely reported, and the common media parlance is to talk about the ‘football circus’ at Hearts. Anyone who wishes to experience the Rangers-slanted editorial stance of BBC Scotland should read through Chick Young’s online columns. These short-sighted critics must either ignore or welcome the prospect of Hearts vanishing into oblivion, taking 133 years of Scottish football history with them. Although the club is now completely dependent upon a distinctly unsound Eastern European oligarch, Romanov has taken over the club’s debt and laid plans to expand Tynecastle to a capacity of 26,000. These are positive steps towards a stable future at Tynecastle. The fans have packed the stadium over last two years, and over 57,000 watched the recent friendly at Murrayfield against Barcelona. The appetite for quality football in Edinburgh is strong, and if Romanov is prepared to allow a capable manager freedom run the football team, the chance is still there to break the Old Firm’s suffocating hegemony of Scottish football. Unfortunately the decision to cash in and sell the world class Craig Gordon with four years left on his contract, coupled with some spineless performances at the start of this season, seem to indicate that the headlines will continue for the wrong reasons at Hearts.

Glossary:
Old Firm: Rangers and Celtic.
Radge: A person of dubious sanity, permanently perched on the brink of violence.
Jambo: A Hearts fan, from the rhyming slang, Jam Tarts - Hearts. Famous jambos include Stephen Hendry, Alex Salmond and Ken Stott.
Hibee: A follower of Hibernian FC. Famous hibees include John Leslie, Irvine Welsh and the Proclaimers.

Hearts lift the Scottish Cup in 1998 and 2006
Ethical Shopping, Healthy Eating: A Question of Class?

Maeve Price

So often you hear about people who want to get back to nature; Sunday newspaper supplements are full of stories about people who have decided to live more simply. In some cases they have left their jobs to run a farm in Spain. Other, less drastic examples include the American family who decided only to eat fruit and vegetables grown within their own state. Indeed there is a London restaurant whose entire sales pitch is based on the fact that their food is sourced locally. Of course, there are notable exceptions for the kind of ingredients, such as olive oil, that no modern restaurant can run without. All this shows how notions once dismissed as typical of “way out hippies” have been assimilated by the modern bourgeoisie. Provided they can have their olive oil.

Essentially it means that ethics, particularly food ethics, have become a class issue. Increased demand for organic food means that they can be sold for ridiculously high prices. Many shops have introduced Fairtrade foodstuffs and clothing lines. In the majority of cases these lines are considerably more expensive than the normal supermarket own brand lines, which seems perfectly reasonable – if you are paying the producer more, the consumer will pay more. However, Co-op’s own brand tea and coffee is all Fairtrade and yet it is not significantly more expensive than other shop’s non-Fairtrade lines. What does this tell us? Could it be that supermarkets are using the Fairtrade mark as a means of making profit?

Ethical consumerism has become inextricably linked with the middle classes. Buying Fairtrade implies both compassion and a sufficiently large income to be able to afford goods at luxury prices. At the same time, “processed” foods are becoming linked to the lower classes; apparently low income households cannot afford fresh fruit and vegetables. Well, perhaps not from farmers’ markets or supermarket organic ranges, but fresh carrots, potatoes, turnips and a host of other nutritious plant products are remarkably economical. What we are seeing here is not financial poverty but poverty of time and of education.

Fresh foods require time to prepare and to cook, and they also require a certain amount of knowledge. There isn’t anything terribly difficult about cooking with fresh fruit and veg if you have been shown how to, but if you are working long hours, and possibly raising a family, then having to prepare a meal or to teach someone else in the family how to prepare it can seem like an enormous effort. If an easy to cook ready meal is available fairly cheaply this will naturally become the preferred option. Much as I hate to say it, this is where two of my least favourite things may have a positive role to play: Jamie Oliver and Home Economics lessons (or Food Technology or Domestic Science, or whatever name they’re using to try to broaden its appeal).

Jamie’s mission to bring good cheap food to the masses, as annoying as it is, has at least bought the issue of nutrition into the public domain. Although there has been plenty of talk about the relationship between diet

“Hi, my name’s Jamie and I like cooking. I also like hold-your-breath competitions! And cooking while holding your breath competitions,”
and behaviour (I well remember a girl in my class who was “allergic” to E-numbers … one smartie was enough to turn her into a hyperactive monster that could only be subdued by ketamine or a baseball bat…) and, more recently, the childhood obesity epidemic that is set to sweep the nation, it has taken the Turkey Twizzler debate to secure an improvement in the nutritional content of school dinners. But the reality is that these new school dinners have not been a success. I suggest that this is because most people like the food that they have been brought up with and that they are unlikely to change their minds just because something is good for them, especially if the person telling them how healthy it is is a potty mouthed prat whose vocabulary appears to be restricted to a somewhat irritating set of stock phrases. So the thing we need to do is to catch people young and get them interested in cooking, and that’s where Home Economics comes in.

The H.E. lessons I remember from school were pretty dire. We learnt how to make Campbell’s condensed soup into a “tasty” sauce for chicken, that the elderly respond best to a bland diet with plenty of eggs and, most depressingly of all, how to make a Pot Noodle. That’s right, my first H.E. lesson was (1) boil the kettle (2) pour the water into the pot (3) add the contents of the sachet and stir. My brother’s first lesson was how to make a cup of tea. I spoke to the H.E. teacher about this and she said that the government considered it vital that young people learnt how to boil a kettle safely. Now, I’m all for learning the basics, but couldn’t we at least make noodles with stir fried vegetables or a up of tea with shortbread?

If the government was really interested in improving diet they would introduce cookery lessons at a much younger age, and they would be cookery lessons, not domestic science or food technology lessons. We could cut out all the guff about nutrition for the elderly and electrical safety guidelines – if it’s not safe, shops can’t sell it and if you buy electrical equipment from some bloke down the pub, you aren’t likely to get very far if you start asking questions about its Kitemark. Just simple cookery – icing buns, mashing potatoes, making a fruit fool. Sure, these are messy activities that require careful supervision, but the long term benefits of having a healthier population would be worth it. It would be fabulous to have some parent and child cookery lessons – all my cooking skills come from my mother; without her I would never have become as passionate about and interested in food as I am today.

However, even if we have a nation of well educated, enthusiastic cooks we are still left with the problem of time. And this is one of the key reasons why ethical (and healthy) shopping is largely a middle class phenomenon. Having the time to go to the local shops is as much a status symbol as having the money to buy from them. Cooking the fresh food you buy there also takes time. With the amazing education in practical cookery that every citizen will get under my regime, everyone will be aware that it is possible to prepare a fresh meal in 20 minutes (indeed, anyone who has seen “Ready Steady Cook!” will be aware of that already), but that is still significantly longer than a three minute microwave meal. And if the parents are having to work long shifts and are not necessarily at home for their children’s meal times, how can they pass on their cookery skills? If you are raising a family it can be difficult to fit in. Flexible hours, working from home or taking a career break are not always feasible options, especially for people working in supermarkets, call marketing centres, telephone banking and other relatively low paid shift work.

Again, there are ways that the government can help – increasing maternity and paternity leave is certainly useful at the start of a baby’s life – but what about later on? Could there be a career break option that allowed any parent to take up to 12 months out of work (either as a single break or as smaller periods) during the first 14 years of their child’s life? Under Tony Blair Labour expressed a desire to introduce “wrap around childcare”. If labour intends to pursue this policy under Mr. Brown, perhaps they could include some cookery lessons – imagine if you came home from a long day at work to find that your child had cooked a delicious dinner for the whole family during the after school club.

Of course, none of these options are cheap or easy, and the best solution is quite plain: we move to a communo-anarchist society in which people live simply off the land, pursue knowledge for knowledge’s sake and die younger due to a shortage of doctors (with the planet as over crowded as it currently is, I see this as an advantage). For the time being I will continue with my desperate and unwavering pursuit of mammon until I have enough to retire to a small holding somewhere in Asturias, where I shall farm organic melons and bask in the warm glow of my moral superiority.
Do Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures?

The Healthy Eating Debate Continues...
(In the Linacre Bar)

David Sleep  
Andrew Schwarz  
Interjections from Anonymous Ed

It became known that this was the small edition, that there was a dearth of material, and inevitably, random, somewhat drunken ‘conversations’ in the bar began to be written down. Only time and the joy or rage or indifference of Lin(centre)s’ rumoured readers will tell if the dire state of contributions called for such desperate measures. But anyway, the first of these perhaps doctored ‘conversations’ is a passionate, if ever so slightly contrived, debate on a nutrition show I have never heard of because I’m not from the UK – *You Are What You Eat*.

Is this a disturbing instance of a nutrition related split personality? Is it a lively and informed debate about national health? Or is it just the result of a Lin(centre)s editor forcing people to write stuff down in a bar? Perhaps we will never know. But now you too can glory in the groundbreaking *You Are What You Eat* debate! Take a side, and decide: do desperate eating times call for ‘Dr’ Gillian’s desperate colour-related dietary measures?

The Case Against Dr Gillian McKieth...

Firstly, pseudo-Dr Gillian McKieth, the famous television guru who dispenses lifestyle advice on her show *You Are What You Eat*, has met the wrath of Dave’s thoughts many times [imaginatively, I presume – Ed.]. The principal target of this wrath is her somewhat inadequate grasp of human anatomy and the way in which nutrition is processed by the human body. The general public rely on the television for the majority of their education. Yes, a sweeping statement, but if you consider the current issues concerning the types of television programs that are created and their effect on society, it obviously smacks of a public reliance on the program controllers to educate the wanton gaps in their knowledge base.

Soooooooo, moving swiftly on to the matter of Gillian McKeith … here is a ‘popular’ television personality telling the larger members of our society (morbidly obese is the medical, but slightly less PC, term as far as I understand) to sort out their diet and shed those extra pounds. This, I have no problem with. It’s the methods which she employs that I take issue with. The simple solution for a large proportion of obese individuals is that they need to eat less and move more. Yes, look out for the one page best seller by Sleep and Co of the same title in the near future. I ask you, at what point does eating different colours at the same meal have an effect on your calorie intake? The ‘doctor’s’ obsession with food colour is quite frankly bizarre, as well as being unhelpful and misleading. Just replace the burger with a salad! It’s most likely an artefact of the poor British culinary opportunities that people see such salads as somewhat of a lame option. Look to the French and the Italians and your salad is now a feast fit for anyone. Bit of goat’s cheese, nice dressing, some lovely home grown tomatoes and you’re sorted. Eat such things for a while, go for a few walks and you’re on your way to shedding all that extra weight.

‘Dr’ Gillian’s online chat service … not entirely what I was hoping for.
The Case for Dr Gillian McKieth...

Alternatively the opinion could be put forward that the ‘imaginary science’ that she sells is actually a brilliant step forward and years before its time! No please, stay with me. Has it not been recently well documented in the press that eating a purple fruit has significant anticancer effects? Is this so removed, so very different, from suggesting that no two food colours should be eaten together? Well, maybe, but is there really anything wrong with misleading a load of middle class plebs [an emerging political class – Ed.] for there own good, if it gets them to eat a few more salads? The underlying message she peddles is Think About What You Eat! It has an effect on your health. I think this is the hidden message behind the headline grabbing shots of people confronted with their own faeces! Don’t just have chips and Turkey Twizzlers (to steal a Jamie Oliver crusade) because you’ve always had them!

So who cares if she bought her ‘PhD’ for a few squid from some dodgy feller in America (she’s not the first and certainly won’t be the last!), who cares if she seems to know as much about nutrition as a goldfish, because at least she recommends sensible advice: eat five servings of fruits or veg a day, try not exceed your 2500 calories a day for men or 2000 for women, don’t drink four bottles of wine a night and a pint of vermouth two double vodka’s and a pickled egg. All this is apparently not obvious to some and the message needs to get out there. Anyway I will finish my reply to my small minded friend by asking this: will the people of this nation live longer, fuller lives by listening to the good doctor or to buxom beauty Nigela Lawson who puts two kilo’s of lard in everything?

What the heck is a Turkey Twizzler?

Over the past two articles I noticed a number of references to Turkey Twizzlers. I had no idea what these were but they sure sounded delicious!

Not willing to rest with this sweet sound of deliciousness founded, as it was, on the shrill taste of perplexity, this intrepid editor aimed the powerful research guns of Li(n)es at these so-called Twizzlers. According to Wikipedia, Turkey Twizzlers are “spirals of mechanically reclaimed turkey meat, water, pork fat and rusk, together with many more minor ingredients, designed to be reheated before serving”. Mmmmm. Unsurprisingly, sales of these Twizzali-cious snacks rose 32% in the aftermath of Jamie Oliver’s campaign against them. I can only presume that many people, having not known such a delicacy existed, raced to buy them after young Jamie corrected their ignorance.

Here are some turd-like examples to water the mouth!
Do Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures?

The North

v.

The South

David Sleep
Andrew Schwarz
Interjections from Anonymous Ed

Somewhat inevitably, this dialogue broke down into the old north versus south debate. No, not a discussion about global poverty or development economics but a subtle and nuanced look at the cultural divide between the north and south of this remarkably small island (not including Scotland of course; or Wales). Equally inevitably there is a need for a disclaimer.

Disclaimer. This was written in the bar and contains inflammatory comments about both the north and the south. Any scientific claims made here are probably wrong but provide amusement, or at least did so at the time they were written.

Points for the North

1. People talk with stupid accents (I know, I know, this goes both ways as we have scousers) but if you happen to be coming from near Doncaster and have a little south Yorkshire twang your opinions are looked down on as quaint little noises.

2. Everything is bloody expensive! I know everyone says this but bloody hell you guys get absolutely ripped off! I go in to certain pubs in the town and get robbed blind £3.50 for a pint of larger that tastes like p***s! £3 a cocktail at happy hour, what’s happy about that? You’re only paying a pound too much and then it goes up to six bloody quid! Unbelievable!

3. Junk food is way better in the north (and we’re not even close to the quality you get in Scotland!). Obviously everywhere there’s the boring old kebabs and high street cholesterol chokers but the north has something very special. Firstly there’s the ‘PARMO’, a treat mostly served in the north east which is, as one late night kebab shop keeper described it, ‘two types of processed cheese on a slab of breaded processed chicken’. I would also add that its about the size of a 9 inch pizza – this might not actually be true as I was a bit worse for wear at the time – and a bargain at only £3! Secondly, gravy on your chips. I was deeply shocked and saddened to learn, when arriving in Oxford as a innocent fresher, there was no such thing as chippy gravy down here! A heinous crime against drunken students.

4. A Google search for ‘why is the south rubbish’ comes up with ‘South Oxfordshire Online: Rubbish service’! Res ipsa loquitur


6. By taking the cold better we save the environment by not heating our houses. And, by not wearing many clothes we don’t exploit child labour in developing countries (and make the world a beautiful place).

7. The south doesn’t contain the Old Sun in Retford, the greatest pub in the universe and well worth a visit if you’re in the area.

8. Finally I feel it would only be fair to present a balanced argument so here is the why the south is alright really … Southerners (or ‘shandy drinkers’ as they are commonly known) never come to the north.
**Points for the South**

1. The accents in the south are far from stupid. They are the refined and more understandable versions of those used in the north. If English is now the international language of diplomacy, then it is squarely based upon the comprehensible and sensible southern accent.

2. Words are pronounced as they should be in the South. Say lager to yourself and then say castle, path, bath, grass. In the North, lager is still pronounced la(a)ger, but castle, bath etc are pronounced with the harsh unrefined tone of a shortened A vowel sound. The pronunciation of lager is universal, its just the north can’t be bothered to apply it to the rest of their vocabulary.

3. Everything in the North is cheap because it’s either made there or its rubbish.

4. Junk food is better in the north as it finds a greater proportion of the population willing to eat it. Supply meets demands. Also, there are more heart attack sufferers and obese people in the north. The coffee in the south is better. As you’re all students I feel you’ll appreciate this culinary argument and I shall leave it at that.

5. Watch Zulu, a Bridge Too Far, The Longest Day. Who have got the southern accents? Also, who fought off the Romans? The Southerners. Who helped rescue all those lads from Dunkirk? Southern fishermen and sailors, that’s who. History stands the southerners in good stead.

6. The Garden of England is in the South. Already a beautiful place. Plus, northerners don’t wear too many clothes due to some form of bizarre mating ritual. Whatever they may do to save the environment by not turning on their heating, they fill the water table with poisons from all those beauty treatments and hair bleaches.

7. The South has the Sheppard Neame brewery. Yum.

8. And now some science for my balanced argument. During the last Ice Age, the north was covered in ice sheets. The weight of these ice sheets compressed the rock strata and caused the north of England to sink in to the Earth’s crust. Following the big glacial melt, the weight of the ice was taken away and the rock strata could begin to rise out of the crust. As a result, the north is rising, and the south is sinking. That’s just rude if you ask me.
Sometimes people read a book not because they want to read it but because they think they should. Maybe its because its on top of a ‘best books’ list, maybe its because Brad Pitt stars in its cinematic version, or maybe its because an increasingly desperate editor includes an idiotic summary of it in a floundering student publication, but it happens … you start the book, get bored and never find out what happens. Because of this annoying cultural phenomenon Li(n)es has helpfully put together some quick and easy summaries so you can get the gist and forget reading the book. Some of the reasoning in this paragraph may be circular. And idiotic.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (Gibbon)
The Roman Empire at first declines and ultimately falls. The rest is history.

The Bible – Extended Christian Edition (God)
God creates Man; Man pisses off God; God pisses off Man; God forgives man; Man generally doesn’t accept His forgiveness.

The Bible – Concise Jewish Edition (The Same God, But Part Two of Book Missing)
Same as above but without the whole Calvary thing.

The Q’uran (Apparently The Same God But Different Prophets)
Another swashbuckling religious story but this time with more mayhem, Mecca and Mohammed.

War and Peace (Tolstoy)
Napoleon invades Russia. The Russians don’t like it, they fight him, lose for a while, but then – aided by French incompetence and the Russian winter – defeat him. Amidst this some guy finds God and love while Tolstoy bitches about Napoleon and says he was naughty and stupid and that the ‘Great Man’ view of history is incorrect. Human choice is illusory. Bugger.

A Brief History of Time (Stephen Hawking)
The Universe, which we are currently in, exists. To be honest, we are not entirely sure why it exists or how it was created. We do, however, have some theories. These theories are somewhat contradictory. Black holes, which we are currently not in, exist. And it’s kind of embarrassing, but we are not entirely sure why they exist or how they were created. On the upside, we do have some theories. Some of these theories may involve time travel; some of these theories are somewhat contradictory.
The Iliad (Homer)
After a pansy Trojan (Paris, Orlando Bloom) steals a Greek king’s wife (Helen, some German actress) there is a war. The Greeks fight unsuccessfully but well for nine years then Achilles (Brad Pitt) throws a tantrum and won’t fight. Trojan hero Hector (Eric Bana) almost defeats the Greeks. But then Hector kills Achilles’ best ‘friend’ and it’s personal. Achilles is wrathful and comically chases Hector around the castle, kills him and takes his body. Hector’s dad begs for the body and Achilles gives it back mercifully. The Greeks play some fun games. The Iliad does not include the ‘Trojan horse’ business that the movie includes presumably for finality’s sake.

The Odyssey (Homer)
After a successful first epic Homer cashes in with a sequel, which follows Greek Trojan war survivor Odysseus/Ulysses’ voyage home. While he’s away his wife has thousands of suitors who eat their food but she remains loyal. On his way home Ulysses blinds a Cyclops, gets blown around for a while, gets marooned with a demi-goddess, gets sent to the underworld, gets tempted by Sirens, escapes evil monsters etc etc. He then arrives home and slaughters the suitors, slaughters some unfaithful maids, and slaughters some angry townsfolk. Then the few who remain alive live happily ever after. See the delightful O Brother Where Art Thou? for an updated version of the tale set in the South during the Depression.

The Aeneid (Virgil)
Thinking the Greeks were having too much of a good thing with their Homeric heritage Virgil decides to beat them at their own game. Tells the story of Aeneas (a Trojan prince and warrior – see the end of movie Troy) who escapes Troy with some Trojans, gets blown around for a while, lands in Carthage and falls in love with Queen Dido, gets told by the gods to leave and does but Dido is enraged and suicides, goes to Italy, fights many outrageously huge battles, then founds Rome.

American Civil War general Ulysses S Grant ...
Unfortunately a less popular figure for the great literary epic.

Ulysses (Joyce)
Irish guy walks around Dublin all day and night occasionally doing things but often not doing at one point he masturbates at the sight of a girl on the beach back at home wife thinks of sex and affair and the guy knows she had an affair but he wants to be androgynous and later guy finds a young friend called Stephen and they go back to the guy’s house and all sleep but Joyce doesn’t sleep doesn’t miss a trick he doesn’t like punctuating sentences or have sentences at all

Finnegans Wake (Joyce)
Largely incomprehensible. Makes Ulysses seem like a stroll in the park. Speak of it as a deconstructionist masterpiece of linguistic experimentation if it comes up but get off the topic quickly. This random sentence from the first page I opened is as good a summary as any: ‘Grabar gooden grandy for old almeanium adamologists like Dariaumaurius and Zovotrimaserovmeraverouvian; (dmzn!); she feel plain plate one flat fact thing and if, lastways firstwise, a man alone sine anyon anyons utharas has no rates to done a kik at with anyon anakars about tutus milking foresand the rereres on the outerrand asikin the tutus to be forrarder’.
**Maeve Price**

The wee bun recipe

Since the theme of this issue is “smallness”, here’s a recipe for small cakes, also known as “wee buns”. It’s a very simple recipe, which is appropriate since as well as being small cakes, “wee buns” is a phrase used by Northern Irish people to describe something very simple...

6 oz (150 g) granulated sugar  
6 oz (150 g) margarine or butter  
6 oz (150 g) self-raising flour  
3 eggs

For the icing:  
4 oz (100 g) icing sugar  
2 teaspoons boiling water

1) Cream the butter and sugar together until they’re light and fluffy  
2) Beat the eggs into the butter and sugar. If the mixture starts to curdle, add a bit of flour  
3) Stir in the flour a bit at a time - if you sieve it the buns should be fluffier, but I never bother.  
4) Dollop the mixture into greased bun tins or paper cases and bake for about 10 minutes at 180˚C. The buns should rise and turn golden brown. To check whether they’re cooked, stick a skewer into the centre of one of the buns; if it comes out clean they’re ready, but if there is some bun mixture stuck to the skewer, put them back in the oven for another couple of minutes.  
5) Make the icing - mix together the icing sugar and the water to form a smooth paste and spread it over the top of the buns. You can decorate them by sticking sweets such as smarties into the icing. To make a chocolate icing, substitute some of the icing sugar with cocoa; to make a lemon icing use lemon juice instead of boiling water.

This recipe makes about 12 delicious buns.

**DISCLAIMER**: Buns made following this recipe may not turn out like those pictured. Buns may or may not be “delicious”. Neither Maeve nor Li(n)es will accept any responsibility for any lack of deliciousness or beautifulness of any buns made following, or not following, this recipe. Readers assume all responsibility and risk for the making of ‘wee buns’ according to this recipe. Under no circumstances, including negligence, shall Li(n)es, or its employees or anyone else involved in creating Li(n)es, be liable for any DIRECT, INDIRECT, INCIDENTAL, SPECIAL or CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES, or LOST PROFITS that result from the use or inability to use this ‘wee bun’ recipe. **DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER**: This disclaimer is intended primarily for comic reasons and should not discourage the eating of ‘wee buns’. **DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER**: Nothing in the previous disclaimer affects the legality of the initial disclaimer. Including illegality.