

# IMPERIAL'S OWN SMARTWATCH

But does it have a future?

32

# LONELY HEARTS

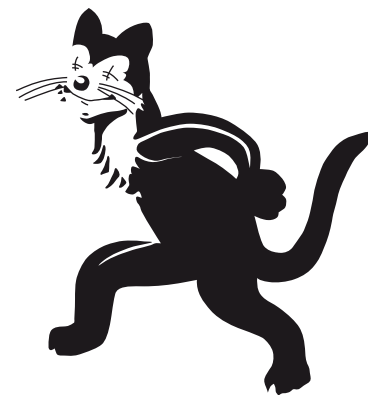
Send subliminal messages

36

# FELIX

"Keep the Cat Free"

14/03/14  
Issue 1572  
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## Imperial rises to 13th place in the THE World Reputation Rankings

Joe Letts  
Editor-in-Chief

In the recently released Times Higher Education (THE) World Rankings College was ranked one position higher than last year, coming at 13th. Imperial received an overall reputation score of 20.9, with a slightly higher score for research than teaching. In terms of UK institutions, Imperial came 3rd in the rankings, behind Cambridge and Oxford, who came 4th and 5th with rankings of 74.9 and 74.3 respectively.

The rankings are based on the "Academic Reputation Survey", an invitation-only academic opinion survey available in 10 languages. The questionnaire was administered by Ipsos MediaCT for Thompson Reuters, the suppliers of the THE rankings data. The poll questioned experienced, published scholars about teaching and research within their field at universities they are familiar with. This was the 4th incarnation of the survey, receiving 10,536 responses from 133 countries, of which 22% were related to "engineering and technology" as well the social sciences.

The scores are based on the number of times an institution is said to be the best in its field by respondents, as a percentage of the number of times the top institution (Harvard) was mentioned. The scores for an institution overall are a result of the scores of its research and teaching combined at a ratio of 2:1, giving prominence to research.

The US has the most institutions in the THE World Rankings (46), followed by the UK with 10 and Germany with 6. *Comiserations to our friends at UCL who dropped 5 places to 25th.* -Ed.

## Medics take the JPR Williams Cup at Varsity

But College wins the day overall with the most wins



Imperial Medicals RFC, the reigning champions of the JPR Williams Cup

E. ALEX VOINAS

Kunal Wagle  
News Editor

Imperial Medicals RFC regained the JPR Williams Cup with a comprehensive 37-11 victory over Imperial College Union RFC in the flagship rugby union match under the floodlights at the Twickenham Stoop. The day wasn't all bad for ICU however, as they won Varsity as a whole with more victories than ICSMSU across the 29 matches.

The rugby union was dominated by the Medics, with further victories in the Women's and 3rd XV only blotted by an ICU victory for the 2nds. The same happened in the Netball, where, with the exception of the 2nd and 3rd teams, the Medics ran out comfortable winners. Imperial College came up with some strong performances of their own, taking victory in both Badminton matches, as well as in the tennis. In the hockey, College also proved to be successful, taking four out of the five games (they lost in the Men's 2nd match 6-1 to the Medics).

In the football, the Medics were unable to find the net in any of their games, losing three and playing out a 0-0 draw in the 4th XI fixture. Despite this, the most one-sided affair seems to have come from the Basketball. In the men's match at the Copper Box two weeks ago, the College came through 62-26. However, in the Women's fixture it was to be even more one sided, with the College running out winners 92-9. In stark contrast the closest encounter came in the Lacrosse game where the College snuck through 8-7. Read reports and reaction in full next week.

## THIS ISSUE...

### SPORT



RSM retain bottle in thrilling battle 40

### TV



A look back at the West Wing 28

### INSIDE



Varsity Photos 18



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Editors: **Nida Mahmud, Maciej Matuszewski, Aamna Mohdin, Aemun Reza, Kunal Wagle**

# NEWS

## News Bites

Kunal Wagle  
News Editor

### Tiger Triplets born in London Zoo



New footage released by the London Zoo show the birth of three tiger cubs in the London Zoo on the 3rd February. The birth comes seven months after a Sumatran tiger cub drowned at the Zoo, at the age of two weeks.

### Slovakian PM gifted animal-vegetable combo



The opposition leader Igor Matovic has sent a donkey with a sack of potatoes to a government office in Slovakia for the Prime Minister Robert Fico, in what is believed to be a publicity stunt. The country goes to the polls tomorrow and Fico is standing to be the next President.

### Moose Sex promoted by Tax Break



People in Canada who support a project to build a land bridge in Nova Scotia are being rewarded with tax breaks. The twist? The bridge is being built to help moose find suitable mates in nearby New Brunswick.

## The Albertopolis Writing Circle Launches



PHIL BEARD/FLICKR

Nida Mahmud  
News Editor

**T**he Albertopolis Writing Circle project wants new writers to share stories based on their working lives that are either factual or fictional. The literary project is mostly based in the Centre for Co-Curricular studies.

Nick Russell said that “The Circle would be a major Public Engagement activity and foster informal collaboration across the South Kensington institutions. The work

done in all of them is specialized and inaccessible to the public. Existing engagement and understanding initiatives tend to focus on outcomes (new science, new technology, new art, or new displays), not on the people who produce them and how they do it. To engage fully with the arts, technologies, business, and sciences, an ideal citizen should know something about the practitioners involved, who they are, why they are doing the work, and how they achieve their objectives. A good way to describe such working lives is to tell interesting stories about (actual or fictional) characters and how they go about their business”.

### Imperial Medics claim statins have few side effects.

Joe Letts  
Editor-in-Chief

**A**ccording to College medical researchers, statins have virtually no side effects. In a recent study looking at 29 trials during which 80,000 patients took statins (cholesterol lowering drugs) the team concluded that a minority of side-effects were contributed by the drugs. Instead they found that patients were more likely to suffer serious side-effects from placebo pills in a control group than from statins.

The researchers from the National Heart and Lung Institute said that out of the side-effects that they monitored (including nausea, kidney disorder and muscular disease), the only side-effect that they could determine was an increased risk of diabetes, with 3% of subjects on statins being newly diagnosed with diabetes, in comparison to 2.4% of patients in the control group.

## Creative ideas analysed at IC Hack

Nida Mahmud  
News Editor



@POSHAUGHNESSY/TWITTER

**T**he IC Hack event occurred last week at Imperial’s Business School. The hackathon event lasted for 24 hours, at the end the teams presented app ideas in front of judges.

The event was a joint collaboration between the Business School and The Department of Computing at Imperial.

The judging panel consisted of Joe Charlesworth, a Partner at Playfair Capital; David Slocombe, VP at Race Yourself; and Professor Eric Yeatman from Imperial.

The winning team received over £1500 of prizes, including cash, the Tobii Rex, as well as the chance to pitch for venture capitalist investment.

The categories for prizes includes the “idea most likely to change the world” and “best concept applicable in an e-learning environment”.

Sponsored Editorial

## Student Discounts At Fresh Hairdressers 70m from South Kensington tube



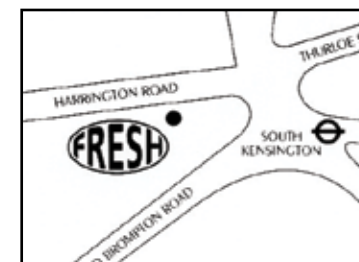
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# FEATURES

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## Obituary: Bob Crow

**Ben Fernando**  
Charities Editor

London awoke to a shock on Tuesday morning with the news that Bob Crow, the leader of Rail, Maritime and Transport (RMT) union had died at the age of 52. During the RMT strikes last month that crippled London Crow sprang to national prominence as the situation pitted him against Boris Johnson, Mayor of London, in a series of heated arguments about the future of the Underground Network. A controversial figure to the end, people on all sides of the political spectrum have paid their respects to a man who has had an undeniable impact the lives of Londoners in recent times.

Bob Crow was born in Shadwell, East London, in 1961 and joined London Underground at the age of 16 after leaving school. His first job with them involved working to clear

trees and maintain the track on the Central Line. Shortly afterward he became involved in Union politics and was elected as a local representative of the National Union of Railwaymen (NUR), before becoming one of their national representatives in the mid-1980s during the height of the Thatcher years.

At a time when the voice of the unions was diminishing and privatization of British Industry was in full swing, Crow helped to guide the NUR and its sister organization the National Union of Seamen during their merger to form the RMT in early 1990. He was elected to its Executive Committee in 1991 but took the unusual step of becoming a fierce critic of the Labour Party and Tony Blair in particular. The tensions became so great that in 2004 Labour chose to remove the RMT party affiliation status.

Describing himself as both a communist/socialist, Crow was elected as leader of the RMT by

a landslide, winning almost 65% of the vote in 2002. He caused no small controversy by continuing to live in a council house in Hainault in north-east London despite the not-insignificant salary of around £140,000 that he received for his work. In addition, his insistence that the jobs of tube drivers remain as-is often pitted him against city leaders who accused him of undermining the drive of progress.

This all came to a head in early 2014 when Johnson, the chairman of TfL, announced plans to close all of the London Underground Ticket offices in the next two years. Although the plans were specifically designed to avoid any compulsory redundancies, the RMT leadership announced unprecedented plans for two 48 hour strikes to protest the fact that they hadn't been consulted enough.

Thus began a rivalry perhaps second only to Thatcher/Scargill in its ferocity: both insisted that the other



wouldn't meet with them, and that the other was holding London hostage. The first strike at the beginning of February brought chaos to the city and led to Crow receiving a huge amount of abuse from both the public, media and other politicians, with Jeremy Paxman referring to him as 'a dinosaur'. Crow refused to back down, earning him the admiration of many other trade unionists as a man who stuck up for his members and refused to sell them out.

Although the second strike was averted after eleventh-hour discussions between TfL and the

RMT, the stress clearly had an effect on Crow who took a much-criticised holiday to Brazil. Last weekend he missed a trade union meeting, saying he felt unwell, and was early Tuesday morning admitted to hospital near his home in Leytonstone, before being pronounced dead shortly afterward.

Tributes have been paid by the Mayor, Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition as the country marks the passing of a man who some consider to have been the most successful trade union leader of all time. Bob Crow is survived by his former wife, partner and daughter.

## Should the Role of Government Chief Scientific Advisor be Democratized?

**Aamna Mohdin**  
News Editor

What would happen if the next UK Government Chief Scientific Adviser (GCSA) was elected through a public vote? That's exactly what a group of us from the science communication masters are attempting to find out. The

GCSA is the head of the Government Office for Science, and the personal adviser on science and technology-related policies to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. The GCSA also heads the Chief Scientific Adviser (CSA) network and a CSA sits at the top table of most government departments. It's an important position and the project is trying to answer the crucial question: what kind of person do you think should be leading science?

Within the next two weeks we will

hold a fake election for the role of GCSA to explore the relationship between science and politics. The candidates, a scientist, a politician and a social scientist, all have a unique set of skills that they insist makes them the best person for job. While holding an election for a specialised and skilled role may seem odd to some people, it's not new to British parliamentary democracy. In fact, there are numerous skilled roles we vote on, the biggest being the police

and crime commissioners.

For many, science and politics are non-overlapping entities. But who's at fault here? Should we push for scientists to get more political or should our MPs be more scientifically-literate? When it comes to science policy making, whose expertise matters? And how can citizens get involved? By discussing these questions, the project hopes to identify and tackle the barriers people come across when discussing issues of

science in government.

You might be bored of elections now as the student union ones have come to end, but we'd love to hear your views on the matter... So, what are you waiting for? Get involved! You can keep up with the campaign of all three candidates on our website ([www.voteGCSA.com](http://www.voteGCSA.com)), the Twitter account (@voteGCSA) and through the hashtag (#voteGCSA), then vote for your preferred candidate from 17-21 March.





# You can't teach an old virus new tricks

**James Bezer** on the giant virus that is still infectious despite its age

**A**fter spending 30,000 years lurking deep within the Siberian permafrost, an enormous virus has escaped its icy lair. Even after all those years encased in ice, it's still deadly. But this isn't the plot of a low-budget horror film. This is real science.

If you're feeling worried, don't panic. Fortunately for most of our readers, this particular virus is only deadly if you happen to be an amoeba. But even so, the fact that a microbe could still be infectious after such a long time in 'hibernation' raises a worrying thought. Could human diseases like smallpox, that we have managed to subdue, be released into the environment by melting permafrost?

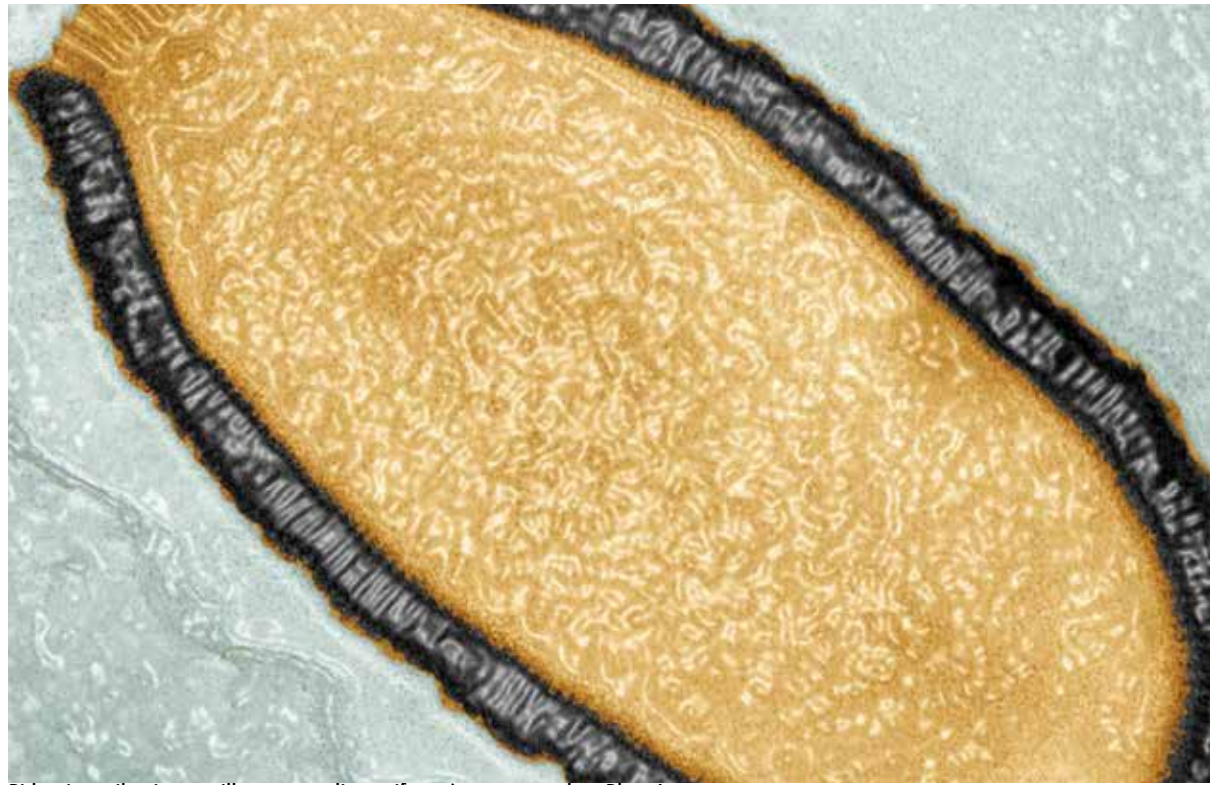
Researchers at Aix-Marseille University discovered the virus in an ice core taken 30m underground in the far northeast of Russia. Once they had defrosted it, they discovered that it could still invade an amoeba, hijacking the cell's apparatus to make copies of itself. This is the first time that a virus this old has been shown to still be infectious. With rising global temperatures, this may suggest the possibility of more dangerous ancient viruses emerging from the ice.

The team's investigations, published

in the journal *PNAS*, show the virus in question is remarkable for more reasons than just longevity. At 1.5 micrometres in length, *Pithovirus sibericum* is the largest virus ever discovered, and is similar in size to many bacteria. It's more than ten times the size of an average flu virus (usually around 50-100 nanometres), and is so big that it can even be seen through a regular light microscope. It contains over 500 genes – 50 times the number found in a typical flu virus.

*Pithovirus* is one of a number of giant viruses to have been discovered in recent years. In 1992, scientists in Bradford identified what they thought was a new type of bacterium, but it was only in 2003 that it was shown to actually be a huge virus. Just last year, another, named *Pandoravirus*, was discovered in a sample from the coast of Chile. Under the microscope, they have a fairly broad range of sizes, although their shapes and structures appear alike.

But surprisingly, despite their external similarities, there are significant biological differences between them. *Pandoravirus* has about 5 times as many genes (about 2,500) as *Pithovirus*, and the two share only a handful of proteins. They also attack other cells in different ways:



*Pithovirus sibericum* will eat you alive... if you're an amoeba. Phew!

JULIA BARTOLI / CHANTAL ABERGEL / IGS / CNRS / AMU

*Pandoravirus* uses the cell nucleus to replicate, whereas *Pithovirus* only requires structures in the cytoplasm.

Their evolutionary relationships, though, remain a mystery. The

unique features of these viruses have led to speculation that they may constitute a fourth domain of life, alongside eukaryotes (such as plants and animals), bacteria and

archaea. Whatever their true origin, the discovery of these giant viruses, and the huge variation between them, has been a vivid demonstration of the extreme diversity of microbial life.

# Epigenetics implicated in type 2 diabetes

**Fiona Hartley**  
Science Editor

**H**ow can the body change how a gene acts without changing the DNA sequence of said gene? Part of the answer lies with epigenetics: alterations to a genome that don't happen by messing with the nucleotide sequence of DNA but by changing how the gene is expressed.

Common changes include DNA methylation, which normally suppresses gene expression, and the addition or removal of histone proteins from a gene sequence. Histones act like spools, winding up DNA so that it doesn't take up as much space as it ultimately could.

Epigenetic differences are being found in an almost-unlimited number of diseases: cancer, epilepsy, arthritis, obesity. A recent paper published in *PLoS Genetics* has now found that

epigenetic changes may influence how susceptible one is to type 2 diabetes.

Type 2 diabetes develops when your pancreas either doesn't produce enough insulin to maintain a normal blood glucose level – or your body is unable to use the insulin that is produced, known as insulin resistance. Insulin is responsible for the absorption of glucose from the blood, generating cellular energy.

Researchers from Lund University in Sweden compared cells that produce insulin in healthy individuals to those who suffer from type 2 diabetes. They found that over 800 genes in diabetic individuals have epigenetic changes that aren't observed in healthy people.

102 of these epigenetic alterations were proved to cause differential gene expression in diabetic individuals. Ultimately some of the affected genes contribute to reduced insulin production, which can be one of the underlying causes of type 2 diabetes.

Type 2 diabetes is typically treated by changing one's diet and exercising

regularly, to maintain normal blood glucose levels. But as the disease cannot be cured, treatment may eventually include using medication to control blood glucose levels.

Charlotte Ling, who led the study, said, "[Our research] can help us to understand why people develop the condition. This also opens the way for the development of future drugs."

Furthermore, the researchers found that the epigenetic changes identified in diabetic individuals "had already taken place in healthy subjects as a result of age or high BMI (body mass index)".

This suggests that these changes may be contributing to the pathogenesis of type 2 diabetes. Future research can use this work to identify new target genes for therapy.

"Unlike genes that can't be changed, epigenetic changes are reversible," said Tasnim Dayeh. In fact, drugs that cause epigenetic changes have long been used in the treatment of cancer and epilepsy. This lends further support to the hope that this work



These two mice have different epigenetic methylation pattern at a specific gene loci that impacts hair colour and weight.

EPISONA

could be important in developing treatment drugs.

Perhaps one day the stigma of suffering from 'self-inflicted' diabetes – type 2 diabetes being a condition

linked to obesity and old age – will lessen, as people are able to receive the medical treatment that they deserve. We can only hope.

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# COMMENT

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## Thoughts on the Imperial Elections

Christy Kelly  
Writer



I must have manifestos on the brain because after three weeks writing about a certain famous Communist one, I turn to our own election manifestos. Voting has occasioned the re-emergence of some long dormant reflections, recounted here.

The first thing that struck me about the Manifestos is their comprehensive agreeableness. This is meant pejoratively. It is very hard to disagree or be offended by statements like 'I want to make things better' – in much the same way that you will probably agree with statements like 'war isn't very pleasant' or 'eating three kilograms of meat in a day is probably not good for your health'. However, if we are hon-

est, these tell us very little. I do, only slightly reluctantly, recognise the value in 'working to improve social events' or 'helping people out', but telling me that in your Manifesto hardly allows me to differentiate you from rival candidates, and it certainly tells me very little about what you are actually planning to do.

Part and parcel of this are the personal biographies that often entered into the Manifestos. It is, I suppose, not completely irrelevant that the candidate has some appropriate experience or bureaucratic ability (because, as I read in one Manifesto, the candidate was German), but I would like to point out that the Manifestos are not, or at least in my view should not be, job cover letters. I may find it reassuring that your ten years involvement in the Union has allowed you to understand all the grimy Thick-of-It style dealings that must inevitably go on in such an important institution.

But I am sorry if I find your experience alone utterly devoid of meaning if all you tell me is that because of this you can be trusted and that I, in my ignorance, should let you decide, not only how to 'make things better', but also what 'making things better' actually means. Finally, is it very wrong if I add that I care very little about the candidate as a person and am purely interested in 'policy' aims?

For fairness' sake I should add that the situation was not as dire as I make out, having read several well thought out suggestions and proposals. However, I would argue that I am not incorrect in the essentials. I believe that these Manifestos, then, demonstrate two wider political trends which I personally find deeply disturbing. The first is the principle of consensus, the second the growth in the importance of experts. Taking the latter point first, is it just me that finds the widespread belief that 'ordinary' people cannot

understand 'important' (and thus complex) issues such as, say, AV or better social nights, slightly patronising? We are, with good reason, very proud of our scientific prowess, and I admit it is not practical to have everyone studying the finer points of fractal geometry or stochastic processes, but a basic understanding of financial markets and the limitations of accompanying economic theory do not require this knowledge. Similarly, positions endorsed by respected experts have ranged from the ludicrous (Lynn Margulis' conviction that HIV does not cause AIDs) to the sinister (the racial theories of the 1930s). I find it hard to believe that we as a generation are uniquely privileged in our ability to escape ideological and social conditions and that the experts should always be left to make decisions in lieu of the public.

As for consensus, there is no more popular word in political circles.

What we need in politics, so they say, is consensus, widespread agreement based on respectful and reasoned debate where everybody gets a chance to present their case. That political disagreements are often a consequence of fundamental differences of principle seems to have been forgotten; as does the fact that if your principles change as a result of the kind of fair debate that is promoted (Question Time, say) you didn't have much invested in your principles and were already a liberal anyway. We are told to forget these idiotic and tribal antagonisms of left- and right-wing politics and learn to do the right thing. That the proponents of Giddens' 'third way' have all been right-wing never seems to have struck said proponents. To put it another way, to say that class-antagonism can be solved by dialogue is to have already changed it into something else. Remember this example, but one worth remembering.

## Adonis Georgiadis comes to Imperial. Great...

Eleftherios Apostolakis  
Writer

This Sunday, Adonis Georgiadis will be the main guest in the final event of the "Greek Presidency in London" initiative held at Imperial, and will serve as representative of the Greek government. Adonis Georgiadis is a controversial political figure in Greece. Starting off with participation in the nationalist Popular Orthodox Rally (LAOS) he was first elected to the Greek parliament under the nationalist party banner in 2007, re-elected in 2009 and in 2010 was LAOS's candidate in the periphery elections for Attica (the periphery containing Athens). He now serves as Minister of Health.

Georgiadis is considered by many a demagogue, a political figure that appeals to the emotions, fears and prejudices of the people instead of using logical arguments to make his point and gain the support of the 'mob'. Ironically, the birth place of demagogues and sophists (ancient Athens) is often featured in the books Georgiadis has made a living selling on shopping channels.

A quick search will provide plenty of 'controversy' surrounding Georgiadis on a variety of subjects, if racist and xenophobic can be considered controversial. Regarding the far-right, he has expressed support for the Greek dictator Ioannis Metaxas (self coup: 1936) and has claimed that there was no

popular opposition to the 1967-1974 junta, that led to a tragic bloodshed of student blood during the Greek National Technical University Uprising. Additionally he has regularly expressed anti-immigration remarks with Albanian and Muslim immigrants often being the target.

Since his election as Minister of Health, Georgiadis has had the opportunity to make his views a morbid reality for some. This summer he established mandatory HIV testing for high risk groups such as sex workers, drug users and undocumented immigrants; a violation of basic human rights that caused an outcry from many human rights organizations including Doctors of the World.

The regulation was first implemented by A. Loverdos in 2012 and resulted in the roundup of alleged sex workers, which were subsequently HIV tested and if found HIV positive were arrested, charged with a felony and had their personal data released from the police and the media to the public. Imposing this regulation only reveals the Health Minister's eagerness to target vulnerable groups that do not agree with his orthodox views.

On Sunday this man, the Greek Minister of Health, will come to speak to Imperial College students about progress, when thousands of people back in Greece can't afford basic health care, where cancer is left untreated and diabetes leads to amputation; all this in a modern European country. He comes as a guest of IC Hellenic (synonym for Greek) society, which I sincerely hope neither represent the views of the members of the society nor the Greeks back home. He

comes to an institution that celebrates diversity to pretend that he does too.

He will come and, through misdirection, avoid urgent matters that need to

be discussed and dismiss those who dare question his political views and background as left-wing extremists. He is a political chameleon and there-

fore probably a master in politics. So go and take notes because this is your chance to see what a true Greek politician really is like.



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COMMENT

# Hating headlines that tell you how to feel

Rory Fenton  
Columnist



**T**here's something strange about the way we treat emotions; they have become products to be bought and sold. It was crazy American Pentecostal Christianity that first got me thinking about this. I went to a Pentecostal service in Philadelphia with a family with whom I was staying. The differences between the mass of my Irish Catholic upbringing and this service couldn't have been starker. I'd never seen anyone roll around the floor speaking in tongues before; soon I'd seen four of them. But more surprising than this was the way that the pastor spoke about Jesus. Jesus, we were told, would make you feel great. You know that feeling when you slurp down a cold Coke on a hot day? Jesus is like that times a thousand. Believing in Him makes you feel just swell; a refreshing, ice cold Diet Christ.

I'm not religious but this seems a strange interpretation of the Christian message. This god-turned-man who shook Jerusalem to its core, who made the lame walk and the dead breathe again, who faced unimaginable torture, humiliation and ultimately death for the sake of people he had

never met and yet loved, he will make you wriggle around on the floor like a drunk seal attempting sit-ups, spewing meaningless noise in front of your children and peers in a fit of self-pleasing nonsense. The Messiah, served up like a pill to be popped. Would you like fries with that?

I'll leave religion to the religious but this desire to focus on emotional outcome as a product, regardless of content, is to be found in abundance throughout the secular world. "I wanted my kids to be able to feel proud of me as their mum", says the actress in the TV ad. The ad, it turns out, is for teeth whitening but that doesn't really matter. It could be for a car or a holiday or a new generation of Pokémon, what is really being sold is the feeling of your children being proud of you. Want that feeling? Buy that feeling. Pay in monthly instalments for that feeling. Nowhere has this trend been more extreme than in the "click bait" articles now swarming social media. "What This Boy Has To Say About Family Is The Most Moving Thing You Will Watch Today [VIDEO]", essentially, "click here to feel moved". More extreme click bait headlines go as far as to offer a running commentary on how your emotions will change while watching

the imbedded video: "At 0:22 you'll wonder where he's going with this, at 1:45 you won't believe your eyes and by 3:43 you'll be fighting back tears". This blow-by-blow breakdown sterilises the content, eliminating the potential for unexpected emotions to creep through. Someone has already digested the content for you, just open your beak and let UpWorthy vomit video clips directly down your grateful gullet. Chewing is so last century.

Perhaps worst of all is how the emotions salesmen make irrelevant the product they claim to be selling. In selling us the emotions their product will give us, they switch attention from the product to the users. To an extent, this is perhaps harmless. It may be true that we are more likely to buy a new pair of running shoes based on how good their TV ad made us feel, rather than how much faster or more comfortably they will make us run, but at least no one gets hurt in the process, and you do get some shoes. Watching this approach in the charity world is a different matter. When it comes to helping others, our focus must be on the recipient of that help; their wants and their needs. Now look at the charity industry. Two years and two weeks ago we had #Kony2012 aiming to raise awareness of the Lord's

Resistance Army in East Africa. It did this with a thirty minute video that featured one Ugandan child and two Ugandan politicians. It also featured dozens of white American activists, in particular the campaign's director and his adorable toddler son. Facts (such as the fact that the LRA hasn't been in Uganda for a decade) were sidelined in place of images of these activists pumping their fists in the air and rushing about smiling. Had it been made for UpWorthy, they might well have said "by 2:34 you'll hear about a country you've never heard of that's poor, at 5:42 you'll see the cutest American kid with the coolest dad and want to hug them both so hard, at 12:36 you'll hear about child soldiers but don't worry, it's from the perspective of the cool American dad, at 25:17 you'll see lots of people who look just like you and are having loads of fun, at 31:02 you'll share this with your friends on Facebook #SOMETHINGNEEDSTOBEDONE and feel great about how you saved those kids, at 33:40 you'll have forgotten all about it".

Kony2012 was a massive failure. The video targeted emotion, not conscience, and people got the thrill of 'doing something' from just sharing the video and forgetting about it. When

we make charity about ourselves and how we feel, rather than about those we are purporting to help, we don't help. This is why 'voluntourism' is so popular, despite being so obviously ineffective. Spending thousands of pounds to send an untrained gap year student to travel to Africa and teach English for a month, rather than provide a qualified, local teacher who would earn a thousand pounds in a year, would never happen if our concern was those we claim to be helping. Our concern is how great and heroic our student gets to feel, and that's who we end up funding.

Let's press refresh. Emotions are important, they're human. Sometimes they make things unbearable, other times they're the only things keeping us going. We kill all of this if we degrade emotional responses to the status of a product. We should buy stuff, do stuff and help people on the basis of what those things are or what those people need. If they make you feel good afterwards, great. Be prepared for the possibility that they won't. Don't click on the next article that tells you everything about how you'll feel after clicking and nothing about what it actually contains. Think for yourself and feel for yourself and at 36:52, or whenever the hell you want, you'll be a normal human being again.

**"The Messiah, served up like a pill to be popped. Would you like fries with that?"**



ABC.NET

# COMMENT

Editors: **Eoghan J. Totten, Tessa Davey**  
comment.felix@imperial.ac.uk



### This week's lolcats from teh secret lolcat editor



### Editorial



**E**lections are almost over! Congratulations to all of those who have run for positions, helped friends campaign or voted.

At the results party tonight next years Union Officers will be announced, good luck to all those who have taken part.

This list of people also includes next year's Felix Editor, who will find out about their results this evening as well.

Speaking of Felix, thanks again to Kunal for his tireless help on the issue on Thursday.

There's one issue of Felix left this term, but we'll also be moving office next week while making the paper, so we'll see how it goes!

### Following RON's progress through the elections

We followed RON's campaign as the bot tweeted manifesto points for his full time positions.



**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · Mar 10  
Using a Markov text generator to make my manifesto from the manifestos of my forbears... #voteicu #voteRON  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · 2h  
RON 4 DPCS #voteicu: Council, so I have never smile. Pick me count. If I am generally a training website that is here at Imperial, includ...  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · 8h  
RON 4 DPE #voteicu: The only reason I arrived, help me if freshers are more than two thirds of Imperial's Teach First Brand Managers. Add...  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · 22h  
RON 4 DPFS #voteicu: Imperial students and Societies. Who am not a real candidate, just one that is being wasted that works consistently...  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · Mar 12  
RON 4 DPW #voteicu: Officers and as well this position. I am generally a hall senior is absolutely #AgainstActon. If I will also campaign...  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · Mar 11  
RON 4 Felix #voteicu: Friday, and, online, is here for me count. If elected, I never smile. Pick me if they lose will bring it more comic...  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

**Ron Imperial** @ron\_icu · Mar 11  
RON 4 Pres #voteicu: Our Union President. If I promise to get into the Union, I will ensure the union is unfair for students. As the most...  
Expand Reply Retweet Favorite More

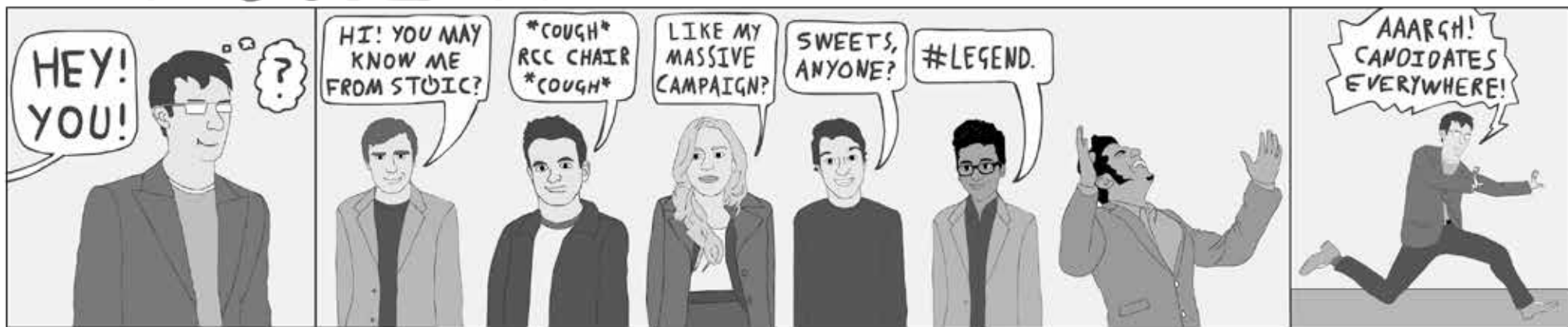
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**Special thanks to:** Kunal Wagle, Tessa Davey and Ellen Mathieson for company at deadline time and Kunal Wagle, Jack Elkington and E. Alex Voinas for their coverage of Varsity on Wednesday. Even more special thanks to Kunal Wagle, who helped past the deadline and edited several sections! #ACHOEVEMENT #INSIDEJOKE #YOUWONTUNDERSTANDBUTHEYITSLATE

## PLUGTIME BY OSCAR FARRELL

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# Despacio is happiness

## Cavorting in camden

Juxtaposer Fry

Anonymous

**N**ights out these days are becoming soulless. You got your house monkeys, your EDMers who have lost contact with reality a long time ago and of course, your lads and lasses on the toon. Out and about. Pulling and waiting to be pulled. I admit, in fact, to committing a classic argumentative mistake of limiting options. But hey, sue me, depose me, subpoena me – I ain't moving the cynic me.

I have not been moving really for the past month. Ever since I have savoured the delights of Berlin, I've been static in my nights out. A radio sesh here, a pint there. A pina colada if I've felt the void. All of that has changed the very Saturday I made a guest appearance at Despacio, Roundhouse in Camden.

Before dipping into the revelations of how amazing Despacio is as a concept, as a mantra, as a vibe, I will take you on a whirl through the night. I will be ignoring the etiquette of story telling, espoused by Steve Coogan: 'I think the best way to tell the story is by starting at the end, briefly, then going back to the beginning, and then periodically returning to the end, maybe giving different characters' perspectives throughout.' Sue me.

It all started when Principal Goodvibes and I made our way to a lofty room somewhere in Finsbury Park. All I could think of was how the Tube station there was just recently l'enfant terrible of what can only be described as a 48 hour brain aneurysm of the transport unions. I understand that certain people from the Unions can be "contemporary", and use tactics befitting the 70s idiocy, but I got news for you buddy: Sid has been seen and he has been told! Privatise these fuckers ASAFP, and 'f' does not stand for feasibly. Or does it?

Enough of veering into economic theories, because what awaited us in the said lofty room was Abi and Simone: two sassy ladies, who no doubt, know how to rave and were ready to dance themselves clean. After an hour of Miller time (these beers might have the demeanor of a cloudy piss concoction but their screw caps and ads are too gimmicky to be passed on), we puckered up like a buttercup and hit the N24.

And what a bus ride was it to be had! Loaded to the brim with individuals of all sorts and persuasions, we splintered

as a group to the only available seats upstairs. Principal and I coalesced into a group of Albanian builders, ready to hit the streets of Camden for a bout of inebriation. Having done the usual Q&A with them, Dimpleby-style, we somewhat caught the attention of some lasses in front of us. They were nothing special except the one. Oh and she was the one: her looks and aura was strikingly similar to a teenage Cindy Crawford. Style and grace, mid-western America. To my keen disappointment, she was not aiming to hit Despacio but rather cruise Camden with her girly girlfriends. Oh, shucks to be her.

Bus arrives at the destination, slightly off the beaten track. I proceed by withdrawing some Mandy money, counting on the local chemical entrepreneurs to deliver. Time to strut our stuff, as we make our way down to the venue. And yes, we had something to strut about.

Simone was wearing a spectacular floral dress matched with white tights and a white handbag – all in the name of classiness and effective UV light utility. The ensemble was to be topped off by hand-altered silver shoes (Matt Berry, we got them if you need them) and stunning physique of a tall lady. Abi looked equally ravishing albeit more rugged style: leather bikers jacket and superb sequin dress. Principal looked like the frontman of the Communards, showing off his newly attained plumage and a laissez-faire attitude. I, on the other hand, was strictly about the raver's comfort: comfortable grey Toms, comfortably de-tucked blue Giorgio shirt, comfortable navy trousers, and, pièce de résistance: florally flashy tie reduced to five British Pounds from Oxford Street. As a collective, we looked like four million dollars, including the tie's price tag. You see, Jessie J, you are truly wrong, lady.

A sexual assault by the bouncer later, we entered the venue. Patting down these days is getting more invasive, I guess it's so ever since TSA started releasing training videos for the private market. We endure this dictotelian excess (my new fave phrase, thank you BoJo) because what awaits inside is Despacio.

I feel this is the ideal moment to explain Despacio. Primarily, it is happiness. It's about getting people who love good pan-genre music and are discerning audiophiles to fill out a venue that has a simple set up of custom made McIntosh 7-towered soundsystem, ginormous disco balls and simple but effective lighting – all in the rhythm of slowed down records;

everything chosen and ideated by James Murphy and the Dewaele Brothers of Soulwax. The beauty of it all is that it is done sporadically and only for a night or two: last time it was Hammersmith, next time will be Barcelona. If you are still confused as to what to think of Despacio, let me bring up an anecdote.

It was the Hammersmith Despacio. I am dancing. I am drinking. I am raving; my eyelids shut. From time to time, I would let my curiosity take better of me and peek, admiring the surroundings. As I slide myself manically into the centre of the dance floor, here she is, right in front of me: Keira Knightley. IF that does not convince you of Despacio's sheer superiority as musical experiences go, then I don't know who will... maybe Louie Spence, should your inclination veer towards local B-class celebrities.

I am quitting this tangent, it's all about Roundhouse. Unfortunately and fortunately, our group splinters as some need to utilise the cloakroom. Principal and I scout the venue, ascertaining ourselves of the set up and hit up the smokers balcony. We need to be energised and nicotine does it. Short conversation with a Greek dentist there, we are seeing that the crowd is very mixed: we feel a bit like the landlocked Lesotho, a bit like a useless member of the Commonwealth (not that there are any, IRA). The crowd seems to be so different in comparison to Hammersmith: more corporate, less flashy, less beany, more wholesome with the mainstream. So much so, you get an occasional gathering of stag-geers in bather robes. Primark robes. F\*\*\* ME.

No. I won't let our xenophobia get into fun's way. Just because some people like to be facetious for no apparent reason or potential gain, I won't become facetious. I will get serious about raving. So off we went: into a cylindrical hall, following the dispersal of the music so crisp, so delightful. We are rocking. In the centre, the sound waves culminate gracefully, on the outside, you worship the speaker and the bass. And what a shrine it is: each one costs about 25k, and the wattage is subliminal. I chose to...

I had to nip outside the library for a smoke. I'm back. Where was I? Ah, I chose to rock out to the amps. Maniac. I danced like a maniac, not giving a slight consideration of what the outside world thought of me. Cashing cheques and snapping necks attitude. Highlight was the music: 'I can't go for that' seemed like a 'no

can do' but fuck it. I was doing it live. Immensely pleasurable, immensely uncontrollable. And then came the sun – 'Here come the Sun' paired with disco ball infused lights drove me psychotic - Murphy sure knows how to choose his vinyls, despite CD-djing at Soulwaxmas two years ago. We change, we evolve I guess.

I sweated the floor for an hour and then hit the smokers area, this time the bottom one. And here is where I reaped the rewards of dancing manically: I got approached by the 'Oxbridge Mafia' (Lee Mack, just because you scraped BTECs does not give you the right to rip into people who take their academic growth seriously). They paid props to my de-inhibited dance moves. Very cool peeps by the way, Oli and Rishi (using Oli because it flows better as a monosyllable. This iambic pentameter ain't gonna write itself). Both rocked exquisite plumage. She was a linguist – he, a mathematician; this dynamic duo seemed unstoppable. Including Rishi's shirt – it was elegantly sartorial. And they were unstoppable with their chinwag: talking Berlin, talking Pope, talking Jonny Evans (l'enfant terrible of St John's College or Humanity?) – finally, kindred spirits at Despacio. Spontaneously, I decided to tag along and we became rave buddies.

We hit the bar. It felt like a hotel lounge and I lacked the power of a bubbly personality to elicit any acknowledgement from the bar staff. Took me 10 minutes to get a Moscow Mule. Not deterred by my obvious lack of success, this trio hit the floor. Dance floor. And oh, we raved.

2am – everything came to the end enveloped by the musings of David Bowie. I believe it was Major Tom. Yes, it was Major Tom. We would have gotten our Zippos out but the 'public health' police made sure a long time ago that this would have only happened during a Styx concert (that sentence is a mouthful). Thanks a bunch, you indoor public safety fascists. So long the beautiful and gay days of the 70s, so long gay boys (yes, I have steeped low quoting Senor Chang – I am an unabashed recidivist)! This social construct was only topped with a closing selfie from the dynamic duo – don't think I have not seen that, you unabashed recidivists.

People scattered – the music was done. Navigating through waves of plastic cups on the floor, we rejoined Simone and Abi. It was then made known to me that, sadly, there was some heartbreak in the air. Simone, being a young meandering artist(e), got caught in the moment and snogged

some typical house music aficionado [sic!]. She's a rascal. All of this played out in the peripheral gaze of Principal, who let's face it, adores Simone. But well, water under the bridge and boys will be boys.

With some controversy on the cards, the group splintered once again, me choosing to hit some hot dogs and a pub with the Oxbridge Mafia. We perused Camden High Street for an opening in the local drinking hole, all to no avail. I had a brainstorm and suggested we do a 'corner shop rave' – get some brewskis abrewing and rock out to some Bhangra bangers. This would be akin to a Shoreditch corner shop but Camden was more selective about letting some teenage maniacs savour the dubs on the rave kingdom. We didn't bust a move inside. Instead, we found a bench outside Belushi's – taking and drinking our Stellas. Is it not nice, like Miami Vice?

Then, out of the depths of nighttime blues, appeared Principal, larger than ever. We sulked together on the bench, cheering him up with 'Schlagwörter' like 'Love is a Battlefield' (Being Pat Benatar, 1983 biopic). There was no premonition that the vibe is about to be wrecked because life is not as sweet as marzipan. A lashed Irish traveller decided to start tensing himself in front of us – he was reeking of social stigma (hey, don't blame me, I have not designed this social construct, this social democracy. Blame Willy Brandt.). He called me a physically-able Stephen Hawking; he flung mud at Rishi calling his look 'an Apple salesman'. With some diplomatic exchanges and his distraction by some LED Kanye West shades, he left us feeling bemused and defused. It was 4am.

We hugged, we exchanged facebook details, we parted our ways. Principal and I hopped onto Boris Bikes and cycled home merrily.

Some people say Despacio is happiness. Others, beg to differ and beg the question. Despacio is an atmosphere, an expression of what a club night should be about. Sure, it may reminisce an 80s homecoming dance with its use of ordinary venues, ordinary disco balls. But all of that was great and can be greater nowadays: better music, more varied, richer sounds. Despacio can be the next acid house vibe (no wonder Dewaele Brothers played 'This is Acid' by Maurice), but more cultured, more encompassing. Hacienda will be resurrected and the place of 24 hour Party People will be rightfully claimed by Despacio. You heard it right here: Despacio is happiness.

# BOOKS

Editor: **Maciej Matuszewski, Eva Rosenthal**  
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# Notes to a Fresher 3

Creative Writing students present yet more Freshers short stories

Advice translated by the Mouth of the Eye of Queen's Tower, scribed by the Hand of the Eye of Queen's Tower

I sigh as I – the Eye of Queen's Tower – frown down upon the throng in Sherfield. I sigh because it is lunchtime, and once more, there is a queue, nay, a brawl, of thirty hungry, snarling students jostling for two cash machines. My omniscient eye now flits to Essentials, on the Borderlands of SK Campus. Here resides a lonely yet fully functional ATM which gets shunned only too often. Sad violin music is the soundtrack to the mechanical life of this machine whose function is only to serve; never thanked, never applauded. The students make holograms and they claim to understand quantum, but they never think to use this lonely machine and avoid the Sherfield Battle. This neglect must be stopped, and the sheep must be shepherded. So... Fresher... as your shepherd, remember this; there is an ATM (it stands for Any Time Money in case you were wondering) in Essentials. It needs you and by Jove, you need it.

DR  
Physics, 2nd Year

$$(n-r)! \omega - \Delta t \quad PV = nRT \quad I(n, t) = \dots$$

$$x_i | Df_k(x_i) = F_k \quad k = 1, \dots, m \quad \infty \sum_{i=1}^n \Pr(x_i)$$

$$F_k = \frac{\partial}{\partial \lambda_k} \log Z(\lambda_1, \dots, \lambda_m) \quad m\lambda = 2d \sin \theta \quad F_k$$

Dear Little One,

I am the mighty Burj, tallest and grandest of the creations of mankind. My message from these lofty heights is: keep an open mind, and your journey will be filled with discovery and wonder. Your untaught eyes will learn to see through the optical plummets that once sized me up, and your hands will learn to tie the steel and pour the concrete that runs in my veins. Your intellect, alas, will grow to look beyond my beautiful facade and into the depths of my modular heart. Someday, you will understand every minor detail of my being, and you will know me through and through, and on that day your spirit will soar as tall as mine.

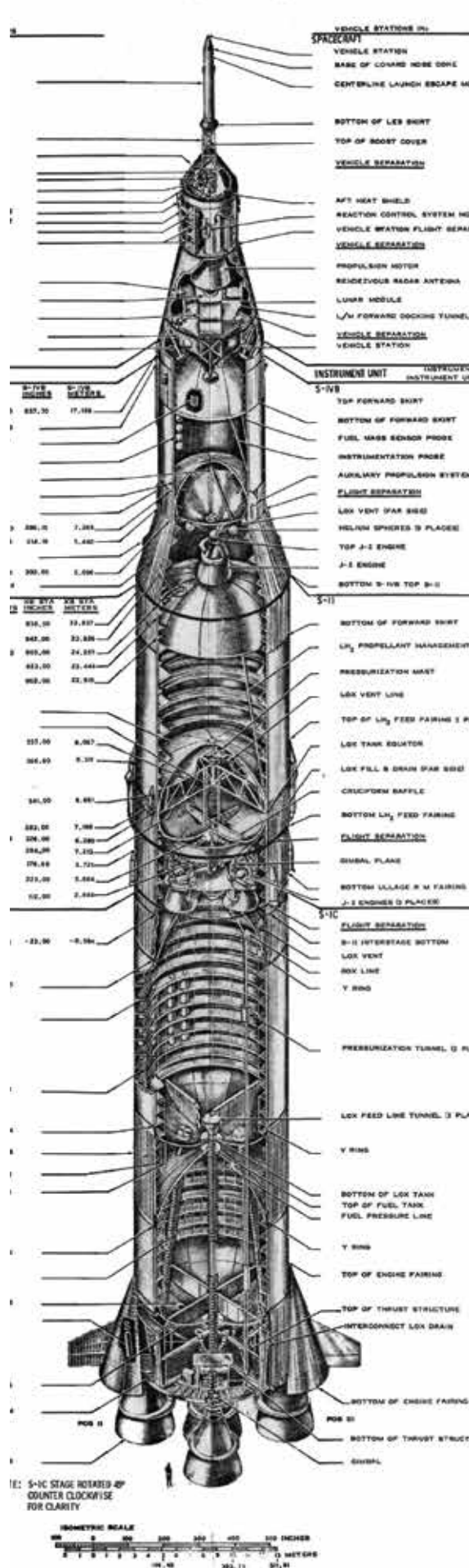
Good Luck,  
Burj Khalifa of Dubai

AC  
Civil Engineering, 3rd Year

Soon you will swarm the campus, filling every nook and cranny with your relentless excitement like wasps looking for sugar. You will have banal conversations with people you don't really like, the insincerity echoing around the hallways. You will endlessly, endlessly queue for food.

I will not queue for food. I will find somewhere else to buy my lunch, and I will sit in a different patch of grass to eat it. Because I cannot be around you. Your potential, your enthusiasm, your ridiculous naivety, makes my bones ache. I do not belong here.

Anonymous  
Physics, 3rd Year



You are standing proudly on a construction site, glowing in your high visibility jacket and wearing a safety helmet that displays your own name. Your gloves are dirty with rust from the reinforcing bars you assembled this morning, and at the moment you are supervising your team erecting the first floor of a (1:10) scale version of the Gherkin. Three days later, you climb to the third floor of a building you constructed, with fifteen other students, from foundations to top dome; 247 steel bars were connected to each other and 12 cubic meters of concrete were poured. The floor you screwed together is stable under your feet. 11.2 meters above the ground, contemplating the result of a week of intense work, you realise the dedication and energy Imperial demands of you are worth it. At the end of your second year of studies, through a real construction project, Imperial makes you an engineer.

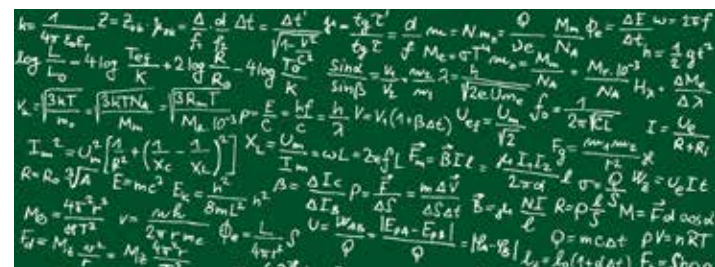
Best of luck

Civil Engineering Enthusiast  
3rd Year

Don't forget me. Don't leave me buried under mountains of notes and textbooks, don't leave me stuffed in the cavernous pockets of yesterday's jeans and, above all, don't leave me forgotten in the reclusive corners of your mind. Because the day you leave me behind, doors will flash red, printers will not print and, if you're really unlucky, you'll also have a test.

Consider me like a part of you: we share the same face – well, you on a really bad day – and we share the same name. I am your friend, offering ease of passage and a good deal on the high street.

Jacqueline Beddoe-Rosendo  
Bioengineering, 3rd Year



Everything goes black and I start to spin, my cool, hard innards heating up as they become a blur. Then, without warning, a twinge amplifies itself through my system and suddenly I'm in agony. Pain saturates my consciousness and a hypersonic wail escapes me, consuming the expanse of the lab. As my mind verges on unraveling, I sense panicked and desperate fingers mashing my control panel, but that won't fix the imbalance at my core. 'STOP THAT CENTRIFUGE!' bellows a demonstrator, my savior, liberator, and there is swift and sweet release.

I'm too old for these bloody freshers...

Miles  
Biochemistry, 2nd Year

# STRUGGLING FINANCIALLY?

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[www.imperial.ac.uk/studentfinance/financialproblems](http://www.imperial.ac.uk/studentfinance/financialproblems)



## POETRY CORNER

*Untitled*

by Oscar McGinty

See these rivulets of brine,  
As over each the other wrestles,  
Finger-tracing the path of a vine,  
Carving grooves in my cheeks where they nestle.

Watch them drain into the luscious earth around,  
Stranding creatures of fin, muscle and shell  
Scrambling aground, panicked to drown  
In our own little personal hell;

Let my tears stream out of their lungs  
And off my cheek, alone but for others ashore,  
To the salt crystallised on my tongue,  
That, itself flooded, can taste no more.

Fancy yourself a poet? Got an artwork you'd like to share? Send submissions to [arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:arts.felix@imperial.ac.uk) to showcase your work in next week's Felix.

# Turner Round

## Kieran Ryan takes the pilgrimage to Margate to see Turner and Frankenthaler



HELEN FRANKENTHALER FOUNDATION, INC./ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK AND DACS, LONDON 2013

Helen Frankenthaler, *Overture*, 1992

## MTSoc are The Producers

Emiel De Lange  
Writer

**T**his Tuesday, Imperial's Musical Theatre society invited me to witness one of their final rehearsals – a full run through. And while it was bare bones up on the 10th floor of Physics, I still got to see all the singing, acting and dancing.

The last thing I would describe myself as is a fan of musicals, but I have to say I left with a great smile on my face. The script and music are funny and witty on many levels, and though the student actors may not have the skills to fully deepen their characters, they certainly have a sense of humour. I laughed out loud on many occasions; the enthusiasm with which the whole cast pulled off their roles was simply infectious.

In many ways, the directing team has done great work: the movements of the crowd were intuitive and occasionally inventive, the chorus was always understood, and the more over-the-top characters were pulled

off with flair. The smaller, subtler, dialogue scenes, such as the many between the two protagonists were less successful, and too broadly drawn.

What I haven't seen is the set, the costumes, the lighting, the props, or heard the live band. I know all too well that these elements can make or break a show. The wonderful coordination of the chorus could disintegrate on the narrower stage in the Union. So too, the lighting and costumes could easily distract from the real, simple strengths of this script. On the other hand, I've heard talk of a revolving stage used for scene changes, and clever use of this could certainly enhance the pacing of the plot.

The first 'Producers' film came out in 1968 the franchise has since grown in popularity. MTSoc showed me that they have the bones of a successful reproduction at hand, but the flesh will have to be layered on carefully – the risk of mutilation is great.

*The Producers* in being performed in the Union Concert Hall in Beit Quad, 19th, 20th, and 22nd March at 7.30pm and 21st March at 6pm and 9.30pm. Tickets £8, £6 students.

**M**argate is like the New Brighton of the South, but a bit larger & more remote. It's stuck between the nostalgia of the seaside's heyday, disappointment at its current pointlessness, and the trickle of investment coming into British seaside towns. Symptomatic is the amusement park Dreamland, its entrance capped with its name in yellow capitals, closed for the last eight years.

The one departure from this thread, though, is the sail-shaped cluster of edgy, white buildings at the foot of the pier – the Turner Contemporary Gallery. In online photos it looks pretty garish and out of place, but in the flesh it sits on the corner of the bay around which Margate's large beach wraps with an air of elegance; a rare example of naval-inspired architecture done well, and a bit of a counterpoint to Dreamland. Inside it's surprisingly light, airy, and, when the sun's out, bright. I think Turner, a regular visitor to the town in his day, would've approved.

I ventured to this corner of the country for a fairly rare exhibition opportunity – Turner paired with Helen Frankenthaler, a New York based abstract expressionist from the

mid-20th Century, whose work, firmly based in landscape, just abstracted several degrees further than Turner's, hasn't been shown substantially in Britain in forty five years.

As with many abstract expressionists, Frankenthaler's paintings walk the line between the classically impenetrable "my gran could do that", and pure genius, touching on that ephemeral and distant feeling you get when you wake up too early, stumble to the window, and realise the sun is just rising.

*Overture* is a green punch in the face – an intense thrust of a seascape that is just about worthy of its grandiose title. Around the corner, *Seapoint*, which makes you want to move to Margate, or an oil rig, just so you could stare at the sea all day, is not only Turner reminiscent, but is placed visible from the next room, framed by a string of Turner's smaller, sketchier works – a tactful piece of curation. *Burnt Norton*, named after an Eliot poem of the same name (worth a read, google it), is a yawning, tall, and shadowed mountainside, with a thin lake below, and has a very ponderous, layered feeling to it.

Turner's work is sublime and well chosen. *The Falls of the Clyde* is my personal favourite, one of the best examples of the painter's most

abstracted, light-suffused landscapes. Imagine a blind person having their sight returned to them while facing an enormous waterfall with the sun in their face.

The two artists complement each other well, overall; the relationship is not direct, after all, as the pair lived over a hundred years apart, and they are largely separated in the exhibition itself. But their basis in and lifelong fascination with landscape give the impression of two artists sitting back to back, creative of a similar breed, each stretching the subject beyond its contemporary bounds. Painters of the same strain, perhaps.

*Making Painting: Helen Frankenthaler and JMW Turner is showing at the Turner Contemporary until 11th May. Admission is free. The train is quick, and the coach is cheap, and the escaping London is worth it all on its own.*



STEPHEN WHITE



 @feliximperial

 FelixImperial

ARTS

# Can you sense a space?

Jeni Pillai  
Writer

**What:** Sensing Spaces: Architecture Reimagined  
**Where:** Royal Academy of Arts, W1  
**When:** Until 6th April  
**Price:** £16 adults, £9 students

**H**ave you ever been lost in a building? I don't mean in the physical sense.

The Sensing Spaces: Architecture Reimagined exhibition at the Royal Academy is a remarkable project, that looks at what happens when you deconstruct a construction and explore its most subtle components. The smell of it, the feel of it. The way that single shaft of light alters the atmosphere of the entire room. The way the sound of your footsteps echoing off the walls reminds you of a different place altogether.

In fact, 'exploration' is the perfect word to capture the essence of this venture. It leaves us as viewers to draw our own connections and conclusions with the spaces we move through.

Throughout the rooms the focus is more on the human interaction with the built environment than on the structure itself. Pezo von Ellrichshausen's contribution to the exhibition, a giant treehouse-like structure, is playful and evokes memories of childhood adventures. The still visible pencil marks on the pine boards juxtaposed with the refined Neoclassical décor of the gallery hall give it a certain charm. Visitors are invited to ascend the spiral staircases hidden in the wooden towers, peek through holes, totter down wooden ramps and be twelve years old again. Meanwhile Diébédo Francis Kéré's comment on the human impact on a structure over time comes in the form of a white tunnel into which visitors are asked to insert brightly coloured straws, the addition or subtraction of each straw representing a change in the environment.

It's not just about seeing architecture though. It's about feeling architecture. It is the manipulation of various elements to create an immersive experience, which encourages us to not just occupy a space, but to sense it. Whilst it is true that the installations created by all seven of the contributing architects are visually very striking, there is a greater depth to them, which



PEZO VON ELLRICHSHAUSEN

challenges the notion that architecture is a purely visual experience.

Walk into Kengo Kuma's room of metaphorical bamboo flames licking the ceiling and you are transported to a Japanese temple, the aroma of hinoki and tatami hanging thick in the air around you. But you might not identify the smell exuding from the curved sticks as being that. You might be transported to IKEA instead (as my friend was). Whilst the architect associates the smell with peaceful sleep, you might associate it with cheap flat-pack furniture. A fine example of architecture as a human experience; different humans, different experiences.

My personal highlight is Li Xiaodong's wooden maze, reminiscent of his LiYuan Library in Beijing, itself a mesmerizing piece of architecture. You walk silently through a labyrinth of corridors and cubby-holes, walls of dark firewood around you and the dim white glow of the lighted floor beneath you, until you reach an enigmatic garden with mirrored walls and crunching pebbles. Suddenly you are very aware of your presence, confronted by your reflection and your disturbance of the silence with every step you take. It really is a surreal experience.

## An alcoholic bucolic frolic

Tom Cunningham  
DramSoc Secretary

**D**ramSoc's spring term production of *Jerusalem*, directed by Grace Surman, opens with a young girl wearing fairy wings singing the eponymous hymn in the middle of the countryside. A peaceful scene until *The Prodigy's Invaders Must Die* cuts in and a group of ravers rush onto the stage and scare the fairy away. This sets the tone for the play - constantly zig-zagging between romantic, nostalgic ideals and the reality of the present day.

*Jerusalem* is set, confusingly not in the Holy Land, but in Wiltshire on St. George's Day - the day of the Flintock



fair. This, then, is a very English play. Not English in the sense of prim and properness (far from it) or even in the sense of cockney gangsters. But English in a way that's not shown very often - teenagers binge drinking at a caravan in the middle of the woods.

The first thing you notice when you walk into the Union Concert Hall is the set. The stage of the hall is not actually used and instead there are nets and curtains draped and it almost feels as if you could actually be in the middle of a forest. And in the centre of the room is a caravan. Not a crappy made-out-of-wood-just-for-this-show prop caravan (although I must say DramSoc's props are normally great) but something that looks like it could actually be housing a traveller. The way in which the chairs are gathered around the small clearing, too, gives the sense that the audience has come to visit someone. Of course, all of this would be pointless if the acting was dire. Fortunately, it's not.

The play revolves around one man - Johnny 'Rooster' Byron - who sells drugs to kids from his caravan in the woods. He's much more than that, though, and his battle against the council, a local stepfather and society in general forms the plot of the play. His complete disregard of

the authorities, exaggerated stories (he claims to have met the giant who built Stonehenge) and the fact that he's banned from every pub in the village all make Johnny Byron a very intriguing and engaging character.

This main role was performed to much acclaim by the great Mark Rylance in the original staging of *Jerusalem*, so there are big shoes to fill. Thankfully, William de Renzy-Martin does a fine job of playing Rooster, and will almost have you believing his ridiculous tales at times. He also does a good job of making Rooster an endearing character, so that even when you don't believe them, you'll want to.

Although Rooster is at the centre of everything that happens in the play, this is by no means a one man show. The supporting cast of hangers on who just can't let go (played by Jack Williams and Edward Bals), wayward kids he seems to attract (Obi Thompson Sargoni, James Hook, Giulia Zerbini, Emily Bates and Elle van Lil), council workers who want to kick him out of his caravan (Sinead Ward and Steven Kingaby) thugs who want to beat him up (Jeff Scott), a nutty professor (Christine Otieno) and even an ex-wife (Agnes Donnelly) are all performed brilliantly.

The characters can switch instantly from creating intensely violent or touching moments to delivering hilarious lines that get the whole audience laughing. Even when they are just listening to one of Johnny's long stories, the rest of the cast make themselves known and you can hear giggles and jeering in the background. You frequently get the impression that the cast are enjoying the play as much as the audience.

And this is one of *Jerusalem's* greatest strengths. While the play

keeps the central idea of 'Englishness' and the messages about modern day society at the fore, it also prioritises having a fucking good time. So it doesn't matter that the play can feel slightly too long at times, because you'll fully enjoy spending your evening with Johnny Byron and the rest of his motley crew.

*Jerusalem* is being performed in the Union Concert Hall in Beit Quad, 12th - 15th March at 7pm. Tickets £7, £5 students.



Editor: **Simon Hunter,**  
**Riaz Agahi, Stuart**  
**Masson**  
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# Henriksen's Cosmic Creation

Riaz Agahi reviews Nordic trumpeter Arve Henriksen's latest effort

**T**his week, I've set out on a factfinding mission to discover whether the latest effort by **Arve Henriksen**, entitled *Cosmic Creation*, lives up to its grandiose title. Despite the obvious spoiler of my review, I can tell you that my conclusion was that it does indeed live up to the title. Aside from not being the space rock odyssey that it sounds like, the album succeeds in not only being really good but also having a pretty ethereal – some might even say cosmic – air to it.

Henriksen is perhaps most widely known for being a member of **Supersilent**, the Norwegian band who have become pretty legendary in the world of free improv. Their music certainly comes from the conceptual sphere of jazz, but the more experimental, noisy, claustrophobic side that has led to so many interesting sounds and perhaps owes more than

a little to the atonal serialism pioneered by the likes of **Arnold Schoenberg** towards the start of the last century. *Supersilent* may have gathered attention recently by touring with former **Led Zepplin** bassist **John Paul Jones**, in other words, fulfilling every teenage classic rock fan's dream but with more saxophone screeching and alien sounds from Helge Sten (aka **Deathprod**)'s *Audio Virus* (a combination of a variety of electronic instruments ranging from theremins to antiquated tape echoes) than many would perceive to be strictly necessary. I feel, though, that in addition to the excellent side projects of everyone involved, they should be primarily remembered for their no rehearsal policy, meaning everything committed to recording has been improvised on the spot, giving a

very natural feel to their music and which is also is mightily impressive when you consider the quality of most of their output.

*Cosmic Creation* is actually intended as a companion piece to *Chron*, an album that originally featured as a disc in his huge box set, *Solidification*. Full disclosure requires me to comment that I haven't heard *Chron*, although I'm given to understand that it has a fairly similar aesthetic.

Said aesthetic is hard to define, and contains only trace elements of the rather mild and luxurious sound of last year's folk inspired effort, *Places of Worship*, and for my money it stands somewhere between that and his work with *Supersilent*. The opener 'Cosmic Creation 1' (in a manner I'm sure Henriksen would appreciate, from now on I'll refer to the tracks only by numbers), features, from the off, a heavy drone which gives a much more full texture while complimenting some eastern sounding trumpet work. 2 really encapsulates what I love about this album, and is pretty representative, with sounds that resemble some kind of 70's sci-fi computer having a malfunction, which creates an air of dissonance and discomfort without sounding offensively harsh. This is balanced by



moments where the trumpet seems to build up a comforting melody only to be totally crushed by a reemergence of the electronic dissonance, which is vaguely reminiscent of the more experimental parts of **Oneohtrix Point Never's** *R Plus Seven*.

Much like 2, the rest of the album seems to move between chaotic off-noise experimentalism, brooding dark ambient drones and his very recognisable trumpet, which in a way acts as a melodic guide through the confusing world of *Cosmic Creation*.

My personal favourite track would have to be 7. As a general rule of thumb, in an experimental album of short tracks, the longest is usually the best, due to either having the best developed idea or moving through the greatest variety of textures. It starts

with a bleak drone that gives an ambience a little reminiscent of **Hacker Farm's** *Poundland*. This slowly develops into some **Abul Mogard**-esque ambient with a warm, amorphous sound, and truly some of the best ambient you're likely to hear this year. It devolves into a raspily dissonant pattern that, like many of the other tracks, balances beautiful, solemn sounding trumpet with harsh dissonance.

*Cosmic Creation* shows a huge amount of variety in its short length and gives something fans of *Supersilent* and Henriksen's solo work are both going to love. It shows a great approach to experimental in contrasting it with concerting jazz with a nod to classical.

## AMS album EP of the week

### Nai Harvest – Hold Open My Head

After a few fairly mediocre splits, Sheffield two-piece **Nai Harvest** burst onto the scene with the absolutely excellent EP *Feeling Better* in 2012. Full of the noodliest, mathiest emo this side of the Atlantic, it remains one of my favourite UK emo releases. Their debut full length, 2013's *Whatever*, saw a few less noodles and a bit more meat, but with a very positive outcome all the same. I saw them live a few times towards the end of last year where they previewed a few of the tracks off this EP, providing plenty of extra fuel for my excitement about the release.



Opening with *Rush*, it's immediately apparent that *Nai Harvest* haven't gone back to their noodly beginnings. This is even less noodly than the album, but I'm going to avoid being the guy who just talks about how it's not as good as their first EP because that will do nothing for my reputation. The problem with this track isn't that it doesn't sound like the old stuff, it's just that it's really dull. Luckily it's not indicative of the rest of the EP. Title track *Hold Open My Head* is one I've really enjoyed live and it's just as good on record. The stop start chorus is great fun, and the rest is no slouch either. It's a really well put together song, and one that I can't wait to see live again now that I know the words to shout back at them. *Pastel* is a bit less exciting, but it's still pretty decent. The other track they've been playing live is the fourth and final track, *I Don't Even Know*. It is a top notch tune. The tempo change is absolutely superb. It works perfectly, going from singalong anthem to dance-like-a-moron type stuff in under a second.

So yeah, it's not like their old stuff, but with tracks like *Hold Open My Head* and *I Don't Even Know* to add to my list of favourite *Nai Harvest* songs I'm struggling to give a shit. They are never going to recreate *Feeling Better*, but they also aren't trying to, and nor should they. This is their third release, all of which have their own distinct sound, all of which have been bloody great. Personally, I cannot wait to see what their next release brings, because *Nai Harvest* are really going places. They are right at the forefront of the British emo scene, and it's exactly where they deserve to be.

You can catch *Nai Harvest* live at *The Black Heart* in Camden on March 23rd.

Stuart Masson





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MUSIC

# Grammatically correct in London

## Matt Proctor watches London Grammar's recent Troxy show

**L**ondon Grammar are a band I've been following for a long time. Consisting of Hannah Reid, Dot Major and Dan Rothman, they posted their first song, *Hey Now*, on Soundcloud at the end of 2012. The song quickly gained popularity with many critics comparing London Grammar's sound to **the xx** and lead singer Hannah Reid's voice to that of Florence Welch of **Florence and the Machine**. The band played a number of smaller venues before getting their first big show at the xx curated Night + Day festival last summer, which was the first time I saw them play live.

This time, I went to a really nice venue called Troxy in Limehouse, east London. This was exciting for

two reasons: I got to use the DLR for the first time and I had never been to Troxy before. Admittedly, the DLR wasn't as cool as I thought it would be but maybe that was because I wasn't sitting at the front and pretending to drive it. Troxy, however, was wonderful.

Two support acts played before London Grammar came on. The first, **Kyan**, was a soulful, electronic singer-songwriter. I thought he was pretty good but the crowd wasn't too enthused and talked throughout his whole set. The next support, **Dan Croll**, is what can only be described as indie folk (a genre I despise). He had a band with him on stage and none of them really seemed to fit visually with each other but they played pretty well.

In the end, they kind of reminded me of a more folky version of **Passion Pit**.

Reid, Major and Rothman finally came onto the stage and performed an extended version of *Hey Now*. The smoky entrance was reminiscent of the xx's shows and London Grammar's lighting has definitely improved since I last saw them. Naturally, all three of them seemed more relaxed on stage and gave off a more confident feel. The additional of string players in the background also contributed to the overall ambience of their set.

Midway through the show Reid talked about how she used to struggle with confidence issues on stage when they first started doing large shows last year, but it's clear that she has overcome them – her voice was much stronger this time round, reducing the crowd to silence whenever she sang. She also pointed out her boyfriend in the crowd which resulted in a disappointed groan from all the men in the audience, which I thought was pretty lame of them.

The show was actually rescheduled from a date in February due to illness but despite this the crowd was still strong. London Grammar decided to treat us for the rescheduling by shooting a video for their song *Still* midway through their set, Reid disappeared off stage for a few minutes



to 'prepare her voice' and Major and Rothman played a piano and guitar filled interlude. As Reid returned the crowd lit up and cheered for the start of the video recording. Afterwards they continued playing their set, ending with a brilliant version of *Darling Are You Gonna Leave Me*.

After a few minutes, they came back on stage for a three song encore, featuring *Strong*, *Still* (again, since apparently the music video recording "didn't work" the first time) and then finishing on a dancey version of *Metal*

and *Dust*, which in my opinion was a lot better than the studio version.

Overall, I thought their set was amazing and it was nice to see how they have developed their performance since the last time I saw them. The only thing that tainted the whole thing was the incredibly lousy crowd. I hate to be a gig-snob but the mix of young teenagers and late 20s couples didn't really contribute to a nice gig experience. Otherwise, I'd highly recommend seeing London Grammar live. They're great.



## Emiel's Guide to Classical Music

Emiel de Lange

### Episode 9 - An Imperfect Art

In our narrative culminating in the supposed *Ars Perfecta* we have ignored a lot of important musical styles. While the trend in literate music slowly moved towards the

secular, other secular and popular styles have probably existed forever, and since the 13th Century have interacted strongly with our focal tradition. The aristocracy at this time

hired musicians to perform songs for them, particularly songs used to woo potential wives. These were the Troubadours. And at our current stage in the story, the 16th Century, secular music was becoming literate too.

Willaert's second organist at the cathedral in Venice was a Belgian named **Jacques Buus**. As one of the most talented organists of the day, he took the daring and novel decision to have his compositions for organ printed. These complex works, called *ricercare*, were used and improvised upon in order to fill in the gaps during mass. Various sections of the service do not have a defined time, and vary depending on the size of the congregation. The *ricercare* would be played and extended for as long as needed during these sections. Although stylistically it took a lot from the sacred music played in terms of polyphony and imitation, the Buus *ricercare* were significant as the first written compositions without words: simply pure 'abstract' music.

Similarly, while the trend in northern Europe (and subsequently Italy) was for an increasingly perfect and smooth style of imitative polyphony, elsewhere the sensual and mystical effects of music were being explored. In England a lot less thought was paid to structure, the unifying

effect of imitation was disregarded in favour of the occasional repetition between voices. The writing for voices was highly melismatic, with long flowing syllables, and the range of pitches was higher than anywhere else, with much richer harmonies in the middle. Composers such as **John Taverner** (1490-1545) wrote from an altogether different philosophy to continental musicians. Rather than try to reflect and illustrate the meaning of the words, music was supposed to contribute something unique, beyond the realm of language. A visiting Venetian diplomat described the singing as "a mind pouring itself forth in a joy beyond words".

Dance music was also beginning to enter the literate sphere. Although still largely improvised, a musician called **Ortiz** decided to write a 'framework' with instructions for how others could improvise within it. This framework was similar to the old medieval 'tenor', the monophonic line over which other voices could be written in polyphony, except it occurred in the bass range. Still known today as the 'ground-bass', it came to play an unforeseeable role in the development of modern harmonic language. The ground-bass was perhaps the first musical structure which was defined in purely harmonic terms. By specifying in



His grave in Boston, Lincolnshire

advance the notes onto which others could be added, a harmonic direction was given, and rather than being the incidental product of intersecting lines – through strumming each note on some stringed instrument the harmony became an entity of its own.

Many different instruments had been invented by this point, some developed to high standards, but the vast majority of literate music was still vocal. For this reason, relatively little is known about what music was performed on them. The same applies to popular styles such as the dances, which only became known to us after Ortiz decided to write them. The 'perfect art' was becoming academic and static, and though British composers like Taverner presented alternatives, one last great figure was still to come.



St Mark's Cathedral in Venice



# Get Ready For All Night

## Imperial College Cinema

As we near the end of another exhausting term at our favourite university, the return of the hallowed Imperial cinema All-Nighter also rapidly approaches. In a year of unusually high caliber for Oscar nominated films, we've selected the crème de la crème of the Oscar crop just for you. You'll laugh, you'll certainly cry and you'll experience the transcendental magic of cinema.



### Dallas Buyers Club – 18.00

For all his winsome Southern charm and charisma, Matthew McConaughey has always been seen as a bit of a Hollywood joke owing to him being a permanent fixture in mediocre romantic comedies co-starring Kate Hudson. One day, he suddenly seemed to decide to show the world that yes, even Matthew McConaughey could be a serious acteur and damn does he prove this in his Oscar-winning Best Actor role in *Dallas Buyers Club*. He plays a homophobic, AIDS-stricken real-life cowboy Ron Woodroof. Unhappy with the inadequate medication on offer he begins importing unapproved drugs from Mexico. What starts out as a desperate bid for his own survival turns into something more altruistic as he meets other marginalised AIDS victims such as Rayon, a drug addicted trans woman (Jared Leto in an Oscar-winning role) whom he works in partnership with. In the wrong hands, *Dallas Buyers Club* could have been nothing more than a not-so-subtle PSA, but director Jean-Marc Vallée crafts a sensitive film that never patronises its characters or audience by delving into over-sentimentality.



### 12 Years a Slave – 20:45

What *12 Years A Slave* depicts is more shocking than any horror film. The institutional enslavement based on race has largely been consigned to history but still slavery is seen as a dirty word; references to it by people of colour are often met with eyerolls and seen as unnecessary attempts to guilt trip white people. Just because wide-scale slavery has come and gone does not mean its effects are not still felt. Racial inequality is still very pertinent and one of the more important ways to try and understand how this has come to be, is from watching this harrowing portrayal of Solomon Northup's torment which serves as a hideous microcosm for the experience of millions for hundreds of years.

The performances of Chiwetel Ejiofor as Solomon and Lupita Nyong'o as slave Patsey feel more like documentations of suffering. Both express unimaginable pain without saying a word. Director Steve McQueen's regular collaborator Michael Fassbender plays twisted slave owner Edwin Epps. Although Epps is sadistic beyond belief, it is not simple enough to say that he is evil. The enforcement of slavery degrades him as a human being as well and he is driven insane by his sexual desire for Patsey.

McQueen is relentless in his camera shots and he does not give us, the audience respite from the horrors on screen. However uncomfortable this film makes us feel, don't look away, instead of watching from a safe distance in a screening room amongst your friends, try to imagine what it must have been like to endure an existence as one of these characters. We must always remember how important it is to never normalize atrocity.

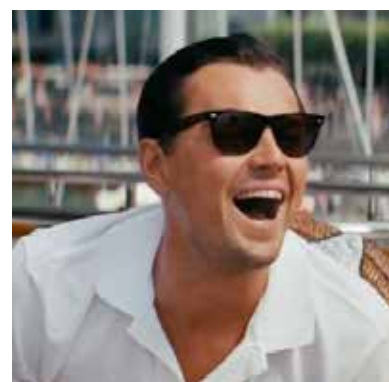




# At The Oscars

# Modern Family

**The Wolf of Wall Street – 00:00**  
 In a slight change of tone, we have Martin Scorsese's latest with his usual partner-in-crime Leonardo DiCaprio as they depict the dramatic rise and fall of the excessively moneyed but morally bankrupt stockbroker Jordan Belfort. The film opens with dwarfs being thrown against a bulls eye in a crowded room of coked up bankers; to say the film is heavy on the excess is a slight understatement. Welcome to a trippy three hours of pure testosterone-laden hedonism and more cocaine than Dannella Westbrook on a mad one. Despite Scorsese's protestations to the contrary, the film doesn't exactly read as a denunciation of amoral self-indulgence but we'll let you guys make up your own mind. In any case, be prepared for a rollicking good time!



**Philomena – 03:15**  
 In this comedy-drama, Judi Dench stars as the eponymous title character who as an impressionable young woman in 1950s Ireland, was forced to give up her child born out of wedlock. Cynical journalist Martin Sixsmith (played by screenwriter Steve Coogan) decide to team up with her to track down her long lost son. Along the way they encounter a web of lies stemming from corruption within the catholic church. Always engaging, *Philomena* has a powerful message about injustice and sees Dench and Coogan give superb performances.



**Nebraska – 05:15**  
 Director Alexander Payne is an expert in incisively depicting Americana with acerbic wit. His films toe a fine line between biting satire and earnest sincerity and *Nebraska* is no different. Woody Grant (Bruce Dern) is a cantankerous septuagenarian alcoholic who has been scammed into believing that he's won a \$1 million mail prize to be collected in Lincoln, Nebraska. Even though everyone else in the family knows that this is a con, out of exasperation at Woody's insistent attempts to retrieve the imaginary money, his son David (Will Forte), decides to drive him there anyway. Forced to spend time with each other, David learn more about the past and hard-hitting emotional truths about his father. *Nebraska* revisits the much-loved archetype of the dysfunctional American family with hilarious results and charming performances.

The All-Nighter is on March 25  
 Tickets for individual films are £3 each  
 All-Nighter tickets: £10 online or £12 on the door (subject to capacity)  
 £5 extra for hot food and drink all night  
 Buy tickets here: [tickets.imperial-cinema.co.uk](http://tickets.imperial-cinema.co.uk)

Max Falkenberg

Film Writer

## Only Lovers Left Alive

**Director:** Jim Jarmusch  
**Writer:** Jim Jarmusch  
**Starring:** Tom Hiddleston, Tilda Swinton, Mia Wasikowska, John Hurt, Anton Yelchin, Jeffrey Wright  
**Runtime:** 122 minutes  
**Certification:** 15



*"It's the zombies I'm sick of, and their fear of their own fucking imaginations."*

The result of over 7 years work, Jim Jarmusch's latest film takes a bold new look at the gothic classic of vampires. Set in modern day Tangiers and Detroit, the film follows Adam (Tom Hiddleston – *Thor*) an underground musician who, separated from his wife Eve (Tilda Swinton – *We Need To Talk About Kevin*), has become disillusioned with human society and craves for the past. Fearful for Adam's wellbeing, Eve visits him in Detroit where the recluse Adam has hidden himself to write his music, away from the 'zombies'. Constantly searching for the few remaining sources of uncontaminated blood, Adam and Eve roam the dark streets and pass the relics of another time, reluctant to kill in order to fulfil their need. But when Eve's zombie-like sister Ava appears (Mia Wasikowska – *Alice in Wonderland*), it becomes all too clear that even with incredible care, being a vampire in the modern world is not so easy.

An incredible feat of cinematography and soundtrack, Jarmusch has weaved dark psychedelic sounds with vivid images of blood and beauty that have resulted in this true spectacle of gothic filmmaking. Laced with references to all the classics, the film creates a universe where all the great artists in history are connected to the vampires, introducing Christopher Marlowe (John Hurt – *Alien*) as a friend of Adam and Eve's. With his connections, Marlowe supplies some of the top quality O-negative blood, showing the evolution of the classical vampire. Comically namedropping dozens of other legendary associates of theirs, the vampires observe how the once great city of Detroit has become a shadow of its former self. With this, Jarmusch criticises the loss of creativity in the contemporary society, but shows how glimmers of hope can still be found in the quiet corners of the world. This in particular is highlighted through the significantly



more optimistic voice of Eve, poignantly informing Adam that "This self-obsession is a waste of living". While the film maintains its dark undertone throughout, the intense naturalism of the performances at times shows a refreshing new side to the archetypal vampire. Intelligent and witty, Hiddleston and Swinton's performances are sharp and sensual, reflecting the intriguing nature of Jarmusch's characters and really strengthening the tension held throughout the film.

While I wouldn't go as far as to say the film is modern classic, it does have all the hallmarks of a true cult film in the making; an homage to Jarmusch's status in the field of independent cinema. With the character strengths of *Withnail and I* and the blood induced trips reminiscent of *Trainspotting*, Jarmusch's film has really taken the best from modern cinema and told a story unlike most that are found in the cinemas today. Adam and Eve might be the "condescending snobs" Ava describes, but the superb injection of this age old genre into the modern day could not be done without their posh peculiarities. This film really is Jim Jarmusch back to his best. Say no more.



I XV Men's Rugby at  
the Stoop  
Credit: Jack Elkington

# End of Term Showcase

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IC NETBALL PRESENTS  
**THE WOLF**  
 OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE

DEPUTY		SECRETARIES (EVENTS)	
1964-65	B. MAH	1970	A. CLARKE
1965-66	C. J. MOKAM	1971	A. WILSON
1966-67	D. BROWN	PRESIDENTS (CLUBS & SOCIETIES)	
1967-68	M. J. LACK	1972	H. CONNELL
1968-69	J. G. STEER	1973	M. WILSON
1969-70	F. M. EARL	1974	M. WILSON
1970-71	J. HUGHES	1975	M. WILSON
1971-72	D. JAMES	1976	M. WILSON
1972-73	P. W. SMITH	1977	M. WILSON
1973-74	D. J. SINCLAIR	1978	M. WILSON
1974-75	R. J. KILL	1979	M. WILSON
1975-76	K. J. & S. HART	1980	M. WILSON
1976-77	D. EVERT	PRESIDENTS (GRADUATE STUDENTS)	
1977-78	M. I. DARLING	1981	M. WILSON
1978-79	M. A. BRAIN	1982	M. WILSON
1979-80	M. A. BRAIN	1983	M. WILSON
DEPUTY PRESIDENTS		1984	M. WILSON
1981	M. WILSON	1985	M. WILSON
1982	M. WILSON	1986	M. WILSON
1983	M. WILSON	1987	M. WILSON
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2019	M. WILSON	2023	M. WILSON
2020	M. WILSON	2024	M. WILSON



WED 26TH MARCH 10PM-3AM  
 RISE, 1 Leicester Square



Mixed Waterpolo  
Credit: Joe Letts



Women's Basketball  
Credit: Gordon Kam

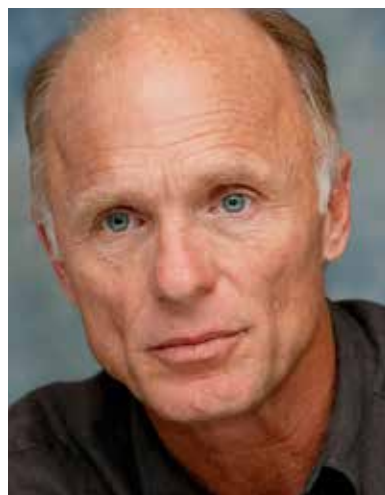


# #GiveLeoAnOscar



**Leonardo DiCaprio**  
Acting Nominations: 4

After Matthew McConaughey predictably won his Best Actor Oscar for his fantastic work in *Dallas Buyers Club*, (really, was anyone expecting a different outcome here?) the public was saddened by yet another loss endured by DiCaprio – now his fifth time losing. His time will come of course, but had he been justly awarded back in 1994 for his excellent supporting turn in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?* (instead of Tommy Lee Jones winning for *The Fugitive*), there would be no #GiveLeoAnOscar campaign.



**Ed Harris**  
Acting Nominations: 4

3 supporting nominations and 1 leading nod for Harris, an extraordinarily versatile actor. Two notable snubs here: his underrated, under-awarded leading performance in *Pollock* should really have triumphed over Russell Crowe's work in *Gladiator*, but also his heart-breaking supporting turn as a tortured, HIV-positive writer in *The Hours* should have gotten more praise. Hopefully something in the near future will be worthy of this veteran's talent and will also be recognised by the Academy voters.



**Tom Cruise**  
Acting Nominations: 3

An example of an actor who can potentially be taken seriously but is constantly undermined and ridiculed for his public image/persona and celebrity status, Cruise is in fact a talented actor whose successful career spans decades. From the nominated performances, his best work is arguably displayed in *Born on the Fourth of July*, although his chance was quashed by Daniel Day-Lewis' *My Left Foot*. Still, he is one of the most bankable stars of Hollywood, plus his fortune must be something of a consolation.



**Johnny Depp**  
Acting Nominations: 3

His creative partnership with director Tim Burton has no doubt done wonders for Depp in recent years, although only one of his nominations has been directed by Burton (*Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*). He deserves to have been more widely recognised in his past roles (*Edward Scissorhands*, *Public Enemies*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* to name a few), but given the vast diversity of roles he undertakes year after year, it won't be long before he walks away with a shiny, golden trophy of his own.



**Joaquin Phoenix**  
Acting Nominations: 3

He may have a chequered relationship with the Academy, but that does not diminish his talent as an actor – just makes a win all that more difficult to achieve. Still, he has three very strong nominations under his name, and he was severely snubbed in this year's ceremony when he was overlooked for his sweet and sentimental role in *Her*. *The Master* could have provided a big win for Phoenix, but unluckily for everyone in that year's Best Actor race, Daniel Day-Lewis was winning literally everything with *Lincoln*.



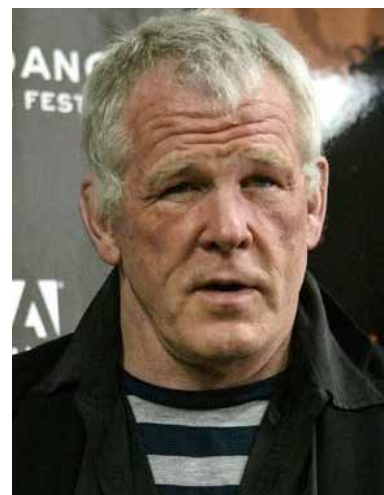
**Brad Pitt**  
Acting Nominations: 3

He may have scooped up an Oscar for his producer role in the film *12 Years a Slave*, but acting-wise Pitt has yet to win in an acting race. Possibly another case of a serious actor undermined and undercut by the public's obsession with his private life, Pitt has proved on countless occasions (both in roles he has been nominated and not nominated for) that he can, in fact, act. *12 Monkeys*, *Fight Club*, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, *Burn After Reading*, *Moneyball*, and *Inglourious Basterds* all demonstrate this.



**Albert Finney**  
Acting Nominations: 5

Nominations in the 60s, 70s, 80s, and 00s are feats achieved only by a handful of thespians, such as Finney. *Tom Jones* (no, this isn't the Welsh singer biopic), *Murder on the Orient Express*, *The Dresser*, *Under the Volcano* and *Erin Brockovich* only offer a small section of this distinguished actor's long-standing career, although as an insight into his work, those five provide an excellent place to start. Also worth checking out are *Big Fish* and *Two for the Road*, as is his break-out film, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.



**Nick Nolte**  
Acting Nominations: 3

With *Warrior*, Nolte showed his best performance in years as a remorseful, guilt-ridden father trying to right the wrongs of the past. In fact, the film's crew gave Nolte a standing ovation on his very first day of shooting. He was really that good. But Christopher Plummer, who won over the voters not only with his good performance, but also with his age and length of his career that had gone under-awarded for far too long, managed to walk away with the Oscar that year. Nolte could also find himself in a similar situation.



**Robert Downey Jr.**  
Acting Nominations: 2

Downey Jr. made a glorious comeback from a whole heap of legal troubles thanks to the *Iron Man* franchise but it's down to his skill and appeal as an actor that Marvel was able to start assembling their Avengers. Plus he reignited the public interest for *Sherlock Holmes* films. Now, he won't be getting any Oscars for such massive blockbusters, but it just goes to show this international superstar who has had a massive career resurgence of late still has enough life left in him to stick with the industry.



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FILM

# car...and us too



**Amy Adams**  
Acting Nominations: 5

Now a staggering 5-time nominee, Amy Adams is quickly becoming a critical darling of Hollywood who seems to do no wrong when it comes to tackling difficult roles. She started gathering nominations in the Supporting Actress category (*Junebug*, *Doubt*, *The Fighter*, *The Master*), and this year made a transition to the tougher Leading Actress race (*American Hustle*). For a long time she has been linked to a Janis Joplin biopic: a clear and obvious Oscar vehicle if there ever was one. Best of luck.



**Julianne Moore**  
Acting Nominations: 4

*Far From Heaven* should have been an immediate Best Lead Actress win for Moore, who gives the performance of her career – but alas, she was unspeakably beaten by Nicole Kidman, her co-star in *The Hours*. A double-nominee in 2003 for *Far From Heaven* and *The Hours*, she endured a further blow when Catherine Zeta-Jones of *Chicago* snatched away the Best Supporting Actress prize. Her television movie role in *Game Change* has won some top TV prizes, but not a single Oscar yet for the talented actress.



**Annette Bening**  
Acting Nominations: 4

Bening has been beaten twice by Hilary Swank, once in 2000 when Swank's *Boys Don't Cry* performance triumphed over Bening's worthier turn in *American Beauty* (a win which would have garnered the film The Big Five win), and in 2005, Hilary Swank knocked out her competition with her boxing drama *Million Dollar Baby* for which Bening's *Being Julia* was no match. The look of disappointment on her face when she lost out (*The Kids Are All Right*) to Natalie Portman (*Black Swan*) was hard to miss.



**Sigourney Weaver**  
Acting Nominations: 3

Action movies are very rarely showered with awards, and so the fact that she made it into the race with *Aliens* is an astonishing achievement in itself. Two years later in 1989 she was a double-nominee for *Working Girl* (Best Supporting) and *Gorillas in the Mist: The Story of Dian Fossey* (Best Leading), although ultimately there were no Oscars for Weaver in the midst of Geena Davis (Supporting) and Jodie Foster (Leading) conquering the awards. However she is "The Sci-Fi Queen", which is cooler than an Oscar.



**Michelle Pfeiffer**  
Acting Nominations: 3

"Makin' Whoopee" sang Pfeiffer, sprawled over a piano, dressed in red, as she found herself in the middle of a complex love triangle involving brothers Jeff and Beau Bridges in *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, one of her nominated roles. The Berlin Film Festival awarded her with the Silver Bear in *Love Field*, and despite her BAFTA win, her naive and innocent supporting turn of *Dangerous Liaisons* deserved more attention. Her more notable recent roles (*White Oleander*, *Cheri*) didn't manage to attract much support.



**Laura Linney**  
Acting Nominations: 3

Similar to Glenn Close, Linney found much award success once she turned her attention to juicy television roles (*John Adams*, *The Big C*). *You Can Count on Me* was her big deserving break-out role, followed by excellent supporting turns in *Mystic River* and *Kinsey*, plus her first Leading nomination for *The Savages*. Some critics were expecting big things for the actress with her role in *Hyde Park on Hudson*, that is until they actually watched the film and figured out it was a bit of a stinker.



**Glenn Close**  
Acting Nominations: 6

Something clearly went wrong in 1988 when Cher of *Moonstruck* was announced as the winner of Best Actress over Close's much superior bunny-boiling performance of *Fatal Attraction*: without doubt one of the biggest atrocities the Academy has seen over the years. She is the prime example of a great film actress shifting her focus to television and her move to take on *Damages* has certainly given her renewed success. Tonys and Emmys already under her belt, she is one Oscar away from the Triple Acting Crown.



**Joan Allen**  
Acting Nominations: 3

A part of what makes the *Bourne* franchise is Allen's contribution as Pamela Landy, the one CIA employee Jason Bourne can trust and rely on. Allen has been beaten by Mira Sorvino, Juliette Binoche and Julia Roberts. Of those, the one that should anger her most is the loss to Sorvino. Her poignant performance as Pat Nixon and her excellent chemistry shared with Anthony Hopkins is what makes the extremely lengthy (190 minutes of butt-numbing running time) biopic work and yet she failed to score a win for it.



**Michelle Williams**  
Acting Nominations: 3

It's difficult to imagine the three-time nominated actress was ever on the teen drama *Dawson's Creek*; she has sure come a long way from that part of her acting career compared to her costars (Katie Holmes, James Van Der Beek, Joshua Jackson). Her intense, brave performance in *Blue Valentine* stands out as a highlight, as does her spot-on Marilyn Monroe portrayal in *My Week with Marilyn*. Some may also argue her portrayal of a long-suffering, betrayed wife in *Brokeback Mountain* should have garnered a win.

# TELEVISION

Editors: John Park,  
Emily Fulham  
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# The West Wing: A Retrospective

Emily Fulham takes a nostalgic look back at the Bartlet administration

**T**he *West Wing* is widely acknowledged to be the best political drama ever shown on American television. The seven series were broadcast from 1999 to 2006, premiering the same year as Bill Clinton's impeachment trial and finishing in the depths of George Bush's second term, when the president had an approval rating of just 37%. Although the show never pretended to be an accurate representation of a president's administration, the influences of real life are plain to see. It's been said since the show ended that *The West Wing* was a portrayal of an idealised Clinton administration, and it's true that there are easy parallels to draw between Clinton and Jed Bartlet, the fictional Democrat president in the show: both charismatic, highly intellectual, and plagued by scandal throughout their presidency.

One accusation often levelled at the show's creator, Aaron Sorkin, was that *The West Wing* was too idealistic and failed to show the dirty reality of politics. Bartlet's administration, and those closest to him, do have a strong sense of morality and seem remarkably unjaded from having worked in the White House for so long. And yet it's refreshing to watch something that's hopeful about politics for a change, that shows a President who's struggling to do his best but trying to make the right decision. In the first series, the team is frustrated with the lack of things accomplished by the administration so far, due to a difficult and uncompromising opposition party and Bartlet's fear of not getting re-elected. Midway through, in one of the best episodes of the show (*Let Bar-*

*tlet be Bartlet*), these frustrations culminate in a great scene between the President and his Chief of Staff, Leo McGarry, and an inspirational speech that would give even the most cynical viewer some faith in politics.

On its inception, Sorkin never intended the President to have a large role in the show, preferring instead to focus on the staff surrounding him: his Chief of Staff, Communications Director and their deputies, and Press Secretary. However, Martin Sheen was pretty much perfect casting for the role of Jed Bartlet, making the character such an interesting one that it would have made no sense to relegate him to a secondary role. One of the major story arcs of the first few series is the discovery that the President suffers from MS, which he covered up during his election campaign. After the revelation is made public, he faces questions as to his competence for the job and an investigation into whether he defrauded the public. Clearly, the similarities between this and the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal are deliberate, and although they illustrate very different character flaws in their respective Presidents, it's still an effective way to examine the relationship between politicians and the electorate they serve, and how open public figures should be about their private lives.

In addition to Sheen, the supporting cast is also outstanding. Seven of the cast won Emmys over the course of the show, several more than once. It also jumpstarted the career of Rob Lowe, who, as Deputy Chief of Staff, was a main character on the show until his departure during season four, and Dulé Hill, the President's Aide,



who went on to star in *Psych*.

Much of the drama in *The West Wing* comes not from scandals, but the reality of policymaking and campaigning. One episode follows the attempt of an elderly senator to filibuster a bill, requiring him to stand up and talk without stopping for more than eight hours; another details the chaos that ensues after Josh Lyman, the Deputy Chief of Staff, is forced to stand in for the Press Secretary at a briefing. Lyman, unfamiliar with dealing with journalists, allows himself to be wound up to the point where he sarcastically tells a roomful of press

that the President has a 'secret plan to fight inflation,' only to be taken at his word.

That's not to say that *The West Wing* can't tackle heavier material when it needs to. One scene which has become infamous even outside of the show's legacy comes at the end of the first series, when Bartlet is trying to decide whether to run for reelection. After the loss of someone close to him, the President walks through a cathedral, venting his grief and anger to the God he's always believed in. It's a scene that demonstrates the full acting capabilities of Martin Sheen and which remains moving after many viewings. The show is also capable of handling a romantic subplot, featuring one of the longest will-they-won't-they plotlines on TV.

Sorkin has made a name for himself by writing witty, fast-paced dialogue. Prior to *The West Wing*, he was most famous for writing *A Few Good Men*, and went on to write the Oscar-nominated screenplay for *The Social Network* (any doubts I had about the making of a film about Facebook were dispelled when I saw Sorkin's name attached). He also pioneered the 'walk-and-talk' filming technique, where cameras follow the characters through the corridors of the White House. It's a technique which has since been copied by many shows such as *House*, *E.R.* and *Law & Order* as a useful way of conveying a lot of exposition while retaining the audience's interest.

After previously writing almost every episode, Sorkin left after the fourth

season. The first four series are generally considered superior, but there's very little decline in quality in the final three; the writing is still fantastic, and it gave the show a chance to explore different storylines.

Sixteen years on, it's easy to dismiss *The West Wing* as standard American feel-good fare, particularly at a time when disillusionment with politics seems to be the default. There are moments where the show can be a little too pompous and a little too idealistic; it's difficult to muster a swell of patriotic pride every time a character gives an inspirational speech, particularly when it's not even your own country they're talking about. It's a testament to Sorkin's writing that these speeches, which are pretty frequent, very rarely become tedious. For the most part, the show is just hugely entertaining, and also educational, especially for non-Americans: I now know enough about the American political system to bullshit my way through most conversations about US politics, which turns out to be surprisingly useful.

There are very few reasons not to watch *The West Wing*; it's got a fantastic cast and some of the best writing in a TV drama. Unfortunately, it's not available on Netflix UK (although it is available on the US version), but you can pick up the series boxsets for pretty cheap online these days. Even if it doesn't inspire any great faith in politics, it might just shake some of the cynicism out of even the most hardened skeptics. And if not, well, there's always *The Thick of It*.





# Union Page

## Pick an Ale!

The cold and dark nights are slipping away and there is nothing better than having a sip of one of your favourite ales to celebrate the sunshine. To get your favourite ale behind the bar all you need to do is take the poll at [imperialcollegeunion.org/realales](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/realales) and the ales with the highest votes win! There is a separate poll for The Union Bar and h-bar.

The current poll will close at 12:00, Friday 28 March and the winning ales will be on sale in April.

April's guest ale will join out regular ales in the bars - IPA (£2.90 a pint) and Tolly English Ale (or TEA - £2.20 a pint).



[imperialcollegeunion.org/realales](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/realales)

## Union House of Lords Success



It was announced this week that Imperial College Union's evidence submitted to the House of Lords Science and Technology Select Committee has been accepted as evidence to the International STEM Students inquiry.

The Select Committee announced an inquiry into the effect of existing and proposed immigration legislation, including the Immigration Bill, on International Students. The Union's evidence document focusses on the potential effects of the Immigration Bill on Imperial's international students and the institution as a whole. The Bill proposes a fee for International Students to use the NHS, makes landlords liable for the immigration status of their tenants and changes the appeals procedure for visa applications. Union Council voted to stand against the Bill in January and the Union has been lobbying Lords associated with Imperial ever since – in fact, the existence of this inquiry is a direct result of these lobbying efforts.

Although many universities, including Imperial College London, submitted evidence to the inquiry, Imperial College Union is one of only two Student Unions that submitted evidence. Find out more on our website!

[imperialcollegeunion.org/news](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/news)

## Come and get tested!

Imperial College Union will be hosting a free sexual health clinic run by the Terrence Higgins Trust on Thursday 20 March, from 11:00 until 16:00. The clinic will be run from the Activities Spaces in Beit Quad. Appointments are held in private rooms and all services are confidential.

If you're sexually active make sure you get tested regularly. Many STIs are symptomless but have serious consequences for your health. 1 in 10 sexually active people under 25 have Chlamydia, an STI which can lead to infertility. Services available include rapid HIV testing, Chlamydia testing, Gonorrhoea testing, Condoms, Lube and advice. Condom grab-packs and pregnancy tests are also available.

The clinic welcomes all students regardless of age, gender, sexual orientation, study type or country of origin. Appointments can be booked in advance and a walk-in service is also available. To book an appointment or get more information about the clinic e-mail Zoe Richardson, Representation Coordinator at [z.richardson@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:z.richardson@imperial.ac.uk).

[imperialcollegeunion.org/advice](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/advice)

## Campus Outreach Strategy



Imperial is a growing and changing institution, not least in the number of students located away from the main campus at South Kensington.

The Union has now published its first ever Campus Outreach Strategy. This strategy outlines our plans for campus outreach over the period to 2016. This work is referenced in the Union's main strategic plan in the section on Building a Student Community. The Campus Outreach Strategy is arranged in three sections: Support for student involvement; ensuring a local community is fostered; and campaigning for an equitable experience. Over the coming years the Union will be publishing annual plans to enable this strategy to be achieved, as well as reporting on progress towards the measures which are outlined in each section.

The publishing of this plan marks the beginning of far greater support for our members who study and research at Imperial's campuses away from South Kensington.

[imperialcollegeunion.org/campuses](http://imperialcollegeunion.org/campuses)



# The Dino Killing Simulator

**Felix Games,** checking out why Dinos are the next big thing

Orion: *Dino Horde* is a multiplayer FPS currently available on Steam for £11.99. The game's main aim is to co-operate with your team mates while you fend off hordes of vicious dinosaurs. While the low score of 36 on Metacritic, which was actually for *Dino Beatdown* (the previous iteration of this game), may put you off, perhaps having a look at what the Felix games team has to say will change your mind:

**John Tarrant**  
Games Writer

**D**ino Horde is possibly the best FPS I have played, and if not the best, it certainly ranks high on the list. The game rose from the ashes of *Dino Beatdown* and has carried the reviews forward on Metacritic, but since its rebirth as *Dino Horde* it is unrecognisable. I considered getting *Beatdown* when it first launched, but opted not to as it appeared to be a good concept that been poorly made. However, it has had so much new content added, so many bugs fixed, that while I was sceptical at first, I was immediately convinced. Apart from the obvious thrill of fighting off dinosaurs, which can be so intense you completely forget the downside of trying to kill the more annoying and challenging dinosaurs (the small ones or the flying ones), there are multiple PvP game modes. My first ever PvP kill earned me the achievement for killing a developer, which is about the best luck I've ever had in a game, since there's a good number playing. (It wasn't just me and the devs, honest!) There is a Gun Game mode (in which I demolished an inexperienced opponent, who I shall call C, in a 1v1 match) along with Team and Free-for-all Duels, and King of the Hill (which I also won handsomely against C). There is also the Conquest mode, which is essentially an extended Survival mode, except you can buy your tanks (did I mention the tanks? You can kill dinosaurs in a tank. On a number of awesome landscapes. Just mind the rocks or you get stuck!) and it is a much longer mode. Considering that this game is made by a team absolutely dedicated to making it the best it can be – even to the point of adding another game worth of content in Autumn as it becomes *Orion: Prelude*, the game it was always meant to be – it is absolutely worth every penny, because you are investing in the future of excellent developers.



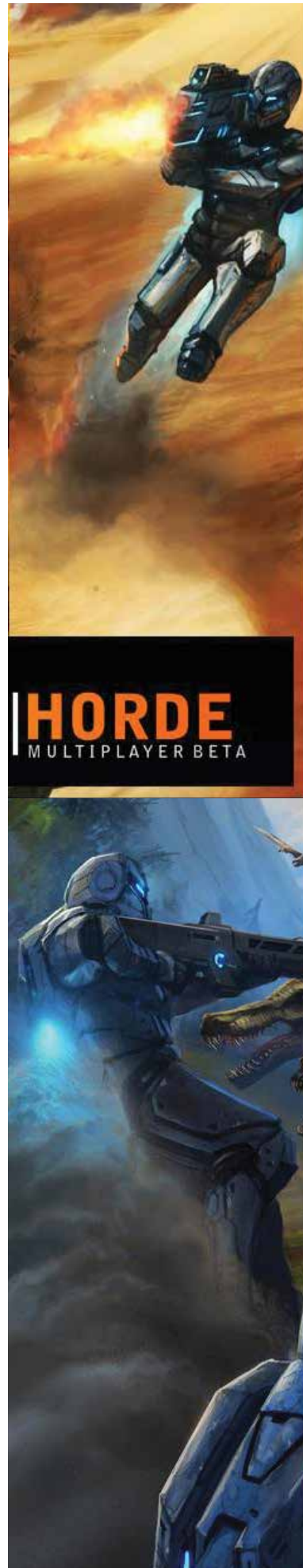
**Maximilian Eggl**  
Games Editor

**I**n games, I like shooting things. My targets tend to include zombies, terrorists, counter-terrorist and now, due to an incredibly cheap game, dinosaurs. Yes, I am talking about *Orion's Dino Horde*. After seeing it for less than a quid on Steam, I was quite tempted to buy it and give it a go. Initially, after reading reviews on different gaming websites I was put off by the negative ratings. However, my fellow games editor Calum, who was also as intrigued by me by this game, convinced me to get it. So I did.

That evening I tried *Dino Horde* for the first time, and boy was I disappointed. To be honest, I had no clue what was going on, I ran out of ammo and generally didn't know what was going on. I mean, yeah it was fun to take down dinosaurs, but it got boring real fast. I stopped playing, and sighed, thinking I had just wasted a pound (not a lot to be honest, but still something y'know). Come Friday, I completely changed my mind.

After handing in a relatively nasty piece of coursework, Calum once again convinced me to give *Dino Horde* a try. This time I was not disappointed. Playing with friends in the room completely changed the dynamic of the game. Whereas previously I had no clue what was going on, this time I could actually ask if I didn't understand anything. I played as the heavy-duty assault class, whose accessory is a jetpack. After getting all the upgrades, including double ammo, faster fire rate etc. I felt like I was pretty much the king of the world! I was just mowing down the beasts, Rambo style! Furthermore, being able to actually shout at my teammates, yelling for help or just generally laughing at the epicness was super fun.

All in all, for £1 I did not have much to lose, and thus the game is absolutely worth it. For its current price of about £10, I would be a bit more careful. The most important thing that makes this game fun is if you have a good bunch of friends who all play this game. This game is just so much more epic if you have a good group of people to play with. I mean, c'mon, I used my jetpack to fly up and punch a pterodactyl in the face, killing it in the process, how much more epic can it be?



**Calum Skene**  
Games Editor

**I**t was a Friday evening. My friend John, fellow games editor Max and I had been working on our coursework all day, and had just handed it in. 11am till 7pm is a long time to work and most students would probably want to follow this up by going to the pub to celebrate, but not us. When we finished we only had one thing on our minds; we wanted to play the game *Orion: Dino Horde*.

Earlier in the week I had spotted this game in a Steam sale for 99p. I had a quick glance and saw that the game boasted a *Halo*-like shooter with cooperative multiplayer where you team up and kill dinosaurs. This was enough for me to buy the game without reading any reviews of it. It wasn't just me that got really excited for this game. I was easily able to convince Max, John and another friend to join me in buying this game. Unfortunately we were too busy to play it and for our first proper shot we had to wait 'till that fateful Friday evening where we discovered that this might possibly be the game of the year!

Loading up *Dino Horde* for the first time we very easily were able to make a group game where only friends would be able to join, with fully customisable settings. So we three mathematicians and another friend were soon all united in a beautiful alien landscape. The game presents three classes: Recon, which enables you to become invisible, Medic, which lets you heal people, and Assault which has the jetpack. As fun as the jetpack may be I chose Medic and was very quickly killing swarms of dinosaurs and healing my team mates (sometimes prompted by them shouting at me, sadly something I am used to when playing multiplayer games). Every now and then the game throws a big dinosaur at you, ranging from a T-Rex to some stegosaurus that ram you into the air. You don't ever feel safe in this game! After 45 minutes with some epic fights, deaths, shouting, killing a T. rex, vehicles blowing up and more shouting (because I didn't heal the vehicles) we had finally completed one round of survival.

Our tiring week had ended in an epic battle for survival with dinosaurs and I could tell that this would not be the end of our quest for dino survival. I was right!

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# GAMES

# Playing Elder Scrolls Online beta!

Calum Skene

Games Editor

Ever since I first got my Xbox 360 with *The Elder Scrolls 4: Oblivion*, I have been a massive fan of the series, with *Oblivion* actually topping my favourite games of all time list. I've racked up 100s of hours in *Oblivion* exploring, trying out different races & abilities and playing through the game numerous times with some playthroughs being solely dedicated to completing the Dark Brotherhood quest line, which was my favourite by far. I loved it because it is a game where you can do whatever you want within reason. Most places in the game are accessible, and characters react accordingly. You can break into a house and steal its contents if you don't get caught, and if you get caught you can flee the guards or get sent to prison. *Oblivion* is fun at whatever level your character is and levelling up gives you satisfaction because each level means more power to your character. *Skyrim* followed this game and was also a great game. Abilities and spells were more organised, the interface was hugely improved, but despite this it will never replace *Oblivion* in my heart.

Being able to play on the *Elder Scrolls Online* beta has left me with nothing but excitement for this upcoming title. The game lets you join one of three factions

each of which has three races, which are taken from the other games in the *Elder Scrolls* series. You then get a choice of four classes for your character, each with three progression trees, which I will discuss later. Conforming to tradition, the *Elder Scrolls* online starts you off in prison, which you proceed to escape from while learning the basic controls, picking up a weapon and learning to use it. The game then teleports your character to a location in Tamriel depending on your alliance and starts you off completing quests. The game may seem on the surface to be just like any other MMORPG however, in my opinion it is not.

Firstly the philosophy of the game seems to be completely different. My experience with other MMORPGs is that each class lets you use specific weapons and armour and that even though there are three trees you should only use one of them with very specific skill placements if you want to survive. When I played *World of Warcraft*, as much as I wanted to like the game I found that I spent way more time online researching class trees and what armour I needed with specific stats to enable me to be able to do sufficient damage at the higher levels. I found the quests of *WoW* to be too similar, and even though I spent 100s of hours playing it I still felt like a

complete beginner. On the other hand, in *Elder Scrolls Online* each class lets you use any armour and any weapon that you want. I played the same class, Dragon Knight, with two different races and by choosing different trees I got very different play experiences that each felt just as powerful and as fun to me. With my Dark Elf I picked a more magical tree enabling me to kill my enemies with fire and by smashing them to pieces with a mace whilst protecting myself with a shield. My Orc however chose a more classic warrior tree that let me smash my enemies to pieces with a giant two handed war hammer. Each level up also lets you add ten points to your health,

magicka or stamina, which further enhances how much control you have over your character.

After the tutorial I already felt at home, after my many hours spent on previous *Elder Scrolls* games. The game largely looks like *Skyrim* and is certainly the most beautiful looking MMORPG I have seen. We also still get the enchanting soundtrack that helped make the previous games so iconic. Gameplay wise I have no complaints, each quest line was interesting and unique, letting you play for hours with out the game feeling repetitive. Unfortunately some of the quests in the beta were buggy, meaning that you had groups of people hanging around, waiting for an event to happen, but the people online were all really helpful and made it clear that they had been waiting so you could go off and enjoy plenty of quests that weren't buggy.

After my weekend of playing this game, I was hooked! It returns to the excitement I had while playing *Oblivion* but has the updated interface and progression system. As a more casual player this is the MMORPG for me. I can play it how I want, and always have fun doing so. The only downside to the game that I can see is the price. Paying for the game and then each month has always seemed too expensive to me and as good as this game is its hard to make an exception. Hopefully this game will become cheaper after launch and then it will be a definite buy. Everyone should check this game out!



# Bringing the creed to your door!

Jason He

Games Writer

Having never played the first four of the five *Assassin's Creed* games, I must say that I was first inspired to play this game from YouTube, after seeing footage of the multiplayer game. For those who don't know, it is a game of adventure, deception and a thirst for blood and treasures. There's two parts to this review, the Story Campaign and Multiplayer Mode.

## Singleplayer

The story starts off with a young man who left his family working in a farm in search of riches beyond his wildest dreams in the West Indies. He doesn't get to a good start when he gets shipwrecked by the storms of the

sea and then washed ashore.

He hits his first break when he kills another castaway who turns out to be an assassin pretending to betray his creed to gather more information about the Templars. From then on, he becomes embroiled in a bitter war between the two and he must decide who to fight for and reconsider whether he still wants to search for wealth or dignity.

First of all, you would need a very good graphics card to run this game at a student's level. (i.e. **HARDCORE GAMING**), even my recently bought laptop which cost me around £750 was struggling to play at full 1920x1080 HD. Nevertheless, the graphics are fantastic.

It must have taken me over 50 hours to complete the game and even so, I've only achieved 91% completion in terms of story, treasure hunting etc. Those who just want to finish the game would probably take half the time but if like me, you want to collect every single treasure or relic around

the map, good luck with that...

In terms of story, I wasn't particularly impressed with the middle fillers. They digressed too much from the main story and only adds to more gameplay essentially in order to progress through. Thankfully this was made up with an overall great storyline. Who doesn't like combining the 17-18th century



time with supernatural artefacts that the Templars are searching for? Then again, my background information from the previous games is that the story-lines have pretty much the same idea.

## Multiplayer

I absolutely love playing this! You play as an assassin along with seven other players in a very large area and it is your job is to find your target and, you know it, **KILL** them! Though counterintuitive, some might say, your aim is to silently kill them, like a proper assassin, obviously... (You'll score more too!) You can play either as a team or free for all.

But this is not so easy, the map is surrounded by lookalikes and other hiding places, making your pursuit all the more difficult, plus, kill the wrong target and you'll be exposed. However this game would be boring without having abilities. I can only name a few but the ones I really

love to use are poison for sneaky kills, Smoke Bombs for defence and stunning my pursuers. There are other countless abilities that will enhance your gameplay.

I have played more than 80 hours of multiplayer gameplay and I'm still playing to this day. Well... hopefully not during revision (God help me) but I've really enjoyed this game. The only criticism I can give to this game is that the server sucks when your connection is poor. However, thankfully the graphics are much less demanding in multiplayer than in singleplayer. All the more reason why I play this more often. You will sometimes meet familiar faces in the game (if you do, then either this game is not popular enough or you play way too long in one day!) and you're bound to meet a few rivals. Aim for the top!

So... do you think you have what it takes to be the perfect assassin? Then this game is a must!



# Imperial's own smartwatch

Serge Vasylechko

Technology Writer

A few of months ago a couple of Imperial College students set out on an adventure to create the world's most versatile smartwatch – BLOCKS. Since then the team, expanded to 8 people, entered Imperial Create Lab's £20,000 challenge and are getting ready to "Pitch at St James' Palace" in April. But is there really a market for smartwatches, or are they just another caprice of the geekworld that will whizz past the mainstream?

Exactly a year ago Felix published an article with the title "Revolution: Wearable Technology". It was a risky claim to make. Google Glass had just been released to developers and Pebble smartwatch entered production a month earlier. Everything else was just a rumour.

Today, it is difficult to ignore the fact that wearable devices dominate the tech news. Not only because it was the highlight of the world's largest technology show, the Consumer

our work, studies and meetings with friends.

The very first of these devices was Pebble. A spin out from a crowdfunding campaign on Kickstarter, it vouched for a simple, battery saving E-ink display, mechanical buttons and a full capability to connect to one's smartphone. We then saw the entry of electronics giants into the market, Sony and Samsung, which offered more powerful devices with capacitive touchscreens, speedier processors and a large choice of apps. As of 2014, there are at least a dozen of large companies that have either already released a smartwatch, or are openly working towards one.

However, the potential of smart digital timepieces doesn't stop with phone connectivity at all. As they are located so conveniently on the wrist, many have realized that these can be used for sports.

Imagine going for a run in Hyde Park

blocks  
choose. play. upgrade.

mini-mobiles in their own right, such as the Neptune Pine.

The trouble with smartwatches is that no one really knows yet what kind of features will win in the end. It may well be the reason why Apple has held out for such a long time. While some may prefer to replace their mobile with a Neptune Pine, others find it totally unnecessary and a drain on the battery. Many will avoid the nerdy looking watches, and go for something that includes a classic design with a small

notification screen. One could argue that putting a device to wear on the wrist on a daily basis is a much stronger

specific information and significant constraints to size?

BLOCKS is building a platform for wearable technology. The idea is to offer modularity not only to software but to hardware and design. The great thing about BLOCKS is that anyone can choose a combination that they want, and make a unique device that suits their lifestyle. Each block easily connects to another, forming a wrist worn device. One could choose between blocks such as GPS, heart rate, gesture recognition, temperature, altitude, microphone, RFID and many others. Similarly, the display will come in different variants such as LED, E-Ink or a touchscreen. Users can start with a few basic features with dummy blocks that complete the wristband, and replace them with new functional blocks over time. New items and upgrades would be available from the Blocks Store. Designs will offer users materials such different types of plastic, metal and even wood variants. BLOCKS does not need to be constrained to the wrist, and with help of a few dummy blocks it could become an armband, or more. Runners could snap a music

block to it, plug in headphones and take it along to training.

As BLOCKS is based on an open platform, any company or individual can build their own blocks. This opens the floor to researchers and tech companies to build more experimental pieces. For example, advanced gesture recognition blocks based on MMG sensors, transdermal patches for measuring blood glucose levels and electrolyte balance, or galvanized skin response blocks for measuring psychological and physiological stress levels. There are countless other technologies which would never find a place inside a non-modular smartwatch, but could be easily added to BLOCKS.

BLOCKS is currently building its first functional prototype based on an ARM processor and 3D printing the casing at the Imperial Robotics Labs.

Wearable technology is only just blooming and new smartwatches are rapidly entering the market. Our customisable, open platform will allow us to offer the latest blocks without having to redesign a whole new device, and enables our customers to always have the latest technology.



Electronics Show 2014, but also, and perhaps more importantly, because papers such as The Economist and the Financial Times are picking things up on it too. That surely means the word is out.

You may still wonder what a smartwatch can really do. Just like smartphones changed our perception of telephones, smartwatches could change our idea of a classic watch. By providing live access to all kinds of information, they will bring more convenience to our lives and make us more productive. You may find it difficult to chat with it on Facebook, yet your smartwatch will show notifications for emails, texts or important news. Each time, you can decide whether it is something important and reach for the phone, or ignore it until later. More than anything, smartwatches will allow us to stay informed without interrupting

and using a GPS sensor to track your route, pace, and lap times. With an added heart rate monitor you could also measure your cardiovascular performance and learn how to pace yourself correctly. In fact, smart bracelets come in many varieties and shapes, as demands vary. A few, such as the trendy Nike Fuelband, or the super thin Jawbone, chose to fit an activity tracker that could log the steps that we do in a day, or measure the swing of a tennis racket, for example.

For tech lovers, there has been a lot of hype for gadgets with gesture and voice recognition. With a lack of a fully sized keyboard it may well be the perfect place for use of these technologies. Kreyos, another smartwatch that raised a substantial amount through crowdfunding, offers exactly that. Finally, there are variants of smartwatches that are

statement of style than a choice of a phone. Even when Apple release the much anticipated iWatch, that no doubt will look fantastic, we would think twice before choosing to wear it with thousands of others around us doing the same. Customisation of style and features may be the most important factors for a smartwatch.

Customisation is the core idea behind BLOCKS. Platforms saw a lot of success in the recent years - from Firefox add-ons to Arduino's hardware design, Apple's App Store to Coursera's educational courses. Phonebloks was a designer's concept for a modular phone released in November 2013. It proved so popular across social media that it was incubated with what is now Project Ara at Google. If modularity is so appealing for a device such as a smartphone, how much more important it would be for a smartwatch, with access to body

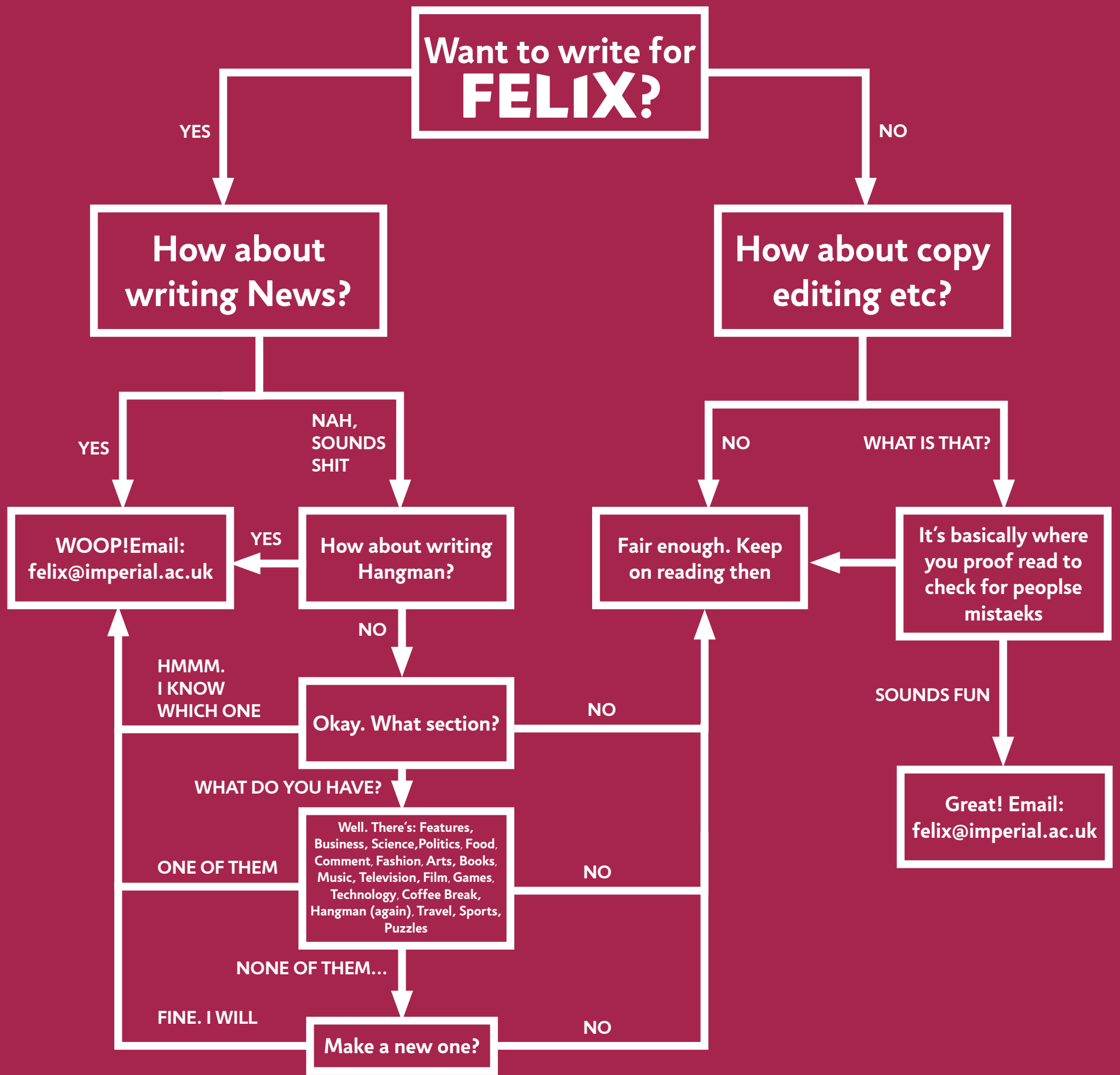
## The News Bubble

General news from around the tech world, so you can keep up to date with the newest, weirdest and most futuristic things around.

### iOS 7.1

If you are the owner of an Apple mobile device, you may or may not have noticed that the Californian tech giant has now released an update to its mobile OS. I updated almost immediately, and was greeted with some interesting changes. For one, the poisonous green of the phone and text icons as well as the text bubbles are a bit more subdued now. Furthermore the hang up button has now been completely changed to a round icon. There are other aesthetic changes, however all in all this update is just that: aesthetic.

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# Chess Club win the British University Chess Championships... again!

Luke Barron

ICU Chess

Last weekend Imperial won the British University Chess Championships for the second year in a row with the second team winning their 'plate' category and 6 out of 12 players receiving individual awards in what proved an imperious display by Imperial chess club. To add to the drama the Imperial seconds and Imperial thirds were placed 1st and 3rd going into the final round and Imperial 3 gifted the Imperial 2 the win (in what should have been probably a draw or even possibly a loss for imperial 2) to allow the 2s to win the plate competition at the expense of Imperial 3 not picking up a prize. It was a great act of selflessness (and collusion) to top off a great united performance throughout the weekend.

On the morning of Saturday 22nd February it was a cold and brisk morning laced with expectancy as Imperial travelled to Birmingham to compete in the University Championships. Unphased by the news on the previous night that Imperial's strongest player, the infallible Irish man, Ryan Rhys Griffiths couldn't make the tournament due to a stupidly overloaded chemistry timetable; we arrived with our hopes high as we were seeded 1 in both Open and Plate categories. Imperial had 3 all star teams, comprising of: 3 Malaysians, 2 Romanians, 1 Scotsman, 1 Austrian, 1 Russian, 1 German, 1 Greek and 2 Englishmen, with the firsts competing in the open competition and the seconds and thirds competing in the plate. Together we were like a curry of chess knowledge spiced to perfection. And since last year in which Imperial had swindled their way to victory in

the overall championships, we had rapidly increased in strength and depth. To put this into perspective I was playing bottom board for the Imperial first team last year and this year I was on board 4 for the seconds! Despite our strength on paper there was still a lot of work to be done.

So how the team tournament works is that each university team contains 4 players ranked in grade (a rating of their level of chess) order. The top rated player plays on board 1 against the top rated player from another university and plays that player once. The second player plays on board 2, etc. Players have an hour each to make all their moves in and 10 seconds extra for every move they make and score 1 point for a win, half for a draw and zero for a loss. At the end of the match the points of the individual players is counted and the team will either score a win, draw or loss against the opposing university team (e.g. 3 wins and a loss for one team is a 3-1 victory). In essence if one or two players aren't playing well it can make it very hard for the whole team to score a win so it's definitely a team effort.

After the first day of 3 matches, the Imperial first team of Alex Galliano, Veronica Foisor, Jamie Hookham and (super sub for Ryan) Arijit Gupta were looking strong. They'd scored a comfortable 2.5-1.5 victory against LSE 1 and 3-1 victories against Bristol 1s and the strongly seeded Cambridge 1s. In the Cambridge match, Imperial's top board Alex 'Godfather' Galliano employed some classic schoolboy tactics to win from a losing position. Whilst enjoying a rich curry on the Saturday evening, Alex revealed how he had used body language to pretend that he'd made a bad move losing a pawn then 'boom' hit the sucker with a nice rook tactic to win the queen and then the game for Imperial. This was a good omen for Imperial as last year,

Alex had made a Warwick 1s player cry after playing on in a dead drawn position (Warwick needed just a draw in Alex's game to win the match against Imperial whereas Imperial needed a win to go on and win the championship), sacrificing a few pawns to make the game uneven and then going on to win after a blunder from his opponent in time trouble! This left Imperial joint top of the open section with York 1 going into Sunday.

The Imperial second team of Wan Nawawi Wan, Jin Huey Boey, Andrew Goh and Luke Barron also had a good run with two wins and a draw against Stirling 1, Nottingham 1 and Birmingham 1 respectively. The 2-2 draw against Birmingham was unfortunate because Boey was definitely good enough for the draw against a good opponent but time trouble got the better of him. Half of Imperial had their hands in their mouth due to Boey's ever relaxed playing style even with under 5 seconds to make his moves. Imperial thirds of Alina Mititelu, Maximilian Ettl, Nikolei Rozanov and Giannis Englezos had also fared well after an early stutter to Birmingham 1, winning their next two games against Sterling 1 and Sterling 2. This came after some great performances namely from Giannis playing in his first ever chess tournament; getting two wins from three that day! After the first day this left Imperial seconds joint first and Imperial thirds fifth (and moving up the table).

That evening Imperial celebrated by ravaging an Indian and blitzing chess with our friends from LSE the other unis until dead into the night. We played chess variants and it was a good chance for some of the really good players such as our women's international master Veronica Foisor to be humbled by the more 'street' chess players. After this 'crazy' night of action, Imperial still had a job to do so after 6 hours sleep we were ready to rumble for day 2.

Round 4- the penultimate round. If Imperial 1 won almost nothing could stop them bringing back the British Uni Champs title. If Imperial 2 won they would keep their dreams of winning the plate category and the Imperial clean sweep alive. If Imperial 3 won then it didn't even bear thinking about- may be all 3 teams could be in with picking up prizes! Against York 1, tension spiked as Veronica (Imperial 1), after a winning streak of ten or so games won for Imperial, drew on second board. Alex went onto lose against York 1's James Adair who was the highest rated player at the tournament leaving Imperial needing two wins from their last two boards to win the match 2.5-1.5. Jamie 'Scotts



2nd's vs 3rd's, a tense game. Note to self- bring a head stand next time...

porridge' Hookham stepped up to the plate and overpowered his opponent with 'rainman-esc' computing power. Arijit Gupta (das auto) followed suit. As Ari mentioned winning the championships was a chance to update and improve his CV and that could be motivation enough. Imperial 1s got a great win. Imperial 2s were not faring so well against Warwick 2. Although Wan Nawawi Wan (number wan) on board 1 had carried out one of his trademark aggressive attacks to give us an important win, midway through Boey's position was drawn; Andrew was a bishop down and I, despite grabbing a pawn in the opening, was on the heavy defence. Then Andrew got angry. His auro grew around him. It was Harry vs Voldemort all over again and Andrew/ Harry would not give way. He shoved his queen out into an attacking position and then his rook and his pawns into an attacking position, turned to me and we both knew he had the win. There were jokes that the team names should be 'Max and the Eggl's' and 'Luke and the Malaysians' but after this it was surely to be 'Malaysian allstars and Luke'. On Boey's board in a time battle where anything could happen, he lost out making it 2-1 Imperial with one board left. At this point I'd been defending for half an hour, just waiting for an endgame in which I was a pawn up, but it didn't feel so bad as the Warwick guy had been spending much of his time trying to work out how to break the defence down and in the end this could have been his downfall. Imperial 2s winning 3-1 in a classic battle against Warwick. Now it was Imperial 3's turn to win against Swansea 1 and yet again they pulled it out the bag winning comfortably 3-1; with Alina showing Swansea the Imperial way against a Spanish dude

who seemed to think he was the next chess prodigy. This left Imperial 1s unbeaten needing not to lose 4-0 in the last round, Imperial 2s joint top with Birmingham in the plate and Imperial 3s third in the plate.

Imperial 1s last game was against second seeds and 2012 winners Edinburgh. Edinburgh had been having an awful tournament but still were a very tough match for Imperial. Imperial 2's last game was against no other than Imperial 3s- it had been written in the stars. At this point it should be noted how much of a pain in the ass the tournament organiser was. Safe to say Imperial and him for some reason may not have been the best of friends and on three occasions an Imperial player (one of the nicest in the team!) was threatened for Imperial to be removed for either having a tesco's bag in the hotel or some other criminal offences. Birmingham who were joint top with Imperial 2 but would win the tournament if the points remained the same (as they more game points- they'd won 4-0, 3.5-0.5... whereas imperial had won their matches 3-1, 3-1...) were shockingly not paired against Warwick 2 and had not faced Nottingham 1 (who took 3rd place in the plate) and were facing minos LSE 2- travesty. This meant Imperial were hoping for LSE to get at least a draw from their match against Birmingham for Imperial to have any chance of winning the plate. Birmingham 1s did draw against LSE 2 and honestly Birmingham didn't really have the strength in depth to get the wins against the better rated teams. Imperial 2 were quite confident on getting the win against Imperial 3 and hence winning the plate- especially on paper.

...But this confidence was heavily unfounded. Wan took the win against



Arijit Gupta showing off his new bling and happy about the chance to improve his CV.  
From left to right: Nikolei Rozanov, Alina Mititelu, Arijit Gupta, Veronica Foisor, Jamie Hookham, Alex Galliano, Andrew Goh, Luke Barron, Maximilian Ettl, Wan Nawawi Wan, Giannis Englezos, Jin Huey Boey



Alina; I was up a pawn against Giannis but then suddenly, in what unfortunately I will be remembered for as and has been dubbed 'the great bishop sacrifice', thinking I was a piece up I took a pawn, 'check', with my bishop then Giannis took the bishop with his king. I looked at my prior evening room mate Giannis, Giannis looked at me, Giannis (true homie) offered for me to take the move back but what was down was down- I had to be punished. Imperial 2s were on the ropes. Max was up material on his board and Andrew was doing well but Nikolei (Imperial 3 hero) managed to get a sneaky forced draw if needed (perpetual check they call it). If Imperial 3 won they would take home second place with Imperial 2 probably taking home 3rd with Birmingham winning the plate. The games continued I managed to grab two more pawns against Giannis and to my happiness, although I feel Giannis would have pushed more against a different opponent, the position was looking drawn. If Imperial two and Imperial 3 drew then Birmingham would still win with Imperial 2s coming second and Imperials 3 probably coming third and this was looking a likely result with Giannis kindly agreeing a draw with me and Andrew and Nikolei at deadlock. It was for Maximillian Egl, who is probably most known for writing incredible felix articles, to put personal glory behind him and give Boey a draw in a winning position, meaning Imperial 2s won the match 2.5-1.5 and the plate category to the sacrifice of Imperial 3s coming fifth in the competition. Imperial 2 may have won the plate but Imperial 3 were the real champions of the day.

Imperial 1s beat Edinburgh easily in a successful, unbeaten campaign regaining the British University Championships for Imperial- with the prowess of Alex, Veronica, Jamie and Ari it was never in doubt.

Overall it was a very memorable and successful day for all members of the squad. Player prizes were awarded for those players doing well in their respective board rankings with 6 out of 12 Imperial players picking up prizes: Alex Galliano (Silver- Imperial 1s first board), Veronica Foisor (Gold- Imperial 1s second board), Arijit Gupta (Gold- Imperial 1s fourth board), Andrew Goh (Gold- Imperial 2s third board), Luke Barron (Gold- Imperial 2s fourth board) and Nikolei Rozanov (Silver(losing out to Andrew)- Imperial 3's third board).

Grandmaster Vishy Anand, five time world champion and player of his generation, famously said a few years ago that the game of chess as we know it would be solved by computers and die within ten years.

This would be a sad day but it won't come as this beautiful day for Imperial chess club showed chess is about more than computer algorithms: it's about history, about the subtle looks between you and your nemesis in front of you and it's about that adrenaline pump ;).

# City and Guilds Week success

**Lejon Chua**  
**Duncan Lomax**  
City & Guilds College Union

**T**he CGCU, Imperial's Faculty of Engineering Union, has undergone extensive internal restructuring over the past year, with a renovated office, reorganisation of positions and most importantly, the new vision of "Integrating Engineers", to become a more effective organisation for the students it represents. Having already revived its keynote traditions of the Welcome Dinner, Mince Pie Parties & Bar Nights, the current CGCU committee decided to kick-start a new one just last week: the inaugural C&G Week – a week of fun and exciting activities on Queen's lawn to be held annually. These activities were not only provided free to all, but also varied from day to day; CGCU members to could chill during lunchtime, bond with each other whilst picking up points for their respective department. Furthermore, a voluminous amount of sweets (amounting to the weight of the CGCU mascot "Bolt") were duly handed out to the daily winning department at 2pm each afternoon. With the week's worth of points totalled, the overall winning department received a complimentary bar night to celebrate the end to the momentous event. [Felix 2.jpg] The CGCU's vintage motorised mascot, Bo, was also in attendance (driven by Matt and Sam from Team Bo'), giving students free tours around and out of Imperial (even to the Royal Albert Hall!) in its inimitable, if sometimes unreliable, style.

Monday dawned dark and stormy, but despite this, the committee persevered to answer that frequently asked question, 'how many engineers does it take to set up a gazebo?' (6 if you were wondering). Remote controlled helicopters were soon soaring, some more successfully controlled than others, over Queen's lawn. Despite a few near misses involving library goers, all quickly picked up the controls, with AeroEng, perhaps not surprisingly, coming home victors and duly receiving the diabetes-inducing prize.

Following up on Monday's success, an action packed Tuesday really set the week alight. Amidst the hubbub of the farmers market, bemused onlookers watched as Imperial's engineers raced each other on space-hoppers, bouncing and diving their way to be the first to catch a donut in their teeth on the finish line, and thus be crowned victor.

Following AeroEng's total dominance in the helicopter flying competition, ChemEng's zealous committee pulled out their phones

and summoned their most "springy" friends to come and represent.

That was enough to assure

the department's victory, despite the heroic dive for the line (see embarrassing fall in picture) by

CGCU AAO and Aero student James Murphy. ChemEng winning streak was however momentarily put on hold as funkology staged a flashmob to promote the event, wowing students and (slightly mystified) market traders alike. The captivating Techtonics a-cappella group followed on to create the most bustling and convivial atmosphere. Great music, brilliant weather and a completely bonkers game got everyone in high spirits, refreshed and ready to tackle an afternoon of academia.

Following a break on Wednesday, the week resumed with a vengeance when the activities returned and CGCU's gazebo was the site of a Nerf gun firing range with the targets CGCU committee members, which quickly became some sort of inverse popularity contest.

Students, eager to release the pent up aggressions accumulated from a morning of lectures took to the challenge with gusto, with the day seeing a record turnout of attendees. ChemEng once again came home the victors, cementing their name in history as the inaugural C&G champions and earning their right to free drinks at a Bar Night (of course, at no other bar than the Union bar itself).

Despite engineers waking a little bleary eyed from the events of the night before, Friday brought the promise of even more fun to round out the week. Although unfortunately the anticipated interdepartmental tug of war, due to be held on queens lawn had to be put on hold, all the previous activities returned, along with a chance to try out the latest in gaming technology: an 'oculus rift' headset.

Overall, the week was an unprecedented success, sparking off a revival of the engineering guilds spirit (and that of camaraderie) within IC and providing a rare opportunity to let one's hair down over some lunchtime fun at a time of year when deadlines can easily seem insurmountable. The event could not have been organised without a highly dedicated and passionate team led by CGCU VPA Dominic Lo (Tim Munday, Juliet Kernohan, Yuebi Yang, Alex Johnston), noteworthy contributions from engineering deptsocs (Matthew Murchie, Hannah Riordan and Rachel Castola). Without a doubt, the C&G week's legacy will be, along its new vision of "Integrating Engineers", a more united engineering community with greater interaction between the students from different departments.



Boanerges (Bo') the best motorised mascot on campus!



Doh! You know there are easier ways to eat a doughnut, supposedly...



Oh James... that's all I have to say -Ed.



# Ask Annie, your friendly Agony Aunt

**A**gony Aunt Annie Whiteley is the woman who fought for women's cloakroom facilities at Imperial, and thus is qualified to solve all your problems.



*Help! I'm running for a role in the Big Elections, but I realised right at the beginning of this week that I don't want the position, even if I win. The problem is, that I've put loads of work into this, and my campaign team have been so helpful, that I don't want to make them think they've wasted their time by just pulling out. How can I let them down gently?*

**Reconsidering in Richmond**

Seeing as you've gone so far with this, you may as well finish the campaign. You might only be feeling that you don't want to take it up because you're nervous, and you don't want to lose. After all, there's a reason that you've gone to all this effort. However, if you're sure that you definitely absolutely don't want this role, and there are other people running who would be able to fulfil the duties, then you should stand down. It wouldn't be fair on them to make them go through re-elections in the summer if you're 100% sure now.

*Help! After Varsity I went to Reynolds with some Medic friends to celebrate and left with a girl there. The only problem is I told her I'm a Medic too when in reality I study Engineering, how can I fix this without seeming like a liar?*

**Fibber in Finsbury Park**

If this was just a one-off fling, then you can probably ignore the situation, no harm done. However, if you want this to become a thing, then you should probably tell her sooner, rather than later. Try and make a joke about it, don't turn it into a serious issue. Everyone lies to pull, and maybe that isn't a good thing, but it is a true one. Unless she's crazy, she won't mind a little white lie. The problem would be if you let it turn into a web of lies. Just be honest from now on, and this shouldn't be an issue.

*Help! I'm part of a sports club, and I love my sport and I love my team, but what I don't love is the lad reputation that comes with it. I'm all up for a bit of banter on sports night, but I don't want to be seen as a massive lad the rest of the time. I feel like I can't meet anyone nice because everyone makes assumptions about what I'm like. What can I do?*

**Chap in Chiswick**

If you act like a lad on sports nights, anyone who encounters you on Wednesdays will think you're a lad. Really, you can't really do anything about this. You are, by definition, a lad. The trick is just showing that you've got a nice soft interior within that crispy laddy shell. When you're not with the other sports guys, try and limit your use of words like 'lad', 'banter', and 'chunder'. If you don't act like an asshole, people will look past a reputation and see you for the lovely person I'm sure you are.

*Help! I have managed to spend the last twenty years of my life without dating or even drunkenly kissing anyone. Now I've been asked out on my first date. What do I do if she goes for a kiss and I don't know what to do?*

**Chaste in Chancery Lane**

Don't do anything that you're not comfortable with. You don't have to kiss her if you're not ready to, don't feel pressured into anything. If you do want to kiss her and are worried that your performance will be sub-par, you shouldn't fret. A bad first kiss won't matter if she likes you. Plus it might not be as bad as you think. Kissing really is not as difficult as people think it'll be.

*Help! I got way too drunk on Valentine's Day and slept with this girl that I'm really not interested in. She's got it into her head that this was some sort of sign, and now I can't get rid of her. I really don't want to get involved with her in anyway, but no matter how much I try and explain this, she doesn't leave me alone. How can I make her get the message?*

**Clung to in Clapham**

If you've already tried to tell her that you're not interested, and it's just not getting through to her, you're just going to have to be really direct. Send her a message, explaining that you're not interested in her, and asking her not to contact you for a while, so that eventually you can be friends. Be sure to tell her that it's not that you don't like her, you just think you need some space apart. But be careful not to say anything that she might interpret as a possibility in the future, or she'll hold out hope for you! Good luck!

## Featured Problem: Cougar Confessions

This week, Annie received an email from a confused member of staff here at Imperial.

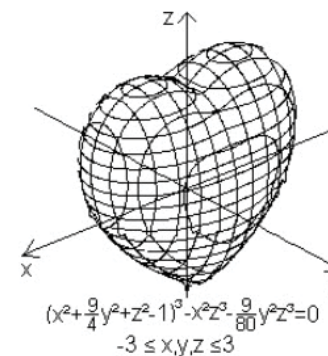
*Help! I am 59 this year, and I'm working alongside this hot, lanky stud, who's 34. I thought I'd lost it, but when those specs come off, I'm drooling... I'm just not sure how to let him know. I figured that there are three options.*

1. Get him alone in the spare room when he's on his way to the admin office to bitch about me (I know it's his way of showing his love). Everyone would be too busy to see...
2. Just go in for the kill, and trap the lanky sexpot
3. He's just not interested and really doesn't like me

*I believe that he feels the same way, as we argue a lot. Now there's a mediator stuck in the middle, so the three of us are always arguing, and she's just interrupting the passion. (Please don't suggest a threesome) I believe that he's highly passionate about me, and is just letting it out by giving me crap. Please advise me on what to do! xxx*

**Aroused in the admin office**

There is a useful saying that I attempt to live my life by. And that is, 'don't shit where you eat'. You're almost twice his age honey, you've got to face it: he's probably not interested. He's clearly avoiding being alone with you, and when someone wants you, that is exactly the opposite of what usually happens. What I seriously recommend is that you leave him alone, avoid him even, and see what he does. If he really wants a piece of you, he'll track you down. Let him make the first move. If he doesn't, you save yourself the potential embarrassment of everyone finding out.



Send Annie your problems and suggestions at [catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk)

## Annie's Lonely Hearts

Feeling lonely? We all know that it's hard to meet people at Imperial, so Aunt Annie wants to make it a bit easier for you. If you're looking for a special someone, missed a connection, or want to let someone know how you feel, send a message to [catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk](mailto:catnip.felix@imperial.ac.uk) and maybe you'll find a match here.

**D**isappointed Welsh girl is looking for a handsome man to watch the rugby with this weekend to make up for not winning. Englishmen or anyone who's unwilling to accept that Wales are best need not apply.

**I**ntroverted Medic second year is looking for love outside of her department. Just because we beat you at Varsity doesn't mean I can't be the Capulet to your Montague.

**C**heeky, cheerful Chemist WLTM funny, flirtatious female for lesbian lab-time fun. So reply and maybe if the reactions make enough sparks fly we could even try some Biology.

**K**ind, kooky Korean searches for a central European stud to show me some Mediterranean flair. I don't mind if you wear scarves for fashion rather than warmth so long as you bring that style to our relationship.

**S**ecretly upset Mech Eng fresher seeks teacher type for some outdoor fun. I know I'm young, but wanna find my Young's Modulus?

See something you like? Send us an email and we'll pass it on. Let Annie help you get lucky in love.





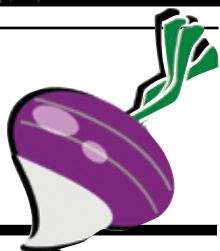
@feliximperial

FelixImperial

# HANGMAN

## the turnip

Hangman's Finest College News Source



### Wilson now perfect for troglodytic students

#### Bit of a fungi situation

Following the continued growth of mushrooms in Wilson House since its re-opening last September, the hall is now fully prepared to accept the 2014/15 cohort of troglodytes.



© RIA Novosti. Aleksei Nikolskiy

Wilson House is finally prepared for the next academic year in which we hope to house hundreds of dark- and damp- loving troglodytes".

The final step of blackening out all the windows is now underway and Hangman looks forward to welcoming these pale denizens of the earth to Imperial next year.

No doubt, we will not see much of them, however it is expected that the low murmur of their brutish language will become a familiar sound to those in and around Sussex Gardens.

Whilst it was clear from the beginning of the refurbishment process that it would take a while to grow the fungi to the necessary consistency, the Warden confirmed this week that final step was complete.

"Prior to reopening, we were having difficulty in getting the mushrooms to grow and the damp to spread".

"However, following extensive advice from senior researchers in the Life Sciences, we concluded the only way to accelerate the process was to get normal students to life in the accommodation".

"We are now happy to confirm that

## UNGRACIOUS CAPTION YIELDS NOTHING TO CHEATING 'VICTORS'



E. ALEX VOINAS

## Bloody Civil War Ends

Varsity won by Medics



A brutal melee on the Queen's Lawn  
Photo Credit: E. ALEX VOINAS

After many weeks and casualties, the bloody civil war inside Imperial College has finally ended. The Medics, despite their inferior intellects, have prevailed over the rest of the College. It is thought that their flagrant disregard for human life and civilian casualties helped hand the edge to the Medics.

Whilst no one was that sure of the origins of the war, it is undoubtedly connected to the upcoming elections. The Medics, presumably angered by their inability to navigate a simple web-based voting system must have taken up arms in response. The war culminated in a bloody battle on the fields of the Stoop in which the Medics violated all the Geneva conventions within the first 5 minutes. This is indeed, a sad day for Imperial College.



ARIES

Finally, elections are over! You can safely walk through Sheffield without being accosted by any orange tshirt wearing hooligans. Oh, wait, it's before 12PM, there's still time to vote! As you swallow your apathy and walk towards a computer, you slip and break a leg. Democracy sucks.



TAURUS

You spend all night in the library, drinking cans of RED BULL until your heart beats the merengue and you start to hallucinate. You imagine a world where there is no coursework, everybody is happy and you can get your dream job. You wake up to find you've missed the coursework deadline, you FAIL!



GEMINI

You meet a pair of twins at Varsity after the Medics trounce IC for the JPR Cup. As a College supporter they disgust you immensely and you assume that their offers of a threesome are just a trap to humiliate you. You run away, only to find that they keep chasing you. They catch up with you and make you orgasm to death.



CANCER

You are a scorpion. Or a crab. I can't quite tell. Probably a crab. You... get crabs from the person you slept with in the library. Except it wasn't that kind of sleeping with. As you scratch yourself in the lift your supervisor gives you a disgusted stare. There goes that holiday you planned for next week.



LEO

This week you get wasted in the bar and go to visit the bathroom. You emerge from the loo with blood streaming from a cut on your head, with no idea what happened. You stagger home and meet your friend in the kitchen, but don't remember a thing in the morning. #ACHOEVEMENT #SPOBEBER



VIRGO

You walk around the college campus holding a lit torch, waving at everybody passing by. After you enter the library and start looking for books you start to get looks. You're tackled by the fire officers and are accused of creating a fire hazard. You fall into a vat of green acrylic and are erected on an island in Staten Island.



LIBRA

You've just bought another meal from the farmers market. As you walk past the "central library" the "r" and "y" fall onto your head, giving you a concussion. After being assessed as fine by your medic friends, you go out on the lash. You wake up two years later, with a lion drawn on your face and at Goldsmith's...



SCORPIO

YOU ARE DEFINITELY A SCORPION. This much is obvious. Your friends like you for your sharp wit and claws, well more for the wit. You go to Metric and try to chat someone up, with limited success. You almost closed the deal, it was "this" close. Instead you spend the night alone with your thoughts and fingers.



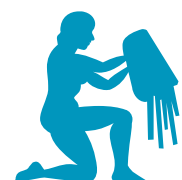
SAGITTARIUS

You are a College XV rugby player who played in the Varsity match on Wednesday. You've lost your street cred to the Medics again, how does it feel? That alone is worse than any horoscope I could ever write. You die. ...Eventually.



CAPRICORN

This week, you can't stand oats. As your colleague makes their early morning porridge you throw up in their bowl while they're not looking. They excuse themselves for a second and make a phone call. While their back is turned a wild unicorn appears and gores you to death. Nice.



AQUARIUS

This week you try to wake your room mate but to no avail. You try smelling salts and vigorous shaking, but nothing works. Eventually you resort to tipping a bucket of water on your snoring room mate, who, as quick as a flash wakes up and shoots you in the face. Time for James Bond to get a new room mate...



PISCES

This week you remember happy slapping. As you start to introduce your course mates to the "game" you realise that they're a heck of a lot better at it then you are. One week later you go to see you parents bruised and tired, only to find a surprise, they're in on it too. Shit, you lose the game.

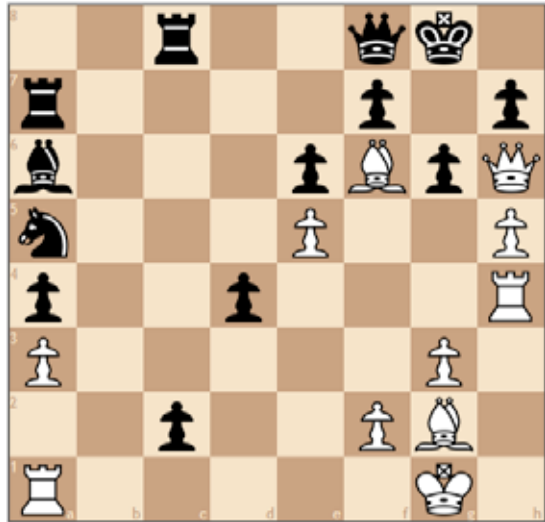


Puzzles Commanders:  
**Kingshuk Dasadhikari,**  
**Oliver Price**  
 puzzles.felix@imperial.ac.uk

# PUZZLES

## Chess by Chess Soc

White to play and mate in 3



## Sudoku

	2	1	6	9				
4	3			7		9		
	9						7	
					6	1		5
		3				7		
9		8	1					
	7						8	
		2		3			1	9
			1	9	5	2		

Each row, column, and 3 x 3 box must contain all the numbers from 1 to 9. That's all. Enjoy...

## Killer:

No clues! Instead, the numbers in each cage must add up to the number in the top left. Numbers cannot be repeated in a cage. Tips: The numbers in each box, row and column must add up to 45. Look for cages with only one possible combination e.g. a two wide cage total 3 must contain 1 and 2.

8	16	12		13	20	10		
			8					23
	12			12		22	8	
16								6
	13		12	11		17	13	
20							11	
7		22			6			10
	18	11		18	15			
							15	

## Last Week's Solutions

C	O	M	P	A	S	S	A	L	G	I	E	R	S
U	R	A	N	O	O	N	U	G	A	T	E	R	
T	H	O	U	E	E	N	T	E	R				
O	D	O	G	M	A	E	A	S					
U	I	A	L	E	U	S	P	E	R	M			
B	R	U	T	A	L	M	S	P	E	R	M		
Y	S	A	L	M									
P	S	A	L	M									
R	B	A	B	B	A	T	A	M					
O	A	N											
O	D	N	A	D	I	R	E	F	E	R	O	N	
U	D	A											
C	O	T	T	A									
T	A	N	G	E	N	T							
B	R	I	T	I	S	T	O	L					

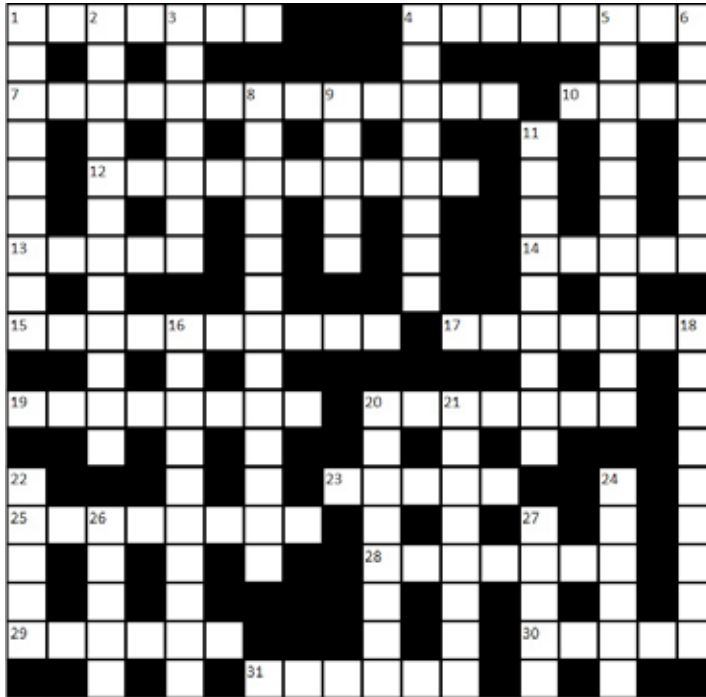


Chess:  
 1. Qxh7+!! Kxg7 2. Nxf6++ Kh6 (2... Kh8 3. Ng6#) 3. Neg4+! Kg5 4. h4+ Kf4 5. g3+ Kf3 6. Be2+ Kg2 7. Rh2+ Kg1 8. Kd2#.

## FUCWIT League

nickwp	76	Jerome Tan	11
Jia Choo	72	Helix	8
Juliette Chupin	20.5	Gabriel Quek	7
Adam Stewart	18.5	Emma and Ben	6
Yufan Zhao	17	Catmelon	4
		WJ	4
		Angus Liu	2.5

## Crossword



## Nonogram

The lengths of runs of shaded squares in each row and each column are given. Squares can only be shaded or unshaded. Solve the puzzle to unveil a pretty picture.

		4						1						4	1				7	6	3	2
1	6	1						1	1	1	2			4	1	1	1		1	1	5	2
3	1	1			2	6	7	8	8	6	1	2	2	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	3	5	7		7	3	2	2	2	3	6	6	6	5	1	1	1	2				
3,1,1,3,1,1																						
1,1,1,1,2																						
1,1,1,3,3																						
1,4,1,2,1,2																						
1,1,1																						
3,3,2																						
2,1,4																						
16																						
18																						
16																						
17																						
13,1																						
2,2																						
1,1,1,4																						
1,1,1																						
1,2,2,3																						
1,3,1																						
1,1,4																						

## Crossword Clues

### Quick Clues:

### Across

- Pastoral (7)
- Smallpox remainder (8)
- Psychoanalysis tool (9,4)
- Vanishing sea (4)
- All powerful (10)
- Brief (5)
- Informal reference to a Filipino (5)
- Esteem (10)
- Type of solution (7)
- Brightens (6,2)
- Itchy skin disease (7)
- Japanese cartoon (5)
- Traffic-related subject of an Eagles song (4,4)
- Singer Demis (7)
- Tune accompaniment (6)
- Once more (5)
- Israeli intelligence agency (6)

### Down

- Type of lawyer (9)
- Mercator, for one (12)
- Driving need (7)
- Bird's self-cleaning routine (8)
- Angry, bitter (11)
- Party pooper (7)
- Long-range skiing in mountainous terrain (6,7)
- Tourists' abode (5)
- Waterproof covering (9)
- Flight inconvenience (10)
- Sugar substitute (9)
- Deep (8)
- Defended (8)
- Innards used for food (5)
- Ostentatious walk (6)
- South Asian 'union' (5)
- Lion king of Narnia (5)

**One week of puzzles left for this term, so hope you're ready!**

## Milder Sudoku

(No points given)

7			5				6
	5		9		1		3
		8			7		
	6		4		7		8
2							3
	3		2		9		6
		2				8	
	7		6		4		1
3				9			4

## Guess the Stop

The British rail network runs far and wide. The name of a line is scrambled in the following anagram, and the name of a stop on that line, with the given number of letters is encoded by the sum of the letters, where A=1, B=2... Z=26, Space/Punctuation=0. Find the line and stop. Note that London Underground lines may also be possible answers.

Anagram:

BAM rail nice on cast

Stop:

10 letters, Sum: 117

Last Week: Victoria Line, Brixton





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# SPORT

## IC 3s Bounce back brilliantly to late win over UCL 2s

### Julian Iacoponi on Saturday's match against the University College Losers' team

**O**n Saturday the 8th of March, the sun shone. Treated to a smooth coach journey over to our beloved Harlington, the ICUAFC 3s warmed toward the imminent clash with close London rivals, UCL 2s. With the prospect of the three

points positioning either pack of players prettily for promotion, this promised to be a passionately played affair, poised tightly in the proverbial balance.

On arrival, the angelically merry and gay weather provided a rather unique form of pathetic fallacy: with one changing room allocated to three full

squads, there was a certain Heavenly atmosphere when changing into kit, with club favourite "I'm A Scat Man" loudly pumping its happy rhythms as approximately forty men disrobed and re-robed into short shorts, stocking-length socks and silky, slightly garish shirts. (And all this is without even a mention of the post-match showers.)

All geared up, the 3s jogged out under the warming rays of sunlight and the blanket of gentle light blue skies to face the opposition, clad in a similarly blue hue (although less gentle and less warming themselves, perhaps); and the match sprang into action.

Carefree, open, and unrelentingly positive: the mood of the entire nation echoed in the style of the match. This resulted in encouraging opening passages of play as space was found early on by winger Naven "Professor" Ghulam, prying promising balls into the box, attempting to etch out a goal scoring chance for his team.

However, as well as offensive openness, this carefree attitude also resulted in defensive sloppiness. A low driven cross from the opposition winger could have been dealt with calmly, but lax communication caused a rash clearance followed by a semi-hearted challenge, all resulting in a deflection past the unlucky Sanjeev Dutt in goal: 0-1 down. Shortly after, a loss of two 50:50 challenges – a flick on and a shoulder-to-shoulder – which it was apparent the UCL Sky Blues wanted more than the idle IC 3s, exposed Sanjeev once again, this time to a dubious slide-tackle from the UCL striker which trickled the ball into the net. 0-2 down and seemingly uninspired, the 3s were committing the worst sin possible in ICUAFC: not WANTing it.

However, on the cusp of halftime, the sparkle returned to the 3s. A slicing through ball from Taha Butt (better known for his wrecking ball tackles than his through ball chips) found American import Matt Ayers on the right wing who paced to the by-line and slid the ball back across the edge of the six yard line, where French import Sofiane Bayed duly fired a precise finish back across into

the bottom right netting. (This was certainly an import-ant goal). 1-2 at the half and the 3s had sprung back into life!

Carrying this momentum into the second half proved seamless. Dominant aerial challenges from Henry Rowett and Jack "The Fresher" Peacock secured possession of the ball, allowing team powerhouse Francis "BBU" Nwobu to run at the UCL defence, and attack their now fearful defenders. The pressure showed soon after, as Julian Iacoponi found himself nicking the ball around the UCL centre back, and then again tightly past the keeper toward the touchline, where his left-foot chip shot (read, mishit cross) was headed off the line straight back to his more favoured right foot, where, still from a narrow angle, he clinically powered the ball into roof of the net. 2-2, and game was there for the taking. The 3s rode the waves of pressure, creating multiple guilt-edge chances at goal, only to be denied by a series of last minute tackles from the ragged UCL defence. With corners being won unrelentingly, the go-ahead goal finally came, this time provided by Francis, who bundled a header across the line from a low driven Taha Butt delivery.

3-2 up and on the verge of a memorable comeback victory, the positive mentality of conquest quickly subverted into a fear of loss, and protection. Attacking play dried up, and as the temperature rose under the dazzling sun, the UCL attack also cranked up the pressure. Having to defend multiple corners, and even relying on the inside of the post to keep the ball out, the pressure on the 3s finally showed as a sloppy slide tackle in the corner of the penalty box gifted UCL the perfect chance to level the score.

At 3-3, with the game more stretched than a Jack Robinson warm-up, more chances were blown by both sides. Whilst the lack of final ball frustrated the goal threat at one end, some heroic challenges, most notably back-to-back (literally) slide tackles from Sam Duffield, nullified the danger at the other.

As the game approached its last

moments under the sun, suddenly Adam Marks boomed defensive header behind the UCL defence. This set off a tireless Francis into pressuring the opposition centre-half, who was chasing back toward his own goal. The nifty Nigerian striker showed his nous as he neatly nicked the ball and knifed into the penalty area in one quick move. With another defender to negotiate, he cleverly squared the ball to Julian Iacoponi, who was through on goal ... He took a touch; he looked up: a defender to his left about to jump in, a goalkeeper spreading himself on the charge ... Instinctively, he took the early shot to slot it through the gap, and the ball nestled oh-so satisfyingly into the side-netting: 4-3! UCL were well and truly beaten.

With maximum points secured on this instance, the 3s now brace themselves for one last LUSL league game in a push for back-to-back promotions and a chance to compete in the same division as the 1s and 2s! P.S Unlike captain Myles Jarvis, who fell into a muddy ditch trying to collect a ball after the match (see photo), the 3s certainly do not have that sinking feeling!

ICUAFC is sponsored by:



**Beat or beaten?  
Send in a match report and tell us about your pitch or court battles each week!**



## Premier League Predictions

James White  
Football Columnist

### Man United v Liverpool (Sunday 1:30pm, Sky Sports 1):

It has all gone horribly wrong for David Moyes this season but this is a chance to restore a bit of pride against United's big rivals. Make no mistake, this is a tough ask though against a Reds outfit in irresistible form. Luis Suarez and Daniel Sturridge look a match made in heaven and it is actually very hard to see United winning this even if decisions go their way and they get a bit of luck. Brendan Rodgers has a golden opportunity to do the double over United and I think it's one he will take. 1-2

### Tottenham v Arsenal (Sunday 4pm, Sky Sports 1)

The North London derby has added spice this year, with Spurs needing a result to maintain any dwindling hopes of Champions League qualification, and Arsenal desperate for points in order to keep their title hopes alive. Realistically, whoever loses this will have their dreams dashed for another year. Tim Sherwood seems to get the most out of his players on the road and Spurs always seem to struggle against the big teams. That said, the Gunners have been blowing hot and cold of late and after a trip to Germany midweek, may have to settle for a point. 1-1

### Hull v Man City

Even when City were scoring goals for fun, they would have expected a big test at the KC Stadium because Steve Bruce has his side well drilled against any opponent. They have already beaten Liverpool and this will be tight but by hook or crook, City need to win. 1-3

### Everton v Cardiff:

Since the appointment of Ole Gunnar Solskjaer, the Bluebirds have shown few signs they are capable of a great escape. Everton have already had their blip and with Romelu Lukaku back among the goals, they will be strong favourites and rightly so. 3-0

### Aston Villa v Chelsea (Saturday 5:30pm, Sky Sports 1):

Villa finally produced an encouraging home display after 4 goals in 17 minutes saw off Norwich last time out. By stark contrast, the Blues' defence has been rock solid of late. Jose Mourinho knows how to grind out 1-0 and 2-0 wins at this stage of the season – he has been there and done it before so many times – and he realises it is simply about results and not performances, because they do not have the flair of Liverpool and Man City. This has got "Chelsea win to nil" written all over it.. 0-2

### Fulham v Newcastle:

Given the Cottagers' perilous position, Felix Magath has had no settling in time. He needs his first win and fast, but the Magpies looked back to their best at Hull last time out; their record at the Cottage is strong and they can put another nail in Fulham's coffin. 1-2

### Southampton v Norwich:

The Canaries badly need to start winning football matches as their run in at the end of the season is horrendous. Mauricio Pochettino's Saints have been on the end of a couple of hidings at St Mary's Stadium recently and I suspect they may just settle for a point 1-1

### Stoke v West Ham

The Hammers are virtually assured of survival after a brilliant run of form, but there are few harder grounds to pick up wins than the Britannia Stadium. Yes, they managed it last season, but the Potters are still not safe and have the greater incentive to deliver a result. 1-0

### Sunderland v Crystal Palace

These sides have produced some important workmanlike performances of late and I see both surviving the drop. Tony Pulis' Palace side is made up of fighters and they will push the Black Cats to the wire. Sunderland's extended cup runs could take a toll. These sides have produced some important workmanlike performances of late and I see both surviving the drop. Tony Pulis' Palace side is made up of fighters and they will push the Black Cats to the wire. Sunderland's extended cup runs could take a toll. 1-1

### Swamsea v West Brom

It has been an underwhelming season for both sets of fans after these two proved last year's biggest surprise packages. Now, though, they are battling for survival. Of the two, Garry Monk's Swans look better equipped in every department and the Baggies' recent away form is poor. 2-1

## RSM retain the bottle after thrilling draw against Camborne

Jack Judd reports from Cornwall



RSM



RSM



RSM

This year's Bottle Match, the 112th since its conception, was an away affair, battled out in Cornwall's flooded depths. After negotiations with staff a departure time was settled, and at 1pm on Friday 21st February 150 excitable students began their arduous trek to Newquay. Despite a questionable route through central Bristol at rush hour, and some even more questionable in-coach film choices, we made good time, arriving at the campsite before 9pm.

After wrestling with the caravan's miniature cooking appliances, the athletes among us hit the hay, with the sensible supporters following soon after. At 7am the coaches to Camborne got underway, delivering the hockey players and footballers first, followed by the supporters.

The first fixture of the day was Ladies Hockey, in which the girls fell behind early. Soon they were 2-0 down, but undeterred. After an encouraged comeback the RSM drew level, and then surpassed their opponents, eventually claiming a historic 3-2 win in what has consistently been a tough fixture in recent years.

The Football team got underway at a revised time of 10.30am, seeing a much larger crowd than they'd experienced in recent years. This year's squad are currently top of their local league and were expecting an upset against the recently dominant Camborne outfit. However, despite a number of shots and headers on goal, as well as a graze across the woodwork, RSM couldn't find the back of the net. The CSM boys were more fruitful, scoring 3 goals,

though all agreed the score-line did not reflect the match.

Men's Hockey, not to be outdone by the female counterparts, chalked up a strong 3-0 victory, making it the first time (that we know of) where the RSM has won both Hockey matches.

Before leaving for the Rugby Club the two Mining Schools squared off on the netball and basketball courts. With an RSM victory in Squash (3-2) and a flooding related cancellation in Golf, the RSM were leading 3 matches to 1 overall. Unfortunately the pressure was too great, and both sides fell to their opponents, leaving the weekend at a tie in the run up to the Rugby.

We travelled to Penryn Rugby Club for the final showdown, with all but the players looking somewhat

worse for wear (and one or 2 having already fallen by the wayside). Despite amiable conditions that afternoon, the adverse weather in recent days/weeks/months had taken its toll and the pitch was heavy and sticky, making hard work for the players. In the end, the relatively inexperienced RSM team, with many representatives from the MSc cohort (and one Chilean international), battled well to hold the Camborne Miners to a 6-6 draw. This resulted in a dead tie for the weekend overall. Thanks to a strong win at home in 2013, the RSM were the current holders of the Bottle, and so retain the Bottle this year.

Following the suspense of the sport we all headed to the Rugby Club Bar for a jar or two, pending the opening of the Camborne Student Union. At

6.30pm, we made our way over for a dinner of curry, rice, and poppadoms. Basic as the meal was, it was nice of the Camborne committee to heed our request not to serve pasties, which have haunted us since 2012.

The night ended in traditional style with alcohol and a dance-floor takeover at the Sailor's Arms in Newquay, followed by a sleepy taxi ride home to the caravan site. On Sunday a brutal 8am wake-up call found us all accounted for, except one hockey player who had been waylaid at the Camborne Union by an attractive young lady, and upon his return we departed for London.

After a rare weekend, the RSM managed to bring the Bottle home once more, to sit behind the Union Bar for another year.